

SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY INC
QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Design by (the late) Errol Midgley



No. 82

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THE RANGER'S COTTAGE, Audley, Royal National Park — illustration by courtesy of Sutherland Shire Council — one of a set of ten drawings by George Youssef, and produced by the Town Planning Department (Design Section) in 1988 as a Bicentennial Project.

Built early in the century as a residence for the National Park's Ranger, the cottage overlooks the Hacking River above Varney's Ridge at Audley. It nestles into the hillside below the roadway and is a very good example of the simple rural building style of its time. The view from the cottage is considered to be one of the most beautiful in the whole of the Royal National Park.

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SUTHERLAND SHIRE COUNCIL CREST



"Messrs. John Sands provided the design and the common seal, its feature being the bust of Captain James Cook"

excerpt from "First 50 Years of the Sutherland Shire Council 1906-1956" by David R Kirkby. Page 8.

"The seal of the Shire, a design for which was submitted to the Council by Pres. Judd, will have a bust of Capt. Cook, round which the lettering will go. As it was in the Shire that the intrepid navigator first set foot In Australia, the design was considered decidedly apropos. Needless to remark Cr. Cook agreed with the perpetuation of his illustrious namesake's visage."

from the "St George Call" newspaper, 19th January, 1907.

The original crest (see right) did not clearly show the features of Captain Cook. Therefore, in 1988, an artist was commissioned to re-draw the crest, modelled on the portrait of Cook painted by his close friend, Nathaniel Dance. It was this portrait that Cook's wife, Mrs Elizabeth Cook, said most resembled him in real life.



Quarterly journal of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society Inc.

Edition No. 82

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THE FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS

Many a mother in Australia
When a busy day is done
Sends a prayer to the Almighty
For the keeping of her son:
Asking that an angel guide him
And bring him safely back.
Now we see those prayers are answered
On the Owen Stanley Track.

For they haven't any haloes
Only holes slashed in the ear,
And their faces worked by tattoos
With scratch pins in their hair.
Bringing back the wounded,
Just as steady as a hearse,
Using leaves to keep the rain off
And as gentle as a nurse.

Slow and careful in bad places
On the awful mountain track
The look upon their faces
Would make you think that Christ was black.
May the mothers of Australia,
When they offer up a prayer
Mention these impromptu angels
With their fuzzy-wuzzy hair.

- Bert Beros

The late SAPPER BERT BEROS was a veteran of the two World Wars. During the earlier part of World War II, Bert served in the Middle East with the 7th Division, defusing unexploded bombs and land-mines — for an extra 'five bob' (50¢) a day. After a brief respite back in Oz, Bert went to Papua-New Guinea and again 'did his bit' in the Kokoda Campaign. His most famous poem THE FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS was written early one morning — on the Kokoda Track — after Bert had been on stand-to.

An Officer in the Unit sent a copy of the poem to his mother, who in turn sent it to the Brisbane Courier Mail. Joy Nichols later presented it on a national radio program — and many times on stage at the Prince Edward in Sydney. Its impact can be said to have moved a nation to tears.

An anthology of Bert Beros' poems was published after the war, in conjunction with the 50th Anniversary of Anzac Day — and, as was typical of Bert, the profits were donated to a worthy charity. I can think of no better time to pay tribute to BERT BEROS than this year, the 50th Anniversary of that most memorable of campaigns fought on the Kokoda Track.

--Will Newton

SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Renewal of Subscription for 1993

As from 1 January 1993

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 - 1993

NAME: (Please print in CAPITALS)

Mr/ Mrs/ Miss/ Ms/

ADDRESS: _____

Post Code _____ Telephone _____

Please find my Subscription for 1993 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



It is unusual to comment in these notes about a Guest Speaker but the October meeting with Johnny Wade OAM was so unusual.

At the finish of his address, interspersed with musical items on his guitar thanks were extended and supper served; but by popular vote to a circle of members Johnny again entertained with request numbers!!! Thank you again, Johnny.

Members will recall some time ago we were the recipients of the Organ brought to Sydney by Thomas Holt for his wife; a quotation has been received for repairs, which also gives an assurance that the organ can be fully restored and the meeting gave approval for the Executive Council to go further into the advisability of having the restoration done – if it will be played sufficiently to keep in order and where it could be housed. We shall keep you informed.

As this will be the last report for 1992 it is my privilege on behalf of the Executive Council to thank members for your attendance and encouragement and to wish you the Compliments of the Season -- good health and happiness in 1993.

Allen Griffiths

— 0 —

A HAPPY ENDING

Sometimes we can set things right and other times we are not so lucky!

Earlier this year a Mrs. Graham of Sylvania approached the Kogarah Historical Society asking if they could something about the cross that had fallen from the vault of the Fitzgerald family in Woronora cemetery.

Kogarah replied (and rightly so) they could not help and the lady wrote to our society to see if we could help. We were in the same position as the Kogarah society and could not interfere with the restoration of the cross. However, a member of our committee remembered that the Fitzgerald family lived on what was known as Fitzgerald Hill and when the last remaining member of the family died the land was left to the Catholic church who used it build Calvary Hospital, surely one of the most humane places in to-day's society.

The committee member got in touch with Sister Martini from Calvary Hospital who well remembered the Fitzgerald family and said they would be honoured to see that the cross was restored.

The cross has been returned to its original standing place and the dignity of the vault restored. We were very glad to have been able to help.

Secretary

• A genuine forgery → Mary

EDITOR'S DESK ...

A MEETING WITH A DIFFERENCE

I wonder how many of our esteemed members have ever been to a meeting, at ANY Historical Society, where most of the audience — nearly all of them in their 60s and 70s — stood up and joined hands and danced and swayed and chanted and sang along like they were staging an Hawaiian extravaganza.



Because that's what happened when our SPECIAL AUSTRALIAN Guest Speaker for October, legendary singer JOHNNY WADE, hit the scene like an atom bomb. The impact probably registered on the Richter Scale.

Johnny regaled a keen-as-mustard audience with the story of his long career in showbiz, spiked with hilarious anecdotes and snippets of his many song-hits. Every now and again the talk was interrupted by a burst of applause — the audience loved him and Johnny clearly loved his enraptured audience. But the show didn't conclude at supper-time — as usually happens — after a short break Johnny picked up his trusty guitar and led the company into an impromptu dance sequence and sing-along.

They were all having so much fun that I think most of them would have kept going all night. I wish Steven Spielberg had been there with his camera crew.

HERITAGE WEEK — 1993

The proposal from Mrs Ivers to feature a display of radio memorabilia, under the title of GOLDEN ERA OF RADIO, for Heritage Week next year seems to have met with popular approval — although there has only been preliminary talk at this early stage. being an old radio buff from way back, I am naturally very keen about such a proposal.

The general idea, just for openers, is to display some old radio sets — or 'wireless sets' if you like — playing vintage radio material (this is where I come in) like excerpts from some of those wonderful variety shows, musicals, plays, comedy shows, etc — all backed up with easy-to-listen-to music and the voices of many famous radio personalities playing their roles in some of the best-loved serials. And I suppose there will be a backdrop of photos, promotional material from some of the commercial stations (I can arrange for plenty of archival stuff from various sources). It sounds exciting to me.

ANZAC DAY. When I hear people like the Reverend Sir Alan Walker deploring our Anzac Day — on the grounds that "it glorifies war" — I can't help but to wonder what makes such a person tick. Surely nobody would seriously dispute that Anzac Day is to pay tribute to those who gave their lives in the service of their country — or have I got it wrong?

COMING GUEST SPEAKERS --

NOVEMBER	Robert Booth	"Southern Railway Line"
DECEMBER	Jim Russell	"Career Highlights"
JANUARY	Members	(Range of topics)
FEBRUARY	Gordon Geering	"Victoria Barracks"

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

KOKODA- SO YEARS DOWN THE TRACK

(It was the Yanks who called it 'Trail')

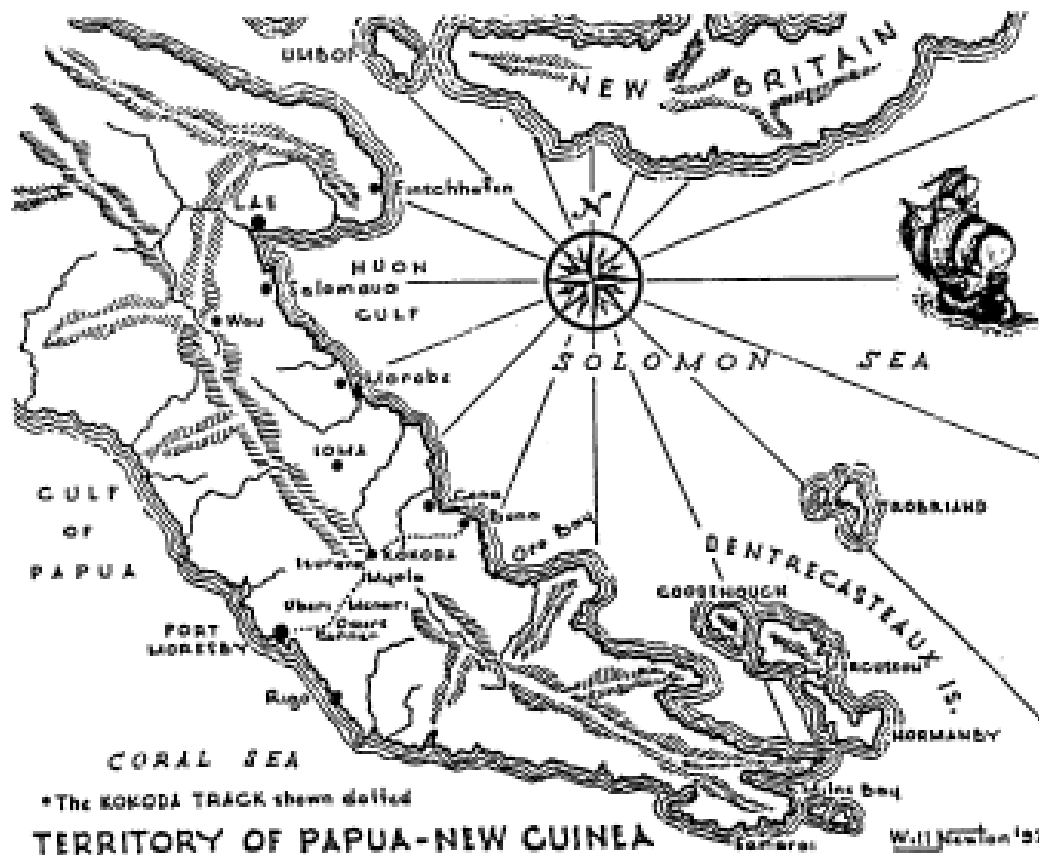
They gave up so much — their hopes, their dreams, their loved ones. They laid down their lives that their friends might live. Greater love hath no man than this.

— Lt-Col Ralph Honner DSO MC (RL)
39th Battalion, Maroubra Force,
Honner Force, 2/14th Battalion

Most readers will no doubt be aware that this year marks the 50th anniversary of the Kokoda campaign, during World War II, in which a relatively small force of greatly outnumbered and poorly equipped Australian soldiers scored an incredible victory against incredible odds. It has taken fifty years for that victory to be officially acknowledged — even though it did, in fact, mark the beginning of the end for Japanese invasion plans, their hopes of taking Port Moresby and thereby controlling the sea-lanes to Australia.

The Australians' action was played down to blazes by the American Commander, General McArthur, who had control of the publicity that was being released — and he, sure as hell, wasn't going to acknowledge to the world what our own blokes had achieved. And our own Commander-in-Chief, General Blamey, had little or no idea of what was happening at the time. Many old soldiers hold the view that Blarney was a first-rate arsehole who had little understanding of what he had committed 'Those Ragged Bloody Heroes' to — and that he cared even less about their incredible achievement.

In the words of Lt-Col Honner, it had been "swept under the carpet for years and years". It was an occasion when an outnumbered force of men threw away their lives for the safety of their country."



After an unsuccessful attempt to capture Port Moresby from the sea (the Coral Sea Battle put paid to that idea) the Japanese then tried to do it by land --they launched an offensive at Buna-Gona and another at Milne Bay. The different accounts of the entire campaign are well documented and the only thing I can add here is that, at long last, our blokes have been recognised for what they achieved — and that has taken fifty years. At the time Blamey called the Maroubra Force 'running rabbits' — a vastly different reaction to that of General Montgomery following the El Alamein campaign in the Middle East --

"The 9th Division under General Morshead is the best fighting Division I have ever known."

It must be said that the Japanese, as highly trained as they were, could not handle the rugged conditions of New Guinea whereas the Australians were able to adapt very quickly, despite everything — lack of proper training, shortage of supplies, little or no back-up ... you name it.



Daily Telegraph 1942

Members of the Cronulla RSL Memorial Club must have been deeply moved by the MILNE BAY-KOKODA TRACK display staged by Jim Colwell recently to mark the 50th Anniversary. An excellent selection of exhibits were provided by members who served in Papua New Guinea — Lyle Lindsay, who provided War Memorial photos by Damien Parer; Brian Adshead's Intelligence Maps, photographs, etc; Colin Webb's Milne Bay material — all combined to provide an in-depth view of what took place. all those years ago.

KOKODA FRONT LINE won an Oscar

Much of the action in the New Guinea campaign was captured on film by the late Damien Parer for Cinesound Newsreel. Parer went to Port Moresby in June 1942 and began filming anything and everything to do with the impending Japanese invasion. The Japs started their advance from Buna and Gona towards Kokoda, intending to cross the Owen Stanley Range and capture Port Moresby.

In defiance of orders from the top brass in the Dept Of Information, Damien Parer set out from Moresby up the track to Kokoda — on foot, of course --with a Papuan carrying his equipment. The footage he shot on that epic journey is now part of our official war history and is on record in the National Archives. Parer, who was a law unto himself, with friends in all the services, hitched a ride back to Sydney (in a RAAF plane) and handed the film over to Ken G Hall at Cinesound.

It was excellent footage (much of it made under fire) and when it was edited, scripted and produced as **KOKODA FRONT LINE** it made history — and had world wide distribution — the only newsreel ever to receive an Academy Award.

cont' d

It was interesting to note that the Fox-Movietone version, using exactly the same material, did not raise any more than a flicker of interest. (And that, for my money, put KEN G HALL head and shoulders above the rest of the film-makers of the day.) Towards the end of the war the Oscar arrived and was presented to Ken Hall, being the writer-producer of the film. By this time Damien Parer was dead — out down by a Japanese machine-gun on a Pacific island as he photographed American marines going into action.

Damien Parer, one of the world's great camera-men, had earlier covered the Tobruk campaign in the Middle East. An extraordinary man with lots of reckless courage, his filming has become a memorial to his skill and tenacity.

Ken Hall made an interesting observation when he pointed out that MacArthur, apart from being a one-eyed American, did not have a very high opinion of Australian troops — and that view stemmed from the overall British failure in Malaya. Possibly it suited MacArthur to think that way.

It may seem incredible but MacArthur actually thought that the Australian troops outnumbered the Japanese. Can you believe this? I don't know where he got his "intelligence" from but I'd hate to have to rely on that source. And, strange as it may seem, the Japs themselves were convinced that they were facing a force of some 6000 Australians — and not just a few hundred. (We must have been putting on a bloody good show, eh?)



It was heartening to hear Prime Minister Keating speak out in praise of the Australians who served in that horrendous campaign. Mr Keating was attending the ANZAC DAY service in Papua-New Guinea last April and I think it would have been the first time the Australian victory was officially acknowledged. It was also refreshing to hear an Australian Prime Minister publicly criticise the British World War II role in Asia and the Pacific — and to praise wartime Prime Minister John Curtin's defiance of his counterparts in London and Washington ..., something never done before, I think. I don't know if John Curtin was a good prime minister or not but he, sure as hell, wasn't going to let any other country use Australia as a door-mat — certainly not if he had any say in the matter. Against Churchill's wishes, Curtin brought troops back from the Middle East — veterans of the 7th Division, AIF, were sent-to rein-force the 39th Battalion in the Kokoda campaign.

A LIEUTENANT LOOKS BACK

COLIN WEBB of Gynea has lived in the Sutherland Shire from the time he became the Manager of the Commonwealth Bank at Sutherland in 1972, and his memories of Milne Bay span over 40 years as two separate phases of his life.

One phase, when as a young artillery Lieutenant in the Milne Bay campaign of 1942/43 in a primitive undeveloped land and a primitive civilization, and the second as a not so young bank inspector in the same place 40 years on but with a vast difference in the peoples, and in his living conditions.

Colin's battery ("G" Australian Heavy Battery) was emplaced at Kanakope Point to control shipping and anti-aircraft (enemy or unauthorised) and he was in contact with the native peoples in this outlying position. The "native" people of Milne Bay were untouched by our civilisation (except when in the course of the war it shot them or harmed them in other ways) and had no know-ledge of mechanical or electrical etc. matters; the peoples uses being confined to that of "native carriers" of stores and supplies or shinning up a coconut tree. Women wore grass skirts and men wore lap-laps in this simple society.

Then in 1984 Colin was able to retrace his youthful footsteps when, as an Inspector employed by the Papua-New Guinea Banking Corporation for three years, he spent a month working at Milne Bay around the old settlement which had seen such heavy fighting in 1942 and cost so many lives, black and white.

The provincial capital, Alotau, is situated in the old battle area, but now comprises modern buildings including banks, trade stores and government offices. The "primitive natives" of 1942 are now National Papua-New Guineans in western style clothes in a rather more sophisticated society, although much of the old village society remains. Now, many of these younger generation black Nationals are involved in the professions as well as high finance and administration, and expert usage of a complex on-line computer system within a short stones-throw of K B Mission and Rabe; place names well known to the troops fighting there.

At Alotau, the Bank Manager was a young black man, as is usual, in positions of authority and higher, whose wife was rather proud of the fact that her father was part of the war effort as a "native carrier" in the campaign, which is as fresh in many minds there, as in our own older generations.

In 1984 Colin found his way to the "G" Heavy Battery gun positions of 40 odd years before, all of which was very much overgrown and largely reclaimed by jungle regrowth and strong creepers. However, he did find remnants of tracks and ammunition storage pits the young soldiers had cut into the hill leading to the guns, which had been very noisy on occasions in those early years plus the scream of aircraft engines. But now complete silence prevails with no other sign whatever of the 18 months occupation of this small isolated site by 130 gunners and around which their lives had revolved with, amazingly, morale maintained at a high level over most of this period.

It was, says Colin, a very uplifting experience for the old Banker to walk the overgrown broken track physically cut by the young Lieutenant (and others) - where he built the "Gun Hut" which only fell down once - and where the guns were winched up the hill by strong young manpower alone.

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The years have taken their toll and now few of those young men remain to remember their experiences in this isolated land.



AN OLD SOLDIER SUMS UP ...

THE BATTLE ON THE KOKODA TRACK. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour took place on 7 December 1941 and within a mere three months were on the borders of Burma and moved southward, to a line through Malaya, Singapore, Sumatra, Java to Ambon, and had occupied the strategic areas controlling the central Pacific basin. The next stop was to be the seizure of Port Moresby and islands further south — to complete the control of the sea-lanes between Australia and the United States of America.

The first attempt to seize Port Moresby, by a sea borne invasion, was abandoned following the Coral Sea Battle and so the Japanese began to plan for an overland operation from the Buna/Gona area. So the scene was set for the Battle on the Kokoda Track — the Japanese from the east and the Australians from the west.

As is well recorded, the initial battles were between very young, inexperienced, poorly trained and poorly equipped Australians up against mature, experienced and well trained Japanese troops. As the campaign progressed, more experienced and better trained Australian troops were brought up, limited supplies of all kinds became more available as did some support from the air particularly air supply. The Japanese, on the other hand, began to out-strip their supply lines and, like the Australian troops, were significantly affected by the climate and conditions.

It was horrendous terrain, high mountains and valleys, continuous heat and rain; conditions not understood by either the military high command or the politicians. There were fierce battles, often hand-to-hand combat, over a period of four months — one Historian described it as "ding-dong fighting".

The battle on the Kokoda Track, along with the Coral Sea Battle, Midway, Milne Bay and Guadalcanal, determined the limits of the southward movement of the Japanese — and were the 'El Alamein' of the Pacific War.

The bitter lesson for Australia was that we ignored our northern neighbours, we were unprepared. Never again should we send 18-year-olds into battle, untrained, ill-equipped, ill-dressed and ill-supplied.

— Major General C M I ('Sandy') Pearson AO DSO OBE MC RL

ASTROLOGY IN THE SHIRE

EVON ACKLAND



AT WOOLLOOWARE HOUSE an 24 July a formidable gathering of members of the College of Aesthetics & Visual Literacy, Centre for South Pacific Studies, University of New South Wales, attended a luncheon for people interested in the Science of Astrology.

As the recipient of a Doctorate in Aesthetics & Visual Literacy I was highly delighted to be invited by Dr Lucy Hertz MBE DAVL to give the talk about astrology — and to present those in attendance with a transit list of possible events in their lives for the following month. This was received with great enthusiasm and, as a result, is to be followed up with more such occasions in the months to come — some to be held at Woollooware House and some to be held at the Journalists Club at Chalmers Street in the City.

FACTS ABOUT ASTROLOGY

Astrology does not predict what WILL happen in the future; it is a scientific, extensive mathematical calculation proving that the movements of the stars and planets influence man and his environment. Astronomy owes a great deal to the observations of the early astrologers, who noted that the movements of the astral bodies had a definite relation to human behaviour and destiny.

We are all aware of the effect of the sun on earthly living things, and that the moon influences the tides; so, knowing this, it becomes obvious that the stars and planets must also have some bearing on earthly living organisms, including humanity.

The Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Arabs and Hindus still practice the art of this science extensively. Ancient Chinese astrologers were required to chart, well in advance, when a solar eclipse was expected. Airing the 14th through to the 17th century astrology flourished; about 1950, after a decline, it once more began to gain increasing popularity.

It was actually the Babylonians who developed the basic principles of astrology as we know and use it today. Their system was to divide the cosmos, or sky, into 12 sections or houses -- each one named for a sign of the Zodiac (from the Greek, meaning 'circle of animals'). Each house division of 30 degrees relates to a special department of life, such as:

1. Physical body - self - early environment
2. Money - possessions - earning ability
3. Brothers - sisters - short journeys - communication
4. Parents - home - end of life
5. Children - pleasures - social life
6. Health - work - service
7. Partnerships - public relations - open enemies
8. Death - regeneration - taxes
9. Philosophy - religion - long trips - law - higher education
10. Profession - status - aim in life
11. Friends - hopes - wishes
12. Limitations - secret enemies - self undoing



cont'd

These houses always remain in a set position; it is the movements of the astral bodies which activate the events relative to the houses they pass over (transit) or occupy at different times, as well as the aspects or angles formed by such transits that set the stage for events which could occur in our lives.

A birth chart or natal horoscope can be erected for two separate people born on the same day, month and year — but they can evolve quite differently to each other, as will be seen in the following STRANGE PARALLEL article. There are many factors which must be considered when erecting charts, such as location on the map, exact hour of birth — and much more that will make each of them unique.

STRANGE PARALLEL

ONE MAN MADE THE WORLD LAUGH - AND THE OTHER ...



In 1889 two men were born, four days apart, both in humble circumstances -- and each was destined to leave his own indelible stamp on the world.

One was to become the first international film star and one of the best loved entertainers of all time. The other was to horrify the world with a reign of terror and intimidation -- and perpetrate the most inhuman atrocities ever committed against mankind.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN was born, of showbiz parents, in South Landon on 16 April 1889. Four days later ADOLF HITLER was born in Braunau, Austria, the son of a cobbler who had managed to get himself a job in the Customs Office.

Chaplin made his first stage appearance, as a child — at The Canteen, a cheap little theatre in Aldershot — when his mother's voice gave out during a performance. Be had been standing in the wings, watching his mother on stage, when her voice cracked in mid song and she was unable to continue.

The Stage Manager, who had seen young Charlie perform for his mother's friends, quickly arranged for the boy to go on and finish the act. A .born trouper, he was halfway through a popular song called 'Jack Jones' when money started to shower the stage. Charlie Chaplin was launched... at the age of FIVE.

Adolf Hitler — who was baptised a Catholic and had sung in the choir — had early aspirations for a church career, but his father didn't think that his 'oratorical gifts' befitted him for this. Me was a poor scholar and had left school at 16 — then tried, unsuccessfully, to enrol at college a couple of years later. He then tried to become a painter and, although he had a talent for drawing, was not good enough to gain acceptance at the Academy (he did become a House-painter and Paperhanger -- hardly academic stuff, eh?). He then tried to become an Architect but, of course, lacked the necessary education. He had dodged his Austrian military service since 1910 but enlisted in the Bavarian arm, at the outbreak of World War I in 1914 — and there he was to establish his identity as 'the little corporal'.

Chaplin went to the US with Fred Karno's troop in 1910 and created a sensation as the leading comic in a sketch called A NIGHT IN A LONDON CLUB. In 1913 he went into (silent) films and appeared in Mack Sennett's Keystone comedies --and here he developed the unforgettable image of the 'little tramp' (which Hitler detested). The film studios had been churning out escapist fantasies about desert sheiks and damsels in distress being rescued by handsome princes then along came Chaplin with his battered bowler hat and cane, his big boots, funny walk and diffident smile ... and cinema was never the same again — the 'little tramp' had put the little man on the big screen for all time.

Adolf Hitler developed his anti-Semitic views, his passions and his hatreds, early in his working life. His desire to persecute and ultimately exterminate Jews and blacks was to become an overwhelming obsession. He also hated Poles and Russians and Gypsies — and had planned to wipe out all of the Jews in Europe. I don't know that Charlie Chaplin had any Jewish blood (Hitler may have thought he had) but his maternal grandmother was half-Gypsy — and that, in itself, would have sent Der Fuhrer into a frenzy, if he was aware of it.

A gifted orator, Hitler seemed to be hypnotised by the sound of his own voice -- and to convince HIMSELF as he went along. No normal human being could have perpetrated the hideous crimes against humanity that Hitler did. According to the Psychiatrists he had a psychotic personality although he didn't show the usual signs of insanity until the last few months of his life.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN as The Great Dictator
wearing the Order of the Double Cross

In 1937 Alexander Korda had suggested that Chaplin should do a Hitler movie, the storyline based on mistaken identity — Hitler having the same moustache as the 'little tramp' — and Chaplin to play both characters. Chaplin was not particularly keen at first, but as war loomed closer, it began to shape up as an intriguing project — and an excellent vehicle for burlesque and pantomime.

Chaplin's friend, Cornelius Vanderbilt, had managed to get into one of Hitler's concentration camps (before the war) on some pretext, and had written of the Nazi tortures there. But his stories of degenerate brutality were so incredible that few people believed them. As Chaplin's interest grew, the war clouds loomed even larger and the Nazi situation began to look even more sinister.

Chaplin spent two years writing the script for THE GREAT DICTATOR — and his characterisations were brilliantly hilarious. Hitler became Adenoid Hynkel; Jack Oakie played the Italian Dictator, Benzino Napoloni (Benito Mussolini); Billy Gilbert played Herring (Goering) and Henry Daniell played the slimy Garbitsch (Goebbels). Here's how Charlie Chaplin described Hitler:

"The face was obscenely comic — a bad imitation of me, with its absurd moustache, unruly, stringy hair and disgusting, thin little mouth. I could not take Hitler seriously...the salute with the hand thrown back over the shoulder, the palm upwards, made me want to put a tray of dirty dishes on it."

Half way through the filming of THE GREAT DICTATOR, United Artists literally begged Chaplin to call the whole thing off. The Hays Office had suggested there would be censorship trouble; President Roosevelt was quite egdy about an anti-Nazi movie and the English office doubted that it could be shown in Britain. But Chaplin was determined to go ahead — he considered that Hitler and his whole regime should be satirised and laughed out of existence. But, in Chaplin's own later words: "Had I known of the actual horrors of the Nazi concentration camps, I could not have made the film. I could not have made fun of the homicidal insanity of the Nazis. However, I was determined to ridicule their mystic bilge about a pure-blooded race — as though such a thing ever existed, outside of the Australian Aborigines."

Before the movie was completed England had declared war on Nazi

-Germany, the Germans had broken through the Maginot Line and had occupied France; then there was the stark and ghastly reality of Dunkirk. England was by now fighting with her back to the wall. United Artists' New York office was now wiring Chaplin frantic-ally: "Hurry up with your film — everyone is waiting for it."



Released in 1940, the film was a box-office winner and the biggest money-maker up till its time. Chaplin learned, years later, that Goebbels (Hitler's Minister for Propaganda) had secretly and surreptitiously purchased a print of THE GREAT DICTATOR from an

agency in (neutral) Portugal -- and that Der Fuhrer had actually sat through TWO private screenings ... ALONE. Chaplin said he would have given anything to have known what went through Hitler's mind as he watched himself being lampooned and sent-up world wide by a man he absolutely despised.

- Will Newton



"BIG BERTHA" - Target: Rheims Cathedral

ADOLF HITLER (b April 20) was a TAURUS — NOT an Aries

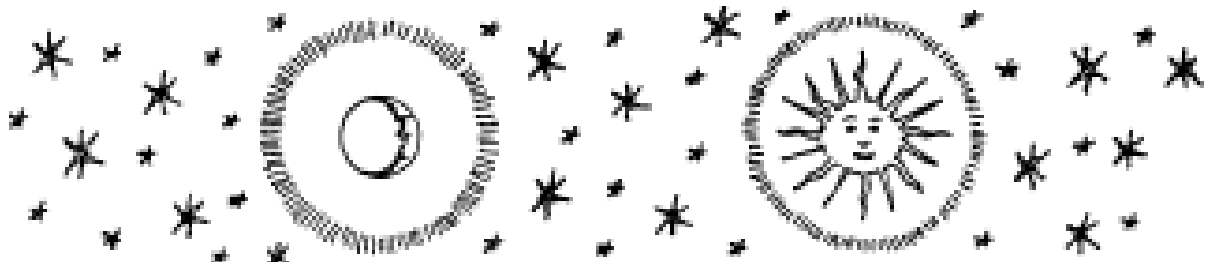
DETERMINING what your birth sign is: Our clocks rely on the earth's rotation for correct time; however, because of time zones, leap years, earthquakes, tidal factors and other disturbances, the rotation of the earth either speeds up or slows down at irregular intervals; therefore a uniform measurement of time varies, at times, by small amounts.

At the beginning of 1987, 55 seconds needed to be added to birth time before positions of the planets could be estimated. This 55 seconds increase in time is called Delta T — and is believed to increase from 55 seconds in 1989 to 61 seconds in January 2000. The Sun's rays reach the earth in 8½ minutes and in that time the Sun has moved, so its apparent time is less than the geometric time on earth. (See how simple it is? - Ed.)

- Evon Ackland

EVON ACKLAND, DAVL, grew up in the St George area and taught art at the TAFE School of Art & Design, Gympie, along with Lucy Hertz, MBE, DAVL, till 1980. This lady has a string of awards and prizes and accreditations to her name --her walls are covered with ribbons and certificates and diplomas for arts, design, weaving (craft and design), wallpaper design, macramé, lampshades ... and everything else you could think of -- and then some. She taught Crafts for a good many years and still takes a small private group of art students. In between times she manages to make the costumes for lots of stage product-ions. (I wonder if she ever finds the time to sleep.)

Some years ago Evon began studying the ancient science of Astrology — and, these days, gives regular lectures (and casts horoscopes) to raise funds for the promotion of Aesthetics & Visual Literacy which, incidentally, originated in the Sutherland Shire and is now being networked in nearly all countries.



• I've got nothing against Astrology -- except that it should only be practiced in private by consenting adults. It irks me only when people try to take it seriously.

- Peter luck

PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER

BOHEMIA'S LOSS IS SUTHERLAND'S GAIN

ON AUSTRALIA DAY this year the Shire President, Ian Swords, presented the Australian Citizenship Certificates to nearly two hundred people in a ceremony at the Sutherland Entertainment Centre. Among the recipients were Czechoslovakian-born artist and sculptor OTTO KUSTER and wife, Susie, of Kurnell. "After painting Australian landscapes for 32 years I have finally become an Australian citizen and I'm mighty proud of it," said Otto after the ceremony. And Sutherland Shire Council is obviously mighty proud to have Otto and Susie in the Shire, because they issued a Media Release: PROMINENT ARTIST TAKES AUSTRALIAN CITIZENSHIP almost immediately.

OTTO KUSTER is one hell of an artist and sculptor — his 26 one-man exhibit-ions and countless group exhibitions bear testimony to that. And his work has been purchased by Art Galleries and famous private collections throughout the world — Britain, America, Germany, France, Japan, the Philippines — and not forgetting (his adopted country) Australia, of course. On the immediate Local Government scene Otto's work is on display Sutherland, Hurstville and Rockdale Council Chambers — and, I might mention, he has collected numerous art awards over the years.

I met Otto Kuster, for the first time, at WOOLLOOWARE HOUSE CULTURAL CENTRE in April when the AVL accreditations were being presented to a number of prominent local citizens. The rapport was instantaneous. A couple of weeks later I had a closer look at a sculpture titled THE PROSPECTOR in the foyer of Rockdale Council Chambers which I have admired for several years. It's a beautiful carving in clear-finished Queensland Maple — and the name of the sculptor proved to be: OTTO KUSTER. His oil-painting DOLAN'S BAY hangs in the Council Chambers at Sutherland and another, THE FISHERMEN OF BOTANY BAY, hangs in the main foyer of Chuo City Council in Tokyo -- presented to the Japanese city as a gift from the people of Sutherland Shire.



The above photo shows Otto Kuster (right) with Francis Shoolman (journalist from THE LEADER) and your correspondent at WOOLLOOWARE HOUSE after receiving Honorary Master's Degrees in Aesthetics & Visual Literacy from The Centre For South Pacific Studies, University of New South Wales.

OTTO KUSTER was born in Bohemia, Czechoslovakia, and I guess that makes him a true Bohemian. He commenced his artistic studies at the Kempten Studio of Josef Mayer of the Munich Academy — and with the eminent Bavarian sculptor, Josef Konrad. He obtained his Arts Diploma from the Kempten Technical College in 1958.

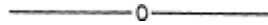
An accomplished sculptor, with a string of masterly works to his credit, Otto devotes most of his time nowadays to impressionistic oil paintings. Very much in demand are his Sydney Harbour scenes and those depicting colourful back alleys in places such as Paddington and Kings Cross. In his seascapes,

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bush scenes and colonial townships Otto demonstrates his love of dramatic -light effects. (I've pinched that last bit from somebody else's rhetoric --it sounds very impressive to me.)

Otto and Susie came to Oz in 1960 and, after moving around different parts for several years, settled at Kurnell and, I'm sure you'll agree, Bohemia's loss was Sutherland Shire's gain. The cover illustration in our last edition --the BELL HOMESTEAD at Kurnell — attracted a lot of favourable comment. We are very proud that Otto did that (pencil) drawing especially for the BULLETIN.

A member of the Royal Art Society of New South Wales and the St George Art Society, Otto tutors occasionally at workshops and seminars. He regards painting as 'a great adventure — a voyage of never-ending exploration and discovery, observance and learning' — and so he loves to visit remote parts of this country as well as places like New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, Tahiti, Fiji, Panama, the West Indies, Europe and the Orient. — Will Newton

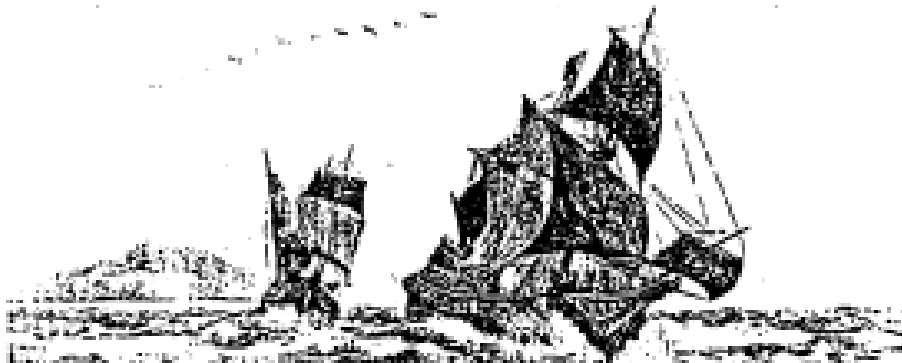


GOOD-NIGHT, SWEET LADY

The passing of Katina Zerefos of Sylvania, on 1 September, left a mantle of sadness on the local scene. Mrs Zerefos was a victim of Alzheimer's Disease.

Born on the Greek island of Kythera, the orphaned Katina Andronicus came to Australia to join her brothers — and later married Paul Zerefos. Paul and Katina moved to Sylvania in the mid-50s and established themselves in the food business. People come from miles around for "Paul's Famous Hamburgers" -- which, I think, was the brainchild of Katina.

Mrs Zerefos is survived by her children, Helen (the eminent singer) Florence and Bill, their spouses and her four grandchildren. She adored her family.



GUIDELINES FOR BULLETIN ARTICLES

If you are submitting HANDWRITTEN material for inclusion in the Bulletin, that's fine by us — we will take it from there. But if your article is to be TYPED-- either on a typewriter or a word-processor system — you can make it easier for us by following a few simple guidelines-

- a) Use A4 size paper (same as the Bulletin) and single space your lines.
- b) Leave a 25mm (1-inch) margin EACH SIDE, with a 20mm (3/4-inch) margin top and bottom — as per a typical Bulletin page.
- c) Do not fold or crease your pages -- please keep them FLAT.
- d) Copy to be in the hands of the Editor FOUR WEEKS prior to the month of publication, viz., FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST, NOVEMBER.

HOW TO BECOME FILM MAN OF THE YEAR

THE MAN WHO CALLS HRH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH "DUKEY"



For a man who described himself as having been "the biggest dunce at Marrickville Public School" GORDON PRESLAND OAM BEM MmAVL, was clearly and justifiably proud to receive his Honorary Masters Degree from the University of New South Wales earlier this year. For such a poor scholar.. (who is called 'Gordon' by the Queen) he has come a long way; the National Film Archives in Canberra houses an enormous collection of his work -- from films of Royal Tours, to the Festival of Sydney, to the presentation of the Duke Of Edinburgh's Golden Awards, to more documentaries than you could imagine. He has won several major awards for his movie photography and has made a couple of feature films: **STORY OF IANDRA** and **MANY RIDE MOUNTAINS**.

As we go to press Gordon, who recently underwent major surgery, is hoping he will soon be well enough to accept a Royal Invitation for a tour of London. A few years ago Gordon was understandably proud to have received an invitation to attend Prince Charles' wedding. But I imagine that his proudest achievement would be his appointment as Official Photographer for the Queen and the Royal Family -- and that goes back a few years. Along the way he collected the British Empire Medal, the Order Of Australia Medal, was **FILM MAN OF THE YEAR** (bestowed by The Society of Australian Cinema Pioneers for 1989) ... plus a string of lesser awards.

A favourite story concerns former Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, a great Royalist who loved to be photographed with the Queen. The Prime Minister took Gordon's advice on where to stand, in relation to Her Majesty, in order to be photographed in the most favourable light.

GORDON PRESLAND entered the film industry, as a young teenager, by carrying films from one cinema to another on his push-bike. Over the years this was to develop into a highly profitable. enterprise -- at its peak PRESLAND'S FILM SWITCHING SERVICE had 28 trucks on the road and was making more than 7000 film deliveries a year. Gordon became known throughout the industry as the "King Of The Switch". His love of the camera had him moving into the industry as a cameraman with Cinesound News by day and working for Movietone News at night. In the beautiful 55-seat cinema at Gordon's Cronulla home, the screening of films, newsreels and documentaries has raised many thousands of dollars for charities over the years. His beloved late wife, Dorothy, also received the British Empire Medal for her charity work. It's worth mentioning that Gordon 'retired' about fifteen years ago — only to be back behind the camera a week later. There's absolutely no stopping this bloke.



A TREASURED POSSESSION —

The pass issued to Gordon in 1954 for the Royal Visit — and which allowed him to override Police directions if he saw fit.

-- Will Newton

GEORGE HEAVENS REMEMBERS...

FRIED EGGS FOR LUNCH

In my swagging days, an omelette made of an emu egg made a most delicious dinner - one to remember.

A bloke I knew named Tom, who had not heard the warning - "Never eat too much emu egg" - had been passing through emu country during a local drought and on making camp he produced two emu eggs that he had chanced to find.

Tom, with the frying pan on the fire, broke the two eggs into it, nearly filling the pan. They looked and smelled delicious. But there was too much. Two emu eggs equal one dozen hen eggs and they took some getting down. Tom then went into the town, feeling quite bloated. But that was not the only trouble. His stomach had never had any dealings with emu eggs before and became very disturbed. Violent eruptions took place within, necessitating numerous trips to the toilet. However, as the afternoon wore on back at the camp, and many cups of strong billy tea that his stomach was used to, did eventually bring peace and normal digesting within.

SO - remember when you next find a couple of unattended emu eggs, PLEASE cook them one at a time.

TALKING ABOUT EMUS

Do you know emus both make the nest as a combined effort and, of course, the female emu lays the eggs. But I bet you did not know that is where Motherhood ends. Dad takes over at this point; keeps the eggs at the correct temperature; hatches the chicks; educates them in emu and, looks after them like a Mother, until they are able to fend for themselves. So, when you next see a mother emu walking along with six chicks at heel - it is not mother - it is dad.

A TRUE LOVE STORY

Everyone loves a love story, and the circumstances surrounding their first meeting when Eros, Amour or Cupid with their little bows and arrows, fires the arrow of tender passionate love - WHACK!

One lovely morning out on the farm, Sis, a dear little baby girl sat in her pram laughing and cooing at all the farm sights while her mother inside, attended to her house duties. Old Blossom, the very quiet house cow, came along and started rubbing and licking the pram as cows do. The baby wasn't a bit frightened but, the cow while rubbing, got her curly horns hooked in the baby's bonnet and, lifting the now screaming and half chocking baby out of the pram, the cow galloped down the paddock.

John, a young man of about 20 years of age, was fencing nearby and, seeing the incident, gave chase running the cow back into the yard, thus probably saving the baby's life.

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When the mother had finished thanking John, he said Sis was a lovely little baby and when she grows up, I will come back and marry her. Sure enough, he did come back when Sis was 18 or 19; courted her and proposed to her at the Convent Ball. Sis accepted and they lived happily ever after, not very far from here.

CONTRARY CATTLE

Some years ago Tom Ryan of Dubbo was very disturbed over drought conditions and shortage of grass. His cattle were losing condition so he thought of supplementary feeding them on an old stack of baled hay. The stack was in a little paddock, so he rounded up all his cattle and put them in to eat it and left the gate open so they could get out to drink. The cows sniffed the stack, turned up their noses and walked out.

I would like to mention here that cattle, especially dairy cattle or their descendants, are the most contrary of all God's creatures. They always want what they cannot have. But Tom was wide awake to their capers. He drove them back into the stack three times and they went straight out each time.

Tom then put one over them. He shut the gate and, down along the fence, he cut the two top wires and tied them back around the posts. He then placed a rail temporarily across the opening and retreated to hide behind the stack. About an hour later all the cattle came back to the shut gate. There they had a conference. Tom knew what they were discussing because their leader in roguery walked down along the fence to the rail and gave it a bump with her horns and knocked it down. She walked in and they all followed. Tom rushed them with a big stick and chased them out. He then went home to lunch but, before he was inside, the cattle were back in again eating into the stack as though they were starving.

BOB SPEARS - CHAMPION CYCLIST

In the Historical Society Museum at Dubbo we have a room that is dedicated to Bob Spears, the champion cyclist, born in Dubbo. Although relatively unknown in Australia, as he didn't win any great awards here; and as he turned professional almost at the start of his career, and going overseas in the 1920s. Bob was one of the greatest sprint cyclists of all time.

Early in the 1920s he dominated all the cycle events in the U.S.A. He then went on to Europe where he won the World Championship and was twice runner-up. In addition Bob won the converted Grand Prix of Paris, three times in succession. Other notable triumphs included the Grand Prix at Milan, which he won three times; Turin and Bordeaux (twice) and Amsterdam. There stands a large monument in his honour in France.

MORE ABOUT JACKIE

I have previously mentioned John Howe, better known as Jackie Howe, Australia's top gun shearer, but I didn't tell you that it was Jackie that fashioned what is known as our "Athletic Singlet".

In his day men, who did work that induced much sweating, wore what were known as Doctor Flannels. These garments were

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made of a heavy black or dark blue flannel; the idea being they absorbed the body sweat, hence you didn't catch cold and get pneumonia, which was a great killer of early hard-working Australians. Jackie, to enable better movement for his arms while shearing, used his shears to cut the sleeves out and made more room under his arms as well as making room under his chin. Thus Jackie, to suit his immediate requirements, designed the Athletic Singlet. However, the singlet remained black and this pattern eventually took on and many other shearers cut up their flannels.

I don't know who took out the patent rights, but Bond's Athletic Singlets took on like steam when they hit the market in the 1920s.

Moving among men I note that nearly all use the Jackie Howe singlet although, if you went into a shop and asked to see some Jackie Howe singlets, the assistant would look at you as if you were stupid.

Another great shearer is Mel Johnston of Canowindra, a bit south of here (Dubbo). Mel won the World's Champion Shearer at Denver, Colorado in January 1985. Mel's personal record is 232 sheep sheared in one day, of course with a machine hand-piece.

It goes nowhere near Jackie Howe's 321 with the old hand shears.



MILITARY STRATEGY for getting out of tight corners --

"We'll have to drink our way out of this - bottoms up!"

Colonel Humphrey Chinstrap
3rd Armoured Thunderboxes

RAQUEL WELCH has so much plastic surgery, when she dies they'll recycle her.

- An ex-husband

My job COULD be a lot easier -- I COULD just sit there
quietly and watch Keating self-destruct.

--Dr John Hewson

THE GREAT COMEDIANS

CHAPLIN is the greatest artist that was ever on the silver screen

-- Stan Laurel



CHARLIE CHAPLIN is the greatest comedian who has ever lived

-- Buster Keaton

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was the only genius the
cinema ever produced
George Bernard Shaw



There's only ME and Chaplin ... and Chaplin's a bit of a shit - Roy Rene
(Mo')

SOUTH SEA ISLAND MAGIC

JOHNNY WADE- A LIVING LEGEND

A proud boast of your correspondent is to having made the acquaintance of a number of distinguished people, at least one of whom has become a LIVING LEGEND and whom I have come to regard as a good friend — and I am referring to singer, musician and former bandleader JOHNNY WADE, OAM, now semi-retired but still doing lots of charity work entertaining people in hospitals and nursing homes — and giving lots of free tuition to up and coming young singers and guitarists.



When John West - 'The Showman' - compiled his album set SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY a few years ago, he included a wonderful selection of Australian recording artists from way back. Names like Jim Davidson, George Sorlie, Peter Dawson, Gladys Moncrieff, Abe Romain, Jack Lumsdaine, Joy Nichols, Smoky Dawson, Sydney Burchall, Dick Bentley, Barbara James, Jack Davey, Lily Connors, Tex Morton, Beryl Newell, Chad Morgan ... One of the very few artists to have TWO numbers featured in the collection is JOHNNY WADE — once, as the singer/instrumentalist with Buddy Wikara's HAWAIIAN CLUB QUARTET and again, as JOHNNY WADE & HIS HAWAIIANS.

I first saw Johnny Wade on stage at the beautiful Prince Edward theatre in the early 40s. He was singing and playing guitar with Bert Howell's band. His wartime hit-song RED CROSS NURSE had just been released as a record --and everyone in the audience wanted him to sing it. The sales of that record must have heart-warming indeed.

Another of my earlier recollections of Johnny Wade goes back to the launching of the Holden motor-car shortly after World War II. It was 'Open Day' at the Pagewood plant and the entertainment was provided by a musical trio: Johnny Wade with his trusty guitar; Herbie Marks on accordion; Margaret Day who, years later, was to join Betty Parker and Nola Lester to form that delightful vocal trio on Bobby Limb's long-running SOUND OF MUSIC television show.

When our local singing star, Helen Zerefos, won the SEARCH FOR A STAR quest, early in her career, the Director of Entertainment (for the Miller's circuit) was none other than JOHNNY WADE — and I think I am right in saying that he ran the whole shebang for more than a decade.

The announcement earlier this year that the old Capitol Theatre is, at long last, to be restored must have stirred some happy memories for Johnny. As a 12-year-old boy soprano, he appeared with Ted Henkel's Band on the opening program in 1927. Having started his professional career four years earlier at the nearby Haymarket Theatre (later the Civic) and with a touring pantomime, he was by this time a seasoned performer. Johnny also appeared on the opening program at the State Theatre in 1929 with Will Prior's band. And then again at the opening of the Regent, the Empire (now Her Majesty's), the Victory at Kogarah (now the Mecca), the Roxy at Parramatta -- as well as lots of other venues like Romano's Restaurant and the Ice Palais.

Johnny furthered his stage career by playing in musicals like The Student Prince and that other wonderful show Sunny, with a cast that included such polished performers as Colin Crane ("Mr Carruthers" in VILLAGE GLEE CLUB for many years and Queenie Ashton (still performing at the age of 90). Johnny was also the first boy soprano to sing over the local airwaves — on 2FC (now Radio National) — at the beginning of that golden era of Australian radio.

Early in his adult career Johnny met David and Queenie Bain, thought to be the first truly authentic Hawaiian musos to visit this country. They taught him to play the ukulele and gave him an abiding love of traditional Hawaiian music and songs. When Buddy Wikara formed the HAWAIIAN CLUB QUARTET in 1935 he invited Johnny to join the group as an instrumentalist and vocalist.

Later, Johnny was to form his own group JOHNNY WADE & HIS HAWAIIANS, a highly successful outfit for many years on radio and television. As a soloist, in his own right, Johnny has been heard on every major radio station in Australia --and had his own show PLEASE, JOHNNY WADE, a request program with Glen Marks as accompanist, first on 2GB and then on 2UW for nearly four years.

The adjoining photo is of Johnny Wade with the late Joy Nichols when they appeared together on AUSTRALIA'S HOUR OF SONG about 1953 and on Joy's last visit to Australia. That show, compered by Dick Fair, featured famous artists who led the studio audience in 'glorified community singing' — Gladys Moncrieff, Peter Dawson, Valda Bagnall, Evie Hayes, Gus Merzi, Babs Mackinnon, Robey Buckley, Brian Lawrence, Tommy Trinder, Burl Ives, Alan 'Donkey Serenade' Jones ...



Johnny was also a regular performer on another delightful show BRIGHT HORIZONS which was under the musical direction of Humphrey Bishop and featured names like Strella Wilson, Alan Eddy, Magda Neeld and many singers in the light classical field of music. Humphrey Bishop was a well respected basso, who had sung at Covent Garden. He came to 2CH from the ABC and talked the management into forming the AWA Light Opera Company.

In 1942 when Colgate-Palmolive's STAR PARADE was changed to CALLING THE STARS and moved into the new Macquarie Auditorium, the opening broadcast featured a star-studded line-up. Johnny Wade was in company with Barbara James, John Fullard, Strella Wilson, Stanley Clarkson, Peggy Brooks, Brian Lawrence, 'Ada & Elsie' (Dorothy Foster and Rita Pauncefort), Angela Parselles, Arundel Nixon.

My favourite Hawaiian-style song has long been a piece called SOUTH SEA ISLAND MAGIC — which conjures up for me visions of some romantic paradise in the south seas, with balmy breezes and warm tropical nights. I first heard it sung by Bing Crosby, many years ago — and which I loved. And then I heard it sung by JOHNNY WADE, backed up by a delightful trio: Claire Poole, Bernice Lynch and Carol Smith (sister of Alice).— and that did it for me. Ever since then I have been addicted to Hawaiian songs (and me an old opera buff, would you believe?). I'll blame it all on JOHNNY WADE & HIS HAWAIIANS.



On a visit to the US in 1950, to see his sister and her American husband, Johnny was invited to appear as Guest Singer at the prestigious AMBASSADORS - Coconut Grove Room. The occasion was the American British Association's annual bash and all the biggies were there, Ronald Colman, Dinah Shore, Don Ameche ... The compere, Alan Mowbray (remember him in movies?) was most impressed with Johnny's polished performance and wrote on the program: "Better than Sinatra." When an artist has been performing successfully for 68 years, it's hard to know just where to stop writing.

— Will Newton



THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN — PART II
A STORY OF SYDNEY AIRPORT
(Ada Cutbush Collection)



In the last edition we presented some of George Dusting's recollections of NIGEL LOVE — founder of Australia's first aircraft manufacturing business. Nigel and designer, Harry Broadsmith, started an industry in a Mascot paddock which was to become Sydney Airport. (NOTE - In the previous edition we noted, incorrectly, that Nigel's partner was Jim Broadbent — so I guess that we got our 'Broads' mixed up).

From the Ada Cutbush Collection we have a selection of stories of the colourful aviator who became a Wing-Commander with the RAAF during World War II. Nigel Love, who was born at Kurrajong, NSW, became a fighter pilot during the first World War with the then newly-established Australian Flying Corps. He learned to fly the controversial RES, an early aircraft with the reputation of having killed more of its trainee pilots than the enemy. (The Germans must have thought it was heaven-sent.) On top of all this, the legendary Baron von Richthofen ('The Red Baron') was patrolling the skies and shooting down every-thing else that flew.

Several times Nigel Love was almost shot down and, after only 18 weeks of active service, found himself the longest surviving pilot in the squadron.

(I wonder if he carried a packet of Minties with him on those missions.) And despite the fact that his aircraft associates were constantly departing this world at very short notice, Nigel was convinced that aviation had a great future. Shortly after the war he set up his aircraft manufacturing industry in a paddock at Mascot that he leased from the local abattoir. Even the wafting smells from the nearby boiling-down works didn't deter him. Have you ever driven along O'Riordan Street when the wind is blowing from a certain direct-ion? (As Roy Rene ('Mo') would have said: "Oh, pew!")

To finance the manufacturing enterprise Nigel and his fellow-daredevils did charter flights as well as taking a young generation of Australians on joy-rides over Sydney. The 'smart set' went absolutely wild over these trendy joy-flights from Mascot. The firm's first official passenger to make one of the charter flights was a cameraman in the motion picture industry who wanted to film Sydney from the air. His name was Marshall and he was so excited and bewildered at actually flying above Sydney that he forgot to take any pictures.

As the joy-flight business expanded Nigel had a second aircraft fitted with floats so that weekend holiday-makers could take off from Cooks River and be flown across the harbour to land near the Manly ferry wharf. Beach lifesavers would stand guard while the 'sea-plane' waited to make the return journey.

Aviation had an exciting year in 1920 and Nigel Love seemed to be at the fore-front of just about everything going. Ross and Keith Smith arrived in Darwin at the end of 1919 to win the X10,000 (\$20 000) prize for the Air Race from England to Australia. They had intended to fly on to Melbourne, but Nigel Love persuaded them to come to Sydney — and he escorted them, in one of his Avros, to Mascot where a huge crowd greeted them.

In June 1920 the battle-cruiser HMS RENOWN arrived at Sydney with the young Prince of Wales and Lord Louis Mountbatten onboard. As the warship sailed through the Heads an Avro biplane went through a dazzling display of aerobatics — looping, nose-diving, side-slipping, the lot. In a spectacular finish the pilot, Nigel Love, flew his plane between the masts of the cruiser. He was upbraided by the local press next day for "endangering the public by his dangerously low flying" — but Nigel retorted that his stunting was quite

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safe and that his company had flown nearly 5000 passengers that year — and without a single mishap.

In November 1920 Sydney's first aerial derby was staged — a 90km handicap race from Mascot to Richmond and back — a very big promotional occasion for the infant aircraft manufacturing industry. It was also a big test for Love's company which had entered four Avros in the event which fielded eleven starters. Handicaps were imposed according to the horsepower of the aircraft. Love's Avro 504K was sixth into the air, on handicap, starting 13 minutes ahead of the favourite — a Melbourne based Sopwith Gnu which was placed as the back-marker.

During the race Love never even sighted the favourite — and he didn't have much time to worry about his passenger, a newspaper reporter who spent the whole time being sick in the front cock-pit. A huge notice-board at Mascot posted wireless news of the contestants throughout the race. Three aircraft, including two Avros, battled it out in the closing stages but Nigel Love was able to cruise in and win comfortably. A second Avro came in third — but the favourite, the Sopwith, could only manage to come in fifth.

Nigel Love made a couple more momentous flights, including one to Melbourne, followed by a six-week barnstorming tour around outback New South Wales --all of which kept public interest in flying at a high level — and then his company scored its first major manufacturing contract. Through the Australian Air Board the Australian Aircraft & Engineering Co contracted to supply six Avro 504Ks, to be used for instructional purposes, to the Central Flying School at Point Cook. This contract marked the birth of the aircraft manufacturing industry in Australia.



The hangar, illustrated above, was built in 1929 . It was from here that Kingsford Smith and Ulm started regular Air-Mail and passenger services each day between Sydney and Brisbane from New Year's Day in 1930.

The services were later extended to Sydney-Melbourne and Melbourne-Launceston. And it was here that veteran aviator, Bruce Cowan, was to commence his apprenticeship as a Ground Engineer in November 1929 at the age of 16.

TO BE CONTINUED ...

FOOTNOTE --

On 23 December 1906, when my dad was a 16-year-old Bondi surfer, the first ever portable surf-rescue reel was used to pull two little boys out of the surf. One boy gave his name as Charlie Smith of North Sydney — he was later to become known to the world as Sir Charles Kingsford Smith. (And that is today's bit of useless information.)

— Will Newton

OUR FLAG — WHO WANTS TO CHANGE IT?



This 1992 year will always be remembered as the first time in the history of our nation that an Australian Prime Minister has savagely and repeatedly attacked our chief national symbol -- our dignified and historic Australian National Flag.

-- John C Vaughan
President NSW Branch
National Flag Association

- The man who led our Anzac ray march last April was Kokoda veteran — and last surviving General from World War II — Maj-General Ken Eather CB CBE DSO ED DSC does not want OUR flag changed. "Why change it? It signifies where we sprang from and why we exist today. You don't want any more than that."

ATTENTION MR KEATING

I don't know about you, Mr Prime Minister, but I'm not ashamed of the fact that we came here originally from Britain — and I am quite proud to see the Union Jack on OUR flag as a reminder. And that flag means a hell of a lot to people who served under it to defend this country in times of war.

— Will Newton

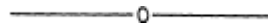
MESSAGE FROM THE PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES THE HON. JOHN FAHEY M.P.

Thursday September 3rd marks the 91st Birthday of the Australian National Flag.

The flag design was selected as the result of a public competition, and was first flown in 1901.

Each of the symbols on the flag has a special meaning for Australians. The stars of the Southern Cross represent our geographical position in the Southern Hemisphere; the Commonwealth Star is our federation of States and Territories, and the Crosses represent the principles on which our nation is based - namely, Parliamentary Democracy, Rule of Law and Freedom of Speech.

Fly our beautiful national flag with pride, especially today, the 91st Birthday.
John Fahey M.P.



TALES FROM OLD NEW GUINEA

In Search of Tiger Lil --

I was researching material for an article about Papua-New Guinea in the Edie Creek gold-rush days. The Territory was full of colourful characters in those -rip-roaring days — Sharkey Park, Jack Hides, Ma Stewart, Eric Ween, Lucky Dick, Errol Flynn (yes, THE Errol Flynn, who sure made his mark), Alf Belfield, Ivan Champion, Dick Glasson, Jack Nettleton, Mick Leahy ... One colourful character who proved to be most elusive was a lady known as TIGER LIL — a tall brassy blonde, busty and lusty — who could, reputedly, punch like a man.

I talked to lots of 'old Territorians' but none of the bastards would admit to ever having known the lady — they were all afraid that their wives might give them hell. Such was the reputation of TIGER LIL — generally regarded as the uncrowned queen of Salamaua.

One incident, recounted many times, was when Lil visited a prominent local businessman to borrow a horse. He refused on the grounds that she would not look after it properly — so Lil started to undress in his living room. "I'm going to stay until your wife gets home," she told him. She got the horse.



Kent Brewery, 1844

BREWING IN NEW SOUTH WALES - PART V

(Stewart Roberts Collection)

The question: who was the first man to operate a brewery in New South Wales - and hence, in Australia - is one that has been asked frequently. Tradition has always favoured James Squire of Kissing Point, Ryde, but tradition, so often false, may again be inexact when it comes to allocating this honour: the firm of Boston and Ellis must be considered as a contestant for the title since there exists considerable evidence to support the supposition that these men were operating as brewers, some-where in the vicinity of the present Government House, as early as the first year of Governor Hunter's regime.

Hunter succeeded the Lieutenant-Governors, Major Grose and Colonel Paterson in September, 1795. Some writers have held that Squire was brewing at Kissing Point as early as 1795; indeed, there have been those who would place his beginning as early as 1791, giving a picture of his brewery as at that date, but no documentary evidence that could be considered satisfactory has been brought forward to support such a claim. To the contrary, official testimony is available which would seem definitely to show that Squire did not establish his Kissing Point brewery until some time between 1797 and 1800, or even two or three years later.

In justice to Squire's memory and to his supporters, it is only fair to offer the evidence on which the latter support his claim to being the pioneer brewer of the Colony.

This falls into several sections:-

1. Traditional and Unofficial
2. The Published Historical Records -
 - a) of New South Wales
 - b) of Australia
3. Official Press Records
4. Lands Department Records
5. Registrar-General's Records

Traditional and Unofficial

An article on page 215 of the Historical Society's Journals No.10 discusses a four volume work of Pierre Lesson, Naval Surgeon, which contains a description of "Sydney and District in 1824". The Journal quotes the following extract from Lesson's work:-

"Colonial beer in these days had a very bad reputation. James Squire brewed the first, about 1795, but had to use horehound instead of hops - one hates to think of it. Then he took to growing his own hops and brewed the first vat of genuine beer at Kissing Point in 1812. But the hops would not flourish".

Skipping quite a few years, we come to "Heaton's Dictionary of Australia Dates", 1879, which states:-

"The first ale made in Australia was manufactured by Mr James C. Squire, a retired soldier, grandfather of James Squire Farnell, Esquire, M.L.C., late premier of New South Wales, at Kissing Point, Parramatta River in the year 1795".

The "Australian Cordial Maker" has published two articles which might be taken to support the Kissing Point brewery claim. The first appears in its issue of August 1899: "Early Australian Brewing" by Justin C. MacCartie.

"In 1795", said Mr MacCartie, "seven years after the first settlement, Mr James Squire brewed the first ale made in Australia at Kissing Point.

The same individual grew the first hops in Australia at the same place (where he presumably had a farm) in the year 1812. He planted five acres, from which he obtained 15 cwt of hops of good quality. As native-grown hops were not in existence when he made his first ale, he must either have used hops brought from abroad or none at all on that memorable occasion. Mr James Squire was therefore the "father" of both the brewing and hop-growing industries in Australia. Kissing Point, the scene of his labours, is now known as Ryde."

The late H.W.R. Huntingdon referred to Squire in the same publication nearly four years later in the January 1903 issue. He wrote:-

"He (Squire) was born in 1764 at Kent, the home of the hop plant in England, and had learned how to brew from some of his relations who were engaged in farming pursuits, etc. He was one of the primary inhabitants of the Colony, having come out in 1788 in the first fleet with Governor Phillip. In 1792 he was, by Phillip, placed on a farm at Kissing Point (Ryde), where he lived 26 years and died there on May 23, 1822.

His brewery at Kissing Point consisted of a brew house, cellar and two sets of coppers. To carry on an extensive brewing business he constructed a large malt house with kilns 80 feet long."

It will be observed that Huntingdon, while giving dates relative to Squire's date of arrival and year of being granted his farm, does not specify the actual period during which brewing was commenced.

A later writer, Walter Nibble, contributing, in 1924, an article on "The Early History of Ryde" to "The Australian Historical Society's Journals", Volume 3, Part VI, is more down-right.

"The first man to enter upon the business of brewing in

a legitimate and open manner was James Squire He started as a settler at Kissing Point. On July 22, 1795, he received a grant of land there of 30 acres ... It is difficult at this distance of time to discover exactly what use Mr Squire made of his first grant of land, or at what date it entered his mind that it was possible to grow hops successfully in these latitudes, but there is no doubt that as early as 1795, he brewed his first beer, but the bitter constituent used in its manufacture was certainly not hops."

The Committee of the "Back to Ryde" celebrations published in August, 1926, a history of the district: "Ryde 1790 - 1926". While giving due praise to James Squire as one of the most eminent of Ryde's pioneer settlers, no definite claim is put forward that Kissing Point was the site of the first brewery. The interest of the following quotation lies in the fact that the year 1806, not 1812, is given as that in which Squire produced the first Australian Hops.

"... He grew hops, the first hops to be cultivated in the Southern Hemisphere, converted them into beer in his own brewery and he sold the beer over the counter of his own tavern. ... It was in 1806 that he produced the first hops grown in this part of the world, only a few pounds it is true, but the experiment led to further efforts."

The above quotation appears on page 12 of "Ryde 1790-1926". Opposite page 20 is a picture of Squire's brewery at Kissing Point, under the heading: "Squire's Brewery, Kissing Point, 1791". The worth of this evidence, however, is somewhat discounted by a statement on the page facing this illustration: (p.20).

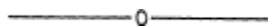
"The first land grant in the Ryde district was made on 3rd January, 1792, to Isaac Archer".

Even allowing for the fact that land was frequently, in those days, in the occupation of its owner before the official grant was issued, the point cannot be ignored that the brewery pictured was not located upon any original grant of land from the Crown to Squire, or upon any land over which he had at that date any claim or over which it could then have been seen that he would acquire any title or claim subsequently. This will be treated more fully in a later section of this chapter.

As regards the "Tavern", a careful and exhaustive search among the most likely sources of information combined with enquiries made among various reliable and accredited officials has failed to produce a scrap of evidence to support the statements made.

Such writings as those quoted, mainly by non-historical experts and others of unrecognised authority, appear to constitute the main source of the claim for Squire's priority in the Brewing field. There is other support for it, but mainly of a negative character.

TO BE CONTINUED ...



• OF COURSE WE'RE A GREAT NATION --

Most of our forebears were sent here to colonise this country by some of the best judges in England.

A GERMAN IN NAPOLEON'S ARMY - PART III

WAR DIARY (1807-1814) OF JOHANN ADAM IHRIG

Translated and edited by Ian Swords

Now the sickness was truly over, but soon hunger began to plague us, for already by the end of May we received only half rations, namely $\frac{3}{4}$ pound bread, 4 pieces meat and $\frac{1}{2}$ quarter pint brandy per day, those who had no money already had to endure hunger, there were still provisions to be obtained for money, but very dear, and we received no pay, on 28th July we launched an attack with 80 cannons, and drove the Russians and Prussians back from right around the town; the Russians and Prussians lost many people, because for a long time they did not have as many cannons as we had, on the next day 29th an order came that there was to be a truce for two months, then Russians and Prussians came up to us at the outposts, we put our arms around each other like brothers, for we hoped there would be peace, but we had deluded ourselves. During the time of the truce the Russians had to deliver provisions to us in the town, that way we received our full rations again, and we had it good for 2 months until 2nd September, then the hostilities began again. No night passed that we weren't disturbed, no longer were we allowed to get undressed, day or night, every night General Marsch was sounding the alarm, and when on the next day the watch was drawn up, the regiments were so weak, that out of 4 to 6 only one could be formed, and from the many officers that there were, and who had nothing to command, two battalions were formed, which were named after the King of Rome, in it captains and lieutenants had to stand sentry like common soldiers, commanders served as corporals, everyone had to do service, otherwise they received nothing to eat.

So it continued until 8th and 9th October, then there came a fleet of more than a 100 ships, which on the two days unleashed a terrible cannonade on the Weichselmuende Fortress, but had to sail off after the loss of 5 warships. On 8th October the Russians opened up their trench runs, we attacked every day, but could not hold them, we were too weak, for 12,000 men against 80,000 were too few. On 18th October the bombardment began from 180 throats of fire, the earth shook, then on our side it was answered, on the night of 18th October we attacked towards the suburb of Orra, where we were beaten back, and the Russians put the suburb to the torch. Likewise on the next day the suburb of Schidlitz was burnt down by the Russians, which was bigger than Otterberg is, then after that Langfurt, a splendid suburb half a mile long, where also no house was left standing, however, we still held the three suburbs of Schottland, Schiedlitz and Langfurt, even though they had been similarly thoroughly burnt down, until the night 10th November, then the Russians bombarded the town with fiery balls and so on the night of 10th November our magazine went up. O, what a terrible sight! In 10 minutes there was a dreadful fire, for the magazine building was all of wood and four storeys high, and the fire spread to a hemp magazine, nearby was oil, where the fire spread, there was no possible thought of putting it out. Just imagine, there were three streets, which were named the Speicher, which had half a quarter hour at the most. All the buildings were four storeys high and constructed of wood, and crammed with all sorts of merchandise and provisions, then on top of that a strong wind was blowing, so in a quarter of an hour all magazines were in flames, there was no point in thinking about what to save, because one couldn't get nearer than a thousand paces to the flames, it was a sea of flames, our entire stock of provisions was in there, the losses would be worth more than 50 million fl. (gulden), already the next day we received only half rations, we had to make do, eight days after the fire we brought out from under the ruins of the fruit magazine bags full of burnt wheat, which was like burnt coffee, and was put through coffee-grinders and cooked and eaten without salt or lard, for now we received only 3 pounds bread, 2 pieces suet and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint brandy every four days, meat wasn't even to be thought about, except in the outposts when one could wipe out a Cossack horse, which cost some their lives. Here I must tell you about an incident: one Sunday, when the weather was fine, I went out with my comrade for a walk to Petershagerthor, three generals were walking in front of us and behind them a poodle dog, when along came a large old grenadier of the guard from the suburbs, whose hunger showed in his eyes, my comrade laughed and said, just look at the old man, who is making a face, get out of the way, he's grabbing people, the grenadier passed by the generals, and when he came to the poodle dog, drew his sabre and stuck it into the small of the dog's back. The poodle cried terribly. The general who owned the poodle turned around, was about to draw his sword, and said, rogue, what have

you done. The grenadier levelled his rifle and said, general, give me something so I can live, the two other generals held the first back, and shed tears, the grenadier carried the dog off by the tail over his shoulder and went into the town, the hunger was so great that human flesh was eaten.

In the town there were fires day and night, to the right of Langasse everything burnt down, the whole of Hundgasse, so that the only safe place was by the harbour. It went on like this day and night from 18th October until 28th November, 1813 with cannon fire and burning, on the night of 28th November it became quiet, and on 29th it was made known to us, that our brave General Rapp had surrendered, namely we should remain in the town until 1st January, 1814, and then march off to France with rifles and weapons, the allies, namely Poland, Saxony and Bavaria had to march off already the other day, then we were only 5000 Frenchmen left.

On 29th December an order came, the Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia had not agreed to the terms of surrender, we had to give ourselves up as prisoners. Each person can imagine for himself what it was like for us to go to Russia in captivity in winter, when the snow lay half as high as a man. Luckily for me I was wounded, because the wounded were allowed to remain back in Danzig, so I remained in Danzig until 26th January, 1814. Then an order came that all Germans whose homes were on the right bank of the Rhine could go home, I gave myself as a Frankfurter, and on 26th January left Danzig with a transport of 400 men in snow and wind, we arrived at a village at night and the next morning marched off, so that I cannot say by which way we went back, only that for eight days we were going through Poland, where no German was spoken at all, until we arrived in Stargard, the capital of Pomerania, where we had a rest day.



CASTLE AT PORTO FERRAJO, NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE AT ELBA

From Stargard we went to Bahn and then to Schwedt, where we arrived at the Oder, there we had to line up in the square, along came a Dutch officer and mustered us, he sorted out some from the others; L asked what this meant, so he said, do you want to serve with the Dutch, I said no, if I have to serve I will serve my fatherland. He pulled me out of the line and asked the others, who were not yet divided up, whoever did not want to serve the Dutch, to fall out, another 62 men joined me, we were immediately locked up in barracks, which had no windows at all, and got not the slightest thing to eat for two days, every hour Dutch recruiters came to us, and said that if we didn't want to give service, we would go to Siberia in Russia, then 5 from amongst us agreed to serve, the rest remained with me, then I said to my comrades that if he was right that we had to do service, he wouldn't be asking us for so long, and so it was too. On the morning of the third day we received bread, then we had to leave the barracks, there stood a troop of farmers with pikes, who drove us back to Bahn, where we had stayed overnight with the townspeople 4 days before, when we arrived there, we were locked in a stable, we were billeted 4-6 men together, then the townspeople came and asked, who had this billet, so one called 'me', that was how we got food, we ourselves were 6 men in a billet, we had to wait a long time before our food arrived, once the name Flaps was called, where we had our billet, we were happy that we should be receiving something to eat, but our joy did not last long, because an old dirty maid had something in a cattle pail which looked like it was a drink for pigs, one of my comrades from Mainz by the name of Wipprich said to her, is-this for

us, and when she confirmed this, he grabbed the old sow by the arm and gave her a kick in the behind, and threw her out the door with her pail, however, in a quarter of an hour's time there were more than a hundred townspeople and farmers there, and they wanted to murder us all, then the town commander's wife, who was born in Kreuznach, came to him and asked what was our native land, then we said we were Rhinelanders, and there were also three of us from Kreuznach itself, who her family knew, so the good Mrs. Fusfall handled the enraged mob for us, and thus were our lives spared. The next morning we were transported further to Pyritz in snow up the stomach through farmers with pikes, no one was permitted to look back, otherwise he received a blow with a pike, we passed through a village, where a lout came out of a house, jumped at a grenadier from Mainz and spat in his face, and said, shame on you rascals, the grenadier gave the unashamed lout a box on the ear, then a farmer came with a cudgel, and beat him up, we were not allowed to look; I do not know what else happened to him, but he didn't approach us again, we arrived in Pyritz in the evening, and were locked in a church, where there was no window, and dead Russians and French lay inside, we certainly would have all been frozen through that night, if the good townspeople of Pyritz had not interceded for us with the town commander, so that we went in the guard-room, where we were 52 men in one room, it is true that there was not enough space for one to lie down, but it was warm though, the next day we again came to Stagard, where we were 8 days before, but here our misery ended. We came onto the square, when an officer came to us and asked why we came back, I told him what had happened to us in Schwedt with the Dutch. The old venerable Governor Kalkreuth stayed at the window and listened, he called to the officer of the evening watch, bring these boys up to me, I had to go along up to him, he asked and I told him everything that had happened, and added,



NAPOLEON ON THE EVENING OF WATERLOO

if we however have to serve, we would rather serve the Prussians than the Dutch. He said, no my children, you may all go home. He gave something in writing for the town commander, who was a very good man, then I got billets for me and my comrades, we were again quartered with the townspeople, and received food and drink, like a Prussian soldier, the next day I received a marching route and two double-harness wagons for me and my people, we were no longer transported, I and two of my comrades went ahead to arrange quarters, our marching route went as far as Berlin, there we were again locked up in barracks on the Kupfergraben and got something to eat only once a day, all day townspeople from Berlin came to us and asked, who wanted to work, he could remain, several did remain there too, on the 3rd day we were transported from the Berlin Town Garden to the Saxon border, then we again received our marching route, so that we could again travel without escort, we arrived in the evening in Saxony, where the box of the indulgence-monger Tetzels stands (Johann Tetzels was a Dominican monk whose activities led directly to Martin Luther's break with the Catholic Church in the 16th Century), here we were received like children, from there we came to Wittenberg, where Doctor Luther lies buried, I saw his resting place in the main church. From Wittenberg we went

to Dueben, and then to Leipzig, in Leipzig the townspeople showed us the battlefield, I saw the place, where the Polish Prince Poniatowski was drowned in the little River Elster, at night we were locked in the gaol, which was called the Schwarzebret, where the straw lay half a man high, until then I had not yet had lice, but that night we all got them, in the middle stood a table, on which we sat in fear overnight in the hope that we would not be infested, but they infested us, the next day everyone was complaining, as each was tormented, on 24th March, 1814 we again received a fresh marching route and again two double-harness wagons, we went from Leipzig to Ilmenau, where there is a beautiful porcelain factory, then to Hanau, where the townspeople showed us the battlefield, which our people fought with the Bavarians, there was also no tree there, which hadn't been hit by canonballs, the next day we arrived in Frankfurt, however, we had to press on to Mersfeld, where we stayed overnight, the 19th April, 1814 was a day of joy for us when we crossed the Rhine near Oppenheim, many of us kissed the earth of the fatherland. O, he who has not been separated from his fatherland for so long and so far away, and made it through so many dangers and misery, and returned happily and in health, can have no conception of the feelings, which he feels, who has experienced all this.

From Oppenheim we had still to go to Schornsheim that day, because too many soldiers were staying in Oppenheim, in the evening still 21 men we arrived in Schornsheim; where I went to Mr. Brand, who was mayor at that time, and requested billets, to this he said, you are children of our land, immediately townspeople came and fetched us, we were given the best treatment, because one of us was also from Schornsheim. On 20th April we went to Alzey, but had to press on to Morschheim, on 21st to Sembach, and then on 22nd to Kaiserslautern, where I was billeted with the tailor Schandhein, that was the last, on 23rd I went to Otterberg to my dear Liesbeth and my child, and as I was so restless, the same day to Kaulbach, where my brothers and sisters all met me, for that day my brother Niclaus buried his first wife.

(Niclaus Ihrig was the grandfather of Louisa Amelia Ihrig, who migrated to Australia in 1879. She in turn is the great-grandmother of the translator.)



LOCAL COMMUNITY RADIO STARTS UP WITH A SENSE OF HISTORY

We speak quite often of "the golden years" of radio but sadly much of the history of radio in Australia has been lost.

Sutherland Shire Community Radio, operating 2SSR-FM, is determined that records will be kept so that the station's history will easily be traced.

Exactly eight years to the day from the tentative first meeting, the station went to air on a permanent basis on Saturday, September 26th, at 8am. The first program consisted of an interview, with music breaks, outlining the moves towards establishment of the station.

It featured the Station Manager, Keith Clark, and the President of Sutherland Shire Community Radio, and General Manager of the station, Ms. Eunice Wingrove.

The station has been granted a five-year licence and is operating on the FM band at 99.7 megaHertz. Hours of transmission are: 7am to 10pm Sunday to Thursday, and 7am to 12 midnight each Friday and Saturday. Test music is played from 6.30am daily.

Increases in the transmission hours are forecast for next year, when sufficient volunteer presenters have completed the station's training program.

Tom Crozier
Marketing Manager

MURDER AT CRONULLA - 1931

When police entered a basement flat at 164 Philip Street, Sydney in the early afternoon of 21 September 1931, alerted by a telegram sent to barrister Mr W. A. Holman KC, they found the body of a murdered girl. The discovery resulted in a search played out on beaches north of Cronulla.

Summoned on that cool and squally Monday, Detective Inspector Prior, Detective Sergeants J. Lynch and J. Jones, and the Government Medical Officer Doctor Palmer found Sheila Marjorie Gilligan, aged fifteen, on one of the twin beds of the "cheaply but neatly furnished" second bedroom. The girl had been apparently battered to death while sleeping. A terrier named Pierrie, who had followed the girl home a few days earlier, had also been beaten with a tomahawk.

The flat was rented by Mrs Violet May Bryce, a divorcee, whom Mr Holman was later to describe as a "gentle and agreeable woman"; her daughter Dulcie, a student at Sydney University; and her two sons. Shiela Gilligan, the daughter of a journalist, whose mother died when she was six, stayed with various relatives. Mrs Bryce, whose telegram bought police to the flat, was an aunt of the murdered girl. Her younger son, Horace Reginald, was prospecting near Taree; while the elder, Sydney Earle Bryce, aged 22, met police at the flat. Both young men had been employed, by the Water Board and the railways, but were laid off in the Depression.

Fearing a further tragedy, as both were missing, a search then commenced for Mrs Bryce and her daughter. Fishermen reported seeing them on Potters Beach during Monday afternoon. Handbags, and an attaché case containing bread crumbs and glasses, another note from Mrs Bryce asking the property be turned over to her sons were found on the sand, as well as two pairs of shoes, and Dulcie Bryce's hat and coat. On Monday night, Mrs Bryce's body washed ashore at Cronulla. Next morning, police returned to Potters Beach, to chip away reddish stains from the rocks for analysis.

Eighteen year old Dulcie Violet Bryce eluded searchers for nearly a month. Following a report by fishermen, two constables walked four miles from Cronulla police station, but a white object seen at the base of cliffs at Boat Harbour proved to be a large rock. Finally, on 19 October, a woman walking on the rocks north of Cronulla found her body, which had suffered so much from immersion that the cause of death could not be determined. Constable Elliot of Cronulla had the body conveyed to the City Morgue. On a showery Wednesday 21 October 1931, Dulcie Bryce was buried in Woronora cemetery beside her mother.

Sydney Bryce had been staying with in-laws at San Souci on the Sunday night of the tragedy. In a further letter received by D'Arcy Gilligan, the dead girl's father, Mrs Bryce confessed to giving both girls sleeping powder in their food.

At the inquest before City Coroner Mr May, it emerged that Sydney Bryce had returned to the basement flat about 9.30 a.m. on 21 September and found a note written by his mother on the kitchen table, warning him not to enter the second bedroom. About forty-five minutes later he had, and pulling aside bedclothes, saw part of a body which he recognised as Sheila Gilligan's from her dark complexion. He then sat on his mother's bed for half an hour, and talked to Mr Holman's secretary and a messenger boy from the balcony for a further forty-five minutes without telling them what he had seen. Not until Mr Holman received a telegram sent by Mrs Bryce were police finally alerted. Shock may have been responsible for his actions. Coroner May asked him if he considered a miscarriage of justice might have resulted from the delay.

Less attractively, when further letters written by his mother were received by his younger brother, following a family conference they were sold to the "Truth" newspaper for thirty-five pounds, from where the police eventually retrieved them. In the Depression,

cont'd

NEW BOOK TITLE -

"How To Lose Friends & Infuriate People" - Ros Kelly MP

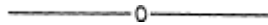
Horace Bryce explained, the family were short of money.

Verdicts of murder and suicide respectively were recorded against the deaths of Sheila Gilligan and Mrs May Bryce. Coroner May could not find sufficient facts to determine how Dulcie Bryce died, and returned an open verdict, pointing out that she may have drowned while attempting to rescue her mother.

Few traces of the tragedy remain. Number 164 Philip Street, where the Bryce family rented a basement flat in 1931, is now occupied by a modern skyscraper. Mrs Bryce and her daughter were buried in Woronora, following funerals conducted from the chapel of Mrs P. Kirby and Son, of 265 Elizabeth Street, a firm that no longer exists. Their grave is not marked.

A final image lingers of an eighteen year old University student, possibly disoriented from sleeping powder, who must have known or suspected the murder of her cousin and flatmate, accompanying her distraught mother on the long journey to Cronulla, remaining on that cold late winter afternoon on Potters Beach.

Rhys Pidgeon



LETTER TO THE EDITOR...

Mr. Will Newton,
400 Rocky Point Road,
Sans Souci. 2219

Dear Will,

I am enclosing herewith a copy of a poem which I entered in the Traditional Poem section of the Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival this year. As you can see, it is based on the experiences of George Heavens and even that's enough to get the average reader's interest!. I had sent a copy to George at Dubbo and told him later that it had received a "Very Highly Commended" from the judge, Joyce Trickett,

who wrote "You are a fine poet and know how to weave a poem. I hope this poem is in some book for posterity."

George wrote back, quite delighted and suggested I send a copy to you "to have the poem in our Buttetin ... tell him I insist." I went up to Grenfell on the long week-end in June to attend the Civic Reception and receive my certificate. It was a great week-end - everything from a parade with floats, a very impressive reading of Henry's poems at the monument where he was born on a very chilly morning to a fun afternoon at the guinea pig races (yes, really!!). All unforgettable.

Hope you find it suitable for publication, anyhow. George's experiences are great stuff to work on and I know he'd be tickled pink to see it in the Bulletin.

Yours sincerely,

See over

DEPRESSION DAYS

Dedicated to and based on the experiences of
GEORGE HEAVENS

In a clearing by the rutted road that heads out Bimbi way
By the first soft dark of evening on the plain,
A group of mismatched fellows - they had only met that day
Were boiling up the billy yet again.

There were four of them that evening - tired faces of the road
It was "hit the track or starve" as times were bleak,
For you had to walk your fifty miles and carry all your load,
Before you drew your rations for the week

The joker in the party had a funny tale to tell,
How he made a bob by selling "farm fresh peas",
Freshly shelled by needy orphans - he did very very well!
With a sprig of creek-grown mint, they sold with ease.

He laughed as he related what the housewife never knew,
The trade secret that he thought it best to hide;
How he soaked the peas for two days till they looked as good as new,
For the peas came from a packet and were dried!

As the laughter filled their circle and the firelight caught their smiles,
A thin-faced bloke began another yarn.
He recalled one winter evening when he'd walked a dozen miles
And with his mate he'd holed up in a barn.

'Twas an old one, with a hay loft, and no one was around,
So they settled in and ate, then went to bed,
But the cold of early morning seemed to creep up from the ground
And they lit a fire to warm up the old shed.

After they had thawed out and the embers had burnt low,
They could hear a noise upstairs - there was a light!
A thump like someone falling and still the lantern glow ...?
He climbed the steps - the whole loft was alight!

They left in quite a scramble but, too late, the boss was there!
He raved and ranted in the fire's glow,
Then he pushed ten shillings in his hand and told the startled pair
To see the cook at breakfast and then go!

Insurance saved the day and it preserved their hides as well,
Dame Fortune sure had smiled on them that day.
Then the freckled tubby fellow said he had a tale to tell –
How they hopped a loaded wheat truck out near Hay.

They had settled in the cushion of the tons of moving grain
They were heading for the city on that run.
As the miles crept by the steady rocking motion of the train
Would slowly seek to swallow up each one!



They spent the whole long journey flailing arms and legs to stay
 Atop the hungry quicksand of the wheat,
 And they heaved a sigh of thankfulness when by the light of day
 They saw the city traffic on the street.

At the goods yard, out they leapt, with their clothing full of grain
 But were spotted by a railway D. "Hey, wait!"
 "You were on that train!!" but each denied it time and time again
 Saying earnestly "We just came in the gate".

So he let them off and awkwardly they tried to walk away,
 Their shoes and clothing with the grain were lined,
 And the city flocks of pigeons all would have a feast that day
 Of the tell-tale wheat that trickled out behind!

The listeners chuckled softly at the tale that had been told
 And someone stirred the fire to a blaze.
 The shadows had crept closer in and brought a breath of cold,
 And their threadbare coats had seen much better days.

On that still and chilly evening by the flickering fire's gleam,
 The last man's story started to unfold,
 He began "Mates, I assure you - things aren't always what they seem"
 And here's the touching story that he told.

"My mate and I met Jack - he had a big swag and a hound.
 We walked and talked along our weary way;
 His wife had died, he'd lost his home and he was Grenfell bound.
 We made our camp together on that day."

"We bedded down but Jack walked off and sat against a tree;
 We worried so my mate went over there.
 He found that Jack was weeping, sometimes praying, [he told me]
 But strange to say he had a teddy bear!"

"Jack spent the night just patting that lousy dog of his,
 And breakfast over, packed without a word.
 I chaffed him on the teddy bear - 'Hey, what have you got there?'
 I can't forget the answer that I heard!"

"He said 'It is my little boy - no more than two years old,
 Pneumonia killed him just two days ago.'
 It knocked me flat, I tell you, and my blood went fairly cold.
 Jack wrapped him in his swag and breathed .. 'Let's go.'"

"We silently accompanied Jack - police were really kind –
 And stayed with him throughout that long sad day,
 But many a night, around the fire, old Jack comes to my mind"
 He whispered then ".. That's all that I can say."

The clear cold gleam of starlight barely showed that silent band,
 The fire's embers blinked a last goodbye.
 And each man counted blessings, for who knows what fate has planned,
 And wiped a salty teardrop from his eye.

-- Merle Kavanagh.

- Do you know of anyone who ever finished a Patrick White novel?
 — John Laws

CENTENNIAL BAKERY, HURSTVILLE

Thank you to Sutherland Shire Historical Society members who recently visited the City of Hurstville on your excursion. We hope you were able to get a good idea of our proposed museum/heritage centre — the Centennial Bakery. This is the second oldest building in Hurstville, being built in the Centennial year of 1888; the oldest is the Goods Shed at Hurstville Railway Station which dates from 1884.

The building is really a terrace of two double storey buildings. One building was a shop with residence and the other was a residence. The ovens were in other buildings at the rear. Within the house, there is a cellar which was used for storage. The horses for the delivery carts grazed in the grounds. Two wells were located in the grounds.

Bakers who have occupied this corner are Fred Mumford, James Burgess, Robert Heggie; the Packham family were there from 1910 to 1957. There was a little shopping centre here with grocer and Hillard the butcher. At the shop were sold bread and cakes, small goods and confectionery. The bread runs were from Hurstville to Georges River.

Buttercup Bakeries acquired the property and built a large modern bakery in Bridge Street in 1958. They operated until 1985 when a developer bought all the properties on the block bounded by Forest Road, King George's Road and Bridge Street (except the Telecom property). The first stage of the development, Otis House, has been completed.

The Centennial Bakery building was given by the developer to Hurstville Council which now owns it and is responsible for its restoration. The outside has been completed and we can now see what a fine appearance it had originally. The inside has yet to be done and Hurstville Council recently invited tenders for the completion of this work. This matter now rests with the decision of Hurstville Council as to how much will be set aside for the project in the estimates for 1993. To finish the work completely and as soon as possible would certainly be an image improver for Hurstville City.

The Hurstville Historical Society has negotiated with Council for a lease for ten years at a peppercorn rental. There is no intention of competing with any other museum in the district, such as Carss Cottage, Lydham Hall or Sutherland; rather, we can all promote each other. One of the special attributes is that the building has a prominent position on a main road, so has exposure to thousands of people daily. We therefore feel that to a certain extent it will generate its own publicity.

We plan to specialise in exhibitions showing the history of breadmaking and baking and also on the history of Hurstville. Visitors will enter at the corner room (previously the shop) where there will be the reception and sales area, and the beginning of the display on breadmaking. A window will enable a view of the cellar below the next room, where the breadmaking display will be continued. One of the rooms on the ground floor will be suitable for meetings for about twenty people as we want to provide as much as possible on the ground floor for those who are unable to go upstairs. At the rear is a tea room where tables and chairs will be provided, and adjacent are the kitchen and two toilets, one with wheelchair facilities.

Altogether there are seven rooms for exhibitions as well as rooms for an office, workshop and store. The most prominent room is upstairs, about 27 feet by 15 feet (being a combination of two rooms) which can be used for general purposes. It will seat about 40 people, and can be used as a fund raiser with lettings to community organisations for functions such as meetings, exhibitions, seminars, book launches, art and craft displays.

The Hurstville Historical Society hopes that the Centennial Bakery project will be able to show elements of Hurstville important in its history, will meet needs of local community organisations and will become a centre for education and tourism.

Joan Hatton

• Anyone who goes to a Psychiatrist should have his head examined. — Samuel Goldwyn

EXCURSION REPORT

The final outing for 1992 will be on Saturday, November 28, 1992, visiting the area of Blue Mountains & District Society; at the time of writing there are only about three tickets available so, if you wish to join the tour please contact Mrs. Betty McGrath on 521-2227 as soon as possible.

We leave Cronulla at 8 a.m., Sutherland 8.30 a.m. -- members \$16.00 and Visitors \$19.00.

An outing for February is being considered, but as it is so hot and humid in that month it must be where we can get some of our summer Nor-Easter breeze. We will advise you at the November meeting if the outing is practical.

As this is the last Excursion Report for 1992, I express my appreciation to the members of the Committee, -namely Messrs. Doug Archer, Keith Knight and Stewart Roberts, together with Mesdames Joyce Barrett and Betty McGrath. We also remember our dear friend the late Ellen Melbourne.

We extend our thanks to the members who have supported the' outings and trust they have been to places you appreciated. Also, thanks to Caringbah Bus Co. "Tiger Tours" for their help at all times with tour arrangements and especially to the Coach Captains who drive and assist us on all the tours.

Alice Griffiths

EXCURSION CONVENER



SUTHERLAND SHIRE FLAG

Because Captain James Cook, famous explorer and circumnavigator, first set foot on this continent at Kurnell — we lay claim to our Shire being "The birthplace of the nation".

The Captain Cook heritage is recognised in the Sutherland Shire flag.

In 1929, at the request of Council, Mr C R Wylie, designer of the Canberra coat of arms, was asked to design the Shire Flag. The Council stipulated that it wanted the essential points of the arms of Captain Cook as the basis.

The flag is white, which, because of Captain Cook's naval background, is charged with the red cross of St George to symbolise the naval ensign.

Upon the centre of the cross is a wreath of green laurel, surrounding the blue field (of the ocean), the globe of the world, and two golden polar stars. The ocean, globe and stars were the arms of Captain Cook .. "In memory of his having explored and made discoveries in that Ocean (Pacific), so very far beyond all former Navigators".

The Men Who Sailed with Tasman

Visscher, Franchoijs Jacobszoon (fl 1623-1645) Mariner was born in Vlissingen (Flushing) presumably the son of Jacob Visscher. In 1623 he sailed as a math to the Netherlands East Indies with the "Nassau" fleet, under the command of Jacques L'Hermite and Gheen Huygen Schapenham. In 1632 he is known to have visited Cambodia with a number of Japanese vessels from Firando and to have despatched reports to Batavia. The following year, aboard a Japanese vessel, he sailed to Tonkin as a "free and uncovenanted mate". Although not formally employed by the V.O.C., he sent reports to the Dutch authorities in Nagasaki. In August 1634 he was singled-out by the Company for a projected survey of sections of the coast of Japan because he was believed to have "greater skill...than any of the steersmen present in these parts". Despite letters of recommendation from Firando, the project was abandoned because of opposition by local Japanese authorities. In 1636, Visscher returned to the Netherlands with a fleet commanded by Hendrik Brouwer. He arrived back in Batavia as an "upper-mate" on April 26, 1637. In 1638 Visscher carried out surveys in Tonkin and on the coast of the island of Hainan. He was still residing in Tonkin the following July. On January 12, 1641 his pay was raised from 66 to 80 guilders a month by an appreciative Governor-General van Diemen and his Council in Batavia. A dissertation he drafted in July 1642 on the use of compass variation as a means of coastal identification, sufficiently impressed his superiors for it to be sent to the Netherlands for study. And his 'Memoir Concerning the Discovery of the South-Land" (January 22, 1642) laid the ground-work for the voyage he undertook under van Diemen's orders, as Abel Tasman's second-in-command. Visscher arrived in Mauritius as pilot-major in command of the 200-ton flûte Zeehaen on September 5, 1642. Tasman commanded the 120-ton Heemskerck. The Governor, Adriaan Van der Steyl complained "how hopelessly unsatisfactory was the outfit of the ships for a voyage of such a

nature, so that we have been compelled to provide them with firewood, canvas, cordage and various other necessaries." Little is known of Visscher's activities in Mauritius. According to Tasman's journal, Visscher and supercargo Gilsemans "made a survey of the coast" on September 25, 1642. He also recorded that on October 4, Visscher took "soundings in the eastern entrance" presumably of Grand Port, with Heyndrick Petersen the 21st mate. Tasman and Visscher departed Mauritius on October 8, 1642 and went on to discover Van Diemensland (now Tasmania), New Zealand, Tonga and Fiji. Visscher participated in Tasman's follow-up expedition of 1644, as skipper of the *Limty* which charted parts of the Gulf of Carpentaria and Arnhem Land. He then accompanied Maarten Gerritszoon Vries on a voyage to the Marianas Islands and a raid on the Philippines. Nothing is known of his life beyond 1645. J.P. Sigmond and L.H. Zuiderbaan have suggested he "died not long afterwards", because it "seems unlikely that the Company would let such an experienced navigator leave its service without any ado". A copy of Visscher's general chart of the voyage of 1642, made sometime after 1666, appears in the Great Atlas of Prince Eugene of Savoy. In 1932 it was reproduced in Volume IV of F.C. Weider's *Monument*. His map of Tonga and Fiji forms part of the Huydecoper manuscript of Tasman's journal now held by the State Library of New South Wales.

Edward Duyker

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Meetings of the Society are held monthly, on the second Friday, at 8.00pm at the hall of the Anglican Church of St John the Baptist in Belmont St.

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

All correspondence should be addressed to: The Honorary Secretary, Sutherland Shire Historical Society, PO Box 389, Sutherland 2232

WATER FRONTAGES

CRONULLA

The rising Manly of Illawarra

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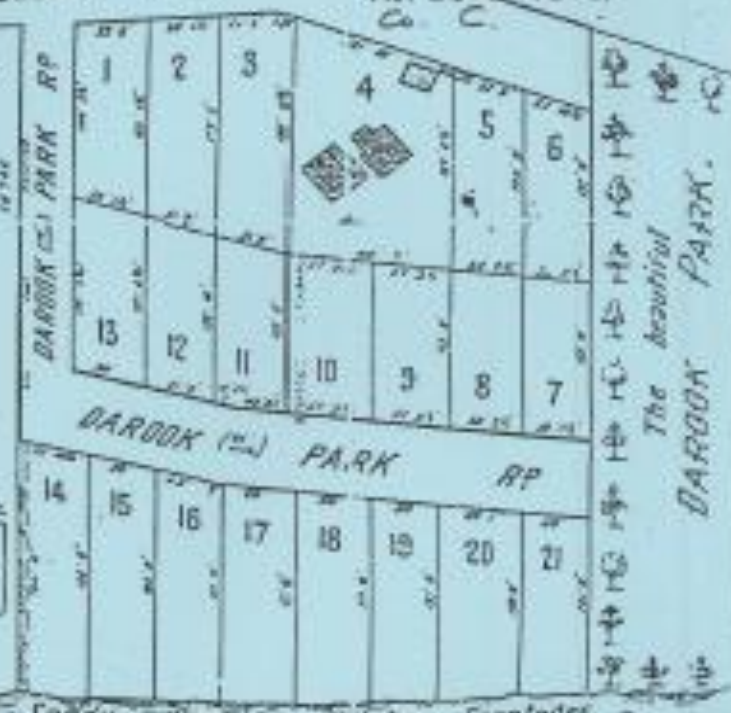
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Sandy Beach Water Frontages

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ANYONE for some cheap land in Cronulla?

(Brochure from the Aileen Griffiths collection)

Sutherland Shire Historical Society Inc.

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