



*Sutherland Shire
Historical Society Inc*
Bulletin



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Sir Henry Parkes

The Father of Federation (1815 - 1896)

by Pierre Duyker

Henry Parkes was born on May 27th, 1815 in Stoneleigh in Warwickshire, England. He was the youngest of the seven children of Thomas Parkes, a tenant farmer, and his wife Martha.

Henry was self-educated for most of his childhood, although he briefly attended Stoneleigh Parish School. He had several jobs as a child including working in a brick pit and rope-walk, and as a road-labourer on the King's Highway earning as little as four pence a day.

In 1823, Thomas Parkes was forced off his farm because of debt. The family moved to Glamorgan Shire and in 1825 settled in Birmingham. Here, Henry attended Birmingham Mechanics Institute.

Henry's interests broadened into poetry. He studied several British poets and began to write his own. After experience in a variety of jobs, he was apprenticed to John Holding as a bone and ivory turner at the age of 16.

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SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN

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Meetings of the Society are held monthly on the third Friday at 7.45pm at the Multi Purpose Building, Flora Street, Sutherland. (Next to Council carpark)

VISITORS ARE WELCOME

*All correspondence should
be addressed to*

**The Honorary Secretary
Sutherland Shire Historical Society
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Disclaimer

The individual comment, articles and Office Bearers reports that appear in this Bulletin are the responsibility of the writer and in no way reflect the opinions or beliefs of the members or Executive of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society.

President's Report

As one who appreciates our limited Australian history, it is a real treat to experience the history of other cultures.

Today as I walked among the ancient Minoan halls and corridors, it was the realisation of a lifelong goal to be here at last, and I felt I had to share it with you. When I was completing my secondary education by correspondence I read about the Parthenon and the Acropolis in my Art lessons and the Palace at Knossos, capital of Minoan Crete in my Ancient History lessons.

This week I climbed to the top of the Acropolis and actually touched those wonderful sandstone columns of the Parthenon and viewed some of the marble statues, unfortunately all mutilated, in the nearby museum. The superb artistry in depicting even the folds in the garments is astounding and gives insight into the ways these ancient Greeks dressed, and by the artifacts, how they went about their daily lives. Those of you who have been here will know the feeling of wonderment as I beheld these statues.

We flew next day to Crete and this was surpassed as I gazed at the ruins of the Palace at Knossos, which has been uncovered by Sir Arthur Evans in 1900. He had seen this low, flat-topped mound and finally purchased part of the site, and began digging. Very quickly the richness of the site was revealed, the frescoes, and the discovery of the Throne Room. This Minoan civilization was concomitant with the time of the Pharaohs of Egypt.

As Evans uncovered various rooms in the Palace he began their reconstruction; purists say he sacrificed accuracy for imagination, but it certainly helps to visualize the magnificence of this civilization when most of *our* ancestors were still in the Stone Age. Evans insisted he had to replace wooden columns with reinforced concrete or the Palace would again collapse. The first palace is believed to have been built around 1900 BCE, but what we see today is believed to be from 1700 BCE, when the Old

Palace was destroyed by an earthquake and rebuilt in a more sophisticated design with plumbing and even a flushing toilet (by hand, with a bucket).

The Queen's rooms have a magnificent dolphin fresco, almost as fresh as the day it was painted. Surprisingly the ladies' dress appeared to be long bell shaped gowns, with bare bosoms.

There were over 200 rooms, and 5 storeys on the east with 4 storeys on the west – and *we* think *we* invented high rise! There were reception rooms, treasuries, storerooms, and a political throne room as well as the King's Throne Room.

It would seem that the island was denuded of timber to provide the wooden pillars, larger at the top than the base, and timber was also used as lintels as well as wall strengtheners. Crete is very arid, but like Australia has underground water supplies. The only trees now evident on Crete are olives, and occasional cypress and eucalyptus from Australia.

When fire broke out between 1500 and 1450 BCE, floors collapsed telescoping onto each other. Huge pottery storage jars, as large as a man, full of oil broke and fed the flames creating an inferno. Many of the frescoes are damaged by fire and smoke. Because the floors telescoped we know exactly what was on each.

The gold jewellery was exquisite, dainty floral designs for necklaces, amulets, bracelets, anklets and rings. Silver, gemstones, and faience were also used and are all on display at the Museum of Heraklion. Double axes, two-handed saws, mallets, and many other tools as well as weapons: swords, knives, axes are all beautifully crafted from bronze.

Dawn Emerson
President & Deputy Mayor
Sutherland Shire Council

From The Editor's Desk

Each quarter, after the Bulletin goes to press I have about ten days of trauma. All the errors omissions and disputed facts come to life and I am faced with dealing with those elements.

Whilst the trauma of discovering that I had deleted from the list of Office Bearers the one person whose office is paramount in the Society's operations (Mina Whybourne, the Secretary) is painful, other criticism is most welcome, even hoped for.

One such critical response about the Jannali Story has brought to life more information and another eye witness account of life in the 30's and 40's. That person has now written an addendum to the original Jannali story and that addendum is published in this months Bulletin.

When I was studying history I was confronted with "the Secret Histories of Procopius".

*Procopius [c.490/510-c.560s] is the most important source for information about the reign of the emperor Justinian. He wrote a number of official histories, including the **Buildings and On the Wars**". In those he described Justinian and his Queen as paragons of thought and virtue. Procopius also left a "Secret History" [Anecdota] which was a massive attack on the character of Justinian and his wife Theodora. Parts are so vitriolic, not to say pornographic, that for some time translations from Greek were only available in Latin.*

Without argument and discourse we cannot hope to achieve any semblance of balance and truth. For our Bulletin to become a vibrant and significant resource of this Shire it must carry valuable material that will some day be the very source for history for the Shire.

None of us can ever claim to know the whole truth of any issue and we must acknowledge our own prejudices. Open discussion gives the opportunity to uncover the greater truth.

**Les Bursill. Editor, Archivist &
Research Officer**



Letters to the Editor

24th June, 2001

To the Editor,

Dear Sir,

I would like to mention I thoroughly enjoyed the February Bulletin. I must say I was late reading it due to a holiday but having read it felt it was one of the best produced by the society - and I have all Bulletins from No. 1 in 1966.

I don't know if it was the new format or simply the different articles enclosed in it.

I had just finished reading Al Grassby's book "Six Australian Battlefields" and that story of the annihilation by the British of the Aborigines to get hold of their land seemed to go with the stories of the Dharawal tribe.

There is only one thing I missed and that was the index on the front cover. I find it easy looking for a certain article from the cover rather than looking inside. This is what I will have to do when researching the Gogerly family. My next project. I want to follow the Gogerlys from Port Hacking to the Great Lakes. Because I am a Cronulla "girl" now living in Tuncurry I still have a certain feeling for my old area.

I remain,

Yours faithfully.

Elva Carmichael

Excursion Report

At the June Committee Meeting, whether we should continue asking an extra charge of \$5.00 for visitors was discussed at length - the matter was then taken to the General Meeting for members consideration and it was their opinion that this should be retained. This small extra cost was introduced many years ago in an endeavour to encourage visitors to join the Society, which would save them money if they attended each outing during the year.

Having been directed to reduce the space taken for Excursion items I will just give the immediate facts for the next two outings and they can be further discussed with either Betty McGrath or myself for full details.

Saturday, August 25, 2001 -- to Windsor and Richmond areas; leaving Cronulla 8 a.m., Sutherland 8.30 a.m. Members \$28.00 and visitors \$33.00. Please take your morning tea needs; we will be having luncheon at -Windsor R.S.L. Club to allow for the uncertainty of August weather. Terry McCosker will be the Guide.

Week-end Tour, Friday November,30 to Sunday December 2, 2001 to Bathurst and District. On Saturday we will visit Hill End and Sofala. Members \$240.00 and Visitors \$245.00. Leave Cronulla Friday 8 a.m., Sutherland 8.30 a.m. Please take morning tea and luncheon requirements on Friday.

Please confirm your booking with a deposit of \$25.00, and make final payment by October meeting night. Bookings to be made to Mrs. Betty McGrath, 141 Loftus Ave., Loftus (9521-2227). Enquiries to either Betty or myself on (9523-5801)

All prices quoted by the Society include G.S.T. which of course has added to the costing of all our outings now.

Aileen M Griffiths
OAM

"Richmount"
34 Richmount Street,
CROULLA. 2230.

Aileen M. Griffiths, O.A.M.
Deputy President and
Excursion Officer

SPEAKERS: 2001 –2002

15th June Mrs. Lefayre Palmer -

20th July Mr. Mort Edson -

17th August Mr. Edgar Penzig -

21st September Mr. G. Roberts –

19th Oct. Mrs. Nora Lee Mainguard -

16th Nov. Mrs Estelle Geering -

14th December

18th January

20th April Mrs. Mary Small -

“Historical Wills”

“Battle for Cronulla”

“Wild Colonial Days” (Travelling
Expenses from Blackheath - \$45)

“Redex “- to be confirmed

“Miniatures”

“History of Early British Settlement in NT
Social Evening - District Singers School
of Arts

Members Night

“Simpson's Donkey”

Membership Renewal 2002

The Society's financial year commences 1st of December each year and concludes on the 30th November of the following year.

In accordance with the above, membership renewals are due on the 1st of December each year. Renewal forms on this page (below) should be completed and handed to the Honorary Treasurer at the monthly general meeting or posted to the Society using the address shown on the renewal form. The renewal application should also contain the appropriate subscription fee.

To assist with accurate record keeping each member is required to complete an individual renewal form. It should be noted that a failure to pay the membership fee within the three months from the end of the Financial Year will result in a lapse of membership.

RECEIPTS Receipts may be collected from the Treasurer at monthly meetings. If you wish to have your receipt posted to you a stamped self addressed envelope must be included with your renewal form and payment.

Sutherland Shire Historical Society

Application for Renewal of Membership 2002

TITLE: Mr.Mrs.Ms.

Family Name.....

Given Name.....

Postal Address.....

.....Postcode.....Tel. No.....

Please find my Subscription for 2002 enclosed herewith
Annual Adult Subscription - \$20.00 + \$2.00 GST = \$22.00
Junior member / Fulltime Student - \$10.00 + \$1.00 GST = \$11.00

SignedDate.....

Post to -Treasurer, Sutherland Shire Historical Society, PO Box 389, Sutherland NSW 1499

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Junior member / Fulltime Student - \$10.00 GST + \$11.00

SignedDate.....

Post to -Treasurer, Sutherland Shire Historical Society, PO Box 389, Sutherland NSW 1499

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The First School in Loftus

The outcome of war sometimes gives a lift to people and it was so with land at Loftus which was sold to returned soldiers at an affordable price.

Taking this opportunity we bought land at Loftus in 1946. At that time there was no local school for our two young children - Loftus children attended the Royal National Park school and Sutherland school.

We came up each week-end by train with tools in a sack to clear the block we had been allotted.

Opposite our land there was a block of land that had a skeleton of a burnt house on it and this provided an adequate shelter from the wind when we cooked our sausages or frankfurts.

This block of land through the efforts of Mr. Jack Back and Mr. Ken Hockaday became Loftus Infants School. These two men approached Mr. Jeff Bates MP at Parliament House Macquarie Street, Sydney requesting land for a school at Loftus.

They were taken to the Lands Department in Bridge Street Sydney, and were given the choice of three blocks, the one chosen in

National Avenue where the school now stands., the land on the eastern side of the station where the Technical college is, and the park area near the station. Their choice of the National Avenue block with its link to the surrounding bush has stood the test of time.



The First School at Loftus

A two room weatherboard building with a wide verandah in front was erected on the site and we transferred our lunch time patronage at weekends to the verandah - the remains of the old house being demolished as we continued clearing our land. Furniture chairs and desks arrived at the Loftus siding before the foundation stone had been laid and had to be returned and sent again at a more advanced stage of the school building.



A Class of students from the early days



The Class of 1957

Loftus Infants school was opened in 1953. The first enrolment day brought ten prospective students but the numbers quickly grew. The first teacher was Mrs Lorraine Sponberg on 27th January 1953. She was replaced by Mrs. Rita Collins (Mother of movie buff Bill

Continues over page.

Collins) on the 12th May 1953 a devoted and well loved teacher severely criticized for allowing children to read from her stack of comics as they sat on the verandah in their lunch hour on wet days. This was a criticism which did not seem to daunt her excellent handling of children. Mrs. Collins was with the school until December 1957 when she was replaced by Mrs. Olive Graham.

Much of the school equipment was forthcoming from the efforts of the Loftus residents. There were fetes and raffles held to raise funds the piano was bought from funds raised from a children's fashion parade the display sponsored by a local shop. Books and sporting equipment came from the results of local citizens hard work.

As you can see by the photographs above pupil numbers quickly increased and the weatherboard building was converted to Loftus Primary status in January 1959. To-day it is a progressive primary school with sunny rooms and good playing areas, but to those early parents nothing takes away the excitement of those early days and the joy that personal involvement and achievement brings.

Well our land opposite the school was eventually cleared and we moved into our new home and have never regretted leaving the busy suburbs for the tranquility and joy we have known in Loftus.

Marjorie Blackley

The photos in the above story come by courtesy of Mari Baker and Tess Gray. School information courtesy of, Mary Hathaway of the Department of Education

Editors Note

In the following story (next column) there is the mention of a family called Livingstone at "Ferndale" on Sutherland Road, Jannali. I have been given some tantalizing information that this family is directly related to the famous "Dr. Livingstone" of Stanley and Livingstone fame. I was told that before the family moved away Dr Livingstone's Flag and other equipment hung on the hallway wall of "Ferndale" I would welcome any more info.
Ed.

OLD JANNALI REVISITED

ED. *I received this story after a conversation with John Martin, E.J. Martin's son. The family were keen to widen the information contained in our last Bulletin Story on Jannali.*

These are my memories of the early years of Jannali. I am not an historian or a researcher, but I was one of the very early residents of Jannali and was actually there when the events I describe occurred.

In the Beginning

I was born on the 18th of June 1917 at No. 11 Little Cleveland St, Redfern. No. 11 was an old stable which had been



converted to a home by my father. My Dad was also named Edward James Martin, born in 1893, and my Mother was Florence Moyce Martin (nee Goddard).

Shortly after I was born, my parents, my sister Edith (who was born in 1915) and I moved to 20 Kepos Street, Redfern, and then again to No 1 Walker Street Redfern by 1918. No 1 was a single story detached house at the Cleveland Street end of Walker Street, our neighbour across the side lane being the Norfolk on Cleveland hotel which still stands on the corner of Cleveland and Walker Streets. I remember as a four and a half year old, sitting on the door step of the hotel and occasionally being taken inside and sat on the bar by the men who drank there and being given a sip of whatever.

Across the street was one of my favourite pastimes - watching the local 'smithy' shoe the horses, which was a thriving business in those days. I can still recollect the smell as he placed the hot shoe on the horses hoof - like burnt chewing gum.

Another favourite childhood place for me was Redfern railway station - standing on the overhead bridge railing and letting the passing steam engines blow their smoke over me. Moore Park was another spot - to watch the

cricketers play. My father was nearly driven frantic with my wanderings.



I can remember the brewery wagons making their deliveries to the hotel. The horses were immaculate with their shining harnesses and gleaming coats and little bells and waving feathers that adorned them. The men certainly took a pride in their wagons and horses.

At the back of our place lived my hero. He was a year older than me. His name was Frank MacCabe and his father was the footballer called Macca MacCabe which made young Frank big time in the eyes of the young fraternity. Also Snowy Blair, another footballer, who played for South Sydney club, was Frank's uncle.

My grandfather, also named Edward James Martin like my father and myself, lived on the northern corner of Centre Street, Redfern, just up an alley from our home on Walker Street. He was a bootmaker by trade having learnt the trade from his father John Albert Martin who used to sit cross legged on a benchtop and put the customer's foot on the sheet of leather and cut the sole to suit his foot - this was told to me by my father. Things became fairly lean in the bootmaking trade when factory made shoes came on the market, so my grandfather took on driving trams for the rest of his life to sustain his family.

I can still see the old place in Walker Street. The old fuel fire in the corner of the kitchen where the cockroaches used to stick their whiskers out of every little crack of the mortar when the fire heated up. The bed room at the front with a single bed for one of us as we were growing up. It was a ghost room. If you

dangled your arm over the side something used to take hold and try to pull you out of bed. I am very old now and I have never in all the years since living at Walker Street, dangled my arm out of bed. My sister had the same experience in that room. It was said that a man had once been found hanged in the house.

The move to Jannali

My father became more and more convinced that a better life for his family lay in getting out of Redfern, which was becoming known as a place where diseases easily spread. A workmate of Dad's named George Harman had established himself in a village just north of Sutherland, called Jannali, and had married Vera Swadling, the local bottle-oh's daughter. George told Dad about the place with its bushland setting and clean environment and this appealed to Dad, so he decided to settle there.

My Father purchased a block of land 132 feet wide by 350 feet deep in Jannali in the year of 1920. Over the next two years he travelled by train from Redfern every weekend until he had cleared the block and erected a wire fence around it. He built a small galvanised iron roofed and walled building at the bottom (eastern) end of the land. This 'hut' consisted of a kitchen and bedrooms. A small creek flowing across the land provided a fresh clean permanent source of water.

In the meantime I had been enrolled at Cleveland Street School and started there in 1922. It did not take long for me to fall foul of the teachers, when I did not notice that the group of people quietly sitting around on the lawn at lunchtime were the teachers having a leisurely lunch. Being a frisky young boy I ran gaily across the grass through the group and trampled the picnic lunch that they were peacefully enjoying. My stay at Redfern School did not last long because soon afterwards we moved to Jannali. I think that the teachers at Redfern were pleased.

One Friday night in 1922 we left Redfern station and travelled by steam train to Como railway station. I was about 5 1/2 years old, my new brother Jack was a babe in arms and my sister Edith approximately 8 years old.

Como in those days was where a lot of people spent their weekends. On the Friday night steam train from Sydney there was a picnic atmosphere. Banjoes, mouth organs and singing all the way. At Como most of the people disembarked and went their various ways for the weekend. Laughable now but Como and Sutherland were the fringe end for the Metropolitan Area at that time. A Mr. Lingard was station master at Como, a very prestigious position in those days.

We proceeded down the rail stairs and came out near Burke's (or Bourke's) store, a rambling old shop which sold everything. At the back of the shop on his land he had an assortment of sun shaded tables and chairs which could be hired. It was called Bourke's Pleasure Grounds. Further on up the road we passed the Como Hotel, Hal Carey's father's butcher shop and Faulconer's paper shop. The river in front of the shops was a tidal flat which extended to Como hill. It was later filled in to make a playing field.

Further on up the hill was a dairy owned by a Mr. Rollins. A large boarding house was there at one time but had been destroyed by fire. On the right hand side was the old School of Arts. Half a mile further on, the old cart track finished where a friend of Dad's by the name of Joe Chinnery lived. We now walked single file up a narrow bush track. Dad in front with the bags and hurricane lamp. Mum came next with Jack in her arms. Edie and I brought up the rear. I was scared stiff as it was pitch black.

These bush tracks were about 2 feet wide and had worn down in the centre so in heavy rain they became miniature creeks. At last we arrived at the small cabin. It was about 12 feet by 14 feet in size. A dirt floor and the beds were canvas stretched on poles and supported by forked sticks. Drop sheet 'walls' separated the bedrooms and the kitchen, which had a fuel stove, table and chairs and cabinet for pots and plates and cups. We had no electricity or gas, only kerosene and candles. Later on we had our own milk supply in the form of goats, and my mother would be up at 5am every morning to get milk for our breakfasts. Dad soon extended the 'house' forwards with a short wooden floor room with stone pillars, and he also erected a large poultry run which had

ducks, fowls and bantams all together. In that first year he grew a large crop of corn. I can see it now - six feet tall with golden cobs on it.

Early of a morning as we ate breakfast in our tin hut, great drops of condensation mixed with soot used to drop on to the table, or on our clothes if we were unwary. And of a night, stray cows would rub their backs along the corrugated walls and create a panic inside.

My sister and I enrolled at Sutherland School and we walked a mile and a half there and the same distance home 5 days a week. Mum would give us a note of what vegies and meat we had to bring home for the meals.

After the city living, Jannali was a paradise for us children. All the land about was covered with trees and shrubs. A 5 foot creek ran through the centre of our land. It became a roaring torrent 14 feet wide in wet weather, but in quiet times the creek was a picture with swimming pools underneath the water falls, and full of tadpoles, frogs and yabbies, but sometimes also black snakes.

Our nearest neighbours were about a mile away, Mr and Mrs Woods. They owned the land where the Jannali shops are today. Mr Woods never profited from this as the land was gazetted green zone while he owned it. Going south between Woods' land and Buller Street it was all swamp and bushland, full of Christmas bells and wild flowers, and the occasional oak tree glade.

On one occasion I had walked the bush track to Como on an errand, and on my way back (in the dark) I became aware of being followed. Becoming more and more apprehensive about who might be following me, I stopped, and the follower also stopped. I listened and hearing nothing, moved on. The footsteps behind me on the dark track began again and I worried even more. I repeatedly stopped only to have the follower stop too, so I decided to turn and face my torturer, whoever it was, and walked briskly back down the track to come face to face with a loose cow.

On our land, there was a huge goanna who used to wander around bandy legged with his tongue licking out in front. Every one treated

him as a pet - at a distance of course. Blue tongued lizards were everywhere.

Our fuel stove burnt itself out and Dad bought a new one. The nearest point of delivery was half a mile away on Buller Street towards Sutherland, where George Harman and his family lived. I remember going with my Father, pushing a wheel barrow along a bush track, picking it up and wheeling it back home. All of this after he had arrived from work and walked home from Como, ate his tea, and then going to get the stove.

An hours walk to the west along a track would bring you to Hummers Point on the Woronora River. The river was full of fish, blackfish, bream and mullet. We also fished at The Bonnet, and under Como Bridge was a favourite spot. Most of the fishing spots took their names from the rock formations: The Bonnet, Jockeys Cap, Cathedral Rock, etc - named early in the 20th century.

My father continued to work at S T Leigh & Co at Raleigh Park and would catch the train to Redfern station weekdays and walk the length of Cleveland Street to work. When he alighted from the train at Como every Friday night on his way home, my father would buy two bottles of beer at Como Hotel. (The Como Pub sold beer at 1/6d a pint if you had your own bottle, or 1/9d if you didn't). Dad would drink one bottle on Saturday and save one to share with his friend, Joe Chinnery, who would usually visit on Sundays. Dad kept the beer cool by tying a string to the bottle necks, and leaving them dangling in the creek behind our shack.

Some Early Incidents

The rail line from Como to Sutherland had one of the steepest grades in N.S.W. and when the train was loaded with holiday people travelling south, the driving wheels would slip on the wet rails and the train would come to a halt. Most of the passengers would then get out and walk to Sutherland, and another engine would have to be hooked on to get the train moving.

A chap once barricaded himself inside the signal box near our Railway Crescent home and sprayed some .22 bullets about haphazardly before the Police removed him.

An Estate Agent had enamoured himself with some one else's wife. The husband of same made an appointment with the Estate Agent to buy a block of land and when the agent arrived he was met with a barrage of .32 rifle bullets and made an exit from this world. A group of policemen arrived in the area and conducted a side by side walking search across the scrub, including our land. They were looking for the rifle, which they thought may have been thrown into the bush. They later went down to Como and arrested the husband, whom they found quietly cooking his tea.

In the summer time, bush fires raged all around us. It was every one with green bushes and wet chaff bags to contain the fires - being so few people it was touch and go.

Mrs Woods chased a large tiger snake into the scrub and set fire to the bush in her panic and nearly burnt Como and Oyster Bay out in the inferno that followed.

On Buller Street lived the Kerr family. To my knowledge they were the first white residents of Jannali. Their son Ernie was the only companion of my age whom I knew. We used to take it in turns to play cricket at his or our place, taking the positions of bowler, fielder, batsman and wicket keeper between us.

The Tanner, Middleton, Lang and Parsons families lived on the west side of the rail line. 'Pop' Tanner had a shop up the hill towards Sutherland on the west side of the railway line, on the corner of Alberta Street and Jannali Avenue. He eventually sold out to Mr. Fisher, who in turn sold out to a Mr. Jones. Morton's little place with Carey's shop on the front of it was further north down the hill towards the railway station.

The Population Expansion

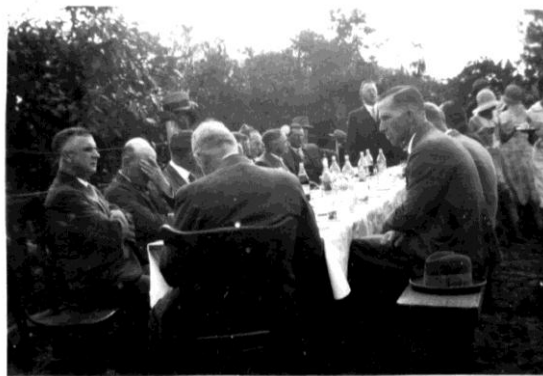
Gradually land was sold and other people arrived. There came a chap by the name of Gahan (we pronounced it 'Gain') who talked with an American accent. Somebody found out he came from Bulli and thereafter he was called the "Bulli Yank". He strode around the place wearing leather leggings and carrying a rifle over his shoulder. One of his interests was to stop youngsters (such as myself) from stealing his firewood from his land. I would

quietly collect his firewood into a pile near our fence, and when Gain was not there, would dart over and get all the branches onto our land.

Gahan ruined the beautiful creek which flowed across our land by having a large well dug across it where it crossed his property first. My uncle Bill Lloyd did the digging for Gain as Uncle Bill was out of work at the time due to the depression. The well was 12 feet deep at one end and 6 feet deep at the other. I recall the girl Woods slipping off her float at the deep end and sinking beneath the water. I tried to save her and nearly got drowned myself as she grabbed me around the neck in her panic. My sister Edie, cool and calm, swam over and grabbed her and walked along the bottom to the shallow end and put her on the bank. Only for my sister there would have been two drownings that day.

Gahan decided to grow an Orchard on his land. Some of his land was part of where the Jannali Inn stands today. My Uncle Bill planted the trees. Apples, pears, peaches and others. When they were four years old a tremendous hailstorm ringbarked every one and so ended that enterprise. Gahan and another resident nearby named Perce MacRae were always trying to outdo each other. Gahan had the first proper radio in the area. It was a 2 foot long wooden box with a large trumpet on top of it. MacRae on the other hand, declared that radio would never catch on, and extolled the virtues of his twin turntable phonogram, which could emit continuous music by starting one record as the other finished. On the other hand, my father had by that time invested in a crystal set radio, which he fiddled with well enough to occasionally hear broadcasts from as far afield as the Victorian border.

Perce MacRae had come to live 2 blocks away on the Como side of us, right where the road took a bend away from the railway line. Perce's father had made a fortune out of horse feed early in the 20th century, and Perce had inherited large amounts of property in the shopping centres of Kogarah, Mortdale and Sutherland, and acres of land towards Como. His property at Jannali was bounded on one



The opening of Jannali Railway Station

side by the rail line between Como and Jannali, and when council put a road (Novara Crescent) through between Jannali and Como, MacRae insisted on having the road laid with a bend in it at the Jannali end, so that he would have land on both sides of the road. The council bowed to his wishes and that is how we got a suicide bend on the way to Como.

Sam Lang was out of work during the depression so he got labouring work with Perce MacRae, clearing his land and grubbing out all the shrubbery, but leaving the trees alone. Perce paid him 5 pounds per week.

The police from Sutherland used to patrol down to Como at night to see if the Como hotel was still open and observing the closing times. A lookout (usually the publicans wife) occupied the roof hutch and all of the patrons used to move into the back rooms while the police checked the bars. It was said that the pub was originally built in the 19th century as a boarding house to house railway workers building the Illawarra line.

In those days, the Sutherland police patrol consisted of a motor cycle and side car. The Sergeant sat in the side car and the Constable did the driving. Perce MacRae's place was always their first port of call on the way to Como. The police said that as Perce lived on his own, they always called in to see if he was safe and sound. I knew that Perce had a large stock of the best whisky in his cabinet which could have also been a fair enticement.

Perce gave me a job at 5 shillings per week to mind his place while he collected his rents from his various interests. Cartwright, the taxi man, would pick him up at 12 o'clock and off they would go and arrive back at 5pm slightly the worse for wear, and then give the whisky a bash. Later on, he wanted me to tend his gardens while he was away. All for the same money, but it was infested with fleas from his mangy cats and the dam where he had his windmill pump was loaded with black snakes so no weeding was done.

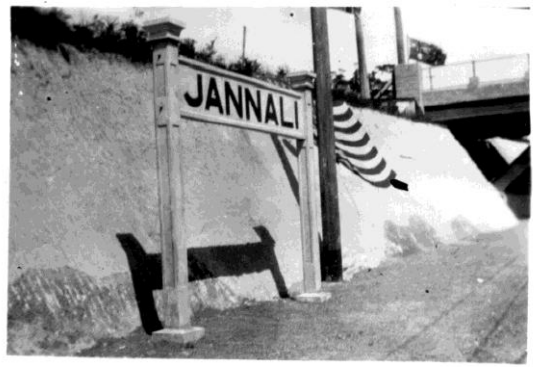
In 1933 I had left school and no jobs were available – but by then progress was in the making: The rail station had been opened to a fanfare of free-bees, local dignitaries and councillors. Many of the photos of the occasion, including that of “Pop” Tanner on the bridge with his horse and cart, were taken by my mother-in-law to be, Mabel Louise Harman, who with her husband Jack, were two of the first people to serve on the Jannali Progress Association.

My friend Bruce Pearson and I had actually been the first two local people to cross the new Jannali bridge. We had walked across the girders, before the roadway was laid. It was said that the locals had wanted the crossing to be angled, but the builders said that the square set bridge was the one ordered by railways



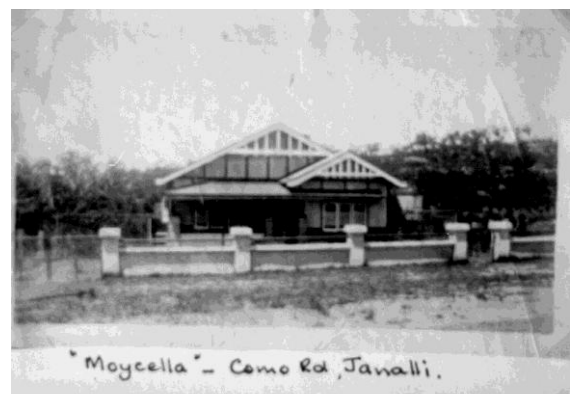
planners so that was what they were going to get! Bruce Pearson was not related to the later Dr. Pearson who practiced in Jannali in the

1950s. Bruce's family lived down at The Bonnet, near Thomas the builder. There was also a canoe club and canoe shed there later, and if you were rich enough to own or buy a



canoe, you could join the club and participate in events there, but Dad never had the money to buy one.

Also by this time our permanent house was being built on the top (west) end of our land, fronting onto Railway Crescent (just before it changed into Novara Crescent and continued on to Como). A "Hudson Ready-Cut" house was the basis of this home. 'Old Bill', a carpenter friend of Dad's came to the house every weekend to guide and help Dad with the construction. A tent had been pitched near the old shack for his residence. A commotion was caused one night when Bill retired to bed. One of the dogs (we had four) had dragged a five foot black snake onto Bill's bed. It turned out to have been one we had killed earlier in the day.



The bricks for the footings of the new house were to have been delivered by old 'Jack' Livingstone in his truck, but the truck could not get up Jubilee Hill with the full load, so Dad and Mr. Livingstone unloaded half of the bricks and carried on. When they returned for the unloaded bricks only 30 minutes later, they had gone!

At last came the day when we moved into the new house. It was named "Moycella" after my

mother (Moyce) and Dad's sister (Ella) who had died young. There were no coverings on the floor but the rooms were large. There were three bedrooms and a lounge, kitchen and dining room. My Father had borrowed 800 pounds and had built the house for 700 pounds, so he approached the bank to use the savings on furniture, only to be told that the loan money was only for the house, and any left over would be kept by the bank for repayment of interest and other charges. The house had tank water but this still needed supplementing from the creek and except for tanks and creek, the old copper in the outside laundry was stoked up and clothing boiled in it and what was left over was used as a hot bath in the old previous washing tubs. I well remember seeing my mother, small in stature as she was, with a pole across her shoulders, many times carrying a drum of water on each end, from the creek to the house.

In the years 1938-1939 I worked at S T Leigh Pty Ltd at Raleigh Park, Redfern NSW (near WD & H O Wills Tobacco Plant). Leigh's did all of the cigarette packet manufacture and printing for Wills, and also did job lot general printing as well.

My father had for some years worked in the Engineering Shop at Leigh's, and he got me my start there. My sister Edith also worked at Leigh's for a time.

When I first started at Leigh's I was the "boy" whose job it was to feed the cardboard sheets (which were already printed on) into the box stamping (cutting) machine which would cut, and impress the sheet in the right places to prepare it for punching out and folding into a cigarette packet or larger carton. If the sheet didn't go into the machine correctly, it would be cut and impressed in the wrong places and would be useless. The machine's set up had to be constantly monitored and adjusted to make sure that there was as little wastage as possible. Later on in my employment, I was placed in charge of one of these machines.

At Leigh's, the pre-printed cardboard sheets were printed downstairs and the box or packet writing included the gold lettering (e.g. "Three 3s" or similar brand names) and as a result the air both upstairs and downstairs was full of

floating gold dust which could be seen in the shafts of sunlight from the windows. The supervisor always would "duck under" the shafts of gold when doing his rounds, making the staff feel that he did not know that the gold was not only in the sunlight - it was everywhere.

The downstairs printing workers got a pint of milk a day because they breathed in the gold dust. The workers upstairs got nothing!

When I returned home after World War 2, I took up a job working in Lou Pistoletti's Fruit Shop at Sutherland instead. This shop is now the Sutherland News Agency near the station on the east side.

The Harmans

In December 1940, I had married Mabel Jean Harman, a daughter of Jack and Mabel Louise Harman of Sutherland Road, Jannali. Jack and Mabel had arrived in Jannali from Enmore (in response to his brother George Harman's good reports on the place) and after staying with the Muller family of Toronto Parade, Sutherland, took up residence in 1922 on the land that they had bought on 9th March 1920, which was numbered 175 and eventually became 150 Sutherland Road, Jannali. Their first dwelling there was a bag humpy at the rear of the block, from which they almost immediately suffered the theft of "all their worldly possessions". Jack had completed a wood framed full size home on the property by 1926.

At Jannali, just about everyone had goats, but when the 'Milkos' started to deliver cows' milk, most people let their goats go wild into the bush (where they formed packs and sometimes got into house gardens). One weekend the police shot most of them at Hummers Point.

Jack Harman came out of his house at Sutherland Road, Jannali one morning to find a billy goat eating his front garden. He telephoned the council at Sutherland and asked them to come and get it. Their reply was that he could do what he liked with the goat - they weren't interested. Jack, incensed by their indifference, got a rope on the goat, and walked it all the way to Sutherland (2 miles), where he promptly let it loose in the Council gardens. He then walked back home.

Mabel Louise Harman was a member of the original Jannali Progress Association and her husband Jack was prominent in assisting in community projects, and was also, I believe, an early treasurer for the Association. A great number of the photos taken at the opening of Jannali Railway Station were taken by Mabel Louise Harman, and I still have in my possession the first rail ticket sold between Jannali and Sutherland stations, purchased by Mabel. Jack used his carpentry skills to good effect in Jannali. In the early days he worked with a builder named Jack White of Alice Street, and he later worked alone. He built his own home and also built (or helped to build) quite a few other residences in Jannali, including that of Thomas and Clyda Tierney on Jannali Avenue, the brick fronted home of his sister Isabella Crampton, and the home of Ray and Daisy Melvin (which, I think, still stands at 154 Sutherland Road, Jannali). He also helped to build the original Presbyterian church on Louise Street, which was so frequented later by the Tierney family after they became involved with the Congregational Minister Reilly. The Progress Association had decided to have this church erected on donated land facing Louise Street, and a working bee was set up for the purpose. But on the appointed day, only Jack Harman showed up. Nevertheless he set to with his usual enthusiasm and started the building off on his own!

Jack had fought with the AIF in France in World War One, and he tried to enlist again during World War Two. He was unsuccessful, but became a "Warden of the Port of Sydney" then worked for the Allied Construction Corps. He was certainly a "goer".

In the 1950s, Jack Harman worked as a carpentry foreman on the construction of the Jannali Girls High School. After this, the headmistress, Mrs Tolhurst, was having difficulty finding a contractor to operate a 'tuck shop' at the school and Jack stepped into the breach, taking on the job with his wife and daughter Mabel Jean Martin and operating from a converted staff room on the end of a classroom block near the north gate entrance to the school. Girls stood on an outside wooden verandah and were served, in all weathers, through the staff room windows. Years later, a purpose built covered canteen was erected in a

playground area and this tuckshop was still run by my wife, Mabel Jean Martin, until 1977. My wife Jean was always thrilled to meet ex pupils of the school, who seemed to recognise her wherever we went.

Jean Harman and I were married in December 1940 at Sutherland with the reception at the local School of Arts and we honeymooned at a guest house at Stuart Park, Wollongong. The Guest House was very close to the beach and I remember how every morning, we would run down to the beach for a swim. One day, on returning to the guest house, we found Jack Harman sitting dejectedly outside. He and the rest of the family had been on their way down the coast for a holiday when the rubber and fabric universal joint on the Chrysler's drive shaft had failed. The shaking and vibrating had convinced him to pull up. In those days, a square rubber and fabric strip, not unlike a piece of motor tyre casing, was bolted across the car's tail shaft yokes, with the tail shaft yoke bolted to 2 corners, and the differential yoke bolted to the other 2 corners. So I found myself, in the middle of my honeymoon, searching Wollongong repairers and wreckers for an old tyre to make the flexible joint from. Any sort of tyre for sale was very rare in wartime, but I finally found one.

Some Jannali Residents

William (Billy) Lloyd had married my Aunt Vera Goddard and he worked for Wunderlich's at Redfern (they made the pressed metal ceiling panels which were popular at the time) but after Wunderlich's closed in Redfern during the depression, the Lloyds came to stay with us in Jannali. After 6 months they bought a 65 ft frontage block next door to us on Railway Crescent, and built a house on it that they named "Willvere".

Eric Smith built a house next to Billy Lloyd. Albert Rollings, the Como milkman married Eric's sister Marjorie, and they later lived at the house.

Thomas and Clyda Tierney's home was a long walk back from the Sutherland train station, and they would sometimes get off the train when it paused at the signal box near their home. Tom would quickly clamber down, get his footing and implore his wife to get off the

train by shouting “jump, Clyda, jump”, before the train moved off again.

Tom and Clyda Tierney’s home was a long walk from Sutherland train station and Tom and Clyda would sometimes take the risk of jumping from the slow moving southbound evening train as it climbed the gradient across from their home. Tom would jump first and tumble down the embankment and exhort his wife to “jump Clyda, jump!”

A small butchers shop was erected in front of a small house at the end of Alberta Street on the west side of the Railway line. A chap named Hal Carey moved in as the local butcher. Hal’s father was already the butcher at Como. Later Hal re-established his shop on the other (west) side of the railway line, near to where Mr Fisher had his grocery shop.

A Mr Morton lived in the small house attached to the rear of Hal Carey’s west side butchers shop. He had a waxed moustache and walked with a cane. He was a bachelor and when he left the area, his home was occupied by an SP bookmaker and his wife. When you placed a bet with the SP bookie, you could pre-select whether you wished to accept any winnings at ‘first call’ odds or ‘second call’ odds. These odds were broadcast over the radio as the betting for each race closed. A lucky choice would depend on which odds (at bookies stand or at tote) were the most favourable for your win after the race was over. Morton’s house was so small that it was said that if two people went inside, they would have to come back out again to turn around!

Another family who lived in early Jannali was Thomas Brown Livingstone and his wife Minnie and son Jack and daughter Florence (who married a McCulloch). They lived at “Ferndale”, on Sutherland Road in the 1920s. “Ferndale” was slightly to the north of the base of the high tension power line stanchion now standing near the ovals on Sutherland Road opposite where Jannali Girls High School was later built. The house was only about 100 yards from Jack Harman’s house and my wife Jean knew Mrs Livingstone well. The Livingstones left Jannali for Sydney in the late 20s, but after Thomas died in 1930, Mrs Livingstone reappeared at the house until the 40s after which the house lingered on until,

uninhabited in the 1950s, it became a meeting place for vandals, was set afire, then was demolished by the council. But in the early days, their son Jack was the playmate of my brother Jack, and I recall my brother being bitten by a snake in their backyard at one time. My father and others who visited the Livingstone house were shown a sword and regalia hanging on the hall wall which the family said once belonged to Dr Livingstone of African exploration fame. Thomas Brown Livingstone was born in Scotland in 1884.

Bill Robinson, a grocer of Sutherland, later obtained some land north of Jack Harman, but couldn’t build on it because the Electricity Commission had laid the high tension power lines over it. He sold some to Bill Curtis, who got around the problem by building a house well back from the roadside, in the south east corner of the block.

In the early days there was only one house between Jack Harman’s place on Sutherland Road, and Bray’s farm at the corner, but this house burnt down very early in the piece.

H G Walker had a permanent job right through the 1930s depression. His wife was a nursing sister (a profession universally treated with respect) and she was normally the first port of call for residents before they visited a doctor.

Herbert Carl Ganz “Bert” Baker had married Mabel Louise Harman’s sister (Marjorie Webb) and they had built a fine dark brick home which can still be seen today at No 2 Alice Street, Jannali. Bowler hatted Bert Baker was a dapper little man and a fine gentleman’s tailor. He had made lots of money during the 1930’s depression. He would catch the train to Sydney every weekday morning to see his clients, but he vanished one day, leaving Marjorie without even a word, and his whereabouts remained a mystery until I heard that he was eventually found apparently working for the Government, teaching tailoring to the inmates at Goulburn Jail. In the 1950s Marjorie remarried to a seaman named Surman.

Arthur Hyde worked on jobs for Mr Fisher. Arthur was, I believe, killed in action at Singapore Causeway during World War Two.

Lenny Smith's elder brother, Eric, worked at S T Leigh Pty Ltd in the engineers department with my father.

On Louise Street lived the Darke family. Old Poppa Darke was a true Englishman and he would stroll down the street with his cane. He wrote 'copperplate' and spent his idle hours sitting atop the cutting above the railway line watching the trains pass by underneath. His daughter Marjorie became a lifelong friend of Mabel Louise Harman. Marjorie firstly married Luther Poole, but Luther died after World War One from the effects of a gassing in the trenches. Luther and Marjorie had one son, Kenneth "Kenny" Poole

Kenny Poole grew up in Jannali between the wars and he joined the RAAF during World War 2. He suffered from a sty or lesion in an eye and the RAAF decided to operate on it. This apparently brought on a sort of creeping paralysis (viral meningitis?) and Kenny's health slowly deteriorated and he passed away. His younger cousin, Vivian Leopold James, who was born on 7th October 1939 to Arthur A James and Marjorie's sister M.M. 'Nora' Darke, was living with Marjorie at the time. Arthur James, in company with his friends Len Smith, and Arthur Hyde, had joined the Australian Army 8th division just after the outbreak of the second world war. Arthur James was captured by the Japanese and kept prisoner for most of the Pacific war, only to be tragically lost at the end of the conflict. Nora James thereafter moved to Summer Hill and then Kogarah. Her son Vivian attended Hurstville Opportunity School, Sydney Technical High School, Sydney University and then Cambridge University. He also changed his given name to Clive and became a writer and television personality in England. He wrote of Jannali and of Kenny Poole and Marjorie (with some changed names) in his book "Unreliable Memoirs" chapters 1-3 - The Kid From Kogarah, Valley of the Killer Snakes, and Billycart Hill. Clive wrote other books and also starred in many overseas television documentaries and variety shows in the 1980's and 1990's. He was awarded an Australia Medal in 1992.

Marjorie Darke's brothers were Sonny and Reg. They worked for the Holden Body Works, the pre World War 2 forerunner of General Motors

Holden in Australia when Holden's built handmade wooden bodies for imported car chassis. Sonny was in charge of a department. Nora James also worked there sewing leather car seats together.

Marjorie Poole's second husband was Harold Charles Derman whom she married in Sutherland in 1944. Harold was younger than Marjorie, a tall, slim, balding man with an oval face and ruddy nose and a pleasant gentle manner, whose hobby was that of pigeon fancier (racer). They lived together in Alice Street, Jannali in their small weatherboard cottage filled with beautifully kept furniture and a player piano. In the backyard near the back fence, Harold had two sheds containing pigeon lofts and breeding nests and he would take a cage of his pigeons by train to distant suburbs for release to fly home timed by his club. Harold sadly died of cancer in the late 1960's. Marjorie, her eyesight failing, died at the same residence in the 1970s.

Newcomers to Jannali in the 1930's were the Wattersons. I recall that Bill and his young blonde wife, Olive, (we called her Ollie) would catch the train together to Sydney and back to work. They were a 'dashing' young couple who had settled in the newly opening up Georges River Road – 6th Avenue area. People used to refer to them as "Darby and Joan". I used to catch the same train as them when I worked at S T Leigh. Other people of this time that I recall were the Hutchison and McGuiness families. In the 1940s whilst I was at war, Jack Harman built my home at 152 Sutherland Road, next door to his own. The sash windows were provided by Jim Webb's sash window factory. Jean and I lived there for many years, and our son, John, grew up there.

My neighbours on Sutherland Road included Harry and Tommy Tierney, sons of Thomas and Clyda, and also Jackie Dicks, who had married Tommy and Harry's sister. When Jackie Dicks moved away in the 1950s, the Rushworth family purchased his home. Harry had originally bought a parcel of land on Sutherland Road and sold building blocks to Tommy and Jackie. Other families at the top of Sutherland Road included the News, Spithill and Lang families, with Mr Ellis, the stonemason, on the corner in his stone block home.

Major change had come again to Sutherland Road in the 1950s when Brays farm in Sutherland Rd. was purchased by the Dept. of Education and became the site of Jannali Boys High, and Jannali Girl's High had been built across the road from my house. In the 1970's,

the Dept. of Education decided to combine the Jannali Boys School and the Jannali Girls High & my home, No. 152, was purchased by the Department. *I left the Jannali area in the late 1970s.*
Ted Martin 18 June 200

Henry Parkes

From Page 1

Around the same time, he developed an interest in politics, joining Thomas Attwood's Political Union in 1832.

On July 11th 1836, Henry married Clarinda Varney and they soon had two children. He began his own business in 1837, but it failed in 1838. Living conditions were very poor for working class families and both his children died of malnutrition. In the same year, he and his wife moved to London. Unable to find work, Henry and Clarinda decided to immigrate to Australia.

Henry and Clarinda Parkes arrived in Australia on July 25th, 1839 on the "Strathfieldsaye". Clarinda gave birth to a boy two days before they arrived in Sydney.

Political Life

For their first few weeks in Australia, Parkes went around looking for work with the little money he had in his pocket. Financially, Parkes and his wife were in strife and were forced to sell Clarinda's belongings. In 1840 he found work briefly as an agricultural labourer near Penrith and then moved on to the Customs Department. In 1845, he began writing articles for the local press including the *Atlas*, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, the *Australasian Chronicle* and the *People's Advocate*.

His first Australian business was an ivory turning shop on Hunter Street which became a common meeting place for political radicals. He quickly sailed into politics.

In 1848, he headed a committee which helped elect Robert Lowe into the NSW Legislative



Parkes during his time as NSW Premier

Council. By 1850, he was largely involved in a liberal alliance of artisans, merchants and businessmen. It was quite successful in rejecting a British proposal to reintroduce transportation of convicts to the Australian colonies. The same year, Parkes established *The Empire*, a newspaper which was the main organ in promoting liberalism in Australia.

Parkes supported moves for the Australian colony to become self-governing, and was a leading critic of the conservative constitution which a Legislative Council committee under W.C. Wentworth drafted in 1853. A year later, in 1854, Parkes won a seat in the NSW Legislative Council. When the new constitution came into effect, his supporters won another 4 seats in the NSW Legislative Assembly.

The Empire newspaper went broke in 1858 forcing Parkes to resign from parliament briefly. After serving most of his time in the Legislative Assembly, he achieved ministerial office as the Colonial Secretary in 1866. In this year Parkes began the reform of the educational system which would eventually establish public education through the Public Instruction Act of 1880.

He served as Premier from 1872 until 1875 and again in 1877. He was again in government from 1878 until 1882.

Parkes left Australia in 1881 for England and revisited his birthplace in Stoneleigh. On his return to Australia he lost government, but won the seat of Tenterfield in the following elections. Although he retained his seat, he returned yet again to England to work in a financial firm until 1884.

By the age of 70, Parkes had expressed his determination to retire altogether from the political field. However, by late 1884 he was determined to have his say when W.C. Dalley sent Australian troops to Sudan. He won the seat of Argyle in March 1885 and became Premier again in 1887.

In 1889, Parkes was called on to launch the campaign for the federation of the colonies; it was his leading role which eventually earned him the title "Father of Federation". Parkes called upon the other premiers to form a conference and travelled to the other colonies to gather support. It was on the way back from Brisbane that he delivered his famous speech in Tenterfield. This was the first real attempt at building support for federation. Parkes pushed on despite breaking a leg in May 1890. Unfortunately, very few supported his policy.

Parkes was elected to head the Federal Convention in 1891 which he attended despite the fact that he was still suffering from his injury. The draft of the *Bill to Constitute the Commonwealth of Australia* was framed and Parkes had high hopes in the moves toward federation. However, before the bill was to be presented to Parliament, Senator G.H. Reid proposed an amendment and the bill was knocked back.

The founding fathers of Federation included Parkes (standing centre) Deakin (standing 3rd from right) and Griffith (standing 3rd from left)

On October 22nd 1891, Parkes resigned, never to hold office again. A poor businessman, he faced long term financial problems. He had 5 daughters and a son by his first wife, Clarinda and 5 sons and a daughter by his second wife Eleanor who died in 1895. He struggled to



make ends meet for the last few years of his life, selling autographed letters and precious family possessions. He married for a third time in 1895 but died of pneumonia on 27th April 1896.

Henry Parkes did not live to see his dream of Australian federation and nationhood on January 1st, 1901, but his leadership made him one of the most important political figures in Australian history.

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Engadine at the Battle of Jutland

Engadine, a Swiss name, is an unlikely connection with a naval battle between British and German warships.

The battle of Jutland, in May 1916, was World War I's only large-scale naval engagement. Almost 250 warships took part in the greatest and the last of history's battles between conventional gun warships, 9000 sailors perished at Jutland for an inconclusive result.

The huge battleships and cruisers of the Royal Navy and German High Seas Fleet took the limelight but another vessel played a small historic role. It was *HMS Engadine*.

At the outbreak of war in 1914 the Royal Navy converted six cross channel passenger ships to what they called 'aircraft carriers' later known as seaplane carriers. They retained their peacetime names. One was *HMS Engadine* named after a tourist destination in Switzerland.

With a speed of over 20 knots and a crew of 250 these 1600-ton vessels could keep up with the fleet. On board were four Short 184 seaplanes to be hoisted overboard for takeoff and landing on the open sea.

On the afternoon of 31st May 1916 the *Engadine* found itself the only 'aircraft carrier' with the mighty British fleet as it steamed the North Sea searching for its elusive German counterpart.

At 2.46pm British Admiral Beatty signalled *Engadine* to launch an aircraft to locate the enemy. For the first time in history an aircraft was to be used in a major fleet action.

Engadine turned into the wind and hove to. With escorting destroyers guarding against submarines a flimsy biplane was lowered onto the ocean. It was crewed by Flight Lieutenant Rutland and wireless operator Tevin of the infant Royal Naval Air Service.

The seaplane bounced across the waves, taking off to the north. Low cloud kept its height to 1000 feet. Despite poor visibility the intrepid

airmen sighted the screen of German light cruisers but not the main battle fleet.

Engadine's aircraft followed the enemy signalling its course until a faulty fuel line forced its return at 3.40pm. At 3.48pm gunfire on the horizon indicated the major engagement had commenced.

Despite enemy jamming ,wireless reports from the aircraft had reached the *Engadine* but not the British flagship *HMS Lion*.

The flight of *Engadine's* tiny plane was a naval aviation first. In the next war naval engagements would be decided largely by aircraft. However *Engadine* and Flight Lieutenant Rutland's roles were not yet over.

That evening in the North Sea mists *Engadine* came upon the crippled armoured cruiser *HMS Warrior*. *Engadine* took the cruiser in tow but the *Warrior's* bulkheads broke and the ship began sinking.

As *Warrior* began to settle *Engadine* was skilfully manoeuvred alongside the larger warship.

With a heavy swell running, lines were secured between the ships and 600 of the *Warrior's* crew were transferred to the *Engadine*. First came the wounded, then sailors, officers and finally the captain.

But during the transfer a wounded sailor fell between the two vessels. Flight Lieutenant Rutland, pilot in the historic flight, dived into the water in a futile attempt at rescue. Rutland was awarded the Albert Medal for bravery. From that time Rutland was known in the fleet as 'Rutland of Jutland.'

In 1917 Rutland teamed up with Captain J.S. Dumaesq of *HMAS Sydney* to conduct experiments in flying aircraft off large warships. These catapult-launched aircraft became a feature of capital ships until the late 1940's. After the war *Engadine* returned to its peacetime role as a cross channel steamer.

Between 1966 and 1986 another *HMS Engadine* served in the Royal Navy as a helicopter support vessel, seeing service in the Falklands War.

Lawrie Daly
10.5.01

The Kelpie Sheepdog

To handle sheep in Australia it was necessary to evolve a special breed of dog the European sheepdog was of no use. This breed is the Kelpie, smooth-haired, prick-eared, active; in colour black and tan, red or black, this last often being called the "Barb". The barb is the stoutest in build, the red is a smaller dog. The barb works best with crossbred or English sheep, the others with the merino.

No day is too hot, too cold or too long for the Kelpie, for it is endowed with muscles of steel and a coat which defies all weathers --- searing heat or biting winds and sleeting rain. The only thing that upsets the Kelpie's work is the bindi -- a wretched little three cornered thorn growing on certain parts of the wild plains. This will stick to the feet working into the spaces between the toes. His owner then "shoes" him with little skin boots, and he carried on working.

The Kelpie was evolved as a breed between the years 1870 and 1880. Prior to this the flocks had largely been shepherded, but as the flock numbers increased this became impossible. The English-type of rough haired collie did not prove effective, and so the squatters cast about for a better dog. They heard of a particular type of smooth-haired Scottish collie said to have a fox strain, and so were silent workers -- Ideal for the wild and panicky Merino sheep roaming unconfined over the great plains. A pair were duly imported from the breeders, (the Ruthefords), Jenny and Brutus. Jenny with a litter of pups born on the ship. All were black & tans except for one little red pup; and on enquiry from Scotland, it was advised that in practically all the litters at least one red pup occurred.

About this time a Mr. Gleeson came from Victoria, bringing with him a black & tan bitch called "Kelpie". She was of unknown pedigree but appeared to be a black & tan collie crossed with a dingo. She was duly mated, and amongst the pups was one so strongly resembling her that she was also called "Kelpie". At 12 months this young bitch competed at Forbes in the first Sheep Dog trials held in the Commonwealth

and won easily. Her pups therefore soon became in great demand, at first being known simply as "Kelpie's pups", but after all their progeny became known as "kelpie" sheep dogs.

One of Kelpie's first litter of pups was called Sally, and she was mated with a black dog named "The Barb"- after a racehorse of that time. In due course Barb became the father of various pups, all of whom were black and strong like him; and also in time these black progeny were simply known as "barbs".

Thus the black & tan and the "blue"(black) kelpies throw back to the smooth-haired Scottish collie in size, shape and disposition; and their wild ways of working come from their fox and dingo strain. The red kelpie, which more closely resembles the fox, is much harder to control, although his way of working is much the same. The barb more closely resembles the old black dog -- with little barking. Thus, while the kelpies are used in the main for working merino sheep in the big paddocks and on the open plains the barb is employed mainly in small paddocks, in penning and in yard work.

Submitted by Elva Carmichael.

This article was originally submitted by Sid Stedman to S.S.H.S's Bulletin in the July 1972 Issue

"Brownie"

When I was about eight years of age Dad brought home a pure breed Red Kelpie. We named him Brownie for some reason. Brownie proved to be the "love of my life".

At one time a blue bottle tick got onto Brownie and he was extremely sick. We nearly lost him. Dad nursed him day and night until the crisis was passed.

Dad taught Brownie various tricks and he was a mate to us all. When I was sixteen, which means Brownie was only eight he got another tick. At this time Dad had pneumonia and was very ill and couldn't attend to our mate.

We took Brownie to a local vet but he didn't survive. Dad wrote an obituary for the local paper and this is the contents:

"Brownie" was our dog, an Australian Kelpie Aristocrat. He was bush born and we reared him from a pup. He was brilliant, intelligent, loving and loved by all. He did his job 100%, ever on the watch without having offended or hurt anyone. He loved to be obedient. Always there to share our biscuits at "Smoko", he was Our Mate.

Three years ago he got a tick and we were up for four nights, treating him at 2 hour intervals. We pulled him through. He never forgot us and his faith in us became as strong as it could be. He was one of the family. We were all happy with "Brownie", but last Sunday he got another tick, and on Wednesday passed away. Have you every loved a dog? Our hearts are broken for "Brownie".

JENOLA.

It seems strange that after so many years I still think of Brownie but he really was one of the Dallimore Family.

Elva Carmichael Cronulla "girl" living in Tuncurry,

Journeys of Our President

Our President is travelling the "World" and has been sending postcards to the editor as she goes.

It seems appropriate then that she has visited Engadin (see below) and has posted us a picture for comparison to own suburb of Engadine.

ENGADIN



I'll admit that Engadine can be a hilly place but I don't believe that it was ever as cold as the picture here looks.

Dawn writes that Charles McAllister spent his honeymoon in Engadine and so we probably can blame him for "naming us". Dawn also comments that the other Engadin is also next to a National Park in Switzerland.

The Palace (below) is the reconstruction of



"Knossos" as rebuilt by Sir Arthur Evans in 1900. You can read about this in the President's report.

Cornish Connections

by
Edward Duyker

North, south and west, Cornwall is bounded by the sea; and in its 'peninsularity' it has preserved what is in many respects a distinctive culture. Although Cornwall is officially the most south-westerly county of England, the Cornish consider themselves very different from the 'Anglo-Saxons' beyond the River Tamar. This is because the Cornish are a Celtic people and the peninsula they inhabit is rich in references to Arthurian legend and the Celtic dreamtime. The Cornish language, closely akin to Welsh and even closer to Breton, was spoken until the eighteenth century. Today it survives in reconstructed dictionaries and grammars and in the hearts of dedicated local linguists and determined Cornish nationalists - who long for the day when the white cross of St Piran on its black background will fly proudly over an independent 'Kernow'.

Cornish surnames (such as those with the prefixes Pen-, Tre- and Nan-) and Cornish food such as saffron buns and pasties are familiar to most Australians. Perhaps less familiar is the fact that the Cornish have been intimately associated with Australia since the earliest days of British settlement. James Ruse, the first ex-convict to seek a land grant in New South Wales, was born in Launceston, Cornwall. The indomitable convict Mary Bryant (née Broad) and her husband William, who succeeded in escaping to Timor in an open boat in 1791, were both Cornish. So too were Governors Philip Gidley King and William Bligh.

It was not until the nineteenth century, however, that the Cornish made their most important impact here. Philip Payton in his fascinating book *The Cornish Miner in Australia* (1984), which is held by the National Library, has estimated that between 1836 and 1886, as many as 16,000 Cornish people emigrated to South Australia. Among them was my great-great-great-grandfather Richard Bone (1803-1872), his wife Elizabeth (née Oats) and nine of their children. The Bones

were a mining family who hailed from St Just near Land's End. Life in St Just was harsh. An eighteenth-century writer once described it as a 'sad, dismal place, situated in a most inhospitable and cheerless corner of the country'. The mines of St Just were poorly ventilated and dangerous. It has been claimed that virtually all of Cornwall's able-bodied men, who spent more than five years working in the dusty pits, developed the lung disease *phthisis*.

In tiny plots around their stone cottages, the mining people of St Just somehow managed to grow potatoes and raise a few animals to supplement their meagre diet and income. Fortunate in their proximity to the sea, some also risked the waters of the rugged Atlantic coast to fish or to smuggle contraband. When foul weather drove passing ships upon the rocks, they also combed the beaches and rock pools in search of a different bounty. Some were accused of deliberately luring vessels to their doom; but it seems more likely that, at their worst, they did little to stop what was already inevitable. (The National Library holds several books on Cornish shipwrecks, including *The Loss of His Majesty's Frigate Anson . . .* (1808), in the Rex Nan Kivell Collection.) In their grinding poverty, the waves rewarded the indifference of the Cornish, not their bravery.

In 1845 and 1846 the potato crops of St Just were wiped out by the same blight which ravaged Ireland. There were food riots in the winter of 1846-47. For some time the mining industry in Cornwall had been in a state of depression. Mines were closing down and men were losing their jobs. But in another part of the world, mine owners were crying out for labour. Copper had been discovered in Burra Burra, in the newly founded colony of South Australia. Immigration agents toured Cornwall in the hope of attracting skilled miners to a new life in the sunny, prosperous Antipodes (often with spuriously idealized imagery). With money largely raised from the proceeds of government land sales, they even offered assisted passages. South Australia was to be a colony of free settlers, not a place of penal servitude like other Australian colonies. For

the Bone family the offer was irresistible. They accepted, as did some six hundred others from St Just in the last few months of 1848. The family arrived in Adelaide on the *William Money* on January 3, 1849.

Richard Bone appears to have worked in Burra for the next few years, but when gold was discovered in neighbouring Victoria, he and his family, like thousands of other Cornish miners, packed up and left for the diggings - taking the harder but cheaper overland route. (At one point Richard's children befriended local Aboriginal children on the Murray and preserved life-long memories of an excursion in their bark canoes.) Their ultimate objective was the Bendigo gold fields. Perhaps they congregated with their fellow villagers at what would eventually become known as St Just's Point, an extension of Long Gully and an important centre of Cornish cultural and religious activity in the Bendigo area. Jim Faull, in his book, *The Cornish in Australia*, which is also held by the National Library, has written:

'It was at Bendigo that the Cornish influence was the most noticeable. Diggers who overlanded from Burra formed a concentrated settlement in the western gullies of Bendigo where shaft sinking needed to be a little deeper than usual, but where the potential rewards were greater than in the other shallow alluvial areas . . . The whole area was known as 'the singing gullies' because of the habit of the Cornish, with their Welsh counterparts, of singing hymns and carols. On Christmas day in the Sparrowhawk Gully it became traditional for Cornishmen's sports to be held, with wrestling, iron quoit throwing, tugs-of-war and foot races.'

Sometime before the end of 1855, the Bones decided to move from the Bendigo diggings to nearby Lockwood - having decided that supplying the diggers with fruit and vegetables was more lucrative than trying to strike it lucky with them! They certainly became farmers. It was in Lockwood that my great-great-grandmother Jane Bone (1838-1865) met her future husband, Mauritian-born and Paris-educated Théophile Lionnet (1819-1881). He

would later joke in English of having dug for gold in Australia and of only having found a Bone! Jane would leave Australia for Mauritius with her husband and their baby daughter in 1857; she perished during a terrible malaria epidemic on the island eight years later. Her sister Elizabeth, grandmother of the Australian painter Lloyd Rees, would also marry a Mauritian digger.

Those who wish to explore their own Cornish roots will find useful orientation in the National Library. Aside from studies on the Cornish in New Zealand, South Africa and even Mexico, the library holds important ethno-histories dealing with the Cornish in various Australian states by Philip Payton, Jim Faull, Ruth Hopkins, Diana Hancock and Rosyn Patterson. It also holds numerous Cornish-Australian family histories and indexed sources such as Margaret Verran's *Irish and Cornish Immigration, Moreton Bay 1848-1859* (c.1989), Patricia Lay's *Cornish Immigrants: Assisted Arrivals in New South Wales 1837-1877* (1995) and Elaine Kranjc's *The Geelong Cornish: A Record of Some 19th Century Families*. Genealogists may be aided by Raymond Stuart's *Cornwall: A Genealogical Bibliography* (1989) and Gail White's *Cornwall: A Bibliography of Sources in the State Library of Victoria* (1995). There is also a microform edition dealing with probate registers held in the Cornwall Record Office. And because the great bibliophile Rex Nan Kivell was of Cornish descent and had a strong interest in his heritage, the library acquired an 1881 edition of *The Registers of the Parish of St Columb Major, Cornwall, from the Year 1539 to 1780* as part of his collection [NK 4316]. The Nan Kivell Collection also contains a Conrad Martens painting of Carn Brea Castle near Redruth [NK 5207/31].

For those interested in the linguistic heritage of Cornwall, the National Library holds a 1904 edition of Henry Jenner's classic *A Handbook of the Cornish Language*; Martyn Wakelin's scholarly *Language and History in Cornwall* (1975); Crysten Fudge's *The Life of Cornish* (1982); and Robert Morton Nance's *A Glossary of Cornish Sea-words* (edited by P.A.S. Pool). Family history researchers will find the library

is well endowed with books on Cornish family and place names including Richard Charnock's (1820-c.1904) *Patronymica Cornu-Britannica or the Etymology of Cornish Surnames* (1870); both the 1926 and 1968 editions of Thomas Dexter's (1860-1933) *Cornish Names*; George White's *A Handbook of Cornish Surnames* (1972) and Oliver Padel's *Cornish Place-name Elements* (1985). For those interested in the nexus between language, ethnicity and politics, the library holds James Whetter's *A Celtic Tomorrow: Essays in Cornish Nationalism* (1973) and copies of the journals *Cornish Studies* = *Studhyansow Kernewek*, and *The Cornish Banner* = *An Baner Kernewek*.

I have visited Cornwall several times over the past two decades and these travels have

engendered a particular affection for a number of books in the collection. Among my favourites are William Borlase's (1696-1772) *The Natural History of Cornwall*, of which the library has a first edition of 1758 in the Petherick Reading Room, and Cyrus Redding's (1785-1870) *Illustrated Itinerary of the County of Cornwall* (1842), for the images it offers of the land my ancestors left. However, the National Library's holdings on Cornwall range even further. There are also books on architecture, archaeology, biography, cartography, castles, folklore, geology, heraldry, travel, sepulchral monuments and even smuggling, to name just a few subjects in the collection. And to complete the ambience of a day's reading on Cornwall, ask for a hot Cornish pastie at the Brindabella Bistro.

BOOK REVIEWS

Editor Dr. Ed. Duyker.

Remarkable Occurrences: The National Library of Australia's First 100 Years 1901-2001

Peter Cochrane (ed.), , National Library of Australia, Canberra, 2001, pp 283, hardback, ISBN 0 642 107300, illustrations, notes, index, \$59.95 plus \$5 postage, E-mail nlasales@nla.gov.au

Reviewed by Edward Duyker.

The National Library of Australia is one of the finest libraries in the world. I say this unequivocally, for I have done research in many national libraries. It is democratic and open in its ethos. It serves the people of Australia (past, present and future) with pride and efficiency. Although its collections may not be as large or as old as those of some other national libraries, in many respects it is without rivals. It unquestionably has the finest collection of Australiana in the world. While such an assertion might seem banal, it should be remembered that not every nation can boast such a degree of sovereignty over its own documentary heritage. The National Library of

Australia also has extraordinarily rich holdings on the Pacific and Asia and a wealth of British and European scholarship. It is far from introverted in its gaze.

As one of our core institutions, the National Library celebrates its centenary this year along with the nation. This impressive anthology of essays, edited by Peter Cochrane, has been published to coincide with the anniversary. Well-written, beautifully illustrated and elegantly produced (even with a burgundy ribbon!) this book is a fitting tribute. In his thoughtful introduction, Cochrane reminds us that, as libraries develop,

Whatever the acquisition, the process in one sense is always the same – de-privatization – the transformation of privately held records into an enduring public resource. In addition to their newspaper collections and deposit holdings of published works, research libraries make public and accessible a host of private or previously inaccessible pasts. They are a hedge against forgetting: they are guarantors defying oblivion: they are the storehouses of our cultural heritage.

Peter Cochrane has also contributed an essay on the evolution of the library as a national institution and an essay on the rescue of the Australian silent film classic 'The Sentimental Bloke'. Both essays capture a sense of excitement and national purpose in the process of collection development. Greg Denning, has written a masterly essay on the provenance, acquisition and significance of James Cook's holograph *Endeavour* journal – one of the library's iconic treasures.

Denning's luminous prose is steeped in wisdom born of deep scholarship on Pacific exploration and ethnography. With unique immediacy he conveys the joy and wonder of research amid original sources. I also relished manuscript librarian Graeme Powell's account of E. A. Petherick and J. A. Ferguson and their extraordinary collections of Australiana - now cherished core elements of the national collection. Equally engaging is Tim Bonyhady's essay on the creation and acquisition of William Hardy Wilson's collection of drawings of early colonial architecture in New South Wales and Tasmania, and Nicholas Thomas' chapter on Rex Nan Kivell.

Nevertheless, I would like to have learned more about Nan Kivell and the persona he created for himself. How did the illegitimate New Zealander Reginald Nankivell become Sir Rex de Charembac Nan Kivell? Thomas explains his knighthood (a condition of the acquisition of his collection by the library), but not his adoption of a French aristocratic name as a prefix to his Cornish patronym.

It would be wrong to assume that this anthology, simply focusses on the bequests of great private collectors - although there are several other great collectors mentioned in other essays in the anthology. It is very much about librarians as cultural heroes: advocates and executors in the great quest to preserve the printed, painted, handwritten and otherwise recorded heritage of our nation and our region. It is also about the remarkable breadth of the National Library's functions. Joan Kerr, for example, adroitly discusses historic 'three-

dimensional' objects not normally considered core holdings for a library, but precious for a multiplicity of associations. In another fine essay, Stuart Macintyre discusses the library and the political life of Australia. David Walker reviews the fascinating evolution of the library's Asian collection in the years following World War II. Barry York surveys the library's priceless oral history collection – stirring voices which reach back into the nineteenth century. Helen Ennis looks at the heritage of Australia through the lens of the camera. Robyn Holmes gives an account of the music section, formally constituted in August 1973. Suzanne Rickard explains the origins of the library's important map holdings: from the cartographic treasures of the Petherick, Ferguson, Tooley, Nan Kivell, Bates, Scott and White collections onwards. Lastly Paul Turnbull offers very important insights to the development of Australia's national bibliographic resources. Many scholars and librarians will remember acronyms such as APAIS (Australian Public Affairs Information Service), NUCOM (National Union Catalogue of Monographs), NUCOS (National Union Catalogue of Serials) and ABN (Australian Bibliographic Network) as milestones of national endeavour in the co-operative management of Australia's bibliographic resources. In 1999 ABN was replaced by a new national resource-sharing database named 'Kinetica'. In the process a web-based bibliographic network came into being and signposted the digital future on-line. It is hard to imagine that the National Library of Australia will not continue to pioneer the introduction of new technology in the bibliographic field.

The story of the National Library of Australia, chronicled in *Remarkable Occurrences*, is a grand adventure. Peter Cochrane and his fellow contributors deserve our sincere congratulations.



The Floating Brothel:

The Extraordinary Story of the Lady Julian and its Cargo of Female Convicts Bound for Botany Bay.

Siân Rees, Hodder, Sydney, 2001, pp 248, paperback, ISBN 0 7336 1304 7, illustrations, map, select bibliography, index, \$27.95.

Reviewed by Edward Duyker.

This engaging book, by British historian Siân Rees, tells the story of the transportation of 237 female convicts from England to the nascent penal colony of New South Wales on the *Lady Julian*, in July 1789. Rees opens her work with summaries of the court records of many of the women transported and provides a vivid account of the broader social conditions and government policies which made so many women vulnerable to this fate. She tells us, for example, of the tax on maidservants which created considerable unemployment among young women when the wealthy shed much domestic labour in the mid-1780s rather than pay the impost. Unemployed and destitute, many were forced into prostitution and theft. Rees quotes the *Times* in July 1786: 'upon a very modest calculation, not less than 10,000 have been added to the number of common prostitutes by Mr Pitt's tax on maidservants'. This was a time when working people had virtually no political rights; suffrage was a male preserve, limited by property qualifications. The ruling class imposed stiff sentences for often trivial property crimes. It may come as a surprise to many readers to learn that women (as opposed to men) were still being burned at the stake in Britain in the late eighteenth-century for offences such as counterfeiting. Rees also examines the notion of the 'fallen woman' and draws on contemporary literature to illustrate the social stigmatisation experienced by many women convicts.

When compared with other vessels in the Second Fleet, the voyage of the *Lady Julian* appears humane. The ship's stores were not compromised by corrupt profiteers and were distributed with fairness. Mortality among the

convicts was relatively low. There was little wanton violence. Nevertheless, the women convicts were exploited for their sexual services. Virtually the entire crew (from the Captain down) took 'wives' for the duration of the voyage. There were numerous pregnancies as a result. It seems, therefore, that a great deal of the 'humanity' of the voyage was a quid pro quo for sexual complicity by unfortunate women who had limited options. Many of the relationships did foster genuine bonds of affection and perhaps even love.

Rees makes considerable use of the memoirs of John Nicol, the ship's steward and cooper, who formed a relationship with 19-year-old Sarah Whitlam. She bore Nicol a child during the long voyage to the Antipodes via Rio de Janeiro. There seems little doubt that Nicol fell deeply in love with Sarah and that he suffered considerable anguish when he was unable to secure his release from the *Lady Julian* and marry her as a free settler in New South Wales.

His memoirs (recorded thirty years after the events), indicate that he spent the best part of the next decade attempting to work his way back to Sarah, but was thwarted by irregular shipping links and then impressment in the navy after the outbreak of war with France. Poor Nicol was unaware that in the meantime Sarah had married another man, been pardoned and had left the colony for Bombay.

Rees achieves a pathos, of sorts, drawing on evidence of Nicol's unflinching love for Sarah and his efforts to be reunited with her, but one cannot help but wonder to what extent these emotions were reciprocated by a woman who married another man just one day after his departure!

No doubt Sarah, with an infant child to care for in a harsh new environment, had to make a quick strategic decision. Perhaps she had also done the same when she came aboard the *Lady Julian* and attracted the attention of 34-year-old John Nicol, in July 1789? Sarah Whitlam's world was a harsh and brutal one in which women had few rights and convicted women convicts had fewer still. In *The Floating Brothel*, Siân Rees shows us the complex ways in which women adapted.

Brown's Creek runs into the Woronora River
beside Prince Edward Park



Browns Creek about 1930

