



*Sutherland Shire
Historical Society Inc*
Bulletin



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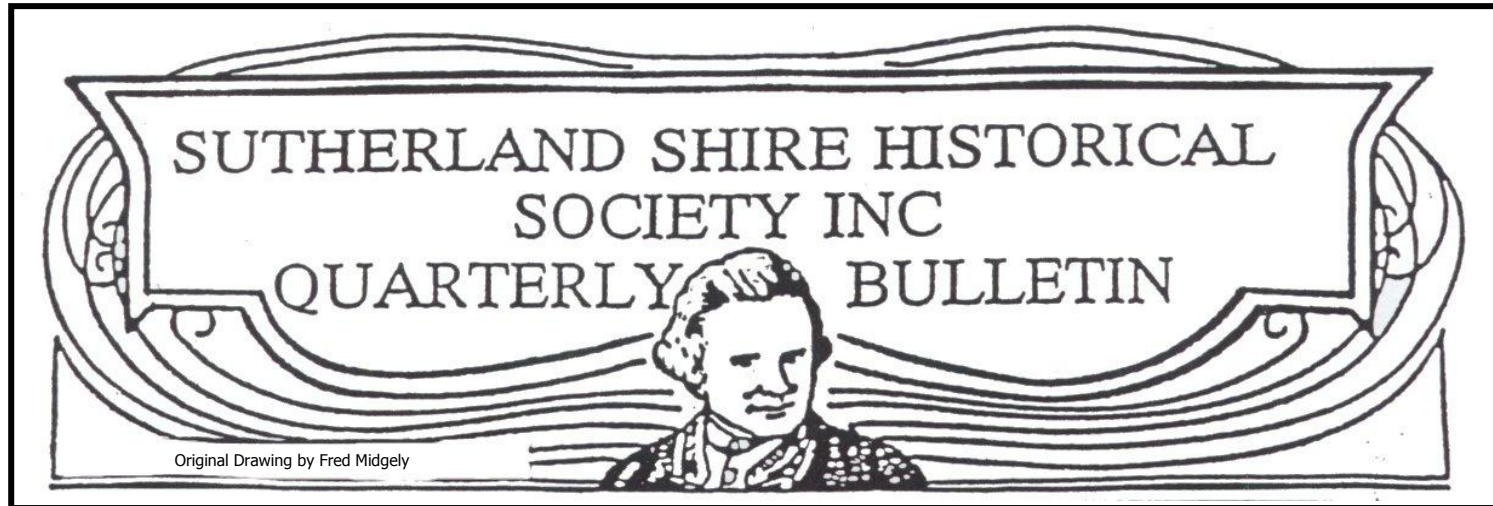
November 2003 \$1.00

A Concise History of Heathcote Hall



Heathcote Hall is an enduring legacy of our Shire's past. The Hall is a magnificent old structure that is presently undergoing some renovation and repairs. In this article starting on page 10, Harold Warburton offers us his glimpses of the Hall and its history.

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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 Stapleton Centre, Stapleton Street, Sutherland.

VISITORS ARE WELCOME

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Disclaimer

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

President's Report

I never take anything for granted, and when I wrote to the SSHS for its AGM, as I was overseas representing council, I indicated my willingness to stand again, for a seventh term, but would stand aside if someone else had a burning desire to be President. I heard nothing, for two months, despite text messages to members, e-mail messages etc. Why? What were they not telling me? Then when I got home there was a lovely card from Mina thanking me for the year's work and wishing me a great time overseas!--I was sure she was letting me down gently ,---and you now had a new bright-eyed and bushy-tailed President!

I wondered who this brave soul was, when suddenly the phone rang and there was Mina welcoming me home. Finally I thought I had better ask so I could ring the new President and offer my support----and Mina thought it a great joke, and assured me that of course I was President again. I realised then how much the SSHS meant to me, and how much I valued your continuing approbation and support. This reinforced my belief that you approve of the changes we have made, and the direction we are taking the society and I was greatly relieved! So now what did your absent President do, whilst she was overseas?

BANGOR, Wales

Whilst in England we visited our adorable grandchildren, and saw the Clock Museum, V&A Museum, Royal Academy of Art, "Stomp" at the Variety Theatre, and "I.D" at the Almeida about the assassination of Voerwoord, in South Africa. We saw our son race his Aprilia motorbike at Brands Hatch, and went to the Boat show at Southampton. Cliff and I hired a car and went down to Devon to visit friends and then up to stay with Pat & Vera Wilson in Bangor, Wales. Vera, as you know, is our Deputy Warden (Caedwad) of the Cromlech, whom our Sutherland Shire Mayor,



*Dawn Emerson
President*

Clr. Phil Blight formally sashed last March with me and several others at Parc Menai. Vera had arranged for us to have lunch with the Mayor of Bangor, Clr. June Marshall, and her husband: Clr Keith Marshall, a councillor on the adjoining Gwynned council. I presented our Council's gift of a huge picture of the cromlech, and the Celtic Mosaic pattern we are planning for Parc Menai; a Sutherland Shire scarf for the Mayor, and a Sutherland Shire tie for her husband. (I was sad I did not bring a spoon and keyring from SSHS--but I had not thought to ask your approval to do so. When they next visit here, perhaps we could do so.) They were delighted with their gifts, and during animated conversation over lunch, they indicated their desire to lift our informal sister city relationship to a more formal one. They explained that the Bangor Council had no money and power, but the county council, Gwynned, was the one we should be approaching. All this time we had been targeting the wrong council! Mayor Marshall was keen to arrange for a stone to be sent for our mosaic, and Vera Wilson mentioned that she was again approaching the Penrhyn slate quarries for a carved Celtic Cross for Parc Menai! It was a most fruitful meeting.

When I arrived home Clr. Jenni Gormley had already received e-mails from the Flett Society (descendants of Captain Cook) as to my visit, what a nice friendly councillor I was and how they had great hopes for a formal sister-city bond.--News certainly travels fast! Last night I

received a fax from Vera, that she had formally presented our picture to Bangor Council on 3/11/03, and in her speech emphasised the historic Owen Jones link, and how the bonds of friendship could be strengthened. She said she already has a small stone for the dragon motif in the mosaic, and will have it in the post in a few days.

Before we left, Cliff and I on behalf of Sutherland shire council presented Vera with a jewel-box, red velvet lined, of highly polished Flame She Oak, beautifully crafted from the Bungendore Wood turners, and gave Pat, her husband, an Australian Lancer, toy soldier, fully certificated as Pat collects soldiers from all over the world in their military dress. They were overcome at this material evidence of the regard which Sutherland Shire residents and council have for them, in recognition of the efforts they have made to bond our two countries, and Vera has since written to the Mayor and councillors thanking them for their beautiful and thoughtful gifts.

TOKYO, Japan

O-hayo Gozaimasu! Although we had tourist trips to Berlin and the Reichstag, and Pergamon Museum in Germany (sad the sculptures are here and not in Pergamon, Turkey, which we visited last trip but at least they are preserved!), and Den Haag in Holland visiting their Parliament and Hall of Knights, and Museum of History. Our main trip was to Chuo-ku, the CBD of Tokyo, and their 400th EDO Anniversary so we returned to Australia via Japan.

As you would be aware it is 400 years since Tokugawa, the Shogun, united Japan into nationhood, and the seat of government was moved to Tokyo from Kyoto. It was during the EDO period that Japanese culture, art and music reached its zenith, so it was a most important occasion that Sutherland Shire council was being asked to attend. We had six councilors in our delegation, including our Mayor, Clr. Phil Blight, and three partners, and contrary to any incorrect newspaper reports you may have read, I only received conference assistance for the distance to Perth, and had to pay the total of Cliff's expenses plus my own. The Japanese paid one night of our

accommodation, and hosted some of the meals, the rest we had to pay. Cliff and I chose hotel accommodation at Narita, as it was two to three times as expensive in Tokyo. Meals and accommodation are astronomical in Japan. Fortunately three of the nights we stayed with friends, which helped tremendously. It was the experience of a lifetime. I have now been to Japan six times, and Sutherland Shire Council delegates were the only "gai jin" (foreigners) invited to participate in their celebrations. The Mayor, Clr. Blight, Cliff and I rode in an open car with the rest of our delegation immediately behind us, (they are younger than me and could walk the 4.2 kms easily) and we had pride of place immediately behind their Mayor Yoshide Yada, and their oldest Assembly Man (councillor).

We were dressed in Akubra hats, Driazabones, moleskins etc. I think the Japanese thought our dress looked a bit too informal, so they said we had to wear white gloves as well! Those walking were given blue scarves to complete their outfit! We smiled and waved and called out: "G'day, Mate!", Cliff doffing his hat as we drove along. The crowd, which consisted of the usual placid Japanese people, broke into smiles and waves, and called back "Konichiwa!". What would our parents have thought who lived through WWII when the Japanese were our enemy, and here were their children, being feted and accorded a royal welcome by these lovely friendly Japanese people down the main street of Tokyo in a parade that went for four hours!

Truly these visits are the greatest initiatives in procuring peace that we could achieve, where we meet people like ourselves, who think, and feel just like us. Later at one of the dinners we were all encouraged to speak across the table to the other delegation: sort of formal informality. They were amazed that we knew of their history, and that some of us had even learnt some Japanese, and that Cliff had even learnt a Haiku (17 syllable) poem. He dutifully repeated it and several of the men there could not rest until they had translated it back into a Japanese Haiku!

On our first visit Cliff got his Engadine class to illustrate a booklet showing scenes from the

song Waltzing Matilda, and sent it to their Board of Education. They had the booklet printed and issued to all the schoolchildren in their area, and this visit, as we walked in the door to our first meeting---over the loudspeaker came their children's voices singing "Waltzing matilda" in perfect English, possibly as a result of Cliff's book! Next Bulletin I will detail the progress of our Menai Pioneer Home, and in the meantime wish you all a peaceful, safe and Happy Christmas!

*Clr Dawn Emerson,
President*

Meetings for 2003-2004

At the Stapleton Centre, Stapleton Street, Sutherland, 8pm (Thanks to A. Griffiths, who arranged some in my absence)

Friday, 21st November, 2003: Dr. Ed Duyker, member, speaking on his book "Le Labilliardiere"

Friday, 19th December, 2003: "Forty Thousand Horsemen". Bring a plate for an impromptu Xmas Party! We have a permit to have a glass of cheer also.

Friday, 16th January, 2004 : Members' Night: OUR SUBURBS. A.Griffiths: Cronulla; T. McCosker: Gympie; John Risebrow: Waterfall (to be taped for library)

Friday, 20th February, 2004: Mr. Cliff Emerson: Isambard Kingdom Brunel -- Engineer extraordinaire

Friday, 19th March, 2004: Mr. Ron Scobie: Endeavour paintings

Friday, 16th April, 2004: Mr. Keith Wrightson: Pidgin Force in WWII

Australian National Placenames Survey

Place name researchers are divided on how Dee Why in Sydney's northern beaches got its name. One theory supposes that surveyor James Meehan named Dee Why because the shape of the lagoon resembled a 'D' and a 'Y'. Others have put forward the proposition that the initials DY were carved into rocks in the area by sailors of the Spanish galleon *Donna Ysabel*. Another theory relates to the river *Dee* in Britain and another to the *Deey* family in Ireland. It is unlikely there will be a definitive answer to this question that has puzzled researchers for many years.

It is the task of the Australian National Placenames Survey (ANPS), based at Macquarie University, to investigate the obscure origins and conflicting theories in the examination of each name ever current for a geographic feature or inhabited locality in Australia. Although many Australian placenames are derived from Aboriginal names or are named after European explorers or politicians, some have more creative origins. For example, Doganabuganaram Hill in NSW is said to be named because an early surveyor had to share his camp with a 'dog an' a bug an' a ram'. And other placenames have been attributed with more dubious origins, such as the theory that Colo River on Sydney's northwestern outskirts is derived from the word 'koala'.

The roots of the ANPS project extend back to the earliest days of the Australian Academy of the Humanities in the 1960s. An early pilot phase took place at the University of New England in the early 1970s; however, the political and economic climate toward the end of that period meant that the project was then rested, and the intention lay fallow till 1996 when the Australian Academy of the Humanities was successful in obtaining funding to relaunch the project. The initial pilot phase, called the National Placenames Project, ran from 1998 to 1999 and then an expansion of funding in 2000 allowed the launch of the ANPS proper. Since the beginning of 2002 the work of the ANPS has been carried out under the umbrella of the Asia-Pacific Institute for Toponymy (APIT). ANPS is the principal activity of the Institute's historical and cultural section, and funding is assured until 2006 by a grant from the Vice Chancellor's Millennium Innovations Fund of Macquarie University.

Some of the delay in getting this project up and running has no doubt been due to the sheer size of the project. The ANPS intends to prepare a national register of geographical names. The National Register will record all known Australian names, documenting their pronunciation, generic class, status, origin, meaning, history, cultural significance, and map reference and location. The database will enable the production of a series of placename dictionaries, both local and national, over the next few decades.

Although this project will take many many years to complete it is of enormous importance that Australians begin to record the rich tales behind our placenames. Placenames are signposts indicating where we have come from, how we got here and what we thought about when we arrived. Due to the magnitude of this undertaking the ANPS is relying on the collaboration of scholars from many different disciplines (history, geography, linguistics, anthropology, archaeology, computer science) and on the enthusiasm of volunteer researchers, particularly local and family historians, from all over Australia. The ANPS is a rare opportunity for members of the Australian community with experience in a wide range of disciplines and with a variety of interests to work together on a project of great scientific and cultural significance.

Are you interested to know more about the ANPS? You might like to join the mailing list to receive the free quarterly ANPS newsletter, *Placenames Australia*. Or you may be interested in becoming involved in the collection of data as an ANPS Research Friend? For further information contact:

Clair Hill
Australian National Placenames Survey
Division of Humanities, Macquarie University NSW 2109
Phone: (02) 9850 7937
Website: www.anps.mq.edu.au
Email: chill@hmn.mq.edu.au

From The Editor's Desk

Every quarter it is a battle to find and put to press suitable material for the Bulletin. As Editor it is important to balance articles of general interest with articles of historical interest and value.

I am always reluctant to re-publish newspaper cuttings, and to an extent it diminishes the quality of the Bulletin to focus on excursion materials and articles about "other" areas in preference to articles about Sutherland or nearby suburbs or cities.

So if you do submit something for publication it may not always appear in the next or even subsequent issues, but it may appear at a time when it will enhance the quality of the Bulletin.

I will always publish first person articles and research in preference to any other material submitted.

If your articles do not appear or if you feel that the balance of articles is incorrect please write to the "Editor" expressing your concerns.

The difficulties of re-typing or re-writing material will also put that material further from publication than material that is produced in an electronic form, next a word processor printout and finally a type-written article.

The reason for the order of preference lays in the difficulty faced in getting a computer to recognize hand or type written material, whereas the computer will recognize an electronic file very easily and will recognize a modern font (type face) in most word processor documents.

Pictures attached to electronic files, photographic images or line drawings are always welcome and will be returned at the earliest opportunity.

Les Bursill
Editor



Letters to The Editor

To the Editor

Sutherland Shire Historical Society Bulletin

Dear Sir,

Some time ago I wrote an article for this bulletin – and to the *Leader* – suggesting that suitable ways of celebrating Sutherland Shire's centenary in 2006 should be investigated. Therefore I was pleased when early this year the Council advertised for a consultant to write a history of the Shire.

Over the eleven years that I had worked as a professional historian I had written a comprehensive history for Manly Council; a short one for Pittwater Council and completed many other projects - including the best-selling *A Pictorial History of Cronulla*. I was keen to undertake the task.

Unfortunately the brief the Council had put together for a history of 100 000 words was seriously flawed. There were a number of problems but basically it asked too much for the amount of money that was offered. Nevertheless I submitted a tender for the project as I considered that these problems were negotiable and the people of Sutherland Shire could still have a centenary history that was well researched, accessibly written, professionally edited and attractively presented.

Generally prestigious projects of this nature attract about 20 applicants, and so when only four tenders were received it should have been evident that there was a problem. Although it

was only a small field, I was unsuccessful and a university team was chosen instead. I have not been informed of the details of this decision but apparently I did not rank as highly on the six selection criteria as did this team.

I have lived in this area for 25 years and understandably regret that the decision was not in my favour. Nevertheless as an interested resident whose rates will help pay for this history I would like answers to the following questions:

- who is actually writing this book?
- who is editing it?
- what track record with large complex local government publications of this nature do those undertaking these tasks have?
- what knowledge of Sutherland Shire history do members of this team have?
- does the 100 000 words tendered for include or exclude footnotes?

Yours sincerely,
Pauline Curby

LET THERE BE MORE!

The Historical Society wish to express our thanks to Louise of the Loftus Pharmacy for the help she has given us in compiling a history of the LOFTUS area.

Our local pharmacy people took the trouble to reprint a booklet on Loftus compiled by local residents in 1986. Louise (on behalf of the pharmacy) gave a copy to any interested person.

This resulted in Louise receiving quite a lot of fascinating information about this little hamlet which we as an Historical Society value so highly.

Publicity Officer
Mrs M Blackely

The editor
Sutherland Shire Historical Society Bulletin
re: the Martin Family from Jannali...

I have been trying to trace old family friends since we lost contact in the early seventies...

The Martin Family formally lived at 152 Sutherland Road, Jannali, Sydney...

John Martin born approx 1947...
Edward James Martin born 1913...
Mabel Jean Martin nee Harman...
Ted and Jean were married Dec 1940...
Edward James and Florence Moyce {nee Goddard} Martin...
Jack and Mabel Louise {nee Webb} Harman...

My name is Wendy Gordon {nee Walton}...
Fred and Dora Walton :- formally of 64 Nelson Street, Wanganui, NEW ZEALAND...
Address:- Wendy Gordon, 12 Clapham Place, Eastside, Wanganui, NZ...
Email:- wendygordon@xtra.co.nz...
Phone:- 06 343 1402...

13th October 2003
Frederick J Risebrow

Dear Sir /Madam,

Re: **Name two unnamed lanes at Waterfall**

Sutherland Shire Council adopted on 21 st July 2003 that action be commenced in accordance with Council's Policy for the Naming and Renaming of Roads to

1. Name the unnamed lane that runs parallel to the Princes Highway and Warabin Street, Waterfall and starts at the rear of 1895 Princes Highway and proceeds through to Kooraban Street to Tharawal Lane, Waterfall.
2. Name the unnamed lane that runs parallel to the Kooraban Street and Bundarra Street, Waterfall and starts at the rear of 1947 Princes Highway to Nanardine Lane, Waterfall.

The names used to identify these lanes were in response to a survey carried out by the Waterfall Sports, Social and Progress Association thc, which received overwhelming community support for these names.

This process is now complete with Sutherland Shire Council gazetting these by Government Gazette 311012003 folio 10001 and will be erecting new street signs in the near future.

Yours faithfully,

S. Heapy

For JW Rayner
General Manager

EXCURSION REPORT

As we were unable to visit members of the Shoalhaven and District Historical Society on September 12, 2003, as had been expected, it was suggested by their President and Tour guide that we should make another date later in the year, when days are longer; by mutual agreement we chose 29th November Daylight Saving Time; it is a long day trip, but we should be home before dark, in the vicinity of 5.30 pm to 6 pm. If we are as lucky with the weather as mostly on our outings, the sun should be shining.

We shall leave Cronulla at 8 a.m. and Sutherland at 8.30 a.m, at a cost for the outing of \$48.00 for members and \$53.00 for non-members; this is for Coach hire, Tour Guide and Morning Tea, all plus G.S.T. charges.

On this occasion we will provide morning tea but please take your luncheon needs as it is intended in our itinerary that we have our lunch at Greenwell Point.

Bookings to Mrs. Betty McGrath, (9521-2227) , 141 Loftus Avenue, LOFTUS, 2232 --with final payment you will be given a copy of details of the day, prepared by Mrs Robyn Florance, their Madam President, and Guide. If you need any further information about the outing either Betty or I shall be happy to help you.

.....

President Dawn has booked a special Luncheon for members of the Society at Loftus Taafe on Wednesday November 12, 2003: bookings are being taken by Mrs. McGrath, (9521-2227). If you have attended a meal at Taafe you will know how very good it is -- if not, there is a pleasure in store for you.

.....

Looking forward to welcoming you at the Tour to Nowra and the Luncheon

Aileen M. Griffiths

Deputy President and Excursion Officer

O.A.M

"Richmount"
34 Richmount Street,
CRONULLA. 2230.
(9523-5801)

Heathcote Hall and Heathcote Hall Estate.

Harold Warburton.

In the 1840s, East Heathcote, or Bottle Forest as it was then called was divided into nine Land Grants. Two of these Grants, one to George Fleming of 24 acres, the other to William Fleming of 31 acres were destined in time to become Heathcote Hall Estate.

In 1857 Abel Harber, married a Jane Upton, at Glebe, Sydney. They had eleven children. Six girls and five boys, one of his reasons for moving to Heathcote is said to have been his desire to take his daughters away from the undesirable elements in Marrickville. Jane was born the daughter of James and Elizabeth Upton.

James is said to have been a convict in Tasmania. He is supposed to have been punished at one time whilst a convict for going to sleep in church. In those days the convicts were not always provided with seating and had to stand at the back of the church during the service.

In the early 1880s, Abel, a brick manufacturer, of St. Peters, Sydney, purchased the Grants of George Coulson and William Fleming. Between 1883 and 1887 Abel built Heathcote Hall for the said sum of 7000 pounds (\$14,000). The Hall was designed by architects, Thomas Rowe and Partners. It is an outstanding example of the late nineteenth century Italianate mansion and is the only surviving major residence of that period in the Sutherland Shire.

Thomas Rowe also designed the Imperial Arcade, in Sydney. As well as building Heathcote Hall, Abel was involved in the building of the Imperial Arcade, which is thought to have caused his financial downfall.

By July 1889, Abel was forced to mortgage the property to an Edward Terry. On 19 January 1892, the property passed to the Colonial Finance, Mortgage Investment and Guarantee Corporation, Limited. This Corporation could not sell the property and so it was offered as first prize in a lottery, at a value of 7000 pounds, (\$14 000.) in 1896.

The lottery was organised by Tattersall's, of Queensland. It was won by a Samuel Gillett, a Marrickville builder. At the time, Mr. Gillett was nearly eighty years of age. He is said to have received only two pleasurable sensations, in connection with the property. One at the time when he was notified that he had won the prize. The other when, after five years of ownership, he managed to sell the estate for very much less than its valuation.

Samuel's family, strict Methodists, were said to have shunned Samuel for participating in a lottery.

A mansion and estate at Heathcote, before the advent of the motor car, and a one train a day service was not an ideal home for a city contractor during the depressed times of the 1890s.

In 1901 the estate was purchased by Edmund Lamb Brown and his wife Jessie Fotheringham Brown. Edmund was born in Haddington, Scotland, circa 1860, son of James Brown and Isabella Aitchinson, he died 10 November 1925, aged 65. At the time of his death he had been in Australia 50 years. Jessie was born in Leith, Scotland, circa 1846, daughter of William Young and Janet Fotheringham Pearce, she died 2 July 1932, aged 86.

Edmund and Jessie were married at Glebe in 1884. Both are buried in Woronora Cemetery. When they bought the Hall Edmund hoped to spend his remaining time, there in peace and quiet, as he had been advised by a leading Sydney Physician that he had but a few months to live. he is thought to have been suffering from consumption. However Edmund confounded his medical advisers by occupying Heathcote Hall, for 24 years until his death in 1925. During the Great World War of 1914-18 there was a rumour that the Browns were German spies who had changed their name from Braun to Brown.

They were said to have been flashing messages from the tower to german ships. The rumour is said to have been investigated by the military. It was thought that the light flashes were the reflection on the tower glass from a lighthouse either at Watsons Bay or La Perouse. A Mrs I Drury who worked at the Hall from 1914 to

1917, in later years wrote that there were no spies at Heathcote Hall. After the war it was established that at no time during the war had there been German ships off this part of the coast of New South Wales.

How did the rumour start ? Who knows ? The rumour probably caused the innocent Brown couple a great deal of unfounded distress. After the death of Edmund Brown, his wife Jessie together with James Hall, set up the Heathcote Hall Estate. On 21 April 1928 the estate was submitted for sale on the grounds.

The estate which totalled approximately 55 acres comprised 168 allotments, 160 feet by 60 feet, also the Heathcote Hall on 5 acres of land. Between 1928 and 1933, deposits were paid on some of the blocks. The terms were 5 pounds deposit and the balance over 5 years at 3% interest. There was extensive advertising in the press, and a small office was located at the corner of Wilson Parade and Dillwynia Grove.

Timber archways were erected at the entrances to the estate and Mr. H. W. Stork of Kennett Villa, 40 Dillwynia Grove was appointed Estate Manager. However with the advent of the Great Depression not all of the purchases were finalised. During the depression the Estate offered to waive the interest and even give a rebate on the price if buyers would complete the purchase.

The Hall was not sold and was rented for a time by a Miss I Pocklington, who endeavoured to run a guest house and tea rooms. These proved unsuccessful and closed. At that time there was a tennis court and putting green. During the 1939-45 war a Mrs. Horen, rented the Hall and let rooms.

On 5 December 1944 the Managing Director of the Estate wrote to a Mr. Smith, of Cronulla and informed him that the Reserve on the Hall and the 5 acres of land was 1500 pounds (\$3 000.00) but the buyer would have to make arrangements with the tenant, Mrs. Horen for vacant possession.

In 1945 the Hall was purchased by Mrs. Mimina Consuelo Farrelly. The Hall is still owned and occupied by the Farrelly Family. Two other

properties, The "Log Cabin", in 20 Dillwynia Grove, and "Nyalora" near the railway station, at 122 Wilson Parade were both built about 1928 and belonged to the Estate. The "Log Cabin" at the time of writing, 1999, was still occupied by a member of the Farrelly family. Nyalora is thought to have been built as an 'exhibition' home.

Abel Harber was born in Sussex, England in 1834. He died in Perth, Western Australia in 1904, aged 70 years.

Epilogue to Heathcote Hall.

Heathcote Hall, so named by the original builder, Abel Harber, possibly could have been more aptly named, Harber's Folly. For to build, what he did, when he did, where he did, could be regarded as a folly. Certainly in the 1800s there were mansions built, but in most cases they were either near the city, or on productive properties, that could maintain them.

Heathcote Hall was neither near the city, nor on a productive property. It was destined to always be a financial drain on whoever owned it. That this is a very heavy burden, is evidenced by it's sadly neglected appearance. However despite it's appearance, it is a tribute to the original builder, Abel Harber and the building that structurally it appears to be still quite sound.

Maybe, now is the time for some organisation like Sutherland Council, to step in and restore the building to it's original condition (**I believe NSW Heritage is taking this up ed**). Bearing in mind, that it is the only original type of building of it's class and era left in the Shire.

The Hall could be used for a number of purposes, an art gallery, Shire museum, craft rooms, memorabilia and tea rooms just to name a few. The grounds could be landscaped, similar to the camellia gardens at Miranda. It is hoped, that something is done to preserve this fine old mansion. It would be a shame, if it is left until it eventually falls victim to the wrecker's hammer.

Disclaimer.

This information was obtained, from a number of different sources. It is not guaranteed, that it is correct in every detail.

Harold Warburton

AUSTRALIAN SUBMARINE HERITAGE



Australia, Submarines in World War 11

Two recent editions of the "Bulletin" "A Blast from the Past", May, 2003, p.21; J Baker, "Submarine Attacks on Shipping off Sydney Coastline", August, 2003, pp.1,20-21) have carried articles on the largely unknown submarine warfare off the eastern seaboard of Australia.

The purpose of this note is to alert interested readers to additional material on this subject. Baker provides a brief map ("Bulletin", August, 2003,p.1). This could be cross checked with the "Shipwreck Atlas of NSW Dept. of Urban Affairs and Planning, NSW, 1992. and updates). This is a large format publication and I do not think it is held by the Shire library - the State Library of NSW should. The other materials are:

D Jenkins, Hitting Home, Random House, 1992. L Lind, Toku Tai, Kangaroo Press, 1992. R Wallace, The Secret Battle. 1942 - 1944, Lamont Publishing, 1995 F B Walker, Corvettes - Little Ships for Big Men, Kingfisher Press, 1995.

The first two are on the Japanese attack on Sydney Harbour in 1942; the other two are concerned with this "unknown" submarine war. Apart from the branches of the Shire library, which I have not checked, some might be available at: The War Book Shop, 60a Railway Cr, Jannali (ph: 9528 2716).

Another good source of naval history is the bookshop at the Australian National Maritime Museum, Darling Harbour.

However, the Japanese were not the only ones operating submarines in the waters in and around Australia. There was a very significant submarine base in Fremantle (L Cairns, "Fremantle's Secret Fleets", WA Maritime Museum, 1995), where the new gallery for the WAMM is to be found with HMAS Ovens on the slipway alongside. This base operated submarines from three navies - USN (144 submarines); RAN (31 submarines); Royal Netherlands Navy (10 submarines). You can find the name of each submarine on the following web site:

www.mm.gov.au/Museum/mhist/sub/freosubs.html.

There are links to additional web sites, where you can look up the war record of individual submarines, e.g for the Dutch submarines:

www.dutchsubmarines.com.

Some indication of the activities of these "fleets" can be gauged by the following. One third of all NZ POW deaths in World War 11 were caused by RAN submarines sinking the Japanese transport ships the POW's were travelling on (S Edge, "No Honour; no Glory", Collins, 1983). Australia's greatest loss of life at sea in World War 11 was not the sinking of HMAS Sydney but the loss of the Montevideo Maru, sunk by a US submarine on July 1, 1942. The Montevideo Maru was transporting the other ranks of "Lark Force" (2/22nd Battalion ADF) and other civilian prisoners to Japan The death toll was probably between 1000 and 1500 (A Gill, "Without a Trace". SMH, "Good Weekend", JUNE 27, 1992, p, 17).

Garriock Duncan.

MEMORIES OF SINGAPORE, 1942

At the moment, in a post SARS world, it's pretty cheap to travel to Singapore. Actually, Australians should travel a lot to Singapore. For, Australia and Singapore have a lot in common. The "in common" was 1942 and it ended with the surrender of Singapore to the Japanese and the incarceration of the 8th Division, 2nd AIF.

Singapore has changed dramatically since 1942 and to most Australians, Singapore is little more than a once cheap shopping stopover on the way to Europe. However, for the student of History, Singapore has more to offer than Orchard Road or Sentosa island. The Government of Singapore actively promotes remembrance of the Japanese conquest and you will find the Sydney office of the Singapore Tourism Board very helpful in providing brochures listing what there is to see.

There are more sites to visit than you would actually realise. Most books on the fall of Singapore (e.g. F Owen, The Fall of Singapore, Penguin, 2001; A Warren, Singapore, 1942, Talisman, 2000) would supply almost all of the locations. Guide books on Singapore usually have a section on the history, too. In fact, all the possible sites to visit are even listed in the Singapore street directory under the heading, "Historical Sites". So, you can't go wrong. And it is really easy to find your way round in Singapore - the local buses and trains are excellent and very user friendly - and English is widely spoken and understood.

So! I have put together a list of about a dozen sites. You'll only need a couple of spare days, next time you're in Singapore, to see the lot. In spite of my praise of the local public transport system, some of these sites would be a lot easier to visit if you were on a day tour. You could arrange this after you arrive in Singapore. The rest of the sites are in and around Singapore city and you'll need little more than a pair of comfortable shoes.

1. Places to visit under your own steam: (i) the Old Administration Building, Johore Bahru. You catch the Johore Express from the Queen St Bus

Station, just near Bugis St MRT. In 2000, the cost was \$SIN5 each way. You have to cross an international border, i.e. you enter Malaysia. So, more stamps in the passport, which you will need. Apart from customs formalities at the Causeway, the bus goes non-stop to Larkin Bus Station in Johore Bahru. In

2000, you had to go to Larkin Bus Station to buy your return ticket - it's almost worth a visit in its own right. Get off at the Malaysian customs, walk through the subway to Johore Bahru city and get a taxi. However, "The Old Administration Building" is not its local name and you may have a bit of an adventure (getting there).

From the cemetery at Kranji, you can look across the Straits of Johore. In 1942 (and even in 1989), the only building to break the Malayan skyline was the Administration Building (for the 1942 skyline, see: Warren, Singapore 1942, pl.22, between pp.210-211). In 2000, a casual observer would not be able to pick it out. Unbeknown to the British, the Japanese used the tower as an observation post in 1942.

(ii). Kranji War Cemetery. You have two ways of getting there. You can go by bus, local SBS 170 (you pick up the bus opposite Rochor Centre near Bugis St MRT) and get out at the Kranji hART stop. It's easy to miss the bus stop - I know from personal experience. The other way is to go by train to Kranji MRT. You could walk (the memorial is in view from Kranji MRT) but Singapore is hot (and in 2000, SBS 170 was not air-conditioned) and taxis are very cheap.

(iii). Changi Chapel.

Catch bus no 2 from Tarna Merah MRT. There is a bus stop right outside the main gate of Changi, which is still a functioning prison. A reconstruction of the chapel (the original is at Duntroon) is off to the left as you enter the main gate of the gaol. From here, you also have access to the new exhibits in the "Changi Experience". One of these is a visit to the emplacement of one of the notorious 15-inch guns. For full details, get the brochure, "Johore Battery - Monster Gun at Changi" from the Singapore Tourism Board.

(iv). Fort Canning Park. This is right in the centre of town behind the National Library on Stamford Street and is within walking distance from Orchard Rd. There is very little left of Fort

Canning apart from a gateway but underneath the park is the "Battle Box". This is an underground bunker, now open to the public, which was Percival's headquarters in the final days of the Battle for Singapore. Opposite the "Battle Box" is Fort Caning Country Club. In 1942, it was part of the military complex at Fort Canning.

(v) Fort Siloso.

Fort Siloso is on Sentosa Island. Catch the cable car from Mt Faber or the World Trade Centre (more convenient - it is serviced by many buses).

Visiting Fort Siloso as a history buff will take a few hours - there is quite a bit to see. So, do not buy one of the day passes at the WTC. Purchase only the cable car ticket at the WTC and pay separately to visit Fort Siloso. On Sentosa Island, you can also visit the "Images of Singapore" with its recreation of the surrender chamber at the Ford Factory in Upper Bukit Timah Rd.

(vi) War memorial Park.

This is the memorial to the civilian war dead. The memorial is made up of four 70 feet high pillars, each representing one of Singapore's racial groups. The park is near the Raffles Centre, off Orchard Rd. Dodge the traffic and pop over to the memorial after some shopping.

2. Places to visit on a tour: (i) the Old Administration Building, Johore Bahru. I have put this place on this list, too, just in case you don't feel up to coping with Malaysian customs on the way out and Singapore customs on the way back. Actually, you have to cross two international borders. So lots of stamps!

(ii) Kranji Pt and Kranji Reservoir.

The area has been significantly changed by the damming of the Kranji R. to form the Kranji Reservoir. However, there is a nice memorial park at Kranji Pt to mark the landing site. From the park, you look directly across to Johore Bahru. The Sultan's palace - a distinctive white building with deep blue roof - is easily made out. You have to look carefully to find the old Administration Building. This is still an international border; so, it was rather appropriate that the "beach" was cut off by a fence with coils of razor wire.

(iii) Bukit Batok Hill.

This was the site of the official Japanese memorial - it was demolished in 1945. All that

remains are the 120 stairs leading up to the spot where the monument stood - actually, a bit of a steep climb given Singapore's humidity. At the base of the steps is a pretty small display case with photocopies of newspapers showing what the monument looked like. There's not really much to see, but the view of the city from the top of the hill is good.

(iv) Ford Factory.

This is not far from the memorial site. In 2000, the whole site was being redeveloped but the factory is a "classified building" and will be retained. The building was derelict and in essence, we broke in. It was quite eerie to stand in the exact room where the surrender had taken place, particularly when you can compare it with the display on Sentosa Island.

(v) Pasir Panjang Road.

The area of the Pasir Panjang Ridge was the site of the heroic battle by the Malay Regiment. The only physical reminder of the battle is a concrete pillbox, just by the side of the road.

(vi) Labrador Pt.

This was the site of a battery of two 6-inch guns. Contrary to popular belief that Singapore's guns could not fire north, this battery did in support of the Malay Regiment at Pasir Panjang. The area is now a pleasant park overlooking (in the distance) Sentosa Island. Two circular concrete structures are all that remains of the battery. *Garriock has supplied a number of photos but no room this issue Ed.*

Garriock Duncan.

REGINALD NORMAN **DALLIMORE,** **1899-1965.**

In 1981 I wrote to several of Dad's friends and sent them a cassette each asking if they would record for me what they remembered of him. I did this for my own record but in November 1998 when the members of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society visited our Grates Lakes Museum here at Tuncurry, Amy McLauchlan said I had never written anything in the Bulletin about Dad. This made me think about it.

Dad started his life at Ashfield on 26th March, 1899, or was it 27th? His mother said it was the first date and his birth certificate shows it was the other. He and his family lived at Ashfield for some time. The date I don't know but they were there before 1910 as Dad's youngest brother wasn't yet born.

They moved to Caledonian Street, Bexley and were there until 1913 when they moved again, this time to Parthenia Street Dolan's Bay. This move came about as my grandfather had serious health problems and had to leave his employ at the tram department. He was an engineer. They moved into the grandfather's brother's weekender eventually buying it for 200 pounds.

Reg attended Kogarah school and later Erskineville Public School and was given an excellent reference from the Principal in 1913. Here he passed his O.C. Records show when he was nine he was a member of the Kogarah Presbyterian Band of Hope.

Dad's eldest brother Horace "Horrie" left school early to help earn for the family. Dad followed when he was fourteen years of age taking up a position as Junior Messenger at the Premier's Office in Sydney. He held this position for over two years as he then gained a job in the NSW Railway Department. Again he was given an excellent reference.

Reg was in the Railway Department for 41 years altogether retiring on 4th July, 1957, after two heart attacks.

Dad was a Sutherland Shire councillor for nine years from 1941 until 1950. He stood for council before 1941 unsuccessfully. In the 2nd December, 1944 election he had a group of men standing with him under the name of "The Shire Progress Group". Their flyer stated they gave Initiative, stability and reform".

The group consisted of Sir. R.N. Dailimore J.P., J.G. McMiles A.I.C.A., and A.B. Maddams in "A" riding. In "B" riding C.A. Hagger, L.J. Sandow J.P. and K.C. Willis and in "C" riding consisted of W.E. Peisley J.P. and F. Sage.

In the election of 6th December, 1947 Reg. stood with Albert Maddams. in "A" riding again.

In the election of December 1950 Dad changed the riding he stood in. We lived at "Jenola" corner of Kingsway and Gannon's Road Caringbah and that was in "A" riding but Dad also owned a house in Woollooware Road in "B" riding. He decided to stand in "B" to try and split up a certain profession that dominated as Cronulla councillors. Dad said, and he was right, these men were there to 'leather their own nests'. Dad was a man of great principals. He proved this during his nine years in council. While other councillors were there to have kerb and gutters put in front of their houses, or beautifying their areas or making money out of their professions Dad was never guilty of this. He did what he believed in to be the best for the shire, and also for the voters he represented.

In the 1950 election he had yet another running mate. This time a South Cronulla barrister, Edward Gough Whitlam. As a daughter I was pleased when they didn't make it as it gave me back a full time father again. A lot of Dad's time was spent interviewing rate payers either in person or on the phone. Also councillors had Field Days and meetings. His idea of splitting up the ones in Cronulla worked out. Not so many got in.

As a family we didn't own a car until 1953. So Dad got his licence at the age of 54. Until that time our week ends were taken up in a 26 foot launch, of course with the name of "Jenola". "Jenola" was a Dallimore family name that Dad made up from two letters from each of his daughters' Christian names.

J for Joy	O from Joy
E for Elva	L from Elva and
N for Norma	A from Norma.

I remember everything seemed to have that name even Reg's push bike. And when he built a 32.5 foot cruiser that was also "Jenola". Actually I suppose I gained my names in much the same way that the name "Jenola" was made. Dad wanted a son and I was his third daughter. The story went he said to Mum "this is the end". So I was given the names Elva Noreen Dallimore -- E.N.D.

Dad wanted to be a carpenter but because he had to leave school early in life and start working to help the family this was forgotten. He was very good at woodwork hence the cruiser. This project took 6 years of week end work. It was decked out with a galley, salon that consisted of four bunks and a toilet in the bow. The job was accredited to him. The first boat he made was a dinghy. As it was a small vessel it was given the name "Squid". I have to admit that was my nickname as in my childhood days I was little.

He was quite an inventor. I have a photo of an edge cutter he made. It consisted of the blades of a hedge cutter mounted on the side of a section of an old lawn mower and somehow motivated by the chain part of a push bike. Quite a bulky contraption. Another invention I remember was a bike reflector light set under the awning outside our toilet that was some walk from the back door. The idea was when the toilet lid was up the light came on and it saved us the long walk unnecessarily.

In 1922 my parents were married at the Cronulla Methodist Church in Surf Road. There was quite a large announcement in the "Argus" paper. It stated Mr. Reginald Dallimore of Murrurundi was to marry Miss Phyllis Lane of Cronulla. It didn't matter that Mum's maiden name was Lamb. The paper stated "the Bridegroom's gift to the bride is a beautiful and unique one consisting of a handsome suite of furniture made solely by himself for his bride"

Dad's address at the time was Murrurundi as he was transferred to the country by the railway department and this was his then address. After the honeymoon at Saratoga they settled at Murrurundi. It was here my eldest sister Joy was born two years later.

In the Railway Department Dad worked as a clerk in the drawing office. He started the Sick and Accident Fund for the department and worked at it all his remaining years there. This was equal to a medical benefits fund.

Reg helped form the Caringbah Camera Club being a very keen photographer. He became the President and my future father-in-law was the Secretary.

In 1953 a Condoblin farmer and great friend of Dad's was organising a flight to the Centre. Dad

was the third person in the Auster plane. The friend was the pilot. They were away a month in all and Dad was decked out with numerous cameras - black & white and coloured slide. He took an exceptional collection of slides either from the air or on the land. In the year 1953 not many people visited this area and on their return Dad showed his slides hundreds of times to many types of gatherings, schools, universities, clubs and private homes. They were a great success and one group would recommend the viewing to another. We enjoy seeing Ayres Rock, the Alice etc. not having been there at that time.

In the early 1960's Reg and Richard Harrison got together and suggested an historical society should be formed in the Shire to preserve photos and any information that would be remembered by the older residents. Unfortunately Dad didn't make it as he passed away in 1965 but Dick Harrison became our first President when the society was formed in 1966. I joined for my dad as he had passed onto me a love of history.

My dad was a wonderful father and husband, my main regret is he didn't get to know his grandsons well as John was only four and Stuart only seven months when he passed away on my birthday, 23rd April, in 1965. I guess as he wanted a boy he would have liked to know he had four great grandsons.

Elva Carmichael.

Book Reviews and Reports

By Dr. Ed Duyker

*Translations: Conveying ideas across
language barriers*
by Dr Edward Duyker

Melbourne Writers' Festival Friday 29 August 2003

I've never described myself as a translator, rather I am an historian who has often had recourse to convey historical documents from one language to another. Here I thought I would give some examples and begin with my experiences, some twenty five years ago, when I was a young man seeking to understand the participation of one of India's Aboriginal people, the Santals, in the bloody Maoist 'Naxalite' insurgency in West Bengal. This bloody political movement would

become the subject of my doctoral dissertation and my first book *Tribal Guerrillas*. Although most Santals speak either Hindi or Bengali, they retain their own distinctive tongue belonging to the Mundari group of languages. I studied Bengali for a year at the University of Melbourne, but it was at the National Library in Canberra that I gained my introduction to Santali. I was immediately drawn to Campbell's two volume Santali-English dictionary and to the Santali translations of the gospels published by the British and Foreign Bible Society 1926-32. Later, in India, I acquired a Santal grammar and evolved my own Santali-Bengali patois. But there is no substitute for immersion in a culture in order to learn a language. The often archaic missionary texts I used as a primer, sometimes caused great amusement among my hosts. On one occasion I went around pointing to a blossom repeating the word *baha* which I thought meant flower. It did, but it also had a parallel currency for female genitalia. No wonder the young girls tutoring me broke into fits of laughter whenever I opened my mouth! Latter that day, needing to answer a call of nature (I lost 20 kgs from dysentery during that trip), I asked for a shovel in Santali and guidance on which part of the jungle was for the 'gents'; I received the most delightfully ambiguous Peter Sellers Indian-English reply: 'Do not be worrying about the shovel; the pigs will be eating it!'

The Santals had rebelled against the British in 1855, in what they called the 'Hul' and the heroism of their leaders Sidhu and Kanu is emotionally expressed in a host of traditional songs. These songs had in turn been adapted by the Maoist guerrilla leadership for their own ends. Indeed, during my fieldwork, I set myself the daunting, but fascinating task of examining the use of traditional songs, symbols and weapons, in order to study the role of historical memory in Santal political involvement. With the help of a Santali-speaking friend, I managed to translate a number of these revolutionary songs and found that the 'Hul' still had a very powerful hold on the Santal imagination. In doing so, I learnt a significant lesson as an historian: even a non-native speaker can make an important contribution to the translation process though an intimate study of cultural and historical context.

Between 1992 and 1995 (my scholarly interests having changed somewhat) I worked with my very dear Swedish friend Per Tingbrand co-editing the correspondence of Daniel Solander, the Swedish naturalist on the Endeavour and later the subject of my biography *Nature's Argonaut*. The correspondence which we tracked down in libraries and archives all over the world, was co-published as a separate collection in Oslo and Melbourne. Per was always the principal translator for the Swedish letters in this project, but I would like to give a number of examples of how I, with my very limited Swedish, was still intimately part of the process - beyond the role of identification, collection, transcription, annotation and revision.

Solander's earliest correspondence, preserved by the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, dates from February 1753 and is written to the physician Johan Gustaf Hallman, apparently when he [Hallman] was still in Padua. It may seem like a contradiction in terms to state that one needs to know what a text is about before one can fully translate it, but this is so often the case. For weeks Per and I were unable to transcribe, let alone translate, one particular phrase in the letter. Over a two week period I looked at the two words with a magnifying glass over and over again without recognition. Then suddenly, as if a veil was lifted, I read the words *acarus subcutaneous* and immediately realized that here was a reference to the itch mite *Sarcoptes scabiei*, the cause of the skin disease scabies which I had often seen (and feared) in India. A whole chunk of the letter suddenly made sense.

For virtually all of Solander's correspondence (in English, Swedish, Danish, Latin and German), I took on the task of deciphering the embedded names of authors, books and plant and animal species. Without knowing if a writer is referring to a person, a book, a plant or an animal it is often impossible for a translator to make sense of a text. Another letter of Solander that I found in the Uppsala University Library was written in Latin to the great Swiss polymath Albrecht von Haller in December 1760. I had only studied Latin for two years in high school, but even with the help of more experienced classical scholars (including Gough Whitlam's sister Freda) the letter stubbornly resisted clear translation. Aside from the fact that eighteenth-century letters are

rarely in uncorrupted classical Latin, the introductory first page was missing and the remaining sheets were full of abbreviations, page numbers and a puzzling mélange of botanical and seemingly entomological terms like insectifera, arachnoideas, muscas, araneas, scarabaeus. It was only when I consulted my facsimile of the first edition of Linnaeus's *Species plantarum* (1753), that the code was broken. Solander was discussing orchids whose specific epithets often allude to spidery and insect-like flowers. Some English coherence was now possible with square bracketed inclusions and footnotes. Spelling and grammar are rarely perfect in such manuscripts and wherever possible (and the economics of publishing often makes it impossible), translations should be accompanied by the original text.

I have been on far more comfortable ground during my work on early French explorers and naturalists in Australia. Many of you will be aware that I have collaborated closely with my Mauritian-born mother, Maryse Duyker, to translate a number of journals of early French explorers - most recently Bruny d'Entrecasteaux's, but earlier the journals of Marion Dufresne's officers. Translation can often demand an enormous range of skills. To make sense of an explorers's journal, one needs historical understanding, but also a knowledge of cartography and navigation, and very often botany, zoology, geology and anthropology. Translating nautical terms can be a special torment. In any language they seem to be part of a separate dialect known only to a select few who inhabit the coast and the waves beyond. Often words which have the same etymology have different meanings in different languages. The word 'mizen' is a good example. In English the mizenmast is the aftermost mast of a square-rigged sailing ship. It is almost certainly derived from the French word *misaine*, but, beware, in French the *misaine* is the foremast - i.e. the mast in the opposite position on the vessel! Similarly, many English naval ranks like 'lieutenant', 'ensign' and 'pilot' have a French etymology, but they cannot be freely interchanged with French naval ranks. This is mainly because of hierarchical differences. For example, a *lieutenant de frégate* was junior to a *lieutenant de vaisseau*, but also to an *enseigne de vaisseau*. It is often best to leave such ranks in the original

French and provide an explanatory glossary. This also helps retain the historic ambience of a text. Few of us would want Sergeant Schulz to address Colonel Klink as 'Mr Commander' rather than 'Herr Kommandant', so too I would prefer Monsieur le Général to 'Mr the General'. One does not have to translate poetry to know that translation is frequently an act of inspired compromise between literal meaning and elegant justice to the original style. I don't read Italian, but when I read some of Seamus Heaney's translation of Dante and compared it with the dry and dusty nineteenth-century Carey translation in my library I was filled with admiration for what the Irish Nobel Prize winner for literature had achieved.

I also believe that wherever possible a translator should experience the landscape of the text he or she is working on. One can avoid many errors and make important discoveries by doing so. In January 1998 I visited d'Entrecasteaux's landfalls at Esperance in Western Australia. On the return journey my sons and I blew two head gaskets and seized the gear box of our Land Rover. In time, my boys may come to forgive their father for the ten days stuck in the Kalgoorlie Youth Hostel amid the corrugated-iron brothels of Hay Street, waiting for our car to be repaired. Many of the establishments on Hay Street had signs indicating that they took credit cards; one advertised EFTPOS. My youngest son Pierre was only 11 years old at the time and was full of questions. What does EFTPOS mean? With linguistic precision, I replied: 'Well, its a uniquely Australian acronym for 'Electronic Funds Transfer Point of Sale'. 'Oh', said Pierre seeming full of understanding, 'Virtual Sex!'.

Even in English we cannot take common meaning for granted.

Biography: Writing Past Lives

Dr Edward Duyker
Melbourne Writers' Festival
Sunday 24 August 2003

There are many different kinds of biography and this morning our business is with those whose

subjects are already dead. In light of the distinction, I wonder if it is the biographies of living subjects that Germaine Greer has called 'pre-digested carrion'? The narrative may not be 'cradle to grave', but under normal circumstances (and I will return to this point later) the subject is in the grave. When everyone who knew your biographical subject is dead and when everyone who knew him is also dead (perhaps for hundreds of years), a biographer is faced with a very different and far more difficult undertaking than a biographer who can sit his or her subject down in an armchair, ask questions, seek direct explanations and record hours and hours of oral testimony about his last test series or his last peccadillo in South Africa. The sole recourse is historical research to uncover documents in libraries, archives and other repositories or embedded in the landscape. This research is every bit as exciting as a private detective's chase.

My most recent biography, *Citizen Labillardière*, tells the story of Jacques-Julien Houtou de Labillardière, who served as a naturalist on Bruny d'Entrecasteaux's expedition (1791---93) in search of the missing explorer La Pérouse. His life offers a very valuable insight to the foundations of botany, zoology and ethnography in Australia, but also the problems of the scientific vocation in times of revolution, ideological conflict and war. An important motivation for me, as an historian (I must confess that I rarely use the term 'biographer' to describe myself because I see biography as a form of history), has been to satisfy a personal urge--which I have assumed other historians, scientists and amateur naturalists have had--to know more of the life and work of a remarkable individual who helped usher the flora, fauna and indigenous people of Australia into the European imagination. In turning to original sources I have sought to understand the milieu which shaped Labillardière and to assess the enduring significance of his travels and publications. I have also attempted to come to grips with his personality, but this has been a very difficult task. Despite the treasures of his travel writings and scientific books (including the first general flora of New Holland), the survival of fewer than sixty of Labillardière's letters (many of which are of a business nature) inevitably placed limits on the psychological insights I can offer my readers.

The modern biographer, questioning a living subject, knows what they look like. (Blanche d'Alpuget even married her biographical subject, Bob Hawke!) But we who toil in the pre-photographic age are not always so fortunate. I found only two lithographs of Labillardière, but neither offered any indication of his height, his physique or even the colour of his eyes. In the mid-1990s I spent a great deal of time tracing the movements of William Parry's (c. 1742---1791).painting Banks introduces Omai to Solander (circa 1776) from Wales to Castle Howard in Yorkshire, to a Mrs P. Tritton in Parham Park, Sussex, and after her death to the Hon. Clive Gibson, Monmouth House, London. When the latter replied to me in March 1996 giving me permission to use the painting as an illustration in *Nature's Argonaut*, he added: 'Incidentally, you may not know, the picture is presently on loan to The Art Gallery of New South Wales in Sydney'. You could have knocked me over with a feather. And speaking of feathers, when researching *An Officer of the Blue*, my biography of the explorer Marion Dufresne, I was very disappointed by my inability to uncover any contemporary portrait of the explorer. The only information I could glean is that in 1772, at the age of 48 years, Marion had hair thick enough for a Maori chief to plant four feathers on the top of his head. I had to content myself with the image of the explorer's death drafted some eighty years after the event by the colour-blind French etcher Charles Meryon (1821---1868).

If one cannot find a portrait one can usually find a grave. I spent two days searching the cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris for the tomb of Labillardière and eventually found it: an obelisk in danger of collapse on the *chemin des Anglais*. I then sat down to have a picnic lunch with my quarry. In the case of the Swedish naturalist Daniel Solander, another of my biographical subjects, I tracked his remains firstly to the crypt of the Swedish Church in London in 1782 (beside that of the great Swedish savant Emanuel Swedenborg which had been repeatedly violated by skull-robbing phrenologists) and then to Brookwood Cemetery in Woking Surrey, where he was reburied in February 1913. But there was no point in searching for Marion Dufresne's grave, I've often joked that he opened the first French restaurant in New Zealand - yes, the Maori ate him!

When one has business with the dead, even two centuries latter, one can still provoke suspicion and distrust - especially when one asks about actual human remains. When I first followed Solander's trail to the Swedish Church in London in 1992, I could not understand the initial coldness and unhelpfulness of the church officials. Nor could I understand why they thought I wanted to see the parish registers for the 1880s. It was only my repeated requests for the parish records from 1760 to 1782 that finally broke the ice. The reason for my strange reception is that numerous researchers had come my way before, not in pursuit of the first Swede to circle the globe with James Cook, but in search of clues surrounding the death of Elisabeth 'Long Liz' Stride (née Gustafsson) an unfortunate Swedish prostitute brutally murdered by Jack the Ripper in 1888!

I will conclude by stating that I am not personally troubled by suggestions that biography is a conservative genre in style and form. I make no apology for offering my readers a beginning, a middle and an end - in a coherent historical narrative. No biography is truly about a single individual; it is inevitably about intersecting lives and the impact of broader historical forces. I have long welcomed the achievements of social history and I believe that my biographies and my ethno-histories are in many respects imbued with its values. Furthermore, a biography can be a work of inter-cultural exploration. An accurate account of Labillardière's ethnographic observations in Tasmania or Marion Dufresne's death in the Bay of Islands in 1772, for example, clearly has a broader ethno-historical significance beyond a single life story. Biography can also help achieve a reorientation in our national conversation about the past. In calling attention to non-British scientists and explorers, I make no apology for chipping away at the chronic anglo-centrism of Australian history. I also believe that by looking at this continent through the eyes of early visitors we can regain a sense of wonder about the natural heritage we have and what we have already lost. I've not yet received any fan mail from Wilson Tuckey and Bob Brown launched my last biography, in April this year, so I must be doing something right.

Ultimately, we biographers, are entranced by what G. M. Trevelyan called the 'poetry of

history' which 'lies in the quasi-miraculous fact that once on this earth, once on this familiar spot of ground, walked other men, as actual as we are today, thinking their thoughts, swayed by their own passions, but now all gone, one generation vanishing after another, gone as utterly as we ourselves shall shortly be gone, like ghosts at cock-crow'. Capturing the paths and passions of those who have gone like ghosts at cock-crow is the challenge all who write of past lives face.

Botanical Venus

Daniel Solander in New Holland

Extracts from the Exhibition Opening Address
by Dr Edward Duyker

Postmaster Gallery Melbourne, 4 June 2001

[This] exhibition . . . very cleverly parallels the sexual system of plant classification established by Solander's great teacher Carl Linnaeus with the Endeavour's mission to observe Venus in transit, and thereby the relationship between art, science and nature . . . I feel especially pleased to see Solander honoured not only with an exhibition, but with a joint Australian-Swedish stamp issue. Solander deserves to be better known in both his homeland and in Australia. I am pleased to report that last Tuesday I was contacted by a Swedish publisher interested in a possible Swedish edition of Nature's Argonaut. We will see! Solander certainly has an important place among the founders of the natural sciences in both Australia and Sweden. During the Endeavour voyage, he helped light a flame of wonder and curiosity about our natural flora and fauna which has never been extinguished. In the Pacific basin alone, Banks and Solander described 222 different species of fish then unknown to science. And in the botanical collection he made with Banks, there were 110 previously unknown genera and 1300 new species--all described and provisionally named and classified. Banks had planned to publish the botanical results of the voyage in a massive work of over 700 plates to be called the Florilegium. Solander's sudden death from a stroke in 1782, the recession induced by the American War of Independence and Banks' own increasingly diverse interests led to the cancellation of the project. Instead the world had to wait until the 1980s for Alecto Historical Editions, in association with the British Museum (Natural History), to publish this splendid work in colour

from the original copper plates. I am especially pleased to see that Elizabeth Gertzakis has selected a number of images from the *Florilegium* for this exhibition.

Like modern Australia, the officers and crew of the *Endeavour* were a multicultural fraternity. There were, of course, many English and Scots aboard. Forby Sutherland was an Orkney Islander, Joseph Childs was an Irishman, Francis Wilkinson was a Welshman and Peter Flower was a Guernsey Islander. There were also Americans (such as James Matra and John Gore), Negros (Richmond and Dorlton), a Venetian Antonio Ponto and probably another Italian, John Baptista and several Scandinavians including Solander (the first Swede to circle the globe), Spöring, Bode and Olafson. (I should add that they were certainly not the first Swedes to come to Australia, for I have found at least six Swedes among the crew of Willem de Vlamingh Dutch expedition to Western Australia in 1696-97.) And as the *Endeavour* proceeded her crew was joined by two Brazilians, Manoel Pereira and 'John' Dozey, the Polynesians Tupaia and Tayeto, and even an Indonesian named Alexander Samarang.

Given this ethnic diversity, there was also a great range of books in different languages on the *Endeavour*: English, Latin, Swedish, Dutch and French. Many of these books were Solander's and they were clearly among the first printed books to be carried to the east coast of Australia. The artist Sydney Parkinson (whose work features on the \$1.50 international joint-stamp issue) is known to have carried anthologies of the great English poets such as Chaucer, Pope, Dryden and Spencer; works by the classical authors Homer, Ovid and Virgil; volumes of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Marmontel, La Fontaine, and Lesage; illustrated works by Hogarth; histories of England, Scotland and the ancient world; and gazetteers and guidebooks. As a writer and bibliophile, I often delight in the image of the *Endeavour* as a floating library.

There is another reason why I am particularly delighted that this exhibition has been presented by Australia Post. A postal service is about delivering letters and letters (like books) are among the raw materials of history, for they offer a means whereby basic facts from the past are accessible in the present. Indeed, before I

embarked on Solander's biography, I co-edited Solander's correspondence. My co-editor and very dear friend, Per Tingbrand, was a lawyer who resided in Solander's birthplace about one and a half degrees south of the Arctic circle. As you can imagine, in the course of our research and co-operation, we also exchanged many letters of our own. It may surprise you to learn that one letter I posted to Per on 26 October 1993 reached him in Piteå on 29 October 1993. It still amazes me that it took only three days. We nevertheless had some mishaps too, but they were not the fault of Australia Post or the Swedish postal authorities.

In 1991, Per's life and legal career were shattered by a devastating cerebral haemorrhage. Although his phenomenal gift for languages was unaffected, he was left with a serious stutter, epilepsy and memory loss. One of the matters to slip through the net of memory was the location of a letter written by the Quaker naturalist Peter Collinson to Daniel Solander in October 1767 inviting him and Benjamin Franklin to his home the following week. Per had noted the existence of this letter in a working calendar of correspondence, but he simply could not remember where it was held. Shortly before we were obliged to hand our manuscript to our publisher Melbourne University Press, he suddenly remembered that it was among Benjamin Franklin's papers in the American Philosophical Society's collection in Philadelphia. Desperate to offer our readers a comprehensive collection of Solander's correspondence, I sent an urgent fax to Philadelphia explaining our project and our looming deadline, but was very disappointed to learn that the original letter could not be found. Then the librarian remembered that there was a photostat, dating from the 1950s, in the Franklin Collection at Yale University Library. It is hard for me to describe the pleasure and relief I felt on receiving that eighteenth-century letter from Yale the following morning. It is not often that one receives a fax from someone who has been dead for nearly 230 years telling you that Benjamin Franklin is coming for the weekend!

It is not surprising that many of Solander's letters to Sir Joseph Banks were preserved among Banks' papers. These were dispersed by Banks' heirs at a sale in 1886. Consequently, Banksian correspondence can now to be found in libraries

as far afield Britain, the United States, New Zealand and Australia. Solander's letters were part of this dispersal and one now held in the Mitchell Library is on display this current exhibition.

Several individuals made the location of Solander's letters a great deal easier than might otherwise have been the case. Between 1833 and 1845 many of Joseph Banks' letters, including some of Solander's, were transcribed by Mary and Hannah Turner, daughters of Dawson Turner (1775---1858), who had accepted the challenge of writing a biography of Banks. Turner never wrote the biography for which he was commissioned, but his daughters produced 23 bound volumes containing transcriptions of over 2000 letters and documents in chronological order. These volumes are now held in the Botany Library of the British Museum (Natural History).

In 1958, Warren Dawson (1888---1968), using the 23 volumes of Dawson Turner transcripts as a primary source, published a pioneering index. More recently, H. B. Carter, the Australian-born Director of the Banks Archive Project at the British Museum (Natural History), assisted by Julia Bruce and later Neil Chambers, began the enormous task of 'recreating' Banks' correspondence (about 11,000 letters) as a coherent whole by collating transcriptions from repositories world-wide. The computerized index of the Banks Archives Project was a valuable aid in Per's and my assembly of Solander's correspondence. Indeed it was like a map for buried treasure.

As an historian I have handled thousands of letters written by convicts, merchants, explorers, philosophers, scientists, novelists, governors, admirals, generals, kings, rajahs and even an emperor. I still get excited at the thought that someone I admire, or know the fate of, once held and wrote upon the paper I am holding. I need little convincing that the handwriting in a letter can reveal significant details about a biographical subject or, in the case of an unknown correspondent, health, age, education and nationality. One can sometimes 'see' the very nervousness of a man writing to his superior about a sensitive matter and watch an uncertain hand firm and give way to confidence. I am more cautious with regard to discerning

personality traits, but I believe the pompous and egotistical are often betrayed by their handwriting.

How does one judge Solander on a personal level? I will let you make your own judgements about his handwriting on exhibition, but there is ample contemporary evidence that he was a very agreeable man. The great New Zealand historian J. C. Beaglehole came to the conclusion that Solander was liked by everybody: 'Acute and encyclopaedic in his knowledge, yet an ever-diligent and unostentatious student, modest, cheerful and friendly to all his acquaintance, his popularity among the scientists and collectors was great. He was a sort of touchstone . . . brilliant and amiable . . .

The life of Daniel Solander, is one of the grand adventures of the eighteenth century and that grand adventure is mirrored in this fine exhibition Botanical Venus. I congratulate Elizabeth Gertsakis for her impressive curatorial work and I commend Australia Post and the Swedish postal authorities for celebrating the long and special relationship between Australia and Sweden, with a joint stamp issue bearing Solander's image. Thank You.

Beaglehole, *The Life of Captain James Cook*, pp. 144---5. It is hard to explain the savagery of some of Solander's critics. The Botany Library of the British Museum (Natural History) holds a copy of Sir Joseph Hooker's edition of Joseph Banks' *Endeavour* journal which has been besmirched by the graffiti: 'Solander was a parasite--he lived on and with Banks practically all his life in England. What did he give the world? P. C.' Although the pages of a rare book deserve better than to be rendered a forum for necrological dispute, I must admit to having been pleased to see that the feisty Banksian scholar Avril Lysaght had responded in pencil on the left-hand margin: 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. *The slanderer has not even signed his name!*'

Ed Duyker