



SUTHERLAND SHIRE
Sutherland Shire
Historical Society Inc
Bulletin



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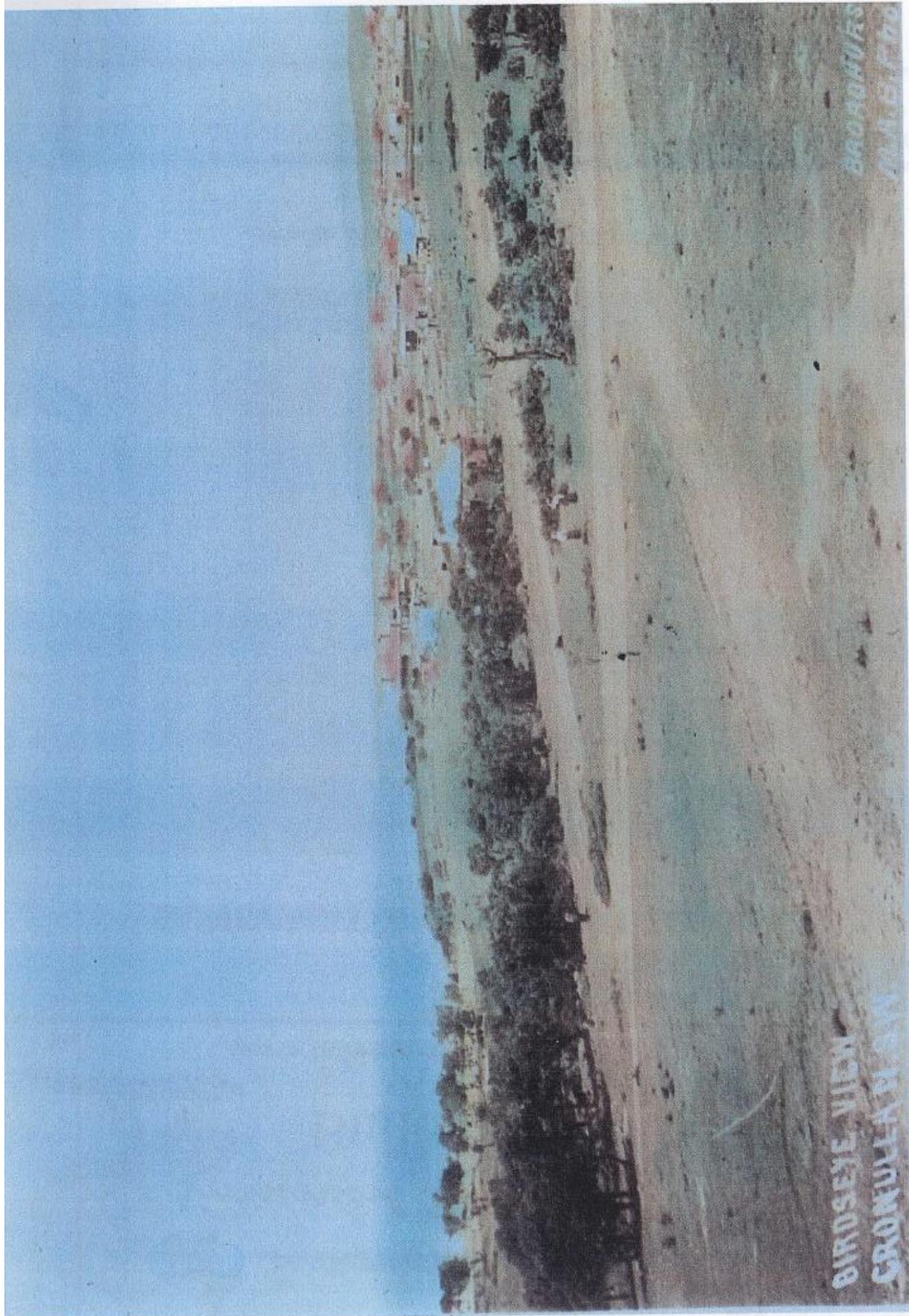
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GUNNAMATTA BAY ABOUT 1906



From an original hand coloured postcard

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BIRDSEYE VIEW
CRONULLA N.S.W.

CRONULLA N.S.W.

SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY INC
QUARTERLY BULLETIN



Original Drawing by Fred Hughes

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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.

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DEPUTY PRESIDENTS REPORT

As our Members are aware, our President Dawn Emerson & Husband Cliff are still enjoying themselves overseas. The most recent contact I have had was a nice postcard sent to the Executive Committee (via myself) from the southern region of the U.S.A. where Dawn is thinking of buying that southern mansion "Tara" from the classic "Gone with the wind" & becoming a southern belle! (Well she can dream can't she?)

The past 12 months has not been without difficulties to a number of members, due to health problems. Some of these problems have lasted longer than was first thought, but being the positive & determined lot that I know you are, you will be looking forward to better days ahead.

The guest speakers we have had during the past 12 months have all been very interesting and up to the usual high standard. We thank them all for the wide range of subjects.

The Bulletin: Over the last few months we have received a large amount of very favourable comments from our members on the interesting stories printed therein, thanks to our editor Bruce Watt.

Museum: Recently, Dawn & Cliff Emerson along with Terry McCosker, helped acquire a number of items from an old home that will assist us with future display themes for the museum. We will need help to sort, clean & restore some of these pieces, so if you can help with this in any way, please let us know.

The next 12 months will provide a number of challenges to our society and we will be expecting better support from more of our members, other than the usual small band of loyal helpers that we have.

2006 is the year that Sutherland Shire Council will celebrate its 100th Anniversary and we will be mounting a display with this theme in the museum thanks to the welcome help from our valued member Daphne Salt.

Congratulations to Aileen Griffiths OAM, on her most recent award from the Sutherland Hospital, Caringbah for 45 years of voluntary work.

Thank you all for the support given to me during Dawn's absence. We look forward to Dawn's return with, I am sure, many (tall tales but true) stories to be told.

*Jim Cutbush
Deputy President*

Meetings for 2005.

Friday, 15' July:

Friday, 19th August:

Friday, 16th

September: Friday,

21' October: Friday,

18th November:

Friday, 16th

December:

Dr. Wayne Johnson: Archaeology of Darling Harbour Battle of Vinegar Hill

AGM plus a Heritage Movie from Library Collection Mr. Bob Walshe: Eureka Stockade

Tim Narraway: The Boer War

Xmas Party at the Sutherland School of Arts

From The Editor's Desk



I'm pleased to report that, due to the support of members, we have another interesting bulletin that meets our needs. Thanks to Elva Carmichael, one of our foundation members, we have an oral history report that was first collected in 1984. Though no longer living in the Shire, Elva has a long association with the area. She has kindly loaned some photographs that will appear in subsequent bulletins. I trust that members will enjoy the photographs and graphics and that they make the reading experience more enjoyable. If you have photographs that you would like to have appear in the bulletin, contact me. I am available by phone, fax or email.

I would especially like to acknowledge the assistance given Daphne Salt. She has an encyclopaedic knowledge of local history and a host of material as well. She is a treasure!

Another item in the bulletin concerns a little known event that occurred during the war. The 'battle of Cronulla' was an embarrassing incident that illustrated the lack of effective defence against enemy attack. Older residents may recall it; however, it was largely covered up for security reasons. This story has not been told before in the bulletin.

On the matter of military issues, I remarked to Jim Cutbush about a World War 1 cannon which was visible in a photograph from the 1920s of the park above Cronulla Beach. Jim informed me that it was there until about 1959 when Council buried it in the sand hills past Cronulla High School. I wonder what else is buried in them thar hills!

I was pleased to be given a copy of one of the publications that I listed as Shire histories in the last bulletin. The slim booklet, *The Sutherland Shire Golden Jubilee* was published in 1956. I was particularly surprised to see the way in which aboriginals were portrayed — very patronizing and not politically correct for this day and age.

Another book that I neglected to include on the list was *In the footsteps of Captain Cook* published in 1979 by Tom Kenny. Its unusual premise is that Forby Sutherland didn't die of consumption but was killed in a skirmish with aboriginals. He also builds a case for Cook having sited Port Jackson during his explorations during the 9 days that the Endeavour was in Stingray Harbour. (later renamed Botany Bay)

Next year (2006) is doubly significant for us. Not only is it the centenary of the establishment of local government, it is also the 40th anniversary of the establishment of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society. The bulletin has been continuously published since then. I would anticipate that some special items be included throughout the year to mark this occasion.

At the time of print, the Financial Report is not at hand but it will be available before the next AGM. Members are reminded that annual membership renewal is now due and forms are available on the last page of the bulletin.

Bruce Watt Editor 2005

MUSEUM REPORT

We have had a reasonable attendance overall, with some visits from both Primary & High School students, including a demonstration of an old fashioned washing day. Student's joined in the demonstration and saw first hand how our ancestors survived.

I recently handed back an old, small photo album that belonged to Mr Norm Clapham's father, along with some loose photos that needed the locations identified. Nearly all were 100+ years old & the areas covered included Jervis Bay, Nowra, Shoalhaven, National Park, Stanwell Park, Coalcliff, Cronulla & Como plus the Federation decorations in Sydney. Mr Clapham is going to give the Society some copies for our collection in appreciation. Thank you Norm.

As I have mentioned in my Deputy Presidents report, we still have a lot to do to get our Museum storage & display's into a better situation for the future.

Thank you goes to Terry McCosker & Norma-Jean Taylor for the continued help in opening and manning the Museum each month. Without this help our Museum wouldn't open.

The Museum continues to be open on the 1 st Saturday of the month from 10:00am till 3:00pm in the Sutherland School of Arts, East Parade Sutherland, on the western side of the Railway station.

Jim Cutbush
Assistant Curator

REMINDER: The museum is open on the first Saturday of the month

EXCURSION REPORT: -

There has been only one excursion since the last bulletin was published. It was a city walk and tours of three churches, St.James, St.Marys and St.Andrews.

Everything was going well until Aileen Griffiths fell and broke her arm in two places just before we reached St.James church. She was taken to R.P.A. Hospital by ambulance, accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Doris Wood and John Green.

Although upset by Aileen's bad luck, the remainder of the group continued with the tour and during the morning we were kept up to date by regular telephone reports from John Green. Many thanks John for your efforts and concern.

The tours of the three churches were most interesting although the St.Marys tour was conducted under difficulties due to noisy renovation work being carried out inside the building.

We had morning tea in Hyde Park after the tour of St. James and a cross city walk and lunch after St.Marys. John Green and Doris Wood joined the group as the St Andrews tour commenced.

Aileen was admitted to R.P.A. Hospital and a couple of days later transferred to Sutherland and has since been allowed home

It was a little disappointing that only fifteen (15) attended the outing and I am hoping for a better response for the next excursion which is to be on Tuesday 20th September. It is another walk, much shorter than the last and a little cheaper. The three destinations are secret and quite different. They are all close to Martin Place and the cost will be \$7.00 per head.

Terry Terry
McCosker

SECRETARY'S REPORT



This past year, July 2004 to June 2005, has been in different ways, interesting...inspiring...informative. We have been honoured to present at our meetings the following list of guest speakers and their subjects.

July – Mrs Helen Bersten gave a most comprehensive address on 'The History of the Jewish Community in Australia'

August - Dr Ed Duyker told of the intrepid explorer and navigator, Marion Dufresne.

September – Our A.G.M. was held. Councillor Jan Forshaw represented the Mayor in conducting the election of Office Bearers for the coming year.

Life Membership was conferred on President Nola Dawn Emerson, in recognition of her long and dedicated years of service to this Society.

President Dawn Emerson moved a motion that Mrs Aileen Griffiths OAM, become Co-Patron of the Society with the Mayor. This motion was seconded and carried with acclamation.

October – Member, local historian and author – Mrs Merle Kavanagh previewed her book – 'Echoes from the Bay'.

November – Committee member and also historian and author, Mrs Pauline Curby, told of 'What a Historian Does'. Included in her talk was how she researches her books, listing all to date.

December – Our Christmas Meeting was in the form of a concert and party at the School of Arts in conjunction with the Sutherland Musical Society.

January – Traditionally "Members Night". Mrs Angella Thomas spoke of 'Inch Cape Rock or Bell Rock' The Ballad of Sir Ralph the Rover (Pirate)

Mr Frank McGill's topic was 'Complaint to The Governor,' highlighting the trials and tribulations in perusing a just cause.

Mr Cliff Emerson entertained us with stories of Japanese visitors and a masu or saki box (which is actually for measuring rice not saki)

February – Mrs Christine Yeats – Manager of Public Access, State Records; told of her Department's handling, maintenance etc. of National Treasures.

March – Member and author, Mrs Angella Thomas' subject was the 'Birdman of Kings Cross' – Mr Owen Rutherford Lloyd.

April – This meeting was held in the Como Hotel in honour of Heritage Week. Guest Speaker was Dr Marianne Larkin, speaking of the history and settlement of the Como area.

May – Our Excursions Officer, Mr Terry McCosker, spoke on 'Sydney Water – from Tank Stream to Now.

June – Dr Bronwyn Hann from the Heritage Registry's subject was 'Lady Architects 1900-1960'.

Each of our meetings is followed by supper, which is arranged by Mrs Betty Perry and Mr Doug Perry. Their **efforts** are greatly appreciated by all who attend, as it gives members that social time to catch up with others and discuss the evening's subject.

As we approach our A.G.M., I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the members of the executive Council for their support and understanding of my shortcomings throughout this year. My thanks especially go to Mrs Mina Whybourne as my mentor.

Nola Tunks
Hon. Secretary, 2004-2005

Letters to the editor

I can't put into words the enjoyment I get from the Bulletin. I look forward each quarter to receiving it and learning what is written and researched by the members.

I want to comment on the article by Dawn Emerson about the plane crash in Petersham school. My husband, Don, told me in the past of this event. I read the story to him and he was amazed to learn of the extent of the damage. The Carmichael family lived in Elswick Road, Petersham at the time and Don remembers the pilot's earphones landed on the roof.

Another comment I want to mention was on page 8 (February edition), third paragraph. "The completed survey by Dixon used the local native names of Cronulla " I lived in Cronulla for 58 years of my life and always understood the original name was KURRANULLA. The street name also had that name and the `K' was later changed to "C". Much later, I think during the war (but I could be wrong here) the name was changed to CRONULLA.

In about 1983 I interviewed Fred and Thelma Green about their lives in the Shire. The Green family – father and three sons – ran the Woolooware Dairy. I must admit by the time I transcribed it and typed it out it was fairly long. BUT IT WAS ON A LOCAL SUBJECT. And while I enjoy the stories out of the Shire I always understood our Bulletin was for local stories.

My Woolooware Dairy article has never been included in the Bulletin and I'm sure there are people still living in the Shire who would have known the area. The dairy is now Woolooware Golf Course. I remain

Elva Carmichael

An Interview with Joe Green on the 1st March 1984

By Elva Carmichael

Green's Dairy covered an area from Wills Road shopping centre to Woolooware Road North to Flinders Road, Woolooware. Opposite the dairy in Wills Road was a property occupied by George Coombes, a little man who would carry a basket under his arm when he went shopping for his wife. His wife was from the family of Jounton Smith of Sydney (Joe thought possibly of Smith's Weekly paper fame). Mr and Mrs Coombes lived by themselves, not interfering with the rest of the community.

At this stage of our talk we got onto the subject of Miss Annie Mondel who would go to the Miranda Co-op. (where Joe's wife, Thelma, worked in the late 1920s until her marriage in 1934.) Annie was most business like. At this time Annie was about 40-50. She competently ran the Mondel farm, on the Kingsway at Miranda opposite the site of the Sutherland Hospital.

Joe's mother, Mrs Green, emigrated in 1919 with the four boys from the town of Dudley in Birmingham, England. The father, Mr Sam senior had emigrated earlier. He left with a friend six months earlier than the rest of the family on the New Zealand vessel `Zelandic'. The Zelandic was torpedoed during the first World War, possibly after Sam arrived here.

Three of the Green brothers married three Williams's sisters. Sam (junior) married Maisie Williams. They retired to Kelso, Bathurst. Frank married Rita Brown and had one daughter, Winice. Fred married Jean Williams. Joe was born in 1919 and married Thelma Williams. Mary was the only family member born in Australia (1923).

The Green dairy ran 80 cows by the time it was sold. The resting paddock was where the Woolooware Golf course is now situated. The milking shed stood where the Woolooware shopping centre is now. After milking, the cows would be driven to the resting paddock near the corner of Dolan's and Gannon's Roads and Denman Avenue.

There was a slaughter house at the eastern side of the resting paddock owned by a Norman Short, who also had a butcher shop in Gerale Street Cronulla.

Joe spoke of other dairies in the Sutherland Shire. Another came into being in Gannon's Road on the north — western section of the present golf club. I can remember this dairy being owned by Braithwaits as when I was sixteen years old and the youngest in the family, my father said, `our baby' isn't a baby anymore and Dad sold our cow `Buttercup' to this dairy. This would have been in 1947. We had Buttercup for many years. She was a Guernsey and a member of

the Dallimore family. We missed her. I never had the job of milking her as I always maintained my hands were too small for the job. Joe talked about a dairy in Cawarra Road, Caringbah owned by Cartwrights. This was where Warner Lambert and Parke Davis now stands. (1984) Mr Cartwright was a frequent visitor to the wine bar at the corner of Willarong Road and the Kingsway, Caringbah. His horse was most patient and well trained and would wait for hours making sure when his master did appear that he reached home alright. Something we can't do with cars.

Further dairies were located at Wills Road Woollooware, owned by Newports. This was further north of Green's dairy. Another was in Sydney Road, now Princes Highway, run by a Scot.

The competition was great with all the local dairies. First in sold their milk. Some Sutherland dairymen even tried to deliver to Cronulla houses.

Cronulla was a holiday town mainly, and in the holiday season an extra person was employed to check on the holiday houses to know where the extra milk could be sold. If good service was given, this helped to sell the milk. But competition was immense. Sometimes a phone call from a new resident would bring a new customer and sometimes milk was given free for two or three days to gain a new customer. Joe worked seven days a week calling 'milko, milko, milko, 3d a quart'.

Green's also had a milk depot at what is now the far end of Cronulla Rail Station. When they first came to Cronulla, Jacksons had a milk depot opposite Shelley Beach. Probably the milk was sent from Sydney as Jackson's did not have a dairy.

If extra milk was needed, and this happened during holiday season or if the cows went dry, Greens would have more sent from Sydney. Fresh Food and Ice Company would freeze the milk in ten gallon cans and put the cans on the steam train to Sutherland where it would be left until it was put on the tram. It was unloaded at Beach Road, now Connells Road, Cronulla. Sometimes, one of the Greens would have to go to Sutherland to pick it up because quick delivery was essential with milk.

Joe thought the visiting passengers on the tram imagined Beach Road was the stop for the beach. The driver would call out 'Beach Road' when that area was reached and the passengers would alight there. But after the walk from there to the actual beach they surely would remember next time to stay on longer.

Getting away from dairies, Joe talked about local businesses. The Cronulla Launch Service, Joe remembered was owned and run by Captain Ryle for many years but before him, the service was owned by a family who lived in a house still standing (in 1984) in Nicholson Parade near Gunnamatta Park. The death of the father was the reason the family sold the ferry service to Captain Ryle.

Turnbull's butcher shop, Joe remembered stood on the present site of the Commonwealth Bank, Cronulla. Short was another butcher in Kurranulla Street on the same side between Turnbull's and Surf Road. Pattersons was also another local butcher.

Mr and Mrs Theodore Freed had a shop opposite the present site of the RSL Club in Gerrale Street, Cronulla. It was one of Gidding's shops, where the Post Office was located originally. Later, when the Post Office was moved to Kurranulla Street, Mr Freed also followed next door to the Post Office lane. Mr Freed was a barber and set up his business at the back of his wife's drapery shop. Mrs Freed was always well dressed and a 'real proper lady' — Joe's description. There was also a shoe shop run by Slater. Extra information I have come across is that Mr Freed was born at Hill End during the gold rush days. His father, also Theodore, was a German immigrant who had a barber shop at Hill End.

The Gidding's shops in Gerale Street consisted of Giddings on the corner, now a laundrette. Mr Slater's mercery or shoe shop, now a hairdresser, next to that was the Post Office and grocery store owned and run by Giddings. After the Post Office came Short the butcher and then Freed's barber and haberdashery store. This was where the main shopping centre was in Cronulla until the Post Office was built in Kurrunulla Street. Then the businesses also moved to Kurrunulla Street near the Post Office. Back in Gerale Street next to Freed's, Dr William Sproule set up his surgery and was joined by his brother, Dr Robert. Robert took over from William when William's hands became too shaky due to drink. Their house and surgery stood there until in recent years

it was demolished to make way for the RSL car park.

(see map next page)

On the other side of Gerale Street, opposite these and on the bend of the road stood D'Laurence's Boarding House. (Emile was a son). (this was burned down and the current RSL later built on it -ed). Then came Brown's Coal and Coke and next door to that was Finch's Chemist. This was a flat roofed building and when I was last in Cronulla it was still there. (this building, along with a block of art deco flats called 'The Dunes' on the beach side were demolished about 6 years ago and units built -ed). There was also a dentist in Finch's building as my mother remembered having her teeth attended to there when she and her parents moved to Cronulla in 1913. Also, Joe remembers his appointment costing him 6d. Mobbs lived next door to Finch's. After leaving Cronulla, Mr Mobbs became Mayor of Parramatta.

Joe spoke about when the Green's went over the sand hills with rubber tyres on the milk carts to deliver milk as it would save time instead of going down each little road and back onto what is now Elouera Road each time. He remembered the different 'town drunks' lying in the scrub where they fell asleep the night before. It seems there were quite a lot of locals who took to drink. One man named Anderson, Joe remembered was found dead on the sand one morning.

One particular man was remembered who would stand in front of the Methodist Church in Surf Road and call out 'Lang is right'. That was the slogan of the day. It was Thelma (Joe's wife) who recalled the man would sit in the back of the church during choir practice and never make a sound and listen intently. This was prior to 1930.

Joe then spoke of Miranda. Lily Jesson worked in Piper's store (corner of the Kingsway and Kiora Road, in later years becoming Penprases). Lily became Post Mistress, taking the position from her mother, Phyllis Lamb when she left to marry dad in 1922. Mrs Jesson, Lily's mother was a little lady and her husband was tall. They had four tall daughters. The Jesson family lived in Port Hacking Road Miranda.

When speaking of Denman Avenue, Joe remembered Gillham, a conductor on the trams (a most unpopular man, Joe said). His land went through so far that part had to be resumed to put Denman Avenue through. So in the early days, Denman Avenue didn't go any further than Will's Road. After that it was just a walking track.

Where Dairy Farmers Depot is (in 1984), Fry's paddock was where Black Peter lived. Black Peter was an Aborigine or Islander who was very black in appearance. He was a quiet gentleman. He would go to Green's dairy and Mrs Green would give him something to eat. Peter lived in a humpy for years. Fry's paddock extended past the Dairy Farmers depot to the top of Woolooware Golf Course and owned before Fry by Harnleigh, a Sydney solicitor. Greens bought the land of about 13 or 14 acres for resting paddocks.

Joe spoke of when he went to the resting paddock one time to bring back the cows to the dairy. He opened the gates and one cow 'took off' and the whole lot of about 40 followed. They were found at the junction of the Kingsway and Kurrunulla Street at the Soldier's Memorial. Someone phoned the dairy to warn the family where they were in case they were impounded. They were frightened by something as their tails were in a straight up direction and they just stampeded through the gate as he opened it.

It amazed me how Joe remembered the older identities of the district so clearly. But this is local history and I feel I should have recorded it. Wards had an orchard at the corner of Dolan's Road and the Kingsway.

Right in the Centre of

CRONULLA

SHORT'S ESTATE

A RARE OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING A RESIDENTIAL AND SHOP SITE COMBINED, RIGHT IN THE THRIVING BUSINESS CENTRE. THE RESIDENTIAL FRONTAGE TO CROYDON STREET POSSESSING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER GUNNAMATTA BAY. FOR A SPECULATION OR INVESTMENT SECURE ONE OF THESE LOTS.

FOR AUCTION SALE ON THE GROUND

8 HOUR DAY MONDAY 2ND OCTOBER 1922 AT 3 P.M.

C. MONRO & BUIST

3 Minutes to Main Beach.

AUCTIONEERS, CRONULLA & MIRANDA

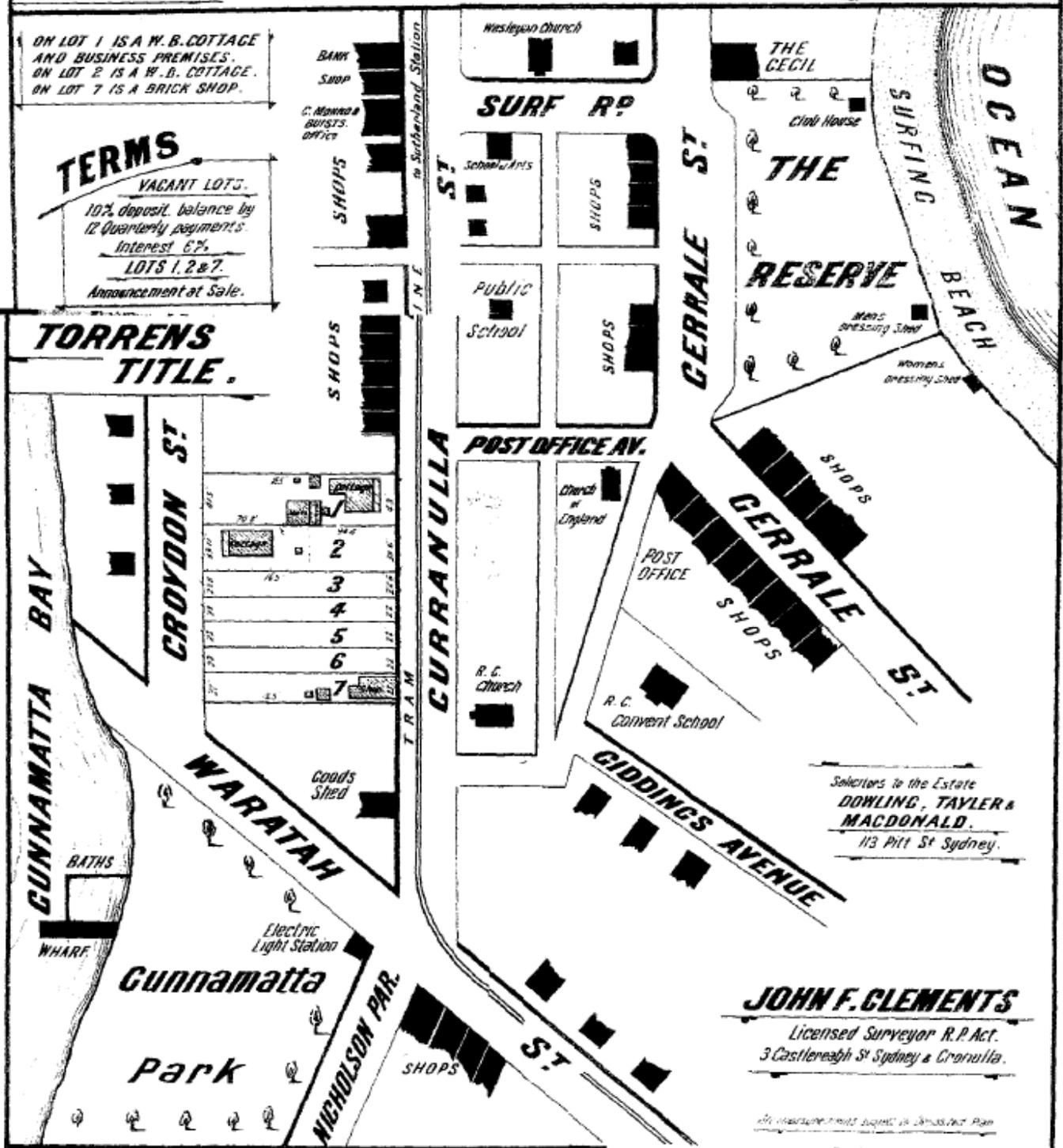
2 Minutes to Swimming Baths.

ON LOT 1 IS A W. B. COTTAGE AND BUSINESS PREMISES.
ON LOT 2 IS A W. B. COTTAGE.
ON LOT 7 IS A BRICK SHOP.

TERMS

VACANT LOTS.
10% deposit, balance by 12 Quarterly payments.
Interest 6%.
LOTS 1, 2 & 7.
Announcement at Sale.

TORRENS TITLE.



Solicitors to the Estate
DOWLING, TAYLER & MACDONALD.
113 Pitt St Sydney.

JOHN F. CLEMENTS
Licensed Surveyor R.P. Act.
3 Castlereagh St Sydney & Cronulla.

All measurements subject to Standard Plan

Paddy Hayes lived almost on the corner of Woollooware Road and Kingsway and the old house still stands, owned by Kay James Hobby School. This house became Burrell's Laundry. Hayes was a sanitary contractor. This job was taken over by someone else living in Green Street. George and Eliza Lamb, m' maternal grandparents, and my mum lived two doors from this house in Green Street. They all attended the Cronulla Methodist Church and became firm friends.

The Gillham family lived on the Kingsway where it dips west of Woollooware Road. Their land backed onto Denman Avenue. When the father built a new house in about 1945 – 50 at the corner of Woollooware Road and Kingsway, his son, Gordon stayed in the old house. He later owned land in Caringbah off Telopea Avenue, hence the road there with the name of Gillham. Gordon had a sister Vera. The Greens had to rely on wells for water for the cattle during dry weather. There was one on Flinders Road and another next to the Baby Health Centre in Gunnamatta Park. That was all Joe could remember. When the droughts were on, Joe would have to harness the horse and put 6 or 8 cans in the cart and go to the wells to fill the milk cans. This was hard work. In the early days they would go to Kurnell on horse back in dry weather to find the dams dug to water stock. The brothers would go to check if any had dried up before they took the cattle there. Water was a big problem in those days.

Joe spoke of a canal where Woollooware High School now stands that was used to float logs down through the swamp to take them away by water in Woollooware Bay. I believe this canal was put there by Thomas Holt or John Connell to use for shipping timber. Joe and his brothers would 'skinny dip' in the water in the canal at high tide.

The council resumed thirteen acres of Green's Dairy resting paddocks which included Frank and Rita's house in Gannon's Road and also Braithwait's Dairy for the golf course. £1,350 was the price the Greens received from the Council for the 13 acres – non negotiable – that was the price. The Greens had no say in the sale and had to accept the price the Council was willing to pay.

We talked about Will's Road and Joe couldn't remember who Wills was and I said I remember a boy in my Cronulla school class, Graham Will, who lived in that street.

Also Joe mentioned that Green Street was not named after his family. The street was so named before they settled in 1919.

Joe recalled when the meat workers at Homebush abattoirs went on strike and meat was unobtainable. One of the local butchers, William McDonald, "Billy Mac", came into the dairy and asked Sam Green snr if he had anything for sale. Sam said he could sell an old bull. The butcher intended taking the bull into the bush at Miranda to kill him on the quiet. Tom Turnbull was caught once with veal hanging up in his back shed when a strike was on. Private slaughtering was illegal. There really wasn't any substitute for meat when it was unobtainable. Chickens were very expensive in those days.

The bull at Greens had already killed two horses and was ferocious. The bull charged one horse and horned its belly. Armstrong, the vet from Hurstville, was brought in and the horse was nearly lost. It was weeks before the horse could work again. Greens had to borrow a horse to help with their deliveries for a few weeks.

One day the bull knocked Fred down and charged him. Luckily the ground was very wet after rain and as the bull charged Fred and tossed him on his back, the bull slipped. Sam called the dogs onto the bull and that distracted the creature and Fred got away. Fred was about fourteen or fifteen at the time. When he got up he was plastered with mud and his face was white with fright. The animal was far too dangerous to handle so Bill shot him on the spot and then loaded him onto his truck and took him away.

This interview, although very long, has proved something that I have believed for many years. Aural history is a very important part of recording past events and information on people and events.

Joe and Thelma aren't with us any more as all the Greens have now departed this life, but with this interview, Joe's memories are preserved for all times. I missed out with my own father. I didn't sit him down and ask questions. I had to find out the hard way during my researching of family history, but I have recorded Mum's memories.

The Milko

By Bess Nudzic

*Dear Milko – Please
leave 1 and half pints of milk,
in the billy on the verandah.*

Nowadays, we have to go down the street and buy our milk in plastic bottles at the supermarket. In the past, in the suburbs, many services were brought to your door, such as milk, ice, drapery, and of course we had the clothes prop man, the rabbit-oh and the Rawleighs man, who provided patent medicines, salves and cure-alls for man and beast.

I would like to share with you some reminiscences about my brother-in-law Bill, William Crothers, during his time

with the Milk Board. His father owned a plumbing business in Dulwich Hill early in the last century and Bill and his brother worked for him. However Bill decided to do further study and obtained a Health Inspector's Certificate. He then secured a job with Broken Hill Municipal Council for a year or so, and this led to his position with the newly established Milk Board. During WWII, Bill was seconded from the Milk Board by the Government to supervise a camp for refugees from Timor, in a place called Bob's Farm, just outside Newcastle. This was for about 18 months during the time the camp was being dismantled.

Metropolitan Milk Act, 1929

Bill was one of the first inspectors employed by the original Milk Board when it commenced some 75 years ago. He later became Chief Supervisor of the greatly expanded Milk Board in 1960. In 1929 the NSW Government proclaimed the Metropolitan Milk Act, the Premier at that time being Jack Lang.

The Need for Health Control

The NSW Milk Board came into being at the commencement of the Great Depression and at a time when there was much unrest in the dairy industry. It is obvious that the creation of the Milk Board was a most necessary health measure, as is shown by the following facts:

- Many of the dairy herds, both in Sydney and in the country supplying milk for Sydney were infected with tuberculosis, or TB, as it was known.
- Milk was often produced and handled under filthy and fly-infested conditions.
- Milk was often found to be the carrier of diseases communicable to man, such as: diphtheria, scarlet fever, TB etc.,
- Milk from cows infected with the bacteria, *Brucella Abortus* caused contagious abortion in cattle and Undulant Fever, or brucellosis in humans. (This disease caused by this bacteria was named after Sir D.Bruce, who first identified it, and died in 1931.)

Mastitis germs in milk caused septic sore throats in many humans.

- Pasteurisation of country milk, which eliminated these diseases, was not always efficient due to primitive equipment on many farms.
- Defective equipment used in the final distribution of milk, often recontaminated the milk.

- Milk was often adulterated by water being added, and in fact, just prior to Milk Board control, one milk company had been convicted of selling reconstituted milk made from milk powder and water, and then mixed with whole milk! (The court order for the raid on this depot was based on evidence that the milk sampled had an iron content consistent with that of Sydney's water supply!)

Cheap Milk

Subsequently, under Milk Board supervision, hundreds of prosecutions for adulteration of milk with water were brought before the courts. Established traders were suddenly confronted with the advent of itinerant cheapo milk vendors who yodelled in the streets offering milk for sale at 4d a quart, a price that was ruinous to the majority of genuine milk vendors. Previously, having no capital investment, only a horse and cart, and licenced by local Councils for a few shillings a year, and without the requirements of any standards for hygiene, these undercutting sellers had nothing to lose! Later when the Milk Board froze further registrations, many of these milk vendors were able to operate, because at least one registered milk company would grant a dummy lease to any ex-milko who could canvass or steal 20 gallons of trade from his ex-boss.

Drought and Depression.

This price-cutting by vendors in Sydney was a cause of great concern to country suppliers of milk to Sydney because it was forcing down the price which they received for their milk. It appeared to some that this manoeuvre—the cheapo vendor war—could well have been deliberately contrived to depress prices for country milk. Country suppliers were becoming desperate and as it eventuated, were also about to face a period of long years of drought. Hundreds of dairymen then walked off their farms—others were retained on the farms by the Banks, who held their mortgages but were paid only enough for a parcel of groceries once a week.

Fixed Milk Prices

We were in later years to see the first and only milk strike for a price rise by dairymen who withheld their milk from the city supply. It was not until 1930 that milk prices were fixed but still they were not really under control until 1931, when under the Milk Act of NSW, milk intended for sale in the Sydney Metropolitan District was "vested" in the Board, and the Act declared all existing contracts null and void. This vesting made it profitable for unscrupulous traders to "bootleg" milk to Sydney. Board Supervisors operating in pairs, for safety, were frequently stationed on each of the main road arteries into Sydney, particularly between dusk and dawn. Many the wild chase into the night---lorries with milk cans going from "nowhere" to "God Knows Where"! Then when the evidence had been collected subsequent proceedings in court followed.

Price-Cutting War

A very real war developed between the established and the "Cheapo" milk vendors. Whilst the milkman was busy on his rounds, taps/plugs were pulled from milk tanks on milk carts and thrown away while the milk poured on the road! Dead cats were placed into 10 gallon cans of milk left on street corners. Lemon juice or crushed junket tablets were placed into billy cans and jugs to get customers to change vendors.

Fights began to erupt and often two vendors went out with each cart—one to deliver the milk and the other to stay with the cart and, if necessary, fight! Some vendor's motor vehicles were blown up with dynamite! Then when the Milk Board had fixed hours for trading, milk runs were zoned to conserve manpower with the advent of WWII and finally stability came in 1942.

Inspections

Bill's own first supervision days in Sydney began with the allocation of control of all territory south of Sydney Harbour. He did his first rounds on an old Harley Davidson motor cycle and sidecar. He also told me he felt the first Milk Board Chairman didn't appreciate being taken around in an open sidecar (often in the rain!) so he bought an old Model T Ford

motor car. Later on City Supervisors were allotted districts in which they made inspections of dairies, processing factories, depots, vendors and shops, working from midnight around the clock in shifts. At night men went out in twos for safety. Bill saw guns flourished, but not fired, he was pleased to say. He was however sometimes involved in fist fights and at least one supervisor was thrown into a horse trough!

Sydney Dairy Farmers

In 1930 some 24,000 dairy farmers were registered in NSW. At this time there were approximately 860 of these registered as dairymen-vendors within the Sydney Metropolitan area. Most of them had little or no land but grazed their cows in the local parks, streets, or on open land. Most city suburbs had at least one dairy. Bill even recalled cows on land which is now Sydney Airport and where, as a boy he had seen cows being driven off at weekends to permit planes to operate joy flights.

Milk Zones

Milking commenced at midnight and again before midday and this milk was then delivered hot,--and it was HOT! Twice daily in bulk from horse drawn carts or floats and measured out into customers' billy-cans or jugs. Billies were better as they had a lid, and stopped insects, and dust falling in. Milk jugs had a double layer of cotton net put over them, which was held in place, and weighted down, by glass beads being sewn around the edge, and were quite decorative. Milk was collected at country factories within an area bounded by Nowra, Moss Vale, Penrith and the Hunter Valley. In 1931 this area became the first Milk Zone. After cooling the milk, it was consigned, mostly by rail to Sydney. On arrival it was pasteurized and again refrigerated. Bill recalled one enterprising Sydney Vendor who wanted the best of both worlds: he bought cold milk from a Company, heated one can of it in his wife's copper and then offered his customers a choice of "hot" or "cold" milk!

Distribution of milk

Singleton Co-op, a new company opened a Sydney Depot at Redfern. The first night they opened, a large number of vendors lined up and took their milk away in the company's 10-gallon cans, --which they never returned! There were some 3,800 shops registered in Sydney the first year the NSW Milk Board operated. Small shops kept milk in enamel buckets on the counter covered by a wooden butter box with a hinged lid as protection against flies. More progressive shops stored their milk in ice chests. There were many shops operated mainly by Estonians as Dairy Shops, which sold only milk, cream, butter, cheese and eggs.

Milk Bars

The first milk bar was the Black and White Milk Bar, which was opened in Martin Place by the late Hugh McIntosh, fight-promoter and entrepreneur who later took this idea to London. In the late 1950's and even in the 1960's most suburbs and towns in Australia had their milk bars, with the large familiar aluminium containers, into which milk, and sweetened flavouring was poured, together with a scoop of ice-cream, and then placed on a machine in which a central plunger whizzed up the milk into a frothy confection. Later anodised aluminium containers became popular in the 1960's as they were more colourful, and eye-catching. Frequently large posters advertising movie stars and the movies in which they were to appear, decorated the walls of these shops, to encourage patrons to linger. The local milk bar and cafe became the local meeting place for teenagers, and is redolent of the later TV Fonzie-type "hang-outs" which became prominent in the 70's. Recently in Tenterfield, a milk bar still trading and featuring this time-honoured decor was noted with great nostalgia.

Milk Bar Cafe and Grill

Greek proprietors gravitated into these businesses with their tables and eating compartments, which had stools along each side of the compartment, and glitzy mirrors along the walls of the shop, to create the illusion of size and opulence. Mixed grills, consisting of a lamb chop, or a piece of steak, a sausage split open lengthways, and a piece of lamb's fry together with stacks of chips, an egg, and a slice of tomato, some chopped lettuce and a slice of beetroot was the standard meal. One in Katoomba, known familiarly as "Phil the Greek's" still trades in this fashion today, and is renowned for its hearty meal.

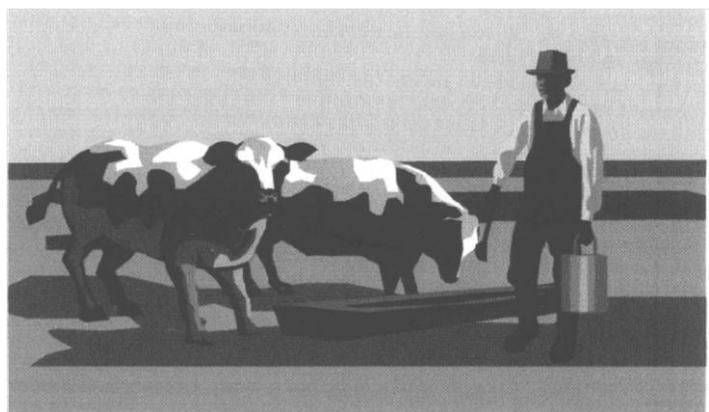
Footnote:

This article, by Bill Crothers first appeared in "The Milk Vendor, and was given as a talk by Bess Nudzick, at the February 2005 meeting of the Friends of Hurstville Library. It was re-typed and edited by Dawn Emerson, also a member of FOHLIS and a postscript added:

My uncle, Allan Rudd, was a milkman in the Mortlake/Concord area delivering milk from Bill McKew's dairy at Fivedock. My grandmother and he, the eldest son, had left the dairy they had leased at Campbelltown, as they were unable to make a living at it anymore. During WWII we lived with my grandmother and Uncle Allan, opposite the dairy on the corner of Garfield Street, and Harris Road, Fivedock. My mother was her only daughter. Daily I saw the horses and carts being loaded up with their cans setting off on their runs. Little did I know that during all those years, my uncle delivered milk to my husband-to-be and his family, at Mortlake and only in later years, in discussion, did we realise he knew my husband Cliff's parents, and they and their neighbours had been his customers for years!

I well remember that my uncle wore sandshoes, so that he could run quietly around the homes at night, and, as the smell of the stale milk on them would knock you down, and we insisted he leave them in the cart and NOT bring them home! They were vile!

Allan was in his early twenties, about 6ft 2in tall and quite large, so I don't think he had too much bother with the cheapo vendors, but as I was only a child he never told me of any fights or struggles. His milk horse knew the run intimately and would stop at each house without any signal being given, and start up again as soon as she saw my uncle had loaded up again for the next house with his dipper. They worked perfectly as a team and made no noise in the night, except the gentle clip-clop of her shoes on the road. No I don't think she was "the fastest milk horse in the west", but I'm sure she was the smartest!



The Battle of Cronulla

by Mort Edson

Compiled from audio taping of a talk given to Port Hacking Probus Club, - 26th May, 1997
Written by Errol Sheedy from notes from the taping.

Early in February 1942 there occurred in the Cronulla, Sutherland Shire and Loftus areas a military exercise. It was an exercise that almost went tragically wrong.

When Japan came into the war the Australian coast was very vulnerable. Our four best trained divisions were already overseas - one of those about to become prisoners of war in Singapore. Our navy was scattered throughout the world; and most of our Air Force personnel were in England.

So after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour the defence of our country rested with the CMF - the Citizens Military Forces. A great proportion of the CMF were untrained; some of them had never fired a rifle. At that stage, or just before Japan came into the war, they were called into camp for training for two or three months, and the situation was pretty serious. It was known that Japan possessed the largest and widest ranging submarine in the world - the I class submarine. It was the same type of submarine that would later shell Sydney and Newcastle, and would release the midget submarines that would attack ships in Sydney Harbour. The vital areas in NSW were perceived to be Newcastle, Sydney and the Wollongong/Port Kembla sites. The big danger was seen to be the Japs sending out raiding parties from submarines to do as much damage as possible. Mobilization came in immediately after Pearl Harbour; and enlistments in the AIF ceased. This was to have tragic results for the war effort, when we had two different armies. And it caused a lot of problems.

The particular area where the so called Battle of Cronulla took place was in the hands of the 45th Infantry Battalion - the St George Regiment. Although a lot of the men here were untrained there were many officers, ex-WW1 people, that were very competent and they were good trainers of men. The 45th Battalion area took in an area halfway through Botany Bay, right round to Cape Solander and down south from Cape Solander to Stanwell Park, a very very big area to adequately patrol and guard. From Stanwell Park onward it was left to the 34th Battalion. So the various CMF units went to their war stations, straight away on the night after Pearl Harbour.

One of the first jobs to be done was the wiring of the beaches. In the Cronulla area wiring immediately started, right round Bate Bay, and down the coast to Stanwell Park. Double apron wire was put there; and you can still see, if you walk around the rocks at Cronulla, the remains of some of the star pickets that were embedded in the rocks - they're still there today. Various outposts were erected, sandbagged; all men were issued with more ammunition, and Vickers machine guns were installed at posts all along the coast, as were detachments of mortars and the support that went with them.

H.Q. of the Battalion was at Loftus: On one side of the railway line going to National Park Station was the Battalion HQ, and the other side was HQ Company. A and B Companies had control of the beaches; C Company was where Sutherland Hospital now stands; another company was at Stanwell Park, and other detachments and engineers were attached to the Battalion.

In the wiring at Cronulla Beach, gaps were left in the barbed wire at North Cronulla and at South Cronulla, by a type of boom wire gate whereby swimming was allowed - it was a very hot summer, and bathing was permitted from six in the morning till six at night on both Saturdays and Sundays. After six p.m. the gates were closed, and the two gates were controlled by Vickers machine guns or Bren guns capable of firing enfilade fire along Cronulla Beach. The colonel of the unit, Colonel Morris, was a very distinguished soldier, having won two Military Crosses in WW1. He was a good trainer of men, and the Battalion was under his control.

Sometime during 1941 there came to the Battalion, as an acting Intelligence Officer, Bill Wentworth. W. C. Wentworth IV was the great-grandson of a founder of the Constitution of NSW. W. C. Wentworth IV was a very controversial figure. Before the war he had been a very

ardent member of the United Australia Party, later to become the Liberal Party; but his outspoken temperament clashed very badly with Joe Lyons who was then the Prime Minister of Australia, and he also fell foul of Robert Gordon Menzies; and he had written a lot of letters and also a book on how weak the Australian defences were. He severely criticised Menzies for allowing troops to go to Singapore, and in his various lectures as Intelligence Officer to the men in the Battalion he made the point that our defences were useless, and he wrote letters in the papers under an assumed name severely criticising the Government. He was ejected from two or three meetings of the Liberal Party, but he was later to be the sitting member in the Menzies Government for McKellar - a blue ribbon seat. He again fell foul of the Government and his Prime Minister.

Up until 1950 news had been suppressed of the wartime incident at Cronulla, and in a rowdy exchange with the Opposition, Menzies told him to sit down and he angrily got up and accused the Attorney General of the Parliament of being a Communist -at that time he had this Communist phobia and he was accusing everyone of being a Communist and with that, two Opposition Members got up and said, "Tell us about The Battle of Cronulla, Bill!" And that brought an uproar and an alert reporter from the Sunday Telegraph wrote an article saying, "Wentworth hates blimpish people and politicians - How Billy's Boys won the Battle of Cronulla." And from then on the term, "The Battle of Cronulla" was frequently used in the Federal Parliament, much to Wentworth's distaste.

In 1942 Wentworth went to the Colonel one day, after war was declared with Japan, and asked permission to conduct a commando type raid to show the Defence authorities and the unit that we were very vulnerable, and how easy it would be for a team of saboteurs to land anywhere, or come in from the sea and wreck installations. The Colonel sought Brigade's permission and Wentworth was allowed to stage a small raid consisting of no more than six to eight men, in the Cronulla-Loftus area to see who was alert, and to see whether the beach and other areas were adequately guarded. Thus permission was given for a very small group.

Just at that particular time luck, or bad luck, was with Wentworth because the officer commanding C Company whose HQ was where the hospital is now at Caringbah, took ill, and Wentworth was sent to C Company to be acting Company Commander. He had a great friend in Government - an anthropologist by the name of Dr. Wilf Stanner. Wentworth, whose mind was very active, decided that he'd show the authorities just how weak the defences were, and instead of picking a party of 6 or 8 men he decided to use the whole of C Company, which at that time was in the vicinity of 80 - 100 men. He chose a small group that he swore to secrecy, but included in the group were two or three people who were attached to, or working with, both A and B Companies which had control of the beachfront. And he secretly planned what he'd do if he were the Japanese and how he'd wreck installations or prepare to wreck them.

His plan was to close off the whole of the Southern Area - for instance, he would block off the whole of the Cronulla-Loftus area from the rest. He had room to move because he had a scout car; and he rang up Stanner in Canberra and told Stanner he was going to organize a raid, and he would like Stanner, who was at that time working under the control of Frank Ford, Minister for the Army, to be there. He got Stanner up and booked him in under another name, to the Cecil Hotel at Cronulla. Then Wentworth started his plan.

The first thing he did was to go to the Police at Cronulla and at Sutherland, and told them that there would be a night exercise on for the Battalion; there would be a few shots fired, but they'd only be blanks - there'd be nothing to worry about. He went then to the Railways Department and partly correctly introduced himself as the Intelligence officer of the Battalion, and asked what would saboteurs need to do if they wanted to block the whole of the railway system? He had very good co-operation. They said you've got to get straps of copper wire and put them on the various train lines; and these people showed him exactly what he had to do. Then he went down to the Taren Point punt which ran across the Georges River to Sans Souci. Here he found out the workings of the punt and how he could put the punt out of action. Next, he went to the Civil Defence Department in Cronulla and got the names of all the Air Raid Wardens and the people attached to the Civil Defence. He took a note of their phone numbers. He also scouted around and found where the engineer's dump was. Engineers were wiring the beach - and he secretly had signs made saying, "Captured by Captain Wentworth."

All this was hidden from the soldiers who were going to do the raid. I happened to be a section leader in C Coy. which had a couple of posts with machine guns and Bren guns in the Tom Ugly's area, also at Taren Point. Two or three days before the actual exercise happened, questions were asked, and the platoon sergeant went around and asked me whether I had anyone in my section who could drive a car or who could handle a bus or a heavy truck. These were peculiar questions. There was one fellow, a fisherman from South Australia who said he could drive a motor launch. So he was sent off, and we didn't see him again for a couple of days.

Wentworth planned to infiltrate the defences starting with Cronulla Beach, and for transport he intended to steal cars from the street. The picture show was working at the time and he said to the manager. "I want to advise you that there will be a bit of a stunt on, and I might ask you to put a slide on the screen, with the registration numbers of cars because they'll be wanted urgently."

One of the plans was to split his whole company up into different groups; and one section didn't know what the other section was doing. So the various section leaders and sergeants had notes from Wentworth which referred to a map reference, or said to go to a particular spot, and then get instructions. The exercise was to start about ten o'clock at night, with the obvious and ultimate intention of blocking the whole of the area which included Tom Ugly's Bridge so that no support, or anybody could come and interfere; and then he would work his way through Cronulla with various sections of troops to Loftus where he would surround Battalion HQ, capture the Colonel, and then say, "Well, that's what can be done."

It was a very nervous exercise, because all men were issued with more ammunition, and everyone knew that the posts were guarded, and it's pretty hard to argue with a machine gun. There were quite a few machine guns along the beach front, all the way down the coast, including Wattamolla and Garie, so the fellows were very nervous. One of the things I did was probably against orders, but I took all of the live ammunition from my fellows because it was very confusing to have blank ammunition in one pouch, and live ammunition in the other.

So Wentworth got Stanner from the Cecil Hotel, and the exercise probably commenced about 10p.m.. My squad's job included surrounding the Engineer's Depot, and putting up a notice,

"Captured by Captain Wentworth", and then going to the wireless station at Lilli Pilli, and closing that down and also the telephone exchange at Miranda. Wentworth had some signalers with him, and they were to cut all the wires that led to the various posts, and completely take charge of the whole of the telephone exchange. He had gone again to the police (although they later claimed that he didn't) and gave them the time of the exercise, "but don't worry."

So really he put just about all communications out; the whole of the telephone area was put out; all the train lines had copper wires on them - from Sutherland to Cronulla and the line from Sutherland down to the coast was also copper wired. The air raid wardens were returned to their posts with armed guards, and were told they were under arrest. They were told, "Take it easy, sit down and have a smoke, and you'll be released a bit later." The same happened with the girls in the telephone exchange.

The first thing that happened was at the beach where there were lights. There was a Vickers machine gun post near the shop in front of the Cecil Hotel, and another one was capable of firing enfilade fire along the beach. So various groups started infiltrating, some right round Bate Bay and the Green Hills area, others in the Cronulla, Shelly Beach, Oak Park areas. A small raiding party walked around the rocks where the Cronulla Baths dressing shed was, and one chap slipped and fell and gashed his leg. Another fellow tried to help him, the lights came on, the Vickers machine gun fired a warning burst into the rock above their heads, and those men were apprehended.

There were three or four of them. Then cars were commandeered by Wentworth's raiders outside the picture show. The drivers were told to drive to certain points, then the cars were confiscated and the raiders took off, picking up other men on the way. Planning involved the wrecking of the machinery of the Taren Point punt, also the stealing of a bus from the Gynea Bus Depot, and taking men to Loftus. Separate groups of raiders did not know the whole plan. For example when my men surrounded the Engineers' Depot in Caringbah I left a couple of

men there, then we had to go to the Wireless station at Lilli Pilli. Then ultimately I was to make my way to Loftus and capture the ammunition dump. I saw a civilian, just briefly, and I asked one of the officers who he was. He said, "I think he's a reporter." That was all that he said. So I didn't know exactly what was going on as I wasn't really in the Cronulla area. A few fellows were captured here and there, but of course, most of the raiders didn't know any more than their next move. But included in the raiding group were a few officers from the defence companies on the beach. They knew the plan, and said, "Just don't worry about it."

After the chaos in Cronulla, the next danger occurred when the raiding groups approached the National Park area. The bush was tinder dry and the danger was that any explosions could have set the bush alight. The two camps there had Bren Gun Carriers which had been out all day.

They were stationed just where Loftus Oval is today. The raiders approached our group by the back track - travelling by the last train to Kirrawee and getting off and walking through the bush.

Wentworth and his party had apparently arrived, and he and Stanner had gelignite. The ammunition dump contained grenades, mortar bombs and other explosives; and the first we know that something was wrong when two terrific explosions rent the air at Loftus, one of them just missing the ammunition dump by about 20 metres. The soldiers of the camp were in tents throughout the bush nearby. The Bren Gun Carrier people on the other side of the road were alerted, and as two of Wentworth's raiders approached, the Bren Gun Carriers shots were fired. One raider was shot in the arm, and another one in the leg. The Colonel, Colonel Morrison, had only just gone to bed when he heard the explosions and rushed to the door of his tent to be greeted by an armed soldier who said, "*Sir, you're under arrest.*" I understand that the Colonel's words could not be repeated.

Then he said, "*Who sent you?*" The soldier replied "*Captain Wentworth.*" Whereupon the Colonel said, "*Well, leave Captain Wentworth to me.*"

For the rest of that night no trains ran in the area. The Taren Point punt was immobilized. Tom Ugly's Bridge was blocked by a bus across it, along with a few cars. Wentworth had previously phoned from the telephone exchange, saying not to worry, there was a drill going on at Oyster Bills Night Club. Police drove to Oyster Bills where their police cars were confiscated, leaving Sutherland Police Station virtually unmanned. It was very lucky that the ammunition dump didn't explode, setting the National Park alight. Wentworth had seemed to go berserk, throwing a few more sticks of gelignite. Things then returned to normal at the camps.

The press got an inkling of what had happened but no one was allowed to talk to them. Wentworth was put under arrest by the Colonel. Professor Stanner was hauled away by the military police. That was the last we heard of him until his name cropped up a little later. Wentworth had acted without orders - his instructions were to use half a dozen men and he used 70 or 80. He caused quite a bit of property damage, and he was to be court martialled. The court martial charges read, "wantonly endangering human life; conduct not becoming an officer; and damage to public and private property."

Wentworth had previously tried to enlist in the AIF, but was rejected through bad eyesight. He went into the militia and got attached to a unit there. The charges of the Court Martial never came to fruition. After that Wentworth disappeared from the military scene.

He was a great man at topography and a brilliant map reader. There were stories in the Officers' Mess that he bet he could be taken with them, all blindfolded, into the bush, and he would be back an hour before they would. He said to me one night at Ingleburn Camp, "Do your mother and father like rice, son?" I said yes. He said, "Good, because they'll be eating a lot of it when the Japanese come."

Many years later I saw Billy Wentworth at the Sydney Cricket Ground, and I said, "How are you, Mr. Wentworth?" He said, "Do I know you?" I said, "Yes, we met at close quarters." He looked at me and said, "You weren't one of my boys, were you? Didn't we have fun!"

Wentworth's name appeared later, on the 50th Anniversary, of the stunt, when his photo appeared on the front page of the Herald with the heading, "How Billy's Boys Captured Sydney". Wentworth alleged that, in addition to the Loftus incident, he got into a Bren Gun carrier, with some other men, and they drove to Moorebank and captured the whole of the Moorebank depot: - now that is complete fallacy.

Cronulla in wartime

At the end of 1941, with the bombing of Pearl Harbour and the war in the Pacific coming dangerously close to Australia – both Darwin and Sydney were attacked, preparations were made in the event of an enemy invasion along Sydney's coastline. All lights within 10 miles of the coast had to be blocked out or shielded. Shops were not allowed to display window lights, street lights had special hoods and houses had to have blackout screens on their windows.

In January 1942, work began on a project to inhibit the movement on the beaches in the event of a Japanese invasion. Along the Esplanade at North Cronulla, an anti tank ditch was dug and old tram lines placed vertically in these with barbed wire. All along the beach from Boat Harbour to Oak Park, steel posts and barbed wire were erected. The Volunteer Defence Corps took over the surf and dressing pavilions and, in the event of an aerial attack, North Cronulla Surf Club building was the place listed to carry victims at North Cronulla.

A central army post was set up at Shelley Beach and another smaller tent erected at Dunningham Park. Machine gun emplacements were dug in around the beach and an anti-tank battery was seen on the cliffs overlooking the rock pool, all manned 24 hours a day. A large anti-submarine net was placed across Port Hacking from Salmon Haul Wharf to Bundeena, to trap any marauding submarine which might have invaded Port Hacking, to destroy the strategically vital fishing boats anchored there. Every night armed sentries patrolled the area in an amazing show of strength – while the enemy while the enemy could have strolled ashore at Wanda without too much trouble at any time. Nor did many of the northern beaches enjoy the kind of fortifications evident at Bate Bay. From "A shade of blue...a touch of gold". A fifty year history of North Cronulla Surf Life Saving Club. P26

The picture below shows storm damage to North Cronulla beach in 1942-barbed wire showing.



Easter in Port Hacking

contributed by Dawn Emerson

(Readers are warned that some passages may contain disturbing images.)

When a holiday comes round...it is customary for several young fellows of kindred tastes in Sydney, to club together, and hiring a launch or borrowing a boat they betake them to one of the many lovely spots in the vicinity of the metropolis where fishing and shooting can both be indulged in to their hearts' content. The shooting is not as abundant and excellent as the fishing, but enough game can generally be found to tempt the enthusiastic possessor of a gun to carry it with him on his annual excursion.

Easter in Australia generally falls about the time of the year when the days are long and the nights are cool. I was fortunate enough on one occasion to form one of a very jovial party...to spend the Easter holidays...It will give friends at home a pretty fair idea of how the young sportsmen of Australia spend a holiday. I asked...A. where they were going. "Oh!" said he, "We're going to have a regular camp." (Camp is the invariable colonial phrase used to describe an excursion of any sort. To go a-fishing, or a-shooting is to camp out.) "We've got a steam-launch and a boat, and intend going to Port Hacking to have some shooting, fishing and general diversion." Now I had camped out a good deal in my time. I knew what it involved; and remembering my corpulent frame and rheumatic joints, I was rather averse to the idea of roughing it, as I knew many enthusiastic young Australians were in the habit of doing...; a refresher in the shape of an iced hock and seltzer, a sparkling draught of champagne or claret cup or a long pull at refreshing brandy and soda, has never detracted from the enjoyment of the sport pure and simple, and therefore I asked my friend what sort of camp they were going to have.

Now he was the sort of man who cares not a button so long as there's plenty of wallaby to be shot or schnapper to be hooked, and even when he said that everything was to be quite on a scale of oriental magnificence in fact, I still felt rather dubious...When we had visited his well-stocked cellar, discussed a flagon of delicious Australian wine and G. had told me he was to take a tent and I might have a share of it, I began to think it might not be a bad thing after all to have an outing at Easter. In addition to the steam-launch there were to be two or three tents, two aborigines to assist the **chef de cuisine**, and the party was to be limited to 20. For their sustenance and delectation a quarter of an ox, a live sheep, a colossal ham, three barrels of beer, flour, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, cheese, bread, condiments, mushrooms, butter and all the "materials" for a punch, not forgetting even the lemons and last, but not least, an enormous plum-pudding were to be provided...

Our luggage was to be sent down from G's and it was finally decided that the party should meet at Botany at the Sir Joseph Bank's Hotel, on the Thursday night. Thursday evening saw A. and self stowed on the box seat of the Botany 'bus. We had a pleasant ride, a comfortable tea-dinner with our hostess and one fair ruddy damsel, several smokes and shandygaffs, a stroll through the garden, and a meeting with several old friends, until the approach of 10 o'clock. ..Heavens, what a change! In the place of the shining beavers and natty habiliments of every-day city life, we had now the most incongruous assemblage of head-pieces that ever survived a life of adventure and years of wear. There were slouching sombreros, dilapidated wide-awakes, moth-eaten fur caps, cricket caps, and even red night-caps. The clothes would have shamed a rag fair. Some wore jumpers, guernseys and tatterdemalion jackets...and the shoes would have been spurned by a Parisian **chiffonier**. Our captain introduced us to each other, drew us up in line, called the roll, made us a speech and then we adjourned to the bar and underwent the agony of Timbaroora for drinks...

A. and I had been fortunate enough to secure a bed, but the others were relegated to the dim obscurity of the long-room where a few venturesome but enthusiastic votaries of the noble game of whist essayed a rubber amid a Babel of sound and a perfect avalanche of practical jokes; while the piano under the nimble fingers of a musical member of the party emitted strains of a decidedly Bacchanalian character, and under the combined distraction the whist-players had to succumb. Very few that night slept the sleep of the just, and the noisy clamour of the geese in the court-yard was welcomed as a glad heralding of the advent of day.

It was a dull gloomy morning, but by 10 o'clock we had accomplished a safe embarkation. The whistle emitted a shrill scream as Davey (the engineer) turned on steam, and with the angular, dusky figure of Black Bob, a half-caste and our captain for the nonce, (sic) standing tall, erect and stern at the wheel we steamed rapidly off in the direction of Botany Heads. Nearing the Heads the scene was a striking one... Shadows chased each other over the bounding billows and in the nooks and crevices of the shore there rested a thin filmy haze, through which one could see delicate ferns and clustering shrubs nodding to the toying breeze and sparkling with pearly dew, as ever and anon an inquisitive sunbeam darted through the haze.

The sporting ardour of K. was no longer to be controlled. Producing an ancient revolver with a huge box of cartridges, and another of percussion caps, he loaded his weapon in solemn silence, then espying a sea-gull several furlongs off he blazed off six barrels in rapid succession and seemed astonished that the sea bird still sailed on in unruffled serenity. Failing to bring down the distant gull, he kept up an incessant bombardment on the rocks, close to which we were now steaming, and seemed as happy in hearing the continuous pop pop of his miserable fire-arm as the proverbial tinker's dog. The muzzle pointed at each of our heads with most just impartiality, until some beneficent individual, *pro bono publico*, quietly abstracted the cartridges, in an unguarded moment on K's part, whose pistol was thenceforth dumb, and the disappointed artillerist took to drowning his sorrows in the flowing bowl. The hardy Norseman and a few others now began to exhibit symptoms of *mal de mer*. Their jokes grew milder as their complexions more and more assimilated to the colour of the deep green sea.

The rock scenery we were now passing was lovely in the extreme. There Currunulla (sic) beach stretched out its glistening bars of gold, on which the white breakers broke with a booming roar; and in front we could see Port Hacking opening out before us; a small, low mangrove-covered island in the foreground; to the right a bold headland with two snowy tents close to the beach, dark masses of verdure picked out with white "lillie-pillie" (sic) blossom; and far away to the south the undulations of the coast gradually fading in the dim haze of the distance. The sail up the river was truly beautiful. We had to pursue a tortuous track to keep the channel and ever and anon a deep sequestered bay or winding inlet would open up disclosing little picture gems in a setting of grey rock, glistening sand and melancholy sombre bush. About noon we drew up at our point of disembarkation.

There was a rude little wharf; with a deep overhanging rock crowned by a gnarled twisted old fig-tree and under its shade we set up our kitchen and unpacked our goods. We were moored in the bight of a lovely amphitheatre of verdure-clad hills, with here and there a rugged rock showing his weather-beaten scarred face from among the surrounding foliage. In one corner a silvery cascade danced merrily from a cleft ravine and glittered gaily in the sunshine, while all round the shore was an encircling belt of oysters forming a living *chevaux de frise* to resist the landing of any incautious bather. It was a spot of rare sylvan beauty, a fairy picture of forest rock and limpid wave and so far as evidences of man's intrusions went, save our own noisy party which might have been countless leagues from the busy hum of the thronged metropolis.

The day was warm, close and sultry but ominous clouds hung about threatening rain. While some proceeded to set the tents, others scaled the heights and hurled down withered branches and dead logs for the damp fire and under the energetic action of our caterer and captain, we were soon all squatted on improvised seats of rock and log, enjoying our first meal in camp. After breakfast several betook them to the piscatorial art while six or seven of us got into the boat and pulled over for the farther shore, intending to beat for wallaby or at the very least secure a stray parrot or wonga pigeon for the pot. We got hastily ashore and cowered under an o'er beetling rock, while the rain came down mercilessly. I thought of my beautiful gun getting horribly wet; I conjured up a vision of wet clothes, wet blankets, wet feet remembered my rheumatics and shuddered. However there was no help for it..so we..sturdily stumped it up the hill amid rocks, ferns, lovely wild flowers, prickly shrubs, embracing creepers and over all the pelting persistent rain. Long ere we reached the summit of the craggy steep, (sic) we were squeezing water from our saturated boots at every step.

The rain now abated somewhat and finally ceased but soon a new affliction we were doomed to experience. We seemed to have got into the very nursery and HQ of the sand-fly family. They swarmed about us in clouds, and the vicious little black brutes attached us fiercely and without a moment's pause. In vain, we smoked, swore, lashed ourselves with branches of trees; but like the self-torture of the priests of Baal "all was of no avail". As for wallaby, there was "nary one" not even a sign of one. We felt inclined to give up in disgust. We voted camping-out was a mistake, holidays a delusion, and wallaby-shooting a snare. We were wet, weary, and worried to death by those demoniacal insects. I got one magnificent view far up the river, from the top of a might wall of rocks that dipped down abruptly at my feet a sheer depth of several hundred feet. At my back was the gloomy bush, every tree bearing bold evidences of the "baptism of fire" which at no distant date must have swept over the forest. Far to the left, and in front, rounded hills with healthy -looking moorlands, bosky dells and shaded ravines lay spread out in a panorama of weird, sombre beauty. At my feet, far below, the river ran. Every inch of bottom was discernible from where I stood--the yellow sand, the sunken rock, the deep dark pool and dancing ripples on the shingly bars.

We descended moody and sullen, growled at each other... and cursed. Arrived in camp, we made a mighty onslaught on the beer barrel and were comforted. The boys in camp had caught some fine

bream. We got on dry clothes and felt better. That night was a fearful night. In the first place everything was more or less wet. I had to sleep with my lower extremities grizzling against the heated cylinder of the engine, my head and elbows out in the rain and the coaming of an infernal hatchway catching me right in the small of my back. To add to my troubles I got toothache and cramp. Over against a waterfall was another camp, whence issued the sounds of a corroboree with an occasional howl from a pack of miscellaneous hounds and altogether I was having a very vivid experience of what it was to rough it in Australia.

Just as we were about settling down for a good snooze, the sound of approaching oars was heard. This turned out to be L. and the two sable hunters, Bob and Jimmie from the other camp, where they had been partaking of hospitality "not wisely but too well". Bob was helpless, speechless utterly incapable. Jimmie bundled him ashore on his shoulders tumbled him down like a sack and then like a good true comrade he was, gave him his own blanket and left him alone in his glory. Now Jimmie proved a horrible nuisance that night, for the visits he paid to the beer-barrel were as the sands of the sea for multitude...as I writhed upon my bed of torture. I had but little sleep and towards dawn I got up and paced the narrow deck of the launch. A full moon flooded the wooded amphitheatre with a pale pure light; every twig and leaf stood out in bold relief against the pallid light of our lady Luna and the silent river ran a very stream of glittering silver. The camp-fire smouldered, with a canopy of light curling smoke, hanging midway between the river and the cliff. Not a sound disturbed the stillness save the murmur of a cascade, the twitter of an early bird, the flop of some sportive fish ...or the deep boom of L.'s nasal organ which caused the deck to quiver with a tremor as the prolonged bass snore rumbled in the calm morning air. Now the harbingers of day--the tiny twittering birds---began to hop about ruffling their feathers, chirping and whistling and ere long the moonlight waned before the approaching sun god and the world was once more awake.

*****End of Part I Continued in next bulletin



Visiting Gallipoli in Wartime, i.e. 2003.

In her "President's Remarks" of November, 2001 (Bulletin, 4[4]), Dawn Emerson described a trip to the Gallipoli Peninsula. (p. 5) and again, In her "President's Report" of February, 2005 (Bulletin, 8[I]), Dawn made a passing reference to Anzac Day (p. 6). Well together with my wife, I visited the Gallipoli Peninsula during the recent Iraq War. Hopefully, our experiences may make interesting reading, particularly for those who have not been able to travel to Gallipoli themselves.

Firstly, some background detail. We had begun planning our trip in 2002. However, as 2002 progressed the international situation steadily deteriorated. Our departure date was Saturday, April 4, 2003, but we had to have paid all monies by the end of January, 2003. I had subscribed to the DFAT Travel Advisory for Turkey. Its news seemed to worsen faster than the international situation. The shooting began on March 17, 2003. However, war or no war, we were committed and we flew out on the appointed date.

There are two usual ways of visiting Gallipoli. One is to travel down from Istanbul; the other, what we were doing, is to visit Gallipoli as the last stage in a tour which ends in Istanbul. In the latter case, the jumping off point to visit Gallipoli is usually the city of Canakkale, the nearest centre to the site of ancient Troy.

We reached Canakkale late in the afternoon of Friday, April 8, 2003. Canakkale lies on the Asian side of the "Narrows", the 1200m wide entry into the Sea of Marmara. A wide promenade runs along the harbour. Our hotel for the evening, the Akol fronted this promenade. After checking in, we went for a lengthy walk before it got dark. We were not far from a little fishing boat marina; it was late in the day and the leftover catch was being sold to passers-by. It was one of those magical travel experiences; the setting sun reflecting on the water, the sound of water lapping against the pier, the promenade lights coming on as it gradually got darker, and more and more people out to enjoy the late afternoon. Canakkale, in full holiday mode, would be a very exciting place to visit.

Early (i.e. 7.00 a.m.) on Saturday, April 12, 2003, we caught the ferry from Canakkale (Asian side) to Eceabat (European side). We were lucky to get on, but we made it. As I said, Canakkale lies on the Asian side of the "Narrows", only 1200 metres wide. In 1451, Sultan Mehmet I built two castles - Cimenlik and Kilitbahir - to control the passage of ships through the strait. A chain was stretched from castle to castle. The failure of the French and Royal Navies to force the Narrows in 1915 was the catalyst which triggered the Gallipoli landing.

The Gallipoli "incident" is as significant for modern Turkish nationalism as it is for Australian national identity. It is where the modern Turkish state was forged. As you approach Eceabat, you notice the large figure of a soldier with accompanying text carved into the landscape. This is the 18th March memorial: "Stop, passenger. Here, one world era ended and another began". March 18, 1915, was the date of the first naval assault on Gallipoli.

Our Gallipoli experience was not as fulfilling as Dawn and her husband's. We expected to spend all morning on Gallipoli and depart for Istanbul after lunch. Unfortunately, we were on our way by 9.00 a.m. However, we got to see Anzac Cove, albeit from a distance. Then, we noticed a small sign that pointed to the Anzac Day commemoration Site and said we would walk down there. Our guide, fortunately, drove us there.

While at the Commemoration Site, our guide asked if we would like to see one of the Turkish memorials; we, naturally, said yes. On the way we passed the Mehmetcik Memorial - a Turkish soldier carries a wounded Australian - before arriving at Lone Pine, where construction of temporary seating for Anzac Day was underway. There were remains of trenches nearby but they were heavily degraded, probably only a metre deep. Without the sign, you would probably miss them. In her "President's Remarks" of 2001, Dawn mentions a Turkish memorial where all the signs were in Turkish. She adds that she made a request for English translations be put up. I wonder if it was the 57th Regiment Memorial. The regiment was wiped out to a man in the fighting early in the campaign. The "headstones" of the

soldiers indicated the ethnic range of the Ottoman Empire- it was quite ironic to see the graves of soldiers from Baghdad. This was our last stop on the Peninsula and we were soon on our way to Istanbul.

However, to appreciate fully the Turkish attitude to Gallipoli, there is another place, though nearly 400 kms to the east, you should see. This is the Attaturk Mausoleum. Mustafa Kemal (later the Attaturk) was the founder of modern Turkey and was the Turkish commander at Gallipoli in 1915. The defence of Gallipoli figures prominently in the Attaturk Mausoleum. The Mausoleum complex, Ankara's most imposing site, commands a hill to the west of the city centre. Construction was begun in 1944 and finished in 1953. To one side of the central courtyard, bronze doors open onto the marble lined hall and cenotaph. There is no bier just a reverential atmosphere.

What about the war? It certainly kept tourist numbers down. Turkey is, of course, a Muslim country and shares a common border with Iraq. Every Turk had an opinion on the war, most often negative. However, in all our travels, we have only ever felt at risk in two cities, Dublin and Kuala Lumpur. Once we were known to be Australians, any potential political differences did not matter. For, we shared a common heritage - ANZAC.

Garriock Duncan



BOOK REVIEW by Dr Edward Duyker

John Robson (ed.) *The Captain Cook Encyclopaedia*,

Random House Australia, Milsons Point (NSW), 2004, ISBN 0 7593 10114, illustrations, appendices, bibliography, index, pp. 288, \$65.

This encyclopaedia is certain to be of interest to many local residents, given Cook's historical connections with the Sutherland Shire. Edited and largely written by John Robson—Map Librarian at the University of Waikato and author of the cartographic work *Captain Cook's World*—it ranges widely and wisely. This is a fine reference work, with entries on the people Cook met and served with, and the places he visited, together with important thematic entries (some quite expansive) written with the assistance of 22 impassioned specialists. Members of the society will be pleased to read the illustrated entry on Botany Bay (Kamay) and Kurnell, and the biographical notes on Banks, Solander, Gore, Furneaux, the Forsters, Tupaia and even junior crew members of Cook's vessels. Most facets of Cook's life and work are touched upon in some way. The *Captain Cook Encyclopaedia* contains a detailed bibliography, but also a list of archival sources, comprehensive muster rolls and six pages of index in four columns. Furthermore, the whole book is beautifully illustrated with black and white, and colour illustrations.

Having devoted much of my own life to the study of the Endeavour voyage, the life of the Swedish naturalist Daniel Solander and several Dutch and French navigators, I can state unequivocally that this encyclopaedia is also a valuable reference work for anyone interested in the history of exploration in general. I was, however, disappointed with the background content on Dutch exploration of Australia and the Pacific: there is no mention, for example, of Willem Jansz's pioneering voyage to Cape York in 1606, Dirk Hartog's landing on the Western Australian coast in 1616 or Thyssen and Nuyts' charting of the southern Australian coast (effectively from Albany to Ceduna) in 1629. Given that the focus is on Cook and the eighteenth century, this is a minor criticism. Perhaps more serious, however—despite the conscious effort of the editor to include accurate ethnographic information on indigenous peoples—is the limited reflection on the ethics of Cook's territorial claims on behalf of the British crown. This is essentially confined to the introduction. We are told that Cook was 'a man of his times' and that 'to apply the hindsight of 200 years is not particularly fair' (p. 8). Maybe, but indigenous Australians are still grappling with the tragic consequences of territorial expropriation christened in 1770.

Correction:

In the May bulletin, a poem by Henry Kendal was included that contained a sonnet on Sutherland's Grave. Published verbatim, it included an asterisked addendum that (Forby Sutherland) ... "was the first Englishman buried in Australia". Dr Edward Duyker has correctly advised that Forby Sutherland was from the Orkneys.



A portrait of Captain James Cook by Nathaniel Dance painted in 1776, the year in which Cook set off on his last journey.



Signature of James Cook



From the Rice Papers

background notes contributed by Daphne Salt

Honorina Prendergast was born in 1821 about twenty miles from Galway Bay in Ireland. She arrived in Sydney on board the HYDASPES in 1852, having paid £1 for assisted passage under the guardianship of the ship's Chaplain. She had no relatives in Australia. Unlike so many girls of her time she could read and write in French as well as Gaelic and English. General Kemp, one of Wellington's officers who distinguished himself at the Battle of Waterloo, was Honorina's grandfather.

Captain William Rice was born near Sherwood Forest in 1825. William's sister Caroline married American shipping magnate Thomas Yeager. Captain William Rice was a seasoned mariner, on one occasion he was washed overboard from the wheel of his windjammer but washed back again by the next wave. William Rice commanded the London to Sydney run for the Yeager-Maclay Steamship Company when the change-over from sails to steam eventuated. William loved Australia and emigrated in 1848, but continued the London to Sydney run for many more years. William and Honorina married in Sydney in February 1855, and were the parents of four daughters who helped with the business while Captain William was at sea. The Rices invested their hard earned capital in land at Sylvania, Darkes Forest, Corrimal, Wollongong and Bulli.

1873 found the Rice family settling in Sylvania on land first leased then purchased from the Holt-Sutherland Estate. They opened a general store on the shores of the Georges River fronting on to Belgrave Street with the river at their back door. This was the first shop, Post Office and school in the Sutherland Shire. The school was in a small private school and the only school in the pre-shire until the government opened a public school at Como. Mail for Sylvania was taken to Emerson's Sea Breeze Hotel from where it was collected by Honorina Rice.

It was for the Yeager-Maclay Steamship Company that in 1889-90 William spent many months in Glasgow overseeing the construction of his next command, the S.S. OAKLAND. William penned regular letters to his family and weekly progress reports to his brother-in-law then sailed it to Sydney on its maiden voyage. It was not long after his return home with the ship that William transferred his command to NSW coastal shipping so he could spend more time with his family. Captain William Rice became one of the most prominent coastal traders at a time when roads from country and coastal regions were more often than not impassable.

His frequent letters home disclose that he was a tender father, a loving husband and a devoted family man. In December 1889, while in Glasgow he wrote to his family— "Ship is progressing verry slowly, I am so heartily tiered and Sick of the Place and doe so long to get back Home again for I miss my Darlings so mutch ...the Builder has got a lot of Trouble with his men ...Dispute with the Rivveters ...they are a great set of vagabonds and earn so mutch that they wil only wirk one Week and than get Drunk all the following Week thay are the wirst lot of People I ever met...they only want Money to Drink...send all your Muskietes heare they whould not torment the People mutch heare for they whould not live Long ...got my Breakfast this Morning at Nine oclock by Gass Light it is now Three oclock in the afternoon and I can only just see to write this without Lighting the Gass in front."

Another letter written in January 1890 is here transcribed in full -

Glasgow Jany 8th 1890

My Dear Honorina,

I have just Returned from London and upon my arrival at Dunbarton was delighted to get your welcome Letter of the 25th of Novr . I also Receivd the letter of the 19th of Novr. I received it upon New Years Eave just as I was leaving for London.

I left Glasgow New Years Eave 8.30 PM and spent a verry Jolly Hogmanay [New Years Eve in Scotland] with the Scotch Travellers in the Train for all the Scotch People like to be Jolly upon that Night. I arrived at Newark on New Years Morning about 6 oclock and was glad to Spend an hour by a fine Large Fire in the waiting Room sutch a Fire that you are not accustomed to see in Australia a Fire that whould Roast an Ox. It was a Veray Sharp Frost the Streets was one Mafs of Ice that you whould wish for a pair of Scuitus and know how

to use them but as I know nothing about Scouting I did not feel to wish that I had brought a pair.

I went straight to my Brother Henry's Widdows House and after Breakfast I had a long walk around the old Place but I would only find three of my old acquaintances and it appeared so straining to leave them near Boys and find them old Men. However they were delighted to see me again, in the Evening I called to see Mary Bells Daughter and Family they were all very pleased to see me. I slept at Henry's family's

house that Night and the Next Morning I left by train for Mansfield to try to find out what had become of My Aunt Rhodes Property this is the second time that I have been to Mansfield about it. I went there the other time that I was at Newark and saw a Lawyer about it but as I would not wait he promised to write to me and has not done so I began to think that he was interested in it therefore went again and saw another lawyer but could get me no satisfaction about it I come to the conclusion that I will not throw money away about an uncertainty. I went on from Mansfield to Nottingham and from there to Long Eaton arriving there about five in the Evening they were all of them delighted to see me one after Breakfast next Morning walked down to the Trent Lock to see my Aunt Rice and her family. Emma went with me she said she knew very well if she did not go with me they would not let me come back to Long Eaton and I found that she was right for I only got away by telling them that I must go to London that night to transport business the next Morning. I returned after tea with Emma to Long Eaton and stayed with them all night the next morning I left Long Eaton about eight o'clock and arrived in London about 1 o'clock I then went to Mary's she has returned to London and lives at her old address Regent Park. I got dinner with her and then I started for Camberwell to see my Sister. I found her much better and able to get about she had been laid up with a violent cold. I stayed with her till after tea and then started for Mellwall to see Lizzie and her Family. I found her and her oldest son laid up ill it appears that about one third of the people in London are laid up with either colds of Influenza and they appear to be very much frightened about it for wherever you go they seem to be talking about nothing else but Influenza. The weather was very mild whilst I was in London but raining most of the time and as my relations live far apart I was travelling nearly all the time and although London is considered the cleanest city in the world it is not pleasant to be rushing about in the rain and dirt. I remained in London from Saturday at 1 o'clock until Tuesday Evening half past eight and arrived in Glasgow this Wednesday Morning at eight. I just came home and had a wash and a cup of coffee and then dashed off to Dunbarton but found very little work going on as the men have not got over their New Year's spree yet. I am very sorry to say that I don't think that I shall get away before March my Brother Henry's son Tom wants to come out with me. He is a sailor and I suppose he will have to remain a common sailor as he has no education at all. My Brother and his wife ought to be flogged but I believe he ran away from home or would not go to school or something of that. But it is a great pity and I have a good mind to have nothing to do with him for what can you do with a man that is no scholar but I shall soon see if he is worth taking by the hand be his 19 years of age and has been mate of a coasting schooner he must have something in him or he could not have got on that far. I received the cards you sent with the letter of the 19th Nov I mean the Christmas cards I think them nice. I have received a letter from your cousin Moran inquiring how I was getting on. I suppose he has written to you. Jan 9th. I feel very unhappy this morning for I had a dreadful nasty dream this morning I trust that there is nothing wrong with any of my darlings do I dreamt that I saw Clara and someone else in the water and I could not get to them to assist them. I woke in such a fright that it has quite upset me and has made me quite ill I cannot touch a mouthful of breakfast. And how long the time appears to since I left you and how I long to get back to my darlings I appear to see no pleasure in anything my thoughts are always of home and my darling wife and children. But I must try and cheer up a bit and not give way about that dreadful dream or it will kill me. How thankful I shall be to get away as then every day will bring me nearer to my darlings this has been anything but a pleasant trip and will not be a profitable one as I am spending all my money on the railways but I cannot help it. Give my kind regards to all our friends and remember one to Mr Holterman and his wife and poor Mrs Emmerson poor woman what a lot of trouble she has had of late and I am quite certain that it is to be hoped that her luck will change and bring her much happiness, I am sure she deserves it and I am as sure as that about me and all of you wish it excuse this I could I don't know if you will be able to read it I must now conclude with the best love to all my darlings and remain your ever affectionate husband and father

Wm Rice

Membership Renewal 2005/6

The Society's year commences 1st July each year and concludes on the 30th June of the following year. In accordance with the above, membership renewals are due on the 1st July 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.

---Sutherland Shire Historical Society

Application for renewal of membership 2005/6 — tax invoice TITLE: Mr, Mrs, Ms

Family name: -----

Given name: -----

Postal address:-----

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

Please find subscription for 2005/6 enclosed

Annual adult subscription = \$22 Junior member/ full time student = \$11

Signed ----- Date -----

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

ABN No. 17 083 299 572 This becomes a tax invoice on payment of the subscription.

Note: This organisation is GST exempt.

-----Sutherland Shire Historical Society

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