



*Sutherland Shire  
Historical Society Inc*  
**Bulletin**



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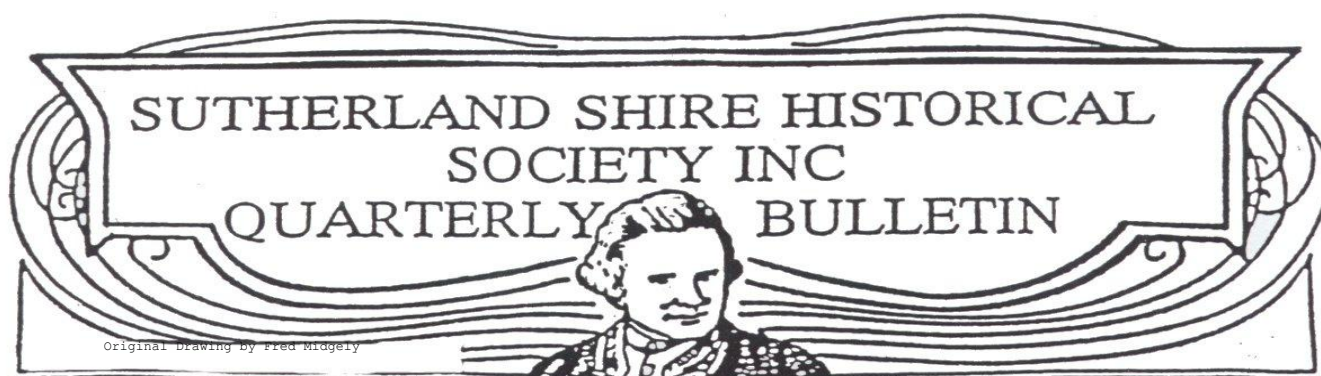
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**Helen Zerefos**

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# SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN

Bulletin copies are supplied to all branches of the Shire Library; to the Mayor, General Manager and all councillors; the Royal Australian Historical Society; National Trust (NSW); State Library, NSW; National Library, Canberra; University of Sydney and UNSW; State Rail Authority; Australia Post Archives; Sydney Water Board Historical Research Unit, Sutherland Shire High School libraries.

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Meetings of the Society are held monthly on the third Saturday at 1.30 pm at the Stapleton Centre, Stapleton Street, Sutherland.

## VISITORS ARE WELCOME

*All correspondence should  
be addressed to*

**The Honorary Secretary  
Sutherland Shire Historical Society  
PO Box 389**

**Sutherland NSW 1499**

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## **Disclaimer**

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

# President's Report

Welcome to winter everyone. I hope this edition of our Bulletin finds you all well.

Our daylight meetings, on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday of each month at 1:30pm, are more than successful with attendances and new members both on the increase. This appears to be the way to our future.

## **Sutherland Shire Citizens Heritage Festival 2009.**

The Shire's launch was hosted by Woronora General Cemetery and Crematorium Trust at the Forget-Me-Not Cottage. The function was well attended and catered for by General Manager, Ivan Webber and his very professional staff – Well Done!

Our Society's Heritage Festival started on Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> April & concluded on Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> May. The Museum's exhibitions featured "Mariners of the Pacific and their Charts" and "Depression years in the Sutherland Shire and Sydney" (in our replica Owen Jones home). This year's festival theme was "Our Place in Space" (under the Southern Cross). To compliment this theme we had a table display in the main foyer with photographs from NASA, astronomy charts, telescope history and Australian astronomy and its history. Green Point observatory kindly exhibited also with a large display board featuring southern skies' in photo's and charts plus information sheets.

"Champagne with the Stars" on the 29<sup>th</sup> April featured our guest speaker, Mr. Fred Watson - popular ABC Astronomer – who spoke on Lieutenant James Cook's observation of the transit of Venus and astronomical occurrences in our Southern Skies' since that date. It was a very popular, humorous and informative night that was enjoyed by the large audience attending. This night was arranged by past President Dawn Emerson – Thank You Dawn. This night by coincidence, occurred on the 238<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Cook's landing on the shore of Kurnell in 1770. Thank you to Les Bursill for the indigenous welcome to country ceremony and for the help given with projection. Our patron and Mayor, Councilor Lorraine Kelly, had many nice and supportive comments in her speech, on all the organisations that are represented on the Sutherland Shire Citizens Heritage Festival Committee and their volunteers that make it all happen. We all value the assistance given by council and also Council's Cultural Events Department.

Combined Heritage Festival events held on Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> May included a vintage bus link to the following events; Tramways Museum, Woronora Cemetery open day, Historical Society Museum, Green Point Observatory, Brinsleys Joinery, Spinners & Weavers and the 2SSR display at the Sutherland School of Arts. All of these events were well attended.

I must mention another special presentation given to our member Marjorie Blackley by the National Council of Women – for those over 90 years. Marjorie was picked up by Government car and returned after attending a luncheon at State Parliament. She was then presented with flowers, chocolates and balloons amongst members and friends. There was also a booklet of the lives of and achievements of 40 members over the age of 90 and a certificate recognizing over 25 years of dedicated service to the National Council of Women. Congratulations Marjorie!

To our very hard working Secretary, Angela Thomas, who is doing the main part of the paperwork since we joined "The Museums and Galleries", as well as keeping me up to date in our very busy Society, I say thank you on behalf of us all.

Merle Kavanagh was kind enough to represent our Society at the Botany Bay Family History Society open day on the 9<sup>th</sup> May, where she gave information about our Society and created interest with some of our Bulletins. Thank you Merle.

Sutherland Music Club held 2 seniors concerts on the 28<sup>th</sup> April at the Sutherland Memorial School of Arts which was another successful day for them with approximately 250 attending.





Special thanks to my daughter Jodie for signage and typing of items and also to my wife Marjorie, for the help and advice given, which I greatly appreciate.

In conclusion I would like to thank the many volunteer members that helped me during Heritage Festival. We wouldn't have been able to do it without you!

## **Museum Report**

Heritage Festival exhibitions took a lot of time to put together, but the effort was worth it after seeing the interest shown by our visitors, in particular "Mariners of the Pacific and their Charts". Our official attendance this Festival was 754, an increase from the previous year.

The Museum storage area has had a clear out and clean up and all items have now been better recorded. I am glad to report after 5 days of work by a few of the Executive and Museum Committee's and one volunteer, we now have enough space to safely store the Parke Davis Collection. In saying this, we still need the southern room under the stage of the School of Arts, which was viewed and agreed by Sutherland Council representatives, to be cleared out and made available for restoration and exhibition preparation. We no longer require the offsite storage that Council was trying to help us with and that we have spoken about at meetings. After reading the paperwork, the site will be too late for us when it becomes available for occupation – 1<sup>st</sup> September 2009. The continued costs stated over 5 years plus transportation of items back and forth to this facility, could be put to better use at this time. I will soon speak to Council about this matter.

I would like to thank David, Maurie, John, Doug, Gordon and Terry for their help over 5 days in the storage area. I would also like to thank the Sutherland Council staff from the following departments; The Entertainment Centre cleaning and booking staff, Gardeners and Council Electrician (who has given us lights again in the storage area). I know you are all given limited time to service the Sutherland Memorial School of Arts Hall, but you all did a great job for us during the Festival.

Thank you Pat Hannan and Merle Kavanagh for items loaned and donated to our exhibition and Museum. A special thank you to Helen McDonald from the Local Studies area of Sutherland Library, for her continued help to myself and to the Society.

The Museum had a special opening for 1<sup>st</sup> Engadine Cub Group recently and a total of 33 attended. I hope you all enjoyed the Heritage Festival.

***Jim Cutbush***

Acting President and Museum Curator

**Please Note: Our new meeting time is 1:30 pm**

Sat	20 <sup>th</sup> June	David Campbell from the Celtic Council, The life and times of Governor Macquarie
Sat	18 <sup>th</sup> July	Beverley Earnshaw, President, Kogarah Historical Society. The Fanny Letters (correspondence between Frances Leonora McLeay and her brother describing the high life of early Sydney society.
Sat	15 <sup>th</sup> July	Helen McDonald, Local Studies Librarian – History of the Shire
Sat	19 <sup>th</sup> Sept	AGM + Angela Thomas, The life of Melba with slides and a rare recording of her voice.

**Please Note:** The AGM meeting time has had to be moved forward to 11.30 am. Due to the early start could members please bring a plate for lunch.

# From The Editor's Desk

Welcome to all our readers near and far and to those who will be reading this way off sometime in the future.

Historically, 2009 will be remembered as a year when the Global Financial Crisis spread its tentacles and the reality of recession touched many countries. Many household business names have succumbed to the downturn including US car giants, Chrysler and General Motors. For the first time in many years, the spectre of a 1930s style economic scenario has been raised by some. Very locally, the Cronulla Sharks rugby league club is fighting for its future and even its survival after 42 years in the competition.

In contrast to this however, our Society continues to grow and to gain new members. The shift from an evening to an afternoon time slot for our meetings has been successful with very healthy attendances and new members. One innovation that we hope to introduce regularly at meetings is 'show and tell'. Many people are collectors and the opportunity to share and to enjoy other's collections or items of interest should prove to be interesting.

Following my last editorial I was interviewed by the St George and Sutherland Shire Leader newspaper and the story was featured on the front page. Judging from the comments that we received, it was widely read and it helped to raise the profile of our Society and to alert the public to the fairly inadequate state of our museum accommodation.

However, to make it clear, the intention was not to criticise the Sutherland Shire Council. My editorial comments were in support of Hurstville Council's forward thinking in developing a multi-purpose site that combined museum, conference and library facilities that would increase traffic flow and service a wider clientele. I continue to believe that such a plan in the Sutherland Shire would be worth investigating. The media article focused on an issue regarding the Historical Society's alleged 'right' to more space in the Sutherland School of Arts to store and display items. This understanding is based on a former Shire President's assertion that Council made this decision in the 1980s. Council minutes record this. In addition, title deeds held in the Land Titles Office for the School of Arts are stamped with the words 'For the purpose of a museum'. That there continues to be silence on this matter is disappointing.

As our President has reported, the closure of Parke Davis at Taren Point has led to a substantial donation of materials relating to the pharmaceutical industry as well as cabinets and other equipment. Donations of historical items from the public are always welcome. Whilst it is wishful thinking, I am reminded that at least one local museum premises within the Sydney metropolitan area was donated by a benefactor. Even a small bequeath from an estate can be of enormous benefit to small volunteer organisations. Food for thought.

My thanks to Merle Kavanagh for her careful proofreading of the draft bulletin.

## Reminders:

- annual membership subscriptions are due by the end of June.  
(Perhaps you could invite a friend to join or indeed give a membership as a present.)
- our web address is [www.suthshirehistsoc.org.au](http://www.suthshirehistsoc.org.au) or simply Google Sutherland Shire Historical Society
- Our AGM in September has an earlier starting time

*Bruce Watt*



# Sutherland Shire Historical Society

## Membership application or Renewal 2009/10

The Society's year commences 1<sup>st</sup> July each year and concludes on the 30<sup>th</sup> June of the following year.

**TO ASSIST WITH ACCURATE RECORD KEEPING EACH MEMBER IS REQUESTED TO COMPLETE AN INDIVIDUAL RENEWAL FORM EACH YEAR**

Applications 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 new / renewal application should also contain the appropriate subscription fee.

It should be noted that a failure to pay the membership fee within three months from the end of the financial year will result in a lapse of membership.

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.

-----  
This membership application is a   -Renewal (   )   New Membership (   )                      (please tick)

TITLE: Mr, Mrs, Ms

Family name: -----

Given name: -----

Postal address: -----

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

**Please find subscription for 2009/10 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                      Note: This organisation is GST exempt.

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This membership application is a   -Renewal (   )   New Membership (   )                      (please tick)

## MEET THE EXECUTIVE MINA WHYBOURNE



I was born in Naremburn, North Sydney during the depression years and I was the eldest of four children. I attended Naremburn School and the Willoughby Domestic Science School and following the Intermediate Certificate I attended the Metropolitan Business College and obtained a position as a legal stenographer. I enjoyed my employment in the solicitor's office and hoped to be 'articled' in due course but in 1944 I was 'manpowered' so that an older woman could take my place. I became Secretary to the general manager of Kriesler, a protected industry which made electrical equipment for the Department of Aircraft production, Ministry of Munitions etc. Later it made Televisions and radios at Taren Point.

I met my husband in 1950 and in 1951 we purchased a block of land in President Avenue Caringbah. We cleared the land and started to build our home. Jack was a Telecom Engineer. He drafted the plans and off we went. I was the builder's labourer, becoming expert at wheeling bricks, mixing cement, creosoting, undercoating and so on.

Our son, Colin arrived in 1953 and our daughter, Anne in 1956 and we became involved in the P & C. In 1956 we took a two month trip around Australia, partly as an education for the children and so that we could speak about Australia when we eventually traveled overseas. So off we went in our FJ Holden and campervan. We traveled to Adelaide and up the Centre to Uluru (Ayers Rock) and the Olgas. There was no bitumen and lots of bull dust and we would only pass about one other car a day! It was wonderful to be at Ayers Rock with very few others and be able to speak to the indigenous people and to hear their stories of the area. They were so wise and kind and helpful. We then traveled on to Alice Springs and on the bitumen to Katherine and Darwin. Heading east we passed through Tennant Creek, and on to Cairns and down the coast to Sydney.

In 1964, Jack was seconded by Australian Telecom to ITU – International Telecommunications Union of the United Nations and we moved to Kuala Lumpur in Malaysia. He was to plan the Telecommunication System of Malaysia. Malaya had just achieved independence from Great Britain. We were able to travel all over Malaya and to visit the states of Sabah and Sarawak.

We joined the Anglican Church and I became involved in the Church Women's Association as Secretary helping in a clinic in a Chinese village and meeting 'local' people.

Jack obtained his flying license and we were able to fly to many places and to make some special friends. We came home for a year and Jack became leader of a Colombo Plan project in Java, Indonesia and we lived in Bandung. Whilst our children were in boarding schools at home, they visited us and we explored fascinating places such as Borobudur and Prambanan – Buddhist and Hindu temples.

I became Secretary of the Women's International Club and met many people and taught many of them English. I took Indonesian language classes and learned Batik.

We returned to Sydney in 1972 and settled down so to speak. Colin enrolled in University doing Economics and Anne enrolled in Medicine.

In 1976 Jack took 5 months long service leave and we began some overseas travel. We had a fascinating two weeks in Greece, visiting Olympia and Delphi and then we had three months on Eurail visiting Italy, (the Cinque Terra was magnificent), France, (Carcassonne, Paris, Chamonix, Mt Blanc), Switzerland, (the Matterhorn), Germany, (land of my forebears – my maiden name was Gerlach) and on to Norway, Sweden and Finland) We then crossed to England where we hired a car for two months. What a marvelous time!

Back in Australia I became involved in my church activities and Jack with Toastmasters. He was a brilliant 'humorous' speaker. We acquired a share in a Beechcraft Bonanza plane and made several trips to Uluru, Broome, Darwin and Tibooburra to name a few. In August 1985 Jack was on a safari trip with my brother



and two friends. Taking off from Mataranka in the Northern Territory, the plane was involved in an unexpected and fatal crash.

Life changed for me. I received wonderful support from family friends and my faith. I was asked to become Diocesan Secretary of the Mothers Union, Diocese of Sydney. (MU is a worldwide Anglican women's organization). I accepted with some trepidation and it became a wonderful experience. During this time I was asked by Deaconess Mary Andrews who had been a missionary in China before the Communist takeover if I would accompany her to a reunion at her former parish. I accepted with enthusiasm and had an incredible three weeks in China traveling to Fuzhou in Fujian province and to Shanghai, Shaoshing, Beijing and The Great Wall.

I have been a member of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society for many years. I enjoyed my time as Secretary and found it interesting and fulfilling and it was a joy to serve on an Executive with such dedicated and talented people.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Ben Hall at Goimbla

David Overett.

Following the article, *A Grateful Colony*, in the last edition of the Bulletin I wish to point out that two of those prominent businessmen who took up the cause of honouring the Campbells were Amelia's father, Thomas Breillat, a founding director of the Australian Joint Stock Bank and Chairman of the Sydney Flour Company as well as Thomas Holt, also a director of the same bank and at that time speaker of the House. Naturally Holt needs no introduction to readers of this bulletin.

Since the last article I have been to the Mitchell Library where I had arranged to view the pocket watch presented to David Campbell. A previous attempt to locate it failed but thanks to Robert Woodley in the Art Department the watch was located and an appointment made. Here I made a discovery which I had previously discounted as being too far fetched. The seventy four word inscription is actually engraved on the watch itself and not on a separate testimonial. So with one of us reading it through a magnifying glass while the other checked it against the Sydney Mail account of 1864, we found it to be almost word for word, the only difference being the use of the word "who" instead of "which" ten words from the end. Here is the inscription in full.

Presented to David Henry Campbell Esq., by the residents of the Lachlan and the surrounding districts, in token of their admiration of his courageous conduct, in successfully resisting the attack of the bushrangers Gilbert, O'Meally, and Hall upon his household at Goimbla, 19<sup>th</sup> November, 1863, on which occasion O'Meally fell by his hand, thereby breaking up one of the most desperate gangs of freebooters who<sup>i</sup> ever infested the western districts of New South Wales<sup>ii</sup>



I am extremely grateful to the Mitchell Library, and in particular Robert Woodley, for allowing me to view the watch and to take the accompanying photos.



<sup>i</sup> The Sydney Mail incorrectly states "...freebooters which ever..." the watch itself is inscribed "...freebooters who ever..."

<sup>ii</sup> The Sydney Mail, October 29, 1864, p5.

# HELEN ZEREFOS OAM

*Biographical notes by*

*JOHN LOVE*

*Historian and Theatre Consultant*

*Kurrajong Heights NSW Australia*

## **Editor's note:**

The Zerefos family formed an important part of the Shire's development and History. Paul and Katina (Helen's parents) were Greek migrants. In the 1950s, they bought a block of land on the southern side of Tom Ugly's bridge and established a fruit shop. Katina set up a small hamburger shop in one corner. In time this developed into Paul's Famous Hamburgers. They ran it for 43 years winning many awards and a late night trip home was not complete without a stop for a hamburger. Their daughter Helen forged an outstanding stage and television career. However it was not unusual for her to arrive home late from a show and seeing customers spilling out onto the street, to serve them in sequined gown and full makeup. Helen continues to live in the Shire within a stone's throw of Tom Ugly's bridge. The following outlines Helens impressive achievements in the entertainment field.

\*\*\*\*\*

Helen Zerefos is a coloratura soprano of rare charm and beauty whose versatility spans the widest gamut of showbusiness performance. From the stage to television to nightclubs, concerts and recordings, her talents have been applauded and revered.

It is Helen's wide vocal range that makes this all possible with an extraordinary repertoire of music that is evident in her recordings which encompass material from the technical brilliance of Mozart's "Alleluja" to the gentle country song, "When I Dream." She is a unique talent in the world of entertainment, combining the experience and dignity of the great classics through to the better contemporary music, imbuing all this with her sparkling personality.

Helen was born in Scone, New South Wales, Australia, of Greek parents. Both of her parents were born in Greece, her father, Paul Zerefos, came from Neapolis Vion, Laconia and her mother, Katina Andronicos Zerefos from Avlemonas, Kythera.

From an early age, Helen studied piano and showed vocal promise for an operatic career. She was Dux of her school and had aspirations towards medicine and architecture. Although proud of her musical ability, her parents were very disappointed when she chose a theatrical career. Her mother insisted she learn something practical to fall back on if necessary, so Helen gained a diploma in fashion and now designs the fabulous gowns which have become legendary for her stage appearances.

At a time when musical extravaganzas were tops on television, she was chosen to be a founding member of the marvelous singing and dancing group the "Revue 20" on the ATN Channel 7 network. The Revue 20 featured weekly on the top national TV variety show, "Revue 61" and then "Revue 62," which swept the ratings and went to air Sunday nights at 8pm. Brilliant Canadian Peter MacFarlane, from MCA (Music Corporation of America) was brought to Australia as producer - director of "Revue 61" and "Revue 62." These shows, under the iron fist and creative genius of Peter MacFarlane were never equalled for excellence on Australian television and were hosted by the incomparable Digby Wolfe.

The invaluable experience of singing and dancing on the top show in the country under the watchful eye of this great director was the best possible start to a future career. The Revue 20 became the backbone of all major shows produced by Channel 7. Before Peter MacFarlane left after eighteen months in Australia, he took Helen and tenor John Serge aside and advised them that to further their careers, they must leave Australia and offered to help by getting them onto the US television scene via Canada.

Sadly, soon after, Peter MacFarlane drowned in Canada while filming a documentary. John Serge went to England and the continent, where he had an illustrious career in opera. Emerging from three fabulous years at Channel 7, Helen went on to appear in other series, including a year with Bobby Limb's "Sound of Music" at TCN Channel 9. During this time, Helen won the prestigious

Miller's, BMC (British Motor Corporation), Qantas Search for a Star Quest. The prizes included first class Qantas travel around the world, a car and singing contracts.

During 1965, Helen and her brother Bill Zerefos embarked on the world trip she had won. After five months of many wonderful highlights, one of which was meeting Elvis Presley at Paramount Studios in Hollywood, they returned home.

There were many appearances on all major TV shows too numerous to name. Helen appeared in over 600 television shows.

In 1967 after starring in theatre for American producer Bret Adams in "The Music Man" and "The King and I," Bret urged her to go to the United States as he felt she was a natural for the Broadway stage. However, an offer from the Channel 10 network to star in the television series, Barry Crocker's 'Say It With Music' was accepted, which kept Helen in Australia. This very happy experience lasted for nearly three years.

Although there were offers, her marriage in 1971 to private investigator, Raymond Millanta and "strong family commitments," forced her to dispel any thoughts of working overseas.

Among Helen's other stage shows were starring roles in: "Song of Norway," "Showboat," "Hooray for Hollywood," "Evening in Paris," "From Russia With Love," "Aspects of Love" at the Old Tote Theatre, "Roman Holiday," "Europe by Night," and "The Andrew Lloyd Webber Song Book"

Helen's father, Paul Zerefos, died suddenly in 1981. Her mother Katina never recovered from that shock and soon began to suffer from Alzheimer's Disease.

1981 – 1982 saw Helen compering the television show, "Let's Go Greek Endaxi," for the Channel 10 network.

On her travels over the years, Helen had amassed a large and magnificent collection of beautiful fabrics which were richly embroidered and jewelled. Realising there was more than she could ever possibly wear herself, she decided to utilise her collection of fabrics and her fashion diploma skills and create her own fashion label of special occasion wear. So, in 1984, her label "Helen Zerefos Special Occasion," was launched with her good friend, Eileen Herbert.

After a very successful year of designing and producing special occasion wear accompanied by the excitement of fashion parades, Helen decided that the rag trade was not worth the temperamental tantrums and hassles of some of those associated with that industry. She decided to devote her talents to the relative sanity of showbusiness and the joy of performing beautiful music.

In the meantime, her beloved mother Katina had deteriorated quickly to such a degree that she was helpless and needed constant attention. Helen was her carer for ten years.

In 1986 Helen appeared in the Royal Gala Concert at the Sydney Entertainment Centre for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and HRH Prince Philip – Helen was so sad that her mother was not able to comprehend and be present at such an auspicious occasion.

The situation of caring for her dear mother, who passed away in 1992, had caused Helen to decline numerous concert offers from overseas during those years. Soon after her mother passed away, her husband, Raymond, was diagnosed with cancer which further curtailed any thoughts of taking any of the overseas engagements offered, as she continued her role of primary carer.

Helen was awarded an OAM (a Medal in the Order of Australia) in 1996, in the Queen's Birthday Honours List, for her services to charity and fund raising for Alzheimer's research. Helen has supported research into Alzheimer's disease for many years having nursed her mother Katina for ten years and knowing full well the horrors of that dreaded illness.



She is Patron of the Ageing Research Centre at Prince of Wales Hospital, Sydney, where Professor Tony Broe and his team research Alzheimer's and Parkinson's diseases and disorders of the ageing brain. Helen has supported Professor Broe's research for eighteen years with fundraising concerts, sale of her CDs, talks to community groups (Rotary, Lions, View Clubs etc) and generally raising awareness through her work. For further information telephone Mrs Sandra Forster, Executive Officer of the Ageing Research Centre, at Prince of Wales Hospital, Randwick, Sydney, on (02) 9382 4259 or email: [sandra.forster@sesiahs.health.nsw.gov.au](mailto:sandra.forster@sesiahs.health.nsw.gov.au)

Amidst her busy schedule, Helen made appearances at Mike Walsh's Hayden Orpheum Picture Palace at Cremorne, Sydney, one of the most exquisitely restored theatres in the world, working with world acclaimed theatre organist, Maestro Neil Jensen, at the Wurlitzer organ.

In the year 2000, Helen represented Australia in a concert at the Shanghai Grand Opera Theatre in Shanghai, China, celebrating its opening. The concert was a live telecast to two billion people!



Among other engagements, in 2002, Helen performed for over 33,000 people at the Sydney Entertainment Centre with Rob Guest, at the Premier's Gala Concerts for Seniors Week.

Helen's husband of 31 years, Raymond Millanta, passed away in 2002 after a lengthy debilitating illness – again Helen had been the primary carer. In all, Helen was primary carer for members of her family for twenty years. Helen was devastated by the loss of her beloved younger sister Bubsie (Florence) who passed away with breast cancer in May 2004.

Her busy schedule also included an engagement to perform two classical concerts on the Japanese luxury liner, "Pacific Venus," while cruising the Pacific in 2005. (There were two typhoons in the area at the time.)



In 2006, the Sutherland Shire celebrated its centenary. To mark the occasion, many events were planned. The first of these showcased one hundred people who had “made an important contribution to the Shire over the one hundred years and who have had a significant impact on the lives of others.” Helen, a resident for many years, was among the chosen one hundred. “The Faces of the Shire” was displayed on specially produced billboards in a roving exhibition which toured the Shire throughout the year.

On the 28<sup>th</sup> August, 2007, at the 31<sup>st</sup> Australian Entertainment “Mo” Awards, Helen was presented with a “Mo” Award for the best Classical and Opera Performer.

Helen has recorded many times and her three available CD’s are: “Million Dollar Melodies” *accompanied by the Sydney International Orchestra and conducted by Maestro Tommy Tycho AM, MBE.*

“Love and Music” *accompanied by Maestro Robert Goode at the Sydney Town Hall Grand Organ*

“Friends for Life” *accompanied and orchestrated by Maestro Steven Isoardi*



To summarise:

Helen Zerefos has appeared in over 600 television shows, compered her own television show, performed in a Royal Gala Concert for The Queen and Prince Philip, performed in theatre, performed in thousands of cabaret shows and concerts, recorded a number of CDs, was awarded an O.A.M. ( a Medal in the Order of Australia), represented Australia in the concert which opened the Shanghai, China, Grand Opera Theatre, ran in the Athens 2004 Olympic World Torch Relay in Sydney, won a “Mo” Award in 2007 and continues to delight her audiences. Helen Zerefos and Dr George Miller, Academy Award winning movie producer of “Happy Feet”

Dr Miller was special guest at the Kytherian (Greek) Ball, 26 May 2007, at Star City Ballroom, Sydney. Helen sang the Australian and Greek National Anthems and sang again later during the evening. Dr Miller’s father and Helen’s mother came from the island of Kythera in Greece.  
26 May 2007

The following is a link to Helen’s website which includes video clips of her performances  
<http://www.members.optusnet.com.au/helenzerefos/Movies.html>



# To Tasmania on the “Fairlea” 1856

The following account was submitted by Pat Hannan who is one of our committee members. It concerns an account by one of her ancestors who settled in Port Sorrell in Tasmania. Descendants of his large family are still prominent in the area.

Stephen Gardam, his wife Ann nee Leggott, his daughters Mary Hannah 16, Ann Eliza 13, sons, Stephen (George) 11, and Robert James (Bob) 5, left Plymouth Wednesday, 20<sup>th</sup> February, 1856 arrived Melbourne 4<sup>th</sup> June 1856.

## Stephen Gardam's Journal

**Note:** *spelling and grammar is presented as in the original  
this is a copy of the original 10 page version.*

“Left London 14<sup>th</sup> February for Plymouth. After a tedious journey of 245 miles we arrived Plymouth at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 15<sup>th</sup>. Went to the depot along with our luggage and had it overhauled and all packed again, got our tea and a kind Reverend Gentleman came and said prayers and preached a sermon. Then we all went to bed in a large room. There must have been about 100 of us. I felt very disgusted, all sleeping so indiscriminately together and what with so many young children and the noise they made, we could scarcely get any sleep. It was a curious sight to see so many men to get out of bed in nothing but their shirts to try to tuck the children to sleep and attend to their wants.

Our rations at the Depot are very good, although a many grumble at them. They gave us our bags and cooking utensils to pack our clothes in out of our boxes to last us a month (the 16<sup>th</sup>). Well, we have had a day of excitement. It has been all bustle. Unpacked our bags and got our clothes in them, and then they let us go out into Plymouth from ½ past 11 until 1 o'clock. We took the opportunity for, to tell the truth, I did not much like being in French Prison. First thing after dinner we all had to turn to and get all the passenger's boxes in a large boat, and then the steamboat came at 2.30 p.m. and took us on board of the “Fairlee”. She was not as large a ship as I expected and was nothing like so well fitted up as I have seen them. There are about 300 on board and we expect 60 more on Monday. As so many of us were going on board together, the ship was in complete confusion but we managed to get out at last. Mary and Ann were taken completely away from us to the single young females cabin. There is a motley crew of us but we have not begun to mix with any of them yet. They made Mary the captain of her mess. There are 7 in her mess and she has to look after them all, fetch the meat, and get the ration and see that it is properly divided. I have not got anything to do yet but to eat and drink and sleep and read.

17<sup>th</sup> Well, I slept well but my bones are sore. The beds are good but thin and laid on boards, but I suppose I shall soon get used to it. My spirits are good now I have got all the anxiety over. We have had a sermon on board today. Weather very cold and windy.

18<sup>th</sup> All bustle again today. The Commissioners came on board today to call all our names over, and on that we were all on board, we expected to go away but we didn't.

19<sup>th</sup> Tuesday. Very cold windy with rain. We haven't gone yet.

20<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. Started this morning at 5 o'clock with a fair wind and have gone 10 miles. However many people were very seasick. Ann fallen down the main hatchway and hurt her head and has gone to bed all day. Mary Hannah has been sick in bed all day. Anne? Bob stands it well. Sea very rough and the rolls very heavy. The doctor is a very kind gentleman and attends to the people's wants wonderfully. We could not have a better man. He has a great charge in his hands, but you can see him here and there and everywhere. The Capt. seems a nice man and likewise the mate but the Boatswain is a real British tar and is very kind indeed to us.

21<sup>st</sup> Thursday. Strong breeze, cold weather but still a fine day and a fair wind.. We are going about 10 miles an hour and all goes well, but Ann is still forced to to keep to her bed from her fall. We see a many porpoises. I still feel very disappointed that I didn't get a letter from no-one before we left Plymouth. At 11 o'clock at night we had a heavy squall and it sent everything flying, tins, pots, dishes and everything fetched away and got tossed about in great confusion and the women were very frightened.

22<sup>nd</sup> Friday. It is a beautiful morning and fair wind pretty strong and the sun is out for the first time since we left England and the emigrants began to crowd around the decks and look better, thank God we are all pretty well and have plenty to eat.

- 23<sup>rd</sup>. It is a most beautiful morning and a fair wind and everyone looks happy. They have all got over their sea sickness and the weather begins to be much warmer and Anne is all wright (sic). again.
- 24<sup>th</sup> Sunday, Splendid weather and all goes well but we have had no prayer or sermon today.
- 27<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. Fair wind and fine weather. Sighted a schooner but we were not near enough to speak to her. We can't be far from land for we see many birds. We expect to see Madeira Bay before long.
- 28<sup>th</sup> Thursday. We did not see Madeira. We've past it. We are now in the Trade Winds but they are very light and fair and all goes on well. We sighted a Brigg this morning. She stood across our bows. She was steering to the West Indies. They have started a school today on board the ship.
- 29<sup>th</sup> Friday. The wind fair but very light and the weather very hot. We have an awning spread today to keep the sun off us. We had had a concert, a very good one, and dancing, and everybody seems as merry as a cricket. We were in company today with a barque which is about 10 miles off on her own. Ann is poorly, but the doctor has ordered a pint of porter per day. Glad of it.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday. Fine weather. Very hot but wind light. We've had a church service today.
- 5<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. This is a very busy day indeed. They have had all the passenger's boxes up today for clean things and there is much crying over them and some of them have got wet. Some of the boxes had gone overboard at the Depot. All their things spoiled. There is such a noise and such falling out one with another. I am happy to say, all our things are alright as dry and clean as when they were put on board and I've sent them down.
- 6<sup>th</sup> Thursday. We sighted 3 vessels today night. She has gained a good deal on them before night. Weather very fine indeed but light winds.
- 7<sup>th</sup> Friday. Weather very fine and we are coming up to the vessel very fast.
- 8<sup>th</sup> Saturday. The vessel as far as we can see them behind us. I have had a little disturbance with the Doctor today although I did think him the best man on the ship and I never did see a more attentive man to look after the comfort of the emigrants. But he still has his faults as well as other people. Although he tries to make everyone comfortable he has not any proper system of doing it. Where there are so many people crowded together everything should be done systematically. But on board this ship "Fairlie" there is no system at all. One failing the Dr has is taking the emigrants by the shoulder and shoving them about. To my knowledge two or three of the single women have been hurt seriously by his doing so and it was for this reason that I had words with him because I would not allow him to push my daughter before him as I have seen him do to others and for using expressions not becoming to a Government servant. Another he is too hasty. He acts on the spur impulse of the moment without stopping one moment to hear any reason. I felt myself very much aggrieved at the way he acted and spoke for myself. I am sure it is my wish to do all that lies in my power to add to the comfort of all and all my family the same. I have a wish to do so but I will not be put upon by the Dr or anyone else although I have had sufficient to eat, we have never, up to the present time had anything like our rations. They keep 4 days flour to make 2 days bread which should be 12 ozs. Each but we don't get 6 ozs. We get no butter or pepper, raisin or sweet and many other things, and we only get raisins and sweets 3 times a week instead of 4 times, and without the Dr. is there, we don't get anything like the quantity of water we should have had-3 quarts per day- but we don't get 2 and often not that. We are allowed for our per day 7 quarts. That is 1 quart each. This is all the water they really give us. The rest is kept back for tea and coffee and out of a quart each we have to make puddings and to mix lime juice. 8<sup>th</sup> June. We have partitioned for our flour to be served out to us every day as the regulations specify ~~specify~~ the Doctor promised us an answer but did not give us one. The Doctor has been playing cards again which he does every night before all the emigrants and it shows a bad example and there are groups to be seen all day long all over the ship landing gambling without any restraint.
- 9<sup>th</sup> Sunday. A most beautiful day and a nice breeze. We are off Cape Verde, Africa. We've had prayers on board but it is a complete ~~fed~~ M Carding one day and preaching the next. I feel quite disgusted with such proceedings. The Dr. gave us our lime juice after dinner. Our victuals are cooking in a most ..... ful manner.
- 10<sup>th</sup> Monday. Nice breeze, Very hot. We are in the tropics and we begin to see Flying Fish. Ann only keeps very poorly. It is over hot for her. I keep capital health myself – and Mary gets quite fat. Anne and George and Bob are first rate. The time hangs very heavy on our hands nothing to do. No change, nothing to see but the sky and the water, one day after another for weeks together all the same. The great changes of cold and heat in so short a time has a great effect on a many. It causes fits.
- 11<sup>th</sup> Tuesday. We have a splendid breeze today at one time the ship was going about 12 miles an hour

- Beautiful weather and the ship is steady as a top. We see a great many flying fish. They are about the size of a herring.
- 13<sup>th</sup> Thursday. We had a fight on board today. They have cut one another very much. I expect they both will get punished. Expect they will get punished when we get there we spoke a brig today but had not a chance of sending a letters. She was from Sierra Leone for Liverpool. She looked beautiful like a duck in a great ocean. As soon as we had done speaking to her. She went gliding away and our hearts with her. To our dear native country and she was soon lost to our view. In the hour she was out of sight and it was all sky and water again.
- 14<sup>th</sup> Friday. We are now 250 miles from the Line and it is so hot. I wish we were past it. The time hangs very heavy but thank God I am very well and all my family. We count every day and they do seem so very long, one week seems more than a month. We are now about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the way there. The Dr. is a most kind and humane man and wishes the emigrants to have their full rations but he is placed in a most disagreeable ~~profession~~ position. I know he has no society but the Capt. and mates and he is at variance with them on account of him looking after our rights.
- 16<sup>th</sup> Sunday. They called out this morning that a ship was bearing down upon us at 6 o'clock and that she would take our letters. I jumped out of bed, got the letters, took them on deck to send but very disappointed indeed to find the boat had just shoved off. It was a most shabby affair for at this time we were laid to, and she was 6 miles from us and the wind very light and she would have plenty of time,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. Our boat went about 2 miles away to her we were all of us very seriously disappointed indeed. There was a large shark followed the ship all the way there and back and stopped about the ship but we couldn't catch it. There were several small ones all the day and off Bunetra and dolphin and we only caught Bonito. It appeared about 10 lbs. weight and had the appearance of a mackerel but opened like a salmon red.
- 17<sup>th</sup> Monday. This morning about 3 o'clock I was suddenly awakened and I knew in a moment what was the matter. We were caught in a wild squall. I jumped out of bed to secure the southern scuttle. Whilst I was doing this, some one sang out that the ship was on fire. At this time the squall was tearing away our topsails both from the fore and main mast and it likewise carried our flying jib away as for the cry of "fire" I knew it was not so for they are very particular about pulling up the lightning conductors every night. The poor things tumbled out of their beds nearly frightened out of their wits. A many of the women fainted and one poor woman went into fits and for hours some crying, some screaming, some praying. And oh what a picture of despair and desolation it was to look at. One Irishman was running about half wild, without his shirt on and curious to relate, it was St Patrick's Day in the morning, and you never did see a Saint more ~~you~~ wild in your life. I ran upon deck whilst the squall was on and what a grand sight it was. The sails were torn to ribbons and were flying over the sea all of a white foam, and the ship tearing away through it like a race horse. It rained in torrents and all that ventured on deck were drenched to the skin. The Dr. attended to their wants, it made many of the women very ill after.
- 18<sup>th</sup> Thursday. I heard a great running this morning. I out on deck to see what was the matter. They had caught a shark and I went to help pull it in. It was a small one about 6 feet long. We got a piece of it and fried it and very good it was. It eats like ling. I'm very fond of it.
- 20<sup>th</sup> Still contrary. We caught a bonito (berrita) today. I had it fried, it ate like mackerel. A many of the emigrants became very tired indeed of being on board ship so long. The time seems so dreary. We have never had a storm yet so if they wish they was at home now I don't know what they will do then but for their sakes I do ~~hope~~ wish we may get round the Cape without one but should we have one I shall do the best I can for all that want help.
- 21<sup>st</sup> Good Friday. All the sailors are at work and it is just like any other day. It is taken no notice of at sea at all. I am pretty good friends with everyone on board. You would laugh to see me here for ~~when~~ I wear no shoes or stockings nor jacket nor waistcoat nor neckhandkerchief. If you was to see me now you would swear I was a London prig but if you were here I don't think you would cut a much better figure. The other night I foolishly took it into my head to have a bit of fun to myself and I started singing comic songs and dancing to some of them and made as complete a fool of myself as I could for the amusement of the rest and succeeded but I did it for a change. Sometime before long I am going to try to get up a concert in the London stile.
- 22<sup>nd</sup> The Dr. is very strict with the young women. It was very hot yesterday, and a many of them stopped below so in the evening without any warning he stopped their tea and locked them all up in the dark and did not let them have the cool air after sun set which is very bad without drink or air. He put Ann Welch into prison last Monday without any trial and she is in yet on biscuit and water, and without even brought out once for a breath of air, and as we are about the Line its dreadfully hot and all on board begin to cry out shame on the Dr. If the Dr. proceeds as he is doing now he will cause a great disturbance before we get there. We are going along nicely now again. Mrs. Finch is going into the hospital today and Anne is going to her.
- 23<sup>rd</sup> Ann has been up all night with Mrs. Finch in the hospital and is much worse
- 24<sup>th</sup> I was up all night with Mrs. Finch. She is very bad indeed.

- 25<sup>th</sup> Tuesday. Beautiful weather. Going ahead. Mrs. Finch is now sunk as low as she possibly can be. We expect her dying any minute. She must change now one way or the other.
- 26<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. She has got a good change for the better but fell off again at night and was very delirious. I have sat up with her 4 nights now. By being in the hospital I have a good opportunity of observing the dispositions of the Doctor, the Captain and the mate. In the first place I believe him to be a very clever man and a more kinder man I never did see to those sick and ill. He is very strict indeed with the single young women and he is obliged to be. In fact, he is what I first took him to be, and that is a real gentleman and a very feeling man and a first rate seaman. The Mate is a real jolly tar and as fine a specimen of British sailor as possible to be. The second mate likewise is a good seaman and we have as good a ship's crew as any ship out of London. They are two as fine Scotsmen as I ever did see. They are liked by all on board. I am particularly fond of them myself.
- 27<sup>th</sup> Mrs. Finch has got a good turn for the better. She has had near tuck of it but I think she will get back now. Ann still waits on her,
- 29<sup>th</sup> This I was surprised to hear the cry of "Land Ho". I thought it an hoax for I knew we were 2000 miles from the African coast and I couldn't make out what place it could be but I did not know we were so far over to the Sth. American coast. I however went on deck and there I saw an island plain enough. It was Trinidad. It lays off on Breseal and belongs to them. It is where they send convicts.
- 31<sup>st</sup> Monday. We can see three homeward-bounders for we are in the track of the vessels coming round Cape Storm. I expect we shall have a confinement on board this week. Ann is going to nurse Mrs. Kidd. She will get to be quite a hospital nurse before long but it is our study to do all we can for everyone whilst we are on board for anything for a change is acceptable as time hangs so very heavy on our hands
- 1<sup>st</sup> April. I was made a fool of this morning. The Stewart came to me at 6 o'clock and called "Bring you letters, there's only 10 minutes before the boat goes. I up in a moment, got my letters but could see no ship! And we all did look a lot of fools.  
Sure enough, there is a great deal of dissatisfaction on board. There will be a serious disturbance on board before long. From what I can learn it is chiefly the Baker. They suspect he robs the immigrants of flour and bread to give to the sailors. Whether he does or not I'm sure I don't know nor do I care for I'm sure it is not fit for anyone to eat. In fact it is so sour it is not fit to give pigs to eat.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Wednesday. The baker has been baking all night and 6 of immigrants have been watching him and reported to the Dr. what they have witnessed. He doesn't seem to co-incide with them and in consequence all our bread today was stopped.  
It has been a very busy day, for we have had our boxes up again. They were all right. We send them down again but a great many people's were much mildewed and at last we had a close reef topsails for the first time since we left England. She is a fine stiff ship and went as steady as a top, in fact she is steadier in a gale of wind than she is without one and when we were below we could scarcely feel any motion at all. So as to prove what I say, the Dr. had put all the single girls below before dark and they didn't know it was blowing and they were reefing topsails so we could hear them singing and laughing as happy as crickets. If they'd known they'd have been frightened to death as near as possible.
- 5<sup>th</sup> Saturday. Wind blowing fresh but we have shaken the reefs out. Mrs. Finch is mending fast and Ann has come out of the hospital.
- 6<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> .All seems to go again pretty comfortable now and we are all praying for a fair wind. The ship is in a most healthful state and all seems pretty comfortable.
- 9<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. Ann was sent for by the Dr. this morning to the hospital at ½ past 3 o'clock to Mrs Kidd and in less than one hour and she came back and told me she was safely confined of a fine girl and was doing well We have many Cape Hens and Cape Pigeons flying about the ship, and an albatross has been following us for several days. Bob's eyes have been very bad for some time and for the last week the Dr. has been forced to drop caustic into one every day to eat a speck of what was growing on it.  
The wind                      into a gale at night and in the morning at 8 o'clock it fell all at once and the ship rolled so heavy that it broke our top gallant mast and top gallant yard but we had thousands of birds about the ship. We fished with hook and line and caught seven albatross. I caught one myself. It measured 10 feet from wing-tip to wing-tip.
- 12<sup>th</sup> Saturday. I was employed by the Capt. to make a top-gallant yard. At night I went to the hospital to see Ann and Mrs. Kidd was so insulting toward my wife that I took her away below with the Dr. and Capt. Penniton and I truly say we were never treated with such ingratitude as we have been by Mrs. Finch and Mrs. Kidd after doing all that we could for them day and night.

- 15<sup>th</sup> Tuesday. Got the top gallant mast and yard up and the sail set. Blowing hard. Soon had to take it in again and reef topsail. It had been thick heavy weather for the first time since we left England.
- 17<sup>th</sup> Wind coming in but the ship rolls very heavy. Thomas Pike got a nasty fall and broke his collar bone.
- 19<sup>th</sup> Sunday. Wind right aft. But very cold. We had this day doubled the Cape of Good Hope at 12 o'clock. We was in latitude 42 South and long. 17 E and going at the rate of 10 knots.
- 21<sup>st</sup> Tuesday. A fine morning but wind contrary at 4 o'clock. We had a squall with vivid lightning and thunder and rain. The word was passed, "All hands reef tops". The sailors turned out but the wind chopped around. It was "Square the yards" and now we are off for Melbourne again.
- 22<sup>nd</sup> Wednesday. A beautiful morning with fair wind but light. There are thousands of birds again flying above the wake of the ship. They live chiefly on the spawn of fish and what is thrown overboard from the different ships. They follow the ships for thousands of miles. 4 o'clock and the dark black clouds began to lower and envelop the ship in a most fearful manner. At this time there was not a breath of wind. We all looked in breathless anxiety for something terrific and at last the thunder, lightning, wind and rain came at one o'clock. It was fearful. It fairly sent the ship flying like a race horse that has run away and can't be stopped, but the seamen got the sails off the ship and that eased it but it was a most dreadful night. The rain fell in torrents but the gale continued. The wind fair and we are making the distance shorter every day.
- 23<sup>rd</sup> Friday. The gale abates but we have strong wind. We were all very much alarmed at 5 o'clock in the afternoon for the cook was melting a large pan of fat and it boiled over and filled the cookhouse full of fire and the fire rushed up the chimney to a great height. We was afraid it would set the sails on fire but the topsail was wet for a good job and did not catch on fire.
- 25<sup>th</sup> Sunday As I expected at 10 o'clock last night we carried away our topmast, studding and boom. We rigged another and carried away our jib boom which has us very much and the ship rocked very much indeed but I turned to and helped the carpenter to get out another boom and worked all Sunday and Monday at it and rigged it on Tuesday.
- 26<sup>th</sup> Monday. It blew very hard all day. The "Celestial" from London to china overtook us in our crippled state. She is a clipper and left London 8 days before us and was out of sight before dark.
- 28<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. We becalmed this morning at half past 3 this morning. We were all suddenly awakened by heavy cries and groans. I out of bed in a moment and rushed on deck. I expected someone had fallen off the yards on to the decks but it was the sailors fighting and one poor fellow was laid on the deck and another beating him unmercifully in the ribs. I thought he should have killed him, he struck him several times after the mate ordered him to stop and was pulling him away from him. It alarmed all the immigrants very much. We had a nice wind at night bit shy.
- 4<sup>th</sup> May, Sunday. Fair wind. Mrs. Mancurrie was confined this morning at half past 8 of a fine girl. A little boy fell down the main hatchway and cut the bridge of his nose,
- 5<sup>th</sup> Monday. Fair wind but very light. The ship rolls very heavy. We are off St Paul's Island ½ way from the Cape to our destination. We caught a Sperm finner today with a harpoon. We had some of it fried. It ate like beef stake.
- 6<sup>th</sup> Tuesday. At ½ past 4 we carried away a topsail studding boom in a squall which awakened us all up. We have fair wind but light this morning. This afternoon there has been a great disturbance with the Doctor and Mary Jackson. She accuses him the doctor of wanting to take liberties with her. Whether he has or not it is impossible to say. I have watched his conduct the whole voyage. If anything he has been too strict with the single young women and he is the last man I should suspect of such a thing. I myself think it a very wicked slander. All the fault I see in him is his too hasty temper and he lets it get the mastery of him and then he won't see reason.
- 10<sup>th</sup> Saturday. Rain in torrents. All day the seas rising tremendously. Not so much wind but expect having a South West Buster. We have prepared for it in time. We have made all snug and put her under close reef. Top-sails.
- 11<sup>th</sup> Sunday. Well, we've had a night of it, after dark last night. At this time the sea had rose to a dreadful height and the wind came in heavy gusts and the ship rolled in the most dreadful manner imaginable. At last she gave two such dreadful lurches right down on her beam ends, it was all we could do to hold on to keep ourselves from being pitched clean out of bed. I must say I felt alarmed myself for if she had taken a sea over her side at the time, it would have been a case with us, or if she had not had her sails close reefed she must have carried her masts away.



14<sup>th</sup> Wed. This morning as I was getting up, I heard a great noise and now on deck, a man ran down and told us there was a Mutiny on deck and we all were to go on deck for they had already knocked the Mate down with a bar of iron by hitting him on the back of the head. When I got on deck the Capt. and the Doctor was stood against the Capstan and he called all the immigrants round him and said Men, there is mutiny on board ship. Will you stand by me and help me to put that man in irons and no one answered. The Doctor said, why don't you answer the Captain one way or the other. The Capt. then said, do you want to go to Melbourne? And a many answered "yes". He then said, "Will you help me to take the ship there and put that man in irons"? and Mr Shackels said, "We will try to do all in our power". They went forward and the Capt. called the man out and he came without resistance and was put in irons but no sailor would help to work the ship without they would release the man but the Capt. would not. I went down and oh what a scene! I never will forget as long as I live. Women crying and wringing their hands and terror struck upon their countenances. Knowing the serious consequences of mutiny on board ship and seeing my wife in such despair that it fairly knocked me up and I was forced to go to bed with a very bad headache. It was blowing fresh and the wind increasing they formed the emigrants into two watches and at twelve it blew hard. But the emigrants did wonders for many a one who had never seen a ship in their lives before this went up on topsail yard and reefed the topsails. I never read anything to equal it. Raining in torrents and the storm increasing to the heaviest gale since we left England, but in spite of the gale and the rain in the night, they followed the Capt. up aloft on the topsail yards and reefed again and stowed the other sails. I don't know that I ever passed such a night of trouble and anxiety in my life. At last the day dawned on the 15<sup>th</sup> and the gale abated and by 12 o'clock we had scarcely any wind at all. The sailors began to come to and offered to work but the Capt. told them he found he could take the ship to Melbourne without them. He had two of the men in irons. I went to the wheel in the afternoon to steer the ship and told them they would have my services up to Melbourne. They thanked me and I gave the wheel to a young man after I felt how she steered and went down to tea at about 8 o'clock. The sailors went aft to ask the master if they might go to work again. He took each of them singly and gave each a severe reprimand but would promise nothing, only that if they went back to work and behaved like men it might go towards

23<sup>rd</sup> Friday. Has been blowing hard all night and we are under reef topsails. Just standing our !! Unfortunately, for some reason this was Stephen's last entry. 12 days before he arrived in Melbourne.



The remainder of the journal has not been found but Stephen and his family settled at Port Sorrell, Tasmania raised their family, became very involved in St Pauls Anglican church and have left a large number of descendants.

In Tasmania, Stephen became a carpenter, perhaps he enjoyed his carpentry work on board the ship.

I also wonder if he may have had enough of the sea on the voyage, as previously in Hull in Yorkshire he had been a Lighterman, and worked in the harbour in Kingston upon Hull, Yorkshire.

Stephen was baptized at Trinity Church, Kingston upon Hull in 1817, where his father was the Parish Clerk and and also a school master. Stephen died in Tasmania in 1880, Ann died in 1895 they are buried in St Pauls Church yard, East Devenport.

Stephen's elder brother Robert was my great great grandfather whose son Railey Charles Gardam, my great grandfather came to Australia in 1853.

## **Lightermen**

And Watermen were licensed occupations of highly skilled men to work in the harbours of England as navigators of small vessels, barges or craft used for carrying merchandise from place to place. The Lighterman was responsible for the cargo he carried and sometimes slept aboard to keep the cargo safe.

TOWN OR BOROUGH  
OF  
Kingston-upon-Hull,  
AND  
COUNTY OF THE SAME TOWN  
OR BOROUGH.  
To Wit.

The Information of

Stephen Gardiner  
of Rodyson Street Grocer  
Lighterman

taken and acknowledged on behalf of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, touching the Death  
of a man unknown \_\_\_\_\_ at the Sacristy of the  
the Holy Trinity Parish Church

in the said Town or Borough of Kingston-upon-Hull, and County of the same Town or  
Borough, on the this day of July  
in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and forty one before  
me, John Thorney, Gentleman, Her Majesty's Coroner for the same Town or Borough,  
and County of the same Town or Borough, on an Inquisition then and there taken, on  
view of the Body of a man unknown \_\_\_\_\_  
then and there lying Dead.

This Informant on his Oath saith About 6 of clock this  
morning I was on the Quay of the  
Old Dock Lock pit when I saw something  
floating in the water which I thought  
looked like a Man's head floating  
I told a Hooperman there to assist it  
I saw what it was He did so &  
it turned out to be the body of the  
man shown to the Jury. the body  
appeared to have been some time  
in the water. the body was covered  
with mud & looked as though it had  
been covered with mud some time

Taken upon oath before  
me this 30 July 1841  
John Thorney.  
Coroner

Stephen Gardiner

## *The Roving Retirees cont...*

November 2008 to January 2009



*Daphne Salt is a member of the Society, an author and unofficial researcher and archivist of local historical information. This is the second installment of her travels in central Australia that has been published.*

After White Cliffs (where Opal was first discovered in 1884), another massive dust storm came up as we drove to Emmadale Roadhouse halfway to Cobar. When we enquired about camping, the proprietor told us that the powered sites in full sun on a road next to another van and between two toilets cost \$15 but non-powered in the mulga paddock was free. Then we asked about meals, he said that he will cook a meal from the blackboard menu if he feels like defrosting and cooking it, otherwise have a 'poie' from the hot box. We declined and drove into the paddock under the shade of a Coolabah tree looking at the jolly jumbucks and cooked fillet minion as we waved the flies away so they wouldn't be confused with the mushrooms. Apart from the rain, flies and dust storms it has been between 30° and 45° most days.

In Bourke we backed the van into the only site with afternoon shade, turned on air con while we finished setting up then at 5pm the power went off and the whole of Bourke had no electricity for a couple of hours so we switched fridge to 12 volt.

*Bourke, Population 3000, is on the flood plain of the Darling and on the rim of the Great Artesian Basin. The Bourke Shire covers 4.2 million hectares.*

*Sturt arrived in Bourke in 1829 toting a longboat looking for the fabled inland sea and named the river Darling. When surveying the region in 1835 Major Mitchell built a stockade as a shelter and store, and named it after Governor Richard Bourke. By 1859 paddle steamers were servicing the sheep stations there from 900 miles away at the Murray Junction at Wentworth. Henry Lawson worked on Toorale Station in 1892 and wrote his Bourke and other outback works.*

We had a look at the 1<sup>st</sup> lock on Darling River then drove to May's Bend. This is an absolutely fabulous spot – huge old river gums on sandy clay 'U' bend of river – site of 'Robbery Under Arms' – best spot in Bourke – it's worth camping here for a week!



We headed for Milparinka via Wanaaring, camping overnight at Louth on the west bank of the Darling with beautiful gnarled and knobbly old gums.

The next night we pulled into one of the bores, but it was too close to the road and was in a clay pan surrounded by mulga and salt bush and stumps and strewn about wire – the clouds were getting darker and the wind was building up, it looked and felt like rain coming and because the road was clay, corrugations and bull dust, we drove back out but we had to stop at a grid to drag a dead sheep from the middle of the road so we wouldn't pick it up on the drawbar. (A bit of lanoline would have been good on my arms and legs because they are so dry).



The road varied between long stretches of sand, clay, gravel and the usual tar bits in the tricky places and stones (like driving on marbles), the clay and sand was 4" to 6" deep. There were dozens of dry salt lakes, goats, brumbys, roos and emus. The road was heavily corrugated for hundreds of kilometres. The cloud was getting thicker and darker. The Milparinka road was closed and as we started to drive the extra 55km to Tibooburra we had to pull over to let 2 road trains past. When the dust settled we moved off again but heard a dragging noise so we walked around the car and van and found that we had lost a 'D' shackle, one of the chains was dragging on the ground and the steel edge of the big mud flap was holding on by only 2 bolts. We couldn't undo them because the nuts were stone-blasted onto the bolts so we had to use the hacksaw to get it off (I left my bolt cutters at home). When we went into the van to get another 'D' shackle and the hacksaw we saw that the microwave was dangling off its shelf because all of the base screws had vibrated out. (We were going to get rid of the microwave anyway and make use of the shelf because we don't often have electricity. So that decision was made for us.)

*Tibooburra comes from the Aboriginal name for the area meaning 'heap of rocks' and was known as The Granites Goldfield from 1880. The gold fields cover 1000 square kilometres and because of the lack of water, high temperatures and granite boulders it was the worst mining conditions in Australia. They still find gold there (we didn't)*



The hardware store, 'Werks & Jerks', had a note taped to the door to phone and they will come down and open up – so we did. We bought 2 'D' shackles after finally getting through to the drongo that light aluminium abseiling carabins will not do to take 2 ton weight suddenly if the van jumps off the towball!

The following day the rain started at about 2.30pm and a good inch fell in half an hour, then as we sat in the Tibooburra pub for dinner another storm dropped yet another 2" of rain closing all roads again for a few days. A 4WD drove in on the Wanaaring Road that we took yesterday, their vehicle was covered with mud – the road was impassable but they were already on it when the rain started so

they were committed and could not under any circumstance let their wheels stop – their car stood outside the pub dropping great dollops of mud. It was fine the next day and we spent the day assessing the results of the corrugated roads and remedying them and making our Christmas cards.

The roads dry out in about 24 hours with the sun and wind so we drove around Dead Horse Gully and down to Milparinka and Sturt's Depot Glen before heading off across the desert and clay pans and through the Dingo Fence to Cameron Corner. The Desert is green with new growth of saltbush, Mitchell grass and Spinifex after the recent rains with the roads alternating between white sand, red sand, red clay, red stones, water holes and gravel.

At Cameron Corner we had a Major Dilemma! The clock reads 3.40pm – the bar opens at 4pm, but we are at Cameron Corner and don't know which time zone to use – NSW, QLD or SA. We chose to be in NSW because the bar in the front of the van is in NSW; we are sleeping in SA, but have to walk to QLD for the toilet!

In the Cameron Corner Store/Pub we had a look at the road and weather report – Broken Hill and Tibooburra were dumped on by the storm we drove away from yesterday and the towns are locked down. Most of the roads are closed because of the rain, but the road through the desert to the Strzelecki Track is open unless it rains tonight. We will be taking this track tomorrow if the gale-force wind and dust storm drops.

The next leg to Innamincka via Bollards, Mertles Merty & Moomba, was across 100s of parallel clay-capped red dunes, about 400 metres apart and running north-south while the white clay, red sand and gravel roads

went East-West. As we crossed the dunes we came upon a yellow double-decker bus sitting in a claypan beside a bore and dead windmill so we pulled up at the bus stop for breakfast.

Driving the Strzelecki Track and Sturt's Stony Desert between the dunes and massive clay pans there are a lot of gas and oil pipelines. About halfway to Innamincka we pulled up at the Moomba Kobarie No 1 oil bore. The bore-head is capped with a big pillar with wheels and cogs on it. It was down a track about a kilometre off the Strzelecki Track between dunes and through a gate – quite out of sight of the road. We were both exhausted so we lifted the van lid, dropped the stabilizer legs after persuasion with a hammer and squirt bottle of water to get the dust & grit out of the hinge bits. *Why did I bring my make up?* Most of the cattle stations are now using solar panels to power their electric pumps for the artesian water so windmills may soon become a thing of the past.

At Innamincka we went to the Trading Post and as we walked in the Panicking kookie Kiwi woman, (Rosemary Hill) yelled *"I'm Rizmiry Hell, what are you doing here? You're out of season! I have to have your names and address and telephone number (what good a home number will do when we are not there, I don't know) because people DIE out here! It's DANGEROUS! All the deserts are closed!! No desert passes are being issued for the summer! My husband nearly DIED in that 50° heat 4 days ago! He broke down and left his vehicle and walked – he always tells everyone never to leave their vehicle! He broke down – my motherboard crashed and he had to get it to Moomba to catch the 5 o'clock plane – on the way back he broke down – he had different size wheels on and wound up the diff and locked it and wrecked the diff (he was the local mechanic!) – he walked and he didn't have any water or CB and it was 53° I was frantic. He got back at 11pm and his throat was swollen and his tongue was swollen! He didn't have any water. He always tells everyone never to leave their car and always carry water even if you are only going a couple of miles."* (She had sent him off in a flurry down the short cut back track just to get her computer fixed on a day like that! They broke every rule in the book and yet they live out there ??? )

At Innamincka we listened to the dingos talking to each other through the night then next day went out to Burke's Dig Tree and their graves. Leoné had some fun in the mud on the way back because there were several washouts that we were hesitant to negotiate until, as we were detouring through the bush, we watched a road train and his escort vehicle drive straight through so we did the same coming back. (It looks great on the video!)

Next was Noccundra where we camped by a waterhole full of frogs and tortoises then to Thargomindah where Australia's first artesian hydro electric power station began in 1893.

*The average temp of the water is 82°C, it is 820 metres deep and the flow is 1.3 million gallons (5,7200,000 litres) per day at a force of 1200kPa.* The town water comes from huge cooling tanks on the tip side of the road and we again had to drink bore water, it's a good thing we use a dual water filter for the van.

Many of the Thargomindah houses, including the Police Station are painted the colour of dust.

Eulo's claim to fame is their big horrible tin lizard and a mud spa, but they did have decent liquorice allsorts. (This is sheep country judging by the road kills.)

As we headed for Quilpie via Toompine along a terrible corrugated tar strip of a road we saw more eagles and large flocks of emus. About 50 km west of Eulo we came to a causeway with Yowah Creek flowing



across the road and a large clear area among the trees, so because we were tired, we drove in and set up for the night not far from the Yowah boulder opal diggings. There are lots of native Cyprus pines which are resistant to termites, hence no termite mounds – a flock of a dozen emus walked towards us on the road and posed for photos but the wild goats ran into the mulga.

We undertook a joint study of the habits



of big black, red and brown meat ants while the sun set. First by putting bits of bread over the holes on the nests and watching their delegated tasks – the puller-aparters cut the bread into crumbs and the carriers took it home – but were bamboozled when their hole was covered with bread.

We had discovered at May's Bend at the Back of Bourke that they prefer their morsels wet so Leoné sacrificed some of her wine for the cause and when that dried out, used water – one must prioritise and also be compassionate and not render the little creatures senseless. An hour or so into this analysis she had ants in her pants. But strangely enough, they didn't bite.

The trees are shallow-rooted and fall over with strong wind leaving their root ball in the air, so there are lots of upside-down trees.

When we stopped at Toompine (the pub without a town) there were goats, donkeys and a camel in front of the pub and an 1800s Cemery (sic) at the back with 3 graves.

The Church in Quilpie has a Boulder Opal alter.

At another campsite savage little ants bit us at every step while we swatted the mozzies and the prickles came through our thongs leaving their sharp spiky needles in our feet and toes. We spent the best part of an hour removing them then swept around the van to get rid of prickles so we can walk outside. We had quite a dilemma here – there are ant nests everywhere – nasty little black ones with red tails – savage little sods – the whole ground is swarming with them – when you take the spade and long serviette for a walk but you can't stand, let alone squat, without them swarming and biting, so we used the portable loo inside the van.

The road undulated and there were corrugations in the single tar track and dozens of floodways making the van buck even at 60kph – the road rolled and ~~pitched to alternate sides~~ and threw the car and van around like a heavy swell at sea. This stupid bucking road was like a pogo stick on a tightrope!

So far the Strzelecki desert has been the nicest scenery – here it is unremarkable, there are short trees about 3-4' high and the taller trees are eaten off at the same level by cattle giving the impression of a wire fence as you drive by on the Diamantina, Cooper, Thompson floodplain with lots of floodways, dips and levees.

Just after the Jundah via NP turnoff there was a sign – No parking – emergency airstrip – for the Barcoo Shire. There are scattered pure white gums amongst the mulga and more eagles and black cockatoos.

Just over the Cooper Creek Bridge in the middle of a claypan on Galway Downs is a rusted old riveted flood boat from the early 1900s. Cooper Creek never runs dry. *Sturt named it 'Creek' because, although it was wide and long, it wasn't flowing like a river when he saw it. Windorah, an Aboriginal word for 'big fish', began when a bloke was travelling the Cobb & Co route in the 1880s and broke down so he decided that this was as good a place as any to set up his home and then he opened a shop for travellers using his supplies and gave the coach driver a list to replenish his stock on the next run. Today the postman brings in the supplies.* Windorah has recently installed a bank of about half a dozen huge solar generators – like satellite dishes with a magnifying glass at the top that generate electricity. Kevin Rudd came to open it last week and his plane broke down so he had to hitch a ride back with the Rangers. We bought fuel from a blind service station attendant and found that the price has come down to \$1.34 per litre – it was \$2.50 at Cameron Corner. (We haven't listened to the radio since October and we have no TV).

At Jundah the local police sergeant knocked on our van door to see if we were ok and to ask which way we were going. He had noticed our stone deflector on the van and the covering on the car rear window and the 2x 80 litre water tanks under the van and the spare fuel and water on the back. He told us that there was a woman riding a push bike to Birdsville carrying only 5 litres of water in 50<sup>0</sup> heat. He interviewed her before she left but was powerless to prevent her from going – she told him that she has had a 'calling to do it' – *but on a bike, with only 5 litres of water and no back-up!!!!* He wanted us to keep an eye out for her if we were going that way – there is no fuel, water or services for 600-700km in that part of the desert and although we could manage it quite easily we are not mad enough to drive it in these temperatures and conditions.

Most days it is still 43<sup>0</sup> at 5pm at the Back of Barcoo '*where the churches are few, and the men of religion are scanty, on a road never crossed, 'cept by folk who are lost, one Michael McGee has a shanty*' – (Banjo Paterson) The remains of McGee's shanty can still be found but we had trouble finding out what a Barcoo dog was! – we speculated that it was a mythical creature invented by the opal miners to keep people off their claim. The Information Centre was shut so we asked at council and the local police sergeant but they

didn't know. The girl in the pub told us that a Barcoo Dog is made from tobacco tins threaded onto a bit of wire to shake behind the sheep when you don't have a dog. She comes from a sheep station in Quilpie and has used them and has some at home.

Next was Stonehenge – named for the ruins of the old pub that stood there for a century but in 1970s council, in all its wisdom, took the rubble away and crushed it for road fill. *Stonehenge was one of three locations for the Defence Department's "Over the Horizon" radar initiative to guard the Australian coastline* but Stonehenge actually looks like a garbage tip with a few houses built on it.

Two days before Christmas we drove into Longreach while the sweat poured off us, so after setting up we sat outside under the annex and watched the storm clouds building up – it took an hour or so to come close – lots of lightning then it moved off – no rain but it stayed horribly humid and we drank another couple of litres of water. Here the temperature ranged from 28<sup>0</sup> overnight to 53<sup>0</sup> during the day!!

*Longreach, named for the long reach of water on the Thompson River, is on the Tropic of Capricorn. Bushranger Captain Starlight hid out at Cassidy's Knob near Longreach. Longreach is the largest town in Central Western Queensland. Stockman's Hall of Fame opened in 1988, QANTAS headquarters & hangar was moved here from its Winton birthplace, it was a sheep & cattle centre – Duraks drove their mob of cattle to Longreach, the town was gazetted in 1887, railway came in 1892.*

In the evening we sat outside with a cuppa or wine and watched the lightning skipping around the sky. We went to Stockman's Hall of Fame about 1km from the van park where we spent hours looking at the fabulous exhibitions – they also make the old fashioned milkshakes with 4 dollops of ice cream and half a dozen squirts of chocolate goop.

Christmas Day was over 50<sup>0</sup> again so we flopped around in the bubbly spa wearing knickers & singlet tops and a hat for most of the day much to the amusement of a few other people – *I wonder why they all left?*

On Boxing Day all of Longreach was shut – but because Longreach is on the Tropic of Capricorn we drove around town, up and down and through the side streets looking for the marker and finally spotted it hidden in some trees outside the Council. The marker has a ball and North pointer on it and signs reading Tropic of Capricorn, Torrid Zone and Temperate zone.

We can't get over the price of things here, for example we bought 4 doz crumbed prawns for \$16. There are a couple of brolgas wandering around the caravan park.

Next was Winton *the geographical centre of Queensland, dinosaur and boulder opal territory and the place that QANTAS began – conceived in Cloncurry and set up in Winton 1921 then moved, hangar and all, to Longreach. Winton is the birthplace of Banjo Patterson's Waltzing Matilda during the shearers' strike of 1895.*



*The Winton region was first explored by Ludwig Leichhardt in 1848 and passed through by Landsborough in search of Burke and Wills in 1861 and by McKinlay in 1862, also in search of Burke and Wills.*

We spent the New Year at Winton but by 6.30pm the sky was black and rumbling with thunder. We lent a pommy bloke some stronger tent pegs (his looked like hat pins) and a hammer and told him that the wind would come up strong enough to blow a dog off its chain. He said his little \$40 tent kept the water out but I don't think he believed how strong the wind and rain could be. The park owner told him he could move his tent to the barbeque shelter but he said he was ok. We went back to our van and cooked steak with garlic, onions and vegies while the Pommy had his tin of Tom Piper.

The wind blew like a cyclone and sky opened up and dumped 3" on us in one hour; the water flowed like a river under the annex and created massive puddles around the park. It snapped the Pommy bloke's poles and flattened his tent – but our pegs held it to the ground. Leoné stepped out of the van onto the mat which sank down in 1-2 inches of mud and skated across to the toilet. She came back and washed the mud off her feet and thongs that had grown to snow shoe size – after that we used the portable toilet inside because the ground was soggy and gooey and mushy, horribly slippery, sucky, slushy muck and mire.

On New Years Eve the RSL cancelled its New Years Eve party, the North Gregory Hotel cancelled their Hangi, the Australian Hotel cancelled their festivities and in the van park everyone went to bed early.

New Years Day, we started out of town towards the Blakesburg NP and the site of the original town but an old bloke in a white car tooted us to stop. He told us his son had just rung him and said that the river was coming up “there was a lot of water coming from way up the creek and would hit any minute with enough water to drown a duck!” we thanked him and did a ‘U-ie’ and drove back to the park and told the owners who will tell people not to go out there because if they did manage to get out, they would never get back.



They brought some timber and rubber mats to go over the slush at our door so we can get in and out of the van. The rain was persistent and heavy most of the night with water and mud gushing under the van and annex and frogs that sounded like an angle grinder. In the morning the whole camp ground was afloat! We had to slop to the toot bare-footed because the mud sucks your thongs off – I brought back a spade and dug channels in the mud to drain out the 4” to 6” of water from under the annex and around the door.

Most of the campers were leaving – one young couple in a small tent and little car packed up and had breakfast in BBQ shelter, another couple who got bogged on the road we were going to take yesterday put their tent in the bin and left. We had to change our route again because there is a huge wet trough in the Gulf 350 km north of us so we can’t use dirt roads for a while –tomorrow we will go towards Mt Isa then across the Barclay to Tennant Creek and drop down to Alice Springs, Uluru and the Flinders Ranges.

We wandered through the show rooms, theatrettes, hologram and the QANTAS displays in the Matilda Centre. They had a few specimens of dinosaur footprints and bones from Lark Quarry – but it doesn’t make up for being so close and not being able to go out there.

*95-100 million years ago, (when the Great Artesian Basin was in actual fact the inland sea that prompted Sturt to carry a boat on his explorations – his theory was correct but his timing was out), hundreds of dinosaurs (chicken sized carnivorous Coelurosaurs and emu sized herbivorous Ornithopods were feeding and drinking around the lake at Lark Quarry when a carnivorous Theropod, almost the same size as the Tyrannosaurus, stalked them. In their stampede across the mud the Coelurosaurs and Ornithopods left a chaotic mass of 3300 footprints in the mud. The mud dried out then heavy rains caused the lake to rise and the footprints filled with silt eventually becoming fossilised. This site, discovered in 1962 and excavated by palaeontologists and volunteers in 1976-77, is the only dinosaur stampede site in the world and was the inspiration for Spielberg’s ‘Jurassic Park’. In 2002 the site was enclosed in an earth and metal building atmospherically controlled by solar power for optimal preservation.*

*The final phase in the evolution of the Great Artesian Basin was 20 million years ago as the inland sea retreated and the tectonic forces warped the region then filled with sediment which became sandstone and other rocks and is today called the Winton Formation. This process also formed boulder opal. The fossilised skeleton of “Elliot”, the Sauropod, Australia’s largest dinosaur was discovered by a local grazier at Winton and is displayed in the Cornfield and Fitzmaurice building.*



We left Winton along the Landsborough Highway, named for one of the several Burke & Wills search parties; (Bourke sure did inconvenience a lot of people) and as we drove past the Combo Waterhole turn-off we saw that the road was itself one great waterhole. The bloke in the Blue Heeler Pub at Kynuna said that he wouldn’t take us in his caravan park because it was under water. At 5pm we arrived at Walkabout Creek Hotel at McKinlay (Crocodile Dundee) and asked if they had a powered site for the night but the publican asked if we had a 4Wdrive and off-road van and if we had ever driven with water on the road – when we answered yes to all

3 – he said that there was now a brief window to drive to Cloncurry otherwise we would be stuck at McKinlay for a week or more and that we should go NOW! As we moved off we asked a couple of semis over the CB about the road conditions. They said there were about 8 floodways with 100mm to 200mm of water in them but the Plumtree Creek was 400mm and rising.

After crossing 6 floodways stretching from 50 to 200 or so metres in length and about 200mm deep we got to Plumtree Creek. It was as the truckie said – only more so – there was a van stopped with its wheels touching the water on the McKinlay side and 2 cars on the Cloncurry side.



The water wasn't flowing too quickly and there was no debris floating down and we could clearly see the guide posts on both sides of the dual carriageway and the 2 metre flood marker was clearly visible with the water level at about 450mm to 500mm so we pulled up and engaged low range and stuck to the centre of the road and drove through without any problems at all. Although we drove at a steady 20kph the water sprayed up above the car on both. There were 4 more shallow crossings – about 200 deep before we reached Cloncurry at 7.40pm. As we drove through town we saw their 2 caravan parks with signs saying closed due to flood. We drove up to the tourist information centre over a rising creek – their car park had no camping signs but with that creek it was too risky to stop there anyway so we did another circuit of town and pulled into the driveway of the roadhouse.

The rain didn't let up all night and we left before 8am and arrived in Mt Isa at 11am planning on staying 2 only nights but on the second day all hell broke loose – the monsoon trough from the Gulf cyclone dumped



rain from Winton and Julia Creek to Tennant Creek, Barkley, Mt Isa, Boulia. The road to Tennant Creek was washed away and near the Barkley Roadhouse, there are huge holes and washouts for miles and it is totally impassable and will take about 3 weeks to build a bypass. Trucks and travellers going east from Darwin, Alice Springs and Adelaide to Townsville are stuck at Tennant Creek – trucks and travellers going west to Darwin, Alice Springs and Adelaide are stuck at Camooweal – many of them are livestock, milk, beer and fuel trucks. The livestock carriers don't know what to do about feeding the stock and the milk trucks have to dump the milk

because it is going off. It looks like we will be here for another 3 weeks until the road is made passable. The Isa SES, police and emergency helicopters are dropping food and water to dozens of truckies and travellers stranded on the roads.

The Channel Country went under water from the Gulf down through Barcaldine, Longreach, Winton, Kynuna, McKinlay, Julia Creek, Cloncurry and down through Boulia to Birdsville. We made the right choice to drive on to Isa Island – at least this is the highest spot in all the monsoon area. We had 800mm, (3½”) of rain dumped on us between 5pm and 7.30pm on Tues 6<sup>th</sup> January. The Leichardt behind us rose 3½ metres in 1 hour, so we rolled up the annex in the pouring rain and hitched up the car in case we need the added weight if we start floating or if they have to evacuate us. The placid creek became a raging torrent with surf-like waves and debris and logs racing down – the flood peaked only 5' from our van and park had logs bobbing amongst the other debris as it raced behind us. The bridge 3 metres above the river went under by about 2 feet and the police barricaded it off. Then the rain eased off and 15 minutes later the water level had dropped another 5 feet, thank goodness. Everyone here on Isa Island is in the same boat – we can't continue and we can't go back! We are using our sojourn on Mt Isa Island to look around and to catch up with our photos and journals and to do maintenance etc to the van and car. We intend heading off to Alice Springs when we can but all roads are still closed – we can't get to Camooweal because that is local traffic only so they don't get an overload of people waiting for the Barkley to be rebuilt – we can't use the Sandover, Diamantina or the Plenty because they are boggy, washouts, water over road etc – so we have to wait for the Barkley to be re-opened – hopefully it will be within the week.

There have been no serious mechanical or health problems and we are thoroughly enjoying everything and everywhere ... even our enforced sojourn marooned here on Isa Island.

Cheers for Now, Daphne

## **A Brief History of SUTHERLAND MUSIC CLUB 1957- 2009**

Pat Hannon

Sutherland Music Club was formed in 1957 by the late Clarice Campbell who was a singing teacher for many years, with rooms in Paling's Building in Sydney. In earlier days, at Woollahra, she had taught Richard Bonyng, and also knew Joan Sutherland.

Miss Campbell had already established Nowra Music Club. After meeting Miss Etta Johnston and Mr. Jack Sommer, Sutherland Music Club was formed.

Many supporters have dedicated their time and energy over the years such as Mrs Mary McCubben, Mr David Johnston, Mr & Mrs A J Sommer, Mrs J Vasey, Mrs C Foulger, Mr & Mrs Brownscombe, Mr & Mrs David Kirby, Mrs Chnita King , Dr George Miller, Mr Hugh Jeffrey and for many years and still very involved, Mr Doug Archer , Mr William Montague, Mrs Grace Fisher, Mrs J McLelland, Mr & Mrs Lynn & John Buchman, Mr Mrs B Hanna, Mrs Norma Jean Taylor, Mrs Dawn Emerson and Mr & Mrs Basil Landos. Basil is the longest serving Treasurer in the Federated Music Clubs history; 1971 to the present time. This is just a few of those involved over the time..



Miss Clarice Louise Campbell' passed away on the 20th January 1980, age 92

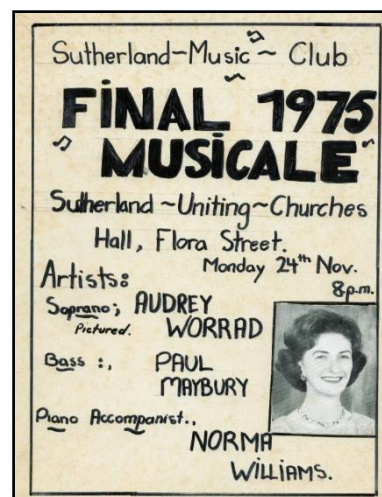
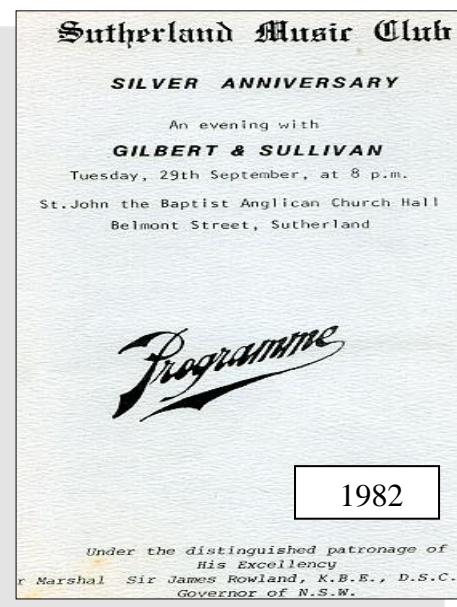
Music Clubs provide a platform for both established and aspiring artists, at local venues, and at affordable prices. Some of the artists who have appeared at Sutherland, have become well known e.g. Florence Taylor, Robert Colman, Alan Light, Geoffrey Chard, Cedric Ashton, Yvonne Minton, Roslyn Dunbar, Albert Landa, Charmian Gadd, Megan Evans, Beryl Potter, Pamela Le Nevez, Werner Baer, Paul Maybury, David Capewell and Mark Walton, Marie Tysoe, Rosalind Keene, and so many more...

*The Music Club to this time holds five concerts each year. In recent years, the club has organized several one day seminars on music, a Youth Concert each year for young local musicians, a Members' night each year and has supported the local Eisteddfod. The club organizes and holds the Sutherland Shire Youth Awards and also holds a Seniors Concert in Heritage Week. From its inception, the club has been affiliated with the Federated Music Clubs of Australia, NSW Council Inc., and therefore has been under their Patron, usually the Governor of NSW. The Club has also appointed its own patrons over the years.*



## Timeline of Sutherland Music Club

1957 - Formation of SMC  
 1957 - Patron: Sir John Northcotte  
 1957 - President Dr. George Miller  
 1958 - Patron: Sir Bernard Heinze  
 1960 - President Mr. R.T. Knowles  
 1961 - President Mr. J. H. Hardwicke  
 1966 - Patron: Dr. George Miller  
 1968 - Patron: Mr. Don Dobie MHR  
 1970 - Patron: Mr. David Kirkby  
 1971 - Patron: Mr. E. Brownscombe  
 1971 - Mr. Basil Landos Treasurer  
 1977 - President Mr. Jack Sommer  
 1977 - Patron Mr. J.H Hardwicke, BEM  
 1979 - Mrs. Joyanne Sullivan– began Children's Concerts  
 1979 - Miss Clarice Campbell becomes a Life Member  
 1980 - Life Membership to Mr. & Mrs. J.H.Hardwicke.  
 1981 - Patrons: Sir J. Rowlands, J. Hadwicke, E. Brownscombe  
 1982 - 25th Anniversary  
 1982 - Life Members: Mrs.Kirkby, Mrs. N Stewart, Mrs V Street  
 1982 - Patron: Mr. E. Brownscombe  
 1988 - Offer from Sutherland Shire Council for help with Printing, programs etc. if we supply the paper.  
 1989 - Mrs. Lynn Buchman organizes 1st Youth Concert  
 1989 - President Mr. Hugh Jeffrey  
 1990 - Life Members, Miss Johnston LRSM, Mrs M. McCubben  
 1990 - Life Members, Mr. & Mrs. AJ Sommer.  
 1991 - President Mrs. Janice Vasey  
 1991 - Begins sponsoring under 21 Section piano in Sutherland Eisteddfod.  
 1993 - Life Membership to Mr. & Mrs. Brownscombe  
 1993 - Life Membership to Mr. Basil Landos  
 1994 - SMC Joined Heritage Foundation  
 1994 - President Mrs. Grace Fisher  
 1994 - Mr. Ian Swords became Patron  
 1995 - Life Membership to Miss Etta Johnston  
 1995 - Patron: Mr. Ian Swords. Mr..E Brownscombe  
 1996 - Life Membership to Mrs. M. McCubben  
 1997 - Life Membership to Mr. J. Sommer  
 1997 - Microphone used for 1st time  
 1997- 40th Anniversary  
 2000 - President Mrs. Lynn Buchman  
 2001 - SMC took Youth Music Awards over from SSC  
 2002 - Changed Logo from Harp to New Logo  
 2002 - Addition of Daneman Piano  
 2007 - 50th Anniversary  
 2007 - Life Membership to Mrs. Lynn Buchman  
 2008 – Hughes Award to Mrs. Lyn Buchman  
 2008 - Hughes Award to Mr. John Buchman



## 1st. Musicale of the First Season, 8th August, 1957.

St John's Hall, Belmont St. Sutherland.

Artists:

Alice Halifax (Soprano), -In Quella Tring Mordide, (Puccini).

Gladys Hart (Pianist), -Seven Variations on a Theme from Mozart's "Magic Flute"

Cedric Ashton (Cellist) Kol Nidrie (Max Bruch) -Gavotte in D, (Bach)-The Swan,( Saint Sazns)

Miss Etta Johnston's brother, David, designed the logo for the Club, an Irish Harp.



Back Row:

J.McLelland, . Emerson, W Montague, D Archer, E Parma

V McKenzie, J Buchman, . Player, L Buchman

Front: G Fisher, M Anderson, J Player, B Landos, Basil Landos, M Smith, P Hannan

Committee- 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration at Frank Vickery Village

### Dr. George Joseph Miller:

**First President** of Sutherland Music Club 1957 to 1960, Patron 1965-1967.

Born in 1917 at Mascot, Sydney.

"When Doctor Miller, his wife Mary & his 2 children came to the Sutherland Shire in the mid 1940's, he became a Locum for Dr. Eric Miles. Later a 3rd partnership with Drs. Eric & Tom Miles on the corner of Eton & Flora Sts. Where Centrelink is today. In 1951 the family bought 68 Glencoe St. from Dr. Miles. He started his own practice in this home in 1960.

A prominent and active member in the affairs of his Church-Member of St. Vincent De Paul Society-Sylvania Lions-Active member in Council of Social Services in the Shire- Foundation President of Port Hacking Branch of Australian Medical Association. He was a General Practitioner, plus practiced, Obstetrics, Gynaecology and Dermatology.

In his earlier life, George was a keen sportsman, athletics, cricket. He ran for Botany Harriers and was a champion 100 yard printer and High Jump champion.

Friend & Doctor. A great sense of humor as any patient would tell, Dr. George Miller was a good, humble and talented man who truly loved life and humanity. He died October 1976. "age 59. So young, a tragic loss.

**A section from a story by John Miller. 2002 ....Dr. Eric Myles was an early Vice President**