



## **SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

### **THE SOCIETY**

The SSHS has a proud tradition stretching back 46 years and is an entirely volunteer and not-for-profit organisation. Over the years the Society has taken on the responsibility of recording and preserving local history so that Shire residents can learn more about our past.

### **WRITING FOR THE *BULLETIN***

Since its beginning, the Society has fostered the skills of local writers and their work is recorded in the *Bulletin* – copies of which can be accessed in Sutherland Shire Library Local Studies room. Members and non-members are invited to submit material for future editions and although we give local history priority, we are happy to accept stories on Australian history generally. We ask that you quote your sources and acknowledge any material used as well as obtaining permission from authors.

The *Bulletin* 'style-guide' is available from the editor: Clive Baker. 13 Veronica Place, Loftus. 2232. [warbookshop@bigpond.com](mailto:warbookshop@bigpond.com). Make sure to include your contact details and/or email address.

### ***BULLETIN***

Copies of this publication are free to all Society members and are also distributed to all Shire council libraries, the Mayor, Shire General Manager, all Councillors, the Royal Australian Historical Society, National Trust of NSW, NSW State Library, National Library of Australia, University of Sydney, University of NSW, State Rail Authority, Australia Post Archives, Sydney Water Board Historical Research Unit and Shire high school libraries.

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### **REGISTRATION**

Other than the *Bulletin*, other Society publications are registered with the National Library of Australia in accordance with International Standard Serial Numbering and usually have an ISBN number.

## **SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETINGS**

Monthly meetings are held on the THIRD Saturday of each month at 1.30 pm (except December) – at Stapleton Centre, 3A Stapleton Street, Sutherland (near the library). We welcome your company to hear our guest speakers, mix with local history enthusiasts and share afternoon tea and a chat.

## **SUTHERLAND SHIRE MUSEUM**

Our museum is located in the School of Arts, East Parade Sutherland (opposite the bus station). It opens on the FIRST Saturday of each month from 10am to 3pm and contains some gems of Shire history and many old photographs. Entry is free but a gold coin donation will assist our work.

For special tours, schools and groups should make a booking with Curator Jim Cutbush: 9521-3721.

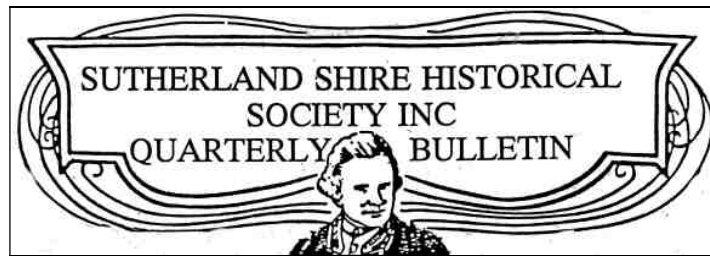
**DONATING MATERIAL:** If you have items of historical significance for Sutherland Shire, we welcome a donation to the museum where it can be kept for posterity. Cash donations and sponsorship assist us to improve the museum and perhaps you can keep the museum in mind when planning your estate.

## **CONTACTING THE SOCIETY**

All correspondence and membership enquiries should be addressed to The Honorary Secretary, Sutherland Shire Historical Society. PO box 389. Sutherland. NSW. 1499 or [a.badger@optusnet.com.au](mailto:a.badger@optusnet.com.au)

## **THANKS TO SUTHERLAND SHIRE COUNCIL**

The Society is most grateful for the on-going support from the Council in printing our *Bulletin*.



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**Front cover:** Another beautiful item held at the museum, dating back to 1909.

**Back cover:** Postcard of the early Shire years (courtesy: David Overett) and an early artist's impression of the Cook memorial at Kurnell.

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## VALE

On behalf of the Society, we extend our sympathies to the family of our member, John Tyler. John, who featured on the front cover of our book *When I was Ten*, recently passed away. He had been a member of the society for a few years and will be remembered for his enthusiasm and involvement and many of us enjoyed his company. He was a keen tennis player, bridge and chess player and will be much missed.

Sadly we must also extend our sympathies to our long-time member, Mary Small, who lost her husband Les, in recent weeks. Many Society members were at his funeral where they learned of his quiet personality and his life at sea. By the attendance, he had obviously touched the hearts and minds of many people.

## THE SSHS COMMITTEE: 2012-2013

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<b>COMMITTEE MEMBERS</b>	Mary Small Gloria Hans	9522-9917 9589-0251	
<b>BOOK REVIEW EDITOR</b>	Bob Osborne	9525-2929	
<b>HONORARY SOLICITOR</b>	Michael Solari	<b>AUDITOR</b>	To be advised

## SOCIETY ACTIVITIES: 2013

MONTH		EVENT	NOTES
<b>SEPTEMBER</b>	7	Museum	First Saturday 10 am–3pm
	21	Meeting: 1.30pm Guest speaker:	<b>ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING</b> <b>Angela Badger:</b> Mystery of the 14 who disappeared
	28	Excursion	Thirlmere Railway Museum: \$30 including bus
<b>OCTOBER</b>	5	Museum	First Saturday 10 am–3pm
	19	Meeting: 1.30pm Guest speaker:	<b>Lorna Stone:</b> History of Sutherland Hospital
		Excursion	None
<b>NOVEMBER</b>	2	Museum	First Saturday 10 am–3pm
	16	Meeting: 1.30pm Guest speaker:	<b>ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY</b> To be advised
	23	Excursion	Australian Light Horse Display \$45 including bus, entry, lunch
<b>DECEMBER</b>	7	Museum	First Saturday 10 am–3pm
	21	Meeting:	NO FUNCTION
		Excursion	None



# PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT

BRUCE WATT

Welcome readers, to our third edition of the *Bulletin* for 2013 and the last before our AGM.

Amongst the many local history societies, our journal is widely considered one of the best. Our editor, Clive Baker deserves high praise for the standard of his work. We are fortunate that in an electronic age, research and downloading of images and information is much easier and it has greatly improved our ability to write 'new' history. It has been gratifying to see so much new research in print.

I was reminded recently, by a long term member, of the 'politics' that used to accompany AGMs in the early days of the Society. Activities associated with the Captain Cook bi-centennial had swelled member numbers and the stronger personalities eagerly sought and lobbied for committee membership. Some even 'stacked' meetings to win positions. What a luxury!

Today, we have a strong Executive and the renewal process has invigorated the Society. However, some positions are about to be relinquished at the next AGM and so we will be looking to recruit some new talent. There are some exciting developments and there is a real opportunity to become involved and make a difference in the community. Whether it is a higher profile or behind the scenes role, we need some additional assistance so please consider putting your hand up for a position or volunteering to assist in other ways. Help in 'manning' museum openings would be particularly appreciated. We are also looking at the Museum Committee structure to manage and run the museum and to share the load. So if this interests you, please put your hand up.

I have already reported extensively on the Museum update but our major achievement since the last AGM has been the refurbishment of the displays. I would like to formerly thank once again, those that were closely involved. This was a team effort which began way back in July 2012 but culminated in a major push between January and April 2013. Our Secretary's application for a Museum and Gallery's grant was instrumental in obtaining the help of a specialist museum consultant and he was essential in delivering a quality outcome on time for Heritage Week. Angela Thomas/ Badger has been such an inspiration

to the Society in so many respects and we owe her a deep debt of gratitude.

There were many others who assisted with the museum. Jim Cutbush was a constant worker, opened the doors every day and his knowledge of the items is encyclopaedic. Pat Hannan's experience at the National Park museum at Kurnell was vital and she worked tirelessly. Dependable, energetic and easy going are words that would describe her well. She just gets on with the job in her own quiet way but she was a real driving force. Maurie Beaven's carpentry skills were much appreciated.

Angela Thomas' display kitchen and Sophia Holt's dress which she made are very impressive. Clive Baker's knowledge of things military is second to none and his display and leadership was appreciated. Terry McCosker was always ready with practical assistance and common sense advice. Bob Osborne was a ready hand and a reference on naval matters. Several others including Ian Kohl, Elizabeth Craig and Pauline Curby assisted from time to time. Merle Kavanagh archived much of the inventory and her efforts are greatly appreciated.

On-going feedback from the many visitors has been excellent. The Museum Committee feels that the display; 'The Shire a journey through time', is visually exciting, rich without being over powering and tells Shire history well.

The Executive has changed the museum's name from the 'Sutherland Shire Historical Society Museum' to 'Sutherland Shire Museum'. This broadens the focus and it is our intention to market the museum to a wider range of interest groups and hopefully to open more often than the present once a month. Our official opening of the museum by Mayor, Mr Kent Johns, is on 31 August.

I recently returned from the USA where I visited a number of museums and was impressed with Demming museum in New Mexico. The town has only 25,000 residents in the middle of a desert but the museum is dubbed the 'Smithsonian of the South'.

It has a truly remarkable collection of outstanding breadth and quality. Of course it is housed in a very large building.

We have limited space but are always ready to accept items of quality and even better if it has local provenance. If you have something to donate or know of someone who could, please contact a Museum Committee member. Some items might appear to be old junk but one man's junk could be a museum treasure.

We have opened our purse strings a little this year to facilitate the museum refurbishment but it has been well spent. Our Treasure, Leanne Muir, has kept an astute eye on the budget. Her skills extend beyond finances however and her common sense, practical advice and cheerful manner have been welcomed. Thank you Leanne. On the matter of finances, our membership fee due at the beginning of July has increased this year to \$30. We are all facing rising costs in our lives and the Society is too. We feel that the service that we provide justifies the modest membership fee.

Terry McCosker doesn't only assist with the museum but is also Excursions Officer and organises five outings over the year. Congratulations Terry on a great job that benefits many. Everyone enjoys the effort that you put into making the outings memorable. Of course Terry and others help set up the meeting room and the audio-visual equipment.

Thanks are also due to our team who provide afternoon tea at our meetings. This session is one of the more social aspects of the day where members can mix in a casual way. Our thank you is extended to Nola, Beryl, Mavis, Mary and the two Annes.

Pauline Curby and I have attended meetings of the Hungry Point Trust – set up to administer the former Fisheries site at Cronulla.

Our Society is a community nominee representing matters relating to heritage conservation. The Trust committee is just establishing itself but is moving to develop a plan of management and a business plan. The committee believes strongly in keeping public access to the site whilst generating an income stream. Low impact activities such as filming ('Puberty Blues') are likely but large scale commercial operations are unlikely. Ideally extending the very popular Esplanade walk that currently finishes at Bass and Flinders Point would be a goal. Ways of recognising Shire, Aboriginal or boating history through displays or monuments is possible once a plan of management is established and the Trust gets down to specifics.

It is pleasing to see that *The Leader* newspaper values the expertise of the Society in its coverage of local historical and heritage matters. Jim Cutbush recently featured prominently on page one over the proposed demolition of a public wharf in Gunnamatta Bay. He was able to supply some previously unknown information on why the particular area was called Hospital Bay. Passengers from ships requiring quarantine would be landed there. Angela Thomas penned a letter to the editor commenting on the fact that hand-written petitions opposing the demolition were not accepted by Council. I remember an old teacher of mine saying that the price of democracy is eternal vigilance.

Let me just say how much I have enjoyed the past year. There has been some hard work but we have learnt a lot and have a real sense of achievement. There are more big changes afoot and it's gratifying to be part of it and in our own small way to contribute to the heritage and social life of this great area.

## **Zebra Crossings**

The first zebra crossing for Sutherland Shire was painted across Kingsway, Caringbah, at railway station on Thursday, 1st April, 1954.

We will all await with interest to see if this is the answer to the pedestrians nightmare.

Left:  
The District News,  
1954

Right:  
SCAM, 1958.

## **Public Telephone Approved for Oak Road North, Kirrawee**

In response to personal representations made by Mr. Les Johnson, Federal Member for Hughes, the Postmaster-General has advised that inquiries indicate that the provision of a public telephone in Oak Road North, Kirrawee, is justified and approval has been given for the installation in The Boulevard, near Oak Road North.

# SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT

ANGELA THOMAS

This had been an interesting year and much time has been devoted to the refurbishment of the museum but we've also enjoyed a number of interesting talks on our monthly meeting days.

After the AGM last September Bob Osborne spoke to us about Lord Nelson, we all know Bob is an expert on all things nautical, always a pleasure to listen to him.

The next month we had another member speaker and I gave a talk on the old showmen and the Bird Man of King's Cross.

Of course the Christmas Party was our next fixture, held in November as the third Saturday in December is too close to Christmas Day to attract many. This was also a great success based on Nola Watt's notion of remembering Christmas in the past in Sydney and in the memories of members. We were delightfully entertained by Beth Maloney with her son and daughter, playing flutes and harp and setting the scene for a real 'family' type Christmas with Santa visiting us and a beautiful tea to enjoy.

We started the year with Wendy Cornish, speaking about Edward VIII and it was so appreciated that she was immediately booked for three other groups.

Our February meeting really did not follow the usual lines at all in that we had Jim Heather's book launch for *Cronulla and Beyond*. It attracted the record attendance of the year and the speeches by Bob Walshe, Bruce Baird and Jim himself kept us enthralled. This was an afternoon of literary delight and verbal excellence.

In March Caroline Dawes spoke to us about 'Charting Australian Waters' and her knowledge and expertise had us mesmerised and she assured us she was not an academic, just a profoundly interested volunteer.

Heritage Festival Week in April is always a pleasure, bringing new people into our orbit. The museum opened its doors for the first time in a year and the glowing comments in the visitors book made all that work well worthwhile. We showed heritage photographs at Forget-Me-Not cottage (sponsored by Olsens) and also hosted a seminar based on the National Trust's theme for 2013 – 'Community Milestones'. Judith Carrick spoke of the National Park, Helen Macdonald chose outstanding women of the Shire, Clive talked of the army and the Shire and Bruce Watt ended the programme with general communications etc and brought in an actual stone milestone.

In May we had Allan Murrin of the Botany Bay Family History Society speaking about 'writing the story' and in June Vashti Farrer talked about the first Melbourne Cup and the horse Archer, then a short segment from a member, Gordon Marshall on his recent book *Ghosts & Hauntings*.

Every meeting is brought to a close with a scrumptious afternoon tea and we must thank Nola and her ladies for that: Mary, Mavis, Grace, Beryl, Ann Seward and Ann O'Connor. We almost lost them a few months back when mistakenly our members locked up the meeting room, checked the toilets (but not the kitchen), secured the alarm and doorlock of the Stapleton Street Centre and went off home – leaving our valiant team marooned in the kitchen. Luckily that tale had a happy ending.

Although very few get the opportunity to see her work, I'd like to thank Joan Morison for her calligraphic skills, writing the Certificates we give to our speakers each month.

No one could say we are stuck in a rut, we covered everything from royalty to the paranormal and had a lot of fun in between. None of this would of course be possible without the regular work of many helpers: Leanne dealing with matters financial and unfailingly coming up with excellent suggestions and, what is more, having the ability to bring them to fruition. Gloria is always ready to help and welcome new members. Terry sets up the audio and often visual equipment with accustomed ease. We are not looking forward to the next year as he wishes to retire from that after a very long while and concentrate on the bus trips. Where would we be without Maurie, Bob and Dave, always ready to lend a hand, set out the chairs and clear up at the end – again, we would really like some help in that area. We are always on the lookout for new ideas and advice, and Ian and Pauline have both made valuable contributions.

Bruce, our president, has been an excellent leader in a year where that quality has been much needed. He found temporary storage for the museum contents, physically shifted at least 15 loads out with his trailer, planned and executed much of the presentation besides attending to many matters outside our own needs. He is also active with regard to the Fisheries site, networking organisations and always has time to listen and advise. He must have learnt a lot in his 27 years of membership and we are certainly reaping the rewards.

My own work has been made all the easier by Carol Macdonald who takes on the job of assistant secretary, always enthusiastic, very savvy and it is great to have her support. Elizabeth Craig has been such a help and sets me on the right path when things get difficult.

It goes without saying that our committee has much appreciated the guidance and help over the year of Pat Hannan. I don't know how she fits us into her very busy schedule of community activities but she is always there, ready to help with day to day matters and all the time amazing us with her computer skills. Merle Kavanagh has filled the role of archivist for many years, always ready to answer any historical enquiry and this year she has completed indexing the *Bulletin* and much else besides. And where would we be without Clive? Jack of all Trades and master of a fair number. His 'hands on' at the museum made the work so much

easier, from carpentry to electrics and of course we all enjoy his publishing skills with the *Bulletin*. It's a truism, when you want something done always ask the busiest person, they can always fit it in. Well, that certainly has been the case with our curator Jim Cutbush, who has many interests with local groups and a profound knowledge of the Shire. Without him there would have been no museum to refurbish.

So now we shall shortly be at the beginning of a new year for the Society and we would be very pleased to see some new faces on our committee. Urgently we need someone to help set up audio and visual equipment at meetings, also an archivist and certainly we need members to take an active part in a new museum. There will be several key vacancies soon and we really do need your help.

### PLEASE THINK ABOUT THIS

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#### EDITOR'S SAY

ALL *BULLETIN* MAIL TO: Clive Baker. 13 Veronica Place, Loftus. 2232.  
0424-235-885 9521-6515 [warbookshop@bigpond.com](mailto:warbookshop@bigpond.com)

As the end of my first year in the 'Bulletin Editor's Chair' approaches, I recall Bruce Watt telling me how many hours are required to put it together. It is time-consuming but very enjoyable and luckily, my job is made easier by the wealth of material flowing to the 'inbox' at *Bulletin* Headquarters.

In thanking the many writers (some are recent members), may I also encourage other people to put pen to paper and record their memories.

You will have seen a regular use of old advertisements and newspaper items as fillers in recent issues. I find many of them as either quaint, nostalgic reminders or amusing and others are just nice pieces of artwork – but, if readers feel there are too many, please say so.

My current thinking as Editor revolves around a policy that gives the *Bulletin* three prime functions:

1] To inform our members about what is going on in the Society (particularly those outside the Shire) and to help people to get to know about each other and perhaps form bonds of common interest.

2] To present a very visible 'face' to the general public to show them the range of interests we have, publicise the Museum and hopefully entice people into our ranks.

3] To prioritise Shire history in our *Bulletin* and ensure that it will be recorded for posterity and for future researchers. Once in print the articles are on the public record forever.

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Accordingly, no article is too short, long, dry or boring – we will make sure your work is printed in one form or another and writers can have the satisfaction of knowing that someone in the future will get great joy from their research.

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#### WANTED!

CLIVE BAKER

As a relatively new member on the Committee I am in a good position to talk to prospective helpers from the 'New Chum' point of view. This Society is NOT, like many others, one that looks down its nose at 'upstart new-comers with new ideas'. If you decide to take a role, you can commit to something that interests you and at a time level that suits you. No pressure will be applied to do more than you want.

In addition, the wages are fantastic, generous paid annual leave, after two years you get a car – what else could you ask for? Come and join us and leave your mark on the history of this area. Our work will allow future generations to look back on their suburbs, their families and the way they lived.

# MUSEUM CURATOR'S ANNUAL REPORT

JIM CUTBUSH

The changes made to the Museum over the past year, have been well reported by Bruce Watt, Angela Thomas, Clive Baker and others so I will not repeat their work.

I would like to add my thanks to EVERYBODY who has played their part and done so much to get our Museum to such a professional state. The collection has now reached a standard that our Shire deserves but it would not have been achieved without all the work that was done.

We are well advanced towards concluding the reorganising in the smaller exhibition/ work/ recording room, as well as the store under the building. There, we are installing better racks and shelving, allowing the collection to be properly boxed and stacked which will free up more storage space for larger items.

That later work should be almost finished by the end of August.

Visitor attendances since our April Heritage week opening have been much better than previous years, as have the bookings for 'special' openings. We have already had Sutherland Carer Support Group and Greenwood Cottage (Bexley) in July and August has Greenwood Cottage again plus Miranda Golden A and Gynea Rotary for August.

In conclusion there are other people that I need to thank:

My wife Marjorie for her help to me and her patience, Helen McDonald of the Local Studies area of Sutherland Library, the Leader and reporters, Murray Trembath Pat Musick, for the publicity, Olsens Funerals (Sutherland) for their generous donation, Museums and Galleries, NSW, 2SSR Radio staff and again, our members that have helped in many ways. Last but not least, the cleaning staff at the School of Arts

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## WHAT VISITORS SAY.

As Mr Twopenny is not available at the moment, we called on some of the famous visitors to Australia to give us their recollections of the 'wide-brown-Land'. The comments of this distinguished group will be featured in future issues and include – to name a few: Charles Darwin, H.G. Wells, D.H. Lawrence, Zane Grey, Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Agatha Christie.

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### A Ship's Stay in Sydney

Joseph Conrad (c1880)



*On Sundays and holidays the citizens trooped down [to Circular Quay] on visiting bent and the lonely officer on duty solaced himself by playing the cicerone [a type of guide] – especially to the citizenesses with engaging manners and a well-developed sense of the fun that may be got out of inspection of a ship's cabin and state rooms...the night humours of the town descended from the street to the waterside in the still watches of the night: larrikins rushing*

*down in bands to settle some quarrel by a stand-up fight, away from the police, in an indistinct ring half hidden by piles of cargo, with the sounds of blows, a groan now and then, the stamping of feet and the cry of "Time!" rising suddenly above the sinister and excited murmurs; night prowlers, pursued or pursuing, with a stifled shriek followed by a profound silence, slinking stealthily alongside [the ship] like ghosts and addressing me from the quay below in mysterious tones with incomprehensible propositions ...[cabmen]... got down from their perches and told each other impolite stories in racy language, every word of which reached me distinctly over the bulwarks as I sat smoking on the main-hatch ... on one occasion I had an hour or so of a most intellectual conversation with a person whom I could not see distinctly ... we touched in our discourse, upon science, politics, natural history, and operatic singers. Then, after remarking, "You seem to be a rather intelligent my man" ...[he]... walked off ... I think I saw a white whisker as he turned under the lamp-post...*

SOURCE: Harman Kaye. *Australia Brought to Book*, Boobook Publications. Balgowlah. NSW, 1985. pp 80-1



## EARLY SHIRE POLITICAL GRAFFITI

JOHN CAMPBELL

For as long as I can remember there were words painted in white on the rock wall of the Woronora bends on the western side of the old low level bridge.

I stopped there recently as it seemed to still be there. As I parted the vegetation I could still read "DALTON 1" – the numeral in a square box as on a voting form. On further investigation I found several other faded painted slogans nearby, "DALTON FOR LABOR" and "LABOR 1" so I thought to do a little research to see who Dalton was and when these slogans were painted.



The son of a teamster, Tom Dalton was born on New Year's Day 1904 in Wee Waa, NSW. After school, he worked as a shed hand, shearer and then a railway worker. He became an official in the AWU but in 1947 was expelled with six others. On appeal in the Court of Arbitration his membership and position as an official was restored.

In 1953 he won the seat of Sutherland in the NSW elections running against Cecil 'Joe' Munro, a very prominent Shire businessman. Tom's first term in Parliament representing Sutherland was 1953-1956. His brother C.A. Dalton was also an MLC.<sup>1</sup>

In Tom's maiden speech he pushed for the development of Menai and better Shire roads and industry. One of his early official duties was to turn the first sod of soil at the Kurnell Caltex Refinery site in 1953. In his first year he also opened the new Cronulla police station.

In a 1954 speech at the inaugural Henry Lawson Festival at Como-West, he proclaimed Lawson "as our greatest poet".



*Thomas William Dalton  
1904-1981*

He also worked to have a hospital in the Shire and, in 1955, was able to attend the Miranda site for the laying of the Foundation Stone for the Sutherland Shire Hospital.

Amongst his other accomplishments he pushed the building of Captain Cook Bridge and the need for electrification of the rail line to Waterfall and to have Gymea TAFE college built.

When he lost his seat in 1956 he was not a rich man having spent a lot of money on that election and, being in debt, had to beg for his old job back on the railways.

However, he was re-elected in the same seat in 1959 after defeating Keith Bates the one-time President of Sutherland Shire.

He served until 1968 and when he was again defeated, he ran a taxi-truck business. It appears that he was never really a wealthy man.

He passed away in 1981 at Miranda aged 77. Both sides spoke well of him in Parliament as he was known as an old-style honest 'salt of the earth' Labor man. It was commented that he was usually quiet but, when really upset, could revert to the language of a shearer!<sup>2</sup>

It would be interesting to know the brand of paint used on the slogan at Woronora – it 'keeps on sticking on' – these 60 years later.

I also remember a slogan painted on a rock along the railway line near Jannali saying "DALTON IS A DOLT", probably written by his political opponents. That slur did not acknowledge how hard this man had worked for his electorate. It is perhaps justice that the 'DOLT' sign has faded into obscurity.

### SOURCES:

- <sup>1</sup> NSW Parliamentary Record, Legislative Council & Assembly 1824-1999 Vol VI, p 102 (Courtesy of Barry Collier)
- <sup>2</sup> Hansard, NSW Legislative Assembly, 18.8.1981, pp 184-187.



# A NINETEENTH CENTURY VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA

COLLATED BY ANGELA THOMAS

These are excerpts from a diary belonging to Ms Gail Snodgrass, a member of our society and were written by her great grandfather during a voyage that he and his family made to Australia in 1856.

James Ball was born in London in 1814. He was granted the 'Freedom of the City of London' mainly, we understand, because of his ability in addressing dinner gatherings as well as his ownership and managership of a London publishing firm and other businesses. James' businesses suffered a downturn and he decided to take his wife and five children to Australia on the *Matoaka*, especially in the hope of improving the health of his wife, Susan.

James' sense of humour and love of words are displayed in his daily voyage diary which gives an insight into shipboard life at the time. The following are some extracts in his own words.



*A sister ship of the Matoaka's style.*

**Friday 17 October:** *We individually passed both doctor and government agents. The day taken up with distributing the mess utensils and things necessary for our comfort in the ship. Our luggage had been put into the ship. The young men with their bags across their shoulders went first by two and two, not altogether with military precision. Then followed the single women in the same order and last of all the married couples leaving their children till all were safely on board.*

**Saturday 18 October:** *We are now leaving the docks and have anchored within a furlong of Liverpool. May the land to which I journey be bliss to me and may I find a home with the blessing of God around it.*

**Tuesday 21 October:** *Orders given to weigh anchor when the sailors commenced one of their ditties. There is something plaintive in the sailors' songs. I think they are all arranged in a minor key. At 20 minutes to 11am the tug performed its first revolution and we answered its call. As we passed the pier at Liverpool our men gave three cheers for Old England. I felt a peculiar feeling come over me. I could not join with the rest.*

**Thursday 23 October:** *Rose at half past six, the ship making one knot. About 8pm the wind got up and we began to rock – gloomy anticipation of the morrow.*

**Friday 24 October:** *A restless night. Nothing but sickness above, sickness below, grievous faces sighing for home, wishing they had never come. Some who appeared as strong as young bullocks are now helpless. Went to bed at 6pm sans breakfast, sans dinner, sans tea.*

**Saturday 25 October:** *The cook burnt the rice and spoilt the meat. Baker spoilt the bread – doctor ordered it thrown overboard. The cook found to be drunk, put in irons. The baker for his neglect received a severe censure as well as a little solitary confinement. So great was the indignation against them.*

**Sunday 26 October:** *None of us have eaten for three days. A mess of pickles given out for the week seemed for a time to revive us. We are crossing the Bay of Biscay at about 10 to 12 knots. Heard prayers on board. To me, for human composition they have never been surpassed.*

**Tuesday 28 October:** *Began to enquire about the catastrophe last night. The single women felt the heaving of the ship when some of the Irish girls fell on their knees and called on the Virgin Mary. In their confusion they upset a bucket of water. One of them gave the call that they were sinking, the water she saw being up to her knees, although it was not up to her toes. What followed defies description. Shrieks for about 10 minutes until lights were brought in and all was shown to be safe. Among the single men there was a young Scotsman who, jumping out of his berth, went round to each of the young men, woke them up, told them individually to strike a light that they might see themselves sinking for their time was now come. He was received by some with an oath, but others with a growl, by the Irish with petitions to the saints.*

**Wednesday 29 October:**

*Saw three ships. Our captain spoke with them. It was now three days since he took the sun. He seems determined that no ship shall pass. How much ground we shall have to retrace when the wind changes I do not know. Some talk of being so far into the Atlantic that we shall go round Cape Horn. The fog bell ringing, plenty of work for the sailors. A clipper ship is no sinecure for a sailor or mate. Had some interesting conversation with some passengers who have been in the Crimea [war with Russia].*

**Thursday 30 October:** The first fine day we have had since our sickness – all were ordered on deck. The children enjoyed the sight and without fear watched the waves as they came dashing against the side. A scaffolding pole came falling down, entangled in the rigging – it might have struck many persons seriously. Amused by two ships, one of which appeared like a stick about a foot high. We gained on it. It then put out more sail and we had a race for an hour. Our captain put out considerably more canvas and before evening we had left her full 20 miles behind.

**Friday 31 October:** This morning the women are allowed to wash till 1pm. The bustle is intense. There are some women who are never easy but when they are at the washtubs. The things are flying on a line raised about 20 feet near the middle of the ship. Beginning to form an acquaintance with the first mate who is a man of generous feeling and sentiment and whose conversation is concise and judicious.

**Sunday 2 November:** Our doctor mustered us in companies on the deck and we passed before him in our families. I was glad to see so many with their Bibles when our doctor read the lesson, especially the young women. I think the Bible is filling up many hours of my fellow passengers. Our doctor is a judicious man and well suited for the part. He told me that anything but quarrelling he would tolerate.

**Monday 3 November:** Our ship is turned round. How much are the spirits of the passengers raised when they are informed we are sailing on the right course.

**Tuesday 4 November:** Affected by another death, a little boy about 15 months. The mother was not well at Birkenhead depot and her milk failed through sea sickness. The child sunk from seasickness and want of nourishment. Two deaths in two weeks. We are entering the tropics and fear a great deal of sickness.

Dinner at 1pm – preserved soup which puts me in mind of dinner at Butcher Hall lane. It is quite as good. Preserved potatoes begin to find acceptance. We long for 'green meat'. The infant which died in the morning buried at sunset. The body, after being taken from the parents, was sewn up by the boatswain with a heavy stone sewn up with it. The funeral service was read by our doctor, the attendance numerous. The poor emaciated body was committed to the watery deep.

**Wednesday 5 November:** Sent for at 7am by our doctor and received my commission as head constable of the ship. Hope I may be able to fulfil the duties to the satisfaction of the passengers and those in command.

**Friday 7 November:** Woke at 3am by a sound of wind like the boiling of a cauldron. At half past five again went on deck, the sea was running mountains high. I saw the wind snap the foresail like tinder and send a block through the top gallant mast and rip it up. The wind became so raging that sail after sail had to be taken in and by 1pm we had only one or two little sails facing the wind.

**Sunday 9 November:** This day was the commencement of a delicious drink which is to be continued daily. It is called lime juice, [to prevent scurvy] about three quarters of a pint to each person.

**Wednesday 12 November:** Another disturbed night. Our first mate who changed watch at 12 should have taken down the sails before he came off. When the second mate came on a gale carried off two of our sails. If we had not first rate sailors we should have lost our masts. These gales are violent things, ropes and sails are snapped asunder.

**Thursday 13 November:** We are very slow. Our ship went to the line in 20 days the last voyage. Nothing but the line is talked about.

**Sunday 16 November:** Suddenly overtaken by heavy rain. We were thrust down in the cabins and the hatchways closed. The first mate said it was likely to last three weeks as three hours.

**Wednesday 19 November:** Our boxes given us to take what we wanted. I found the apples which Mr William Marsh gave [still] quite ripe and we ate all we wanted. Mildew had settled. Numbers have brought cakes, jams, preserves, etc., it grieved me to see so many cakes and eatables thrown overboard.

**Thursday 20 November:** The gale fixed our ship and made our mainmast bend. Then commenced a struggle with men and wind. Our jib was carried away as well as our flying jib. At last our sailors, with some of our men, got in the main sail and our ship got straight. Woe to the ship whose sailors are inactive.

**Friday 21 November:** We were amused to see the poor ducks let out upon the deck to enjoy the rain as it fell. It was a luxury to them. They jumped in the little part which was made for them and seemed as if they expressed their thanks for so great a privilege.

**Tuesday 25 November:** We crossed the Equator at 30 degrees west longitude at 10 past 11am. We have been five weeks from Liverpool.

**Wednesday 26 November:** Here I am for a luxury walking without stockings with my shirt sleeves tucked up, neckchief off. There is something so cheery and exhilarating in the air.

**Sunday 30 November:** We are now in 15 degrees of southern latitude and passed the Island of St Helens. Poor Bonaparte. They took him far from home to a place where nothing but watercress would grow. Received orders to inform my watchmen a female is so seriously ill she might die before morning.

**Monday 1 December:** The old lady who was so ill died this morning. Her age was 56. She had left England to spend the remaining years with her son who has been some years at Sydney and sent money to pay her passage. What a disappointment when he comes on board. In the afternoon her body was committed to the deep. Our doctor seemed affected during the ceremony. Her poor body sank like a stone in the mighty waters.

**Tuesday 9 December:** We are getting on for the Cape of Good Hope. May we find it more pleasant than many of the travellers who round it. We are having new sails and the top gallant with four reefs.

**Friday 12 December:** We are going very nicely but not in the right direction.

**Tuesday 16 December:** Had just sat down to my first mug of tea when crack went our mainmast and our ship was in complete uproar. The sailors were running in all directions, the captain's voice giving orders and the ship going like a racehorse. While the sails were stretched to the utmost a severe squall arose and added fuel to the fire so that the mainmast is split in two.

**Wednesday 17 December:** The sea running mountains high appeared every moment to cover us. We could not walk about the deck without clutching hold of ropes and rungs. Even that would hardly hold us. The rocking of the vessel for some time was frightful, yet I did not feel frightened as I had previously. 'Tis true our mainmast was disabled yesterday. The carpenters and some of our passengers are propping him up so that with supports and wedges he will I hope carry us. The carpenter is now preparing a new top mainmast. At present we cut a sorry figure. What a homeward bound ship might conjecture from our appearance I do not know.

**Friday 19 December:** This is my birthday and the day we are rounding the Cape of Good Hope. We are a long way from land in about 40 degrees south latitude. We are expecting squally weather.

**Wednesday 24 December:** No holly, mistletoe nor anything to show the sign of the season.

It required a great deal of persuasion to enter into Christmas feelings. We are to have double flour and plums so I suppose we shall have a Christmas pudding.

**Thursday 25 December:** It looked strange to see Christmas sun shining at 5am. Our dinner consisted of boiled chicken and plum pudding. The day was fine and passed off well.

**Thursday 1 January 1857:** Sat up last night to welcome in the New Year. The sailors rang a bell for five minutes which was followed by the rattling of tin. May this year be the beginning of brighter prospects than has been my fortune to experience. Placed in comfortable circumstances, now has one comfort after another been cut off. There is One who knoweth all things and will show how necessary were all these troubles to teach me the right way. I was called upon the poop to drink the health of the doctor on this day.

**Wednesday 7 January:** This storm fortuitously set behind us so that we can drive through it at the rate of 15 to 18 miles an hour. We got but little rest for the wind roared, carried away our jib and flying jib, rent up our mainsail. Having plenty in store they were soon replaced.

**Sunday 11 January:** One wife romping with some of her neighbours during the absence of her husband was seen to fall down by the heaving of the vessel which put him in such a fit of jealousy that he told his wife that when he got to Sydney he should leave her. He also had gone among the single men offering a sum of money to any of them that would take her off his hands. Some of the single men got hold of some and persuaded him to accept the offer.

**Sunday 12 January:** He came down to use our coffee mill. The real reason was to make it all right with the lady. We had not been long at the mill when one of our ladies went up to him and made an attempt to scratch his face. Then three or four put their hands on him and he was getting most roughly handled. He beat a retreat. Our worthy doctor came rushing from his cabin and asked me the reason for so much noise. Order was restored, the husband and wife had a fatherly counsel given to them.

**Thursday 15 January:** Our captain took the sun today and we found ourselves in the vicinity of land. We were running with a strong wind towards Bass Strait.

**Friday 16 January:** About 12 o'clock was awakened by the roaring of the wind through the sails which the squall had broken. The roaring of this large sail was dreadful.



*I went up to the lattice work which separates the young women from our part to see how Sarah and Susan were. I found them greatly excited for an old Irish woman had gone before me and falling on her knees had commenced praying and then howling. Her husband who was as much excited as herself got up and said "Sure and I have had enough of this part. Give me my hat now and I shall go". It caused a smile notwithstanding our serious feelings.*

**Saturday 17 January:** *Another very unpleasant night. Our captain had the ship lay to last night. At 8am we were in a most critical position. The wind set on us driving us to a dangerous shore but our foresail exerted itself and was the principal means of bringing us safely through the difficulty. The ship was heaving dreadfully, our ropes breaking.*

**Sunday 18 January:** *At 8 am two sailors were larking about when they fell into the sea. The confusion was dreadful, they threw out two lifebuoys. One of the sailors caught hold of one and was drawn out easily. The other had sunk before they could get to him. The time taken at Liverpool when they practised before the government was two minutes to man the boat and have it ready for use but they took eight minutes before the boat was fit for use.*

*This will be looked into in Sydney. We had 75 miles to go but found this might to 700 so the system of tacking commenced. It is distressing to be shut up in a place where the wind will not let you out.*

**Tuesday 20 January:** *The sea very high and we are very low spirited. It is clearing a little.*

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Miss Snodgrass completes the story: Although the *Matoaka* was outside the Heads on the evening of 21 January, James writes that it was on the 22nd that the captain and pilot manoeuvred the ship safely into Sydney Harbour.

James loved Australia and settled in Redfern, Sydney. Susan died in 1879. James bequeathed a large free-standing stone house in Regent Street to his son, James, and to each of his daughters a terrace house opposite the stone house. To Sarah (Shaw) No 153, to Susan (Harper) No 155, to Louise (Wilson) No 157 and to my grandmother Eliza (Merrick) No 159. James' house was demolished as part of a shopping centre. The terrace houses are still standing, the ground floors having been converted into shops and the top floors undergoing some restoration.

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## A VICTORIA CROSS IN THE FAMILY

CLIVE BAKER

We have amongst our ranks a lady, Marie Nagle, who is related to WW1 hero, Albert Borella. At the age of 37, he was awarded a VC for his actions at Villers-Bretonneaux in France. His citation says:

*During the period 17-18 July 1918 ... Lieutenant Borella, whilst leading his platoon, charged and captured an enemy machine-gun, shooting two gunners. He then led his party, by now reduced to ten men and two Lewis guns, against a very strongly held trench, using his revolver and later a rifle with great effect and causing many casualties. Two large dug-outs were also bombed and 30 prisoners taken. On one occasion, although outnumbered 10 to 1, he and his men repulsed the enemy, causing heavy losses.*

Before that Albert was wounded in 1916, awarded a Mentioned in Despatches 1917, then received a Military Medal for conspicuous bravery a few weeks later. He was the oldest AIF man to receive a VC.

His duty as he saw it was to join up again in WW2 and, with the rank of captain, was guarding enemy POWs until 1945.

In the meantime he had married and fathered three children.



Marie's uncle married Albert Borella's sister (Margaret) and thus a family connection was made. Marie wrote, "We are very proud of his courage and achievements..."

This heroic man had certainly paid his obligations to Australia and died in 1968 at the grand age of 86. His coffin was carried on a gun-carriage with full military honours and he is buried in Albury. A soldiers' club at Bandiana was named in his honour.

# THE STRANGE TALE OF THE ALLIGATOR

GREG JACKSON

Like many before me I have been interested in the John Lucas Woronora water mill built in 1825. My research saw me trolling through old newspaper articles now available on-line concerning John Lucas when I came across the following item in Sydney's *The Monitor* dated 1 September 1826. This account concerns Lucas and his 1822 water mill, the Brisbane Mill on Harris Creek (later called Williams Creek) in the present day suburb of Holsworthy near Liverpool.

**THE schooner *Alligator* arrived off the heads on Friday, and having obtained permission to disembark her cargo at Lucas's Mill Georges' River, proceeded there accordingly, and there unloaded. Sails, rigging, and every thing valuable were also all landed. Nothing remains in the river save the hull. In the mean time His Majesty's sloop of war *Fly*, was not idle. It is known the *Alligator* is a good prize to any one of His Majesty's ships. A boat armed went off on Saturday, but the weather prevented its getting through Botany Bay heads. An armed party started on Sunday over-land, but lost their way. A boat armed started on Monday. The result we shall perhaps learn before this number goes to press.**

What intrigued me was the drama of this story with no less than three armed parties going off to arrest a merchant ship that had been given permission to disembark her (presumably wheat) cargo. I did some further checking and found this article that appeared in the *Sydney Gazette* and *NSW Advertiser* on 30 August 1826 – obviously a different variation of the same story:

*A singular seizure has taken place by HMS Fly, very recently. The Alligator, a vessel that has been trading out of this port for several years past, belonging to Mr R. Campbell, jun and Mr Emmett, lately put in to Botany, with a cargo of wheat etc, from Launceston. This schooner, being originally a Portuguese built vessel, never had any regular papers, but merely a pass from the Colonial Government to sail within certain limits. The Alligator heard of the Fly's arrival by some chance or other, before she made the port, and took shelter in Botany. Application was made for permission, to the Naval Officer, to unload the cargo in Botany, at Mr Lord's Manufactory. The cargo was accordingly discharged – the vessel dismantled of every particle of stores and riggings – and the hull was left high and dry on the beach. In this forsaken, and useless condition, the old Alligator, we hear, was discovered, by the Lieutenant and boat's crew of the Fly, who went round to seize her. That she is a prize – such as it is – there can be little doubt, if all be correct. However, to Mr Emmett there is every credit due for sagacity and activity in extricating as much of his property as circumstances would permit.*<sup>3A</sup>

The *Alligator* was obviously a trading schooner

but, when searching for information in other newspapers of that period, I came to the conclusion that there two schooners with the same name: "Government schooner *Alligator*" and a "coastal (or colonial) schooner *Alligator*" – both appear regularly in 'Shipping Intelligence'.

The ship in this story was obviously the "coastal" schooner and displaced 198 tons<sup>1</sup>, making her half the displacement of the reasonably large replica ship, *Endeavour*, at the National Maritime Museum. She is credited with overseas voyages to Mauritius<sup>5</sup>, Calcutta<sup>2</sup>, New Zealand<sup>3B</sup> and Guam<sup>4</sup> and. Unless the Georges River and Harris/ Williams Creek were much broader and deeper than they are today it is doubtful that the *Alligator* would get near Lucas' Mill.

What was going on? A somewhat apologetic article appeared in the *Sydney Gazette* and *NSW Advertiser* on 2 September 1826 which in the verbose journalese of the day explained:

*Our report last week, in reference to the Alligator, belonging to Messrs R. Campbell and William Emmett, was not so correct as might have been wished, but to misrepresentations Journalists will always be exposed more or less, and if reports are only not suffered to go uncontradicted, so far from injury being sustained, the cause of truth attains a resplendency to which otherwise it might be a stranger. The Alligator was originally a Dutch vessel. The Governor at Java (Baron Von Capellán) gave her a register, at which time she belonged to a Mr Lindenham. From Java she came direct to this Colony, in charge of a Mr Herrel, who obtained a license from the Dutch government. This gentleman became involved, and a bottomry bond [a type of ship mortgage] was given to Messrs Berry and Wollstonecraft. She then was sold, in a most wretched condition, when high and dry in mud, to her present owners. However as she was a foreign vessel, there was some difficulty started as to the existence of an Act of Parliament which was thought to render her liable, to seizure as a prize. The owners applied to Sir Thomas Brisbane, who referred the matter to the Attorney General, in order to ascertain whether a new register could be given to Messrs. Campbell and Emmett. This the Attorney General deemed impossible, but suggested to His late Excellency the propriety of granting a pass to allow her to trade between the Colonies and their dependencies, at the same time affording an injunction to restrain parties from effecting any seizure that might perchance be suggested. Upon the faith of this understanding*

on the part of the Colonial Government, the owners laid out, at least, upon their bargain, £1000. The pass and other papers were obtained – and the vessel has been cruising and sailing about for the last three years the same as any other Colonial schooner. Her late trip from Port Dalrymple was very long, having taken up 28 days, and when she reached the heads the pumps were obliged to be kept at work. Mr Lucas, of Liverpool, purchased the cargo of wheat before her arrival, and, as he wished that it might be taken up George's River, application was made to the Naval Officer for a permit for that purpose, and she went round to Botany, and thence up George's River. The pilot, however, not knowing the course he had to steer, ran her on a sand bank; where she continued safely moored, and it was found necessary to discharge her cargo in that unpleasant situation, though the crew had to wade through the ocean nearly up to their neck.

In the meantime some busy body or other, having no business of their own, we presume, to attend to, at least none of great importance, gave information to the man-of-war that the Alligator was an illicit trader. An Officer, and a gig [rowing boat] of marines, well-armed, were not long in paying a visit on board, though she was, as all alligators like to be, nearly entombed in mud. The papers were examined – the register, the license, and the pass were exhibited – the Officer remarked (so we are given to understand), that the register was good, being a Dutch vessel, and further observed, that the pass had expired a few days, and therefore recommended that it should be renewed as soon as possible. This Naval worthy – people know what we mean – conducted himself like a gentleman, though all his men were armed and, after ascertaining that all was as correct as possibly could be wished, under the circumstances which we have already stated, returned on board the Fly with his report to Captain Weatherall. Such, we are now told, by those who can have no interest in relating a falsehood, is the exact state of the case.

The Alligator is still lying in the entrance of George's River, but we expect to witness her once more riding In Sydney Cove, or Darling Harbour, as soon as she can be extricated from the mud.

So the mix-up was blamed on "some busy body or other having no business of their own" – not sloppy journalism. The paper's explanation does not ring true and there is another possible explanation.

For this I am indebted to Pauline Curby's excellent article in the Sutherland Shire's Historical Society Bulletin.<sup>6</sup> She pointed out the advantage that John Lucas enjoyed by landing his wheat at Botany Bay. The ports of Broken Bay, Botany Bay and Port Aiken (Hacking) did not have a customs presence until 1832 and in 1826 smuggling was common

practice<sup>7</sup>. The customs duty on wheat was one-shilling per bushel and on flour two-shillings and sixpence a hundredweight<sup>8</sup> (a bushel of wheat is 60 pounds [27kg] and a hundredweight 112 pounds [50kg]). By importing the *Alligator's* wheat through Botany Bay Lucas was presumably avoiding duty thus giving his mills an edge over the 19 or so windmills operating in Sydney at the time<sup>9</sup>. The raid may have been executed to seize illegal grain rather than any problem with the ship's papers. The tip-off to the authorities could have come from one of the law abiding tax paying millers of Sydney who were doubtless incensed that he was escaping duty.

Unfortunately the newspaper article says nothing about the fate of the wheat; it could have been loaded onto small boats and shipped up the river to either Lucas' Woronora Mill or the Brisbane Mill at Holsworthy beyond the reach of the sloop of war *Fly*. Escaping excise is the only explanation for the existence of Lucas' mill on the Woronora River. In 1825, it was a lonely isolated spot with no known local supply of wheat to grind and no road access. It is no coincidence that the mill closed when a customs presence appeared in Botany Bay and even after Sir Thomas Mitchell's Illawarra road linked the mill to Sydney in 1843 repeated attempts to sell or lease this mill were unsuccessful<sup>10</sup>.

What was the fallout? Surprisingly little. John Lucas continued milling until 1828 when he was declared bankrupt. This followed flood damage to his mill dam at Holsworthy, the loss of his schooner, *Olivia* and financial problems with his contract to build the Liverpool Court House.<sup>11</sup>

He recovered from bankruptcy to become a major landholder in the Burwood area. The *SMH* 'Shipping Intelligence' columns detail the comings and goings of the *Alligator* for the next 12 years. In September 1843 the same ship is reported ashore at Bulli<sup>12</sup> with two or three holes in her bottom but, after that, there is no further mention of her name in the newspapers.

#### SOURCES:

<sup>1</sup> *Sydney Morning Herald*. 11.5.1843

<sup>2</sup> *Sydney Gazette and NSW Advertiser* 4.3.1814

<sup>3A</sup> *Sydney Gazette*, 30.8.1826.

<sup>3B</sup> *Sydney Gazette and NSW Advertiser* 27.5.1826

<sup>4</sup> *Australian Chronicle*, 19.11.1842

<sup>5</sup> *Sydney Morning Herald*. 11.5.1843

<sup>6</sup> Sutherland Shire Hist Soc *Bulletin*. May 2004, pp 23-6

<sup>7</sup> Day, D. *Smugglers and Sailors: the Customs History of Australia 1788–1901*. Canberra AGPS Press c. 1992. pp 182-4

<sup>8</sup> *Morning Chronicle*. 30.12.1843

<sup>9</sup> <http://www.dictionaryofsydney.org/>

<sup>10</sup> *Sydney Morning Herald*. 9.11.1844

<sup>11</sup> *Sydney Gazette and NSW Advertiser*. 17.9.1828

<sup>12</sup> *Sydney Morning Herald*. 1.9.1843



**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING  
OF THE  
SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

MEMBERS ARE ADVISED THAT THE  
AGM AND ELECTION OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS  
WILL BE HELD ON

**SATURDAY 21 SEPTEMBER 2012**  
AT 1.30 PM IN THE STAPLETON CENTRE SUTHERLAND

**AGENDA**

- 1: WELCOME AND APOLOGIES
- 2: CONFIRM AND ADOPT MINUTES OF THE 15.9.2012 AGM
- 3: SUBMISSION AND ADOPTION OF THE ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE 46th EXECUTIVE COUNCIL:  
PRESIDENT, SECRETARY, TREASURER, MUSEUM, *BULLETIN*
- 4: SUBMISSION AND ADOPTION OF THE 2012-13 FINANCIAL REPORT AND BALANCE SHEET
- 5: MOTION: ADOPTION OF THE NAME 'SUTHERLAND SHIRE MUSEUM'.
- 6: ELECTION OF OFFICERS

PRESIDENT  
DEPUTY PRESIDENT  
FIRST VICE PRESIDENT  
SECOND VICE PRESIDENT

SECRETARY/ PUBLIC OFFICER  
ASSISTANT SECRETARY  
HONORARY TREASURER

MUSEUM CURATOR  
MUSEUM ARCHIVIST/ RESEARCH OFFICER  
MUSEUM COMMITTEE [1]  
MUSEUM COMMITTEE [2]  
MUSEUM COMMITTEE [3]

EXCURSIONS OFFICER  
EXCURSIONS BOOKING CLERK

BULLETIN EDITOR  
BULLETIN PROOF READER

PUBLICATIONS OFFICER  
PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE [1]  
PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE [2]  
PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE [3]

BOOK REVIEWER

PUBLICITY OFFICER

GENERAL COMMITTEE MEMBER [1]  
GENERAL COMMITTEE MEMBER [2]

- 7: AGM GENERAL BUSINESS

THIS NOTICE IS ISSUED ON BEHALF OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL  
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CONSTITUTION.

BRUCE WATT  
PRESIDENT

# KIRRAWEE

## THE SUBURB WHERE I LIVE

DAVID JORDAN

The current Shire area, of which Kirrawee is a part, was inhabited by the Dharawal people for up to 8,000 years prior to European settlement.

Kirrawee as a suburb didn't really exist until after 1939. Before then, much of Sutherland Shire was lightly populated, so there wasn't any reason to give our area a separate name. At the turn of the century anything west of Miranda, including Kirrawee, was simply called 'Sutherland'.

And it was quiet! The sound of a car was extremely rare before the 1940s. One noise that did disturb the peace of the Kirrawee area before 1913 was the sound of axes striking wood. A good deal of timber was cut in the area, as firewood for city bakeries to fuel their ovens. Another noise source was the steam-powered trams that ran along the Princes Highway on the way to Cronulla during the 1920s and 1930s.

In the early 1900s there was no widespread use of Aboriginal place names in the Shire, as occurred later. When place names did evolve they often followed a local land use. For many years a good part of Kirrawee was simply called 'Forty Acres' referring to the forest of iron bark west of Oak Road. Some names were based on local residents and in the Kirrawee area, the establishing of a post office, prompted the place to be named 'Bladesville' after the Blade family.

Their farm and mixed business store was located on the Princes Highway near Bath Road and they received a licence to operate a post office in 1909. Thus their house gained significance as a landmark and later, their verandah was used as a tram stop.

The name Kirrawee was originally applied to our area about 1939 when the railway station opened. The Aboriginal meaning of the name is 'lengthy view' and, standing on Kirrawee railway station next to the stairs to the platform and looking east, you will get a glimpse of the view that earned us that name. From there, you can see as far as Cronulla High School.

Several churches were built in the area:  
The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day



Saints, built in 1958, The Christian Brethren, The Coptic Church built in 1993 and the Antioch Church built in 2010 are in Bath Road or the street next to it. Incidentally both the Catholic Church and the Anglican Church are in the neighbouring suburbs of Gympie and Sutherland.

Also in Bath Road is Kirrawee Public School, opened in 1950, with the motto, 'Our Best Always'. Further to the south in Hunter Street is Kirrawee High School whose motto is 'Measure By Achievement'.

Another interesting venture was coal exploration at Dents Creek which also forms the eastern boundary. It was there in 1887, that an attempt was made to discover workable deposits of coal on behalf of the first owner of the land, Thomas Holt. The venture failed due to the great depth of the coal discovered.

What about leeches! They are found at Savilles Creek in the Royal National Park which forms the southern boundary. It was from there in the early years of the 1900s that leeches were collected and used extensively by doctors to treat patients.

On the Acacia Road/ President Avenue corner was Best's Timber Yard. Edwin Best, the 'Lumber Lord', recognised the area's growing development when he established a sawmill and lumberyard. The original residence and office still stands today in Best Crescent.

Garnet Road and Bates Drive form the northern border of the suburb. Sylvanvale Foundation provides professional support services for children and adults with disabilities and is situated in Mikarie Place. Council recycling and waste collection trucks are kept in a yard in Ethel Road.

Sports enthusiasts will be pleased to know that Kirrawee has had its share of celebrities. The Provan family, of whom Norm and Peter were members, lived on the Boulevard near the intersection of Bath Road. These were two great Rugby League players of the 1940s to 1960s and Norm was one of the greatest prop forwards. In the late 1940s he played football with the 'Sutherland Gravediggers' before going on to play with St George for 16 years. Peter played at lock and began his first grade career at St George in 1956 and signed with Balmain in 1960. Peter Provan and his older brother Norm are the only pair of brothers to lead grand final winning teams on victory laps of the Sydney Cricket Ground – Peter with Balmain and Norm with St George.

Another well-known celebrity to come from Kirrawee is swimmer, Kirsten Thomson, who at 16 years of age was selected for the 2000 Australian Olympic Team when she qualified for the 200 metres relay.

With regard to industry, the nucleus of the Kirrawee industrial area was the Punchbowl Brick Company (bricks and pipes), Mashman's Pipes and Armco (army supplies). These industries were in an area bounded on the south by the Cronulla–Sutherland Railway Line, Bath Road to the east, Waratah Street to the north and Oak Road to the west.

Located just north of today's main shopping village, at the top of Oak Road, lay some very rich clay deposits. Around 1900, testing confirmed that there was a sufficient quantity to sustain a brick making factory. It became the biggest industry in Kirrawee for over 50 years of the last century – supplying much of the Shire's bricks and pipes.

Between 1912 and 1979 the land was owned by various other brick manufacturers including Sutherland Brick Company, Refractory Bricks and the Punchbowl Brick & Tile Co. By 1921, the Kirrawee brickyard was making 24,000 bricks a day, using steam engines, horse-drawn transport and coal-fired kilns. Many of those bricks were used in railway construction.



In 1958 parts of the Kirrawee area still had an industrial feel and complaints were received throughout the Shire about pollution from the Brick & Pipe Company, which said it intended to convert from coal to oil firing. Five years later the company was ordered to stop blasting, except in exceptional circumstances. Sydney Water Board acquired the land in 1974 for water storage but instead it was used for equipment storage. The site has seen much controversy over recent years.

On its closure, the site became known as the 'Kirrawee Brick Pit', the cavity half filled with water. It measures 230 metres long by about 80 metres wide and 16 metres deep.

In 2012, a \$238 million development was approved by the Planning Assessment Commission, subject to conditions. There were to be two residential towers (14 and 11 storeys) and seven smaller buildings ranging in height from three to seven storeys. There were to be 432 apartments, parking for 1,150 cars and 9,000 square metres of public park. That proposal has been halted and the project is now in doubt.

The pit was home to the Green and Gold Bell Frog but they were moved to a new home at a Homebush Bay brick pit.

During the 1970s geology students would visit the brick pit to view a laterite soil profile

(reddish and white) formed by weathering of Ashfield shale. The laterite of soil is believed to be of the Miocene Age (five million years ago). Next to the brickyard was Mashman's pipe-making enterprise, started by the Mashman family in 1926. The pipes from their factory (known by the locals as the 'Pipeworks') relieved most of the Sutherland Shire from relying on septic tanks and outdoor 'dunnies'. Armco (American Rolling Mill Company) was situated in Bath Road between Monro Avenue and Waratah Street. Their factory opened in 1939 and made supplies for the army during World War Two, including pill box/ gun emplacements and war time shelter. Later the ARMCO site was replaced by Ingal Civil Products which made road safety barriers and today Bunnings and a car yard are on the site.

### Residential

Most Kirrawee residents would be familiar with the brick house, once known as 'Brook's Cottage' on the corner of President Avenue and Oak Road which now houses a Family Medical Centre. It was built in the late 1800s when much of today's Kirrawee was bushland and the nearest brick supplier was some distance away. Deliveries were made on terrible roads using horse-drawn transport.



However, when a small business started making bricks by hand at Sutherland (at the southern end of today's Woronora Cemetery), the situation improved and some pioneers began to build brick homes. One such was Mr Brooks, a prominent bandmaster with the Salvation Army, who built a fairly sturdy home.

Examining the slight difference in colour of the bricks you can see the more modern extension, which was added to the eastern side. The unusual 'Flemish' pattern of bricklaying is characteristic of much of the century and when the house was built in 1894. The property is one of the few Kirrawee buildings listed as of 'historical significance'.

The first shops were erected in 1946 after the NSW Housing Commission resumed the poultry farms at the corner of Flora Street and Oak Road for development.

Further north on Oak Road near Waratah Street, the Sutherland Bowling Club was opened in 1952. It was a favourite watering hole for the workers from the brickworks and heavy industry factories nearby.

Palms Nursing Home is across President Avenue from Brooks Cottage, on the corner of Kirrawee Avenue. This was once the headquarters of a large business supplying trees and plants to all of NSW. It began in 1912 when an area from President Avenue to Forest Road and from Bath Road to just past Kirrawee Avenue was cleared, using bullocks. The owner, Mr Milner, wanted to grow Kentia palms, other plants and fruit trees. In later years the property was sold to Mr and Mrs Simpson who ran the property for some time. During their ownership the land was sub-divided, a process which became widespread, accelerated in the 1950s and has not yet stopped.

Another feature of the old property was a large dam which supplied the watering needs of the plants. It was built somewhere between the end of Churchill Avenue and just south of Erang Avenue and was a popular swimming hole in the early days.

The Palms Nursing Home first opened its doors in 1960 and is today a busy medical focus for a variety of health workers. It provides 24-hour professional nursing care to the aged and disabled.

President Private Hospital is located at the corner of President Avenue and Hotham Road but aside from that facility, Kirrawee continues to lose its industrial image.

In 2013, there are about 10,000 people living in Kirrawee but we have no bank, no Coles or Woolworths. We expect them to come with the proposed development of the brick pit and its modern shopping centre.

The suburb has played a big part in the development of the Sutherland Shire and if we could borrow the Kirrawee High School motto – Measure By Achievement – that sums up our suburb.



## THE FABULOUS FIFTIES

JOAN MORISON OAM

In the Millenium so much is being said of the 1950s. Fashion gurus are re-inventing the era with the models parading in similar designs to what I wore as a teenager. The 'buzz' word is out there - but wait - there is a difference - these are only 'look-alikes'.

There aren't too many parents left who really experienced living as a family in the 1950s. Children of this decade (now called baby boomers) think they are the ones that remember it all, but theirs are the recollections of 'childhood' experiences. It was the era of the 'family' with lots of time doing things together. I might add most kids in the 1950s were not showered with the money nor the affluence of to-day's children. They had to make their own fun. Most Baby Boomers wanted great family times for their children like when they were young - but - Technology was hiding round the corner. Change to Lifestyle waiting in the wings. Sadly 'Time' does not stand still for anyone.

So before I become another elderly statistic, I must write about those day-to-day things of the 1950s. There is need of a personal perspective, not just a Historian perusing the Newspapers of the day in a Library of the future. What was it really like? Few things one takes for granted in the Millenium were experienced by a young housewife when she and her husband moved out of the city suburbs to set up house in areas then considered "back blocks" but are now part of the urban Sydney sprawl.

After World War II there was an exodus from inner suburbs to fringes of the city where development was in its infancy. Shortages of building materials gave rise to many young couples building a garage on their plot of land, living in it, while saving to build a house. Having grown up with shortages and rations in war time, it wasn't all that difficult. In fact, it engendered close family ties and the ability to overcome whatever the future might hand them.

I must point out that there were couples who chose to remain in well ordered and serviced inner city suburbs where such things as "night soil" was not an issue. It was the couples prepared to take a chance who became the "pioneers" of outer urban development. Young people in the more affluent suburbs of Sydney had back up of moderate or wealthy parents, so never experienced life in the raw.

These short stories give an insight into the 1950s. Many shops and 'services' of this era are gone forever. The corner grocer swallowed by the giant supermarket - a 'one stop' shop to meet all needs. There are of course "needs" they don't supply! Entertainment so different to the simple pleasures of the Fifties. A magic box (TV) would slowly infiltrate our homes. Household appliances "up market" to give us more time. Transport began to alter, mainly due to the greatest change of all - a family car. Few families owned, or even anticipated owning a car. Average homes built in Sydney didn't cater for cars. A garage? Who needs one? Trams, buses, trains, even Taxis were relatively cheap to use.

Now, in the Millenium, every household has one, two or more vehicles. We live in a smog filled city I'm sure Henry Ford never realised what his invention might do to the Ozone layer. I'll bet he never heard of the Ozone layer! No matter we say, we can't live without cars or four wheel drives! They are our 'comfort zone'. We are all getting obese because we 'hop in the car' instead of walking, and it often gets more attention than the children - washed, cleaned, new seat covers. GPS, the works!

How much of our precious water resources are being used to wash cars in 2006 than in 1950? This is a tricky question if ever there was one! We may all own a car but where has "time" gone? To hop in a car and go visit has never been easier - but no one has time! A famous man once said "Life is short, make time!" As for me, I have survived the ever changing environment of the family home. I may be surrounded by modern technology, mind boggled by the Internet, but my heart lies elsewhere - in those "crazy, hazy" days of the 1950s when waking up each day was a joy and a learning curve!

# THE VOLUNTEER EXPERIENCE

## REMEMBERING THE 2000 OLYMPICS

### MIKE FERNANDO

I have always been interested in the history of the Olympics, so when Juan Samaranch announced that my home city would get the next games, I thought it was a great opportunity for me to become involved in its expected success.

My dad, Reg Fernando, had worked at the 1956 Melbourne Olympics and had seen Betty Cuthbert win a Gold Medal. I wanted to follow him and create a family tradition.



When I read in a newspaper that volunteers were needed, I rang SOCUG and was called in for an interview. I was successful and given a choice of places to work: sporting venues; opening and closing ceremonies or the athletes' village. I picked the latter as it was a great way to meet people from different countries and cultures.

As this experience began, I kept a diary allowing me to recall the daily events and leave something for my future grandchildren. A short while later I received a letter telling me that I had been allotted to job of Access Marshall at the athletes' village and to report to Redfern to be issued with my gear. That comprised: Accreditation Pass, uniform of white Stetson hat, blue T-shirt and 'Drizabone' coat – certainly a way to stand out from the crowd!

More letters arrived, telling me to attend an orientation course at Darling Harbour where we were informed by people like the Melbourne Olympics' John Konrads, about the history and principles of the games, followed by venue and job-specific training courses at the actual village, where we were given a guided tour of the site.

The village looked impressive with modular homes, town houses and apartments, disco, cinema, gyms, shops, library and Internet Surf Shack. The builders were still rushing around trying to get the construction finished on time.

We were told what our exact jobs would involve and I was to work in the casual dining room which had 500 seats and a BBQ.

### Work Began

Finally the day arrived and I started work two weeks before the opening ceremony. I had a choice of 6.30am–2pm or 3pm–10pm shifts. I opted for the morning but the hardest part was getting up before the crack-of-dawn to get to work on time. That meant catching an early train from Heathcote to Redfern, changing for the Lidcombe Line and then a shuttle bus to the athlete's village.

As the bus pulled through the village gates, you could feel the change in the atmosphere with the buoyed-up and friendly volunteers and all looking forward to the experience.

As each day went past with more and more people entering the village you could sense the growing excitement and party atmosphere building. That was especially so in the BBQ area where I worked. A huge number of athletes and officials were walking around in their uniforms, their country names emblazoned on the back, the rock and roll music playing on the loud speakers, the outdoor tables and chairs festooned with multi-coloured umbrellas etc.

I had a great time and I am so glad I worked at the Olympics and later at the Paralympics. At the former you got used to seeing well-known people such as Keiren Perkins, Ian Thorpe, Michael Klim, Yvonne Goolagong, Ron Barrasi, Andrew Gaze, Steve Moneghetti, Mike Wendon etc as well as visiting celebrities. I saw Cassius Clay, Nelson Mandela, members of TV's 'The Panel', Amanda Keller and Jimmy Barnes, to name a few.

With the Paralympics it was different. There were not so many well-known people but those I did meet were much friendlier and I knew that most athletes had overcome so many disadvantages and disabilities to be there.



Other Games highlights for me were, taking part in Andrew Denton's 'Olympic Special' and attending the premier of the 'The Dish' at Fox Studios and the party later on the back-lot. There I met writer Mike Carlton, actor Graham Blundell and others.

I was also Mexico's Escort Marshall at the opening and closing ceremonies and joined the dance with the athletes at the finishing party.

After the games ended, we took part in the Volunteers' Parade through Sydney streets with

cheering crowds and 'ticker-tape' showering down on us from tall buildings.

I was able to take a couple of hundred photographs during my volunteering to record a period of my life that I would never experience again.

The best part of being a volunteer was meeting so many friendly people and athletes from all over the world and to be able to welcome them to great our city.

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## MARGARET KNIGHT

I first decided to apply to be an Olympic Volunteer in July 1999 while my husband, Greg, was in PNG walking the Kokoda Track. I seemed to wait such a long time for a reply; my friends had already started their training.

In January 2000, I was finally allocated a job as Accreditation Officer in the HAAC building at the SOP. I had no idea what Accreditation was or what HAAC stood for. I was very sceptical about the whole thing as the communication was poor. I needed specific information so I could apply for annual leave from my job.

I had my first training session about a month before the start of the Olympics where I found that HAAC stood for Homebush Arrivals & Accreditation Centre and SOP stood for Sydney Olympic Park. Accreditation did the registering of every single person entering the SOP, competitors, journalists, cameramen, Olympic family, SOCOG, cleaners, shopkeepers, etc.etc. and issuing IDs. I lost track of all the acronyms they used. There were 91 different venues and each one had different access codes.

My first shift started at 5.30 am on the first day of the Olympics (16 September 2000). I wasn't too keen on getting out of bed at 3 am to catch the train to an unfamiliar destination but luckily Greg came to the rescue and drove me from Kareela to as close as he could. Security was very strict. I had started an experience that I would never forget.

I issued thousands of IDs to athletes and officials of all nationalities and notoriety. Next to the HAAC was a warehouse storing all the equipment and paraphernalia from the Opening Ceremony. I took the liberty of having a good look around – it was most interesting.

Travelling to SOP each day was fun, where people on the train of all nationalities were so friendly and enthused about their day, conversations and laughter throughout the carriage was a real buzz.

After the first week, the numbers of people requiring Accreditation steadily reduced and they asked me if I wanted to assist in Spectator Services

My first venue was at Tennis, which I loved, as I enjoy playing tennis, ushering people to their seats and directing spectators to various venues and amenities.



which I naturally agreed to.

It was a late shift finishing at 11.30 pm. Then an early rise for the 6.30 am start the next day. Luckily Greg again came to the rescue and drove me to Archery on an eerie morning with the smoke haze and heavy mist. We met our Team Leader, (five in our team) and the first job was to wipe down the outdoor spectator seats that were all wet from the evening due (about 100 seats each) and it was back bending work!! And would you believe as we had just finished down came the rain!! Then we directed people to their seats and assisted the disabled and elderly spectators with wheelchairs. After each session, we moved all empty cans and bottles to aisles to assist the cleaner's workload. I was fortunate to see the Korean archery team win their gold medal. It was fun to see their cheer squad chanting and drumming and flag-waving. Quite entertaining.

Tennis was also fun. Volunteers gathered on the lawn at the NSW Tennis Centre and our Team Leader selected her teams. I was chosen with four other girls to assist on Centre Court (Wow! How lucky was I!!).

The adrenalin was pumping. My first job was to guard The Tunnel, checking peoples Accreditation – the tunnel led underneath the Centre Court and was mainly accessible to film crew, media, cameramen, etc, who were so pushy and aggressive. My Team Leader then sent me to Door 2 – wow!! What an unforgettable experience. Again I had to regulate the extremely pushy media as well as spectators. Pat Rafter was having a practice hit with Lleyton Hewitt and I managed to see and enjoy some good tennis – so exciting.

Chelsea Clinton was sitting in my area with secret servicemen scattered around, so you can imagine I was kept busy with people asking me if they could get her autograph. It was a definitely “NO”. At the end of one session Chelsea came over, shook my hand and said “Hullo Margie”, you Volunteers are doing a wonderful job. I replied, “Thank you Chelsea. How are you enjoying Australia?” She replied, “I just love it” and smiled and I said, “Enjoy your visit”. She was escorted out very promptly by her 12 guardians.

My shifts varied from very early mornings to late nights. We had friends visiting us from Queensland and they loved every moment of the Olympics. I was lucky to be given a ticket to see a hockey game from my friends and found it fun and exciting just being a spectator this time.

My next venue was at the Superdome as a Spectator Services Volunteer assisting with basketball, the Women’s Finals and Men’s Semi Finals. Australia won the Bronze Medal against Brazil and the USA won the Final. The formality of the Medal presentation was so moving. Again I directed people to their seats and had the odd spectator who forced their way through or tried to get away with previous sessions’ tickets.

It was back to Accreditation again on the final days of the Olympics, looking quite sad with very few staff and the administration equipment being disassembled. There were still people requiring accreditation passes, requiring admission to Sydney Olympic Park, tradespeople, deliveries, Press, etc. I was delivering passes to various venues such as Aquatic, Superdome, Stadium Australia which required a lot of walking.

On the second-last day our Team Leader sent me to the Olympic Village. What an amazing place – no wonder the athletes raved about it. The cafeteria was massive and catered for all tastes.

With very strict security, I was only allowed to stay for two hours and naturally had restricted access to certain areas. The aboriginal band Yothu Yindi was playing on the lawn and their voices carried over the whole site and was quite awesome.

The public transport was good with masses of buses waiting at the Northgate.

One night I asked the driver of the Cronulla bus whether he stopped at Sylvania and he said he went to Box Road. I enjoyed the ride chatting to passengers as the driver stopped at Roselands and Hurstville then finally turned down Port Hacking Road to drop me. The problem was that Greg was waiting at the Princes Highway end of Box Road which would have meant a long steep hill for me to climb. Being midnight I wasn't cherishing the thought of walking at such a late hour but when I explained this to the driver, he was very understanding and said, “No worries – I'll drop these passengers off at Shark Park and then drop you off at correct location.

He then had to drive to Blacktown to deliver the bus back to the station and then catch the train back to Newtown where he lived. I wish bus drivers were normally as helpful and friendly as most of the volunteer transport people. No wonder they called it the “Friendly Games”.

Accreditation gave our team a farewell and a thank you party at the HAAC and I was feeling rather emotional on that last day and having to say goodbye. It was held the day after the closing ceremony and by then, SOP felt like a ghost town! Not a soul to be seen.

I felt the ‘Post Olympic Blues’ after everything had been full-on for two weeks with plenty of variety each day, then back to the normal routine of work and domestic chores.

Then what an awesome event the ‘Volunteers March’ was – walking from Hyde Park through the city down George, Hunter and Macquarie Streets with masses of spectators throwing streamers and ticker tape. Children were shaking my hand and the spectators helped make the fun and atmosphere of the event. I walked along feeling very proud to be an Australian with tears streaming down my face.

I had made many friends and I will never forget this wonderful experience as long as I live.



## KAKADU AND THE TOP END

### DAPHNE SALT SEND HER LATEST REPORT

I zig-zagged up through the Murchison, Gascoyne, Hamersley Ranges, Pilbara, Kimberley – taking in Tunnel Creek, the Tanami, Wolfe Creek Crater and the top end of the Canning Stock Route before the Bungle Bungles, Gibb River Road to Kununurra.

I have been on and off the Savannah Way, winding across grasslands studded with thousands of boabs and other trees, across flood plains of the massive rivers and between the mountain ranges...

..at the NT border 50k east of Kununurra on the Victoria Highway is another time change – WA time 9am – NT time 10.30am so that 100 metres between the signs was a very slow drive! 2k further on I turned north into the Keep River NP ... on three sides of my camp were mountains and rock formations similar to the Bungle Bungles with a colossal striped rock in the middle of the camp.

A massive banded mountain wall encircles the valley of bloodwood, several different kinds of wattle including elephant ear wattle with enormous pale green leaves and little yellow button flowers like other wattles ... From the top of the plateau the view over the mountain-ringed valley vegetated with *livistonia* palms, white barked bloodwoods, grasses was magnificent! The blue-winged kookaburras in the Top End are a bit smaller and more slender than they are at home and their weird laugh is more like the baby kookaburra's squawk when learning to laugh.

In Gregory NP I stopped at Gregory's Boab where his exploring party camped and carved their arrival and departure dates in 1858 into a thousand year-old boab above the crossing of the Victoria River ... the Giwining/Flora River, a tributary of the Katherine River, is a rapture of waterfalls. The Djarrung Falls, extending across the river, are porous tufa rock – build-up of deposits from the thermal spring that feeds the river ... Kathleen Falls blow you away with their beauty! They not only extend across the river with another row of lower falls above them, but they run for a couple of hundred yards down each side making an open rectangular series of falls about two metres high with caves beneath ... The water is deep green – it is very tempting to swim but there are crocs and snapping turtles in there and catfish and barra.

I stayed at Springvale Homestead caravan park in the grounds of the oldest homestead in the NT. Established in 1878 and managed by Alfred Giles, ex-linesman for the Overland Telegraph who brought sheep and cattle up from Adelaide and his wife planted four south American Raintrees – one for each of their children – they still stand

shading the old homestead which is the information centre and reception office.

The park swimming pool is fed from a thermal spring, the billabong behind it is home to Elvis, the 12-foot freshwater croc who basks on the bank in the sun – there are signs everywhere asking you to keep away from him and not to throw things at him – a croc is a croc, not a puppy!

Heading towards Kakadu, I called in at Edith Falls then camped at Douglass Hot Springs where I swam in the thermal river. There are 2 branches of the river there – one is from the hot spring – the water too hot to touch, but as you move down you find a spot ... in a pleasant warm stream or move across a few feet into the cold rapidly flowing Douglass River. I alternated between the two.

My mixture of sunscreen with dettol and eucalyptus seems to be keeping the mozzies at bay ... I also went on a sunset wetlands cruise on Corroboree Billabong, the Jabiru, lilies, crocs etc were spectacular. Apparently crocs like red so I'll have to stick to neutral clothes for a while.

Crossing the East Alligator River I drove up to Ubirr on the border of Arnhemland where I walked the 2k loop track through palms, eucalypts and pandanus around the caves and overhangs filled with Aboriginal art depicting fish, animals, figures, reptiles – most are skeleton type paintings. – there is a Thylacine ...

At Ubirr's Merl campground there are fabulous solar heated showers as well as flushing toilets and the sites are all private and set back from the loop road in the bush.

I drove to the Muirella campsite where again there are solar heated showers and the ablution blocks at the National Park campsites are better than most of the caravan parks.

The Jim Jim Falls campground (Garnamarr) was quite good ... on both sides of me were the rugged mountain ranges of the Arnhem escarpment ... At Mataranka Cabins and Camping, on the Bitter Springs road, I stayed for 10 days wallowing in the thermal river and looking around and doing maintenance while I waited for mail to come on the Greyhound bus.

I am sending this one from Mt Surprise in Queensland – near Undara because I've not had phone or internet service for a while...

# A CAVE IN JANNALI

JOHN CAMPBELL

There is a cave in Jannali Reserve behind the Primary School on a well defined track down to the pipeline. As children in the 1950s we avoided it because, at various times, vagrants camped there and of course we were warned “not to talk to strangers” and to stay away from this cave.

In researching the area, I discovered that in 1936 Sutherland Shire Council granted permission for the Jannali Recreation Club to clear 130 acres of land between Sutherland Road and Woronora River.<sup>1</sup> The assumption is that those acres are now the modern Jannali Recreation Reserve.

I also discovered a couple of stories about caves at Jannali and I believe that at least one (if not both) relate to this particular cave.

## An Art Theft

In 1948 an art dealer, Anthony Schdrowski (or Murray) aged 50, was found living in a cave at Jannali with a woman. They had with them, a battered suitcase containing three oil paintings by a French artist – the property of Sophie Vincent of Davistown near Gosford.

The pictures were insured for £1000 but their real value was estimated at £3000. Schdrowski had been given the paintings to sell on 22 April 1948 but when he failed to deliver the money or pictures by a specified time, Mrs Vincent went to the police.

Finding their man at Jannali, on 25 May 1948, detectives made their arrest in the cave and he was charged with theft. Bail was set at £500 – a large sum for those days – about the price of a house in the district.<sup>2</sup>

To this date, no further information was found regarding his sentencing or how he was discovered.

## A Tale of the Homeless

The second story is a little more poignant. In 1956 the Broughton family was found living in a cave at Jannali – including five children. Mr Broughton was described as “a white man” and had been a POW in WW2. His wife was the sister of the famous aboriginal boxer, Dave Sands.



They had lost their possessions in the Bourke floods and had applied for a Housing Commission home but had been refused. This case was quoted in a London newspaper article entitled “Anti-Slavery Committee told of Cruelty to Aborigines”.

The apparent underlying reason that the Broughtons had been denied a house was Mrs Broughton’s aboriginal origins. When questioned, the Secretary of the Housing Commission Mr Bourke, denied that anyone had been barred from public housing because of colour. He promised to examine the Broughton file to see the reason that they had been refused public housing.<sup>3</sup>

At the time, three Broughton children were enrolled at Jannali Primary School – the same year that I was in Kindergarten there. Two years later another Broughton enrolled.<sup>4</sup> It can be assumed that they were the same family but I do not recollect any of us being aware of their terrible conditions in the cave.

It would appear that they were given more permanent housing in the Jannali area after their stay in the bush.

The cave now is fire-blackened and appears to be used as a party location for local youths with all sorts of rubbish tipped over the edge on the lower side.

## SOURCES:

<sup>1</sup> *Sydney Morning Herald*, p 12, 13.3.1936.

<sup>2</sup> *Sydney Morning Herald*, p. 5, 27.5.1948.

<sup>3</sup> *The Canberra Times*, p 9 13.7.1956.

<sup>4</sup> *The First 50 Years, Jannali Public School* p 25 1994.



## IVY ALCOCK AND HER MAGIC ZOO

ROBERT 'BOB' PIPER

For more than 35 years Ivy Alcock and her husband Errol were the legendary couple at Burraneer Bay, Caringbah.

It was Ivy with her private zoo and Errol with his Three Pines boatshed that made a visit to their unique 1870s sandstone home something never to be forgotten.

Ivy had a monkey 'Mitzi', orang-utang 'Tarzan', aviary, 'Bamb'i the deer, coloured mice and several kangaroos. Then there were inseparable dachshunds, 'Otto' (complete with genuine German Iron Cross) and 'Eta', because she was the colour of peanut butter – to name just a few.

Down below the historic home, on the waterfront, Errol ran his Three Pines Boatshed with *George* the ex-WWII army workboat. The pair became famous for sea rescues in the bay and offshore. Errol also built what was probably the first electric boat in Australia, a small dingy that had a car starter motor, run by a battery, which turned the propeller and was ideal for scooting around the moored boats.

Then later came his pride and joy, *Ivy II*, a magnificent sea going vessel with twin V8 engines in which he won second place in a Sydney to Newcastle race. Errol also had a passion for cars and once showed us his new 1956 Chevrolet, which was cream with a pink top. He bought a pink shirt at the same time and proudly claimed the car matched the shirt.

Errol and Ivy (nee Williams) came from Bega on the south coast and married at Cooma in 1926. They had one son, Kevin, who became a well-known Sutherland doctor in later years. Ivy played tennis with a passion and was in many competitions in her younger days. Before and during the war the Alcock's ran a garage at Auburn in Sydney buying the large Burraneer Bay property, then known as 'Mandalay', in 1947. From memory the price once mentioned might have been £5,000.

The pair were often in the media and involved in some episodes of the old television series 'Skippy'. Ivy provided the kangaroos; one was named 'Josephine', while Errol drove the Rolls Royce in some episodes. Their animals also appeared in colour on the front page of the *Women's Weekly*, on 18 December 1957.

Ivy would always carry spare pet food in her little Fiat car and stop whenever she saw a stray dog or cat. On one occasion she was pulled up by the local police for driving around with her huge ex-circus Great Dane leaning far out an open window and nearly tilting the mini vehicle over in the process.

On a visit to the home you would see the suit of armour in the lounge room and an overnight stay meant listening to the various Cuckoo clocks going off all night. There were Mexican walking fish, cats and the best treat of all – Basil Bones. This was a wired skeleton hanging in a cupboard upstairs. The kids would be invited up there and the door suddenly swung open to reveal it swinging in full glory. The writer has to confess he was often Ivy's accomplice in these games when staying with her.

It is said that Ivy and Errol were also great friends of Rolf Harris and his famous song 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport' was launched on their front lawn in 1960.



Ivy and Errol also had two of the first black and white televisions in the area, two because they liked to watch separate programmes. Errol had placed two-coloured foil over the front of one so that the grass below was green and the sky blue.

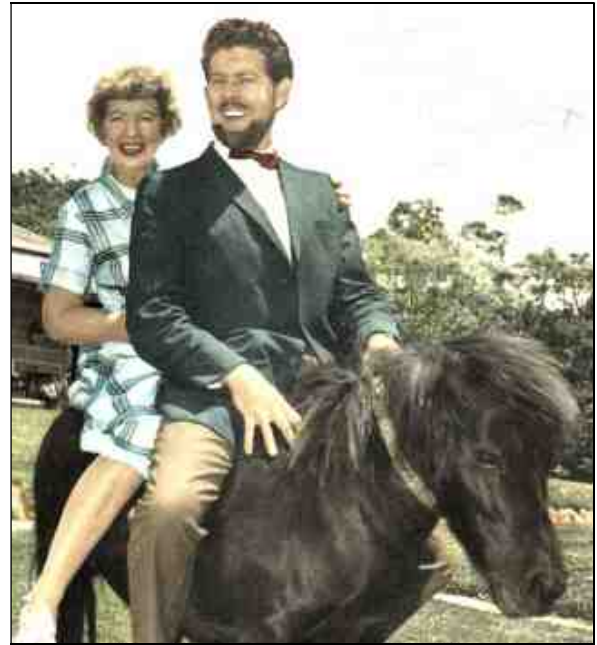
The second TV was set uniquely up in the top of their old four-poster bed so they could watch it from there. When visiting as a young boy I can remember being allowed to stay up to midnight in the lounge if I sat with Errol while he watched his favourite story, 'Victory at Sea'.



One of Ivy's most famous attractions was a marmoset monkey, Mitzi, which she raised from a baby in 1953. She even dressed it in clothes, a red bonnet and dress was her favourite, and Caringbah chemist Mr Coady was enlisted to check her growing weight each week. A local jeweller donated an engraved bracelet with her name, which she wore, and others gave toys for her to play with. Mitzi and Ivy once appeared on the famous Mike Walsh TV show of the era and were regularly to be found at school fetes and charity functions.

Opposite gentle Mitzi was her counterpart Tarzan, the wild orang-utang and kids kept clear of his cage. He delighted in splashing water over anyone who came too close. In an instant he could grab a cap and had a pile of 'trophies' in his enclosure to prove his prowess.

Ivy was awarded the British Empire Medal in 1957 and the Order of the British Empire in 1974 for her community service. She had been very active with the Red Cross both before and during World War II as well as helping and entertaining in many retirement homes. Errol, who was awarded the Order of Australia (OA) in 1975, died in 1985 and Ivy two years later, after a lifetime of giving and sharing their unique home and lifestyle.



*Ivy and Rolf Harris, c 1960.*

The old home is now called 'Fernleigh' after the original 50 acre estate and the property has new owners with nothing remaining of the once famous private zoo and unique items in Ivy's history house. The former boatshed area below is now the Burraneer Bay Marina.

But *George*, Errol's famous work and rescue boat still lives. Jack Felgate at the marina, a great friend of Errol who respected his seamanship, graciously had it refurbished at considerable expense and it can still be seen chugging around the local waters and towing disabled boats to safety. Jack recently confessed that in some latter day difficult rescues he sometimes feels the reassuring presence of Errol onboard with him.

Those happy, carefree days at Burraneer Bay with the Alcock family still have many wonderful memories for me and, I'm sure, many others. A special couple that once met were never forgotten.

NOTE: Bob Piper from Canberra, was Ivy and Dr Kevin Alcock's godson. He spent some 25 years visiting and staying with them at Burraneer Bay from the time he was a small child. The family, in later years, changed their name to Alcott. If any reader can contribute history or photos to him on the subject please contact him at: mars55@tpg.com.au



## NATIONAL PARK

A Holiday Resort – Life At Fresno.

1895



A party of city-worn workers were staying at Audley for a few days, and expected some friends from town for the rest of our holiday. Do you know what it is to wait and wait, till your bones seem to turn to dust, and the milk of human kindness turns to gall in your veins?

We got up early, dressed effectively, fixed up the boats; carried the hamper down, and waited for the rest of the party.

The hours went by; they, did not come, and we swore mighty oath that this should be our first and last appointment. Vainly we scanned the hurrying stream of picnickers; vainly the vehicles; until, after about three hours' waiting, a laughing quartette arrived, breathlessly stating, "Oh, the train took us right past here, and we're just dead tired." No pity for us, not a word!

It is always those who are left behind that have the worst time — they ought to have been served, so. At last we set off in two boats, counting among our rowers several who commanded the open-mouthed admiration, of all who saw us. It was a busy scene. Dozens of boats filled with gaily clad people, who would change seats most recklessly, and hampers that were, always forgotten till in mid stream. It is curious to note different ideas anent [concerning] dressing for picnics, from the velvet-trimmed gown to the chiffon-frilled muslin, to the shabby; dirty, short dress, or serviceable dark skirt and blouse. The men were very varied also — some in top hats, others with handkerchiefs on their heads; some in dazzling white, others in dingy yellow; some in wonderful colors; nearly all free from the confining braces, which creaked ominously when present.

The amount of babies and baggage was enormous; and really both were, more trouble than they were worth, for both were in constant danger of being forgotten. The river towards Port Hacking is very like Middle Harbor, not quite so picturesque, perhaps. Passing the dam groups of bathers burst on our somewhat abashed eyes, as they wore the airiest of bathing dresses, and did not appear at all desirous to avoid us. With the aid of parasols and gossamers [filmy garments] we glided by fairly comfortably; but surely keeping the letter of the law is not all that is required.

The law runs in severe black and white — "No

person shall bathe in any portion of the river unless in proper bathing costume." There is no doubt that in the dim distance; on beaches, or in pictures, bathers look very artistic in their pink skins, or with microscopic garments on, but within a few yards they are blots on the landscape and invariably — ugly.

It was a delightful row, on rippling water, with a fresh sea breeze, and tide with us; but every now and then g-grate, gr-r-rate, gr-r-r went our keel and rugged points of rock seemed. to spring up miraculously, or after a splendid stroke look-out man would sing aloud, "Mudbanks ahead," and all our backing water [reverse rowing] would not save us. There is a dredged canal bounded by signal posts, but you do not always know if you are inside or out, and with the usual freedom of the British subject abroad, we objected to obeying rules.

Did you ever notice when boating how many people say, "Oh, do let me steer," and what the results are. So many folks think steering is so easy, and it looks well; but the rowers don't care about bad steerers — it does not look well, for them to row a boat that emulates a water spider in its movements.

We passed many happy couples, seated beneath shady caves, quite oblivious of members of the crowd that smiled and said, "My, don't I wish I was 'im! Ain't she a daisy!"

We saw several of what a friend of mine calls "stag parties," ie: clusters of men who are quite happy together; and one of our young men remarked, "See how contented fellows are without women."

"So are women without men," came the prompt retort.

"Never. A 'hen' party is one of the most melancholy things I know of."

"How do you know?"

"I was there."

"Oh! — I understand now."

There, was a laugh at this discomfited young man ... our Woman's Rights woman was happy.

We turned up an arm [side inlet] that twisted and turned and tied itself into knots everywhere it could, making our way difficult but decidedly pretty.

The glossy mangroves edged the river; gum trees, with their bronze tops, clustered on grassy land, and creepers twined over the grey crannied rocks, while birds flew to and fro, and occasional mellow notes crept through the air.



The spot we lunched in would have been perfect if the trees had been shady; if there had been no ants, spiders, or mosquitoes, and — if the hamper had been properly packed. There was a sudden cry of horror from the ladies unpacking the big hamper as a pound or so of chops— raw, red chops — came in view. Fancy cooking chops over a bush fire on a broiling hot day! Next came cold fowls galore (we had had chicken hot, chicken cold, chicken stewed, and chicken roast for nearly all meals since our arrival), bread, butter, lots of pepper and salt, milk and tea, and plenty of sugar; and more plates, knives, forks, and cups and saucers than we could use; newspaper tablecloths, and I forgot the spoons, of which there was an ample supply. No fruit, no cakes— “No anything,” as a disconsolate man observed, who had rowed miles, and had breakfasted at 7am.

Anyhow we managed to eat something, and vowed we would stay at home for lunch the next day. The insects also made a good meal, there being some tender morsels among us. After a glorious row down the river, where there were no snags or rocks, and where no rude little boys were visible to shout remarks anent our personal appearance, we turned homewards, tired but content.

The evening lights were beautiful, giving gloomy depths to the rock caves, and lighting the trees with touches of red and gold that shone like opal, changing every few moments. When we arrived at the wharf hundreds of people were scuffling up the hill after the last train; such, a, hill — all angles, zig-zags, and steepness; all so weary, dirty, and hungry — so different from the same folks, who looked so fresh and gay in the morning. With a distinct sense of superiority we went to our cottage, where sweet, clean, springy beds and cool, fresh water awaited, us.

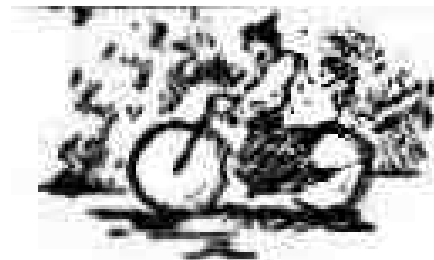
Picnicking is fun because it means freedom. Then we can obey our savage — I mean, natural instincts, eat without knives and forks, lounge about, talk nonsense, forget time and do all that we generally never think of doing.

After an excellent dinner, we spent the evening 'picnicking' on the verandah, where charming easy chairs are strewn in careless profusion. The view is hidden by the darkness, but the silence is welcome, the intense quiet of the bush primeval.

At night a good deal of fun is caused by the fact that you can hear scraps of conversation, from room to room, the partitions being very thin. On one side we hear girls' voices say, “Oh, dear, I've forgotten my curling pins; what shall I do?” &c.

Next morning we rose at 5, most unwillingly, just as the grey light was warning with yellow and red, and the sun looked over the tree-fringed hills, sending a flood of gleaming rays up the lovely river, as it crept slowly between, its palm-edged banks. Early morn on the river was delicious; every frond and branch was reflected in the clear, still water, and you could scarcely see where the shore and the water met so exquisite were the reflections.

We lazily pulled awhile, then landed and plucked rare wild flowers. The scarlet bottle brush shone in clusters, gigantic lily skeletons stood in dreary patches, flannel flowers planted, their sturdy roots in every niche, fragrant waxy heath gleamed white on lowly shrubs, and masses of a pale purple blossom grew on a graceful shrub.



Hungry! We could have eaten old boots before 9 o'clock. We began on sarsaparilla leaves, but what satisfaction can a carnivorous animal get out of leaves— there is nothing in them. Eggs, ham, bacon, fish, toast, and bread disappeared in a few minutes, and yet everyone looked hungry.

Another day's boating amid the fairylike beauties of the fresh water river, with a hamper well packed, shade, and other pleasant things, ended a very happy holiday at the National Park.

**Source:** *Evening News*. 14.12.1895.

<http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/108083199?searchTerm=Audley>

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

LAURIE BURGESS

AFTER READING ABOUT MERLE KAVANAGH'S 'CORRECT USAGE POLICY'

Mr Apostrophe Man must be quaking in his boots at the sight of Merle Kavanagh with the editing pen dipped in tar!

I shudder, every time I see the words "Council at **it's** meeting" or "the Council **are**" in otherwise professionally prepared reports. I suppose these days it is almost possible to accept things like "the data **is**", but I still baulk at "the criteria **is**." And, of course, we have the Public Relations people (or whatever their politically correct title is these days) insisting on council with no capitalisation. All of us true believers would use a capital 'c' when it is obviously the abbreviation for 'Sutherland Shire Council': general reference to a council is proper as lower-case, only when it isn't directly referring to a proper noun.

There was war on the floor, when a certain bloke about my size kept sending correspondence back to the typing pool which was then struggling with the concept of using word processors instead of their traditional 'weapons'. I had to handwrite draft letters and the typing pool dutifully typed them up, sent them to me for comment, and then prepared the final version. "It ain't [stet] right," I fulminated, "to keep changing "enquiry" to "inquiry". The typing supervisor drew herself up to her full height of 4-feet, 6-inches, and responded: "That's what's in our spell-checker, and that's what we will use."

Fearful of being bitten on the kneecap, I retreated to the Sutherland Library, mumbling to the effect that a Spell/grammar checker isn't any good to someone who can't write proper English anyway, consulted the largest Oxford dictionary on the shelves, cried "aha," and scribbled a note.

On the note was written: "according to the biggest and best *Funk 'n Wagnells*, the words 'enquiry' and 'inquiry' have different meanings. When you go to a bank to find out something, you go to an 'Enquiry Counter' because you are asking for information, but if something is wrong with your account, you demand an 'inquiry'. So, **enquiry** means to ask a question, while **inquiry** means to demand information.

Suffice to say, the proverbial five minutes after delivery of the note, I was the only person outside the typing pool that had his own stand-alone PC on his desk.

But the battle didn't end there and I was told: "You're allowed to type up drafts, but you then have to save them onto a floppy disk and send them to the typing pool for formatting." Training was required, so I put my name forward for the next WordPerfect course, only to be told: "Only typists and secretaries can go to the course." A few words with my Manager, along the lines of: "How about you get me reclassified as a Secretary?" fixed the problem.

I got to go to the course and from then on the only thing that had to be done to my letters was to print them and have them signed. My Manager was pleased, as he now had someone who he could trust to infer more information **between** the lines than was actually typed **on** the lines.

Several degrees of inanity in requests to me were met with answers neatly graded into: (Mild) "It is understood that you are referring to..." (Medium) "You **may be** aware..." (High) "You **would be** aware..." (Very High) "You **would be well** aware..." and (Volcanic) "You **would be very well** aware..."

Ah! The use of words. A request came across my desk: "Could the clock in the Council Chambers be moved because it is obfuscated".

**ō'bfusc|āte** *v.t.* Darken, obscure, confuse, (mind, judgement, topic, etc.); stupefy, bewilder; hence ~A'TION *n.*, ~āTORY *a.* [f. LL. OB(*fuscare* f. *fuscus* dark) + -ATE<sup>3</sup>]

Being one of the few people who actually knew that that word existed, and what it really meant, I was sure the intent of the request had become somewhat 'obfuscated' and the meaning obscured [is that a dog-puppy sneaking in?]<sup>1</sup> That shows what happens when someone uses a thesaurus to find a big pompous word to use instead of a little correct one.

In a former life, one of my tasks was to proofread public documents before they were issued.

1. A 'dog-puppy' is a proof-reading term for duplication, where the same thing has been written in two different ways.

This was the result [and this is a true story] of a pamphlet being sent out by a Public Relation person on the subject of why people were not allowed to have fences on their front boundaries in Canberra.

Of course, one of the main reasons that people wanted fences was to stop the neighbourhood dogs from leaving 'certain deposits' on the lawn. In a stroke of genius, worthy of Ripley, the pamphlet went out as the "Front Faeces Policy". There were plenty of red faces covered in the said faeces!

Anyway, the proof-reading task fell to me, mainly because I could demolish any light reading at an incredible rate, being notorious for having read the whole of the *Lord of the Rings* one night because I couldn't put it down.

Contrarywise [now is that actually a word?], the way to proof the documents was to literally read them backwards, using the "that doesn't seem right" whenever the eyes fixed on a perceived error. I don't think it went down well with the project officers who wanted to know what I thought of the article, and I truthfully had to answer: "I didn't have to find out what it says, just that it is correct!"

Our bible, of course was the Government Printer's *Style Manual*.

As a distance education Uni student, I dabbled in writing history essays. The lecturer's words on the first one are still emblazoned in my mind: "Your introduction was a little short, and after that you did everything we told you not do. Congratulations, this is the best essay I have ever read from a new student!" Something to do with it being three times as long as requested, written as a narrative, using too many references, and coming up with a reasoned conclusion that was different to everyone else, including the lecturer. I think I also got an 'elephant stamp' from one of the other lecturers for being the only person who had an essay where the footnotes were longer than the text in the essay.

You have to write how you feel is correct, but it does help if you can take a little criticism.

Alas, these days, the 'typo' mode afflicts me just as much as anyone. I really do need someone to check what I write, otherwise I could be guilty of *promulgating terminological inexactitudes* which is parlamentspeak for, "lies are being told" – heard during Question Time and probably recorded in *Hansard*.

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## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

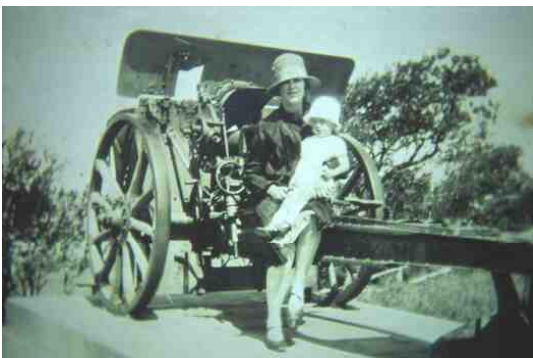
We are very pleased to have these newcomers amongst our ranks and invite them to contact the editor or a committee member, if we can help in any way.

ADAMS Michael  
CARY Ted  
DALYELL Dorothy  
FALLON Michael  
FERNANDO Mike

JORDAN David  
KNIGHT Greg  
McLEAN Grahame  
ROBINSON David  
SENCAR Marija

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## SHIRE MYSTERY



Where is the WW1 trophy gun that was dumped (supposedly in the Wanda Hills) years ago?

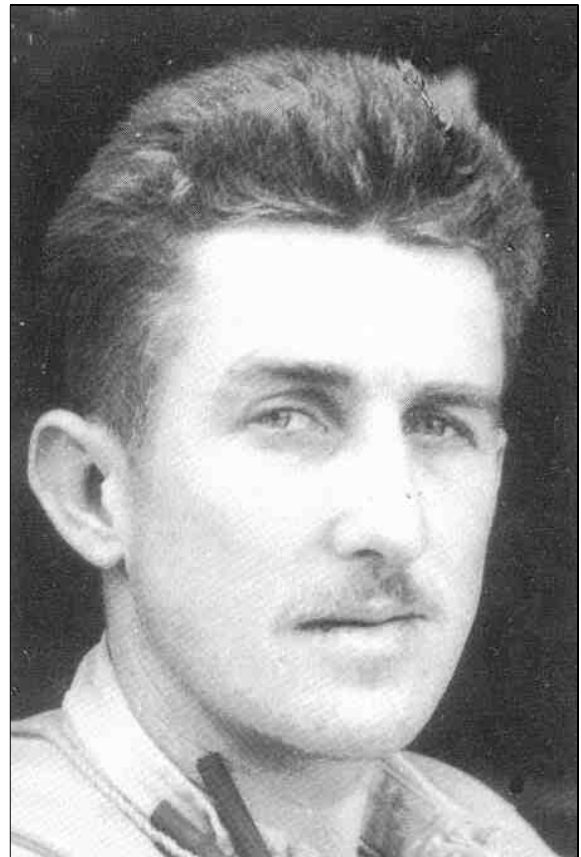
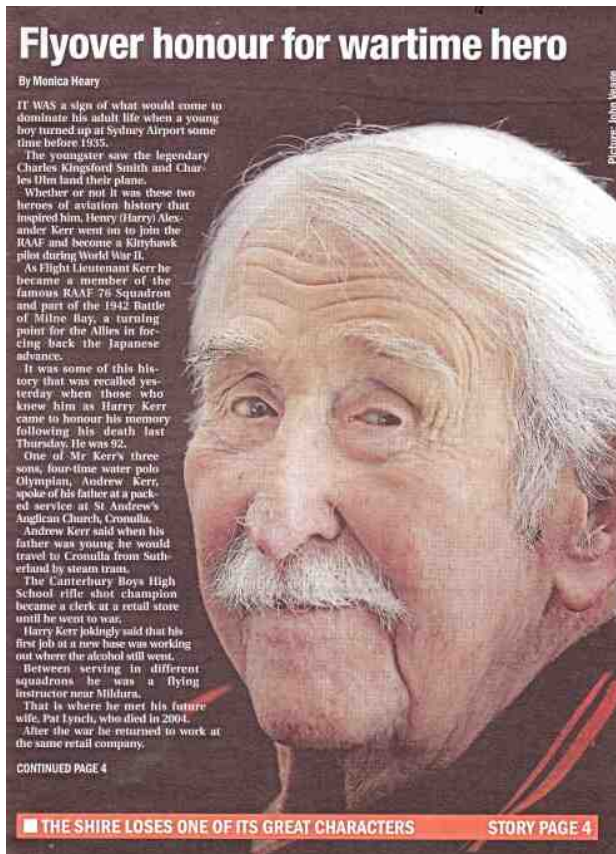
### Triangle Mystery Solved (partially)

Our member and expert on RNP, Judith Carrick, forwarded copies of warning documents from the army (1943) instructing the safety rules for the 'Tank Attack Range Wattamolla'. This tells us that anti-tank firing was carried out there but we are yet to get the full story of "why a triangle". We will keep you posted when more information emerges.



## FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT HENRY 'HARRY' KERR

CLIVE BAKER



*Young Harry in his flying days.*

The front pager of the *Leader* on 18 July 2013, had news of the death of Harry Kerr of Cronulla and it reminded me of a contact that I had begun with him over 20 years ago.

In 1991, new member Greg Knight and I, published a book called *Milne Bay 1942* and that brought us into contact with Harry.

He had joined the famous 76 RAAF Squadron in 1942 (later commanded by the iconic Keith 'Bluey' Truscott) and Harry was at Milne Bay when it was invaded.

Around midnight on 26 August 1942, the Japanese landed about 800 Marines on the north shore of the bay, about five kilometres from the airfield where Harry was located.

At dawn, two squadrons of Kittyhawk fighters took to the air and hardly had Harry and his mates brought their wheels up, they were attacking the landing beaches. Over the next ten days the pilots of 75 and 76 Squadrons flew constant raids against the enemy infantry and helped bring about the first major defeat of Japanese land forces in WW2.

General Clowes (commanding Milne Force) later said of the airmen:

*Throughout, pilots were most eager to operate in the face of most ... adverse weather conditions and to do their utmost in support of the ground forces ... low-flying strafing, bombing and recce ... the success of the [allied] operations was in great measure due their untiring and courageous work which has earned the admiration of all who have been associated with them here.*

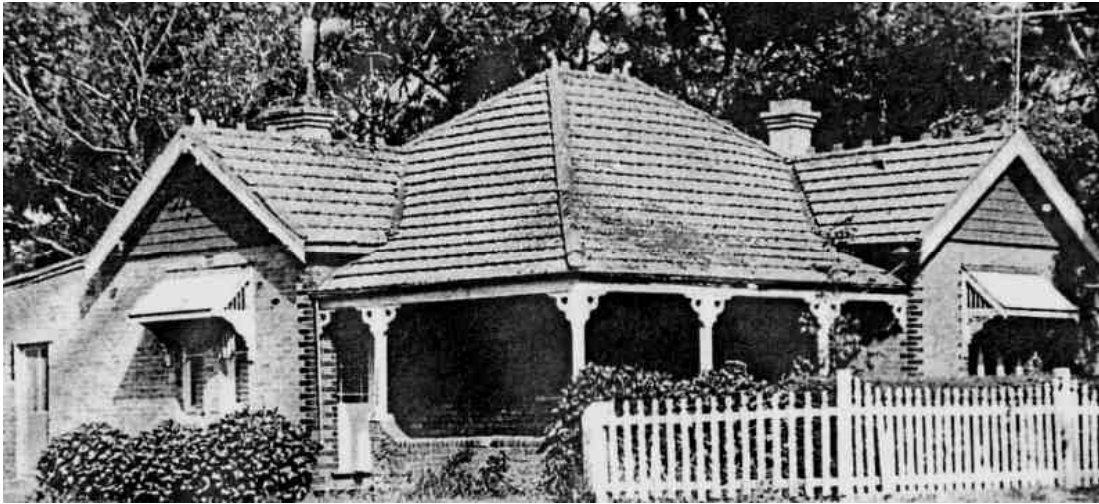
Harry operated with 76 Squadron until mid-1944 when he transferred to 78 Squadron and flew from airbases in Dutch New Guinea and Morotai.

He was discharged in 1946, later moved to the Shire and was involved with a local bowling club and the Fighter Pilots' Association.

At his funeral, the modern 76 Squadron paid tribute to this airman when RAAF jet aircraft flew over his coffin outside the church.

**NEWS IN PICTURES**  
**RIP- BEDFORD COTTAGE**

THE ROYAL NATIONAL PARK AND THE MINISTER THAT CONTROLS THEM, HAVE ACTED!



*c 1965*



*2012*



*2013*



## UNWANTED BOOKS?

Any member who has books on Shire subjects and no longer needed, are requested to contact the Editor and price can be discussed.

In addition, President Bruce wants to purchase these titles – Contact Bruce Watt on 0405-493-187 if you can help

*Forby Sutherland*, John Walker, published 1968

*Martha Matilda of Sydney Town* (wife of Captain James Birnie of Alpha Farm Kurnell), M. Hutton-Neve, published 1972.

## NEW BOOKS FOR SALE

Clive Baker has stocks of the following books and part of the purchase price goes to the Society:

	<p><b>WIND BENEATH HIS WINGS</b> MICHAEL ADAMS LAWRENCE HARGRAVE'S TOOK HIS LARGE FAMILY TO STANWELL PARK IN 1893. HE BEGAN EXPERIMENTS IN WING DESIGN IN THAT REMOTE PLACE BUT THE TERRAIN WAS NOT GOOD FOR DEVELOPING AN AEROPLANE. HE WAS ABLE TO MAKE USE OF THE GOOD WIND IN THE AREA TO MAKE KITES THAT CARRIED A MAN. [ 142 PAGES ]——PAPERBACK <b>\$20 (\$22 MAILED)</b></p>		<p><b>BEYOND BULLI</b> MICHAEL ADAMS THIS IS AN ACCOUNT OF 60-70 FAMILIES WHO PIONEERED THE DIFFICULT TERRAIN OF THE NORTHERN ILLAWARRA BETWEEN 1820 AND 1888. THEY LIVED BETWEEN THE NARROW COASTAL AREA AND THE ESCARPMENT AND IT WAS OFTEN THE ECCENTRIC OR DESPERATE THAT CHOSE TO TRY AND TAME THE RUGGED AREA. [ 186 PAGES ]——PAPERBACK <b>\$20 (\$22 MAILED)</b></p>
	<p><b>LITTLE BULLI</b> MICHAEL ADAMS THIS EXPLORES THE CREATING OF ILLAWARRA, PHYSICALLY AND ALSO THROUGH THE INFLUENCE OF THE ABORIGINES. THIS HAS ONE OF THE FIRST ACCOUNTS OF ABORIGINES REACTING WITH SETTLERS IN THE AREA. [ 210 PAGES ]——PAPERBACK <b>\$20 (\$22 MAILED)</b></p>		<p><b>CRONULLA AND BEYOND</b> <b>1939-1956</b> JIM HEATHER JIM SPENT HIS EARLY CHILDHOOD AROUND THE CRONULLA DISTRICT AND IN LOCAL SCHOOLS. HE HAS GIVEN US VERY DETAILED RECOLLECTIONS OF THOSE TIMES – THIS BOOK IS A NOSTALGIA TRIP FOR THOSE OF THAT AGE. [ 206 PAGES ]——PAPERBACK <b>\$25 (\$38 MAILED)</b></p>
	<p><b>TABLE MATS</b> WHY NOT GIVE A SET OF OUR SOCIETY TABLE MATS AS A GIFT FOR A FRIEND. THEY ARE A NICE REMINDER OF OUR COLOURFUL PAST: WE HAVE SEVERAL THEMES TO CHOOSE FROM: <b>\$4 EACH (SIX FOR \$20)</b></p>		<p><b>MY WORLD WHEN I WAS TEN</b> VARIOUS A GROUP OF PEOPLE GIVE AN INSIGHT INTO THEIR LIVES GROWING UP IN THE 1920s TO 1940s – A GREAT MEMORY JOLT IF YOU WERE THE SAME AGE. THEIR STORIES GIVE FUTURE GENERATIONS A WINDOW INTO THAT LONG AGO ERA. [ 206 PAGES ]——PAPERBACK <b>\$15 (\$18 MAILED)</b></p>

**ADVERTISE WITH US AT A VERY REASONABLE COST**  
(CONTACT CLIVE BAKER)



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