



ST. GEORGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SPONSORED BY ROCKDALE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

24 Duff Street,
ARNCLIFFE. 2205.
December 10th, 1971.

Dear Friend & Member,

The regular monthly meeting of the Society will be held as follows:-

Date: Friday Evening, December 17th, 1971, at 8 p.m.
Place: Council Chamber, Town Hall, Princes Highway, Rockdale.
Business: General.
Syllabus Item: Films by courtesy of the Rural Bank.
Supper Roster: Miss Binns, Capt., and a "Crew of Ladies" to help with
our "Xmas Get-Together".

Mr. J. Stead,
PRESIDENT.
Phone 59.5341.

Mrs. E. Eardley,
HON. SECRETARY.
Phone 59.8078.

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RESEARCH OFFICER.
Phone 587.1159

THE PRESIDENT, MR. J. STEAD, WISHES MEMBERS AND THEIR FRIENDS
A MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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December 17th, 1971.

Dear Fellow Members,

I take this opportunity to say "Thankyou" to you and your Friends for the loyal support given to the Society throughout the year.

To those who have helped with, and supported Social Functions; to those who have helped on the Roster at Lydham Hall; to those who contributed to Syllabus Items; to those who contributed so ably to our monthly Bulletin; to those who have so generously, either donated or loaned their precious Antiques to be displayed at Lydham Hall; and above all to those Ladies who so willingly attend to the Supper at our Meetings, not forgetting the menial tasks that are so much a part of this; and to those who have helped in any way, with deep gratitude I say "Thankyou".

My task is not an easy one as you will realise, but I sincerely hope and trust that the New Year will bring Peace and Harmony, and true Fellowship to each and everyone of us.

Jack Stead.

President.

We would like to say "Thankyou" for the following recent acquisitions to 'Lydham Hall'.

Hand Painted Manchester Unity Lodge Apron worn by "The Noble Grand" more than 100 years ago. This Apron was sent out from England, and is in its original condition.

Presented to The St. George Historical Society by
Mr. Noel Stone,
Orange Street,
Hurstville.

Porcelain Butter Dish in Wooden Stand (Year not known).

Given by: Mrs. M. Walker,
Washington Street,
Bexley.

Edwardian Wicker Felt Lined Cutlery Basket.
Pocket Telescope (World War 1).

Given by: Mrs. Callister,
Haig Street,
Bexley.

Column Style Pedestal -

On Loan by Miss Frost,
Napoleon Street,
Sans Souci.

Bonnet Box, Square Shaped (Metal)
Hat Box, Round Shaped (Metal) 80 Years old, or more.

Given by: Mr. K. Chatto,
Kingsgrove.

Oil Painting of Mrs. E. Liddle, Born Dec. 23rd, 1854, in England.
Dolly Bag, Pure Silk, lined and on Frame. 1890 Original Condition.
Tiny Metal Bucket, given to Mrs. Banks, Senr., and used by her
Children, 1884.

Tiny Metal Spade, History not known.

Miniature Copies of: Sydney Morning Herald, Daily Telegraph, & Evening
News. Published May 10th, 1910, a memorial to King Edward
VII.

Enamelled (embossed) mug 1837-1897 marking Reign of Queen Victoria.

Given by: Miss Banks,
Bryant Street,
Rockdale.

Thankyou, Ladies, for your response to Christmas Hamper.

PADDY'S MARKET. 1920 - 1971. HAY STREET, SYDNEY.

Gifford and Eileen Eardley.

A visit to Paddy's Market, which is located in the Haymarket area of Downtown Sydney, is a stimulating experience to say the least. The place awakens your interest in humanity in all its numerous phases. There are so many different types of people to observe, from the long-haired and oft-times unwashed "Hairy-Nellies", devoid of footwear and bedecked with beads and dangling medallions, to the smartly dressed business man and his women-folk. There are New Australians galore, with their brown-eyed children well in evidence, touching this and that to their heart's content, much to the annoyance of the stall holders. The elderly black-frocked and sometimes black-visaged "nannies" are everywhere, seemingly oblivious to everything except the price of cooking oils, or the one hundred and one kinds of sausages on display, hanging in festoons from an overhead rack, or more hygienically placed within the confines of portable glass-faced counters. These several comestibles look exciting to the epicure, some redolent of pork fat, and smoked meats, some smell to high heaven, while others reek of garlic.

Paddy's Market in the early nineteen twenties was noted for its witty and typically Australian hucksters, who indulged in all manner of badinage and cheerful banter with the passers-by in the course of trying to sell their wares. Nobody was safe from this form of often bawdy humour, although most people enjoyed the fun and their repartee was sometimes equally as pungent and to the point. One recalls a Norwegian gentleman who specialised in "Old-wares", odds and ends of domestic equipment and usage, culled from auction sales for the most part. His range of metalware in particular was wide and truly wonderful. One Friday he appeared with an amazing candlestick, fully three feet in height, of which he was inordinately proud. He had made the polished brass article with his own hands, using bits and pieces culled from his varied collection of unsaleable misfits. The base and columnar support came from a derelict smoker's stand. At the upper end splayed out several candle sconces which once graced old-time pianos, and to add interest to the assembly there was a twining mixture of bent brass strips held together with small brass knobs and screws, which, on enquiry we found had been retrieved from a long abandoned brass bedstead. We both said "You won't sell that". He replied "Leave it to me". The following Friday it was gone. The dealer had gained £5 for his effort and the old lady purchaser gave him, to his amazement, the life history of his masterpiece. According to the proud purchaser it was one of three made in England in the convict days, two of which came to Sydney on the convict ship "SUCCESS", but the third could not be traced until she discovered it in Paddy's Market of all places. The Norwegian villian was astounded, pleased, and greatly enlightened.

Then there was the sale of "Growridge's Famous Soap", a commodity which had proved, by all accounts, most efficacious in the treatment of minor skin afflictions, and consequently was in demand by a wide range of regular patrons. This business was undertaken from the rear end of a low-sided motor-truck. A buxom wench, her freckled face distinguished by a fuzzy mass of auburn hair, was in charge of operations. She stood on the floor of the truck well above the crowd. A piece of board draped with a green cloth served as a counter on which were neatly piled packets of the famous soap.

Also on the board, as a catch line, were several blue-tongued lizards, who did not appear to be amused by their appearance in Paddy's Market. To draw attention to her product the sales-lady would hold a lizard aloft in her hand. Then came a beauteous smile at the assembly and the request:- "Have you heard Lizzie Sing". The crowd were enjoined to come in closer to the vehicle as Lizzie did not have a loud voice and also that Lizzie's favourite song was "Alleluia I'ma Bum", truly an amazing repertoire for any reptile. Then squeezing ever so slightly the blue-tongue's innards, the saleslady had the pleasure of displaying the blue-coloured tongue to the delection of the crowd of potential customers. The crowd were entranced. "Now before Lizzie sings I must tell you all the marvellous attributes of Growridge's famous soap". During the following harangue the crowd of onlookers disappeared, whilst a few sales were being made, not waiting to hear the vocal efforts of the lizard.

In past days there were a couple of shooting galleries, lined up against the inner wall against Harbour Street, where for the sum of threepence one could try his skill with a pea-rifle, aiming at a small "bull's eye" placed in the middle of a white-washed sheet of iron located at the outer end of a telescopic tube, some twenty feet in length. Business in the marksmanship game was not brisk in the Depression years and the gallery departed to other spheres of possible shooting interest.

Another identity was the "THIMBLE AND PEA" shyster who, on a small square-shaped folding table, displayed three thimbles, beneath which were hidden two peas. For a monetary consideration a patron could guess under which thimbles the peas were placed, getting a slight reward if his supposition was correct. The police took a dim view of the shyster's activities, consequently he was very discreet in his public appearances. If we may be permitted to digress and transfer our interest to Petticoat Lane Sunday morning market in London, it is of interest to relate the affairs of another "Thimble and Pea bloke". We were seeking to obtain a lurid religious tract, depicting Hell in all its enormity and sultry climate, from a tall man who, holding a high sign aloft bearing the slogan "FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME", depicted on a narrow board placed at the end of a long pole, raced through the crowded laneway, this way and that. Then our attention was drawn to a very tall policeman, perhaps six feet nine inches in height, plus his foot high London "Bobbie's helmet", who was admonising a "Thimble and Pea bloke" with the single word "GIT", and the "bloke" got. However, the latter returned when the coast was clear and to our surprise exchanged a few heated words with our missionary. Then we discovered that the tract held aloft was designed to give warning of the presence of police to the "Thimble and Pea bloke". When the "FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME" sign was turned away from the latter's business activities all was well, but when it was turned to face him he immediately packed up his table, his thimbles, and his peas, and "got".

Nowadays, perhaps, the best way to approach this age-old Paddy's Market of Sydneytown is via Goulburn Street, commencing our journey from the western side of the George Street intersection. The Salvation Army Citadel is a landmark on the southern alignment of Goulburn Street with its semi-military architectural embellishments. Sussex Street is crossed, generally after an interminable wait at the traffic lights, which do not favour pedestrians to any

great extent. On the opposite side of Goulburn street lies the somewhat gloomy facade of the Trades Hall, a large building with many windows, relieved by a corner tower with some pretension to design. There is also an interesting shop of sorts, devoted to cheapjack commodities set out in disarray on display trestle tables, the premises once formed portion of a cart-dock to some former warehouse, judging by the plateways which are still in position and once served to guide the cart wheels in the way they should go. We now reach the narrow confines of Dixon Street where a Chinese operated motor garage occupies the south-western corner, the showroom being perched on the upper level above a Council owned parking allotment. Goulburn Street then steeply descends to what was once the muddy shoreline of the now re-claimed upper section of Darling Harbour.

Crossing and then proceeding southwards along Harbour Street we pass Little Pier Street to reach the huge saw-tooth roofed "New Municipal Market" building, a structure devoid of any architectural features, its outer walls being either blind or furnished with numerous vehicle doorways, each protected by a large sliding door fabricated from piping and covered with wiremesh. In a north-south direction, running parallel with Harbour Street, the interior of the gloomy building is divided at equal intervals by what may be regarded as four streets, numbered 1 to 4, for the convenience of vehicles bringing in produce to market. Each of these streets are in turn divided lengthways by four footpaths, "A" to "D", which are flanked on either side by low concrete-topped platforms whereon are displayed the commodities for sale. For the purposes of Paddy's Market on Fridays the "streets" are lined with portable stalls, tables, and icecream retailing merchants.

Entering Street No. 1 our attention was drawn to numerous pigeons flying, or perching, amidst the steel roof members far overhead. Lined against the wall were dozens of heavy type two-wheeled barrows, generally painted red and marked with the names of their various owners, that of Wong predominating, although Low Hung was also noticed. These barrows are trundled from stall to stall on a hired basis when the everyday vegetable market is in progress, and serve to carry huge loads to the waiting greengrocer's vehicles parked in close confusion in the surrounding streets and laneways.

Passing an intervening doorway permitting access from Harbour Street we find that on Fridays the first stall, confronted by a shaky counter comprised of small wire-netted cages, was devoted to the sale of live fowls, generally of the white leghorn species and somewhat scrawny in appearance. There are several cages devoted to live snakes, who live a torpid life, guineapigs, pigeons, and tortoises. All manner of puppies are for sale, together with somebody's last batch of kittens. An occasional yellow-furred ferret, confined in a canary cage can be seen, while yellow-crested white cockatoos screech and oftentimes speculate on the passers by, awaiting a life in new and bigger caged surroundings. This stall is always beset with clamorous youngsters and not so eager parents who do not wish to be bothered raising lethargic tortoises, or piddlin pups.

Then comes a stall which specialises in one-day old chickens and delightful squeaking ducklings. These tiny creatures are also coveted by the youngsters and it would be interesting to know how many reach maturity. At times

mournful and harassed looking guinea-fowls put in an appearance while crate after crate of forlorn bedraggled roosters, each no doubt being aware of its impending fate, together with their fat "better halves", long past their active egg laying propensities, line the succeeding stalls. It is pitiful to see these birds having the flesh on their breasts pinched and their legs closely inspected by intending buyers, the victims hanging head down and squarking miserably in the process. Still humans must eat, and the birds thus sold next appear confined in a sack with their heads peeping through, or wrapped up closely in newspaper preparatory to making their last journey. There are generally a couple of crates of muscovy ducks and perhaps a crate of off-white and very dirty Pekin or Aylesbury ducks for sale from which, one who loves ducks on the hoof so to speak, turns away a tearful eye. Then comes another line up of market barrows, all chained together against unauthorised use, with their watchful custodian seated at a little crazily constructed desk awaiting a belated customer.

We now emerge into Hay Street and walking a short distance westwards enter the portals of LANE "A", which is devoted to the stalls of nurserymen and out-flower sellers. Both sides of the narrow path are lined with these dealers and there is a great throng of suburban gardeners of both sexes admiring and buying the phenomenal display of plant life. There are all manner of potted fuchsias, geraniums, fruit-trees, and colourful exotics, together with box upon box of seedlings; ferns in baskets or paper containers, palms, lilies, staghorns and other treasures from the bush, and all the glories of the orchid house. The display of cut-flowers, each variety in season, is truly magnificent. Here are to be seen bunches of wallflowers; cornflowers in their beautiful blue colouring; carnations, white button-shaped tansy, statice, daisies, gladioli, and beauteous roses of all colours. LANE "A" is certainly a paradise for those who love just these things. Then comes another lineup of vegetable barrows, each with padlocked wheels, branded with the names of "Ray Ghallout", "Eddiy" and the ubiquitous "Wong".

Emerging into Little Pier Street we proceed to the entrance of STREET NO. 2 where an extensive "open-air" cafe catered for the thirst and inner needs of mankind. Low trestle tables are set out in maze fashion, each flanked by backless forms to seat the crowds of hungry customers. Cups of tea, or coffee, are filled at sizzling urns, while meat pies, green peas, saveloys, or sandwiches, are dispensed at popular prices from a central table, which is also bedecked with washing up facilities and commanded by a bevy of waitresses. Opposite is a large covered van, with an open flap side, from which some thirty-six different flavours of icecream may be purchased at rather startling prices. Not all the advertised range of flavours appear to be on hand at any given time but most of the connoisseurs appear to be content with cones of the everlasting vanilla flavour or dark chocolate. There is always a queue of prospective customers and business in this tasty field is always brisk.

Next comes a stall devoted to mauve coloured featureless heads of rather ghastly appearance, known as "Wig-stands", which sell readily at eighty cents each. Stalls of crockery, dresses of various hues and styles, slippers, carpets, and jewellery, together with a small white painted portable stall dispensing "GELATO" icecream in white paper cartons, or the ever popular cones, some of the latter providing a "double-serve". Nearby is a chip-

potato emporium where "tiny" bags of these greasy dainties are retailed at ten cents each. Truth in advertising at its best.

Next come two dealers in cage-birds, their separate stands having wire-fronted wooden cages piled one above the other in a somewhat shaky unstable fashion. Canaries can be purchased at prices calculated to make the customer sing, all manner of finches, lovebirds, quail, and parrots, together with wire cages for same. The purchased birds are taken away in cardboard shoe boxes, the loose lids being pierced with a series of knife-holes to provide fresh air. These two stalls are always confronted by interested people, most of whom come to observe the wildlife, particularly those of English descent, it being noticed that the Celt and the Southern European people have little use for birds unless they are of an edible nature.

Lined up on either side of a cross path are two dealers in goldfish and aquatic life generally. The fish disport themselves in glass jars of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, their sales value being depicted on slivers of paper pasted thereon. Waterweeds and waterlilies are bunched together in tins, whilst large glass open-topped globes display a crawling mass of tortoises. As we overheard, on one occasion, a hairy youth say to another hairy youth, "What are those, can yer eat them?", thus betraying a distressing lack of knowledge appertaining to members of the Chelydridae family. After purchase, the goldfish are placed in small plastic bags half full of water, the contents being sealed tight with an elastic band to prevent spillage.

The stalls of several second-hand clothes merchants are now met, the customers trying on the vestments as best as they may under somewhat trying circumstances, being intermixed with the pushing throng of passers-by. Coats were easy, likewise the dresses, but the pants and other unmentionables had to be taken somewhat for granted. A great range of ladies' handbags attract customers, likewise the next stall devoted to shirts individually displayed in clear plastic-lidded cardboard boxes. A hollow square trestle table was covered with secondhand books, magazines, and children's comics and similar reading matter, all highly coloured and of a sensational nature. This is always a crowded street with many potential customers, particularly elderly females lugging shopping buggies laden to the gunwhales with foodstuffs, said vehicles occasionally getting interlocked, to the annoyance of their custodians, or running over the toes of gentlemen not agile enough to get out of their imperious way. There is also a large number of strollers, each holding a tired or a sleeping child, and a wide range of perambulators full of purchases, their rightful occupant sitting upright amidst a lining of parcels, spinach, and beetroot,

"Long-hairs" are most numerous and in amazing disarray, each displaying a scruffy unkept head-growth which at least betrays the fact that they are capable of growing whiskers, portraying this hirsute growth in all manner of shapes and styles to the fullest advantage. They neither see nor buy, as far as we could judge, but some found great amusement in kicking along the numerous discarded soft drink metal-containers, thereby making a joyful noise which obviously pleased them immensely.

Tables covered with coloured prints for artists attract a lot of undesired handling and nearby are booths devoted to the sale of jars of honey and honey-comb. Then comes a shoe stall where endless rows of footwear are exhibited. The fitting process is somewhat of a problem to would-be customers as stools

are a missing refinement. From the vendor's point of view, it is desirable to keep the soles of the new shoes in a clean condition for some future possible sale. To this end the vendor thoughtfully provided several sheets of thick cardboard laid along the pavement, thereby keeping the leather away from the contamination of cabbage stalks and other unseemly litter. Eggs contained in cardboard cartons of a dozen, guaranteed newly laid, were another feature, then our attention was distracted by two ladies dodging through the crowd, each carrying half a water-melon held aloft. At the southern end of the street numbered as '2' was the icecream van of "Mr. Whippy" with its retinue of finger-licking customers.

Stalls of second-hand clothing lined the southern entrance to Lane 'B' where a crowd of interested purchasers sought out bargains which more or less fitted their figure shapes. At these stalls there always seems to be a sprinkling of Lascars from the ships in port, who buy up quantities of discarded garments, evidently on a speculating basis for their folks at home. Crossing the intervening pathway we arrive at the old established cheese and bacon merchant who is well and favourably known by a wide circle of regular customers for the outstanding quality of his commodities. A little further along is a stall devoted to paintings of cats depicted in garish colours, their squinting glistening eyes being formed from sequins superimposed on the surface board, giving the animals a most sinister appearance. All manner of toys, from sleeping dolls to aeroplanes and kites, furnished another stall, side by side to one devoted to an airy-fairy display of girls' frocks of modern style and more modern colouring. Our attention was diverted by a passing "Long-hair", who looked very smug at the attention he attracted by gracing his unkept fuzzy hair-do with a vivid purple cap worn at a jaunty angle. More frocks hanging from wire frames and oddments of old fashioned metal household ware, all priced at a figure calculated to entrance the speculator and admirer of just these things. There were door-knobs, latches, brass jardineres, candlesticks, lamps, ecclesiastical equipment, rocking chairs, and a hundred and one metallic objects of great value to the collector of such brack-a-brack, but of small value to one of simple tastes.

In the December period a host of Christmas gee-gaws of paper and tinsel attract buyers as can well be imagined, one particular stall of this nature being placed against one dealing in shoes and another festooned by a double row of highly coloured football socks dangling from an arrangement of rods and wires. More "Old Clothes" and their crowd of eager patrons; a stall of artificial flowers and "Dried Arrangements", and then another devoted to the shoe trade. Here we met two middle-aged Chinamen, passing in opposite directions, one smiling said to the other "OCH OCH", or words to that effect, the import being lost to our heathen ears. A great bevy of strollers and shopping buggies, all heavily laden, assailed us at this point, where a surging crowd of good-humoured shoppers dodged each other to the best of their ability.

Continuing northwards Lane 'B' led past numerous stalls set up for the sale of aprons, newly fashioned clothes for children, and piles of cuddly "Koala" bears, each with a nose pad of black polished leather. Reaching Little Pier Street once again we turned to enter Street No. 3 where a great crowd milled around a jewellery stand, the trinkets being most carefully watched by a Jewish gentleman and his good wife. One loud strident voice shouted "Wot are they doin' ere", but, beyond this particular stall were others showing yet

more artificial flowers, frocks, sea-shells, and strings of beads. Against a shirt stall was an emporium selling "Chiko Rolls", "Spring Rolls", "Curry Rolls", "Dim-sims", "Vienna Steaks", and "Fish-cakes", all lumped together with the hot chip potato trade. Then came a great range of wooden stools, followed by a stall dealing in "Cut-price" cigarettes, which appeared to be more attractive to women than from casual observance. Row upon row of "PLUCKED POULTRY READY FOR THE POT" embellished another table, each pitiful featherless body reclining beneath a widespread covering of transparent plastic. Came more shoes and also a stall displaying quaintly shaped, and highly coloured Chinese novelties, watched over by a pleasant Chinaman and his petite wife. A small table laden with spectacles came next, where those in need of eye assistance checked their vision by reading, or not reading, a small piece of newsprint, at the same time taking note of their head breadth between the ears. More cigarettes and then a long glass case full of sausages of all lengths, diameters, colours, and odours, sold by the pound or half pound, and others by the string. Brightly coloured scarves were lined up against a stand selling a wide variety of chocolates, toffees, and lollies, including the famous "Home-made Rock", a real stick-jaw sweet of long standing. Carpets for sale led to another stall of sausages, intermixed this time with bottles of gherkins and soggy looking pickled cucumbers, the latter, so it has been said, being a favourite condiment with the Jewish community.

Sauntering out into Hay Street once again we enter Lane 'C', with a wide range of huge carpets, hauled by ropes to roof level in order to show them off to perfection. On our right hand was a veritable medley of stalls dealing in clothes, belts, shoes, handbags, glassware, and sheets of foam rubber. Lengths of ribbon could be purchased by the handful for a nominal sum, bright shades for little missy's hairdo. Suit lengths could be inspected, likewise strings of beads, frocks for children, paints, tools, more frocks, more shoes, and more handbags. Across the intersecting footpath, amongst a repetition of the previously mentioned selling facilities, was a showing of gaudy plaster ornaments representing certain saints, be-winged angels, and draped ladies holding aloft naked electric light globes. Another range of stalls led us to Little Pier Street once again and the entry into Street 4.

Street 4, together with Lane 'D' and Street 5, are devoted largely to the purveyors of fruit and vegetables, which were piled in heaps, one solitary Chinaman selling Kingaroy Peanuts in the shell at seven ounces for twenty cents. Some varieties of vegetables were better known to Southern European people to whom extensive sales were made. The fruit display was equally splendid, with oranges bundled in open-work net red bags in two or three dozen lots. A striking price range was to be noted amongst the different stalls. Here the crowd is usually thick and the children, reclining most uncomfortably in their heavily laden strollers, squealed their tiredness and general fed-up-ness of the scheme of things, nothing but human legs and bodies hemming them in from all sides. A visit to Paddy's Market, around midday on most Fridays, is an exhilarating experience, to say the least.

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