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ROCKDALE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL



PRICE 5 c .

ST. GEORGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN

Registered for Posting as
a Publication Category 'B'.

24 Duff Street,
ARNCLIFFE. 2205.
August 1979.

Dear Friend and Member,

The regular meeting will be held as follows:

Date: Friday Evening, August 17th, 1979, at 8.00 p.m.

Place: Council Chamber, Town Hall, Princes Highway, Rockdale.

Business: General.

Syllabus Item: Mr. Vaughan Evans will entertain with: "Aboriginal Canoes on Sydney Harbour". Mr. Evans has a few slides, to illustrate his subject, but says cameras were not the "in" thing at that period.

Supper Roster: Mrs. Kell, Captain, Miss Lambert, Mrs. McNamara, Miss Frost, Miss White, Miss Murray.

Ladies please bring a plate.

Mr. A. Ellis,
President.
Phone 587.1159.

Mrs. B. Perkins,
Hon. Publicity Officer.
Phone. 587.9164

Mrs. E. Eardley,
Hon. Sec. & Bulletin
Editor.
Phone 59.8078.

Mrs. E. Wright,
Hon. Treas. & Soc. Sec.
Phone 599.4884

Mr. A. Ellis,
Hon. Research Officer.
Phone 587.1159.

"Adversity strengthens the Character. There is nothing on earth that is all evil, nothing that is all good."

Quotation from "The House of a Thousand Lanterns",
by Victoria Holt.

The following were elected to hold Office for the Year 1979 - 1980.

<u>President:</u>	Mr. A. Ellis
<u>Patrons:</u>	Mayor of Rockdale, Ald. George Moore Ald. R. Rathbone Mr. R. Stark, Town Clerk
<u>Senior Vice President:</u>	Mr. D. Sinclair
<u>Vice Presidents:</u>	Mr. B. Foster Miss M. Dunsmore
<u>Hon. Sec. & Bulletin Editor:</u>	Mrs. E. Eardley
<u>Hon. Treas. & Social Sec.:</u>	Mrs. E. Wright
<u>Hon. Auditor:</u>	Mr. A. Ford
<u>Committee of Management:</u>	<u>President</u> , Mr. A. Ellis, <u>Sec.</u> Mrs. E. Eardley, <u>Treas.</u> Mrs. E. Wright, & Mr. L. Kell, Mr. R. Lee, Mr. D. Sinclair, Mr. W. Dixon, Mrs. B. Perkins, Misses M. Callister and M. Dunsmore.
<u>Lydham Hall Local C'tee:</u>	Mr. A. Ellis, Mrs. E. Eardley, Miss B. Otton.
<u>Ladies Social Committee:</u>	All Ladies who are able will go on Roster.
<u>Research Officer:</u>	Mr. A. Ellis.
<u>Publicity Officer:</u>	Mrs. B. Perkins.
<u>Lydham Hall Fund Raising Committee:</u>	Miss B. Otton, Mrs. M. Fry, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Blackshaw, & Mrs. D. Prebble.

Many of our Members have been and still are ill, remembering Mrs. G. Aitken and Mrs. G. Gash. We are sorry to hear this and hope you will be well again soon.

Miss Otton, Curator of Lydham Hall, is in need of Ladies and/or Gentlemen to assist with the weekend roster. Visitors come from far and wide to see this lovely old Home, and your presence would greatly facilitate the Inspections. Ring Miss Otton, 'phone 59.4259. Your call will be appreciated.

SOCIAL. OCTOBER LONG WEEKEND. Mrs. Wright, Social Secretary, has organised for your pleasure, a three-day tour to Tamworth - Armidale, for the long weekend, September 29th, 30th and October 1st, 1979. PAYMENT OF BALANCE AUGUST MEETING PLEASE. For details ring Mrs. Wright 599.4884 (81 Watkin St.,)

SPECIAL NOTICE. The St. George Historical Society is pleased to announce that the following books, written and illustrated by the late Gifford H. Eardley, for the Society have been re-printed and are now available.

Price: \$1.00 per copy. (Postage extra)

No. 1. "The Wolli Creek Valley"

No. 2. "Kogarah to Sans Souci Tramway"

No. 3. "Saywells Tramway. Rockdale to Lady Robinson's Beach"

No. 4. "Arncliffe to Bexley Tramway"

No. 5. "Our Heritage in Stone"

No. 6. "All Stations to Como"

No. 7. "Tempe and the Black Creek Valley" is also available. (Limited stocks only)

For your copy of the above books, please contact one of the following:

Mrs. E. Wright - Ph. 599.4884, Miss B. Otton - Ph. 59.4259 (after 8 p.m.)

Mrs. E. Eardley - Sec. Ph. 59.8078, Mr. A. Ellis - Ph. 587.1159.

THE ST. GEORGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Accounts for the Year Ending 30th June 1979.

INCOME

Members Subscriptions
Members Donations
R.A.H.Society - Donation
Badge Sales
Society Book Sales
Kangaroo Valley Book Sales
L.Slattery Brochures
Bus Trips & Raffles

\$ 432.00
\$ 30.00
\$ 125.00
\$ 12.00
\$ 358.00
\$ 27.00
\$ 10.50
466.70

Bank Balance B/Fwd 1978
Interest from 1978 Bal.
Interest this year

\$ 1,461.00
\$ 459.45
\$ 18.12
\$ 23.06

\$ 1,962.13

EXPENDITURE

Postage (Mrs Eardley)
Petty Cash (Mrs Eardley)
R.A.H.Society Membership
National Trust Affiliation
Delegates Expenses Goulburn
Projector Repairs - Miss L.
Society Books - Miss Dunsmore
Kangaroo Valley Books
V.I.P.Tours expenses
Stationery - Publicity Officer
Xmas Catering
Petty Cash - Mrs Wright
Office Equipment & Crockery
Xmas Catering

\$ 238.74
\$ 20.00
\$ 17.50
\$ 18.00
\$ 55.00
\$ 17.80
\$ 270.80
\$ 33.75
\$ 430.00
\$ 7.82
\$ 25.00
\$ 50.00
\$ 23.20
\$ 45.00

\$ 1252.61

Balance at Bank less
unpresented cheques

\$ 709.52

Total:

\$ 1962.13

I, certify that this is a Correct Record of all Accounts presented to me for Audit Purposes.

(Sgd). Arthur Ford. J.P. Hon.Auditor 30th June 1979.

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LYDHAM HALL - FUNDING COMMITTEE

(Division of the St. George Historical Society)
For the Year Ending 30th June 1979.

INCOME

Division of Cultural Activities	\$ 500.00
Lydham Hall Admittances	\$ 385.65
Cake Stalls	\$ 9.60
Raffles	\$ 95.95
Donations	\$ 37.05
Centenary of Progress Sales	\$ 70.00
St. George Hist. Book sales	\$ 205.00

Total:	<u>\$1,303.25</u>
Bank Interest	\$ 46.54

Total:	<u>\$1,349.79</u>
Cash in Bank - June 1978	<u>\$1,441.45</u>

Grand Total:	<u>\$2,791.24</u>
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EXPENDITURE

Petty Cash	\$ 20.00
Globe replacements	\$ 10.00
St. George Historical Books	\$ 60.00
Purchase Pine Dresser	\$ 370.00
Restoration of Kitchen	\$ 127.53
Picture Framing	\$ 44.00
Table Restoration	\$ 30.00
Rockdale Council Visit	\$ 48.42
St. George. Hist. Socy Books	\$ 72.00
Petty Cash	\$ 30.00

Restoration Lydham Hall

Picture

Bank cheque book

St. George. Hist. Books

Total:

Cash in Bank

Grand Total:

\$ 38.80
\$ 2.50
\$ 54.00
<u>\$ 907.55</u>
<u>\$1,883.69</u>
<u>\$2,791.24.</u>

Capital Investment with the St. George
 Building Society Account No. 11.197370-2
 CR. \$1,303.17c. including interest to
 date which was \$101.68.c.

Value of Cent. of Progress books on hand \$68.25c - 91 books.

I, Certify that this is a Correct Record of all Accounts presented to me for Audit Purposes.

(Sgd.) Arthur Ford. J.P. Hon. Auditor.

A MILLIONAIRE PASTOR - Samuel Marsden - The Great Survivor -

- by A.T. Yarwood

- Reviewed by Alan McElwain

- Sydney Morning Herald

- 14th January 1978.

The Reverend Samuel Marsden, missionary extraordinary, despite the scriptural injunction to the contrary contrived in his fashion to serve both God and Mammon - not necessarily always in that order.

He was an astonishing ecclesiastical chameleon. He could preach one day on the mercy and love of God, then, as a magistrate in early N.S.W., hand down controversially harsh sentences. As a minister of the gospel, he could warn his flock against storing up treasures on earth while, as a pastoralist, he acquired extensive land holdings and stock ad lib. Without scruple, he could simultaneously pursue his missionary calling and meddle in politics.

*Yet, full of human weakness and rich in human strength,
he remains a towering figure when most of his contemporaries
have faded to mere shadows.*

It is thus that Professor Sandy Yarwood sets out to portray him. He does it magnificently. His prodigious research lights up every aspect of Marsden's highly improbably life. Against all that has already been written about the Rev. Samuel, he comes up with something fascinatingly new and alive. Professor Yarwood tags Marsden as "the great survivor". His splendid biography will do much to prolong that image in history.

Marsden was ordained an Anglican priest (I don't think he'd quite like that title) in Exeter, England, on May 26, 1793. On July 27, with his pregnant bride Elizabeth, he sailed in the 305-ton storeship William for the convict colony of N.S.W., where he was to be an assistant chaplain.

He was brimful of pastoral zeal for his forthcoming work. Throughout the voyage, during which Elizabeth gave birth to a daughter, he kept a diary.

In the final entry, Samuel reminded himself of the very peculiar manner in which the Lord takes care of His own, and asked that in future trials he should have the faith to rely on his promises and grace. This faith would be sorely tested during his four decades of service in the community of New South Wales, which received the William and its much awaited stores and passengers on 10 March, 1794.

Before Marsden left England, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, Henry Dundas, wrote to the N.S.W Lt. Governor, Francis Grose, begging him to ensure Marsden's comfort and well-being. It was a thoughtful but largely superfluous gesture. In no time at all, Marsden demonstrated that when it came to his own comfort, and

well-being, he could well take care of himself.

But he had his trials.

He wanted to save souls, *"to offer something more than a formal ministry which concerned itself primarily or exclusively with conducting the prescribed services of the Church of England."*

Obstacles to this desire were that the convicts in the colony seemed thoroughly depraved and indifferent to the gospel; and that higher officials expressed in their own lives and priorities of government *"a shattering unconcern for the claims and needs of the church militant, or indeed of any church at all."*

However, Marsden was soon removed to the *"major outsettlement"* of Parramatta, where he was to leave his mark in - typically - a variety of ways.

Parramatta housed the famous female factory (penitentiary) and Marsden fought long and doggedly for an improvement in conditions there. Here, also, Marsden was to become senior magistrate for an era stretching from Parramatta to the Hawkesbury. This made him a key figure in dealings between settlers and Aborigines, especially when violence occurred.

That violence often occurred was inevitable in a climate created by people like one of Marsden's fellow preachers, who thought that *"the filthy, wicked, abominable and dangerous way of life of the savages seems almost wholly to preclude them from our society."*

To Marsden himself was attributed the view that *"there would never be any good done until there was a clear riddance of the natives,"* but there was no clear evidence that he ever said this.

The situation between whites and Aborigines worsened in 1804 when settlers at Portland Head on the Hawkesbury, were given military support and permitted to fire on Aborigines who had been helping themselves to ripe corn.

As if his preoccupation with his burgeoning landholdings and sheep-breeding, his constant brushes with authorities and lesser lights and his ever-demanding crusade against evil were not enough, Marsden also had the Irish - and especially the Irish clergy - to vex him.

He saw the Catholic convicts in the colony as coming, for the greater part, from *"the lowest Class of the Irish Nation...extremely superstitious, artful and treacherous."* His idea of a starting point in the creation of a godly community, says Professor Yarwood, was to deprive Catholics of Mass and force them to attend divine service in a Protestant Church. It would have irritated him to admit that (in Yarwood's words), *"the first Catholic bishop, John Bede Polding, proved to be an English gentleman of unquestioned scholarship."*

Early in 1815 Marsden had realised an old ambition by planting the English flag above the first missionary settlement in New Zealand. His subsequent mission among the friendly Maoris was to take him away from N.S.W. for long periods, but he loved it and was able in New Zealand to satisfy evangelical impulses that had been unfulfilled in N.S.W.

His New Zealand letters and journals revealed *"a childlike joy in new experiences, a zest for physical challenges, and a confident acceptance of the role to which he felt called by providence. By contrast, his correspondence on colonial matters reflects deep feelings of persecution, a suspicion of 'open and secret enemies' at every turn. It was a new and happier man who ... faced the Maoris of New Zealand."*

His mission among them became the passion of his life. The man from Parramatta was to create *"a heroic image among the people of New Zealand that would long survive him."*

The Reverend Samuel Marsden died on May 12, 1838. He was buried in St. John's cemetery, Parramatta. He left 30,000 pounds, *"which in terms of present day currency made Marsden a comfortable millionaire."*

Professor Yarwood sums him up:

He had a sense of destiny and divine purpose which not only sustained him in physical danger and political controversy, but drove him on to the zealot's great error of believing that ends justified the means.

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUSTRALIAN STAR - January 7th, 1893.

- G. H. Eardley.

Browsing through ancient newspapers is always a rewarding experience as it brings forward in no uncertain manner the way of life and the interesting household equipment related to the period under review. The advertisements are always a joy to read and the prices quoted astounding when compared with those of the present day. As a matter of general interest we freely quote, without any degree of form or order, a few items which particularly attracted our attention.

"Howard and Company" Merchants. Queen Street, Wollahra.

Bear in mind Justic and Straight Dealing. The largest importers of musical instruments, including a Steam Piano which goes for nine hours without attention.

Accordions. Greatest novelty of the age, with cornet attachment, also with Canary notes, Cock crowing and Cuckoo.

Cornets - 250 just arriving, in brass, silver or nickel plate, 38/6 (6d. per week) to 30.0.0.

Flutes and Piccolos. Over 1000 in stock, from 6d. to 35.0.0. each.

10,000 mouth organs in case at 6d. each, also hundreds of varieties better class to 1.1.0 and so on and so forth.

Theatre. In the theatre world we found that The Lyceum Theatre, Pitt Street near Market Street, was showing:

"The Gorgeous, Spectacular, Musical, Laughable
Pantomine - Little Red Riding Hood & Harlequin
Boy Blue" or "Wicked Baron & the Naughty Wolf".

At the Criterion Theatre there was:

"An Artistic Triumph" in the shape of "Much Ado
About Nothing" as presented by the Brough-Boucicault
Comedy Company.

At Her Majesty's Theatre:

Miss Maggie Moore appeared in "The Grand Comic
Christmas Pantomine - Blue Beard".

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The Theatre Royal announced:

"The Great Event of the Season - Falka" with a large and efficient chorus.

The Gaiety Theatre noted its third year of:

"Dan Tracey's vaudeville".

Other Entertainments.

These included Fillis Circus at Moore Park, and Wirth Bros., Circus at the York Street Link.

There was an Organ Recital at the Sydney Town Hall by Wiegand, the City Organist.

The Moorefield Pony Races and the Canterbury Park Races were also held.

The Parramatta River Steamers and Tramway Co.Ltd., ran their steamers to and from all the landings between the Old Manly Wharf at Circular Quay and Parramatta. At Sir Joseph Banks Pavillion and Pleasure Grounds at Botany there was a Sunday Sacred Concert, admission being free.

At the Protestant Hall on Sunday Night there was a lecture entitled "Delirium Tremens and Spontaneous Combustion" by Thomas Walker. A subject which should have proved interesting.

Health Advertisements.

"Dress Your Hair" with Barry's Tricopherous, and then ask your mirror if you ever looked so handsome.

"Cough While You Can" because Dr Thompson's Coltfoot Cough Linctus cures all coughs. 1/0 in bottles.

"Study Your Health" and drink only Toohey's Sparkling Amber Ale. Steadies the nerves. Invigorates the whole system. As a tonic, it is unsurpassed. Ladies will find Toohey's Stout superior to imported. Lighter and more sustaining.

A STROLL AROUND THE STRAND.*- Heather Kennedy.**- Woman's Day - February 16, 1976.*

The Strand Arcade in Sydney runs between Pitt and George Streets, parallel with nearby King Street. It was built in 1891 to a design by architect J.B.Spencer..

The National Trust of Australia describes its style as "restrained classic revival".

Today the Strand has entered a new era. The owners, Prudential Assurance, are restoring and redecorating the old arcade, which had meandered gently and dustily through the years without much attention.

The arcade has three levels, surmounted by a curved glass roof. The National Trust describes its early years: "The concourse was lit by chandeliers hanging from the arched glass roof. Fifty gas jets and electric lamps illuminated the remainder."

In later years the glass became dusty, the upper levels were divided into storerooms and little workshops. There was no central theme, no unifying design among the shop fronts.

Now new brown paint (which many tenants think looks too new), lamps, fake cedar hanging signs, trendy tenants and a new uniformity of shop fronts has wrought great changes to the arcade.

I realised when I went to see it recently that I hadn't been there since I was very young. It was a sentimental job for me. My mother, who had never worked in her life, took a job in a hat shop there during the Depression. As a tiny child I remember her taking me past the shop, long since under different management, and telling me the woman had been cruel to her.

I remember being photographed by a street photographer: those in the Strand Arcade always seemed to be taking pictures of my parents and me. In the first I must have been very small - I remember having to put my arm up to take my father's hand.

I remember my mother having an umbrella repaired at Christie's Umbrella Shop; the exquisite smells from the Harris Coffee and Tea Shop; a big copper bowl in the window of the Nut Shop with nuts cooking; the sight of Mr Paul Mendels weighing and paper-bagging with perfect care; the taste of vienna almonds.

Mr Mendels is still there, with his kindness and his gentle jokes. Some of his customers have been buying his vienna almonds for 40 years. He opened the shop in the Depression, when his almonds costs 3d. a bag.

Still there too, is Mr Alan Stevens (A.Stevens, Saddler and All Leather Repairs). When he first opened, in 1934, he hand-made saddles only. When materials became hard to get, and customers less particular, he made safety belts for the Sydney County Council linesmen. "Now", he says,

"I have ten times more work than I can do. I repair damaged luggage for all the airlines, three or four different shops, all the big hotels. I'm the only one in Sydney who can do this: 90% of my work is done by hand."

My family's watches and clocks were always repaired by Mr Harold Drake. Then, he had seven watchmakers at a long bench in his workroom; now there is only his son, Harold Francis Drake, Jr., at one table and his father working in the window of the shop. 45 years ago, Mr Drake, Snr., paid 15/- a week rent. Now, the small room costs \$50.00. "We have our old regular customers", Mr Drake says, "If we depended on passing trade we would have moved out years ago." Mr Drake is 71, although he doesn't look it. He started at jewellers, Fairfax and Roberts, as a messenger boy, and worked his way up to the Watch Room. Mr Drake doesn't dwell in the past. From a dusty drawer he pulled out an engraved watchcase: "To Harold Drake, In recognition of his Obliging Disposition, by Employees of F & R, 8/9/'21". Such a disposition may have been called for. "For the first 12 months I worked for nothing - plus a 50 pounds indenture. For the next 12 months, I earned 5/- a week."

Mr Drake remembers Friday night shopping in the Strand, a shop called Bright Lights, that sold "nothing over 2/6.", a band that played on the ground floor. "You wouldn't believe the number of people who came to the arcade then. Now we have Thursday night shopping and hardly a soul comes up the stairs."

The new owners hope the redecorated arcade will alter that. The existing tenants think some of the changes are a good idea, but a number feel the arcade has suffered because there is not enough feeling for the authentic past. Apart from this, and a complaint by the tenants that they are "ordered around" too much, most of the arcade people are happy there.

The old tenants enjoy the new ones. "There are some nice youngsters", one said, "That young Chris Melhem, who hand-makes shirts .. good worker, he is. And nice ladies too .. Mrs Lazar, she's Eileen Lazar, the beauty therapist, and Sybil O'Donoghue, she's that nice cheerful one in the T-shirt kiosk .. "

Gone or going, are the hives of little rag trade stock shops and backroom workshops that used to line the upper levels.

The busiest business of all is the weighing chair: "the truest scales in Sydney", according to ex-horse-breaker Walter Early, who operates it. "This chair is 43 years old - and as true as it ever was", he tells the customers, coming out of the Harris shop after their morning coffee.

Bob Brown has run the engraving kiosk on the Strand's ground floor for 16 years. It was established over 70 years ago. An old mirror reads: "Your presents engraved while U wait."

Viewing the arcade from the top level, the carriage lights along the upper level woodwork are original (though moved up one floor), as are the electric lights on the floor below. The beautiful ironwork supports the arcade. What appears to be a Star of David, with the initials S.A. entwined in the middle, is a central feature of the struts.

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THE BEAUTY THAT DIED IN FLAMES.

- Sydney Morning Herald
27th May 1976.

- Jillian Snow.

Sydney's beautiful Strand Arcade has died in the midst of being reborn. The fire which yesterday (26th May 1976) destroyed much of the three shopping levels joining Pitt and George Streets struck just as they were recovering from the neglect of years. Recognition by the National Trust in April last year was the spur for revival.

Traditional residents like the hatter and the leather-worker - said to be "the only man in Sydney who will fix a briefcase" - were joined by flamboyant, modern people like Jenny Kee and Linda Jackson, who designed exotic clothes behind shocking-pink windows labelled "Come into Paradise, Flamingo Park," and Patrick and Chrissie Le Juillet, who turned Le Cafe on the top balcony into a little bit of France.

Several period shop fronts of arched, polished wood had been installed since I began working in the arcade last January. Many more were planned. The jewellery and ribbon and engraving bars in the centre were to be renovated in keeping with the 1891 style.

At least one visionary in the National Trust even dreamed of restoring the gas lights. But a country man said his father had once made a trip to Sydney to see The Strand, because it was the first place in the city to be lit by electricity.

The quaint lift was almost overtaxed by the new traffic. Recently, the little cage creaked to a halt between floors, and the attendant chatted cheerily through the wire grills for an hour or more, directing people to present tenants and long-gone but well-remembered ones like the Doll's Hospital.

Arcade people, however, were fast coming to use the central stairs joining the two levels of the New Edition bookshop for quick access to the balconies.

The ground floor of the shop had the only original cedar front in the arcade, and a gentle light filtered through its stained glass windows. The light in the arcade was part of its charm. It came through vaulted glass like the roof of a huge conservatory. Traffic noise was shut out and there was no hint of the weather outside. Visitors were constantly gawking.

The multi-coloured heads of hairdressers from Lloyd Lomas's the strident calls of "Linda!" echoing around the arcade and coming from Jenny Kee needing help in a fitting, the Persian rugs hung over the railings as Le Cafe prepared in its continental way for a day's trading - it was all very unlike the chrome and glass of Centrepont or the Imperial Arcade up the street.

It was becoming a community. Shop-owners were buying not only for themselves, but for each other - "that's perfect for so-and-so's shop." They were popping in and out to share cups of coffee or news of a sale.

It seemed it would be only a matter of time before the managing agents realised the great iron gates at each end must stay open for weekends and night-time shoppers.

The beauty and enormous possibilities of the Strand were attracting the creative people back to the City. And it was a great part of their inspiration.

The Strand Arcade is a truly irreplaceable part of the National Estate. That's the great tragedy, human suffering aside. Melbourne has its 1869-70 Royal Arcade with charming slender arches and Gog and Magog (replicas of the grotesque figures in London's Guildhall). But it hardly compares with the 1891 Strand, the last great Victorian arcade. To those that care about the past, it is as much a monument as the Opera House.

Repair and restoration work has already begun on the Strand Arcade in the heart of Sydney, damaged in an early morning fire yesterday, and it now seems likely the historic building will be saved.

The N.S.W. National Trust's director, Mr John Morris, is lobbying for the whole arcade to be restored. "Unless it is completely and utterly ruined, we would do everything to encourage the restoration of the whole arcade", he said. Last year, the Trust classified the arcade as a building that must be preserved as an essential part of Australia's heritage. Restoration work on the Victorian structure had been in progress for 18 months before the fire.

Business has resumed in the least affected part of the arcade. (June '76).