



OUR HISTORY

MAGAZINE of the ST GEORGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.

October - December 2017

www.stgeorgehistsoc.org.au

 Find us on Facebook

**FAMILY
MEMORIES**



**MILES
FRANKLIN
GOES
COUNTRY**

**SAVE YOUR
PHOTOS**

**DARWIN
ON THE
BEAGLE**

Proudly Sponsored by

**Bayside
Council**

ISSN 2208-3596

Contents

Welcome.....	4
Calendar.....	5
Recollections of my Grandfather.....	6
George Sydney Halpin (1884-1966).....	7
Building the H.M.S. Beagle.....	9
Sydney Tramway Museum.....	11
Early Photographers of the Georges River Area.....	13
Independent Minds: A History of St George Girls High School.....	14
Bayside Library Services' Map Collection – Part 3 of 3.....	15
Exhibition: We Are Here.....	20
Highlights at The Hurstville Museum and Gallery.....	21
St George, Queensland.....	22
Saint George – One Life, Many Legends.....	24
Anniversaries - August.....	26
Our War, Our Words – Summer 1917.....	28
For King and Country – October 1917.....	31
In the Courts.....	33
A Night At The Pictures.....	34
Recipes from the Past.....	36
How to Organise Your Photographs.....	37
Book Review – Miles Franklin's Up the Country.....	39
Crossword.....	44
SGHS Publications.....	45
References.....	46

Front Cover Image – Edward Draper, Ernest Draper and Eliza Draper (nee Tattler). Edward and Eliza married in 1884. Their son, Ernest, was born in 1885, joined by a sister, Ethyl, in 1889. [1]

Front Cover Background – 1939 street map of Rockdale, NSW, showing administrative boundaries and physical features, scale [ca. 1:18,000]. [2]

Back Cover Image – St George Cottage Hospital (W. H. Broadhurst, c. 1907).

Our History is published by
St George Historical Society Inc.

ABN 13 303 397 074

Address Lydham Hall, 18 Lydham Avenue, Bexley NSW 2207

Webpage stgeorgehistsoc.org.au

Editor Barry Johnson – Email barry.johnson@live.com.au

ISSN 2208-3596

St George Historical Society Inc.

The St George Historical Society Inc. was formed in 1961 with former Rockdale mayor, councillor and historian Ron Rathbone, OAM, as the inaugural secretary. First known as the Rockdale Historical Society, it was renamed in 1962 to serve the wider region.

The aim of the not-for profit Society is to conserve and encourage the recording of local history, raising awareness of the heritage of the St George District of New South Wales, Australia. The area includes the suburbs in the local government area of Georges River Council and part of Bayside Council, bounded in the east by Lady Robinson Beach in Botany Bay.

Office Bearers		
President	Mr Wesley Fairhall	(02) 9546-5555
Vice President	Mr Robert McGarn	mcgarnr@bigpond.net.au
Secretary	Miss Laurice Bondfield	(02) 9599-4274
Treasurer	Mr Wesley Fairhall	(02) 9546-5555
Magazine Editor	Mr Barry Johnson	barry.johnson@live.com.au
Lydham Hall Committee	Mrs Joan Rankin, Mr Geoff Rankin, Mr Robert McGarn	(02) 9567-8641 (02) 9567-8641 mcgarnr@bigpond.net.au
Public Officer	Mr Robert McGarn	mcgarnr@bigpond.net.au
Publicity Officer	Miss Laurice Bondfield	(02) 9599-4274
Research Officer	Mr Barry Johnson	barry.johnson@live.com.au
Refreshments Officer	Mrs Ellen Endicott	
Lydham Hall Roster	Mrs Joan Rankin	(02) 9567-8641
General Committee	Ms Olga Sedneva Tina Workman	
Auditor	Vacant	

Welcome

In our final edition for 2017, we begin with two articles from locals, reminiscing about their grandfathers. Their memories of the streets surrounding Rockdale Plaza, when horses were walked to Moorefield Racecourse, are timely, as a new generation of spectators enjoy the thrill of racing. The Everest at Royal Randwick, the world's richest turf race, exceeded all expectations as it broke attendance records for a Sydney race in the 21st century.

During our AGM, Wesley Fairhall and Laurice Bondfield were re-elected to their positions of President and Secretary of our Society. After their devoted efforts in 2017, I look forward to working with them in 2018.

An ongoing enhancement to our archives is the digitisation of our Society's newsletters. The National Library of Australia's "Trove" project provides digital versions of the *St George Call*. Fred Scott, our outgoing Treasurer, has enhanced our archives by digitising our Society's newsletters. While print editions are available for reference in the Rockdale Library Local Studies section and Lydham Hall, these digital versions are a valuable resource and I'm very grateful for his efforts.

To explore history, we often begin with written sources, photographs, and if we're lucky, conversations with people involved in key events. There are many other ways to interact with history, including the hobby of model ship construction. An article about the HMS *Beagle* allowed Mike Barton to ponder life aboard this Royal Navy ship, which sailed along the St George coastline and led to one of the most important discoveries in science. The many hours spent constructing the model are a meditative process, giving the model-maker a deeper appreciation of the craft of ship building and of life aboard a famous 19th century ship. His account, I can contemplate the words of Poet Laureate, John Masefield, hearing the call of the running tide, with a star to steer by.

As light rail returns to Sydney, over 50 years after the last tram service, trams from St George were active at the Tram Museum's Open Day. David Critchley describes the logistical challenges to return these trams to life, inviting readers to visit or volunteer to join the fun.

Excerpts from two recently published books are featured in this edition, beginning with the

photographic by Garry Darby, and the scholastic by Pauline Curby. Both would make Christmas gifts.

Our region is serviced by two large library networks, and their influence has been a welcome addition to our magazine. Kirsten Broderick concludes her article about the Bayside Library's map collection. A highlight of the collection of large maps is the interactive digital tabletop.

It's very easy to snap spontaneous photographs with a smartphone, but our 'how to' guide to organise your digital photo collection will ensure precious photographs aren't lost in the digital ether.

On behalf of the Society, I extend a warm welcome to our newest members, **Rhonda McKinnon** of Loftus, **Joe Russo** of Rockdale, and **Ross Stell** of Kogarah.

A query about Ruben Deacon of Narwee has been received by the Society. Do you know more about this man or his family?

As well as the print version of this magazine, we also publish a digital version in PDF format. The digital edition is easily searched and includes additional video, webpage and email resources. It is accessible on most computers, tablets and smartphones and it's an environmentally friendly alternative. To "go digital", email me at barry.johnson@live.com.au

Do you have any local stories, newspaper clippings, objects or photographs that you've always wondered about? Please email me or let me know at our next meeting. We can help you reveal the answers from the past.

Bayside Council are incredible sponsors of *Our History*. We would not be able to publish this magazine without their support. Thank you.

To conclude, I wish all our readers a very Merry Christmas and a peaceful, healthy, historic 2018.

Correction: On page 28 of the the April - June 2017 edition - Johnny Raper did not score any tries but he was a crucial attacking player in the "Swinton Massacre", as Australia won 50 – 12.

Barry Johnson
Editor

Calendar

Our meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month (except December and January) at 2pm at Level 3, Rockdale Library, 444-446 Princes Highway, Rockdale.

Visitors are very welcome to enjoy presentations by guest speakers, discuss local history with members during our afternoon tea. Please visit our website or Facebook page, check the Events pages of the *St George Leader* published on the Wednesday preceding the meeting or contact our Secretary, Laurice Bondfield on 02 9599-4274 to confirm the details.

Please update your calendars with our upcoming meetings:

- **18th November 2pm** Guest speaker: Glen op den Brouw - A Liverpool Hero: Frank Hagney, Boer War Veteran
- **17th February 2018 2pm**

Special events:

- **4th November** 10am – 4pm – Tempe House Open Day. Free Entry.
- **23rd November** 6pm – 7pm – Author Talk – Paul Irish presents his book, *Hidden In Plain View: the aboriginal people of coastal Sydney*, at Hurstville Library, Cnr Queens Rd and Dora St. Free entry. Visit [Eventbrite](#) or call 02 9330 6111 to book.
- **3rd February 2018** 10am – 4pm – Tempe House Open Day. Free Entry.
- **8th March 2018** – Last day to submit your entry in the Kogarah Historical Society's Local History Awards. Three prizes of \$500 will be awarded to essays on any aspect of the history and heritage of Kogarah and the surrounding suburbs, including the environment, buildings, events or personalities. Visit <http://kogarah.historicalsociety.com.au/history-awards/> or call Beverley Earnshaw on 02 9546 1091 or Gill Whan 02 9546 4623 for entry details.

Vale – Gloria Jan Henke

Gloria Henke, a long-serving member of the St George Historical Society and volunteer at Lydham Hall, passed away on August 23, 2017. A number of our members attended her funeral service on 1 September, reflecting on her life and significant contribution to our local community. Our Society is indebted to her legacy and we're grateful for having known her.

We extend our deepest condolences to her husband, Heinz, son, Richard, and her many family and friends.

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

– Mary Elizabeth Frye

Recollections of my Grandfather

Beverley Scott

My grandfather, William John Felton, was born in Surrey in England in 1861 and migrated to Australia when in his early 20s. Soon after arriving in Sydney he married my grandmother, Johanna Margaret Martens, who was the eldest daughter of German immigrants to South Australia. How my grandparents met and courted is unknown.

Shortly after their marriage in 1888 they bought a house at 629 Rocky Point Road (later named Princes Highway), which was opposite the current Rockdale Plaza and where they lived for the remainder of their lives.

My grandmother died six months before I was born, however my grandfather lived to the ripe old age of 92. He worked as a compositor at the Government Printing Office, and got good value from his superannuation. I suppose one way to make it last was when my grandfather visited our home at Bexley he would walk there and back to save the one penny bus fare (one halfpenny each way).

I remember visiting my grandparents' house very well. That section of Princes Highway on the western side between Catherine Street and Harrow Road was mainly residential at the time. One house I particularly remember had a large statue of a white horse in the front yard. I believe it was owned by a veterinarian. On the eastern side of Princes Highway, where Rockdale Plaza is now situated, was a large market garden. It was probably originally owned by Chinese gardeners, but at the time it was known as Reuters Market Garden. My father and grandfather used to take cuttings from the sweet potato runners which grew over the fence next to the footpath and planted them in their own gardens. Not surprisingly, they grew very well.

The house was of a common design of the time. The front verandah, with a cement lion standing guard, ran the full width of the house, with the front door in the centre. This led to a hallway with

two rooms on either side. Three of them were bedrooms while the fourth room was used as a storeroom and contained artefacts from Pacific Islands that had been collected by my uncle who worked in the shipping industry. Next came a very large living/dining room on one side of the house, and a kitchen, bathroom and laundry on the other side. There was a huge table covered by a red velvet tablecloth in the living/dining area, together with the usual sideboard and easy chairs. I remember a lot of paintings on the walls and tapestries that my grandmother had woven.

Outside the back door was a covered area with a fernery and hanging plants. It contained a fish pond in the centre with koi carp swimming around, and on the edge of the pond were cement frogs. I looked forward to our visits so I could play there. Beside the fernery was the toilet, attached to the back of the house. The toilet was originally adjacent to the back fence and laneway to provide easy access for the night soil service, but it had been moved when sewerage became available.

On the other side of the fernery was a chook yard which extended to the back fence and was covered in vines, probably chokos. Then there were the vegetable gardens which thrived with the aid of the chook manure. Didn't everyone have a vege garden in those days? Alongside the gardens grew a large loquat tree, the fresh fruit of which was delicious and made a great jam. Beyond them, separated by a small fence, were fruit trees.

Finally there was a garage. Here our Model T Ford rested on blocks for the duration of the Second World War.

With the passage of time all the houses in that block have been replaced with commercial premises, including the Titan Fitness Centre.

My grandfather died in 1953 and now resides in the family grave at Woronora Cemetery, together with my grandmother and my parents.

George Sydney Halpin (1884-1966)

Pamela Griffiths

George Sydney Halpin was an identity in the St George Municipality. He was a good-looking man of Irish descent, who always dressed in a three-piece suit and wore a Stetson hat. His buttonhole usually displayed a carnation, and his coat pocket had a whiter than white handkerchief protruding. His black boots were always polished. Summer or winter he wore a flannel undershirt.

George never really made the transition from the horse and buggy days even though he owned a car. He maintained a horse and yellow sulky, and was possibly the last person to ride about Sydney in this way. His range was Wollongong to Watson's Bay, however as the last horse grew old the journeys became local. Rex, the horse, was finally retired and this put an end to George's transport.

George was a favourite with children and adults because he was a great storyteller and always made the time to yarn. His stories were less moralistic and more about adventure. He often had sixpence in his pocket for children to buy an ice cream, and is still remembered fondly by people who knew him as children.

He was born in Sydney, days after his parents arrived by ship to settle in Wollongong. His first job was delivering produce to the hinterland and it was no mean feat to take horses over the mountains on almost unmade roads carrying loads both ways. Settlers depended on this service. After marrying Lavinia Figtree, he and his family went to live in the Northern Rivers, where he was employed as an auctioneer by the firm, Virtue and Noble.

He returned to rent a house in Hurstville, Sydney for a time and later the family settled in 47 Villiers Street, Rockdale where Lavinia purchased a home and they reared their family there. It was here that the Halpins set up their horse training business. There was a paddock behind the property and stables at the back of the property that could be entered via Villiers Lane.

Lavinia was a good cook and no stranger to hard work. She served meals to the large family and to the track worker, who lived in Andy's room in the back-yard. It was also known as the TAC Room. This room held saddles and grooming gear.

Lavinia often had friends for dinner and everyone admired her for her cooking and general demeanour. She was very much a lady with her black hair piled high and her neat attractive appearance. This hair turned white when she grew older and she looked majestic with her Edwardian hair-style. She wore a black velvet ribbon or scarf around her neck and always displayed a lovely brooch. She kept a clean apron behind the kitchen door so that when someone approached she took the soiled one off and looked perfect in the clean white starched one.

She loved recipes that she found in magazines and tested. She never shopped and hardly left the home. Green grocers and grocers delivered the food, and the family fetched meat from the butchers. Bandages, rugs and jockey gear often needed to be laundered by hand or boiled in the wood-fired copper. Together, George and Lavinia ran a good show.

George Halpin was a leading trainer on the former 'pony tracks' in Sydney and continued his success when those Clubs came under the A.J.C. jurisdiction in 1913. One of the best sprinters he trained was Absorbent. He won the City Tattersalls Cup in 1935 with his daughter Violet Halpin's horse, Fairic. Arthur Ward was a favourite jockey, however a steady stream of the well-known jockeys raced Halpin-trained horses.

George did his track work at Moorefield Racecourse until the war broke out and the land was given over to the military. Moorefield was the nearest track, and the horses were walked from Rockdale to Moorefield before doing track work or racing. Use was made of nearby Botany Bay where the horses swam and exercised.

Dolly, a reliable horse led the spirited racehorses into the water for their swim. The horses entered the water at the spot where the airport is now. On one occasion, an army airplane went down near Marrickville Golf Course and from their vantage point they saw it burst into flames.

George's eldest daughter and horse owner, Violet and to a lesser extent sister, Dulcie were employed in the training of horses. Violet sometimes tucked her hair in her cap and posed as a boy in order to

perform her tasks.

There is in existence a notebook with George's recipes for curing all sorts of horse ailments. The vet was the last option during the Depression years at a time when racing was very popular. In this book is a list of wages paid to track workers and jockeys, as well as to suppliers. The jockeys' names are a who's who of racing at the time.

The last two horses that George trained were Turmoil and Kendell. In one race they fell over each other. Aussie Imber was another good horse that he trained. Very often he did not own the horses that were in his stable.

George attended most important race meetings in the company of a friend called Harry Ainsworth, a chemist. Together, they would drive to out of town meetings. Harry was a commission agent, because people trusted him due to his respectable occupation and education. He was able to get a good price with the bookies on behalf of other prominent men, who did not want to appear to be betting. He handled large sums of money and loved

to have George by his side for his protection and companionship. Both men were sharp at arithmetic.

George always carried a truncheon that he put up his sleeve when walking home in the dark with the day's winnings. He tied his wallet into his vest pocket. Harry would let him out of the car at Waltz Street, Rockdale and he then would walk home to Villiers Street taking care to look out for prospective assailants.

George died from a massive heart attack in 1966 after attending a Race Meeting at Canterbury. He commented to his daughter that "he was losing his touch and had lost heavily that day." He was 82 years old, and had been retired from training fifteen years before his death.

He was buried at Woronora Lawn Cemetery. An overflowing crowd assembled for his funeral at Hardy's Chapel in Rockdale. He was often described as a "racing identity" and was recognisable on the course by his Stetson hat and confident demeanour.



George Halpin (2nd from left) at Canterbury Park in 1935 (courtesy of Pamela Griffiths)

Building the H.M.S. *Beagle*

Mike Barton, Sydney Model Shipbuilders Club Inc.

In August, Sydney Model Shipbuilders Club Inc. hosted an exhibition at the Georges River 16ft Sailing Club in Sandringham. In this article, Mike Barton outlines the history of one of the most important ships to sail along St George's coastline. He also details some of the steps to construct a model of this ship. Full details are provided in his article on the [SMSC website](#).

H.M.S. *Beagle* was a Cherokee-class 10-gun brig-sloop. For her first voyage, her guns were reduced from ten cannons to six and a mizzen mast was added to improve her handling, thereby changing her from a brig to a barque.

H.M.S. *Beagle* is remembered today because of the association with Charles Darwin, but it had sailed on a lengthy scientific mission several years before Darwin stepped aboard. The *Beagle*, a warship, sailed in 1826 to explore the coastline of South America. It had an unfortunate episode when its captain sank into a depression, perhaps caused by the isolation of the voyage, and committed suicide. Lieutenant Robert FitzRoy assumed command of the *Beagle*, continued the voyage, and returned the ship safely to England in 1830. It was during this journey (prior to Darwin joining the ship) that FitzRoy named the safe passage avoiding the treacherous waters of Cape Horn as the Beagle Channel.

Lt. FitzRoy was promoted to Captain of the *Beagle*, with orders to embark on a voyage to circumnavigate the globe and conduct explorations along the South American coastline and the South Pacific Ocean. He came up with the idea of bringing along someone with a scientific background who could explore and record observations. FitzRoy sought a civilian with a scientific background to record and interpret their discoveries. He also hoped this "gentleman passenger" would be good company aboard ship, alleviating the loneliness that led to his predecessor's untimely death.

Inquiries were made among professors at British universities, and Charles Darwin was proposed to FitzRoy by Darwin's former professor.

With the eager passenger aboard, the *Beagle* set sail from England on December 27, 1831. The ship reached the Canary Islands in early January, and continued onward to South America, arriving eight weeks later. After considerable explorations in South America, the *Beagle* reached the Galapagos Islands in September 1835. Darwin was fascinated by such oddities as volcanic rocks and giant tortoises.

In January 1836 the *Beagle* arrived in Australia, where Darwin was favourably impressed by the young city of Sydney.

After exploring coral reefs, the *Beagle* continued west into the Indian Ocean, reaching the Cape of Good Hope at the southern tip of Africa at the end of May 1836 before returning to Falmouth, England on October 2, 1836. The entire voyage had taken nearly five years.

This voyage has become legendary, and whilst Darwin didn't formulate his theory of evolution while aboard the Royal Navy ship, the exotic plants and animals challenged his thinking and led him to consider scientific evidence in new ways, greatly influencing his masterwork, the book, *On the Origin of Species*.



H.M.S. Beagle in the Straits of Magellan, Mt. Sarimento in the distance. [3]

Construction of the model



2. Plywood deck glued to secure the frames while beveling the edges.



13. Hull supported so the base of the keel is parallel to the table top. Water level is marked on hull.



25. Added deck furniture, channels and dead eyes.



39. Coils are glued to the fore-deck.



Sydney Tramway Museum

David Critchley, Event Co-ordinator

A long-held dream of many Sydney Tramway Museum members came to fruition on Friday, 28 July when a former Sydney steam tram motor arrived at the Museum for a six-month loan. The occasion marked the climax of more than seven months' work by Museum members to transport Sydney Steam Motor 1A from the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences collection to the Sydney Tramway Museum. The loan would commemorate the 80th anniversary of the closure of the last NSW Government-operated steam tramway at Kogarah and the start of the replacement double-deck trolleybus system on the same day. There were many complex questions that had to be answered, sometimes more than once, and it is a credit to the Museum that we have such skilled volunteers to negotiate the loan successfully. By early July, the green-light to bring the Steam Motor to Loftus had been received from all stakeholders and on Friday, 28 July, the Australian Train Movers truck went to the MAAS Castle Hill storage facility to collect 1A, and at around 3.30pm the Motor was on the tracks at Loftus with just a handful of Members plus a representative from the MAAS present to witness this historic occasion. It was late in the afternoon by the time the Motor was, sometimes reluctantly, moved into the Display Hall for storage.

The following day saw a flurry of activity around the steam motor as both small and large items removed for transport were reunited with the Motor. This included the ploughs and gates from underneath the car, the roof mounted bells and even the chimney. Additionally, the Tramway Museum's AEC trolleybus No. 19, one of the biggest double-deck road vehicles to grace an Australian road, had to be removed from blocks which conserved the tyres, and towed outside for cleaning.

Sunday, 30 July dawned fine and warm, and indeed the whole day remained fine and unseasonably warm. The four trams chosen as the service cars were brought around ready for the day's service. They included L/P 154 (chosen because of its St George connections as the last tram to leave the Rockdale tramway) and N 728 (representing the early electric trams at Rockdale and also as the closest in design to the B Class steam trailers).

Both the N and the L/P ran throughout the day, correctly displaying 'Rockdale' in one end destination box and 'Brighton-Le-Sands' in the other. The other two trams in service were P 1497 and R 1740, both representing trams typical of the main Sydney tramways in the late 1930s. Once the electric trams were in position, Trolleybus 19 was towed into Cross St, followed closely behind by Motor 1A. The two Kogarah veterans would sit side by side in Cross St, giving photographers the first opportunity in 80 years to capture these two types of transport in the same image. Each vehicle was flanked by large display banners explaining their history and significance. But the surprises didn't stop there, for suddenly 1A's chimney began to belch smoke! Was it steam? Not quite. Without a current boiler certificate, we were unable to fire up 1A, but some quick thinking saw smoke machines purchased and placed inside the smokebox and beside each cylinder, causing realistic smoke to magically appear, to the delight of the crowd and the bemusement of social media!

At midday, it was obvious that a single 70-seat crossbench car was unable to cope with the crowds and two car convoys commenced with L/P 154 and N 728 operating at tandem while P 1497 and R 1740 also operating together. Convoy running remained in place until 3.30pm when crowd numbers had dropped sufficiently for a single tram to once again handle loadings.

One feature of our Event days at the Museum has been community involvement. The Museum has always involved other groups, particularly other heritage groups in the community, in our event days, to raise funds and local awareness. Sunday was no exception and we welcomed the Engadine Rover Crew, who once again provided the excellent Scout sausage sizzle. The St George Historical Society were selling their publications on the history of railways, tramways and ferry services in the St George Area. Meanwhile, the Museum's Tramway Ave came alive with a display of 1920's and 1930's vintage Model A Fords from the Model A Ford Club of NSW. Without doubt, our event days are made richer by the presence of other community groups and it is important that the Museum continues to support these groups.

The Kogarah 80th Anniversary Event was a very successful event for our Museum. Once again we have proved that we are innovative, that we have the ability to overcome what can seem to be insurmountable odds and that we can create events that excite the imagination. This was a historic day for the Museum that saw a long held “wouldn’t it be nice if...” question replaced with “Wow, just,

wow!” response as a small group of enthusiastic members did the seemingly impossible.

The Sydney Tramway Museum, at Pitt St, Loftus, is open on Sunday and Wednesday. To plan your visit, view upcoming events or volunteer, visit the website at

<https://www.sydneytramwaymuseum.com.au/>



Trolley buses in the 1930s, alongside steam motor 64A.



Tram L/P 154, steam motor 1A, and trolley bus 191A (Courtesy of Martin Pinches).

Early Photographers of the Georges River Area

Dr Garry Darby

St George Cottage Hospital

W H Broadhurst, c 1907

Although the St George Cottage Hospital was opened in 1894 the need for public and community funding continued in 1907 when William Broadhurst made this photograph (Ed: displayed on the back cover, page 48).

Peter Moore from the Moorefields Racecourse was a noted philanthropist and gave his full support to the Cottage Hospital in its early years. For his first race meeting of 1907 he decided to lend further financial support, advertising:

No free tickets will be given to ladies on this occasion, but those who attend will be doing good service, as their admission fees will be handed over by the proprietor, Mr. Peter Moore, to 'St Georges Cottage Hospital'. Ladies attend in large numbers throughout the year, and it is hoped they will not refrain from putting in an appearance on Saturday next. [4]

It was announced during the following week that Peter Moore had forwarded a cheque for £22 10s to the St. George Cottage Hospital, Kogarah, being the amount received at this meeting of the Moorefield Racing Club for ladies' admission fees.

Built on the top of a rise to the west of the racecourse, this nascent hospital offered the opportunity of a great view of the sporting proceedings.

The prominent road that is in the foreground of this photograph had been opened up earlier in 1907.

Kogarah Mayor D J O'Brien had announced in February that it was to be his pleasure to declare the road approach open.

Around the time that this photograph was made the hospital had been open for 12 years. During that time 2157 patients had been treated and the public of the area had contributed more than £6523.

As with all hospitals this one faced its share of medical emergencies - some more serious than others. In September 1907 there was excitement when Frederick Marks was admitted after being bitten by a brown snake while picnicking at Yowie Bay. He was conveyed to St George Cottage Hospital where he was treated by Dr Lamrock.

Dr James Lamrock (1861-1916) was the son of a Kurrajong, NSW, farmer John Lamrock and his wife Eleanor. James became one of the founders of the St George Cottage Hospital, Kogarah, which was opened by his wife, Margaret. Dr Lamrock, very prominent in Kogarah, was the hospital's first senior medical officer.

"Old Resident" - wrote to the St George Call in October 1907 to say: '[the hospital] has amply justified its existence, (and) has proved a boon and a blessing to the community and an architectural ornament to the district.

Early Photographers of the Georges River Area by **Dr Garry Darby, a 200-page book with 150 photographs, can be purchased from the author via email to garry@garrydarby.com**

Independent Minds: A History of St George Girls High School

Pauline Curby

On Monday 31 January 1916, 118 teenage girls in navy skirts and neat white blouses gathered in Kogarah for the first day at their new school. They were about to begin lessons under the vigilant supervision of the principal Emily Cruise, an experienced teacher in her forties. Miss Cruise and her teachers assembled the students only a short distance from the school in Regent Street where some of them had begun their secondary education. They were moving into a refurbished residence known as Harrow Villa, a temporary home until a purpose-built school could be constructed. The solid old house was in a pleasant position with a blooming garden and a tempting orchard fronting Victoria Street, described as 'a fine street with a commanding view' of Botany Bay. Enrolments were staggered, and another sixteen students started on 1 February. By the end of the month there were 192 girls at St George Girls High School, or St George High School as it was originally called. More than 80 per cent were from the bustling St George district, the northern part of what were known as 'the Illawarra suburbs'. Kogarah, Arncliffe and Hurstville were the best represented suburbs, followed by Rockdale and Bexley. There were eight students from nearby Sutherland Shire, the southern, semi-rural part of the Illawarra suburbs and, further south, eleven from the coal-mining town of Helensburgh, north of Wollongong. In addition, a number of girls, whose families were prepared to send their daughters some distance to this new school, came from further afield. One student was from Bundanoon in the southern highlands and three were from the country towns of Queanbeyan, Braidwood and – furthest of all – the south coast town of Moruya, 370 km from Sydney.

The fifteen-year-old Catholic girl from Moruya, Anna Egan, boarded with her maternal grandparents in Rockdale while she attended school. The south coast was not as well provided for educationally as, for example, the more populous northern rivers where a country town such as Grafton had had a high school since 1912 and in nearby Lismore there had been a Catholic girls' school since 1886.

Ranging in age from eleven to eighteen, the first St

George intake was mostly Protestant, with Anglican the most numerous denomination. These girls were from predominantly lower middle and upper working class families: many of the fathers were tradesmen or clerical workers. There were only four labourers, but no unemployed fathers or guardians, and less than 20 per cent were in professional occupations such as Anna Egan's father Edward, who was a school principal.

In the years preceding World War I, a number of new schools such as St George Girls High School opened, partly the result of demands from the middle and upper working classes for further education for their children as an aid to social mobility. Consequently, enrolments in post-primary education in NSW soared, with similar developments occurring in other Australian states as state and federal governments passed legislation 'to ameliorate social conditions'. Educational 'progressivism', a philosophy which aimed to open up opportunities for 'deserving' youth, was part of this pattern.

St George Girls High School began life in a rapidly changing world as a deadly war raged in Europe. It was a time when the educational environment of the Western world was evolving. In the first decade of the twentieth century, Australia – the so called 'working man's paradise' – was becoming industrialised and the NSW economy in particular was booming. Gone were the days of the raw settler society with unlimited unskilled jobs available. In an increasingly urbanised Australia it was recognised that a better educated workforce was necessary. In most states in the years preceding World War I the school leaving age was raised to fourteen. This move was also partly the result of the American 'discovery' of adolescence and the belief that young people had certain psychological characteristics and social needs that meant they needed protection from too early an admission into the adult world of work.

***Independent Minds: A History of St George Girls High School* (UNSW Press, 2016) by Pauline Curby can be purchased from NewSouth Books.**

Bayside Library Services' Map Collection – Part 3 of 3

Kirsten Broderick, Bayside Council Local History Services Specialist

It is also a great shame the library does not hold architectural plans of people's homes: anybody researching the history of their own house would love to have the original architectural plans. For old houses, there is usually very little hope of finding the original plans anywhere. Bayside Library does not hold any at all of residential homes, although we do have a few of public buildings such as the Rockdale Town Hall. We even have some of

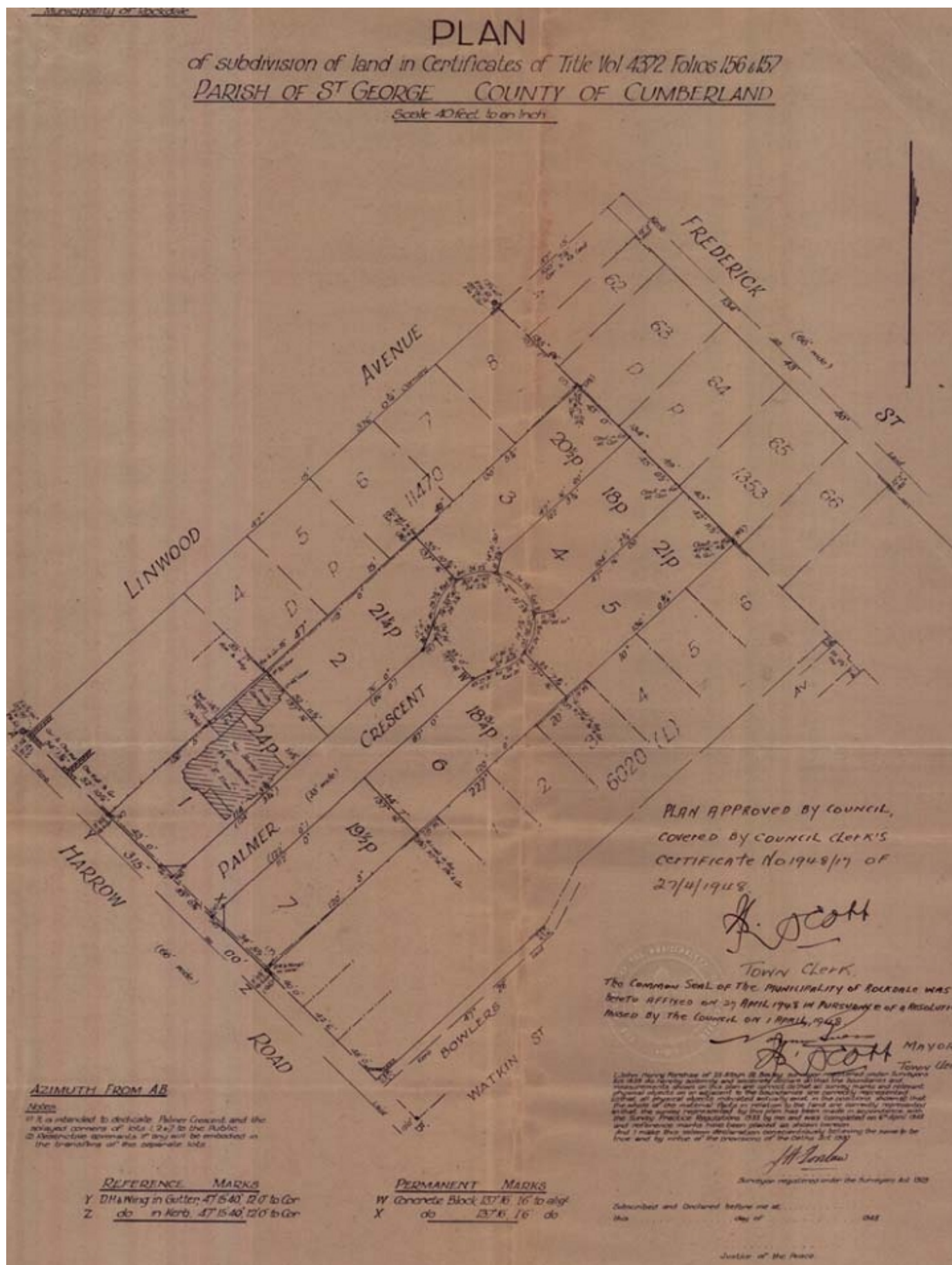
buildings that were never built. The sketch below is part of a series of plans submitted to Bexley Council by the architect Neville J Coulter in 1947. The proposed Bexley Cultural Centre, which would have cost an estimated £100,000, was to have stood near the intersection of Forest Road and Stoney Creek Road and was designed to hold meeting rooms, billiards rooms, activities rooms, a gallery and an auditorium.



Coulter, Neville J. *Proposed Bexley Cultural Centre*, Sydney: N.S.W. 1947.

Whilst we do not have architectural plans for people's homes, we do have a collection of subdivision plans from the 1930s to the 1950s. The subdivision plans are plans submitted to Council when property owners wished to subdivide their

land into smaller lots that they could sell. The attached plan was lodged with Council in 1948 by the owner of 50 Harrow Road - the lovely Victorian home known as "St Elmo".

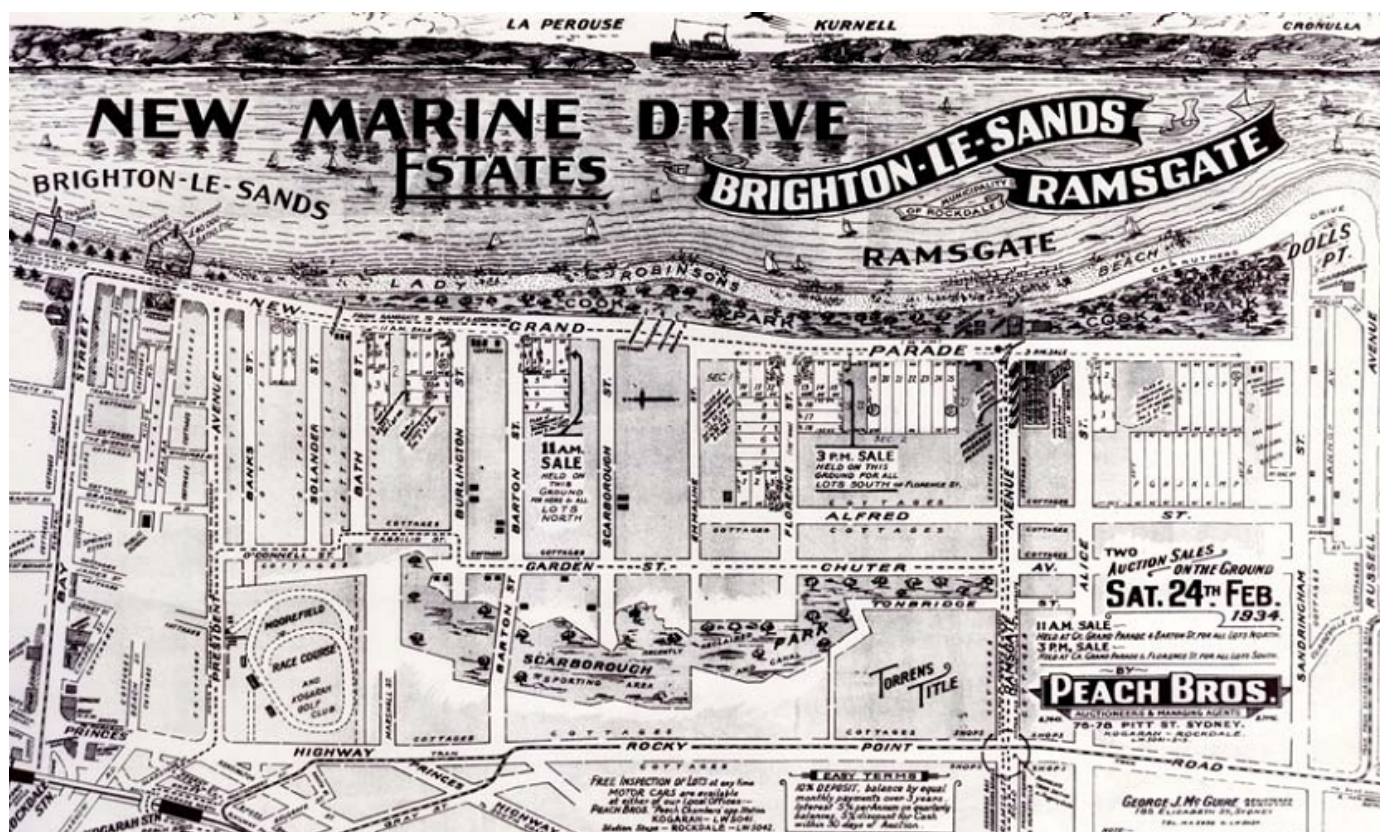


Forshaw, John Henry, surveyor. Plan of subdivision of land in Certificates of Title Vol. 4372 Folios 156 & 157. Bexley, N.S.W. 1948.

When “St Elmo” was first built it stood on a massive block of land. This plan shows how the owners wanted to keep the house, but divide their garden into lots. Their garden was so large that an entire new street was created from the subdivision (Palmer Crescent - named after the Palmer family, the owners of the home). If you look at the plan, you can see the house on lot one; the surrounding lots two to seven were all created in this subdivision. Bayside Library’s subdivision plans are currently being digitised, meaning they will be available in digital format sometime late this year.

Bayside Library also holds another collection of

subdivision plans, sometimes called estate plans. The library holds only a few original plans; the bulk of our collection are copies from the State Library of New South Wales. The State Library holds thousands of these plans, most of which are real estate agents’ advertisements created when the large land grants and then large estates were broken up for sale. They show the creation of new streets and the division of these streets into lots. They show features such as transport routes and other local amenities and often contain glowing descriptions of the area. Below is an example: a 1934 advertisement for the sale of land at Brighton-Le-Sands and Ramsgate.

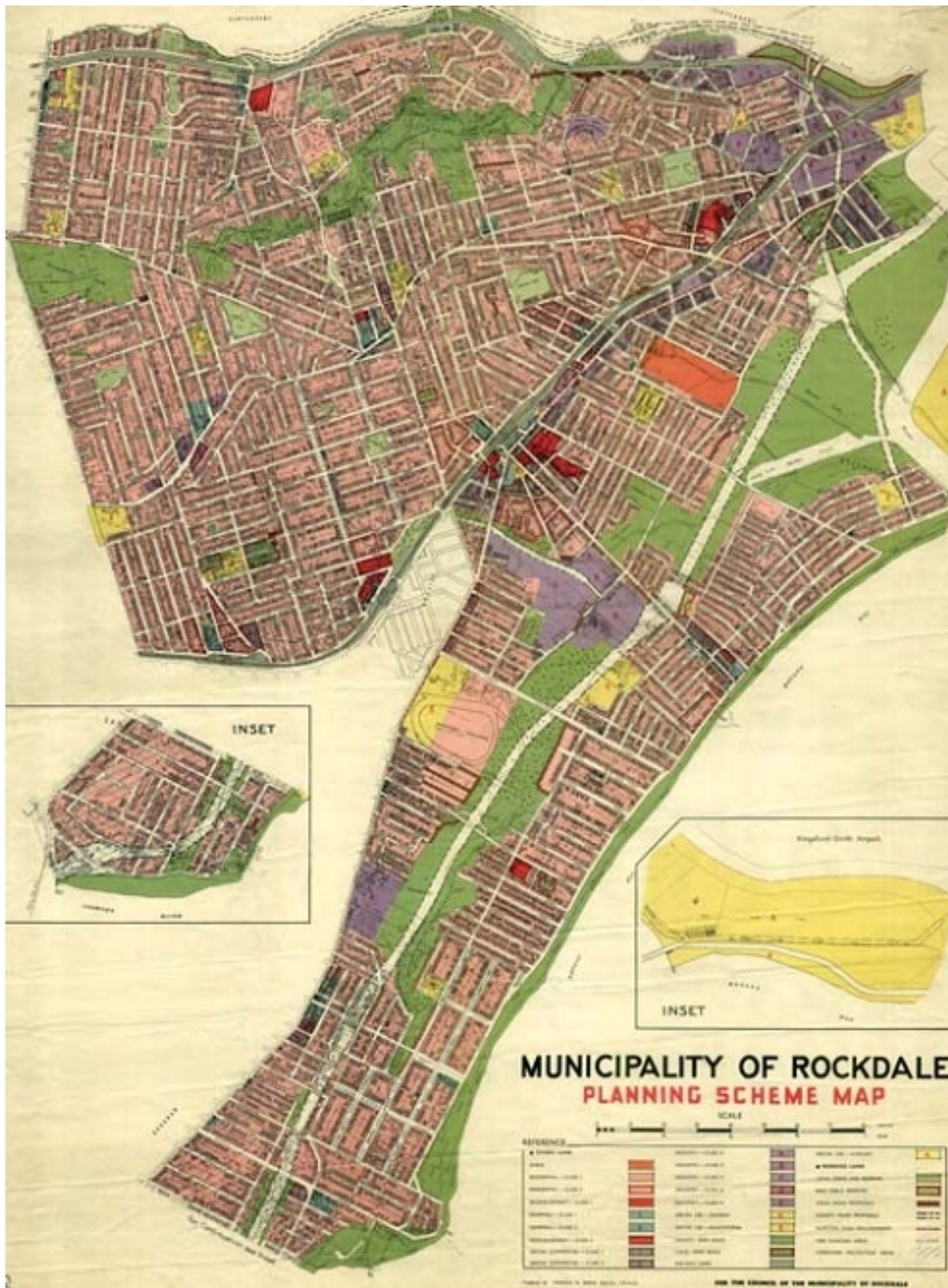


Peach Bros. Auctioneers & Agents. New Marine Drive Estates Brighton-Le-Sands and Ramsgate. Sydney, N.S.W.: Peach Bros. Auctioneers & Agents, 1934.

The lots of land for sale are all marked, but what makes the advertisement such a rich local history resource is the way it highlights all the features of the area: “Rockdale Council’s Sharkproof £40,000 baths”; Lady Robinsons Beach; the motor bus route along the Grand Parade, and the tram route down Rocky Point Road. The plan also shows Scarborough Park, Moorefield Racecourse and Kogarah Golf Club.

The Moorefield Racecourse is a good example of

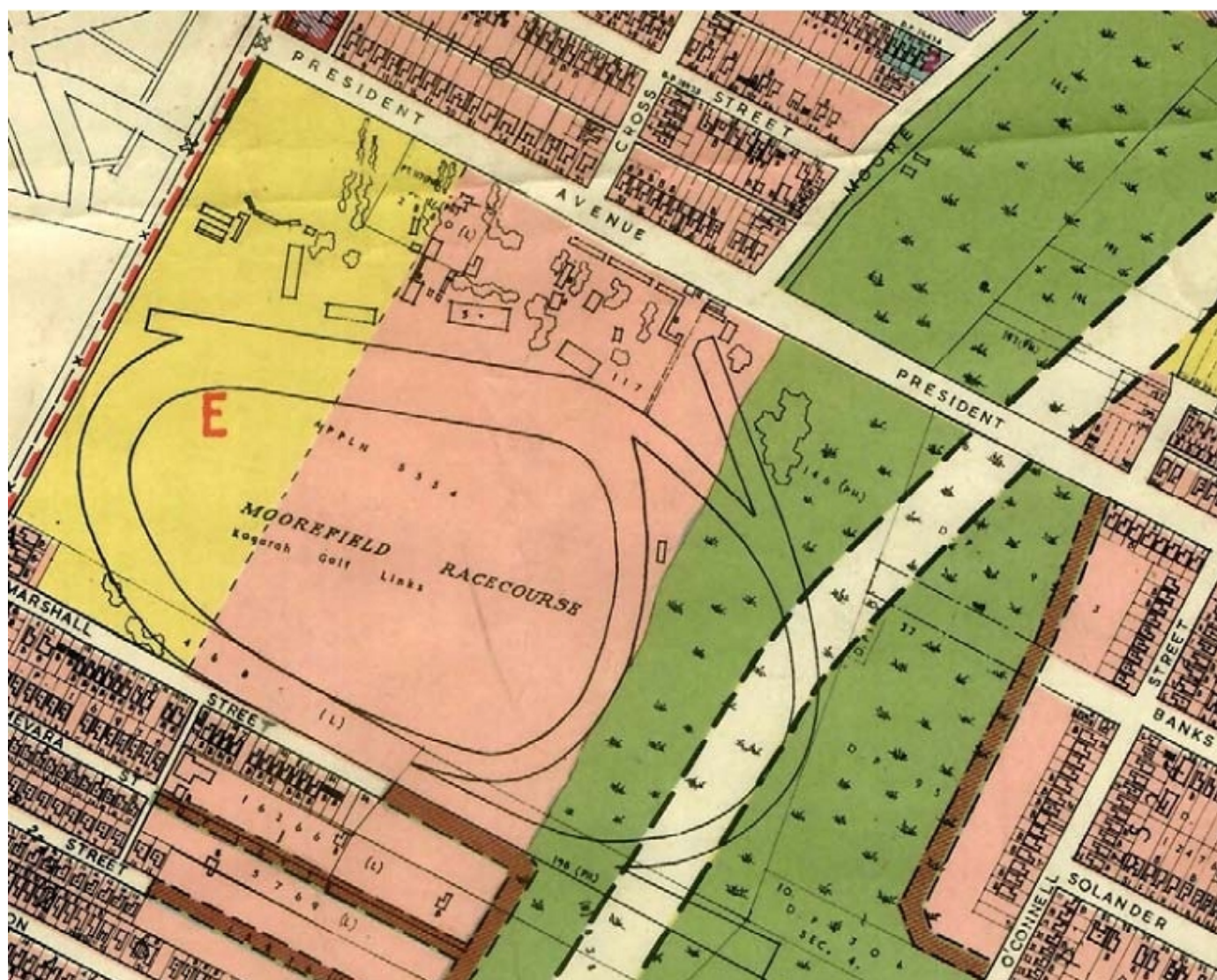
why these subdivision plans are so useful to local historians. Anne Field has recently written a book on the history of the racecourse so it is well-known to racing enthusiasts and local historians. However, landmarks such as this can just as easily be forgotten and maps are an excellent way to recall them. The racecourse is easily visible on all maps of the Rockdale area prior to the mid-1950s. The map below is a Rockdale Planning Scheme Map, the racecourse can be seen on the land between President Avenue and Marshall Street, Kogarah.



Harold H. Smith for the Council of the Municipality of Rockdale. Municipality of Rockdale Planning Scheme Map. Rockdale, N.S.W.: Rockdale Municipal Council, circa 1952.

Maps such as this Planning Scheme Map are also

useful because of the level of detail they contain:



This Planning Scheme Map shows the number and location of the buildings on the racecourse, the lots on the surroundings streets, and DP (Deposited Plan) numbers. The purpose of the map was to show how land in the Rockdale Municipality could be used. A colour scheme (explained in the legend at the bottom of the map) was used to illustrate how different sections of land had been zoned. Moorefield Racecourse is part yellow and part pink. The pink indicates the land had been zoned for residential use, while the yellow indicates “special use - educational”. Today there are two schools and a TAFE on the yellow section and residential housing on the pink section.

Local residents who did not grow up in the area, or who have no particular interest in local history, are often completely unaware that there was a sewage

farm in Arncliffe or a racecourse in Kogarah. Oddly, there’s a connection between the two. The Kogarah Golf Club used to be located in the middle of Moorefield Racecourse. When the racecourse closed, the Kogarah Golf Club relocated to the land off Marsh Street that had been affected by the diversion of the Cooks River; a diversion that destroyed the land that had once been a sewage farm. The Kogarah Golf Club kept its name, despite changing its location. They say a picture tells a thousand words. When trying to bring local history alive, maps are just as invaluable.

Read part 1 - our earliest maps, in our April, 2017 edition, and part 2 - aerial photographs, street directories and architectural plans, in our July, 2017 edition.

Exhibition: We Are Here

Samantha Sinnayah, Curator, Bayside Council

Did you know Botany Bay was once a dry land mass criss-crossed by rivers? Or that there were plans to move Sydney Airport to Towra Point? These are just some of the stories you will see in “We Are Here,” an exhibition of historical maps at the George Hanna Memorial Museum.

One of the most interesting plans on display is a giant map (below) that shows Sydney Airport and its surrounds during the 1940s. Before we digitised this map, it was very hard to get a full sense of what it showed because it was made up of twelve individual A1 sized maps. Now that it has been scanned, stitched together and printed on the wall, we can easily trace our fingers along its lines and features.

The original curvy path of the Cooks River comes alive as it winds its way across the map. Look closer and you will see homes in Mascot and Kyeemagh that were resumed for the airport’s expansion. Many lost sporting fields in the St George region are also recorded in full detail. For example, the two cricket pitches, clubhouse, and storerooms of the North Brighton Cricket Grounds are clearly marked.

The original airport is fascinating to look at. As many of you would know, the whole airport was originally located where the current airport’s

domestic terminal is today. Judging by the buildings on this map it was a hive of activity. Beside hangers for Qantas and now defunct airlines such as Butler Air, a variety of unexpected features such as tennis courts and a parade ground are marked out. Just minutes away, Wimbles Ink Factory churned out its products while the residents of the village of Lauriston Park went about their daily lives.

Though this wonderful map makes the past seem more real, it also poses questions. The most interesting is a series of hideouts that appear along the northern banks of the Cooks River. They were most likely built to help guard the airport during WWII, however, a quick search on Trove yields nothing.

With the airport turning a hundred in 2020 we hope to get to the bottom of this in time for our centenary exhibition. In the meantime, we hope to see you at our current exhibition. If you see anything interesting be sure to tell us! More eyes the better.

Mascot Library & George Hanna Memorial Museum, at 2 Hatfield St, Mascot, is open Monday to Friday 10am-6pm, and Sat 10am-1pm.



Highlights at The Hurstville Museum and Gallery

The Hurstville Museum and Gallery hosts permanent and temporary exhibits of curated selections of artefacts, photographs and audio and video recordings, concentrated on the history and culture of the St George region. The HMG also hosts interactive programs. Current highlights include:

Reminiscing Sessions

Reminiscence therapy is an activity that involves the elderly in the active recollection of life experiences. It allows individuals to relive positive personal events from their past in a way that is vivid and engaging and encourages them to communicate those experiences to a listener. Interaction with objects and images from the past aids the recollection of memories.

In a comfortable and relaxed forum, this program has been designed to meet the needs of seniors, nursing homes, organised groups and day care centres. Under the guidance of Museum & Gallery staff, participants are encouraged to handle objects from the collection and share their memories of objects with other members of the group.

The 1 hour session costs \$3.50 per participant.

Pop!

26 August - 13 December 2017, Snapshot Gallery

Pop! is a selection of historical photographs sourced from the Georges River Council Local Studies collection. These images reveal the various ways in which the people of St George have interpreted and adopted new trends in entertainment, recreation, art, and architecture.

Donations

The St George Historical Society welcomes donations. If you would like to preserve items from your history, please contact us via our website, Facebook page, at one of our monthly meetings or during a visit to Lydham Hall.

The Hurstville Museum and Gallery also accepts donations. Current priorities include items associated with the heritage of the Georges River Council and the Bakery Building on 43b Bridge St, Hurstville.

The Hurstville Museum and Gallery is located at 14 Macmahon St, Hurstville, one block east of Hurstville Central Library. Call (02) 9300-6444, email museumgallery@georgesriver.nsw.gov.au or visit <http://www.georgesriver.nsw.gov.au/HMG> for more information.

St George, Queensland

Barry Johnson

Our regional name commemorates Saint George of Lydda (modern-day Lod in Israel). An officer of the Roman Empire, he was martyred in the 4th century AD as he defended Christianity. Ours is not unique, with dozens of sites throughout the world also bearing this name.

In each edition of our magazine, we'll explore the history of one of those sites, beginning with the nearest to our region, Saint George in South West Queensland. The town, in the Balonne Shire, is a 10-hour drive north from Lydham Hall. Established in 1846, a decade after our St George Parish was founded, it's founding occurred on St George's Day, the annual feast on 23 April, the date of the saint's death in AD 303.

Cotton and wheat grow in the surrounding fields, and shepherds tend flocks of sheep. The town of almost 3,000 people also enjoys baskets of Yellowbelly and Murray Cod, caught from the southern banks of the Balonne River, flowing from Lake Kajarable to the north. The river can be treacherous, with flash floods resulting in sudden evacuations, and monsoon floods carrying water over 13 metres high to spoil cotton crops and bring plagues of locusts.

The town was named by Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, as he crossed this river while attempting to chart an overland course to the Gulf of Carpentaria. While his exploration was thwarted by the inhospitable terrain, an expedition in 1860, led by Robert O'Hara Burke and William John Wills, succeeded. Burke and Wills were denied a homecoming celebration, dying on the return journey to Melbourne.

The town of St George is recognised in Queensland's State Heritage Register, with The Anchorage homestead on Wagoo Rd listed in the early 1990s. Built in 1903 by Arthur Bennett, the grand two-storey timber design was the home of Andrew William Nixon, one of Queensland's most successful early settlers, after he purchased the site in while in his late forties.

Born in New South Wales, Nixon was a *The Anchorage in 1955* [7]

blacksmith in Jerilderie, Victoria during the 1870s when Ned Kelly and his gang of bushrangers stole over £2,000 from the local bank after holding 30 people as hostages, including 2 police officers. While Kelly was causing havoc in Australia's south, St George's population grew, 3 decades after Mitchell's river crossing of the Balonne river, with residents receiving their first mail at the town's post office building in 1864. The St George Post Office continues operating after almost 150 years.

In the same decade, a school and Catholic church were erected, but as was typical in many rural communities, the town did not have a resident priest. Whereas Anglican parishioners were often the first Christians to construct dedicated houses of worship, at St George, the first Anglican church was not built until the late 1880s.

Nixon settled in St George in that decade as the town began to flourish, 40 years after the first land grants. He used the profits from the blacksmithing of steel for local bridges to invest in local timber mills, watching as felled trees from the forests surrounding Lake Kajarable were floated upriver along the Balonne to bankside sawmills.

His home of 12 rooms, built from local cypress pine, was described as "large, lofty, and well-ventilated, with every attention having been paid to the important considerations of health and comfort in their design. The additional offices and outhouses have also been planned with a view to convenience and fitness, each for the purpose to which it is allotted". [5]



The home remained in the Nixon family until the 1970s, when the 16,000 acre site was converted to a commercial sheep and cattle farm. In the same period that Nixon was furnishing his new home, the town's first water bore was drilled, likely from steel machined from Nixon's workshop, to provide the town with over 2.5 megalitres, an ample supply for the almost 1,000 residents. The town's irrigation systems fed a growing agricultural industry, which Nixon encouraged as his mills fell silent, with the region cleared of trees suitable for construction-quality timber.

Shortly after his death in 1951, funds were committed to supply the town with more water, as irrigation projects, including the Beardmore Dam, and Jack Taylor Weir, were completed in the 1970s and led to St George and the Balonne becoming Australia's most productive cotton region.

Another local pioneer associated with St George



Len Waters in a Kittyhawk in 1945 [8]

was Leonard Victor Waters, the only Indigenous Australian to serve as a pilot in the Royal Australian Air Force. He flew almost 100 sorties in an American Kittyhawk fighter, strafing and bombing ground targets in the South Pacific during World War II. He was commemorated with an Australia Post stamp, and monuments in St George, Queensland and Sutherland, New South Wales. [6]

Barnaby Joyce, the 17th Deputy Prime Minister of Australia, was an accountant practising in St George when he was elected as a Queensland Senator in the

2004 federal election.

Over 30 of the historical sites of St George in Queensland, with a population of approximately 2,700 people, can be visited with the [heritage trail guide](#). Tours of the river, cotton farm and winery are available, while the local baker drives tourists in a 1917 Ford Model T and a [local artisan carves illuminated emu eggs](#).

Saint George – One Life, Many Legends

Barry Johnson

Saint George, the fourth century Christian martyr, is more commonly associated with the heroic knight, riding a rearing horse as he slays a poisonous dragon to rescue a beautiful princess. While many interpretations of the 11th century legend evoke veneration for Saint George's courage, the reports of his life are equally inspiring.

While historical accounts of George's life are sparse, details are revealed in the archaeology of a Syrian church.

Born in the 3rd century AD in Cappadocia, Turkey, to Christian parents, George's teen years were impacted by his father's death. Living under Greek rule, he enjoyed the opportunities provided to families of the nobility. When his father, Gerontius, a soldier, was killed, George, or Georgios, the Greek word for farmer, sought approval from the Roman emperor, Diocletian, to enlist in the military when he was 17 years old.

He demonstrated his father's strong aptitude for soldiering, and with his noble birth, George was promoted to the rank of military tribune, the equivalent of a commander, serving in the Emperor's imperial brigade in one of the new administrative centres, Nicomedia. This deployment to the empire's frontier, close to the birthplace of Christianity, would strengthen the faith established during his childhood with Christian parents.

As the new century unfolded, George was

promoted to the rank of legatus, the modern equivalent of a general in a modern-day army. Now commanding a legion, George's rank also entitled him to an appointment as senator in the province.

The future emperor, Galerius, would also be granted a commanding role in the empire. On the eve of the 4th century AD, he lobbied Diocletian to re-establish the prominence of the Roman gods,

including Jupiter, the god of thunder and lightning and the empire's chief deity. Galerius also urged for the arrest of Christian soldiers unless they renounced the faith.

After Diocletian's palace was damaged by arson, falsely blamed on Christians, the emperor sided with Galerius and persecutions commenced. Despite his edict, Diocletian still sought a compromise with one of his finest soldiers, George, offering gifts, including gold, property and slaves, if George would renounce his Christianity and offer a sacrifice to the god Apollo. George did not waver, rejecting these offers and accepting the consequences for his belief – public execution.

In his last days, George donated his wealth to the poor of his new home,

Nicomedia. Before his death, George was bound to a wheel of swords and his body was lacerated. The subsequent writings describing the methods of torture became more gruesome with each iteration, extending George's legend until elements of the tales were rejected as heresy by Pope Gelasius I in the 5th century. The Pope's edict failed to temper the adoration for George, which continued to grow.



Icon of Saint George, from a 14th century Constantinople workshop (courtesy Ricardo André Frantz / BY-SA 3.0)

During his torture, his heart stopped, and was then resuscitated, three times. The Christian observers considered his survival to be a miraculous act of God. George was then dragged to an elevated section of the city, ensuring his decapitation was witnessed by the large crowd. The faithful prayed, believing his soul had ascended to heaven. George's devout adherence to Christianity, as he endured extreme physical and psychological pain, resulted in a martyrdom which inspired others, including the Emperor's own wife, Alexandra of Rome, to spontaneously profess their conversion to Christianity. Her sudden declaration did not allow for the traditional sacrament of baptism, a ceremony of immersion in cleansing waters, but she was heartened by George in his final moments, as he stated, "Do not fear, for your blood will baptise you."

The mass defiance, led by his own wife, caused an infuriated Diocletian to bellow, "What! Even thou hast fallen under their spell!", before ordering the death of Alexandra and her Christian servants.

Saint Alexandra of Rome died with over 600 converts after they witnessed George's sacrifice. Two years after George's death, Galerius, the Caesar of Rome, would become emperor after Diocletian abdicated due to ill-health. Galerius continued the persecution of Christians during his rule, until disease, possibly bowel cancer, elicited a reassessment. He suddenly realised that the continued martyrdom of Christians, beginning with George, was futile. He reversed his previous position, issuing an edict of toleration. As his health deteriorated, he requested prayers of forgiveness from the persecuted Christians, hoping for respite from his terminal illness.

In 313, Constantine the Great, the Western Roman Emperor, became the first emperor to convert to Christianity, and in 380 AD, it became the empire's official religion. Subsequent reports of Diocletian and Galerius, written during the reign of Constantine, sought to conclude that their premature and painful deaths were punishment for their persecution of Christians.



The tomb in the Church of Saint George, in Lod, Israel (courtesy "OneArmedMan" / Public Domain)

George's sacrificial act, inspiring many others to profess their Christian belief and accept the fatal consequence, is an important contributor to the establishment of Christianity as the primary religion of the Roman Empire. The Christian faith subsequently became the dominant religion of Europe and is now the world's largest religion, with over 2.4 billion followers. Saint George's act is also commemorated on St George's Day, 23 April, a feast day when certain denominations of the faithful pray for his intercession. [9]

Many variations of the allegorical legend of St George developed in the ensuing centuries, and these will be examined in future editions.

Anniversaries - August

Barry Johnson

1 November 1980

Sir Frank Schofield McDowell dies in Calvary Hospital, Kogarah. Born in Petersham in 1889, McDowell grew up in St George with his Irish father and Australian mother, quickly gaining an aptitude as a draper, progressing from age 15 to soon manage the family's shop, established during the year of Frank's birth on George St, Sydney.

After marrying Ethel Sophia Perrott when he was 22, he enjoyed a prosperous family and business life, as Ethel gave birth to seven children and the family business grew into a limited liability company after the purchase of a competing draper, which McDowell also managed, preparing him to become the company's chairman at age 46 when his father retired.

The McDowell Drapers became a landmark on the corner of George and King St as Frank bought neighbouring properties for expansion. His work in the Retail Traders' Association offered McDowell insights into the changing landscape of retailing, encouraging him to expand the McDowell presence with stores in the north and south of Sydney, including at Caringbah.

The Mark Foys department stores, including "The Piazza" flagship store on Liverpool St, Sydney, now the Downing Centre Court Complex, had strong sales in the 1950s but after suffering financial losses in the 1960s, worsened by a fire at the Rockdale Plaza store, Frank purchased the Mark Foys brand, rebuilding the Rockdale store in 1968.

McDowell's was now employing over 1,200 people, and sales grew as the company became a

pioneer in a new era of consumer psychology. Store interiors featured innovative materials, including linoleum and Formica, beneath large mirrors and gleaming ceramic tiles, and amenities, including climate control, large cafeterias, driver-less elevators, motorised hand driers, and the melodies of an in-store organist, broadcast via speakers throughout each floor.

Receiving a knighthood at 70, McDowell sold McDowell's to Waltons in the 1970s as the industry suffered a downturn. The inaugural store on George St would become the King George Tower, one of the most well received new constructions in the 1970s, a thirty storey office block, designed to bath the interior in natural light and encourage pedestrian access through a central section of the Sydney CBD.

In retirement, he was an avid sportsman, acting as vice president of the St George Veterans Cricket Club. He was also an active Freemason, Rotary member and supporter of the the All Nations Club, which sought to integrate new immigrants into Sydney society after their escape from Europe during World War II. [10]



Cathy Warnes in 1969 [11]

7 December 1949

Catherine Anne Warnes is born in Arncliffe. During her education at Athelstone Public School and Arncliffe Girls High School, later the co-ed Tempe High School in 1975, Warnes displayed a talent for performance, singing and dancing in local concerts from her 12th birthday.

Spotted by commercial scouts, she became a dancer in *Opportunity Knocks*, a talent competition originating in Britain, and broadcast on Channel 9. She

also competed with international talents on Bandstand, finishing 2nd in the Starflight International Talent Quest, as she vied for prizes including an overseas holiday and music recording contract. Her popularity on television in the 1960s led to a high rotation of her recorded jingles for radio advertisements. She began a series of live shows while she was still in her teens, despite the law preventing entry to licensed premises persons under 21.

Mentored by Col Joye, she performed in large arenas throughout Australia, receiving an invitation when she was 17 to join a tour to Vietnam, sponsored by the Defence Force, to entertain the Australian and American armed forces.

While her parents gave consent for this tour, the situation in Vietnam had worsened when she returned for a second tour in 1969. The Defence Force would not sponsor this follow-up tour and her parents and Col Joye attempted to dissuade her but Warnes proceeded, hoping to marry her boyfriend, the drummer in her pop group, the Sweethearts On Parade, when she returned.

The tour would end in tragedy during a concert for US Marines at Da Nang, near the busiest airport in the region during the war. She was shot with a stolen pistol, dying in her lover's embrace. A US Marine sergeant was convicted of the murder, but later acquitted. In the rowdy, intoxicated audience, the list of suspects grew as investigators believed the bullet, fired from a weapon with silencer attached, was aimed at another soldier in a revenge attack, concluding that Warnes was the victim of a stray shot.

Her boyfriend undertook an almost decade-long search for the killer, but conceded that the death may simply have been accidental if a drunken spectator was trying to shoot at the stage lights [11]. Catherine Warnes died on 20 July 1969, aged 19, the first of three Australian women to die in Vietnam during the nineteen-year war. [12]

28 December 1931

John Gore died in Mortdale. Born in the Lincolnshire county of England, Gore became a born again Christian at age 21, volunteering on the site which would later become a headquarters for the Salvation Army. He migrated to Adelaide with his wife, Sarah Simpson, in the late 1870s, aboard a ship with almost 300 English, Scottish and Irish passengers. He worked as a platelayer on the railroad connecting the city with the port, but continued preaching Christian sermons in the centre of Light Square in the north-west of the city.

Despite the unpleasant response from an abusive audience, he persevered, imploring William Booth, the leader of his former mission, to send officers to establish a Christian community. However, his effort was rewarded at a Salvation Army meeting in the Botanic Park, inspiring over 60 converts to welcome the new officers when they stepped ashore in 1881. Emboldened by this success, Gore left his railway job, becoming a Salvation Army officer and moving with his family to a copper mining town, Kapunda, on the edge of the Barossa Valley. Again, Gore and his family endured protests and physical attacks but he was undeterred, preaching until his message resonated, creating a new Christian community. He repeated this process in a series of towns throughout South Australia and New South Wales in 1889.

His fiery oratory would anger opponents but also inspire lifelong faith in new believers, resulting in Gore becoming one of the most important Salvation Army officers in Australia, and only the second to be awarded the Order of the Founder, a Salvation Army commendation to recognise meritorious Christian example, witness and service.

In 1927, a plaque in his honour was placed in Adelaide's Botanic Park, the site of the meeting which established the Australian arm of the Salvation Army. After his wife passed away, an elderly Gore was cared for in Mortdale, with three of his children also becoming Salvation Army officers. [13]

Our War, Our Words – Summer 1917

Barry Johnson

In November, 1917, the National General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) for Australia, Mr. **J. Henry Lang**, reported on his visit to Australian soldiers on the Western Front, the World War I battlefield trenches stretching from Belgium to Switzerland:

It is difficult to conceive a more soul-stirring experience for an Australian than a visit to the Somme battle area, where our men fought through the long freezing cold, and mud and slush of last winter, and finally beat and drove back the Germans.

No description could adequately convey to the mind the actual conditions, or do justice to the heroism, resourcefulness, patience, and courage of our men who faced this herculean task amid the frosts, biting cold, rain, and mud of one of the worst winters of France, there is much to make one sad, for everywhere there are lonely little wooden crosses, and at less but all too frequent interval, smaller and larger cemeteries that mark the last resting places of our heroes.

The longer one is in this region, however, the more one becomes conscious of its triumphs rather than its tragedies. [14]

Lang's experiences would be recorded in a monograph, *Impressions of War*, published in 1919. A copy is available in the Australian War Memorial Library in Canberra.

Private Cornelius Byron, 28, was a clerk living with his mother, Bridget, and brother in 7 George St, Mortdale when he enlisted in 1915. He fought on the Western Front, writing from France to his brother, John William Byron, in 1916. His health suffered in the difficult conditions, as he was admitted to hospital twice while in France before his death on the 28 December, 1916.

Mud, shells, wet, heart breaking marches and fatigue work under fire, three days' trench life, and all the honours incidental to modern up-to-date "Civilised" – note the capital – warfare, all these have been my lot lately, and my experiences of same will

be fully described at a more favourable date. And as this was my maiden effort at soldering the Hun, you can imagine that my feelings – mostly of the shivery shaky kind with the cold and fear – were somewhat out of the ordinary, and perhaps worth writing home about.

Your prayers and those of my people, and be it known to you my prayers – real supplications right from my heart (you pray that way when you hear a shell coming and you don't know where it is going to hit) stood me in good stead, and at present I am fit and well. And you are hereby earnestly entreated to continue your good work at the little church on the hill, and pray for those poor chaps who have been killed. I only just heard of my best cobbler on earth's death, Bert Mullarkey, and you can imagine what a knock it was to me. He was a wonderful man – real man – of the world, and the world is poorer by his death.

Our worst enemy is going to be the weather. Just an example. Yesterday it was so cold, that the water in the pipes at the rest camp where I am was frozen, and it was impossible to make tea. This morning there was snow on the ground, and to-night it is raining), and as cold as charity. So you see what a gay time is in store.

Don't forget my advice of last letter. Send no papers, but keep account of Saturday's cricket sheet for me until my return. You understand, of course, that letters are necessarily short from here. All are well at home I hope.

Give my fondest love and assure Mum that I make the best of things and smile. It is the only thing to do. [15]

In the maelstrom of combat, with record-high casualty rates at Pozières, the likely site of Byron's death, the exact details of his final moments were not reported. His next of kin, his mother, received a fortnightly pension of 34 shillings.

Although Cornelius had listed his mother as his next of kin, the process, legislated via the Deceased

Soldiers Estate Act, required that if her husband was alive, he would receive their son's medals unless there were "good and sufficient" reasons for an exemption.

Bridget also endured the grim notification that her son's remains would be exhumed from a makeshift cemetery at "Needle Dump" near Lesboeufs, to be reinterred in Guards Cemetery, near Bapaume, France. The cemetery was recaptured by the Allies in 1918, allowing 3,136 wartime casualties to be interred at the site, with many transferred from smaller cemeteries in the surrounding area.

Sergeant Harry Robert Light, 28, having served in the New Guinea Expeditionary Force and in the Gallipoli Campaign, wrote to the matron of nursing at St George Hospital, Miss. Elsie Cameron, in 1917 while fighting in France. Although his own family resided in England, he wrote to her after she led local nurses in a volunteering mission to provide aid to soldiers on the Western Front. She tended Light's gunshot wound to the abdomen after he was transported via ambulance train from the French battlefield to an English hospital in August, 1916.

In his letter, he gives a forthright opinion of the first conscription referendum in 1916, a proposal which was ultimately rejected by the Australian voter by 3.3%. The Defence Department censor's mark is noted with dots, but the original meaning can be readily inferred.

Your letter to hand. It is indeed kind of you to think of me, and thank you for the card too, of course the natty little 'Anzac,' draped in the flag, drew an amused smile from the circle I showed it to. Well, we Swastikas are a scattered band now. I am the only one of the boys with the battalion at present, and it is quite unnecessary for me to say that I miss their company a good deal. It did not take me long to recover my old condition, for although I am not massive, I am pretty wiry and fairly hard to kill.

The result of the referendum surprised me too, for on the strength of the opinion of the soldiers actually on service, I reckoned the verdict would be yes with a big majority. Of course everybody wishes this war was over, but still we have gone so far and I cannot understand anybody who does not think we

are fighting in a just cause. Able bodied men who are not burdened with dependents and who do not think it worth while to come and help us, are in my opinion, There are always exceptions of course, but the clauses in the Bill, I thought very fair.

The conditions in France are very rough now, and all the men who are here standing the hardships of the winter campaign are 'true blue.' The trenches, some knee deep and deeper, in ice cold water and black liquid mud, drizzling rain and howling wind, and above this a keen lookout must be kept throughout the long dark nights. All this make visions of civilian life, a sweet dream, something to strive for and look forward to.

Must conclude now, with kindest wishes to you all at home and St. George's. [16]

Harry's subsequent experience would challenge his perspective. After 2 months in hospital in 1916, and with orders to return to the front, he fled for 6 days until recaptured and charged as absent without leave (AWOL). Escaping again, he was recaptured 2 days later and demoted from his rank of Lance Sergeant. Within one year, he would be promoted to sergeant, found AWOL again in March 1918 and "severely reprimanded" with a forfeiture of pay. He suffered another gunshot wound, injuring his arm, in October 1918 and returned to Sydney in 1919.

Private Albert Edward Offord, 33, lived in Pymont but was the owner of Rutherglen Nurseries on Blanche St, Oatley and Forest Rd, Hurstville. When he enlisted, he would leave a wife and son in Sydney, until he was invalided home in 1917. Despite having served 6 years with the Royal Irish Rifles before arriving in Australia, Offord's anxieties, hinted at in his letter as he cherished the solace provided by charities, compelled him to flee from combat. He was arrested in England after 7 days of unauthorised absence from duty.

After 2 months in France, he was admitted to hospital with valvular disease of the heart (VDH). At the end of the war, medical researchers reported the high incidence of this illness, acknowledging that the diagnosis was vague and warranted a dedicated research and rehabilitation centre for heart conditions.

After returning to England in February 1917,

Offord would not return to the front, as his doctors deemed him unfit and reassigned him to the postal corps. Remaining in England until the week before Christmas, he returned home to his wife and son, and in Australia, he was discharged as medically unfit.

During the height of the WWI in 1916, 8% of discharged soldiers were diagnosed with heart disease. Although initially considered a heart disease, VDH and "soldier's heart" were a diagnosis of fatigue due to battlefield effort. In 1980, the same symptoms would be diagnosed as post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) [17].

Offord's case was determined to be pre-existing, although aggravated by active military service. He suffered palpitations, dizziness, and shortness of breath. During his recuperation in England, he visited English nurseries, returning with new plantings and ideas for his own business. After the war, he returned to life as a nurseman, but his memories lingered. He regretted the horror of those experiences and the impact on his psyche, diagnosed as permanent. To provide closure and ease the suffering of other veterans, he began creating memorial wreaths with cards and ribbons, funded by donations. These tributes, decorated with Australian native flowers, were sent to French cemeteries, to be placed at the graves of fallen soldiers from the local district. His son joined the family business in the 1920s.

The censor's pen was active in his letter, with specific battlefield locations omitted.

We are still hard at it and all are proud of representing the Illawarra district over here. The work is hard, but everybody is doing his share, without complaining. The weather conditions are trying. Five degrees below zero is very common here lately. Everything is frozen. We get it pretty hard after the climate of N.S.W., but we are getting used to it now. I would like, per medium of your valuable paper, to thank those who subscribe to the Australian Comfort Fund and the Red Cross Fund. If the people could only realise what their gifts mean to us they would consider it money well spent. I will tell you of my first experience of the benefits of the Australian Comfort Fund.

We left at 5 p.m. and walked four

miles to the front line. Arriving there, we worked in a new sap until 1 p.m., then left for our billets four miles away. Arriving at Lille Gate, which is the entrance to., I saw a little tin shed with the sign Australian Comfort Fund, hanging from it. We were served here with hot cocoa, cigarettes and chewing gum. I can assure you that after an eight mile walk, five hours pick and shovel work, with enemy shells playing about us, we were tired and weary. The hot cocoa was to us better than nectar.

Since then I have seen that sign in many places, mostly just behind the trenches. Thousands of Australian soldiers eyes have brightened at the sign, perhaps hanging from an old dugout, or an old shed, of the Australian Comfort Fund. Kindly allow me a little space in appreciation of the good work carried on by the Red Cross Fund. A man wounded or ill is sent away from the line to a Field Ambulance, just behind the line. Here he is supplied with a hot drink and biscuits, and then taken away in an ambulance to a clearing station. Here again he is supplied with a hot drink and a sandwich. From there another motor takes him to a casualty clearing station. After another hot drink and biscuit, and again on the way, he finally arrives at a base hospital. A hot bath and a clean change of clothing is now given. These garments are largely the work of people in Australia who spend their time and money in this noble work. Safe in bed at last, with perhaps many weeks of pain before him, the hours of pain are lightened by books, sweets, cigarettes, and a host of other comforts which are the gifts of the Red Cross Fund.

God bless the officials and workers of the Red Cross Fund. The boys are in hopes of a speedy peace and are looking forward to seeing good old Sydney town again, but whether the war ends now or in twelve months time, we are determined to carry it on to a successful finish.

Greetings to all friends. [16]

For King and Country – October 1917

Barry Johnson

During World War I, the local newspaper, *The St George Call*, published photographs and brief biographies of local volunteers to the Australian Infantry Force when they departed for foreign battlefields. The portraits published in October, 1917 were:

A - Private Albert William Hill, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, was a butter carter. He was living with his parents at 'Brentfordville', High Street, Kogarah when he enlisted in 1915, aged 27. After completing training at the military camp in Liverpool, he embarked for Egypt in July with the 7th Reinforcements of the 2nd Battalion. He spent three months in the trenches at Gallipoli, until the final evacuation. On Christmas Day of that year, he was sailing to Alexandria via Lemnos. Taken ill with jaundice, he was admitted to hospital in Heliopolis for several weeks. After his discharge, he was attached to the 54th Battalion and transferred to France. He was treated at the Kitchener Military Hospital in Brighton, England in April, 1917 for a thigh wound, returning to Australia in September, 1917 [18].

B - Gunner John Orson Parkes, 29, was married and living in Short St, Carlton when he enlisted in 1916. Assigned to the 116th Howitzer Battery, 1st Divisional Brigade, he returned to his job as a "commercial traveller", the equivalent of a modern-day travelling salesman, in Australia in 1919 [19].

C - Two "old Kogarah school boys", James McBride, a 20-year-old clerk, living with his mother in Forest Rd, Bexley, on the left, and **Henry Bryant Mowbray Halloran**, a 19-year-old apprentice, living with his parents in Station St, Arncliffe, enlisted as drivers in 1915. James had

already served 4 years as a cadet in the infantry and 2 as a light horseman in the militia. Although they enlisted together, they had contrasting temperaments. While James was not reported for breaches of discipline, Henry was charged with "disobeying an order and using improper language to a non-commissioned officer" (NCO) in France, receiving 5 days of "Field Punishment No. 2". "FP #2" involved heavy labouring while in handcuffs and fetters (ankle restraints). He was later punished for absence without leave and neglect of duty.

Despite the apparent disciplinary issues, Henry was honourably discharged and remained proud of his service. He politely requested a replacement Returned Soldier Badge after losing his original in 1930. He admitted the circumstances of the loss, which occurred "while fishing in Kurnell, my coat and badge were washed off the rock on which I was standing by a very big breaker", and of his attempts to recover it, including an advertised reward. He was issued a replacement. Both men returned to Australia in 1919. This picture was taken in the garden of a French farm house [20].

D - Driver Thomas George Edwards was a 29 year old clerk, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Edwards, and residing in 'Cambooya', Ocean St, West Kogarah when he enlisted in 1916. While overseas, he was admitted to hospital three times to recover from illness, and in the final stages of the war, was punished for being absent without leave for one month. In the French trenches in 1918, he was punished for "conduct to prejudice of good order and military discipline", when he was fighting with other Allied soldiers. After a donkey stepped on his foot, he was discharged as an invalid, although the injury did not cause permanent impairment [21].





A



B



D



C

In the Courts

Barry Johnson

While the language and the currency differed, the “thin blue line” is regularly tested, as crimes, often petty, were prosecuted in the St George Police Court and colourfully reported in *The St George Call*. During October and November, 1917, Lady Justice dealt with these local cases [22-25]:

- Charlotte Vincent was charged with having stolen a quantity of building material at Arncliffe, the property of Henry J. Radcliffe, and plumbing tools, the property of A. E. Cornish.

Charlotte Vincent, a widow, living at Arncliffe, said Radcliffe asked to be allowed to put tools and timber in her washhouse. Several of the tools produced were the property of her son-in-law. Some timber of various lengths were left at her premises for protection. The charge for stealing was most cruel. A shovel was lent to her, and nails were given to him.

Violet Douglas said Radcliffe gave them permission to have certain timber for use as props and also to burn. He also offered nails. His tools were lying about the back verandah.

Clarice Wood, whose husband is in camp, denied any knowledge of a theft of lead, tools, or timber, from Radcliffe. She had offered to pay for any loss occasioned by her brother.

Defendant was fined £3, with 6/- costs on each charge. It is understood that notice of appeal was given.

- As the caseload in local court rooms increased, a local opinion piece urged for additional capacity: With a consistency worthy of a Victoria Cross, "The Call" has hammered for many years on the necessity for a decent Police Court. It lays claim to the fruitfulness of its efforts, to the extent that a site was selected and purchased. This site, which is between the present Police Station and the Technical School, still remains an open paddock for straying cattle.

In the early days of the agitation it was argued by men ranking from the Premier downwards, that the advent of a Court at Kogarah, or in fact any part of St. George, would lead to a lot of needless litigation. On the other hand, it was pointed out, that in many cases unscrupulous residents took advantage of the disability of the tradesman to get to the nearest Court (Newtown) to satisfy a legitimate claim. The existence of the

present Court has justified itself to the fullest extent. The financial returns show a big profit over working expenses, and while it must be admitted that the working staff is practically unequal to the task in front of them, the Court House accommodation is sadly in need of remedy. So greatly has the district grown, and necessarily bringing in its train an increasing number of Court cases, that the scant capacity of the present building is nothing short of ridiculous.

To see persons interested in cases about to come on hanging on the baluster of the staircase, while the Court room – already red hot – is packed, seems a subject worthy of the consideration of the Justice Department.

A suitable building may be erected for say £1,000 on the land already acquired. The position is handy to the Railway Station and the tram, and even in these strenuous times, this small expenditure would be amply justified.

- The police had a case against John A. Grant, of the Cronulla Hotel, for alleged adulteration of brandy, which by analysis was shown to be 39.9 under proof, corresponding to an adulteration of 13.0 p.c. of added water. By consent the case was adjourned until October 17.
- There was a big crowd in the congested area called the Police Court on Wednesday, many having to take stand-up seats on the stairway. John Benjamin, of Watkin Street, Rockdale, proceeded against H. A. Royall, for assault on September 27. The case arose out of a circumstance in which the complainant was seen talking to defendant's wife, from whom he was separated. The defence was that complainant used bad language to defendant, who got a swing in first. The result was a black eye and a broken pair of glasses. A conviction followed, with a fine of £2, and 65/- costs.
- A fishing party was charged with removing oysters from a lease at Taren Point, the property of George Collis. The defence was that owing to rising wind, the defendant had to land at the nearest point and incidentally landed on the rocks forming the oysters. The defence was apparently good enough for the magistrate who dismissed the case.

A Night At The Pictures

Barry Johnson

Our cinemas in Beverley Hills and Hurstville feature films from around the world, using technology to create a 3D experience. A century ago, moviegoers enjoyed the silent silver screen, with black-and-white films shipped from Hollywood to Derby St in Kogarah.

Highlights of the cinema in October 1917 [26]:

A Son of the Hills – A silent film produced by the Vitagraph Company of America and starring Antonio Moreno, a popular matinee idol of the silent film era. Many silent film stars, including Moreno, struggled with the transition to films with sound, i.e. "talkies", but he eventually thrived with roles in Spanish and American cinema, including John Ford's *The Searchers*, one of Moreno's final roles.

In *A Son of the Hills*, a poor orphan's (Moreno), schooling is funded by a wealthy business owner in North Carolina. After impressing with his work ethic, he falls in love with the owner's daughter, leading to a confrontation with the owner's jealous, lazy son.

The Virginian – A 55-minute western with Dustin Farnham, a star of this genre of silent films. Based on the first fictional western novel, written by the father of the genre, Owen Wister, in 1902, this was the first of five films adapted from the story after successful theatre performances.

It opens with the Virginian, Jefferson Davis,

working as a foreman on a cattle ranch. A feud develops after an insult from a unlucky gambler, but Davis resists the temptation to react with a cowardly attack. He upholds justice in the isolated town, capturing a cattle thief, but the criminal's sombre walk to the hangman's noose haunts the Virginian.

He becomes infatuated with the local schoolmarm (headmistress), eager for her to "fall in love with me before we get through". After marrying her, he is his nemesis returns, with the Virginian slaying him in a dramatic stand-off before joining his bride on their new homestead in the mountains.

The film was "picturised" (directed) by Cecil B. DeMille, considered the greatest director in history after producing films of epic scale, including *The King of Kings*, *Cleopatra*, *The Greatest Show on Earth*, and *The Ten*



Commandments. Watch the film at archive.org.

The Whip – the dramatic story of a racehorse, its eccentric owner, the jockey and his lover, and a shady bookmaker.

When the bookmaker plots to bribe *The Whip*'s jockey, his lover, played by Alma Hanlon, declares, "He shall not sell his honour to purchase mine!"

Moments before the barriers open, the bookmaker kidnaps the jockey, expecting *The Whip* to be scratched from the race. Determined to foil the sinister plan, the lover leaps into the saddle, riding *The Whip* to victory.

First performed as a play on London's Drury Lane, it was described as "a blood-and-thunder melodrama, boiling with villainy and violence. Its plot embraced a twelve-horse race on a treadmill (for the Gold Cup at Newmarket), a hunt breakfast embellished by fifteen dogs, an auto-smash-up, the chamber of horrors at Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, and a train wreck with a locomotive hissing real steam. It boasted a dissolute earl and a wicked marquis, and a heroine whose hand was sought by both knave and hero. It was a tremendous emotional dose for anyone as stage-struck and impressionable as our heroine."

The excitement would also interest the censors, as scenes depicting gambling and the sabotage of the jockey's motor vehicle were cut from the final release [27].

The Double Cross – an American 15-episode serial released by Pathé brothers in France, inventors of the newsreel segment shown before feature films.

The story begins with a man travelling on a cruise ship to claim his inheritance. On the voyage, he receives a mysterious telegram warning him of the Double Cross. After he sees a submarine from the viewing deck, his shouts cause a panic on the ship, and he brushes past a mysterious woman with a double cross tattoo before she vanishes in the crowd of terrified passengers.

During the recital of the will, he learns that he must marry a woman bearing the mark of the Double Cross to claim his fortune. The suspense builds when he eavesdrops on a gangster's discussions to buy an oil reserve from an unsuspecting owner. He stakes his own claim, and during negotiations, he learns that the owner's daughter is the woman with the Double Cross.

A series of tense encounters result, with masked strangers, cryptic telegrams and a violent showdown. The excessive gunplay was removed from the film by censors.

The Clod Hopper – clodhoppers, the colloquialism for large, heavy shoes, are the basis for laughs in this silent film.

A surly and frugal bank manager in a small town is frustrated with his good-hearted son, clumsy in his old, ill-fitting shoes, the clod hoppers. His anger grows when he sees his son celebrating while wearing an expensive, ill-fitting suit, purchased by mail order. After a stern lecture, the son runs away, seeking his fortune in New York City. His unorthodox gait interests a talent scout, who hires him to dance with his clodhoppers in a stage show.

When news of his popularity reaches his home town, his father urges him to return, hoping to retire after seeing his son's potential. The clodhopper finds love in the big city, returning home with his wife to become the new bank manager.

The Clodhopper was also the target of the Chicago Board of Censors, with close-up images of stamped postcards cut from the film [27].

The Butcher Boy - starring Roscoe Conkling "Fatty" Arbuckle, a mentor to Charlie Chaplin and inspiration for Benny Hill's antics. Arbuckle was a popular comedian of the silent film era before he was the defendant in a trio of manslaughter trials. Despite his acquittal, the publicity tainted his legacy.

The butcher boy, played by Fatty, falls in love with Almondine, the store owner's daughter, but is frustrated by a rival employee vying for her affections. The argument results in a food fight, with flour bags exploding and cream pies splattering, as Buster Keaton, in his debut film role, is caught in the chaos.

Undeterred, Fatty wears a dress to masquerade as a student to be close to Almondine at her all-girls school. His rival also wears the uniform, and they are both punished by the principal.

In a final scheme, his rival attempts to kidnap Almondine, but is foiled by Fatty's well-trained pet dog. After her rescue, Almondine falls in love with Fatty and they stroll hand-in-hand to the nearest clergy house to be married.

Watch the comedy spectacle at archive.org.

Recipes from the Past

Barry Johnson

During World War II, shortages of essential consumer goods and increasing inflation were a major issue for many nations, particularly Britain. While Australians did not suffer the same impacts, rationing was enforced from 1942 for clothing, tea and sugar, with butter and meat rationed in subsequent years. The system was abolished in 1950, five years after the end of the war.

An advertisement encouraged efficient food preparation to limit waste, and the establishment of domestic food production with vegetable gardens and hens for eggs. These measures aimed to allow an excess of non-perishable food to be shipped to Britain and the Pacific Ocean theatre.



A newspaper advertisement issued by the Commonwealth Food Control in 1943 [28]

4 months after hostilities commenced, a lamb recipe was published in the *St George Call*. When rationing limited the permitted consumption to 1kg of meat per person per week, this recipe of meatloaf, would prove useful during wartime as prices, shortages and rationing affected supply. [29]

Ironically, meatloaf originated as a German traditional dish with beef, becoming popular in America during the Great Depression in the 1930s as a means to reduce the quantity of expensive meat required for each meal.

Lamb and Mint Loaf

Ingredients

Mint Jelly: 1 cup mint, 1/2 cup agar, 3/4 cup water, 2 tsp. gelatine, 1/8 cup vinegar, salt and pepper.

Lamb Mayonnaise: 3/4 cup diced lamb, 2 tsp. gelatine, 3 cup stock or water, 1/4 cup finely diced celery, 1/2 cup mayonnaise.

Garnish: Tomato rings, lettuce, cucumber rings, parsley, radish.

Method

Mint Jelly: Bring water to boil and pour over mint. Steep for one hour. Place in saucepan and bring to the boil, cook for five minutes. Strain and add the gelatine, vinegar, sugar and seasoning. Colour three-quarters of this mixture green and set in wetted mould. When firm set with a layer of tomato and cucumber rings over the jelly. Pour remainder of the jelly mixture on top.

Lamb Mayonnaise: Place lamb and diced celery in basin and season well. Dissolve gelatine in stock or water and when cold blend with mayonnaise and add to meat. When beginning to set, pour into mould. Freeze firmly in a gas refrigerator. Unmould and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves, garnish with radish roses and sprigs of parsley. [30]

How to Organise Your Photographs

Mara Morrison and Jo Myers

In September, Mara Morrison and Jo Myers, the “Filing Fairies”, hosted a workshop at Rockdale Library, teaching the steps to save and manage photograph collections. Continuing on this theme, they have written an article to highlight the importance of organising our photograph collections and note that many people overlook the protection of their digital collections:

When starting a photo organising project, which collections are you inclined to tackle first?

1. The dusty old boxes and albums of physical photos and memorabilia or
2. The digital images scattered across multiple devices?

The digital camera entered the average home in the early 2000's, so the prints came first...those memories are more distant....we should do them first. Shouldn't we?

This is a personal choice, but in our professional opinion, your digital collection is at greater risk.

How often have you heard a family member or friend or even just a story from an acquaintance that has lost physical photos through natural disasters? We would make an educated guess that it is not nearly as often as you have heard of someone who has lost some or even all of their digital images.

I personally have never had anyone I know lose a physical photo collection through natural disaster. There is the exception of my grandmother's collection that was divided across her 11 children when she passed – but they are not so much lost as displaced. However, I can name 3 friends that have lost digital images in some capacity, and of course many of our clients have contacted us after a data loss. We often see social media posts similar to this one:

While I was playing with my 20-month-old daughter in the park beside this cafe, my iPhone was taken from a closed pocket on my pram. This has left me absolutely devastated. All my photos and videos have now been lost. These were not backed up to the iCloud. All the snapshots from my daughter's birth to her first words are all*

gone. My heart is completely broken.

My plea to the person who took my phone is to please hand it in to the cafe or call me. I will check daily for updates.

I just hope you can find a place in your heart to return my phone.

From a broken-hearted mother.

*Internet-hosted storage for secure backup of personal files, reducing the risk of data loss if a computer, tablet or smartphone is lost or damaged.

The oldest printed photo we have handled in our office was from 1867 and it was in mint condition. We are confident that many of the undated prints we have handled have been even older. Printed images, when stored correctly, stand the test of time!

Who has images stored on a floppy disc or other outdated media that they can no longer access? We live in a world of rapidly changing technologies that has led to digital images and associated data being lost or corrupted. Hard drive failures, viruses and ransomware also claim many photograph collections.

For these reasons, we recommend that the first collection you should approach in any organising project should be your digital images and the best way to do that is to create a DPH.

WHAT?

DPH - Digital Photo Hub:

Digital – this is applicable to any digital file be that .jpg .tiff .heif or other image or video file types that was generated by your smart phone, digital camera, tablet or scanner.

Photo – you could argue that this is a poor choice of word here and it really should be ‘Memorabilia’. I even had a client contact me to ask if they should include their wedding video as part of their DPH. While it seemed clear to me that all memorabilia should be included in a DPH, it wasn't the case for

one person and I am sure she was not alone in this misunderstanding. You could also include scanned historical diaries or letters as .pdf files in your DPH alongside your other video and image files of various formats.

Hub – this could for all intents and purposes say collection, centre, focus, essence but HUB I think suits perfectly... per dictionary.com below, I particularly love that it calls it the authority.

“hub – a centre around which other things revolve or from which they radiate; a focus of activity, authority, commerce, transportation, etc.”

WHO?

We would say everyone but realistically we know that won't happen but certainly anyone with an interest in memory keeping for themselves and for their descendants should have a DPH.

WHEN?

Now, now, now, now!

If you don't have one, get one! We can help you determine the best type of DPH for your needs. In regard to how often you access your DPH this is completely unique for each person. If you are accessing your photo collection on a day to day basis then when = daily. If you only do it once a month like me, then when = monthly.

WHERE?

This is an important one and again it is unique to you as an individual. When choosing a DPH we highly recommend you choose one that is dedicated, intentional, accessible, high capacity, durable and predictable, we can help explain those categories in more detail and help you choose the location that best suits your unique skills, equipment and needs.

WHY?

Quite simply if you want to be able to back up your precious memories and protect them, then the easiest way to do that is to create a DPH. If everything is in one spot then backing up can be simplified. As opposed to the alternative where some of your digital photos are on this computer, others on that laptop, some photos on this hard drive, others on a handful of USB portable drives, some pictures on those CDs, others on floppy disc, some videos on VHS, others on DVD, some images on that tablet, others on this tablet, some image files on your smart phone, others on your partner's phone.

In an emergency situation can you imagine trying to gather all those items together? Under pressure would you even be able to think of all those places?

To read more from the Filing Fairies, visit their website at <http://thefilingfairies.com.au/>

Book Review – Miles Franklin's *Up the Country*

The local association of Stella Maria Sarah Miles Franklin with St George began when she arrived in Carlton, aged 36. One of Australia's most distinguished authors, she achieved international acclaim after her first novel, *My Brilliant Career*, was published when she was only 21. She returned to St George after volunteer service in Europe during WWI, residing in Hurstville.



A memorial to Miles Franklin, unveiled in Hurstville in 2003 (Barry Johnson)

In 1927, under the pseudonym, 'Brent of Bin Bin', she wrote *Up the Country*, a realistic portrayal of life in the Snowy River region. In 1929, the novel was reviewed by Nettie Palmer: [31]

For years I have heard people grumbling, asking vaguely for some one to write books about the Australian pioneering that was not just a struggle with drought in the Never Never. They have asked why some of the dignified, complex lives of the prouder kind of pioneer were not put on record. They have asked for an account of settlement in some of the mountainous coastal districts. To this

the only answer was that every writer must write as it is given to him to do. Paul Wenz, the Frenchman, describes an Australian that is bare by, with, and for sheep. Lawson describes life on the track with swagmen and shearers of the 'nineties or so. And now, at last, before it is too late, comes a chronicler giving us the persons and places that have so often been desired. The book is *Up the Country*, its author, signing himself "Brent of Bin Bin." The book is something between a novel and reminiscences, rather formless and with an overcrowded canvas; and life bubbles up through it at every part. The region is somewhere in the S.E. of New South Wales, Snowy River country, the author loving every curve of it.

Up the Country

The modest title of the book is confirmed by the preface, where the author says that "if only half a dozen genuine old pioneers commend the verisimilitude of their story as here writ down I shall be rewarded extravagantly in excess of my desserts." Brent of Bin Bin surely has his reward. Old pioneers, both in his own lovely district, "where the winds and the streams are made," and in all places like it by aspect and history, will surely say he has achieved "verisimilitude." More than that, he has achieved something like ecstasy, a communicable delight in fine memories.

The book could be called, like some old-fashioned romances, by the names of its chief families. "The Pooles and the Mazeres, or Laughter and Tears" (such books always had a sub-title). But, no, I am wrong in suggesting that *Up the Country* is an old-fashioned book, with its characters seen as if through the wrong end of a telescope. Its characters may wear crinolines, but their hearts and speech are young, contemporary. Here is some of their talk:

"You've mourned long enough for poor Emily now. You oughtn't to waste your life any longer. It's a pity for you to be an old bachelor when you see the kind of husbands many women have to put up with."

"That's all very fine, but who'd I marry? I can't go mashing after one of those little squeaking girls that I see about."

That very modern horror of flappers! The second speaker was the hero of the book, Bert Poole. A glorious figure of a bushman, from boyhood to middle age, capable, alert in all his senses, the mainstay of the country-side, Bert Poole was adored by every one of the girls (little squeaking ones and older), and imitated by all the men. If Brent of Bin Bin had done nothing but render the personality of Bert Poole, and make it credible, his book would have been worth writing. But such a man is incomplete without his environment, and that is given, too, his environment, human and physical.

Bush Ecology

There is a rather new branch of science called "ecology." It must have existed long years ago without being defined: it was the basis of every bushman's power. An English scientist described ecology recently in this way:

An ecologist is a field-naturalist, who concentrates attention on the relations between one species and another, on their reactions to their environment, on their numbers, birth rates, death rates, and movements. He has to know a little of everything. When an ecologist says, "There goes a badger," he should include in his thoughts some definite idea of the animal's place in the community to which it belongs, just as if he had said, "There goes the vicar!"

So much for ecology in general. Now let us see what the ecology of Bert Poole and his friends amounted to:

Every nook of Eagle Hawk Gullies was familiar to them, it having been their playground ever since they bestrode a horse. They were not to be deceived by any beast or bird that ran, flew, swam, crawled, or burrowed in its environs. Brands were a superfluous means of identification: one glance at a cow or colt and they could make an affidavit as to its dam or sire on points.

Or again, of Bert himself:

He could glance at a forest giant and tell which way it would fall to his axe, and how many slabs it would yield to fashion his habitation. ... He could canter over a

stretch of country and estimate how many acres it contained, and how many beasts it would graze. ... There wasn't a beast from the Upper Murray to the Murrumbidgee that he didn't know by the cut of its jib, and no bird could call to its mate, nor outline its wing on the sky at dusk or dawn, without his reading it like the alphabet.

Not an ecology quite satisfying to the pure scientist, perhaps, but something much nearer to it than that of the average specialist, for the bushman had to "know a little of everything"; often he knew a great deal.

A Book of Adventures

Being a chronicle of two families and their more significant neighbours, the book's highlights shine on those events that would be most inevitable to whole clans. It opens on the waters of the Great Flood, when brave, charming Mrs. Mazere insisted on crossing the river to help a sick woman. Bert Poole and a young mate rowed her over; strong men stood on the banks imploring her not to take such a risk. She won through quietly, and her consistent courage has been part of the district legends ever since. Another highlight shone on an attack by bushrangers, in which Bert Poole, at first misunderstood, then glorified, came out very strong indeed. Then there was the tragedy of lovely Emily Mazere, drowned in her golden youth, a blow for the whole district. These events bind the district-life together, but the background is even more strongly drawn. There is the account of the rival clergymen when they first came to the district. Kind Mrs. Brennan was ill when the priest was to come, so Mrs Mazere, an Anglican, threw open the Mazere homestead of Three Rivers, and every one came to the service. Mrs. Brennan sobbed with joy, saying to her husband:

There niver was nor could be such a woman agin as my dear Rachel Mazere. Now, ye listen to me, Timmy bhoy, whin next her heretic bishop comes to the district he spinds a noight in all honour at Brennan's Gap...

She had to wait years, but it is part of the history of Bool Bool that the bishop was nearly smothered in the Brennan's goose-down bed, the only one of its succulent flocculent proportions up the country. Thereafter it became customary for the chief of the Church of England when he came to spend a night

in great state at Brennan's Gap, and for his colleagues to return the courtesy at Three Rivers.

The Homesteads

Up the Country is a book of homesteads, huge, growing places with as many inhabitants, year in year out, as one of the country houses in Tolstoy's books. But there were no peasants :-

When war, gold rushes, or over-speculation affected the price of stock or wool, the squatters would be flush of money, or strapped for it, according to the swing of the pendulum. But they always had plenty of blood-horses to ride, prime beef to eat, fruit, eggs, cheese, butter, and vegetables, and were able to do their own work if put to it, whether building a new habit or habitation.

It seems necessary to quote at some length like this to show the racy idiom that pervades the book, alternating, unfortunately, with some heavy journalese now and then. "Flush of money or strapped for it" -- that runs very well; such phrases have been lived with.

Finally, it may be mentioned that, as 'Bool Bool' is an old settlement in the Mother State, its frontier district is Queensland, whose gold rush takes in its wake many undesirables. So that was Queensland's function then! She has outlived it. [32]

Franklin's use of a pseudonym allowed her to continue writing without fear of comparison or the unreasonable expectation based on her most successful, and debut, novel. Her fears seem well-founded, as one reviewer in 1951 attributed *Up the Country* to Franklin. While in awe of her achievements, the review created an expectation of a masterpiece, drawing comparisons with the works of Leo Tolstoy, Emily Brontë and Charles Dickens in a caustic critique:

Up the Country, the second to be published in Angus and Robertson's series of the novels of Brent of Bin Bin, seems as certainly to be the work of Miles Franklin as did *Prelude to Waking*. It is in

Miles Franklin's spirited and some times disconcertingly rumbustious style: it is rich in content and baffling in construction like *All That Swagger*; it is militantly feminine like *My Brilliant Career*; and, like everything Miles Franklin has written, it is full of deep proud, nostalgic love for the Australian bush and the life of the squatters, with something epic and legendary about it.

Crediting the novel to Miles Franklin (and trusting that the conjecture is not mistaken), it is pleasing to think once again how fine a novelist we have walking amongst us. Really, it is only a few years since the flourishing of Lawson Furphy, Dyson and Steele Rudd, the robust and authentically Australian school in which Miles Franklin's novels have their origin. But it seems a long time. Life seems different; writing, except here and there, as in the short-stories of Brian James, is different in spirit. But in Miles Franklin and in the Brent of Bin Bin novels the tradition lives on.

After the disappointment of *Prelude to Waking*, which Angus and Robertson courageously and perilously published first in the series, and which, if lively and full of vigorous thought, was too thin and frothy to live long in its own right, *Up the Country* is particularly welcome; for this is the novel which has been called an Australian classic and of which A. G. Stephens said, "If you are Australian; if you feel Australia; the truth, the character, the reality, the vitality of the story will presently grip you and finally hold you enthralled"; and a rereading today leaves one with no desire to modify that august opinion. There is an enthusiasm, an impetuous and some times beautiful warmth in the writing to which anyone who "feels Australia" can not fail to respond :-

Bert rode away from Gowandale into the perfect night through country which paradise may equal but not excel in summer beauty. He splashed into the singing streams, galloped across the tussocked plains girth-deep in flowers drenched in dew, which, as the sun rose, gleamed in drops like colored pearls. He eased up on the timbered ridges where the snow-gums stood like brides in veils of perfumed lace [surely this ??i must be a woman writing] or threaded his familiar way through shrubberied gullies. He laughed in harmony with the kookaburras in the trees, and sang with the operatic magpies sweetly intoning matins on every stick and stone.

Ah, but it was good to be alive!

Oddly enough, this Australian classic is by no means a good novel: as a story, that is; as a piece of construction, an example of the novelist's art. The author seems to be well aware of this, and defends it in various ways: it is, says the foreword, "true to life," moving "back and forth and up and down as simply as life itself"; it is an example, says the author later on, of the Australian custom of "possuming" which means in this context running backwards and forwards, here, there and everywhere in place and time, as possums run about the branches of a tree; it is, finally, a "chronicle" – of a family, or, rather, a group of families, a district.

These are very pretty arguments; but it is not possible, really, successfully to defend the indefensible. Because of its frequent changes of direction, its hordes of unidentifiable minor characters, its chunks of anecdote and its essentially pointless episodes and adventures -- because of its lack of a strong central drama; and therefore of movement -- the novel is far too confusing, far too baffling, far too chaotic to be regarded as a satisfying work of art, even in the category of the family "saga." It reminds you of those inviting bush roads which stride out purposefully into the wilderness as if they have something extremely important at the end of them, and which arrive, when you get to the end, nowhere; petering out, pleasantly enough in a sense, in the chaos of the gum-trees. It reminds you at other times, when you are following one thread of story and another cuts clean across it, of the pioneer explorers trying to cross the Blue Mountains; continually being confronted, for lack of a central ridge to take them right through, with wave after wave of sandstone.

Somewhere embedded in it, a piece here and a piece there, is a story that might have made a fascinating drama: that of old Boko Pool, the giant ex-convict with his black beard, and his wild son Bert, dashing and handsome, who is in love with a squatter's wife and is also suspected of being in league with the bushrangers. A centralisation on this family, showing wild blood working itself out in the lovely Monaro country for good or ill, could have given us a clear and memorable story; but Bert would have had to be more urgently tempted towards love and bushranging than he is; and perhaps it is as well that Miles Franklin - or Brent of Bin Bin - didn't attempt a whole novel based on

the Pools, for when Bert is dramatised in action, attacking the bushrangers singlehanded in defence of the squatter's household, the narrative becomes improbable and melodramatic.

With the Pool drama hardly touched on, Bert's passion for Rachel Labosseer becoming increasingly uninteresting because of his lack of enterprise, and the distant narrative of a wife on the goldfields with a drunken husband too distant to hold the attention, the novel depends for movement chiefly on a set of courtships and marriages, among which it is difficult really to care very much who marries whom, while even so moving an episode as the drowning of Emily Mazere loses some of its force because it is not shown as the result of psychological necessity but happens as a mere accident. Life may well be like that; but it was something more than an accident that took Anna Karenina under the wheels of a train; and indeed there may be a suicidal impulse in Emily Mazere which the author has failed, or refused, to recognise.

But there are other considerations which outweigh -- far outweigh -- the weakness and confusion of the construction. There is, for instance, the breadth of the canvas, which, in fact, makes the confusion almost inevitable; the ranging over a great stretch of Australian countryside around Yass and Gundagai and Cooma and extending to the Victorian goldfields. And the variety of types, Irish and Scots and English and aborigines and native-born Australians, proud squatters and wild bush rangers, newchums and stockmen, girls by the dozen.

Then, taking these two together, the countryside and its people, there are the vividness and completeness of the novel as a picture of Australian life: time, 1852 to 1869; place, the land: what the people wore, what they ate, how they talked and what they talked about, how their houses looked, the landscapes of rock and wildflowers they moved among, their parties and their dances, their weddings and their funerals -- it is all unmistakably authentic, told with a breath of life in it that makes it a different thing from the painstaking reconstructions of the average historical novel, and it is astonishingly complete; every detail that can help bring to life these squatters and their period seems to be remembered. Above all, there is the epic, the legendary quality of the novel, both in the incidents that are described and in the spirit of the writing. The things that make up the Australian

tradition -- gold, bushranging, pioneering, tragic accidents, floods, bush dances, picnic races, horsemanship -- they are all in this book and, caught up in a mood of nostalgic love, take on the quality of legend while they are happening:–

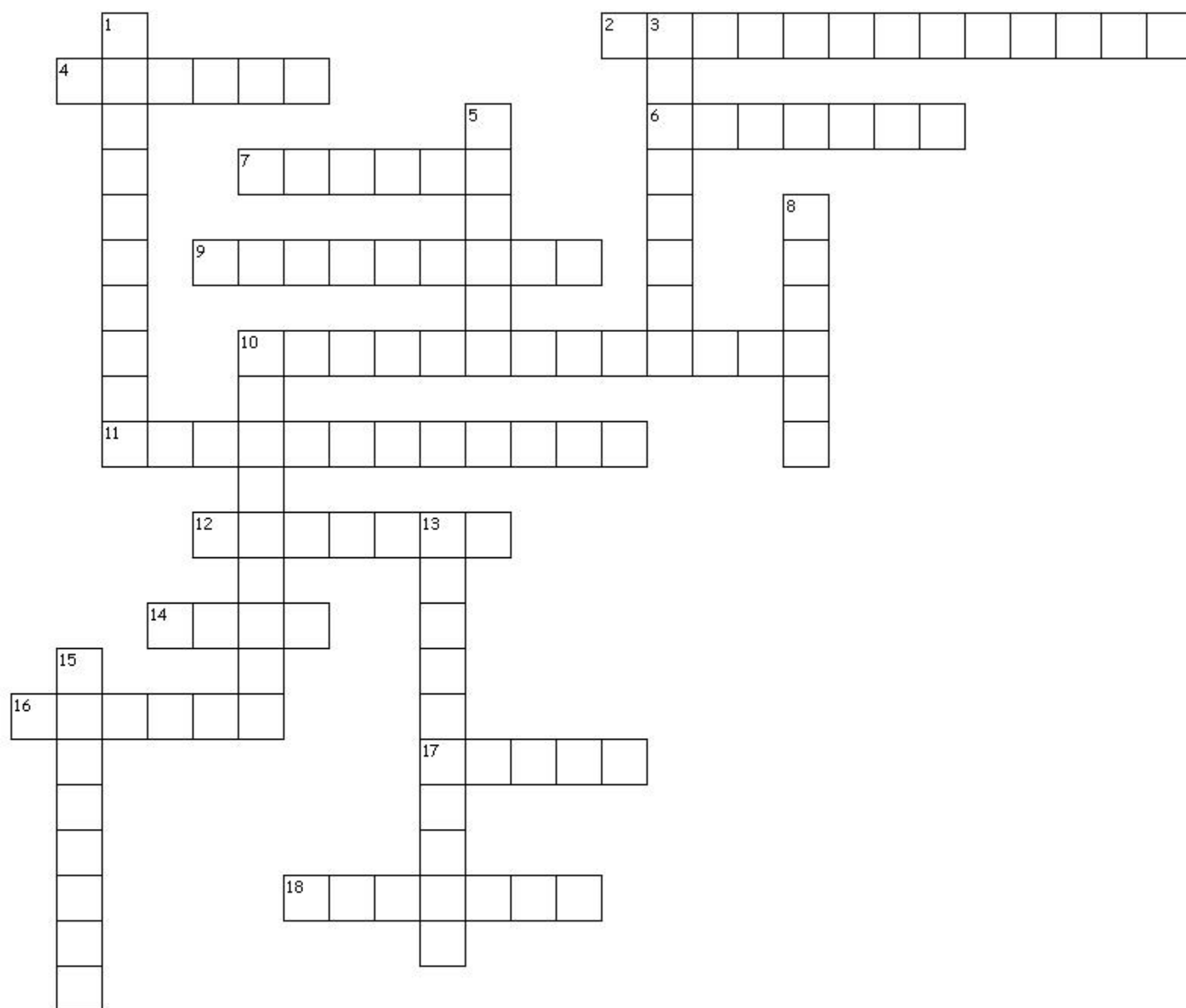
One of the biggest mobs of cattle that had so far been mustered up the country took the overland route that summer. Upwards of a thousand head looked imposing in those days as they were driven forward from the flats to take the edge of the Great Plains on their southward way. They got in a bit of a jam at the river. It took plucky riding in among them to get them through the shrubs into the stream swollen with late spring rains. A protesting bellow rose to heaven, but the fierce cattle-dogs scarified their heels, the cruel whips cut their hides like brands, those at the rear jammed the leaders forward, and in they went. The bellowing ceased. There was the rare sight of an expanse of water alive with heads crowned with beautiful horns as they contested the swift current for dear life. Deflated by immersion, they set off at a swinging pace through the township and right past Three Rivers homestead. The household climbed on to the roof of the

cowsheds to get a good view. Away towards the molten eye of setting day they undulated, the rattle of their horns and the crackle of their fetlocks making music as they swept past -- a wave of primordial rhythm.

No amount of ingenious argument about “possuming,” no defence of the novel as a “slice of life” will make *Up the Country* a work of art as, say, *Wuthering Heights* in its beautiful simplicity, its concentration and its swift, clean movement is a work of art; nor, with so many of its minor characters nonentities and without a central theme, can it be compared with the broader art of Dickens. Though doubtless there is enough narrative interest in its family history and its courtships to carry the reader through it, essentially it is not so much a novel as a kind of animated social history; a source for the novelists, as well as the historians, of the future. But beyond that it will live for its poetic quality; as an image, rich and impassioned, of how they lived in the great days “up the country.” [33]

An edition of *Up the Country*, published by Eden Paperbacks in 1984, is available at the [State Library of NSW](#), the [National Library of Australia](#), and for purchase on [Amazon](#).

Crossword



Across

2. A pseudonym of Miles Franklin (5,2,3,3)
4. This family lived in St Elmo on Harrow Road
6. Catherine Warne's mentor (3,4)
7. When airlines were nationalised in the 1950s, this carrier was absorbed into Ansett
9. A requirement which affected wartime recipes
10. An ailment of fatigue during WWI (8,5)
11. The crime of adding water to milk or alcohol before sale
12. A founder of St George Cottage Hospital
14. Alma Hanlon rode this horse to victory in a 1910s silent film
16. HMS Beagle's distinguished passenger
17. George Halpin's was yellow
18. The river beside St George, Queensland

Down

1. Saint George's birthplace
3. The L/P 154 and N 728 trams would ride from Brighton-Le-Sands to this transport hub
5. St George Girls High School's first principal
8. Great comedian debuts in *The Butcher Boy*
10. John Gore served in this Christian army
13. Arranges text at the Government Printing Office
15. Frank McDowell once owned this flagship department store (4,4)

Answers on page 47

SGHS Publications

The Society has many books and pamphlets for sale, documenting the history of suburbs, people and events in the St George district, including well-researched books by Ron Rathbone.

Items can be purchased at Lydham Hall, 18 Lydham Avenue, Bexley on most Sundays from 2pm to 4pm, or can be obtained by contacting Mrs Joan Rankin on (02) 9567 8641.

- The Kogarah to Sans Souci Tramway \$2.50
- Saywells Tramway 1887-1914 – Rockdale to Lady Robinson’s Beach \$2.50
- The Arncliffe to Bexley Steam tramway \$4.00
- Our Heritage in Stone \$4.00
- All Stations to Como \$4.00
- Tempe and the Black Creek Valley \$4.00
- Early Churches of the St George District \$4.00
- Early Settlers of the St George District – Volume 1 \$4.00
- Early Settlers of the St George District – Volume 2 \$4.00
- The Illawarra Railway – Hurstville \$4.00
- Rockdale Beginning and Development \$12.00
- Christina Stead by Jennifer Gribble \$10.00
- History of the Rockdale Uniting Church – 150 Years Anniversary (1855-2005) \$15.00
- Kingsgrove The First 200 Years by Brian Madden \$20.00

Books by R.W. Rathborne:

- A Village Called Arncliffe \$25.00
- Brighton Le Sands \$25.00
- Cameos of Bexley \$25.00
- The Bexley Book \$15.00
- The Glen Village – its first 25 years \$7.00
- The Sans Souci Peninsula \$26.00
- The Lydham Hall Booklet \$6.00

References

1. Bayside Library. (2017). *Bayside Library*. Retrieved from <http://library.bayside.nsw.gov.au/Montage/Gallery.aspx>, accessed 30 September 2017.
2. H.E.C. Robinson Ltd (1939). *Robinson's indexed street directory maps of Sydney and suburbs*. Retrieved from <http://catalogue.nla.gov.au/Record/1761548>, accessed 30 September 2017.
3. Charles Darwin, *Journal of researches into the natural history and geology of the countries visited during the voyage round the world of H.M.S. 'Beagle,' under the command of Captain Fitz Roy, R.N.* (London: John Murray, 1913), 8.
4. Sport and Pastime. (1907, January 3). *Australian Star*, p. 3.
5. Queensland Heritage Register. (2016). *The Anchorage*. Retrieved from <https://environment.ehp.qld.gov.au/heritage-register/detail/?id=600015>, accessed 30 September 2017.
6. Australian War Memorial. *Leonard Waters*. Retrieved from <https://www.awm.gov.au/learn/memorial-boxes/3/waters>, accessed 30 September 2017.
7. John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland. (before 1955). *Residence in St. George known as The Anchorage*.
8. Australian War Memorial. (1944/1945). *78144 Sergeant (Sgt) Leonard Victor Waters, 78 Squadron, RAAF, sitting in the cockpit of a P40N Kittyhawk*. Retrieved from <https://www.awm.gov.au/collection/P01659.001>, accessed 30 September 2017.
9. E. Gordon Whatley (Editor), Anne B. Thompson (Editor), Robert K. Upchurch (Editor), 'The Martyrdom of St. George in the South English Legendary', *Saints' Lives in Middle English Collections* (Kalamazoo, Michigan: Medieval Institute Publications, 2004).
10. Beverley Kingston, 'McDowell, Sir Frank Schofield (1889–1980)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/mcdowell-sir-frank-schofield-10945/text19449>, published first in hardcopy 2000, accessed online 30 September 2017.
11. Shane Green, 'Who shot Cathy Wayne? The mystery of the first Australian woman killed in Vietnam.', *The Sydney Morning Herald*, <http://www.smh.com.au/entertainment/who-shot-cathy-wayne-the-mystery-of-the-first-australian-woman-killed-in-vietnam-20150416-1mmfy5.html>, accessed online 30 September 2017.
12. Michelle Rayner, 'Warnes, Catherine Anne (1949–1969)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/warnes-catherine-anne-11968/text21453>, published first in hardcopy 2002, accessed online 30 September 2017.
13. P. Dale, 'Gore, John (1846–1931)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/gore-john-3639/text5663>, published first in hardcopy 1972, accessed online 21 September 2017.
14. Glorious Australian Soldiers. (1917, November 24). *The St George Call*, p. 3.
15. From The Front. (1917, February 3). *The St George Call*, p. 5.
16. From The Front. (1917, April 14). *The St George Call*, p. 7.
17. The Long Long Trail. *What were VDH and DAH?*. Retrieved from <http://www.longlongtrail.co.uk/what-were-vdh-and-dah/>, accessed 30 September 2017.
18. For King and Country! (1917, October 6). *The St George Call*, p. 1.
19. For King and Country! (1917, October 13). *The St George Call*, p. 1.
20. For King and Country! (1917, October 20). *The St George Call*, p. 1.
21. For King and Country! (1917, October 27). *The St George Call*, p. 1.
22. St George Police Court. (1917, October 13). *The St George Call*, p. 5.
23. Kogarah's Police Court. (1917, October 6). *The St George Call*, p. 3.

24. St George Police Court. (1917, October 10). *The St George Call*, p. 6.
25. St George Police Court. (1917, October 6). *The St George Call*, p. 5.
26. Advertising. (1917, October 6). *The St George Call*, p. 4.
27. Official Cut-outs made by the Chicago Board of Censors. (1917, July 14). *Exhibitor's Herald*, p. 33.
28. Advertising. (1943, December 7). *Argus*, p. 4.
29. Australian War Memorial. *Rationing of food and clothing during the Second World War*. Retrieved from <https://www.awm.gov.au/articles/encyclopedia/homefront/rationing>, accessed 30 September 2017.
30. Advertising. (1940, January 12). *The St George Call*, p. 1.
31. Jill Roe, 'Franklin, Stella Maria Sarah Miles (1879–1954)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/franklin-stella-maria-sarah-miles-6235/text10731>, published first in hardcopy 1981, accessed online 30 September 2017.
32. An Up-country Chronicle. (1929, March 2). *The Brisbane Courier*, p. 1.
33. Up the Country. (1951, July 18). *The Bulletin*, p. 2.

References for the article *Bayside Library Services' Map Collection* on pp 15 - 19:

- All journal and newspaper articles referred to can be found on Trove: www.trove.nla.gov.au.
- There are numerous online and print resources on Tempe House, the Arncliffe Sewage Farm, the diversion of the Cooks River and Sydney Airport. A good place to start for all four is Ron Rathbone's book on Arncliffe: R. W. Rathbone, *A Village Called Arncliffe*: Arncliffe, NSW, 1997.
- For more information on Moorefield Racecourse see: Anne Field, *The History of Moorefield Racecourse*: Kogarah, Sydney, 2016.
- All of the maps in this article are from the Bayside Library Service Local Studies Collection housed at Rockdale Library, 444-446 Princes Highway, Rockdale. For more information, or to view any of these maps, please contact Kirsten Broderick: kirsten.broderick@bayside.nsw.gov.au or (02) 9562 1821.

Crossword answers

Across - 2. BRENTOFBINBIN; 4. PALMER; 6. COLJOYE; 7. BUTLER; 9. RATIONING; 10. SOLDIERSHEART; 11. ADULTERATION; 12. LAMROCK; 14. WHIP; 16. DARWIN; 17. SULKY; 18. BALONNE;

Down - 1. CAPPADOCIA; 3. ROCKDALE; 5. CRUISE; 8. KEATON; 10. SALVATION; 13. COMPOSITOR; 15. MARKFOYS;

Copyright © 2017 by St George Historical Society Inc. – ABN 13 303 397 074

All rights reserved. Unauthorised reproduction in whole or part is prohibited without written permission.

