



Nurungi

Remembered

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE CONCORD HERITAGE SOCIETY

email: chs@concordheritage.asn.au

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EDITOR

LOIS MICHEL
9744-8528

PRESIDENT
JANN OGDEN
9809-5772

PUBLIC RELATIONS
TRISH SKEHAN
4369-4172

SECRETARY/TREASURER
LOIS MICHEL
3 Flavell Street
(P.O. Box 152)
Concord 2137
Phone: 9744-8528
Fax: 9744-7591

MEETINGS

General Meetings

2nd Wednesday of month
at 7:30 pm in the
Concord Citizens' Centre
9 Wellbank Street, Concord
Phone: 8765-9155

Executive Meetings

4th Wednesday of
August, October, January,
March, May and July
at 7:45 pm in the
Concord Citizens' Centre

Walker Estates Committee

4th Wednesday of
September, November,
February, April and June
at 7:30 pm in the
Concord Citizens' Centre
Derek Williams, 9746-9649

Other Committees

As arranged
Watch the newsletter

Museum

Archives/Local History

Heritage
Bob Jones, 8765-9347

Oral/Family History
Lola Sharp, 8753-0659
*

**CONCORD
HERITAGE MUSEUM**
5 Wellbank Street

Open 2:00 - 4:00 pm
on 1st and 3rd
Wednesdays & Saturdays

A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

Know your Australia – Australian Writers

Andrew Barton (Banjo) Paterson (1864-1941)

Andrew Barton Paterson is known to people as Banjo Paterson. The family owned a race horse named Banjo and in his earlier writings for *The Bulletin*, Paterson used the pseudonym 'The Banjo'.

Banjo Paterson was born at Narambla Station, New South Wales but considered his home on Illalong Station near Yass, N.S.W., as his childhood home. Many experiences during his childhood where he was in contact with drovers, bushrangers and teamsters, became the basis for his writings including the Australian Bush Myths.

Paterson was the eldest child of Andrew Bogle Paterson, an immigrant to Australia in 1850, and Rose Isabella (nee Barton). Banjo began his education at the small country school in Binalong and later was sent to Sydney (Gladesville) where he lived with his widowed grandmother Emily Mary Barton. After finishing his education in Sydney, he became a clerk in a solicitor's office. Paterson was admitted as a solicitor in August 1886.

His first published poem was *El Mahdi to the Australian Troops*. He was only 21 years old when it was published by *The Bulletin* in February 1885.

Fame greeted Paterson in the publication of his first work, *The Man From Snowy River and Other Verses*. Published in 1895, it was sold out within a week. For over 100 years, it has consistently outsold any other collection of Australian poetry. Its popularity today is evident in the success of the movie based on *The Man From Snowy River*.

Paterson led a very interesting life. His interests included being a crocodile hunter, pearl diver and amateur sportsman. His interests in politics led him to leave his law studies and become a war correspondent where he covered the Boer War and the Chinese Boxer Rebellion. He continued to travel the world learning first hand about politics.

Abandoning his pursuit of the law, the focused on a career as a journalist. Then, while touring Australia in 1902, Paterson met

Alice Emily Walker at Tenterfield Station in northern N.S.W. He married her at the station on April 8, 1903. They made their home in Woolahra, a suburb of Sydney, after he was appointed editor of *The Sydney Evening News*. His two children were born during this period. Looking for a less stressful and confining life, he resigned as editor and bought "Coodra", a property in the Yass district. This decision ended in failure and Paterson turned for a short time to wheat farming at Grenfell.

In 1914 Paterson left for England to become a war correspondent during the First World War. Unable to secure a position, he became an ambulance driver instead. He returned to Australia where he enlisted and was commissioned as a lieutenant in the A.I.F. (Australian Infantry Forces). He spent his war years in the Middle East and rose to the rank of Major. Alice joined her husband in 1917 and worked for two years as a volunteer at the hospital in Ismailia. In 1919 the two returned to Australia where he went back to writing. He wrote for *Smith's Weekly*, edited the *Sydney Sportsman* along with a variety of fiction, verse and radio scripts.

Henry Lawson and Banjo debated the aspects of the simple, rustic life of the Australian bush. Their debate in *The Bulletin* during 1892-1893 came at a time when nationalism was on the rise in Australia. Banjo was often considered a radical of his times for writings such as *A Bushman's*



Bulletin Board

14th September: The advertised speaker is unavailable so we will be entertained by a film about "Fatty Finn".

12th October: Pam Liell, speaking on her recently released book, "Dressed in their Best: 100 Years of Family Photos"

9th November: John Walmeant - African Safari Photographs

14th December: Christmas Picnic at Rhodes Rotary Park

Song, in which he takes the side of the drovers and shearers against the squatters and absentee landlords.

In 1930 Paterson retired from journalism. The rest of his life was spent writing and enjoying his grandchildren. He was never out of the public eye and in 1939 received the Order of Commander of the British Empire.

Andrew Barton Paterson was admitted to hospital just before his 77th birthday and died on February 5, 1941. He was known not only for the song *Waltzing Matilda* but also for his attempt to improve the lives of his fellow Australians by exposing their hardships to the public.

Andrew Barton 'Banjo' Paterson is the author of:-

- 1889 *Australia for the Australians* (political pamphlet)
- 1895 *The Man from Snowy River and Other Verses*
- 1902 *Rio Grande's Last Race and Other Verses*
- 1905 *Waltzing Matilda* (music)
- 1906 *An Outback Marriage* (fiction)
- 1917 *Saltbush Bill J.P. and Other Verses*
- 1917 *Three Elephant Power and Other Stories*
- 1923 *The Collected Verse of A.B. Paterson*
- 1933 *The Animals Noah Forgot* (children)
- 1934 *Happy Dispatches* (semi-autobiographical collection of his travels)
- 1936 *The Shearer's Colt* (Fiction)

You're invited .

Strathfield District Historical Society - Annual C S Malcolm Memorial Lecture on Saturday, 3rd September. Speaker is Brother Dan Stewart speaking on his book "Mount Royal to Mount St Mary: history of the Christian Brothers at Mount St Mary, Strathfield" Details and bookings by 31st August to PO Box 117, Strathfield, 2135.

The Infants' Home, 17 Henry Street, Ashfield. Annual Fete on Saturday, 10th September. A great day for all the family with live entertainment, stalls, games, home made cooking and much, much more. Free entry.

Werner's Journey

I read with interest your project associated with the Hay Prisoners of War Internment Camp of World War II. It reminded me of Werner Barlow, a former prisoner held at this camp and with whom I subsequently worked in London. We were both teachers at St. Jude's, Brixton, the oldest functioning school in London, built during the reign of William IV.

The suburb had been transformed by the flood of post war migrants from the former colonies of Britain, who had supported her during World War II. Brixton had changed from a working class, inner suburb of London to a predominantly black area where few white residents remained.

The new migrants came mainly from Jamaica, with a minority from Pakistan and Africa.

The parents were mainly uneducated, often unemployed, but usually cheerful and better off than in their country of origin. Their children's educational standards were often low and their attendance often irregular, for many reasons. It was not surprising that, although the ages of my "special" incoming pupils ranged in age from 9 to 12 years, none could read or write and all had behaviour problems.

Our classroom turned out to be a small office, barely capable of holding the 15 pupils. One side of the room jutted out to the edge of the pavement of noisy Brixton Road, teeming with cars and buses.

Britain had just emerged from a desperate war and everyone was worn out, but they were about to

confront a new problem in their own country.

Once I realised that my total teaching equipment consisted of fifteen exercise books and fifteen stubs of pencils in a small tin, I realised that I might also have a problem. However, once it became evident that the permanent teachers were delighted with the new arrangement, I felt that I might have sufficient bargaining power to improve the flow of educational supplies. When I presented my list to the principal he was quite co-operative and we all settled down to make the best of the situation. This is when I got to know Werner, also a "blow in", who had looked on, with some empathy, at my situation.

Werner was born in Germany, of Jewish parents who had sent him and his brother to England at a young age when conditions in Germany became dangerous for intellectual people with his background. He played the piano beautifully and was a gentle, tolerant soul, whose talents could have taken him to greater heights. The main thing I had in common with Werner was that I was resigned to my fate!

I teamed up with him very quickly and, with the principal's permission, taught art to his class while he taught music to mine. Indeed, the system worked so well that the principal also agreed that we combine classes twice a week, spending the afternoons in the park or neighbouring areas doing "research".

It was during our rambles that Werner told me of his early life in Germany and the sacrifices his parents had made for him and his brother, sending them to England before the war. He also told me that he still regularly went back to Germany to see his ageing uncle, who still lived there and was his only surviving relative.

As time went by my students settled down very well to formal education and we had further modified our routines. As well as our two "research" afternoons we had crammed our formal work into the first half of the day, which left us three afternoons free for drawing, painting and music, as long as our formal work was not neglected. The principal had again risen to the occasion and provided necessary materials for art work and spent some time in my classroom, watching and even painting.

When Werner and I arranged a display of our artistic and musical productions for a Parents' Day, the principal was so impressed that he invited the local inspector to visit. Rather incredibly this was followed shortly after by an invitation to further display the student paintings and our "research" photographs for an Inspectors' Conference for visiting inspectors from former British colonies, including Canada, Africa, Australia and beyond. Werner was quietly proud when we took both our classes to see their own work on display. His children were delighted to show "our real teacher" their efforts, which he praised unstintingly.

However, Werner certainly knew that an invitation to display work in the Great Hall of the London County Council Educational Authority, for a contingent of overseas inspectors, was not something that often happened to black students from Brixton, or two temporary teachers, both "foreigners".

Werner had surprised me one day during our afternoon walks by telling me that he had actually been to Australia during the recent war. He told me the story of how he had been de-

tained as an “enemy alien” in England during the early days of the war. He and many other foreigners, who had lived peacefully in England for long periods, had been put on a British ship, the *Dunera*, manned by a British crew and transported to Australia for internment, for the duration of the war. He said that the conditions on board the ship were deplorable and the conduct of the British crew no better. The worst outrage was the confiscation of personal belongings, including family photographs and professional documents, which were taken from them despite their pleas and thrown overboard. They were badly treated during the passage to Australia and finally interned at Hay, NSW.

In the *Sydney Morning Herald* some 50 years after WWII I noticed an article telling of the voyage and arrival of the *Dunera*. Many of the original internees were making the journey to Hay – some from Australia and some, I believe, from overseas. There may also have been a list of names but Werner Barlow’s name was not among them.

At the time of our earlier discussions he told me that his time spent at Hay was a most unhappy experience for him, in every aspect. He said that he hated the heat, the climate, the flies, the food and most of all the boredom. I feel that he also felt demeaned by being deported as an “enemy alien”

after his long stay in England, which he loved and which he would never have harmed.

I tried to convince him that Hay, NSW, was quite a desirable place to live as far as the climate was concerned, and that there were worse places in the Northern Territory and other outback areas. However, he was unconvinced and I believe he desperately missed the culture of the old Europe and pioneering in Australia was quite unappealing to him. I doubt that he would ever have returned.

I am probably the only person still living in Australia who knows the story of Werner, of what he lost during those war years, and of what he gave back to humanity during his quiet and compassionate service to the young Jamaican migrants of Brixton before and after his return from internment.

Soon after our art exhibition at County Hall, London, I returned to Australia with my husband, four children and a reference from the principal. He also told me that the inspector had advised him to make an application for a special grant for continuation of our arts programme, which Werner and I had started. Werner was to continue his music classes and the principal himself intended teaching the art classes.

Some years ago the Brixton Riots resulted in fire damage to most of the buildings in Brixton Road. The riots were mainly due to lack of employment and police actions against the

mainly idle youths.

I revisited Brixton about five years ago where St Jude’s School, old as it was, stood unharmed and the suburb was peaceful. I am sure Werner Barlow, “enemy alien”, had contributed to the peace of this place for all the community, even though many of the characters in this story had been regarded as “outsiders” when they arrived in Brixton.

Margaret E Hughes
(Member)

An article in “The Australia” of 16/8/05 has an article by a daughter of a gentleman who was sent out on the Dunera which describes the conditions.

The conditions were cramped and unsanitary – the boat had capacity for 1600 and there were almost 3000 on board. The guards were brutal, stole luggage and kept the internees below decks for almost the whole voyage. A senior officer was later court-martialled for his treatment of internees . . . the 2000 internees who disembarked at Pyrmont became known as the *Dunera* boys. They travelled by train to Hay in western NSW, where they were interned behind barbed wire in a camp on the outskirts of the town . . . among the internees were doctors, lawyers, scientists, musicians, writers and intellectuals whose brilliant minds quickly organised a camp university, concerts, and even a camp parliament.

Simple as A B C

It’s unusual today if your eight year old daughter can sew on a button.

However, little girls of the 18th century were taught, at a tender age, all kinds of elaborate stitchery – cross-stitch, tent stitch (needlepoint), satin stitch and stem stitch.

Samples of stitchery alphabetical forms were evolved to record various styles of letters which might be used for marking household linens.

Later, the sampler itself became a pictorial decoration.

Figures were introduced along with houses, pets, mottoes, quotations from the Bible, and all manner of sentiments, extolling the homespun virtues – as charity, obedience, forbearance.

Typical sentiments were:

“Love all, trust a few”,

“While God doth spare, For Death Prepare”,

“By love directed and mercy meant are trials directed and afflictions sent”.

Occasionally the sentiments are of a somewhat maudlin nature –

*“Thou art not dead, my baby
Thou art not lost to me
Although I may not dawdle thee
Upon a Mother’s Knee.*

*I do not clasp thee to my heart,
Yet ever seem to feel
That though thou’rt in the spirit world,
Yet art my baby still.”*

The work has lived these many years as a tribute to the little fingers that stitched so beautifully and so finely.

Many samplers have survived in very good condition – especially if they have been cared for and protected from the dreaded moth. They are not expensive and are a fascinating subject for a collector.

From our museum . . .



*What is the world & all things here,
'Tis but a bitter sweet
When I attempt a rose to pick
A prickling thorn I meet.*

MARIA DARLING 1834

Vale Beryl Douglas

On 19th August, at a very moving ceremony, we bade farewell to good friend and helper, Beryl Douglas.

Beryl was always the first to put her hand up if any help was needed and her cheery smile and personality made her a friend of all.

Our thoughts are with Michael at this time and hope that he'll be back with us in the not too distant future.

I can think of no more fitting farewell than the poem read at her funeral service . . .

She is Gone

*You can shed tears that she is gone
or you can smile because she has
lived*

*You can close your eyes and pray
that she'll come back -
or you can open your eyes and see
all she's left.*

*Your heart can be empty because
you can't see her -
or you can be full of the love you
shared.*

*You can turn your back on tomorrow
and live yesterday -
or you can be happy for tomorrow
because of yesterday.*

*You can remember her and only that
she's gone -
or you can cherish her memory and
let it live on.*

*You can cry and close your mind, be
empty and turn your back -
or you can do what she'd want -
smile, open your eyes, love and go
on.*

Get Well Soon!

*Our best wishes go out to
Alan Wright, who is recover-
ing in hospital from a
heart attack.*

*He is slowly improving
and we hope he'll be back
with us soon.*

For your Diary

Wed. 28th Sept. - Walker Estates
Wed. 12th Oct. - General Meeting
Wed. 26th Oct. - Executive Meeting

Rookwood Open Day

Sunday, 18th September.

To those who have already indicated they would like to help the Friends of Rookwood on this occasion, could you please let the secretary know what time you will have available.

If you haven't already volunteered but can spare a couple of hours, please contact the secretary also.

Help is needed for manning the Devonshire teas, barbecues, etc. If you would like to find out a little more beforehand you can contact Robyn Hawes on 9477-3289 (H) or (02) 9499-2415 (W)

Sid Money Memorial Garden

Members and friends are invited to the official opening of this memorial on **Saturday, 10th September, 2005** at 10:30 am at The Concourse, Concord West Railway Station, Queen Street, Concord West.

RSVP by 3/9/05 to Peter Davidson on 9747-2374.

Older members will recall that Sid Money, a former mayor of Concord, was the President of the old Concord Historical Society and the inaugural President of our Society.

This memorial is to honour a man who worked tirelessly for the Concord community for many years, right up to the time of his death.

Progressive Dinner

12th November, 2005

Put this date in your diary now.

Drinks and nibbles at the Harrington home; main course at the Graces; dessert to be advised.

Cost and full details in the next Nurungi.

Old Sydney and other interest- ing places.

One of our members, a keen postcard collector, has a web site where you can view some of his collection, particularly old Sydney. He has featured some of our local area as well. Check it out at http://au.pg.photos.yahoo.com/ph/oldsydneypostcards/my_photos.

Do you have any postcards you'd like to share with us and with Patricio?

From the Secretary's Desk

Thank you . . . to those members of the Executive who chose not to stand at the last election. Thanks you for all you have done for us in the past and we hope you enjoy your retirement.

Thank you . . . to the new members of the Executive. We look forward to working with you and having your input to our discussions. There'll be big things ahead with all this new blood.

Open Day at Thomas Walker Convalescent Hospital (Rivendell) was again a great success. Despite a shortage of helpers due to ill health, etc., we managed to see it through. A special thanks to all those who worked even harder than usual.

Constitution and Rules of our Society: We are about to review these to bring them up to date. If you would like to help contact the secretary for a copy of the present rules. We would appreciate your input.

Museum Roster: We need help for opening the museum on Wednesdays. We particularly need someone for 7th September and 16th November. **Can you help?** It would also be good if we can get a couple more volunteers for the Wednesdays - it only needs to be approximately once in each 3 month period.

A note for tour guides: To all tour guides and intending tour guides . . . we have updated our Tour Guide Books. Some of our guides have received these. If you haven't, please contact the secretary to get yours. There is also a second book with details of plantings, etc. If you haven't got this make sure you get one before our open day.

Display at Rhodes Shopping Centre. Following the success of our last day we have decided to hold another one publicising our open day at Yaralla. It will be on a Saturday - 9:00 am to 6:00 pm. Can you spare an hour or two to help out? Date to be organised, probably mid-September.

Reminder to Executive and Walker Estates Committees. These groups now meet every second month. Check the "For Your Diary" section each month

Yaralla Open Day - Sunday, 23rd October.

If you can help on this day please telephone the secretary as soon as possible so we can prepare the rosters. Help will also be needed on the Saturday before to do a general clean/tidy up around the place.