



Nurungi

Remembered

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE CONCORD HERITAGE SOCIETY

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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 7:30 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

Lorraine Holmes, 9743-2682

Archives/Local History

Heritage

Bob Jones, 8765-9347

Oral/Family History

Lola Sharp, 8753-0659

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CONCORD
HERITAGE MUSEUM
5 Wellbank Street

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



COME ONE! COME ALL!

TO OUR

TWILIGHT CHRISTMAS BARBECUE

AT

RHODES ROTARY PARK

(BACK OF CONCORD HOSPITAL PARKING AREA)

ON

WEDNESDAY, 14TH DECEMBER

6:00 PM TO 8:00 PM APPROX.

COST: \$10.00 PER HEAD

(CHILDREN FREE)

BYO LIQUID REFRESHMENTS

**FOR CATERING,
PLEASE PHONE 9744-8528
BY 7TH DECEMBER**

**FRIENDS & FAMILY
WELCOME**



Talk of Peace on the Brink of War

German's foundation was celebrated in Concord on 1906
Eight years later, the Great War Broke out

The German band led the procession from the jetty at Correy's Gardens, Cabarita, to the dance pavilion, decked in German, Australian and English flags.

Escorting the German consul-general, Paul Von, Buri, and his wife from the steamer chartered for the occasion, were cadets resplendent in uniform and girls dressed as German peasants.

Seventeen hundred Germans had gathered at the amusement gardens on Saturday, January 20, 1906, to celebrate the 35th anniversary of the foundation of the German Empire.

It was the 13th year the celebrations were held at the amusement gardens, established in the 1880s by Thomas Correy. His son became mayor of Concord three times.

National songs sung by pupils from the German school, maypole dancing and sports were included in the afternoon's activities.

Opening the proceedings, Edward Wellmann, a prominent member of the German community, was lavish in his praise for King Edward VII.

"There does not exist at the present time a more powerful monarch than King Edward, who rules over the largest empire the world has ever seen – an empire which exists in north, south, east and west and on which the sun never sets".

Herr Von Buri, appointed to Sydney in 1900, concentrated his speech on Germany's strengths. He said the German empire was like a garden that contained many beautiful flowers. Of course, there were some weeds in the garden which would be removed by the gardener.

The head gardener was Kaiser Wilhelm, who was always trying to beautify it and at the same time to

prevent any hostile horseshoes from treading on its sunny fields. He said they must not forget that the watchword was Unity is Strength. They should not allow their beautiful garden to decay, they must always keep before them the watchword.

He said there had been some startling talk about the difficulties between England and Germany. He was sure that no one was more surprised at these statements than Germans in Australia and Australians themselves. The best of feelings always existed between the two nations and he was perfectly sure it would ever be so.

Herr Von Buri, who left Sydney later in 1906, said among those present were many who had never seen Germany and who were never likely to see it. Nevertheless he exhorted them to always keep up the German sentiment and always be proud of their German origin.

Mr. G. H. Boner, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, said people did not seem to take the trouble to find out for themselves the good points of Australia and Germany. Every new country had to fight for its existence and in making herself felt in the struggle they seemed to get disliked.

In the evening a banquet was held with toasts drunk to the Kaiser and the German Navy. Eight years later, Australia and Germany were at war. Hundreds of German-Australians were detained and forced out of government jobs. Some German-Australians fought in the AIF.

This article, written by Geoff Howe, appeared in the "Inner West Courier" 8th March, 2004, p34.

Geoff Howe has written several local history books. Phone 9744-0709 after hours or visit www.sydneyhistory.com.au for further details.

The Story Behind the Hymn "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing"

Charles Wesley is, without doubt, one of the two most productive hymn writers of all time, the other being Isaac Watts.

Strangely enough, Wesley was able to get one hymn poem into one edition of Church of England's Book of Common Prayer, and that one by error!

An eighteenth Century printer didn't know that the established Church of England frowned upon Wesley's hymns. He had need of material to fill an empty space in the Book of Common Prayer and took it upon himself to insert a Christmas poem called "Hark, How All the Welkin Rings!" by an Anglican Clergyman named Charles Wesley. When the error was discovered, attempts were made to have it removed, but it proved so popular that it was allowed to remain.

This is not the end of the story. "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" still might not have reached its tremendous Christmas popularity if it hadn't been for other twists of fate. Wesley had called his poem "Hymn for Christmas Day" and it was sung with mild enthusiasm for over a hundred years. It might have slipped gradually into the mist of oblivion if it had not been for a tenor, William Haymen Cummings, who when vocalising on a bit of Felix Mendelssohn's "The Festgesang", noticed how the arrangement was perfect for Wesley's "Hymn for Christmas Day".

Re-titled "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" and strengthened by the powerful music of Mendelssohn, Wesley's hymn became one of the greatest Nativity songs ever composed. Written in 1738, one of the first of Wesley's hymns became one of his greatest.

(Reprinted from The Parish Paper of St. Andrew's Strathfield-Concord, December 1997)



Merry Christmas
to all our readers . . .
and may Santa
bring you all you wish for



AREN'T WE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE TODAY

According to today's regulators and bureaucrats, those of us who were kids in the 40's, 50's, 60's probably should not have survived.

Our baby cribs were covered with bright coloured lead-based paint.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets.

When we rode our bikes we had no helmets. (Not to mention the risks we took hitchhiking.) When our bikes broke down, we fixed them with whatever we could find.

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. Riding in the back of a ute on a warm day was always a special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle. Horrors!

We ate lamingtons, bread and butter, and drank soft drinks with sugar in it, but we were never overweight because we were always outside playing.

We shared one soft drink with our friends, from one bottle, and no one actually died from this.

We would spend hours building our billy-carts out of scraps and then ride down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem.

On weekends we would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back before dinner - when the street lights came on (we did not own a watch). We could go fishing all day without any fancy rods or reels, just some line, a hook and some worms.

We did odd jobs to earn pocket money.

No one was able to reach us all day. No mobile phones. Unthinkable!

All the grown ups in our street knew each other, and us kids all knew each other.

We did not have Play Stations, Nintendo 64, X-Boxes, no video games at all, no 99 channels on cable, no DVD's, video tape movies, surround sound, personal phones, personal computers, or Internet chat rooms. Horror!! No e-mail. We had friends. We just went outside and found them. We played games, and sometimes got hurt.

Our play clothes were hand-me-downs, we didn't need to "look cool".

We fell out of trees (because we had them), got cut and broke bones and teeth and there were no lawsuits from these accidents. They were accidents. No one was to blame but us. Remember accidents?

We had fights and punched each other and got black and blue and learned to get over it.

We made up games with sticks and tennis balls and ate worms, and although we were told it would happen, we did not poke out very many eyes, nor did the worms live inside us forever. We rode bikes or walked to a friend's home and knocked on the door, or rang the bell or just walked in and talked to them.

Junior league had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment.

Some students weren't as smart as others, so they failed a grade and were held back to repeat the same grade. Horrors!

Tests were not adjusted for anyone or any reason. Our actions were our own. Consequences were expected.

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke a law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law. Imagine that! This generation has produced some of the best risk takers and problem solvers and inventors, ever.

The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all. Some of you just might be one of them. Congratulations.

Many of us had the fortune to have grown up as kids, before lawyers and government regulated our lives, for our own good.

Kind of makes you want to run through the house with scissors doesn't it?

(Author unknown)

(Reprinted from the 1788-1820 Pioneer Gazette - October 2005)

Rationing

Soon after the outbreak of war in 1939, came rationing.

Petrol rationing was introduced in 1940, private cars were allowed only enough petrol to travel about 15 miles a week. Hundreds of motorists turned to charcoal as a substitute fuel. Another but less popular substitute fuel was household gas, carried on the roof of the vehicle in a balloon-like container.

Rationing of clothing and footwear began in June 1942.

Then came the "victory suit" or the "Dedman suit" after the efficient but unpopular Minister for War Organisation of Industry. This was restricted to one style, a single-breasted, two-button coat with no buttons on the sleeves, and cuffless trousers, not more than 19 inches wide. It cost £7/7/- (\$14.80) and required 38 rations coupons out of an annual allowance of 112, and was expected to last from nine to 12 months.

Waistcoats and double breasted coats were banned. However, after much protest waistcoats were added to the "victory suit" in December 1942.

Patterns on socks were prohibited.

Women did not escape. They were advised to substitute leg paint for stockings.

A National Council of Clothing Styling fixed the maximum length for skirts and banned dolman, balloon and leg-of-mutton sleeves to save cloth. Belts could not be wider than 2 inches.

Because of the shortage of elastic, panties were to be substituted for bloomers, but Madam Weigel's Journal rose to the national emergency and published a pattern for bloomers that fastened just below the knee and required no elastic.

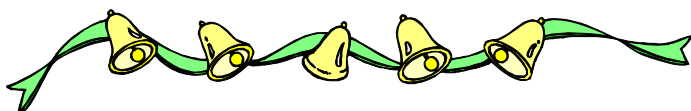
Tea rationing was introduced also in July 1942, the limit being eight ounces a person for five weeks. Newspapers suggested substitutes: teatree, as used by the early settlers, maidenhair fern, red clover blossom and lucerne. Sugar rationing began in August 1942.

Rationing became more severe in the latter stages of the war.

Meat rationing was introduced in January 1944 - 1-1/2 lb to 4 lb per week, according to the type of meat, for those over nine, and a half ration for children under nine. Poultry, rabbits, bacon, ham sausages, tripe, liver, brains, pigs' heads, cowwheels, hearts, sweetbreads and other items were not rationed.

Housewives would arrive at the butcher's as early as possible in the morning and simply ask: "What can I have?"

They took along their prams or pushers to carry their purchases because home deliveries were no longer allowed.



Please Wear a Poppy

"Please wear a poppy," the lady said,
And held one forth, but I shook my head.
Then I stopped and watched as she offered them there,
And her face was old and lined with care;
But beneath the scars the years had made,
There remained a smile that refused to fade.

A boy came whistling down the street,
Bouncing along on care-free feet.
His smile was full of joy and fun,
"Lady," said he, "May I have one?"
When she's pinned it on he turned to say,
"Why do we wear a poppy today?"

The lady smiled in her wistful way,
And answered, "This is Remembrance Day,
And the poppy there—is the symbol for,
The gallant men who died in war.
And because they did, you and I are free -
That's why we wear a poppy, you see."

"I had a boy about your size,
With golden hair and big blue eyes.
He loved to play and jump and shout,
Free as a bird he would race about.
As the years went by he learned and grew,
and became a man - as you will, too."

"He was fine and strong, with a boyish smile,
But he'd seemed with us such a little while,
When war broke out and he went away.
I still remember his face that day,
When he smiled at me and said, "Goodbye,
I'll be back soon, Mom, so please don't cry."

"But the war went on and he had to stay,
And all I could do was wait and pray.
His letters told of the awful fight,
(I can see it still in my dreams at night),
With the tanks and guns and cruel barbed wire,
And the mines and bullets, the bombs and fire."

"Till at last, at last, the war was won.
And that's why we wear a poppy son."
The small boy turned as if to go,
Then said, "Thanks, lady, I'm glad to know.
That sure did sound like an awful fight,
But your son - did he come back all right?"

A tear rolled down each faded cheek;
She shook her head, but didn't speak.
I slunk away in a sort of shame,
And if you were me you'd have done the same;
For our thanks, in giving, if oft delayed,
Thought our freedom was bought - and thousands paid!

And so when we see a poppy worn,
Let us reflect on the burden borne,
By those who gave their very all,
When asked to answer their country's call,
That we at home in peace might live.
Then wear a poppy! Remember - and give!

by Don Crawford

*An informal survey shows that what most people want for
Christmas is two more weeks to prepare for it*

This bright red wildflower became a symbol of World War I after a bloody battle in a field of poppies called Flanders Field in Belgium.

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago,
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw,
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow,
In Flanders fields.

by John McCrae

John McCrae was a Canadian physician who fought on the Western Front in 1914, but was then transferred to the medical corps and assigned to a hospital in France. He died of pneumonia while on active duty in 1918. His poem, In Flanders Fields is probably the best known poem from WW I.

From the Secretary's Desk

Thank you to all the members who have volunteering their time to get some of our records into order. We have nearly caught up. Your help has been much appreciated.

Sorting and Identifying Photographs - Sunday, 13th November. This was a very successful day and we managed to get a lot of work done. There are still quite a few photographs that we need to identify. If any of our older residents would like to offer a bit of their time to go through some and see if they can help this will complete this archive work.

Questionnaire: Have you filled yours in yet? We need your input to revive the interest in our society. Some of the feeling seems to be that we need to involve members more in a social atmosphere away from regular business. How do you feel about bus trips to interesting places?

Christmas Barbecue: All members, family and friends are invited to join us for a pleasant evening of good fellowship. Just remember to phone me with numbers before the 7th December for catering. All food supplied. Bring your own liquid refreshments.



The Four Stages of Life

You believe in Santa Claus.
You don't believe in Santa Claus
You are Santa Claus.
You look like Santa Claus