



"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
Bob Jones, 8765-9347

Other Committees

As arranged
Watch the newsletter

Museum

Lorraine Holmes, 9743-2682

Archives/Local History

Lola Sharp, 8753-0659

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

No.131

April 2007

Morrison of Peking

George Ernest Morrison (1862-1920) worked as a correspondent for the London Times in Peking, the dangerous Chinese capital at the turn of the century, which brought him international fame. He helped to organise the defence of the legations during the 55-day siege of the Boxer Uprising in 1900. As adviser to the fledgling Chinese government, he was a pivotal figure in the fall of the last Emperor and the birth of the Chinese Republic.

Morrison later crossed vast areas of China on foot, always taking multitudes of photographs, which became the basis for a trilogy of books.

The son of a Scottish headmaster in Geelong, Morrison was born and raised there, and would later establish Geelong Grammar. He showed a passion for writing and adventure when, aged 17, he walked from Geelong to Queenscliff, writing a diary of his adventures. Later he walked from Melbourne to Adelaide and then travelled down the Murray in a canoe. He even retraced the steps of Burke and Wills, 21 years after their fateful trek.

Morrison's strong sense of courage and devotion to reporting the truth led him, at 20, to expose the Australian Kanaka slave trade. He is also known for attempting the first crossing of New Guinea, and was almost killed during an ambush that resulted in two spear tips being embedded in his body.

The Man Who Died Twice is the strange and compelling story of George Morrison of Peking, who helped bring down a Chinese dynasty and chronicled these turbulent times so effectively that he not only wrote history but changed it as well.

Now largely forgotten, Morrison was arguably the most influential journalist Australia ever produced and one of the greatest foreign correspondents of them all. He was perhaps the first Australian to become truly famous worldwide.

Ed: Come along to our April meeting to learn more of the fascinating life of this gentleman.

Calling all Tour Guides

This is a message for ALL our Tour Guides, potential tour guides and those interested in the Walker Estates.

We will be meeting on Saturday, 14th April, commencing at 10:00 am, in the stables complex. The main purpose of this meeting is to allow our guides to compare notes and share many of the "little extras" they include in the talks to their groups.

Many guides also carry special displays of photographs, etc. which they use to illustrate their talks.

Guides will be bringing these along to share and allow you to copy their ideas.

The meeting will also introduce potential guides to how our regulars conduct their tours, thus inspiring them to take on the challenge of becoming guides.

If you have even only harboured a slight thought that you might like to become one of our guides, but thought it would be too difficult, why not come along and see how easy it all is.

Our Open Days are the best way of making sure the general public becomes more aware of this magnificent estate and this will, in the long run, help to preserve it well into the future.

Mark it down in your calendar now.

Date: Saturday, 14th April

Time: ... 10:00 am

Venue: . Stables complex at Yaralla

All regular guides are particularly requested to come along, and to bring anything they use to complement their talks.



Bulletin Board

April, Wed 11: Bruce Dale, "The Man Who Died Twice" (you'll just have to come along to find out!).

May, Wed. 9 to be advised

June, Wed. 13: to be advised

Our Other ANZAC Day - Villers-Brettonneux

If you have the good fortune to be able to come to Villers-Brettonneux on the Saturday in April closest to ANZAC Day, you'll have an experience you'll never forget: Australian soldiers wearing their uniforms and slouch-hats, veterans in civvies, loaded with medals, the Australian Ambassador, representatives of the French government, army bands, national anthems, the Last Post, a crowd of visitors from Australia and elsewhere, as well as the local population of this small French village which has never, will never, forget Australia.

You will go to the Australian Memorial outside the town, and immediately you'll understand why. This is the Australian monument of World War I in France, inaugurated in 1938, twenty years after the Australian victory at Villers-Brettonneux on April 25, 1918 (by coincidence exactly three years after the landing at Gallipoli).

It was chosen because it was here that Australian courage and determination provided a stunning victory which was nothing less than a major turning-point of the First World War, "for some time regarded", according to the Australian Encyclopedia, "as the finest Australian feat of arms on the Western Front"

On March 21, 1918, the Germans launched an offensive intended to separate the French and British forces, and got as far as Villers-Brettonneux.

The Australians, were pulled out of Ypres, and given the objective of defending the village. They failed on April 24, but succeeded on the 25th, ANZAC Day!

The immense memorial with its 11,000 names of Australian MIAs and those "known to God", with "no known grave", the impeccably manicured lawns, the headstones over the 1089 graves, leave you with a mixture of emotions that will accompany you throughout your visit of the battlefields.

After the Memorial you will visit the centre of the village and discover not only a street called "Rue de Melbourne" but a school called "Victoria". This primary school, inaugurated on ANZAC Day, 1927, was built with the pennies and shillings donated by school-children in Victoria.

Ever since then, every classroom and the village's Community Hall have all displayed a sign which reads, "N'Oubliions Jamais l'Australie" - "Let

Us Never Forget Australia".

A plaque outside the Town Hall tells the story: "In 1916, the Australian Army entered the Western Front with a force of 180,000 men, three times the number that had served in Gallipoli in 1915. 46,000 of the 60,000 killed in the War died on the Western Front. From a population of just 4.5 million people, 313,000 volunteered to serve during the War. 65% of these became casualties"

You will visit the unique Australian War Museum above the village school, and discover its specifically Australian collection of World War I memorabilia: photos, uniforms, posters, weaponry, historical texts, as well as films and other items, many of them donated by the Australian War Memorial in Canberra. One can't help but be grateful to the French for their dedication to welcoming Australian visitors here, for helping us appreciate the history we share, and for keeping alive the memory of our heroic compatriots... "*lest we forget*".

The following fragments of letters were found in an Archives box at the Museum. Unfortunately, both were undated.

We don't know who Frank is!

Also, there was no signature on the second letter.

However, they make interesting reading for Anzac Day and take our mind back to another war in another time and place. Lola Sharp

From the Archives –

"Thumbs up" from Darwin

PS. I am enclosing a piece of fabric taken from a Japanese Reserve fuel tank. Dropped during a raid by a fighter plane.

This fabric is portion of the outer covering of the tank.

That is all,

F.R.A.N.K. signing off..

The following is part of a letter obviously written by an Australian airman(?) in France.

(page 3). . . The French people reckon the Australians are the saviours of France. There is plenty of air activity now. I have seen some good scraping by our airmen who, in my opinion, are miles ahead of Fritz at their work. Fritz shines out as a fighter when he is about two or three to one. Some of his airmen are game enough, but the majority are not to be compared with ours.

I am giving credit where it is due and I am going by what I have seen here myself.

A few days ago eleven Fritz planes got a bit gamier than usual and came over our way. Presently, two of our fighters appeared from behind a cloud, Fritz promptly let go a lot of bombs to lighten themselves. Some of them fell in an open field and turned tail. Our two planes kept at them, drove them off and brought one down.

There was some excitement for a while for they were fighting right above us so you can guess there was some ...(*indecipherable*) ...pride when the Fritz plane fell about a hundred yards from us and immediately burst into flames.

Later on (page 4) . . . went over and had a look and there wasn't much of the German left or his machine either.

As you asked me in your letter for a souvenir I thought it was a great opportunity to get one. I am enclosing a piece of the inner tube of one of the tyres on the 'plane, also a piece of tape taken off the wings. The tape was taken from that part of the wing where the black cross was painted to distinguish his planes (*end of page 4*)

*Page 5. . .worst has happened. I suppose the best thing we can do is to make the best of a bad job. It is a terrible business losing good fellows like poor old (Duke or Dale) and Charlie and lots of others but we can always have pleasant memories of them. They were only boys but men enough to come over here and have a go at putting the Hun barbarians in their proper place. It is a very pitiful sight to see the poor unfortunate people leaving (*end of page 5*)*

(No. 638 – we wondered if that was a censor number)

French Told to Eat More Rats

Paris authorities have begun an "Eat More Rats" campaign, says a British United Press message, quoting a French report.

A member of the Paris Academy of Medicine said yesterday that rats are even better to eat than pork or rabbit. "If the public learns to appreciate the quality of rat meat they will be able to increase their meat ration," he said.

"At the same time they will be helping to eliminate this pest," he added.

{When Paris was besieged by the Germans for 21 weeks in 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War many of the hunger stricken inhabitants were reduced to living on rat meat.}

Extract from The Sun, Friday 11th December 1942

I Could Have Tranced All Night

A Nonsense Poem to be Performed

A fun thing happened to me, only just the other day
I was surfing on my laptop, as you do,
When I found a competition put out by Can'da Bay
To write a poem or a story, something new.

So I settled at my keyboard, with intention to impress
A monologue, a gem, a work of art:
A thousand words they told me, nothing more and nothing less.
The only problem, where the hell to start.

I racked my brain for bright ideas, but couldn't even think,
Of an insight to complete this inspiration,
It was getting close to midnight, so I thought I'd have a drink
To lubricate the wheels of motivation.

What happened then was chronic, after my fourth Gin and Tonic,
My imagination started to advance.
I looked up to the ceiling, and the paint was sort of peeling,
And I fell into a deep hypnotic trance.

I was wandering, in a way, the shore of Hen and Chicken Bay
When I noted with surprise a crocodile.
Running swiftly from the scene and without any delay
I placed 'tween it and me, a country mile

I broke Olympic record, when I got as far as Concord
But I hadn't seen behind me, from Mortlake,
An elongated Taipan, which I put into a frypan
This quickly did evaporate that snake.

Part 2

My Birken Head was pounding as I'd had no Breakfast Point
And the time was so long after Five o'Clock.
It was then, you won't believe me, my eyes they did deceive me,
An orangutan, with halitosis, on a rock.
This large banana eater, from far-off Cabarita,
Playing Scrabble with his friends, a bunch of toads.
They were all of one accord, as they are from Abbotsford,
Russell Lea or Chiswick, or from Rhodes

On hiking in the highland of precious Schnapper Island
I began to see more clearly my mistake.
Some whisky laced with soda, along the new Kokoda,
Was the best idea yet I had to take
So really don't you worry, when your heart is all a flurry
And your head is Drumm'oyne loud you cannot think
It really doesn't seem far, to get to the Wareem bar
And order for yourself another drink.

By now you must be thinking, this is not the time for drinking.
Write and concentrate yourself on every line
You begin with 'A', then it's easy I will say,
First a word, then nine hundred and ninety-nine

Then before you know it, you've become a famous poet,
Someone who is lauded by the masses;
And everywhere you go, the people they will know,
Not wonder who on earth that silly ass is.

(This poem, written by Tim Hunter, was the winner in the Writing Competition held by the City of Canada Bay Council for Seniors Week 2007.)

More Industries in Exile Bay: William Cooper & Nephews

William Cooper, a veterinarian, had invented a superior form of sulphur and arsenic dip in 1843. Production began in 1852 in Berkhamsted near London and by the 1860s Cooper's Sheep Dip was being sold to Australian pastoralists. Business boomed after the 1880s when local agents were appointed to stimulate sales and, by the outbreak of World War I, Cooper's had a major share of the extensive Australian market.

During and immediately after the war, however, conditions changed. Shipping space was in short supply and local manufacturers and trade unionists were calling for a ban on imported products in order to stimulate local industry. When an embargo on the import of sheep dips was announced in 1919, Cooper & Nephews moved quickly to buy land at Cabarita, where they could commence production of their well-established product.

The 1.2 hectares of land were chosen because of the site's accessibility by river and a company wharf was built to enable raw materials to be brought in and finished products to be dispatched. The first building - a kiln, machine room, three-storey factory and residence - were all built close to the water but, as the company's production increased, land was reclaimed from the foreshores to extend the site.

In its first six months of production, Cooper's produced 8403 cases of Cooper's Dipping Powder. This remained the company's most popular and successful product for many years although it manufactured an increasing range of dips and other treatments, all of which were actively promoted through advertisements, a network of local agents and company travellers who visited graziers and other potential users.

World War II brought further changes and some problems - raw materials became increasingly difficult to obtain and scientific research was throwing doubt onto some of the more extreme claims made by dip producers. Powder dips gave way to the simpler and more effective spray dips.

However, as the result of a merger, Cooper's was able to further diversify its range of products. By 1947 the company was producing nineteen veterinary and thirty-six horticultural products, and the factory and plant were enlarged to cope with the extra work.

Postwar growth and amalgamation in the chemical industry, combined with diversification and increasing competition and the need for continuing scientific research, all contributed to a major development in 1959 when all the shares of the company were purchased by the Wellcome Foundation Limited.

Formed in 1924, the Wellcome Foundation had grown from a partnership between two American pharmacists, Silas Burroughs and Henry Wellcome, in 1880. Today it has developed into a world-wide chemicals and pharmaceutical industry.

The Cabarita site served as the company's administrative headquarters and as a production centre for its hygiene welfare services division. In 1982 some 250 employees worked with the company at Cabarita.

With the changes that have come to Concord, this area has now been re-developed for high-rise accommodation.

(Extract from "Concord - a centenary history")

THOUGHTS: If you think sad thoughts, you become sad; if you think happy thoughts, you become happy; if you think negative thoughts you become a failure; if you think positively about success, you become successful. If you think negatively about your health, you become sick; if you think positively about your health, you become healthier. If you think good thoughts about everything, you become good.

Australian Aborigines

Their Altruism and Stoicism

by Lindsay Bacon, RAAF

Up here at our particular battle station in the far North of Australia we have the good fortune to be camped near a tribe of blacks, or "boongs" as they are called. This tribe is completely uncivilised, having had practically no contact at all with Europeans.

Down south one hears tales of the decadence and lack of intelligence of the Australian aboriginal but I can assure you that such a conception is entirely false. I've never seen more virile, energetic and well-built specimens than the young men of this tribe. They are all full-blooded aborigines, there being not one half caste among them.

These natives are extremely friendly and very willing workers. As a result of this we use them for work about the place and pay them what, by our standard, would be a ridiculous amount, but to them, is a marvellous wage. For example, pay for a full day's work is an inch cube of special native tobacco and two handfuls of flour. Incredible as it may seem to you, the natives love our bully-beef and in exchange for a small tin of meat, they will bring in a wallaby, five or six geese (of which there appear to be millions here) or else a few choice fish.

Every week-end a few of us go out on hunting expeditions and, to act as guides, we take several blacks. Their skill in the bush is amazing. We tell them in pidgin English that "we go find geese". Without hesitation they plunge off into the thick trackless bush – incidentally carrying all our luggage – and after a four or five mile trek, we strike the swamp where the geese are found in great numbers. With our .303 rifle we usually bag about a dozen lovely plump birds between us, and which make a very welcome change in our menu.

For the blacks, we shoot cockatoos, and no matter how scraggy or tough they may be, they are devoured with great relish and delight. Failing a cockatoo, a goanna or a jacky lizard is preferred by the blacks, who seem capable of eating anything that a tooth can penetrate.

We so-called civilised people could learn a great deal from those natives. For instance, they are entirely unselfish. If one of our men gives a cigarette to a native he takes a few puffs for himself and then passes it to the man next to him, who repeats the performance until finally, the whole

party of blacks has shared in the one cigarette.

Sometimes when we are out hunting we discover a large lizard on the trunk of a tree. The natives do not all rush and scramble in an attempt to get it. Instead, one native detaches himself from the group, moves swiftly but silently to the tree, grabs the lizard by the tail, bashes its head against the tree and they all, on the spot, gather around, light a fire, roast the lizard and share it equally amongst themselves.

Once every night here, at present, in full war paint, they hold a corroboree.

The piccaninnies are particularly numerous. In fact, the tribes are certainly not dying out in this part of the far north.

As soon as you approach their camps, you are immediately surrounded by a yelling, milling crowd of stark-naked, pitch-black, widely-grinning urchins, all clamouring for sweets. The children are very philosophical, in marked contrast to their civilised counterparts.

One very seldom hears a black child cry. They seem to be capable of bearing pain to a remarkable degree.

Recently, one of our men was driving a truck with a whole load of piccaninnies aboard when he noticed that the child sitting next to him was whimpering slightly. Upon investigation, the driver found that he had caught the child's foot between the gear lever and his own heavy boot, and was giving it an awful crushing.

*The Sydney Morning Herald,
Saturday November 28th, 1942 p7.*

Comments from Lola Sharp. *Apart from what would now be considered some politically incorrect language, I can only think what a shame this "good news story" was not the sort of thing we were taught in our schools in the 40's, 50's and 60's. It may well have coloured (pardon the pun) our view of the first Australians a little more favourably.*

For Your Diary

Wed. 28th March - Executive Meeting

Wed. 11th April - General Meeting

Sat. 14th April - special meeting for tour guides and others (see front page)

Wed. 25th April - Walker Estates

Sun. 29th April - Open Day, Yaralla

Wed. 9th May - General meeting

Wed. 23rd May - Executive meeting

From the Secretary's Desk

Yaralla Open Day: Our next Open Day at Yaralla will be on Sunday, 29th April. Please mark it in your diary now!. **If you are going to be able to help on the day please contact the secretary as soon as possible so we can organise.**

Minutes of General Meetings: To save time these are no longer read out at meetings. If you would like to receive a copy please let us know. If you are on the internet these can be emailed to you. If you prefer a printed copy, we would ask you to supply us with 6 stamped addressed envelopes to cover till the end of our financial year.

Assistant Secretary: Vince Scerri has tendered his resignation from this position. We thank him for the work he carried out during his time. However, we are in need of someone else to take on this position. It is important that we have someone who can learn the ropes so that, in case of some future emergency, our Society will be able to continue on smoothly.

Calling all Members: We need more guides for our Open Days. It's not a difficult job and can be very satisfying and rewarding. You don't need any special talents, other than an ability to interact with people. Why not come along to our meeting on Saturday, 14th April at Yaralla and find out just how easy it is. Even if you don't think you can do it, if you come along you might just find out that you CAN DO IT.

Dairy Building Renovations: Thanks to Vince Scerri and his merry band of worker (I don't have all the names so please accept this as our personal thanks) this work is progressing well. If you're passing, pop in and say hello to them and see for yourself.

Photographs at Open Days: Does anyone have photographs taken on these occasions they would like to share with us for our archives?

Special Poem for Senior Citizens

A row of bottles on my shelf

Caused me to analyse myself.

One yellow pill I have to pop

Goes to my heart so it won't stop.

A little white one that I take

Goes to my hands so they won't shake.

The blue ones that I use a lot

Tell me I'm happy when I'm not.

The purple pill goes to my brain

And tells me that I have no pain.

The capsules tell me not to wheeze

or cough or choke or even sneeze.

The red ones, smallest of them all

Go to my blood so I won't fall.

The orange ones, very big and bright

Prevent my leg cramps in the night.

Such an array of brilliant pills

Helping to cure all kinds of ills.

But what I'd really like to know . . .

Is what tells each one where to go!

~~Author Unknown~~