



(Remembered)

Official Newsletter of the City of Canada Bay Heritage Society

email: heritage@canadabayheritage.asn.au

www.canadabayheritage.asn.au

EDITOR
LOIS MICHEL
9744-8528

PRESIDENT
ALAN WRIGHT
9743-4869

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

GENERAL MEETINGS

1st Saturday of month
(except January)

at **12:30 pm** in the
City of Canada Bay
Museum

1 Bent Street, Concord
9743-3034
followed by

our **Guest Speaker**
at **2:00 pm sharp**.

Museum Committee

Meets on 3rd Wednesday of month
at 10:00 am at museum
(everyone welcome)

Chairperson

Lorraine Holmes,
9743-2682

Walker Estates Committee

Meets as required

Chairperson

(vacant)

CITY OF CANADA BAY MUSEUM

1 Bent Street, Concord

Open Wed & Sat
10am to 4pm

Guest Speaker

on 1st Saturday of each
month at 2:00 pm

Phone: 9743-3034
during museum hours
or email

museum@canadabayheritage.asn.au

No.217

NOVEMBER 2014

Growing Up in Concord West: 1934-1961 (Part 2)

Jeanette Bond (nee Davis) continues with her memories of Concord.

Wallaroy Street: My aunt and uncle, Vera and Albeit Jones, lived in this street for many years; their home backed onto the Infants School playground and my aunt used to give the children sweets over the back fence. She did not have any children of her own but loved children.

The Sainsbury Family were opposite. One of their sons, Max, was one of my friends. Another son, Maurice, became a doctor and I met him again with his wife, travelling on the same ship when I was on my way to England.

Between Thomas Walker's Convalescent Hospital and Yaralla was the Cox Family. Their son Allan became a photographer.

Near Nullawarra Street lived the Carruthers family with their three sons, Drew and Doug, who both became doctors, and David.

There was also the Kennedy family with their daughter Pat.

Consett Street: Cliff Gostelow's father, Ebenezer, was a School Headmaster, retired; he lived near Concord West Station. He was also a painter. Eight-hundred of his collection of paintings and drawings of botanical specimens and birdlife are in the National Library in Canberra. He died in 1944. In April, 2010 a book was published with many of his paintings featured, it is called "For the Love of Nature".

Bangala Street Other friends were the King family - their daughters Beverley and Margaret. Beverley lives in the UK and Margaret on the North Shore. Our mothers were lifelong friends and I still keep in touch with Margaret.

The 1940's and Wartime These years were difficult for our parents. Coupons were necessary to purchase such staple items as butter, sugar and meat. They were also needed to purchase clothing as everything was in short supply, some not even available.

Our mothers had to be innovative to be able to keep the family fed and clothed. Clothes were made by our mothers and

they also did a lot of hand knitting. We all knitted woollen squares to make blankets and our mothers knitted socks, scarves, etc. for the soldiers. My mother and Mrs Gostelow were in the Red Cross and worked in the Canteen at Concord Hospital.

My father, Mr Gostelow and Dr Blakemore did not go to war but they worked very hard as many of their colleagues were away.

As young children we were not fully aware of the serious nature of world affairs! The news sounded sombre but we did not understand what was being said. We knew there were shortages and we did go to the country for a short time when Singapore fell, so we were not in Sydney when the Japanese submarines came into Sydney Harbour. My father stayed at home with my aunt and uncle, Bill and Ruby Symington.

The war did not stop us from playing as children do without too much care. Something did happen to make us feel bewildered and sad. We were told that men who were ex-prisoners of war would be coming past our street in buses on their way to Concord Hospital and we gathered along Concord Road to wave to the men. However when they finally came past they looked so sick and exhausted and did not wave to us. Their faces remain with me to this day.

Playtime On either side of our house there were gates made out of palings so we could enter our neighbours' backyards and we were in and out of each other's homes all the time. We liked to play with our beautiful baby dolls. We made houses, setting out the rooms with garden stakes, with "no stepping over the walls, entry by the door space only". Our make-believe husbands were away at the war, usually in the Air Force.

We climbed trees and attempted to play cricket with our brothers and generally make our own fun. No computers or television sets!

DIARY DATES

NOV. 1: Catherine Bishop, "Everyday Objects and Colonial Women's Lives"

DEC. 6: Annual Christmas Party

During the war, my mother managed to find a Doll's House made out of cardboard. She made furniture out of matchboxes which had beads for handles and a local man made some wooden furniture.



I was given a little shop with tiny bottles and scales and loved playing shops. Also I enjoyed playing with cut out cardboard dolls which could be dressed in different paper clothes. I also enjoyed colouring books.

I kept a scrap book of the Royal Family as we were very interested in what they were doing. Stamp collecting was another hobby. I liked to read Enid Blyton books, Anne of Green Gables and the Milly Molly Mandy and Pollyanna books. Monopoly and Checkers were favourite games and puzzles were a family interest.

My brother had a Meccano set, toy soldiers and cars probably made of lead. He read Biggles books and comics. He and his friend, John Blakemore Jnr. used to occupy their time playing with his Hornby Train set.



The family liked to listen to the wireless. "The Argonauts" was a popular children's show and my father liked to listen to "Dad and Dave" and Roy Rene (Moe McCackie), a comedian, for light entertainment.

Easter, Birthdays and Christmas:

During the war there were no chocolate eggs so my mother would decorate hard boiled eggs and attach long strands of wool, then hide them in the lounge room. We would wind up the wool to find them.

Presents were for birthdays and Christmas. It was rare to receive anything special in between those times. Except one day, my brother came rushing up the street to tell me there was a surprise at home for me. Waiting for me in my bedroom was a brand new bike, a Malvern Star. I promptly

burst into tears with sheer joy. I had really badgered my father for a bike and they were very hard to obtain after the war. Somehow he managed to find one for me. It was a very happy day and I enjoyed owning and riding it for a long time.

At Christmas we would receive clothes for the summer holidays, games and books.

When we were older we would ride our bikes, have picnics in the vacant lot where the tennis courts were built near the Concord Golf Course, on Nullawarra Avenue.

Bonfire night was usually held there as well, with the neighbourhood gathered around. Later on smaller bonfire celebrations were held in the Stephens' backyard.

Monday Wash Day: Wash day was a big day, usually on a Monday - no drip dry clothes so after the washing in the machine finished, clothes were put through a wringer. Some clothes went into a bowl of blue, or starch, or both. There was a copper in the laundry for boiling clothes especially if we had various infectious diseases such as measles.

They were then hung on a long clothes line stretched across the back yard held up with clothes props, which were long wooden poles. Men would come around on a cart pulled by a horse calling out 'clothes props, clothes props' for anyone needing new props. There was a lot of ironing as most of the clothes were made of cotton or linen. For a few years my mother employed someone to help with washing and ironing.

Food Deliveries: Milk and bread were delivered to the house. We had a servery (a hole in the outside wall) which opened into the kitchen and, on the rare occasions when Mother was not at home on time for us after school, my brother, when he was small enough, used to crawl through the servery, open the front door for me and then we could have a feast of fresh bread and peanut butter or honey.

There was a man who used to come around with a horse and cart selling rabbits, calling out "Rabbito, Rabbito".

Yaralla: We were strictly forbidden to go into the grounds of Yaralla and we never really wanted to do so as we thought it looked "spooky".

We did go to several Fetes that were held in the grounds. I decided to enter our Cocker Spaniel, "Sandy", in the dog competition. I trained him for days, walking him around in a circle. However when the time came and he saw all the other dogs, he became very

excited and would not behave, so I had to take him home, and I did not have much of a chance to look around.

Other than those few Fetes, I really did not know very much about the history of the estate, although we did know the Prince of Wales had stayed there for a week when he visited Sydney and one of the first Squash Courts in Sydney was built for him. The mansion was used as a Convalescent Hospital for the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital while we lived in The Drive.

Our Grandfather, James Riach, came to live with us in the late 1940's after he retired from Stuart Brothers, a large construction firm, where he held the position of Head Foreman. He started worked for them soon after he arrived in Australia. Our grandfather was involved in many of the well-known buildings in Sydney and was involved in building wool stores during the war.

He had been brought up on a farm in Scotland and was a very good gardener so we always had lots of flowers at the front of our house. Roses did well in Concord West as did Poppies, Zinnias, Primulas, Pansies and Dahlias. In the back yard there was a lemon tree and lots of vegetables such as potatoes, beans, rhubarb, tomatoes and pumpkins.

During the war, a water tank was installed at the back of our garage - I suppose in case bombing disrupted the water supply.

Our Parents: Our parents were members of the Concord Golf Club and later my father played bowls at the Club.

We had a room at the end of our backyard, built out of fibro by my grandfather, to house our Billiard table. My grandfather also made a folding Ping Pong table that could be placed over one end of the full sized Billiard table.

My father and his friends, Dr. Blakemore, Mr Gostelow and our neighbour, Mr Jones, would play billiards regularly while the mothers went to exercise classes, "The League of Health", at Holy Trinity's hall. They wore a uniform of black satin shorts with white satin sleeveless tops.

The children played games and generally had fun in our house while they were away although we would have someone to look after us.

My parents played cards regularly with the Gostelows and the Kings. They often had dinner parties but wine was not served. There was sherry for the ladies and beer or scotch for the men, which would be served before dinner. Perhaps there would be liqueur after dinner with coffee served in very small cups, now called demitasses.

(to be continued)

The Story Behind the Remembrance Poppy

This is the story of how the red field poppy came to be known as an internationally recognized symbol of Remembrance. From its association with poppies flowering in the spring of 1915 on the battlefields of Belgium, France and Gallipoli this vivid red flower has become synonymous with great loss of life in war. Yet the scope of the poppy and its connection with the memory of those who have died in war has been expanded to help the living too. It was the inspiration and dedication of two women who promoted this same "Memorial Flower" as the means by which funds could be raised for servicemen and civilians suffering from physical and mental hardship as a result of war.

In the region around Ypres in Belgian Flanders the months of April and May 1915 were unusually warm. Farmers were ploughing their fields close up to the front lines. Once the ground was disturbed by the fighting, the poppy seeds lying in the ground began to germinate and grow in the spring and summer months of 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918. The field poppy was also blooming in parts of the Turkish battlefields on the Gallipoli peninsula when the ANZAC and British Forces arrived at the start of the campaign in April 1915.

Inspiration for the Flanders Fields Memorial Poppy: The origin of the red Flanders poppy as a modern-day symbol of Remembrance was the inspiration of an American woman, Miss Moina Michael. It was on a Saturday morning, 9th November 1918, two days before the Armistice was declared at 11 o'clock on 11th November. Moina Belle Michael was on duty at the YMCA Overseas War Secretaries' headquarters in New York. During the first part of the morning as a young soldier passed by Moina's desk he left a copy of the latest November edition of the "Ladies Home Journal". At about 10.30am Moina browsed through the magazine. In it she came across a page with the poem entitled "*We Shall Not Sleep*" by John McCrae which was also called "*In Flanders Fields*". Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae had died of pneumonia on 28th January 1918. Moina had come across the poem before, but she found herself transfixed by the last verse:

*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.*

At that moment she made a personal pledge to "keep the faith". She vowed always to wear a red poppy of Flanders Fields as a sign of remembrance. It would become an emblem for "*keeping the faith with all who died*". Three men attending the conference then arrived at Moina's desk. On behalf of the delegates they asked her to accept a cheque for 10 dollars, in appreciation of the effort she had made to brighten up the place with flowers at her own expense. She was touched by the gesture and replied that she would buy twenty-five red poppies with the money. She showed them the illustration for John McCrae's poem "*In Flanders Fields*" in the Ladies Home Journal, together with her response to it "*We Shall Keep the Faith*". The delegates took both poems back into the Conference. Shopping that day Moina found one large and twenty-four small artificial red silk poppies in Wanamaker's store. When she returned to duty the delegates from the Conference crowded round her asking for poppies to wear. Keeping one poppy for her coat collar she gave out the rest of the poppies to the enthusiastic delegates.

Moina was determined to get the Poppy emblem adopted in the United States as a national memorial symbol. She was encouraged by a positive reaction to the idea by the press. She began a tireless campaign at her own expense, starting with a letter to her congressman in December 1918. In the letter she asked him to put the idea to the War Department, which he immediately did. She wanted to act swiftly so that this new national emblem might be ready to be produced in the form of pins, on postcards and so on in time for the signing of the peace treaty at Versailles in June 1919. She realized that after the war the numerous signs related to the war - the Red Cross, War Loan insignia, Service Flags would gradually be removed. Moina thought a replacement emblem, the red poppy, could be used in their place. The Georgia Convention adopted the Memorial Poppy. It also agreed to endorse the movement to have the Poppy adopted by the National American Legion and resolved to urge each member of the American Legion in Georgia to wear a red poppy annually on 11th November.

Anna Guérin: "The French Poppy Lady": A French woman by the name of Madame Anna E Guérin was present at the 29th September National American Legion convention. She was inspired by Moina Michael's idea of the poppy as a memorial flower. She considered that artificial poppies could be

made and sold as a way of raising money for the benefit of the French people, especially the orphaned children, who were suffering as a result of the war. She returned to France after the convention. She was the founder of the "American and French Children's League", through which she organised French women, children and war veterans to make artificial poppies out of cloth. Anna was determined to introduce the idea of the memorial poppy to the nations which had been Allied with France during the First World War. During 1921 she made visits or sent representatives to America, Australia, Britain, Canada and New Zealand. The first British Poppy Day Appeal was launched that year, in the run up to 11th November 1921. It was the third anniversary of the Armistice to end the Great War. Proceeds from the sale of artificial French-made poppies were given to ex-servicemen in need of welfare and financial support. Since that time the red poppy has been sold each year by The British Legion from mid-October to raise funds in support of the organisation's charitable work.

11th November 1921, Armistice Day Remembrance in Australia: A resolution was passed in Australia that from 11th November 1921 the red Memorial Poppy was to be worn on Armistice Day. The American and French Children's League sent a million artificial poppies to Australia for the 1921 Armistice Day commemoration. The Returned Soldiers and Sailors Imperial League sold poppies before 11th November. A poppy was sold for one shilling each. Of this, five pennies were donated to a French children's charity, six pennies were donated to the Returned Soldiers and Sailors Imperial League and one penny was received by the government. Since that time red poppies have been worn on the anniversary of Armistice in Australia, officially named Remembrance Day since 1977. Poppy wreaths are also laid in Australia on the day of national commemoration called ANZAC DAY on 25th April. This is the day when the ANZAC Force landed on the beaches of the Gallipoli peninsula at the start of that campaign on 25th April 1915.

Nowadays poppies still bloom on the old 1914-1918 battlefields of northern France and Belgium

(Ed. To read this and more stories please visit our display, "*Lest We Forget*" at the City of Canada Bay Museum until the end of March.)



The Bridge at Yaralla House

Observe the sandstone gates at front of Estate
The flowers in bloom, especially roses.
Long avenue of trees, then comes the
Majestic House.
Home of Sirs and Madams
The lake out front and stone stairs to waters edge
Lucky to live here all of us, nurse and patients
It puts a smile on our faces.
Sheer Elegance and Beauty
Yaralla House

By TePe



The above poem penned by one of the residents describes the mood at Yaralla House, after its recent refurbishment.

The Bridge, as the facility is called, first opened in 1998 in a small house in Glebe. It was on 2nd July, 2013 that it relocated to Yaralla House and is now a part of Concord Hospital.

The purpose of this facility is to enrich the quality of life for people living with HIV and associated cognitive impairment. With the capacity to house a total of 16 residents its current occupancy consists of 10 permanent residents and 1 respite bed.

The Redfern HIV Community Centre provide support services such as regular Dietician reviews, a Physiotherapist who conducts a weekly exercise group and Social jWork support. Concord Hospital immunology team conducts monthly medical clinics as does Neurologist Prof. Bruce Brew, every 3 months. A community GP visits monthly.

It isn't just the patients who enjoy the new surroundings and ambience, remarks the Nursing Unit Manager, "There are no cars, buses, trucks or pollution. It is an absolute pleasure to come to work each day."

(Reprinted from "Concord Connection", Summer 2013, Concord Hospital publication)

Bad Fortune - Lotto

A guy called Jacob finds himself in dire trouble. His business has gone bust and he's in serious financial trouble. He's so desperate that he decides to ask God for help. He goes into the synagogue and begins to pray . . .

"God, please help me, I've lost my business and if I don't get some money, I'm going to lose my house as well, please let me win the lotto".

Lotto night comes and somebody else wins it.

Jacob goes back to the synagogue . .

"God, please let me win the lotto, I've lost my business, my house and I'm going to lose my car as well".

Lotto night comes and Jacob still has no luck!!

Back to the synagogue . . .

"My God, why have you forsaken me? I've lost my business, my house, my car, and my wife and children are starving. I don't often ask you for help and I have always been a good servant to you. Why won't you just let me win the lotto this one time so I can get my life back in order?"

Suddenly there is a blinding flash of light as the heavens open and Jacob is confronted by the voice of GOD himself:

"JACOB, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO MEET ME HALFWAY ON THIS ONE, BUY A LOTTO TICKET!!!"

Why Worry

Either you are successful, or you are not successful.

If you are successful, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are not successful, you have only two things to worry about;

You are either well or you are sick.

If you are well, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are sick you have two things to worry about;

You are either going to get better or you are going to die.

If you are going to get better you have nothing to worry about.

If you are going to die you have two things to worry about;

You are either going to heaven or you are going to the other place.

If you are going to heaven you have nothing to worry about.

If you go to the other place you will find yourself so busy shaking hands with all your old friends that you will have no time to worry.

So, WHY WORRY?



From the Secretary's Desk

GENERAL MEETINGS: In the hope of attracting more members to our monthly meetings we have changed the time for the meeting to **12:30 pm**, still on the first Saturday of the month. Members are urged to attend these meetings, if possible, so we can have a broader range of input.

SENIORS' WEEK - next March. We are holding a Writing Competition with the subject "*The World When I Was Ten*". This is open to all residents of City of Canada Bay and we are looking for entries from anyone with a tale to tell . . . Australian born, residents from overseas, children, etc.

We will be offering prizes in three age groups and, if we get sufficient entries, we will print a book of the collection.

Please spread the word to all and sundry so that they can start their own writing.

GLADESVILLE BRIDGE: It's now official. The bridge has now been listed on the Heritage Register.

GUEST SPEAKER FOR NOVEMBER will be Catherine Bishop, "*Everyday Objects and Colonial Women's Lives*". This is our last speaker for the year.

OUR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY will be held at the Museum on Saturday, 6th December at 2:00 p.m. Please mark the date in your calendar now. Please feel free to bring friends and relatives if you wish.

If you could bring a small plate of goodies to supplement the afternoon tea it would be appreciated.

Please phone the secretary to let us know you are coming and also what you will be bringing.

GENERAL MEETINGS: November will be our last meeting for the year, apart from our Christmas Party. Meetings will resume on the first Saturday in February.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Change of Meeting Time

Over the past months we have been disappointed by lack of attendance at our General Meetings and we felt that, because they were being held after our guest speaker, members might feel that it would be too late for them to stay.

We are now holding the meetings before the guest speaker at 12:30 pm and it will close by 1:30 to allow us to get ready for the speaker.

We hope this will encourage more members to become involved with the operations of our society.

We do hope you will be able to come along for this new time.