



(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.224

AUGUST 2015

Narrative of the Francis and Eliza 1815 Convict ship 377 tons, out of London.

It is often our sad duty to relate of the enormities perpetrated by the convicts on board transports during their voyage from England. The behaviour of convicts on the occasion of the capture of the ship Francis and Eliza by an American Privateer (Warrior) off the Island of Madeira, on her passage hither, is more than astonishing.

It has been stated by the Commander and Surgeon of that ship, as well as by Mr Frederick Garling, the Solicitor, who was a passenger, that both the male and female convicts on board of her, conducted themselves with great discretion, moderation and decency at the time of the capture, and whilst subsequent to the ship being restored.

The Francis and Eliza, Captain Harrison, arrived at Sydney on Monday 7th August 1815, having departed from Ireland with 54 male and 70 female prisoners on board. Two of the former and four of the latter died on the passage which, for its tedious length and other vicissitudes they were exposed to, render it a matter of especial wonder that the mortality was so happily limited.

She sailed from Cork the 5th December 1814, in convoy with the Canada (which arrived last week) and had the misfortune to be captured on the 4th January by the Warrior American Privateer, Captain Champlin, pierced for 22 guns and carrying 160 men.

Captain Harrison was removed on board the privateer, and detained many hours, but was afterwards liberated and restored to his own ship. His private losses are very severe indeed, as are those of Mr West, ship's Surgeon, from whom an investment of a thousand pounds was wholly taken, together with most of his wearing apparel, surgical instruments and the ship's medicine chest, which latter loss, but for the favour of providence, might have been followed by the most fatal consequences to the numerous persons on board.

Meanwhile, having also taken out all her arms and ammunition, the Americans left the vessel to her fate, but only after several crew of the Francis and Eliza had

deserted to the enemy. The prisoners no longer submitted to the usual restraints, but nevertheless conducted themselves with exemplary propriety, dividing themselves into watches, and performing the duties of the vessel at a time, we are sorry to relate, the ships company themselves had become refractory and insubordinate.

The crew, almost a score in number, seized upon the spirits and other liquors, which were treated as common plunder. The most dreadful scenes of riot and intemperance prevailed, until their arrival at Santa Cruz five days later. But for the steady conduct of the male convicts, it is certain that the females on board would have received the unwelcome and lewd attentions of the debauched seamen, who on several occasions set the ship on fire during their drunken frolics.

At Santa Cruz the Captain received every friendly assistance from Mr Duplex, Chief Consul, who thought it prudent to impose a ten days quarantine upon the vessel, but took the necessary means to restore good order, which was better accomplished by the transfer of the most disorderly of the crew, including the Chief Officer, to a King's ship then lying there.

At Teneriffe the Francis and Eliza rejoined the Canada which had the better fortune to escape the vigilance of the American Cruizers. Under the convoy of the Ulysses frigate, they sailed to Senegal, and thence Sierra Leone. Here a detachment of the Royal African Corps, commanded by Ensign Alt, joined the Francis and Eliza to become the military guard, and the two ships then proceeded in company to the Cape of Good Hope and arrived (in Sydney) without further incident.

Extract from True Patriots All, by Geoffrey Ingleton.

PS: One of the female prisoners, distinguished by her personal charms, passed herself off to Captain Champlin as the well-known Mrs M. Clarke.

DIARY DATES

SEPT. 5 - Jan Bell, "Nurses in Wartime"

OCTJ. 3 - Leonard Janiszewski, "Shakin' the world over: The Greek Australian Milk Bar."

Her attractions conquered the heart of the American, who implicitly believing the story she told of having been convicted upon a false charge of swindling, he took her on board, presented her with 2,000 dollars in cash, plus linen and clothes. Nor did he discover that she was an impostor until he returned to port. The lady eloped from him with a sailor, and shortly thereafter sued him of the payment of a promissory note for \$5000 which he had unwittingly assigned to her.

(Extract from the Literary Panorama and National Register by Charles Taylor.)

Captain Champlin's rebuttal. *(Extract from the Nile Register. 1815.)*

"Captain Champlin, of the American privateer Warrior, assures us that, so far from releasing the convicts as stated, he found them in a state of mutiny and insurrection. He supplied Captain Harrison with a guard to suppress it. He also put a crew on board of her, consisting of British prisoners he had captured, which

made her crew of seamen superior to that of the convicts. He claims no plunder whatever took place. She was left with a bountiful supply of everything proper for a three month voyage, with Madeira only 50 miles to leeward. There any succour could have been procured in a few hours had the statement of her being left in distress been true. But we are authorised to add that the English account is false in every limb and feature."

(Reference Free Settler or Felon? Site on internet.)

113 Australian General Hospital - August 1941

When I first entered the portals of the good old one one three at Concord, I was bursting with pride, ready to save every soldier who ever occupied a bed there, having been accepted as a Voluntary Aid.

Looking smashing in my navy blue uniform, white shirt and silver Rising Sun gleaming on my tie. The Red Cross on my sleeve represented the years I'd spent learning First Aid and Home Nursing through the St John Ambulance Brigade and, most important, the many hours of practical work I'd experienced in Manly Hospital - all this before I could even apply for enlistment.

Well, the first battleground consisted of the main brick administration block, canteen, pay office, operating theatres and main surgical wards. Off to the right, in one long row, were the twin-share quarters for the V.A.s. The arteries joining all these buildings were wooden ramps running in rivulets down to the river, their planked branches spreading left and right, each opening into the many wards, or "huts", as they were affectionately dubbed.

As yet the multi-storied building was not completed and the warmth and togetherness of the huts was very homely.

The VA's jobs were mainly dayroom work, meals, temps, pan rounds, bed-making and disinfecting, sponging and back-rubbing patients. In fact, anything that was not considered trained nurses' work.

At that stage the nurses were called "Nurse" or "Sister" and they usually addressed us as "Miss". It wasn't until 1943 when the Army took over officially and changed our uniforms to khaki that ranks reared their ugly heads.

By now the dear old Army decided to change our station, stripping us of navy blue and giving a khaki ration.

For now we became Privates, our nurses rose to Lieutenants. Some of

us found we even had to clean the Matron's boots. The change of uniform was grim, the khaki looked so very dim, with tents for coats and shoes like boats. No shade of colour matched.

Oh, how we cursed the Army for the plot that it had hatched!

Eventually, between work, we struggled through the lectures and exams we had to pass, enabling us to rise to Group III, Nursing Orderly. Our financial status also rose by one shilling, soaring to 5/- a day.

The multi-storied building was opened in 1942. It was a very important day, attended by Army big-wigs, politicians and representatives of other Services.

Led by Colonel Wood and Matron Croll, everyone who wasn't on duty was eager to take part and look their best for the occasion. We made a colourful impressive parade and the Women's Weekly cameramen recorded it for posterity. The nurses wearing grey uniforms and red capes with their flowing white veils, the VAs in their light blue working dress and starched white bow veils, enhanced the khaki of the male staff. Dotted here and there on dress uniforms were the red capbands and epaulettes of the big brass.

Though at the time the multi-storey was the ultimate in modern Army hospitals, no way could it ever match the closeness of the huts where the Sister's desk was at the end of the ward in full view of the patients. The VAs were in handy call and two rows of patients were able to converse with and interest themselves in their mates' versions of "soldiering on" in various war zones.

In comparison, the "big house" offered limited contact with other patients with its closed off, 4 to 6 bed wards lining each side of highly polished corridors and a buzzer type command for other services. Most VAs preferred the camaraderie of the huts to the silent, well-oiled efficiency of the big house.

The first contingent of VAs to go over-

seas left from Concord in October, 1941, bound for the Middle East.

There were a lot of eager VAs who didn't make the team. The Women's Weekly had a two-page spread of the event, with photos of the girls packing steel trunks, gay farewell luncheons, tearful partings.

There was some question among those left behind as to why the complement of VAs had been made up of some specially chosen society girls (barely in the Army) instead of those who had already served a year or more learning hospital routine. Jealous? Certainly! But more disappointed for not being among the "first away".

The 113 AGH was the main springboard that launched AAMWS into hospital ships, troop trains, casualty clearing stations in the South Pacific, and finally with BCOF to Japan after the release of POWs.

For many AAMWS the wheel turned full circle and it was back to the good old one one three for demobilisation or electing to stay and further various careers. The VAs may not have saved every soldier who ever occupied a bed, but they tried hard and selflessly to help.

Isn't that what volunteering is all about?"

This article was written by NFX155631 Pte Malcolm I., 2/1 AGH, Bougainville. She is now Mrs Ida Frawley. It was discovered among the late Ethel Brennan's ("Rossie") papers and sent to me by her daughter, Fay Sivyer.

Thank-you, Ida, for those wonderful memories. Editor

"Pulse", Ex-AAMWS Assoc. of NSW Inc - September 2006)

Ed: This article is reprinted from one of a bundle of "Pulse" publications recently donated to our museum)

An Aussie Legend

A Swagman (also called a swaggie or sundowner) is an old Australian term describing an underclass of transient temporary workers who travelled by foot from farm to farm carrying the traditional swag.

They often travelled with fellow "swaggies" for periods, walking where they had to go, hitch hiking or stowing aboard freight trains to get around. They slept on the ground next to a campfire, in hollowed out trees or under bridges.

Also characteristic of the swagman attire was a hat strung with corks to ward off flies. Most existed with few possessions as they were limited by what they could carry.

Generally they had a swag (canvas bedroll), a tucker bag (bag for carrying food) and some cooking implements which may have included a billy can (tea pot or stewing pot). They carried flour for making damper and sometimes meat for a stew.

Particularly during the Depression of the 1890s and the Great Depression of the 1930s, unemployed men travelled the rural areas of Australia, their few meagre possessions rolled up and carried in their swag.

During these periods it was seen as "mobilising the workforce". At one point it was rumoured that a "Matilda Waltzers' Union" had been formed to give representation to swagmen at the Federation of Australia in 1901.

Typically, they would seek work in farms and towns they travelled through and, in many cases, the farmers, if no permanent work was available, would provide food and shelter in return for some menial task.

Some swagmen would arrive at homesteads or stations at sundown when it was too late to work, taking in a meal and disappearing before work started the next day.

During World War One many were called up for duty and fought at Gallipoli as ANZACs. The song "And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda" tells the story of a swagman who fought at Gallipoli.

The numbers of swagmen declined over the 20th century, but still rose in times of economic depression. Swagmen remain a romantic icon of Australian history and folklore. A romanticised figure, the swagman is famously referred to in the song "Waltzing Matilda", by Banjo Paterson, which tells of a swagman who turns to stealing a sheep from the local squatter.



In Henry Lawson's short story *The Romance of the Swag*, he describes in detail how to make a dinky-die Aussie swag. Lawson states, "Travelling with the swag in Australia is variously and picturesquely described as "humping bluey", "walking Matilda", "humping Matilda", "humping your drum", and "being on the wallaby".

Many swagmen interacted with aborigines along their travels. Bushwear designer R.M. Williams spent his latter teen years as a swagman travelling across the Nullarbor Plain, picking up bushcraft and survival skills from local aboriginal tribes such as cutting mulga, tracking kangaroos and finding water.

There was a very gracious lady who was mailing an old family Bible to her brother in another part of the country.

"Is there anything breakable in here?" asked the postal clerk.

"Only the Ten Commandments", answered the lady.

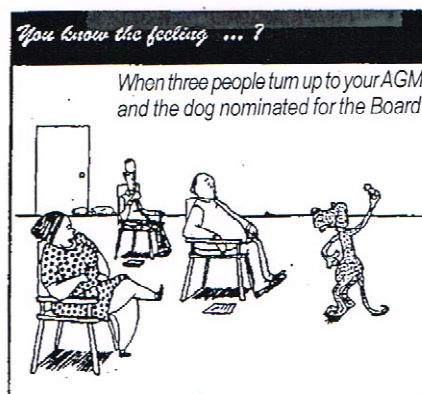
Annual General Meeting

of our Society
will be held on
Saturday, 5th September
at 12 noon at our museum.

Agenda:

Confirmation of minutes 2014
Adoption of Financial Report
Election of Officer.

**All members are asked to
attend if possible.**



The Swagman's Union

Maybe it was an example of the typical bush humour but according to old residents of Forbes, NSW, a union of swagmen was once formed on the banks of the Lachlan River. It seems that the meeting was largely attended by the best tucker cadgers in the Commonwealth. Officers were elected and the following rules drawn up:-

No member to be over one hundred years of age.

Each member to pay one pannikin of flour entrance fee. Members who don't care about paying will be admitted free.

No member to carry swags weighing over ten pounds.

Each member to possess three complete sets of tucker bags, each set to consist of nine bags.

No member to pass any station, farm, boundary riders hut, camp or homestead without tapping and obtaining rations or handout.

No member to allow himself to be bitten by a sheep. If a sheep bites a member he must immediately turn it into mutton.

Members who defame a 'good' cook, or pay a fine when run in, shall be expelled from the union.

No member is allowed to solicit baking powder, tea, flour, sugar or tobacco from a fellow unionist.

Any member found without at least two sets of bags filled with tucker will be fined.

No member to look for or accept work of any description. Men found working will be expelled.

No member to walk more than five miles per day if rations can be obtained.

No member to tramp on Sunday at any price.

A rival organization was the Bagmen's Union of Australia. Its appointed president was a man named Kemp.

There were no of office bearers, the head office being just 'wherever the president happened to be camped'.

Kemp had a book of rules printed. He stipulated the regulations for accepting tucker, lifts on the road, opening and shutting gates, treatment of dogs, sharing fires and method of carrying billycans.

A member was allowed to have one strap on his swag, but after five years on the track he was entitled to add a third strap which elevated him to the rank of sergeant.



Concord Library - Wed. 9th Sept at 10:00 for 10:30 start: *"Tantalising Tales of Yaralla Estate"* by our own Trish Skehan.

Concord Library - Monday, 24th Aug. at 6:30 for 7:00 pm start: Author talk by Carol Baxter on her book "Black Widow". Louisa Collins was known as The Botany Murderer or the Lucrezia Borgia of Botany Bay. Found guilty of using arsenic to murder both her first and second husbands, Collins' case immediately became the cause-celebre of Australia.

Collins was brought to trial four times before she was eventually found guilty and sentenced to death. Amid huge community outrage, Collins was executed in 1889.

Free event with light refreshments. Bookings essential due to limited capacity. Book on line or call 9911-6210.

Smile For You

Smiling is infectious; you catch it like the flu,

When someone smiled at me today, I started smiling too.

I passed around the corner and someone saw my grin.

When he smiled I realised I'd passed it on to him.

I thought about that smile - then I realised its worth,

A single smile, just like mine could travel round the earth.

So, if you feel a smile begin, don't leave it undetected

Let's start an epidemic quick, and get the world infected!



Everyone needs a smile!

Our next display . . .

"It All Began With Florence"

September to December



Florence Nightingale is regarded as the founder of modern nursing. She came to prominence during the Crimean War.

The involvement of Australian women as nurses in war began in

1898 with the formation of the Australian Nursing Service of NSW, from which sixty nurses served in the Boer War.

Australian nurses have been involved in a number of wars including the

Boer War (1899-1902)

World War I (1914-1918)

World War II (1939-1945)

Korean War (1950-1953)

Vietnam War (1962-1972)

Gulf War (1990-1991)

The display will highlight some of the better-known nurses, particularly those from our area, and the problems and difficulties they encountered under extreme conditions.



Our guest speaker last month: Faye Yarroll and her faithful Lions Hearing Dog - with President Alan.

If you didn't attend, you missed a wonderful interesting and informative talk on Cochlear implants.

We hold these talks on the first Saturday in each month, starting at 2:00 pm sharp. Mark the date in your diaries now so you won't miss out on any more. Speakers and subjects are varied and informative.

From the Secretary's Desk

Membership Renewals: We apologise to anyone who has received a reminder despite having paid. The web site has been sending reminders fortnightly, before I've had a chance update payment. Hopefully this will be remedied shortly.

Wanted: Did anyone manage to find an old lottery ticket from *way-back-when?*

Yaralla Open Day: Our next Open Day will be on Sunday, 25th October. In preparation I would like to call a meeting of the **Walker Volunteers for Saturday, 26th September at 2:00 pm** at the museum. Please let me know as soon as possible if you will be available for both the meeting and the Open Day.

Volunteers: This meeting is open to anyone else who would like to volunteer to be part of this group. As well as guides we need volunteers for the Devonshire teas as well as manning the open buildings, etc.

Yaralla Workgroup: We now have a few non-members who have put their hands up to help us with restoration work around Yaralla. Don't let them put our members to shame. There must be some carpenters/handyman or women out there - where are you?

Our Annual General Meeting will be held on Saturday, 5th September at 12 noon - all members are asked to attend, if possible.

This will be followed by our guest speaker at 2:00 pm. Jan Bell is a Vietnam Veteran and is involved with the Ethel Lane museum at the 113 Concord Repatriation Hospital.

You will also be able to see our new exhibition, "It All Began With Florence".

THE MIRACLE OF FRIENDSHIP

There's a miracle called friendship

That dwells within the heart.

And you don't know how it happens

Or when it gets its start —

But the happiness it brings you

Always gives a special lift

And you realise that friendship

Is God's most precious gift