

Kogarah Historical Society Inc

Carss Cottage Museum – Carss Park
Postal Address PO Box 367, Kogarah 1485

www.kogarah.historicalsociety.com.au

Patron: The Mayor of Kogarah

President: Beverley Earnshaw (9546 1091)

Newsletter

Nov/December 2013

Volume 5 No 5



David Martin has Primary School students engrossed in our latest exhibition Kogarah Past and Present

Meetings and Speakers

Thursday 14 November 2013

Bill Young, WWII veteran, artist, author –
My war in pictures, my thoughts in verse

Thursday 12 December 2013

Christmas lunch, Kogarah RSL, Railway
Pde, Carlton, 11.45 am - *Details inside*

Meetings are held at the School of Arts, Bowns Road Kogarah, at 2pm. Enjoy the speaker, then the opportunity to chat over afternoon tea. A short business meeting follows. Apologies for non-attendance at meetings should go to the Secretary, Gill Whan (9546 4623). Visitors welcome.

Mondays at the Museum

25 November 2013, Cassie Mercer

Last MAM for the year. Cassie Mercer from 'Inside Australia' will tell us stories behind the early Irish convicts – *Rebels, Highwaymen & Bride Thieves*. 10 am for a delicious morning tea in the courtyard and either listen to the talk there if the weather is suitable or move into the Kogarah Room in the Museum for the presentation. Cost \$5 which also gives you the chance to win a door prize. **Please book** as space is limited and it helps with catering (you don't want to miss out on those scones). Ring Adele Ryan on 9529 6730 or leave a message on the answering machine if she is not there, to reserve your place.

Museum Roster

November 2013

3rd Carole Tier & Ken Grieve
10th Mavis Ward & Mary Williams
17th Trudy Johns & Elizabeth Emerson
24th Betty Goodger & Janette Hollebone

December 2013

1st Gill Whan & Deirdre Schroeder
8th Adele Ryan & Lawrie Corry
15th Trudy Johns & Elizabeth Emerson
22nd Betty Goodger & Janette Hollebone
29th Cath and Leo Sullivan (tbc)

Hours **1 pm – 5 pm**. Problems, contact Gill Whan, 9546 4623

NB: This list is of regular roster days and volunteers and does not reflect any changes or swaps made privately. We need more members to volunteer for either a regular spot at the Museum or to go on the emergency list. Training given. Contact one of the Committee if you can help.

Committee 2013 (* denotes Executive)

President:*	Beverley Earnshaw	Ph: 9546 1091
Vice President (1):*	Janette Hollebone	Ph: 9529 7117
Vice President (2):*	Mavis Ward	Ph: 9546 5704
Secretary:*	Gill Whan	Ph: 9546 4623
Treasurer:*	Cath Sullivan	Ph: 9579 6149
Committee Members:	Beryl Butters, Lawrie Corry, Trudy Johns, David Martin, Adele Ryan, Carole Tier,	

Committee meeting venues

4 Nov 7.00 pm Janette Hollebone, 1 Meriel St., Sans Souci (9529 7117)
2 Dec 7.00 pm Beverley Earnshaw, 15 Hamer St., Kogarah Bay (9546 1091)
No meeting in January

Welcome to new members

Lynn Westmore and Pat Young

We hope that you have a long and happy association with the Society

“Didn’t we have a luvly time”



The original *Tom Thumb* took three days of vigorous rowing by the boy Martin, with Bass and Flinders, to do the trip that 24 intrepid Society members did in three hours up the Port Hacking River.

It was a ‘sparkling’ Sydney day and everyone arrived on time by train or car and boarded *Tom Thumb III* from Cronulla wharf at 10.30 am. Our congenial commentator for the trip advised

on safety regulations and we all hoped we would not have to proceed in an orderly manner and jump overboard! Our ferry wove its way in and out of the many bays – Gunnamatta, Burraneer, Dolans, Yowie and Gynea while we listened to the history of the area and the Royal National Park – Royal being added after the Queen’s visit in 1954. This was Australia’s first national park and only the second in the world after Yellowstone in the USA. We admired some of the splendid houses of celebrities on the waterfronts and the many cute converted boat sheds and saw historic areas such as the Ballast Heap and Costen’s Point where shell grit was converted to lime in the kilns, one of the first industries of Port Hacking. Our commentator pointed out the pristine and unpolluted waters where in one area - Shiprock - there were over 130 species of marine life.



Morning tea on Board

We enjoyed morning tea and to our surprise after cruising for some time found ourselves only a stone’s throw from the E.G. Waterhouse Gardens at Caringbah, originally the site of a boatshed, pleasure ground and dance hall. We saw the long sandbar reaching into Burraneer Bay which was used as a crossing point by the Dharawal and other Aboriginal tribes and many other points of interest too numerous to mention. We lunched on board and arrived back at 1.30 pm all agreeing that it had been most enjoyable and we could thoroughly recommend the trip.

Gill Whan

KHS Christmas Lunch

Kogarah RSL Club, Railway Parade, Carlton

11.45 am start so that we have enough time for the wonderful quizzes that Mavis Ward arranges, as well as eating and chatting.

\$25 per head (includes drinks)

Bookings through Mavis Ward – 9546 5704

HONOUR ROLL OF OUR WORLD WAR I ‘DIGGERS’

By David Martin

Horace Barnidge was 21 years and 6 months old when, finally, he managed to enlist in the AIF, on 4 January 1916, at the recruitment office at the Sydney Town Hall. He had been born in Rockdale, and gave Carroll St, Kogarah, as his residential address, where he was living with his parents. Like most men of his age back then, he was single. He was a carpenter. The most interesting piece of information in his attestation papers involved height: he was just five foot one inch tall (1.55 m). Question No.13 on the enlistment form asked: ‘Have you ever been rejected as unfit for His Majesty’s Service? If so, on what grounds?’ – to which he replied: ‘Yes (height)’. When volunteers were first called for, back in August 1914, there was a requirement that a soldier must be at least 5 foot 6 inches (1.68 m); subsequently the minimum height was gradually lowered, until men as short as 5 foot (1.52 m) were accepted. Thus, before being able to join up and go off to war like other young men of the area had been doing (for more than a year), ‘Horrie’ Barnidge had encountered rejection and disappointment. However, when the chance presented itself, he would seize it, in the process proving himself to be every bit as good as the next man in uniform, regardless of his restricted stature.

After undergoing basic infantry training at Liverpool Camp, Horrie embarked for overseas on 13 May 1916 aboard the troopship *Baltana*. Following a two-month voyage he arrived at Devonport, Plymouth. Ten weeks were spent in England before proceeding to France. There, in October, he joined the 53rd Battalion. On 16 September 1918 he was promoted to Lance Corporal. He had also been attached to a Lewis Gun team, which typically consisted of 5



The Lewis Gun

soldiers. (The Lewis Gun was a light machinegun, weighing 13 kg, which had been introduced into combat by the British Army in July 1915. It was light enough to be carried by a single soldier, on a sling from his shoulder, and, with a 47-round magazine, it was used to fire 5-6 second bursts. Weapons such as the Lewis Gun would prove of much tactical significance, and contributed to the Allies gaining the upper hand in fighting on the Western Front.) Horrie’s role was to fire the Lewis Gun, with the rest of his team providing support, for example carrying up to 30 replacement magazines of ammunition.

In September 1918 the AIF, as part of the British Expeditionary Force, was participating in the offensive in northern France (known to historians subsequently as ‘The Hundred Days’) which would result in the unconditional surrender of the German army and end World War I with Allied victory. It was within this context that Horrie Barnidge would perform conspicuously and be awarded the Military Medal. The recommendation of Major General Hobbs of the 5th Division, AIF, read as follows:

During the operations near BELLICOURT on the 30th September to 2nd October L/Cpl. BARNIDGE was No.1 of a Lewis Gun Team. All his crew became casualties during the early stages of the attack but he continued to work his gun alone until it was put out of action by an enemy machine gun. At one stage noticing one of his Officers and three men rushing a strong post he took up a position in the open and gave them covering fire which was of the greatest assistance to them. Throughout the whole period he displayed resource and courage of a very high order.

This episode is quite informative, and not simply because it constituted a personal triumph for Horrie Barnidge over the obstacles he had encountered in getting into the AIF. There is a school of thought that Australian ‘diggers’ were good soldiers because they were so big, physically imposing and athletic. This was certainly not the case with Horrie Barnidge. He was a member of a military organization which was rapidly modernizing, using the latest weaponry and tactics to overcome the stalemate of trench warfare that had prevailed since late 1914. As a result of the part they played in the 1915 Gallipoli campaign, members of the AIF had

developed a swagger and ‘cockiness’; it was when this confidence was combined with state-of-the-art military techniques (that had taken the British Army three years to develop) that the Australians really earned the reputation of being first class shock troops – in the fighting on the Western Front. The exploits of the diminutive Horrie provide evidence of how the AIF had evolved into a modern, very effective fighting force.

On 2 June 1919 Horrie Barnidge left Europe on his return journey to Australia, where he would be discharged from the AIF on 4 September.

If you would like to read through Horace Barnidge’s original AIF personnel dossier, it can be viewed on-line, by going to the National Archives of Australia site and selecting ‘First Australian Imperial Forces personnel dossiers’ – then for ‘Name Search’ type in ‘Barnidge’ (for World War I), and for ‘Refine this research result’ provide his AIF service number ‘376’.

Since giving us these dossiers on WWI diggers, David Martin has won the Ron Rathbone History Prize awarded annually by Rockdale Council, for his research on volunteers who served in World War 1. Congratulations David.

Tom Hanratty Reserve

Speaking of Ron Rathbone.... Betty Goodger tells us

One morning while listening to the news on a commercial station, I heard that if I hastened to the Tom Hanratty Reserve in Kogarah I could obtain some ‘freebies’. But there was no Tom Hanratty Reserve on my list of parks in Kogarah!

I soon found the little park did indeed exist but it is on the west side of the railway line, and so in the LGA of Rockdale. It stands in Paine Street and a steep path leads one up to Kogarah Railway Station.

Bernard Thomas Hanratty was an Irishman. He emigrated from Ireland and, though he was involved in many community activities, he never became an Australian citizen. However he lived in Bexley and from 1977 until his death in March 1982, he served on Rockdale Council. The Tom Hanratty Reserve is his memorial.

Ref: They also served. Men and Women elected to Rockdale Council 1871 – 1995, by Ron Rathbone.

Betty Goodger

Arthur Phillip Bicentenary 2014

Founders Magazine is reminding us that next year is indeed the bicentenary of the death of Admiral Arthur Phillip (1738 – 1814) an under-sung British hero. Phillip as Commander of the First Fleet and first Governor, founded NSW and spent nearly five years establishing the new colony in the face of horrendous obstacles. The bicentenary is to be marked with a commemorative stone in the floor of the Nave in Westminster Abbey, a sculpture near his former house in Bath, and an enduring bursary program for Anglo-Australian higher education.

A recently released biography on Arthur Phillip titled *Sailor Mercenary Governor Spy* written by Michael Pembroke, gives an indepth portrait of him and maintains that landing the First Fleet at Botany Bay was only one of many achievements in a captivating life. The book has been well reviewed and is available through Abbeys bookshop.

Trivia Quiz (one for the boys?)

By Rodger Robertson

THE DRAGONS

1. What year was St George Rugby League team admitted to the Sydney Premiership?
2. What was the result of St George RL teams first First Grade match?
3. What were the names of the Lindwall brothers who played for St George RL Club?
4. Who bit part of St George RL player Bill McRitchie's ear off in 1945?
5. What venue was used for the true creation of the St George Rugby League Club in November 1920?
6. The clubs record of 11 premierships in a row went from 1956 to 1966. The first captain was? The last captain?
7. They beat the same team in the 1956 and 1966 Grand Finals – it was?
8. Player nicknames Ken Kearney- Kevin Ryan- Brian Clay- Norm Provan?

1. Two answers either correct- 1908 into 3rd grade and 1921 for first grade. 2. Loss 4-3 against Glebe at Sydney Sports ground. 3. Jack and Ray 4. Frank "Bumper" Farrell – his brother taught at Mortdale Primary in 1950s. 5. Kogarah School of Arts. 6. Ken Kearney, Ian Walsh. 7. Balmain 8. "Killer", "Kandos" tough as cement. "Pop" for his baldness, "Sticks" due to his height.

What's On

2/3 November 2013. Royal Australian Historical Society Conference at Katoomba. Theme: The Great Divide: Getting there from here. Kogarah Historical Society will be represented by Gill Whan and Betty Goodger and will accept the Arts NSW Cultural Grant on behalf of the Society for our project titled "History Alive".

Tuesday 26 November: Author's Talk at Kogarah Library commencing 7pm. **Mike Carlton**, well known journalist and broadcaster on his book *First Victory 1914: HMAS Sydney's Hunt for the German Raider Emden*. Free but bookings necessary – 9330 9527

Now Open: New Exhibition at Carss Cottage Museum on Kogarah Past and Present. Photographs of early buildings, churches, roads and what is in their place now. How did we photograph them then? How did we look at photos? Do come and see it – free entry of course for members of KHS.

Royal Australian Historical Society events – both at History House, 133 Macquarie Street Bookings 9247 8001

6 November, 1pm – 2pm. The Remarkable Tale of Amalie Dietrich, 19th Century Naturalist Speaker Dr Hannah McPherson. Free event.

28 November 5.30 pm – 7pm. Meccano: What you always wanted to know. Speaker Chris Johnson. Cost \$10.

Australia Day in Carss Park - 26 January. We open the Museum from 12 midday to 6pm and will be hoping to attract many visitors. We will be looking for volunteers from the Society to be on duty. Please let a committee member know if you can help. Its free entry but donations are welcomed.

JAMES CHARLES MULLARKEY

By Margaret Brown

Margaret Brown, descendant of the Mullarkeys, is a member of KHS who lives in Victoria and we were delighted that she managed to visit the Museum recently. She was thrilled to see our display of photographs of the Mullarkey family and told us that she is writing a book about them. Jim Mullarkey was one of five sons.

James (Jim) was the second son of Frederick and Elizabeth Mullarkey. He was born on the 18th September 1889 at Darlington, Sydney. The family moved to their home 'Glendalough', Herbert Street Rockdale in 1893 and then in 1907 to 'Avoca', Station Street (now Jubilee Avenue), Kogarah.

Like his brothers, Jim was a great athlete, playing football and cricket for St. George.

On the 31st January 1914, Jim was married to Kathleen O'Connor at the Sacred Heart Church, Randwick. Kathleen had grown up in Kogarah, but had moved to Randwick with her family. Her father Richard, was a horse trainer.



Jim enlisted on 24th April 1915. He was 26 years old, 6 ft tall, dark complexion, brown eyes, dark hair with a scar on his left arm. No. 1047 Private James Charles Mullarkey departed Australia on the 6th July 1915 on the troop transport ship 'Barambah'. His occupation was given as chemist.

He was sent to Gallipoli with the 20th Battalion, from where he was evacuated to hospital on 16th September 1915, suffering heart strain. After his stay in hospital, he transferred to the 2nd Pioneer Battalion as Sergeant in March 1916. Sadly, his wife Kathleen in Australia, had died from TB on 16th April 1916, while Jim was in France.

On 23rd June, while in France, Jim was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant, before being promoted to Lieutenant on 26th November. He was mentioned in dispatches on 21st December 1916, being recommended for the Military Medal for 'conspicuous good work supervising the digging of a communication trench to Grid Trench' on the 14th November. In December 1916, Jim wrote to his Commanding Officer asking for special leave to return home to settle his personal affairs.

On 4th January 1917, he was transferred to AIF Admin. Headquarters in England before his return to Australia on 13th February 1917 on the 'Ulysses'. Although being granted six months furlong from his date of departure, Jim remained in Australia and his military service was officially terminated on 30th June 1917.

Jim remarried in 1924 and worked as a clerk for the rest of his life. His last address was in Bondi, when he died on 19th October 1964. He is buried in Botany Cemetery, Sydney.

William Ralph Joyce

By Irene Selmon

My late father, William Ralph Joyce was a typical Geordie of his time: a coal mining background, a hard worker, soldier, rabbit and pigeon fancier, always optimistic and ready with a friendly acknowledgement to those who knew him.

He was born on 8 April 1897 in New Penshaw, County Durham, the sixth living child of Jim and Ann Joyce (nee Dawson). I believe he was the third to be named William Ralph, the other two had died in infancy, an all too common occurrence in those days.

As the youngest in the family he was a little spoilt, especially by his older sisters – indeed, his elder sister, Barbara, had children of her own who were the same age as him. “Soccer Ball” and “Diabolo” were the main outlets for outside activities and later in life my father made a diabolo set – sticks on string, and a big reel etc. He was clever with it, throwing the spool high and catching it again and again. We couldn’t master it no matter how much we practised.



When he was eleven his father died, due to a blow on the head whilst inspecting the mine. Jim Joyce was Deputy Overman of the colliery and from all accounts it was his job to make sure everything was safe before the miners continued their work after blasting. He should have worn a heavy duty hat, but he ventured down wearing only a cloth cap because it was too hot to wear the heavy hat below ground. Hence the blow was fatal. Fortunately they were financially secure because of the miners’ pension system but it was a very stressful time for all. At the same time my father contracted pneumonia and nearly died - in the days before modern medication it was always touch and go.

A few years later he became a Blacksmith’s striker. His other two brothers were miners but Dad hated mining and stayed above ground blacksmithing. By this time the First World War was upon them and Dad not being a miner was not exempted and had to join up. He did his training in Kent, his cap insignia was the same as that on the Dads’ Army TV shows, a prancing horse! He and his battalion were sent to France, most of them did not return.

After a few months serving in France he was transferred to the Gas Division. The men often spoke between themselves of not living past 40 years of age for quite often the wind would change direction and the gas would blow back over them when it was fired. But no, Dad surprised himself by living to his 90th year. Although he didn’t like to talk about the war years at all, my mother told us that he was something of a hero for on one particular occasion a large group of men from his battalion became lost but Dad remembered certain landmarks and was able to lead them back to camp and safety. He was rewarded with a week’s leave in Paris – he reckoned it was better than a medal! During his time in the Army he received a nasty blow to the back whilst playing soccer (in his army boots) and this was to give him much pain in later life.



After demobilisation he returned home, but found no jobs were available. His brother-in-law, Percy, had emigrated to Australia and he seemed to be making a go of it there, so my father, with the financial help of his mother, decided to try his luck over in the colonies too. In the

meantime he had met my mother, Ann Metcalfe, and married her by special license before he sailed away to establish a place and position in New South Wales, Australia.

He found work in the Riverina area of NSW, a live-in position on an orchard where they grew all kinds of fruit, oranges, apples, plums, etc and upon settling in he wrote and asked my mother to join him. What a culture shock for her. Dad managed, but my mother couldn't get used to the heat, space, insects of every kind, maggots in the meat (no refrigeration), sand flies, grasshoppers and then locust plagues, devastating in those first years of her stay. My brother Ron was born there at Leeton, he is eleven years older than me, and circumstances did improve over the coming years. However, the boss of the orchard then wanted to sack my uncle, who had sponsored my father, but he wanted Dad to stay. My Dad said "no", when family misunderstandings happen it is best to leave and cut your losses.

The three of them – Dad, Mum and Ron – moved to Kogarah, a suburb of Sydney and were buying a nice bungalow. Mum's parents migrated, sponsored by Dad. Dad got a job with the Water Board, and all was going well for a number of years, then in the early 1930s the Depression struck, Dad lost his job, they were forced to sell everything and found themselves returning to Sunderland, County Durham. Dad had had the promise of a council job from his nephew, Giles, who worked in the council office; he had written and said he could help him.

They settled into a council house in Shiney Row, but the promised job fell through, to the embarrassment of all concerned. Dad's nephew had been caught misappropriating council funds. At least in England at that time, life was a little easier than in Australia where the out-of-work received only a supply of groceries per head. My parents 'back home' managed reasonably well on the dole.

Dad kept all kinds of rabbits, and showed them. In Australia it was not and is still not really a special hobby – a few pet rabbits for children, but not the special breeding and shows that my father talked about. My mother went to 'keep fit' classes with her great friend, Annie Brunton, and again all seemed to be settled and secure – I myself was born during this period, in September 1935. My Australian brother, Ron, did most of his schooling in Sunderland, you would think he had just stepped off the plane when you speak to him today!



The Esperance Bay

War clouds were looming again and my mother got very worried and depressed about our safety, 'Aussie' seemed a haven then to her. So, after much organising and letter writing, the Salvation Army came to our aid, lending us the passage money back to Australia. Another uprooting from family and friends – as my father said, every time they moved it was upsetting because of the fear of the unknown, where would they live, would he get a job?

The trips themselves were pleasant, Dad never got seasick and we arrived safely in Sydney on the Esperance Bay, in late 1939, one of the last passenger liners which made it through before the fighting began in earnest.

After living with my mother's parents for a while in Ramsgate, (they had not returned to England when we did) we rented an old weatherboard house in Kogarah. Dad worked in a small wood turning factory, he brought some interesting items home that they made, all kinds of knobs and handles for doors, chess set pieces (I still have a treasured whole set), buttons – made out of wood as it was wartime, cotton reels, the list goes on. He got on well with his boss and all was very settled. He grew lovely dahlias, pom-poms were his favourites but his main

hobby was pigeons and he built quite a few crees (cages) for them. He also entered and judged at many shows, particularly the Royal Easter Show.

He smoked cigarettes till he retired and then realised it was either keeping the pigeons or buying tobacco. The pigeons won, which I think showed great will power after smoking for over forty years.

Home, North-East England, was mentioned often in our household, the hard existence which they had to accept and make the best of, but also the compassion of, and for, family and friends which was ever present and was their greatest strength.

Irene and Warren Selmon are two of our most regular attendees and helpers. Thank you Irene for sharing your father's story with us.

Item of Interest in Museum

Recently discovered in a cupboard at Carss Cottage was a long narrow volume that proved to be a pharmacist's prescription book for the period 10 March 1923 to 7 August 1925. So many names of Oatley residents convinced me that it came from the Oatley "chemist's shop". A search in the invaluable Sands Directory of Sydney & suburbs produced the name of the chemist.

Reginald Patrick Joseph Quinn had his pharmacy at 18a (later 18b) Oatley Avenue, Oatley, on the corner of Frederick Street, now occupied by a Real Estate agent.

He stayed in Oatley until 1929 when he moved to 54 Peshurst Street, Peshurst. There is still a pharmacy there in a greatly enlarged shop beside the Peshurst RSL Club.

An interesting fact is that his father was a medical practitioner in Peshurst. Dr Roderick J. Quinn had his surgery at 55 Peshurst Street, Peshurst, which was on the corner of Forest Road. The large two-storey house still stands today. It was built about 1886 by John Sproule, Mayor of Hurstville and named Rostov. In 1935, Dr Quinn sold Rostov to the Sisters of St Joseph who made it their convent while they taught at St Declan's School on the opposite side of the street.

Hurstville Historical Society

Index to Newsletter

Hurstville Historical Society operated from 1976 until 2007 when it disbanded. The Newsletter was published from 1968 to 2001.

Many members belonged to Kogarah Historical Society and the St George Historical Society as well, since the railway line divides several suburbs in half. So the Hurstville journal contains material of interest to Kogarah Historical Society.

Our Society holds a full set of the Newsletter and I have recently completed a subject index to it.

It is available either on line or in print.

B. Goodger

Member Profile – Jan Magrath



Jan Magrath

The Auckland sky exploded with a myriad of multi coloured fireworks; it was Guy Fawkes Day, November 5th, my birthday. I had gone to live and teach in New Zealand, in the early 70's.

“Thank you, NZ” I laughed: “What a welcome!”

However, as usual my thoughts then turned back to 1948 in Warialda Street, West Kogarah. New people had bought the corner shop, previously operated by our parents' good friends, the Goodmans. Now there was a strange new man behind the counter. Nevertheless, as an excited five year old, eager to start Kindergarten the following year I held up *both* hands with spread fingers, and announced, with glee:

“It is my Birthday, today ! I'm five.”

“Guy Fawkes!!!!” the man yelled in angry horror, “You're bad luck. Get out of my shop!”

With that Mum dumped her armful of potatoes on the counter; potatoes rolled everywhere! I do not remember going into that shop ever again.

The next year I proudly went to Carlton Public School with my older brother Ronald who was in 2nd Class, with the Infants' Mistress, Mrs Matheson. He was the favourite pupil of all the teachers, but he loved Miss Hardy whom I remember wearing a very bright, Mitchell blue full circular skirt. Later she married a relation of his classmates, the Chapman twins who lived on Carlton Parade. I was put into the class of the talented artist Mrs Eldershaw for Kinder and also for First Class. Well I remember the “Water Babies” mural that she painted on the classroom wall. (It has now been painted over!!!)

By the time I was in Mrs Griffen's 2nd class, I was whisked away every Tuesday at 2pm to go to Rose Smith's “Dancing” classes. (Recent photo of me at 5years, in the Carss Museum Exhibition– “In Your Easter Bonnet”) For the next 11 years I had to live out my mother's childhood dream. Mum was not allowed to learn dancing when she was a child; her Grandmother, Caroline Tooney staunchly believed

“Dancing makes you bold! I guess it did!”

I used to turn one foot inwards so my parents were advised to have me taught ballet but I liked “Physie” (*Bjelke Peterson's Physical Culture*) much better. My cousin, Valerie Tooney had won lots of medals and I wanted some too! I did win a few over the next 2 decades!!!. High Jumping at High School and College, was my natural skill. My brother and I also learnt Music from Mr Halpin of Grey St Carlton and Tennis at Mr Perry's courts in Caledonia St Bexley. Ronald was good at it but I was not. He played Grade Tennis and went bike riding; I had to go to *Dancing!!!* Tuesday, Thursday and all day Saturday! at Moore St Hurstville, Scouts Hall in Percival St, Carlton & elsewhere.

We both did well at Carlton Primary School; at Kogarah Intermediate Boys' and Kogarah High (formerly Domestic Science School) where our mother had attended in the early 1920's.

Our neighbour in Warialda St West Kogarah, Betty Jackson, took us to St James Carlton C/E Sunday School as soon as we turned 3 years of age. Later I spent most of my teenage years in the Youth Fellowship. The Ministers of those times were the Reverends Hemming, Walker, Morris, Howarth and Harding.

My brother became an apprentice at Qantas as a Ground Engineer then had a brilliant career as a Fighter Pilot in the RAAF: His is a *very* interesting life story. I won a Scholarship to The Teachers' College Balmain and later attended Auckland University (History/German). I taught K-12- plus Adults for 47 yrs beginning at Connell's Point and later in London then NZ, where I rose to be Senior Lady of Papatoetoe Intermediate School, South Auckland.

I had many memorable years living mostly in Switzerland and 5 other countries, visiting 35 and learning more German, some Maori and acquiring a little Arabic at Hampden Park PS Lakemba over 23 years. In my travels I met many famous people, including HM The Queen.

My family all had interesting lives around Carlton-Kogarah-Bexley, especially my Grandfather Edward Magrath MLC, GGGrandmother Sarah Rebekah Shillum who *walked* to Mudgee from Sydney in 1851 and Nana Turnbull's family association with Henry Lawson and family.

But all those are stories for another day.



Jan with Commissioner of Police (and photographer)

In my retirement it is now an honour and a privilege to *work* with the Scottish Australian Heritage Council, (and wear the Hunting Turnbull kilt for Mum and Pa Turnbull). Also, I assist with The Exodus Foundation, the HCC SAFETY Committee and as a JP. Every National Police Remembrance Day I organise children and residents to write personal messages of condolence on white paper flowers on a blue ribbon with gold lettering, "*Heroes Live Forever*" for the grieving families, their friends and colleagues.

Jan Magrath



Lest We Forget

Remembrance Day is on Monday 11 November.

KHS will commemorate the day and remember all those who served in all wars, at the meeting on Thursday 14 November, when our speaker will be Bill Young.

Bill is a WWII survivor who enlisted at age 15 years by putting his age up and spent two years as a Prisoner of War in Sandakan camp and Outram Road gaol. He tells his story through paintings and poetry.