

HSSA[®]

istory

Newsletter of the Historical Society of South Australia

Print Post approved 535806/0005

No. 139. November, 1998

Merry Xmas, Happy 1999

The Executive Council of the HSSA wishes members and history enthusiasts a happy and safe festive season.

During November and December we exchange greeting cards.

A few years ago Phil Sunman of Philicia Antiques and Collectables presented a talk and display about the history of Christmas cards to the Port Adelaide Historical Society. Many cards were over a 100 years old and had been exquisitely made, while others used the latest technologies then available.

History SA includes some on pages 3, 9 & 13, kindly loaned from Phil's business.

This coloured 'mechanically operated' Christmas card was made in 1896. When opened it depicted free-standing angels in three dimensions.



HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA INC.

PO Box 519, Kent Town, SA 5071 (mailing address only).

Meets first Friday of the month at 8 pm in Prince Philip Theatre, Prince Alfred College, Kent Town. All welcome.

Founded 1974

OBJECTS

- To promote the collection, preservation and classification of source material of all kinds relating to South Australian and Australian history.
- To publish historical records and articles.
- To promote the interchange of information among members of the Society by lectures, readings, discussions, field trips and exhibitions.
- To arouse interest in and promote the study and discussion of history, especially that of South Australia and Australia.
- To cooperate with similar societies throughout Australia.
- To do such things as are conducive or incidental to the attainment of any of the above objects.

COUNCIL

Patron: Sir Walter Crocker, K.B.E.

President: Dr R.P.J. Nicol, 8297 9844

Consultant: Mr R.M. Gibbs, A.M.

Vice-President: Mr M. Keain

Secretary: Mrs G. Brown

Treasurer: Mrs A. Huckel, 8277 2953

Journal editor: Dr J.T. Stock, fax 8303 3446.

Members: Dr G. Bishop, Dr S. Cameron, Mr S. Dawes, Mr C. Deed, Mr J. Loudon, Dr P. Payne, Ms P. Sumerling, Mr G. Franklin.

Publicity/promotions officer: Ms M. Dunshore, 8381 7429

Membership records: Enid Ulbrich, 8278 2576

History SA editor: Mr G. Franklin, tel/fax 8447 7673; 27 Fussell Place, Alberton, SA 5014.

Auditor: vacant.

Vale - Professor Gus Fraenkel, 1919-1998

Born Gustav Julius he was known as Gus to a generation of medical students.

As the first Dean of the new medical school at Flinders University, he brought an Oxford heritage brimming with stories of Howard Florey and Hugh Cairns, and surgical experience from around the globe.

He was the quietly spoken head of a fledgling school, steering a tricky course through changing political times and new medical challenges. Even after retirement he was always there, becoming the father figure to all.

Professor Fraenkel has been a long-term member of the Historical Society of South Australia, with a powerful sense of history which led to a biography on Professor Hugh Cairns, another Adelaide medical legend, and Gus kept researching to the end.

A professor well-respected, a man well-loved.

-Dr. Simon Cameron.

November walk through Glenelg's history

On Sunday afternoon, November 22 you can walk through the history Glenelg built since the *Buffalo* dropped its anchors offshore and settlers came ashore.

Dr. Simon Cameron's popular walking tour of historic Glenelg, tells the city's story from fishing village to Victorian playground.

The three kilometre amble will take two hours, starting at 1.30pm from the pioneer memorial in Moseley Square.

It is part of this year's HSSA program. Bookings phone the Treasurer on 8277 2953. Cost: \$3.

Exhibitions:

Weekdays - *The Bradman Collection* at State Library of SA, North Terrace, Adelaide. One hour tours for groups by appointment. 10 am - 5 pm. 8207 7210.

Until November 22 - *A Twist of fate*: An exhibition and interactive experience about refugees. Migration Museum, Kintore Avenue, Adelaide. Mon-Fri 10 am - 5 pm, weekends 1-5 pm.

Until 14 December - *The Ring: Wagner and his World* at Art Gallery of SA. Bookings 8303 4275
to 31 January, 1999 - *Centenary of the Elder Bequest* at Art Gallery of SA. .. continued p.14



Hand-painted Christmas card

Continued from page one:

By the 1880s cards commercially produced were a booming industry .. sales were soaring throughout the world. An interesting addition to the greeting card industry was the hand-painted novelty card. They were sold to the public as blank cards, usually with a printed decorated border and often with a simple verse. The picture was painted or sketched by the consumer .. people could certainly show off their artistic talents.

The text beside these exquisitely hand-painted flowers reads:

Because Thou hast been my help; therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice"! Ps. 63rd., 7th.

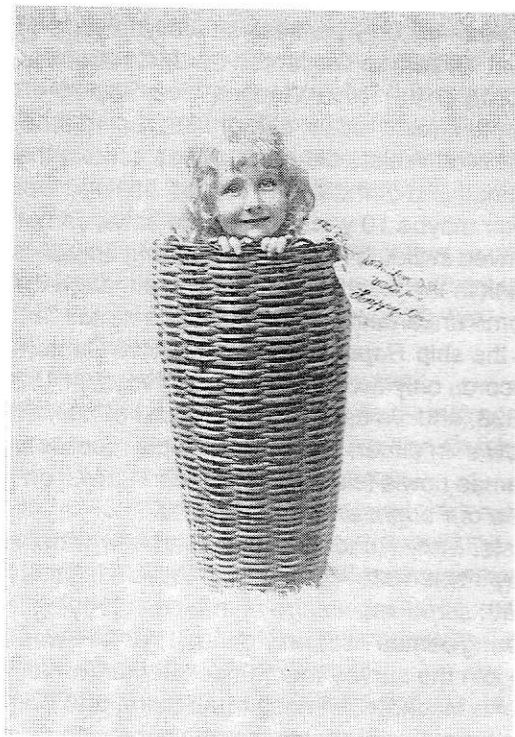
The development of photography was in giant strides in the 1870s and was used on Christmas cards. The camera snap (pictured right) is from the 1890s. The tag on the basket wishes:

"With Love Wishes for a Happy Xmas";

while the text at the card's base ponders:

"Not exactly a Christmas Goose".

A gold line inside the edge adds distinction.



Generations of runaways with pioneering zest

Last August at the Historical Society's annual dinner, members were treated to a talk by Mr Bob Lewis, whose father, grandfather and great-grandfather were pioneers in our nation.

Here is the text from his humorous talk:

I am to speak about James Lewis and his son, John. The James Lewis who began this family story in South Australia was born in the lovely little town of St. David's, in the far south-west corner of Wales. The Cathedral of St. David's, called after the Irish Saint who crossed the sea to preach to the wild Welsh, acts also as the parish church, and there young James was christened on July 31, 1814.

James's father, Thomas, was a weaver by trade, and one Sunday when young James was about 12 or so, father sent him off to Sunday School, instructing him on his way home to deliver a message to his friend the dyer. To quote from a letter from James's eldest grandson, Dr Brook Lewis (my Uncle Brook):

The dye maid (the dyer's daughter), amused at the little swell, sprinkled him with dye, and the next moment she was upended into the vat.

Too frightened to return home, he ran away to sea - his only possession the little Welsh Bible. That Bible was presented by Uncle Brook to the Library of the Royal Geographical Society of S.A., where it rests today, of more interest to those who can read Welsh, although it does contain the names and birthdates of James' siblings too. After maybe 10 years sailing the seas, James arrived in South Australia in the Brig *Rapid* - we think in the August 1836 arrival, although there is some uncertainty. His gravestone states "arrived in the ship *Rapid* in 1837", but Bob Seaton records only two arrivals by the *Rapid*, in 1836 and 1838, and we cannot find a record of "James Lewis" in either. But in 1836, Opie records a James Lewis (sic); and both John Lewis, on page one of *Fought and Won*, and his sister Mary Ruddock, in her interview with "Vox", say it was 1836 - that is, with William Light. (1) With some knowledge of marine surveying, young James - still only about 23 or 24 - was able to join the survey team under Senior Surveyor John McLaren, working in Adelaide and Brighton districts. It is probable that the surveying connection brought about his first meeting with his future wife, Eliza Bristow.

The Bristow family - Robert and his wife Janet, plus Eliza aged about 12 and a younger brother, George - arrived a month after the *Rapid*, on the *Cygnets* - which also brought George Kingston, Light's deputy Surveyor General, plus other survey staff. The South Australian Company, as you all know, had organised the early colonists to settle first on Kangaroo Island, but the shortage of water there soon forced them across to the mainland, the Bristows among them. They were present at the Proclamation at the Old Gum Tree, then went up to camp beside the Torrens as Adelaide was being surveyed.

That marvellous journalist of old times, Vox, interviewed Mary Ruddock - a daughter of James and Eliza - in 1948, when she was 92! She told him that "her father stayed with the Bristows, where he met his future wife". To quote Mary:

One day when Colonel Light was visiting them my grandmother (ie Janet) was cutting hair off a dog's coat to put on her daughter's (ie Eliza's) doll's head. Colonel Light said to her, "Give me the scissors", and he cut a lock of his own hair and handed it to her. As soon as his back was turned, mother did not put it on the doll, but kept it...

There is another version of that story - that Light's hair was attached to the doll - which remained in the family until the late 1940s, when Uncle Brook Lewis loaned it for the City of Adelaide Birthday Celebrations. But, alas, he never got it back! (Anyone with a clue, please don't worry Crimestoppers - just tell me!)

James Lewis and young Eliza Bristow (she was about 17, we think) were married in May, 1841, in Holy Trinity Church, North Terrace, in the original weatherboard building. The first two children were born: Jane in March 1842, and John, my grandfather, in February 1844.

Just five months later began for James the 'Big Adventure'. Charles Sturt was planning his journey of exploration to Central Australia, described so vividly by Edward Stokes in his book *To the Inland Sea*. Sturt needed someone to sail the boat which he so optimistically took with him, and he selected James Lewis (wrongly listed as 'William' in Sturt's own book) and another mariner called Morgan.

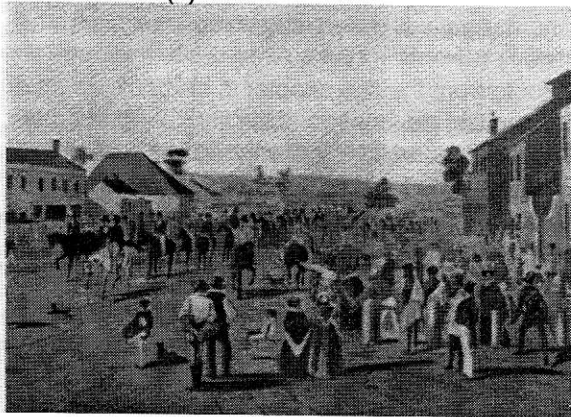
Sturt's whole party consisted of: 16 men, 11 horses, 30 bullocks to pull the six drays to carry provisions, plus the boat! And 200 sheep. In the museum at Tibooburra there is a graphic representation of this huge team - and it is no wonder, when you think of it, that they were often short of water!

Sturt's whole journey has been often and well told - but please let me quote a few references to James. When after 10 weeks on the march the party arrived at the Darling Lakes, Daniel Brock wrote:

Our present camping place is pleasant. All hands, except Lewis, idle - this man is very busy in getting the gear of the boat ready ... (2)

And later:

Lewis goes to gather seeds. Lewis is an honest little fellow in the main, a sailor, consequently very handy at many things. His only fault perhaps is he makes himself too busy, and he's apt to be stubborn and foolhardy, ... but withal he is as useful a man as needs be. (3)



The departure of Sturt's Central Australian Expedition from Adelaide on August 10, 1844; from a painting by George Fife Angas. Photo from book "Sturt of the Murray", by Michael Langley.

Talking of seeds, Jame's daughter Mary Ruddock told Vox: "It was he (James) who brought in the peas named after the explorer". And family myth has it that Sturt suggested it be called "Lewis' Pea"; but to the family's great relief, "Sturt's Desert Pea" won the title!

Sturt made excursionsoff to the east and west of their main northerly journey until by the end of January 1845, nearly six months after leaving Adelaide, they had reached Depot Glen, south-west of Tibooburra. There they were virtually stranded for the next six months, with their various forays ending in waterless wastes. Eventually on to Fort Grey, and thence the exhausting journey westwards, survey chaining over numberless sandhills to the vast salt expanse of Lake Blanche (only 150 miles from Eyre's furthest north: Mount Hopeless) and back to Fort Grey.

But, the indomitable Sturt, after only six days back at Fort Grey, set off again on August 15 for his furthest northward effort. He took with him Doctor Browne, Flood, Joe Cawley (his servant), and Lewis, in charge of the cart, with 15 weeks of provisions. His final instructions to Morgan at Fort Grey were "to prepare the boat, and to paint her inside and out. I fully anticipate that ... we shall find a body of water ... This dreadful desert cannot surely last much farther". (4)

How wrong could he be?!

On August 14, 1845 (a year after departing Adelaide), they set out across the Strezlecki flood plain and sandy ridges, on to Coopers Creek (but not up it - it was going the wrong way for Sturt), then across the arid Stony Desert, over the parched Goyder's Lagoon, and on up Eyre's Creek to the very heart of the Simpson Desert. The country was terrible; the conditions for men and horses were terrible. By about September 11 the cart was so shaken up that they were forced to stop:

The spokes had shrunk to such a degree that they did not hold in the felloes (ie the rims of the wheels) by more than two or three tenths of an inch. (5)

They had to return to a creek bed where there was some timber to cut new spokes, and Sturt wrote:

Lewis, the moment we got back to the creek, set to work in good earnest, with Joseph's assistance, to repair the cart, but it necessarily delayed us longer than prudence would have allowed; in the meantime, however, we were at least deriving benefit from the rest. (6)

Well, some of them were!

They struggled on for another day or two, in what was "surely the worst country man ever beheld", before, on September 14th, Sturt made his reluctant decision to return.

I don't think the men were so reluctant!

Another two and a half weeks of desperate struggle saw them back at Fort Grey, on October 1st. Brock spoke for the whole camp:

The horses have suffered severely; they are mere skeletons ... Joe, who previous to this trip was a stout healthy looking lad, indicated how severe had been the toil; he was wasted to a mere skeleton; he looks as one would do just after a long and severe illness.(7)

Dr Browne put all the men on the sick list.

As Sturt wrote to Charlotte:

We had ridden from first to last a distance of 963 miles, and had generally been on horseback from the earliest dawn to three or four, often to six o'clock, having no shelter from the tremendous heat of the fiery deserts ... subsisting on an insufficient supply of food, and drinking water that your pigs would have refused. (8)

But Sturt was still utterly obsessed. After barely a week at Fort Grey, in spite of desperate pleading by Dr Browne, he set off again with fresh men and horses - but no cart this time! - on yet another venture northwards. Once again he crossed, but did not follow, Coopers Creek, up to about where Birdsville is today, before returning from another 900 mile journey. Now utterly exhausted himself, and ill with scurvy, he had to be carried in the cart most of the way back to Adelaide. And that return itself was a most hazardous journey, with many long waterless stretches back to the Darling, then easier travelling down the Darling and the Murray to Moorunde.

From Moorunde, Sturt was well enough to ride back to Adelaide, leaving the unpopular Piesse (who had returned to meet them) to bring the party home. A final quote from Brock:

Piesse, (alleging insolence), discharged all hands but Morgan and myself .. The men discharged are Lewis, Jones and Davenport. Their things were thrown off the drays, which they will have to carry into Adelaide on their backs, 100 miles - SHAME!

Meanwhile, at home, Jame's wife Eliza had been having her own struggle to survive. James had left her with "a small provision to last seven or eight months - but his prolonged absence has left the family in great distress." So wrote John McLaren, his former boss, in a plea to the Governor for assistance - met by a grant of £10 for survival rations.

The remainder of Jame's life was spent with Eliza, farming, at first at Richmond House, on Richmond Road near the airport; then on the Wakefield River east of Balaklava. There is nothing outstanding to report, except to point out that even following the exhausting struggles with Sturt, he retained sufficient virility to beget 11 more children, making 13 in all.

A quick note about the children: two died young; Jane, the eldest married Samuel Shillabeer; John, we return to in a moment; Sarah married Henry Daw; Mary, as we have heard, married J M Ruddock, Town Clerk and Councillor of West Torrens Council; and fortunately none of the

others had issue. For in the obituary notice when Eliza died in 1906, it was reported that:

Eleven children, 35 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren survive her.

Surely that was enough!

Now to John Lewis, who was a few months old when his father went off with Sturt. As an old man he wrote his autobiography which, not being a humble man, he called *Fought and Won*.

He certainly fought!

Like his father, he ran away from home - tw ice, in fact, although the first time without success. The Sturt River came down in flood, and he had to spend the whole night perched on the top of a corner fencepost. His little dog died in his arms - and in the morning he "returned to school, cold and hungry - and was chastised for running away". (9)

I quote from the first chapter in his book - a fascinating description of life in those early days:

At the age of 12 I left school, and worked on my father's farm at Richmond .. In those days people had to work and did work. I have seen men, women and children turning over land with any implement they could get - pick, shovel, hoe or garden fork - and many of them used to dib the wheat in a grain at a time! (10)

I drove a team of bullocks from our farm at Richmond to Crafers for a load of rails, which were split by [expert axemen] who came from Van Diemen's Land. .. [Returning down the unmade road,] I often got the assistance of some grand German women who lived at Hahndorf. .. [They would] carry as much as 150 pounds of produce to Adelaide where they would dispose of it, get a few stores and return back in a day; and most of them were shoeless. I gave them or their baskets a lift on my dray, and in return they would cut saplings to skid my wheel [on the steep downslopes]. (11)

Well do I remember, after driving bullocks all day, going home and getting a crust of bread and some beef (or sometimes cheese) and then taking the bullocks down to the swamps a mile or so below Richmond, minding them there until 12 o'clock at night, and bringing them home and putting them in the yard ready to begin work again at daylight. This went on through the tilling season. (12)

No wonder he ran away again!

I went ot work on the farm when I was 12 years, and left it at 14. I remember running away and leaving my team in the field. I had sixpence in my pocket, and did what I have never since done, and that was to double my capital in one

day. (He met a former school fellow who gave him another sixpence!) (13)

He got a job with a farmer at Bull's Creek, but left there when he heard his father was coming after him, and went on to Meadows to work with Mr Simpson the blacksmith, for five shillings a week.

[Simpson] was an excellent tradesman and taught me to shoe horses, temper iron, and sharpen picks, tools and so forth. (14)

And young John paid one shilling a week for schooling at a night school.

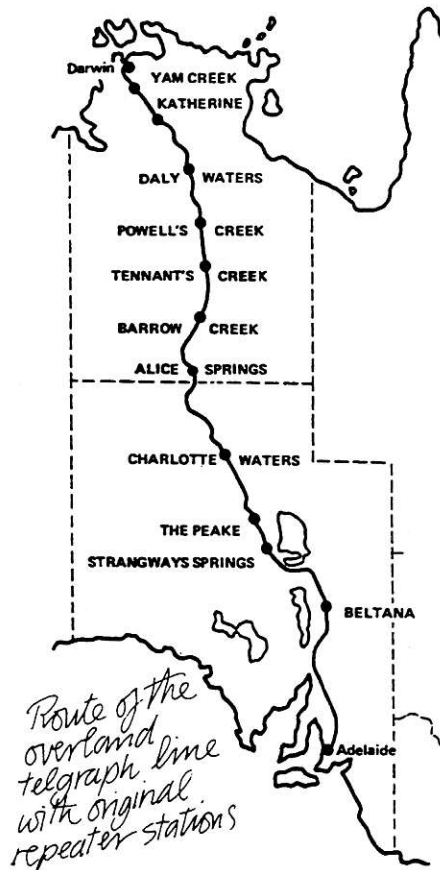
Simpson had a tough sense of humour. Once a piece of red-hot iron slipped into John's boot, and he plunged it into a bucket of water. As John hopped about in pain with his foot scalded, the old man said: "Why don't you spit on it?"

Simpson was always quick over meals, drinking his soup out of the bowl, saying: "Sup soup - time is money".

One day while Simpson was washing his hands young John noticed that his own soup was steaming hot, but not so the old man's - so he rung the changes. When the old man arrived saying: "Time is money", he took up the basin and took a mouthful of scalding soup - which he spluttered all over the table, saying: "I have scalded my throat; the soup was hot"; and John said: "Why don't you spit on it?"

After a short spell up north, John went to work for James Dodd at Touacherie Station on the Coorong, where he remained for a year. He was paid 10 shillings a week, breaking in a colt every week - 52 in the year - plus much excitement trying to swim the cattle across the mouth of the Murray, from Goolwa side to Barker's Knoll. Then back up north again, on various properties, plus a lot of droving, all over the country. One trip was from Gum Creek across to Port Lincoln and Coffin's Bay, on Eyre Peninsula. He rode winners, in between whiles, at Port Lincoln, back at Thebarton, and at Auburn. More work followed, as overseer at Wirrealpa in the Flinders Ranges, and as station manager for three years at Oulinina, south of Mannahill, on the Broken Hill track. Then began John Lewis' big adventure. He reckoned he had enough experience to own and run a property of his own - but he had no money to buy one, let alone stock it! So in January 1872, aged 28, he set off for the Northern Territory with his brother Jim, two other men and a string of horses - planning to "farm" buffaloes on the Cobourg Peninsula, where they had been running wild since left behind when the British abandoned the Victoria Settlement in 1849.

On the way north the party reached the Centre where the Overland Telegraph Line had been erected northwards as far as Tennant Creek, and south as far as Daly Waters, and Charles (later Sir) Todd arranged with Lewis' group together with another party under Ray Boucaut to carry messages between the two ends of the line - thus establishing "The Estafette", or Pony Express.



Map from book "The Personal Touch", Australia Post, 1986.

The gap of some some 300 miles (about the distance from Adelaide to Broken Hill) became gradually less as construction of the line continued from each end. But very often they had to traverse, or even camp at what Stuart had christened "Attack Creek", where the local natives were still very aggressive - and after a long stay in the saddle, travelling as much as 45 miles, keeping watch all night is not much of a rest! After two months of the Express, John Lewis was present at the joining of the O.T.Line on August 22, 1872 - near Frew's Ironstone Ponds, just north of Newcastle Waters.

(I went there with some friends on the centenary of that joining.)

By October 1872 John Lewis had reached Darwin - but en route he had seen the beginnings of the goldrush, notably at Pine Creek. He embarked on a series of entrepreneurial activities, supplying stores to the miners, as well as finding the fabulously rich Eleanor Reef himself - named after his sister. Before long, as he wrote:

My time now was fully occupied. I was legal manager of about 16 mining companies, large and small ... I had teams on the road; I had the mail from Pine Creek to Southport; I had steam launches on the river taking stores and rations from Port Darwin to Southport; I had men out prospecting; and I had a big bulk store at Southport from which I supplied the stores along the road with flour, tea, sugar, meat and horse feed. (15)

Thus he was a busy man, making money by trading, while other people dug for it!

Lewis became, as usual, quite a figure in the district, and in October 1874 he was asked to lead a party in search of two lost explorers, Permain and Borrodale. The search led them through most difficult country - across the Mary, Alligator and East Alligator Rivers - often with natives threatening. They battled their way through to Port Essington, but finding no trace of the two explorers, returned to Darwin by ship.

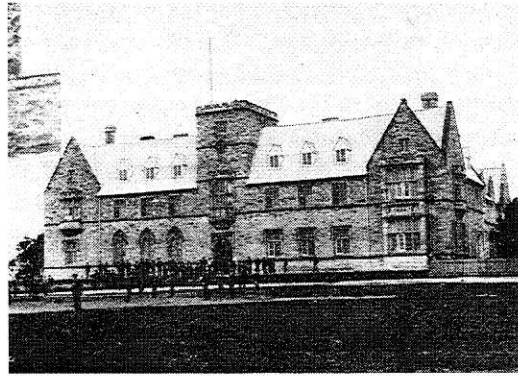
But once Lewis had actually seen Port Essington his interest in the roaming buffaloes was rekindled. He established the Cobourg Cattle Co., built a two-roomed log cabin there, adjoining the abandoned Victoria Settlement, and put a manager in charge. But alas, real beef had now arrived at the Top End, so the buffalo company had to make many calls, and paid no dividends; indeed, it was entirely unsuccessful.

Returning south in 1876, he set to work as manager in the Burra, for the stock and station firm of Liston and Shakes. There he settled into married life and raising a family of six children - though still travelling fast and far to clinch the deals, with not infrequently a frenzied burst of all night activity - as when he brought for his bride the load of second hand furniture from World's End to the Burra - before going to work as usual in the morning.

John Lewis lived 20 years in the Burra where his wife, nee Martha Brook, bore him six children - who all at first attended the local Burra School. Later the four boys went down as boarders to St Peters College.

Sadly, Martha died young; her memorial is a lovely

window in St Mary's Church.



From 1850 St Peter's College was at Hackney. Photo from book "The South Australian Story", published by Advertiser Newspapers Ltd, 1958.

In those days Burra was at the end of the railway, so most of the stock from the north and east came to the market there - even from New South Wales. On sale days John became a notable figure - their record sale in one day was of 47,500 sheep and 1,200 head of cattle!

He travelled far and wide - even to Wilcannia! - and he heard about the Broken Hill silver mines early on. After missing some stunning opportunities at first, he eventually did procure some shares. Little did he know that his son would one day manage BHP!

Again from *Fought and Won*:

I managed the Burra branch for Liston, Shakes and Co. from 1876 until 1885, when Mr Liston resigned from the firm, after which the business was carried on by Shakes and Lewis for a few years, until the amalgamation with George Bagot, when a joint-stock company known as Bagot, Skakes & Lewis Limited was formed [in 1888]. (16)

This was eventually taken over in the early 1920s by Goldsborough Mort & Co as their means of entry into South and Western Australia. Lewis bought himself into many pastoral adventures. Newcastle Waters in the Northern Territory (where his brothers Harry and Stephen managed the property) and Dalhousie Springs (where twice he sent my father from boarding school to spend six months as a jackaroo) - were among the first, both of which he had seen on his journey north in 1872. He was also associated with Sir Sidney Kidman and John Conrick in Nappamerie, and had an interest in several other properties.

John Lewis was elected to the Legislative Council in 1897, where he became known as "the Droving Member", ardently protecting pastoral interests

such as stock routes, watering points and reserves.

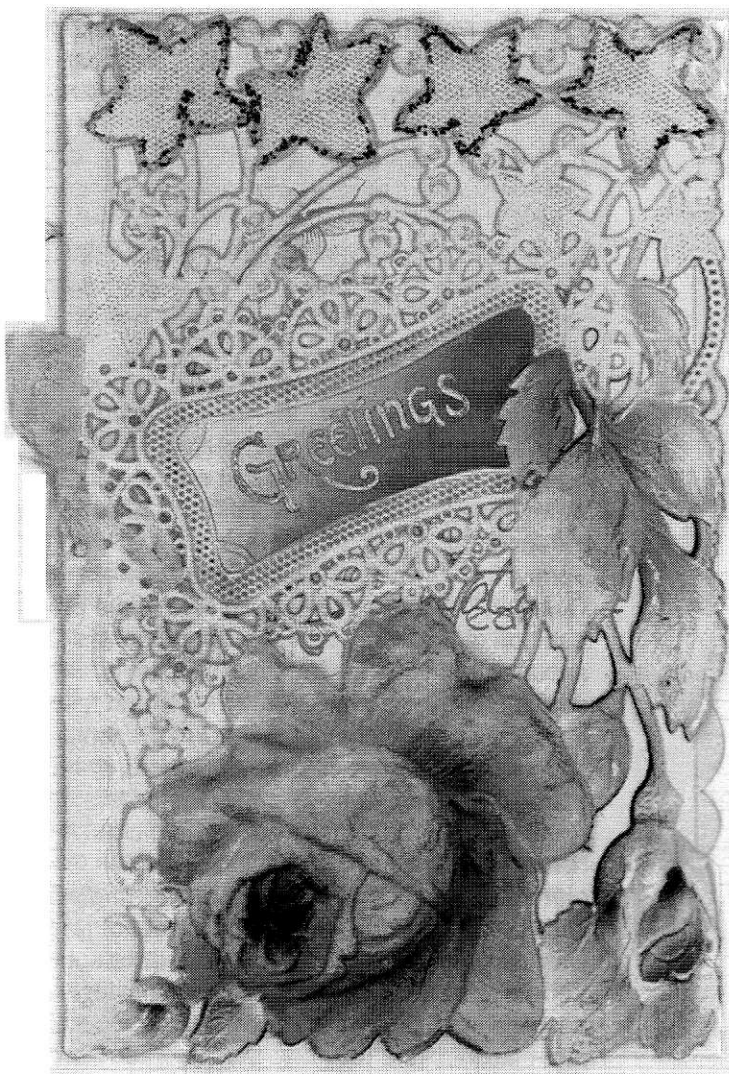
Shortly afterwards he left the Burra to settle in Adelaide.

At Burra he had been active in public life - in the Burra Corporation, the Hospital Board, President of the Polo Club for 12 years (he and his sons made up a team!), chairman of the local branch of the Agricultural Bureau, and more. And later, when the SA Mining Co. sold up, he purchased the 33 miners' cottages of Paxton Square. He dedicated them for use by poor people of the district, and now they provide tourist accommodation.

In Adelaide he continued to work for many good causes - the Horticultural and Floricultural Societies, on the Council of the Pastoralists Association, Royal Agricultural Society, Advisory Council of Aborigines, Flora and Fauna Board (as a keen supporter of the preservation of Flinders' Chase on Kangaroo Island), Royal Society of St George and many others. He became President of the Royal Geographical Society of South Australia for seven years - geography is a practical subject, as much learned by wide travel and observation as by book learning. The society has much to remember him by, including his immensely long Presidential Addresses, and prizes his family endowed in his honour. And with it all he continued his interest in the turf, breeding two winners of the Adelaide Cup: *Wee Gun* and *Kooringa*.

Physically active, energetic, aggressive, egotistical; John Lewis had been everywhere and done everything. He had a black and white view of the world. Hard workers in rough tasks were good; shirkers, cheats and layabouts were not.

From his experience he knew what the country wanted, and he had no hesitation in telling it! Although he left school at 12, he continued his education in the school of hard knocks, wherein he certainly fought, and in his own view, he won! 1. Vox, *Advertiser*, 1948; 2. BROCK, Daniel George *To the Desert with Sturt*, 1988, Royal Geographical Society of SA. p55; 3. Ibid. p91; 4. STOKES, Edward *To the Inland Sea: Charles Sturt's Expedition 1844-45*, 1986, Century Hutchinson, Hawthorne. p154; 5. & 6. STURT, Charles *Narrative of an Expedition into Central Australia Vol. 1*, 1969, Greenwood Press, New York. p410; 7. BROCK, pp189-190; 8. STOKES, p190; 9 & 10. LEWIS, J. *Fought and Won*, 1922, WK Thomas & Co., p2; 11. Ibid. p4; 12. Ibid. p2; 13. Ibid. p6; 14. Ibid. p7; 15. Ibid. pp112-113; 16. Ibid. p175.



Exquisitely cut in Art Nouveau for Xmas

from pages 1 & 3.

Art Nouveau Christmas Card made between 1890 and 1905 (pictured at right, top).

The roses, ivy and lacework are delicately cut from a deep embossed card. "Greetings: is printed in gold on a partly blue sign, the rose flower and bud are red and the leaves green. A pink ribbon is tied on the left side.

Welcome new members

The Historical Society of South Australia welcomes new members: Prof & Mrs P Parsons, Mr EM Bagot, Mr N Crotty, Mrs HY Tudor, Mr & Mrs G Duncan.

Cop it Sweet at the Local

Historian Pat Sumerling's speech at the recent launch of her new book "Down At The Local: A History of Hotels in Kensington, Norwood and Kent Town", published by City of Norwood, Payneham & St. Peters with Wakefield Press.

The front bar is a great leveller and as I have written about all of them in the area it is the logical place for this book launch. It is also one of the few places where one's status or title is left outside the front door while partaking in whatever happens to take place on the inside. Many of you here today are publicans past and present, who are not only familiar with the planned events that invariably take place in a pub, but well understand how those unplanned ones just sort of happen when there is a curious or volatile mix of patrons at the front bar.

Today, its Norwood, St Peters and Payneham Council's "shout" on my behalf. And in the great tradition of the front bar when its someone's shout we're all friends together, at least for the duration of this shout. So firstly, welcome fellow drinkers, be you mayors former and present, councillors from this council and others, members of parliament, journalists, former footballers, fellow historians and my many friends who have honoured me with their presence.

I am reminded of mentioning about leaving your title outside because of a recent incident that I was involved in recently which was quite sobering - or not so sobering - as one colleague who is here today will testify. She was with me on the night in question.

A few months back for several weeks on a Friday afternoon I was invited to join Philip Satchell on his afternoon program on radio station 5AN 891 when he featured a different pub around the state. (That's why he was asked today to perform this duty and for which I am very honoured). On his program, one of the pubs we featured was at Port Adelaide, the Royal Arms. A while after that particular program, I was invited by the lady publican, Lorraine, to join her on a cruise on the Port River. This was a regular event on which local traders and other key local people were invited to spend a couple of hours getting to know each other, liberally washed down with copious quantities of champers and nibbles to soak it up. This type of event is organised for networking, making contacts, new job opportunities. That night was quite an eye opener for me at least, for Lorraine spotted one of her customers on the vessel and hauled me along to meet him. He was

a long standing regular of over 20 years but until this night she had never known what he did outside her pub, and it never seemed important until this night, as to whom he was and what he was doing on this ferry. But while he was on her premises, drinking her beer they were friends. Anyway, as we all got oiled together, she was able to extract out of him, after much hesitancy on his part, what his occupation was. She had never thought to ask what he did for a crust and he had certainly never volunteered the information. So you can imagine her initial horror when he told her he was a police officer. In a rapid flashback she suddenly thought of all those years - and began remembering all those times - that perhaps might not have been entirely above board. Can you imagine the panic. I mean this is one hell of a lady who until she appeared on Philip's show with me, was hiring girlies from the Crazy Horse Revue to dance unattired on the pool table every Thursday night.

But her regular assured her that when he came to her pub he was off duty - and not there to look for things he could book her for. This impressed me, for I know some policemen who where on duty 24 hours a day. Anyway, I watched these proceedings and saw how these two had to reaffirm their relationship. He was very sincere and caring when he explained why he came to her pub, and why he persisted in doing so. He strongly emphasised that in her front bar, it was a place where he could relax and temporarily forget that he was a policeman. Having met those two just a short time before, but enough to understand a little about both of them, I have a feeling their relationship will not crack because of this disclosure.

One of my peers will vouch for me, that the party lingered on at the Lighthouse Hotel after the cruise was over. When we finally left there, my new lady publican friend was immensely intoxicated and would need help getting home. But the policeman assured me that he would see her safely home, after all he was her friend of over 20 years standing.

Remember what I said, often when a person goes into a front bar, it is to forget a stressful job, the tired marriage, or the boring life. And as we all know, it is a rare thing for nothing to happen in a front bar. You never know whom you'll meet there and you'll never know what unplanned events will take place.



Another policeman who was a regular at a local pub was Don Mewett (pictured above), a speed cop before he became publican of the Bath Hotel (above right) between 1967 and 1977.

Photo courtesy of Deborah Mewett. Published in Pat Sumerling's new book 'Down At The Local...'

History SA

Wanted: Editor to keep up good work

History SA - the newsletter of the Society - needs a new volunteer editor for researching, writing, layout and liaison with the printer.

There are plans for an expanded distribution of the newsletter in 1999, our silver anniversary year, so experience with computer word processing and page layout programs is sought. It is usual for the editor to be invited onto Council. A fax machine goes with the job and the society meets out-of-pocket expenses. Research, solicitation, writing and editing material begins about 3-4 weeks before the printer expects the completed pages - a week before the date of delivery: which coincides with an HSSA Council meeting. Then council members fold the newsletter in readiness for mailing.

It is a constant challenge because *History SA* is valued as a continuing link with the society membership and wider community.

For more information phone Jim Loudon on 8340 3467 or President, Dr Rob Nicol at home on 8297 9844 or write to him at 4 Lewis Crescent, Plympton.



25th anniversary year

Is there a fundraiser to put a shine on the silver?

It will be 25 years next year since the Historical Society of South Australia announced its intention to 'arouse interest in and promote the study and discussion of history, especially that of South Australia and Australia'. The society intends that we should celebrate its silver anniversary with style and flair.

Just imagine - by the end of next year we could have established our own web site, sponsored a competition for a history essay among the State's secondary school students, had a garden party in the grounds of an historic home, treated ourselves to a very special annual dinner and prepared a bigger, better travelling exhibition. These are just ideas and your council has established a committee to see if all, or any of it can happen.

To do the program justice we need money, which we are hoping to raise through sponsorship. And here's the rub! Is there a reader of *History SA* who is successful in the art of raising sponsorship funds and could help the Silver Anniversary Committee in that area?

The role is a crucial one and needs imagination, credibility, commitment and the ability to accept knockbacks and get straight on with the next approach.

If you can help, or know of anyone who could and will help, please phone Jim Loudon on 8340 3467 or Dr Robert Nicol at home on 8297 9844. The sponsorship person will join the organising committee of Jim, as chairman, Dr Simon Cameron, Ms Pat Sumerling and Sean Dawes, with society president Dr Rob Nicol and vice-president Maurice Keain as ex-officio members.

Statue to commemorate Penola's 150th in Y2K

Penola is unique amongst country towns in that it can trace its foundation to the enterprise of one man, Alexander Cameron. He acquired the freehold title to 80 acres of crown land on April 4, 1850 which he sub-divided, and upon which he established the township.

Having achieved a relatively harmonious integration of the Aboriginal and Scottish Highland cultures in this district, his clansmen and the other pioneering families soon overcame the dangers and challenges of isolated frontier life to found a thriving and prosperous community. This community became the home and birthplace of several notable national and international figures pre-eminent in the fields of literature, religion, education, viticulture and exploration. Consequently, Penola now has a unique cultural heritage and has been described by the late Max Harris as "the national capital of the Australian psyche".

It is this rich heritage which the town proposes to recognise by commissioning the world-renowned sculptor John Dowie to create a life-sized statue of the founder, Alexander Cameron (right) to be erected in the main street beside the Royal Oak Hotel, which Cameron established in 1848 and built in 1872.

This statue was the first project of the Penola District Cultural Fund initiated in 1996 by the District Council of Penola, now part of the Wattle Range Council

Alexander Cameron was born in the Lochaber region of Invernesshire on August 18, 1810 and, as a consequence of the callous Highland Clearances, emigrated to Sydney in 1839.

With several of his clansmen he undertook an epic 1500 kilometre overland trek driving sheep from New England, through Australia Felix, to settle eventually in the district.

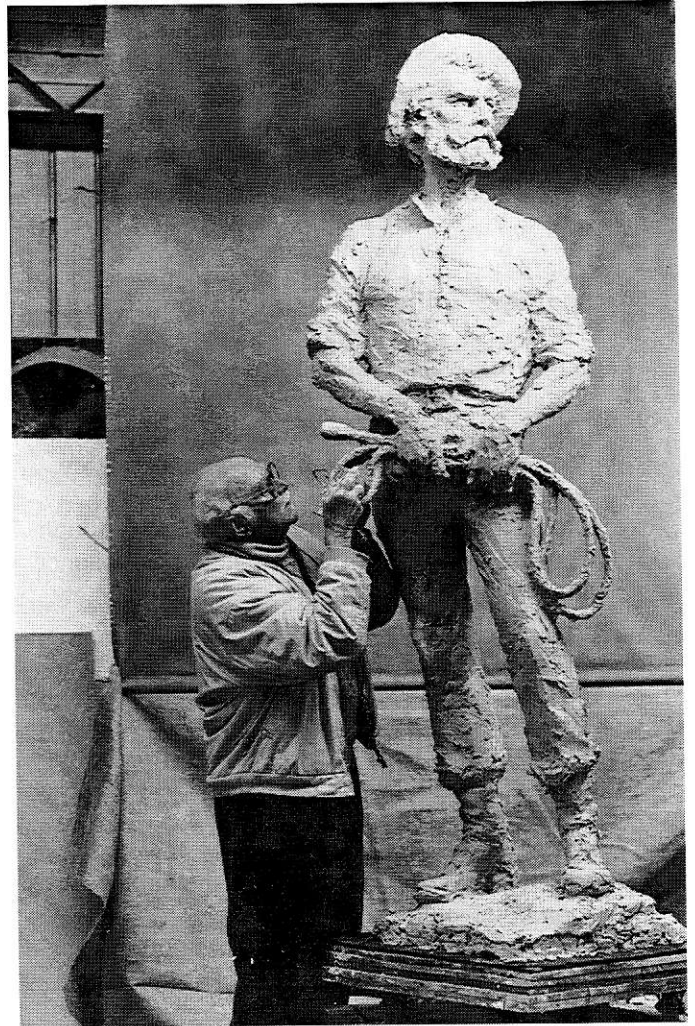
He probably arrived in 1843, aged 33, the same year that he married Margaret MacKillop, Mary's aunt, and he obtained an Occupational Licence on January 17, 1844.

Cameron's settlement soon became the cross-roads of the district. This encouraged him to cater for the numerous thirsty travellers by opening a hotel in 1848 which he called the Royal Oak, but which the Pinchunga Aborigines referred to as 'Penaoorla' or 'the wooden house'

Around this a community soon congregated, and to ensure security of tenure for its settlers,

merchants and tradesmen, Cameron purchased, on April 4 1850, eighty acres of freehold land extending north from the Royal Oak, upon which he established the town, known initially as Panoola.

Penola, as it is now, prospered due both to his competent management and to the booming international demand for wool, and Cameron became known affectionately as its king. Penola has raised \$44,130 of the \$50,000 needed for the statue. Donations, which are tax-deductible can be made in the categories of: donor \$10 receive certificate; member \$100 also includes life membership of fund; senior member \$500 also includes plaster maquette of the statue; benefactor \$1000, also includes name in memoriam at the site; major benefactor \$5000, also includes special acknowledgement at site. To donate or for more information write to Penola District Cultural Fund, 42 Church Street, Penola, SA 5277.



Golden vision for our Earth: The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is 50 years old!

Article 1: All human beings are born free and equal;

Article 2: Everyone is entitled to the same rights without discrimination;

Article 3: The right to life, liberty and security of person;

Article 4: No one shall be held in slavery or servitude;

Article 5: No one shall be subjected to torture;

Article 6: The right to be recognised as a person before the law;

Article 7: The right to the protection of the law;

Article 8: The right to justice;

Article 9: No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile;

Article 10: The right to a fair trial;

Article 11: The right to be considered innocent until proven guilty;

Article 12: The right to privacy;

Article 13: The right to freedom of movement;

Article 14: The right to seek asylum from persecution;

Article 15: The right to nationality;

Article 16: The right to marry and found a family;

Article 17: The right to own property;

Article 18: The right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion;

Article 19: The right to freedom of opinion and expression;

Article 20: The right to freedom of peaceful assembly and association;

Article 21: The right to take part in government;

Article 22: The right to social security and the shared benefits of society's progress;

Article 23: The right to work, to a fair wage, and to join a trade union;

Article 24: The right to rest and leisure;

Article 25: The right to a decent standard of living, adequate for health and well being;

Article 26: The right to education;

Article 27: The right to freely participate in the cultural life of a community;

Article 28: Everyone is entitled to a social and international order in which these rights can be fully realised;

Article 29: Everyone has duties to the community;

Article 30: No person has the right to destroy any of these rights and freedoms.



Hold to Light and see angels

The Hold-To-Light Cards (above) as collectors sometimes called them, were novelties of 1897-98 that immediately became popular. It was a new idea, attractive and appealing to adults and children.

They were well-produced in a variety of designs and artistic shapes. A number of famous buildings were used in the designs - providing there were plenty of windows. The reason was that when the cards were held up to a light the buildings became 'alive' with glowing windows.

During manufacture the card showing a building with many windows (the Tower of London card for example) had these windows cut out and over the vacant space thin orange paper was pasted at the back. For small white or yellow lights, perforations were made in the card and the space above the building was also cut out and thin white or yellow paper pasted over the space. On holding the card up to the light, the windows lit up and the Tower was silhouetted against the sky.

This card, made in England in 1898, is a most unusual HTL. Upon holding the card to the light source, angels appear above the little girl's head. Secret: The angels were printed on the back.

Make a date with history:

25 November - South Australian Genealogy & Heraldry Society discusses problem solving. 7.45 pm. Society's library, 201 Unley Road, Unley.

28 & 29 November - *Baubles, Bookmarks & Beads* exhibition at Ayers Historic House, 288 North Terrace, Adelaide. Middle-class Victorian woman enjoyed her leisure time in creative fashion. Exhibition of Victoriana handiwork: densely beaded footstools, delicately embroidered bookmarks and handmade lace. National Trust members free, \$5, \$3 conc.

29 November - Owners of 1948 and FJ Holdens & public celebrate the vehicle's 50th birthday at party near Port Adelaide Lighthouse. Ph Tony 8384 2759, Adrian 8265 1562. Gold coin donation.

29 November - Christmas tea for National Trust of SA members at Winns Bakehouse, Winns Road, Coromandel Valley. 6 pm. Shared tea.

6 December - Friends of the Oscar 'W' (paddle steamboat) Society's Christmas party.

6 December - Country picnic hosted by Young Trust of National Trust of SA at Scott Creek Oval, Scott Creek Road. 11 am. BYO food, drinks, chairs. BBQ facilities available. 8223 1655.

6 December - Salisbury and District Historical Society at Salisbury North Football Club, Bagster Road, Salisbury North. 6 pm. Smorgasbord. \$17 per head. RSVP Teresa O'Grady.

8 December - Campbelltown Historical Society's Christmas Dinner at Newton Road Community Hall, 6 pm for 6.30 pm. Five course meal served for \$15 per head. BYO drinks. RSVP June Laws.

9 December - Christmas dinner for Royal Geographical Society of South Australia. 7 pm at Public Schools Club, 207 East Terrace, Adelaide. 8207 7265 (24 hours). \$25.

10 December - Kites for Rights. Children celebrate 50th anniversary of Universal Declaration of Human Rights at Bonython Park on Human Rights Day. 10am - noon.

12 December - Shortened version of play *He That Should Come*, the first performed by St Jude's Players 50 years ago. Choir of St. Jude's Church in church, Brighton Road, Brighton.

21 December - *A Handmade Christmas*. Holiday activities for children aged 7-15 years at Ayers Historic House, creating traditional Christmas decorations under supervision of National Trust of SA staff. \$10 includes materials, afternoon tea. 8223 1234.

26 & 27 December - *Those Darling Dollies* exhibition at Ayers Historic House, 288 North Terrace, Adelaide. National Trust of SA members free, \$5, \$3 conc.

Tuesdays at 10.30 am - Guided tour of The University of Adelaide's historic North Terrace campus. 90 minutes. Meet at university gate on North Terrace between Art Gallery and Mitchell Building. Uni of Adelaide Alumni Association. \$3 each for association's scholarship fund.

Every Sunday at 1 pm - The Companie of Knights Bachelor, medieval re-enactment group of the life styles of people of Third Crusade, 1150-1250 AD. Student Activity Room, City East Campus of Uni of SA, enter gate 3, Frome Road, Adelaide and follow shields and flags. All welcome. 8265 1997 or 8370 7020 evenings.

Second Sunday of month: Marble Hill, SA's Vice-regal summer residence (1879-1955). Small fee. 11 am-5 pm. Details: 8390 1884.

Second Sunday of month: *Eye Spy Club* for children between 5-10 years accompanied by adult at Art Gallery of SA. 3 pm. Membership badge \$2.

Monday to Friday, 9 am-5 pm: Charity Card Shop at Shop 7b, basement of Southern Cross Arcade, 52-62 King William Street, Adelaide. All proceeds benefit 40 member charities. Ph 8212 2199.

White Gloves Treasure Tour of State Library's rare books. \$10 or \$5 conc includes souvenir gloves. Bookings 8207 7664.

Exhibitions:

to 1 February, 1999: *M'Lady's Fabulous Frocks!* at Ayers Historic House, 288 North Terrace, Adelaide. Original gowns worn between 1845 and 1895, enhanced by a selection M'Lady's favourite things: her parasols, photographs, fans, lingerie, corsetry and jewellery. National Trust of South Australia. Tues-Fri: 10am- 4 pm; Weekends and public holidays: 1-4 pm. Cost: \$5 adults, \$3 conc, \$10 family. Group bookings: Leigh Summers 8223 1234.

to 28 February, 1999 - *Pageant Memories*, exploring Sir Edward Hayward's creation of the John Martin's Christmas Pageant and its place in the hearts of South Australians. Carrick Hill, 46 Carrick Hill Drive, Springfield. Ph 8379 3158 or 8379 3886.

The Mouse that "http:/"

Click on your computer mouse and your finger is on the camera shutter release and your eye is viewing South Australian history. The recently launched internet web site: *Photohistory of South Australia, 1845-1915* is thanks to Robert J. Noye of Clare, local historian and enthusiast for early Australian photography. The website address is

<http://www.capri.net.au/~rjnoye/PhotohistorySA.htm>

A click on your computer mouse ... on the contents list shows you sections on photographers, camera clubs, stereoscopes, Daguerreotypes, Dating Cartes de Visite, Magic Lantern, silent film and hand-colouring.

The miscellaneous section contains more sub-sections to discover ... curious about post-modern photos? Time-travellers can enjoy the early vista through panoramas - a view of Port Lincoln taken around 1879. The view stretches beyond the screen so to see it all use the scrollbar. Or click on an area, and telescope in for a closer view.

A recent review in *The South Australian Genealogist* stated that the website had about 230 images and 20,000 words! And the site is being continually updated.

For those without home access to the internet, you can become a surfer of the world wide web at your local library for free, with advice from staff there.

- courtesy of Clare Regional History Group's spring newsletter & G.F.

Here's an excerpt from the website:

Picture of infamy

South Australia's most notorious photographer would have to be William James Lott.

His dastardly deeds were reported in great detail in the press of the day.

Lott had a studio in Rundle Street, Adelaide, called the Paris Photographic Company, and in 1877 the report of his divorce proceedings included the words 'shameful depravity, wanton cruelty, pitiful cowardice, utter baseness.'

It said the bulk of the report was unfit for publication. 'It depicts a creature thoroughly steeped in sensuality, lost to all sense of moral restraint, natural affection and common decency.' The judge said it was 'one of the most filthy and brutal of all the cases that had come under his notice.'

But that was only the start of it. Lott tried to burn down his studio, took in a dissipated English barrister who had been banished to Australia by his family, drained him of money, beat him, and when he died of neglect tried to extract money from the family using a photograph he had made of what he claimed was the dead man's will.

Read about the bad Lott at Photographers/Lott W.J.

History resources on Internet

Australian History

<http://www.nla.gov.au/oz/histsite.html>

Public Record Office of England and

Wales <http://www.pro.gov.uk>

National Archives, Canberra

www.naa.gov.au

Royal Geographical Society, Queensland

<http://www.gil.com.au/va/rgsq>

Royal Geographical Society of SA

<http://www.slsa.sa.gov.au/library/collres/rgsa.html>

Funding sought for web site

The Royal Geographical Society of South Australia has applied for funding to list its records about memorials and monuments on a web site. If its application to the National Council for the Centenary of Federation 2001 succeeds, Australians and overseas people will be able to learn more about how this continent was discovered, settled, surveyed and mapped. The application was submitted by the Geographical Heritage Committee of the RGSSA. The records are being used to assist other community groups plan events in SA to celebrate the Centenary of Federation on January 1, 2001. The RGSSA hopes the web site project will lift its public profile, upgrade the society's computer equipment and members' skills using it.

- Kath Crilly in RGSSA's *GeoNews* & GF

New booklets on Trams

The Australian Electric Transport Museum has published three booklets about earlier transport in Adelaide.

They are: *Parade to Kensington; Tramcars, Trolleybuses in and around Port Adelaide, also Cheltenham Line; Over the Viaduct to Henley Beach, also Hilton - Richmond Line.*

Each costs \$5, plus \$1.10 postage. They are available from the Museum, GPO Box 2012, Adelaide, SA 5001.

- Grantley Franklin.

Here today, gone tomorrow! A Bowerbird's interest in the Crows.

Off to the supermarket for a few extra groceries on a warm Spring Saturday arvo. I wandered past the refrigerators, looking for yogurt.

For a few years, on the lip of a long open galley frig there's been a sticker. I've seen it many times as I reached over to lift out frozen yoghurt, icecream, and other temptations.

The sticker has become historical. It states in yellow with blue shadow: *Crow Bars*, with the Golden North logo in the top right-hand corner, overlaid on a vertical stripe of the AFL team's colours, all on a background of white.

I've never tasted a *Crow Bar*. Then, I wasn't a fan. I did savour at home on television the Adelaide Football Club's grand final victory this past September.

Quite awhile ago I picked carefully at the sticker's edge, with wistful intent.

After the Crows had just lost to Melbourne in this year's qualifying final, I saw it again while looking for cheaper yogurt,

The supermarket had recently changed hands, again - perhaps the third or fourth time during the eleven years I've lived down the street.

Having maintained a consumer's allegiance, I decided to ask if I could have the sticker - carefully peeled off. Granted. Many thanks. As I wandered home with another sticker for my collection, I wondered if anyone still had a wrapper? Or one last frozen confection? Perhaps the club had, or Golden North.

I wish now, I had sampled a *Crow Bar*.

The sticker is scratched and worn in parts, and I accidentally tore a bit off the bottom which was stuck beneath a screwed-down rail.

Still; I'll take it to show at the Printed Collectables Club of South Australia and/or the Birds of A Feather Collectors' Club.

During Patricia Sumerling's *Armchair Pub Crawl* at the society's recent meeting, she sadly mentioned how few photos she'd seen of the interiors of pubs she'd researched. She bemoaned the loss of potential archival material during Spring cleans.

Not every South Australian barracks for the Crows. I know three society members who do - two of whom also have a jocular interest - sharing the surnames of a current and a former former player: Goodwin and Tregenza. - G Franklin

Advertisement:

BUY NOW FOR CHRISTMAS!

The Foundling: a tale of the Burra Burra Mine

Mary Talbot Cross, The Shalimar Press, 341 pp.

A life begun in the England of the Poor Laws and the workhouse continues in the South Australia of the 1840s and the orphaned Julia Stephen dreams, schemes - and survives - in a place not so very different to the cold-hearted land of her birth.

The Foundling is also the story of the "little people" of Kooringa company township, and their struggle to endure in the shadow of the truly monstrous Burra Burra Mine. Cornish, Germans, Irish and others, servants of the South Australian Mining Association - and its victims, too - live, laugh, mourn, and die as disease and greed take their toll of those who looked for paradise and found it sadly wanting.

For its human interest and minor characters **The Foundling** draws to some extent on **Burra 1845 - 1851: a Directory of early folk**, (written as Jennifer M. T. Carter) but the spirited, resourceful (and often dishonest) heroine is the author's own creation. Julia Stephen's story unfolds against the backdrop of the Burra strike of 1848, the floods and first elections, and the mass exodus in search of gold as 1851 draws to a close and yet, in her fight for survival, she can be seen as "Everywoman" and her aspirations for self-betterment as transcending the centuries.

But what is the enigma of her birth, and who is the mysterious packman and drover who has dogged her footsteps from the Old World to the New? What horrific secret will be revealed in a miserable dugout in the Burra Burra Creek?

Mystery, excitement, fiction and historic fact, convincing characters - imaginary and real:

The Foundling has them all!

\$21.95 + \$4 p & p; orders: J. Carter, 13 Grandview Terrace, Kew, VIC 3101. Tel: (03) 9853 6256.

Discounts on 2 + copies. Prices on enquiry.