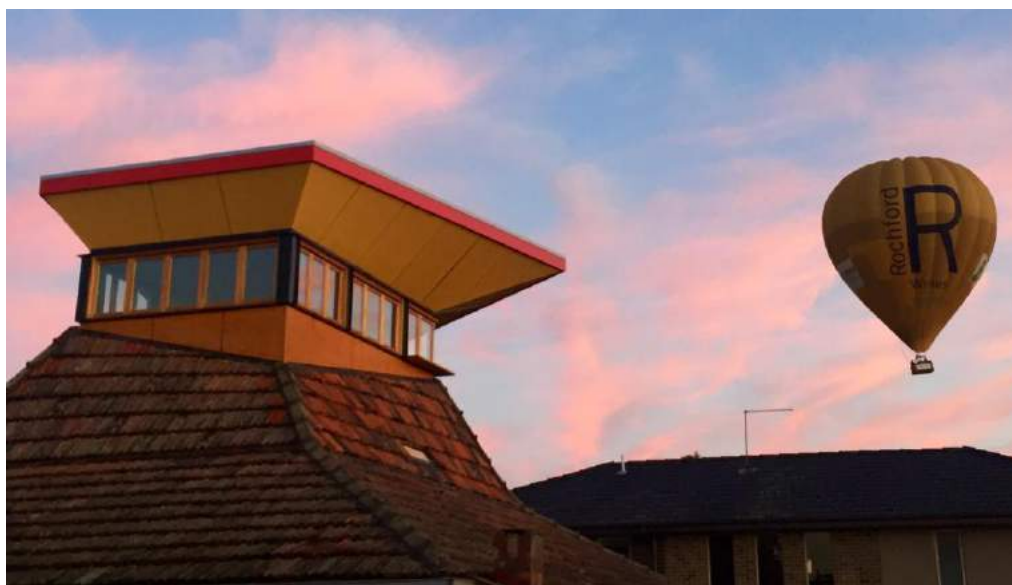


# All Night Long. Cruising and memory shuffling. <sup>1</sup>

15 July 2016. 33,734 words. 99.4 MB.  
Chapters 1-4.

## 1



I have stuck to the facts except when facts refused to conform with memory, narrative purpose, or the truth as I prefer to understand it. Wherever liberties have been taken with names, dates, places, events and conversations, or with the identities, motivations, and interrelations of family members and historical personages, the reader is assured they have been taken with due abandon.' Michael Chabon, *Moonglow*, Fourth Estate, London 2016. Author's Notes.

The danger of biography, and equally of autobiography, is that it can muddy poetry by confusing it with its sources. [Henry] James' word for the source of a work, its 'germ', is wonderfully suggestive because the source bears the same relation to the finished work as the seed does to a tree – nothing is the same, all has developed, the historical truth of the germ is superseded by the derived but completely different artistic truth of the fiction.<sup>2</sup> Thom Gunn, 1979.

Why are you telling me all this? Christopher Isherwood.

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<sup>1</sup> **A life in five places:** Paul suggested the title *East of Ivanhoe*. He was living in Ivanhoe. James Dean's *East of Eden* was released in 1951 and we moved to East Ivanhoe in December 1952. Frances suggested *My Memory*, to emphasise its particularity, as others will remember it differently. Other titles: *Night Long Mull*, *All Night Long in My Memory Palace*, or *Staying Up Remembering*, *All Night Long*. Another title could be *Stomping Grounds*. Artist Peter Neilsen had an exhibition at Australian Galleries, Collingwood in April 2005 and during 2003 in their Sydney Gallery, entitled 'All Night Long.' Neilsen's work has something in



common with that of R J Kitaj, eg: *Mythmaking: Vile Gossip*, 2008.

<sup>2</sup> Thom Gunn in Jack W C Hagstrom, and George Bixby, Introduced by Thom Gunn, *Thom Gunn. A Bibliography, 1940-78*, Bertram Rota, London 1979, p 25. [Held].

(Through) ...memory, sensation and expectation...' (I developed) '...a 'possessable' past and an awareness of my identity. Though '...my memory selects and distorts the things remembered, and also forgets, it is the only direct access to the past I possess. Bernard Smith.<sup>3</sup>

Never trust the teller; trust the tale. D H Lawrence.<sup>4</sup>

Peter Greenaway (b1942-) is opposed to narrative as distracting from pictures, or images.<sup>5</sup>

...all writing is a kind of betrayal.

...writing is a kind of self-analysis.

The digressions into the world of art are much more than merely illustrative. Throughout, Smee argues that for the value of giving loving attention to our inner lives and outer worlds.<sup>6</sup>

Helen's books are shaped by the people who won't speak to her.<sup>7</sup>

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**Autobiography** (noun; from auto- =one's own + biography=a written life of someone, from French: *biographie*, or modern Latin, from medieval Greek: *biographia*).  
- The story of one's own life.<sup>8</sup>

**Memoir** (noun; from French: special use of *mémoire*=memory).  
- A history written from personal knowledge, or special sources of information.<sup>9</sup> It contains a selection of material and is not impartial.

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<sup>3</sup> Bernard Smith, 'Art Objects and Historical Usage,' Isabel McBryde, editor, *Who owns the past? Papers from a symposium of the Australian Academy of Humanities*, Oxford University Press, Melbourne 1985, p 74, quoted by: Sheridan Palmer, *Hegel's Owl. A Life Bernard Smith*, Power Publications, Sydney 2016, p 315.

<sup>4</sup> D H Lawrence, edited: Ezra Greenspan, Lindeth Vasey and John Worthen, *Studies in Classic American Literature*, Cambridge University Press, (1923) 2003. ISBN 0-521-55016-5 and Thomas Tyrone, *Wisdom's Dictates: Or, Aphorisms & Rules*, London 1691, p 68.

<sup>5</sup> Jorge Luis Borges once said that the short story did not necessarily require a plot, but rather a 'situation,' and it is this word that appears in Woods' text in place of plot: '...the situation, however artificial, becomes difficult to bear because it must be thought about rather than consumed/resolved through narrative'. Narratives fail because they resolve tension, whereas Greenaway uses tension to evoke thought. Narrative relies on character identification, on the viewer's empathy with the plight of the protagonist, but Greenaway rejects such a notion: 'Empathy... prevents us from dealing with, facing up to, what is really real'.

This repositioning of the viewer in relation to the work of art is almost Brechtian, except that Greenaway's project does not encourage political awareness so much as an awareness of the operations of nature; according to Woods, Greenaway disrupts narrative from a 'Darwinian standpoint.' However, it would be wrong to interpret Greenaway's emphasis on nature as an attempt to evoke a spiritual or a transcendent experience.

Woods describes Greenaway's use of cinematic artifice as an attempt to combine Brechtian as well as Baroque theatricality (the Baroque aesthetic combines soul and body, the spiritual and the material): 'It is not spirituality which is co-existent, doubled, with corporeality in Greenaway, but the presence of mind to imagine, to represent, as well as live out, physical existence'. This statement best explains the difference between Greenaway and Brecht: Greenaway demands that the viewer engage his films both intellectually and physically.

[http://pmc.iath.virginia.edu/text-only/issue.198/8.2.r\\_enns](http://pmc.iath.virginia.edu/text-only/issue.198/8.2.r_enns)

<sup>6</sup> Alex Tighe, 'Apathy rules,' review in *The Monthly*, January -February 2009, p 29, of Sebastian Smee, 'Net Loss: The Inner Life in the Digital Age,' *Quarterly Essay 72*, Black Inc.

<sup>7</sup> Erik Jensen, 'Hotel Golf,' *The Monthly*, June 2018, p 26.

<sup>8</sup> J B Sykes, Ed, *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, Oxford at the Clarendon Press, Oxford (1911) 1979, pp 63 & 97.

<sup>9</sup> J B Sykes, Ed, *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, Oxford at the Clarendon Press, Oxford (1911) 1979, p 681.

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Night time is my time for just reminiscing...<sup>10</sup>

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. *King James Bible*,  
Psalm 19: 2.

Let the night teach us what we are, and the day what we should be. Thomas Tyron, 1691.

Have you thought of the night? ...I can see you have not! You should, for the night has been going on for a long time. Djuna Barnes, *Nightwood*, 1936. [A novel].

Because the night makes us blind, we fear it, forgetting that the blind develop other senses, forgetting that in the night-time, during those brief sightless hours, we feel so much more... Only in darkness can men truly be themselves, and therefore night is holier than day. As Michelangelo tells us, knowing only too well of what he speaks, I have no doubt....

I like these dark vast hours, when most people are sleeping, During those hours, I feel I can breathe and think more freely, til my breath and my thoughts expand to fill the empty space left vacant by the sleepers. I've always loved the night; my blood responds to its call. Jonathan Kemp, *London Tryptych*. [A novel].<sup>11</sup>

He drank his wine and said with a low voice, 'There are those at the club who pretend there's no day – only night. I have to say that I'm more and more inclined to be like that.' 'Yes - only a make believe world.' Frank Moorhouse, *Dark Palace*, Knopf, Sydney, 2000, p 544.

I had to admit I lived for nights like these, moving across the city's great broken body, making connections among its millions of cells, I had a crazy notion that some day before I died, if I made all the right connections, the city would come all the way alive, like the Bride of Frankenstein. Ross Macdonald (Kenneth Millar), *The Instant Enemy*, 1968.

What follows is far  
too full of facts;  
but from their interstices,  
some truths perchance  
may emerge.

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Read: Jenkins, John, *Growing Up With Mr Menzies*, John Leonard Press, 2008.

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<sup>10</sup> From *Love me or leave me*, 1928 by Walter Donaldson with lyrics by Gus Kahn. The song was introduced in the Broadway play *Whoopie!* in 1928. It has been recorded by numerous artists including Ruty Etting, Fats Waller, Billie Holiday, Peggy Lee, Sarah Vaughan, Miles Davis and Nina Simone, and sung (and recorded) by Geoffrey Peterson-Wright at his surprise 40<sup>th</sup> birthday party in 1994.

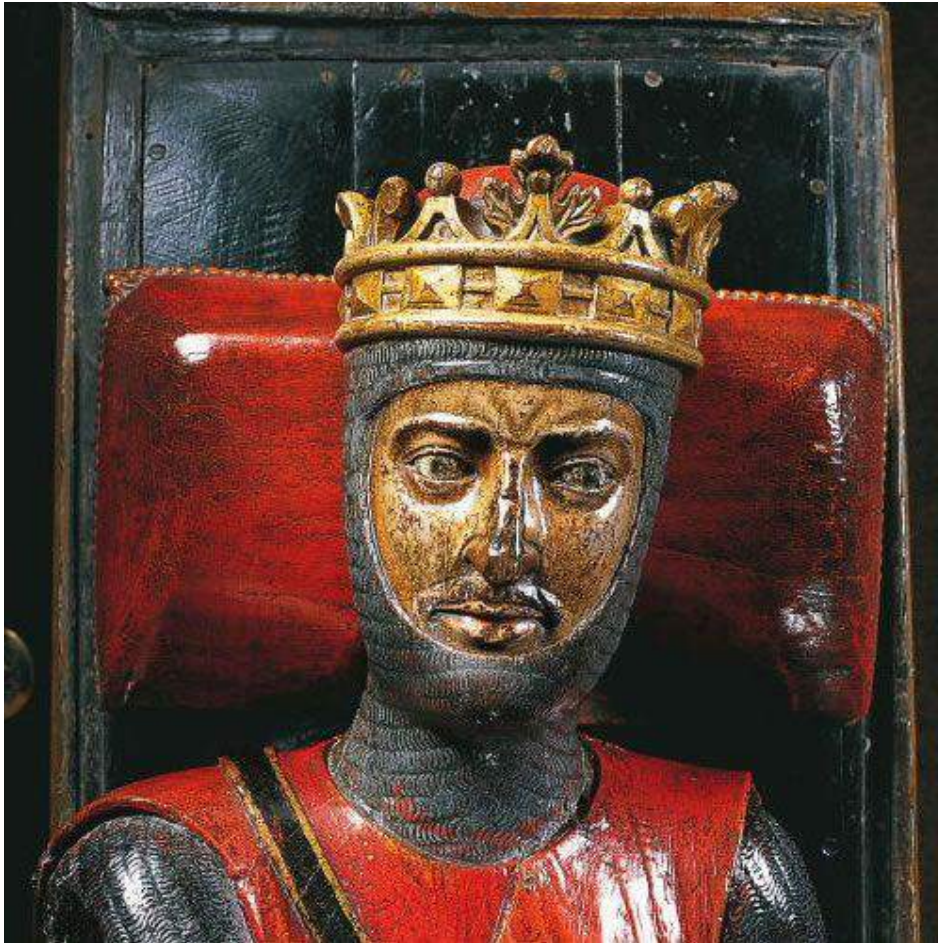
<sup>11</sup> Jonathan Kemp, *London Tryptych*, Mryiad Editions, Brighton UK 2010, pp 99 & 172, the first section spoken as if by Oscar Wilde to Jack, one of his young lad 'panthers.'

## Preface

Phil Meddings (his offer).

What follows is fiction. It is fiction in the sense that it is derived substantially from one person's memory. From my memory. Others will have differing memories of the same times, the same events. They may even deny that the events described occurred at all. But it is my memory: my fiction...

### 1. Burnt Ash Hill: Domesday, 1185.



Robert I 'The Magnificent,' unidentified effigy.

Robert I 'The Magnificent,' Duke of Normandy (1000-35) fortified his architecturally arrogant 16-towered Château de Falaise in Calvados, as his preferred residence.

Looking down on the green valley of the River Ante in the first year of his dukedom, he is said to have spotted the young Heleve, washing clothes in his castle's moat. From his infatuation was conceived William the Bastard, later known as William the Conqueror (1027-88).





Château de Falaise.



Château de Falaise.

The Anglo-Saxon English king, Edward the Confessor (1003/5-1066) had promised God that he would make a pilgrimage to St Peter's in Rome, but he found it impossible to find the time. The Pope released him from his vow on condition that he found a monastery dedicated to St Peter. So he built an Abbey at Westminster: the earliest Romanesque building in England. He was made a saint in 1161, and two years later, his body was translated to a spectacular shrine in his Abbey. It's just a hundred metres from where I worked as an Architect for five years.



The shrine of St Edward the Confessor, d1066, with its C13 base and C16 upper level. The final translation of his body was to a chapel east of the Abbey's sanctuary in 1269.

Edward died without issue and three or four contenders disputed his succession. Indeed, on the very day Edward died, Harold Godwinson had himself crowned. Perhaps Edward had promised this as he died; though Harold had purportedly earlier promised the throne to William, whose mother was sister to William's grandfather.

William then assiduously prepared to invade England, underpinned by most other European leaders. Support from the most important, Pope Alexander II, was recognized by his gift to William of a hair of St Peter, and also from his successor Nicholas II whilst in Caen, who agreed to acknowledge William's uncanonical marriage to his cousin Matilda, providing William built two great monastic churches in that town.

So, it is that the great Norman churches of La Trinité at the Abbaye Aux Dames (1066-77) built for Matilda, and William's Saint-Étienne at the Abbaye aux Hommes (1066-1130) 2.4 kilometres away, that still face off down Rue de bras and Rue des Chanoines, where their respective remains are entombed. In Assisi, the basilicas of San Francesco (1128-30) and Santa Chiara (1260-), comparably face down the sinuous Rue San Francesco, but are again actually not visible from each other, here perhaps symbolizing the unconsummated love of Francis and Clare.

But, only in Brunswick Street, Fitzroy do two churches visibly confront each other:

St Patrick's Cathedral<sup>12</sup> and the Hungarian Reformed Church,<sup>13</sup> about the same distance apart as the other two pairs. This vista is only intruded upon by a single oriel window that I once inserted at no 36.<sup>14</sup> These churches do not represent a human relation, but their visible confrontation has long intrigued me, and seems to be unique in the world.



La Trinité and Saint-Étienne, Caen.

I first read of the Normans when I was in Palermo in 1973, when at the Stazione Centrale bookstall, I picked up a copy of John Julius Norwich's *The Kingdom in the Sun, 1130-1194*<sup>15</sup> about the remarkable kingdom that stretched from Southern Italy to Northern England, its southern components only accessible by sea past Gibraltar, just as I had journeyed a few weeks earlier. In London on my first visit to John Sandoe's Bookshop<sup>16</sup> I noticed his delightful pamphlet *Christmas Crackers*, which I bought then and have collected each year since, just as I am still a customer of that most favorite bookshop.

It has been said that William's invasion of England on 14 October 1066 was so tactically clever as to have been remembered as one of the best-planned, most complicated manoeuvres of its kind, and his victory at Hastings was one of the most decisive in history. The motte-and-bailey that his invading army dug themselves into, later evolved into Hastings Castle, and William erected Battle Abbey on the battlefield itself, with its high altar marking the spot where Harold died.

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<sup>12</sup> St Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, 5 Gisborne Street, East Melbourne, 1858-97. The spires higher than Wardell's design and altered west portal (1937-9) are by W P Conolly and E W Vanheems enhance the landmark aspect, but the new baby pink Portuguese Rosa Aurora and Spanish Alicante marble sanctuary by Arthur Andronas, of Falkinger & Andronas, architects, makes me squirm.

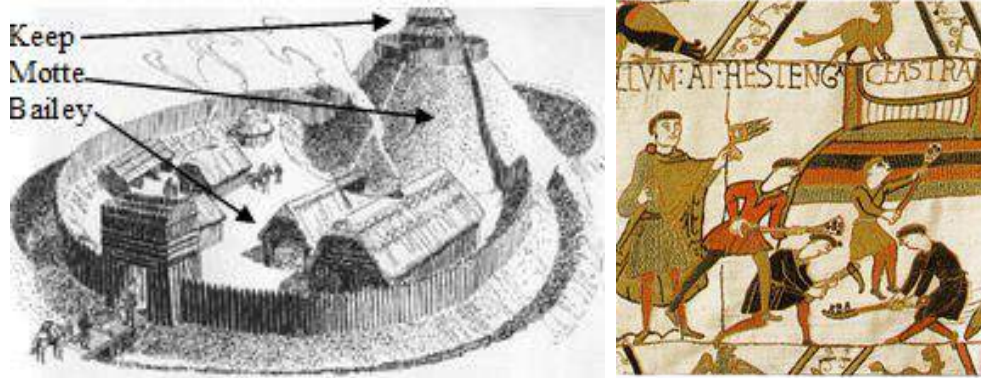
<sup>13</sup> Formerly St Luke's Anglican, 121 St Georges Road, North Fitzroy, Crouch and Wilson architects, 1879-91, 2.8 km from St Patrick's.

<sup>14</sup> As architect and builder, when I was a director of Urban Spaces Pty Ltd, in c1985, when we were drastically renovating and adding to numbers 36 and 38.

<sup>15</sup> John Julius Norwich, *The Kingdom in the Sun, 1130-1194*, Faber & Faber, London 1970.

<sup>16</sup> <http://johnsandoe.com/about/> *Christmas Cracker: Being a commonplace selection* was privately published by Lord Norwich from 1970 until his death in 2018. I have all but two.





Left: a typical motte and bailey. Right: construction at Hastings, depicted on the Bayeux Tapestry.

In its myriad stitches, the Bayeux Tapestry (70 x 0.5 m)<sup>17</sup> relates the saga of the Battle of Hastings from the politicized view of the victor. It is one of the greatest pictorial narrative artworks, comparable to that carved in stone on Trajan's column in Rome, although only one third its length.<sup>18</sup> John and I saw it in Bayeux in August 1977. This is one of the two dates deemed necessary to be remembered by all English students by that waggish reworking of English history, *1066 and All That: A Memorable History of England, comprising all the parts you can remember, including 103 Good Things, 5 Bad Kings and 2 Genuine Dates.*<sup>19</sup>



Detail, the Bayeux Tapestry, Museum of Queen Matilda, Bayeux, Normandy.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>17</sup> It would comfortably wrap around an E Class (3 sections, 33 metres long) Melbourne tram.  
<sup>18</sup> 200 metres long, AD 107-113, Trajan's Forum, Rome. Amanda Claridge, *Rome, An Oxford Archaeological Guide*, Oxford University Press, Oxford (1998) 2010, p 186-189. The narrative frieze of the Column of Marcus Aurelius (c175 AD) is 190 metres. Martin Beckmann, *The Column of Marcus Aurelius: The Genesis and Meaning of a Roman Imperial Monument*, University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill 2011. \$US65. ISBN 978-0-8078-3461-9 [www.ajaonline.org/online-review-book/1627](http://www.ajaonline.org/online-review-book/1627)

<sup>19</sup> *1066 and All That: A Memorable History of England, comprising all the parts you can remember, including 103 Good Things, 5 Bad Kings and 2 Genuine Dates* the tongue-in-cheek retelling of the history of England, by W C Sellar and R J Yeatman and illustrated by John Reynolds, first serialized in *Punch* magazine, and published by Methuen & Co Limited in 1930.  
<sup>20</sup> John and I saw the tapestry, and I mistakenly left behind my *Green Guide to Normandy* there, on 28 August 1976.





William I, detail, the Bayeux Tapestry.



1066 and All That, illustrated by John Reynolds.



William depicted at his birthplace Château de Falaise, indubitably a conqueror.

The Norman Conquest seared a traumatic rupture, annihilating the English ruling class and initiating the biggest transfer of property in English history. England was now owned and ruled by the French. But the system of government remained. England remained recognizably England. But unlike his predecessors, William insisted that all landholders held their property for him and demanded their allegiance and service. Barons were given scattered holdings, rather than large continuous tracts, so avoiding the risk of fragmentation, securing subsequent English kings in a much stronger position than Continental rulers.<sup>21</sup>

Though illegitimate, illiterate, and unable to speak English, William was indubitably a great leader. He was most determined, with a tremendous energy and organizational skill. Having conquered England, he then consolidated his territory on both sides of the channel. The Normans introduced names like Richard, William, John, Robert, Margaret, Mary and Emma.

He also initiated from 1066, the classic street-frontage layout of houses and businesses in areas where land could be intensively farmed and support a centralized labour-force. New settlements were established and existing ones restructured, voluntarily or by force, bringing previously rural communities into larger settlements with tightly-packed properties. This generated long, narrow 'toft-and-croft' blocks,<sup>22</sup> consisting of a street-front cottage, a private yard, a vegetable patch, and animal pens running from the main thoroughfare to a back lane, often still called 'Back Lane', strung out along a central street. The focus of the village was still the shared amenities of barn, smithy, mill, bridge, and manor.<sup>23</sup>

In 1072, William also achieved a treaty with Malcolm III 'Canmore'<sup>24</sup> (born 1031,

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<sup>21</sup> Keith Thomas, 'Was there always an England?' *New York Review of Books*, 12 May 2016, p 72.

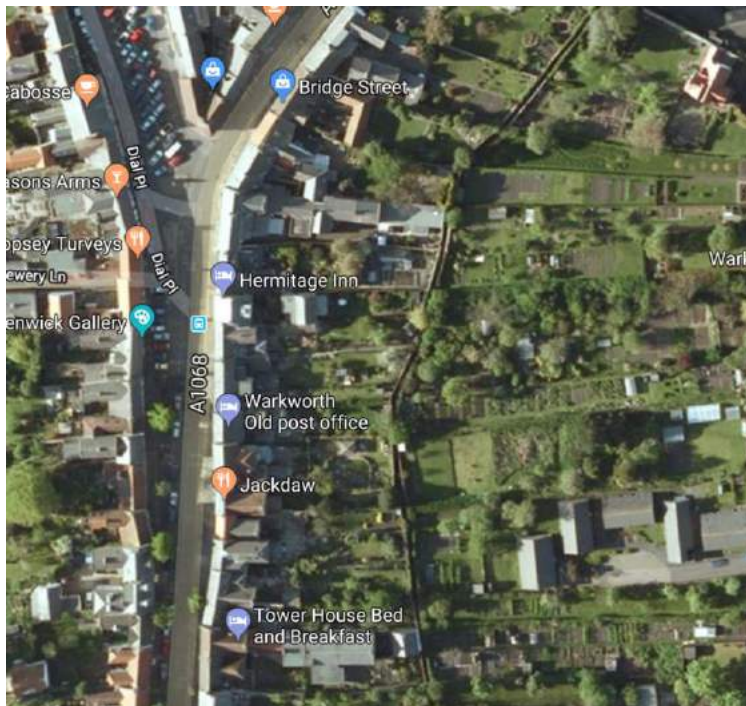
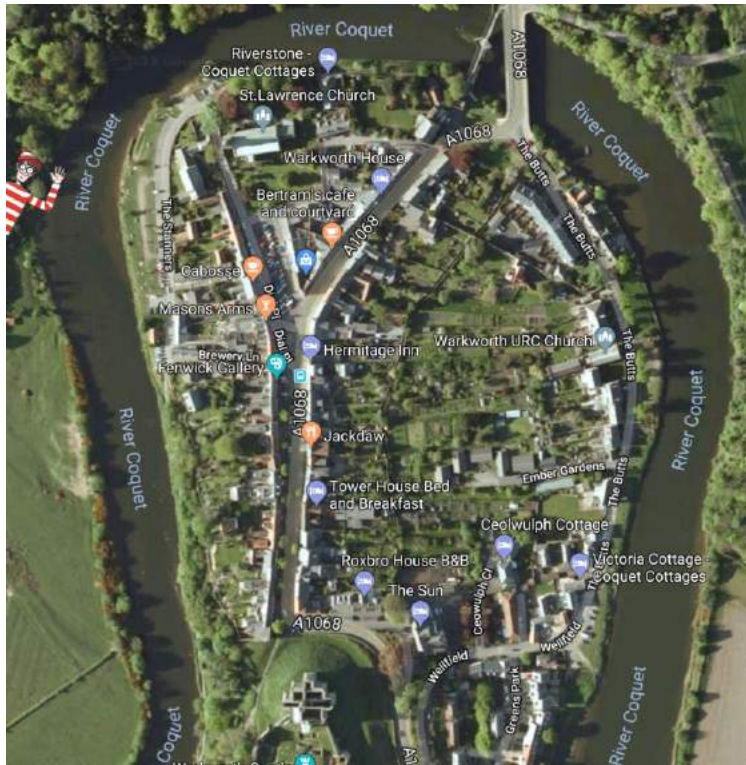
<sup>22</sup> 'Plots' in England.

<sup>23</sup> Mary-Ann Ocha, *Hidden Histories. A spotter's guide to the British landscape*, Frances Lincoln, Quarto Publishing, London 2017, p 194.

<sup>24</sup> Gaelic for 'great chief.' He was the son of Shakespeare's Duncan I, killed in battle by Macbeth.



reigned 1058-93), the King of the Scots.<sup>25</sup>



Warkworth, Northumberland showing the toft-and-crofts and back lane, to the east of the A1068. The parish church and medieval bridge are to the north and the medieval castle to the south. The village is still owned by the Duke of Northumberland through his Northumberland Estates. I stayed a couple of nights in this perfect village every fortnight for almost five years in either the Warkworth House Hotel, or the Sun Inn, as I administered a large building contract.

<sup>25</sup> The Treaty of Abernethy was signed at the village of Abernethy, Scotland, in 1072 where Malcolm III paid homage to William I of England, acknowledging William as his feudal overlord. In a complex sequence of exchanges, Richard I handed Scotland back until 1292.

While spending the Christmas of 1085 in Gloucester, William held a deep briefing of his council. He resolved to send out men all over England '...into every shire,' to find out what, or how much each landholder had in land and livestock, and what this was worth, so as to calculate and record the fiscal rights of the king. 'All these writings were brought to him afterwards.'<sup>26</sup>

They recorded the manors, who held them, how many hides (a unit of area), how each had enlarged, or reduced, how much was held by each freeman, by each sokeman,<sup>27</sup> how many plough teams, villans, woods, meadows, pasture, mills and fisheries. It compiled details of population, arable land, woodland, meadow and other resources. And how much was the whole worth?

The 'Great Survey' that emerged in 1086, written in highly abbreviated Medieval Latin and with some Saxon vernacular terms that had no Latin equivalents, was to determine what taxes had been owed to the king during the previous reign of Edward the Confessor.

The reckoning of William's assessors was dispositive and without appeal. As Richard FitzNeal wrote in c1179 in his *Dialogus de Scaccario*:<sup>28</sup>

...for as the sentence of that strict and terrible last account cannot be evaded by any skillful subterfuge, so when this book is appealed to ... its sentence cannot be quashed or set aside with impunity. That is why we have called the book 'the Book of Judgement' ...because its decisions, like those of the Last Judgement, are unalterable.

It names 13,418 places, though it did not include the City of London and Winchester, probably due to their tax-exempt status, and some other towns. It was organized by fiefs, which were manors, under the names of the landholders (or *tenentes*) who directly held Crown lands in fee, rather than by geography. As a review of taxes owed of course it was hugely unpopular, but William needed it for surety from a wide range of his subjects, to raise money to pay the many mercenaries he contracted against the threats from King Cnut of Denmark, and from France. He also gathered all councilors and landowners to Salisbury (or Old Sarum) to swear an oath of allegiance to him.

It is the oldest public record in England and possibly the most remarkable statistical document in the history of Europe. The continent has no document to compare with such a detailed description, for so great a territory, and no survey of its scope and extent was attempted in Britain for 800 years, until the *Return of Owners of Land* in

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<sup>26</sup> The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* at Project Gutenberg – Public domain copy. A recent scholarly edition of the [B] text is S Taylor *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle: A Collaborative Edition, 4, MS B*, Cambridge, 1983.

<sup>27</sup> **Hide** - (Old English: *hi(g)id* (hiw-, hig- =household)) - historically, a unit of measurement of land: as much as would support one free family and their dependants, ie: 60-120 acres (24.2 - 48.6 hectares), according to local conditions.

**Soke** - the early Western right of jurisdiction; or a district under a particular right of jurisdiction and administration, eg: the tiny Soke of Peterborough (also known as Liberty of Peterborough, or the Nassaburgh hundred) seems to have been the only surviving soke until 1865, now Huntingdon and Peterborough, an historic administrative area of England traditionally associated with the City and Diocese of Peterborough, but considered part of Northamptonshire, is described as the Liberty of Peterborough and comprised Peterborough and 30 parishes. Now this is most of the City of Peterborough unitary authority area, in the ceremonial county of Cambridgeshire. The Church of England, however, still describes the diocese as consisting of Northamptonshire, Rutland and the Soke of Peterborough: the part of the city north of the River Nene and the relevant *Pevsner Architectural Guide* (former *Buildings of England*) is *Bedfordshire, Huntingdon and Peterborough*.<sup>27</sup> I would stop to see the great Cathedral of Peterborough on my frequent jourmneys north on thr Flying Scotsman from 1974-78, and with Darrell and John visited it again late one afternoon in 2009.

<sup>28</sup> The *Dialogus de Scaccario* (or *Dialogue concerning the Exchequer*) is a mediaeval work on the practice of the English Exchequer (or Treasury) written by Richard FitzNeal (c1130-98), clergyman and bureaucrat, for Henry II in the late twelfth century.

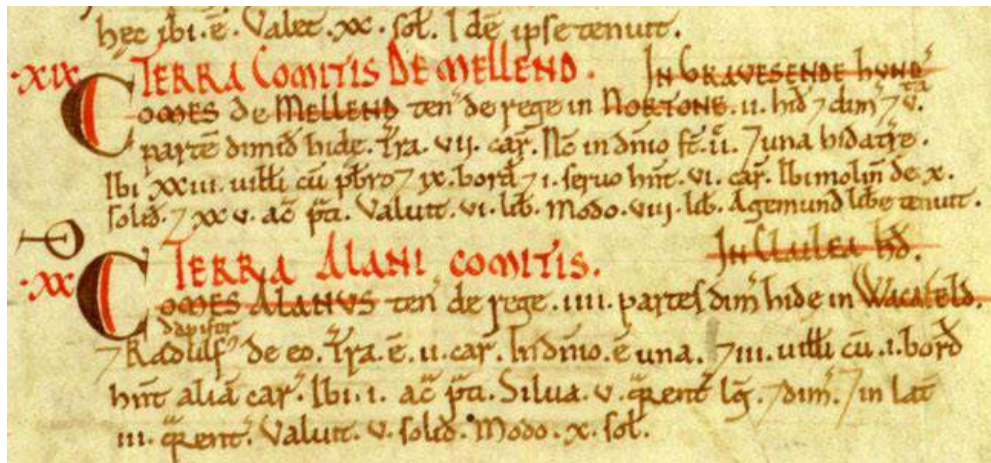


1873. William received the result just in time, enabling him to impose a heavy tax in what was to be the last year of his reign.

William's great survey was the first comprehensive geo-spatial analysis ever, and the far distant ancestor (though for a different purpose) for the tens of thousands of pages of the nine municipal heritage studies I spent so much of my professional life preparing in the decade of 1989-98, when like William's men over a millennium before, I too assiduously traversed every street searching for value.<sup>29</sup> So I came to be in at least one way like William, an irrepressible data-collecting encyclopedist.

William's survey was followed by the analysis that he did not live to undertake, though it was pursued by later academics. And as the wheels of accumulation ground on, occasional sparks of ideas would fly off into the air and germinate into something much more. And so it was with me.

How much more accurate and comprehensive would have been my evaluations, had I been free to fearlessly enter, probe and pry, with the absolute authority of a conquering monarch...<sup>30</sup>



This typical extract from the Domesday Book translates as:

THE COUNT of MEULAN holds of the king in NORTON 2½ hides and the fifth part of half a hide. [There is] land for 7 ploughs. Now in demesne are 2 [ploughs], and 1 hide of land. There 23 villans, with a priest and 9 bordars and 1 slave, have 6 ploughs. There is a mill rendering 10s, and 25 acres of meadow. It was worth 6l; now 8l. Aghmund held it freely.

COUNT ALAN holds of the king 4 parts of half a hide in WAKEFIELD and Ralph the steward [holds] of him. There is land for 2 ploughs. In demesne is 1 [plough]; and 3 villans, with 1 bordar, have another plough. There is 1 acre of meadow. [There is] woodland 5½ furlongs in length and 3 furlongs in breadth. It was worth 5s; now 10s.<sup>31</sup>

<sup>29</sup> For the towns of Bairnsdale, and Newtown (Geelong), the cities of Richmond (now Yarra) Doncaster and Templestowe, Wonga Park (now Manningsham) and Maroondah, the Shire of Bacchus Marsh and the Jie Fang Bei Road district in Tianjin, PR China and one typological study of government schools.

<sup>30</sup> Richard F Cassidy, Foreword John Julius Norwich, *The Norman Achievement*, Guild Publishing, London 1987, pp 30, 60, 61, 151, 152 & 159 and G H Martin and Ann Williams, *Domesday Book: A Complete Translation*, Penguin Classics, Penguin, London, paperback, 2004. [Held].

<sup>31</sup> [www.nortonvillage.org/domesdaybook.htm](http://www.nortonvillage.org/domesdaybook.htm)

<http://visionofbritain.org.uk/geowebcache/service/wms?LAYERS=nineteenth&FORMAT=image%2Fjpeg&SERVICE=WMS&VERSION=1.1.1&REQUEST=GetMap&STYLES=&EXCEPTIONS>

Whether the tiny but ancient hamlet of Burnt Ash existed in the eleventh century is not known, but it may have already been the southward extension of the Village Green at Lee to its northwest. When William's men came to Lee in 1086, they made the first written description of that place. In the *Domesday Book* they describe it as a small, cultivated area set in extensive woodland and they list 31 landowners, including King William himself, King Edward, the Bishop of Lisieux and the Abbot of St Augustine of Canterbury.<sup>32</sup>

It was not recorded again for another 655 years, when the earliest map then shows a cluster of about a dozen houses around a triangular village green, surrounded by fields.<sup>33</sup> Lee Green Farm occupied the southeast quadrant of the intersection that is now occupied by rather seedy Modernist Leegate Shopping Centre. This mall formed one of the settings in the 45-minute film we made in 1975: *David is Homosexual*.<sup>34</sup>

Lee Green is very nearly aligned to the Prime Meridian at which longitude is defined to be 0°, it being at 51.4565°N 0.0115°E, just very slightly east of it, and for five significant and happy years of my life, a kind of ground zero.<sup>35</sup>

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<sup>32</sup> <http://discovery.nationalarchives.gov.uk/details/r/D7299567> E 31/2/1/185 6v, Great Domesday Book, for Lee, Kent, in 1086, lists: Adam fitzHubert; Aethelnoth Cild; Aethelweald of Eltham; Alweard; Alweard brother of Godwine; Alwine; Ansgot; Ansketil de Rots; Azur of Lessness; Beorhtsige; Beorhtsige Cild; Earl Harold; Ernulf de Hesdin; Eskil; Geoffrey de Rots; Gilbert Maminot, Bishop of Lisieux; Godel; Godric, son of Karli; Godwine, brother of Alweard; Hamo the sheriff; King Edward as lord; King William as landholder; Leofric; Mauger; Ording of Horton Kirby; Ralph fitzTuroid; Richard of Tonbridge, son of Count Gilbert; Robert Latimer; Scotland, Abbot of St Augustine of Canterbury; Toki; Toli; Walter de Douai; William fitzOgier.

<sup>33</sup> Rocque's Map, 1740.

<sup>34</sup> I was assistant director, Wilfred Avery was director. *David is homosexual* gets a few hits on film databases: <http://ftvdb.bfi.org.uk/sift/title/182768> and

<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0216668/> The bfi gives the year (1978), and Ray McLaughlain the only cast member, different names in IMDB - Dave Parent, Debbie Parent and Ghishlain Parent (you might get more if you subscribe to IMDB). In the BFI database, it says the director is Wilf Avery and production company is Lewisham CHE. BFI National Archive is

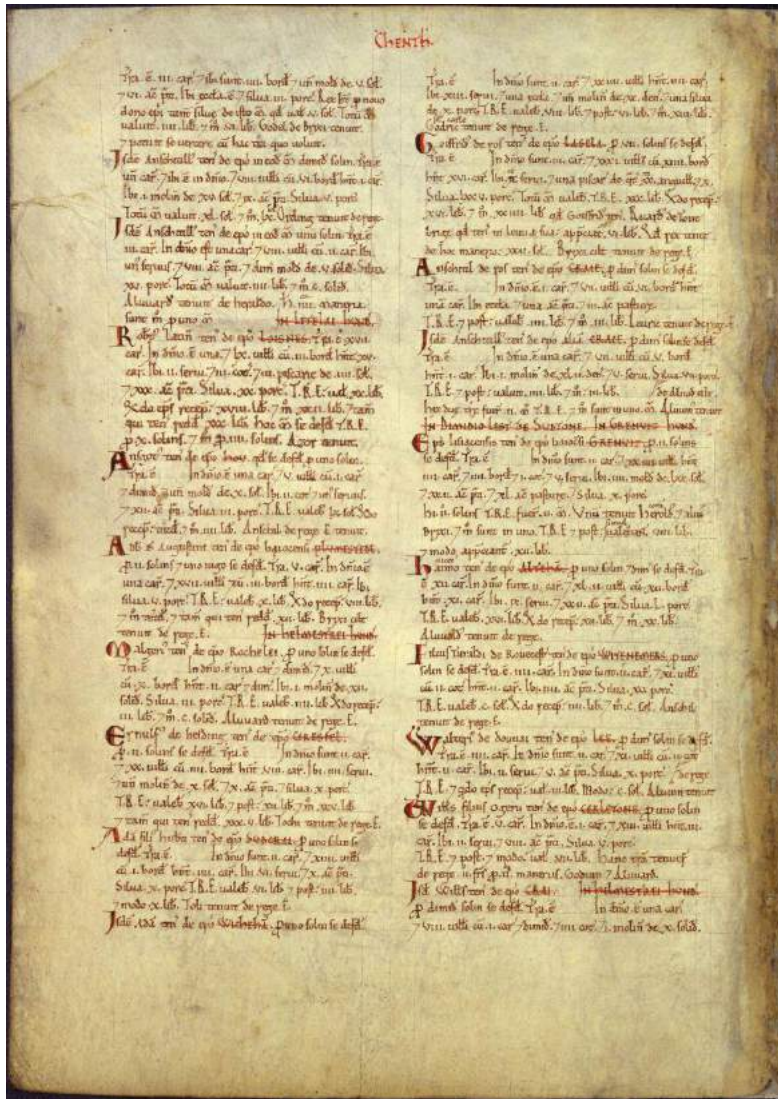
<http://www.bfi.org.uk/nftva/access/> No online catalogue is apparent, but you can email them to enquire about items in their collection, see <http://www.bfi.org.uk/about/contact.html> I recall that

Lewisham Library held a copy of the film. In 2017, the film print was restored by the BFI and again made available within the UK. That year there were background articles on the making of the film in *The Guardian* and *The Observer*.

<https://www.theguardian.com/global/2017/jun/18/glad-to-be-gay-the-story-of-the-filming-of-david-is-homosexual> and

<file:///Users/richardpeterson/Desktop/Files/Richard/David%20is%20Homosexual/Glad%20to%20be%20gay:%20the%20story%20of%20the%20filming%20of%20David%20is%20Homosexual%20%7C%20Global%20%7C%20The%20Guardian.webarchive>

<sup>35</sup> [www.portcities.org.uk/london/server/show/ConImageMap.21/Greenwich-Meridian-Trail.html](http://www.portcities.org.uk/london/server/show/ConImageMap.21/Greenwich-Meridian-Trail.html) maps the location of the meridian, which passes through Ranger's House, Chesterfield Walk, and just west of Hither Green Station, so about 800 m west of Burnt Ash Hill.



Page E 31/21/185 6v of the *Great Domesday Book* for the district of Lee, in Kent.

### Coda

*Domesday* has been now been published even as a cheap Penguin paperback.<sup>36</sup> But in 1986, 900 years after it was compiled, my friend Dr John Slater was one of those with his close friend the Baroness Shirley Williams, who were steering a similarly ambitious attempt to capture the essence of life in the UK. Over a million people contributed. They were asked to record what they thought would be of interest in another 1000 years. The whole of the UK was divided into 23,000 4 x 3 kilometre D-Block areas.

Schools and community groups were surveyed over 108,000 square kilometres and they submitted more than 147,819 pages of text and 23,225 photos, cataloguing what it was like to live, work and play in their community. It used the latest technology and the data was presented on Laser-Disc, read by a BBC computer and navigated using a tracker-ball pointing system. But the technology didn't survive and the

<sup>36</sup> G H Martin and Ann Williams, *Domesday Book: A Complete Translation*, Penguin Classics, Penquin, London, paperback, 2004. [Held].



computers later became very expensive to buy. Very few people ever got to see it. Sadly, I know that John thought it all a failure.<sup>37</sup>



Children using a BBC Microcomputer to work on the Domesday Project. Photograph: July 1985, A J Coia.



A laser-disc.

Eventually, fears emerged that the discs would be unreadable, as computers able to read them became rare, and drives able to access them even rarer. 25 years later an

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<sup>37</sup> Now the late Dr John Slater and Baroness Williams of Crosby, PC.  
[www.bbc.co.uk/history/domesday/story](http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/domesday/story)



attempt was made to update the material. In 1999 academics in the USA and UK formed the CAMiLEON consortium to demonstrate that the principle of 'emulation' of obsolete operating systems could be applied to multimedia. In 2002-3 the consortium successfully emulated the Domesday software and data on an existing computer. In a private venture in 2001, Adrian Pearce also attempted to reverse engineer the original Domesday data and make it available to any Windows PC. In 2004, he succeeded and published the data online, the first Domesday website.

However, in 2008 Pearce died and the website was removed. In 2003 Andy Finney, producer on the project, then at UK National Archives, made digital copies of the Domesday videodisc master tapes, which provided the photographs and maps now on *Domesday Reloaded*. At the BBC, George Auckland and his Innovations Team have now completed a full extraction of the community disc. This is the material which has been published online in the BBC *Domesday Reloaded* website. I still found it fairly impenetrable.

Comprehensively collecting data is possible, but storing it for future access is much harder; even the data accumulated by a single person during the course of their life.

In both my professional and personal lives, data collection, retention, access and analysis has been to me a central preoccupation. With a singular exception, I was not conquered by the Normans,<sup>38</sup> but a need for data emerged unbidden, as I drew away from Station Pier, separated from the only world I had till then known, on a very big ship.

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<sup>38</sup> Norman Hodgett, b 1954, Forest Hill, southeast London.

## 2. Lower Heidelberg Road: Frontier suburb, 1952-56. Part 1.

I remember teetering<sup>39</sup> on this roof, as if on some lesser Cheops, high above the freeway-strangulated, golf-coursed Yarra Valley. To the south in Kew was the Cotham Road ridge with its two spires and a dome, concealing the further ridge-line of Barkers Road. As my eye swept the horizon to the east, three churches in Doncaster Road, the towers of Box Hill, and of Doncaster. In the late afternoon, I would catch the low sun glinting from the plate glass windows of the house across the valley in East Ivanhoe where I grew up. There, the three East Ivanhoe churches were visible.

Behind me to the west, lay the very edge of the great and ancient basalt plain, its lava sixty metres deep, the third largest volcanic plain in the world, firmed six million years ago, quiet now for seven thousand years, though the aboriginal people must have often watched eruptions. It stretched far east from Portland 370 kilometres away to a wavy line between the Merri and the Darebin Creeks, but at this point reaching much nearer to the Darebin, less than a kilometre from here.

And much further away to the west, lay the city's energetic skyline: offices, apartment towers, the Eureka Tower, St Patrick's spires, the Exhibition dome and the Museum's thrusting wedge. And traversing further clockwise, well over the horizon, jets climbed from Tullamarine, departing from here for the rest of the world.

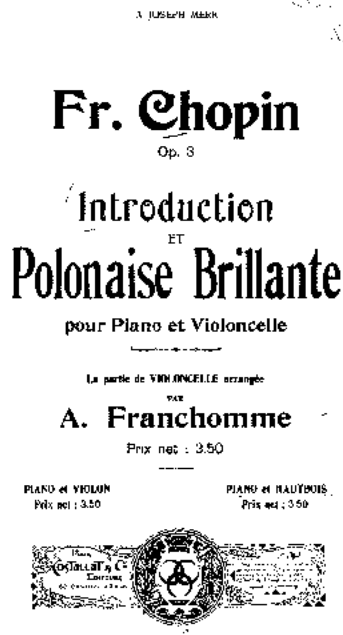
As a very young child, I came to know this house by its sounds, embedded in my consciousness. There was Bert's (and later Ruby's) tuneless whistling and tinkling of his Wertheim piano. But the old fellow had his favourites: Frederic Chopin, *Introduction and Polonaise Brillante in C, Op 3* (1829); *Softly Awakes My Heart (Samson & Delilah)*, Camille Saint-Saëns, 1877; Franz List, *Liebesträume No 3* (1850); *Goodnight Irene*;<sup>40</sup> *I Dream of Jeanie* (Stephen Foster, 1854); Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* (1801); *Au clair de la Lune* (eighteenth century, French traditional); *Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time* (1928); and maybe the slow waltz from the beginning of Act I of *Coppélia* (Léo Delibes, 1870).<sup>41</sup> I could compile a mix-tape. My sister says he composed as he played, and this may be so, although it is most perceptive of her to notice that, since she was only five when he died.

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<sup>39</sup> Edmund White, *The Unpunished Vice. A Life of Reading*, Bloomsbury Publishing, London 2018, p 77, quotes a comment by Vladimir Nabokov to White that he and his wife enjoyed his novel White's novel, *Forgetting Elena*, '...in which everything is teetering on the edge of everything.' My sensation precisely.

<sup>40</sup> Irene (Rene), who I never met, was the name of Bert's twin sister. *Goodnight Irene* was a particularly resilient song, written as *Irene, Goodnight* in 1886 by Gussie Lord Davis, one of Tin Pan Alley's first black songwriters, and sung by many from Leadbelly (1888/89-1949) to the Weavers in 1950 the year after Leadbelly's death, a young Frank Sinatra a month later, Johnny Cash, Little Richard, Jim Reeves, Jo Stafford, Ry Cooder (1976), Bryan Ferry (2002). It is USA traditional, recorded 1932 by Leadbelly, who sang it as early as 1908. It forms the only point in common between Bert and Keith Richards: the song is on Keith's latest solo album with the X-Pensive Winos, *Crosseyed Heart*, 2015, [www.youtube.com/watch?v=xn50JSI0W-E](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xn50JSI0W-E) and [www.ft.com/content/ba35fd76-6928-11e5-97d0-1456a776a4f5](http://www.ft.com/content/ba35fd76-6928-11e5-97d0-1456a776a4f5)

<sup>41</sup> *Coppélia*, a comic ballet to the music of Léo Delibes, with libretto by Charles Nuitter, premiered in 1870, and eventually it became the most-performed ballet at the Opéra, Paris. *Valse lente*, or "Slow waltz", is played at the beginning of Act I.



The raucous roar of youths opposite in recess and lunch, the over-amplified, brusquely portentous public address announcements ('Would those individuals responsible for... please go to the headmaster's office...'). The distinctive gear-change our father made (and I still do) at Pine Street, two-thirds up the hill. On clear days, there was the clatter and horn of the distant electric train snaking round the Ivanhoe ridge-line (most evocatively, sometimes an hour earlier than the first scheduled service), the carolling magpies, and perhaps most curiously over almost seventy years the mysteriously omnipresent doves cooing from Marshall Street early each morning. In summer were cicadas especially after rain, and occasionally kookaburras, or bellbirds. During wind, the squeeling in the cypresses. And magically, the silent glints of light that entered the dark interior of a late afternoon.

In 1952, when we came to settle at East Ivanhoe (N21 to posties; JX telephonically; and later, *Melways* Map 31), soon after my sixth birthday, it seemed to crouch on the very edge of civilization. Beyond was the bucolic Yarra Valley where cows were milked twice daily, horses roamed, maggies swooped and tiger snakes threatened the unwary.

The scatter of new houses faced not towards the valley, but south towards the city, past a miniature dished mound, like a hubcap, marked by a row of four couth red brick A V Jennings shops and C T Oldmeadow's double-storied newsagent opposite with its inset arched balcony, in a comfortably domestic Arts-and-Crafts style, nextdoor to the Spanish Mission Motor Garage: 'You can be sure of Shell.'



View west down the, even then, deeply corrugated Hartlands Road to McArthur Road and Warncliffe Road off south (at left) and Lower Heidelberg Road both ahead and off north (to the right), in the early 1930s? Before the A V Jennings shops were built. Oldmeadow's Newsagency with its arched recessed first floor balcony is there and the Duncan's green bus, but apparently not yet the Spanish Mission front to the Shell Motor Garage where I had my cars serviced so many times.

In the early fifties, there were still many horse-drawn vehicles rounding the angle to Heidelberg, including drays and delivery carts: milk, bread, ice and the rag and bone man. The pace, smell and sound of the horse-drawn age was expressed from the 1830s-1950s in the ubiquitous suburban smell of horse manure, often collected by shovel by locals including ourselves as garden nutrient,<sup>42</sup> and there were still many black American high retractable canvas-roofed automobiles from the 1920s. These were probably Model T Fords, as the Ford Motor Company of Australia had been formed in 1925, when Model T production began in Geelong, Adelaide and Brisbane.



Horse manure on the road.

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<sup>42</sup> [www.emelbourne.net.au](http://www.emelbourne.net.au) and Geoffrey Blainey, *A Short History of the Twentieth Century*, Viking, Penguin Books, Camberwell, Victoria, Australia 2007, p 99.





A Ford Model T, last produced in Geelong in 1928, but still on the Melbourne roads 30 years later.



This view later in 1968, in the opposing direction looking east from F Keating's Mobilgas Service Station, 220 Lower Heidelberg Road, East Ivanhoe. Joyce's car is seen parked in Hartlands Road, beside our house. No 228 Lower Heidelberg Road is Dara-Jon Drycleaners, 230 is W M & P Giles Newsagents, 234 is J M Tainsh Grocer, and 246 is Wendy Belinda Ladies' Hairdresser.

The grassy knoll was skewered by a timber telegraph pole supported electric signs warning in red neon, 'DANGER' in each direction. To the north-east was my Sunday school, and our Sunday drives beyond that to Kangaroo Ground; west was Nana's pyramidal roof and the distant city; south was my primary school, south-east was secondary school, and east was home. It seemed to signal a warning in each of the directions that my life's journey took.

Here the Lower Road from the city faltered, veered from east to northeast. It was as if the earliest road from the city had led directly up the hill to Macarthur's old homestead, and only a few years later been redirected four kilometres further on to the overlander Joseph Hawdon's Banyule homestead, climbing steadily towards the gashed cutting, and on to the hamlet of Heidelberg. Another branch struck out southeast towards and then across the river, then on northeast towards Kew. Mean strips of bitumen, arched over dirt verges punctuated by plane trees, or iridescent orange, pink and red flowering gums. This was the last of the bitumen to the east of Melbourne; the end of the surfaced suburban streets. Beyond here were crude dirt roads occasional solitary houses, dereliction and scorched paddocks.

Our street bisected these two options and continued on further east of Ivanhoe. As once the old homestead's drive, it was still marked by massive timber gateposts, fragments of an old rural gate, and lined on its south side by a series of ancient Cedar Pines, with some spreading Cedar Lebanons behind. The road, never surfaced, and now over a century since formed, lay raw and deeply rutted, lacerated with deep ravines that became torrents in rain, impassable to vehicles and necessitating dexterous leapings on the descent to school.



A Lebanon Cedar (*Cedrus libani*).

This East Ivanhoe and Heidelberg country has been settled by Europeans, and some Chinese, longer than any in Melbourne outside the central Hoddle Grid. Though I still know nearly nothing of the Wurundjeri willam people who must have been here for at least some 50,000 years before,<sup>43</sup> and no serious municipal study has been done of their contact history.<sup>44</sup>

In 1837, the Heidelberg country cared for by the Wurundjeri willam people was mapped by Hoddle as '...an ever-varying succession of lightly timbered hill and dale, well grassed downs alternated with groups of tall handsome trees.'

In 1839 William Thomas was appointed Assistant Aboriginal Protector for the Yarra and Western Port area.

Thomas went with the Yarra tribe around this time '...to their different hunting and camping grounds. These included many places along the Yarra River, particularly in Bulleen where there were lagoons above the Koonung Creek's entrance to the Yarra'. In 1840 a reserve was set aside for the aboriginal people at Narre Warren, however by 1841 they were back on the Yarra.

Then Thomas learnt with great dismay that lagoons on the river near Heidelberg had been sold as private property. In a letter to Robinson he pointed out that the tribe came here each year to fish He added. 'When Bolin<sup>45</sup> [sic] and the few lagoons adjacent becomes [sic] private property it will be one of the most serious losses hitherto sustained by the Blacks...'

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<sup>43</sup> Refer also: p 27.

<sup>44</sup> Except the early and very physically incomplete Brendan Marshall, *Banyule Aboriginal Heritage Study*, 1999, especially pp 27-31. Wurundjeri-balluk and the Wurundjeri-willam (who occupied the Yarra River and its tributaries and including the area now covered by the metropolitan Melbourne) in the Woiwurrung language group, one of five in the Kulin nation who occupied the Yarra Valley and Yarra River catchment area to Heidelberg, Wurundjeri Tribe Land Cultural Heritage Council, 1 St Heliers Street, Abbotsford 3067, phone: 9416 2905 and I D Clark, editor, *The Journals of George Augustus Robinson, Chief Protector, Port Phillip Aboriginal Protectorate*, Heritage Matters, Melbourne, 1998, Volume 3, G Presland, *Aboriginal Melbourne. The lost land of the Kulin people*, McPhee Gribble Publishers, Melbourne 1994, Andrew Lemon, *The Northcote Side of the River*, Hargeen Publishing Company, Melbourne 1983, especially pp 15, 16 & 28, Bill Gammage, *The Biggest Estate on Earth. How Aborigines Made Australia*, Allen & Unwin, Sydney 2011, p 265, J H Kerr, *Glimpses of Life in Victoria* (1872) 1896, p10 and the *Hoddle Plan*, 1837, SLV.

<sup>45</sup> Bolin Bolin Billabong, off Bulleen Road, Bulleen, just north of the Veneto Club, and opposite Trinity Grammar School Sporting Complex.





Bolin Bolin Billabong.

That year Thomas was sent to investigate the fear of Aborigines by the whites. Wives of settlers, left alone in their rough homesteads during the day, had been terrified by the arrival of a large group of natives wanting food and provisions. They had handed over supplies, but Thomas found on enquiry that there had been no threats from the Aborigines, it was their numbers that had intimidated the settlers, and their own fears.

In 1845, when Macarthur had built the first part of his house, Thomas' would walk as far as Heidelberg and noted that Aboriginal people were still camping there. By...1852 Thomas counted twenty-two men and seventeen women remaining of the whole 'Yarra tribe'... Constantly Thomas tried to keep them out of the way of the Melbourne authorities. 'By 1860 it was comparatively rare to see an Aborigine in Melbourne or its surroundings, though despite the efforts of Thomas they occasionally came, sometimes in large groups of a number of tribes.' In 1985, the perceptive landscape historian Marilyn McBriar <sup>46</sup> suggested that William Barak had set up a camp with his family in Heidelberg.<sup>47</sup>

So we had come to something of a frontier, though tamed long ago, and no longer the bush: and for me this edgeland was a zone of unfettered solitary exploration.

Our new house, two years in the building, reared up as a salmon brick fortress. Behind it were massively protective Moreton Bay figs, merciless thickets of Boxthorn,<sup>48</sup> the last six of the avenue of Cedar pines which had lined the drive to the old house, with Willows, Peppercorns, old climbing roses and Blackberries, various remnants of its old garden. Beyond the Boxthorn, was a forbidden world: the

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<sup>46</sup> Marilyn McBriar and Loder & Bayly, *Heidelberg Conservation Study Part II. Historic Riverland Assessment*, for Heidelberg City Council, 1985. [Held]. I later employed Marilyn as a sub-consultant on my *Ballam Park. Conservation Analysis, Conservation Policy & Plan*, 2 vols, for the City of Frankston (1989-90).

<sup>47</sup> Brendan Marshall, *Banyule Aboriginal Heritage Study*, 1999, pp 29-31. William Barak (1824-1903; also King William, last chief of the Yarra Yarra tribe, or Beruk (=white grub in gum tree), Aboriginal spokesman of the Wurundjeri Willum. Patricia Marcard, 'Barak, William (1824-1903)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/barak-william-2930/text4239>, published first in hardcopy 1969, accessed online 7 February 2016. This article was first published in hardcopy in *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 3, MUP, Carlton 1969.

<sup>48</sup> *Lycium ferocissimum*

driveway petered into a farmyard with scattering chooks, past a simple one-room bluestone cottage with a dirt floor, where the Harpers, a large family of 'poor people' lived, probably Catholic. Their grubby children wore scruffy ragged clothes, used coarse language and swore. Once, the overburdened mother bending to pick up a discarded 'necklace,' reeled in horror as she had almost grasped at a small tiger snake.



A tiger snake.



A Moreton Bay Fig.

Beneath the largest Moreton Bay (*Ficus macrophylla*) was a capacious disused gal iron shed with a very large murky skylight, a roofed circular well and the rear of the rambling old homestead itself, now uninhabited and exposed to the weather. This was all out-of-bounds to us. Even then, it was already 110 years old, and in decline from the last of its three distinct incarnations: under McArthur, the artist Walter



Withers and then the DeCastellas. All that was visible was a ramshackle u-shaped skillion back verandah, now part-enclosed as sleep-outs.

But viewed from the west, from its wild and long overgrown Romantic garden, which straggled down to a swimming hole by the riverbank, was the long elevated five-bay symmetrical façade of that old house, David Charteris MacArthur's (1808-87) Charterisville (c1840), which even as it decayed, still exhibited some architectural pretension. There were two projecting gables with canted bay windows, an elevated verandah recessed between and a Welsh slate roof. Some Victorian sliding glazed screens still hung from the verandah. The façade had orange and cream handmade brick walls sat on an axed local mudstone base, but the rear was mudstone with bluestone quoins and facings.<sup>49</sup>



Charterisville.



Charterisville.

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<sup>49</sup> Richard Peterson, 'Two Historic Houses in Heidelberg: Banyule and Charterisville, History of Architecture Essay,' School of Architecture and Building, Parkville 1967. [Photostat copy held].





Footpath in Bedgebury Forest, Kent.



Charles Condor, *The Path Through the Woods*, Heidelberg, 1890. National Gallery of Australia.



Charles Condor, *The Path Through the Woods, Heidelberg*, 1890. National Gallery of Australia.

To the south of the old house began a pinetum, through which a narrow footpath, or bike track,<sup>50</sup> led on to a newish concrete road bridge spanning the Yarra to Kew, which estate agents had once promised as a tram route, to bring the no 72 to the East Ivanhoe shops, which would have conveniently connected them with both Burke Road Camberwell and Melbourne University in Swanston Street.

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<sup>50</sup> Now Burke Road North, which takes 17,000 vehicles per day. VicRoads, 2014.

Wandering downhill from the central front stair of old house, through the abandoned rose garden, the remnant orchard of blossoming fruit trees, gnarled Peppercorns, Blackberry brambles, all of which almost concealed two overgrown summerhouses, octagonal and with latticed panels, the fragmentary evidence of two more, the ruins of two brick gardeners' cottages, and a large circular fountain basin.

The garden also had once had some splendour. Sir Lionel Lindsay (1874-1961), who lived in one of the cottages sixty years earlier, evoked the drive and the derelict garden in 1967, in his memoir:

'It was the most poetical of man's lost achievements – a great garden gone to waste... The beauty of the place in Spring haunts me still. The ravishing pink of the peaches breaking the white mass of plum and pear blossom...'<sup>51</sup>

As Professor Bernard Smith related:

During the summer of 1897-98 Lionel, Norman and [a friend] Moffitt spent some months living in a gardener's cottage in the grounds of Charterisville, near Heidelberg, where other young artists also foregathered. In the neglected garden Norman drew assiduously from Nature and Moffitt introduced him to the Greek pastoral poets and the works of Frederick Sandys, the Pre-Raphaelite illustrator, and urged him to go his own independent way in art. Norman began making sets of pen-and-ink illustrations to classics that appealed to him, beginning with *The Idylls of Theocritus*, in line only, then turned to line and wash for *The Decameron* drawings, placing the figures in settings inspired by the Charterisville garden.<sup>52</sup>

At the foot of that old exotic garden, under a clump of willows, the river widened as flats with a swimming hole and a landing place for light pleasure craft. Hawthorn hedges divided the early settlers' properties and their river flats paddocks, where cattle grazed, or noisily waited for milking. Timber platforms were set into the hedges to hold milk churns for collection, with timber ramps for loading cattle.



Double school desk, c1950s.

<sup>51</sup>

<sup>52</sup>Percy, Lionel (1874-1961), Norman, Ruby and Daryl Lindsay, siblings, artists and writers, were born at Creswick. Bernard Smith, 'Lindsay, Sir Lionel Arthur (1874–1961)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/lindsay-sir-lionel-arthur-7756/text12457>, published first in hardcopy 1986, accessed online 7 February 2016. First published in hardcopy in *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 10, MUP, Carlton 1986. [Lindsay memoirs?](#)





Porcelain inkwell, pen with nib and a range of nibs.



East Ivanhoe State School, recently. The infants' classrooms are in the lower foreground.

I was born less than a year after the end of the Second War in the Baby Boom: we were the first of the Boomers. There were over 65 of us in Grade 2B of East Ivanhoe State School No 4386. Pairs of us sat in solid wooden desks, with white porcelain removeable inkwells set in holes, and with hinged lids ('Don't bang the lids!') beneath which we secreted treasures as well as school books. The inkwells were filled daily by the appointed ink monitor, from quart bottles of virtually indelible blue-black ink made from powder, for our steel nibs and penholders to scratch in copperplate on the red and blue lines in our VANA exercise books.

Across the wall in front of us was the slate blackboard, with the alphabet written carefully with chalk in both upper and lower case copperplate script, freshly drawn each year. I drew it myself for Frances when she taught at Surrey Hills and Canterbury State Schools seventeen years later. Above this was a square forward-leaning cream panel, with a central dark circular depression. This was the loud-speaker, which sputtered into life for announcements from the head teacher's office, and for the ABC *Broadcasts to Schools* on the ABC radio station 3AR.

Each morning<sup>53</sup> we were lined up for outdoor school assembly on the bitumen playground, the folded Union Jack flag (probably not the Australian flag before 1954)<sup>54</sup> was carried out to the flagpole, and the flag-raising ceremony begun, we would all salute the flag and place our hand on our left breast, reciting as we did:

I love God and my country,  
I honour the Queen,  
I will cheerfully obey my parents,  
teachers and the laws.

I wasn't quite sure who the Laws were. We then marched holding hands in pairs across the bitumen playground into class, to military music which I rather enjoyed, broadcast over the spluttering silver cornet loudspeakers: Johann Strauss's *Radetzky March*, *Colonel Bogey*, *Anchors Away*, *A Life on the Ocean Wave*, *Men of Harlech (Slow March)*,<sup>55</sup> or *Stars and Stripes Forever*.



A outdoors loudspeaker, 1950s.

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<sup>53</sup> Possibly it was just Monday mornings not daily.

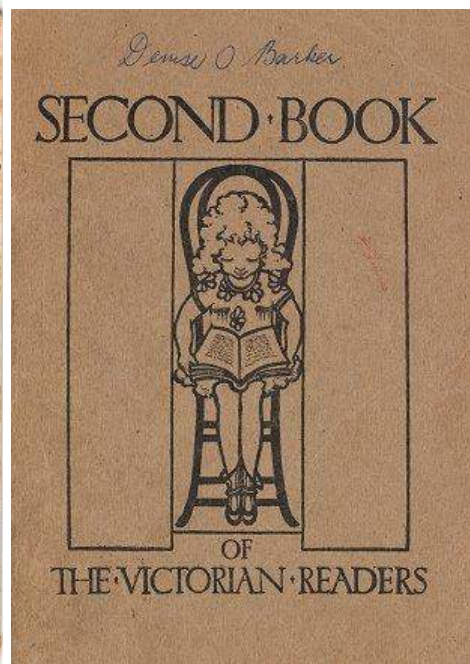
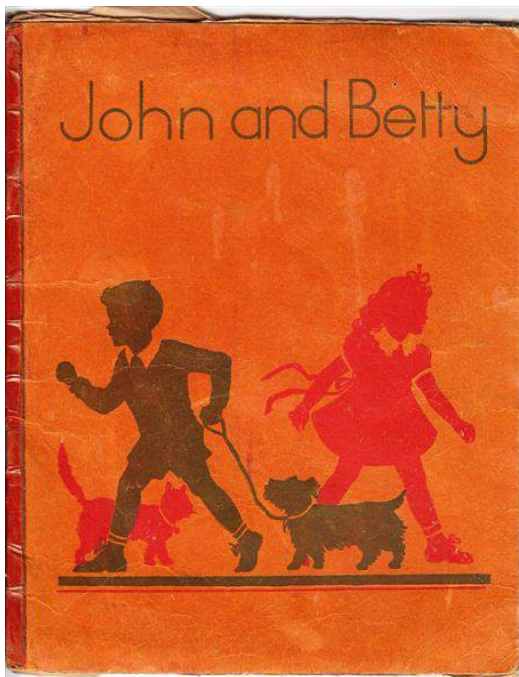
<sup>54</sup> Although gazetted in 1934, not until 1954 was the blue ensign flag recognized by, and legally defined in, the *Flags Act 1953*, as the 'Australian National Flag.'

<sup>55</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=mYy4qk3hmQI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mYy4qk3hmQI)



Folk dancing, Wellington South School, New Zealand, c1930.

Recorder classes and compulsory folk dancing, were also held on the playground, once a week, both of which I hated. One day, the bitumen playground was being resurfaced with tar spayed under pressure from a tank, when a boy walked into the spray and was coated in an impervious black skin. I don't think he survived: we were never told.



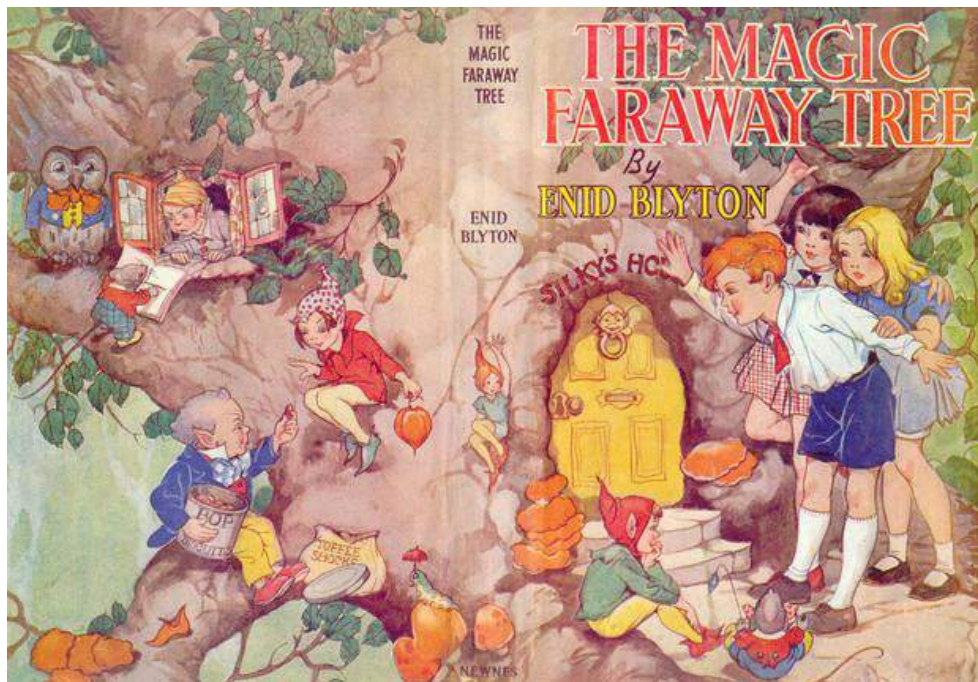
First and Second Grade Readers. Even then the difference between the strikingly orange, and old fashioned arts-and-crafts covers was apparent to me.





There were regular *School Papers* and Grade Readers, but the school had a good library, contained in an army hut to one side of the lower schoolground, as a convenient buffer to the rowdy Mother of God Parish School adjoining. I began continuous reading of my own initiative for enjoyment, beginning with Enid Blyton: *Adventures of the Wishing Chair* (1937), *The Enchanted Wood* (1939), *The Magic Faraway Tree* (1943), *The Folk of the Faraway Tree* (1946) and *Up the Faraway Tree* (1951).

I now have none of these books because I was not given them by parents, but I read them on loan from the excellent East Ivanhoe State primary school library.

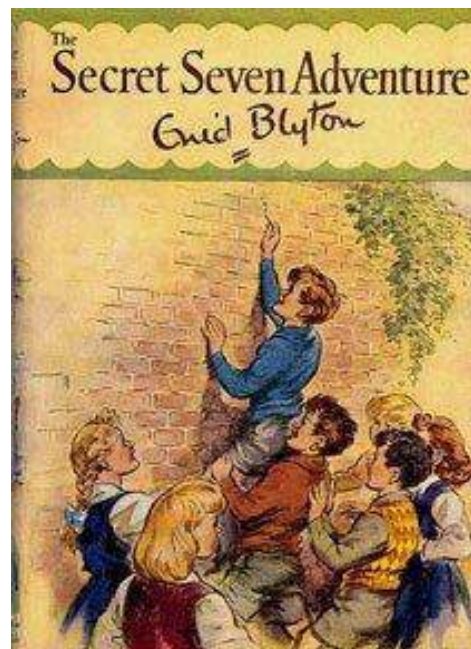
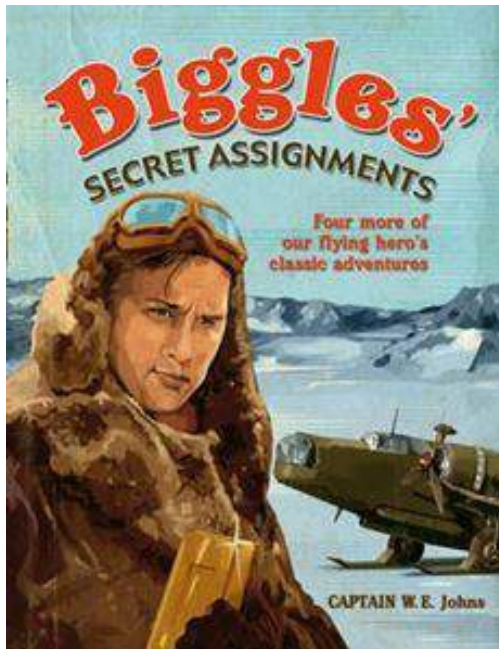


This series offered the first magical, spatial and diagrammatic metaphor that I can remember, and these books remain seminal to me still. Their imaginatively visual conception still astounds me; and they advocate the embrace of both the unexpected and the culturally diverse.

They influenced the design of my own house, some 60 years later.

In the wood stands the ancient Magic Faraway Tree, which is inhabited by magical characters that become Fanny and Dick's friends: Moonface, Silky the Fairy, the Saucepan Man, Dame Washalot, Mr Watzisname and the Angry Pixie. The conception has some of the characteristics of Jack and the Beanstalk, and later even of *Dark City* in 1998,<sup>56</sup> but is more inviting, because above the tree and the clouds is a ladder, leading to a sunlit magic land.

It is a different land every time they visit, because it moves on like a great merry-go-round, and makes way for a new land. Together they visit the strange lands and have exciting adventures. The children may come and go, but must leave before the land moves on, or they will be stuck there, until the hole comes back and they can return down the ladder. I was frightened for them that they would miss the hole.



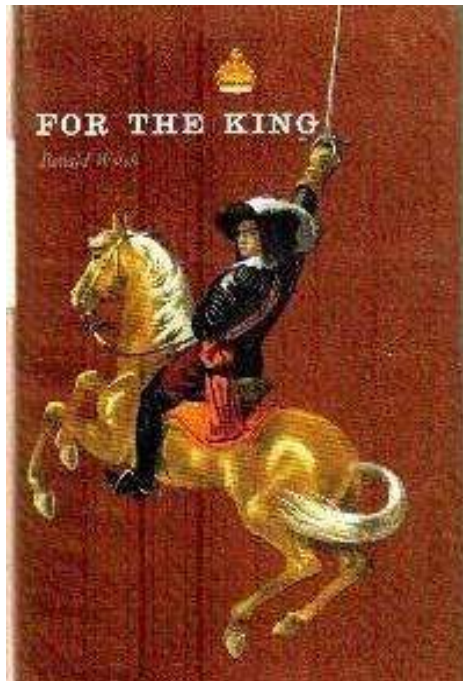
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<sup>56</sup> *Dark City* is a 1998 USA-Australian neo-noir science fiction film directed by Alex Proya, starring Rufus Sewell, Kiefer Sutherland, Jennifer Connelly, and William Hurt. Sewell plays an amnesiac man suspected of murder. Murdoch attempts to discover his true identity and clear his name while on the run from the police and a mysterious group known as the Strangers. Murdoch explores the city, where nobody realizes that it is always night-time. At midnight, he watches as everyone except himself falls asleep as the Strangers stop time and physically rearrange the city as well as changing people's identities and memories. Murdoch learns that he comes from a coastal town called Shell Beach, a seaside town familiar to everyone, though nobody knows how to leave the city to travel there, and all of his attempts to do so are unsuccessful for varying reasons.

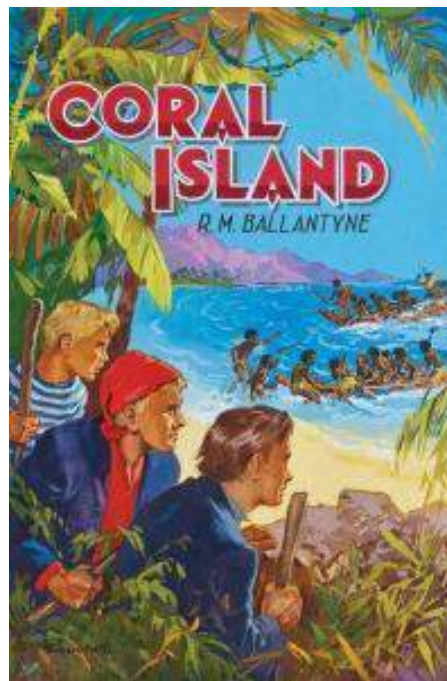
Most of the film was shot at Fox Studios Australia in Sydney. The studio was concerned that the audience would not understand the film and asked Proyas to add an explanatory voice-over narration to the introduction. A director's cut was released in 2008, restoring and preserving Proyas's original conception for the film. Some critics have noted its similarity and possible influence on the *Matrix*, which came out a year later.



I read most of Blyton's Famous Five and Secret Seven series, then graduated to Richmal Crompton, Captain W E Johns, and then to the historical novels of Ronald Welch and Rosemary Sutcliffe. I enjoyed reading R M Ballantyne's *The Coral Island*, which I had then no idea was first published as early as 1857,<sup>57</sup> and I think also his earlier *The Young Fur Traders*, 1856.



Ronald Welch.



R M Ballantyne

Sir William Dargie (1912-2003), painted two versions of his striking work *Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II 1954*, in case one was lost in transit to Australia and the duplicate was given to his hosts in London, Sir Neil and Lady Mary Hamilton Fairley. The Fairley's painting was auctioned at Bonhams, Melbourne, on 6 May 2009 and sold well above estimate at \$146,400 to the National Museum of Australia. On the verso, it has an inscription by Dargie of the story behind the work. A third version is in the Royal Collection.<sup>58</sup> In the image, the specially designed wattle yellow gown is complimented by her grandmother Queen Mary's tiara and the necklace that was part of a wedding present from the Nizam of Hyderabad. She wore it on her arrival in Sydney, on 3 February 1954 and on her departure from Perth.<sup>59</sup>

It seemed that a colour photographic reproduction of that portrait of the Queen in a yellow dress hung in every primary school classroom, as well as post offices and other government rooms. With the reproductions of Albert Namatjira's watercolour landscapes that invariably accompanied it, for many migrants and for boomer children like me, these were their first Australian art images we'd ever seen, and Dargie and Namitjira were my first artists.

<sup>57</sup> Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94) was so impressed with the *The Coral Island* (1857) that he based parts of his *Treasure Island* (1881) on Ballantyne, whom he honoured in the introduction to *Treasure Island* with a poem.

<sup>58</sup> Sir William Dargie (1912-2003), *Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II 1954*, oil on canvas, 101.6 x 76.2 cm. Held: Historical Memorials Collection, Canberra, discussed in Raymond Gill, 'Pair of queens a winning hand,' *The Age*, 22 May 2009, p 3 and other press reports.

<sup>59</sup> Reproduced: *The Monthly*, November 2006, p 29 and *Gallery*, May/June 2009





Sir William Dargie, *Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II* 1954, National Museum of Australia.

Later in 1954, stood with my class to watch the **Royal Tour** from Heidelberg Road, just north of The Boulevard in the shade under the trees.



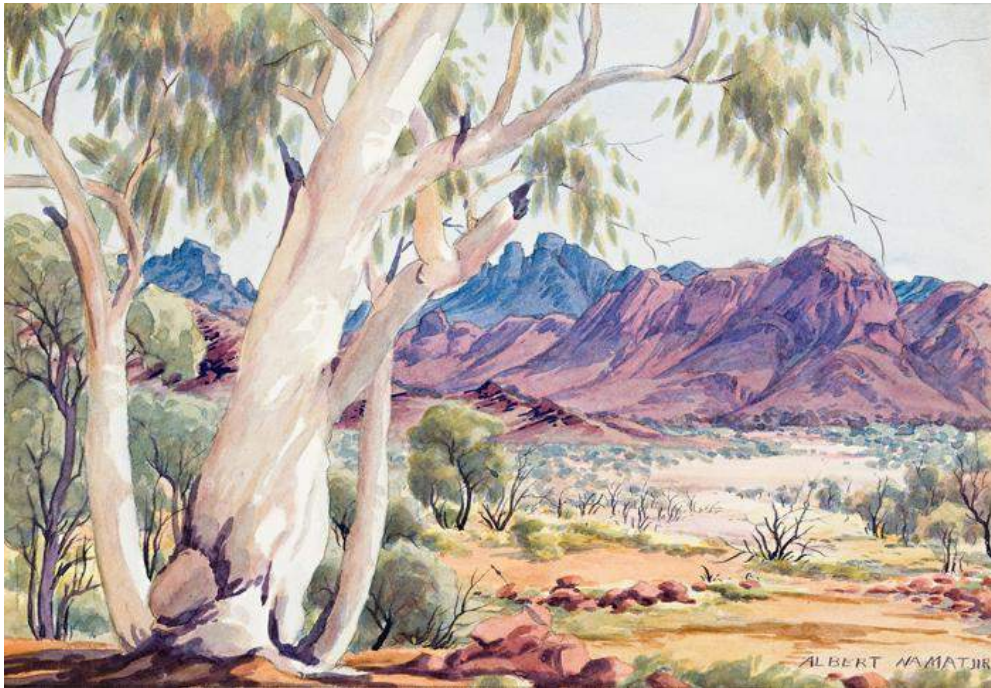
Photograph: Andrew Richards.

We each received a medal that commemorates the **Royal Visit of Queen Elizabeth II** in 1954 is a copper medal with linked plaque with an image of H M Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in bas-relief on the face and 'E II R. Royal Visit 1954 Victoria' and '**Stokes, Melb.**' inscribed on the verso, with 'Presented to the children by the Government of Victoria' inscribed on the plaque.



Royal Visit of Queen Elizabeth II, 1954, children's medal.

I very briefly attempted piano lessons from a teacher who came to our house, but I was such a failure that these were soon abandoned; whereas the swimming lessons at the YMCA pool went on and on for months and achieved nothing.



Albert Namatjira (1902-59), *Alice Springs Country*, c1955, watercolour on paper, 26.0 x 37.0 cm. Private Collection.

Sid Craythorn shared my desk. He was lanky like me, but good looking, with a quiff of fairish Brylcreamed hair, inevitably with a few stylish strands flicked forward, which he would nonchalantly toss back. He was good at art, better than me, but he seemed to get away with this unacceptable eccentricity, and he encouraged it in me. For a time, his widowed mother Mavis was our teacher in Grade 2B.<sup>60</sup>

Projects, each in their own VANA exercise book, were handwritten in steel-nibbed pen in blue ink. Illustrations and titles were agonised over in outline, then drawn and shaded in coloured pencils. I had 12 'Lakeland' pencils in a hinged flat tin, which was

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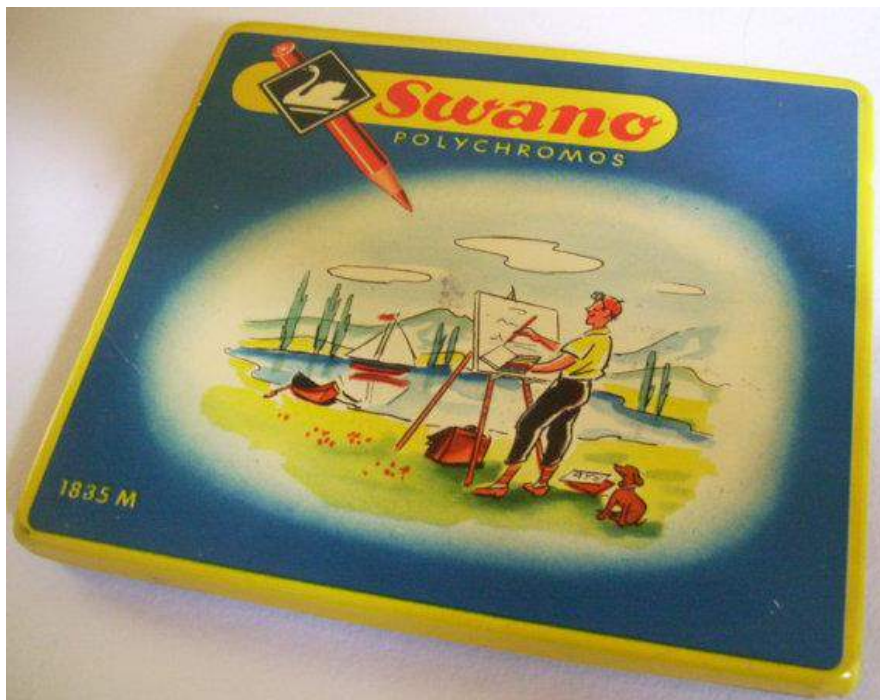
<sup>60</sup> 2B's teacher had initially been Miss O'Toole who was very old, and was replaced mid-year by Mavis Craythorn as a relief teacher [or Miss O'Toole was 5<sup>th</sup> grade]

embarrassingly inadequate. I was given 24 Swano (a few of which I still have) which were soluble in water so could be dangerously licked for a richer effect, and then 48 Faber Castell in a special green leatherette box, perhaps with round corners; but the apogée, sought by all, was a box of 72 'Derwents' (see below), which I think I may have eventually attained.

In Grades 3 (nice Mrs Ryan) and 4 (Mr Bill Cummins, always wearing a chalky grey dust coat) in 1954 and 1955, we occupied the rather new semi-detached demountable aluminium-clad Bristol classrooms Set up in the schoolyard. These had been produced by the Bristol Aeroplane Company in England for the Victorian Education Department since 1949.<sup>61</sup> I remember the aluminium was malleable, and its paint was powdery and came off on the fingers when licked, which then left a trace on the wall surface, doubtless toxic.



Bristol classrooms.



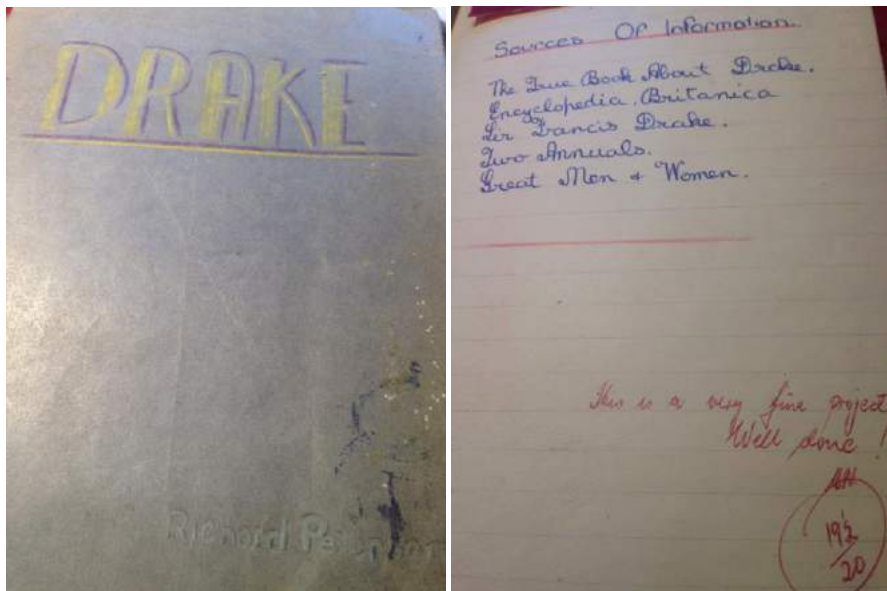
My Swano Polychromos, 24 coloured pencils, c1940s.

<sup>61</sup> H Lewi, & Philip Goad, *Australia Modern. Architecture, landscape & Design*, Thames & Hudson Australia, Port Melbourne 2019, p 54.

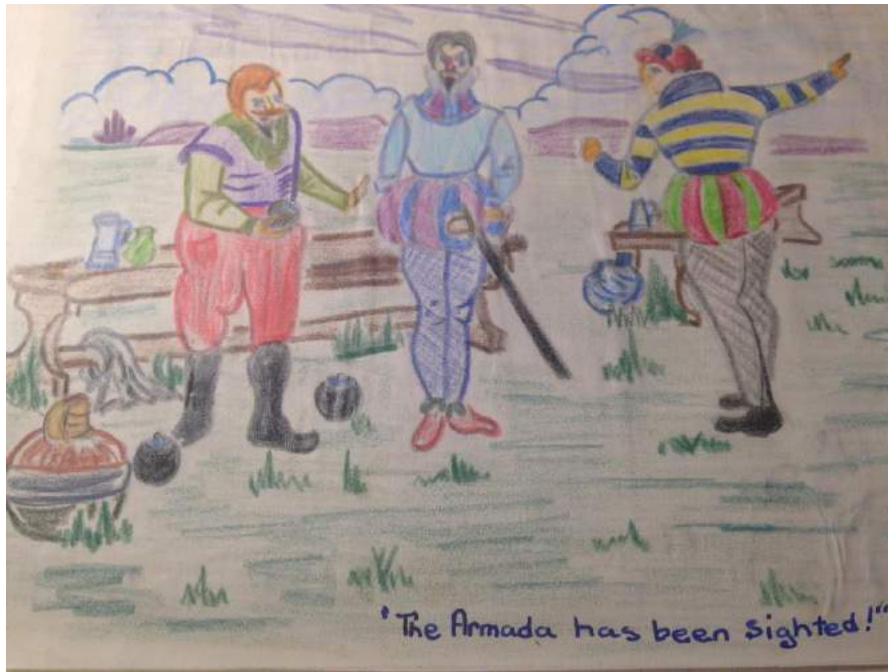




A prized Derwent 72 Coloured Pencil Set.



Richard Peterson, *Sir Francis Drake*, 1957? [School project]. 'This is a very good project. Well done. 19 1/2 / 20.'



Richard Peterson, *Sir Francis Drake*, 1957? [School project].

But I was constantly ostracised, taunted and verbally bullied by the other pupils. I had very few friends. I was never happy at that school, and I could not wait to leave.

A small deviation from the walk home involved crossing the road at the pedestrian traffic lights (still extant) to the Tarax Bar. Beneath its glassfronted counter, were stocked an enticing array: Violet Crumble, Polly Waffle,<sup>62</sup> Kit Kat,<sup>63</sup> Cherry Ripe, Crunchie, Kool Mints, Columbines, Fantales, Jaffas,<sup>64</sup> Smarties,<sup>65</sup> Waggon Wheels, Flake, Humbugs, Funny Faces, Twisties, Choo Choo Bars, White Knights, All Day Suckers, Caramello, Bullets, Aniseed Balls, Freddo Frogs, Liquorice Straps, Snakes, Milk Bottles, Black Cats, Metro Gum, Sherbet Bombs, Bananas, Fake Teeth, Fags, Mint Leaves, Strawberry and creams, Fruit Tingles, Life Savers,<sup>66</sup> Love hearts, Big Boss Cigars, Turkish Delight, Cadbury's ('A Glass and a Half of Full Cream Milk') and Mac.Robertson chocolate bars.<sup>67</sup>



<sup>62</sup> 62 years until 2009.

<sup>63</sup> A name registered by Rowntrees in 1911, for the famous Whig club, but not launched until 1937 and to Australia in the '1950s' and the slogan 'Have a break: have a Kit Kat' in 1958.

[www.smh.com.au/lifestyle/home/food/nostalgia-alert-our-favourite-lollies-20130129-2djt.html](http://www.smh.com.au/lifestyle/home/food/nostalgia-alert-our-favourite-lollies-20130129-2djt.html)

<sup>64</sup> First made in Sydney by James Stedman-Harrison's Sweets Ltd.

<sup>65</sup> Began as 'Chocolate Beans' in 1882, but evolved by Rowntrees of York to their present 6-colour form in 1937, with blue replacing brown in 1987.

<sup>66</sup> First manufactured in Victoria in 1925 by Wrigleys. I never used chewing gum, considered vulgar, as was Darrell Lea, founded 1931.

<sup>67</sup> Mars Bars (Slough, 1932) were not available here until 1954, and I don't remember them then.



The Tarax, Crystal, Slades, Loys and Mellow Yellow soft drink brands came in Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Cola, Pineapple, Lime, Sarsparilla and Lemonade flavours. Spiders, Malted Milks and Milk Shakes were available in Vanilla, Strawberry, Chocolate, Lime, Pineapple, Blue Heaven and Caramel flavours. There was Sennets' (polar bear), Streets' and Peters' ('The Health Food of a Nation') Ice cream, in a choice of cones, double cones and small cones, with topping, or topping and nuts, in vanilla, strawberry chocolate and neopolitan flavours. Icy poles came in lime, raspberry, pineapple and lemonade flavours. Eskimo Pie, Gaytime, Paddle Pops and Hearts were more sophisticated and released later after I had left primary school.



John Brack *The Car*, 1955, NGV, Melbourne.





A silver Standard Triumph Mayflower sedan.

One evening, Mrs Craythorn took her two boys and me into the city in her silver Standard Triumph Mayflower sedan. This is the car depicted by John Brack, two years later in 1955, in *The Car*, a picture now held by the National Gallery of Victoria. The Mayflower was manufactured from 1949-53 and had been introduced to the Australian market in 1951 only two years earlier, as a 'small car with very gentle habits' and was soon nicknamed 'the watch-charm Rolls.' The body was designed by Leslie Moore, chief body designer of Mulliners of Birmingham with input from Standard's Walter Belgrove. At £861 new in 1951, by 1955 a second-hand Mayflower could be found for only £500, half the price of a Holden, but its lines were crisp, boxy, stylish and modern.<sup>68</sup>

In 1953, 20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox's *The Robe* starring Richard Burton and Jean Simmons, opened in Melbourne at the Regent Theatre, Collins Street, which then had 3,250 seats. (In the same month *The Robe* world premiered at the Clifton Cinema, Leeds, ablaze with red and green neon and floodlighting, but that cinema had only 1,250 seats).<sup>69</sup> It was the first Technicolor wide screen CinemaScope 4-track magnetic stereophonic sound picture, and my first ever motion picture. The cinema was decorated with a vast Union Jack and a portrait of the Queen in celebration of her 1954 Royal Visit.<sup>70</sup> I seem to remember that night we wore pyjamas!

<sup>68</sup> John Brack, *The Car*, 1955, purchased 1956, Chris McAuliffe, 'A Pilgrimage to nowhere in Particular: John Brack's Suburban Motifs of the 1950s,' Kirsty Grant, *John Brack*, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne 2009, pp 144-151, which includes a photo of the car.

<sup>69</sup> *Cinema Theatre Association Bulletin*, July/August 2008, p 14.

<sup>70</sup> Walters, Trevor, *The Picture Palaces of Melbourne*, revised 2009 edition, no publisher, no place, 2009, for a photograph of the decorated facade.







H M Queen returning to Buckingham Palace, after the Trooping of the Colour, 1963.

The Regent was decorated for the occasion with a vast Union Jack, extending between the furthest architraves to the entire height of the pilasters, its skirts artistically gathered to frame a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, with royal emblems rosettes and festooning.<sup>71</sup> Before the evening's programme (and until the 1970s before every public occasion, including all football matches), the National Anthem, of God Save the Queen, was played during screening of technicolour footage of the young Queen in a scarlet Coldstream Guards' (founded 1670) uniform with a high braided collar, two groups of three brass buttons, blue sash, star, six medals and wearing a jaunty tricorne Scottish beret with a feather and badge, riding side-saddle at the Trooping of the Colour. Loyally, the entire cinema audience would all stand.<sup>72</sup>



The Sampsons took me by the Duncan's Green Bus<sup>73</sup> most Saturday 'arvos' to the 'flicks' at the independantly owned, late lamented Orient Cinema in Heidelberg,<sup>74</sup>

<sup>71</sup> *Kino Cinema Quarterly*, Summer 2008, No 106, p 10 and rear cover colour image.

<sup>72</sup> *Cinema Theatre Association Bulletin*, July/August 2008, p 30.

<sup>73</sup> Subsequently, Duncan's were acquired by Reid's Bus Service, also a local family company, still extant in 2017. John Maddock, *The people movers: a history of Victoria's private bus*



which had the only Europeanised 'Chinese' interior of any kind in Melbourne. Tickets were one shilling for children and I was given 1/6 which covered both the green bus fares and lollies from the milk bar on the corner of Mount and Yarra Streets at interval (in 2017, still a café).<sup>75</sup>



A Bedford OB coach, 1951.

The only title I remember was *Where no Vultures Fly* (1951, J Arthur Rank, Ealing Studios). Perhaps this was because of the poignant title, implying a search to find a place without carcasses, where all were safe from being preyed upon by predators.



Ivanhoe State School.

East Ivanhoe State was not my first school. Before we moved to St Hubert Road, I had been at Ivanhoe State School No 2436 for a year. I would walk there, initially with my mother, up Livingstone Street and enter by a back gate into the extensive

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*industry, 1910-1992*, Kangaroo Press, Kenthurst 1992 and <http://heritage.darebinlibraries.vic.gov.au/article/597>

<sup>74</sup> Orient Cinema, 76 Yarra Street, Heidelberg (1933-66), 652-616 seats.

<sup>75</sup> Geoffrey Peterson-Wright, *Cinemas of Heidelberg*, a talk to the Heidelberg Historical Society, 9 April 1996 and [www.wikinorthia.net.au/orient-theatre/](http://www.wikinorthia.net.au/orient-theatre/) (sic), Cinema & Theatre Historical Society, *Cinema index: Melbourne cinemas, suburban cinemas, Victorian drive-ins*, CATHS, Victoria 1997, 'Film Weekly: motion picture directory,' *Film Weekly*, Sydney, 1946/7-1962/3, Hanson, 1.1985, *Kino: journal of the Australian theatre historical society*, Vol 11, March, p 12 & 13. No images of the Orient's interior have been found.

plaground. Two incidents there affected me profoundly. For some unknown reason, I was only in the 'Bubs', or Infants' grade for a fortnight when I was promoted to First Grade. This meant that for the rest of my school and university years, exacerbated by my birthday being so late in the year, I was one of the youngest, and in some ways most immature, in each year.

Doing 'two years Matric' would have diminished that whilst enabling me to tackle subjects like the notoriously demanding English Literature and Australian History, but this was only briefly considered and rejected.

The other was a tragic incident that burdens me still. I remember that I always played with the girls there, in their sheltered. For some reason they encouraged me to impetuously pick up a stone and throw it on their behalf at the irritating boys gathered in the boys' sheltered. For the only time in my life my athletic prowess was devastatingly accurate, and that stone connected with a boy's eye. Still I do not know if I 'blinded' him in that eye, but the injury appeared to be severe. He was John Wilkie. His father Stuart Wilkie was a 'well known' music teacher.<sup>76</sup> They lived in the large Federation house on the corner of Maltravers Road and Marshall Streets. I never saw him again. I was rebuked soundly immediately by school staff, and later my parents. Until then, my friends had all been girls, as a photograph of my friends at my second birthday party confirms. I still feel this sad incident turned me against girls. I still know very few women...<sup>77</sup>

But it must have been Billy Buchanan who urged me to explore Charterisville forbidden cellar. Surprisingly, we found it stuffed with many old canvasses on stretchers, dank and mouldering.

He was older than me by a couple of years: a greased ducktail-headed, tartan-shirted larrikin. He insisted on naming me 'Porp,' which I hated. Come on Porp! Could I have really resembled a porpoise? It was he who deftly navigated the cannoning torrents, as he walked me to school each morning. But he was rarely there to shield me from the taunting and jibes, which I frequently attracted at primary school.

My wistful beanpole dreaminess, abject inadequacy at any sport, which was the only schoolyard measure of success, or popularity, and my embarrassing ease at reading and drawing, soon attracted the taunting epithets of 'weaky,' 'sook,' 'poofter,' or

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<sup>76</sup> Stuart Wilkie, ['Approved by the Education Department of Victoria'], [Victoria] : Allan & Co, [19--?]. Violin instruction and study for schools, music arranged for school orchestral classes. <https://geelongconcertband.wordpress.com/musical-directors/>

[10] p. ; 29 cm.

Notes

Cover title.

"Approved by the Education Department of Victoria".

Processed.

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Subjects

[Violin -- Instruction and study.](#) | [Australian](#)

Other

[Wilkie, Stuart](#) | [Victoria. Education Department](#)

authors/contributors

<sup>77</sup> My mobile phone has saved the numbers of only six women.

'wimp' (from my father), and worse. This imbued in me a feeling of downright ineptitude which could never be shown, or confessed.<sup>78</sup>

Those accusers could not possibly have known the meaning of some of those words. My very few school friends were soon restricted to those whose idiosyncracies were similarly abused. And so began my need to prove that I was one of the boys, or at least to be acceptably unnoticed by their savage regime of conformity.

Patrick White has one of his 'ordinary monsters' cautioning his character Eirene from shining at school, 'We don't encourage that kind of thing,' he said.<sup>79</sup>

"'I hated sport,' Barry Kosky recalled. An aversion to football and cricket meant of course that he was not a proper Australian."<sup>80</sup>

*Considerate la vostra semenza:  
Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,  
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.*

Consider your seed:  
You were not made to live like brutes,  
But to follow virtue and knowledge.<sup>81</sup>

Mark Rubbo (b1949?), later the managing director of the Readings Bookshops chain attended the same primary school just three years later (possibly when my brother was there, though he doesn't remember him), and was happy, as was my brother, despite Mark's being uninterested at sport. I wasn't uninterested; I was clumsy and incompetent, and so without close friends. Mark went on to Scotch College, which he didn't like when he started there. Only in his later years did he get involved with the school magazine, the drama society and like me, the library.

We eagerly anticipated Cracker Night on Guy Fawkes Day, 5 November, in celebration of James I's survival in 1605 of a failed regicide by England's most famous terrorist.<sup>82</sup>

Mr Wakeman, the newsagent, would offer a range of crackers, from bungers, double bungers to skyrockets including Golden Rain, Roman Candles and Catherine Wheels. As the oldest I would arrange a series of rockets in milk bottles on the concrete-paved rear drive, and nail the wheels to red gum paling fence posts, and with the family gathered on the back lawn, we'd start with the bungers. Many neighbouring families would do the same and the whoosh of their ascending efforts would visibly terminate in stellar showers against the indigo sky. Some would be fizzers, or disappointing duds. Last of all would be sparklers, for writing in the air.

Afterwards, I would wander down the hill up the rough lane between the houses that accessed the triangular space behind,<sup>83</sup> where a group of us boys had built a large bonfire over the previous weeks, which was already ablaze. There we would stand and talk, perhaps toasting marshmallows on twigs, or long twisted wire forks fashioned from unravelled coathangers.

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<sup>78</sup> Frank Moorhouse, *Dark Palace*, Knopf, Sydney, 2000, p 301.

<sup>79</sup> Michelle de Kreitser reviews Patrick White's *The Hanging Garden*, Knopf Australia, 2011 in *The Monthly*, April 2012, p 64.

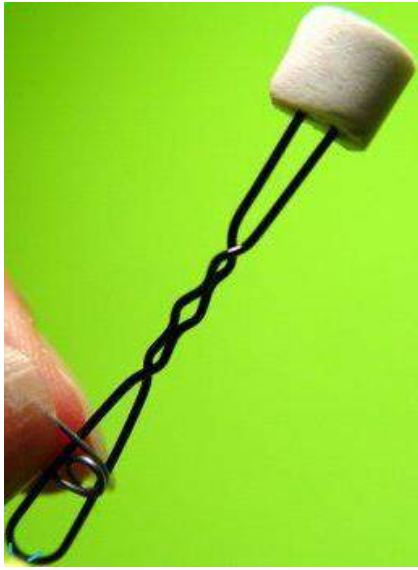
<sup>80</sup> Peter Conrad, 'The Possessed: Barry Kosky,' *The Monthly*, April 2010, p 50.

<sup>81</sup> Dante Alighieri, Canto of Ulysses, Inferno, XXVI, Part 1 of *The Divine Comedy*, 1308-21.

<sup>82</sup> A second cracker night might be on Empire Day, 24 May. In NSW, apparently it was Queen's Birthday on 11 June.

<sup>83</sup> Bounded by Hartlands and Lower Heidelberg Roads and Withers Street.





Crackers.



Australian crackers. Source unidentified.<sup>84</sup>



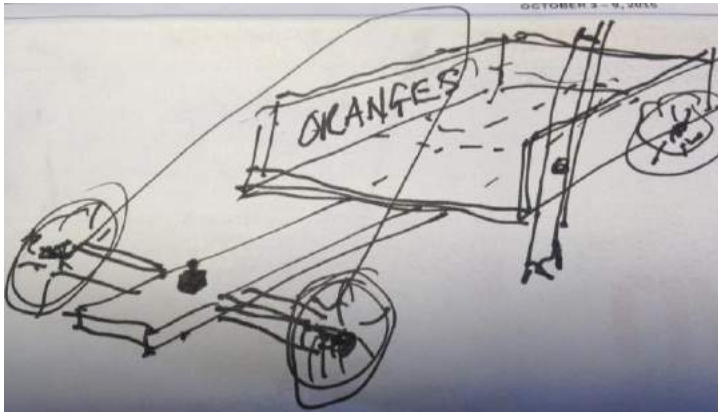
An unidentified cracker night bonfire.

Billy-cart racing was one game in which I did fully participate. My green-painted billy-cart was 'Flyer', the name I painted on its tail-end in forward-thrusting italic sans-serif red. Structurally, it formed a Latin cross that I'd fashioned from two planks swivelling on a hefty bolt, that was securely double-nutted and washered.

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<sup>84</sup> <https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/originals/77/ab/62/77ab62535407e2a4cb68fa66b9c3e8a2.jpg>

A dismembered fruit box obtained from the local greengrocer (still extant) was firmly nailed to the longer shaft, and pram wheels with solid rubber tyres fitted onto a mild steel axel (perhaps fashioned by the blacksmith in my father's factory), was fixed to the shorter arm, which was steered with a loop of sturdy clothesline cord, fixed through drill-holes at its extremities. To save shoe leather, a lever bolted to one side of the fruitbox acted as a brake. A cushion on a carpet lining provided upholstery, and there was no suspension. The greengroce stil exists, but Flyer is no more.



The Flyer. My sketch.



A billy cart of the period, sans brake.



Albert Tucker, *Extinction Express*, 1938, acrylic on hardboard, private collection.  
The death defying Luna Park Scenic Railway.



Perched in these primitive vehicles, as if on some scenic railway, we would hurtle at terrifying speed down a dirt track we had ourselves cleared, through the waving golden grasses of the steep paddock that descended just north of the manicured and white-painted Cape Cod dolls house of the Whitsed family, and hurtling on inexorably towards the river, a little further north than Hartlands Road. Part of our zig-zag track was old, and is shown on a subdivision plan of the Browne's Hartlands Estate in 1886.<sup>85</sup>

Only much later I realised that the spot which acted as our finishing line, at the rudimentary cattle track ceremoniously named The Boulevard (and often erroneously and grandiloquently spelled with a terminal 'e'), had already been closely observed and recorded by European eyes as 'scenery' for well over a century. Indeed our very terminal had been painted by Louis Buvelot round 1866 after McArthur's death;<sup>86</sup> and in one glorious dry Summer, some 34 years later, to my eye much more evocatively by Sir Arthur Streeton, in his great series of paintings, which includes *Still Glides the Stream and Shall Forever Glide, Above Us the Great Grave Sky* and *Golden Summer Eaglemont*, by Walter Withers in *Charterisville Near Eaglemont Victoria*; and again, seven years later, Ernest Moffatt's picture *A Summer's Day (Heidelberg)*,<sup>87</sup> also shows riverside willows by the Charterisville swimming hole.



Louis Buvelot, *Winter Morning, Near Heidelberg*, 1866 76.8 x 118.2 cm, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, purchased, 1869. A little north of Hartlands Road, but south of the Hartlands house.

<sup>85</sup> Marilyn McBriar and Loder & Bayly, *Heidelberg Conservation Study Part II. Historic Riverland Assessment*, for Heidelberg City Council, 1985, Historical Maps, Map D, 1864-1901 'Sleepy Hollow' and 'Sleeping Beauty,' fold-out, facing p 118. [Held]. Browne also operated a 2000 acre dairy farm between the Darebin and Merri Creeks, in present Coburg (formerly Pentridge). Brenda Niall, *Can You Hear the Sea? My Grandmother's Story*, The Text Publishing Company, Melbourne 2017, pp 60 & 61.

<sup>86</sup> Louis Buvelot *Winter Morning, Near Heidelberg*, oil on canvas, signed and dated lower left, Buvelot 1866, 36 x 56 cm in the National Gallery of Victoria, and Louis Buvelot *Yarra Bank* Pencil sketch, unsigned, inscribed and dated 1866 lower right, 21.5 x 27.5 cm, privately owned. The name 'Heidelberg' is often loosely used also for Eaglemont and East Ivanhoe.

<sup>87</sup> No image available. This forgotten artist was born at Bendigo 1871, and died at Alphington only 28 years later.



Charles Conder, *Impressionists' camp*, 1889, oil on paper on cardboard, 13.9 x 24.0 cm, National Gallery of Australia, Canberra. Gift of Mr and Mrs Fred Williams and family, 1979. Outlook Drive, Eaglemont.



Arthur Streeton, *Near Heidelberg*, 1890, oil on canvas, 53.7 x 43.3 cm, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, Felton Bequest, 1943.  
The route of our billycart track, a little north of Hartlands Road, looking across to Bulleen.





Arthur Streeton, *Golden Summer, Eaglemont*, 1889, National Gallery of Australia, oil on canvas, 81.3 x 152.6 cm.



Arthur Streeton, *Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide*, 1890, Art Gallery of New South Wales. 82.6 x 153.0 cm stretcher, signed and dated 'Arthur Streeton - 1890.' East Ivanhoe.





Arthur Streeton, *in Spring*, 1890, National Gallery of Victoria, oil on canvas on plywood, 81.4 x 152.6 cm. Gift of Mrs Margery Pierce, 1978. Young bathers opposite Sill's Bend on the Yarra, in what is now Banksia Park, off Banksia Street, Heidelberg. Here the river is swollen with heavy Spring rains, and in the distance cattle graze on the rich river flats at what is now Heide Museum of Modern Art, Templestowe Road.



E Phillips Fox, *Moonrise, Heidelberg*, 1900, 76.3 x 126.5 cm, National Gallery of Victoria, purchased 1948. East Ivanhoe, looking across to Bulleen.



E Phillips Fox, (*Studio, Charterisville*), c1900, oil on cedar panel, 19.8 × 30.5 cm, National Gallery of Victoria. The Joseph Brown Collection. Presented through the NGV Foundation by Dr Joseph Brown AO OBE, Honorary Life Benefactor, 2004.

In 1985, for her unappreciative municipal client, Marilyn McBriar<sup>88</sup> mapped, the physical traces that the early settlement of these places had left as well as an aboriginal 'stepped tree' at the bottom of Charterisville's garden, and there was talk of Chinese market gardeners<sup>89</sup> on the river flats before there was dairying.

From 1890-94 Charterisville and its garden were leased to the dairy farmer William Veitch, who then sub-let half of the house to Walter Withers (1854-1914). And so over 1888-89 this place became the setting for several paintings by the Heidelberg School painters: Tom Roberts (1856-1931), who was my great-uncle, Fred McCubbin, Withers and Charles Condor, as well as Arthur Streeton, who had earlier stayed and convivially painted together at the Mount Eagle farmhouse on the opposing hill on the Hartlands Estate during 1883.

More about Roberts? Studied under Buvelot and revered him, lived at 170 (now 226) George Street in c1879, and would have walked to the N G School in Russell Street.<sup>90</sup>

The artist friends would stay at Mount Eagle, or with the Withers at Charterisville, but only for short periods, as the houses and their artistic settings were even then only a leisurely walk from either Heidelberg or Ivanhoe Railway Stations (both 1888). Though then, around 1890, the journey did take longer, as the line ran rather

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<sup>88</sup> Marilyn McBriar and Loder & Bayly, *Heidelberg Conservation Study Part II. Historic Riverland Assessment*, for Heidelberg City Council, 1985. [Held]. I later employed Marilyn as a sub-consultant on my *Ballam Park. Conservation Analysis, Conservation Policy & Plan*, 2 vols, for the City of Frankston (1989-90).

<sup>89</sup> [www.chia.chinesemuseum.com.au/biogs/CH00013b.htm](http://www.chia.chinesemuseum.com.au/biogs/CH00013b.htm) Refer later also. Kathryn Cronin, *Colonial Casualties: Chinese in Early Victoria*, Melbourne University Press, Melbourne, 1982 and Jan Ryan, *Ancestors: Chinese in Colonial Australia*, Fremantle Arts Centre Press, Fremantle, WA, 1995.

<sup>90</sup> Cutten History Committee of the Fitzroy Historical Society, et al, *Fitzroy. Melbourne's First Suburb*, Melbourne University Press, Melbourne (1989) 1991, p 212 and H Topliss, *Tom Roberts 1856-1932. A Catalogue Raisonné*, Oxford University Press, Melbourne 1985. Vol 2, Nos 8 & 9. Roberts undated sketchbook has an address: 149 Napier Street, Fitzroy.



circuitously from Spencer Street (now Southern Cross), via North Melbourne, Macaulay Road, Flemington Bridge, Royal Park, North Carlton, North Fitzroy, to Clifton Hill, then Collingwood (now Victoria Park), all on the *Inner Circle* line.

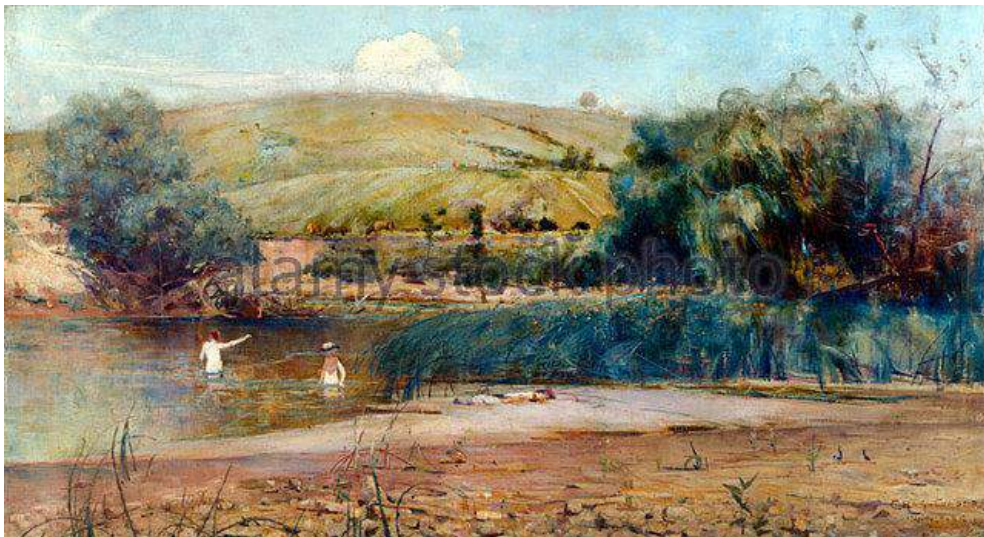
Then the train would reverse to shunt back to Clifton Hill, and then press on to Northcote South (now Westgarth), Fairfield Park (now Fairfield), Alphington, Ivanhoe and Heidelberg. This journey could take somewhere between 49 and 75 minutes, though some trains terminated at Collingwood, enforcing a wait for the next Heidelberg train of up to 40 minutes.

Even so, these were suburban, even weekend painters. To observe genteel propriety, the women would not even stay overnight, and catch the Isast train back to Melbourne.<sup>91</sup>

The more direct connection, between Princes Bridge (now subsumed beneath Federation Square) and Victoria Park Stations, as Collingwood was then renamed, was opened in 1901. In 1921, the line was electrified to Heidelberg, enabling a 25 minute journey, Darebin and Eaglemont Stations did not open until 1922 and 1926 respectively.



Tom Roberts's *The Sunny South*, c1887.



Charles Condor, *The Yarra Heidelberg*, 1890. North of Hartlands Road.

<sup>91</sup> [www.heidelberghistoricalsociety.com.au/old-line/hbg-train.html](http://www.heidelberghistoricalsociety.com.au/old-line/hbg-train.html)



Some of their paintings are Arcadian and hint at sensuality and homoeroticism. The term Arcadian has complex meanings, including same-sex desire. Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* (1945) depicts Oxford University as Arcadia: the city as aquatint, of autumnal mists, and grey springtime, the famous skyline of domes and parapets, men walking arm-in-arm, and the city on summer days exhaling the soft airs of centuries of transitory youth.<sup>92</sup>

In post-Renaissance painting, Arcadia is fleeting, of heightened pleasures, made bittersweet by the certain knowledge of their immanent loss; the point of the group of Italian Baroque paintings by Il Guernico, and of the French Neoclassical works of Poussin (1594-1665), on the theme: '*Et in Arcadia Ego*' (Death speaks: 'Even in Arcadia am I'), depicting the transitoriness of life and the inevitability of death. Even in the land of milk and honey, death is always present, or maybe imagined as spoken inconsolably by a body inside the tomb, 'I too – not death in the abstract. None of these seemed to me drenched with erotic longing.

Tom Roberts's *The Sunny South* (c1887)<sup>93</sup> depicts youths stripped off amongst bayside foreshore ti-tree art Ricketts Point (much later a gay cruising zone),<sup>94</sup> before plunging into the sea, Charles Condor's erotic *The Yarra Heidelberg* (1890), is set at the billabong, north of Hartlands Road.

Withers painted at Charterisville with Tom Humphrey and Leon Poole. Later Norman and Lionel Lindsay, then E Phillips Fox and Tudor St George Tucker stayed there and established a branch of their Melbourne School of Art, as Australia's first art summer school. I never knew if those mouldering canvasses in its cellar were the priceless residue of Withers, Phillips Fox, or Lindsay.

In his poem 'The Age of Anxiety,' 1944, W H Auden, so temperamentally Arcadian, saw it as an alternative term for Eden, or Arcadia is the good place. For Auden, his utopians strive for an ideal future, whilst Arcadians look nostalgically to an ideal past. But both radical Utopian and Arcadian offer only partial vision, and fail to recognise the whole truth.

Professor Harriet Edquist observed how in 1903, the architect Harold Desbrowe Annear (1865-1933) precisely framed his slightly younger friend Arthur Streeton's (1867-1943) views through the proscenium valence of sinuous oval fretwork at his extraordinary houses in The Eyrie, set to the northwest high above us, in Eaglemont.<sup>95</sup>

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<sup>92</sup> Wistfully recalled by Glyn Davis, Vice Chancellor of University of Melbourne, *ABR*, March 2010, p 23. Davis has no time for the more detailed account of Waugh's contemporary, Anthony Powell

<sup>93</sup> Tom Roberts's *The Sunny South*, (c1887), oil on canvas, 30.8 x 61.4 cm, National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne.

<sup>94</sup> [www.cruisinggays.com/melbourne/c/areas/5/](http://www.cruisinggays.com/melbourne/c/areas/5/)

<sup>95</sup> Harold and Florence Annear House, 36-38 The Eyrie, cnr The Panorama; The Chadwick House (being restored, Peter Crone), 32-34 The Eyrie (restored 1988-2008, Peter Crone); and 55 Outlook Drive (formerly 28-30 The Eyrie), all Eaglemont, all 1903.

Particularly: Edquist, Harriet, 'The Landscape of Desire: Harold Desbrowe-Annear, Eaglemont, *B*, 52-53, 1995/96, pp 83-94, but also:

Edquist, Harriet, *Harold Desbrowe-Annear. 1865-1933. A Life in Architecture*, Doctoral Thesis, School of Architecture and Design, Faculty of the Constructed Environment, RMIT University, March 2000, 2 Vols, *passim*, but particularly, Vol 1, p 188 & Vol 2, p 438. From this work, several of the other sources derive and I thank Professor Edquist for the kind loan of it.

Harriet Edquist, *Harold Desbrowe-Annear, A life in Architecture*, Miegunyah Press, Carlton, 2004 and Harriet Edquist, *Pioneers of Modernism. The Arts and Crafts Movement in Australia*, The Miegunyah Press, Carlton 2008, pp 8 and 12-15.



Chadwick House, 32-34 The Eyrie, Eaglemont, 1903, Harold Desbrowe Annear, Architect.  
Its valences frame iconic Streeton views.

In the early twentieth century, architects like Annear would regularly meet with artists and craftsmen for a drink and conversation together at places like the 'bohemian' Swanston Family Hotel on the corner of Little Bourke and Swanston Street. In the 1930s, the Swanston Family became a centre for the political Left, who would meet there on Friday evenings: including Communist artist Noel Counihan (1913-86); violin-maker and publisher of the Dolphin Press, Bill Dolphin, Barry Humphries, sculptor Inge King and Clement Meadmore then designing furniture and lighting, abstract artists George Johnson and Roger Kemp, and Marxist writer, historian and civil libertarian, Brian Fitzpatrick (1905-65). The Swanston Family retained its bohemian reputation until its demolition in 1959.

Earlier, around 1889-90, Streeton, McCubbin, Condor and Roberts had wandered down for a drink to the Old England Hotel (1848);<sup>96</sup> where fifty years later, after World War II, environmental builder, Alistair Knox (1912-86); journalist, Fred Aldridge, furniture designer Fred Ward (1900-90) and his wife 'Puss'; artist, Murray Griffin (1903-92); and architects John La Gerche, Fred Romberg (1913-92) and Bob Eggleston (1912-2000), would also drink together of a Saturday afternoon.<sup>97</sup>

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<sup>96</sup> 459 Lower Heidelberg Road.

<sup>97</sup> Bohemia, [www.emelbourne.net.au/biogs/EM00208b.htm](http://www.emelbourne.net.au/biogs/EM00208b.htm) The Swanston Family Hotel, northwest corner Swanston and Little Bourke Streets and at the Old England Hotel (1848), 459 Lower Heidelberg Road, Heidelberg; and Richard Peterson and Bohdan Kuzyk, 'Alistair Knox (1912-1986): modernism, environment and the spirit of place,' RMIT Design Archives Journal, Vol 4, No 1, 2014, pp 4-21. [www.richardpeterson.com.au/alistair-knox/](http://www.richardpeterson.com.au/alistair-knox/)



The Swanston Family Hotel<sup>98</sup>

The Eyrie bounds the Mont **Eagle Estate** (1914), which was designed by the significant Chicago architect, **Walter Burley Griffin** (1876-1937).<sup>99</sup> The sensuous curves of Griffin's streets, embrace the hill's gentle contours, and contain eight semi-private parks secluded behind the back fences, one with an **Aboriginal Scarred Tree**. Both of these aspects I had enjoyed on long solitary explorations on my **scooter**, well before I was given my first **bike**, and I remember sensing even then how special these places and routes were, long before I appreciated the reason.



Scooters, c1950.

<sup>98</sup> State Library of Victoria, SLV Image H2004.89/6  
[http://digital.slv.vic.gov.au/view/action/nmets.do?DOCCHOICE=1755417.xml&dvs=1492938820061~770&locale=en\\_AU&search\\_terms=&adjacency=&VIEWER\\_URL=/view/action/nmets.do?&DELIVERY\\_RULE\\_ID=4&divType=&usePid1=true&usePid2=true](http://digital.slv.vic.gov.au/view/action/nmets.do?DOCCHOICE=1755417.xml&dvs=1492938820061~770&locale=en_AU&search_terms=&adjacency=&VIEWER_URL=/view/action/nmets.do?&DELIVERY_RULE_ID=4&divType=&usePid1=true&usePid2=true)

<sup>99</sup> After winning the international architectural competition (1911-12) for the design of Canberra, Australia's proposed national capital city, Griffin and his architect wife and business partner Marion Mahoney came to Melbourne in 1913 to live in Glenard Drive, Eaglemont and establish an office in Melbourne.





*The Story of the Kelly Gang.*

Later, the Charterisville estate became the set for scenes from the world's first narrative feature film, *The Story of the Kelly Gang* (1906).<sup>100</sup>

From 1906-66, Charterisville was owned by the winemaking and long-distance running **de Castella** family, who had developed and sold Chateau Yering and St Hubert's wines; and it is where the Olympic runner **Robert de Castella**, born there in 1957, grew up. In 1966, the de Castellias moved to Barkers Road, where I interviewed them in that year for my research on the history of the estate.

A V Jennings (1897-1993), the pioneering housing estate and project house builder, chose to build his own great house opposite us at 85 Burke Road North in about 1939: the same year that he developed his Beauview Estate, further down the hill, which surprisingly continued to sell well during the war. As part of that development, he built eight solid brick double-storied shops with residences at 253-273 Lower Heidelberg Road, East Ivanhoe, to add to Oldmeadow's Arts-and-Crafts shop next to the Spanish Mission Shell Service Station, both opposite.

A V himself had relocated to Mt Eliza soon after we arrived and his double garage was occupied by a black Rolls Royce Silver Wraith and a black Daimler Consort, which Leigh Sampson would wash and polish for their owner, weekly. 15 years later I worked as an architectural assistant for the A V Jennings Industries Australia Limited at Mulgrave.<sup>101</sup>



Rolls Royce Silver Wraith.



Daimler Consort.

Peter Whitsed, a couple of years older than me, was another dashing larrikin to look up to. His astounding electric train system colonised most of their double garage. Although again not really a close friend, we did spend many hours together erecting an elaborate timber tree house, set on planks, which we nailed between the capacious branches of the largest Peppercorn tree in that rambling old garden, as its white sap wept from the wounds we inflicted and its feathery branches brushed our cheeks as we climbed. I imagine our timbers were liberated from various house

<sup>100</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Story\\_of\\_the\\_Kelly\\_Gang](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Story_of_the_Kelly_Gang)

<sup>101</sup> Donald Garden

construction sites in the vicinity. Later when the Whitseds relocated to Sydney, Peter, now sans tree house, was arrested for spending a night atop the Harbour Bridge.



The Whitsed house, 85 Burke Road North, in March 2015, dressed up to be sold for \$1,530,000. The trainset was at lower left

Near to the Harper's cottage, perched on the very corner of Hartlands Road and Burke Road North, and opposite the Jennings mansion, was the only uncompromisingly modernist house in the immediate vicinity, home of the Cattanach family.<sup>102</sup> They were also Catholics.

Ivanhoe's three Catholic churches were also Modernist and built about this time, in 1955 and 1961-62. Their in-your-face Catholic names 'Mother of God' and 'Mary Immaculate' and 'St Bernardette's' made me squirm, though their aggressively modernist architecture intrigued me. Would Robin Boyd have approve their blatant featurism?<sup>103</sup>

The Cattanach's house has a U-shape, set around an entry courtyard, has a low pitched gabled roof, and its brickwork painted dove grey. Mr Alfred Cattanach (1915-2015) was a successful pharmacist with a chain of some seven shops.

But the family was tainted by tragedy: Mrs Daphne Cattanach died early, and both John, who became a doctor, and his sister Juilie died perhaps in their twenties. They were both said to have suicided after experiencing psychological issues, perhaps as a result of deprssion, and in John's case, possibly guilt from earlier clerical molestation: he did have beautiful eyes. He was no more than an acquaintance to me, but I do recall him warning me that by turning right in Hartlands Road at Withers Street towards the Methodist Church, rather than continuing on to the Mother of God, I was condemned to burn in Hell. Because, he said the only true church was led by

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<sup>102</sup> The designer is not known. It is not included in any Banyule Heritage Study, though it should be.

<sup>103</sup> Church of the Mother of God (1957), corner Wilfred Road and Robinhood Road, East Ivanhoe East, Mary Immaculate, 1960-61, cnr Upper Heidelberg Road and Waverley Road, Ivanhoe, both Mockridge Stahle & Mitchell, and St Bernadette's, 89 Bond Street, West Ivanhoe, Robert Ellis, 1961-62.

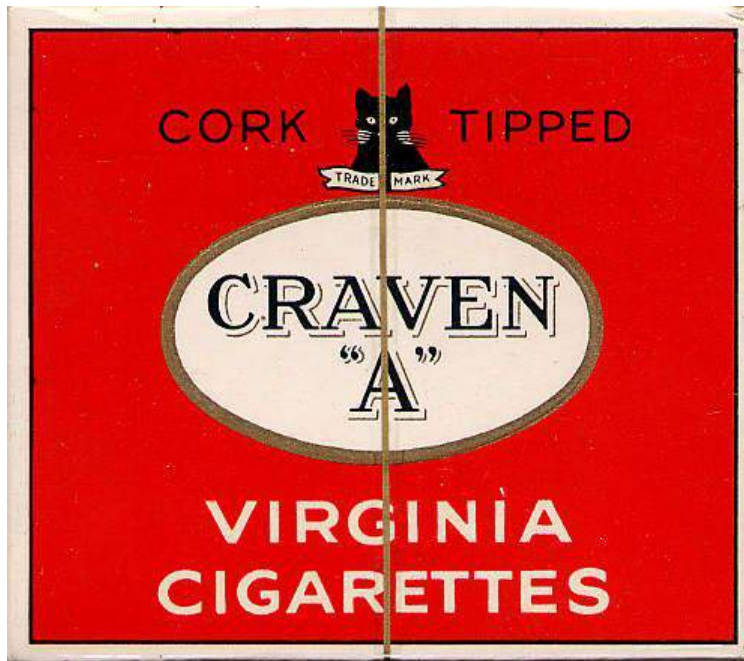


the Pope Pius XII in Rome, who looked rather stern to me, but was the true descendant of St Peter, of whom Jesus said, as John recited to me:

And I say also unto you, that you are Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hades shall not prevail against it.<sup>104</sup>

He assure me that outside the Roman Catholic Church, there was no salvation. I could not understand how such a repressive religion could embrace Architectural Modernity.

In 1961 as I turned 15, I wrote to the Royal Australian Institute of Architects for the names of the largest architectural firms to which I might then apply for a job.<sup>105</sup> Fortunately, I somehow secured a job as an office assistant and dyeline printer at the best of them, Yuncken, Freeman Bros, Griffiths and Simpson.<sup>106</sup> Their more than 300 staff occupied numerous buildings, including several terrace houses, in King Street opposite the Flagstaff Gardens. I was responsible to (William) Balcombe Griffiths<sup>107</sup> and Barry Patten, and was paid only 15/- a week as 'tea money.' Part of the job was to descend to the corner milk bar to buy Mr Patten's Craven A Cork-tipped cigarettes. Barry was to appear twice again in crucial walk-on roles on my life.



<sup>104</sup> *Holy Bible*, Matthew 16:18.

<sup>105</sup> I recall writing to: Stevenson & Turner; Bates Smart & McCutcheon; Perrot Lyon Timlock & Kesa; A C Leith Bartlett & Partners; Godfrey Spowers Hughes Mewton & Lobb; and Yuncken Freeman Brothers Griffiths & Simpson.

<sup>106</sup> Established 1933 as an offshoot of A & K Henderson. A year after I was there, in January 1963, they became Yuncken Freeman Architects Pty Ltd. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yuncken\\_Freeman](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yuncken_Freeman) and Melbourne University Archives, 1984.0047 RECORDS OF YUNCKEN FREEMAN ARCHITECTS PTY LTD AND PREDECESSORS, <http://gallery.its.unimelb.edu.au/imu/imu.php?request=load&irn=31064&eparties=on&view=details>

<sup>107</sup> Although I only discovered it 55 years later, Balcombe, who was charming and clearly intelligent, though not particularly known as a designer, had been educated at Geelong Grammar School, University of Melbourne (graduated B Arch, 1936) and Oxford University, was a captain in the Australian Army Infantry awarded the MC, and was at this time chair of council of Geelong Grammar for 16 years, and over this time had only missed three meetings. The time of the Prince of Wales at Geelong Grammar's Timbertop was towards the end of Griffiths' chairmanship. He was succeeded by Sir Robert (Bob) Southey (1922-98). Andrew Lemon, *The Master Gardener. T R Garnett of Marlborough College, Geelong Grammar, The Age, and The Garden of St Erth*, Hardie Grant, Books, Hardie Grant Publishing, Richmond Victoria and London 2018, p 460.



Although he had nothing to do with my obtaining the job, when my father heard wind of this scandalously low pay, he rang Griffiths and gave him a piece of his mind. Needless to say this had no effect, but effectively ensued that I could never work there again.

However this was an extraordinarily useful experience which, over 50 years later I remember aspects of clearly. The staff would discuss their work with me and allow me to try my hand at my first architectural drawing. Whilst I was there, the sombre black Royal Insurance Group Building and the paler Scottish Amicable Insurance Building were in schematic design stage.<sup>108</sup>



National Library of Australia nla.pic-vn3507560-v

Wolfgang Sievers (1913-2007). The partners of the architectural firm, Yuncken Freeman Brothers, Griffith and Simpson, Melbourne [1950-59], NLA. Barry Patten at rear, Roy Simpson second from the right.

From an early age, I remember clambering alone over the husks of so many partially completed Modernist dream houses, as their construction progressed, and seeking clues to imagine their eventual form. I became adept at leaping across floor joists, sometimes at a great height, on these often steeply sloping sites. Even then I recall seeking authenticity, and abhorring mock décor.

Later, as my knowledge of the Melbourne architectural scene evolved, I followed the work of individual firms of architects through their projects. At first, I was particularly interested in Grounds, Romberg and Boyd, Peter and Dione McIntyre, Mockridge, Stahle & Mitchell, and Chancellor and Patrick (whose site constructions were often

<sup>108</sup> Royal Insurance Group Building, 430-444 Collins Street, Melbourne, 1962-65 and the Scottish Amicable Insurance Building, 128-146 Queen Street, 1964-66.  
<http://gallery.its.unimelb.edu.au/imu/imu.php?request=display&port=45208&id=2195&flag=star&offset=0&count=1&view=details&irn=31064&eparties=on>

the most difficult to fathom) who were Modernist and built about locally this time, in 1955-62).<sup>109</sup> During the course, we were urged to read Robin Boyd's *The Australian Ugliness*, so I could not work them out. Not only were these striking buildings Formalist, but in Boydian terms, they were also also bristlingly featurist...**More?**

**Alison Alexander<sup>110</sup>**

March 27 at 11:21am

Seeing as it's Easter, I thought it fitting to do a post on one of MS&M's churches. This is Church of the Mother of God, located at the corner of Wilfred Road and Robinhood Road, Ivanhoe East. It is one of three churches that make up the Catholic Parish of Ivanhoe (established in 2005), the other two being Mary Immaculate (also designed by Mockridge Stahle & Mitchell, 1960-61) and St Bernadette's (designed by Robert Ellis, 1961-62).

The man behind Mother of God was Father Bernard Geoghegan, appointed to the parish of Ivanhoe (Church of the Immaculate Conception) in 1940. He has been described as having a considerable and favorable impact on the parish, and the community in general. It was Fr Bernard that first approached MS&M, in June 1955, to design the new church.

Mother of God was completed in 1956. Due to the confined corner site, and the surrounding residential character, the church was designed so as not to be overwhelming. Likewise, the interior was modestly embellished, although the materials and finishes themselves, were fairly opulent... Sicilian marble, terrazzo, antique Belgian and French glass, and textured silks edged with gold leaf. The Crucifix and Stations of the Cross were carved from Australian mountain ash by sculptor, Hermann Hohaus.

Sadly over time, the church has undergone several changes. The spectacular starburst (or sputnik) lights have gone, as has the baptistry grill, altar rail and baldachin. The replacement of the lights with single round pendants, for me anyway, is the most upsetting. I can only assume that changing all those bulbs became tedious and troublesome. What became of the original lights... who knows. They would be hot property now, that's for sure!!

Several months ago, I was watching TV, engrossed in the movie 'Animal Kingdom' (winner of the 2010 Sundance Film Festival, and starring Guy Pearce, Joel Edgerton, Ben Mendelsohn and Jacki Weaver) when I had an "Oh My God!!" moment... or rather, an "Oh My Mother of God" moment, as the church suddenly appeared on the screen. A brief, albeit memorable minute or two, and I have of course, since acquired the DVD. As a fun little twist, the cover of the DVD case features a one word description of the film by the Los Angeles Times... "Immaculate". Maybe they should've filmed it at the other church.

Particularly confusing was McIntyre's elegantly coiled Snelleman 'Snail House' (1953) in Kearn Street, and his extraordinary, multiple cube McCarthy House (1955), low-lying in Longstaff Street, near McKennel Street, with its spreading triangulated pergolas, its triangular and butterfly-shaped windows and its brazen primary colours, sadly now demolished. Higher up, next door on the corner still stands Boyd's E H L Burgess House (1962-64), where the eventual bridging linkages between individual spaces were hardly apparent to an inquisitive trespassing youth, until virtually at lock-up stage, when over the course of barely a week, all became clear, just when one was frustratingly barred from entry. Again sadly, this building is now substantially altered.

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<sup>109</sup> The Roman Catholic Churches of Mary Immaculate, Upper Heidelberg Road, cnr Waverley Road, Ivanhoe, 1961-62 (former local, Matcham Skipper sculpted its stations of the cross) and Mother of God, 63 Wilfred Road, East Ivanhoe, 1955, both by Mockridge Stahle & Mitchell, architects, and St Bernadette's Catholic Church, 89 Bond Street, Ivanhoe West, Robert C Ellis, architect, 1961-62, in the Archbishop, Dr Mannix's enthusiastic building spree, [www.ivanhoecatholics.com/parishhistory2.htm](http://www.ivanhoecatholics.com/parishhistory2.htm) and <http://starkitecture.blogspot.com.au/2013/07/ivanhoe-catholic-churches-inspired-by.html> and [http://www.google.com.au/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=6&ved=0ahUKEwjAp\\_yhmNjJAhWBLJQKHbrSDEAQFgg3MAU&url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.banyule.vic.gov.au%2Ffiles%2F0b064df6-fe7f-4df4-a302-a1dd00c3f52f%2Fheritage-review&usq=AFQjCNEhm7mBXoLFLDYGI3bc2DOeSbFnUA&sig2=qeBQVkjLTrgnLkc4dsLLw](http://www.google.com.au/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=6&ved=0ahUKEwjAp_yhmNjJAhWBLJQKHbrSDEAQFgg3MAU&url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.banyule.vic.gov.au%2Ffiles%2F0b064df6-fe7f-4df4-a302-a1dd00c3f52f%2Fheritage-review&usq=AFQjCNEhm7mBXoLFLDYGI3bc2DOeSbFnUA&sig2=qeBQVkjLTrgnLkc4dsLLw)

<sup>109</sup>

<sup>110</sup> Alison is the daughter of Ross Stahle, the firm's principal designer.



Featherston House.



Featherston House, with Mary reading.

Most mysterious of all to me in 1968, during Fourth Year Architecture, whilst clambering over its disparate, apparently unrelated elements, was Boyd's masterful design for (as I later discovered) Grant and Mary Featherston and her parents at 22 The Boulevard, Fairy Hills. Here two double-storied narrow elements appeared to discourse across a large roofless unfloored void, in which platforms floated past a massive fireplace. Until, very near to the end of its construction, both roof and south-facing wall were quickly and transparently clad and the platforms became living spaces, linked by stairs, over a wall-to-wall garden and pool, overlooking the lush valley of the Darebin Creek.

Most consistent local playmates for my brother Stephen and I were the Sampson boys, Leigh and Phillip. Their house faced ours to the north, and had been completed shortly after. Somehow with them I felt able to fully participate in frequent hearty games of kick-to-kick football in Withers Street in front of their house. This



mechanical ritual was replayed night after night, both before and after the road was formed and bitumen sealed. In summer, I imagine we fearlessly played cricket along the same stretch. Summers were also spent in 'going to the pool', for some reason to the newer, yet further, North Balwyn Pool, rather than to Ivanhoe. For me this was the most pointless activity, as embarrassed and ashamed, I never did learn to swim. We would mostly lie listlessly on the grass on towels, 'getting tanned', assisted by the application of 'Suntan Lotion.' I can recall no prurient interest.

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I was impressed by the Sampson boys' industriousness in creating well-appointed domestic burrows for themselves on the street boundary of their front garden. I must have attempted the same in our front garden, until parental authority intervened. Theirs were sufficiently broad and deep to house a boyish body and were elaborately furnished with carpet and other decor and illuminated with the smoky red glow of a 'borrowed' roadworks kerosene lamp, whose flickering red glow offered a party-like effect.

This was just at the moment when Gaston Bachelard wrote at length about humanity's life-long dream-need for hollows and huts... corners, birds' nests, cellars, attics, chests, caverns, *hortus conclusus* (walled gardens) that continue to fascinate the mind, even as it ages, because they 'shelter day-dreaming'. He calls the

readiness to be astonished by such places 'topophilia' (or place-love), but Robert Macfarlane more directly names it 'wonder', 'innocence', or even just 'happiness'.<sup>111</sup>



Roadworks kerosene lamps, c1963.

It seemed that we would spend hours on end in these womb-like subterranean apartments, perhaps listening intently to the crystal sets we had each made, housed in tiny plywood boxes, as they spluttered sounds from, at that time, family radio 3DB, or 3KZ. I never listened to ABC Radio (3AR and 3LO) until much later at university.

I was certainly not 'the last of the Argonaut'<sup>112</sup> generation' as journalist Max Walsh once suggested of Gareth Evans, born two years before me in Hawthorn. As he said, 'I was too much of a working-class kid to know anything about that highbrow stuff – but as grew older, its contribution to the information, education, and cultural life of the whole community became totally self-evident.'<sup>113</sup> I was not a working-class kid, as my parents had been, but rather a trail-blazer as first generation middle-class, and gradually learning what that involved.

Many listeners avoided the compulsory licence fee for 'sealed sets' by building crystal sets. As teenagers, my brother and I both did, often listening late at night under the bedclothes, probably by then to 'The Greater 3UZ. 930 on your radio dial. Nice to come home to.'

Apart from our silent meals, Sunday drives, and annual fortnight holidays, we did virtually nothing together as a family. Our family did not listen to the ABC (3LO, or 3AR; nor 3KZ at the Trades Hall, 3XY, at the Princess' Theatre, 3AK, or the more

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<sup>111</sup> Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, (French, 1958; English, 1964), Beacon Press, Boston 1969, quoted by Robert Macfarlane, *Landmarks*, Hamish Hamilton, London 2015, p 323 *A Study of Environmental Perception, Attitudes and Values*, 1974, Yi-fu Tuan, *Topophilia: A Study of Environmental Perception, Attitudes and Values*, 1974, Yi-Fu Tuan, *Space and Place*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 1977. and [www.placeness.com/topophilia-and-topophils/](http://www.placeness.com/topophilia-and-topophils/).

<sup>112</sup> *The Argonauts Club* was an Australian children's radio program, first broadcast in 1933 on ABC Radio in Melbourne, as a segment of the *Children's Session*. It became one of the ABC's most popular programs, running six days a week for 28 years until 1969, when it was broadcast only on Sundays<sup>l</sup> and discontinued in 1972.

<sup>113</sup> Gareth Evans, *Incorrigible Optimist. A Political Memoir*, Melbourne University Press, Carlton, Victoria 2017, p 91.



talkative Macquarie Network's 3AW). I must be a rare intellectual of my generation never to have been a member of the ABC's **Argonauts Club**: I was a Sunbeamer. I still fail to include on my CV that I was awarded 46 of the *Sun News-Pictorial* Newspaper Sunbeams Honour Cards, including nine 1st Class Honour Cards and four Special Honour Cards.



1926

1927

1928

Hard to imagine now, but my father, my mother, Papa and Finky all played the upright piano for their solitary enjoyment. None of them attempted to interest me in whatever it was they played. I recall being offered one lesson in 1954, after which I was again written off as 'hopeless,' and my incipient musical career swiftly and regretfully jettisoned. Our father played ponderously, with no lilt. Once David and I gave him the Beatles *White Album* sheet music to play. Of course he had never heard the recordings, and although he played the notes, the sound was lushly romantic and unrecognisable.

Listening to 3DB was central to my life as a boy, and radio was our only form of media entertainment, particularly several lightly dramatic or comedic serials, in the 1940s: *Hop Harrigan and the Riders on the Range*, *Dad and Dave* (1932-52),<sup>114</sup> and *Daddy and Paddy* with John Stuart (Daddy) and Pat McLean (Paddy), with Mabel Nelson on the piano. 3DB announcers included: Dick Cranbourne (1905-71), who was Daybreak Dan, and also Brother Sunshine on the *Coles & Garard Minstrels Show*.

Cranbourne was born Richard Kraymborg in Bairnsdale in 1905, where he played violin in local silent films and cornet in a dance band. When his family moved to Melbourne in 1920, he played saxophone in Jim Davidson's Sydney ABC dance band, changed his name at the Great War, and was at 3DB from 1941-69, with Monte Blandford, Eric Welch, Stephanie Bini, Stephanie Deste. During cricket descriptions, the famously racist, ugly and inanimate fetish doll, Ricketty Kate (1934-c1960), whose eyes electrically lit up at the fall of wickets. She would be unacceptable on several levels today: take your pick. But she was the signal for the studio audience to sing the theme song *Ricketty Kate* to give the cricket commentators time to gather details coming through on cables. Commentators would then cross to Eric Welch for news of the Test Match being played in England. Such technical ruses were beyond us children.<sup>115</sup>

<sup>114</sup> Refer: **Glossary**: 'Snake Gully.'

<sup>115</sup> Jane Van Balen, *The Australian Radio Series Guide 1930s to 1970s*. Now held by the Arts Centre Collection, [http://collections.artscentremelbourne.com.au/paminter/imu.php?request=display&port=45013&id=5f68&flag=ecatalogue&offset=5&sort=default&count=default&view=details&CreSubjects\\_t ab=Sport&ecatalogue=on](http://collections.artscentremelbourne.com.au/paminter/imu.php?request=display&port=45013&id=5f68&flag=ecatalogue&offset=5&sort=default&count=default&view=details&CreSubjects_t ab=Sport&ecatalogue=on)





Ricketty Kate.

Stephanie Bini (1915-2012) was the daughter of a known and respected doctor of traditional Chinese medicine, Lum Yow and his Australian-born wife. From the age of three she wanted to learn violin and was in the same ballet class as Robert Helpmann. No Adelaide college would accept her because she was half Chinese, but PLC had no problem with that, so she went to school in Melbourne. Due to her father's death, she was unable to take up a scholarship at the Conservatorium of Music, and got work in radio drama at 3XY.

For the rest of her life she wrote for, presented and interviewed on radio, first in her program *Under the Dryer*, on 3AW, then co-hosting the 3KZ *Children's Session* and from 1953, when I first heard her, hosting 3DB's morning session, which she left in 1957 for Channel 9. Frank Thring said he listened in the bath to her later 3XY women's magazine afternoon programme. She also compered fashion parades. Later she worked on Channel 7's morning show, with Vi Greenhalf, Terry O'Neill, Charles Skase and John Eden.

Geoff McComas of 3DB later compered the Sun Aria, which much later Geoff and I attended assiduously. He went into business with Michael Shildberger (1938-2010), his long-time colleague and friend, in the audio-visual production and media training company, Business Essentials, whose clients included numerous business, political and sporting leaders. Sadly, it was inadvisedly floated as the public company Infosentials Limited, which collapsed into voluntary liquidation in 2000, amidst stinging criticism.



3DB Studio with John Eden at left, and Geoff McComas (?) at right, 1968.

3DB, an early commercial station in Melbourne, began broadcasting in 1927 (in Victoria, only 3AR, 3LO (1924) and 3UZ (1925) were older): its studios and 500 watt transmitter were in the basement of the *Herald* and *Weekly Times* building, 61 Flinders Lane (now Cecconi's Restaurant). It operated on 1030 kHz, via a centre-fed di-pole antenna suspended between the two very tall masts that are still above the building and at their base is still the artificial 'earth' mat, comprising a grid of radial conductors.

David Worrall (1894-1968), a journalist, was the Melbourne *Herald's* New York 'stringer', who returned to Melbourne in 1928 and continued a lifelong connection with Murdoch media. He married Kathleen Norris, whose relative, the architect Nell Norris had designed a Modernist house opposite the Worralls new Arts and Crafts style home in the Old Warrandyte Road. Kathleen later became the famous radio personality 'Martha Gardener'. The next year Murdoch appointed Worrall manager of 3DB, instructing him to pursue innovations such as to sell sponsorship by the hour and transmit news flashes from the *Herald* and *Weekly Times*.

Worrall founded test cricket broadcasts, initially of the 1930 Australian tour of England, and from 1942 he was an organizer of the annual *Sporting Globe*-3DB Good Friday Appeal for the (Royal) Children's Hospital, which still runs, and the *Herald's* Learn-to-Swim campaign (all my friends had their 'Herald Certificate' on their bedroom wall, but more shame, not me), and the now forgotten *Sun News*

*Pictorial's* Ideal Town Competition, from 1927, for which public voting was by coupons cut out from the newspaper.<sup>116</sup>

Worrall gradually moved 3DB's programming away from stunts and amateurism, vaudeville, and pantomime, towards big-budget music, quiz and sports shows sponsored by national advertisers and relayed to other Australian cities. By 1949 he had lured the Colgate and Lever shows away from rivals, and 3DB had an immense following of over a third of Melbourne's radio licence-holders 'tuning-in'. Embracing of popular culture and management, he introduced Australia to the first breakfast sessions and hit parades.

Dorothy Crawford (1911-88) edited, cast and produced several radio series as a complex blend of drama and music, with both professional actors and trained singers. With the help of Worrall, she and her younger brother Hector (1913-91) started their own production company and in 1946, broadcast *The Melba Story*, a radio dramatization of Nellie Melba's life with music for 3DB, Patricia Kennedy as Melba and featuring the newly discovered 24-year old coloratura soprano, Glenda Raymond (1922-2003) as her voice,<sup>117</sup> with the Australian Symphony Orchestra conducted by Hector Crawford,<sup>118</sup> over 52 half-hour episodes, and broadcast in 17 countries. Raymond had no formal training, yet recreated the sound of one of the greatest singers, and became an instant celebrity. In 1945 Dorothy and Hector founded Crawford Productions and in 1950, Crawford married Raymond.<sup>119</sup>

For some reason, when the series was repeated with another 26 episodes, some ten (?) years later, I listened engrossed. I recall my mother asking me whether I enjoyed the story, or the singing; I hope I answered: 'both.' Raymond's was the first operatic voice I'd ever heard.

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<sup>116</sup> <http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/64259154> on Portland's preparations. The winner was Beechworth, and Frankston came second. It is said that Frankston used its prize money to acquire in 1930 the gates from the Old Melbourne Gaol for the beautification of Frankston Park. The female prisoners wing of the gaol had been demolished in 1929 to be replaced by new buildings for the Working Man's College (RMIT University). *Frankston and Mount Eliza Sketchbook*, p 22 and <http://nedkellyforum.com/forums/topic/old-melbourne-gaol-gate-at-the-frankston-oval/> In any case, it seems the *ADB* may be incorrect in attributing this competition to Worrall who did not arrive in Melbourne until the next year, 1928, rather than directly to Murdoch, who came to live with his 19-year old bride Elisabeth at Cruden Farm on the outskirts of Frankston also in 1928.

<sup>117</sup> <https://groups.google.com/forum/#!topic/alt.obituaries/S-t4UJ1X8rk>

<sup>118</sup> [www.nfsa.gov.au/collection/radio/women-in-radio/dorothy-crawford/](http://www.nfsa.gov.au/collection/radio/women-in-radio/dorothy-crawford/) has a sound bite from beginning of the *Melba Story*.

<sup>119</sup> Keith Dunstan, 'Was hers the sweetest voice in the world?' Glenda Raymond (Crawford), Coloratura Soprano, 26.10.1922-3.5.2003, Obituary, *The Age*, 6 May 2003, p 8.





From left: Dorothy Crawford, Hector Crawford, Glenda Crawford, and daughter Jo Crawford. (Arts Centre Melbourne, Performing Arts Collection).

An astute manager, Worrall kept ahead of new media, including television, through correspondence and frequent overseas trips. He supported the construction of the Sidney Myer Music Bowl, and ensured its popularity by staging Music for the People concerts. He had outstanding race broadcasts called by Eric Welch, but after his death it declined.<sup>120</sup> In 1986, to attract audience, the Herald and Weekly Times appointed Bert Newton as general manager of 3DB, which he combined with on-air appearances until it closed in 1988 when Bert read the final news bulletin and it became 3TT, which only survived for two more years.<sup>121</sup>

Without my realising, Worrall and the Crawfords had directed my listening (and later some television) until in my late teens, when I switched to 3UZ and Channel 9.



<sup>120</sup> [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Timeline\\_of\\_Australian\\_radio](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Timeline_of_Australian_radio) and John Spierings, 'Worrall, David Thomas (1894–1968)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/worrall-david-thomas-12074/text21661>, published first in hardcopy 2002, accessed online 6 March 2015, first published in hardcopy in *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 16, Melbourne University Press, Carlton 2002.

<sup>121</sup> <http://bpadula.tripod.com/autobiography/id10.html>



**DON LUNN**  
Mon.-Fri. 5.30-9 a.m.  
Sat. 9-12.30 p.m.



**ALLAN LAPPAN**  
Mon.-Fri. 5 to 7 p.m.  
Sundays 4 to 7 p.m.



**KEN SPARKES**  
Mon.-Fri. 7 to 10 p.m.  
Sat. 12.30 to 4 p.m.



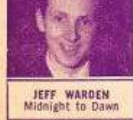
**DON RAINSFORD**  
Mon.-Fri. 12 to 2 p.m.  
Sat. 9 a.m.-12 noon



**STAN ROFE**  
Mon.-Fri. 10.30-noon  
Mon.-Fri. 4 to 5 p.m.  
Sat. 7 to 11 p.m.



**JOHN VERTIGAN**  
Mon.-Fri. 2 to 4 p.m.  
Mon.-Fri. 10-midnight  
Sat. noon to 5.30 p.m.



**JEFF WARDEN**  
Midnight to Dawn



**CONIK**  
to Dawn

DE PRINT



# OFFICIAL TOP 40 No. 1 IN MELBOURNE

Week Commencing 24th October, 1965

			Position Last Week	Weeks In
1. LITTLE BOY SAD	M.P.D. Limited	Go	1	10
2. I GOT YOU BABE	Sonny & Cher	Ahantic	5	9
3. WHAT'S NEW PUSSY CAT	Tom Jones	Decca	6	5
4. QUE SERA SERA	Normie Rowe	Sunshine	2	6
5. IL SILENZIO	Nini Rosso	Durium	3	9
6. SING C'EST LA VIE	Sonny & Cher	Ahantic	12	3
7. EVE OF DESTRUCTION	Barry McGuire	R.C.A.	4	8
8. HELP!	Beatles	Parlo.	7	13
9. TWILIGHT TIME	Billy Thorpe	Parlo.	8	11
10. I COULD EASILY FALL	Cliff Richard	Columbia	11	4
11. IF YOU GOTTA GO, GO NOW	Manfred Mann	H.M.V.	30	2
12. JUDY GREEN	Bobby & Laurie	Go	9	7
13. WEDDING RING	Easybeats	Parlo.	13	8
14. UNIVERSAL SOLDIER	Glenn Campbell	Capitol	14	3
15. FORGIVE ME	Al Martino	Capitol	24	2
16. HANG ON SLOOPY	McCoys	Stateside	31	3
17. WELL, DON'T YOU KNOW	Colin Cook	W. & G.	25	4
18. UNCHAINED MELODY	Righteous Bros.	Festival	15	10
19. MILLIONS OF ROSES	Steve Lawrence	C.B.S.	18	5
20. A WALK IN THE BLACK FOREST	Horst Jankowski	Philips	10	11
21. HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME	Mel Carter	Liberty	16	12
22. MORNING TOWN RIDE	The Seekers	W. & G.	21	13
23. VELVET WATERS	Tony Worsley	Sunshine	32	2
24. YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES	The Fortunes	Decca	17	9
25. LIKE A ROLLING STONE	Bob Dylan	C.B.S.	23	8
26. YESTERDAY	Beatles	Parlo.	—	1
27. DON'T DESTROY ME	Merv Benton	W. & G.	19	3
28. JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER	Herman's Hermits	Columbia	—	1
29. FOOL, FOOL, FOOL	Ray Brown	Leedon	22	15
30. NIGHT RIDER	Elvis Presley	R.C.A.	33	6
31. KEEP ON DANCIN'	Gentry's	M.G.M.	34	3
32. SATISFACTION	Rolling Stones	Decca	20	14
33. I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAY	Dinah Lee	H.M.V.	27	7
34. I (WHO HAVE NOTHING)	Normie Rowe	Sunshine	29	12
35. BABY DON'T GO	Sonny & Cher	Reprise	—	1
36. HALLELUJAH, I LOVE HER SO/BABY, HOLD ME CLOSE	Billy Thorpe	Parlo.	37	4
37. SUMMER NIGHTS	Marianne Faithful	Decca	28	8
38. RIDE AWAY	Roy Orbison	London	26	7
39. IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR	Ray Brown	Leedon	—	1
40. FARMER JOHN	Johnny Cooper	In	40	2

### IN THIS WEEK:

Yesterday; Just a Little Bit Better  
Baby, Don't Go; In the Midnight Hour

### OUT THIS WEEK:

Down in the Boondocks; Ain't It True  
San Francisco Bay Blues; Crying in the Chapel

### LYNNE FLETCHER

Lynne Fletcher was born on July 9, 1947, at Woodford, Queensland, and commenced singing in a choir at school. From this small beginning her career has blossomed to include many public appearances, Radio and Television work and latterly a record contract.

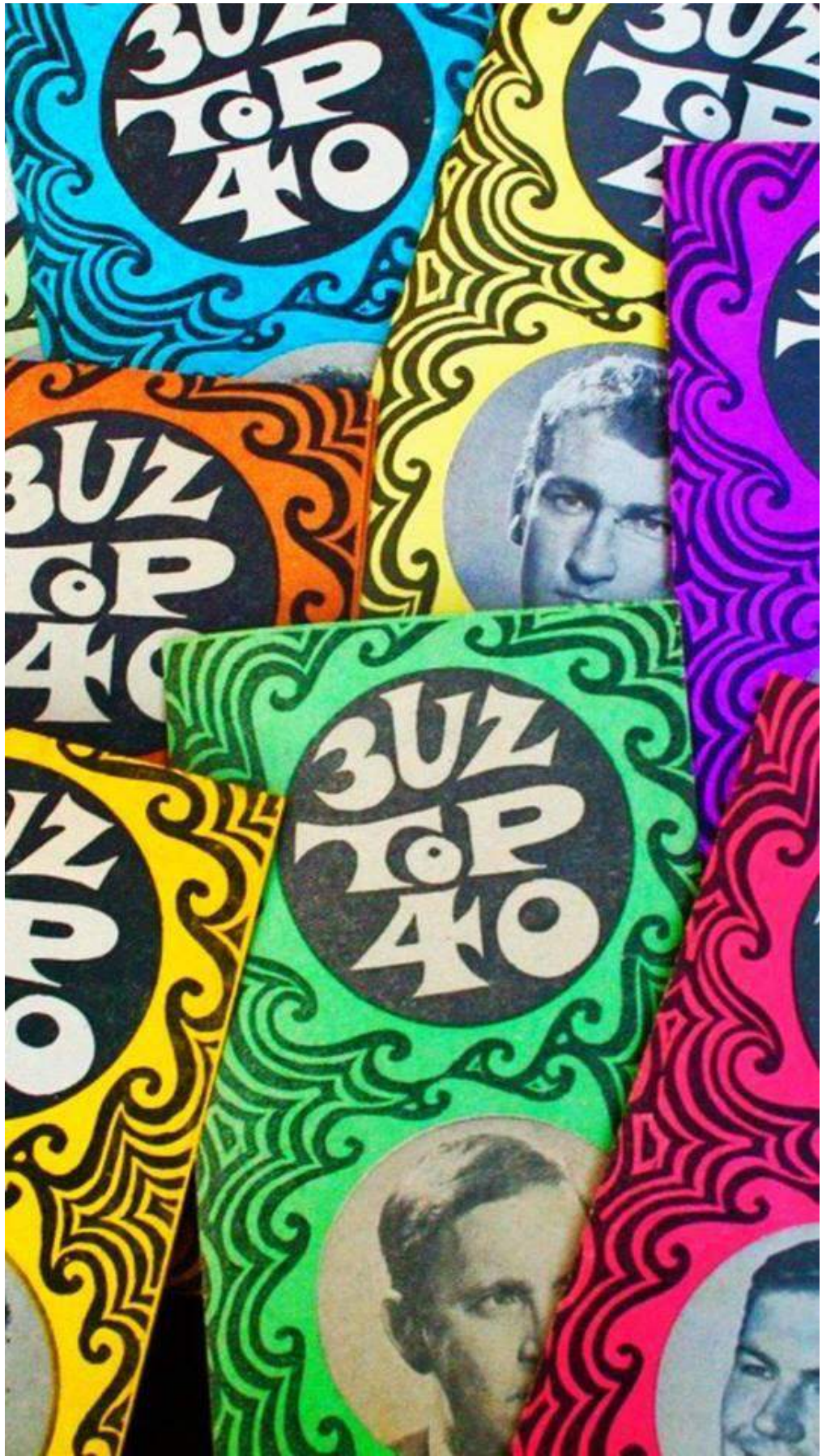
A terrified Lynne Fletcher made her first Television audition before an audience of two hundred people at BTQ7 in Brisbane and came through with "flying colours."

After many appearances on BTQ's "Swing School" Lynne was offered a six months' contract with TCN9 for "Bandstand" dates and has since appeared on all Sydney and Adelaide Channels. Since then Lynne Fletcher has really captured the Sydney scene, building a large following in clubs and nightspots all over N.S.W.

Lynne's first disc for H.M.V. is entitled "You Say Pretty Words" backed with "With Love" and is 3UZ D.J. Don Lunn's Hit Pick of this week.









3UZ brought me to radio popular music charts and as I write, today is 3UZ's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday. It was founded and owned by Oliver J Nilsen (100<sup>th</sup> birthday this year, whose offices were at 45 Bourke Street. The Nilsen family owned 3UZ until 1986), the porcelain electrical insulator manufacturer and electrical engineering company, whose factory the YMCA Midgets once took me to on excursion in a furniture van. That day I remember I learnt the word 'sintering'.

3UZ's one time, long time, general manager, Lewis Bennett. There was an element of Hollywood whilst Lewis ran 45 Bourke Street. Bennett's showbiz flair was unsurpassed by anyone else in Melbourne or Australian Radio during the 1950's, 60' and 70's. His retirement in 1977 reminded us, that you don't know what you've lost until it's gone! Competition wasn't seen for dust and he knew it, even rebranding with a bold and arrogant new logo boasting 'The Greater,' no less sustained than with slick American Jingles sung by The Anita Kerr Singers commissioned in 1969.



Lewis Bennett. 3UZ Archive.

Until I left Melbourne, I kept the full-page photographic advertisements of its star DJs, from the back page of Melbourne's first popular music paper, *Go Set*. Stan Rofe (1933-2003, Stan the Man, 'Hi-de-hi Victoria!'), a close friend of the much younger Molly Meldrum (and reputed to have named him thus), both of whom were a great mentors for the incipient popular music industry, and 'he never married';<sup>122</sup> Don Lunn (1934-2006, 'Lunny on the live wire line, your Daddio of the Radio'),<sup>123</sup> Alan Lappan (Lap Lap on tap tap), Ken Sparkes<sup>124</sup> (b1940-2016, by c1965, in the night-time slot,

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<sup>122</sup> [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stan\\_Rofe](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stan_Rofe) is very extensive. Rofe moved from 3KZ to 3UZ in February 1966, taking on the 10pm - 1am slot each evening, and the Official Top 40 Countdown every Sunday from 1.30-3.30 pm, [www.youtube.com/watch?v=pJ6twLAcNdM](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pJ6twLAcNdM). He moved to 3XY as music director in August 1971, which was when XY overtook 3UZ as the best Top 40 music station. In 1979 became 3DB's programme manager.

<sup>123</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=Sw6Le4CINzA](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Sw6Le4CINzA) and <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HiUUojVgcOQ>  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w\\_8Z4bKxk3o](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w_8Z4bKxk3o)  
<https://soundcloud.com/richard-k-felstead/radio-jingle-3uz-news>  
<https://soundcloud.com/richard-k-felstead/radio-jingle-3uz-news>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I3Pbh3KuDFE>  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n-3MUn9Mp\\_g](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n-3MUn9Mp_g)

He affectionately called his breakfast show panel operators Moondoggie, and presented the tightest, most upbeat breakfast show on Australian radio. Surviving airchecks display Don's outstanding ability to project enormous enthusiasm and vitality. Always 'tight and bright and a whole lotta fun.' [www.radioinfo.com.au/news/daddio-dies-melbourne](http://www.radioinfo.com.au/news/daddio-dies-melbourne)

<sup>124</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=K8GBbvo-J9U](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K8GBbvo-J9U) for a recent 2018 video recording of Sparkes. He performed as an actor, singer and host on many pop and late night Australian shows including *Bandstand*, *Hi Fi Club*, *Kommotion*, *Australian Pop Music Awards*, *Homicide*, *Bellbird* and *The Johnny O' Keefe Show*. He also worked as a sportcaster and became commentator for the Seven Network, TEN Network and Nine Networks *Wide World of Sport* hosting Formula One coverage. By performing voice-over or booth announcer he became one of the most recognisable voices on Australian media. At one time he

and my favourite, still working in), Don Rainsford, Geoff Haynes, John Vertigan (b1938-, retired from radio 70 years later in 2008).






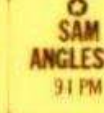














Ken Sparks (1940-2016) a great DJ with one of the best voices in Australia. He was the voice of channel 9 for 30 years, he worked with Don at 3UZ between 69-73 when Ken initially hosted midnight to dawn. He also worked with Don at 5KA in 1976. He was down to earth with a love of cars, in particular Ferraris, drove a yellow Dino in Adelaide. This photo below is from 1976 at KA.



Donn Lunn. Images from his son. 180318.

simultaneously worked for Channel 10 Sydney and Channel 9 Melbourne, later solely for 9 on *A Current Affair* and *Sixty Minutes*. In 1974 the Melbourne studios of 9 were held up by an armed gang, and Sparkes chased the robbers in his car, but lost them. He was working until he died.

# RADIO PERSONALITY BUYERS GUIDE

MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.
 <b>DON LUNN</b> 5.30-9.00 AM 			 <b>BILL GATES</b> 5.30-9 AM			
 <b>JIMMY HANNAN</b> 9-AM TO 12 NOON	 <b>ALLAN LAPPAN</b> 9-12 NOON			 <b>SAM ANGLESEY</b> 9-1 PM		
 <b>BILL GATES</b> 12 NOON-3 PM 			 <b>JOHN VERTIGAN</b> BERT WYKANT JOEY RUSSELL RAY BENSON JOEY FAHJ KEVIN FAYE VINCE GUNNY JOHN O'NEIL GOLF CART DON H-PUR 12 NOON-6 PM	 <b>KEN SPARKES</b> 1 PM-4 PM		
 <b>ALLAN LAPPAN</b> 3 PM TO 6 PM			 <b>ROD SPARGO</b> 12 NOON-6 PM	 <b>ROD SPARGO</b> 4 PM-8 PM		
 <b>Sam Anglesey</b> 6 PM-10 PM 			 <b>ROD SPARGO</b> 6-12 MIDNIGHT	 <b>STAN ROFE</b> 8-12 MIDNIGHT		
 <b>STAN ROFE</b> 10 PM TO 1 AM			 <b>ROD SPARGO</b> 6-12 MIDNIGHT	 <b>PETER BYRNE</b> ALL-NIGHT SWING SHIFT		

MELBOURNE'S TOP PERSONALITIES ARE ON **3UZ**

A genuine nice guy was my Dad... and such a beautiful jingle... I have recordings of some radio moments of his and am amazed at how fast his delivery was compared to the laid back style these days... Does anyone remember 'Sleepy Shores' ??? Johnny Pearson orchestra which he used as his sign off? Also a beautiful piece of music...<sup>125</sup>

I also recall those Ampol Bumper to Bumber traffic reports in Don's brekky show, seemingly covering all of Melbourne's traffic conditions, with Clive Waters in Car 1, Tony Banks in Car 2, Neil Watson, Neil Thompson and John McDonald in Car 3, and the helicopter Eye in the Sky.<sup>126</sup>

<sup>125</sup> Kelly Lappan, FB, 170418. Sleepy Shores by English orchestra leader Johnny Pearson was originally recorded as the backdrop to a baby powder commercial but was dropped from that concept in favour of releasing it as a major instrumental hit which it eventually became so. Here is the track. [https://youtu.be/T\\_NHIP-yLJ0](https://youtu.be/T_NHIP-yLJ0)

<sup>126</sup> Stephen Teleki, on *The Greater 3UZ* Facebook page, 10 March 2018.





Don Lunn



Stan Rofe



Ken Sparkes

3UZ also broadcast racing in the afternoons, when its Top 40 listeners were at school, John Vertigan doubled as a race-caller with Bert Bryant. As the great Melbourne novelist Gerald Murnane describes it: '...the station that broadcasts horse



**3UZ's LP OF THE WEEK**

"THE FOUR TOPS GREATEST HITS" — THE FOUR TOPS

Three Best Tracks:

1. REACH OUT, I'LL BE THERE
2. BABY, I NEED YOUR LOVING
3. I CAN'T HELP MYSELF

**3UZ**

**OFFICIAL**

**TOP 40**

THE FABULOUS

*"Mister D"*

Play 3UZ's "Lucky 7", the \$100 a day Radio Dice Game. Noel Ferrier, Mary Hardy and Jimmy Hannan present "Lucky 7" each week day between 9 and 12. You could be a lucky winner.



**DON LUNN**  
Mon. to Fri.: 5.30 - 9 a.m.  
Sund: 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.



**3UZ** The Station  
with the  
Nicest Listeners

*Graham Lunn* **ENTERPRISES PTY. LTD.**

REGD. OFFICE: 35 MELROSE ST., SANDRINGHAM. PHONE ZW 7189

Wednesday 3.

Dear Don,

You're still my favourite — I don't care where you work! I sleep until 12 o'clock so actually you do a breakfast program for me.

The reason for this note is something you said a couple of times today which is wrong: "pardon the simile." A simile is a comparison of one thing with another. In a sentence like this — 'That man is like a bear with a sore head' or 'The woman has the face of an angel' etc. (you can pick a simile — nearly always preceded by the word 'like')

What you were doing was no more than rhyming words 'Don's Day, birthday' — that is not a simile.

Thought I'd let you know cause a viewer pointed it out to me about 12 months ago and I'd been using the word SIMILE wrongly for 15 years!

Sincerely  
*Graham.*

One 3UZ star advises another. Graham was so fastidious!<sup>127</sup>

<sup>127</sup> Craig Douglas Lunn on FB, 190218.



3UZ		OFFICIAL TOP 40			
WEEK COMMENCING 11th FEBRUARY, 1968					
LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL	WEEKS IN
3	1	JUDY IN DISGUISE	John Fred & Playboys	Festival	4
2	2	HELLO, GOODBYE	The Beatles	Parlo.	9
4	3	TO SIR, WITH LOVE	Lulu	Columbia	13
11	4	TIN SOLDIER	Small Faces	Stateside	4
1	5	SADIE	Johnny Farnham	Columbia	9
5	6	THAT'S LIFE	Wild Cherries	Festival	8
6	7	DAYDREAM BELIEVER	The Monkees	RCA	8
13	8	MELBORN AND SIDENY	Idlers Five	C.B.S.	3
9	9	HUSH	Somebody's Image	In	12
10	10	SHE	The Monkees	RCA E.P.	5
17	11	ANTHEM	Procession	Festival	4
7	12	GIMME LITTLE SIGN	Brenton Wood	Festival	12
8	13	I'M COMING HOME	Tom Jones	Decca	5
12	14	THE RAIN, THE PARK & OTHER THINGS	The Cowsills	M.G.M.	8
22	15	YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE	Nancy Sinatra	Reprise	5
15	16	JUDY	Elvis Presley	RCA	14
28	17	WOMAN, WOMAN	Union Gap	C.B.S.	3
23	18	ALL MY LOVE	Ciff Richard	Columbia	6
18	19	MONTEREY	Eric Burdon & Animals	M.G.M.	4
14	20	THE LAST WALTZ	Engelbert Humperdinck	Decca	19
19	21	SHE'S A RAINBOW	The Rolling Stones	Decca	5
27	22	THAT'S YOU	Jackie Trent	Astor	3
21	23	WORLD	Bee Gees	Spin	5
34	24	LET THE HEARTACHES BEGIN	Long John Baldry	Astor	3
24	25	SUMMER RAIN	Johnny Rivers	Liberty	7
—	26	FOXY LADY	Jimmi Hendrix	Polydor	1
16	27	SNOOPY'S CHRISTMAS	Royal Guardsmen	Festival	10
20	28	MY PRAYER	The Vibrants	H.M.V.	16
—	29	SUNSHINE AND I FEEL FINE	Ram Jam Big Band	Spin	1
30	30	MASSACHUSETTS	Bee Gees	Spin	17
25	31	PAINT IT BLACK	Chris Farlowe	Stateside	7
—	32	AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET	Engelbert Humperdinck	Decca	1
31	33	LITTLE OLD WINE DRINKER, ME	Dean Martin	Reprise	21
29	34	BIG BOSS MAN	Elvis Presley	RCA	11
36	35	BABY YOU GOT IT	Brenton Wood	Festival	2
33	36	THE LETTER	Box Tops	Stateside	17
32	37	ALTERNATE TITLE	The Monkees	RCA	14
—	38	BALLAD OF BONNIE AND CLYDE	Georgie Fame	C.B.S.	1
35	39	ITCHYCOO PARK	Small Faces	Stateside	19
—	40	DANCING OUT OF MY HEART	Ronnie Dove	Stateside	1

<p>IN THIS WEEK:</p> <p>Foxy Lady Sunshine and I Feel Fine Am I That Easy to Forget Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde Dancing Out of My Heart</p>	<p>OUT THIS WEEK:</p> <p>Cathy Come Home In the Misty Moonlight Dream Girl The Two of Us Plastic Dreams and Toy Balloons</p>
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RENWICK PRIDE PRINT

...races from all over Australia, and even, sometimes, from New Zealand. I still call the station 3UZ, although it acquired a fancy new name some years ago.' <sup>128</sup>

Whilst study and drawing, I listened to jazz from 10 pm, Arch McKirdy's (later Ralph Rickman, surviving until 2013,) *Music to Midnight*, on 3LO. Arch had a beautiful signature tune that he played at the start of every show entitled 'What are you doing the rest of your life?' written by Michel Legrand and played by Bill Evans. <sup>129</sup>

Beginning with its sole coverage of the Olympic Games in 1956 sponsored by Ampol, before official transmission began, it seemed that Channel 9 soon became the only television station with its own stars. These appeared in a succession of variety programmes beginning with *In Melbourne Tonight* (1957-70) produced by Norm Spencer: they included the sedate newsreader Eric Pearce, the campily charismatic Graham Kennedy, Bert Newton, Geoff Corke, Joff Ellen, Val Ruff, Panda Lisner, Mary Hardy, Rosie Sturgess, Patti McGrath (later Patti Newton), Denise Drysdale, Toni Lamond, Philip Brady, Pete Smith, Johnny Ladd, Noel Ferrier, Elaine McKenna, Bill McCormick, Jimmy Hannan, Ugly Dave Gray, Stuart Wagstaff, Ernie Sigley, Don Lane and Ted Hamilton. I had to finish my school study by 9.30 to watch IMT. Many

<sup>128</sup> Gerald Murnane, *Something for the Pain. A memoir of the turf*, Text Publishing, Melbourne 2015, pp 1 and 2.

<sup>129</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZeFTuW6stE8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZeFTuW6stE8)



of these had begun their careers (except Kennedy) in theatre. The key partnership was between Kennedy (gay and outrageously cheeky) and Newton (sincere, camp, yet straight).



Kennedy and Newton.



Kennedy and Newton.



*Leave it to Beaver.*

This local material was so fresh and relevant, though set against a background of Californian imports: *I Love Lucy*, *Leave it to Beaver*, *My Three Sons*, *Father Knows Best*, *The Loretta Young Show*, *The Mickey Mouse Club*, *Wagon Train*, *Gunsmoke* and *Maverick*. The first four established the normality of the Californian suburban streetscape:<sup>130</sup> vulnerably fenceless, eerily traffic-less, undergrounded power, with widely spaced sub-Palladian, or Cape Codian timber double -storied houses, an apparently lavish lifestyle, with occasionally some uniformed black people as servants.

Some special series stand out, including the those by Robin Boyd (1919-71), Professor Julius Sumner Miller's (1909-87) *Why is it so?* and around 1963, when he was one of the team of celebrity lecturers in the University of Sydney's pioneering 'Summer School of Science', broadcast early in the morning during the January summer holidays, which I got up early enough to watch. He saw physics as a series of memorable part tricks, perhaps all teaching should be. He seemed equally memorable for his poor grooming.



Julius Sumner Miller.

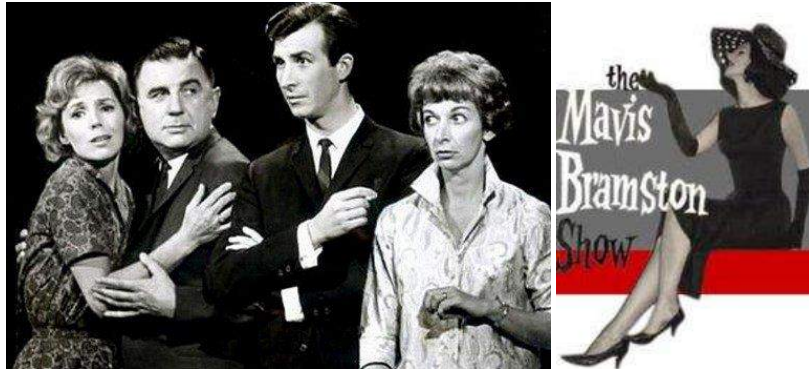


Robin Boyd.

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<sup>130</sup> Timotheus Vermeulen, *Scenes from the Suburbs: The Suburb in Contemporary US Film and Television*, Edinburgh University Press, Edinburgh 2014 and Stephen Rowley, *Movie Towns and Sitcom Suburbs 2015 : Building Hollywood's Ideal Communities*, Palgrave Macmillan, Basingstoke, UK 2015.

Later television series that engrossed me were: Digby Wolfe's *Revue 61*, *The Mavis Bramston Show* (1964-68, initially with Carol Raye, Gordon Chater and Barry Creyton),<sup>131</sup> *The Prisoner* (1967-68, Patrick McGoohan and Leo McKern),<sup>132</sup> *Checkmate* (1960-62, Sebastian Cabot and Doug McClure) and *The Avengers* (1961-69, Patrick Macnee, Honor Blackman, Diana Rigg, and Linda Thorson).



The Mavis Bramston Show.



The Avengers

The Prisoner



Portmeirion

Filming of *The Prisoner* began in 1966, mostly in the charmingly toy-town Portmeirion village (1908-78) in North Wales, which partially inspired the show. When necessary the administrators of the Village called upon Rover, a security device utilising transparent meteorological balloons. Portmeirion was owned and designed by the maverick architect Clough Williams-Ellis (1883-1978, who revived construction in *pisé* in the UK, as Alistair Knox (1912-86), who he somewhat resembled, did in Melbourne, and both became activists for the countryside. He required that the location not be disclosed until the final episode, and extras were recruited from

<sup>131</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=6nFAP7XqQ-Y](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6nFAP7XqQ-Y). Later cast members included June Salter, Hazel Phillips, John Bluthal, Ron Frazer, Barbara Angell, Bryan Davies, Maggie Dence, Noeline Brown and Reg Livermore.

<sup>132</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=tra3Zi5ZWa0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tra3Zi5ZWa0) and <http://www.portmeirion-village.com> Refer also: Russell Contents Story, p 212.



locals. Filming of a key sequence of the unforgettable and evocatively architectural opening credits of Number Six's home was at 1 Buckingham Place, corner Palace Street in London,<sup>133</sup> which at the time was a private house, but now the Royal Warrant Holders Association. It is a ten minute walk from where I worked for five years in Old Queen Street.



1 Buckingham Place.

John and I visited Portmerion in 1977 whilst the Queen was celebrating her Silver Jubilee, which John insisted on spending outside of England as his feeble protest.

On 30 January 1969, I stayed up late to watch the direct simulcast on television of The Beatles song *All You Need is Love*, recorded on the roof of the Apple Building in 3 Saville Row.

Later that year, when I met Frances and became pre-occupied, I stopped watching television (and attending church) altogether.

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<sup>133</sup> Nikolaus Pevsner, and Simon Bradley, *London 6: Westminster, The Buildings of England*, Penguin Books, London 2003, p 698. The large foursquare house seems pure c1700, especially the doorcase, but was designed by L Stanley Crosbie and built in 1915, and <http://englishbuildings.blogspot.com.au/2012/09/buckingham-place-london.html>



The Beatles record *All You Need is Love*.

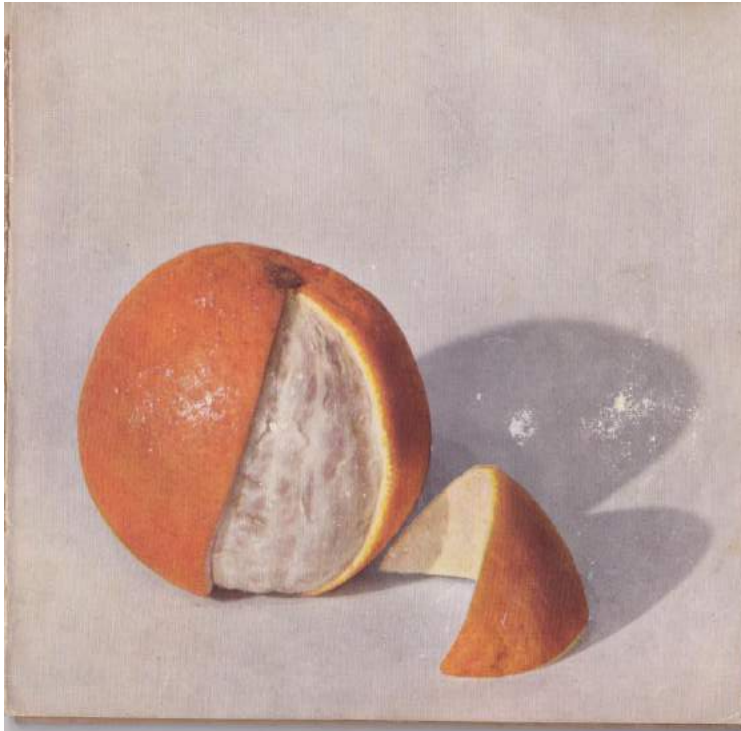
A small number of books given to me as a child by my mother (never by my father) do survive on my shelves, just above my bed. These include *First Things* (1947), given to me at Christmas in my first (a rather precocious gift for a 25-day old baby!), or second year. Almost certainly, this is the first book I ever owned.<sup>134</sup> This was a most perceptive and appropriate gift. It has an exquisite modernist design, uncannily reminiscent of those in black and white published later in Steen Eiler Rasmussen's *Experiencing Architecture* (1959).

My mother gave me a fine edition of Hans Christian Anderson, *Fairy Tales* (1869) 1950, J M Barry, with illustrations by Mabel Lucie Atwell, *Peter Pan and Wendy* (1938) 1951. The first theatre I went to in London, in 1974, was a production of *Peter Pan*, a play with music, at the London Coliseum, directed Robert Helpmann, with the great Maggie Smith as Peter.

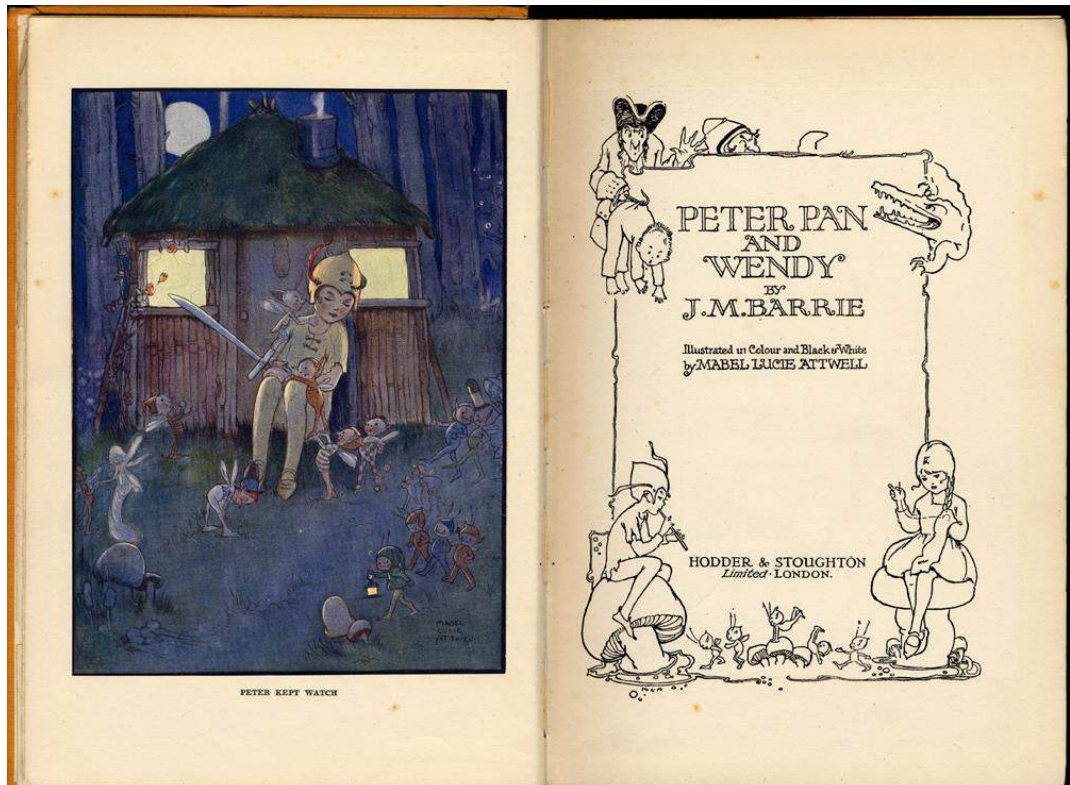
<sup>134</sup> [George A Adams, designer, Paul Henning, photographs] *First Things*, Chanticleer Press, London [1947], Steen Eiler Rasmussen, *Experiencing Architecture*, Chapman & Hill, London 1959. Andrew Rodda kindly gave me a second copy of this book which would appear to be its USA edition: George A Adams, designer, Paul Henning, photographs, *First Things. A Picture Book in Natural Color Photographs*, The Platt & Munk Co Inc, New York 1947, with a new foreword and captions. I now have here about 25,000 books.



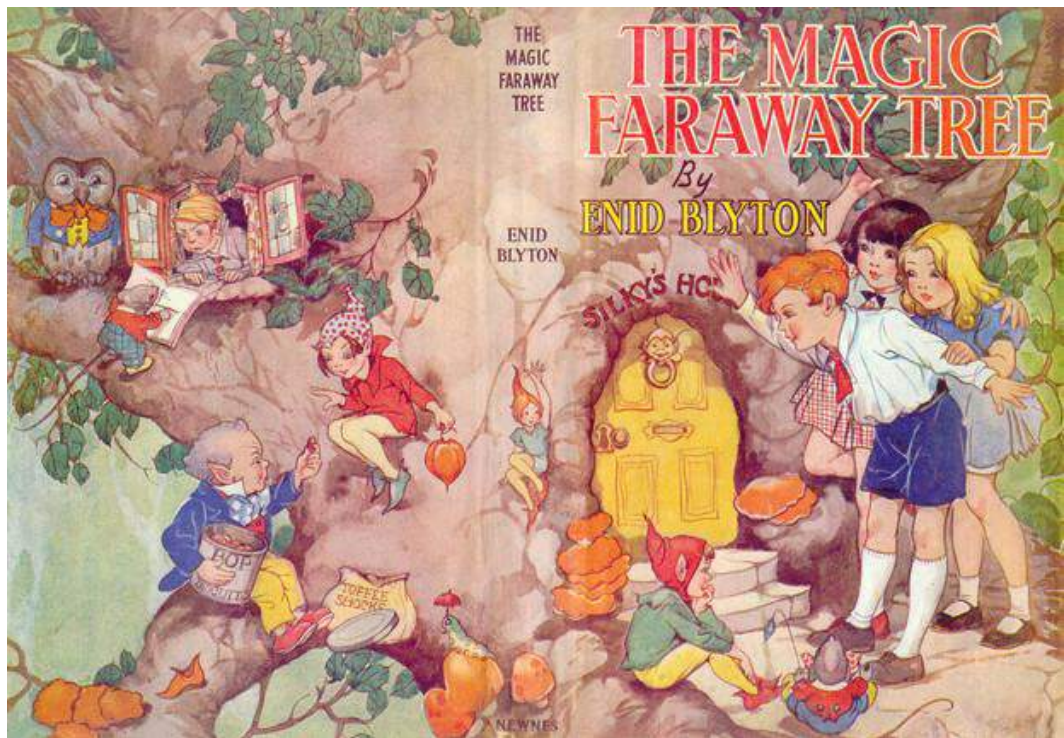
My mother had also written my name on the flyleaf of Rudyard Kipling, *The Jungle Book*, 1953, with illustrations by J Lockwood Kipling (Kipling's talented father) and W H Drake. But I still recall the books having the greatest influence on me were Enid Blyton's *The Enchanted Wood*, (1939), *The Magic Faraway Tree* (1943), and others in this series, none of which I ever owned because I had chosen them for myself from the school library. As magical and diagrammatic metaphor, these books remain seminal. It is the first spatial narrative I can remember, and its imaginatively visual conception still astounds me.



*First Things*, a typical page.







*The Faraway Tree.*



The door into *The Faraway Tree*.



*Dark City.*

The concept must have informed the film *Dark City* (1998) which I love, and *The Matrix* series (1999-2003), amongst other works.

If primary school had a good library, Carey had merely an adequate one. There I received school book prizes each year, so there was no need to buy books myself, until university.

I built and performed in a toy theatre for family and neighbours,<sup>135</sup> and made individual birthday and christmas cards for family members. I named my toy theatre 'Rio.' The magic emanating from the fourth wall in the darkened room beyond the proscenium arch has always fascinated me.

Are you for magic? I am. Inadmissible when we are taught to believe in science or nothing. Nothing is better. Science may explode in our faces. So I am for magic. For dream. For love.... at the gates of death – which is not hell, as church voices have so often promised, I hope to shed my doubts, fears, obstinacy, lust. Do not expect an easy transition. I believe that renewal can only be reached through blood and ash. While many of us will continue pursuing false dreams... – that's where the votes are to be caught (all you need is a shrimping net and a fair measure of hypocrisy). I pray for grace – for the deceived shrimps – the monsters of power and the least deserving creature – myself.<sup>136</sup>

I realise now that this was the first of my many attempts to assiduously beaver away alone, to create a show, that I might put on for others: at East Ivanhoe Methodist youth club's weekly 'programmes', the scandalous weekly gossip column I wrote about member private lives and pinned onto the Caneite bulletin board, and my monthly 'Sonus 66' dances and discotheques, a predecessor of Twitter and Facebook, perhaps; my many tours, walks and lengthy lectures for the Young National Trust; my lectures at Footscray Tech (now Victoria University); tutorials at University of Melbourne; and numerous lectures at RMIT. In all these, like the sequence in the movie *Babes in Arms*, 1937, I rose to Mickey Rooney's exhortation:

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<sup>135</sup> In February 1960. This was a very rare instance of neighbours, or anyone, entering our home.

<sup>136</sup> A monologue in Patrick White (1912-90), *Shepherd on the Rocks* (1987), which Neil Armfield describes as 'Patrick's *Tempest*.' White saw the theatre as a place of worship and enlightenment, a place to nurture faith and the inner life, and a place to renew our vision of the world, as does Richard. Andrew Fuhrmann, 'A theatre of his own,' *ABR*, November 2013, p 42.

'Hey gang, let's put on a show!'.<sup>137</sup> Not that I ever had Rooney's exuberance, or talent.



My first experience of theatre, and never forgotten, in December 1952, was being taken by Nana to *Cinderella. Tommy Trinder by Request*, at the Tivoli Theatre, a pantomime with the rich throaty rasp of Tommy Trinder (1909-89,<sup>138</sup> whose catchphrase was 'You lucky people') as Buttons, the show's bright-eyed emcee. Also in this production, Jim Gerald and Gloria Dawn appeared with the wonderful Toni Lammond (b1932-)<sup>139</sup> as the 'principal boy' in her first appearance on stage as a leading lady. In 1974, Trinder later appeared as Arthur McKenzie in the film *Barry McKenzie Holds His Own*.

<sup>137</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=SRZ5400UKSc](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SRZ5400UKSc) and Mickey Rooney, *Life is Too Short: Hey, Gang, Let's Put On a Show!* Villard Books, 1991.

<sup>138</sup> [www.ausstage.edu.au/pages/contributor/235047](http://www.ausstage.edu.au/pages/contributor/235047). Trinder was a pre- and post-war English stage, screen and radio comedian, a purported 'Cockney', though actually from Streatham, 13 kilometres distant from the sound of Bow Bells.

<sup>139</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=z4oRohGsJTs](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z4oRohGsJTs) Introduced by Graham Kennedy on In Melbourne Tonight.



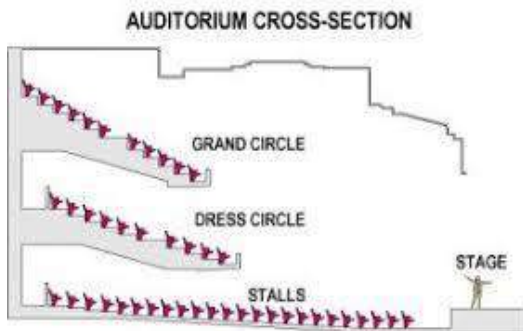


The Tivoli Theatre, Bourke Street.

Nana took me to my first musical and second visit to the theatre was *My Fair Lady*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1959 (24 January -). It was the first stage appearance of the 18-year old Nancye Hayes (b1943-). She recalls that because the rear of the auditorium, particularly the dress circle, is closer to the stage than at other theatres, it is a particularly intimate experience for both performers and audience.<sup>140</sup> So, without realising it until much later, in my two first theatrical outings, I had experienced the first stage appearance of two great local stars: Toni Lammond and Nancye Hayes.

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<sup>140</sup> There are only 12 rows between the front of the row stalls and the front of the row dress circle. It is entered from its side from Exhibition Street, rather than its front on Little Bourke Street. Michael Lallo, 'From Riff-Raff to regal,' *Sunday Age*, 25 November 2018, p 8.



Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne.

It was the first task of John McCallum (1918-2010), then the new managing director of J C Williamson's, was to cast and mount this lavish Melbourne production which had come direct from its West End premiere, which involved installing Melbourne's first revolve stage. This set was still being used in Brisbane in 1970.<sup>141</sup> Bunty Turner, and Robin Bailey and Stanley Holloway and Cecil Beaton's wonderful sets and costumes direct from the its production at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, Covent Garden in London (30 April 1958-19 October 1963, 2,281 performances), from where it had transferred from a two-year run on Broadway (from 15 March 1956) and ran for a further four years in New York. The film was released in 1964.

In the sweltering summer heat, Her Majesty's was not air-conditioned, but the pure magic of this production ran here for 18 months.



Cecil Beaton's designs for My Fair Lady.



The Souvenir Book for the London production. The old codger in the sky is George Bernard Shaw, author of the play *Pygmalion*, on which the musical is based.

<sup>141</sup> <https://trove.nla.gov.au/work/20479490?selectedversion=NBD40491820>





Cecil Beaton's designs for My Fair Lady.



Our family's first LP purchase.



Also in 1959 our family acquired its first electric stereo gramophone player, an HMV portable which I still own. Lerner & Lowe's *My Fair Lady*, London Cast Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews in stereo, with its gold LP cover was the first record to appear in our house. The white cover mono recording had been released in 1956, but ours was the gold stereo version. The second LP our family owned was Rogers & Hammerstein *South Pacific*, in the Mitzi Gaynor and Enzo Pinza, original film soundtrack. The third was *The Sound of Music*.

In 2012, I saw Lisa McCune, Teddy Tahu Rhodes, Kate Cebrano and Eddie Perfect starred in a new production of *South Pacific*. In 1949 the race issue so strong in the musical that it had been diluted. The civil rights movement was emerging and the Democratic convention had just introduced race issues into its political platform. Americans, and some Australians, were then isolated, and engagement with abroad was limited. The musical drops these people on a remote island, and they engage with the islanders.

This production had transferred from a run in 2008 at Lincoln Centre, 60 years after its premiere. It was the year Barack Obama ran for president. The director Bartlett Sher restored the inflammatory moments and carefully segregated the black from white servicemen on stage. Sher felt the most moving aspect of the script was. 'Who gets to be in your family?' 'He meant of country as a whole. 'I think that was the question on the table in America: who's really in our family? Who's with us? In the equal marriage issue the whole question comes up again,' he told the press here.<sup>142</sup>

My third theatrical excursion was in 1961, when Finky took us to *The Sound of Music*. June Bronhill was Maria, Rosina Raisbeck the Mother Abbess and Peter Graves as the captain. The LP recording made that year was the first released here of a major overseas production featuring Australian artists. In 2003, Geoff and I saw a production at the Whitehall Theatre in London, with June Bronhill as the mother abbess, and Honor Blackman as the baroness. I have seen various stagings of each of these musicals since.

Surprisingly, much of my childhood and teenage were spent in the semi-rural outdoors: on my scooter, and later billy-cart, then bike. I was often alone, on the river tracks, shooting yonnies from a shanghai I whittled from a twig, but also surprisingly in undemanding street recreation: the kick-to-kick footy, even cricket, sunbaking at swimming pools (if rarely actually in the water) with siblings and the Sampsons; but also, from as young as the age of ten, in aimless solitary wandering, a juvenile flaneur, exploring the city.

My shanghai, or ging, was a small hand-powered projectile weapon. It had a Y-shaped frame held in the off hand, with two heavy rubber strips fixed to the arms. Their other ends led back to a pouch that held the projectile, usually a stone, or ball-bearing. The dominant hand drew back the pouch to power for the projectile, up to a full span of the arm. It was quite dangerous and could easily bring down small birds.<sup>143</sup>

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<sup>142</sup> [www.theaustralian.com.au/arts/review/bartlett-shers-production-of-south-pacific-remains-younger-than-springtime/news-story/6f72665dae65e8540489d9c8cc6268bf](http://www.theaustralian.com.au/arts/review/bartlett-shers-production-of-south-pacific-remains-younger-than-springtime/news-story/6f72665dae65e8540489d9c8cc6268bf)

<sup>143</sup> A slingshot, or catapult (UK), ging (Australian and New Zealand), or shanghai (Australian).



A shanghai.

Allies were kept in an alley bag taken to school each day, and played in a small arena just north of the boys' sheltershed. Choice marbles were indeed made of marble, also alabaster, or glass, yonnies (a small stone, or pebble) and aggies (coloured resembling agate: the hard, streaked semi-precious chalcedony). I still have hundreds of them.<sup>144</sup>



Marbles.

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<sup>144</sup> Definitions are from: J M Hughes, P A Mitchell and W S Sampson, *The Australian Concise Oxford Dictionary*, Oxford University Press, Melbourne (1911, UK; 1987 Australia) 1992.

### 3. Lower Heidelberg Road: East of Ivanhoe, 1952-56, part 2.

It was with great foresight (and perhaps a little pretension) that the Hartlands Road property<sup>145</sup> had been purchased by my great-uncle Jack Hill, on behalf of my mother and her then finance, Ken Smyth, a dashing moustacheoed airman. She was 23 years of age: I was also 23 when I bought my first property.

Just as it seems that it was she who pressed her parents to leave the inner urban squalor of Clausen Street, East Brunswick for the pleasant air and verdant spaces of Ivanhoe only 12 years earlier, now she looked beyond the potentially dangerous traffic and less desirable valley siting of the newly built house my father and she had purchased in West Ivanhoe. <sup>146</sup> They had bought it just three weeks before I was born, and they soon paid off their Commonwealth War Service Homes Commission Loan, nominal interest rate of £5/2/8 per month, but generally in amounts of at least twice the interest, over only four years.

#### TO HERE

Like some much lesser version of the Palazzo Medici Riccardi in Renaissance Florence, her block was not situated in the potentially busy amphitheatre below, but on the highest, next most visible corner, one block beyond. And it was indeed visible from the back verandah of her parents' home, a full mile away, on the next hill nearer the city.

Further to the west was clearly visible the Heidelberg Town Hall's King George V Memorial Clock Tower (1936-37),<sup>147</sup> re-illuminated after the War in its distinctively apple green neon. Even from the vantage of the frontier, these symbols of both municipal rectitude and of family ties were reassuringly present on the horizon. A couple of hundred yards northerly was the Methodist Church, westerly were the shops and motor garage, and south westerly, the school. And for the comfort of its occupants, our block was the last on the Board of Works sewer, installed in a deep trench, blasted, and dug by steam shovel and by hand, only a few months after our arrival.



Heidelberg Town Hall, Ivanhoe clocktower.

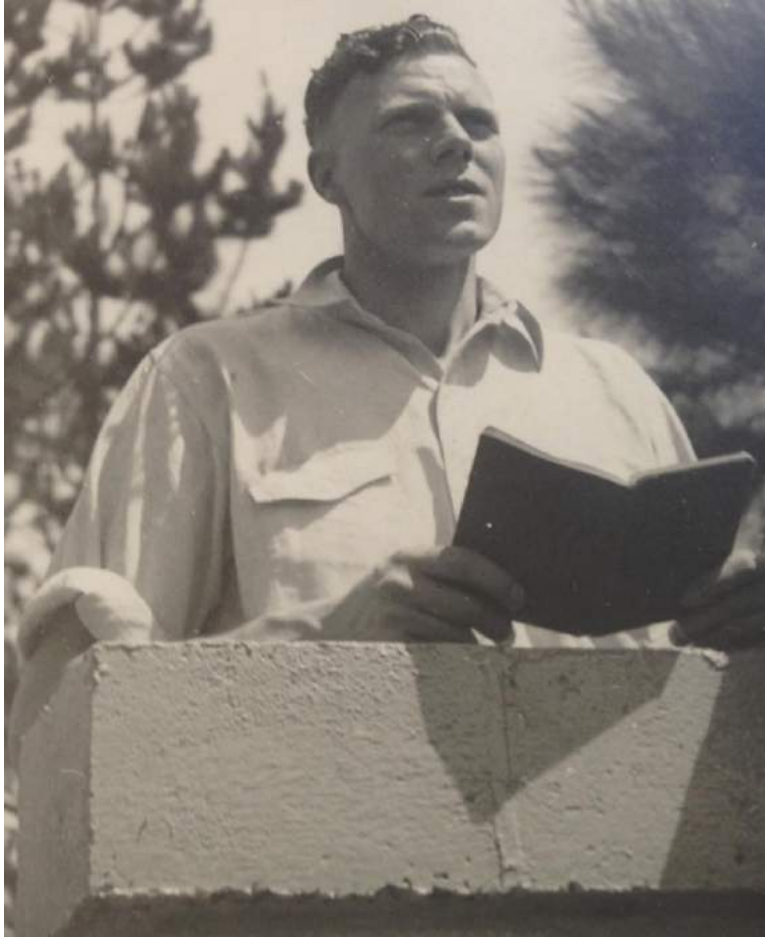
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<sup>145</sup> On 30 March 1940 at the Sixth Auction of the Charterisville Estate, Jack (Johnson) Hill bought the block on the south-east corner of Hartlands Road and St Hubert Road that became 28 St Hubert Road, East Ivanhoe [Richard Peterson, *Two Early Homesteads in Heidelberg*, 5 September 1967, p 13 and AGP]. I was also 23 when I bought my first property.

<sup>146</sup> 70 Livingstone Street, Ivanhoe.

<sup>147</sup> The Centre Ivanhoe, formerly Heidelberg Municipal Offices and Town Hall, Peck & Kemter with A C Leith & Associates, 253-277 Upper Heidelberg Road, Ivanhoe. The clock has the earliest surviving public neon in Melbourne.





Our father. The above image reveals an uncharacteristic religious aspect, at the proto-Brutalist pulpit of the outdoor chapel at YMCA Camp Manyung, Monington. The circular outdoor chapel, its landscaping, pews and its pulpit were designed by Eric Nicholls (1902-65) in association with Walter Burley Griffin (1876-1937) and dedicated in 1939. It was restored, and re-opened in 2016. VHR H1895.



Our father in hockey uniform.



Our father in military uniform.

Our father laboured like Hercules, shirtless, sweat streaming, tomato-faced, weekend after weekend to single-handedly eradicate that ubiquitous African Boxthorn jungle that densely covered most of the block. In *Australia's Home*, Robin Boyd declared that his generation had been made to feel it 'frivolous, perhaps cowardly, certainly contemptible' for not being 'out there smashing down the bush with one's own bare fists.'

This woody, densely branched and very thorny shrub of up to 5 metres high, had large spines 150 millimetres long on its main stems, with smaller spines on sides and ends of branches, intended to deter giraffes. With no apparent giraffes to deter, it grew from an extensive deep, branched taproot, reproduced by seed, to great size, with dense infestations that suppress all native plants. Its orange berries may be toxic to humans and its spines can inflict painful injuries. If left untreated, large plants and dense infestations can prevent all access. It invades watercourses, denying animals access to water, and harbours pest animals like rabbits, foxes and tiger snakes. This our father tackled head-on, weekend after weekend. As he worked he poisoned the beast with a knapsack spray. It never returned.<sup>148</sup> And so he revealed Charerisville's rough old driveway, which diagonally bisected our block.



African boxthorn, *Lycium ferocissimum*.

In 1946, the year I was born and that they bought their house, our father obtained his third and effectively his final job as Group Company Secretary and Accountant to William Horsfall Pty Ltd, William Horsfall Collapsible Tubes Pty Ltd and Mintern Pty Ltd, three manufacturing companies located at 98-100 Coppin Street and 47-61 Mary Street, Richmond, E1. Horsfall manufactured and printed tinplate canisters, collapsible tubes and other impact extrusions. Mintern had already been manufacturing garden tools and light agricultural implements for fifty years.

<sup>148</sup> [www.depi.vic.gov.au/agriculture-and-food/pests-diseases-and-weeds/weeds/a-z-of-weeds/african-boxthorn](http://www.depi.vic.gov.au/agriculture-and-food/pests-diseases-and-weeds/weeds/a-z-of-weeds/african-boxthorn) Still a declared noxious weed (Regionally controlled) in Banyule. Refer: *Weeds in Banyule*, Banyule City Council (booklet), no date, 2016(?), p 14.

There were about 300 employees, and I remember the factory as a veritable satanic mill: rough, noisy and dirty, and the factory manager was known to have slept with each of his female staff. The previous company secretary, Coleman, had been there 27 years, followed by another who stayed for only three weeks.

Old (William) Horsfall (or 'orsfall) was a crude and rough Yorkshireman, but a likeable rogue. He had learnt about can-making at Colonial Sugar Refineries, manufacturers of Golden Syrup, which came in cans. CSR made their own cans. Horsfall had a strongroom filled with his liquor. McCallum's whisky (since he made their caps) and Mathew Lang wine from Leo Buring, another customer. Horsfall had a house at Macedon, where his staff were on the company's payroll. Our father also did old Horsfall's personal income tax, and eventually he was the only person who understood the company's business.

Horsfall owned flats on the north side of the Botanical Gardens and in Marne Street, South Yarra. His wife (formerly Mrs Ladd, they were married surreptitiously in Hong Kong) had a delicatessen called the Maypole, and two or three shops, on the corner of Albion Alley<sup>149</sup> and Little Collins Street, and another in Australia Arcade. She also owned another 40-50 properties in her own right. She was not the mother of his sons Keith and Leslie. Keith Horsfall 'worked' for the company. He never entered the factory, never made a decision, arrived at the office at 10 am each day, and was a gambler. When they took over Horsfall, Containers Limited didn't want Keith involved.



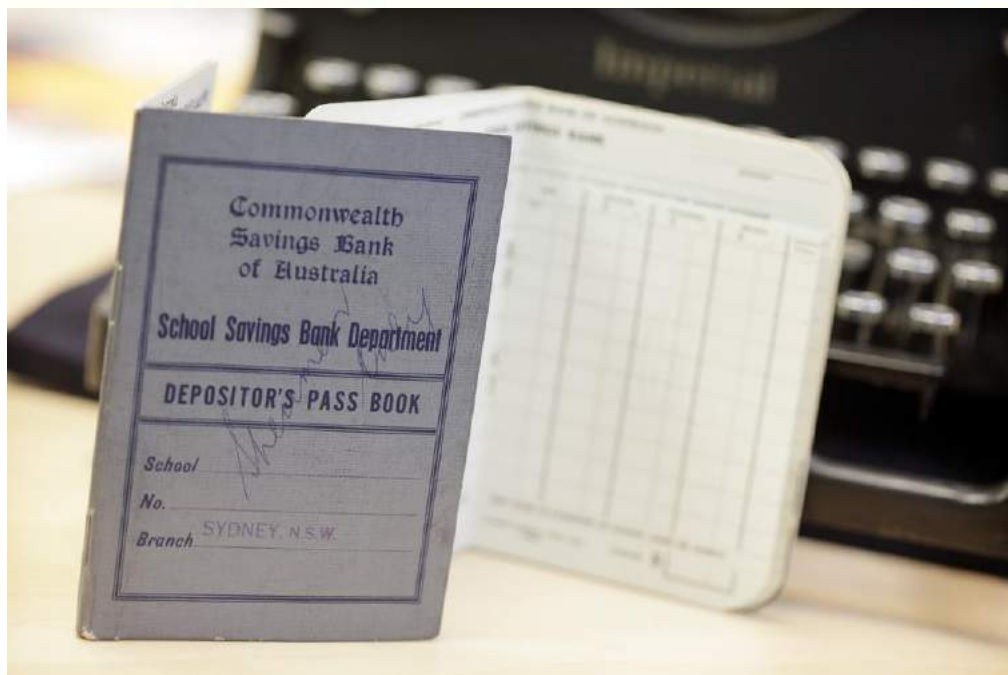
My brother and me, c1950.

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<sup>149</sup> This was the rear access to the Albion Hotel, Bourke Street, next to Royal Arcade, which was the city terminus of Cobb & Co.



The title was transferred, well after they married. Presumably she paid Smythe out? Did money change hands between my parents? If not, then (as we shall see) he may have got both house and land for nothing! Though as she stopped working m, he supported her and me from his own income. Did she even have a bank account? He had dark grey passbooks with cloth covers and cheque books with the Commercial Bank of Australasia.



In 1951, the young(ish) couple, my parents, met with an architect who was a friend of my father's from the Vikings Club at the YMCA. David Dunn was later a longstanding partner in Stephenson and Turner Architects,<sup>150</sup> who were then completing the Royal Melbourne Hospital in Royal Park. So my parents evolved a design they were convinced came from their own hands. Perhaps that Dunn was a friend is why our parents did not utilise the RAI A-*The Age* Small Homes Service which Robin Boyd had founded in 1947, although I did find a Small Homes Service booklet on their bookshelf.<sup>151</sup>

<sup>150</sup> D V Dunn, FRIBA, FRAIA, ANZIA & FAIM, Stephenson & Turner, *Stephenson & Turner 1920-1970*, Melbourne 1971, for the image below. Dunn was still a director in 1970.

<sup>151</sup> It operated until 1961. It sold plans of comparatively inexpensive and ingenious, architect-designed houses to the public. Robin Boyd was the first director, followed by Neil Clerehen,

With Post-war materials shortages and, my father assured me, 'a rogue of a builder', construction continued sedately, for over two years. After providing proof that our mother was pregnant with a third child, our parents did manage to obtain permission to build a third bedroom, although this was actually not added until much later.



David Dunn.

The house that Dunn drew for my parents is a pleasant, pale and elevated design of nested gables, embracing both the view towards the citadel of Ivanhoe and the afternoon sun from its large picture windows and terraces. The kitchen window overlooked Hartlands Road and Withers Street, where my mother anticipated she could keep an eye on us playing in the deserted street.

I remember the front stair and balustrades remaining unfinished and untethered to the earth, long after the five of us occupied. For the rest of his life, our father kept all the receipts for the materials for the house, all billed to his employers, so building the house cost him very little. This was the kind of fiddle that his employer was adopting with his own property at Macedon.

1954 was a tumultuously successful year in my parents lives. The previous year, after 2½ years construction, their house was sufficiently completed for occupancy, and its garden, our father's great achievement, commenced.

Our father was installed as Worshipful Master of his Masonic Lodge Normanby No 523. I remember the one party our parents ever held at our house, probably for masonic lodge people to celebrate his achievement; of a crowd in in swish long dresses, black and white dress suits, and heavy cigarette smoke. The only other two parties there, were both held by me, and very much later.

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and then Jack Clarke. The State Architect Geoffrey London revived the concept of the service in 2009 to provide free house designs for bushfire victims.

Lodge Social Committee meetings were held at the residence of the Wor. Master, card nights were organised, and he initiated a monthly newssheet written by 'a secret roving reporter'. There was also a Ladies' Auxiliary of which my mother was President, which held 'afternoons'.

The WM's wife organised a speaker from the CWA 'to instruct the ladies in craftwork, such as the making of artificial flowers, raffia hats, baskets and the like, to help the ladies to balance the budget.' A picture night was held at the Majestic Theatre and a cabaret dance (later described as a 'ball') at The Dauphine, East Ivanhoe, that made a net profit of £25. At the end of his year in office, the WM was presented with the elaborate gold 1953-1954 Lodge Normanby No 523 medal on a pale blue ribbon 'by his brethren as a token of esteem'. He also received a gold medal on pale blue ribbon inscribed 'Life Governor.'

In that year also, my father's company auditor, gave him an exemplary reference: affirming that 'he controlled all office staff, accounting and complicated financial records. He had leadership, initiative, ambition and open to new ideas, was absolutely trustworthy and of exemplary character.' Was he anticipating moving on? In any case, events too soon prevented any thought of that.

Frequent trips to the dentist (In 1955 alone I had seven dental visits), high up in the T & G Building (1926-28, A & K Henderson architects;<sup>152</sup> the T & G was later known to some as the 'Tooth & Gum Building' because of the number of dentists perched there),<sup>153</sup> provided pretexts for visits to 'town.' It seemed to be then only reason to venture to the city.

We walk to the bottom of the hill, beyond the intersection, on to Mr Wakeman's Newsagency where we would catch the dark green Duncan's Bedford private bus.<sup>154</sup>

In Mr Wakeman's, I noticed an English educational childrens' magazine published from 1961-66, which I then regularly bought.

The covers of the first 192 issues (volumes 1-16) were by illustrator Alessandro Fedini. *Knowledge* sold 400,000 copies and was edited by John Paget Chancellor (1927-2014), son of Sir Christopher Chancellor, brother of journalist Alexander Chancellor. The distinguished advisory editorial board was Christopher N L

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<sup>152</sup> The SLV holds the drawings for the T & G Building, including for Russell Collins Café, which appears to have also been designed by A & K Henderson, in 1926. Did it open then? [http://search.slv.vic.gov.au/primo\\_library/libweb/action/display.do?tabs=detailsTab&ct=display&fn=search&doc=SLV\\_VOYAGER3005078&indx=1&reclds=SLV\\_VOYAGER3005078&reclxs=0&elementId=0&renderMode=poppedOut&displayMode=full&frbrVersion=&dscnt=0&scp.scps=scope%3A%28PICS%29&frbg=&tab=default\\_tab&dstmp=1456128931629&vl\(10247183UI0\)=any&srt=rank&mode=Basic&&dum=true&vl\(1UIStartWith0\)=contains&vl\(freeText0\)=Russell%20Collins%20basement%20cafe.%20A%20%26%20K%20Henderson&vid=MAIN&gathStatI con=true](http://search.slv.vic.gov.au/primo_library/libweb/action/display.do?tabs=detailsTab&ct=display&fn=search&doc=SLV_VOYAGER3005078&indx=1&reclds=SLV_VOYAGER3005078&reclxs=0&elementId=0&renderMode=poppedOut&displayMode=full&frbrVersion=&dscnt=0&scp.scps=scope%3A%28PICS%29&frbg=&tab=default_tab&dstmp=1456128931629&vl(10247183UI0)=any&srt=rank&mode=Basic&&dum=true&vl(1UIStartWith0)=contains&vl(freeText0)=Russell%20Collins%20basement%20cafe.%20A%20%26%20K%20Henderson&vid=MAIN&gathStatI con=true)

<sup>153</sup> The first major building in Melbourne to test the forty-foot height limit, by raising a tower above it as a 'architectural feature,' further developed by Marcus Barlow at the Manchester Unity Building (1929-32, 89 metres) and the Century Building (1938-40, c89 metres). Two other examples, rarely mentioned in this context, are the much higher three spires of St Paul's Cathedral (James Barr, 1926-31, 105 metres) and those of St Patricks (1936-40, W P Connolly and G W Vanheems, 148 metres), both also of reinforced concrete-framed structures, of space which is unused in any way.

<sup>154</sup> In 1952 Duncan's was joined by a partial competitor. Claude Morarty and William Nolan purchased Heidelberg Motor Omnibus Company from Gordon Brown, renaming it the Ivanhoe Bus Company, which after 58 years of operation, in 2010 was sold to Ventura Bus Lines. Its livery was a stylish yellow with a dark green stripe.



Brooke, Dame Violet Bonham Carter, Norman Fisher, Walter Hamilton, John Sparrow, L Dudley Stamp and George Thomson.<sup>155</sup>

Later there was another, *Masters*, each issue on a particular artist, printed on good glossy paper. These I still have.



We would ponderously and noisily journey in, waiting intermiably at the Clifton Hill railway gates, into Queens Parade, then turn into Smith Street, past MacRobertson's White City on the right and Foy & Gibson's red city and G J Coles & Coy on the left, to its terminus along Smith Street at Victoria Parade with its Marshalite clock-faced traffic signals.

Designed by Charles Marshall in 1936, these were rotary traffic signal consisting of a clock hand pointing at coloured sections that denoted whether traffic in either direction should proceed, prepare, or stop, giving drivers a clear indication of when they would change.

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<sup>155</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Knowledge\\_encyclopædia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Knowledge_encyclopædia) and <https://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/obituaries/11333583/John-Chancellor-obituary.html>



Marshalite traffic signal, Melbourne Museum.

We would cross to the grassy median to catch the no 42 tram into Collins Street, and alight at Russell Street. I recall trips on the top floor green double-decker buses in Bourke Street in 'the city' as a special treat, lunch at Russell Collins, or Mantons<sup>156</sup> (not Coles: too cheap), as some compensation for the ghastly dentists in the T & G Building, cnr Collins Street, which reeked of chloroform. This was to the dashing, but perhaps slapdash Mr J C Craigie with his Cary Grant-like looks, yet terrifyingly off-hand manner, and the ancient Mr Morris, much of their work had to be later rectified in London.



The T & G Bulding, c1950s.

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<sup>156</sup> <http://inpursuitofpulchritude.blogspot.com.au/2014/10/melbournes-forgotten-department-stores.html> Manton's is now Target, Bourke Street, its façade relatively intact beneath the metal siding. The widow displays seem taudry, within the stylish Streamlined Moderne design.



The T & G Building in the c1950s, perhaps earlier.

**Russell Collins**  
 EST. 1900

Our Diningroom is Air-conditioned for your Comfort  
 OPEN MONDAY TO FRIDAY  
 12 AM TILL 2:45 AM  
 CLOSED SATURDAY, SUNDAY AND PUBLIC HOLIDAYS  
**Russell Collins Restaurant**  
 148 COLLINS STREET - T. & G. BUILDING

*Health and Efficiency*

Everyone knows in these days the important part that food plays in building health and efficiency.

We all know that in order to be well, we must have certain vitamins, though we are not sure what is a vitamin. We also know that certain salts and minerals are necessary if the body is to be properly nourished, but again, we are not quite sure where these minerals are to be found.

RUSSELL COLLINS is endeavoring to solve the problem for you.

THE responsibility of the food provider is great, as is the health and happiness of the community. Russell Collins is aware of his responsibility and in planning these meals has kept five facts in his mind. Food must not only be the right food, it the full benefit is to be derived from it, but it must also be appealing to the eye.

THE FRUITS and VEGETABLES which play such an important part in these meals have therefore been prepared by a trained and expert staff who have given to each dish the interested consideration of an artist in both Cookery and Health.

**WE CATER FOR MORNING AND AFTERNOON TEA PARTIES**

Special Rooms may be arranged for Luncheon and Dinner Parties

Our Managers - Mrs. BARTON will be pleased to discuss Menu and Prices with you.

**Russell Collins**  
 T. & G. BUILDING - 148 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

THE SERVICE OF FOUR PAIR ELECTRIC LIPS IS AVAILABLE THROUGH T. & G. MAIN ENTRANCE



**Russell Collins'**  
**Menu**

OPEN FROM  
10 A.M. TO 7.45 P.M.  
MONDAY TO FRIDAY.

CLOSED RE. B.Y. MURRAY  
AND SUNDAY.

**T. & G. BUILDING**  
145 Collins Street, Melbourne.

**Luncheon or Dinner**

<b>SOUPS</b>			
Crema di Tomato	1/6		
<small>With the exception of Crema di Tomato, the SOUPS charge 1/6 — one of the following is included free.</small>			
Pie Soup — Crema of Vegetable — Bogen Vegetable — Barley Broth — Minestrone.			
<b>SEA FOODS</b>			
<b>WHITINGS</b>			
Fried Whiting, Chipped Potatoes, Garnish and Tartare Sauce	15/6		
1 Fillet	10/6		
Fried Whiting with Garden Salad — Tartare Dressing	17/3		
2 Fillets	12/3		
1 Fillet	15/6		
Fried Whiting with Heart of Lettuce Salad — Tartare Dressing	18/6		
2 Fillets			
1 Fillet			
<b>DEEP SEA BREAM</b>			
Fried Bream, Chipped Potatoes, Garnish and Tartare Sauce	7/9		
2 Fillets	6/-		
1 Fillet	5/3		
Fried Bream with Garden Salad — Tartare Dressing	7/6		
2 Fillets			
1 Fillet			
Fried Bream with Heart of Lettuce Salad — Tartare Dressing	7/9		
2 Fillets	6/-		
1 Fillet			
<b>TASMANIAN SCALLOPS</b>			
Fried Crumbed Scallops, Chipped Potatoes, Garnish and Tartare Sauce	8/6		
Fried Crumbed Scallops with Garden Salad and Tartare Dressing	10/-		
Fried Crumbed Scallops with Heart of Lettuce Salad and Tartare Dressing	8/6		
<b>Salmon — <del>Trout</del> — <del>underbroiler</del> with Garden Salad and Mayonnaise Dressing</b>	8/9		
<b>ENTREES</b>			
<small>Our kitchen charges 1/6 — gross rate as usual and TWO OF THE FOLLOWING, according to quantities.</small>			
Steak and Kidney Pie — Wholeheart Crust	6/6		
Roasted Steak and Onions	5/6		
Hericot Lamb and Green Peas	6/6		
Mutton Curry and Rice	5/6		
Curried Beef Steak and Rice	6/6		
Roasted Epping Sausages and Onions	6/-		
Curried Lamb	5/-		
<small>Potatoes and 1 Vegetable served with steaks. Extra Vegetables, 1/- per serve.</small>			
<b>ROASTS</b>			
Roast Spatchcock and Bacon (best) — Chipped Potatoes, Fried Onions and 2 Vegetables	18/-		
Roast Seasoned Leg of Pork — Apple Sauce	12/6		
Roast Seasoned Beef	10/6		
<small>Beef Plate and 1 Vegetable served with the above.</small>			
<b>FROM OUR SILVER GRILL</b>			
Grilled Lamb Chops and Mint Sauce with Chipped Potatoes, Fried Onions and 2 Vegetables	10/6		
Grilled Lamb Chops with Garden Salad	10/6		
Grilled French Cutlets and Bacon with Chipped Potatoes, Fried Onions and 2 Vegetables	10/6		
Grilled French Cutlets and Bacon with Garden Salad	10/6		
<b>POULTRY</b>			
POULTRY STEAK, Savoury Tomato, Chipped Potatoes and 1 Vegetable	11/-		
POULTRY STEAK with Garden Salad	11/-		
Pork Chop Dinner with Apple Sauce and Fresh Pineapple, Chipped Potatoes and 2 Vegetables	12/-		
Pork Chop Dinner with Garden Salad	12/-		
Mixed Grill, Savoury Tomato, Chipped Potatoes and Garnish	12/6		
<b>HOT TASTY DISHS</b>			
Sliced Ham, Grilled Pineapple and Epping Sausage	7/6		
Spaghetti Raschi with Toast	6/-		
Sagehen Pie	7/6		
Savoury Artichoke on Toast with Bacon	6/-		
Grilled Epping Sausages — Savoury Tomato	6/6		
Grilled Epping Sausages and Garden Salad	7/6		
Crumbed Meat Rascals — Savoury Tomato	5/6		
Crumbed Meat Rascals and Garden Salad	6/3		
Crumbed Bananas and Sweet Corn with Toast	6/-		
Crumbed Bananas and Garden Salad	6/9		
Grilled Bacon and Eggs with Toast	7/6		
Ham and Eggs with Toast	7/6		
<small>Chipped Potatoes and Garnish served with the above with the exception of dishes served with Steaks.</small>			
<b>VEGETABLE PLATE</b>			
With Jacket Potato, Grilled Bacon and 4 vegetables	7/6		
<b>VEGETABLES (à la carte)</b>			
<small>Carrots, Potatoes (Roast and Boiled), Parsnips, Peas, Beans, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Parsnips, Silver Beet, Vegetable Mayon.</small>			

**Luncheon or Dinner**

<b>RUSSELL COLLINS SALAD BOWL</b>	
Garden Salad with Mayonnaise, Pineapple, Pickle or Tartare Dressing	6/6
Steamed or Grilled Chicken and Ham with Garden Salad and Mayonnaise Dressing	16/-
Hawaiian Salad (Sliced Ham, Poached Egg, Grilled Bacon, Pineapple, Garden Salad and Mayonnaise Dressing)	12/9
Large Platter of Garden Salad with—	
Roast Seasoned Pork	12/6
Roast Seasoned Beef	10/6
Sliced Ham	11/-
Special Garden Salad — Mayonnaise Dressing with—	
Roast Seasoned Pork	9/6
Roast Seasoned Beef	7/9
Sliced Ham (1 Slice)	7/9
(Additional Slice of Pork 2/6, Ham or Beef 2/- extra.)	
Sliced Pork Strasbourg or Cold Collation with Heart of Lettuce, Hot Potatoes and Pickle Dressing	6/6
Asparagus Tips, Poached Egg and Garden Salad with Mayonnaise Dressing	8/9
Whole Tomato and Shredded Cheese Salad with Mayonnaise Dressing	7/9
Pineapple and Grilled Bacon Salad with Pineapple Dressing	7/9
Cheese and Pineapple Salad with Pineapple Dressing	5/9
Cheese and Chopped Lettuce Salad with Pineapple Dressing	5/9
Egg Mayonnaise with Chopped Lettuce Salad	5/9
Salmon, <del>Tartare Sauce</del> , with Garden Salad and Mayonnaise Dressing	8/9
Hot Grilled Epping Sausages with Garden Salad and Pickle Dressing	7/9
Small Green Salad with Assorted Sandwiches (Ham Sandwiches 1/6 extra.)	4/-
<b>SMALLER MEALS FOR CHILDREN</b> 2/- OFF MENU PRICES (MAIN COURSES ONLY)	
<small>During Luncheon and Dinner Minimum Charge 3/-.</small>	

**Afternoon Tea**

Served between 2.30 p.m. and 3 p.m.  
Minimum Charge 2/-.

Pot of Tea	1/3	Pot of Coffee	1/3
Wholesome or White Scones, with Butter or Jam and Cream or Honey	2/6		
Assorted Sandwiches	2/3		
Ham Sandwiches	3/-		
Cheese and Lettuce Sandwiches	2/6		
Tomato and Lettuce Sandwiches	2/6		
Roast Beef Sandwiches	2/6		
(Toasted Sandwiches 6d. extra)			
Asparagus Rolls	2/9		
Savoury Cheese or Curried Egg Rolls	2/3		
(Toasted Rolls 6d. extra)			
Toasted Wholeheart Banana Sandwiches and Cream	2/9		
Toasted Raisin Bread Bananas Sandwiches and Cream	2/9		
Toasted Raisin Bread	1/9		
Cinnamon Toast	1/9		
Toasted Brown Bread	1/6		
Layer Cream Sponge	2/3		
Cinnamon Butter Cakes (2)	2/-		
Heath Cakes (2)	1/6		

**SWEETS AND BEVERAGES as per main Menu.**

<b>SWEETS</b>	
Tutti Frutti Nut Sundae	4/-
Chocolate Nut Sundae	4/-
Fruit Salad with Cream or Ice Cream	3/6
Preserved Peaches or Apricots with Ice Cream	3/6
Ice Cream with Pineapple (Fruit) Topping	3/-
Ice Cream with Chocolate Cream Topping	3/-
Ice Cream with Caramel Sauce	2/-
Pineapple Short Cake with Ice Cream	3/-
Apple Pie with Cream or Ice Cream	3/-
Chocolate Snowball Ice Cream Cake with Creamed Chocolate Sauce	3/6
Hot Fried Crumbed Bananas with Ice Cream and Caramel Sauce	3/9
<b>BEVERAGES</b>	
Tea, Coffee or Kwe Bru (per pot)	1/3
Lemon Squash, Fruit Cup, Iced Tomato Juice	1/6
Pineapple Juice — Apple Juice	1/6
Iced Coffee 1/3 — with Ice Cream	1/9

*Cakes and Scones made on premises by Russell Collins*





A Melbourne M&MTB Leyland TDC double-decker bus.  
 Photograph: University of Melbourne Archives.



A London Transport Leyland RT bus.



Leyland Titan PD2-7RT,  
 London Transport RTL554,  
 1927-59, destination: Limehouse.<sup>160</sup>

<sup>160</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Leyland\\_Titan\\_\(front-engined\\_double-decker\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Leyland_Titan_(front-engined_double-decker)) The OPD1 and OPD2 (the O signified overseas), were exported. The largest market was Sydney, which took over 390.





MMTB Buses, including double-deckers, on the Bourke St/Northcote route in 1953. They ran there until 1955, when the line was electrified. The Tram Tracks and Cable slot are still there. Gaunts clockmakers bottom right. Photograph: Museums Victoria.

Russell Collins Café (1926? 1940-73) was a swish Streamlined Moderne restaurant with polished timber wainscoting and shoulder-high with blonde-wood booths seating four people, with flattering tinted mirrors and tall vases of gladioli (did these inspire Barry Humphries?), and other tables with various settings in the open area. The floor is a wood herringbone pattern parquetry with a carpet in the reception. It was designed also by A & K Henderson, Architects. If only I knew my feared dental trips involved such a holistic A & K Henderson experience!<sup>161</sup>

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<sup>161</sup> Refer FN for T & G Building.



Russell Collins. The only known photo.



Manton's Bourke Street. (1937-).



Manton's, c1950.



Manton's, c1950.





Pavement Lights from Hammond Lane Foundry Ltd, 11A Pearse Stret, Dublin (1902-52) at the former Manton's, Coles, then Waltons (closed 1983), now Target Store, 235 Little Bourke Street, Melbourne.

Manton's (later Coles, Harry Norris, 1937, Streamlined Moderne, extended east in 1955 in the same style) was even more stylishly Streamlined Moderne, as these images reveal. I recall being fascinated by its pavement lights in Little Bourke Street; that somehow I could be seen to be walking over people visible in a room below.

Developing some of the argument first proposed by Simone de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex*, Betty Friedan depicted the world of 1950s American suburbia as a terrible time and place of female enslavement to the separate, segregated sphere of domesticity: while their husbands were away at work, women were incarcerated in the 'comfortable concentration camps' of home, suffering a slow death of mind and spirit' because of the limited opportunities for education and a career. Others viewed such women as having more money and leisure than ever before. Being a homemaker consumed less time and less energy than ever before, and after child-rearing was over and life expectancy increased, women faced many active years ahead.<sup>162</sup> But for my mother, that was not to be.

A rare memory of my mother, before she became ill, and of my early unsupported art appreciation, was of being given some money to wander over to Ivanhoe Grammar School Fête, and then returning with a charming hinged second-hand biscuit-tin, its lid reproducing Tintoretto's (1518-94) *Susanna and the Elders* (1560-62, from the Kunsthistorisches Museum, in Vienna). It depicted the scene from *The Bible*, of Susanna 1:20,<sup>163</sup> of the bathing Susanna, gazing at her nude self in a mirror,

<sup>162</sup> David Cannadine, *The Undivided Past. History Beyond our Differences*, Allen Lane, London 2013, p 163.

<sup>163</sup> The Book of Susanna was written before 100 BC, is only included in the Greek *Septuagint*, regarded as deuterocanonical by Roman Catholics and in the *Apocrypha* by Protestants, but is attached as Chapter 13 to the Book of Daniel in the *New Jerusalem Bible*, 1985. Refer: W R F Browning, *The Dictionary of the Bible*, Oxford, Oxford 1996, pp xi & 358 and Richard Peterson, *Glossary. Terms with meaning for architects in describing architecture, design, spatial and physical, objects and concepts, in practice and reflective discourse*, 2010 [unpublished], refer: **hortus conclusus** and **walled garden**.

oblivious to the bald heads peering at her voluptuousness from the shrubbery. When I proudly brought it back to 20 Russell Street, I recall the shock and horror of my mother and grandmother at the lewd Sixteenth Century Venetian subject matter. I remember it so clearly, I imagine, because I was mocked and scolded.



Tintoretto, *Susanna and the Elders*, from the lascivious 1560s.

Then in mid-1955, my mother unaccountably became ill. She was confined to her bed for months, with creepy Dr Fraser regularly visiting, clutching his ominous black bag. Then, less than six months later, the stark image, of her leaving that house, on a canvas stretcher, manhandled clumsily over the high precipice of the uncompleted front terrace, and bundled into a grey ambulance, remained indelibly branded on my nine year-old brain as it still does sixty years later. She never returned; and she died within a few months. I recall visiting her once in the Jessie Mc Pherson Hospital, in William Street, somewhere below street level. It was, I learned much later, cancer of the pancreas; then untreatable. I never saw her again. She was 38.

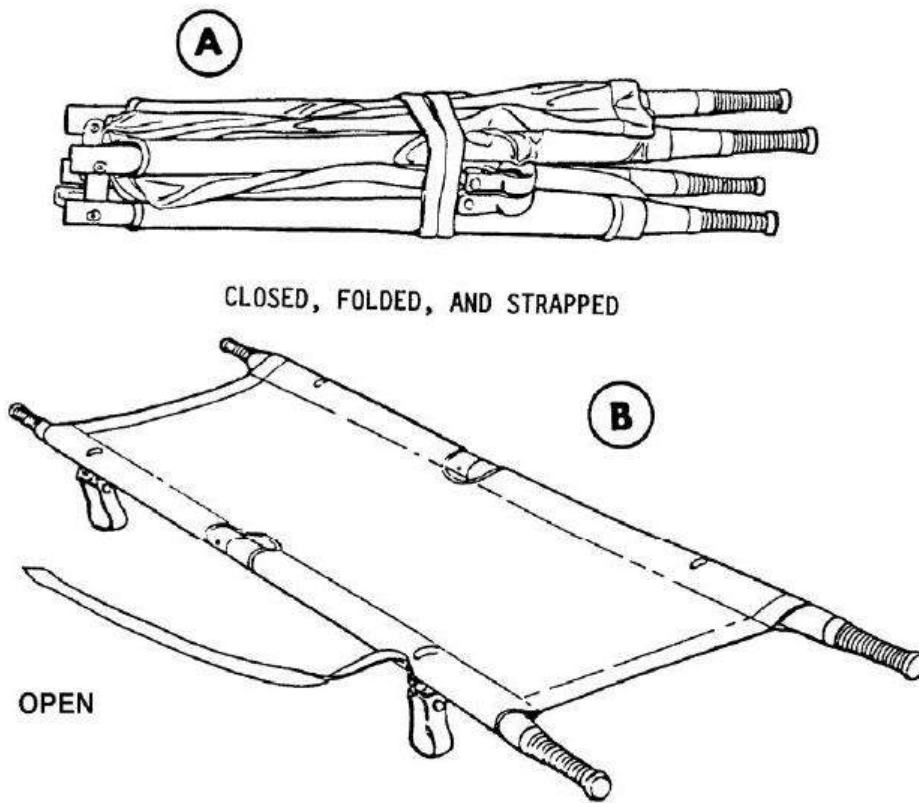
I never recognised her, except in fragments.' Roland Barthes, on his mother after her death.

Sometimes I recognized a region of her face, a certain relation of nose and forehead, the movement of her arms, her hands. I never recognized her except in fragments, which is to say that I missed her being, and that therefore I missed her altogether. It was not she, and yet it was no one else... I was struggling among images partially true, and therefore totally false.

Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida*, 1981



Jessie Mc Pherson Hospital, 1940s.







Dodge Kingsway Ambulance, Melbourne. 1956.

The photographer, Trent Parke suffered an even worse experience when he was 13. He was alone with his mother, when she suddenly collapsed and died of asthma: the death he never really dealt with, but which defined his life. He still can't remember a single thing about her. 'No voice. No memories. There's just nothing there.' He has one photo of her holding him as a toddler, sitting on a carousel. I remember very little of my mother, and to me she seems ethereal, What I recall is recorded here; and there is no photograph of my mother with me.

The human wish that something of our existence should linger to inform later generations is at its best one of our larger desires – the reciprocity between the living and the dead. What we frankly call the pleasure of ruins must derive from the simultaneous reassurance and confirmation of shared morality evoked by evidence of past existence, and of the helplessness and power of human knowledge, the urge of our forbears to strike the heart of some unknown future soul. All this is most manifest in the lonely word...<sup>164</sup>

Our sister Robyn was aged two when our mother became ill, and was three when she died. She can have no real memory of her.

I became interested in the dynamics of three siblings. **The eldest** is the only child until the second arrives, as I was until the age of three. For this period they enjoy the exclusive attention of their parents. So they often develop good linguistic and social skills. But they may notice anxiety in parents when the second sibling arrives, and feel

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<sup>164</sup> Shirley Hazzard, *We Need Silence to Find Out What We Think. Collected Essays*, Columbia University Press, New York 2016, p 43.

the loss more keenly, leaving them with a need for approval from authority, with a strong desire to succeed. They are 30% more likely to be in leadership positions.

Middle siblings are the least anxious, seek to avoid conflict, and get on with a wider variety of people, but this means they may be more easily led. They are more likely to experience a phase of outlandish appearance, as a reaction to feeling invisible.

To an outsider, the youngest appears to have the best situation, with more freedom. Parents of three children have less time for supervision and enforcing rules. Older siblings are available to help. But this can mean the youngest grows up impatient and frustrated, being surrounded by others more competent.<sup>165</sup>

After year 11, abruptly decided to leave the excellent Methodist Ladies College of her own volition, and moved instead to the local Kew High School, presumably because it had boys. Despite her high intelligence, she had no interest in further study and soon married and created a family of three children. Her plumber husband soon turned into an abusive know-all brute. She found no need for the worlds of high culture and the intellect, or for any views differing from her own. This behaviour was beyond my comprehension.

A report by the Mitchell Institute, a specialist education research facility at Victoria University funded by retired wealthy media buyer Harold Mitchell, reported that:

...a quarter of all Australians miss out on key education milestones: they are not prepared for school when they arrive, they do not meet minimum literacy and numeracy levels in year 7, they do not finish year 12 by age 19, and they are not working or studying full time by age 24.

...our most critical learning capacities develop before children even start school. If we don't get appropriate learning at that time, we are behind for the rest of our lives.

Language is the foundation for almost everything, but many Australian children are not getting what they need in their early childhood. Language skills are first formed through verbal engagement and if the young child is exposed to less than an average of 11 words per minute during their waking hours, they will struggle to catch up for the rest of their lives. Those receiving 40 words per minute get an advantage that lasts a lifetime....

...[people] enjoy time with their kids and grandchildren and they are doing an immensely valuable service by just chatting away with them, but the Mitchell Institute has found that our education expenditure of \$9 billion is being largely wasted because much of our early childhood development system is low quality.

I applaud mothers who work and send their kids to childcare and kindergarten. It can't be easy... But they are likely to be disappointed down the track if their childcare is low standard.<sup>166</sup>

Richard: Just reading Harold Mitchell in today's *Age*, that the latest research has it that most critical learning capacities develop at home before even beginning school.

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<sup>165</sup> Linda Blair, 'New royal may be the luckiest,' *The Age*, 26 April 2018, p 21. Blair is a UK Chartered clinical psychologist, a Chartered scientist, an Associate Fellow of the British Psychological Society, and a registered practitioner psychologist with the Health and Care Professions Council. She has a small private practice in Bath where she offers mindfulness psychotherapy. She has written five books. [www.lindablair.co.uk](http://www.lindablair.co.uk)

<sup>166</sup> Harold Mitchell, 'This number could hold your kids back for the rest of their lives,' *The Age*, 3 November 2017.

Perhaps we should be grateful to Jean, and appreciate why Robyn missed out.

Stephen: That's a very valid point about Robyn, being quite different from her 2 siblings in so many ways. Certainly, I would say the home life we created and enjoyed in Japan was fertile and nourishing, which possibly was an important grounding for our children, including of course 2 languages. My understanding as a new parent was that the home was the first place of learning and an essential part of raising well balanced children -this was something I accepted as a given then, so I must have picked up that idea over the years, fortunately.<sup>167</sup>

Women are more likely to meditate on and worry about proper stewardship of those they have brought into being.<sup>168</sup> But in the absence of such a woman, what then?

Our father frequently blamed her illness on (the first) Moomba, held three months before her illness, claiming that she had never been the same since the crush of those Swanston Street crowds. Perhaps this was an irruption of the small superstitious streak in him, like the number 28 recurring in his life that sent shivers down his rectitude.

Our address, 28 St Hubert Road, he always wrote as the 'cnr St Hubert and Hartlands Roads' though he never explained why. On 28 August 1942, he was transferred from the CMF to the AIF; on 28 November 1942 Jean joined the Navy; on 28 December 1944 he left for Lae, New Guinea; on 28 July 1945 he was married; on 28 February 1946. Richard was conceived (what rotten luck!); on 28 January 1947, they moved into Livingstone Street; on 28 September 1949, his mother died; on 28 November 1955 my mother first became sick; and she died on 28 March 1956.

Latterly, he did confide to me, that the cancer spread to affect her sanity (of which circumstance, like that of Virginia Woolf, she was fully aware), and that he was shocked by this deeply moral and pietistic woman's utterly uncharacteristic outbursts of obscenity and accusation of his infidelity. As for Virginia, for whom trusted companions like her husband Leonard and her sister Vanessa became enemies and she abused and assaulted... 'The balance of her mind was disturbed.' So it seems with my mother.

Later, he told me, in January-March 1956, she was granted a week-end release to stay with her parents, which the three children were kept well away from, and he remembered that she said: 'I think you're going to have a sane wife this weekend, Dad.' Then there was some friction between Nana and our father during this period, doubtless it was very hard on her too. Her husband, William Albert John (Bert, or Papa) Higgs, died only 20 months after his daughter.

Perhaps in an effort to cheer himself, on 4 February 1956, only 52 days before our mother died, our father took himself into Cheney Motors in Flinders Street and bought his second Vauxhall, but this time shiny, new and cream.<sup>169</sup>

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<sup>167</sup> Messages: Richard to Stephen Peterson, 3 November 2017

<sup>168</sup> Geordie Williamson, 'Crackle and blast,' review of Fiona Sampson, *In Search of Mary Shelley: The girl who wrote Frankenstein*, Profile Books, London 2018, ABR, August 2018, pp 49 & 50.

<sup>169</sup> Sydney Albert Cheney's (1883-1968) Vauxhall car and Bedford truck showroom, in Flinders Street, near Russell Street (1932-c1959). <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/cheney-sydney-albert-5574>





1954 Vauxhall Velox 2275 cc 6 Cylinder E Series.



The Olympic Athletes' Village, West Heidelberg.



Olympic Torch, 1956, cast aluminium and silver, National Library of Australia, Canberra. RP photo.



The 18 m tall Olympic Torch suspended corner Finders and Swanston Streets 1956. Peter McIntyre, Architect.<sup>170</sup>

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<sup>170</sup> <http://pandora.nla.gov.au/pan/42638/20040611-0000/www.statelibrary.vic.gov.au/slv/exhibitions/olympics/gallery/273.html>





The temporary gas-lit giant Olympic Torch dramatically suspended over the intersection of Swanston and Flinders Streets, and the Olympic Cauldron, designed by Peter and Dione McIntyre, 1955-56. Perhaps it was derived from their design for an 'Olympic Obelisk' (unbuilt).<sup>171</sup> English émigré Richard Beck's<sup>172</sup> (1912-85, designer of the poster) contribution to the this was *Spinmobiles*, 14.3 metre columns of tubular steel, supporting rectangular metal frameworks which, in turn, supported circular rotating objects decorated in the colours of the Olympic rings.

Our parents had already purchased tickets for two days of the athletics events at the Melbourne Olympic Games (known as the XVIth Olympiad)<sup>173</sup> from 22 November till 8 December 1956. These were expensive at 16/- for each day. They were the first Olympics to be held in the Southern Hemisphere, and in the Asia-Pacific region, as well as the first beyond Europe and North America, and Melbourne is still the southernmost Olympic city.

Such problems of location were compounded by reactionary Australian political 'leaders' bickering over the financing. Aware of Victoria's housing shortage, and lacking the imagination to see that the houses would actually add to the stock of public housing, New Victorian Premier Henry Bolte (1955-72) refused to allocate money for the Olympic Village proposed to be built in West Heidelberg, and the Prime Minister [Sir] Robert Menzies (1939-41, 1949-66) refused to offer any federal funds, so engendering international doubts that Melbourne would be ready in time. But the Games actually evolved smoothly, and became coyly known as the 'Friendly Games.' The athletes' village was the first specific accommodation for athletes' provided at a Games. For us, it was only ten minutes away, and we were driven there to gaze at the exotic participants, my first foreigners.

I also remember in early November being taken by someone to see Peter McIntyre's 18 m tall Olympic Torch suspended jauntily outside Young & Jackson's Hotel, illuminated by courtesy of the Gas & Fuel Corporation. I felt disappointed that the flames did not leap into the sky, but merely flickered around the cone's perimeter.

My mother had already been confined to her bed for over four months, so as a birthday present to me, my father offered me her ticket to accompany him to the Games. I suspect that he resented me being their in place of his fatally ill wife.

So on 29<sup>th</sup> November in the MCG, we saw Betty Cuthbert, an 18-year-old blonde from Sydney, set a World Record in the 200-metres, in front of the older Shirley Strickland. Then in the 100-metres finals Cuthbert ran an Olympic Record in her heat (which was also her personal best), when the Australian World Record holder Strickland was eliminated. Cuthbert then won the final and took the 200 metres title from Marjorie Matthews. She took a third gold medal when she ran the final leg of the 4 x 100 metres relay final, which the Australian team won in a World Record.<sup>174</sup> Then, Strickland won the 80-metre hurdles, giving her a career medal total of seven: three golds, a silver and three bronzes.

Michael Leunig also remembers he was there that day, as we both watched Emil Zatopek in the Marathon.<sup>175</sup> I have the *MCG programme* for 29 November, which

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<sup>171</sup> Drawing, c1955, held by SLV.

<sup>172</sup> [www.agda.com.au/inspiration/hall-of-fame/richard-beck-\(1912-1985\)](http://www.agda.com.au/inspiration/hall-of-fame/richard-beck-(1912-1985)) His friends and colleagues included many leading Australian artists, architects, designers and photographers: Gordon Andrews, Douglas Annand, Arthur Baldwinson, Joseph Burke, Paul Beadle, Kevin Borland, Robin Boyd, Max Dupain, Max Forbes, Richard Haughton James, Elaine Haxton, Hal Missingham, Helmut Newton, Guelda Pyke, Wolfgang Sievers, Henry Talbot and Eric Thake. A fuller discussion of Richard Beck and his Olympic design can be found in Professor John Hughson's article in *The Journal of Design History*, vol 25, no 3, 2012.

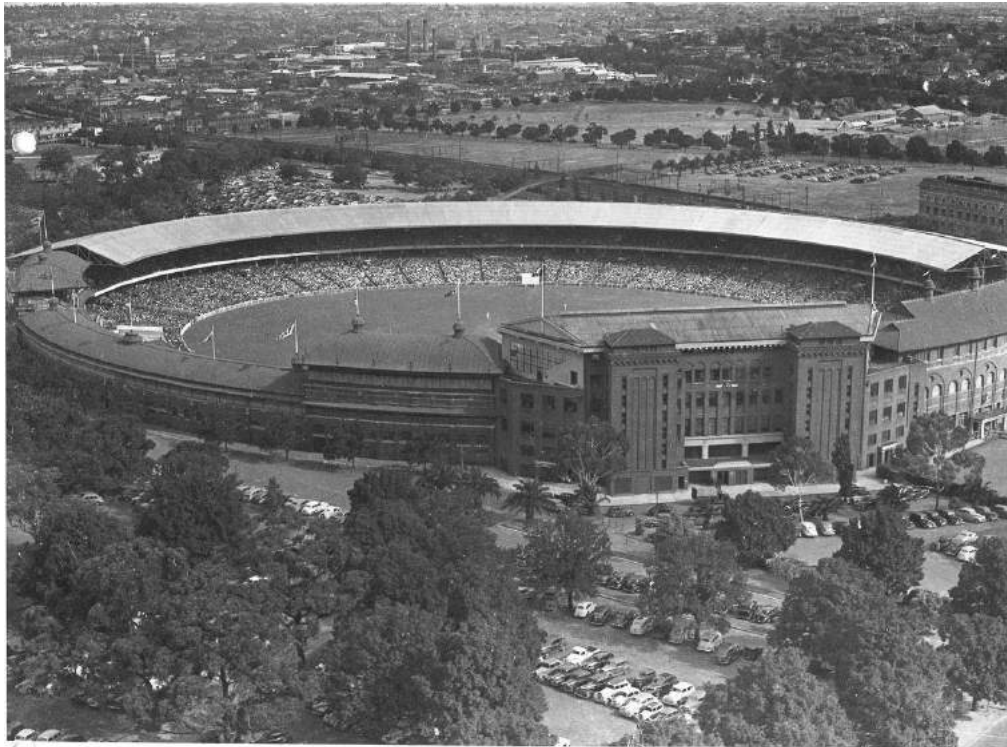
<sup>173</sup> <http://library.la84.org/6oic/OfficialReports/1956/OR1956.pdf>

<sup>174</sup> She became the only *Olympian*, male or female, to have won a gold medal in all *sprint (running)* events: 100 metres; 200 metres; and the 400 metres.

<sup>175</sup> *Olympic Games, Melbourne Australia, 1956, Athletics, Main Stadium (Melbourne Cricket Ground), Thursday, 29<sup>th</sup> November, 1956. Official Programme, One Shilling.* [Held].

included the 100 metres, Long Jump, High Jump, Shot Put and 400 metres (Kevin Gosper), Decathlon, 200 metres women, 3,000 metres 'steeplechase,' 1,500 metres (Merv Lincoln and John Landy) and 400 metres. Even I was excited, caught up in the theatrical fervour of the crowd.

Bruce McBrien records that his family attended the Opening Ceremony, but their tickets to the Closing Ceremony were not used due to a sharp deterioration in his father, Likely McBrien's, health and who died a few days later. Like my father, Bruce's mother also experienced a sharp falling away of his father's friends, when they might have helped the family after the death.<sup>176</sup>



THE Melbourne Cricket Ground during an England-Australia Test match. This magnificent arena accommodates crowds of close on 100,000 spectators.

MCG, 1949, prior to demolition of the two left-hand front stands for the concrete Olympic Stand.<sup>177</sup>

<sup>176</sup> Bruce McBrien, *Marvellous Melbourne and Me. Living in Melbourne in the Twentieth Century*, Melbourne Books, Melbourne 2010, p 242. The image is from [www.heidelberghistoricalsociety.com.au/image04.html](http://www.heidelberghistoricalsociety.com.au/image04.html)

<sup>177</sup>



Betty Cuthbert wins the 200 metres, with the new concrete Olympic stand.



The Games opening Ceremony.





MCG, the concrete Olympic Stand. Photograph: Eric Ridler, 1960.



The MCG 1882-83 cast-iron fence, which we would run down towards to see better. Some of it remains in front of the Great Southern Stand around the beginning of the two 50-metre arcs, in front of sections M10 - M13 and M18 - M27. The fleur-de-lys spear-heads were sawn off to modernise it for the Games. A similar fence is at Maddingly Park, Bacchus Marsh.



The Games programme for 29 November 1956, one of the two days I attended.

3.20 p.m.  
EVENT  
5

### 200 METRES (WOMEN)

200 METRES (FEMMES) FIRST ROUND 200 METRES (MUJERES)  
200 Metres = 218.7 Yds.

Previous Olympic Winners  
1948 F. Binkhorst-Koen, Holland 23.4 sec. 1952 M. Jackson, Australia 23.4 sec.

World Record  
23.4 sec. M. Jackson, Australia, 25.7.1952, Helsinki, Finland

Olympic Record  
1952 M. Jackson, Australia 23.4 sec.

The first two in each heat will qualify for the Semi-Finals (Event 18—at 5.30 p.m.)

HEAT 1		HEAT 4	
502 Klass, M. B. (1) Singapore	471 Masdammer, C. I. (1) British Guiana	514 Bertoni, L. (2) Italy	519 Iougova, V. (5) U.S.S.R.
473 Matheson, D. E. (2) Canada	514 Bertoni, L. (2) Italy	499 Kusion, M. (3) Poland	Time
504 Fages, M. (3) U.S.A.	486 Paul, J. (4) Great Britain & N. Ireland	489 Kusion, M. (3) Poland	1. 48.8
488 Cuthbert, B. (4) Australia	519 Iougova, V. (5) U.S.S.R.	486 Paul, J. (4) Great Britain & N. Ireland	2. 50.4
489 Kyle, M. Eire	Time	487 Armitage, H. J. (5) Great Britain & N. Ireland	Time
Time	1. 46.8	Time	1. 48.7
2. 50.4	23.7 sec.	2. 51.9	24.7 sec.
2. 50.4	24.7 sec.	2. 50.0	24.7 sec.

HEAT 2		HEAT 5	
518 Itkina, M. (1) U.S.S.R.	520 Kocheleva, O. (1) U.S.S.R.	472 Haslam, E. (2) Canada	487 Armitage, H. J. (5) Great Britain & N. Ireland
517 Rudolf, W. G. (2) U.S.A.	472 Haslam, E. (2) Canada	512 Henry, S. (3) France	Time
515 Minicka, G. (3) Poland	512 Henry, S. (3) France	500 Lerczak, B. (4) Poland	1. 48.7
482 Kohler, G. I. (4) Germany	500 Lerczak, B. (4) Poland	487 Armitage, H. J. (5) Great Britain & N. Ireland	2. 50.0
493 Annie Choong, C. (5) Malaya	487 Armitage, H. J. (5) Great Britain & N. Ireland	Time	Time
Time	Time	Time	Time
1. 51.8	24.1 sec.	1. 48.7	24.7 sec.
2. 48.2	24.7 sec.	2. 50.0	24.7 sec.

HEAT 3		HEAT 6	
479 Capdevielle, C. (1) France	474 Rever, M. (1) Canada	470 Mathews, M. J. (2) Australia	481 Fuhrmann, I. (4) Germany
516 Ellis, M. L. (2) U.S.A.	470 Mathews, M. J. (2) Australia	480 Fluchot, M. (3) France	513 Scrivens, J. E. (5) Great Britain & N. Ireland
511 Croker, N. W. (3) Australia	480 Fluchot, M. (3) France	481 Fuhrmann, I. (4) Germany	Time
491 Leone, G. (4) Italy	481 Fuhrmann, I. (4) Germany	513 Scrivens, J. E. (5) Great Britain & N. Ireland	Time
484 Stubnick, C. (5) Germany	513 Scrivens, J. E. (5) Great Britain & N. Ireland	Time	Time
Time	Time	Time	Time
1. 48.4	24.4 sec.	1. 47.0	24. sec.
2. 51.1	24.7 sec.	2. 51.3	24.3 sec.

10

The Games programme for 29 November 1956, one of the two days I attended.



The Olympic programme and one of the the Olympic bricks. I have a Glen Iris Olympic brick.

The Olympics left Melbourne with some wonderful buildings, which inspired others. The Olympic Stand at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, was demolished in 2004, however, the former Olympic Pool remains as the Collingwood Football Club's Westpac Centre at Olympic Park (1952-56), designed by Kevin Borland, Peter McIntyre and John and Phyllis Murphy and structural engineer Bill Irwin. The design won the 1956 Olympic Games Competition and the Building of the Year Award. , was The architects commissioned Arthur Boyd's extraordinary 10 metre *Olympic Pylon* sculpture, which was assembled from twice-fired glazed bricks, 100-125 mm thick, Boyd's only public work. Phyllis Muphy recalled that at the time Boyd was very 'hard up' and they wanted to support him.<sup>178</sup>

The athletes' village in West Heidelberg was designed and built by the A V Jennings Construction Co, and although houses have been sold, substantially remains as public housing, and still enjoys a 'low socio-economic profile.' A cute little community Ctesiphon<sup>179</sup> thin concrete shell Bellfield Community Centre, Oriel Road, cnr Carfax Road (now Banksia Street), Bellfield, by Kevin Borland and Peter McIntyre in 1953 (now demolished) was designed by Kevin Borland, and used for the athletes' community, has been demolished. The delightfully interlocking Olympic Rings have been reinstated over Olympic Boulevard and at Olympic Village.

Although there were earlier innovative post-war works in Melbourne before 1953,<sup>180</sup> in the spirit of the 1951 Festival of Britain, the Games stimulated a period of architectural exuberance and adventure over 1953-56, which amounted to a Melbourne School of design: as Robin Boyd put it; 'a cradle of modernity ...a great

<sup>178</sup> Olympic Swimming Stadium (1957-83), Melbourne Sports and Entertainment Centre (1983-98), Lexus Centre (2004-10); 8 drawings are held by SLV, McIntyre Collection. Refer: Peter McIntyre Donation 2010-11, Valuation Schedule, Richard Peterson, Architect, 3 July 2011; Goad article & Graeme Butler in *Architect*, June 1980 p 18, and David Islip article, xerox. Westpac Centre (2010-). It seats 7,200. [www.architecture.com.au/docs/default-source/vic-notable-buildings/olympic-swimming-stadium-\(former\).pdf?sfvrsn=0http://](http://www.architecture.com.au/docs/default-source/vic-notable-buildings/olympic-swimming-stadium-(former).pdf?sfvrsn=0http://) and [vhd.heritagecouncil.vic.gov.au/places/2038/download-report](http://vhd.heritagecouncil.vic.gov.au/places/2038/download-report)

<sup>179</sup> It was presumably named for Khosrau I of Persia's palace at Ctesiphon's 36 m high, 24 m wide x 50 m long barrel vault *Taq-i Kisra*, still the largest unreinforced brick vault in the world. It was developed and patented in the UK by engineer J H de Waller in 1947. The Australian patent was held by builders McDougall and Ireland who as well as building the Olympic Pool, built several catenary ctesiphon structures, firstly **Kevin Borland's Rice House**, 69 Ryans Road, Eltham, designed in 1951 and constructed in 1953-4, **Robin Boyd's Wood House and Supermarket**, at 1 Cleveland Road, and cnr High Street Road, Ashwood (former Ctesiphon Supermarket and residence, formerly Jordanville) in 1952?-54 for which a building application was lodged at the City of Waverley in July 1954 (VHR H1377), the and by **Peter McIntyre's** proposed **Scout Hall, Egan Street, Richmond**, between the railway viaduct (to its east) and the footpath south to West Richmond station to the right (to its west), c1955, but unbuilt.

<sup>180</sup> Kevin Borland's Rice House, 1951-4; Robin Boyd's Wood House and Supermarket, Ashwood, 1952?-54, and Gillison House, Balwyn, 1951.



structural-functional idea carried out with enforced austerity and a cavalier technique.'<sup>181</sup>



The Olympic Pool design.



Spinmobiles, St Kilda Road. The YMCA building is in the background at right.

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<sup>181</sup>From *Architecture Australia*, quoted but unsourced, by Phillip Goad, *Melbourne Architecture*, The Watermark Press, Sydney 1999, p 169.



Arthur Boyd, *Olympic Pylon*. The building The Oakleigh Motel is. It was renovated in the Centre Pompidou manner by Borland & Brown.

The City of Melbourne enforced its view of modernization by removing most of the elegant, but 'old fashioned,' over-footpath retail verandahs from its streets, to the extent that now no nineteenth century barrel-vaulted verandah survives, other than a few later replicas.

Hosie's Hotel, cnr Elizabeth and Flinders Streets and The Graham Hotel, Swanston Street (which was partially gay, as I recall), were rebuilt for the Games to serve the anticipated influx of patrons. The Graham was one of the first hotels to have opened since the 1930s. The Olympic Hotel at the Olympic Village in West Heidelberg and the Oakleigh Motel, Victoria's first motel, also opened in 1956 for the Games. It marked the official 'turning point' for the marathon.<sup>182</sup>

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<sup>182</sup> The Oakleigh Motel, 1650-1656 Dandenong Road, Oakleigh East, which was 'protected' by the Victorian Heritage Register was almost entirely demolished with a permit from Heritage Victoria in 2010, causing many to wonder what was the point of its registration two years earlier.

The Royson and the Corner (1966) Hotels were not built for the Olympics.



City at night decorated to commemorate the Olympic Games, Melbourne, c1956.  
 The McIntyres' design high above Young and Jacksons' Hotel.  
 Photographer: Laurie Richards Studio. Copyright Museum Victoria / All Rights Reserved.



Left: The Graham Hotel, Swanston Street, c1955, Lyle Fowler, 1891-1969 photographer.  
 Publishing this image incurs a royalty fee.



Right: The Graham, rear, in the morning sun.





Hosie's Hotel mural.

Carlton & United Breweries rebuilt Hosie's over 1953-55, as a new air-conditioned 13-floor hotel, by Mussen, McKay and Potter, the tower was decorated with an abstract four-storey mural by Richard Beck, which apparently was not intended to represent three pot beer glasses. It has since been reduced to a tavern.

The popular Italian fare at Leo Masrototara's Leo's Spaghetti Bar, at 55 Fitzroy Street, St Kilda opened in time for the Olympic Games. The Games also initiated two remarkable modernist cafes. Legend Espresso and Milk Bar (1956-70), Bourke Street, next to the Tivoli Theatre, was substantially remodelled and reopened in time for the Games. It was owned by the Nikolades family, and had previously been the Anglo-American Café. Leonard French (1928-) painted the seven striking abstract mural of *Sinbad the Sailor* and Clement Meadmore (1929-2005) designed the symmetrical lighting of black perforated lampshades, over a crazy-paved floor, and steel rod chairs. At least of the two black metal inverted conical lights survive in private hands, and were auctioned in 2001, estimated \$3,000 each then. Sadly, the Legend is no more.



Legend.

The Arab Restaurant & Espresso Bar, is still at 94 Mountjoy Parade, Lorne is a famous, early café initially beautifully designed by Graham Smith (1931-2016), designer and classical dancer, for his brothers Alastair and Robin Smith. Smith also designed the Wild Colonial Nightclub on the foreshore in 1958 (both of which I enjoyed) and the Abomiabale Restaurant at Mt Buller all for the same clients. The Arab was originally seen as a beatnik coffee hangout that opened two weeks before the Olympic Games, and was always fashionable.<sup>183</sup> It has since been remodelled.

*The Arab*

This is where in '58  
 In a summertime of fun  
 We scattered cushions on the floor  
 Then sat upon our bum  
 This is where the action was  
 The coffee strong, the best  
 Where plans were hatched for conning birds  
 Then practised with much zest.  
 This was there the "Spinning Wheels"  
 Having played "Wild Colonial Club"  
 Relaxed by eating bowls of spag  
 Too weary to stand up.  
 I live at Lorne all year through  
 And write and pound the beat  
 I try to pass the Arab's door  
 But can't control my feet.<sup>184</sup>



The Arab, Lorne, recently.

<sup>183</sup> 'Colac-born ballet pioneer also designed and launched Australia's first bohemian cafes. Graham Smith, Dance pioneer, 22.10.1931 – 18.02.2016,' *The Age*, 26 March 2016, p 28.

<sup>184</sup> Hayden Rickey, local poet, *The Geelong Advertiser*, 27 August 1997.





The Arab, Lorne, recently.



The Arab, Lorne.

Fortunately, our father never saw the film that a friend made about my life in which I recounted that narrative, but he did know my recollection of that morning was different



to his own.<sup>185</sup> He said that he sat us down in the lounge room and told us together of the death. This may be so, but it was certainly well after I read it in the paper, and after Finky telling us herself. A charitable view might be that history is written in differing versions depending on the sources used, in this case the oral evidence of memory; a harsher view might be that he was preoccupied with more pressing matters than immediately informing and consoling his own children. That we were kept away from the funeral may be characteristic of its time, or again it may be that he did not want to face up to us being there, and observing his grief.

He was often cross with us, and never touched, let alone embraced us. Perhaps he'd spent all his inner resources.

The inexplicable lack of relationship with, and markedly odd behaviour from our father, characterised him as a tragic and spectral figure in my life; despite the excellent relationship that he claimed to have enjoyed with his own parents. This was evidenced by his inability to show affection, his lack of any warmth, intimacy, or indeed of any physical contact. He seemed to have harboured a fear of revealing any sign of weakness, and of so losing his power over us. I still feel a shudder of disbelief when I see physical affection between fathers and their sons. 'I cannot remember my father ever having cuddled me or treated me tenderly... nor can I recall feeling any attachment to him.'<sup>186</sup>

I do not know about my father's faith – if he had any. He might have said he did – after his heart attack – but he did not practice one, not as long as I knew him. I knew he didn't take pleasure in books – where he could've found what we all find if we don't have faith: testimony that there is an alternate way to think about life, different from the ways we're naturally equipped. Seeking imaginative alternatives would not have been his habit.  
Richard Ford, 2017.<sup>187</sup>

### Franz Kafka?

I read of a writer<sup>188</sup> whose mother had abandoned him at a young age and he 'endured 'sixteen hugless years.' I presume my mother hugged me, though I cannot recall such an experience, nor that anyone else ever did. Perhaps the first since the age of nine was my from wife, Frances, some thirteen years later.

His sad lack of the perception to take his children's capacity seriously is exemplified by his derision when I suggested that my brother and I might take on his business after his retirement, despite our own business record, and his awareness that my suggestion had already been implemented by his business partner, Dušan Laovic in Sydney, with his own children.

He offered instead frequent disparagement and psychological taunting (this then taken up and perpetuated by my sister), cataloguing my failings, but very rarely

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<sup>185</sup> Jean died, aged 38, at the Royal Melbourne Hospital, due to 'Reticule Sarcoma.' A Sarcoma is a malignant tumour in connective tissue. What is reticule? Rectum is anus. Her doctor, Dr Andrew Fraser, later told me he recalled cause of death as cancer of the liver and my recollection of her is being yellow with Jaundice. [Nursing Sister] Jill Carter, who claimed to have nursed her then, told me that she had died at 20 Russell Street, in her old bedroom, but both of these recollections do not match the record in the documents that I hold.

<sup>186</sup> Wilhelm Reich (1897-1957) Austrian psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, known as one of the most radical figures in the history of psychiatry.

<sup>187</sup> Richard Ford, *Between them: Remembering My Parents*, Bloomsbury, London 2017. Richard Ford, b 1944, is a USA novelist and short story writer.

<sup>188</sup> John Le Carre (as David Cornwall, b1931-) was abandoned by his mother when aged five and 'endured 'sixteen hugless years.' Left with his father Ronnie Cornwall, spiv, philanderer, conman, fraudster, prison inmate and child groper.

support: 'You'll never count for anything.' Even: 'You'll never fight.' '...he remained aloof, seemingly unable to sustain an adult conversation with us.'<sup>189</sup>

He also refused to allow any of our friends into his house. Perhaps as he never invited anyone there himself, he could not see why we should. My friends thought this odd, but accepted their exclusion. I visited their parents' houses, even as with Kalkers, shared holidays away with them, but that generosity could not be reciprocated. Even when I began a heterosexual relationship, Frances was equally unwelcome. He even refused to ever visit my house.

Sigmund Freud said:

One's father is recognised as the paramount disturber of one's instinctual ; he becomes a model not only to imitate but also to get rid of, in order to take his place... Thenceforward, affectionate and hostile impulses towards him persist side by side, often to the end of one's life.<sup>190</sup>

He was a father who could never make up his mind whether success or failure in a son was the more inimical.<sup>191</sup>

I grew up lacking in key social skills and frequently unaccountably shy in company. For a time, I was even suspicious of any effusiveness or warmth. This only added to my generally depressed teenage years. I recall being at parties where I spent the evening staring at the floor. Who will strike up conversation with a person staring at the floor?

Some say I should have virulently rebelled. When I was best man at my brother's wedding, my brother's friend, the solicitor Terry Johansson,<sup>192</sup> was horrified that I put up with the disparagement I received from my father. But when I did, or worse, when someone else did on my behalf, he became totally obdurate.

**Father's application and interview for jobs** at *The Argus* and *Australasian*<sup>193</sup> newspaper group as company secretary and as general manager of Luna Park, the Palais Theatre and the Palais de Danse. How would taking on either of these jobs, particularly the latter, involving as it would have an entry into the world of show business and entertainment have opened him up to colour and diversity and changed him. How would he have evolved then? Yet he was unsuccessful in both applications and continued to manage that dark satanic mill of a factory, and spruik its dreary metallic products for the rest of his life.

Geoff had arrived in Melbourne and met my father several times. I recall going with Geoff to measure up my father's factory for the extension he wanted me to design and document. Christmas 1979 was fraught in our family. My sister's husband, Ray, was not talking to our father at that time, so our father refused to attend Christmas

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<sup>189</sup> Stephen msg to Richard, 2 December 2014.

<sup>190</sup> Sigmund Freud, James Strachey, Editor, *Some Reflections on Schoolboy Psychology*, 1914, Sigmund Freud, *The Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud. The Standard Edition*, Vols 1-24. Hogarth Press, London 1956-74.  
<http://essaydocs.org/the-complete-works-of-sigmund-freud-works-psychical.html?page=234>

<sup>191</sup> Hilary Spurling, *Anthony Powell*, Hamish Hamilton, London 2017, p 260.

<sup>192</sup> [www.johanssonlaw.com](http://www.johanssonlaw.com)

<sup>193</sup> *The Argus* was a Melbourne morning daily newspaper established in 1846 and closed in 1957. It was considered to be the general Australian newspaper of record for this period. Conservative newspaper for most of its history, it veered left from 1949. Its main competitor was David Syme's more liberal-minded *The Age*.

lunch at my sister's. He insisted on sulking and spending Christmas Day at his home in East Ivanhoe, alone.

Geoff was concerned for him, and suggested that we call in to see him on our way home from my sister's. When we arrived, he was rovable. Somehow in his state of high dudgeon, he had convinced himself that the fact that no-one had called on him on Christmas Day (which we were self-evidently doing), was entirely my fault. He proceeded to tear strips off me, just as he always had when even mildly provoked. My response was to meekly stand there and take it as I always had, waiting and hoping for him to subside.

Geoff was shocked and astounded. He had never heard a parent speak like that to their child. Geoff's relation with his own parents was so entirely different: they had always respected, supported, and never demeaned him, despite his different personality than theirs.

Geoff reacted immediately and sprang to my defence. How dare my father speak to me like that, especially when I had clearly done no wrong. Our father was aghast. As a figure of authority, he had never been spoken to like that. No-one had ever rebuked him for abusing his eldest son.

He became even more angry and in white rage threw us out of his house, without even looking at the presents we had brought for him. In such circumstances, he would never apologise. From then, he never again came to our house. Geoff was never included in family occasions. He never mentioned Geoff again.

Even during the decade of Geoff's fatal illness and death, my father never acknowledged my partner of twenty years existence. When he died, we had been together as a couple longer than any other relationship in our family, twice as long as our father's first marriage, and twenty times as long as his second. We lived two kilometres apart, and he refused to ever visit our house again. Until he died he never mentioned the breach.

It was hard to take; very hard to forgive. My sister supported our father in his stance. During the decade of Geoff's illness, she called in only once at our house. It was unexpected and Geoff was unwell at the time, as he often was, and he turned her away. She was offended, and frequently reminded me of that incident and has never come here since either. So my brother was the only member of our family at Geoff's memorial service in Melbourne. He has remained supportive.

Long before, almost twenty years earlier, I had become convinced there was no other way to treat our father than to distance myself from his tirades, be nice enough, but be uninvolved emotionally. Once I wrote him a long letter detailing his faults. Following this, I was ostracised for weeks, and I found the letter in his personal effects when he died. He once told me that even as a baby I'd rejected him.

Oddly, it was my eccentric grandfather, Bert Higgs, who best sensed what I needed: he took me to explore the mysterious river tracks, to ride on the miniature train there, and watch the engineers tending it, and let me 'help' him in his well-equipped woodworking workshop. And his wife, Rubie, who took me to the theatre.

I try to imagine my father's view of me. Perhaps he always held a fully formed view of what his eldest son should grow to be. He should be just like he was, enjoying sports like cricket, football and swimming. Like any normal boy, he should enjoy participate in and seeking positions of leadership in healthy community organisations like the YMCA and the Scouts, and be a man's man, tackling adversity head-on, working hard at making a career for himself. He should enjoy going with me to the MCG footy for each of the home games there. And knowing the advantages I have given him, he should aspire beyond what I had, when I left school at fourteen. He must study at



university, and go on to more than just a place in business, he should achieve a place in some profession.

But early, I realised that the deal I'd been dealt as a father was sickeningly different. No matter how hard I push him, and despite his own clumsy efforts, this son was embarrassingly feeble at sports. His friends were odd. He didn't seem even to find a girlfriend and when he did, she was a pushy thing, well above herself. But I'll try to like her. Surely this son could never be trusted to achieve and make a man proud of him. It was like ordering a steak and receiving a palova.

And what's more, as he grew into teenage years, this son, spelt out in a long letter to me, which I've always kept, that he dared to blame his failures on me. I, who despite the hardships imposed on me by the tragic loss of my beloved wife, and the subsequent rejection of me as a widower by the Masonic Lodge (isn't that supposed to be a benevolent society?), the Church (also?) and all my wife's relatives, I have given my son everything he could possibly expect. I've built and paid for a good home, housekeepers, a private school education, bought him scooters, bikes and cars.

Then in the courtroom, when his wife tricked me into standing in the witness box, so that they could throw that insinuation of his homosexuality at me, implying of course that I'd failed as a father, I wasn't going to fall for that one, and stood my ground, composed myself, and said calmly that I'd always known. I should have twigged much earlier of course, it explained a lot, but they weren't going to get the better of me that way.

Then when he brought his young English friend to the house, on Christmas Day, and that little poofter took exception to my rounding on my own son; and he accused me of treating my own son unfairly, how dare he! What would he know? The little twirp...

Many years later, at our father's funeral, his partner of 25 years, June Raw, confided to me how he had always regretted the way he'd treated me, his eldest son. Why had he never told me that himself? I wondered if there were not after all a spinelessness in him. Certainly, he was bitter with the hand life had dealt him. Even on his deathbed he did not resile. He told me how his father had told him just before he died what a good son he'd been. There was no such declaration from he to me. I still feel a little shocked when sons who never got on with their fathers say '...but of course I still love him'. I never felt any love for my father. That void was a sad waste for both of us.

Yet he was a strong influence on me: that is clear, positively in his ambition, his business sense, and his negotiation and sales skill; and more negatively. And clearly I did rebel, not in reaction to him, but rather as a Boomer, in making my own life, in the way I felt life should and could be lived.

Is it too much to claim that with her death, fear entered my life, as an almost constant state? I came to abhor, even fear, friction of any kind, violence, criticism, tension, opposition, rivalry, or dualities. Anything for the calm that could enable life to flourish.

My feelings of unwantedness, depression and low self-esteem, only began to evaporate on the night I was elected by my peers as leader of the Youth Club; and in my subsequent redeeming relationships with such wonderful and beautiful people as Paul, David, Frances and Ian.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that our father dutifully did the proper and decent thing expected of a good father and provide us with a comfortable home, housekeepers, holidays and a good education.

In her autobiography, Shirley Williams recalls: 'My father gave me the single greatest gift with which a child can be endowed, self-confidence.'<sup>194</sup> Our father saw his role as opposite to that: to cut us down. If he did feel love for us, it must have been entirely suppressed. Never physical contact; never tenderness. Once leaving at Tullamarine for Japan, he placed his hand on my shoulder: I never forget that.

But like the god Wotan in Richard Wagner's *Das Ring der Nibelung*, he could not accept being parted from his power; indifferent to destiny, living by will alone. The end of this struggle is death, which is the loss of everything. But it matters how we die. Serenity comes with renunciation, and renunciation is the gift of love. In Wotan's case, he quietly walks away, passing his power to the wholly human Siegfried.<sup>195</sup>

Even Matthew recalled Jesus saying:<sup>196</sup>

For I am come to set a man at variance against his father...

Our father was a *padre padrone*.

It is very difficult for me to imagine how he saw me. My grim silences matched his own, radiating hostility. A warm heart seemed to be beyond him.

He claimed he had had an easy war in New Guinea, and it also seems he was relatively unaffected by the Great Depression, during which he obtained his first job. But it is likely that he had been hardened by his experience then, and particularly by the death of his wife, which closed him up like a clam-shell for over twelve years.

I was certainly not the son he expected, nor the son he required. Not the son who he would be comfortable passing anything on to. I was not a conventional boy. I was hopeless, unco-ordinated and clumsy at all physical activity. I was idiosyncratic, sensitive, fey, even eccentric like his odd father-in-law. He claimed he would never employ someone who'd been to university: far too 'head in the clouds.' Yet he expected me to do well enough at school to enter university and to be the first in our family ever to do so. University, of course, trained me in abstract thought and analysis, and steered me towards a cultural life, both of which inevitably drew me even further away from him. Even my more conventional brother was unacceptable to him. Only our young sister he favoured. If only her gender, perhaps somehow he saw, or needed to see, something of his lost wife in her.

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<sup>194</sup> Shirley Williams, *Climbing the Bookshelves*, Virago, 2009, p 3.

<sup>195</sup> Roger Scruton, *The Ring of Truth. The Wisdom of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung*, Allen Lane, 2016, p 209.

<sup>196</sup> *Holy Bible*, Matthew, 10:35 (KJB).



Richard, Stephen and Robyn, each three years apart, precisely, c1960?



Richard, Stephen and Robyn, c1959?

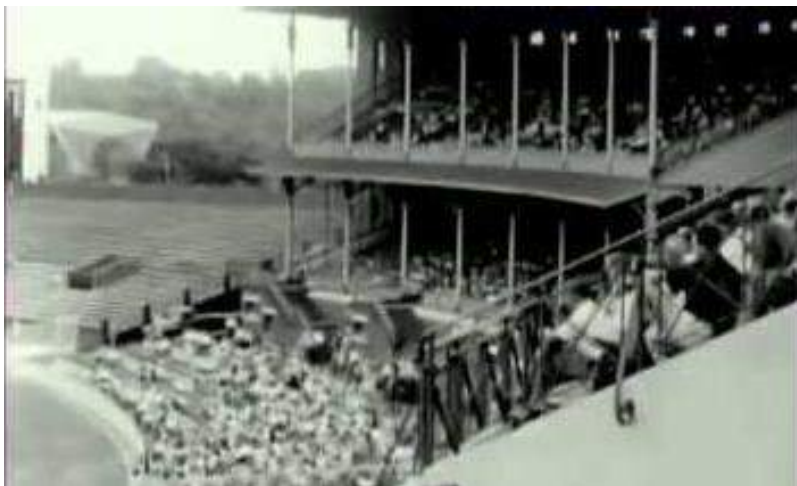
I rarely had time alone with him. Saturday afternoon footy at the MCG for a couple of years until my brother joined us, but I cannot recall conversation from then. Other times? As I was growing up, there were virtually no father-son activities. He never once visited my house in Ivanhoe. After years, when confronted on this he claimed



he could not bring himself to go to a place associated with my mother and her death. I could not mention my partner to him without receiving an unpleasant reaction. Other than my brother, no-one in my family, and particularly he, acknowledged my partner's decade of illness and death.

There were times we did spend enjoyably together. Joyce, his wife, noticing the constant friction between us, suggested we needed some father-son bonding time, and arranged that we stay for a weekend at Tanswell's Commercial Hotel in Beechworth (then owned by Rodney Davidson, 1933-2007, National Trust grandee).

He took me to the MCG for the famous Test when the West Indies cricket team toured Australia in the 1960-61 season. Captains Frank Worrell and Richie Benaud, encouraged their teams to play attacking cricket. The first Test ended in a dramatic tie, the first of only two in Test cricket. They were extremely popular with the Australian public. Before leaving Australia, the West Indians were paraded through Melbourne in open-top cars, and were cheered by enormous crowds. Worrell's success as captain was significant, because all previous West Indies captains had been white. Perhaps this was the only occasion I enjoyed watching cricket.



West Indies Test, MCG, 1960-61.

My Father visited me twice in London, and on my own turf, we got on well. My letters to him reveal a normalized relationship. When I returned to Melbourne I stayed for a time with him and we got on well.

Much later, in his eighties, when I visited him I found we could discuss the share market, some politics, and aspects of my business. This often attracted his criticism, though I learnt to steer away from controversy that would incite negativity from him.

Using the term 'kid gloves,' Adam Mars-Jones writes perceptively about this, in relation to his own, far more sympathetic yet still circumscribed father.<sup>197</sup>

Clive James describes his early experience of bereavement as giving him a certain self-protective coldness, an unwillingness to get too close to other people's distress.

Any fraught filial relationship must inevitably be related to *King Lear*, and perhaps Shakespeare offers some clues there to my father's behaviour. I find deep attachment to family and to mother in others very hard to fathom; and I have an uncomfortable relation to muliebrity. I also find myself hardening my heart in the face what I perceive as lack of empathy. I persisted with resentful compliance. As Lear asked: 'Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?'<sup>198</sup>

The only relatives I knew of were my mother's aunts. Theirs was known as 'the generation of unadorned names,' the siblings: Essie, Ruby, Jack, Gwen, Bill, Vern, Madge, Jean and Winn.

At an apparently difficult moment in my mother's illness, we were each farmed out to these great-aunts for a few weeks. My brother stayed with Aunty Gwen Dyring in Flora Grove, Ivanhoe. Fortunately, I stayed with Aunty Winn Wills, with her daughters: Pam and Katherine at remote Parkdale. It was my first encounter with teenagers. Win was the burser in a private girls school. She smoked using a gold cigarette-holder. To me she seemed terribly sophisticated.

It was in Parkdale in late 1955 before the arrival of rock'n'roll, that I first heard popular music songs on commercial radio, including:

*Aba daba aba daba*, Doris Day.  
*Ain't that a shame*, Fats Domino.  
*How much is that doggy in the Window?*  
*Just walking in the rain*, Johnnie Ray.  
*Kiss of fire*, Louis Armstrong.  
*Moments to remember*, The Four Lads.  
*Memories are made of This*, Dean Martin.  
*Open the door, Richard*, Jack McVea and his All-Stars.  
*[The] Naughty lady of Shady Lane*, The Ames Brothers.  
*Red roses for a blue lady*, Vaughn Monroe and his Orchestra.  
*Rock and roll waltz*, Kay Starr.  
*See you later alligator*, Bill Haley and His Comets.  
*Singing the blues*, Guy Mitchell.  
*Standing on the corner, watching all the girls go by*, The Four Lads,  
from Frank Loesser's musical, *The Most Happy Fella*.  
*Whatever will be, will be (Que sera, sera)*, Doris Day.  
*What's behind the green door?* Jim Lowe.  
*Why do fools fall in love*, Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers.  
*Yellow rose of Texas*, Mitch Miller.

Later I stayed with [Great-]Aunty Madge and Jack Ellis in The Boulevard, who were older. It was during my ninth birthday, and as I blew out the candles, I blew the chocolate cake's chocolate bits clear across the room, to the amusement of all: the incident of fly-away chocolate cake.<sup>199</sup>

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<sup>197</sup> Adam Mars-Jones, *Kid Gloves. A Voyage Round My Father*, Particular Books, London 2015. [Held].

<sup>198</sup> Womanliness.

<sup>199</sup> Refer also: 28 March 1956.

My father never spoke of his own relatives, other than of his parents who both died when I was very young. What family he may have had, I sensed that he had fallen out with long ago. There was the matter of the house he bought for his parents in Clausen Street, Westgarth. His relatives had moved in to care for his parents as they declined, but after their death, never moved out and they seemed to appropriate the title of the property as their own. Surely my father could have fought this, but there was a passive, resentful streak in him which may have allowed him to submit to suffering fate.



Chocolate cake loosely sprinkled with chocolate bits.

Our father accused the relatives on my mother's side that we did have, the Methodist church, and the Freemasons, all of abandoning him during his wife's illness and death when he needed them. Other people had relatives: we seemed to float in a sea of loss.

As a child, I was always fearful that from the moment of my mother's death, that because of our paucity of relatives, that if my father died, or abandoned us as he often threatened to do, we would be placed in an orphanage, or a home such as Tally Ho, Orana, or the Allambie Methodist Peace Memorial Homes for Children, all in Burwood; the Menzies at Olivers Hill; or Turana Youth Training Centre in Parkville, at each of which children are now known to have been abused and cruelly treated.<sup>200</sup>

As Professor Bernard Smith (1916-2011), who was fostered out and raised by a caring family, warned: 'A state ward can't expect much.' On the one hand we relied on our father's capacity and sense of responsibility towards us, for which I am grateful, but on the other he often threatened to send us to a 'naughty boys home' for bad behaviour. 500,000 children were sent to homes from 1930s-70s and frequently abused, for which Prime Minister Kevin Rudd publicly apologised on 16 November 2009.<sup>201</sup>

Even in 2010, 42% of all children in residential state care did not attend school, 42% of children on youth justice orders were under child protection and 42% of homeless

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<sup>200</sup> [www.themonthly.com.au/issue/2012/august/1354057131/christine-kenneally/forgotten-ones](http://www.themonthly.com.au/issue/2012/august/1354057131/christine-kenneally/forgotten-ones)

<sup>201</sup> Christine Kenneally, 'The Forgotten Ones,' *The Monthly*, August 2012, pp 30-36.



young people have previously been in state care.<sup>202</sup> In state care, our futures would have been grim.

A week before our mother died, yet another housekeeper appeared to look after us each day, and our father seemed to be always absent. On a premonition, I picked up the *Sun News-Pictorial* and glanced at the Deaths. And she was there: 'Essie Jean Peterson, loved mother of...' It concluded with St Matthew's thundering text: 'Thy will be done'.<sup>203</sup> I was still nine. We were kept well away from the funeral, but that experience was not one ever forgotten.



Finky later in life, in Walthamstowe.

Later the morning, in our back garden, the new housekeeper, who introduced herself as Miss Frances Watts (1906-1996), indeed Miss Frances Ethelberta Watts, as she impressively revealed to us, told us that today was 'the day that mummy went up to heaven.' She cared for us from 1956-67.

She then told us to call her 'Finky' which had been her childhood name as she grew up in Walthamstow, north-east London. She had come to us from a position as the housekeeper to the Austin Hospital, working under the impressive Matron Lieutenant-Colonel Vivien Bullwinkel (1915-2000). She had been the sole survivor of 22 Australian nurses murdered by Japanese soldiers on Radji Beach, Indonesia on 16 February 1942. For 12 days she had hid in the jungle and nursing a British soldier,

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<sup>202</sup> Department of Human Services statistics, 2010.

<sup>203</sup> *Ivanhoe 3079, Yuletide*, in the SBS television series *Australia by Numbers* (2001).

before surrendering and spending three years in a Japanese POW camp. She was determined to survive so that the lives of those lost would not be forgotten.<sup>204</sup>



Vivian Bullwinkel.

Determinedly, I told my nine-year old self that the only way to get through my profound loss was to erase all memory of my mother from my mind. In this task I was most effective, the residual memory fragments of her are so few. Yet even so, there descended on my spirit, a long night, on which dawn only broke some twelve years later, when my self-esteem was bolstered permanently by the love of two remarkable friends.

As one hypothetical, what if she had recovered and lived on? What if my mother had thought later perhaps to tackle a university course, of which she was quite capable? Maybe when my sister was about 15, my brother was in first year and I in fourth year... By then our father had the resources to have supported us financially. It would have been feasible. And what might she have studied? Who can even guess? Would we have been friends? Would I have engaged with her culturally and intellectually? These exchanges were possible with my father, yet he rejected them; though she seems to have been more intellectually and culturally aware.

What would she have made of my homosexuality? The only indication was the attitude of Anne Lewis, my mother's best friend and whose daughter, Pam Lewis, she was godmother to; since Pam's own son, Stephen, is openly gay. Pam told me that Anne's attitude had varied, there were aspects she accepted, others she found harder. Perhaps my mother's intellect may have rationalized it; even have compassionately reached out; but in her rather inflexible Methodist piety she may have felt repelled, at least for many years. I was not only gay, but then flamboyantly so.

Other considerations would have been the degree to which her social attitudes might have evolved over the twelve years between her death and my early relationships; the attitudes of her circle of friends, of the church, and the breadth of her reading may have played a part.<sup>205</sup>

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<sup>204</sup> Dr Madeleine Turner, 'Honour their memory,' *Herald Sun*, 16 February 2017, pp 42 and 43.

<sup>205</sup> By the 1960s, the Methodist Church was changing, opening to wider social justice, especially for aborigines. Rater apa lled by their own reco9rd, Methodists were leaders in a renewed public push for redress, justice and resopectfor Aboriginal rights. Though some Methodists like John Howard (b1939-), never changed, as the old man of Australian Methodism Sir Alan Walker (1911-2003) said, 'Stalled in his old attitudes.' David Marr, *My Country. Stories, Essays & Speeches*, Black Inc, Schwartz Publishing Pty Ltd, Carlton, Victoria 2018, p 194.

She never saw the house when completed on her land. But our father continued to labour, forming the garden himself from a landscape design that some plant nursery had prepared for him. On numerous 'drives' out to the grazing paddocks of Bundoora and Epping, he extracted found rust-coloured igneous scoria boulders from the ground and carted them off in the boot of his car. I 'helped.'

These he artiscally arrayed as a 'rockery' on an earth berm piled up in front of the house, which he had taken the precaution to first coat with a waterproofing paint. In the niches and crevices between the boulders, he planted carefully selected miniature alpine species. A triumph occurred when a part of his creation was depicted in *Home Beautiful* magazine.

Years later I asked him had he been influenced by Edna Walling (1895-73), or by Ellis Stones (1895-75) who lived nearby in Ivanhoe and had created other gardens in East Ivanhoe. He denied any influence, but this could hardly be true. Later, when he travelled many times to Japan to visit my brother and his young family, he must have recognised his own work in gardens that he saw there. The house and its garden (with a later iteration at Balnarring) were his life's creation, but in a sense, a memorial to his late wife, from whose loss he never recovered.



An unidentified rockery.



The Rockery, Calderstones Park, South Liverpool, 1869.



After a few months, Finky left her verandah sleepout flat in Hawdon Street, Heidelberg, and came to live with us. She was not faultless, and not really maternal, but she created a secure and reliable structure for our lives over the fourteen years that she was with us. She insisted on saying grace before meals, and regular household chores for each of us. She spun stories of London life in the Blitz, and a myth of herself purportedly aged 105, as a scary witch who would travel about by night on her broomstick.<sup>206</sup>



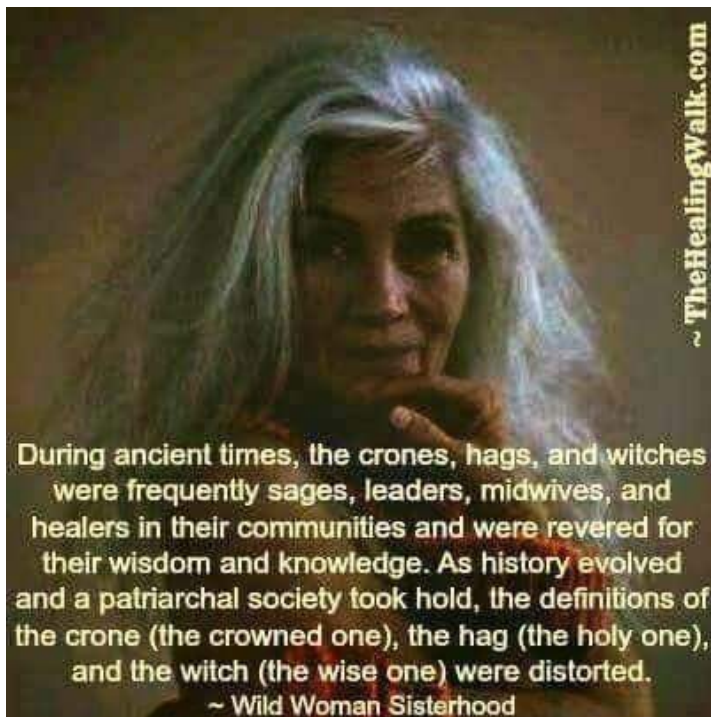
A Finky-like witch.

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<sup>206</sup> Accounts of witchcraft may be traced to classical, mainly Roman texts. Increasingly from the C16 treatises on witchcraft emphasised it's connection with female intimacy, citing women's belief that they had travelled in a night amongst Diana's nymphs, or in other all-female groups. The common belief that witches fly on broomsticks may be traced to these texts, where descriptions of groups of women riding oiled sticks 'to their pleasure' allude to communal masturbation. Johan Weyer's 1563 medical book is explicit that witches become 'inflamed with love just as young men are for girls.' Christopher Reed, *Art and Homosexuality*. A History of Ideas, OUP, Oxford 2011, p 53.



Finky rarely drank.



She regularly attended morning church services at East Ivanhoe Methodist and sang in the choir. She played our piano. She insisted on Grace before meals, which we spoke together.

For what we are about to receive  
May the Lord make us truly grateful.  
For Christ's sake, Amen.

I created a corporate identity for our new household as 'PEWA,'<sup>207</sup> which featured in my elaborately chalked blackboard set-pieces for each birthday, Easter and Christmas. But our father was often rather off-hand with Finky, fearful of talk amongst the neighbours. But as he never had any lady friends himself over those years, their imagined speculation was only filling that vacuum. He became a widow, rather than a widower: cloaked in the carapace of loss and of an imagined desertion by his late wife's relatives (our legion of formidable great-aunts), by the Masonic Lodge, and by the Methodist Church.

Her London seemed to have no spatial aspect, but the pervasive romance of dense fogs, police whistles, red double-decker busses and air-raid shelters. Finky described herself as a 'cultivated cockney,' and was proud of being born 'in the heart of London' within the sound of Bow Bells. She had cared for her father, a policeman in the City of London force, during his final illness and chirpily claimed that she had 'had four proposals of marriage from different men and refused them all.' But she had been 15 in London when the Great War ended, and so there were not many able-bodied men around: perhaps 12% were dead, or disabled.<sup>208</sup> The aftermath of that war constrained numerous women to spinsterhood, and many shocked hollow men to a kind of dazed moping. Many such women devoted themselves to good works, including caring for others.<sup>209</sup>

Thus, the patriarchal family turned women into spinsters, as in Finky's case in ministering to an ageing parent, but otherwise to husbands around which the family must revolve and with every kind of obligation to aunts and cousins beyond their own children. It did not allow the privacy of a room of one's own, nor honest talk because so many subjects were unsuitable for women and children, hypocrisy about sex, and no mention of unorthodox relationships. So she was informally trained in the only skill she ever knew, that of housekeeping, at which she excelled.<sup>210</sup> Another woman truncated in her potential.

She also lived in London during World War II, and the London Blitz made a strong impression on her as on all Londoners who lived through it. It was the first war in which the centre of a great city could be thoroughly destroyed from the air. She often talked about it and it stirred hers and our imaginations. For Patrick White who also was in London during the Blitz, the bombing of London was one of the great imaginative events of his life, in which he formed a new and deeper attachment to the city [and he felt]...immensely stimulated by the fire raining from the sky.<sup>211</sup> Never before had a war come so close to London civilians: since the Great War had occurred far away and was intermittently reported. This time the home front was sometimes more dangerous than the battle front.

Then the winter of 1945 was the harshest in 50 years. Londoners were living in debased and primitive conditions with severe shortages, long food queues and treks to emergency dumps for a meagre coal supply and so women lost the independence that the war had given them.<sup>212</sup>

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<sup>207</sup> Peterson-Watts.

<sup>208</sup> Refer: 1918. The total number of casualties in World War I, both military and civilian, was about 37 million: 16 million deaths and 21 million wounded, including 9.7 million military personnel and 6.8 million civilians. The Entente Powers (Allies) lost about 5.7 million soldiers. United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland: 45.4 million population; 885,138 military deaths; 109,000 civilian deaths; 994,138 total deaths; 2.19% deaths as a percentage of the population; plus 1,663,435 military wounded: 6% of the population dead or wounded, perhaps 12% of the male population.

<sup>209</sup> John Sheppard, 'Aunt May's Footsteps,' *Slightly Foxed*, No 25, Spring 2010, pp 48-54.

<sup>210</sup> Noël Annan, *Our Age: Portrait of a Generation*, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London 1990, p 117.

<sup>211</sup> Marr, David, 'Patrick White's London,' in Robert Drewe, editor, *The Best Australian Essays, 2010*, Black inc, Melbourne 2010, pp 24-42.

<sup>212</sup> Maureen Waller, *London 1945. Life in the debris of war*, John Murray, London 2005. [Held].



But adventurously, just after her father died, in about 1950, Finky immigrated to Australia on one of the *Strath* ships.<sup>213</sup> She was appointed as the housekeeper for Yarralumla, the three-storied residence of the Governor General in Canberra, a remote isolated and presumably lonely place surrounded by open paddocks, which had been remodelled quite plainly for vice-regal use in 1928. She had probably applied for the job in London.



Yarralumla, 1901-48<sup>214</sup>

The house had been designed by Frederick Campbell in 1891, around an earlier single-storied homestead of 1835, which survives still within the south wing. It was then temporarily enlarged in 1927 with a second three-storied wing to the south by the prolific Commonwealth architect John Smith Murdoch (1862-1945), and dressed with landscaping by Australia's chief horticulturalist. Ruth Lane Poole (1885-1974)<sup>215</sup> designed and superintended the interior decoration, linen, china, reproduction glass and silver, and Australian craftsmen made furniture with local hardwoods. 150 paintings and drawings were loaned.

It was an inconvenient, modest and domestic place compared to the splendour of Government House, Melbourne where Australian governors general had previously lived.

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<sup>213</sup> <http://ozhoo.net.au>

<sup>214</sup> <http://nla.gov.au/nla.pic-an11030057-187>

<sup>215</sup> Lane Poole was an interior designer who in 1925 had designed a room featuring craftwork in Australian timber and wool in the Melbourne Town Hall for the Victorian Arts and Crafts Society. Her most notable commission was to design and furnish the interiors of both the Prime Minister's Lodge and the Governor-General's residence in Canberra in time for the opening of Parliament House in May 1927. As she was designing both, she began contributing articles to the *Australian Home Builder* (later renamed *Australian Home Beautiful*), the new popular magazine.

These offer her commentary on the furniture, furnishings and decorating schemes she created for both. In 1927 she and her family moved to Westridge House which had been designed for them by Harold Desbrowe Annear. Later she wrote regularly on interior design for magazines and newspapers, and advised clients of Melbourne's Myer Emporium on interior decoration. [www.naa.gov.au/collection/publications/papers-and-podcasts/designing-canberra/designing-the-lodge.aspx](http://www.naa.gov.au/collection/publications/papers-and-podcasts/designing-canberra/designing-the-lodge.aspx) and [www.womenaustralia.info/biogs/AWE4870b.htm](http://www.womenaustralia.info/biogs/AWE4870b.htm)

A previous recent occupant of Yarralumla (during 1944-47, as Governor General's wife) had been Princess Alice,<sup>216</sup> who described Canberra's primitive conditions then in her autobiography *Memories of Ninety Years* (1991), including '...the dirt roads and the residence infested (*sic*) with rats, mice, spiders and silverfish.' It is hard to imagine Finky tolerating **that!**

The vice-regal household also flew around Australia as required, including to Admiralty House in Sydney on aging Dakotas.

Urban Canberra was still described as: 'The best sheep paddocks in Australia.' And bureaucracy has grossly demeaned Walter Burley Griffin's visionary plan. A Senate Select Committee reported that: '...after 40 years of development, the important planned areas stand out, not as monumental regions symbolising the character of the national capital, but more as graveyards where departed spirits await a resurrection of national pride.' ['Canberra?! Who would go there out of choice?'](#) <sup>217</sup>

Another arrival in Canberra at about the same time as Finky was Frank Moorhouse's inimitable fictional creation, Edith Campbell Berry,<sup>218</sup> an rather different spinster:

Everything in Canberra seemed prefab [and] ...she was glad of their company in a place [Canberra] where that was so rare... [There was] a sense of exclusion, but strangely the world of Canberra did form a sort of cosmopolitan colony. The intellectuals and the former British and new arrivals – Fabian socialists, Bloomsbury types, even homosexuals – together with people from the diplomatic and journalistic world and the public service had all washed up in Canberra. None had been born there.' Canberra in the 50s as offered ...the privileges and discomforts of three modes of living in one place – the capital, the rural life and exile. <sup>219</sup>

...she had come to the world's most baffling city, baffling by its not **being there**. The city was just not there. Nor was there what you might call even a town, or a village. It did not have the shape of a town, or a village. It was something else. It was a plan, perhaps, marked out by random structures scattered across fields.

Sorry. Paddocks. <sup>220</sup>

Another of Moorhouse's observations is relevant to Finky:

She realised that people in the married world wanted to see the alone, unloved person as seriously deficient, deserving of pity expressed or not expressed. Behind the back of this pity for the spinster and the old maid, married people paraded the superiority of those who possessed love, or who, at least, appeared to possess love by the act of marriage, the acting out of marriage.

And there was pity for the woman who had no children. <sup>221</sup>

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<sup>216</sup> The Duchess of Gloucester (1901-200) was an aunt of Elizabeth II. Her husband, Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester was Governor General for two years from 1945-47. After her husband's death in 1974, she became known as Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester. She lived to the age of 102 and holds the record, previously held by Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, as the longest-lived person in the history of the British Royal Family.

<sup>217</sup> Frank Moorhouse, *Dark Palace*, Knopf, Sydney, 2000, p 285.

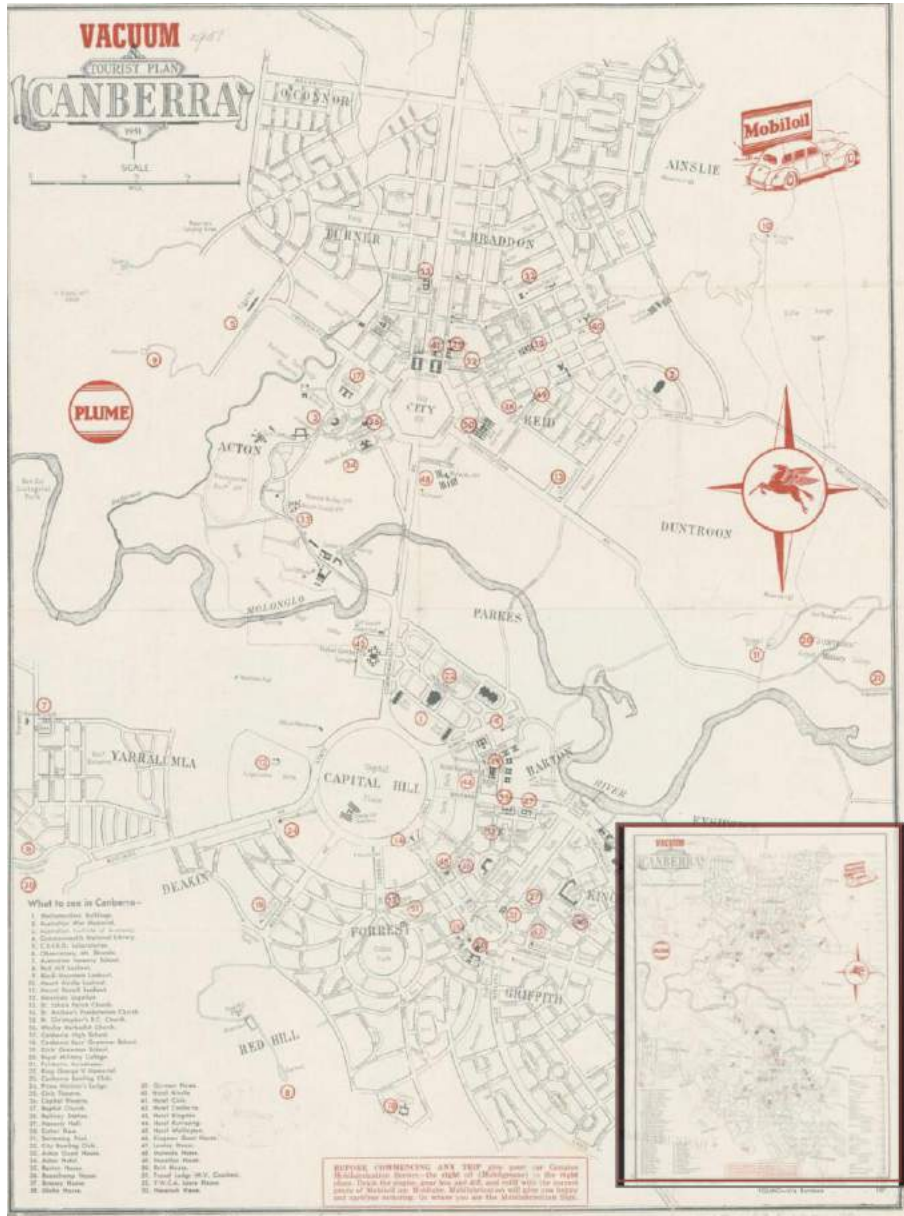
<sup>218</sup> Presumably no relation to Frederick Campbell!!

<sup>219</sup> Frank Moorhouse, *Cold Light*, Vintage Books, North Sydney 2011, pp 127, 298 and 341.

<sup>220</sup> Frank Moorhouse, *Dark Palace*, Knopf, Sydney, 2000, p 376.

Dame Pattie Menzies implored her husband, who was then prime minister: 'Bob, the footpaths are a disgrace ...you try pushing a pram.' Menzies said in his autobiography *The Measure of the Years* (1970): 'I can't say I like Canberra very much, it was to me a place of exile...' <sup>222</sup> A typically supine Menziesian response: as if he were not in a position to transform that!

How would Finky, then aged 45, have navigated the journey to the shopping centre in Civic? Of course there was no lake, merely a valley, so the route was more direct, but over only rough unsurfaced tracks. A brisk walk would have taken well over an hour. Today, walking the 7.5 km around the lake takes 90 minutes. Then, there is the walk back.



*Vacuum Tourist Plan, Canberra 1951.* Compiled and drawn by Property & Survey Branch, Dept of the Interior, Canberra, ACT, with the compliments of the Vacuum Oil Company Pty Ltd. National Library of Australia. MAP G8984.C3E635 1951. 48 x 35 cm, folded to 21 x 132 cm.

<sup>221</sup> Frank Moorhouse, *Cold Light*, Vintage Books, North Sydney 2011, p 580.

<sup>222</sup> John Overall, *Canberra. Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow*, Federal Capital Press, Canberra, 1995, pp 25-31, with photographs, c1948-55.



As the housekeeper of Yarralumla for about three years (1950-c53), Finky served the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim, who held her in high regard and continued to send her Christmas cards for many years after she left their service.



Sir William Slim and soldier.

Field Marshal William Joseph (Bill) Slim, 1st Viscount Slim, KG, GCB, GCMG, GCVO, GBE, DSO, MC, KStJ (1891-1970)<sup>223</sup> was a British military commander and 13th Governor-General of Australia, from 1953. He was a popular choice as an authentic war hero who had fought with the Anzacs at Gallipoli, and in the Middle East. In 1942, he had taken full command of the First Burma Corps then in full flight from the Japanese. Two years later he had raised and trained the largest army ever assembled by UK, and drove the Japanese out of Burma.

In 1954 Slim welcomed Elizabeth II on the first visit by a reigning monarch to Australia. It is uncertain if Finky was still running Yarralumla during the Queen's stay there, but she may have been. For his hospitable services to the Queen during the tour, Sir William Slim was appointed a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order (GCVO) on 27 April 1954.

In 1957, Slim saw Ray Lawler's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* when it transferred from Melbourne to Canberra, before the cast took it to success in London and New York. He was discouraging, observing that he would rather see a play about the Royal Flying Doctor Service as representing the country. Probably Finky would not have approved either of the coarse types and the sensuality Lawler's play presented.

Slim retired as Governor General in 1959 and returned to Britain. He was created Viscount Slim of Yarralumla and Bishops court in 1960. His Official Secretary

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<sup>223</sup> *Wikipedia*, accessed 24 November 2009.

throughout his term was Murray Tyrrell. Sir Murray Louis Tyrrell KCVO CBE (1913-94)<sup>224</sup> was Official Secretary to the Governor-General of Australia for a record 26 years (1947-73), during which term he served six governors-general, whilst living at 11 Blundell Street, Queanbeyan, in an old cottage still called Sir Murray Tyrrell's Cottage. He would probably have been Finky's immediate boss. He was appointed Australian of the Year in 1977.

Slim was patron of the Fairbridge Farms child migration homes in Australia. Whilst there were no controversies during his term as Governor General, posthumously in 2007, he was publicly accused in allegations made by three former residents, that as young boys Slim had sexually assaulted them during his visits to the farms by fondling their genitalia after he had asked them to ride with him in the vice-regal Rolls. It is not difficult to imagine what Finky would have made of that!!

These allegations were aired again on ABC television in the program *The Long Journey Home*, broadcast on 17 November 2009, the day after the parliamentary apology to the Forgotten Australians.<sup>225</sup>

Indirectly, Canberra touched has my life in two other disparate ways. My dear friend Lena Stevens (1909-94?) and her husband Stefan escaped from Vienna via London to Canberra in 1940 (?), but doubtless horrified at the emptiness of the place a decade before Finky was there, soon left to open a dry-cleaning shop in Adelaide. I never knew what their actual family name was. Legend has it that on the road from Adelaide Airport they noticed a Stevens Street and decided to adopt this as their surname. Maybe this was a reassuring reference to *Stephansdom* (consecrated 1147), the cathedral of Vienna. Stevens Street is actually north-east of Adelaide, off Torrens Road, about 10 km from the airport. Carl Andrew has a slightly different version of this story.

A third connection is that my mother was stationed at the RAN's wireless and telegraph station HMAS Harman, near Canberra for ten months (9 August 1944 until 2 June 1945), five years before Finky was there.<sup>226</sup> The WRANS (Women's Royal Australian Naval Service) had only been founded in April 1941 and at HMAS Harman, due to a shortage of RAN telegraphists away at the war. 14 civilian women, trained privately as wireless telegraphists were employed there, a staff later increased to 1,000 women and on 1 October 1942, the civilian status of the women telegraphists was abolished. My mother became a WRAN with the rank of Writer.<sup>227</sup>

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<sup>224</sup> *Wikipedia*, accessed 24 November 2009.

<sup>225</sup> Also refer: 30 November 1956. [www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2581264/British-military-commander-considered-one-UKs-greatest-World-War-Two-generals-accused-molesting-children-sat-Rolls-Royce.html](http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2581264/British-military-commander-considered-one-UKs-greatest-World-War-Two-generals-accused-molesting-children-sat-Rolls-Royce.html)

<sup>226</sup> (Naval Recruiting Officer, Rialto. Telegram, 22 December 1942, held. *Royal Australian Navy Dispersal Data (Demob) Form* and *Women's Royal Australian Naval Service Certificate of Service*. Held. And AGP).

<sup>227</sup> [www.gunplot.net/wrans/wrans1.htm](http://www.gunplot.net/wrans/wrans1.htm). An obituary for Lawrence Julius Cohn (1919-2012) 'Leading actuary had a community soul,' in *The Age*, 6 February 2013, p 14, states that Cohn served at Harman wireless radio station near Canberra (later HMAS Harman) until September 1944 as a coder. He married Joan Cade, one of the 14 of the first intake.



New entry WRANS drilling at HMAS Harman during the war.



WRANs in Canberra, 1940-53.

Finky played piano, sang in the Methodist Church choir, loved music and had a small bust of Beethoven on her chest of drawers, alongside a small statue of the Buddha, whose tummy she regularly rubbed. She travelled light, but carried with her a small volume of Horace (65-8 BC), the leading ancient Roman lyric poet under the emperor Augustus, which was possibly his *Odes* (23-13 BC). She also subscribed to the *British Argosy*<sup>228</sup> magazine, a paperback-sized short story periodical (1957-62), with stories and serials by leading authors, with page-fillers of ostensibly amusing quotations, excerpts and cartoons.

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<sup>228</sup> *Wikipedia*, accessed 24 November 2009.



She also had a red-covered copy of *Pear's Cyclopedia*<sup>229</sup> and a dictionary, for reference. Finky used Cussons Imperial Leather soap, though Nana used Pears. 'Do you use Pears soap?' was her catch-cry. Both seemed rather posh to us Palmolive users. Finky would amuse herself by playing the solitary card game, Patience. Probably she was very often bored.

Finky's Summer salads, very period Australian, but presumably her own invention, were healthy and most memorable: iceberg lettuce, grated carrot, canned Golden Circle pineapple rings, canned beetroot, Sanitarium dried sultanas and currents, sliced apple, sliced tomato, sliced boiled egg, Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and sliced corned beef with tomato relish. These were not tossed, but were arrayed about each person's plate.

Her deserts included jelly, Neopolitan icecream with Cottee's flavoured toppings and tinned fruit. But she did make her own cakes: honey joy (cornflakes and honey cupcakes), Kellogg's Rice Bubble chocolate cupcakes, lamingtons, Anzacs, ginger nuts, rock cakes, melting moments (now yo-yos), a white slice with carnation milk and dried fruit, hedgehog slice, Swiss roll, fairy bread with hundreds and thousands and silver balls, pikelets, with iced home-made sponges and pavlovas for special occasions. Initially, we were shocked that she served us bought icecream, as our mother had always made her own.

**Finky's inimitable expressions**, often spoken in what she described as a 'cultivated cockney' accent, and often in *Franglais*. Her expressions included:

'An elegant sufficiency.'  
'*Au contraire*'=on the contrary.  
'Between you me and the bedpost' = between ourselves.  
'Cat got your tongue?' = you're quiet.  
A caution, eg: 'get away with you, you're a caution.'  
'C'est suffis?' (or more correctly: 'C'est suffisant?') = had enough (food)?  
'*Distingué*' = having a distinguished air, characteristics, or manners.  
'*Faux-pas*' = fuck-up.  
'Full up to pussy's bow' = had enough (food).  
*Hoi polloi*=ordinary people.  
'How old are you? I'm as old as my tongue and a little older than my teeth.' (Jonathan Swift).<sup>230</sup>  
'*Je ne sais quoi*.'  
You mendacious prevaricator! = you are an irritating prick!  
'My giddy aunt!' = I'm amazed!  
'*Outré*.'  
'Physical jerks' = gymnastic exercise.  
Reservoir pronounced as 'reservwaar,' rather than 'rez-er-vor.'  
'Shhh... get away with you!' (Shudders) 'someone just walked over my grave.'  
Soupçon.  
'*Tout suite!*' (*tout de suite*) = hurry up!  
TTTFN (ta ta for now) = *au revoir*.

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<sup>229</sup> Pears Soap launched its *Cyclopedia* in 1897 and the most recent is the 120th edition of 2011. Each edition has an atlas, a gazetteer, a list of prominent people, a miniature general encyclopedia, a chronology of events, and 12 or more sections on specialist subjects, eg: cookery, classical mythology, or gardening.

<sup>230</sup> Finky always claimed she was 92. Actually she didn't quite make it: she died at 91.

Finky and her special friend Mrs Beer used to go 'into town' to see English films at the Athenaeum Theatre, Collins Street, and have regular saunas at the Oasis Baths (now demolished), 13 George Parade, off Collins Street. This I was astounded to learn is listed in the *IN Guide. International Guide to Interesting Institutions*, New York 1966, an early discreet, but specific guide for potential gay pick-up places. Doubtless Finky was quite oblivious to this aspect.<sup>231</sup>

She and Mrs Beer would go on to afternoon tea at either the Willow Tearooms (established in 1892), the Wild Cherry, the Hopetoun Tearoom (established in 1891), or the Wattle Tearoom, all in Collins Street; to various Gibby's Coffee Cafés; or to the Elizabeth Collins, or Russell Collins restaurants. We were never invited.

I count her a great influence on my life, and one of my three most important relationships who were English.

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<sup>231</sup> The *IN Guide. International Guide to Interesting Institutions*, New York 1966. Held by the Australian Lesbian and Gay Archives.



'The Oasis. Squash. Turkish Bath.'



#### 4. Lower Heidelberg Road: The gentlemen, 1839-45.



William Strutt's *Bushrangers on the St Kilda Road*, 1887.

As I walked home from state school, up that crudely unsurfaced road between the rustling cypress pines, though it was mid-afternoon, the sky suddenly grew preternaturally dark, a deep mist descended, and a rushing wind came so strong that I had to secure my balance.

From behind came the certain sound of horses hooves, at the gallop. This was not surprising, as in those days, and for years afterwards, horses on the street were still common.

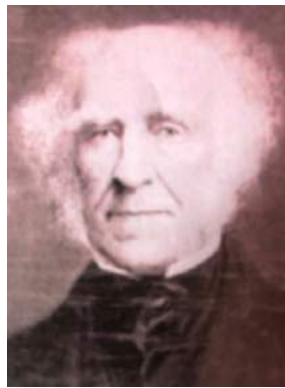
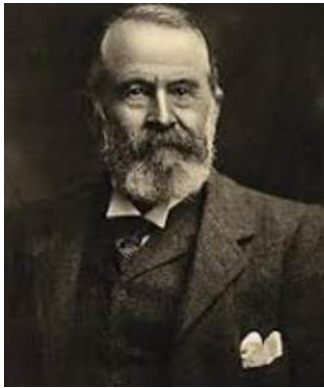
There were many horse-riders in that vicinity: the milk, bread, ice, wood and other necessities were all horse-driven, delivered by horse and cart, and many local older children, especially girls, owned ponies or horses, which were pastured on the river flats.

But this young rider was more urgent, more skilled. This was a horseman coming at the gallop. I turned and the rider was almost upon me. It was as if the dashing scarlet-shirted fellow in William Strutt's *Bushrangers on the St Kilda Road*, painted in 1887, not that I'd seen any painting then, was flashing past. He cracked his horsewhip at the gatepost, seemingly just for the heck of it, and magpies scattered from the suddenly young cedars that lined Charterisville's drive.

And then vanished, off to his father's Hartlands, into the early gloam. And the hundred years piled back into place. In that first glimpse I could discern he cut a striking figure: tall in the saddle, a full red jacket, broad-brimmed squatter's hat, and a rifle slung from the saddle like some sketch of Clancy of the Overflow printed in our weekly *School Papers*, or that forward-leaning predominant figure in Strutt's picture, his scarlet shirt, open to the waist over knee-high riding boots.

But it was his bearing that stays in the mind: the air of possession, bold and autocratic, dashing, athletic and adventurous, yet courteous. He was older than Billy, though not by much, but he seemed from a different world. He had slowed beside me and caught my eye. 'You going far to home, lad? Your mother will worry. Let me take you there.' With that he swept me up behind him in the saddle, and in a few strides, it seemed, we were at our side gate, and he was gently letting me down. 'You hurry on

in, now,' he said in his baritone. And then it was he vanished, just as the heavens burst and sheets of rain descended. I never saw him again.



Rolf Boldrewood  
Brown.  
(Thomas Alexander Browne).

Eliza Brown.

Captain



Purported site of the house Hartlands.

Thomas Alexander Browne<sup>232</sup> (1826-1915, he added the 'e' in his thirties), was born in London, the eldest child of the eccentric Captain Sylvester John Brown,

This road was the drive that formed the boundary with the neighbouring property, **Hartlands**, owned by the eccentric **Captain Sylvester John Brown** (c1790-1864) and his wife Eliza Angell Browne, née Alexander (c1813-99).<sup>233</sup>

<sup>232</sup> There seems to be no image of Rolf Bolcrewood before middle age.

<sup>233</sup> [www.revolv.com/page/Sylvester-John-Browne](http://www.revolv.com/page/Sylvester-John-Browne), John Noack, 'Captain Sylvester John (Paddy) Brown: His Life and Times,' *The Heidelberg Historian*, no 310, February 2019 [Noack sites the house], *Mr T Alexander Browne*, *Table Talk* (246), 7 March 1890, p 5, retrieved 13 July 2018 via National Library of Australia, 'Mr. Sylvester Browne', *The Sydney Morning Herald* (24, 204), 5 August 1915, p 6, retrieved 12 July 2018 via National Library of Australia, 'The Late Mrs. Cockshott.' *The Sydney Morning Herald* (25, 472), 26 August 1919, p 8, retrieved 12 July 2018 via National Library of Australia, 'Death of Rolf Boldrewood,' *The Register (Adelaide)*. LXXX, (21, 321), 12 March 1915, p 8, retrieved 13 July 2018 via National

This drive formed the boundary with the neighbouring property, **Hartlands**, owned by the eccentric **Captain Sylvester John Brown** (c1790-1864) and his wife Eliza Angell Browne, née Alexander (c1813-99).<sup>234</sup> He was a shipmaster formerly of the East India Company, who later owned the first steamer to work Port Phillip Bay, his barque *Proteus* had delivered a cargo of convicts from London to Hobart, then the family settled in Sydney in 1831. Captain Brown took up whaling and built Newton House, then a stone mansion Enmore, both of which are said to have given their names to their Sydney suburbs.

The captain then overlanded cattle, owned the first steamer to work Port Phillip and was an early landowner here. The land was part of the first land sale outside of the town of Melbourne, in the District of Port Philip in 1838. His relative, the 'silver-tongued land shark' Richard Henry 'Continental' Brown,<sup>235</sup> of the Sydney firm of land agents Brown and Thomas Walker, snapped up two Crown Portions of 759 hectares, in the sale, including all of the present suburbs of Rosanna, West Heidelberg, Heidelberg, Eaglemont, East Ivanhoe, Ivanhoe and Alphington.

In Melbourne, Captain Brown bought 127 hectares (313 acres) of what is now East Ivanhoe, naming it Hartlands. He also bought 28 hectares (70 acres) in Toorak and 809 hectares (2,000 acres) in Northcote and various blocks within the CBD Hoddle Grid.

Hartland is a windswept town facing the Bristol Channel in North Devon. My father and I were there in April 1977 and John's Friend Peter tried to create a garden for his cottage there, which survived against odds for a time. Hartland presumably derives from the Old English word *heort* for deer. Hartland has not the slightest resemblance to East Ivanhoe, but it is odd that both the words Hartland and St Hubert relate to deer. St Hubert (656-8-727), Bishop of Liège, was converted by the sight of a crucifix between the antlers of a deer.

He was the father of the eminent Australian novelist, **Thomas Alexander Browne** (1826-1915). In 1839 following the severe drought of 1837-39, the captain took his family to Melbourne and built a house at what is now **543 The Boulevard** of which nothing remains, and settling there in 1840. Thomas remained at Sydney College for two more years, then from 1841 completed his education in Melbourne.

The economic depression in 1846 ruined the captain, and caused his breakdown. In 1847, after threatening his son Thomas with a gun, he was declared a dangerous lunatic and committed to an institution. No later information has been found about

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Library of Australia, 'Local Intelligence,' *The Port Phillip Patriot And Morning Advertiser*, X (1, 234), 27 January 1847, p.2 retrieved 13 July 2018 via National Library of Australia, and 'Domestic Intelligence', *The Argus (Melbourne)*, I, (73), 2 February 1847, p 2 retrieved 12 July 2018 via National Library of Australia.

<sup>234</sup> [www.revolvy.com/page/Sylvester-John-Browne](http://www.revolvy.com/page/Sylvester-John-Browne), John Noack, 'Captain Sylvester John (Paddy) Brown: His Life and Times,' *The Heidelberg Historian*, no 310, February 2019 [Noack sites the house], *Mr T Alexander Browne*, *Table Talk* (246), 7 March 1890, p 5, retrieved 13 July 2018 via National Library of Australia, 'Mr. Sylvester Browne', *The Sydney Morning Herald* (24, 204), 5 August 1915, p 6, retrieved 12 July 2018 via National Library of Australia, 'The Late Mrs. Cockshott.' *The Sydney Morning Herald* (25, 472), 26 August 1919, p 8, retrieved 12 July 2018 via National Library of Australia, 'Death of Rolf Boldrewood,' *The Register (Adelaide)*, LXXX, (21, 321), 12 March 1915, p 8, retrieved 13 July 2018 via National Library of Australia, 'Local Intelligence,' *The Port Phillip Patriot And Morning Advertiser*, X (1, 234), 27 January 1847, p.2 retrieved 13 July 2018 via National Library of Australia, and 'Domestic Intelligence', *The Argus (Melbourne)*, I, (73), 2 February 1847, p 2 retrieved 12 July 2018 via National Library of Australia.

<sup>235</sup> [www.heidelberghistoricalsociety.com.au/hist-scraps/history-index07.html](http://www.heidelberghistoricalsociety.com.au/hist-scraps/history-index07.html)

The NSW Government Gazette, 30 May 1838 recorded that R H Brown purchased Crown Portions 11 (990 acres, on the east by Darebin Creek) and 12 (885 acres, bounded on the west by Merri Creek) totaling 1,875 acres (759 hectares), all at 5/- per acre.



Captain Brown; it may be that he died in the asylum. His grave has been located in the Melbourne General Cemetery, but it is unmarked.

Thomas grew up on the property (1841-46, aged 15-20), added the 'e' to his name, later adopted the pseudonym **Rolf Boldrewood**, and as an early Australian writer, wrote about his childhood in *East Ivanhoe*.<sup>236</sup>



Hartland Point, Devon.

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<sup>236</sup> Jenny Brown, 'Stumping up to post a profit for the ages. If only our ancestors had held on to the land. It is now worth billions,' *The Age*, Domain, p 14. Clinton Baxter, of Savills Australia did the calculations.



Albrecht Dürer, *St Hubert and the deer*.

It was 'Continental' Brown who observed in 1837, that the area reminded him of the countryside around Heidelberg in Germany. Another allusion that is difficult to fathom...



Heidelberg, Germany.

Captain Brown's son, Thomas Alexander (1826-1915) lived here from the age of 14, for three years. Thomas grew to be a writer, under the pseudonym Rolf

Boldrewood.<sup>237</sup> When his father overlanded stock to Melbourne in the year (of, or?) after the land sale in (1838?)1839,<sup>238</sup> his son remained at Sydney College as a boarder until 1841 when he came to Hartlands to join his family and was then taught by Reverend David Boyd in Melbourne. In 1843 (1844?), though only 17 (18?), he took up land near Port Fairy where he stayed till 1856, remaining a squatter for twenty-five years, then he became a police magistrate and goldfields commissioner.

But his legacy is in stories. Over the 40 years from 1874, he wrote 16 novels, but his fifth is his legacy: *Robbery under Arms* has remained popular since 1888. In 1846, the economic depression ruined his father and caused his breakdown. Despite his fame, there seems only to be one photograph of him, by then in his fifties. And of the homestead Hartlands, there is now no trace.

Even in 1896, Boldrewood could reminisce:

Heidelberg was undeniably picturesque... it was cooler than the sand-dunes of Brighton and St Kilda, than the cow hills of Toorak and the river meadow on which Melbourne proper stood. Waves of mountain air were wafted from the Alps... Those of us who, in after years were members of the Melbourne Club... often preferred a longish night ride... The river meadows by the Yarra... the quality of the soil, the proximity of the river, the variety of landscape, no suburb would equal its attractiveness had it nor been handicapped by distance from the metropolis.

Even so, the road that began at from the top of Collins Street provided a fairly direct route.<sup>239</sup>



D C Macarthur.

<sup>237</sup> <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/browne-thomas-alexander-3085>

<sup>238</sup> In *Old Melbourne Memories*, (written 1870s, published 1885), '...in the month of April, in the year of grace 1840, we should have migrated en famillfrom Sydney to assist in the colonization of Port Phillip

<sup>239</sup> 1896?? Rolf Boldrewood, *Old Melbourne Memories*, 1884.



But it is the stone and brick residence of Browne's older and more solid neighbour, David Charteris MacArthur (1808-87),<sup>240</sup> that survives, or at least a half of it, probably commenced construction in 1841. MacArthur had come to Melbourne in the same year as Browne but by sea, as manager for the Bank of Australasia and immediately was interested in Heidelberg. He would drive out and picnic there with his wife, and also bought 34 hectares of land from Thomas Walker, and within two years was living there and commuting daily to Collins Street. On 25 August 1841, the adventurous Georgiana McCrae, rode out from her homestead, Mayfield in Abbotsford, visited both Mrs Browne and the D C Macarthurs for the day, left to return at 7 pm and 'forded the river in a very bad light,.. got to Mayfield by dark.'<sup>241</sup>

Born in Gloucester, educated in Edinburgh, good natured and 'An able accountant, from Sydney he went to Melbourne in a cutter with £3,000 in coin, an armed guard and two bulldogs, and he opened a branch of his bank, the Bank of Australasia, in August 1838. He kept the government account and won so much private business that in three years his branch was nearly the size of that in Sydney.' '...To his friends McArthur was kind, tactful, conscientious and honest.'

He immediately committed himself to Melbourne, and was a founder of or at least active in many community organisations, including being chairman of the Heidelberg Road Board, an original trustee of the Public Library of Victoria, later president of trustees of the Public Library, Museums and National Gallery, chairman of the Austin Hospital, president of the Melbourne Cricket Club, of the Old Colonists' Association and chairman of the Trustees, Executors, & Agency Co. He advised Governor Hotham on the colony's finances. At St John's Church, Heidelberg, where I was married, he is commemorated by a stained-glass window. I would have loved to meet him.<sup>242</sup>

The house Charterisville, single-storied with a cellar, was built in four sections, from 1841 and comprised 13 principal rooms at McArthur's death in 1887.<sup>243</sup> A U-shaped timber gallery enclosed a west-facing rear farmyard that its drive entered, a layout then common in Melbourne, occurring also at Como (1847-61). Of the drive's sequence of spreading Cedars of Lebanon that may have been planted by McArthur, only one now remained until recently, but now that seems to have gone. The house's near-symmetrical facade with two canted bay windows, and slate hip-roof, faced the subsequently famous view to the east across the Yarra's meadows below.

This descent, McArthur planted as a cascading garden to a circular basin fountain, to which river water from the billabong below the house was pumped by a two-horse horseworks, a stone staircase, and two gardener's sheds, acclimatization aviaries, shrubberies, an orchard near the river, and a vineyard. MacArthur knew William Guilfoyle, who may have assisted him in species selection.<sup>244</sup>

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<sup>240</sup> Geoffrey Blainey, 'McArthur, David Charteris (1808–1887)', Australian Dictionary of Biography, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/mcarthur-david-charteris-4058/text6463>, published first in hardcopy 1974, accessed online 15 February 2015; and Peterson, Richard, "Two Early Homesteads in Heidelberg [Charterisville and Banyule]," History Essay, History Four, 5 September 1967. [Photostat copy held].  
<http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/13677511?searchTerm=David%20Charteris%20MacArthur&searchLimits=> and [www.telfordfamily.id.au/page6/page12/index.html](http://www.telfordfamily.id.au/page6/page12/index.html)

<sup>241</sup> Georgiana McCrae, edited: Hugh McCrae, *Georgiana's Journal* 1841-65, Angus & Robertson, Sydney 1934, p 101.

<sup>242</sup> Geoffrey Blainey, 'McArthur, David Charteris (1808–1887)', Australian Dictionary of Biography, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/mcarthur-david-charteris-4058/text6463>, published first in hardcopy 1974, accessed online 15 February 2015.

<sup>243</sup> No portrait of McArthur could be found.

<sup>244</sup> Peterson, Richard, 'Two Historic Houses in Heidelberg: Banyule and Charterisville (), History of Architecture Essay,' School of Architecture and Building, Parkville 1967. [Photostat copy held].



A horseworks, Woorak West, Victoria, c1891.

### Previous squatters at Warringal

Joseph Hawdon (1813-71),<sup>245</sup> an adventurous pioneer settler and overlander, was from Walkerfield in County Durham in the northeast of England. In 1834 he came to Sydney and two years later he, John Gardiner and John Hepburn drove cattle from the Murrumbidgee to Melbourne. He secured a contract to carry the overland mail fortnightly to Yass as a pioneer service, as previously the mail had gone by sea. In 1838 he drove cattle from Howlong to Adelaide following the Murray River for most of the way.

He then lived at his property, Banyule, a much larger property than Hartlands, or Charterisville, but also excised from land bought at the first auction by Thomas Walker, of which he owned 372 hectares for a time, including the 107 hectares on which he built his house. It was initially a single storied cottage of two rooms. By about 1846, he had built the only substantial two-storied house in Port Phillip. The siting, on the edge of an escarpment and the silhouette are Romantic. The parapet has three scalloped Dutch gables, with one plane over the entry bay, octagonal finials and chimneys, a castellated oriel and a segmental head Tudor archway over the recessed entry.

He remained in Victoria for 20 years until he returned to England, then in 1863 he migrated to Canterbury, New Zealand.<sup>246</sup>

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<sup>245</sup> Alan Gross, 'Hawdon, Joseph (1813–1871)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/hawdon-joseph-2168/text2781>, published first in hardcopy 1966, accessed online 15 February 2016, published in hardcopy in *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 1, (MUP), 1966

<sup>246</sup> Alan Gross, 'Hawdon, Joseph (1813–71)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/hawdon-joseph-2168/text2781>, hardcopy (1966), accessed; and Peterson, Richard, "Two Early Homesteads in Heidelberg [Charterisville and Banyule]," *History Essay*, History Four, 5 September 1967. [Photostat copy held].





Banyule. The earliest 1843 cottage with its cruciform plan, is at bottom left.



Merri Creek bridge, Heidelberg Road, 1853, bluestone, undated photograph, c1950s?



Heidelberg Road at Station Street with the Grandview Hotel at right. An unidentified, undated photograph, c1900?



Heidelberg Road is Victoria's first road beyond the CBD. The residents of the village of Warringal had campaigned hard to have it constructed and in 1841 the Heidelberg Road Trust was established, the first local government body in Victoria, even preceding the Melbourne City Council.

The road went from the top of Collins Street, followed Macarthur Street, then along Smith Street which later attracted retail, through the site of Clifton Hill Railway Station, cross the Merri Creek by a ford, between the Fairfield swamp and the Yarra River, and then cross the Darebin Creek, following the route of an existing track. Apparently, the fords were crossable in all but the worst floods, though the creeks are so deep this is hard to believe.

Yarra Bend Reserve was a traditional aboriginal meeting place and became the Merri Creek Protectorate Station. There were often several hundred aboriginal people in the reserve and camped on either side of Heidelberg Road. The sight of so many were said to intimidate travellers, perhaps fearing their dogs would disrupt the bullock wagons, so the Native Police Corps would move the Koori on.

By 1847 the Great Heidelberg Road was heavily used, and so poorly maintained as to be nearly unusable. The Heidelberg Road Trust received permission from the colonial government to establish a tollgate, the first in Victoria, just over the Merri Creek, opposite Yarra Bend Reserve. Just as they do now to avoid the booze bus invariably parked there, many attempted to avoid the toll by using the ford at High Street, and then cutting through the scrub from Westgarth to reach Heidelberg Road beyond the toll. Despite this, the tolls still raised sufficient revenue for the Trust to grade and surface Victoria's first sealed road for 1.6 kilometres from the Merri Creek almost to the Outer Circle Railway Bridge (now Chandler Highway).

By 1850, Heidelberg Road had even become a tourist attraction. People travelled by wagon to see it and Alphington became a popular picnic location, with picnic and swimming resorts at Rudder Grange and Fairfield Park. Three hotels were built to cater for the tourists and a few shops began to appear initially near the Darebin Creek crossing. In the 1880s, further development of Alphington, the subdivision of Fairfield and construction of the Inner and Outer Circle Railway Lines, enabling rail access, also attracted visitors, and the Grand View Hotel was then built on the corner of Station Street. By 1900 buildings lined most of the land between the two creeks.<sup>247</sup>

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<sup>247</sup> <http://heritage.darebinlibraries.vic.gov.au/article/566>, including the photograph, W K Anderson, *Roads for the People: a history of Victoria's Roads*, Hyland House, South Melbourne 1993 and Andrew Lemon, *The Northcote Side of the River*, Hargreen, North Melbourne 1983.



The APM site, 1920s. Heidelberg Road runs from top left to top right. The chimney was the only one of these buildings to survive, perhaps and now that has been recently demolished. The Outer Circle Rail line still exists, but the Chandler Highway has been run beside it, taking a sharp S-bend to cross its bridge.

## 5. Lower Heidelberg Road: Toy train traces, 1956-60.

The idea of perching on my Cheopian summit is fanciful, and though at least three friends have achieved it, I have not. But as the belvedere we have designed to occupy that place becomes reality, that space in the air will be palpable and then accessible. So when it has, and I gaze east and southwards, I'll see the lazy river valley swathed in the green of golfcourses: ten of them. In fact the Yarra Valley embraces parkland almost from the Docklands to Warrandyte, much of which, some 40 kilometres, is traversed by the Main Yarra Trail, a particular treasure for an urban agglomeration of 4.3 million.

My earliest riparian memory concerns (uniquely, as it turned out) my father taking me to explore the Darebin Creek beneath the old brick arched road bridge over the Darebin Creek on Darebin Road, Northcote (and Livingston Street, Ivanhoe), which has three arches, four piers with abutments, with cement rendered cappings. I remember the creek being strewn with boulders around which its rivulets gurgled, and edged by green at Seddon Reserve.



Darebin Creek Bridge at Darebin Road and Livingstone Street.



Tom Roberts, *A quiet day on the Darebin Creek*, 1885.<sup>248</sup>

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<sup>248</sup> Tom Roberts, *A quiet day on the Darebin Creek*, 1885. 26.4 h x 34.8 w cm framed (overall) 39.0 h x 47.0 w x 4.5 d cm, National Gallery of Australia. The artist depicted with his back to us, is probably Roberts' friend, Louis Abrahams.



But a much more enduring and recurrent memory is of my maternal grandfather (Papa, Bert Higgs) often used to walk with me, down the steep track to the river, and take me to Wilson Reserve, and later to Chelsworth Park in Ivanhoe.<sup>249</sup>

Clement Meadmore, of Ivanhoe, owner of the Meadmore Model Engineering Co, of 239 Exhibition Street, Melbourne,<sup>250</sup> organised a few railway enthusiast friends to build a passenger-hauling miniature railway for steam locomotives to be as similar as possible to reality, in Chelsworth Park and Wilson Reserve.<sup>251</sup>

It was a 190 mm gauge track system,<sup>252</sup> with all of its proceeds distributed to charity, and to the First Ivanhoe Sea Scouts. The council gave permission and paid for earthworks, and the water and electricity connection. 18 months later the council were reluctant to actually make the connections; and no wonder, it was a risky enterprise.

By 1949, the route was surveyed and 230 metres of track laid, with a further 1.6 km to complete, including a shunting loop and sidings. The group built a locomotive themselves, at 2.9 m long it weighed a tonne, and cost £500 to build. The railway ran every Sunday at 2 pm '...between the Golf Links and the Yarra.' There were two entrances from Chelsworth Park: from the Boulevard near Marshall Street, and from the Irvine Road car park. It circled around a billabong, over a 7.3 metre long parallel-chord steel-truss bridge, through cuttings, over long embankments and perilously, beside the edge of the river bank, precipitous and frequently eroded by flooding.

By 1957, there was one diesel and two steam locomotives, two small petrol-driven rail motors for track repair and construction, 12 passenger cars, five long cylindrical steel 'sheds', a toolshed and necessary tools. Every Sunday morning, direction signs were re-erected, track and equipment readied, steam raised, locomotives greased and tracks cleared. Refreshments and spectator seating were provided; but there were frequent costly losses from theft and vandalism.

It ran for a decade, from 1949-59. In 1959, after a flood and a storm severely damaged the railway, a friend negotiated to secure Eltham Lower Park and all equipment was transferred there, and it was renamed Diamond Valley Railway (or DVR), which was also about 2 kilometres long. At that time, there was no other known miniature scenic railway of that length in a public park, operating for charity, in the world.<sup>253</sup> But unknown to most of us, there was still a miniature railway in Ivanhoe: in 2011, Les (b1923) and June (b 1931) Baxter, still had their own smaller 125 mm gauge track and two miniature steam locomotives, running through their back garden.<sup>254</sup>

So Papa would watch me ride past him on the little train. It was so exciting!

The parkland was accessible from their (later my) house on the hill in Russell Street, via a steep unsurfaced track, that I later found was the bed of a rivulet, but since encased and concealed in a deep drain.

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<sup>249</sup> [www.fairyhillsivanhoe.com/250398709](http://www.fairyhillsivanhoe.com/250398709)

<sup>250</sup> [www.nla.gov.au/apps/cdview/?pi=nla.aus-vn5213973-s1-v](http://www.nla.gov.au/apps/cdview/?pi=nla.aus-vn5213973-s1-v) Image below.

<sup>251</sup> [www.ereama.com/SiteSpeciesList.aspx?Site=273](http://www.ereama.com/SiteSpeciesList.aspx?Site=273)

<sup>252</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/HO\\_scale](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/HO_scale)

<sup>253</sup> *The Australasian Post*, 24 March 1949, *Diamond Rails*, No 1, Autumn 1976, pp 9 &10, held HHS, under 'Miniature Railway', *The News*, 26 April 1957, which gives the length then as 1.6 km ('1 mile') and *Passenger-Hauling Miniature Scenic Railway at Chelsworth Park, Ivanhoe, leaflet* [undated] which claimed that 25% of the The Meadmore Model Engineering Co. company's profit for the past 30 years (?) has been applied towards the cost of the railway and its equipment.

<sup>254</sup> [www.heraldsun.com.au/news/victoria/finding-the-right-station-in-life/story-e6frf7kx-1226014957829](http://www.heraldsun.com.au/news/victoria/finding-the-right-station-in-life/story-e6frf7kx-1226014957829). Image below

Even now, in Wilson Reserve and Chelsworth Park, the earthworks for the railway embankments and viaducts remain visible, near to the billabong and to the river tracks, often overgrown, but clearly discernable as evidence of that industrial archaeology of my childhood that my grandfather introduced me to.



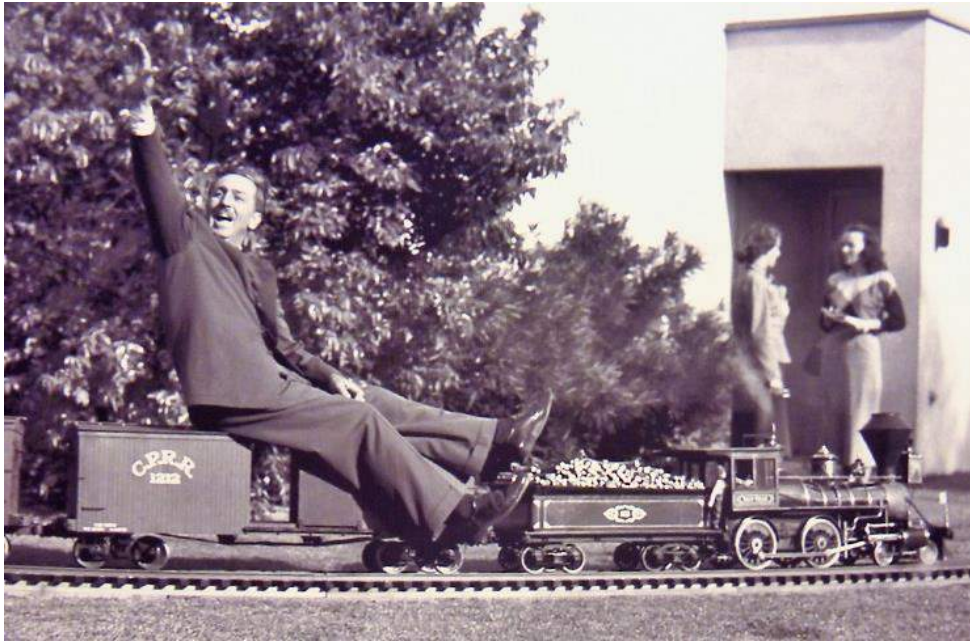
Diamond Valley Railway, 190 mm guage.



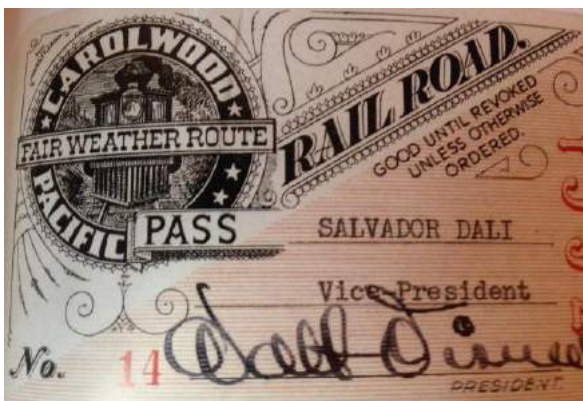
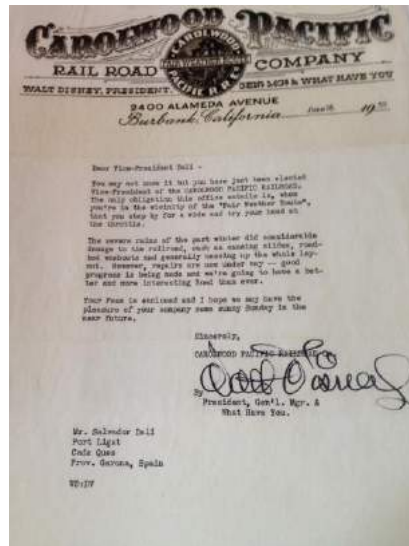
Les and June Baxter, 125 mm guage.

Walt Disney (1901-66) had always had a Lionel toy train set in his office, but in the late 1940s he discovered that two of his animators had bigger ambitions — they had backyard railroads. Ward Kimball, who drew Jiminy Cricket, had a full-scale train in his backyard, while Ollie Johnson, creator of Pinocchio and Bambi, had a model railroad that you could actually ride on. Walt went to the studio machine shop and had Roger E Broggie to build him a miniature railroad. This was exactly contemporary with Meadmore's train in Wilson Reserve.





Disney aboard.



Salvador and Gala Dalí ride Disney's train in 1952.<sup>255</sup>

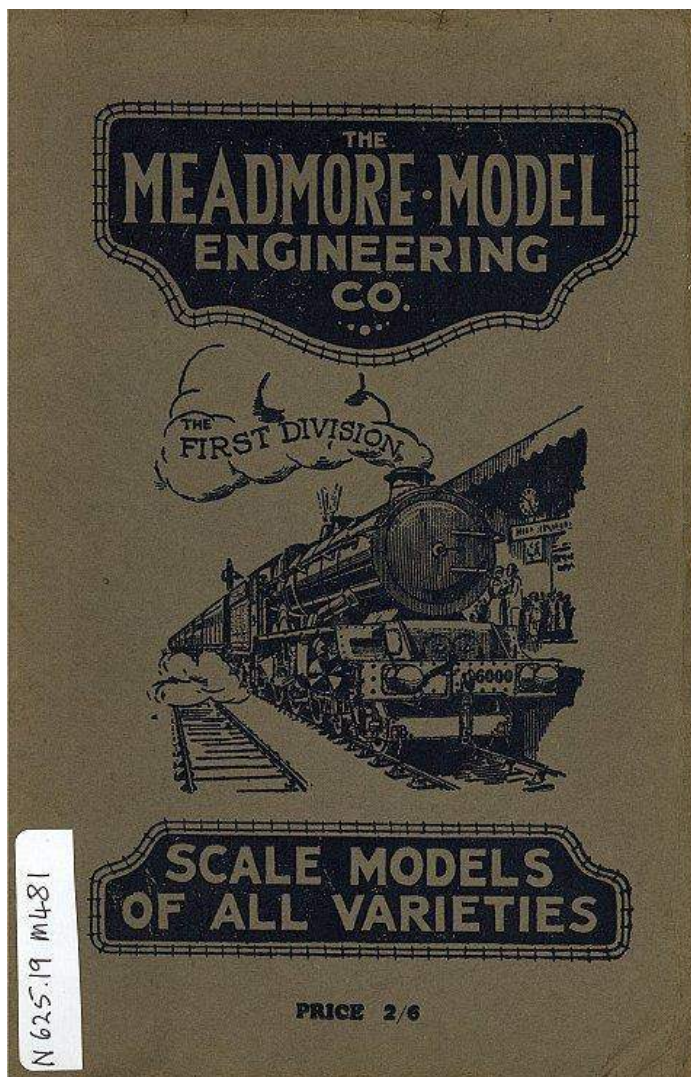
<sup>255</sup> David A Bossert, *Dali and Disney. Destino. The Story, Artwork, and Friendship Behind the Legendary Film*, Disney Editions, Glendale California, 2015, pp 82-85.



Ultimately, Disney's backyard railroad, called the Carolwood Pacific after his street address, had 800 metres of track, switches and a long trestle bridge. His wife had a problem with the train going through her flower garden, so he tunnelled for 21-metres beneath the garden. He named the engine after her, the *Lilly Belle*, a 2.1-metre long locomotive and tender pulling many carriages. Disney could sit on the tender and drive the locomotive around his yard pulling 11 people, who would sit on top of the miniature railcars. His daughter's friends, neighbours and even strangers, stopped by for a ride.

Before building his train, Disney had taken his young daughters to amusement parks. He described his ideas for a new type of theme park for parents and children, originally called Mickey Mouse Park, to a friend, saying, 'I just want it to look like nothing else in the world... and it should be surrounded by a train.'<sup>256</sup> In 1955 Disneyland opened in Anaheim, California, encircled by a train. Now there are eleven other Disney theme parks with 46 resort hotels, in four countries.

Wilson Reserve, now without its train, remains an unspoilt Elysium.



A Meadmore catalogue.

When I had a bike, I would explore the Yarra's mysterious river tracks alone, noticing the areas dug over for worms taken for fishing bait, occasional discarded knickers

<sup>256</sup> [www.huffingtonpost.com/rich-grant/how-walt-disneys-love-of-trains-changed-the-world\\_b\\_6894946.html](http://www.huffingtonpost.com/rich-grant/how-walt-disneys-love-of-trains-changed-the-world_b_6894946.html)

and torn pages of pornography, as evidence of sexual exploration by unknown others. One riverbank track continued west, around to the manicured lawns of the Ivanhoe Public Golf Course; and west around to The Point with its isolated beach, and opposite, the deeply eroded high grassy bank of the private Greenacres Golf Club.

By daringly crossing the 'absolute riverfront' lawns of comfortable waterfront houses, I could venture around to the steep grassy terminus of Waterdale Road, and very daringly, beyond. Once, much later when I was well into my fifties, I even continued further west, clinging to some very precarious and overgrown river banks, to the confluence of the Yarra with the Darebin Creek, opposite what is now Napier Waller Reserve, but was then the river flats garden of Napier Waller's House, then gratefully escaping up Riverside Road.

In 1949, the Melbourne & Metropolitan Board of Works (founded in 1891 to manage Melbourne's water supply) was authorized to prepare a comprehensive plan for Melbourne and its metropolitan area, through an amendment to the 1944 *Town and Country Planning Act*. So, in 1954, the board was made the planning authority for metropolitan Melbourne, and held that role until the Ministry for Planning and Environment supplanted it in 1985. Their 1949 document was the only really comprehensive metropolitan plan Melbourne has ever had.

In the Board's plan, this remote and verdant spot was marked as the site for a major river bridge, crossed by a widened highway, which would have linked La Trobe University (although that site had not been determined then) with the extension of the Chandler Highway (Earl Street), within the Outer Circle Railway reservation in Kew. It would have cut a swathe in a more-or-less straight line through some rather nice houses in Loch, Disraeli and Mary Streets, through to Glenferrie Road, and Hawthorn Road, and then on to the Nepean Highway at East Brighton. It would have offered an alternative cross-town route in addition to Punt Road and Hoddle Street.<sup>257</sup>



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<sup>257</sup> In 1949 the (Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works (or MMBW) was authorised to prepare a comprehensive plan for Melbourne and its metropolitan area through an amendment to the 1944 *Town and Country Planning Act*. In 1954 the board was made the chief planning authority for metropolitan Melbourne, until Ministry for Planning and Environment superseded them in 1985. [www.dtpli.vic.gov.au/\\_data/assets/pdf\\_file/0011/230321/Planning-Scheme-1954-Report](http://www.dtpli.vic.gov.au/_data/assets/pdf_file/0011/230321/Planning-Scheme-1954-Report) and [www.dtpli.vic.gov.au/\\_data/assets/pdf\\_file/0016/230326/Planning-Scheme-1954-Report\\_Chapter\\_11\\_2.pdf](http://www.dtpli.vic.gov.au/_data/assets/pdf_file/0016/230326/Planning-Scheme-1954-Report_Chapter_11_2.pdf) for the offending map.

In the Ivanhoe Public Golf Course, which I guiltily explored, treasuring my finds of numerous golf balls. Like so many young boys, I would remove the outer casing and begin unravelling the inner interminable rubber band which could be unravelled to wrap around the house, or to mark a long and complicated route around the local walking tracks and streets.

Wilson Reserve had its own beaches, timber staging, a steel diving tower, and Tarzan ropes swinging from trees, for leaping, diving and swimming, by more adventurous boys than me. Later my friend Paul stripped down and swinging from one rope leapt into mid-river: for me an erotically charged moment. Often, other men would be quietly absorbed in their fishing from the river bank.

In this rural setting, there were two markers: a granite obelisk-shaped memorial to 'Skipper' Wilson, the first scoutmaster and a memorial concrete drinking fountain. These arcadian objects seem reminiscent to me of the Claudio Obelisk, a sculpture by Ian Hamilton Finlay (1925-2006), one of 270 outdoor artworks at his extraordinary garden, Little Sparta, near Edinburgh.<sup>258</sup>

The two-level timber boatshed sat next to the concrete blockhouse that the scout troop used as their Den. Here, even I as an enforced member of First Ivanhoe Sea Scouts troop (founded 1908, the same year that scouting itself was founded),<sup>259</sup> would dutifully meet and do my best to participate with the other sailor-uniformed boys, including rowing heavy timber clinker-built boats, up and downstream on the river, avoiding snags and overhanging willow branches.



Wilson Memorial, Wilson Reserve.



Claudio Obelisk, Little Sparta.

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<sup>258</sup> [www.littlesparta.org.uk/displayD2/obelisk.htm](http://www.littlesparta.org.uk/displayD2/obelisk.htm) There is also the Flower Obelisk at Little Sparta, and many of the works there have a nautical theme.

<sup>259</sup> [www.wikinorthia.net.au/first-ivanhoe-sea-scouts-1908-2008/](http://www.wikinorthia.net.au/first-ivanhoe-sea-scouts-1908-2008/) During 1948 the area between the den and the Golf links (or Scout's Meadow), was leveled for minor sports and games. Chelsworth Farm adjoining Wilson Reserve was purchased by the Heidelberg City Council in 1948. The property included the golf links constructed by Mr Irvine. A granite obelisk with a commemorative plaque was erected at Wilson Reserve in memorium to 'Skipper' Wilson, the first scout master who died on 27 August 1949 at the age of 81 years. Ken Hamilton, became second Scout Master in 1949-56. Ken also was appointed Honorary Ranger of the River Reserves by the Council.



Each year at Christmas, there would be a Scout camp beside Balcombe Creek, at Mount Martha, where we would pitch tents, and with four of us to a tent, lie in sleeping bags, side by side. The older boys would indulge in long descriptions of their sexual fantasies with girls, a world of which I could only speculate. There was no particular eroticism between the boys, so far as I was aware. During the days we would sail on the bay on dinghys, Mirrors, Cadets, or VJ and VS Skiffs. This was risky, as I could not swim, but there was no option, and I may even have partly enjoyed sailing.



Cadet



Mirror



VS skiff



VJ skiff

Some years there was a YMCA camp, a Scout camp; and later, Methodist Church camps at Ocean Grove. After less than two years of scouts, I really had had enough and refused to go. It was a rare instance of my insisting.

YMCA Camps. Plaintive refrains of *The Quatermaster's Store*. There's rats, rats/ As big as bloody cats/ In the The Quatermaster's Store...

Back in Chelsworth Park, some landscaping survives at the end of Irvine Road where the park meets the Ivanhoe Public Golf Course. This was the work of the great Ellis Stones, who lived in Gilbert Road, including some carefully placed boulders, one with

a plaque comemorating Christoper Bailey, an Ivanhoe pharmacist, photographer and activist for the preservation of Wilson Reserve.

Later, during my regular early-morning 30-minute riverside walk before leaving for work, I would notice and photograph the abundant birdlife attracted to the wetlands: wild Pacific Black Ducks, Sacred Ibis, a darter (my favourite), willy wagtails, blue Superb Fairy Wrens, the ubiquitous Bellbirds, Scarlet Robin (Robin Redbreast), kookaburras, magpies, sulphur-crested and Major Mitchell Cockatoos, Crimson Rosellas, Bell Miners, Red-rumped Parrot, Musk Lorikeets and rare Yellow-tailed Black Cockatoos. I have never studied birds but their occurence fascinated me.<sup>260</sup>

Autumn was my favourite river month, with its photogenic mists and ethereal light. Occasionally I greeted other walkers usually with dogs, and enthusiasts like Robert Bender of the Friends of Wilson Reserve, who patiently removed invasive weed species early each morning. Very occasionally, I'd spot affluent golfers strolling, trailing their buggies, on the Greenacres course across the river.<sup>261</sup>



Red-rumped Parrot.



Bell Miner.

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<sup>260</sup> **Wilson Reserve** protects a dense pocket of riverine forest as well as temporary swamps and wetlands. It has a similar but more extensive bird list than Yarra Bend, particularly providing a home for a variety of smaller bush birds such as Eastern Yellow Robin, Superb Fairy wren, Red-browed Finch, Golden Whistler and Eastern Spinebill. Tawny Frogmouths are residents here also, and it falls with the territory of a pair of Powerful Owl which are around mostly in the summer months. Buff-banded rail occurs in the swampy areas, and it attracts a similar selection of Parrots. [www.birdingvictoria.com.au/birding-sites-in-southern-victoria.ph](http://www.birdingvictoria.com.au/birding-sites-in-southern-victoria.ph)

<sup>261</sup>

[www.feathersandphotos.com.au/forum/showwiki.php?title=Location+Guide:Wilson+Reserve+Ivanhoe](http://www.feathersandphotos.com.au/forum/showwiki.php?title=Location+Guide:Wilson+Reserve+Ivanhoe) and [http://portphillipwesternport.landcarevic.net.au/fo-wilson-reserve/@@projects\\_view](http://portphillipwesternport.landcarevic.net.au/fo-wilson-reserve/@@projects_view)





Yellow-tailed  
Black Cockatoo



Superb Fairy Wren



Female Scarlet Robin



Pacific Black Duck.



Sacred Ibis.





Australian Darter.



Musk Lorikeet

Other than Sunday drives, our only family outings consisted of compulsory trips to the footy at the MCG. It never seemed to occur to my father to travel to the ground by train, from Ivanhoe to Jolimont is 20 minutes. Instead he would park further and further away from the ground each year, driving round and ground to find a space, and eventually often walking two kilometres to the ground from as far away as the Church Street hill. We would sit in the the old red Lady Members' Stand, or in the reinforced concrete Grey Smith Members' Stand, on every second Saturday afternoon when Melbourne played at home. In those days, only one League game was played at the MCG every fortnight; now usually three each week. Yet, neither my father (Fitzroy), my brother or I (both Collingwood), actually barracked for Melbourne: because we were members, we were offered free admission



MCG Members Ladies' Stand, at left, 1920s, as I remember it before 1955.  
The higher Members' stand was replaced by the concrete Grey Smith Members' Stand in the c1930s.



Wild blackberries.

Our father imposed compulsory Sunday afternoon drives in the country; to Warrandyte, to Doncaster orchards, St Helena, or Kangaroo Ground; with a stop for an icecream cone, perhaps to collect boulders for the garden rockery. Once a year, we went blackberrying for jam in the verge beside a large green paddock, perhaps Heathmont, wherever it was, surely now swallowed by housing.

For a fortnight at Christmas each year, we holidayed at Ivy and George Boatfield's beach house at 58 Nepean Highway, Seaford (now demolished). She owned 'Ivy Dickson,' a specialist children's and baby clothes shop, 11 Australia Arcade (knitted



Orlon baby tracksuits, 54 shillings 11 pence).<sup>262</sup> This was a stylish Modernist 40-shop arcade from Collins to Little Collins Street on two levels, then the largest arcade in Australia. It had opened in 1939, designed with the hotel by Leslie M Perrot, Architect. When it closed in 1988, 26,000 people were walking through daily on the mid-block route from Flinders Street Station to Myer. Ivy's business must have done well.<sup>263</sup>

At first we caught the train to the Modernist red brick station at Carrum, then on by taxi. But in 1950, when 57% of all workers travelled to work by public transport, petrol rationing was abolished, and in June that year our father joined the RACV, where he was a member for almost 55 years. He virtually never used public transport again. But driving was still an expensive option available only to the wealthy.<sup>264</sup> His parents, and his wife's parents never drove. His father-in-law always rode his bike to work, despite the long delays at the notorious Heidelberg Road, Clifton Hill railway gates, when he could have easily travelled by train from Ivanhoe to Victoria Park Stations: perhaps bike-riding was even cheaper than train.



An Austin A40, like mine, waits at the Heidelberg Road railway gates, whilst the Clifton Hill overpass, the first in Victoria, is under construction, 1957. Victorian Railways Photo.<sup>265</sup>

Our father's first car was a fawn and grey 1947 Vauxhall, registration no KW435, the first of three Vauxhalls. He virtually never used public transport again. <sup>266</sup>

The drive to the Boatfield's house (55 kilometres) seemed to take forever, with compulsory stops so that my younger brother could be intermittently carsick. On the way were further Marshalite clock-faced traffic signals. These ones were the last in Victoria and remained until the 1970s.

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<sup>262</sup> *The Age*, 6 June 1963, p 7.

<https://news.google.com/newspapers?nid=1300&dat=19630606&id=XKYQAAAAIBAJ&sjid=N5UDAAAAIBAJ&pg=7367,837470&hl=en>

<sup>263</sup> AGP and Bruce McBrien, *Marvellous Melbourne and Me. Living in Melbourne in the Twentieth Century*, Melbourne Books, Melbourne 2010, p 267.

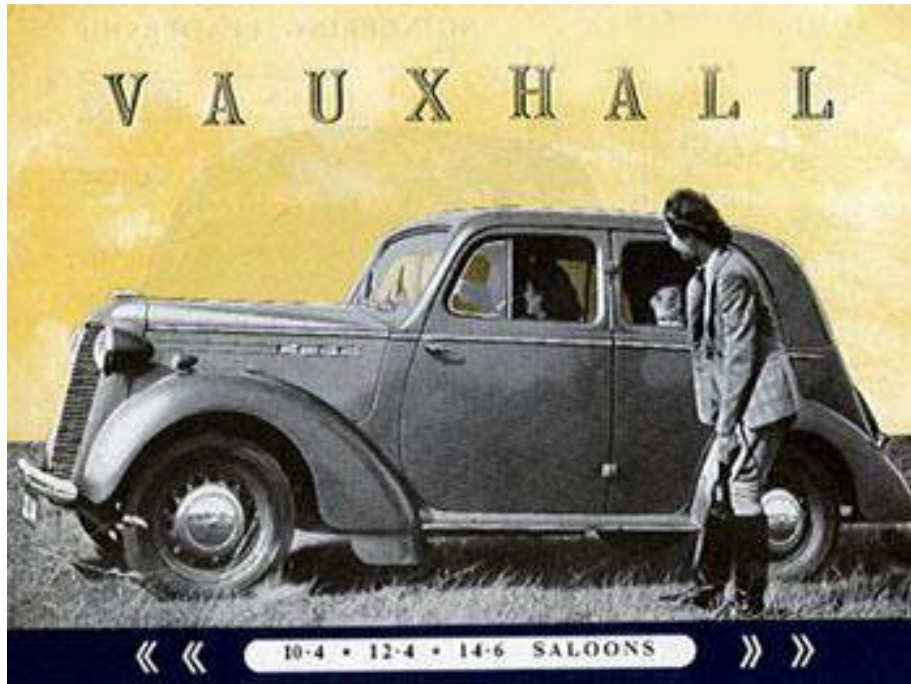
<sup>264</sup> Susan Thompson, Paul Maginn, *Planning Australia: An Overview of Urban and Regional Planning*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge 2012, p 363. ISBN

9781107380257, [https://play.google.com/store/books/details?id=CDsgAwAAQBAJ&rdid=book-CDsgAwAAQBAJ&rdot=1&source=gbs\\_vpt\\_read&pcampaignid=books\\_booksearch\\_viewport](https://play.google.com/store/books/details?id=CDsgAwAAQBAJ&rdid=book-CDsgAwAAQBAJ&rdot=1&source=gbs_vpt_read&pcampaignid=books_booksearch_viewport)

<sup>265</sup> [www.flickr.com/photos/80109267@N03/7979014219](http://www.flickr.com/photos/80109267@N03/7979014219)

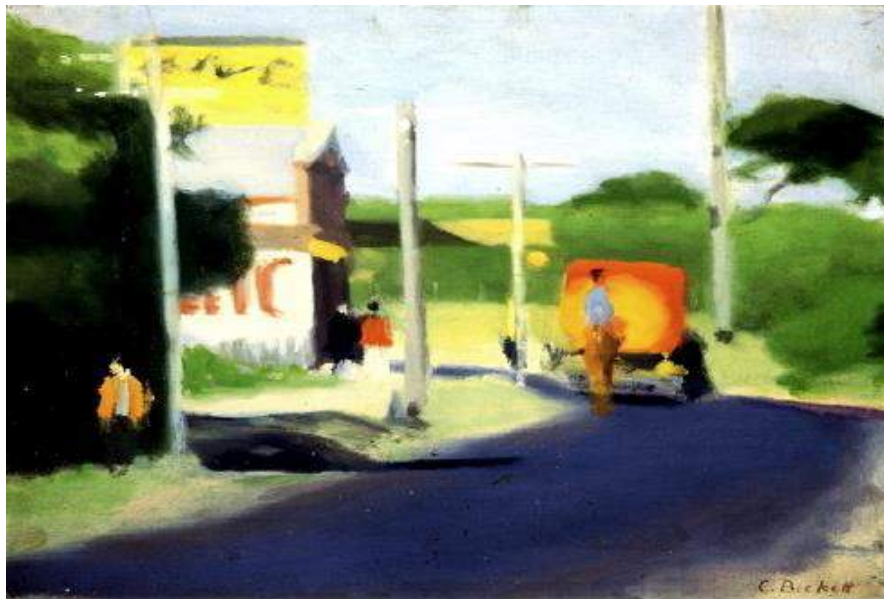
<sup>266</sup> <http://blogs.crikey.com.au/theurbanist/2015/08/17/how-popular-were-trains-trams-and-cycling-in-1951/>



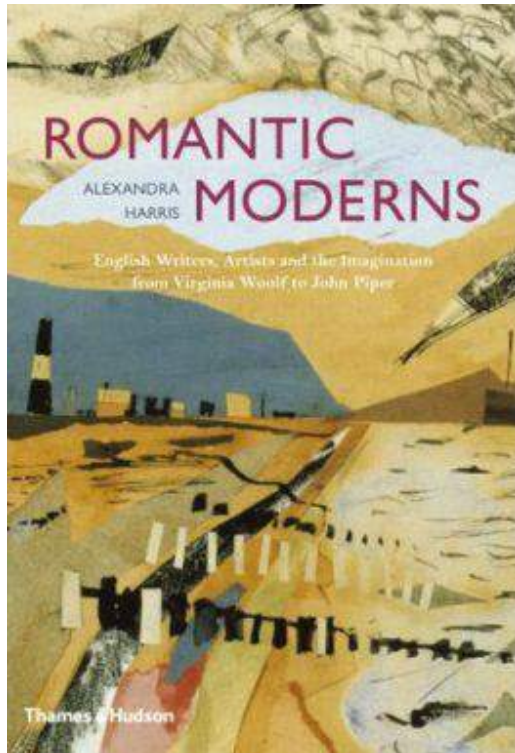


1947-48 Vauxhall with body by Holden. The flutes on the bonnet survived on most models until 1962

It is pictures by Clarice Beckett (1887-1935) such as *Beach Road*, c1933, that evoke this country to some degree, except for the black bitumen road in that image, which depicts foreshore much nearer Melbourne, at Beaumaris, or Black Rock.



Clarice Beckett, *Beach Road*.



Nine years earlier in England, John Piper (1903-92) had painted *Breakwaters at Seaford* (1937), which could easily depict those that thrust into the bay at Seaford here.<sup>267</sup>

The Boatfield's rambling hipped roof red brick late 1920s villa had rustic ti-tree garden furniture, including chairs and a swing chair. It was landscaped with random-rubble mudstone garden walls and terrace, and huge spiky succulents in spherical landmine steel cases. The garden rambled down towards the mysterious Seaford creek, overgrown with dense bullrushes.

We played games of Chinese Checkers, Snap, shuttlecock in the garden with a net stretched between the ti-trees. We wore dark maroon and navy blue heavy woollen belted bathers with a small skirt in front to mask male modesty, carried heavy and cumbersome umbrellas, Esky and beach towels, as we walked across the narrow gravel Point Nepean Road, dived into narrow foot-tracks through the tea-tree (*Leptospermum laevigatum*),<sup>268</sup> to the beach, with its long bolted together hardwood plank breakwaters, crushed shells flotsam seaweed and other occasional treasures, and distant low tide.

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<sup>267</sup> It is reproduced on the cover of Alexandra Harris, *Romantic Moderns. English Writers, Artists and the Imagination from Virginia Woolf to John Piper*, Thames & Hudson 2010. Seaford is a resort on the East Sussex coast, east of Brighton.

<sup>268</sup> An European introduced species. The indigenous Nepean coastal landscape was open and park-like with occasional large trees.



Bathers.

We used to walk to the shops, north to Carrum, or south to Seaford, and even on into Frankston. Several often rather eccentric, roadside former isolated shops and beach-houses, that I remember from that period, still survive 60 years later. I found some creative release in those childhood years absorbed in reading, assembling plastic construction toys, Mecano, Bakyo and Bildabrix assembly sets. But I was bored.



Carrum Railway Station.





A decorative British Mk 14 sea mine.

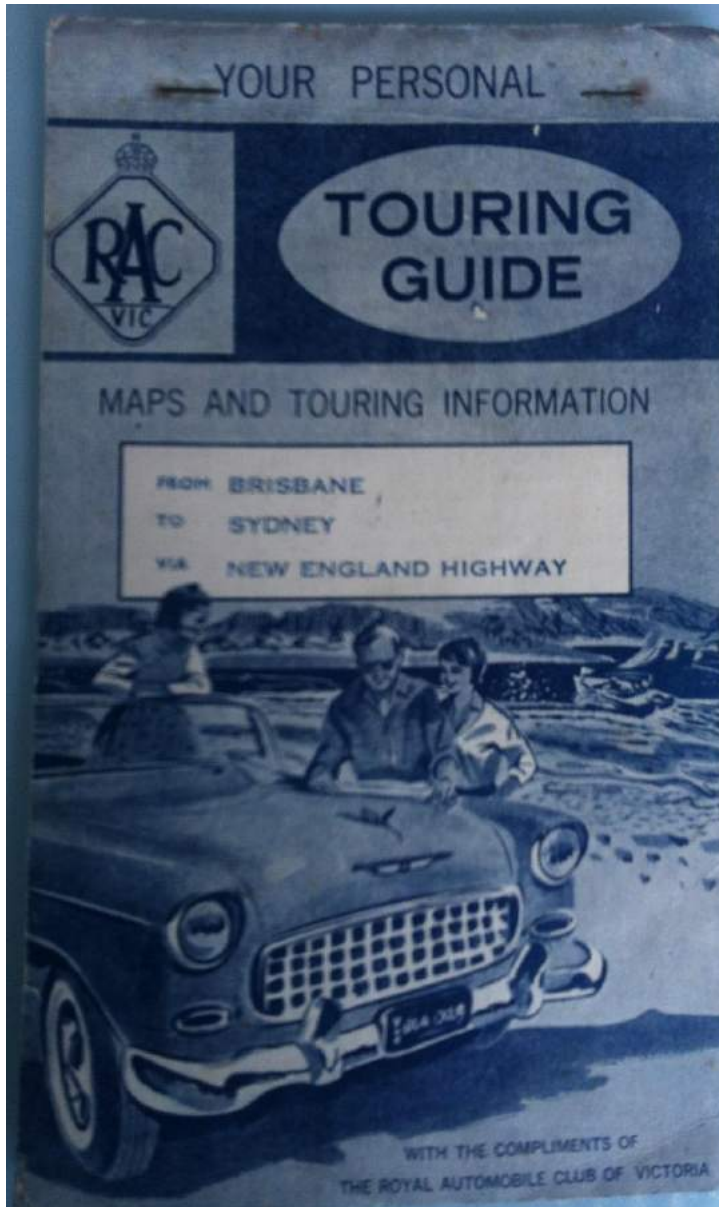




Ti tree, Foreshore Point Nepean.

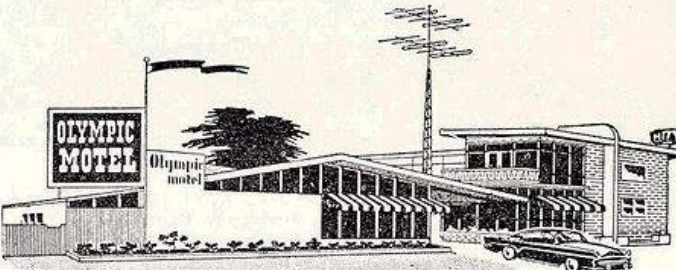
For several years in the early sixties, during a school vacation our father would drive us interstate on a holiday, staying in motels on the way, following maps and an itinerary created in detail on typed descriptive strip maps that had been specially prepared by the RACV Travel Department. These I would follow assiduously town by tedious town. Our tours included to: Adelaide (via Mildura, notable as being where I experienced my first involuntary orgasm), Sydney (Cremorne Point Guest House) and the Blue Mountains; Canberra; and Sydney (Lane Cove Motel) and to Surfers Paradise. Apart from Sunday drives, these were rare family excursions and bonding moments. Motels were fun for the arrival through the hatch of trays of a grilled breakfast, which we never had at home.





VISITING GOSFORD? Stay at the . . .

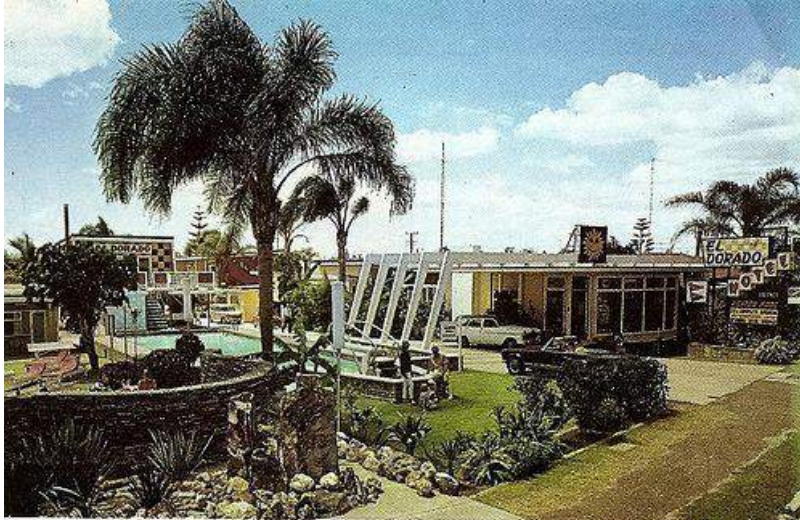
# Olympic Motel



Located in the heart of the Central Coast on Brisbane Water  
Restaurant, TV, 10 minutes to surf

**PH. GOSFORD 21859** L. G. PIMBLETT, prop.





El Dorado, Gold Coast Motel, c1973.

In 1966-67, over Christmas and New Year, presumably on the proceeds of the sale of the Horsfall Group in which our father by then held a substantial minority shareholding, to Containers Limited, he took the whole family Richard (20), Stephen (17) and Robyn (14) on the *Orsova* P & O-Orient Lines passenger liner, travelling First Class, via Port Adelaide, during both Christmas and New Year. I still have some Orsova notepaper.

The *Orsova* was built for the Tilbury-Sydney run and had her maiden voyage to Australia in 1954, the first large liner without masts, though it had pylons for aerials, and the first with an all-welded hull. It cruised at 26 knots, was 220 x 27.5 metres and 28,790 tonnage gross, with 681 first class, 813 tourist class passengers and 620 crew. In 1960, the Orient Line was absorbed by P & O, and in 1965 it was refitted, including with air conditioning, just before we boarded. By the 1970s it was used mainly for cruises when air travel was becoming almost as cheap as by sea. By 1973 (the year I travelled to Europe by the *Galileo Galilei*, which was still cheaper than flying) it was replaced by the larger *Canberra* and in 1974, still in good condition under its own power, was sold to ship-breakers in Taiwan.<sup>269</sup>

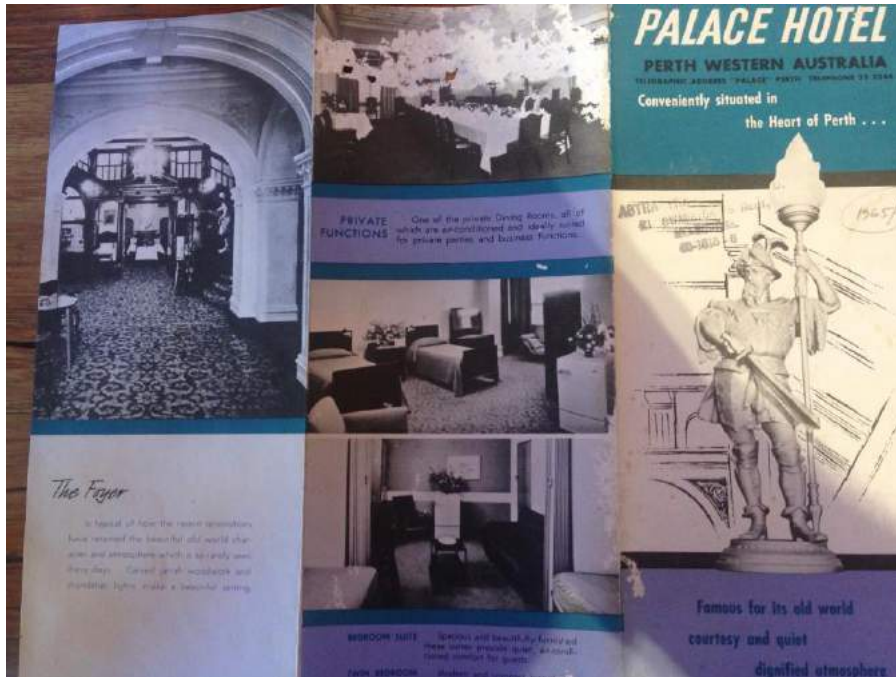


The Orsova, before being painted white.

<sup>269</sup> *The Monthly*, December 2010/January 2011, p 50 has a colour promotional illustration of the first class swimming pool on the *Oriana*, by Kenneth Browne, from the Stapleton Collection/Corbis and Peter Plowman, *Australian Migrant Ships. 1946-1977*, Rosenberg, Sydney (2006) 2008, p 104. (Held).

In Perth we stayed in the Palace Hotel, 108 St George's Terrace,<sup>270</sup> It was designed by Ernest Porter and Edmond Thomas and built in 1897 during the gold rush. It was converted to bank and offices in 1981, but is sadly now BankWest. It was Perth's only surviving grand nineteenth century hotel, but unknown to me aged 19, it was in during the 1950s and 60s, the gay centre of Perth.<sup>271</sup>

We returned to Melbourne in a journey of over 60 hours on the Indian-Pacific Transcontinental Railway train, via Adelaide.



The Palace Hotel, Perth. Held: RP.



The Palace Hotel, Perth. Held: RP.

<sup>270</sup> Post-card and notepaper held.

<sup>271</sup> JH, ALGA interview with Barry McKay, August 2000, CD 10, log only.





The Indian-Pacific.



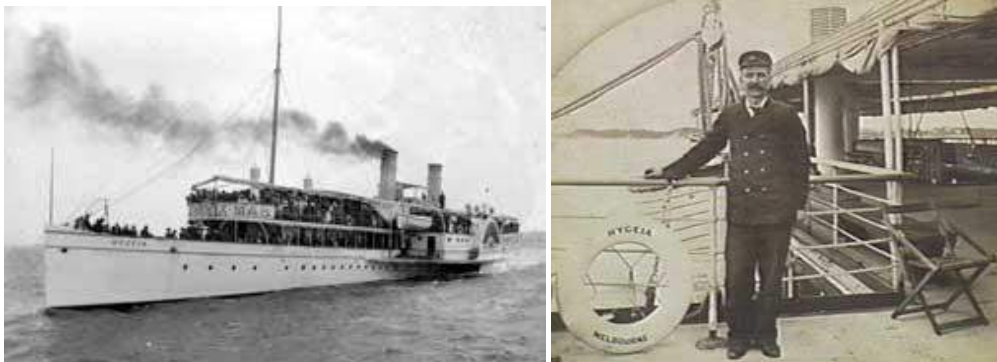
# Cruising, Memory Shuffling, All Night Long

## 2<sup>1</sup>

17,998 words, 20.5 Mb, 5 March 2016. [Chapters 6-12.](#)

### 6. Little Lonsdale Street: Juvenile flaneur, 1956-60

From the age of nine, my father required me to attend Monday evenings at the First Ivanhoe Sea Scouts<sup>1</sup> Wolf Cubs. It has only now occurred to me that in this juvenile 'tour of duty' I was effectively following my mother's wartime enlistment in the WRANS. In the Cubs, despite my lack of physical prowess, I eventually wore the three stripes of a pack leader; but somehow when the time came to graduate to the rather more grown-up Boy Scouts, I felt less comfortable. Yet the Sea Scouts had its points: we wore fetchingly jaunty sailor's hats and a white lanyard, set against a navy blue uniform, like miniature sailors. The scout hall had a quarter-deck with railings, a ship's wheel, a binnacle (or ship's compass) and a bell from the Hygeia, which had been a Port Philip Bay paddle steamer ferry from 1890-1930.<sup>2</sup>



Hygeia paddle steamer ferry and staff member.

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<sup>1</sup> It is the oldest Scout Group in Australia, commencing in 1908, just one year after Baden Powell began Scouting in the UK. It was started by Naval Officer, 'Skipper' Wilson originally based at Wilson's Reserve. The Yarra River was much wider than it is today and diving, swimming and boating was popular. It moved to Norman Street Ivanhoe, beside the railway line, in 1930 until 2013 when relocated to Hawker Street in Ivanhoe more space growing Group and adjacent parklands for activities.

<sup>2</sup> Built by Napier, Shanks and Bell of Glasgow in 1890 for Hubbart Parker and Company, it was 92 metres long, built of steel and weighed 1,002 metric tonnes, capable of 22 knots under full steam and the most luxuriously appointed paddle steamer ever built for Australian service. It was licensed to carry over 1600 passengers, operated for 40 years on Port Philip Bay. It had a promenade deck, licensed saloons, luxuriously appointed dining rooms and a barbers shop. It was taken out of service in 1930.

I was intrigued that on Saturdays, a rather raffish man in a hat, with a large white-painted leather tote bag would loiter in Waterdale Road at the rear garden gate of the Ivanhoe Hotel, which was just opposite the Scout Hall, and other men would approach him and hand him large wads of money in exchange for tickets. This was an illegal SP (Starting Price) Bookie taking bets. Despite the police gaming squad, off-course betting flourished in Melbourne until at least the introduction of the TAB in 1961. Broadcast radio race-calls (particularly on 3UZ) brought SP bookies to hotels from 1930, but increased telephony enabled massive expansion after 1945. Illegal betting was so widespread by c1955 when I was in the Cubs, that bets of as much as £10,000 could be placed without altering the SP odds.<sup>3</sup>



Bookmakers taking bets at Broken Hill, 1948, National Archives of Australia: A1200, L11443.



Unknown image.



First Ivanhoe Sea Scouts.



<sup>3</sup> [www.emelbourne.net.au/biogs/EM00187b.htm](http://www.emelbourne.net.au/biogs/EM00187b.htm)



1<sup>st</sup> Williamstown Sea Scouts, 1950s.



Scout camp, 1950s.

This issue was decisively resolved by Chief Commissioner (1977-87) Mick Miller (1927-2019), who had gone from senior constable at Richmond to heading the Special Duties Gaming Branch, 'The Untouchables,' which in a series of raids smashed these illegal off-course SP bookmaking operations, resulting in a Royal Commission into off-course betting and founding the Totalisator Agency Board (the TAB) in 1961.

Rather more fearfully, on Saturday mornings I had to join a swarm of other nine year-old 'Midgets' at the YMCA Boy's Department. This was in the basement of the dour grey YMCA building that was built and operated from 1925-80 at 1-7 City Road, corner Sturt Street, South Melbourne, with its several dimly lit billiard tables, humiliating gymnasium and basketball court, and then enforced naked swimming in



its murky pool, helpfully equipped with a Brylcreem<sup>4</sup> dispenser. This activity was accompanied by boisterous towel-flicking in the showers and locker rooms, before we all hurried off to a meeting room for suspiciously emotion-charged and evangelical 'devotions.' These so-called 'devotions' were intensely more Billy Graham-inspired than the more intellectually rigorous Baptist 'Upper Room' occasions at Carey, which I attended voluntarily. If a midget boy should feel moved to 'receive Jesus into his heart', he was asked to stay back after all the others had gone home, for special attention and more prayer with the rather intense and glossy-haired leader. I still wonder what these particular intimacies entailed.<sup>5</sup>



YMCA, City Road, cnr Sturt Street, South Melbourne. The Boys' Department was in the basement at right. Undated, 1950s? At right is the Glaciarium.

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<sup>4</sup> A popular men's hair pomade created in 1928 by County Chemicals at the Chemico Works in Bradford Street, Birmingham. Museum Victoria holds a 10-page booklet with white cover and black and red type and entitled *The Brylcreem Hair Styles for 1960*. The spine is spiral-bound. Loose pages are enclosed back-to-back in plastic sleeves. Each page features an image of a man or boy sporting a different hairstyle with titles such as 'prep school', 'flat top', 'the playboy', and the 'four-in-one.' The book appears to be a selection of pages from the *American Barber's Journal and Men's Hairstylist*, 1962-1965.

<sup>5</sup> The Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse, 2012-17 heard that the Reverend Mr Davison, of Geelong Grammar washypnotismwith a small group of young volunteers supposedly in the pursuit spirituality. In a semi-darkened room, , by aboy's account, the pursuit turned out to be more carnal, an indecent assault.  
[www.childabuseroyalcommission.gov.au](http://www.childabuseroyalcommission.gov.au)



YMCA, City Road, cnr Sturt Street, South Melbourne.  
The Boys' Department was in entrance at lower right.



The Glaciarium, just prior to its closure.





The Green Mill (Trocadero), just prior to its demolition to be replaced by the National Gallery of Victoria.<sup>6</sup>



Southbank in 1965, showing the YMCA Building, above left of A W Allen Ltd.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Harold H Paynting, and Malcolm Grant, editors, *Victoria Illustrated, 1834-1984*, James Flood-Harold Paynting Charity Trust, Melbourne 1985, p 327, Harold H Paynting [No 1095. Signed by both editors]. Research: Carlotta Kellaway, James Flood-Harold Paynting Commercial Photographic Company, p 327, for both Green Mill and Glaciarium photographs.

<sup>7</sup> Southbank in 1965. (106259: Flinders Street A Up Suburban from Port Melbourne 2-car Swing Door and stabled Tait and Swing Door Trains 13 Oct 1965 <https://www.westonlangford.com/images/photo/106259/>). From Graeme Butler.





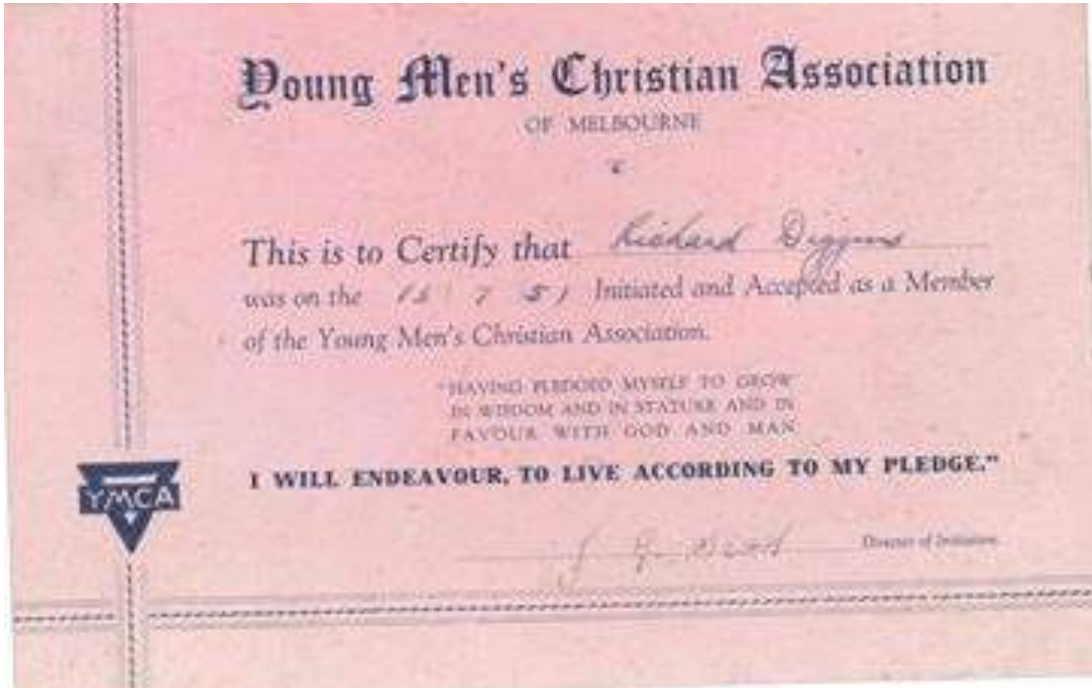
The essential hair lubricant.



The V-shaped YMCA building is lower right. In the foreground is St Kilda Road and the large triangular site is reserved for the National Gallery of Victoria and the Victorian Arts Centre. The building at its pointy end is the Green Mill Dance Hall.



YMCA building, 1939. At left is the Green Mill Dance Hall. At right, out of the picture was the Glaciarium Ice Skating Rink and the Allens' factory.



'Having pledged myself to grow in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and Man. I will endeavour to live according to my pledge.'



Snowdon Fountain, Southgate, Robin Boyd, artist unknown.



Snowdon Fountain, Southgate. Photographs: Mark Strizic, c1960-64.





Snowdon Fountain, Southgate. Photographs: Mark Strizic, c1960-64.<sup>8</sup>

I would linger on Princes Bridge, overlooking the Snowdon Gardens, Southgate, on my way to, or escaping from the YMCA. I was intrigued by Robin Boyd's Fountain (1957-60), which I remember watching during its construction as its steel armature was sprayed with concrete. I'd never heard of its designer, or even perhaps that such things were designed. But I was shocked when it was demolished by Boyd's former partner Sir Roy Grounds, to make way for the Concert Hall (now Hamer Hall): another slap at Boyd after he had failed to secure that job.

A W Allen Ltd Manufacturing Confectioners' five-storied Modernist factory was built for General Motors Holden, and its skysign framework was erected to announce the arrival of the Holden FX in 1948. Other Southbank signs I saw in the vicinity were for Dulux Paints, Laconia Woollen Mills, Kraft Cheese and Rickshaw Paints.

The Allens' sign was installed on GMH's framework in 1955. It featuring the Allens' logo, 'Irish Moss Gum Jubes,' and 'Q T Fruit Drops' in sequence, each visibly illuminated for six seconds. It was updated in 1963 to reveal the Allens' logo within a lolly wrapper, over the text 'Your favourite sweets,' followed by 'Cheers Fruit Drops' with a packet and two lozenges tumbling out.

In 1969, Claude Neon erected a third sign, visible even in daylight, with its yellow skyrocket bursting into multi-coloured rays, then fading to animated sparkles, 'Cool, Cool Kool Mints,' then 'Anticol Cough Drops' and the Allen's logo within a lolly wrapper. Sadly, it was all demolished and destroyed in 1987.<sup>9</sup>

This may have been when Nestlé acquired both Sweetacres (Sydney) and Allen's (Melbourne) and rebranded several Sweetacres products (Fantales, Cobbers, Minties (launched in 1922) and Jaffas) as if they were from Allen's.

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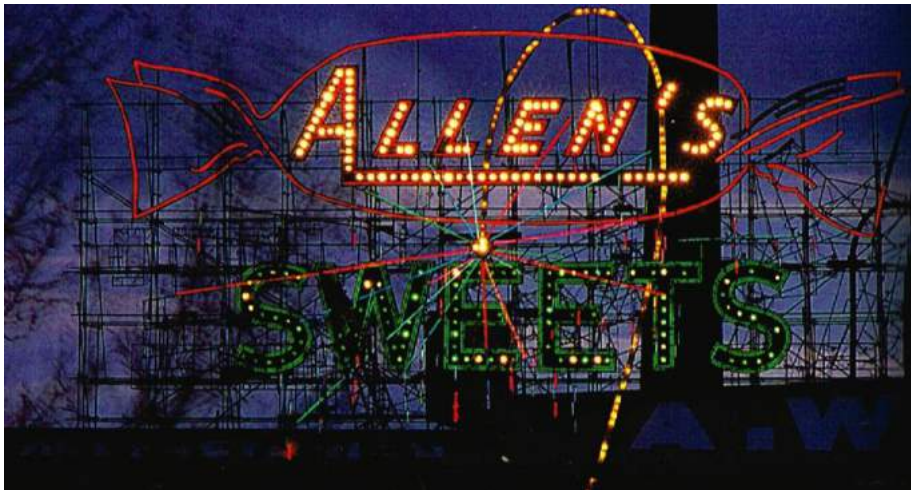
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[http://search.slv.vic.gov.au/primo\\_library/libweb/action/diDisplay.do?vid=MAIN&reset\\_config=true&docId=SLV\\_VOYAGER2398879](http://search.slv.vic.gov.au/primo_library/libweb/action/diDisplay.do?vid=MAIN&reset_config=true&docId=SLV_VOYAGER2398879)

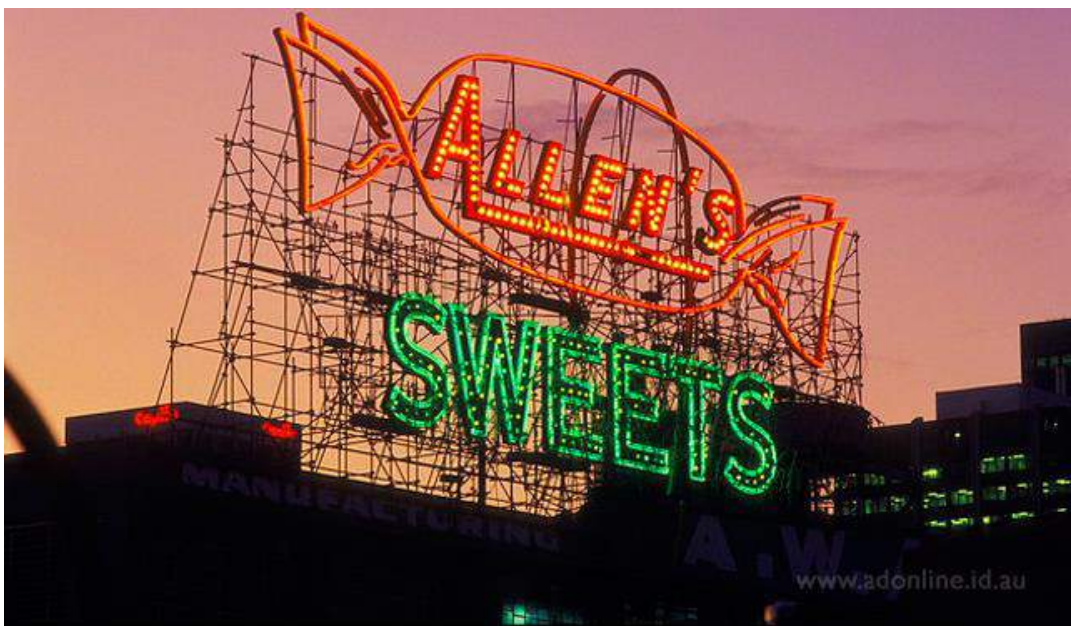
<sup>9</sup> Stephen Banham, *Characters. Cultural Stories Revealed Through Typography*, Thames & Hudson, Port Melbourne 2011, pp 130-141.



Allen's factory and Allens' Sweets skysign, South Melbourne (now Southbank).



Allen's sign, 1955.

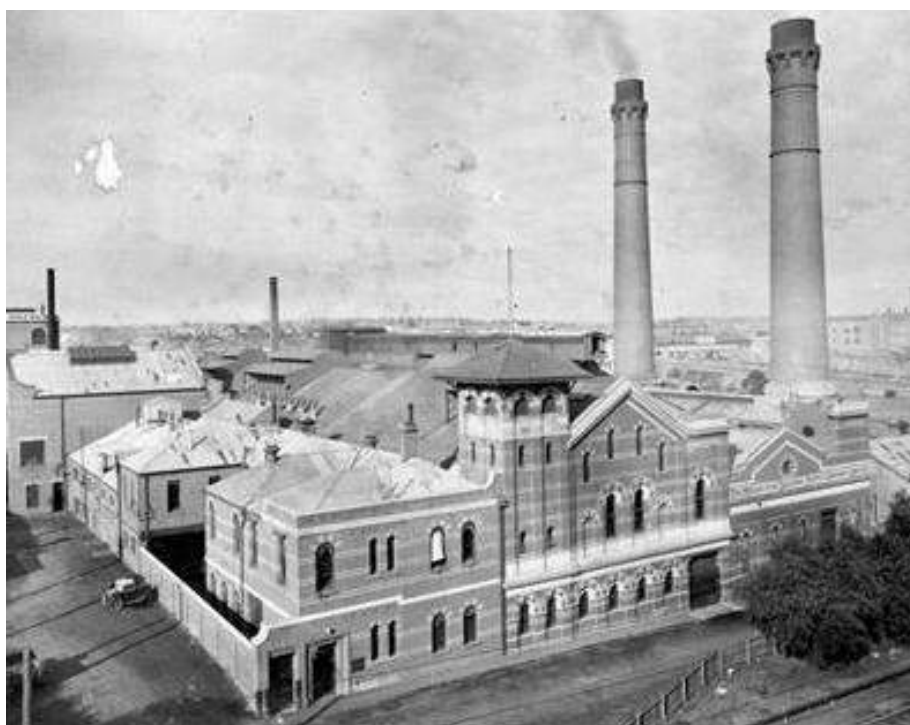


Allen's sign, 1963.

I wish I'd taken more initiative and explored the then industrialised Southbank, which included Allens, Australian Paper Manufacturers, the YMCA all in City Road; the Green Mill Dance Hall (later the Trocadero Ballroom), Wirth's Circus Paddock, Wirth's Roller Skating Rink and the The Glaciarium Ice Skating Rink. And I wish I'd taken photographs!

Each Christmas, the YMCA organised holiday camps, and a programme of excursions during each term vacation. I looked forward to the excursions, which were often surprising, fascinating, useful and memorable. A group of perhaps 30 of us midgets would pile into furniture vans and be taken on conducted tours of industrial works. I remember: electrical generating stations (possibly Richmond, which 40 years later I was engaged to assess for its heritage value), Dulux Paint, drop forges, a steel rolling mill, Oliver J Nilsen's sintering and insulator factory, MacRobertson's lollies and chocolates in Fitzroy, bakeries, Essendon Airport, aluminium smelters, Zevenboom paint brush and broom manufacturers,<sup>10</sup> W D & H O Wills Cigarette Factory and Bond Store in Collingwood, the APM Papermill, Alphington, ACI glass manufacturers and coinage-milling at the Royal Mint in William Street, amongst others. I remember several of them very clearly.

I even won a first prize: an Agfa camera, for a photo I took of great steel tanks and sinuous pipes at the Dulux works: my first prize ever.



The SEC (former Melbourne Electric Supply Co Ltd) Green Street Power Station and workshops, Richmond, built in 1901 as if some Romanesque cathedral.

The holiday camps were more tedious, but not intolerable, and I participated in several. We stayed at the YMCA Boys' Camp Buxton at Shoreham for perhaps ten days. Founded in 1925, Buxton was set within a mature landscape of conifers. Still surviving elements include its outdoor chapel with its low stone entry, stone pulpit, and bench seats. I think it is now designated as Buxton Woodland Reserve.

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<sup>10</sup> Zev, *one hundred years of brushmaking, 1862-1962*, Zevenboom Holdings Limited, Melbourne 1962.



A piece in the Melbourne *Argus* newspaper in January 1955 said that 500 boys had attended the 1954-55 camp, probably including me. Our first task was to assemble our heavy canvas tents on pre-assembled timber platforms in the open air. Then we were given hessian bags to stuff with straw to form paillasse mattresses to sleep on, and a kerosene hurricane lamp to illuminate our pre-slumber moments. Perhaps there were four boys sleeping in each tent: I noticed nothing erotic, or even untoward. But what if the lamp had ignited the straw?

Parents could visit at a nominated time, and we wrote them letters, though none of mine survive. Activities included: swimming. This included naked frolics at night, at the Point Leo Surf Beach, the 240 Beach, Shoreham Beach and Merricks Beach. Also, there were long hikes to endure along bitumen roads on often very hot days, to Red Hill, Merricks, or to Main Ridge, 'bushwacking' through untamed bushland, cliff-climbing on ropes, jolly campfires with scary ghost stories and and community singing, gymnasium (of course), talks and meals in the hall, religious services in the chapel, and some more 'quiet time' for naps, writing, and even some reading.<sup>11</sup> It was all like Alan Sherman's *Camp Granada* (1963), by which time I had left the YMCA well behind me.<sup>12</sup>



THE ROSE SERIES P.2055

Y. M. C. A. CAMP, BUXTON, SHOREHAM, VIC.

YMCA Camp Buxton, Shoreham.



Mr Sampson's Dodge Wayfarer, 1949.

<sup>11</sup> <http://bpadula.tripod.com/shoreham/id5.html> and State Library of Victoria, [http://digital.slv.vic.gov.au/view/action/nmets.do?DOCCHOICE=430189.xml&dvs=1425711844026~199&locale=en\\_US&search\\_terms=&adjacency=&divType=&usePid1=true&usePid2=true](http://digital.slv.vic.gov.au/view/action/nmets.do?DOCCHOICE=430189.xml&dvs=1425711844026~199&locale=en_US&search_terms=&adjacency=&divType=&usePid1=true&usePid2=true)

<sup>12</sup> [www.youtube.com/watch?v=EzErh\\_s62Wk](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EzErh_s62Wk)

Our neighbour in East Ivanhoe, Mr Sampson, a tall, handsome man with shiny black hair and a commanding presence, offered to drive me in to the city in his black 1949 Dodge Wayfarer for YMCA early each Saturday morning. Mr Sampson was always able to park in A'Beckett Street for the whole morning, unrestricted in this more deserted part of the city. Then we would walk together to Bourke Street, and I would walk on across Princes Bridge to the YMCA, or not. At 12.30, I would meet him back at his car.<sup>13</sup>

In this part of the city, there were several interesting car showrooms, including: Rhodes Motors, cnr A'Beckett and Elizabeth Street; Preston Motors, on the opposite corner; Allcars Used Car Showroom (earlier until 1925, this had been the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co agents for Jewett cars and Daytona (later Studebaker), at 58-56 A'Beckett Street; Commonwealth Motors at 111-125 A'Beckett Street, and also the Cyclone Woven Wire Fence Company, at 63-67 Franklin Street and 459-469 Swanston Street.<sup>14</sup>

Following from the vertical finned 1957 Chevrolet Bel Air model with a Pearlcraft steering wheel, and the modest 1958 model with V-bracketed tail-lights, the 1959 gullwing Chevrolet Impala astounded me.



1959 Chevrolet Impala

Rhodes Motors, cnr A'Beckett & Elizabeth Street, 1937.

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<sup>13</sup> Refer p 109.

<sup>14</sup> Harold H Paynting and Malcolm Grant, editors, *Victoria Illustrated, 1834-1984*, James Flood-Harold Paynting Charity Trust, Melbourne 1985, p 96. [No 1095. Signed by both editors]. Research: Carlotta Kellaway.



Rhodes Motors, c1937.

But I remember particularly my astonishment also around 1957, on seeing in Commonwealth Motors window, the sleek Citroën ID 19 Parisienne with its 'flying saucer shape'. It was assembled here in West Heidelberg, and was immediately the car of choice for architects.

The Citroën ID was designed by Italian sculptor and industrial designer Flaminio Bertoni (1903-64) and French aeronautical engineer André Lefèvre; and Paul Magès developed the amazing hydropneumatic self-leveling suspension. It was released in the January 1957 Paris Motor Show. The DS ran till 1975, and tellingly, the year of peak sales was 1970, 15 years after its first release. It had taken all of 15 years for such a radical design to reach maximum customer acceptance.

A simplified and competitively priced version, the still revolutionary DS 19 Goddess, was launched directly after the ID. Both had punning names: DS is pronounced in French 'Déesse' (meaning goddess); whilst 'ID' is pronounced as 'Idée' (meaning idea).<sup>15</sup>

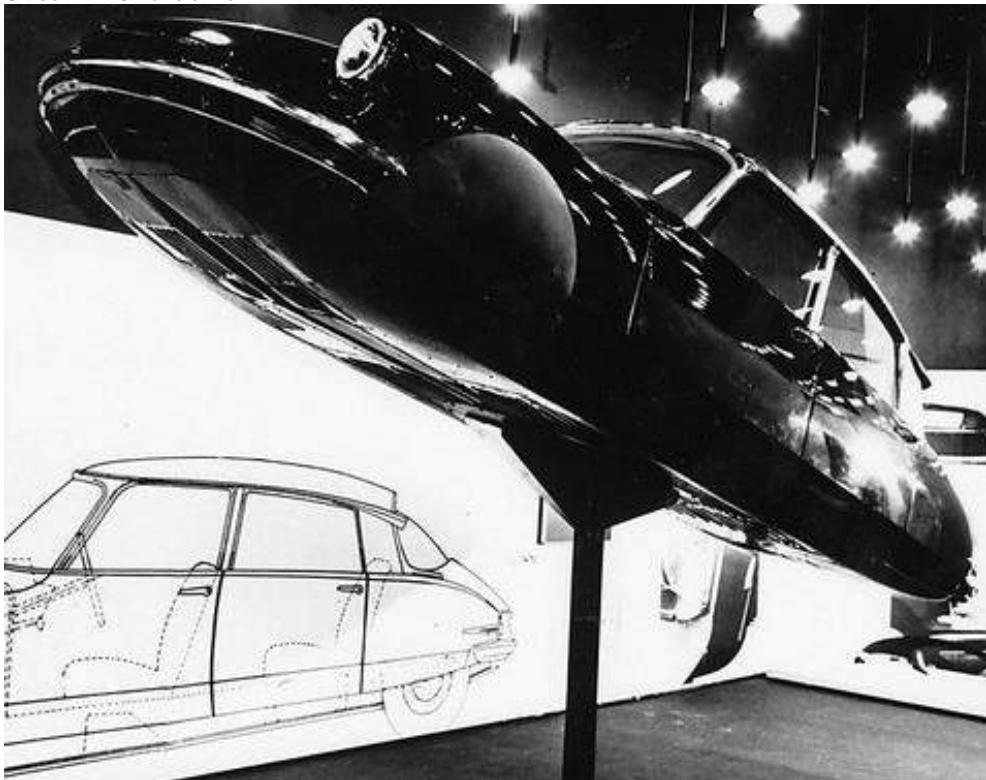


<sup>15</sup> [www.citroën.co.uk/about-citroën/our-brand/history](http://www.citroën.co.uk/about-citroën/our-brand/history)





Citroën ID 19 Parisienne.



Citroën DS: displayed as a designed object at the Milan Triennale international exhibition of art and design, which was chaired by architect Gio Ponti.

Although that Americanophile architect Robin Boyd (1919-71) had at least one previous Citroën, and did acquire a DS 19 Goddess in 1957, when it was first released here, he soon moved on to American cars: a sleek 1962 Studebaker Hawk Gran Turismo and finally a white Dodge Phoenix 4D Hard Top.<sup>16</sup> In a time when

<sup>16</sup> [www.citroën-ds-id.com/index.html?ds/DS\\_Colour\\_Codes.html](http://www.citroën-ds-id.com/index.html?ds/DS_Colour_Codes.html). Email from Tony Lee, 9 May 2015: Robin's cars were: 1. Standard 8 (photo: Serle, p 87); 2. Citroën Light 15 (a silver dark grey and a powder blue. Possibly the same car, repainted); 1957 Citroën Goddess; 4. 1962

everything American was shunned, this eccentricity was beyond the comprehension of us architecture students.



1962 Studebaker Hawk Gran Turismo.



1967 Dodge Phoenix 4D Hard Top.

Alone amongst German car designs, I favoured the Mercedes Benz, the 180 (1953-62), 190SL (1955-63), 220 (1954-59) and the 300SL (1958-63). In 1955, they first released their SL (or *sport leicht*) Series, a 2-seat convertible and coupé, which was still available 60 years later, the longest running nameplate in production. I held a c1960 brochure of beautiful water-coloured elevation line drawings of this range of cars, now lost.<sup>17</sup> In 1965, John Lennon acquired a deep blue 230SL convertible.

Many years later I shared a memorable evening at the Peel Dancebar with Marcus,<sup>18</sup> a 'stylist,' who retrieved my checked-in Mars leather jacket when I lost my receipt

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Studebaker Hawk Gran Turismo, still owned by Penleigh Boyd; and finally a white Dodge Phoenix Hard Top. White.

<sup>17</sup>State Library of Victoria, Rhodes Motors were the Melbourne dealer for Oldsmobile, La Salle and Cadillac from c1929-50.

[http://digital.slv.vic.gov.au/view/action/nmets.do?DOCCHOICE=336702.xml&dvs=1425642816870~624&locale=en\\_US&search\\_terms=&adjacency=&divType=&usePid1=true&usePid2=true](http://digital.slv.vic.gov.au/view/action/nmets.do?DOCCHOICE=336702.xml&dvs=1425642816870~624&locale=en_US&search_terms=&adjacency=&divType=&usePid1=true&usePid2=true)  
And the Citroën: [www.nuancierds.fr/DT%20ID19%20Parisienne.htm](http://www.nuancierds.fr/DT%20ID19%20Parisienne.htm)

<sup>18</sup> Marcus Schrift, unrecognised on the Internet.



ticket using only his charm, and then drove me home in his red and black 190 SL, to spend one gloriously sensual night together at Ivanhoe.



Mercedes Benz 300SL 1955 roadster. Now valued at \$50,000.

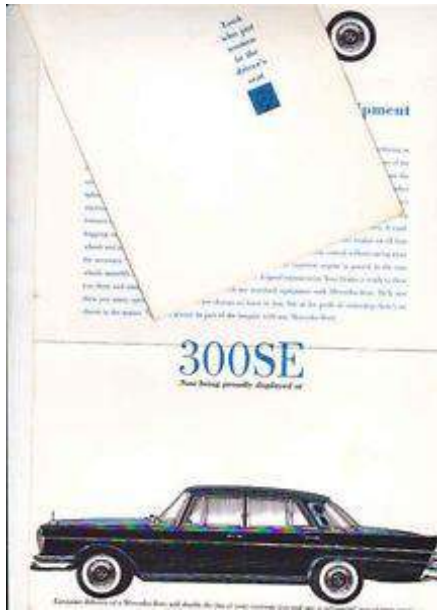


Mercedes Benz 190SL, 1955 roadster convertible. Now valued at: \$224, 293.





A Ford Cortina and a Mercedes Benz 300SLS, 1957. I never saw one of these, even in Paris.<sup>19</sup>



c1960 Mercedes Benz brochure. Mine was A5 landscape format.

What shocked me, was that on our way home, while I waited patiently in the car, Mr Sampson would invariably stop and park outside the Old Homestead Hotel, 160-170 Queens Parade, North Fitzroy, for a couple of glasses, then return to the car with several long-necks in a brown paper bag: my first experience of someone who actually entered a hotel and drank alcohol.



In 1956, at the age of ten, the year that my mother died, I realised no-one would be the wiser if I avoided horrible YMCA entirely; and so began my surreptitious Saturday morning life as an urban juvenile flaneur.

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<sup>19</sup> [www.rmsothebys.com/en/auctions/LF13/London/lots/r265-1957-mercedes-benz-300-sls-racing/294143](http://www.rmsothebys.com/en/auctions/LF13/London/lots/r265-1957-mercedes-benz-300-sls-racing/294143) This 250 bhp, 2,996 cc overhead-cam inline six-cylinder engine, aluminium block four-speed manual transmission, independent front suspension with upper and lower A-arms and coil springs, independent rear suspension with swing axles and coil springs, and front disc and rear drum hydraulic brakes, on a 2,400 mm wheelbase, often thought of as the ultimate road car of the 1950s, sold by Sotheby's in 2017 for \$1,037,015 and a 1955 Mercedes-Benz 300SL Gullwing sold for a record \$4.62 million.

At first I wandered about the district between Swanston and Elizabeth Streets, from a'Beckett to La Trobe. But I soon ventured about the whole warren of streets, arcades, lanes and department stores from Flinders to Franklin Streets, tracing a succession of thrilling sights, sounds and mysterious behaviours. Sometimes I would indulge in petty thieving from G J Coles, or the Myer Emporium. Or I would tail a 'person of interest' to see where that took me. This was the shadowy dark city of photographers Fred Mitchell and Mark Strizic, and later of the artist Rick Amor. It was most expressively depicted in Mark Strizic and David Saunders's pictorial, *Melbourne: a portrait*,<sup>20</sup> the finest evocation of the mid-1950s Melbourne that I recall from that time of solitary juvenile wanderings.



A MODERN airliner speeds over suburban Melbourne. The City is the centre of a wide web of air routes.

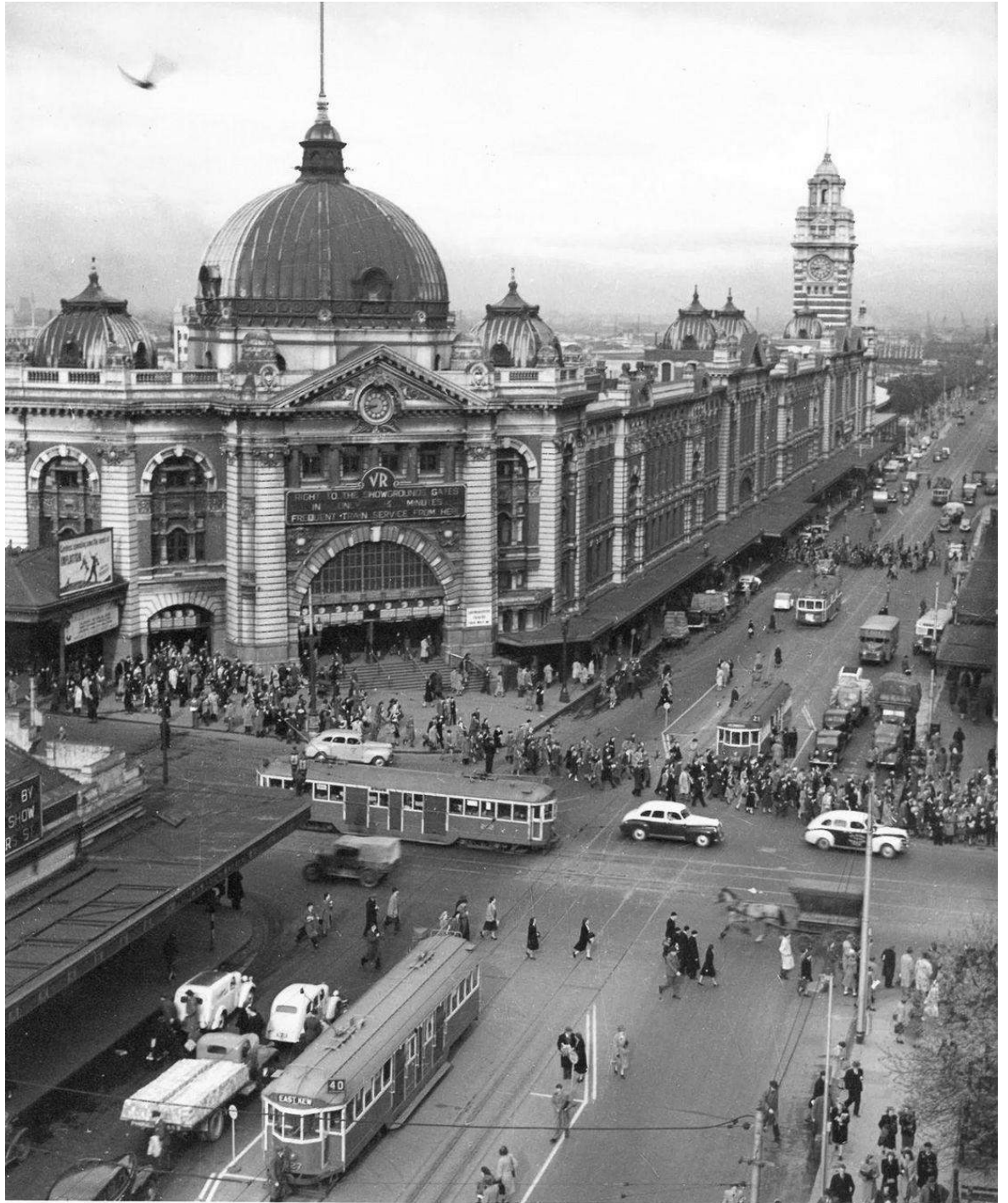
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<sup>20</sup> Mark Strizic and David Saunders, *Melbourne: a portrait*, Georgian House, Melbourne 1960.



LOOKING westwards along Collins Street from Melbourne's eastern boundary, the home of leading doctors and dentists, clubs and fashionable shops.





FLINDERS Street Railway Station, Melbourne, where Flinders Street intersects Swanston Street, is claimed to be the world's busiest railway station.



Ash trees, shading the lawns bordering St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, lend summer charm to Melbourne's main city artery, Swanston Street.

21



Fred Mitchell, Little Collins Street, c1960.

<sup>21</sup>In 1949, the International Olympic Committee gathered in Rome to decide which city would host the 1956 Summer Olympics. The locations under consideration included six American cities, as well as Montreal, Mexico City, Buenos Aires — and Melbourne. The Australian city's nomination was met with some skepticism, particularly because of its location in the Southern Hemisphere — the reversal of seasons meant the games would have to be held during the Northern Hemisphere's winter, when many athletes would typically be resting. After four rounds of voting, Melbourne triumphed over Buenos Aires by a vote of 21 to 20, becoming the first Olympic city outside of Europe and North America. The games opened on Nov. 22, 1956. Photographs:PRO.





Fred Mitchell, 1957.



Fred Mitchell, *Collins Street*, 1957.





Fred Mitchell, *Collins Street*, 1957



Fred Mitchell, *Milkman Collins Street*, 1958.



Fred Mitchell, 1958.



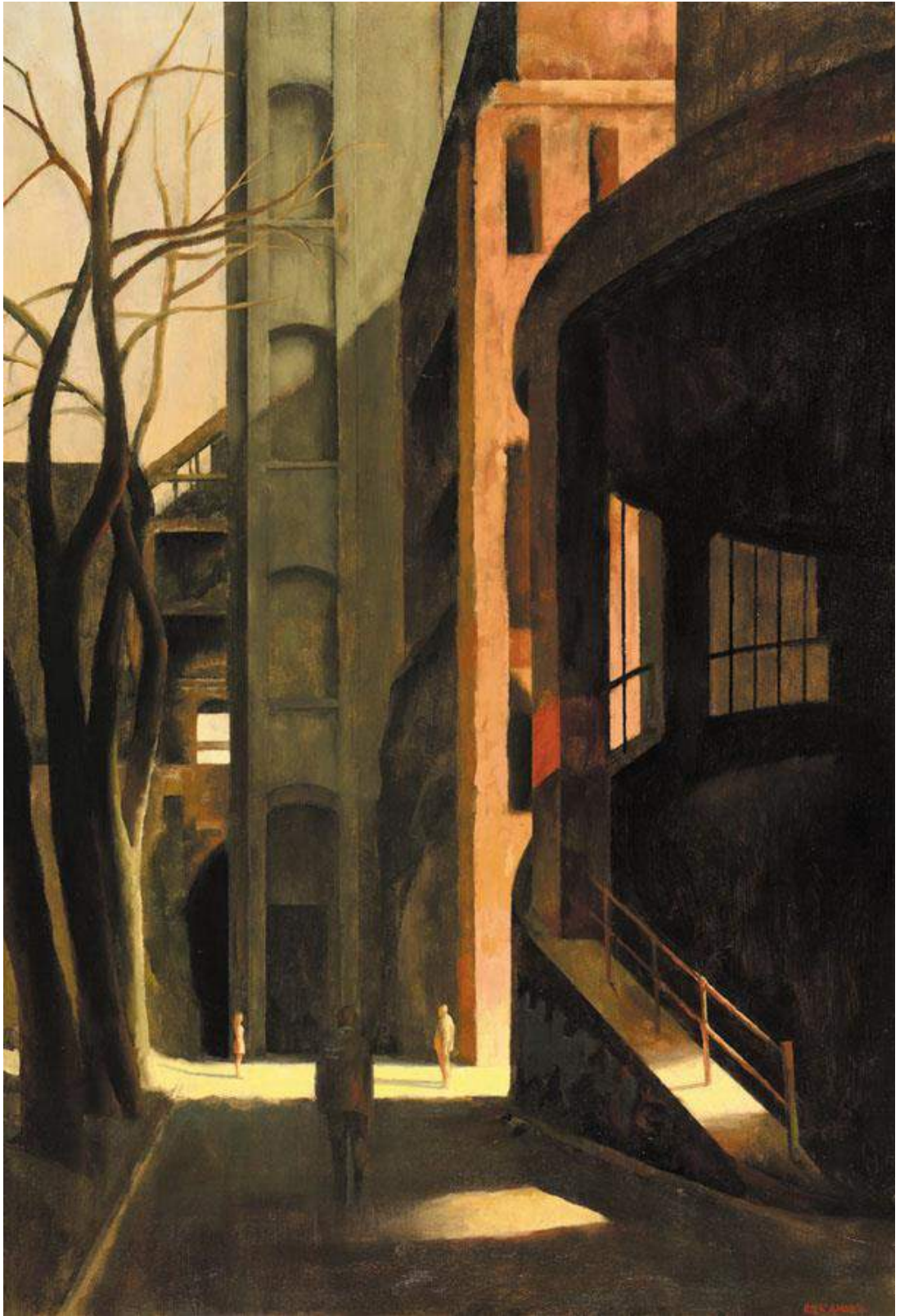
Fred Mitchell, *Collins and Elizabeth Streets*, 1958.





Mark Strizic, *Queensberry Street at Errol Street, North Melbourne*, 1963.





Rick Amor, *Three Trees*, 2010, oil on canvas, 130 x 89 cm.



Rick Amor, *The Secret City* (preliminary study), 1993–2001, oil on canvas, 61 x 76 cm.



Mark Strizic, *Downyflake Donuts, opposite the Cathedral Hotel, Swanston Street*. [Date not known].





Mark Strizic, *Hotel Britannia, Bourke Street*. I remember the man with the odd walk. Now I have an odd walk myself...[Date not known].



Mark Strizic, *At St Paul's, Swanston Street, 1954*.





Mark Strizic, *Fish Market*, c1954.



Collins Street, Queen to William, south side, terminating with the Federal Hotel, now demolished. Photographer and date unidentified.

Alan Bold in 'In Praise of Cities,' '...indicates that Thom Gunn<sup>22</sup> finds the exploration of cities more rewarding than the exploration of other individuals because in them he can escape a definite commitment to another person. The city accepts him for what he is and asks nothing from him except his imposing presence.'<sup>23</sup>

Though Stefania Michelucci, author of the only substantial critical study of Gunn's work, qualifies this by indicating that it is '...his sense of communion with the city that moves Gunn to participate in its life, both in the community which lives there and [as a macro-organism] of all humanity. ...In [Gunn's poem] 'Iron Landscapes (and the Statue of Liberty)' in his book *Jack Straw's Castle*, Gunn expresses his organic vision of the city in Whitmanesque terms, welcoming the strong pulse of life which hides under the apparent chaos of activity that occurs in cities, the personal form beneath the formless, the sharp, aggressive beauty of objects like 'block, cylinder, cube.' He describes the man-made [*sic*] structures of the city with a terminology inflected by that of plant life, emphasising simultaneously their perpetual and apparently uncontrollable mutation, but also their irreducible permanence.'<sup>24</sup>

August Kleinzahler<sup>25</sup> wrote about Thom Gunn in San Francisco that: 'For Thom, the city seemed to exist as a complex of erotic sites, assignations, stews. Heterosexual males, in my experience, are without exception tedious, and irritating, not to mention unreliable, on this subject. But Thom, on passing a bar, or apartment, or street corner (in one memorable instance a phone booth in a rather toney part of town) seemed cheerful and nostalgic in equal measure, and almost always had an amusing or

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<sup>22</sup> Thom Gunn 1929-2004), Gravesend, Oxford, Haight-Ashbury poet and academic.

<sup>23</sup> Alan Bold, editor, *Thom Gunn and Ted Hughes*, Oliverly & Boyd, London 1976, p 32.

<sup>24</sup> Stefania Michelucci, *The Poetry of Thom Gunn. A Critical Study*, McFarland & Company Inc, Publishers, Jefferson, North Carolina and London 2009, pp 77 & 78 and Thom Gunn, *Jack Straw's Castle and Other Poems*, Faber and Faber, London 1976; Farrar Strauss and Giroux, New York 1976. [Both held].

<sup>25</sup> USA poet, b 1949, a close friend of Gunn's.

interesting anecdote.’<sup>26</sup> Whilst I have never been to Thom Gunn’s city, San Francisco, he never came to Melbourne, and by the 1970s, I was living in London, My view of urban fabric eventually evolved into confluence with his, beginning in those urban loiterings of mine, some twenty years earlier.



Leathermen at the 1978 San Francisco Gay Day Parade. Image: the Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgender Historical Society.<sup>27</sup>



Castro Street, San Francisco, 1970s. Image from Uncle Donald’s Castro Street, the most complete historical archive of the neighborhood online.

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<sup>26</sup> August Kleinzahler, ‘Diary,’ *London Review of Books*, 4 November 2004, p 47. After his book *Touch* (1967), most of Gunn’s (1929-2004) poems are set in cities.

<sup>27</sup> <http://missionlocal.org/2014/07/r-rated-and-ephemeral-spinning-lgbt-history/> [www.towleroad.com/2008/01/castro-street-t/](http://www.towleroad.com/2008/01/castro-street-t/) from *Uncle Donald’s Castro Street*, the most complete historical archive of the neighborhood online, [www.pinterest.com/pin/357121445424404557/](http://www.pinterest.com/pin/357121445424404557/) and [www.flickr.com/photos/37996646559@N01/2870810978](http://www.flickr.com/photos/37996646559@N01/2870810978).





Castro Street, San Francisco, 1970s.



Castro Street, San Francisco, 1970s.

Melbourne's CBD was much more interesting in 1956: there were no franchises and the three Coles stores formed the only chain. True, there were whole areas that were neglected, dusty, grey, and down-at-heel, but of the wide diversity of retail businesses, each had its own fascinating identity, a rich urban grain.

A rare memory of my mother, is her taking me to **Regent Place** (1920s),<sup>28</sup> particularly to Tim the Toyman; Peter Piper Books, Prints, Stationery; and C W Costello Regency Bookshop at 8A; Betsy Pryam Children's Shoes; Fletcher Jones Drycleaning; and Ernest Hillier's Soda Fountain on the corner of Collins Street, opposite the Plaza

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<sup>28</sup> [www.emelbourne.net.au/biogs/EM01952b.htm](http://www.emelbourne.net.au/biogs/EM01952b.htm)

Cinema, which I only visited ten years later with my school-friend Michael Luxton. The maternal visit almost certainly followed a visit to the horrible dentist.

**Other arcades** to explore in 1956 were: the two-storied Metropole Arcade in Bourke Street, next to McEwans; Banana Alley under the Flinders Street railway viaduct; Royal Arcade, The Causeway, Centre Arcade, Block Arcade, Block Court, Centreway Arcade off Collins Street; Port Phillip Arcade, 228-236 Flinders Street, containing where Max Stern, Stamp and Coin Dealer opened in 1961, formerly in Myer sharing a space with a hearing aid specialist on the sixth floor next to the Mural Hall.

Particularly evocative was Queens Walk Arcade<sup>29</sup> in the Queen Victoria Building, cnr Swanston and Collins Street, which was demolished for the City Square; and Cathedral Arcade opposite it in Swanston Street, which miraculously survives.



The Queens Walk Arcade, 1957, demolished for the City Square.

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<sup>29</sup> <http://marvmelb.blogspot.com.au/2012/11/melbournes-wonderful-demolished.html>



The Queens Walk Arcade. Photo: Mark Strizic, late 1950s, demolished for the City Square.<sup>30</sup>



Cathedral Hotel, cnr Swanston Street and Flinders Lane, demolished for the City Square.

<sup>30</sup> [www.pinterest.com/pin/478577897877546408/](http://www.pinterest.com/pin/478577897877546408/)





Queen Victoria Building, corner Collins & Swanston Streets, demolished for the City Square.



The site demolished for the City Square corner Collins & Swanston Streets.



Foy & Gibson, Bourke Street, cnr Swanson Street, and Father Christmas, with his creepily beckoning finger.<sup>31</sup>



The Mutual Store and the smaller Snow's Department Store.

**Department stores** then included: Georges' of Collins Street (1880-1995), J G Guest & Co at 360 Collins Street; Ball & Welch and The Mutual Store, 256 Flinders Street, corner of Degraeves Street;<sup>32</sup> Craig Williamson's in Elizabeth Street; The Myer Emporium 'For value and friendly service'; and Buckley & Nunn, Foy & Gibson with its gigantic corner Father Christmas, the London Stores, The Leviathan, Hicks Atkinson, Reid Murray, Cox Bros. (What was a 'bros'? I wondered), Mantons',

<sup>31</sup> [www.pinterest.com/pin/478577897872700806/](http://www.pinterest.com/pin/478577897872700806/)

The later image on the right, when another floor has been added to the building, which needs repainting, is from Rohan Storey.

<sup>32</sup> Melbourne's first department store, a profit-sharing co-operative between shareholders and staff, incorporated in 1872 but destroyed by fire in 1891. Architects Reed, Smart & Tappin, designed the present building. Within a year of rebuilding, it produced a 40-page catalogue. In 1961 it was taken over by Peter Kaye Consolidated Ltd, then three years later Cleckheaton Ltd (Yorkshire) closed it in 1965. It then housed the Council of Adult Education for almost 40 years, and is now apartments. Mutual Stores Ltd collection is held at the University of Melbourne Archives. [www.emelbourne.net.au/biogs/EM01036b.htm](http://www.emelbourne.net.au/biogs/EM01036b.htm)



Payne's Bon Marché, Sharpes, Norman's Corner Store, Edward Love & Co and Bradman's Travel Goods (next door), two G J Coles Variety Stores (and another I passed in Swanston Street) all in Bourke Street; as well as Fred Hesse Menswear, 'Be smart and be dressy, be clothed by Fred Hesse'.<sup>33</sup>

**Cheaper menswear stores** included: Treadways', Alexander's Menswear and Dimmeys' all in Bridge Road, Richmond, the first two encountered on excursions with my father, but never Dimmeys. In fact I recall my mother warning me never to buy anything from Coles, as it was 'too cheap.'



Red Tait train (1907-84), crossing the Clarendon Street Railway Bridge, c1964. Photo: Weston Langford.



Blue Harris train, introduced from 1956, on the Flinders Street Railway Viaduct, majestically curving around the former Fish Market site with spider's web of tram wires overhead, c1964. Photo: Weston Langford.

The mysterious cavernous basement of **Flinders Street Station** in Flinders Street housed Hearn's Hobbies, City Hatters, L P Manning's Pharmacy, and Corn's Delicatessen. There was invariably a MUM's donut van in Swanston Street, a Gordon

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<sup>33</sup> Snow's Department Store (1936, later Tattersalls and then Yooralla), 244 Flinders Street, near to the Mutual Store had closed in 1954.



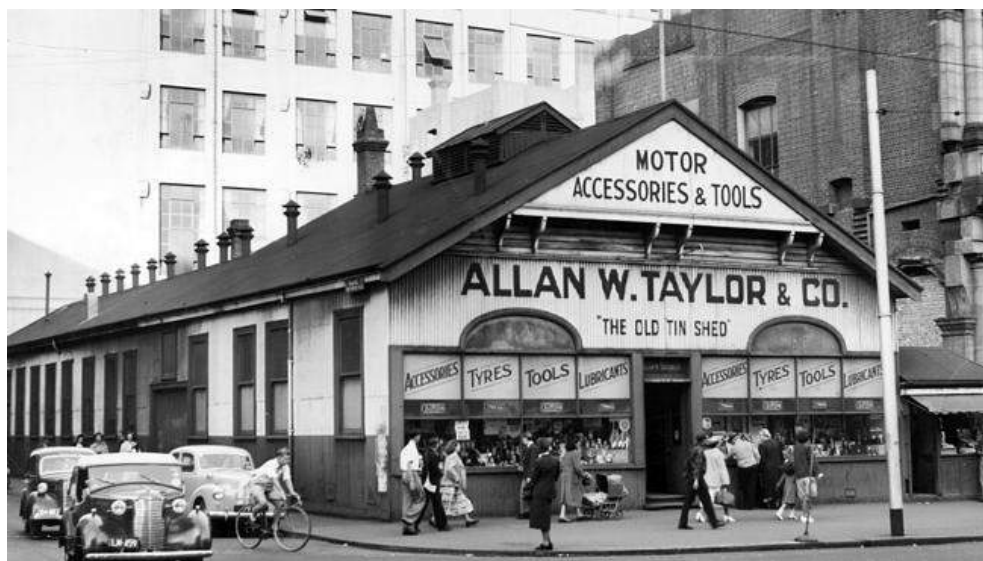
& Gotch Bookstall, and the Melbourne Sports Depot was further along in Banana Alley (later in Elizabeth Street).

**Bourke Street** stores included Clegs, Patches, Public Benefit Bootery (very narrow and opposite Myer, 1908-96), Coons Shoes and Whites Shoes (their racial implication unnoticed then); Potts the Pork Butcher; the scary Job Warehouse at 52 and The Greater 3UZ opposite at 85. Further down were Clements, Thomas' and Brashes music stores; Your Expert Service, Tafts Pens and Ink, Peter's Gloves and Hoisery.

L P Alexander Tailors 'where the little man tap-tap-taps on the window' were in **Swanston Street**, and there were well-stocked tobacconists in Swanston Street and Elizabeth Street; and further up Swanston Street were Model Dockyard, Bernard's Magic Shop, and Radio Parts.

The ALP sponsored Radio Station 3KZ was at the Trades Hall in **Lygon Street**, with its prominent vertical red neon sign.

Perhaps **Elizabeth Street** was most attuned to my boyish interests, with the Model Dockyard, Bernard's Magic Shop at 211 (there 1937-2015),<sup>34</sup> Radio Parts, Allan W Taylor & Co 'The Old Tin Shed' for 'army disposals' and equipment, and The Boy Scouts Association, as well as the **car showrooms**. Other car showrooms were near the corner of Little Collins and Rissell Street, including the 124-130 Russell Street, built in 1923, later the Theosophical Society, was Olympia Motors, selling Durant, Wolseley, and Rugby cars.



The Old Tin Shed, Elizabeth Street, cnr Little Bourke Street, next to the GPO, 1950.

Built temporarily in 1906, and remained despite persistent calls for its removal.

Picture: Herald Sun Image Library/Argus. But demolished in the clean-up prior to the Olympic Games, in 1956.<sup>35</sup>

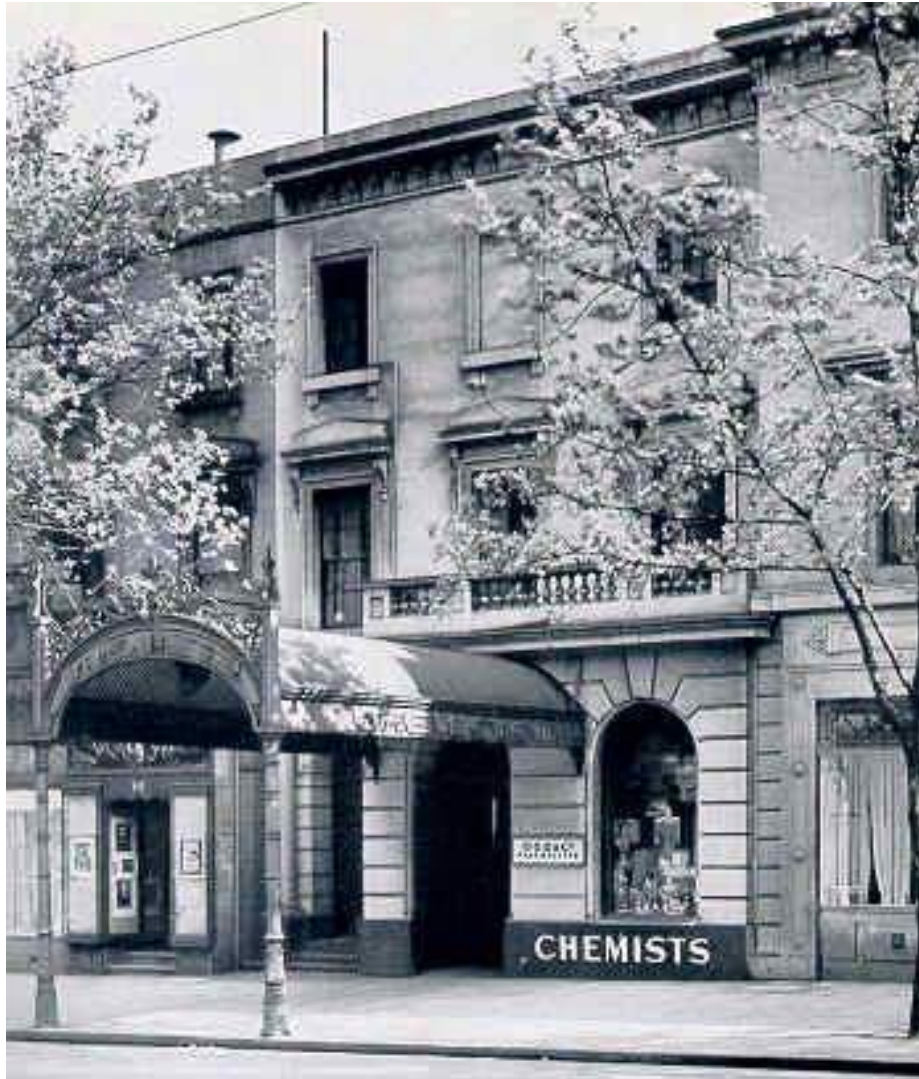
Shops of interest in **Collins Street** included: Allans and Chappells music stores. and Russell Street: for pawnbrokers and other disposals stores.

**At the Paris End of Collins Street:** Lillian Wightman's Le Louvre, 72-74 Collins Street (1929-2009); Elvie Hill fashion; Ogg's Pharmacy 76-78 Collins Street (there from

<sup>34</sup> For two more years at 355 Victoria Street, thence online.

<sup>35</sup> [www.pinterest.com/pin/478577897876309198/](http://www.pinterest.com/pin/478577897876309198/)

1872-1976);<sup>36</sup> Jonas' Fruit Shop, 89 Collins Street; and The Melbourne Athenaeum Library and Reading Room at 188 Collins Street.



Ogg's Pharmacy.

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<sup>36</sup> The canopy was removed in time for the Olympic Games on 8 February 1956 and after being modified by removal of the filigree cast-iron cresting and insertion of new cast iron valences, Grounds Romberg & Boyd relocated it to University House, 1 Professors Road, University of Melbourne. Twenty years later, the building was demolished under a permit dated 23 April 1976. The building elements (ceiling, etc and contents) were acquired by the Historic Buildings Council and given to the Museum of Victoria: a cedar counter, a cedar screen partition with etched glass panels to top a cedar display/storage cabinet with adjustable shelves and faceted glass knobs, a cedar apothecary's cupboard with multi-drawers, with faceted glass knobs and two cedar counter showcases, all c1880. No mention of the ceiling. Ogg's Pharmacy relocated to 2-7/189 Toorak Road, South Yarra, where it remains <http://vhd.heritagecouncil.vic.gov.au/places/718#sthash.MK9n4SwX.dpuf> and <https://digitised-collections.unimelb.edu.au/handle/11343/75522>



Le Louvre at left, Ogg's Pharmacy at right. Ogg's, was opened 1872 and demolished 1976 to create a windswept forecourt for Nauru House, the business was relocated to 189 Toorak Road, South Yarra, where it still is. Its nineteenth century interior, elements of which are in the Melbourne Museum collection, the arched verandah was saved for University House, University of Melbourne by its architect, Robin Boyd in the 1950s.



The refurbished Ogg's Pharmacy and University House. The decoration above the canopy has gone and been replaced with a new cast-iron lace valance below.



Lilian Wightman's Le Louvre (1932-92), the famous salon of Paris fashion (1940s-), the only surviving of a terrace of four 1855 townhouses, the polished copper shopfront from 1927, the upper façade and interior Georgianised after 1954. The window display was changed daily, closely watched for by Geoff and me. The business is now at 2 Daly Street, South Yarra [www.lelouvre.com.au/#!/the-story/cpeg](http://www.lelouvre.com.au/#!/the-story/cpeg)





Sadly, Le Louvre, 2016

**Furniture stores** were always interesting to explore, including: Malcolm Reid, Tyes and Paterson's in Bourke Street; and Guests, Andersons, Steeles and Maples.

**Jewellers** included: Catanachs, Dunklings, Drummonds, Hardys, Gaunts, and Prouds.

City **Estate Agents** included: Bailleau Allard, K Gardener & Lang, Abercrombie & Beattie, Geo Hume, Morris Sallman, T M Burke and H L Finlay.

**Flinders Lane** rag trade warehouses included: Sargood & Co, Patterson, Laing & Bruce, and industrial chemists Felton, Grimwade & Co.



The Oriental Hotel, Collins Street.

Of course I never then dared enter **hotels** (that came a decade later), but there were many: the **Federal** Hotel; the **Oriental** Hotel (later the Ress-Oriental), 37 Collins Street, demolished for Collins Place; the **Occidental** Hotel, cnr Exhibition Street (demolished for the Reserve Bank); the Silver Grill at the Hotel **Australia**; the **Ress Astoria** Hotel, all in Collins Street; **Mac's** Hotel, **Young & Jackson's** (Prince's Bridge) Hotel; **Hosie's** Hotel Elizabeth Street opposite Flinders Street Station; **Southern Cross** Hotel, 1963; **Menzies** Hotel, the **Windsor** Hotel, next door to the **New Treasury** Hotel; opposite the racier **Imperial** Hotel; the **Savoy Plaza** Hotel, the first hotel in Australia to have a bathroom in every room, formerly the Alexander, Spencer Street; **Scotts'** Hotel; the **Chevron** Hotel, St Kilda Road and the Victoria, both , unlicensed private hotels; The **Royal Mail** Hotel, the **Town Hall** Hotel, the **Swanston Family** Hotel, the **Cathedral** Hotel and the Hotel **Graham** all in Swanston Street.

Others were the **King's** Hotel, Russell Street, cnr Little Collins Street, and **Ciro's** nightclub near Collins Street in Exhibition Street, the **Barclay** Hotel, 321 Little Collins Street: □1956, **Royal Arcade** Hotel, 301-307 Little Collins Street; **Phairs** Hotel, later Embank Arcade, 329 Collins Street, cnr Elizabeth, next to Elizabeth Collins Café; The **London** Hotel, The **City Club** Hotel, the **Fox and Hound**, **Carlyon's** Hotel, corner of Bourke and Spencer Streets, the **Federal** Hotel, Bourke Street, cnr William Street, the Saracen's Head, and The **Metropole** Hotel, Metropole Arcade, Bourke Street.

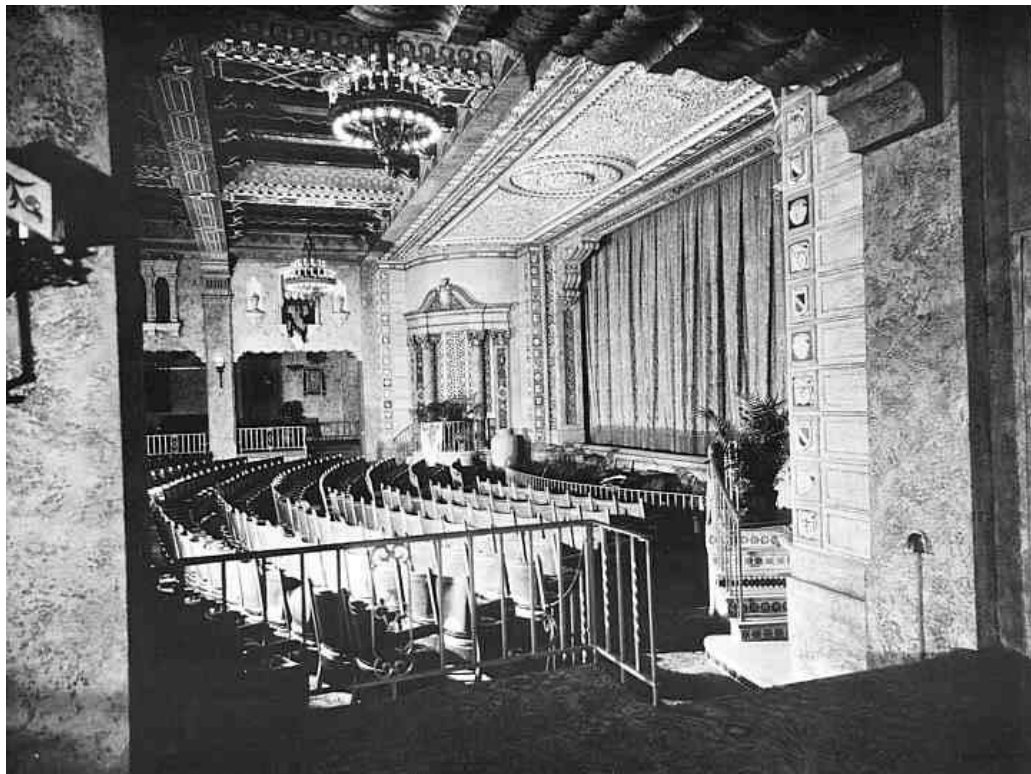
**Cafés** included: **Coles Cafeteria**, First Floor, Bourke Street, a single room which extended through to Little Collins Street; **the stand outside Flinders Street Station**, for floaters (a flat meat pie in green liquor) and saveloys in batter, which was later **Mum's Donuts**; **Russell-Collins Tearooms** with blonde-wood booths, flattering tinted mirrors and tall vases of gladioli, **Elizabeth-Collins Tearooms**, **Ernest Hilliers**

Soda Fountain for caramel nut sundaes and chocolate frosted; opposite **Milady's Lounge**, **The London Inn** (for Welsh rarebit), the **Wild Cherry**, the **Willow Tea Rooms**, **Gibbys'** Coffee Shop in Cathedral Lane and elsewhere, **Quists'** Coffee Shop, **Val's** Coffee Lounge, 123 Swanston Street (for theatricals and bohemians), **Krown Café** and **Downyflake Donuts** in Swanston Street (**Mirka's Café** in Exhibition Street and **Pellegrini'** (both had opened in 1954), **The Legend Café**, Bourke Street; **Raffles**, the **Little Red Hen**, and the **Myer Mural Hall**, with its ten giant Napier Waller Murals (1928-35), which I may have found on my own<sup>37</sup>

**Restaurants** were rare in Melbourne then, and quite unknown to me, but they included: **the Florentino**, **the Balzac**, **the Latin** and **the Society**.

The **Downyflake**, next to the Swanston Street Coles, had the endlessly fascinating Donut Manufacturing Machine in its window, its aroma as enticing as that of the roasted cashew nut counter at Myer's.

In 1956, there were 124 **cinemas** in metropolitan Melbourne, but after only five years of television, 57 of them had closed. Many of their buildings still remain, adapted to use as warehouses and ballrooms. Those in the CBD in 1956 included: the Metro 167 Collins Street; the basement Plaza (later adapted to unbelievable Cinerama) and the Regent, 191 Collins Street; the Grosvenor, 199 Collins Street (for English films); the Albany, 232 Collins Street; the Australia and the Tatler, 272 Collins Street; the Metro, 20 Bourke Street; Lyceum, 243 Bourke Street; Odeon and the basement Times Newsreel, 283 Bourke Street; the Esquire, 236 Bourke Street; the Athenaeum, Bourke Street; the Kings, 131 Russell Street; Savoy, 172 Russell Street; the Capitol and its basement Century Newsreel, 109 Swanston Street; the State, 154 Flinders Street, and the Majestic at 172 Flinders Street.



The Plaza Cinema, propr to installation of the Cinerama Screen.

<sup>37</sup> [www.muralhall.net.au/docs/napier-waller-murals-sml.pdf](http://www.muralhall.net.au/docs/napier-waller-murals-sml.pdf)





Capitol Theatre, 1955.

**Live Theatres** included: the Tivoli, Her Majesty's, the Princess', Russell Street and the Comedy.

There were numerous **Bookshops**, often with both new and second hand books, which included: Angus & Robertson, 66 Elizabeth Street; The Book Depot, 288 Collins Street; Booklovers' Bookshop, 239 Collins Street; Coles Book Arcade; Spring Bookshop, Collins Street; Austral Bookshop, 263 Collins Street; the Presbyterian Bookroom, Collins Street; Keswick Book Depot, 315 Collins Street; the Chaucer Booksellers, Howey Court; Speagle's Bookshop, 317 Collins Street, Craftsman Bookshop 408 Collins Street, Peter Piper Books, Regent Place and C W Costello Regency Bookshop (formerly the Victoria Palace Bookshop), 8A Regent Place; and Norman Robb, 190 Little Collins Street.

F W Cheshire Bookshop, 338 Little Collins Street; A Barrett's Booksellers, 429 Little Collins Street; Margarita Webber Bookseller; Regent Bookshop; Cathedral Bookshop; A H Spencer, The Hill of Content, 86 Bourke Street; Hall's Bookstore, 371 Bourke Street, including second hand school books; Rawsons' Books, 169 Exhibition Street; The Little Bookroom, 15 Equitable Place (100 Collins Street); Technical Bookshop, Swanston Street; Norman Brothers Stationers; Robertson & Mullens, 107 Elizabeth Street and McGill's Agency, 183 Elizabeth Street.

McGill's expanded into 183-187, then apparently moved again to 187-193. Its telephone number evolved from: Central 8113, Cent 8113, C8113, M1475 and eventually 9602 5566. It was founded in 1860 by the McGill family and closed as McGill's Authorised Newsagency in 2009, after 149 years in business, the last major newsagency in the Melbourne CBD and the last place to see overseas and interstate newspapers.



The Fish Market, Flinders Street, beyond the railway viaduct.

Surprisingly, I cannot remember exploring **the markets**, and of the magical Fish Market<sup>38</sup> (demolished c1955, prior to the Olympic Games), the Eastern Market (sadly demolished in 1960 for the Southern Cross Hotel), and the Western Market (demolished 1961 for the National Mutual Building), only the Queen Victoria Market survives.

MCC (City of Melbourne) street cleaners were dressed in white overalls and pushed white painted garbage carts with three solid disc wheels, into which large wide brooms and shovels were fixed. Others drove white-painted drays drawn by draught horses.

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<sup>38</sup> [www.pinterest.com/pin/478577897875701616/](http://www.pinterest.com/pin/478577897875701616/)



There were paper boys with shoulder-slung hessian bags, and piles of coins on the pavement, with their street cries I can still clearly hear, like: 'Get your *Guardian* it's the workers' paper!', '*Tribune*! And 'Late Extra *Herald* paper, with all the sport scores, read all about it!' They were selling: *The Argus*, *The Sun News-Pictorial*, *The Sporting Globe*, *The Weekly Times*, *The Age* (at 233 Collins Street), *The Truth*, *Pix*, *People*, and *Post*. Of these, only *The Argus* and *The Sun* were permitted to enter our house. The best selection of paper and magazine racks seemed to be clustered around Flinders Street Station entrance itself. It was *The Sun* which I remember had the funnies: Ginger Meggs, Radish, Ben Bowyang, The Potts, and Little Sport. But *The Argus* was in full colour!

There was so much then in the city for a small wandering boy to explore, over three spare hours on every Saturday morning.



Paper boys, some no longer in the flush of youth, outside Young and Jacksons Hotel.





Variously aged paper boys, Flinders Street Station.<sup>39</sup>

Sport at school was always another fearful experience for me. Compulsory weekly gymnasium was situated somewhere between embarrassment and torture. It was worse than YMCA, and Sea Scouts because there was no escape. The parallel bars, the wall bars, the vaulting horse, and rope-climbing were all impossible for me to attempt. I lacked bodily co-ordination and timing, and my arms were far too weak. No-one ever thought to gently help, or advise me, even to relieve my extreme embarrassment. At least I can't remember ever playing in a football match, though I must have: no boy could possibly grow up in 1950s Australia and escape that.

Sport at Carey was compulsory every Wednesday afternoon, but by choosing hockey, I avoided much of the degradation of incompetence I had experienced in athletics and footy at primary school, in games in the Cubs and Scouts, and in swimming and gymnastics at the YMCA. Hockey was new to me: a chance to begin again: to shake off the albatross. And I certainly made a better fist of it. Playing in the Carey Seconds, especially with my friend Paul Jackman as captain, was feasible.

Surprisingly, I continued playing hockey voluntarily at Melbourne University in the seconds or thirds team with Michael, sometimes even playing two games consecutively in the one day, when a team need another player. Probably it was a regular way to meet and share his interesting company. Occasionally we would share a beer at Peter Poynton's Hotel, with its Pink Pussy Cat Bistro, in Grattan Street on the corner of Cardigan Street. Poynton (1932-2004) was a kind and genial local identity. I had no idea that on Saturday nights all of the Carlton Football team dined there together.

In Carlton, there seemed very few places for students to meet socially. J C Watson Wine Merchant (popularly known as Jimmy Watson's Wine Bar & Restaurant), 333 Lygon Street, was designed by Robin Boyd, of Romberg & Boyd, architects in 1962, with its radical, witty and hugely influential white façade, which I peered into from the Lygon Street bus stop, was far too sophisticated for us.

It was created by amalgamating three double-storied nineteenth century shop/residences, unified with a bagged and white-painted brick facade, its

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<sup>39</sup> [www.frameweb.com/news/csi-at-flinders-street-station](http://www.frameweb.com/news/csi-at-flinders-street-station)

fenestration with mulberry painted deep reveals, in three configurations of three, in reference to the address. Historically the design is significant, as the earliest renovation of a nineteenth century domestic or retail building in Melbourne; and so it is the first of thousands of such renovations since in inner Melbourne.

The Mediterranean effect of its white-painted façade was extremely influential on many such white-painted renovations for the next decade and beyond, particularly in Carlton, Parkville, South Yarra and East Melbourne, including Betty's two Parkville houses. This Modernist approach preceded the implementation of 'heritage colour schemes,' urban conservation, heritage advice, and more scientific conservation practices.

I never entered Jimmy Watson's until later, with Frances, by which time we were clearly much more sophisticated ourselves, or felt so. <sup>40</sup>



Jimmy Watson.



A white painted terraced house.

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<sup>40</sup> <https://groups.google.com/forum/#!topic/alt.obituaries/DGVu7n5KyUs> and <https://www.pinterest.com/ospronk/newspaper-boyssellers/>



A white building in Melbourne.



**7. Gipps & Gertrude Streets:**  
A cable tram ride down Smith Street.  
Our father in 1920.

When he was only three in 1916, in the middle of the Great War, and when his father realised that the work in the California Gully gold mines had dried up, and until the 1930s when he was 24, when he and his parents escaped to a house in Wesgarth that he had bought for them, my father lived with his parents in a rented single-storied, single-fronted 1870s rendered brick terrace house with an iron palisade fence at 16 McKean Street, opposite Remy Lane, near Jamieson Street, in North Fitzroy. Its parapet has been the victim of modernisation, but it retains its iron fence. It is very similar to the house Geoff and I later rented at 27 Davis Street in North Carlton, where I think my father never ventured.



16 McKean Street.



16 McKean Street.

In 2018, 16 McKean Street was looking rather sad and unrenovated, but a similar house at **123 McKean Street** was offered for sale at auction for \$1.9-2.09 million.



123 McKean Street.

Although his father had owned the house in Mount Korong Road (now 263 Eaglehawk Road), California Gully, which he inherited from his own father who had built it in 1863, only ten years after he arrived in the Colony of Port Philip from Denmark, my father grew up in that rented North Fitzroy house. Their landlord was John W Baker, entrepreneurial pastor of the local Church of Christ, and it was only one of four houses he owned in McKean Street. This decline in family fortunes was never explained.



So the three Petersons lived in McKean Street from 1916-37, renting from the pastor, except for an interlude from October 1920 until June 1921, when they moved into Bangalore at 384-388 St Georges Road, near Barkly Street, for nine months. This was a large house, whose stained glass windows had pictures of Indian birds, and a staircase with deep treads. It was set in a beautiful expansive garden extending from St Georges Road down the slope to Chinese market gardens<sup>41</sup> on the Merri Creek.

In the early 1900s the Northcote Council inspected the Chinese gardens and declared them unsanitary due to the poor condition of the pump that took water from the creek, though the creek itself was heavily polluted due to runoff from the Preston abattoirs. The Council was asked to support legislation forcing Chinese market gardeners to leave metropolitan Melbourne, though commendably it refused. The gardens continued operating through to c1940, but frequent flooding of the creek, before the Upper Yarra Dam was opened in 1957, made it hard for the gardeners, mostly elderly men who were often survivors of the gold rushes, just as the Petersons were.



A Chinese Market Garden in Victoria. Image: J C Armytage engraver, Virtue & Co, London, c1874-6, SLV.<sup>42</sup>

Bangalore had various tenants, and soon my father's mother Tottie (or Fanny) was providing full board for them all, but it was all too much and 'it nearly killed her.' Tottie was then offered £100 a week to run Bangalore as an (illegal) gaming house, and so she decided it was time for them to leave, and soon after, in c1925 it was indeed

<sup>41</sup> <http://heritage.darebinlibraries.vic.gov.au/article/340> and Geoff Lacey, *Still glides the stream: the natural history of the Yarra from Heidelberg to Yarra Bend*, Australian Scholarly Publishing, Melbourne 2004.

<sup>42</sup> [http://search.slv.vic.gov.au/primo\\_library/libweb/action/dlSearch.do?dscont=1&onCampus=false&query=any%2Ccontains%2CChinese%20market%20gardeners&bulkSize=20&tab=default\\_tab&group=ALL&vid=MAIN&institution=SLVPRIMO&fromLogin=true&search\\_scope=Everything](http://search.slv.vic.gov.au/primo_library/libweb/action/dlSearch.do?dscont=1&onCampus=false&query=any%2Ccontains%2CChinese%20market%20gardeners&bulkSize=20&tab=default_tab&group=ALL&vid=MAIN&institution=SLVPRIMO&fromLogin=true&search_scope=Everything)



demolished. Its land was subdivided into two. It became Mear's Palais de Danse (1926, demolished) and Mears Merri Picture Theatre at 386-88 St Georges Road.<sup>43</sup> This cinema was designed by the prolific cinema designer, Charles Bohringer, and opened in 1926, but closed in 1958, and now demolished except for its façade. Bundarra Street was inserted below, and houses built along it.

Although this colourful episode lasted less than a year, my father often mentioned it. So, the Petersons moved back to 14 McKean Street renting again from the indispensable pastor.



14 McKean Street.

I often claimed that my grandparents on both sides were working class, but this is not quite true. Certainly both grandmothers seem to have had aspirations to elevate if not themselves, at least their (only, in both cases) children into the middle class. Perhaps both women were held back by their honourable, but feckless husbands, both called Albert.

Rubie's Albert was a newsagent, later a timberyard clerk. Tottie's Albert was an ordinary underground miner and later an ordinary brewery worker. Fanny was refined and bright, but left school in sixth grade. Before her marriage aged 33, she had been manageress for Laurence Drycleaners in Bendigo. She did the couple's tax returns.<sup>44</sup>

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<sup>43</sup> Catrice, Daniel, 'Cinemas in Melbourne, 1896-1942,' Monash University, Clayton 1991, Vol 3, p 214 and Mr A G Peterson.

<sup>44</sup> Mr A G Peterson.



E G Walker's Newsagency, 190 Union Road, Surrey Hills, with Mr Walker behind the counter and George Westle, newsboy, c1940, who looks strikingly like me at the same age, 15 years later. Photograph: Surrey Hills Neighbourhood Centre Heritage Collection. Broome, Richard, with Richard Barndon, Don Garden, Don Gibb, Elizabeth Jackson & Judith Smart, et al, *Remembering Melbourne. 1850-1960*, Royal Historical Society of Victoria, Melbourne 2016, p 353.

Rubie and Bert managed (or owned, Anne Lewis thinks they did) a newsagency in Nicholson Street, North Fitzroy, two doors from Brunswick Road<sup>45</sup> where they lived, and where my mother was born in 1917. In 2007, there was still a post office at c795 Nicholson Street; and from 1983, I was a director of Urban Spaces Pty Ltd, Architects and Builders, whose office was at 1 Railway Lane, less than 50 metres away.

So not quite working class, and certainly not part of the 'indigenous poor' in Fitzroy, who were depicted in the enduring vision of both Yosli Bergner (1920-) and Danila Vassilieff (1897-1958). Bergner's 'novel invention of cityscapes,' areas which we 'experts' later studied, analysed, and defined as Urban Conservation Areas, was a radical and original vision of urban Australia.<sup>46</sup> Vassilieff, the Russian born painter, who moved to Melbourne in 1937, lived at 236 George Street, just over Queens Parade, and painted over 30 Fitzroy street scenes, before moving to bucolic Warrandyte.

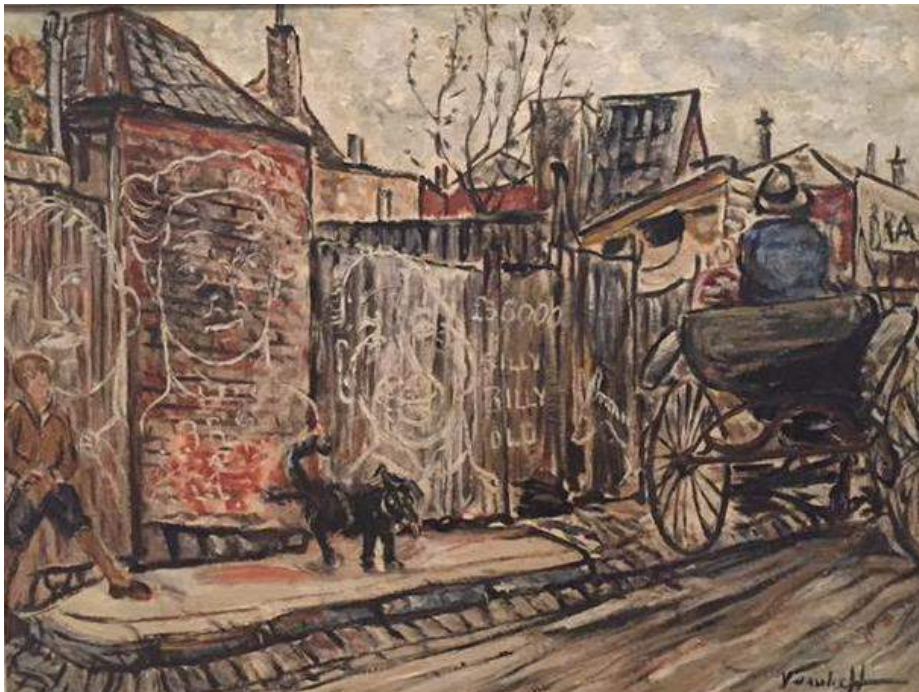
So, these visual images by Vassilieff and Bergner depict the environment from which both my grandparents families sought to escape. To the end of his long life in 2005, my father could never quite accept that property in North Fitzroy was now valuable.

<sup>45</sup> Anne Lewis, and Mr A G Peterson, including a visit there with him.

<sup>46</sup> Jaynie Anderson, *Australian Book Review*, October 2006, p 36, paraphrased. (John Slater, *passim*, including p 196, Danila Vassilieff, *Study in Fitzroy (rear entrance of 236 George Street, 1937)* and p 194, Yosli Bergner, *Princes Hill* (c1938).



Danila Vassiliev, *Corner store (Fitzroy)*, 1938.



Danila Vassiliev, [unidentified].





Danila Vassiliev, Fitzroy Street Scene, 1938, oil on plywood,



Danila Vassiliev, *Study in Fitzroy*, 1938, 54.2 x 48.3 cm, oil on canvas on composition board, 54.2 x 48.3 cm.





Danila Vassilieff, *Fitzroy Street Scene*, 1938, oil on board, 36 x 46.5 cm.



Yosl Bergner, *Couple in Fitzroy*, 1940, oil on canvas, 65.0 x 80.0 cm.

From McKean Street, over the railway bridge of the Fitzroy spur line, was the Fitzroy Football Ground (now the W T Peterson oval, no relation), and also the Brunswick Street cable tram.

None of the family were particularly religious, but as well as secure accommodation, membership of the Church's Sunday School allowed our father a chance to be selected in its cricket team, for which church attendance was a pre-requisite. So he attended the hugely popular North Fitzroy Church of Christ Bible School, at 75-77 Reid Street (now Fitzroy North Community Church).<sup>47</sup> It seems many attended church in order to be able to play sport.

Like many Melbourne suburban streets, McKean Street is a chain (20.1 metres) wide, being the length of a cricket pitch; and to practice, our father and his friends would erect wickets in the opposing gutters, with the road width as their pitch.

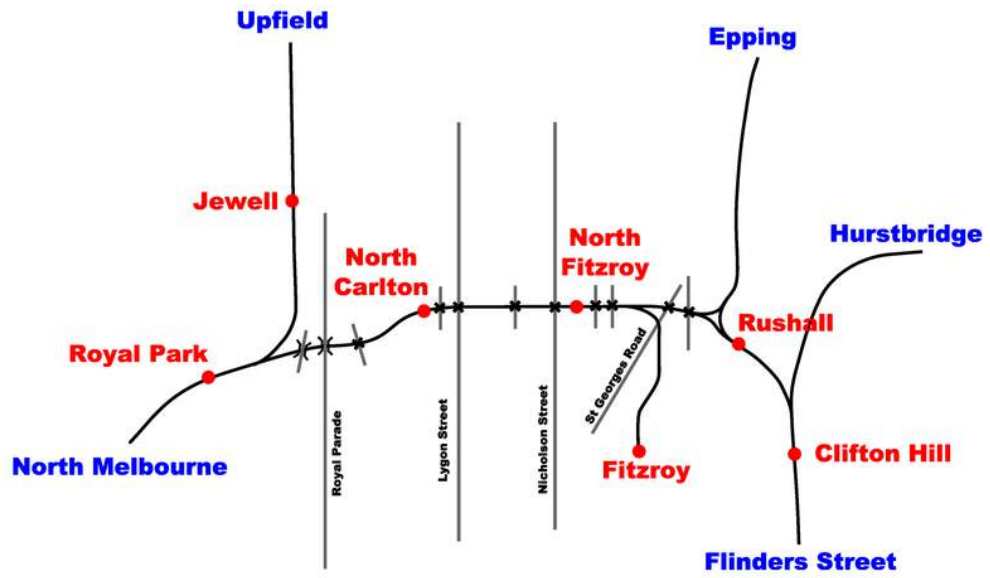


The former North Fitzroy Church of Christ Bible School, which our father attended to be eligible for its cricket team.

<sup>47</sup> <https://vhd.heritagecouncil.vic.gov.au/places/99800>



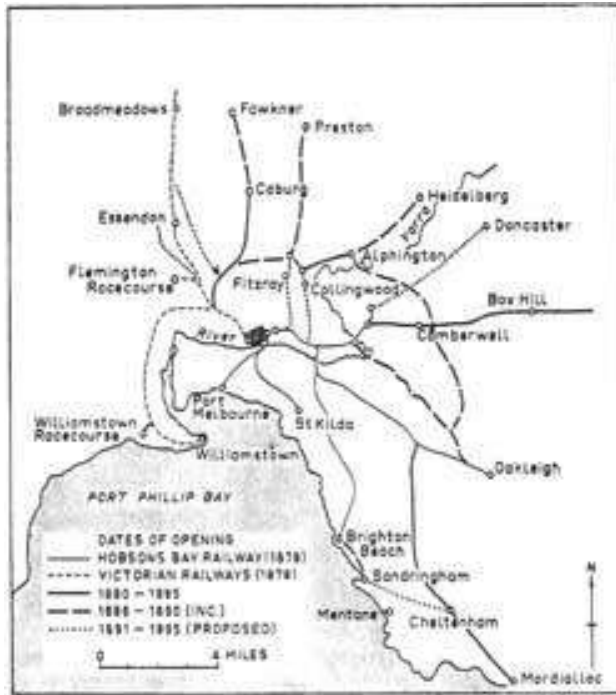




The Inner Circle Railway line.



Unidentified rail maps. Surely the Northcote Outer Circle connection was not ever built?



The Map of Melbourne Railway, 1880-95, in *Australian Economic Review* Vols X and XI, 1970-71, p 176.



The McKean Street/Freeman Street timber footbridge from the Fitzroy spur line railway relocated some 70 km away at Mooraduc.

Although Fitzroy Railway Station was conveniently near to McKean Street, in fact the line had not taken passengers since the Great Depression in 1892;<sup>48</sup> but there were two cable tram routes nearby. The (then) no 11<sup>49</sup> Nicholson Street, Gertrude Street, Smith Street and Queens Parade tram, was the nearest route to the city, and the (then) no 9 Brunswick Street tram (replaced by electric earlier) was just a block over. Though a further walk away, the Rathdowne Street cable tram (replaced by a broad

<sup>48</sup> Fitzroy railway station was on a spur branch of the Inner Circle line that ran through the Edinburgh Gardens, east beside the Brunswick Street Oval, opened in 1888, but closed to passengers in 1892 and now mostly removed. It was then used only for goods trains until 1981. The site is now a medium-density housing estate. The only surviving physical evidence of the station, the lengthy footbridge that our father would cross to the Fitzroy Football Ground, was dismantled and relocated to Mooraduc, on the Mornington Railway where it has been rebuilt and restored.

<sup>49</sup> Now no 86 tram, from Docklands Drive near Waterfront City, to Plenty Road to McKimmies Road, Bundoora.



grassy median strip in 1936) journeyed to Brighton Road, St Kilda, so the Petersons could take it to the near the beach.

Many families couldn't afford holidays away, so they often took day excursions by train, or more likely for the Petersons by tram to St Kilda Beach.<sup>50</sup>

On their journey to the city, say in 1920 when my father turned eight, in their Smith Street cable tram, he recalled to me that he was allowed to stand with the gripman in the dummy.

Operating from 1885-1940, Melbourne's cable tram system was the fourth largest in the world, over 75 kilometres of double track, with 17 inner-suburban routes, running 600 cable trams, consisting of car and trailer sets. These were pulled on rails by grabbing down onto a moving cable loop inside a channel just beneath the street pavement, guided by an intricate system of pulleys. At the powerhouse, huge winding wheels pulled the cable loops at a constant speed. Through a slot in the street pavement, the tram grabbed the cable with a big vice-like lever mechanism called a grip. To start the tram, the gripman pulled back on the lever, which closed the grip around the cable, and to stop, he released the grip and applied the brakes.<sup>51</sup>

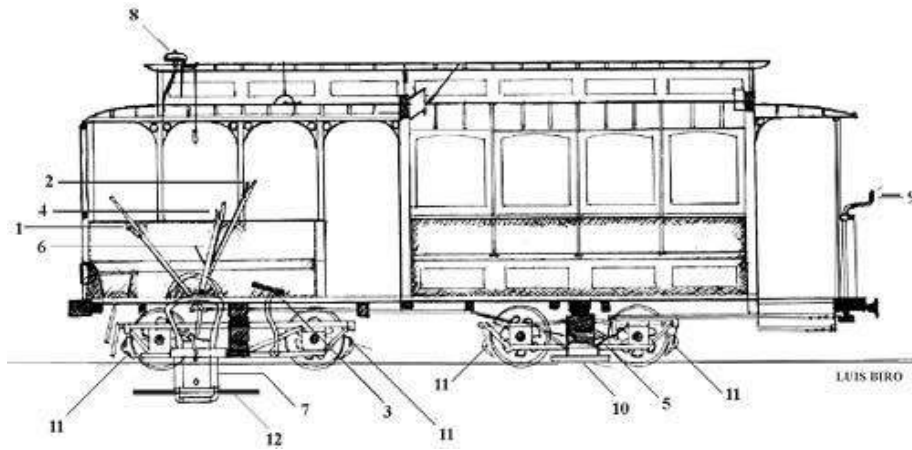


A Melbourne gripman.

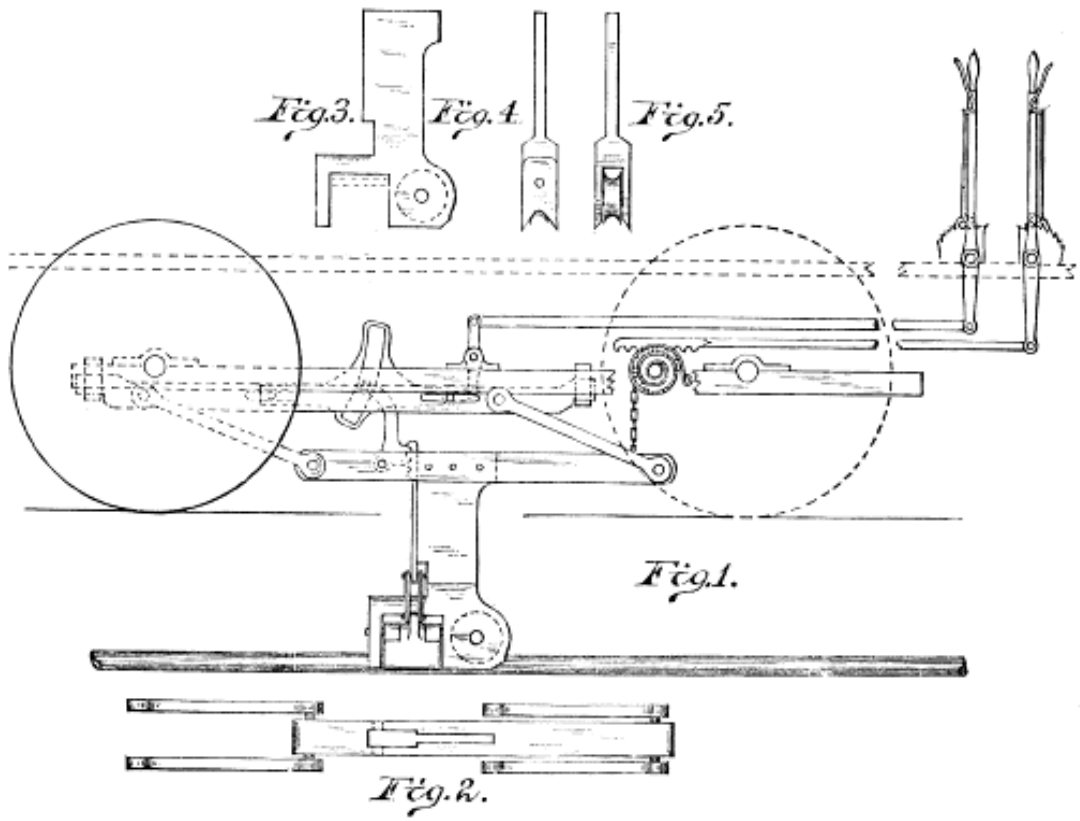
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<sup>50</sup> Brenda Niall, *Can You Hear the Sea? My Grandmother's Story*, The Text Publishing Company, Melbourne 2017, p 29.

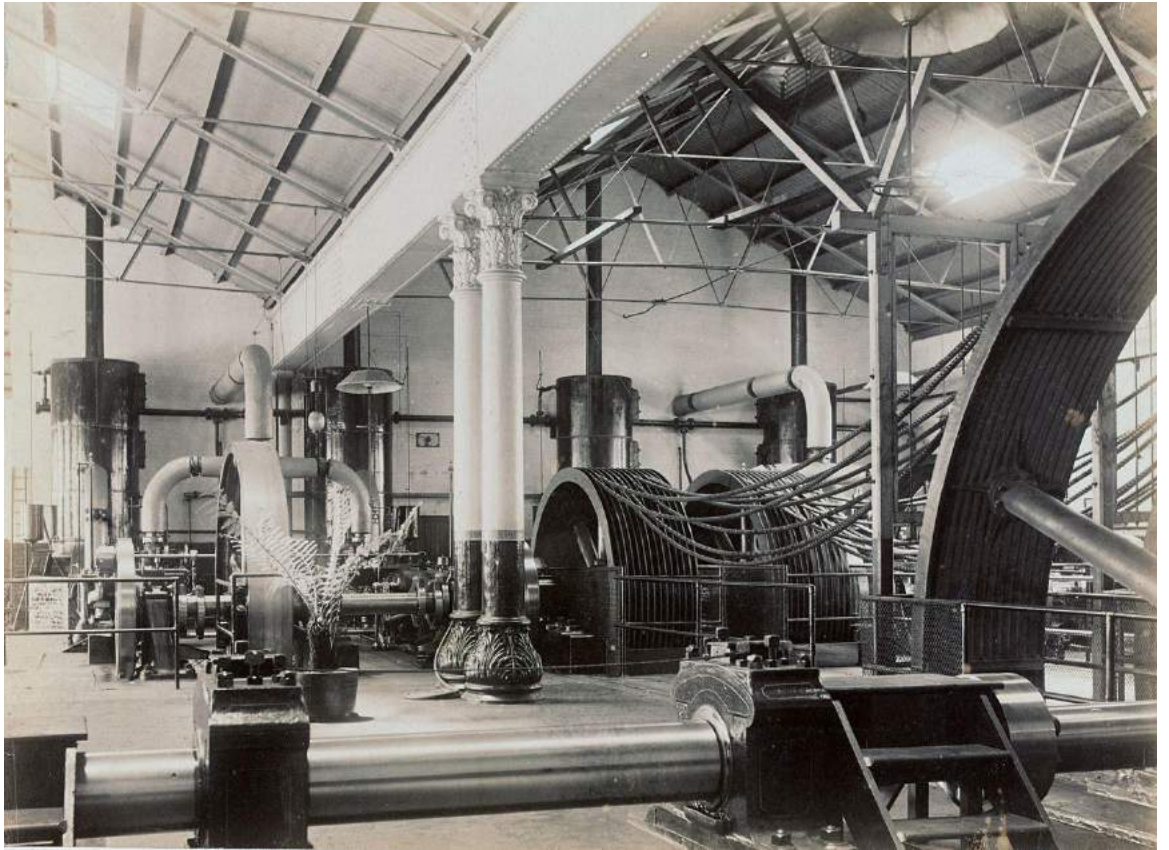
<sup>51</sup> [www.cablecarmuseum.org/mechanical070714.html](http://www.cablecarmuseum.org/mechanical070714.html)



A San Francisco Cable Car: elevation.



A San Francisco Cable Car: the cable grip mechanism, detail.

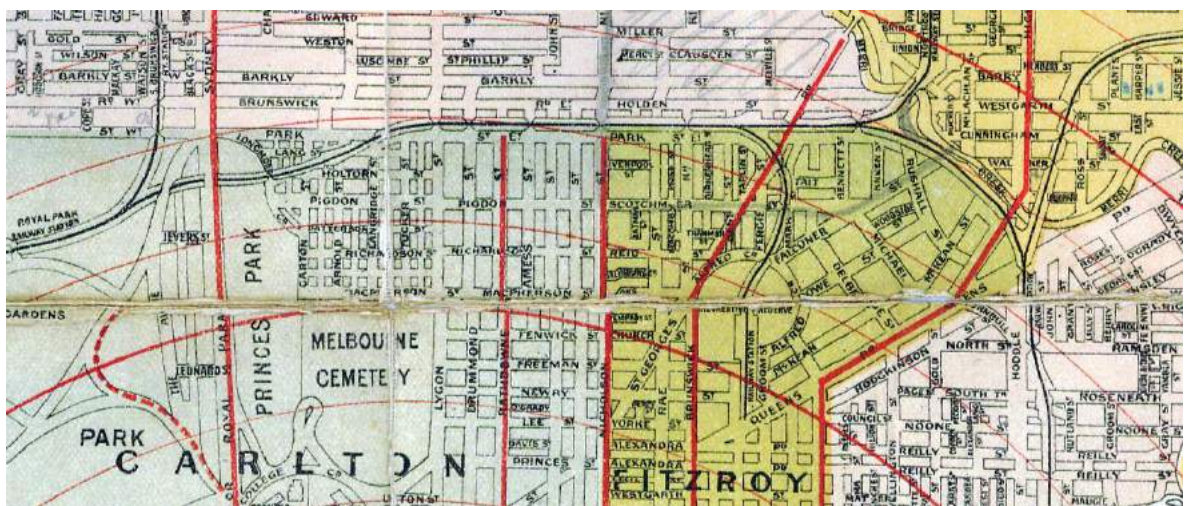
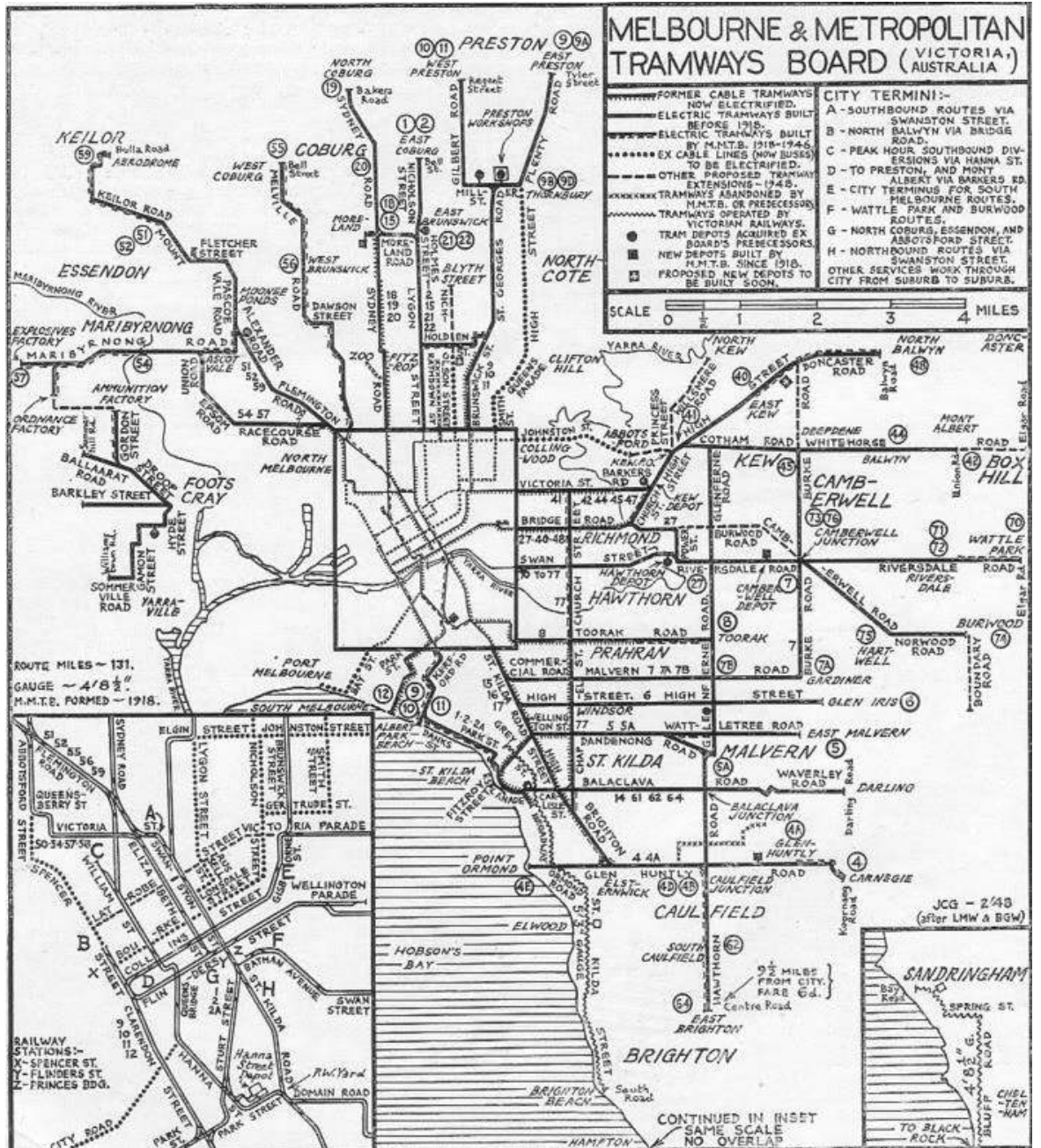


A splendid unidentified engine house with its cable winding machinery, M & O C, 1898.

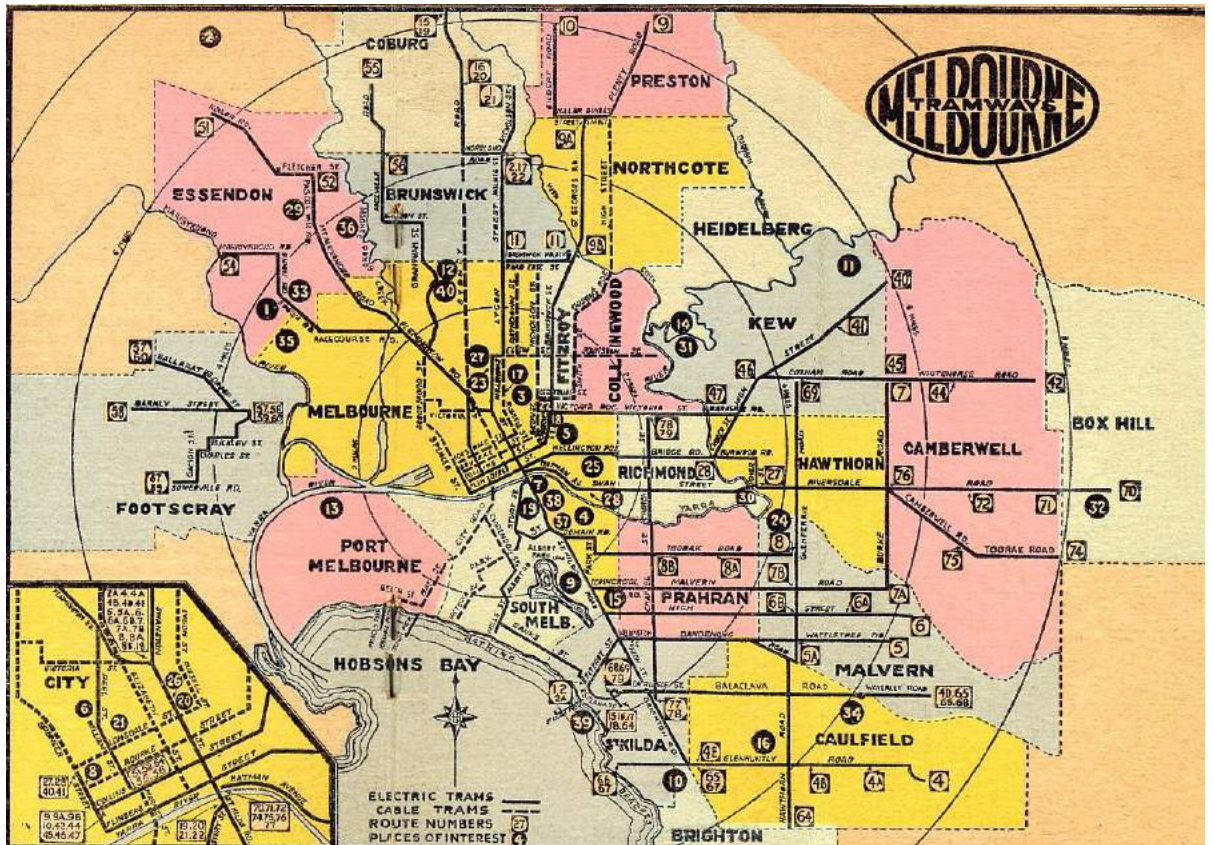












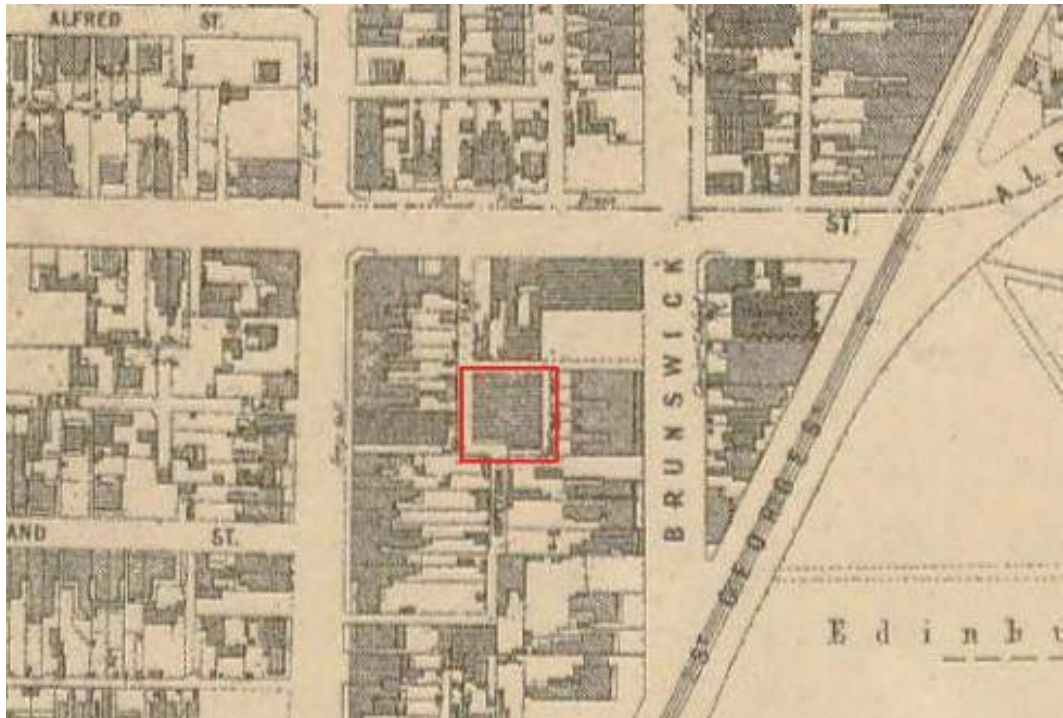
The former Flinders Street Railway Station (formerly Hobson's Bay Railway Station) facing the end of Elizabeth Street. The horse drawn omnibus on the left is marked 'North Carlton,' so would have run along Rathdowne Street. The clock was erected in 1883. There seem to be very few surviving clear images of Melbourne's horse-drawn omnibuses.



But cable trams were not the first of the three types of transport to follow many of the same routes Melbourne's electric trams follow today. They were preceded from the 1840s by a very efficient and reliable system of horse-drawn omnibuses. Two of the stables accommodating its hundreds of horses have survived, one near the junction of St Georges Road and Brunswick Street, North Fitzroy, and one in North Melbourne. By 1860 Melbourne had 28 horse bus lines.

The Melbourne Omnibus Company had been established in 1869, operating a fleet of eleven horse-drawn buses from the city to Fitzroy, and soon was also servicing Richmond, Carlton and North Melbourne. It became the M T & O Co in 1877 and by 1881 its fleet had 158 horse buses from ten stables, including at North Fitzroy. This was built in 1879-80, and still used as stables following the company's introduction of horse trams, which ran on rails, from 1883. The MT & O Co began to construct cable tram lines from 1885, though horse trams continued to be used on less busy routes until the 1920s. In 1889 the former stables were used as a cable tram workshop, but by 1890 it was no longer owned by the MT & O Co. In 1972 the building was converted into a residence and studio by the artist, Murray Walker.<sup>52</sup>

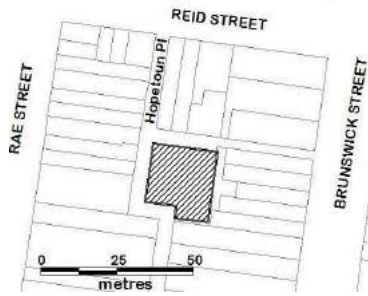
Other than horse-drawn omnibuses, suburban public transport consisted of hansom cabs, but only for the relatively well-off. Most people got about by 'shank's pony,' as my Nana<sup>53</sup> would say, and as she invariably did.



The North Fitzroy Horse-drawn omnibus stables, location.

<sup>52</sup> [www.railpage.com.au/f-t11349455-previous.htm](http://www.railpage.com.au/f-t11349455-previous.htm) and [www.dpcd.vic.gov.au/\\_data/assets/word\\_doc/.../TRAM-STABLES.doc](http://www.dpcd.vic.gov.au/_data/assets/word_doc/.../TRAM-STABLES.doc)

<sup>53</sup> Ruby Grace Higgs (née Goodman), born 4 October 1893 at Maryborough, the second of nine children, died at Hawthorn, 21 April 1979. Shank's pony, implies that they walked.



The North Fitzroy Horse-drawn omnibus stables detailed location. Below is its interior.



The MT & OC Workshop, North Fitzroy, c1889, when it was used for cable trams, Charles Rudd, SLV.



Tom Roberts (1856-1931), *Allegro con brio, Bourke Street West*, c1885-86, reworked 1890, oil on canvas on composition board 51.2 h x 76.7 w cm.

The National Gallery of Australia and the National Library of Australia.

By 1885 when Roberts (my grandfather's step-brother) painted this work, there were cable trams in Bourke Street including no 11, not this row of Hansom cabs. Roberts is recording what once existed from his memory.

Silently pulled by its subterranean cable, the Petersons' no 12 (?) cable tram, ran along Rathdowne, then zig-zagged through Elgin, Lygon, Russell and Lonsdale Streets to its City Terminus at Swanston Street (through-routed to Brighton Road). By 1920, the service had been running for over forty years, since 1889. It was closed and replaced by a automotive bus route in 1936, which very soon was extended to the outer suburbs of Heidelberg and Heidelberg West, the second of which still operates. Its Engine House and Car Shed still exists in Rathdowne Street, near its terminus, as smart townhouses.



The Gas Works storage cylinders of the Collingwood, Fitzroy & District Gas & Coke Company.

Their tram passed the Gas Works of the Collingwood, Fitzroy & District Gas & Coke Company (founded 1859, closed 1927, but the gasometers survived for storage until the 1970s)<sup>54</sup> between Queens and Alexandra Parades, then into Smith Street. On the right, or Fitzroy side, at the corner of Johnson Street, was the Great White City of the McRobertsons Chocolate and confectionary factories, the business founded by Sir Macpherson Robertson in 1880. Most of these buildings still exist, derelict for years, they have now been converted to apartments.

Also on the right were nos 132-172 Smith Street were the nineteenth century Foy & Gibson drapery and manchester department stores, on both sides of the road, built from 1883. But most of these fine buildings were demolished in the 1960s. In 2004, no 132, the former Ladies Store, originally three stories, was the only one surviving; though their later vast red brick manufacturing complex survives in the streets to its east, now mostly also converted into apartments.<sup>55</sup>

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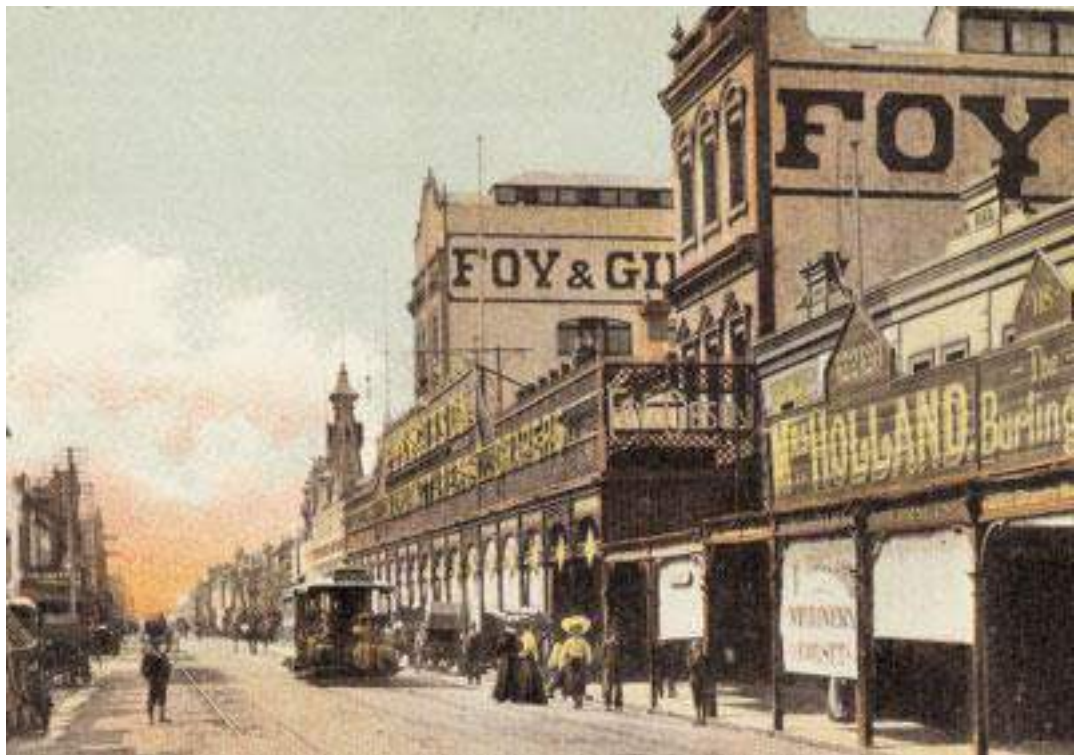
<sup>54</sup> [www.yarracity.vic.gov.au/Planning--Building/Urban-Design-Frameworks/North-Fitzroy-Precinct/](http://www.yarracity.vic.gov.au/Planning--Building/Urban-Design-Frameworks/North-Fitzroy-Precinct/) and Gary Vines and Matthew Churchward, *Northern Suburbs Factory Study*, 1992. The Valve House, corner of George Street survives, one of only four relics of Melbourne's once vast gas industry (with North Melbourne Valve House, South Melbourne Gas Works and St Kilda Road Valve House), still houses a natural gas regulator.

<sup>55</sup> [www.smithstreet.org/heritage/foy\\_and\\_gibson\\_coles\\_variety\\_and\\_secret\\_tunnels.php](http://www.smithstreet.org/heritage/foy_and_gibson_coles_variety_and_secret_tunnels.php)





Dapper Sir Macpherson Robertson and his Great White City, cnr Smith and Johnson Streets, c1905.



Foy & Gibson, Smith Street, Collingwood. Postcard, c 1906, with the Post Office tower in the distance and a cable tram approaching.  
The Shirley Jones Collection of Postcards, State Library of Victoria, No H90.160/1012.



Foy & Gibson factories, Oxford Street, Collingwood, built 1912.

In 1911 a 3.6m wide tunnel was built below Smith Street and its cable trams, to connect the Foy & Gibson Ladies' Store on the west side to their stores on the east side of the street. Professor Miles Lewis claims that this tunnel still survives, though blocked at one end. There is no reason to believe that it doesn't still survive at its southern end.<sup>56</sup>

The Salvation Army Band was very active in Collingwood 1920, perhaps stationed outside the Birmingham Hotel, on the Johnson Street corner. Gangs from different corners of Collingwood would gather each Friday or Saturday night, parodying, or hurling flour and ochre at, the Salvation Army. The band tried to counter the influence of the John Wren (1871-) push, whose illegal tote (1893-1907) was just down the hill on 136 (later 132) Johnson Street, one criminal element in Frank Hardy's 'Carringbush'.<sup>57</sup> In 1990s Frank Hardy showed Geoff and I its location, its escape lanes and the routes its runners took off Johnson Street from Sackville Street. The location cant have been too secret as it is mentioned in the 1893 Sands & McDougall Directory as 'John Wren, Tobacconist' and subsequently, his cousin John Cullen. The site is now marked by a Collingwood Historical Society oval plaque.

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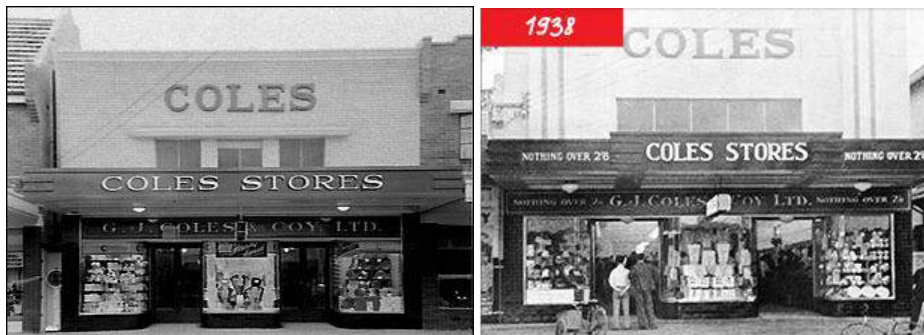
<sup>56</sup> Miles Lewis, 'The First Suburb' in *Fitzroy, Melbourne's First Suburb*, p 30.

<sup>57</sup> Frank Hardy, *Power without Glory*, Realist Printing & Publishing Co, Melbourne 1950 and [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Power\\_Without\\_Glory](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Power_Without_Glory), <http://collingwoodhs.org.au/resources/collingwood-history-plaques-project/former-john-wrens-tote/>, Niall Brennan, *John Wren gambler: his life and times*, Hill of Content, Melbourne 1971 and *Truth*, 14 November 1903 newspaper.





Frank Hardy in a lane behind the site of the Collingwood Tote.



Coles Store No 1, undated photograph.



Coles Store No 1. Somethings not right! ' The new Smith St store has opened less than one kilometre from where the first-ever Coles store opened over 100 years ago.<sup>58</sup>

Then the tram trundled on past the first Coles Variety Store, no 1, which had opened at 172 in 1914,<sup>59</sup> and has now been replicated further along at 288 Smith Street.

And so the Peterson's cable tram would continue down Bourke Street, Swanston Street and further on to Brighton Road, St Kilda. From 1924-40, cable trams were

<sup>58</sup> [www.heraldsun.com.au/leader/north/coles-opens-new-collingwood-store-on-smith-st-site-of-original-shop/news-story/21b27a5475f0be89898946f356711daf](http://www.heraldsun.com.au/leader/north/coles-opens-new-collingwood-store-on-smith-st-site-of-original-shop/news-story/21b27a5475f0be89898946f356711daf)

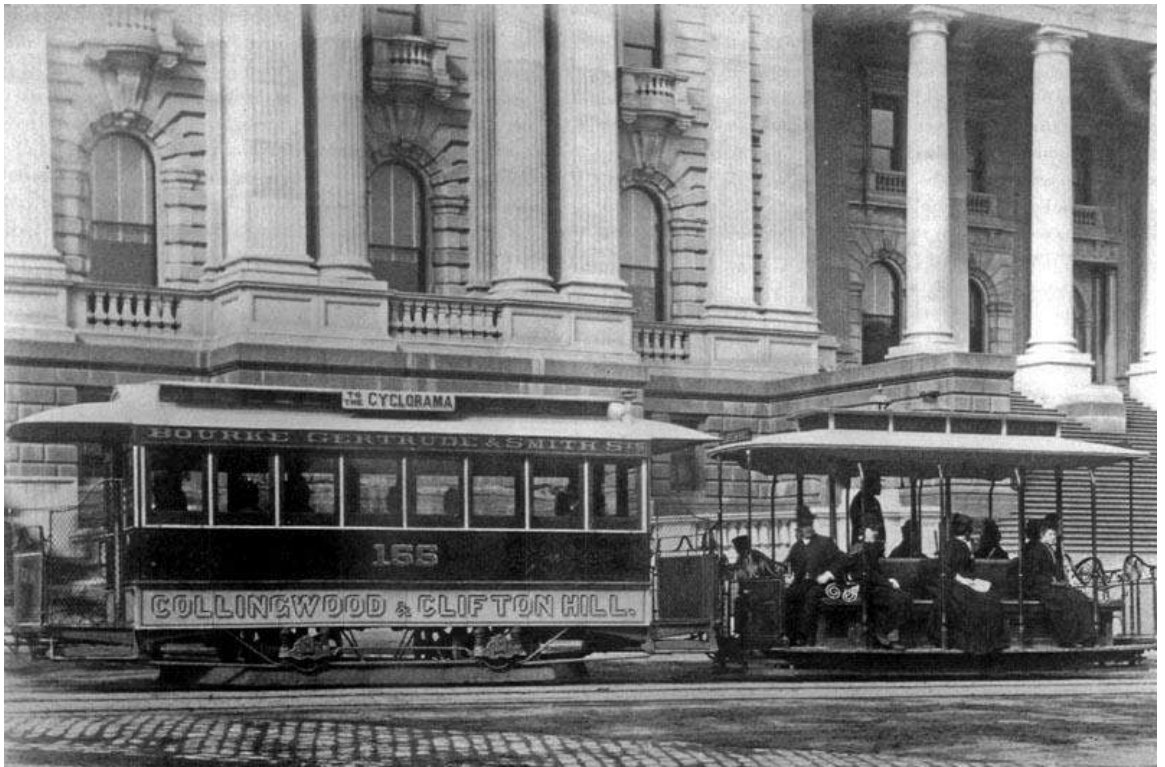
<sup>59</sup> Designed by Harry Norris, architect (1888-1966)?



being replaced by electric trams. The Bourke Street route was the last surviving cable tram route in Melbourne, until it was briefly replaced by double decker buses.



Park Street to Brighton Road Cable tram in Rathdowne Street at the Melbourne Hospital, 1905.



Cable tram in Spring Street, undated.

## File 2

### 8. Gipps & Gertrude Streets:

#### Albert Anderson Peterson at the Brewery, 1924.

When Christian VIII of Denmark (1786-1848) died, 1848 evolved as the Year of revolutions in Europe. It was the only Europe-wide collapse of traditional authority ever until then, but within a year reactionary forces had won, and the revolutions collapsed. This failing revolutionary wave began in France and spread to most of Europe and part of Latin America. Over 50 countries were affected, though there was no coordination. It included demands for more participation and democracy, the rise of the working classes, of nationalism and of regrouping of the reactionary forces of royalty, aristocracy, army and peasantry.

The uprisings were led by shaky ad-hoc coalitions of reformers, the middle class and workers, but it could not hold together. Tens of thousands were killed, and many more forced as refugees into exile. The only significant lasting reforms were the abolition of serfdom in Austria and Hungary, the end of absolute monarchy in Denmark, and the end of the Capetian monarchy in France in 1830.<sup>60</sup>

Denmark had been governed by absolute monarchy since the seventeenth century. Christian VIII, a moderate reformer, but an absolutist, died during rising opposition from farmers and liberals. Demands for constitutional monarchy, led by the National Liberals, ended with a popular march to Christiansborg supported by the German Confederation. Prussia led an invasion in response, but Britain, France, Russia and even Austria supported Denmark, Prussia withdrew, and in 1852, the Treaty of London was signed.

Christian's son and heir Frederick VII (1808-63) was unlikely to produce an heir, and he decided to meet the national liberals, who wanted to abolish absolutism but retain a centralized state, and installed a new Cabinet including their leaders. He accepted a new constitution and agreed to share power with a bicameral parliament, the Rigsdag. Although army officers were dissatisfied, they accepted this, which, unlike in the rest of Europe, was not later overturned by reactionaries. With the Schleswig-Holstein Question unresolved and the death of Frederick in 1863, it was to become an even deeper crisis.

This situation may have seemed an unstable basis for a young Danish person's future, and around June 1853, Peter Petersen, as his name was then spelt, aged 22, our paternal great grandfather, determined to emigrate from his home on the small rural island of Laesø, which I visited precisely 120 years later, from a 'foreign port' (ie: not British), he set sail on the *Wilhelmsburg*<sup>61</sup> and by August he had arrived at Victoria.<sup>62</sup> A greater contrast of two places could hardly be imagined.

Peter was born in 1831 (or 1832), the son of Sørensen Petersen and Mary Ann Johnson. Laesø is in the Kattegat, the sea between Denmark and Sweden, east off the city of Frederikshavn in the northeast of mainland Denmark.<sup>63</sup>

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<sup>60</sup> The Capetian dynasty (the House of Capet, or the House of France), is of Frankish origin, founded by Hugh Capet. It is among the largest and oldest European royal houses, consisting of Hugh Capet's male-line descendants. It ruled in France from the ascension of Hugh Capet in 987 until the death of Charles IV in 1328, but through its cadet branch, the House of Bourbon in France until 1830.

<sup>61</sup> Public Records Office Victoria. 'Unassisted Shipping Index. Index of Inward Passenger Lists for British and Foreign Ports 1852-1889.' Fiche 13 and 14. His age is given as 20, but he was 22. 2007.

<sup>62</sup> Public Records Office Victoria. 'Unassisted Shipping Index. Index of Inward Passenger Lists for British and Foreign Ports 1852-1889.' Fiche 13 and 14. His age is given as 20, but was 22.

<sup>10</sup> *Family Bible*, AGP, my visit to the island on 12 September 1973, which produced no documents and Annette O'Donohue & Bev Hanson, *Eaglehawk & District Pioneer Register*,





Danish soldiers return to Copenhagen in 1852, victorious.

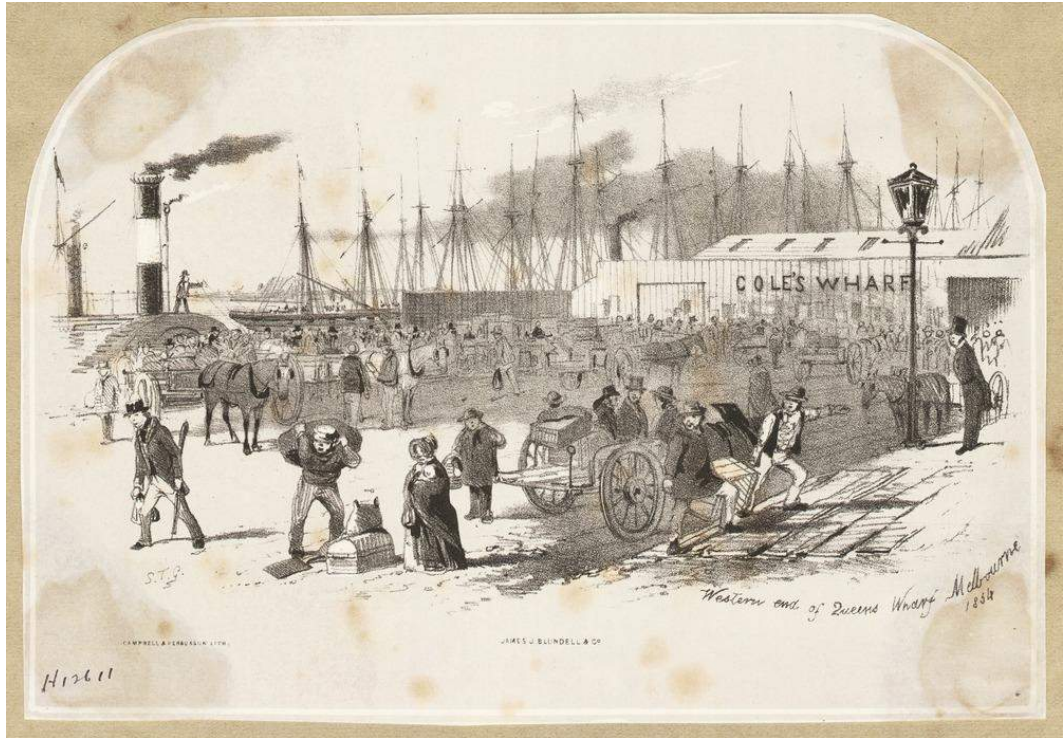


A Laeso house now.

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Volume 4, N-Q, 2003, p 1087, No 6524 which gives that he was born in 1832 and gives his parents' names. Laeso.





S T Gill (1818-80) artist, *Western end of Queen's Wharf, Melbourne, 1854.*<sup>64</sup>



S T Gill, *Road to Eaglehawk, 1872*, watercolour, State Library of Victoria.

<sup>64</sup> S T Gill (1818-80) artist, *Western end of Queen's Wharf, Melbourne, 1854*, Campbell & Fergusson, lithographer, James J Blundell & Co. Melbourne, publisher. Held: State Library of Victoria.





S T Gill, *Approach to Eagle Hawk Gully from road to Bendigo*, Macartney & Galbraith, lithographer, 1852. State Library of Victoria.

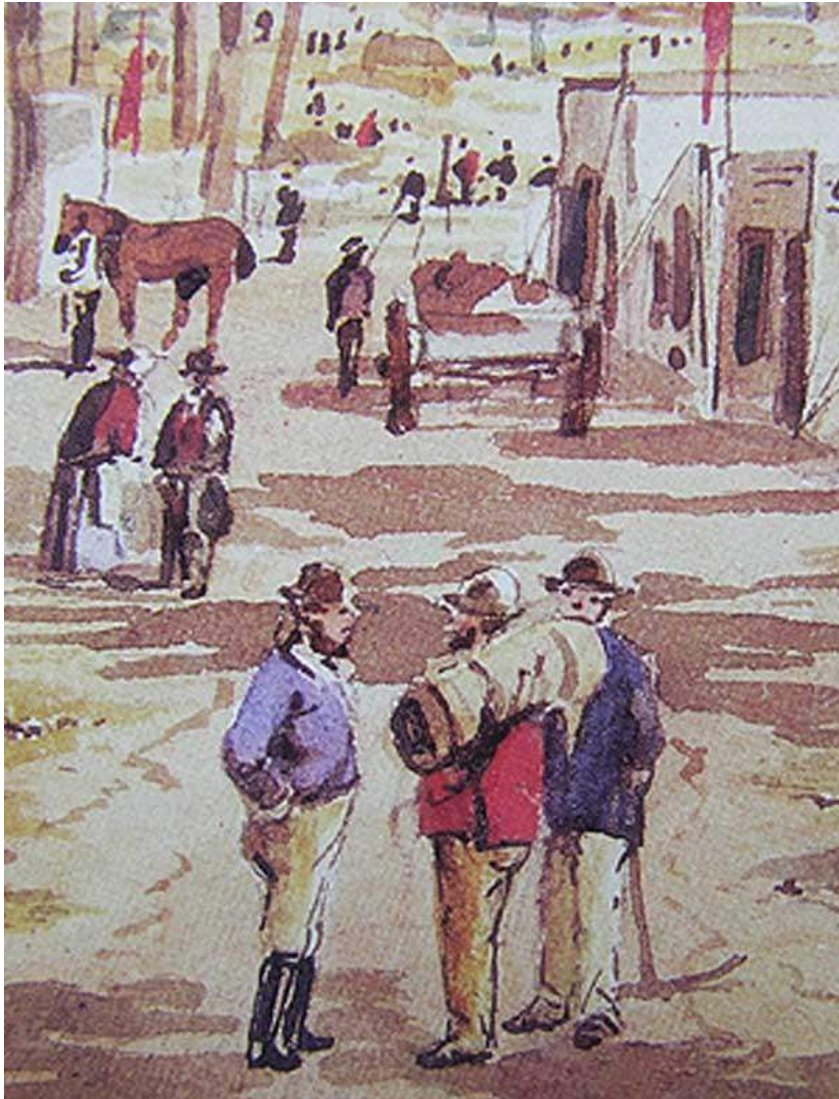


S T Gill, *Sly grog shanty, Eaglehawk*, 1853. watercolour, State Library of Victoria.





S T Gill (1818-80) artist, *Eaglehawk Gully*, 1872, watercolour, State Library of Victoria.



S T Gill (1818-80) artist, *Eaglehawk Gully*, 1852-53, watercolour, detail, State Library of Victoria.





S T Gill, *Eaglehawk Gully*, 1852-53, watercolour, State Library of Victoria.

In August 1853, Peter arrived in Victoria.<sup>65</sup> He is recorded as coming with Thomas Petersen, aged 24 and Christ V Petersen aged 21.<sup>66</sup> By 1856, Peter had travelled to California Gully, at Eaglehawk, just northeast of Sandhurst (now Bendigo).<sup>67</sup>

By 1863, less than ten years after arriving, and when many were still rated as living in tents, he must have made some money.<sup>68</sup> He was the owner of a timber house in Mt Korong Road (now 263 Eaglehawk Road, just south of Taylor Street), with a net annual value of £12/10/-, paying 15/7 in rates. The simple symmetrical double-fronted weatherboard house still survives. It is elevated by three steps, with a hipped roof and was originally only a single room deep, but now has a deep skillion addition.<sup>69</sup>

In 1858, Peter Peterson (*sic*) aged 27 and Margaret Tough, aged 21, were married, in the Presbyterian manse at Sandhurst, as the Eaglehawk Presbyterian Church was not built until the end of 1859. In 1877, Albert Anderson Peterson, our paternal grandfather, was born.

One of Margaret Peterson's shopping lists survives:

'Mrs Peterson

1/- flour  
 1 doz eggs  
 3 lb butter  
 1 " tea bring C & S Home  
 12 " tea bring 3 lb "  
 1/2 " lard  
 1 " biscuits C. Creams  
 bottle onions & pickles  
 bar Velvet Soap

<sup>65</sup> Public Records Office Victoria. 'Unassisted Shipping Index. Index of Inward Passenger Lists for British and Foreign Ports 1852-1889.' Fiche 13 and 14. His age is given as 20, but was 22.

<sup>66</sup> These have not been traced, although there were several Christian Petersens around Eaglehawk. Our father was always told that Peter came alone.

<http://proarchives.imagineering.com.au>

<sup>67</sup> Information held by the Bendigo Branch of the Australian Institute Genealogy Society, printed in Noelene Wild, *A Bird's-Eye View. Eaglehawk Area in the 1850s*, 2004, p 29

<sup>68</sup> *Borough of Eaglehawk Rate Assessment 1863*, compiled, Noelene Wild, July 1994, quoted in O'Donohue & Hanson, No 6524, Vol 4.

<sup>69</sup> Mike Butcher's photos, 4 May 2005, Mr A G Peterson and my site visit. The house is on the west side, north of the site of the Needle Mine, which is just into Long Gully, on the southeast corner of McGowan Street (the boundary of Long Gully and California Gully) and Eaglehawk Road.

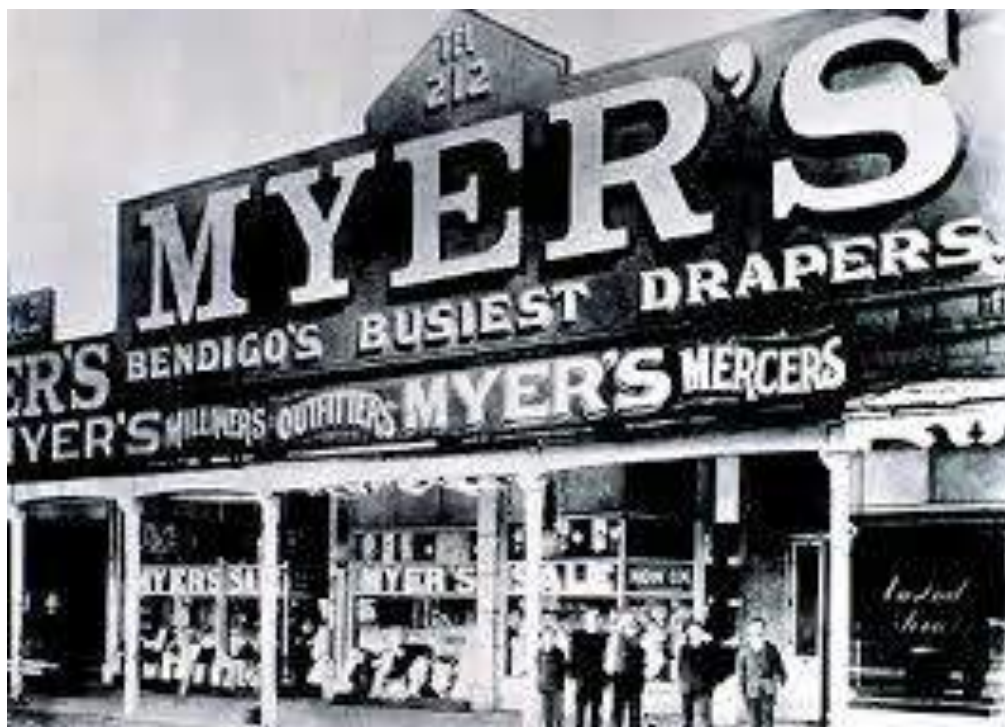
### 3d Soap Extract'<sup>70</sup>

In 1896 Peter borrowed £120 from his son Albert at 3% interest per annum, and lodged the Title Deed to the Mt Korong Road house with him as security.

Before Peter retired, he had become underground manager of the mine. He is remembered as 'a larrikin, but a hard worker.' He was very physically strong. During a rock fall in the mine, a man was pinned under a large boulder. With superhuman strength, he moved the rock and released the man. When he came back the next day, he could not move it.<sup>71</sup>

Three years later Peter died, aged 68. His estate consisted of the freehold and the house on his Mount-Korong Road property, £250 and personal effects of £150, with still the £120 debit to his son Albert, who still had the title of his land. His personal and real estate was equally divided between his five children and he was buried at White Hills Cemetery.<sup>72</sup> He is also commemorated by a plaque I commissioned in the north wall of the Melbourne Immigration Museum, courtyard.

In 1910, when Albert was 32, he married Fanny (Tottie) Hogg, aged 33. She remembered that in c1900 she'd bought drapery from Sidney Myer (Simcha Baeovski, 1878-1934, the same age as Albert), having emigrated in 1896 from the Russian province of Mogilev within the Pale of Settlement, who was plying a rapidly growing trade in fabrics and garments around Bendigo, on foot with a handcart, later with a horse and cart, when he joined his brother Elcon as partners in a small new drapery shop in Pall Mall, Bendigo.<sup>73</sup>



Myer's Bendigo, c!900. The first Myer's store.

In 1913, our father Albert Gordon Peterson was born at home in California Gully, his parents only child. Three years later, work in the gold mines was drying up, the Petersons moved from Bendigo to rent at 16 McKean Street, Fitzroy North.

<sup>70</sup> Undated Grocery Docket – O'Donohue Collection, quoted O'Donohue & Hanson, Addendum Vol 5, p 1501

<sup>71</sup> *Family Bible*, held & AGP who said 1898.

<sup>72</sup> (White Hills Cemetery Register and O'Donohue & Hanson, No 6524, Vol 4, p 1087).

<sup>73</sup> <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/myer-simcha-sidney-7721>

In Melbourne, Albert found worked at E Jenson & Son, Wood Merchant, Fitzroy Depot at the Fitzroy rail-siding, opposite the railway sheds, cnr Queens Parade and Jamieson Street. They also sold SEC briquettes. The two other merchants at the siding, nearer to Queens Parade, on the same side of the line, were W H Morris and W H Johnson. Our father recalled that Albert managed the place, but was never appointed the manager. He was not ambitious and had no initiative. When offered a job managing the North Fitzroy Siding SEC Briquette Depot, he turned it down.

By 1903, following the Great Depression of 1892-93, beer remained cheap and the breweries unprofitable. So that year, they joined together and formed the Society of Melbourne Brewers, which set a minimum price for beer. Publicans resisted this imposition by establishing the hotelier-backed Melbourne Co-operative Brewery at Abbotsford, which opened the next year. In retaliation, in 1907,<sup>74</sup> six breweries (Carlton Brewery Ltd, McCracken's City Brewery Ltd, Castlemaine Brewery Co (Melbourne) Ltd, Shamrock Brewing & Malting Co Ltd, Foster Brewing Co Pty Ltd, and Victoria Brewery Pty Ltd) all amalgamated to form the Carlton & United Breweries Ltd (or CUB).

Both the Carlton and the Abbotsford Breweries had long dominated Victoria's alcohol business. Drinking beer was Australia's major national pastime, and the Abbotsford brewery, using some original methods, was trying to secure a permanent niche in this profitable market. One method was to deliver a dozen bottles of beer to private homes in returnable woven-wicker crates for ten shillings a dozen, undercutting the traditional price of a shilling a bottle.<sup>75</sup>

But with many hotels tied to selling its products, CUB was an aggressive near monopoly. The Abbotsford Co-operative Brewery held out and remained independent for 20 years, but it was inevitably swallowed by CUB in 1924-25.

So in about 1925, Albert left Jenson's for a more desirable and secure job at the Abbotsford Brewery, just then acquired by CUB, where he remained as a brewery worker for the rest of his working life, and never sought a promotion. Brewery jobs were hard to get. Long service and family ties between workers at the Abbotsford Brewery were usual. By 1947, you needed a dad working there already, to get in. For instance, the first head brewer James Breheny's son started there as a 17-year old in 1976. By 1949, only bottled beer was brewed at the Abbotsford and Victoria breweries, with tap beer brewed at Carlton, promoted from then as 'Carlton Draught'.<sup>76</sup>

With a short walk from McKean Street to Clifton Hill Railway Station, then three stops on the train to North Richmond Station, and a short walk east along Victoria Street to the brewery, Albert had an easy journey to work each day. This line was built in 1901, when the line was extended from Victoria Park to the city entirely on an overhead viaduct, and there are eleven bridges over roads, including over Gipps Street, just on this short stretch.

Perhaps Albert, a heavy man, cycled the 3 kilometres home each day from the brewery through Abbotsford and Clifton Hill to McKean Street. Perhaps other days he walked home: mostly along Park Street, it is an interesting 40-minute walk, winding with the river and crossing Gipps Street.<sup>77</sup>

Albert died in 1950 when I was just four. He had fulfilled his wish to hold my two-month old baby brother in his arms. I have so very few early memories, but I do

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<sup>74</sup> Keith Dunstan says 1906, in: Keith Dunstan, 'Americans gave us Fosters, and they might take it away,' *The Age*, 26 August 2010.

<sup>75</sup> Knox, Alistair, *A Middle Class Man: An Autobiography*, chapter 10. [Unpublished].

<sup>76</sup> *Herald Sun*, 1 July 2004 and Andrew Browne-May & Shurlee Swain, *The Encyclopaedia of Melbourne*, Cambridge, Melbourne 2005, pp 87, 88 and 112, both held.

<sup>77</sup> Now there is another major bridge across the Eastern Freeway.



remember him as a large Edwardian figure, like old Edward VII himself,<sup>78</sup> beardless, but with a generous moustache, wearing a pin-striped waistcoat and a gold Albert fob watch on a gold chain. They were living in 8 Knowles Street, Westgarth by then, and and I remember the house as dark, with a passage through to a rear vine-encrusted pergola.



The Melbourne Co-operative Brewery, Abbotsford, 1907. An Albert fob watch.



CUB workers, 1920s.  
If AAP is any of those, he would be the second from the right, standing self-assuredly, pipe in mouth.<sup>79</sup>

<sup>78</sup> Though Edward VII had died 40 years earlier in 1910.

<sup>79</sup> Images: <http://cub.com.au/history/1920s/>

File 2

**9. Burnt Ash Hill:**  
Frontier suburb, 1875.

When an amiable greengrocer called me 'luvvy', and when I was wolf-whistled by barfly men as clad in my usual Stubby footy shorts, I walked into The Crown and Anchor, a local pub, I realised I was not only in a foreign city, but a very particular district of that city, well isolated from tourists. For the first four of the five years that I lived in Burnt Ash Hill, I was sure that architecturally (other than Greenwich), and spatially, this was the dulllest part of London. But again the more I explored, I was proved very wrong, and especially after I fell in love with a local.



Richard's 1973 London pub gear.

London suburban greengrocer, c1970s.

It was an incident at Burnt Ash that deterred parachutists for over 50 years. The first modern parachute jump had been in 1785, by Jean-Pierre Blanchard, but André-Jacques Garnerin made the first jump in England in 1802. Sir George Cayley's paper *On Aerial Navigation*, in 1809-10, discussed Garnerin's jump at some length. He had used a pyramidal umbrella-shaped parachute that had spiraled and oscillated as it descended; so Cayley felt a cone-shape would be more stable.

Robert Cocking (1776-1837) a watercolourist, developed of an early version; a [parachute](#) design that was charming, but unsuccessful, and so he became the first person killed in a parachuting accident. He had spent years developing his improved parachute, based on Cayley's design. It was an inverted cone, 33 metres in circumference connected by hoops. He approached Charles Green (1785-1870) the UK's most famous nineteenth century professional balloonist, who by 1835 had made 200 ascents; and by the time he retired in 1852, he had been up 500 times. So, in

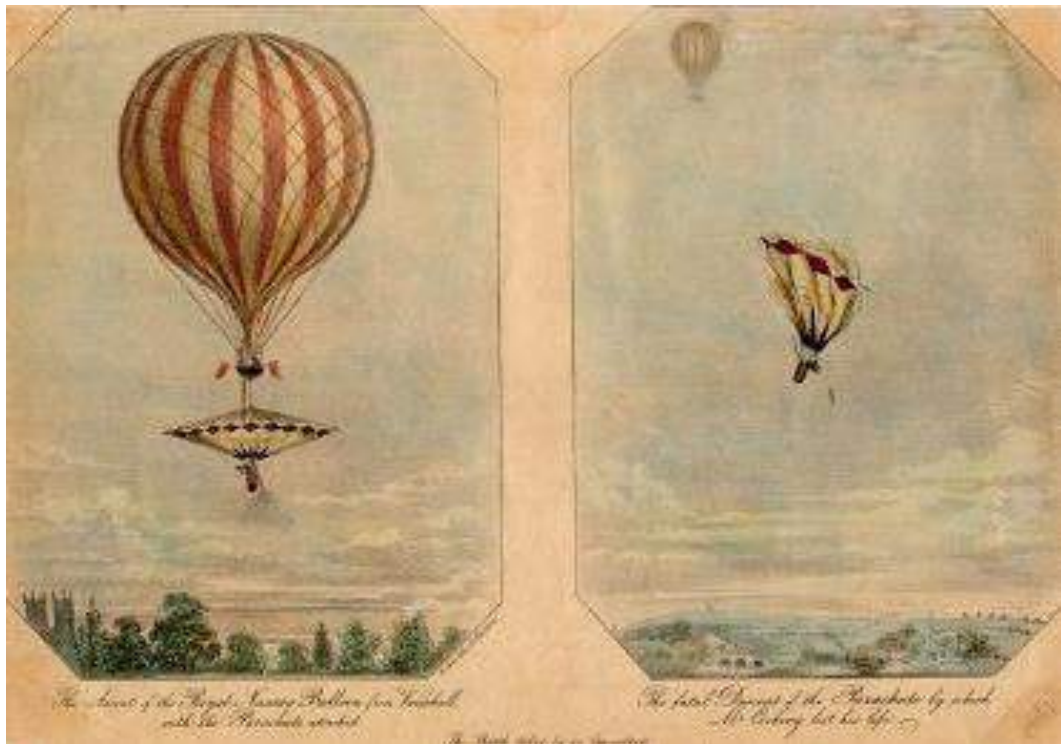
1837, his balloon the Great Nassau, ascended from Vauxhall Gardens with Robert Cocking aboard for its journey eastwards to Lee.

A large crowd had gathered at Lee Green. At 1,500 metres, Cocking descended in the parachute he had constructed, but he was killed instantly on impact when he plummeted to the ground. So following his very public death, parachuting became unpopular, and was confined to carnival and circus acts until c1890 when harness and breakaway chutes had made it safer.<sup>80</sup>

Cocking's descent was far too quick: the chute turned inside out, plunged, broke up, and at 60-90 metres the basket detached. Cocking's body was found into a field at Burnt Ash Farm and taken to the (still extant) New Tiger's Head Inn, 159 Lee Road, at Lee Green.<sup>81</sup>

Cocking's mistake had been to omit the weight of the parachute in his calculations, so the cause of the crash had been its weight and flimsy construction, especially the weak stitching connecting the fabric to the hoops. The parachute weighed 113 kg, many times more than present parachutes. However, Cocking's design would have been successful if it had been larger and better constructed, and introducing a vent in the top later solved the oscillation.

No-one dared call it a 'cock-up,' and though there is a pub called the Yacht by the Thames in Greenwich only 3.5 kilometres to the north, renaming the pub The Parachute, has so far been resisted.



'Cocking, his parachute and Green's balloon. The fatal Descent of the Parachute by which Mr Cocking lost his life,' nd, c1837, lithograph, 230 x 160mm, Grosvenor Prints.

<sup>80</sup> The incident was even reported in the distant antipodes: *The Perth Gazette and Western Australian Journal*, 23 December 1837 <http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/639718>

<sup>81</sup> [www.beerinthevening.com/pubs/s/43/436/New\\_Tigers\\_Head/Lee](http://www.beerinthevening.com/pubs/s/43/436/New_Tigers_Head/Lee)





The New Tiger's Head is at right, with the Old Tiger's Head at left.<sup>82</sup>

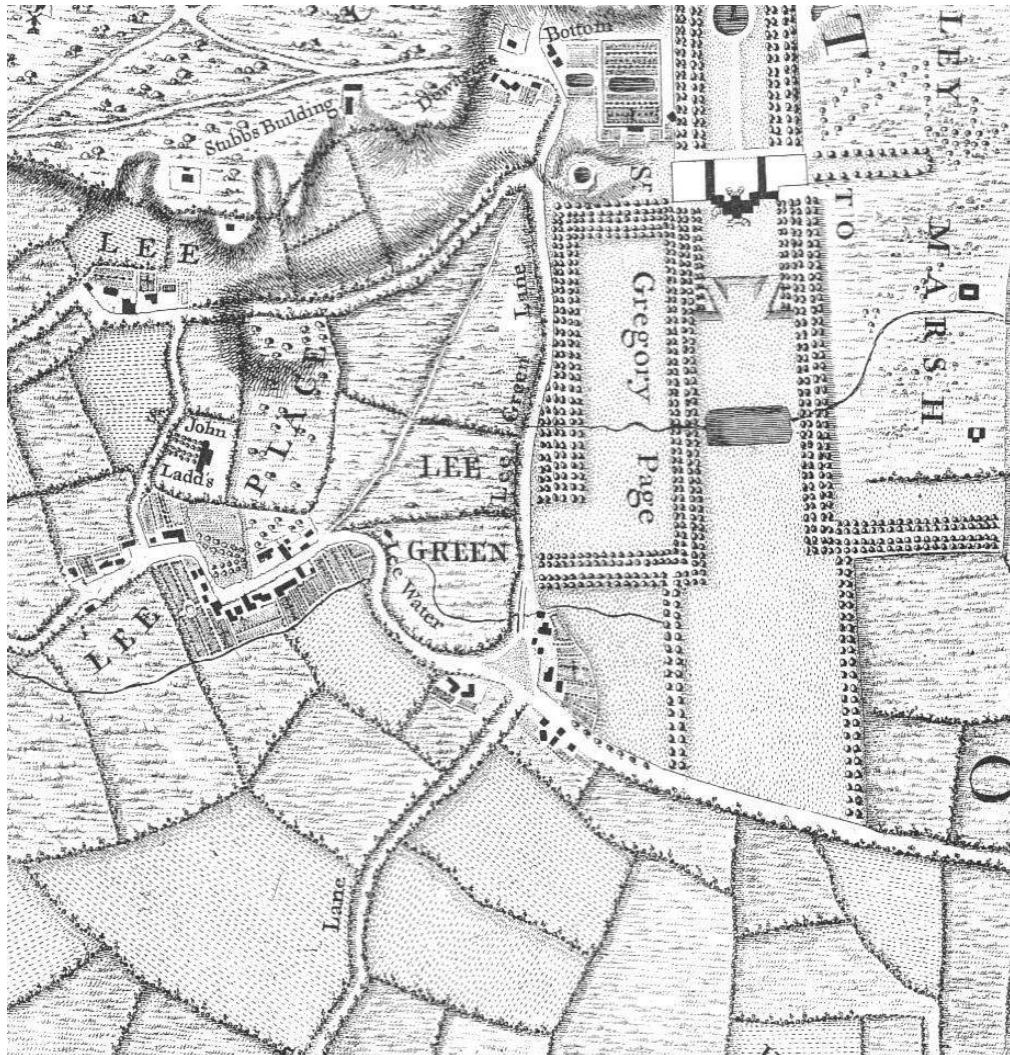


The New Tiger's Head.

Since the Domesday survey, much of Lee had retained its scattered settlement character, dispersed between three smatterings: the buildings clustered around the Green; the parish church, away up the hill to the northwest in Lee Terrace; and the High Road string of grander houses.

<sup>82</sup>Image from Stephen Harris. <http://pubshistory.com/KentPubs/Lee/NewTigersHead.shtml>

John Rocque (c1709-62),<sup>83</sup> surveyed the first map of London that included Lee and Burnt Ash in 1745. It depicts a cluster of about 12 houses around a triangular village green, surrounded by fields. Lee developed as a scattered settlement around at least four nodes: the Green, the Parish Church, the High Road to London and later the Station.



Roque's map, 1745.

Lee Green Farm (1660-1840s) occupied the southeast quadrant of Lee Green, the road junction of Burnt Ash Road and Lee High Road. The Old Tiger's Head (now closed) and the New Tiger's Head pubs (where poor Mr Cocking's body was laid out) straddle the crossroads. The Tiger's Head seems to have been first built before 1730 on the site of the New Tiger's Head, but rebuilt on its present site, the north-west quadrant, in 1750-70 and then rebuilt a third time in 1896, the date on its parapet, as an important mail and coaching inn.

The New Tiger's Head pub began as the Tiger Tavern, just a beer shop, in the 1830s, at the end of the four cottages surviving of Prospect Terrace. Three of these remain as shops. The present pub replaced the original cottage shortly after 1896 to compete with the new Old Tiger's Head.

<sup>83</sup> John Rocque (or Jean surveyor, cartographer, engraver and map-seller, now remembered for his *Map of London*. He began it in 1737 and it was published in 24 printed sheets in 1747, by far the most detailed map then. He became cartographer to Frederick, Prince of Wales in 1751.

In 1815 cavalry and foot regiments passed through Lee Green on their way to the Battle of Waterloo, observed that:

The space in front of the Tiger's Head and the Green were very commodious for the transfer of baggage to the wagons of the farmers from the other side of London to those of the farmers in this neighbourhood which were pressed for that purpose, to convey them 15 miles further on the journey to Dover.<sup>84</sup>

In 1810-40, the pub ran boxing, horse racing and running events; with the green as the centre of village life with cricket matches and other entertainments.

Lee Green Farm was demolished in the 1840s and rebuilt as Tudor House further east. Carston Mews was built on its site (in the 1960s this demolished for the now neglected Leegate shopping centre).

Sewer was connected in the 1850s<sup>85</sup> to new housing, and the horse pond was filled in. In the 1860s John Pound, a developer, erected houses in the south-east quadrant, Orchard Terrace on Eltham Road and Crown Terrace on Burnt Ash Lane (now Burnt Ash Road).

In the south-west quadrant the cosy Prince Arthur pub was built in 1870 at 422 Lee High Road (it closed 2005), formerly one of a row of early nineteenth century cottages, of which three (nos 424-428) survive behind shop fronts.<sup>86</sup>

The parish church of St Margaret, in Lee Terrace, was first built in c1080, just in time to be recorded in the *Domesday Book*; but now only its tower survives as a ruin, though even that, was only as rebuilt in 1813-14. However, the churchyard surrounding it has wonderful eighteenth and nineteenth century monuments. South of it, across the road, is its Commissioners' Gothic<sup>87</sup> replacement, St Margaret of Antioch of 1839-41, remodeled to more correct Gothic in 1875 and Clayton & Bell glass installed. It was 'interestingly' altered and furnished

Suburban development first appears on the 1839 *Tithe Map* on the high ground here, at the east end of Lee Terrace, amongst earlier scattered large houses (1834-35) influenced by the three nearby interesting row designs by Michael Searles (1794-1807) at the Paragon, Blackheath (1794), Gloucester Circus, off Crooms Hill, Greenwich (c1791); and in New Kent Road (1796, demolished). The terraces of Lee Park are 1842-52.<sup>88</sup>

Along the High Road was the very fine chapel (1863) of the Boone's Almshouses (now rebuilt, 1875), but with 1826 Merchant Taylor's almshouses behind it. On Old Road, further south is the Manor House (now Library), 1771-72, and Pentland House (now within Goldsmiths College), of c1685.



Parish church: St Margaret of Antioch and Boone's Chapel, Lee High Road,

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<sup>84</sup> F H Hart, *History of Lee*, 1892.

<sup>85</sup> The first sewer was not connected to Melbourne (or Smelbourne) for 40 years, until 1895.

<sup>86</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lee,\\_London](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lee,_London)

<sup>87</sup> The Commissioners' Gothic.

- In London, the Commission for Building Fifty New Churches and its architectural style. [James Gibbs](#) (1662-1754) became one of the two **surveyors** to the commissioners and designed the masterly St Mary-le-Strand (1714-24), recalling [Pietro da Cortona](#) () and even [Francesco Borromini](#)

<sup>88</sup> [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lee\\_railway\\_station](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lee_railway_station)

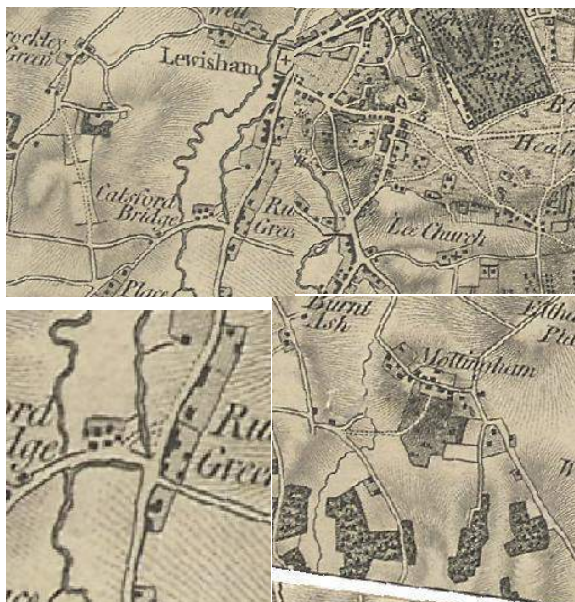




Sections of two maps, map of the the Hundred of Blackheath and map of the Hundred of Ruxley and the Hundred of Bromley and Beckenham. Both maps from "The History and Topographical Survey of the County of Kent: Volume 1, 1797.



Survey of the County of Kent: Volume 1, 1797



Sections of the first Ordnance Survey map 1841 showing Burnt Ash, now the A2212 road.<sup>89</sup>

<sup>89</sup> [www.visionofbritain.org.uk/maps/sheet/first\\_edition/sheet1](http://www.visionofbritain.org.uk/maps/sheet/first_edition/sheet1)



By 1860, the first government Ordnance Survey map of this area shows that development was almost complete, anticipating the arrival of the South Eastern Railway and the opening of Lee station in 1866 that prompted even more development. Goods facilities at the station were considered meagre at first with a single siding on the down side just east of the station building, but the goods yard was gradually enlarged as freight traffic increased. In the early 1870s a second siding was installed for coal, with a coal shed across the track. Later two more sidings were inserted beside the existing tracks.



Lee Railway Station.



There are three railway lines that run parallel between London Bridge and Dartford. The northern one incorporates the London and Greenwich Railway (L&GR) opened 1836-38, the first steam railway in London, the first to be built specifically for passengers, and the first elevated railway. This is the second, the southern one, is the Dartford Loop Line via Sidcup, opened in 1866, and electrified in 1926. Originally it mainly passed through open country and farmland, but stimulated development around its five new stations. As well as its commuter trains, it has always been a fairly busy freight route for trains to Kent and the cross-channel trade.

The station attracted a fourth node to Lee. Sited adjacent to Burnt Ash Hill, which the elevated line crossed by a bridge, a retail strip<sup>90</sup> grew, mostly climbing up the hill. But it was not until 1939 that there were sufficient Catholics in Lee to build the Our Lady of Lourdes Church at 45b Burnt Ash Hill in a nondescript dark brick Early Christian style, designed by Francis M Panario, a rather undistinguished architect member of the congregation.<sup>91</sup> Geoff was always impressed that Our Lady seemed to be applauding him as he walked past.



Our Lady of Applause.

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<sup>90</sup> In England, known as a high street, or shopping parade.

<sup>91</sup> Not mentioned in Pevsner. <http://taking-stock.org.uk/Home/Dioceses/Archdiocese-of-Southwark/Our-Lady-of-Lourdes-Lee> Geoff always felt that the statue of Our Lady set in its nich above the portal hands raised in prayer was applauding him.

Home is one of the most evocative words in the language, never emotionally neutral, remembered with love and longing, or fear and fury. Londoners insisted on a front door to the street, or at worst, only two households in a house. In Paris there could be some 15-18. Londoners tried to forget the existence of their neighbours on either side. A gentleman's home was his castle, a private space, even if it had to be shared with lodgers and live-in servants who slaved in basement and slept in the attic. A gentleman dined at home, even if it took some time to get out to it, due to the ribbon developments that strung out along main roads leading out from the city centre, leaving green belt between.<sup>92</sup>

By c1870, the inner London boroughs had become increasingly unattractive to a respectable class of resident, lacerated by railways and degraded by slummy station environs, so they took advantage of the improved transport to settle further out. In southeast London this meant above-ground rail generally, as with Lee, on viaducts to avoid crossing gates.

So as fast trains enabled it, London's workers lived further out into the shires from their workplace. My bosses, the middle class Reeds were not unusual in commuting daily from as far away as South End-on-Sea in Essex, the 70 kilometres into their workplace in Westminster. They achieved this in some 90 minutes:<sup>93</sup> 54-minutes by British Rail train, then a two-minute walk to Broad Street Station, thence 14-minutes by tube from Tower Hill to St James's Park.<sup>94</sup> My 14-kilometre journey took about 50-minutes: a brisk seven-minute walk down to the station, 28-minutes by train (over six stops) then a wonderful 15-minute walk from Charing Cross Station across Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, Horseguards, across St James's Park, up Cockpit Steps to Old Queen Street. Once I made the mistake of driving: it took well over two hours and I had to keep moving the car from spot to spot during the day, as 'feeding a meter' was illegal.

The London Borough of Lewisham, which included Lee, doubled its population each of the 20 years from 1801 until 1901, though growth in the twentieth century was much slower. Speculative builder's terraces, or semi-detached pairs, proliferated around Lee, especially to the southwest towards Hither Green, Catford, Ladywell and Lewisham. A debased form of two- to five-storied Italianate, with borrowings from other styles, such as Rundbogenstil, and even with Gothic as flourishes, their inevitable canted bay window often extending up three stories, a Welsh slate roof, and fussy composition stone doorways, adorned the typical late nineteenth century semi-detached residential confection, its yellow London stock brick, turned dark grey by the air-borne pollution of coal dust.<sup>95</sup>

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<sup>92</sup> Nikolaus Pevsner and Bridget Cherry, *London 2: South. The Buildings of England*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1983, pp 68-73 and Jonathan Conlin, *Tales of Two Cities. Paris, London and the Birth of the Modern City*, Atlantic Books London 2013, p 29.

<sup>93</sup> Less than 80 minutes from Westminster, but the additional walk was seven minutes.

<sup>94</sup> Now Fenchurch Street.

<sup>95</sup> Nikolaus Pevsner and Bridget Cherry, *London 2: South. The Buildings of England*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1983, pp 68-73. London Borough of Lewisham population: 1801: 4,000; 1821: 9,000; 1841: 15,000; 1861: 29,000; 1881: 67,000; 1901:127,000.



A debased form of five-storied Italianate semi-detached house, with borrowings from other styles.<sup>96</sup>

These most characteristic houses were built, c1870, at the time that the station opened. They were inexpensive speculative builder's work, single family houses of three stories, plus attic and basement, five levels in all. As terraces, or semi-detached pairs they proliferated around Lee and to its southwest.<sup>97</sup>

Further up Burnt Ash Hill from the station were some interesting late nineteenth century detached and commodious Arts and Crafts villas.<sup>98</sup>

There were two (medieval, but later than the Domesday Book) royal palaces within walking distance of Lee. These were Greenwich (the manor of Placentia was given to Henry V in the c1420s, and by the reign of Henry VIII (1491-1547), who was born there, as was his daughter by Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth I (1558-1603), it was being referred to it as a palace, long before the Baroque splendour of Wren and Hawksmoor's sprawling ensemble, 1616-c1750),<sup>99</sup> and Eltham (the manor that was given to Edward Prince of Wales in 1305, grew to be a palace and became a favourite royal residence in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries).<sup>100</sup>

There was also a major Augustinian abbey at Lesnes (1178, suppressed in 1525, its ruins are above the 'unfrequented' scrubland of the Erith Marshes, now at Belvedere, Bexley),<sup>101</sup> a place still unencumbered by suburban housing.

The hinterland of the Burnt Ash Hill shopping strip remained as open country: farming and some woodland. It is now still possible to walk for twelve minutes from Burnt Ash

<sup>96</sup> These houses are actually in Canon Place, Hampstead and were selling for £6,250,000 in 2015 (!), but the style is ubiquitous, and very similar to the rather more seedy house whose attic I comfortably lived in at 128 Burnt Ash Hill, now demolished and replaced by Syon Lodge town houses.

<sup>97</sup> Nikolaus Pevsner and Bridget Cherry, *London 2: South. The Buildings of England*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1983, pp 68-73. London Borough of Lewisham population: 1801: 4,000; 1821: 9,000; 1841: 15,000; 1861: 29,000; 1881: 67,000; 1901: 127,000.

<sup>98</sup> I hold a fine engraving of the architect's design of one: R A Briggs, Architect, lithographic print, 'Pair of houses at Burnt Ash Hill, Lee [London], *The Architect*, 21 August 1891.' Printed by Sprague & Co, 4 & 5 East Harding Street, Fetter Lane, EC, 28 x 18.5 cm.

<sup>99</sup> Nikolaus Pevsner and Bridget Cherry, *London 2: South. The Buildings of England*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1983, pp 254-266.

<sup>100</sup> Nikolaus Pevsner and Bridget Cherry, *London 2: South. The Buildings of England*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1983, pp 300-302

<sup>101</sup> Nikolaus Pevsner and Bridget Cherry, *London 2: South. The Buildings of England*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1983, pp 130, 132 and 133.



Hill to Eltham Palace, mostly across open land; but early in the twentieth century, before semi-detached housing settled along Crown Road, even more so.

In 1935, the Greater London Regional Planning Committee first proposed creating the Metropolitan Green Belt<sup>102</sup> around London. *The Green Belt (London and Home Counties) Act 1938* permitted local authorities around London to purchase land to be protected as open space and enter into covenants with landowners that open spaces would not be developed. London's Metropolitan Green Belt was the first in the UK.. 19 of the 32 London boroughs now have green belt land. Burnt Ash Hill is within a kilometre of the Green Belt, but even so, the London Borough of Greenwich, which contains the two royal palaces, has less than five hectares of Green Belt land.<sup>103</sup>

The *Town and Country Planning Act 1947* then allowed local authorities to include green belt proposals in their development plans, and in 1955, Minister of Housing Duncan Sandys encouraged local authorities to consider protecting land around their towns and cities by the formal designation of clearly defined green belts.



London's extensive Metropolitan Green Belt.

The South East London Green Chain (or the Green Chain Walk) is a linked system of open spaces between the River Thames, south to Crystal Palace Park. In 1977 the four London Boroughs of Bexley, Bromley, Lewisham and Greenwich, with the Greater London Council linked 300 open spaces to protect them from building activity. The system begins at three places on the Thames: the Thames Barrier, Thamesmead, and Erith, and there are various circular walks along the route, and an offshoot from the main route to Chislehurst, before the final section reaches Crystal Palace, via Bromley. In 1978, with Geoff and Richard, I walked much of the route beginning from the silver spinnakers of the Thames Barrier.

Although I had walked the interesting six kilometres to Chislehurst, it was only during the final of my five years living in Burnt Ash Hill, that the local I fell in love with revealed to me the district's parkland, architectural and spatial riches.

<sup>102</sup>[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metropolitan\\_Green\\_Belt](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metropolitan_Green_Belt)

<sup>103</sup> Nikolaus Pevsner and Bridget Cherry, *London 2: South. The Buildings of England*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1983, pp 53, 241, 269, 399, 420, pl 70, 423, 596, 597, and 425-427, for Searles. The Ordnance Survey mapped from 1846-91 and 1893-96. Refer: [www.locatinglondon.org/static/OS.html](http://www.locatinglondon.org/static/OS.html)

## 10. Little Lonsdale Street. Lowest and most disreputable, 1880s.

In a later introduction to his massively successful murder-mystery, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*,<sup>104</sup> English writer Fergus Hume (1859-1932) explained: 'All of the scenes in the book, especially the slums, are described from personal observation; and I passed a great many nights in Little Bourke Street, gathering material.' It was set in Gold Rush Melbourne (and filmed in Melbourne in 1911), but by then, the street that had gained notoriety as a place 'frequented by' larrikins, prostitutes and criminals was Little Lonsdale Street, two blocks north, had been at least as notorious for much longer.

Within 20 years of white settlement in Melbourne, generally within the curtilage of Lonsdale Street, Spring Street, Stephen Street (later Exhibition Street) and La Trobe Street, the 'Little Lon' was the popular name for a district of slums, red-lights and wide boys.<sup>105</sup> Until c1990, it comprised cottages, shops, small factories and an ethnically diverse and impoverished population. Sufficient of its modest buildings have been retained to give some sense of its scale, if not its atmosphere.

*The Argus* complained of '...females of the lowest and most disreputable class, who pursued their calling with the lowest and most filthy language and conduct.' Prostitution was linked with larrikinism in official reports, as in this description of the corner of Little Lonsdale and Leichardt Streets in 1882: 'From 11 o'clock in the forenoon till 3 or 4 next morning - there is fully thirty larrikins from 14-22 years of age...[that] live entirely on their prostitutes... they watch during the night for men intoxicated to rob them ...they know the time the police is due [so] they disperse until they pass.'

In 1891, evangelist Henry Varley (1835-1912, author of *Sin and Social Wickedness in Melbourne*, Melbourne 1891) described '...a loathsome centre in which crime, gambling hells, opium dens and degraded Chinese abound, and where hundred of licentious and horribly debased men and women are herded like swine.' These places were '...a disgrace to any civilized city on earth.'

In 1915, C J Dennis's humorous novel *The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke* spoke of the '...low, degraded broots' (or brutes) of Little Lon.<sup>106</sup>

The most opulent brothels faced the main streets, but were discreetly run. 'Disorderly,' or more primitive brothels, retreated to cottages in the narrow service lanes behind. Tobacconists, confectioners or fruiterers might act as fronts for sex work.<sup>107</sup> Even in the 1920s, 17 Casselden Place (1877), the one cottage that survives, was the base for a Chinese sex-worker known as Yokohama (or Tiecome Ah Chung).

In 1867 Police Commissioner Standish (who a decade later lived and eventually died at the Melbourne Club, and was himself not entirely blameless), after they had dined at the Melbourne Club, introduced the visiting fourth child of Queen Victoria, Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh (1844-1900) to a brothel in Stephen Street run by 'Mother' Sarah Fraser. Later, Standish developed the land behind the club for the houses that are still there, now owned by the club. These, it is said, were utilized as convenient brothels for club members; and he was known for his dinner parties at the club at which nude female sex workers sat on black velvet chairs, 'the better to show of the

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<sup>104</sup> Published in 1886 (Australia); 1887 (USA). The book sold over 1.1 million copies worldwide, outselling Sherlock Holmes novel *A Study in Scarlet* by Arthur Conan Doyle (1887).

<sup>105</sup> The term 'wide boys' is anachronistic here, since it was first recorded 1937. Oddly, homosexuals are not mentioned in this detritus.

<sup>106</sup> C J Dennis, *The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke*, Angus & Robertson, Melbourne 1915.  
[www.middlemiss.org/lit/authors/denniscj/sbloke/play.html](http://www.middlemiss.org/lit/authors/denniscj/sbloke/play.html)

<sup>107</sup> At that time, sex work was termed 'prostitution,' which is now considered a derogatory term.

whiteness of their skin.’<sup>108</sup>

Madam Brussels (Caroline Baum, or Caroline Hodgson, born Potsdam 1851-1908), who is now commemorated both in the name of a retail arcade (which was formerly Little Leichardt Street) and in Vernon Chalker’s respectable rooftop bar at Level 3, 59-63 Bourke Street). In 1874, she opened her first brothel by leasing 6-8 Lonsdale Street. She was 28 years old. She opened at 34 Lonsdale Street from 1879, one of several brothels that attracted a wealthy clientele, and consequently greater notoriety, although prostitution was not then illegal in Victoria.

Business must have been good, as in the following year she purchased 32 Lonsdale Street, which was a brick house with seven rooms. She bought the adjoining six-room house at No 34 in 1889 from Samuel Nathan, having previously been his tenant. She connected the houses and retained their ownership until her death in 1908. Indeed, she controlled eight of the area’s brothels at some time.<sup>109</sup> She also owned a seaside property in St Kilda, where she is buried in the cemetery.

In 1878 a Select Committee Report on the *Prevention of Contagious Diseases* included the following evidence about Ms Brussels from Sergeant James Dalton:

Q: How many brothels does Mrs B. keep?

A: She has two splendid houses in [Lonsdale] Street that cost her £1,300, and those two houses are her own property... and then she has two cottages in – Street and she has ...in – Street too.

Notoriously, in October 1891, the mace of the Victorian parliament was stolen. It was claimed that it appeared in Annie Wilson’s Boccaccio House, in the Little Lon, where it was supposedly used in a mock parliament. It has never been recovered, but Victoria’s Chief Secretary, Sir Samuel Gillott, was exposed as having continuing financial dealings with Madam Brussels.<sup>110</sup>



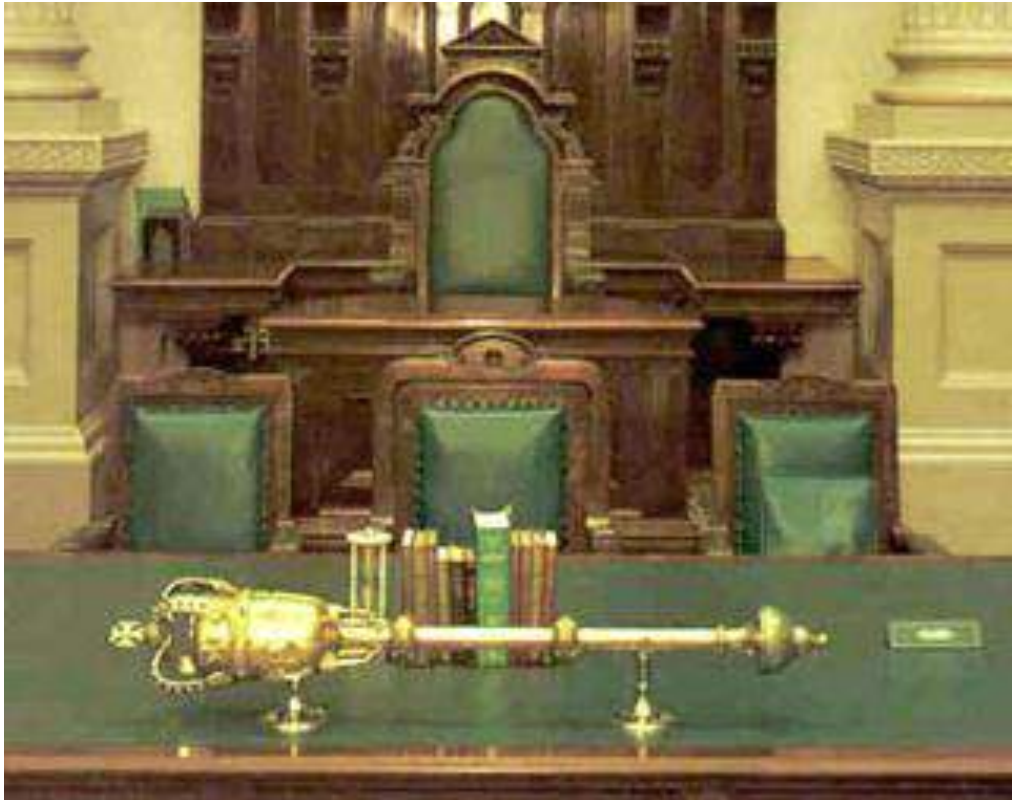
The Victorian Legislative Assembly mace, detail.

<sup>108</sup> Clare Clarke, *Late Victorian Crime Fiction in the Shadows of Sherlock*, Palgrave Macmillan 2014.

<sup>109</sup> Each of her four buildings are now demolished.

<sup>110</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Caroline\\_Hodgson](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Caroline_Hodgson)





The Victorian Legislative Assembly mace.

Were there places in the Little Lon where homosexuals met? None are known.

A rare indication occurred a block and a half south, where during 1872, Charles Marks, 27-29, and Edward Feeney, 38, would meet at a wine shop, the Lantern of Diogenes Café,<sup>111</sup> 245 Bourke Street [East], between Juliet Lane (now Crossley Street) and Spring Street. Juliet Lane (or Juliet Terrace), parallel to Romeo Lane (now Liverpool Street), perhaps named for their proximity to the Princess' Theatre, was known for its brothels, which survived its futile renaming.<sup>112</sup>

The wine shop's proprietor, Abraham Clay, said that the couple exhibited 'an unusual fondness ... more like that of a man for a woman or a woman for a man'. I knew them latterly more as friends than as customers. They lived together, I believe. Marks used to put his arm round Feeney, and frequently said, 'Oh, I cannot live without Ned [Feeney].' In the Treasury Gardens, there appears to have been a suicide pact between them. Both had written suicide notes and made preparations for their deaths, and Marks died. Feeney was charged, tried and gaoled for the murder. Feeney claimed '...he shot himself for me.' Feeney had already himself attempted suicide with chloroform. Perhaps with an eye to history, they had even arranged for studio photographs of themselves, including one in which they point pistols at each

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<sup>111</sup> Sands & MacDougall. Amanda Kaladelfos, paper presented to the Homo Histories conf in Brisbane in 2012, and later published in G Willett and Y Smaal, editors, *Intimacy, violence and activism: gay and lesbian perspectives on Australian history and society* ALGA, Melbourne 2013.

'Strange Tragedy in the Treasury Gardens,' *The Argus*, 6 March 1872, p 5, <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article5860361>

'The Treasury-gardens Tragedy,' *The Argus*, 8 March 1872, p 6, <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article5860426> This includes transcripts of moving and emotional letters between the two men.

<sup>112</sup> Andrew Webster, 'What's in a name?' *The Age*, 19 February 2004, reviewing: Weston Bate, *Melbourne's Streets and Lanes*, Royal Historical Society, Melbourne 2004. [Brouchure]. Bate [www.theage.com.au/articles/2004/02/18/1077072711141.html](http://www.theage.com.au/articles/2004/02/18/1077072711141.html)

other at close range. <sup>113</sup>



Charles Marks and Edward Feeney.

The Little Lon was a socially vibrant and complex population of migrants and itinerant workers, which challenged its stereotype of the area as a miserable slum with indications of a flourishing community and occasionally, prosperity. By 1900, Chinese, German Jews, Lebanese and Italians lived there.

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<sup>113</sup> Gary Jaynes, email to RP, 22 March 2015 and Amanda Kaladelfos, Homo Histories Conference, Brisbane, 2012, and later published in G Willett and Y Smaal, editors, *Intimacy, violence and activism: gay and lesbian perspectives on Australian history and society*, ALGA, Melbourne 2013.

On 22 September 1908, AM (aged 20), DO (22) and TP (25) were charged with behaving indecently in a public place, in Collins Street. They were dressed as women in the Vienna Café. P and O worked for Melbourne Steamship Company, whilst M was 'well connected,' had £500 a year and trained as a fashion designer in Paris. The judge said '...they were either sexual perverts, or damn young fools; that the difference between male and female apparel was one of the cornerstones of civilisation and no one could be allowed to flaunt that convention.'<sup>114</sup>

The earliest evidence of generalised gay social life in Melbourne is from living memory from about 1930, from the gays born during the Great War who lived long enough and were courageous enough to record their memories on tape. Otherwise the only information about unconventional behaviour was from the aberrant exceptionalism of court records and highly coloured reportage in *Truth* newspaper. Even letters and diaries are not known which record encounters or relationships. Such personal records were too risky.<sup>115</sup>

In 1948 the whole block of Spring, La Trobe, Exhibition and Little Lonsdale Streets was acquired by the Commonwealth Government for development as government offices, which except for a pair of un-airconditioned office blocks on the corner of Spring and Latrobe Streets affectionately known as the Green Latrine, was entirely fenced off for forty years until 1988, when a careful development envelope was prepared, and five archaeological digs commissioned by both the Federal Department of Administrative Services and Telecom Australia.<sup>116</sup>

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<sup>114</sup> 'The Female Impersonators – McKail, Ogilvie & Page Before the Court – Ball for "Girls Only" Their Alleged Objective,' *Truth*, 5 December 1908, p 5, with line illustrations of the three men.

<sup>115</sup> Wayne Murdoch, PhD Candidate (History, SHAPS), *Chorus boys and tight-waisted young Men: An exploration of Melbourne's camp subculture during the interwar period (1919-1939)*, may prove me wrong.

Wayne's PhD thesis investigates the development of Melbourne's male homosexual subculture during the period between the two world wars, from 1919 to 1939. There are signs that something akin to a modern homosexual sensibility and identity emerged in Melbourne, Australia's largest city, in the 1870s. It was not, however, until the period immediately following the end of the Great War that an identifiable and cohesive homosexual or ( in the argot of the times) "camp" subculture, can be said to have truly developed.

The 1920s and '30s saw the development of a range of social and technological innovations which allowed the true development of a modern urban camp subculture by offering greater levels of privacy, mobility, communication and social interaction. The period also saw greater legal, medical and social awareness of homosexuality and a broader discussion of the best way for society to deal with homosexuals.

Through the use documentary sources, including criminal trial documents, newspapers, medical records and publications, it has been possible to map a subcultural geography of Melbourne during the period. Most of this evidence was created by the dominant, heterosexual, society, but is leavened by the addition of material from memoirs, autobiographical writing and oral histories, some of which was created by members of the subculture.

<sup>116</sup> Justin McCarthy (1989) *The Commonwealth Block, Melbourne; Archaeological Investigation Report. Volume 1; Historical and Archaeological Report*, p 55, Australian Construction Services prepared for The Department of Administrative Services and Telecom Australia and [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Little\\_Lon\\_district](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Little_Lon_district). Heritage Victoria conducted two digs here: in 1988 and 2002.





The Green Latrine, the corner of Spring and Little Lonsdale Streets is in the left foreground.



Little Lonsdale Street, c1900, from Spring Street. At left is now Urban Workshop, John Wardle Architect, and visible is the extant Oddfellows Hotel, 35-39 Little Lonsdale Street, 1853, which is again a bar. At right is now the rear of City Gate apartments, 117 Latrobe Street, Central Equity.





File 2

**11. Gipps and Gertrude Streets:  
Brimstone Evangelism, 1887.**

Until its quite recent elevation to the middle class, and to an unexpected diversity, Collingwood and Abbotsford were socially divided by their geology and hence their topography. The ground of the very old Silurian sandstone and mudstone of the Dargile Formation sharply falls away along a sinuous line east of Smith Street, somewhere between Oxford, Cambridge and Wellington Streets called The Slope, until it levels at the Flat of the Colingwood Basalt Plain.<sup>117</sup>

Gentility clung to the upper reaches: Clifton Hill, and the upper levels of the Slope, especially near Victoria Parade and Brunswick Street; whereas the Flat consisted of noxious factories discharging directly into the fetid Yarra and a spawn of tiny single-fronted timber cottages, detached and often façaded to offer some semblance of respectability.



Detached timber workers' houses on The Flat, Park Street, Abbotsford.

As early as the 1850s, churchgoers from both the Hill and the Slope were 'scandalised by imputation that they were allowing the poor to starve...' They established a Philanthropic Society and a free Soup Kitchen, the only one in Melbourne. By 1865, a bath-house was opened to scrub the lower classes clean enough to attend church '...instead of spending Sunday in tiresome idleness.'

From 1870-90 were the major church-building decades in Collingwood; just as those decades a century later saw the most church demolitions. The over 20% of the population who were Catholic were virtually ignored by both the press and the social elite, which were often Presbyterian, though not philanthropically active until 1885, and remained at only 9% of the populace. Priests were involved rarely in any local discussion, and Catholic mayors were expected to keep their religion to themselves. An audit of church attendance in 1887 ignored Catholics altogether.

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<sup>117</sup> Ian Clark and Barry Cook, editors, *Victorian Geology Excursion Guide*, Australian Academy of Science, Canberra 1988, pp 374-376.



Collingwood Presbyterian councillors enacted by-laws to keep (Catholic banner and Salvationist brass band) processions off the streets, whilst promoting temperance and morality, rather than social change. The evangelical denominations predominated: Baptists were three times more prevalent here than the national average. However, the Catholics, the Uniting Methodists, and even the St Phillip's Anglicans for a decade, joined the local Melbourne City Mission in structuring at least part of their activity in the form of a mission, to be more accessible and to raise money to support the poor.

A leisurely kilometre walk down from Smith Street to the Flat, along the axis of Peel Street and Gipps Street to the railway viaduct, reveals a broad cross-section of the church-building history in the district. In 1854-58, a primitive log **Independent** (or Congregational) church was replaced by an impressively complex Mannerist design by the architect Alfred Taylor Snow. It faced Oxford Street, on the corner of Peel Street, and is depicted in a lithograph by the famous goldfields artist Samuel Thomas Gill. It was demolished in 1952, though its west wall still survives. Its 1874 hall still stood rather shabbily on the corner of Little Oxford Street and Peel Street until recently.

In Derby Street was a **Wesleyan** Chapel (c1870, now demolished), and either a **Church of Christ**<sup>118</sup> at 4 Derby Street, through to Landgridge Street (surviving as Jesuit Services). Doglegging into Wellington Street, on the west side was a Baptist Chapel (1861?-1870? demolished in the 1920s for W D & H O Wills Cigarette Factory and Bond Store, which as a boy, I visited with the YMCA, to encourage us to smoke?).



Dr Singleton's the Queen's Jubilee Building, mission, dispensary and gay sauna.

Dr John Singleton, a founder of the Melbourne Childrens' Hospital, opened Collingwood's first **Free Medical Mission and Dispensary** in 1868. By 1887, he had built the Queen's Jubilee Building, 162 Wellington Street, cnr Little Smith Street, a Baroque building, designed by John Frederick Gibbons, an architect who flourished from 1887-1913. In 1892, this enterprise combined concern for both the spiritual and temporal welfare of 13,422 applicants. The Queen's Jubilee Building now contains Wet on Wellington (or WOW), 'Melbourne's premium gay pool and sauna.' What would the evangelistic Dr Singleton make of that?<sup>119</sup>

<sup>118</sup> A Trustees Christian Chapel, or a Baptist Church.

<sup>119</sup> Snow completed 30 houses, commercial and religious buildings from 1853-69. Miles Lewis Architects Index, University of Melbourne, 1977, p 91. <https://830s-filemaker2.its.unimelb.edu.au/fmi/iwp/cgi?-db=Australian%20Architectural%20Index&>

At 58A Gipps Street, was the former **Wesleyan Methodist** Mission (1874, sadly demolished in 1967, when congregations had dwindled), a polychromatic Gothic basilican form church and its matching hall. Such missions were derived from those in English industrial cities as relief centres. Just as my father only joined North Fitzroy Church of Christ Sunday School for its cricket team, the Gipps Street Church Sunday School produced two famous cricketers: Bill Woodfull (1897-1965) and Jack Ryder (1889-1967). Only the Mission Kindergarten (1906) at 115-117 Rupert Street survives, remodelled by Crone Ross Pty Ltd Architects in 1998. Also in Rokeby Street, behind the Glasshouse Hotel in a converted timber house, was a **Chidrens' Church** (1875-c1915, now demolished).



Arthur Streeton, *Hoddle Street, 10 pm*, 1889. 9 x 5 Exhibition. National Gallery of Australia.

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[loadframes](#) Record 9252,  
 Undated lithograph in La Trobe Library: Independent Chapel, Oxford Street, Collingwood.  
 Alfred Taylor Snow, Architect; William Burns Landells, Pastor, Illustration on card 2 -  
 perspective.  
 Seen by M.B.L. Jan. 1975.  
 Record 9253, Alfred T Snow, Tenders wanted - erection of a basement portion of a new  
 Independent chapel, Oxford Street, Collingwood, *Argus* 25.7.1853 p 3; Alfred Snow, 78  
 Elizabeth Street.  
 Record 9254: Tenders wanted - bluestone for Independent Chapel, Collingwood.  
*Melb. Herald* 24.10.1853 p 3.

G R Johnson's Baroque **Collingwood Town Hall** (1885-87), 140 Hoddle Street, which with South Melbourne, are arguably the finest suburban town halls in Victoria, and was the first meeting place of the Collingwood Vietnamese Buddhists. The Decorated Gothic bluestone **St Phillips Anglican Church** (1865, demolished 1968), was replaced by a more modest church in c2005. The bluestone Tudor former rectory (1866) survives.

Along at 98 Hoddle Street survives as a surprisingly intact timber **Baptist Church** (c1897). Previously this was the site of a timber Wesleyan Methodist Chapel (demolished 1874), the first church building in the former City of Collingwood. Behind this, in Henry Street, was a **Baptist Sunday School** (1895, now demolished), and opposite, at 147 Gipps Street, corner Henry Street, is the Collingwood United **Masonic Temple** (1928-29) designed by Bro Harry Little, in a red brick Baroque manner, the more recent meeting place of the Vietnamese Buddhists.

Built in 1888-89, the former **Church of Christ Tabernacle**, at 11 Stanon Street, replaced their Oxford Street church and their chapel in Derby Street. It was designed by Jonathan Rankin 'a member of the church and a Collins Street Architect' (though unremembered today), the largest building in Australia erected by the Church of Christ Brotherhood. Its design is very influenced by one bay of the town hall opposite, itself doubtless influenced designs by Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723). When it opened, 900 devotees attended services, well beyond its capacity of 600, and the Town Hall seemed to have been used as a convenient church hall. But by 1961, there were only 20 active members, and more than a third of the debt it incurred had not been repaid. In 1976, it was sold to the City of Collingwood as a rather cavernous library.<sup>120</sup>

In 1998, I was approached by the Collingwood Historical Society to research and compile a history and architectural history of some 60 present and former church buildings in the former City of Collingwood, covering Clifton Hill, Abbotsford and Collingwood. I searched publications, maps and photographs and close observation of the sites themselves. This account of those on the Gipps-Peel Street spine samples some of that enjoyable research.<sup>121</sup> This walk has covered of just over a kilometre from one impressive Mannerist building to another, and encountering some nine other church sites in between, mostly built over just twenty years of religious fervour, allied to equivalent bouts of church-building enthusiasm.

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<sup>120</sup> Richard Peterson, *Brimstone to Bunyip. Churches of Collingwood, Clifton Hill & Abbotsford. 1852-1998*, Collingwood Historical Society. Melbourne 1999, pp 62 and 63.

<sup>121</sup> Richard Peterson, *Brimstone to Bunyip. Churches of Collingwood, Clifton Hill & Abbotsford. 1852-1998*, Collingwood Historical Society. Melbourne 1999.



File 2

12. Gipps & Gertrude Streets: Mr Sampson, 1956-60.

Mr Sampson<sup>122</sup> was the company secretary of McEwan's Limited,<sup>123</sup> the large hardware emporium in Bourke Street, just west of the Elizabeth Street corner. James McEwan were ironmongers and hardware retailers from 1852-1985, and so was the oldest store in Melbourne. McEwan arrived in Melbourne a year before my great-grandfather, Peter Peterson.



McEwan's, Bourke Street.

<sup>122</sup> Refer p 13.

<sup>123</sup> <http://archivescollection.anu.edu.au/index.php/6auoe>



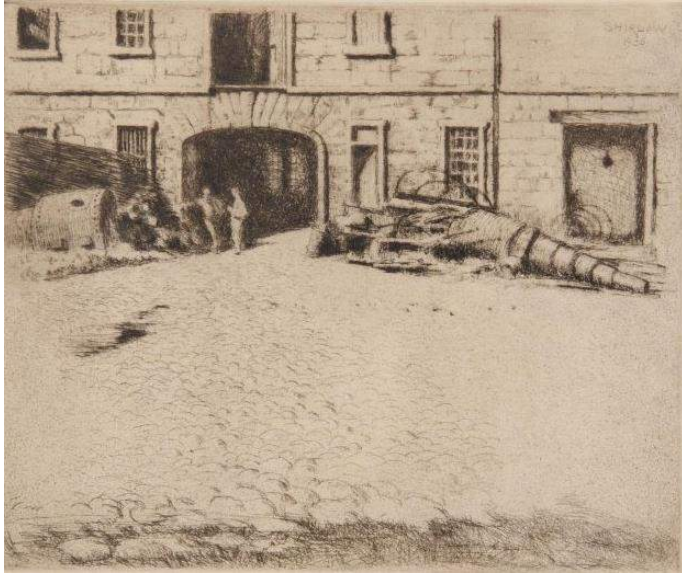
Queens Parade, 1960 with Marshalite traffic lights. Laurie Richards Collection, SLV. MM52563.

He drove in to his office in his big comfortable black Dodge with its well-sprung capacious leather bench seats, through the Clifton Hill railway gates, up Queens Parade, turning into Smith Street, then Gertrude Street, to A'Beckett Street, where he was always able to readily park for the morning in this more deserted part of the city. There were no parking restrictions. It was much the same route that McArthur had taken on horseback each morning into Collins Street, a hundred years before, that my father had taken by cable tram some thirty-five years earlier, and indeed that I still traverse today if I can ever face driving to the city by car.



Men in hats.<sup>124</sup>

<sup>124</sup> <https://www.abc.net.au/news/2015-06-10/photos-capture-fitzroy-in-melbourne-before-trendification/6502218>



John Shirlow, *The Courtyard* 1936, etching, 22 x 36 cm.



Mark Strizic, [Smith Street, Collingwood], c1950-59, 7 x 10 cm. State Library of Victoria.<sup>125</sup>

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<http://digital.slv.vic.gov.au/view/action/nmets.do?DOCCHOICE=376552.xml&dvs=1457127474>





1957: Immigrant men play billiards in the Democritus Club. Picture: Herald Sun Image Library



Billiard parlour, 65 Gertrude Street, corner of Fitzroy Street. Supplied: Chris Lermanis. It seems this photograph may be reversed, see right for the recent Google Street View.

From Smith Street as we swung into Gertrude Street, we would pass many dingy and apparently empty shops, some with clusters of hatted, suited, foreign-looking men, lolling about, or sitting in the dark interiors, playing cards, and conversing. I cannot remember groups of aboriginals as depicted by Yosl Bergner in the 1940s,<sup>126</sup> but there may have been, for I knew nothing of them. These groups of under-employed or idle men are depicted in the shadows in engravings by artists such as Lionel Lindsay in Sydney and John Shirlow in the inner Melbourne of the 1920s, later in Max Dupain's photographs and as discussed by John in his book, may have been

[280-993&locale=en\\_US&search\\_terms=&adjacency=&VIEWER\\_URL=/view/action/nmets.do?&DELIVERY\\_RULE\\_ID=4&divType=&usePid1=true&usePid2=true](http://www.museumvictoria.com.au/learning-federation/melbournes-bfa-migration/migr17/)

<sup>126</sup> John Slater, *Through Artists' Eyes. Australian Suburbs and their Cities 1919-1945*, The Miegunyah Press, Carlton Victoria 2004, p 140. Photograph, 1951, from <http://museumvictoria.com.au/learning-federation/melbournes-bfa-migration/migr17/>

psychically wounded by the Great War,<sup>127</sup> but the men I noticed seemed to be refugees from Nazi Europe, or post-World War II migrants.

The building I was later to own a few doors along at at 79 Gertrude Street was once a stationers and newsagent, and from the 1940s a fish shop, but when Mr Sampson's Dodge drove past each day until 1967, its proprietor was the impressively named Evangelos Vosnakis, a greengrocer. By 1970 it was listed as 'old and poor,' and it had closed by 1977 and remained empty until 1985 when Vosnakis sold it to the Victorian government. For those 15 years from 1970-85, a Greek greengrocer in Gertrude Street was not economically viable. What was its story beyond the stark record of the Collingwood Council Ratebooks?

Certainly my father felt that South and North Fitzroy, Collingwood, North Carlton, West Melbourne, North Melbourne, South Melbourne and even Parkville were 'The Slums,' where the poor people lived, where you escaped from, and we didn't go there.

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<sup>127</sup> John Slater, *Through Artists' Eyes. Australian Suburbs and their Cities 1919-1945*, The Miegunyah Press, Carlton Victoria 2004, pp 44, 45, 87, 127 and 129.