

THE PARRAMATTA PACKET

Parramatta Family History Group
Magazine



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PARRAMATTA & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.

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First Saturday of the month at the Coach House, Hambledon Cottage, 63 Hassall Street, Parramatta, (Cnr Gregory Place) commencing 1.30 p.m.

April 1: Carol Liston – Female Orphan School and Rydalmere Mental Hospital

May 6: How to Research Your Family History

June 3:

July 1:

OBJECTS OF THE GROUP:

The basic aims of the group are to promote genealogical and family history research; to further the study of genealogy by the collection of historical data; to educate in genealogy and family history methods; and to urge the preservation of personal history records.

ARTICLE CONTRIBUTIONS TO NEWSLETTER:

We welcome all contributions to The Packet. Anyone wishing to contribute, should forward the article to the editorial committee at the address above or ideally, as an attachment to the email address above.

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THE EDITOR reserves the right to correct articles where-ever necessary in order that the said article is grammatically correct [except where quotations are used]. It is not, however, our intention to change the story-line in any manner, but to present articles in a readable format for all.

THE PARRAMATTA PACKET is published 3 times per year...In March, July & November. The Society does not hold itself responsible for statements made, or opinions expressed by authors of articles appearing in the Newsletter.

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QUIZ

Answers to the following clues end with the word ROW.

1. Cause of unhappiness
2. Always in front
3. Renowned for straightness
4. Home Sweet Home for rabbits
5. A bird
6. Should be straight
7. Used by gardeners
8. Another bird
9. The centre
10. Associated with straight
11. To do this not popular
12. Not today
13. Done to balls
14. What children do
15. Done by farmers
16. Enemy of birds

Answers Page 9

De-funding of Trove

Initiative NSW

Trove is an Australian online library database aggregator; a free faceted-search engine hosted by the National Library of Australia, in partnership with content providers including members of the National & State Libraries Australasia. It is one of the most well-respected and accessed GLAM (galleries, libraries, archives, and museums) services in Australia, with over 70,000 daily users.

The site has been described as “a model for collaborative digitization projects and serves to inform cultural heritage institutions building both large and small digital collections” and the reach of Trove’s newspaper archives makes the service attractive to genealogists.

Many of the digital public libraries in the United States came from investigations of Australia’s Trove and seeing what a nation could do investing in a platform that would hold museum, gallery and library archives collections and make them accessible to the world.

As well as providing a service to people overseas, Trove has been an important educational resource for academics and rural communities in Australia and a fundamental element of Australia’s national research infrastructure.

In February, 2016 announced funding cuts to the National Library of Australia (\$20 million “efficiency” dividend) meant that the library may not be able to update material in the Trove database.

From the viewpoint of the National Trust, Trove is an essential research tool for historical research into people and into places of heritage significance, allowing for assessment of that significance, listing on the National Trust Register, statutory heritage listing and informed comment on legislation and planning and development proposals.

De-funding and downgrading of Trove would result in libraries Australia wide having to employ additional staff to deal with inquiries which are currently handled through the Trove system – a very retrograde step.

It is proposed to cut funding of Trove from July 2023. This would affect researchers drastically, including yours truly who uses this source frequently for information for “The Packet”.

So please go online and sign one of the petitions to stop defunding or write to your local Federal Member of Parliament and protest about the proposed action.

ANZAC DAY

As Anzac Day falls within the timespan of this edition of "The Packet" I asked members for any stories about Servicemen in their families. I thank Rhonda Reese, one of our regular researchers for providing the information from which I have prepared this article. The subject of the article was her children's Grandfather.

This article by Merton Woods, 'Our special representative at an advanced operational base' appeared in "The Australian Women's Weekly", October 10th 1942.

Three young soldiers - nicknamed the "Burns Boys"- are recovering in a Victorian military hospital from frightful burns received when Japanese bombers set fire to oil near their gun position at Darwin.

They owe their recovery from the ordeal that earned them that nickname to the work of a team of nurses and the doctors and padre at a hospital in this area.

How they saved the "Burns Boys" without proper equipment or facilities is an epic in the annals of Australian army nursing.

The girls who played the principal part in tending these boys were Sister Peg Cunningham, of Roseville, NSW; Sister Doris Bell, of Strathfield NSW; Sister Jane Irvine, of Adelaide; Sister Olive Beddoe, of Newcastle; Sister Elsie Williams, of Cessnock, NSW; and Sister Mona Henry, of Tully, Queensland.

The Padre who helped them was Rev. E. Kenneth Leslie, formerly of Melbourne.

One of the "Burns Boys" is Gunner Wilbert Hudson, of Merrylands, NSW, who won the Military Medal for gallantry at Darwin on February 19.

Up here we don't call him Wilbert or Hudson. He's just "Darky - one of the "Burns Boys" - a title that's destined to stick to him and the other two, Ron Clarke, 18, of Fremantle, WA, and Jack Ryder, 21, of Manly, NSW, although they will carry no scars because of the skilful nursing they received.

Hudson, Clarke and Ryder were first saved from a frightful death by Lieut. Donald Brown, of Mosman, NSW. They were cut off by a sheet of flame. Lieut. Brown dragged them out before fire reached them, but they were badly burned by the intense heat. The blaze destroyed all their clothes and belongings, and Clarke lost £50 in cash.

Sister Cunningham, who was with the Sydney Board of Health before becoming an Army nurse, told the story - "They handed the "Burns Boys" over to me a few hours after they'd been injured. After a couple of days we handed them over to the almost exclusive care of Sister Bell. I'll never forget the sight of them. They'd been covered with triple dye and were black from head to foot. They were all badly burned and shocked.

"We immediately began treating them with pooled human serum given similarly to blood transfusion. We gave six little bottles to one boy and it takes a lot of blood transfusions to make up a bottle of this stuff. Because of their burns some of their veins had collapsed, and at the start we had trouble in making serum transfusions. For the first two days they just lay in bed receiving these transfusions almost continuously. They didn't want food, and we had to force as many fluids on them as we could.

"We did not bath them during these first days. Then we carried a 16-gallon tin bath into the 15-bed tent ward where they were and lifted them into it one after another. First we swabbed

the bath out with Lysol, then filled it with one per cent solution of saline, cut off the bandages, and lowered them into the bath, black dressings and all. The pain would have been unbearable had we tried to remove the dressings first. It was much better to soak them off in the saline.

“Their burns were so bad that if they did not do exercises there was grave danger of their muscles becoming seriously contracted. We compelled them to do exercises in the bath. At first they cried so much at the pain that some of the other patients in the ward were upset. But we made them do exercises. We stood over them and bullied them. It wasn’t any fun for us, for they were only kids, and our hearts were full of sympathy for them. It was my worst experience of being cruel to be kind.



SISTER OLIVE BEDDOE, of Mayfield, Newcastle, Sister Jane Irvine, and Sister Peg Cunningham in the “Burns Boys’ bath. They helped to nurse the boys.

“Most of the work fell to Sister Bell. It took a lot of nerve and plenty of guts for her to do it. We made them waggle and stretch their burnt fingers, made them lift their burnt legs and try to touch their ears with their toes and their buttocks with their heels. Now they are better, and they’re glad we made them do it. Each boy stayed in the bath each day from thirty minutes to an hour. Then we lifted him on to a sterile sheet on the bed for his burns to be dressed. At the time our hospital was besieged by hordes of flies, and we didn’t have a fly-proof dressing-room. Orderlies and other patients had to fan the “Burns Boys” with Red Cross bamboo fans and newspaper to keep the flies away while their burns were being dressed.

“First we lightly powdered them with sulphanilamide, and then dressed their wounds with pieces of old mosquito net we’d cut up ourselves, sterilised and soaked in vaseline. We even melted the vaseline down ourselves. It’s a secret where we got it! Once the dressings were over we tucked in the boys’ mosquito nets. It was hot under them, but at least it kept the flies off.

“During the first few days they were sick and unhappy, but Hudson was a corker kid. He never lost his nerve once, never got really down-hearted for a moment. After a few days he wanted to get up, but it was a few weeks before he could do that. When he did he made straight for the cookhouse in a wheel-chair and came back with a bag of oranges, tossing them to his mates and the other patients in the ward. Then he went back and returned with a plate of hot scones.

“As they began to get better they started to hate having to do their exercises, but Hudson urged them all on. They obeyed as though his word was law. Because of their burns they had to be fed an extra protein diet of egg and meat. At first we had simply to force food down their throats. Padre Leslie was wonderful. He helped us hand-feed them, and wrote their letters home. He sat for hours helping them smoke cigarettes until they could handle them themselves.

“Then came the lovely day when they were all able to get up into wheel-chairs. For us at the hospital it was a day of “Burns Boys” on parade. Shielding them with umbrellas we wheeled them out and took their photos.

“But the biggest thrill of all was Jack Ryder’s 21st birthday. We gave him a party in the ward, and got 12 eggs for his birthday cake. The cake wasn’t a success, but Corporal Glen Stuber, of South Perth, a hospital orderly, came to the rescue by producing a cake his mother had sent for his birthday. Then Padre Leslie produced 21 candles. They were hand-made Manilla candles of a lovely salmon-pink color, each about two feet long. They had been consigned from Manilla on a U. S. boat to the Bishop of Guam Island, but somehow or other months ago were unloaded here, finishing up in the Q.M. store. Padre Leslie cut the candles into two inch lengths and stuck them all over the cake. Darky Hudson just made his party, as at the time it was due to start, he was in the operating theatre having one of his skin grafts. He was wheeled straight from the theatre to the party and ate as much cake as anyone!

Then came the great and rather sad day, for everyone, the day the “Burns Boys” left. They flew to Melbourne at 11am on an aerial transport, their first ride in an aeroplane and they didn’t like the drizzling weather for them. They had only found out the night before and the ward was in an uproar. Orderly John Rorke of Aberdare, NSW went with them.

“The “Burns Boys” were recovered enough to start writing their own letters by the time they left us. The writing is a bit trembly, but at least it’s their own.

“Darky told me in his: ‘Every time I bathe in the lovely marble and tiled bath I think of those happy days in the tin bath and tent ward up there.’”

Photo: Darkie Hudson.

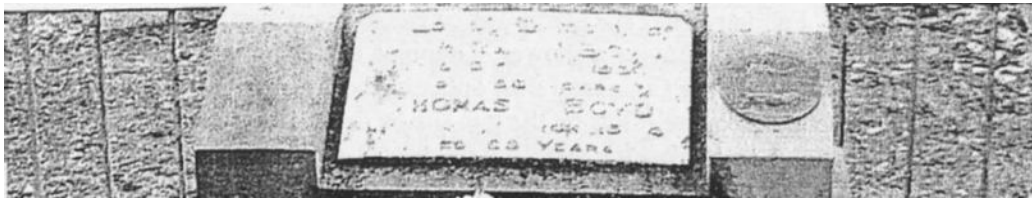


The Next of Kin Memorial Plaque.

"The Dead Man's Penny".

I travelled to Cowra to attend the NSW & ACT Family History Societies annual conference in September 2005, delighted to be going as one side of my son-in-law's and therefore my grandchildren's family had come from there and the records had shown that they were buried at Cowra Cemetery.

One of the first places we visited on arrival was that place that only a genealogist could possibly find enthralling the Cemetery. Now, delight of delights, there were headstones and not only the ones I had gone seeking but also a headstone and grave for one the sons, Thomas Boyd.



There was a medallion cemented into the corner of Thomas and his wife's grave with their son's name Ernest Clarence Boyd, a relief of Britannia, a lion and staff on it.

Around the edge was written, "He died for Freedom and Honour".

This of course stimulated my curiosity and on return I proceeded to peruse this medallion and to find out more about the same.

I somehow managed to tell the entire bus of this find on the following weekend which was our Parramatta & District Historical weekend away, and when we visited the Goulburn War Memorial and Museum, Judith Dunn spied one in the display cabinet.

At last, I had a proper name for the medallion and with this in mind I could then refer to the most wonderful of genealogical sources, "The AIF Project", all on line.

Ernest Clarence Boyd was born at Wattamondra near Cowra, New South Wales, he enlisted at Cootamundra 27th January 1916 aged 25. He was a private in the 18th Battalion, 13th Reinforcement and embarked from Sydney, New South Wales on board HMAT A55 'Kyarra', on 5th June, 1916. He was killed in action 26th February 1917, Warlencourt, Somme sector, France, there is no known grave.

He is one of the names honouring Australian Soldiers who are mentioned on the Australian National Memorial, Villers-Bretonneux, France, Villers-Bretonneux is a village 15km east of Amiens.

Amongst his personal papers is a receipt for the Memorial plaque and scroll received by his Father, plus Ernest's signature where he signed his enlistment form.

Now something about the medallion itself. It was awarded to the next of kin of soldiers killed in the war, I am unsure if it was necessary to apply for it or if it was automatically given.

Since beginning my research I have found two others who also have an interest in these medallions.



With Anzac Day approaching, I feel that is time to honour our brave young boys who gave their all so that we may enjoy the way of life that we do. I don't know that it would have been of any comfort to his parents, but three generations later my Grandchildren, descendants of Ernest's Sister, Mary Anne say thank you.

Anyone interested in further research for the Dead Man's Penny should contact The Imperial War Museum England at www.iwm.org.uk and follow the prompts.
Submitted by the late Kerry Martin, member PFHG in 2006

QUIZ ANSWERS

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 1. SorROW | 9. MarROW |
| 2. PROW | 10. NarROW |
| 3. ArROW | 11. BorROW |
| 4. BurROW | 12. MorROW |
| 5. SparROW | 13. ThROW |
| 6. FurROW | 14. GROW |
| 7. BarROW | 15. HarROW |
| 8. CROW | 16. ScarecROW |

REMEMBER THE “MINTIE TIN”?

‘It’s Moments Like These.....’

A famous old Parramatta landmark - **the Mintie Tin** - has had to give way to progress.

The tin, standing 15 feet high and with a 10 ft. diameter has perched over a produce store near the Vauxhall Inn lights for many years. No one seems to know just how long the tin had been there. Advertising a well-known brand of sweets, the green and white tin was gently lifted from its roost by a 12 ton crane last week.

The tin and its stand - a single storey brick produce store - have made way for the widening of State Highway No. 13, or Woodville Road as most people know it. The tin now lies rusting and deprived of its dignity in a yard behind the produce store. Bull-dozers will reduce the store to rubble within the next few weeks.

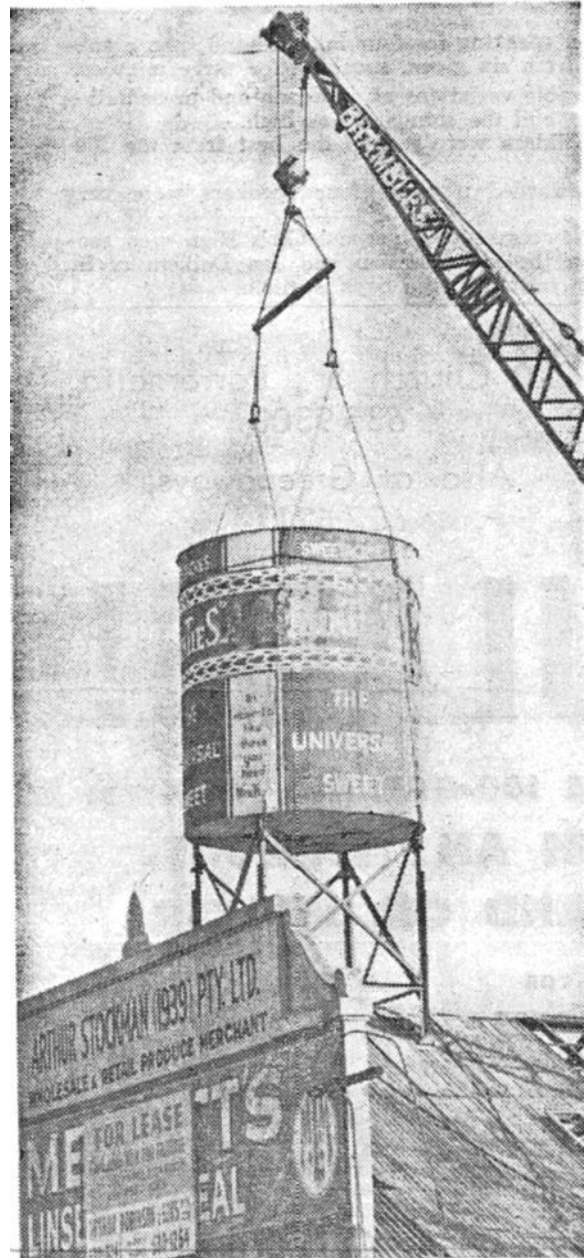
And the tin? It will go to its last resting place in a Parramatta dump. Children and adults alike have cherished the Mintie Tin for longer than some Parramatta residents care to remember.

According to a Main Roads Department spokesman, the sweets firm who advertised on the tin was no longer interested in the medium.

The lease had expired years ago, he said. But the tin kept on telling people about Minties, with or without official sanction from its company. It could be seen well down Parramatta Road as cars approached the Vauxhall Inn lights and also from the Western Road and Woodville Road.

Woodville Road, or State Highway No 13 will be widened to six lanes. A special underpass will be built under the dogtrap gates to link up both sections of the dual highway. But after all the work is finished the ghost of the old Mintie Tin will still be there, pushing its slogan: “It’s moments like these.....”

Source: The Parramatta Advertiser, 2 June, 196



DO YOU REMEMBER JACK DAVEY?

Some time ago, a very young trainee disc jockey burst into an office of the radio station where he worked, waving a tape box.

“Listen to this!” he beamed. I found it lying on somebody’s desk. This guy is the greatest announcer I’ve ever heard. I don’t know where he is, but we’ve got to get him. He’s fantastic!”

“What’s his name?” asked a colleague.

At this stage an older station executive probably took him gently by the arm and explained that it really wouldn’t be possible to get Jack Davey. He had died of lung cancer in 1959.

Davey would have probably enjoyed that story, and he might not have been surprised that he was still admired years after his death. After all, he was probably the most popular personality Australian radio has ever seen. During the twenty odd years in which he dominated popular radio, he was known as “Mr Radio”, “the man with the golden voice”, and “Dynamo Davey”. Everybody who owned a bakelite box between 1935 and 1959 knew who he was. When Australia’s population was eight million or so, Anderson Analysis estimated then that two in every five Australians heard a Davey show at least once a week.

Not only were his quiz shows – *Give It a Go*, *The Dulux Show*, *Ask Me Another*, *The Pope Show* and many others – top-rating programmes, but he presented innumerable charity shows, wrote newspaper columns, ran various businesses and presented commentaries for Movietone newsreels. The number of things he did was enormous, and almost everything he did, he did well. The closest he ever came to enunciating a philosophy of life was probably this: “Bite off more than you can chew, then chew like buggy.” He never stopped working.

But people can become very tired of the same face and voice, and Jack Davey risked becoming overexposed. Why didn’t this happen? Why did men, women and children queue for hours to get tickets for his shows? What made women all over Australia get out their knitting needles, pattern books and wool and knit scarves for him if they read in the paper that he had a cold? And when he took part in the Ampol round Australia car trials during the 1950s, why did people stand in the hot sun in the main streets of towns all over the country, just to catch a glimpse of a white-haired, slightly pudgy man in his forties whizzing past in a cloud of dust?

One answer to this is that his shows were always entertaining and very amusing. Whether he was giving a pound away to a school kid who told him what a brazier was, or handing out lavish jackpot prizes, listeners knew they could rely on him for spontaneous fun. And it was completely unscripted – when a show began, Davey knew as little of what would happen as the contestant did. He relied on the fun in people, adroitly managed by his quick silver wit, to make the shows entertaining.

As an illustration of his style, take this extract from one of his many animal, vegetable and mineral” quiz shows in the early 1950

“Now, Mr Ross, you’re the gentleman who’s going on a holiday,” he says. His voice is friendly and encouraging. “You know what happens now? They put ear-muffs on you, so you can’t hear a thing we’re talking about, and you have to guess the secret object. I’ll tell you, so it makes it nice and easy. What you’re looking for is vegetable – er – with a touch of animal in it, but I think for safety’s sake we’ll tell you that it’s animal, really, and is manufactured. That’ll make it easy for you.” Laughter from the audience.

The secret object is an evening dress worn by a singer on the show.

“Right, Mr Ross,” says Davey. “The people know what it is, the listeners at home know what it is – you’re entirely in the dark. Ask me.”

“Do we wear it?” asks a timid-sounding Mr Ross.

Sounding aggrieved, Davey says: “Not so much of this we business.” Laughter. “I mean I’ve been blamed for a lot of things, but...”

Mr Ross twigs. “Is it something worn by ladies?”

“Right.”

“Is it made of rubber?”

Shrieks of laughter from the audience. “I see you’re still thinking of my figure,” says Davey, chuckling. “No, try again...”

It’s all very easy, relaxed.

Though Jack Davey was never at a loss for something to say, responding quickly to contestants, his technique didn’t just involve being ready with a smart quip at all times. People who do that sound cold, and Davey never did. He always gave the impression that he was on side with his contestants in quiz shows. When people listened, they felt that he genuinely wanted them to win the big money, to get the answers that would give them the jackpots. Lew Wright, Davey’s biographer and sometime personal assistant says:

An old lady appeared on a programme and Jack asked her what colour a galah was. She said: “It’s one of those white things with a sulphur crest.” Jack looked into the control room and asked the judges, “Will you pass that?” and they all shook their heads very solemnly. “Sack all those judges,” he said. Mrs Jones is eighty-three. She must know what a galah is!”

This sort of thing happened again and again. Davey’s generosity with contestants, in fact, occasionally got him into trouble. “A lot of the sponsors would get quite upset,” says Benny Coombes, who was the financial controller of the Macquarie network. “He’d give away money because he liked the contestant. There might be a lot at stake, and if a person would be fiddling around the edges of the answer somewhere; Jack would sometimes let him win.

Add that sympathy to the sort of wit that cannot let a potential gag line go, and it’s easy to understand why Davey’s tongue sometimes ran away from him. He occasionally fell foul of the station censors.

“You have to remember that at that time he was on air, censorship was very strict,” says Lew Wright.

I remember that once a woman got very close to a jackpot answer worth about four thousand pounds, and it had to do with the largest nugget of gold ever found in Australia. She kept saying that gold was discovered in such and such a place but she didn't quite get the right answer, even with a lot of prompting. Jack said "Look, you're on the right track, but I want a bit more from you. Give your answer a twist."

She couldn't, so he said, I'll tell you what I'll do. How long have you been married?"

About eighteen months," she said.

Jack said, "OK. Tell me what your husband said as he carried you across the threshold on your wedding night, and that'll do."

Ooh," said the woman, "that's a hard one."

Jack yelled, "Give her the money!"

That's a show that never got to air!

From "Out of The Bakelite Box"

By Jacqueline Kent

Jack Davey was born John Andrew Davey on 8 February, 1907 in Auckland, New Zealand . After leaving school he worked in the haberdashery department of a large store, but left after a close friend and workmate died after falling down an open lift shaft. Prior to stardom, Davey worked variously as a signwriter, used car salesman and assistant stage theatre manager.

He arrived in Sydney in 1931 and started his radio production company, **Jack Davey Productions Ltd.**

He was married twice – first, in 1936, to Dulcie May Mary Webb, whom he divorced in 1942 and then to Dorothy Daisy Lush in 1947.

Davey worked as a crooner on station ABC 2BL, but his real career began when he was hired by Sydney commercial radio station 2GB. He adopted his trademark greeting of "Hi Ho, Everybody" and became Australia's highest paid and most popular radio performer, as a writer, producer and host.

During the War he joined the American Red Cross, as a field entertainer with the rank of captain, taking shows to troops across Australia and the Pacific Islands.

Ignoring doctors' advice he continued to increase his work load. His health began to decline. In 1957 he added television to his workload, with three regular programmes for Sydney station ATN-7: *The Dulux Show*, *The Pressure Pak Show* and *Give it a Go*.

Davey died, as a result of lung cancer, at St Vincent's Hospital, Dalminghurst, on 14 October, 1959, the same day as another larger-than-life Australian character, Errol Flynn. Davey's cremation was followed by a service at St Andrew's Anglican Cathedral. A reported crowd of 100-150,000 attended.

Champagnat Scholasticate, Dundas.

The impressive complex of buildings at 16 Dorahy Street was the Dundas home of the teaching order of Marist Bros. that was originally established in France in 1817 by St. Marcellin Champagnat following the French Revolution. Its aim was to empower the young with care, accommodation and education regardless of their circumstances. The Brother's work in Australia began in 1872 with early schools in the most underprivileged areas of the city of Sydney and accepting an invitation to take over the catholic school at Parramatta, now known as Marist High School.¹

Although the initial Marist brothers arrived already trained, any new brothers of the order would require training, first at a novitiate and then scholasticate. This also applied to other teaching orders that of Christian Brothers and De La Salle who joined together with Marist Brothers in a conference at Strathfield in August/September 1955 to discuss the future of teacher training. The need for the establishment of a Marist Scholasticate at Dundas was one of the outcomes.

In May 1946 the Marist Brothers had purchased 54 acres of land (two adjoining blocks) on the corner of Kissing Point Road and Kirby Street. This was made up of two lots from The Vineyard Estate which, although originally the land of the Wallumedagal people, had been granted to settlers and convicts from the First Fleet. The larger of the two plots was part of 70 acres granted to Anthony Rope (c1754-1843) who was handed a seven year sentence for grand Larceny in Chelmsford, Essex. The intention of the Marist Brothers was to establish a preparatory school for St Joseph's College at Hunters Hill.² By 1863 this portion of land had passed to a John Mills. A significant man to hold part of a teachers training college site, as he was a teacher in the city before becoming a Methodist minister. His first wife was Miss Helena Checkley which appears to be the source of the name of his residence described as "an orchard property, *Checkley* at Dundas on Kissing Point Road..."³

The site was leased in 1892 to Nelson Kirby (1881-1945) also an orchardist. Water Street was renamed to Kirby Street⁴ in his honour following a career in the council of the Municipality of Ermington-Rydalmere. Alderman Kirby represented his electorate 1891-1898 from its inception. It covered a substantial area but, along with Dundas and Granville Municipalities, was amalgamated with the City of Parramatta in 1949. In October 1898, the *Checkley* property was sold by his heirs to Mary Dorahy, the wife of Patrick Joseph Dorahy, a tea

¹ McDonald, Ian. (2000) *A School of their own*. Parramatta Marist High School. ; <https://marist180.org.au> - 180/our-history (Accessed 20Jan2023); *The High Road*, Champagnat College, Dundas. Chapter 8, pp162-171. <https://ses.library.edu.au/bitstream/handle/2123/691/adt-NU20050601.1720809chapter8.pdf;jsessionid=>

² Dept. Lands. Vol. 4691:Fol. 162 and previous title Vol. 854:Fol. 248 in Br. Peter Rodney's research from Marist Archives on the college January 2023

³ *Sydney Morning Herald* 29 December 1924, p.8. Obituary by his son, J.Y. Mills in Br Rodney's Marist Archives research.

⁴ The location of Dundas Marist High School.

merchant and later a commercial traveller, fruit grower formerly of Wallacia, who utilised the property as a dairy.⁵ His eldest son, John William Canice Dorahy also served on Ermington-Rydalmere Council holding the position of Mayor from in 1936 and 1941-42.⁶ The naming of the street in 1957 was in memory of the Dorahy enterprises and became the location of the Scholasticate.

Clement Glancy (1891-1961) was an architect employed on many Catholic buildings state wide. He was especially prolific during the break between the World Wars with Parramatta Cathedral high on his list of achievements. Unfortunately it was the one destroyed by fire in 1996. In the case of Dundas project, a Max Cooper and sons of Balmain were employed to undertake the construction. All told the Marist Provincial Council spent £225,000,⁷ (which converts to approx. \$7,705,000 today.)

In full view of an estimated crowd of 5,500 and with 600 cars in the parking area, the foundation stone was laid by Cardinal Gilroy in November 1956. The following October, 1956 he was called upon again this time to bless and officially open the building.

The building provided accommodation, large classrooms, science laboratories, music room library, refectory and a large hall which would hold 300 people. Brother also attended Sydney University, Sydney Teachers College, Macquarie University, Meadowbank TAFE, Polding College and Australian Catholic University. Former students sometimes returned to these institutions to form part of the teaching staff either in Teacher Training or Religious Education.

The number of training brothers reached a peak c1965 with student numbers only totalling in the 70s and by 1983 there were only seven student brothers at Dundas. The buildings were also showing their age and would require expensive restoration to bring them back to standard. It was decided that the remaining brothers would continue their studies at various Marist communities around Sydney and the Dundas buildings reserved temporarily as a retreat and conference centre. Part of the site had been listed for subdivision as the Checkley Estate in 1966-7. It was approved by Parramatta City Council and the Marist Brothers given the privilege of naming the streets after prominent Marist leaders from the community.

Now surplus to their needs expressions of interest were invited. Following discussions with the French Consulate for a French School and from the Coptic Church it eventually changed hands on 11 March 1997. It is currently in the of the Church of Scientology

⁵ *Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate*, 5 May 1917, p.6. Obituary of his son George A Mills,

⁶ Whitaker, Dr. Anne-Maree. (2012) *Shaping a city : 150 years of Parramatta City Council*. PCC.

⁷ *Catholic Weekly* 8 November 1956, p.5.

Pam Trimmer, Member

Mothers' Day also falls within the period this magazine covers, so here's a couple of verses that relate to it.....perhaps!

TO MY PRECIOUS MUM

*Who I am is because of your guidance
With your special love you showed me the way...
To believe in myself and make the best choices*

*Mum, you are very precious to
me, you are beautiful,
strong and graceful,
Thank you for your faith in me,
Through bad times and good.*

*You have provided
Many hours of comfort,
Through all my tears,
You have always helped to calm me,
To provide me with strength
And courage to fight through my fears*

*Your love is endless and selfless
Overcoming challenges,
For nothing can destroy it,
or ever take it away.*

*You have guided my dreams,
And given me hope,
Embraced me with hugs
And kisses.*

*There are so many of life's
Lessons that you have helped
Me to blend into the
Essence that is me.*

*You are a wonderful Mum,
Who always spreads
So much joy.*

*Thank you so much for always
Being there, and making
My memories so special.*

CRABBY OLD LADY

What do you see nurses?....What do you see?
What are you thinking?....when you are looking at me?
A crabby old lady....not very wise,
Uncertain of habit....with far away eyes?
Who dribbles her food....and makes no reply.
When you say in a loud voice....I do wish you'd try!
And forever is losing....a sock or a shoe?
Who, resisting or not....lets you do what you will,
With bathing or feeding....a long day to fill?
Is that what you're thinking....Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse....you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am....As I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding....as I eat at your will.
I'm a small girl of ten....with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters....who love one another.
A young girl of sixteen....with wings on her feet.
Dreaming that soon now....a lover she'll meet.
A bride soon at twenty....my heart gives a leap.
Remembering the vows....that I promised to keep.
Who need me to guide....a secure happy home
A woman of thirty....my young now grown fast,
Bound to each other....with ties that should last.

At forty, my young sons....have grown and are gone,
But my man is beside me....to see I don't mourn.
At fifty, once more....babies play round my knee,
Again we know children....my husband and me.

Dark days are upon me.... My husband's now dead.
I look at the future....and shudder with dread.
For my young are still rearing young of their own.
And I think of the years....and the love that I've known.
I'm now an old woman....and nature is cruel.
'Tis jest to make old age....look like a fool.
The body it crumbles....and grace and vigour depart.
There now is a stone....where I once had a heart.

But, inside this old carcass....a young girl still dwells,
And now and again....my battered heart swells.
I remember the joys....I remember the pain.
And I'm loving and living....life over again.
I think of the years, all too few....gone too fast.
And accept the stark fact....that nothing can last.
So open your eyes people....open and see.
Not a crabby old lady....look closer....see ME!!

PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE [Hambledon]

The Parramatta Cemeteries – All Saints & Old Wesleyan	\$5.00**
The Parramatta Cemeteries - Mays Hill	\$5.00**
Cottage on the Plain (Hambledon)	\$5.00*
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*Please add \$ 4.00

^Please add \$ 5.00

+Please add \$13.00

FAMILY HISTORY GROUP’S PUBLICATIONS:

Index for The Parramatta Packet Vols. 1(1995) – 9(2003)	[incl. p & p.] \$ 5.50
The Parramatta Packet [3 copies per year]	\$ 13.00

SUBSCRIPTION FEES:

Per Year	Single membership	\$ 30.00
Per Year	Double Membership	\$ 40.00
Life Membership (After 5 years as member)		\$ 180.00

<u>ADVERTISING FEES:</u>	1/8 th page advertisement	\$ 5.00
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The Society is interested in exchanging magazines and newsletters with other Societies.

How the Newsletter got its name:

October 1789 – the first locally built boat was launched. It was a ‘lighter’ of shallow draught, specially designed to carry cargo between Sydney and Rose Hill. This boat was named the Rose Hill Packet; became affectionately known as ‘THE LUMP’ because of her sailing characteristics.

You may find errors in this newsletter. This is in line with the policy of trying to please everyone, even those who look for mistakes.

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*Model of The Lump
constructed by Terry Fitzell*