



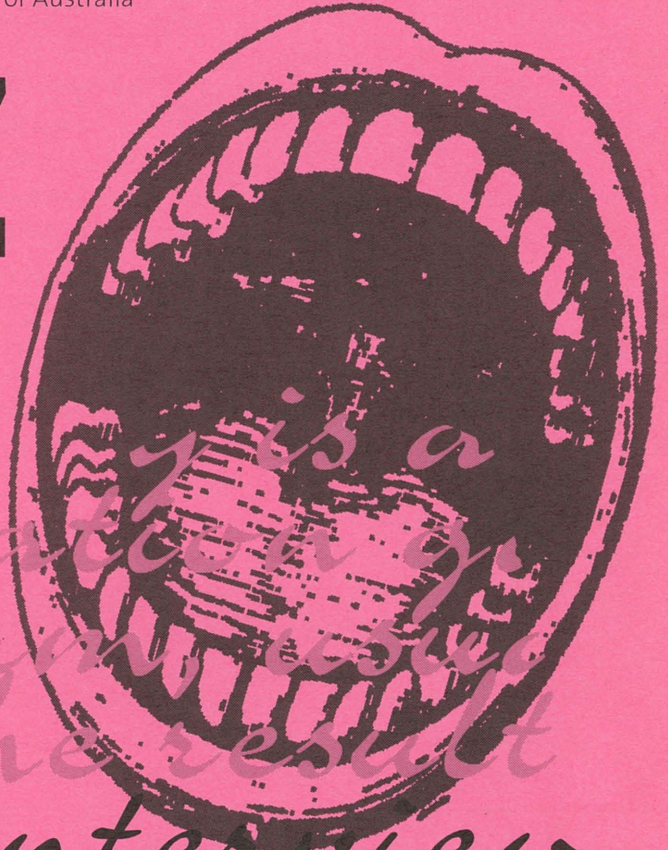
voiceprint

Newsletter

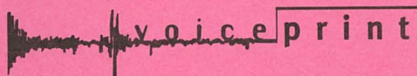
of the New South Wales Branch
of the Oral History Association
of Australia

17

November 1998



*...is a
- a
- form
- as the result
- ned interview
- means of finding
- the past by asking
- ions of people who*



Voiceprint is the newsletter of the NSW Branch of the Oral History Association of Australia and is published quarterly
ISSN: 13224360

Issue No. 17 – November 1998

Oral History Association of Australia
(NSW) Inc. c/- State Library of New South
Wales, Macquarie Street,
Sydney, NSW 2000
Tel (02) 9273 1697 • Fax (02) 9273 1267
email: rblock@ilanet.sl.nsw.gov.au

Editorial Committee: Angela Wawn,
Joyce Cribb, Katja Grynberg, Ruth Wilson

Please send articles and correspondence

to: Angela Wawn, 97 Arthur Street,
Surry Hills, NSW 2010,
or to: Joyce Cribb, 48 Bungalow Avenue,
Pymble 2073, email: ivancri@mpx.com.au

Layout and Design: Vanessa Block

The views expressed in articles in this *Voiceprint* are not necessarily those of the NSW Branch of the Oral History Association of Australia, nor its editors



Editorial

As I write this editorial, I am again struck by how rapidly time speeds. Not only are we planning end of year celebrations, but also those for the end of century. As we start thinking about those new resolutions, we review what has been achieved and what has been left undone.

As a child, holidays seemed so far away and the end of the nineteen hundreds, inconceivable. However, sepia photos of grandparents proved that in three generations, our lives have filled times and places that moved from what I thought were mundane, to the unimaginable. In this century we have moved from backyards to the moon, from villages without hot and cold running water, to suburbs with air-conditioned supermarkets; by horse and buggy and sail, rockets and satellites. Our families have changed their pace and space forever. But when we listen to the stories of back then, of where the heart of the matter is, we are transported, and time stands still for just a little while. For as C. Rajagopalachari says: "Civilisation is not mere advance in technology and in material aspects of life. We should remember it is an abstract noun and indicates a state of living and not things."

Kabyle folksingers begin their narratives with the words "may my story be beautiful and unwind like a long thread". Storytelling is the thread that runs through this Voiceprint. We have woven together a personal insight on the recent storytelling seminar, and life stories of dispossession and recollection. In this edition Aboriginal Australia, Jewish Leipzig and Port Jackson when it was a commercial port rather than a harbour for leisure, come together. Down Under, we have indeed woven together a mixed mob. "The act of healing is a socio-cultural act, a collective undertaking." Trinh T. Minh-ha adds, "in many parts of the world, the healers are known as the living memories of the people; dis-ease breeds dis-ease; life engenders life." Coming together, listening to oral histories is a regenerative process. Understanding the speaker and the world that the stories spring from, is creative. It allows us to review the world that was, and create the world in which we wish to live.

Katja Grynberg

Contents



News:

New Members 3

REPORTS

Branch Report – *Rosemary Block* 4

A Visit to Maitland – *Margo McKenzie* 6

Storytelling Seminar 7

ARTICLES

Darling Harbour in the 1930's – *Margaret Reid* 13

Changing the Curtains – *Gay Breyley* 19



Diary of Events 28

NOTICEBOARD 29



New Members from August 1998 to date

Welcome to you all of you new members! As usual a wonderful range of interests and occupations. I do hope that the Association will be useful to you and that you will enjoy your membership.

We have had a wonderful response for subscriptions for 1998 – 1999 from our existing membership. Thank you all for being so prompt in sending in your renewals. We are so grateful for your valuable support of the Association and of oral history in New South Wales.

Helena Brusic

Graphic designer, interested in archaeology

Angela Kaplin

Youth worker, interested in short story writing

Jennifer Cornwall

Solicitor, studying public history

Anna Jarrett

Storyteller, interested in Aboriginal communities, women, community history

Jo Adendorff

Filmmaker

Joan B. Reilly

Farmer, interested in local history

Dr Erik Eklund

University lecturer, interested in labour history

Mrs JE Stone

Photographer, interested in the outback

Linda Graham

Librarian/curator, interested in Australian military history

Shirley Coyle

Project officer for anti-racism, interested in social justice and personal history

Kate Stenner

MA History student, interested in social movements

Future member? Welcome to new arrival born 7/9/98 – Jonas Peter Holle. Vanessa is still managing layout and design for Voiceprint as well as Jonas – a sterling effort. Rosie is of course a very proud grandmother!

Branch Report – New South Wales 1997 – 1998

The Branch/Silver & Ballard mugs mentioned in last year's Branch Report have had a good deal of airing this past year. Our events started on 11 August 1997 with a talk by that great pioneer of reminiscence and reminiscence work, Joanna Bornat. Practitioner, writer and lecturer in the school of Health and Social Welfare at the Open University in England, Joanna addressed a large gathering at the State Library of New South Wales on 'Exploring living memory: oral history and reminiscence with older people'. It was wonderful to meet in person someone whose writing we have all held in such high regard. A most inspiring evening!

Our seminar in August was to have featured interviews on a literary theme. Regretfully both speakers were prevented from attending. However, the Centre for Community History who were joint presenters with us supplied at very short notice two excellent substitutes. Andrew McFadzen spoke of his work interviewing for a searching biography of an American political figure, Robert Richardson Bowie. This was followed by the launching of Gay Breyley's book, *Changing the Curtains, the money and the guns. Mostly true stories, mostly collected in Leipzig*. Gay then told us how she collected interviews from citizens of Leipzig. They recounted not

only their experiences of World War 11, but also told of their lives under the German Democratic Republic. Our speakers were fascinating on their topics and the audience was rapt. Both of them were a great tribute to serendipity or a beneficent providence – whichever!

The April 1998 seminar celebrated that outstanding donation of tapes and interviews given to the State Library by the Institution of Engineers, Australia (Sydney Division). Michael Clarke, the Manager of the Oral History Project, and the Co-ordinator, Sarah Szacsvey gave a most interesting presentation. In addition to listening to anecdotes and great moments from the tapes, those attending were given a superb demonstration of how such a project can be administered. It is an example to us all. It will be no surprise to learn, therefore, that Michael Clarke has been a fine adviser to our Branch's pet project for the OHAA, *A Guide for Commissioning Oral History Projects*. Drafts of this document have been circulated to all branches and we have benefited very much from members' advice and suggestions. The final version will now go to print and we trust that it will be a most useful guide for both commissioning bodies and consultants.

In September many members of the Branch went to Alice Springs to the

Biennial National Conference convened by South Australia's Beth Robertson and Francis Good and their very able committee. We agree with everybody who came, that it was a brilliant conference (and by far the best attended ever). The exciting, interesting and smooth running program was a tribute to the thought and hard work by the organisers. It was a privilege to have been there.

The conference also saw the launching of *Australia's Oral History Collections. A National Directory*. Information was gathered largely through the cooperation of the members of the OHAA National Committee. The publication, under the leadership of the National Library of Australia, is a monument to those members and their dedicated research in identifying and describing oral history projects throughout Australia. The project was funded by Towards Federation 2001.

At the Conference Life Membership of the OHAA was conferred on our member of long standing, Margaret Reid. Margaret conducted the Sydney Maritime Museum's Oral History Project from 1982. Her full citation appeared in Voiceprint Vol 15. Needless to say we are very proud that Margaret is a Life Member and she is the first in New South Wales.

The Branch participated in the History Council of New South Wales' inaugural

History Week. Susannah Place at the Rocks, where oral history 'furnishes' many of the rooms, was open on that day. Past residents of Susannah Place have been interviewed over a number of years and their memories allow visitors to imagine how the houses looked while they lived there. Members of the Branch were present to interest the public in the Association and in oral history in general.

The NSW Branch offered to take over the distribution of back issues of the Journal. As everybody will know this has been done forever by the South Australian Branch. Their long and faithful service is much appreciated by us all.

It is always a pleasure on this occasion to be able publicly to thank the members of our Branch committee. They are Michael Clarke, Lianne Hall, Jan Henderson, Sue McClean, Diana Ritch, Ian Stewart, Ruth Wilson, with Judy Wing as Secretary. Margot McKenzie retired after four years of sterling service to us and to the National Committee. We are most grateful for her contribution and she continues to be a member of the committee. In August we were very glad to welcome Berenice Evans to that important position of Treasurer. We are further greatly in her debt as she joined us at very short notice. The editorial committee of Voiceprint is to be congratulated on expanding its girth with interesting articles and news. The members are Joyce Cribb, Katja

Grynberg, Angela Wawn and Ruth Wilson. Marjorie Day, Nancy Tuck and Peg Webster are our willing volunteers at the seminars and we all acknowledge

that we could not run these occasions without them. Thank you to you all for your good ideas, your enthusiasm and your support.

Rosemary Block, President

Visit to Maitland – by Margo McKenzie

This is a story of how you never know where Oral History will lead you. Late in 1997 I accompanied Rosie on an inaugural lecture on Oral History in Maitland 40 kms from Newcastle. It was a sentimental trip as I not only went as a companion for Rosie on a 5 hour drive but because my ancestors, the McFadyens, arrived there buying the first farm at Bolwarra (5 klms from Maitland) in 1850 after sailing from Scotland in 1838.

About 15 women came for a very interesting, as usual, lecture by Rosie and I went armed with an obituary published in the Maitland's mercury newspaper about my great-aunt Mary Mckenzie, dated December 1939.

Mary and her four siblings were orphaned and were brought up by their grandparents, the McFadyens in Maitland. Mary became the first Country Headmistress in NSW at Maitland, the first Headmistress in NSW being at Sydney Girls High School.

The obituary was an oral history not only telling about the McFadyens but tracing the McKenzie family tree from

1210 and tracing Mary's accomplishments from pupil teacher right through to her retirement. It created great interest and more so to one, Jan Bellamy, who is on the committee of Grossman House, the only Italianate designed Historic House left in Maitland.

Well, to cut a long story short Jan rang me for more information. The end result is I sent Mary's desk which was presented to her by the Old Girls Union in 1928, a Gaelic Bible brought out by John McFadyen and inscribed by him in 1838, six books of Catherine McFadyen (Mary's mother) dated 1856, books of Mary's articles of the household and recipe books used by the McKenzies for fetes at the Benevolent Society of which Mary was President.

So if you are ever in Maitland on weekends (the only time when Grossman is open) take a visit to see the "McKenzie Reflections".

Seminar on Storytelling – 17 October, 1998

Report from one of the participants – Caroline Josephs

Lighting Up Spots on the Hows and Whys of Telling and Recording Life Story

Bridget Brandon artfully led us into a highly active and enjoyable series of interactions with each other during the day. Bridget's lifetime of work in drama, performance, leading people further in their own development were the source of her work with us on the day. Bridget can, apparently effortlessly, facilitate experiences for many participants and make even a short time seem rich and deeply satisfying.

We found partners to work with for different exercises in telling and listening to stories from their childhood. We evoked memories for ourselves and our listener from childhood. Our stories bubbled, new memories stirred feelings, brought laughter and tears. We listened, and then told a partner their story as we heard it, but freshly, writ larger, bigger, to offer back to the teller.

We were asked to find a story from age 0-10 which was a turning point in our life. Sixty or so individuals created an oral woven 'tapestry' from many countries and other times; we were moved round the room, now telling, now listening to story, getting to know a large number of people in a short time through tiny significant details of their lives – a

memory of being held at the top of a slippery dip, the ice-man delivering the ice with a big pick, "ginger" hair, the tram to the beach...

I realised how my own childhood story (of walking backwards into a fire) was in some way a motif of other stories in my life and how it had meant for me at the time a long stopping still – unable to walk. This motif is alive in my current life and it is valuable to see the present reflected in the past. I also saw that my partner's story of finding out that his "parents" were not his birth parents – was another kind of "walking backwards into the fire". I listened to the story of Aboriginal dislocation and a long search for the birth mother. I retold the story. I experienced a deep knowing of its being at the same time, my own story of denied Jewish identity during the War and after, and the search for re-connecting fragments to that identity. I could feel the act of storytelling and storymaking to be a way of experiencing that we are all the same, deep down. His story, my story – at some levels the same story. Stories make that manifest. Both of us were in a way making a 'songline' of story to meet the ancestors – here now; in my case at mid-life.

Thank you Bridget for your calm presence, your twinkling and gentle humour, your ability to listen deeply to people and to draw out their stories, your steady attention to us, and the story-making process.

Thank you Rosie Block, a wonderfully fierce, passionate and generous presentation; giving us years of experience condensed into a few hours, on gathering and working with the stories of others and their links with history. Rosie gave us insight into handling equipment, techniques, tips and insightful snippets of her own and other's stories and many ways into the fascination of oral history.

Sue Alvarez (from the Storytelling Guild) told her story "Got Any Gum, Chum?" The story was developed during Bridget's *Story Lines* workshops (an ongoing series of workshops led by Bridget, phone 02/ 9389 9475 for details). Sue put oral history together in her own wonderful, colourfully accented story of her experience as a tiny child evacuee from London during the Blitz, and being ushered into a temporary "family" in a village outside the metropolis. Sue

showed us how the large movements of history can be evoked and depicted from a personal, contained, well told story. There were characters, a plot, humour, tragedy, pathos, and a happy ending. A satisfying note to end a most fulfilling day.

Thank you to the State Library and the Oral History Association for making the day possible, may there be more storytelling events!

We walked out into the sunlight that day, holding with us a multitude of story skeins to be unwound and knitted – some day – some how.

Got any Gum, Chum?

(This is the text of the story told by Sue Alvarez at the storytelling seminar).

Sue Alvarez: London – 1940: I was 4 years old. We lived in Acton, 20 minutes from Marble Arch. Parents: Sam, musician; Joan, milliner in the West End; Sister, Pam 5 years older.

The word War didn't mean much to me; but adults used it a lot; they couldn't get things because of the war, they couldn't go places because of the war. Because of the war, we had a special little house at the bottom of the garden called the shelter. Some nights we were woken up and taken to the shelter – then we started going to bed all the time in the shelter. There were search lights, air raid sirens, bombs dropping.

One day, Mum and Dad told us we were going on a holiday to the country, because it was safer than in London. Dad had been called up and would be away with ENSA. Mum's shop had closed and she had to work in an Aircraft Factory – de Havelins in Chiswick, a suburb of London. So Pam and I would be together and stay away. My sister cried, but I didn't understand why. I thought a holiday in the country would be lovely.

Mum and Dad came to the place where many families were putting their children in buses. We wore our best clothes and pixie hats, our gas mask boxes in front of us and I had a little

suitcase with my teddy, ration book and sandwiches for the journey. We had a great time on the bus – singing and laughing. We arrived at a little village called Seer Green. There was a lady in charge and she lined us up in two's – I held onto my sister like grim death. The lady went from house to house – how many bedrooms, how many people – can you take an evacuee from London – some yes, some no. Most take one, nobody wants two – we are the last because I won't let go of Pam's hand and won't be separated – knock on the door – door answered – the lady looked old, she had white hair, and a round body; she wore a long pinafore and smelt of cooking – lard and bread.

Who lives there – Emily and Harry Furminger and daughter Joyce who was 18 years old. There was a spare room – she would take us. “You call Me Aunty Em” she said. For the first and only time we go through the front door – the evacuee lady says goodbye and walks away. We sit in the front room, but Pam wants to go to the toilet – I keep hold of her hand as we are taken outside into the garden – and there is an outside 'loo with a door with an outside latch – but there is a problem – I won't let go of Pam's hand – and she can't go to the 'loo holding my hand – suddenly Auntie Em calls “Nigger” and a big black dog comes running to her. She says “sit Nigger and shake hands with Susan” – who can refuse to shake hands

with a dog? I shake hands and Pam goes to the 'loo in peace. This is a family story that gets told at Christmas, weddings and funerals!

We settle in. Seer Green is a little village that has two of everything! Two churches or rather one church and one chapel; two pubs, The King's Head and The Cricketer's Arms; two shops, the post office and the general store which sells everything else. We go to the Village school, it has two classes and two teachers; one for the juniors and one for the seniors – I am in one class and my sister is in the other. There are 20 children from London and about the same number of village kids – we form gangs. They think we are different and we think they talk funny. My teacher is Miss Polly – she is very old, she was retired but she had to come back and teach. Because of the war, we didn't have writing books, we had small black boards and chalk, and we did our letters and numbers on them – my sister had a writing book, and pen and a desk with an ink well in it because she was in the big class.

Aunty Em worked very hard, and always wore a pinafore wrapped around her which covered all her dress except for the sleeves, which she usually rolled except in winter. The house didn't have a kitchen or bathroom and no electricity. There was a scullery as you entered the back door – that's where you got the

water from and did the washing up – but the stove was in the big room, where we all stayed and had our meals around the big table. The stove was black and Aunty Em shined it up every day and you could see your face in it. It had two ovens and a round top which you lifted up and put the coal in – there was always a kettle boiling away and other saucepans with things cooking in them. Aunty's husband was Uncle Harry – he always seemed a bit younger than her – he worked on the farm down the road, and he was a lay preacher in the Baptist Chapel – and we had to go to Chapel 3 times on Sunday, mostly to hear him talk about sin. We heard more about sin than about the war. Everything was sinful, not eating all the food you were given was sinful, playing cards and gambling were sinful, getting sick was sinful, but most sinful of all was the demon drink. "You can smell the evil as you walk past the pubs", he would yell from the middle of the Chapel, and you could. We had to pass these sinful pubs on our way to school, and we would run past them so we won't catch the evil smell. As soon as I could sign my name, I had to sign the pledge. God could see everything we did and knew when we were being bad. On Sundays no food was cooked, and you couldn't skip or play outside, but we could read the bible, and go to chapel. Uncle Harry could play music by ear – and we used to sing around the piano,

hymns which you could really get your teeth into, like “Dare to be a Daniel, dare to make it known, dare to do the thing that’s right and dare to stand alone”. Gradually we became Country Kids and talk funny – like that – and Joyce, Auntie Em and Uncle Harry’s daughter, doesn’t tease us anymore about our London voices. She works as a land girl over in Amersham, and one summer evening, in 1943 I think it must have been, I am playing outside with my tennis ball up against the garden wall, when a man comes up the front path; he is very handsome, and he is wearing a very nice uniform – I learn later he is an American soldier from the American Army Base at Amersham. He asks to see Joyce, and I run in yelling Joyce there is a soldier to see you. She comes down the stairs all dressed up, and she goes outside and I follow them and get told to go back by Joyce. Auntie Em and Uncle Harry are watching from the window they don’t go out to meet him. Very few people were ever invited into the front room as I remember so that didn’t seem strange.

The soldier came every Saturday evening during that long hot summer; his name was Ricky, which I thought was the best name ever – it was short for Richard – after all English boys were called Dick if their name was Richard. I was always out in the garden waiting for Ricky, and as I played ball, I would say “got any gum chum” and Ricky always

gave me chewing gum and usually some chocolate and once a doughnut – sheer heaven. Sometimes it would be quite a while before Joyce would come out; there seemed to be trouble in the house. Auntie Em and Uncle Harry didn’t like American soldiers and they tried to stop Joyce going out with him, but she went anyway.

Then just as suddenly as Ricky came, he stopped coming – he had been posted overseas Joyce said, and then there was no more games of “got any gum chum” for me. Joyce spent most of her time at home sniffing and writing letters. I wanted her to get another American boyfriend, but she never did. One day I came home from school and was at the foot of the stairs to put my things in my bedroom, when the District Nurse was coming down the stairs. She was wearing her navy blue and white uniform and navy felt hat as usual, but in her arms she was carrying something very unusual – it was a baby all wrapped up in a stripped cotton rug – “Look what I found upstairs”, she said, “a little baby girl” – I wanted to rush past her to see if I could find another one, but I also wanted to see if it was a real baby, so I followed her into the big room, where Auntie Em and Uncle Harry were waiting. Auntie Em took one look and burst into tears. I was staggered because I’d never seen her cry before. Then the baby started crying and the District Nurse said: “You have a nurse my dear, you’ll feel better then”, and

Aunty Em stopped crying and had a nurse of the baby and then Uncle Harry and then I got a go too.

Well, life was wonderful for me then, because I had this gorgeous baby to come home and play with. Her name was Diana and she had big blue eyes. I became very important and was allowed to take Diana for walks around the garden. Joyce went back to work and Aunty Em looked after the new baby. I didn't see my Mum and Dad very often because they weren't able to travel much during the war. They had to work very hard but they used to write to us and my sister would read the letters to me.

Many of the other evacuees didn't like country life or the people they were staying with – my sister, being five years older than me, was one of them and she and another evacuee ran away one day – that was the second time I saw Aunty Em cry, and my mother come to Seer Green and she took Pam away but I stayed as I was alright. My sister went to stay with some friends of my father who lived in Bristol. She hadn't been there a week when Bristol was badly bombed! And she

had to sleep each night in a shelter again. Well, eventually the war ended and I went back to live with my parents again. I was sorry to say goodbye to Aunty Em and Uncle Harry, Joyce and most especially Diana but going back to my sister and parents was very exciting. As I look back now I still have a few feelings of guilt over all the sins that are in the world. I'm not happy playing cards or gambling and I always finish all the food on my plate – and as for drinking alcohol, even though I signed the pledge at 9, well I've managed to overcome any guilt feelings about that – after all, who was it that turned the water into wine?

ARTICLES

Darling Harbour in the 1930's – by Margaret Reid

(This oral history has been provided by our first and only Honorary Life Member, Margaret Reid. Margaret has long been the motivating force behind the Sydney Maritime Museum Oral History Project).

Oldtimers will tell you Darling Harbour and Walsh Bay in the 1930's were places of ever changing interest. Ships leaving and ships coming in. Early spring mornings, southern blue skies, fresh breezes blowing, Blue Peter and regulation flags flying, excited passengers piling out of cars and taxis, luggage abound, voices asking "where do we go?" Throng on wharf awaiting order to go aboard. Cargo vessels too. Getting up steam, cargo stowed, ready to depart. Where? NSW north or south coast? Western Australia? Overseas? Marvellous.

In April 1993 I talked with Doug Swanson, marine engineer and volunteer member of the Sydney Maritime Museum, about the changes that had taken place on Darling Harbour since the 1930s when he was a boy. At that time I was Oral Historian for the Museum and knew Doug could speak from first-hand experience of that period.

"My father was an engineer with the North Coast (Steamship Navigation)

Company and sometimes in the 1930's he would be called in on a Sunday to work on a ship (in Darling Harbour) with engine trouble. I used to go in with him and spend my day on the launch which was used to run provisions to the Company's ships. So I got to know the Harbour.

Those days people on the ships worked pretty well 'round the clock – the ships would come in on a Sunday, the cargo would be worked out so they could get her away on Monday morning. What used to amaze me were the cattle the North Coast ships brought in. When they got in on a Sunday morning the cattle were first off the ship. Sometimes one of the steers would jump off the wharf and then the crew had to launch a lifeboat, row around the harbour to catch it, lassoing the horns, towing it back to the wharf, putting a sling around it and lifting it up on the wharf and into the pen.

There was a 'lead' sheep which was kept in a pen on the company's wharf. She would be brought on board, the gate to the ship's holding pen opened and off she would walk followed by the sheep under consignment, into the pens on the wharf. The sheep were no trouble but the steers used to give an awful lot of trouble.

Sometimes a ship had to be shifted around the Harbour and I would be invited on board for the trip. They used to go to the Box Factory past the Drummoynne Bridge (Iron Cove), and the cargo would be worked out on a Sunday and the ship ready to go back to Darling Harbour on Monday morning.

In 1934 I started my apprenticeship with the North Coast Company and from '34 to '39 I worked steam or diesel ships so I travelled 'round the Harbour.

The North Coast had No 7 – No 10 wharves in Darling Harbour and I became familiar with the shipping in that area. No.7 was used by the smaller ships that ran to the Tweed River, Woolgoolga, (a port just north of Coffs Harbour) Coffs Harbour, the Bellinger River, Nambucca River and the Manning River. Ships from those areas would discharge at No 7.

No 8 was used by ships which went to the Richmond River such as the NIMBIN, WYRALLAH 2, WYANGARIE, BONALBO, and the ORARA 3.

No 9 the ships there, ran to Byron Bay, the ORARA the WOLLONGBAR 2, and the PULGANBAR.

No 10 the next wharf along, was for the Clarence River, used mainly by the ARAKOOK, the main ship for the Clarence, though occasionally one of the smaller ships, the UKI or the TYALGUM would go if there was excess timber coming out of the River.

No 6 wharf was used by the Adelaide Steamship Company's vessels: the MANUNDA, MANOORA, MOMBAA, MONDALLA, BELTANA, BUNGAREE and the OLOOLAO and No 5 wharf, the Union Steamships vessels: the AORANGI, MONOWAI and the NIAGARA.

No 4 for McIlwraith, McEachern ships: KATOOMBA, KANIMBLA, KAROOLA and all their cargo vessels. Most of their ships' names started with a 'K'.

No 3 Huddart Parker's wharf: WESTRALIA, WANGANELLA and sometimes the ZEALANDIA.

No 1-2, the long wharf at Millers Point, parallel to Darling Harbour, was owned by Dalgetys. It was the Overseas Wharf for the Matson Line: MARIPOSA, MONTEREY, VENTURA and SONOMA: the Dutch Line KPM: NIEUW HOLLAND, NIEUW ZEELAND and the White Star Line: CERAMIC, DOMINION MONARCH; that class of vessel. There were , other overseas lines and ships whose names I can't remember which used No.1 wharf, too. All the other wharves were finger wharves which butted into the line of Hickson Road, running from Millers Point to Erskine Street and the ships would head in that way too. It was a main road and called the 'Hungry Mile' because of the harsh conditions imposed on waterside labour at the pick-ups.

Wharves 11-13 were used by the Union Steamship mainly for their cargo vessels: the TALUNE and NGAKUTKA on weekly

runs to and from Tasmania. They were called the 'spud' boats.

No 14 Phoenix wharf. Just outside Phoenix Wharf there is a flat section of Hickson Road which runs into the early rise of Erskine Street. In those days there was not a lot of mechanical transport on the waterfront. There was a terrific amount of horse-drawn cartage and the drays from the markets used to come down. The flat-topped drays had just two little ponies and they would come down almost to what was called the 'Big House' (it was the pub at the corner of Napoleon Street). They would come down there, whip the horses up to get them galloping and with luck they would make the top of the hill. If they didn't they would back down again and make another run for it. They would flog the horses unmercifully. I thought some of the drivers very cruel.

The breweries and the CSR (Colonial Sugar Refining Company) brought all their products, the beer and the sugar, to the wharves, using huge teams of draught horses, usually six to a dray. They looked after their horses very well but the market people were very cruel to their animals.

The North Coast workshops were at the foot of Napoleon Street where that street joins Hickson Road. It was a three storeyed building, (owned by the MSB), where ships' repair and maintenance was carried out. One of the few brick

buildings on the waterfront was the Ginger Bread House. It was built in 1881 from bricks brought out in sailing ships as ballast, and had a clock in its tower. It was right opposite Napoleon Street. From memory the bricks were pale yellow and there were some ornate red bricks in various parts on corners. It was pulled down in 1963 to the dismay of conservationists.

Wharf No 15, was the Erskine Street ferry wharf where the trams from Watsons Bay used to terminate. In the 1930s Sydney Ferries ran the service from Erskine St. to Darling St. Balmain, to Thames St. at Morts Dock, to Yeend St. on the other side of the Dock, and then back to Erskine St. The LADY HAMPDEM was one of the old two-funnel ferries on that run which was taken over by Nicholson Bros. It used to be threepence (3c) from Morts Dock to Erskine St. There was a combined fare of (I think) fivepence (6c) if you got on the tram at Balmain Post Office to Darling St wharf, then the ferry over to Erskine St and then, boarding the tram up to George St (City). It was one of the first combined ferry/tram tickets in Sydney in those days.

No 16 the other little wharf at Erskine Street, which, I think was Heggarty's, ran the ferry to the P&O wharf, No 13 in Pyrmont then to Stephen Street in Balmain, then to Bald Rock which is right at the end of White Bay where Colgates (soap manufacturers) had their factory.

Nos 19-22, approaching Pyrmont Bridge were the AUSN (Australian United Steam Navigation) Company's wharves, used by the ORMISTON and ORUNGAL the first oil-fired turbine driven ships on the coast. They usually ran Sydney to Brisbane and, when required to Western Australia. AUSN's other main ships were coal-fired and-used for cargo.

Nos 23-24 wharves were Howard Smiths used by their passenger ship the CANBERRA. The SS CANBERRA, was 7000 tons with reciprocating engines and looked upon as one of the hardest-work ships to fire on the coast. Her firemen-crew would change over pretty well every trip. She was a hard job. Other coastal vessels would use these wharves too.

Nos 25 and 26 wharves were used by the Newcastle Hunter River Company's ships: the HUNTER, GWYDIR, NAMOI and the KAROOLA. They carried general cargo and passengers on an overnight service from Sydney to Newcastle, leaving at 10 or 11 o'clock at night and got to Newcastle the next morning. It was a 6 or 7 hour run and the ships would leave late at night so tea didn't have to be served but you got a cabin to sleep in – this for five shillings [50c].

No 27 wharf was right alongside Pyrmont Bridge and was used by the 'Pig-an-Whistle' line, otherwise the Illawarra Steam and Navigation Company (South Coast Steam Navigation Co Ltd). They had the COBARGO (their biggest ship),

the BODALLA, BERMAGUI and the NARANI. Like the North Coast ships, the South Coast ships carried a lot of cattle, a lot of general produce, mainly farm, and they ran to Ulladulla, Batemans Bay, Tathra and all the other ports on the South Coast. They did have a passenger ship, the MERIMBULA but she was wrecked (27 March 1928). She was the only South Coast ship running to south coast ports which carried passengers.

On the other side of Pyrmont Bridge, the Cockle Bay side the North Coast had the Druitt Street wharf. A lot of timber boats would go to Cockle Bay because there were saw mills. Steam Mill Street was nearby where there was a big saw mill. The other wharves in that area were used by smaller coastal boats, the BOPPLE the PATERSON, ALLENWOOD which ran to Cape Hawke as well as individually owned timber boats which ran timber and bluemetal from NSW north and south coasts in those days. They all finished when the war started. Most were taken over as minesweepers.

No 1 wharf in Pyrmont and No 1A (also known as Eastern Wharf) where the Australian National Maritime Museum is now used to be a coaling wharf. A train line ran along there, and you could get either southern coal or Newcastle coal, Newcastle being the superior coal. North Coast ships used to coal in Newcastle, however, as there were no coaling

facilities on the south coast, the smaller coastal ships coaled at No.1.

There were other wharves in Pyrmont, around from Darling Harbour which were used by overseas ships. The Port Line had a ship in nearly every day each week of the year, the City boats of the McIlwaine line (Ellerman's city line) were also regular, and the Blue Star line. They would use either No 2 or No 3 wharves (I can't remember which).

No 13 wharf in Pyrmont was the big passenger terminal for the P&O and Orient lines. The other wharves extending from No 13 to the Colonial Sugar Company were used by the various tramping ships which came in.

The Colonial Sugar Company's wharf on the Johnston's Bay side at Pyrmont, was a private wharf. It was a long wharf right in front of the factory and the sugar in bags would be slung out of the hatch and unloaded on to a horse-dray and the horse walked up into the shed. During the sugar season the North Coast ships brought all the sugar and molasses down from the three mills on the north coast. They would come in on a Saturday and unload the cargo out. Very rarely would they sail on a Sunday for in the Seamen's award they got double pay if they did. So the ship always sailed at 5 past 12 on Monday morning. There was usually a procession of ships down the harbour, North Coast ships, South Coast ships, and nearly all the colliers. Five minutes past

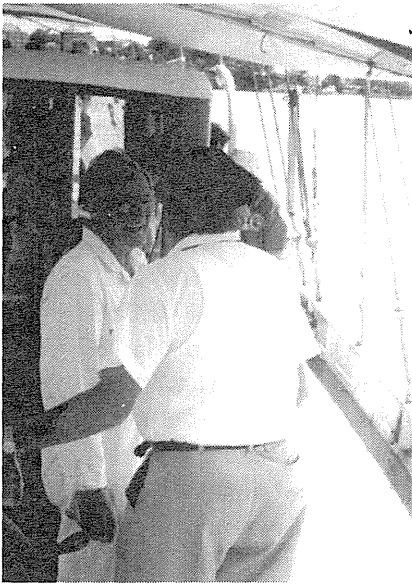
midnight, one after the other, down the harbour and off to sea. The Company also had a small wharf that went into Harris Street, Pyrmont where the colliers used to take coal for the boilers.

Other wharves in the Glebe area were the coaling depot in Blackwattle Bay and the timber yards in Rozelle Bay, and on the Balmain side of Johnston's Bay there was Peacock Point where there was a big wharf belonging to the Maritime Services Board. It was the Pile Wharf where turpentine piles from various rivers were unloaded. We had to be very careful we didn't tear the bark off when we were putting the slings on them for the cobra (teredo worm) can eat the turpentine pile once it gets through the bark. We also used to unload all the ironbark girders for the wharves. Great big 14 x 14 (old imperial size), 12 x 12 girders that were the decking for the wharves. There were lots of little wharves around the Harbour used by small ships, which have now completely disappeared. One for Eden's timber in Berrys Bay – the Balls Head side. Another at Drummoyne near the Iron Cove Bridge, Cary Street. A wharf for timber in Iron Cove, Leichhardt where the Apia Club is now. Another at Rhodes up the Parramatta River. No sign of any of these wharves left now and there was nearly a ship a week at all these little wharves unloading timber mainly from the North Coast. This was between 1934 and 1939".

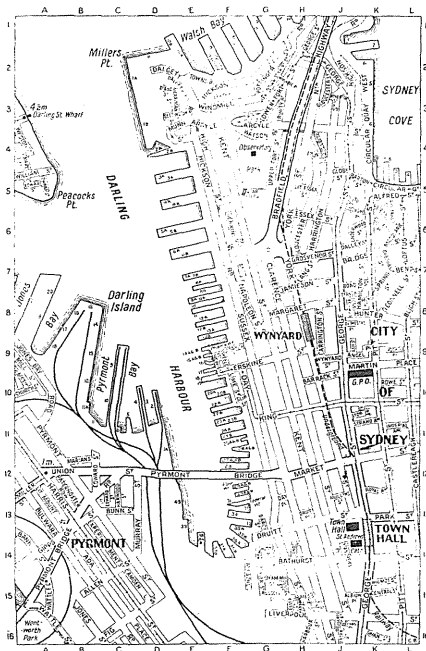
Doug was born at Petersham (NSW) November, 1918, and as related in our talk, apprenticed to the North Coast Steamship Company (Sydney) eventually qualifying for his marine engineering tickets. In 1940, with the outbreak of war, as a member of the Merchant Navy, he served on the troopship KATOOMBA. With the end of World War II, he rejoined the North Coast line again and served

with them until June 1951 when he came ashore. His favourite ship must have been the SS UKI for he named his home UKI, the two boats he had at different times were called the UKI, and his dinghy, the UKI.

He died on the 28th September, 1995 and his memory is revered by all who knew him.



Doug (facing the camera) as engineer on board the schooner Boomerang, a Sydney Maritime Museum heritage vessel



Gregory's Street Directory for Sydney (Eleventh Edition)

Changing the Curtains, the Money and the Guns mostly true stories told mostly in Leipzig

Edited and translated by G Breyley

(Gay Breyley presented the following paper to a fascinated audience at the OHAA(NSW) Seminar on Saturday 11 August 1997. Her book was also launched on this occasion)

My interest in oral history probably started when I was a small child growing up in the 60s on the south coast of NSW. Our house had a lot of visitors and some of my earliest memories are of hanging around kitchens and lounge rooms, listening to adults telling funny, scary or important stories and claiming that every word was true. In the early 70s, my family and I moved from the house we'd rented on a dairy farm into the town of Berry and I later went to high school in the larger town of Bomaderry.

Until 1988, there was a home for Aboriginal children in Bomaderry and many of those children had been taken from their families in other parts of Australia. Some of these children were my school friends in the 70s and they told me things about their lives that I'd never heard anywhere else. So, my curiosity about history and its effects on people's personal lives was aroused. I also had a good French teacher at Bomaderry High, which might have inspired me,

when I got to Sydney University in the 80s, to study languages. In those days, French and German were the most commonly studied languages, so they were the two I chose. That was the start of my interest in German culture, literature and history.

In 1986, I followed a tradition of Sydney graduates and bought a one-way ticket to Europe. I spent most of 1987 and 1988 in Cologne in the then West Germany and decided to do some more study there. I had to complete a course in German for overseas students before enrolling at University. Education is free in Germany, even for overseas students, so there were people in my class from all over the world, including Palestinian, Chinese, Polish, South Korean, US and Turkish students. As a language exercise, we were asked to talk about the history and politics of our home countries. I was fascinated by the other students' stories and learnt a bit about world history as well as about the different ways people use language to talk about their experiences. By combining historical and cultural knowledge with stories and personal opinions, these classmates were able to make a lot of things clearer, about various conflicts and customs, which had

been incomprehensible when viewed through 50 second news items on TV.

I've worked at SBS TV since 1989, and in the news area for the past three years. While most news media attempt to eliminate contradictions and to present facts which can be supported with evidence and can be easily understood, oral history offers a means of examining the contradictions and the myths that create history. Myths – or truths for those who believe them, eg. religious, ideological, nationalistic, commercial or familial claims to land – are often the cause of historical facts, such as war. As appealing as they are in their simplicity, cold hard facts rarely provide as much information as the ambiguities of people's personal stories and the associations made in their memories, as well as in the memories of the listener or reader.

For example, the Australian historian Mark Baker has written about his parents' memories as holocaust survivors in his book *The Fiftieth Gate*. Mark Baker's father remembers the day his town was liquidated as a cold day. Baker knows from other sources that it was actually a hot day, but has chosen to record his father's memory, which some may see as false or untrue, as this is how the day was in his father's mind and also because this 'untruth' provides more information than the truth that the day was hot. Baker understands his father's memory as an expression of the coldness

he felt inside. The associations the word "cold" arouses in my mind, as a listener, are those of emptiness, fear and a closeness to death.

The fact that people are killing each other in southern Lebanon, in the Congo, in Colombia, Algeria, the USA, Sri Lanka and even Australia, has little logic when reported simply as a fact. If we could know and understand the beliefs and experiences of the people behind the killing and of those facing the killing, it may still be illogical, unjust and futile, but we are getting closer to the sources of history. That's why it's sometimes just as useful to hear what one person has grown up believing as to hear how many people have been killed in the most recent attack or what economic measures a government is taking.

Anyway, while living in Germany in the late 80s, I spent some time in West Berlin. In the 80s, it was common for tourists to go to East Berlin for a day. You were required to change 25 marks for the day, as this brought hard currency into East Germany, although it was apparently almost impossible to spend the money there. I wanted to have my day in East Berlin, so I went along to the checkpoint with my passport and my 25 marks. However, when I got there and showed my passport, the border guards refused to let me in, ostensibly because there was a tiny crack in the plastic covering my passport photo. "Kaputt",

I was told. This little crack had not bothered anyone in any other country visited and it was certainly not anything that could have allowed for any tampering.

My other pre-unification experience of East Germany was when I took a train from Prague to Berlin, through the south of East Germany. I met some friendly people from East Berlin on the train, who advised me to get out at a suburban East Berlin station with them and change onto a city train to get to the border station for West Berlin. As it turned out, I wasn't actually allowed to do that by the East German authorities; with my transit visa, I should have stayed on my international train. There were no problems, but, to my embarrassment, my new East Berlin friends did have to buy me a suburban train ticket, as I had no East German currency. These experiences perhaps confirmed the media-driven image of East Germany as a secretive place of unnecessary bureaucracy, excessive military power and lack of freedom. The train experience also gave me a taste of the warmth and hospitality of most East German people.

I came back to Sydney in late 1988 and started working for SBS. A year later came the news that the Wall had fallen. I wanted to understand what this meant for the people of Europe, but I found the media in Australia seemed to concentrate on consequences for

economics and trade, for military alliances and for politicians.

While we were shown footage of demonstrating masses in East Germany, especially in Leipzig, we were not told exactly what those masses were asking for. We assumed it was freedom – the freedom we were assumed to have in the West. I asked my West German friends what they thought, and received answers ranging from amusement at the sight of Easterners packing extended families into their pollutive 2-stroke Trabis and going west to indulge in the exotic fruit the banana, to annoyance at the rising housing shortage in Cologne (for which the migrating Easterners were blamed), to disappointment that capitalism had apparently won the game, to joy that families could now be reunited.

I didn't know any East Germans in 1989. The image of humourless secret police and spies, obsessed with order and power, which Hollywood had transferred from the Nazis to the East Block, could easily be associated with East Germany, as the only nation to have had its history fall into both those categories. The Hollywood influence seemed apparent in Australian media.

I wanted to know what effect this extreme history had on people in East Germany and the only way I could see to find out was to go there and ask them. It took me a few years, but eventually, in 1993, I set off on the Trans-Siberian

railway, from Beijing to Moscow, then on another train from Moscow to Berlin. The fairly quick trip through China, Mongolia, Russia and Poland and the impressions it gave me were a good preparation for my study of the post-communist world.

I moved from Berlin to Leipzig, in the south-eastern state of Saxony, where I studied History, Communications and Media Studies for a year while carrying out my oral history project. I chose Leipzig partly because it was there that the East German demonstrations had begun in 1989. Leipzig was the second biggest East German city (after Berlin) and an industrial centre. Before Hitler, Leipzig had been a cultural centre. Goethe, Schiller, Bach, Mendelssohn and many other writers, composers and artists had lived there. The Australian writer Henry Handel Richardson studied music in Leipzig and set her first novel there.

This was my first experience of recording oral history. I'd been inspired by the work of some Aboriginal Australians, by a book of interviews with ordinary people in China and by TV documentaries like the British Seven-Up series. All these projects had constituted entertaining and fairly easy ways to understand history and culture a bit better.

I had originally hoped to interview different generations within a few families, as I was interested in how

extreme historical change might have resulted in changes in attitude, lifestyle and social position from one generation to another. There's also the advantage of hearing the same stories from more than one family member, which can provide insight and the verification or otherwise that different versions give to a story. However, in most cases, only one generation of the families I interviewed wanted to contribute. There were various reasons for people's unwillingness to have their stories and opinions made accessible to the public. Some have secrets or feel shame about their past. Some fear hurting family members or friends. A former Marxism professor in Leipzig, whose son was a friend of mine, found it too personally traumatic to tell his story of failure.

There was another family I wanted to interview, as each generation was characteristic of its time – the grandparents had been Nazis, the parents had been Communists, but had fallen out with the Party and spent some time in jail, and the son was a young materialistic builder, earning lots of money to buy nice things for his flat, like computer games and stereo systems, and dreaming of cars and glamour. They were all unsure whether they wanted to be interviewed or not, and whenever I tried to make definite appointments, they lost the courage to do it.

I have included the stories of a grandmother, who was a Sudeten German, and her grandson, a wealthy young Westerner who studied in Leipzig in 1994. Their views on politics, the environment and race do differ considerably and this reflects their very different life experiences and reveals some aspects of German society.

I decided to interview a wide range of people, of all ages and backgrounds, with the city of Leipzig forming the only real link. This is contrary to most oral history theory, which suggests that as narrow a theme as possible should be chosen, so that as many views of it as possible can be examined and so that the final product might be more marketable.

While there were possibilities for a specific theme, such as women in the former East Germany, or sports people and sports practices, popular music, literature, the art scene before and after unification, or education and welfare, I found the diversity of the people I met in Leipzig interesting and didn't want to exclude anyone.

So, after spending my first six months in Leipzig at the university, in the Mensa, in cafes and pubs, at a foreigners' advisory centre and at art exhibition openings, among other things, I felt I'd met enough people and gained enough general knowledge (by asking ignorant questions of the patient locals) and to start asking people to be interviewed. I

started with people I knew socially. These included a Sorbian artist – the Sorbs are the indigenous Slavic people of East Germany, an African vet, a man who tried to escape East Germany in the 70s and ended up in jail, a student who'd attempted suicide while doing his compulsory military service in the 80s, and two architects and a student who'd moved to Leipzig from the West.

I was also interested in the fate of religious communities in German history, so I wrote to a synagogue and a church, asking whether anyone there would be interested in being interviewed. This led to the contributions of a Jewish man who was born in 1933 and had survived the Terezin or Theresienstadt concentration camp and of a Baptist pastor who'd studied theology in the West but preferred to stay in the East.

I also interviewed a couple who ran an ice cream cafe on the corner of my street. They're perhaps the most typically East German, if there is such a thing, of all interviewees. They expressed many of the doubts, hopes and ambivalence that seemed prevalent in Leipzig in 1994. They did so with a fair amount of Saxon dialect, which tested my language skills.

Then, my most controversial decision was to include the president and a member of the Leipzig motorcycle club. This disturbed some of the others whose stories are in the book, as the bikers express racist views, verging on Neo-

Nazism. I became aware of this club one night when a friend and I were looking for a new pub we'd heard about. In Leipzig in 1994, because most of the old factories had been closed down, leaving big empty buildings, and because there was not much money around to set up licensed bars and cafes, it was common for groups of individuals, often unemployed people, to get together, find a promising former factory or other abandoned building, find or buy all the necessary equipment and set up their own pub or cafe. Advertising was then done by word of mouth. As these cafes were not quite legal, and as there was no money for inessential things, there was usually no sign to identify the place.

That night, my friend and I could hear people socialising in a building with a small coloured light above the door, so we rang the bell. It was not the pub we were looking for; it was the bikers' clubhouse. A few weeks later, I was walking down that street and saw one of the bikers working on his bike. It occurred to me that the bikers might make interesting interviewees, so after walking round the block to gather my courage, I approached the man and introduced myself and my plan. He told me to come to the club's social evenings for a while, so the members could check me out and see whether they considered me trustworthy. I did this for several weeks, or perhaps it was months, before

they finally agreed to have an interview recorded.

Although the bikers' interview contains racism and misinformation, I included it partly for the sake of balance. In the context of a book which is otherwise multicultural and often left-wing, there is little danger of the reader blindly accepting the right-wing views of the bikers. It is also important to present a realistic picture of Leipzig – not everyone has the same view of democracy and immigrants do have to put up with ignorance and racism. It is also useful to understand the sources of this ignorance.

I got to know two women, one Russian and the other Bulgarian-German, who were editing a book of written autobiographical pieces by older people in Leipzig. I asked some of the writers if I could include their stories in my book and they agreed. These pieces were important to provide a background to the stories of the younger people, as Hitler, national socialism and the second world war had obvious consequences for life and families in East Germany from the 40s to the 80s.

I also included two short stories by younger Leipzig writers, as they reflected the mood and the questions of the early 90s in eastern Germany.

The final two contributors to my book were people I met after I returned to Sydney. Anke Herrmann migrated from Leipzig to West Germany in 1989, then

from West Germany to Australia in 1994. Anke also helped me with the transcription and editing of the German version of the book.

Then I met Eckart Hill through his son Andrew. Mr Hill was probably the most modest of the people in the book. He understated most of his hardships and his achievements, which were many. Mr Hill also survived being taken to a concentration camp in 1938. In Australia, he achieved a great deal in the areas of teaching, prisoner rehabilitation, scouting and bushwalking.

Again, how do we know that what people tell us is true, that it is not either exaggerated or understated, that decisive information is not left out? Sometimes it is possible to verify accounts with other sources, such as relatives. Either way, how people choose to recount their memories or opinions is useful information in itself.

Now to some practical matters – I went to Leipzig with only my own savings, so I was initially more careful with my money than I needed to be. I bought a cheap tape recorder with a microphone, but would have been wiser to spend the money on a good professional walkman. Another problem with the recording was that some people were not willing to speak into a microphone, as they felt it would make them nervous and hinder the flow of conversation. Some didn't want the

recorder to be in their line of vision and I had to place it behind them, which did not make for good quality recording. One interviewee refused to have her voice recorded at all, so I took notes as we talked.

I did not prepare standard questions for all interviewees, as they were diverse and had different stories to tell, but I did ask them all to talk about their memories of childhood and, if they were in Leipzig in 1989, about their experience of the changes that led to German unification. I asked the older people how they and their families responded to the rise of Hitler.

I brought my boxes of audio-cassettes back to Sydney with me in late 1994 and began the time-consuming task of transcribing. I edited the texts in German, deleting irrelevant or less interesting sections and taking out my questions and comments. Anke checked my transcriptions for grammatical errors and advised me on language and content matters. I then translated the text into English. Translation is a topic in itself, which we don't have time to address now, but I had to make decisions on slang, word play and concepts without English equivalents. When the transcriptions were finished, I sent copies to the interviewees in Germany to make sure there were no misunderstandings and for confirmation that they were willing to have their stories published.

Some chose to change the informal, spoken language style of their accounts to a more formal style when they saw them in writing. I agreed to this, although it detracted a little from the authenticity, as I acknowledge the interviewees as the authors of their stories, which can only be published in a form acceptable to them.

When a final manuscript was put together, the search for a publisher began. I was advised to find someone with authority or fame, preferably both, to write an introduction. This advice led me to Dr Juergen Tampke, Associate Professor in History at the University of NSW. Though not a celebrity in the wider world, Juergen is an authority on European history and on German migration to Australia. He read the manuscript with interest, wrote the introduction and directed me to the small Southern Highlands Publishers, who agreed to publish the book.

Finally, this year, I was able to send copies of the book to Leipzig. The interviewees did not know each other and had not read each other's stories before receiving their copies. Many said how good it was to read something by Easterners, as they feel most literature these days comes from the West or from Easterners who have adopted western styles.

One was surprised to find that even older people and people in positions of

authority thought so similarly to him, as the views he and they expressed were rarely found in other media. Some had to deal with the responses of family members, especially parents, to whom they'd not expressed certain things in the past, but there was generally a response of satisfaction as the interviewees and their acquaintances welcomed what they saw as a concrete expression of things many people think and experience, but have no opportunity to express to the wider world.

Various interviewees have got together socially. Those who live near the ice cream cafe now visit it, as they feel they know the people there well.

Leipzig's unemployment rate is just under 20% and people are still adjusting to post-unification difficulties. I've received letters saying that having their stories published has given people confidence in a time of hardship and that meeting the other story-tellers has been worthwhile, as they already know so much about them from the book. For me too, some of the people in the book became friends as they told me their stories, and we stay in touch.

Other unforeseen consequences of publishing a book include the possibility of being asked to speak at seminars, being interviewed by critics or being asked questions you don't know the answers to. I do prefer to put microphones in front of other people and

to do the listening myself, so I'll be handing over to Anke with some relief in a moment. Anke has agreed to read a poem before she talks about her experience of Changing the Curtains. Seeing a session on poets was originally planned for today, it seemed appropriate to have a reading. I've chosen a favourite poem of oral historians, which happens to be by an East German, Bertolt Brecht

A Worker Reads History by Bertolt Brecht

Who built the seven gates of Thebes?
The books are filled with names of kings.
Was it kings who hauled the craggy
blocks of stone?
And Babylon, so many times destroyed,
Who built the city up each time?
In which of Lima's houses,
That city glittering with gold, lived those
who built it?
In the evening when the Chinese wall
was finished
Where did the masons go? Imperial
Rome is full of arcs of triumph?
Who reared them up? Over whom Did
the Caesars triumph?
Byzantium lives in song,
Were all her dwellings palaces?
And even in the legendary Atlantis
The night the sea rushed in,
The drowning men still bellowed for
their slaves.

Young Alexander conquered India.
He alone?
Caesar beat the Gauls.
Was there not even a cook in his army?
Philip of Spain wept as his fleet
Was sunk and destroyed. Were there no
other tears?
Frederick the Great triumphed in
the Seven Years War. Who Triumphed
with him?
Each page of victory,
At whose expense the victory ball?
Every ten years a great man,
Who paid the piper?
So many particulars.
So many questions.



**National Biennial OHAA Conference
3 – 5 September 1999, State Library
of Victoria**

Call for papers

The theme will be 'TALES OF THE CENTURY', with a focus on narrative and story telling.

Proposal for papers (250 words) are especially invited from members. Please send to: The Secretary, OHAA, Victorian Branch, PO Box 267, Foster, Victoria by 11 December 1998.

Enquires during business hours – phone 03 9372 7182 – AM Meeting Conference Secretariat. After hours – 03 9438 2791 and Lesley Alves will assist you. Interested members please discuss your ideas for a paper with the conference organisers as soon as possible.

Executive Meeting Dates for 1998

Members are welcome to attend the final meeting for the year of the Management Committee at the State Library of NSW at 5:30pm 7/12/98.

Oral History Society Annual Conference

15-16 May 1999, with the Centre for Continuing Education, University of Sussex, Brighton, England. The theme for the conference "Landscapes of Memory – Oral History and the Environment". The proposed conference themes are: Memory and Place; Protest; Green Lifestyles; Heritage; Oral History and Development. Enquires to be sent to Steve Hussey, History Department, Essex University, Colchester, CO4 3SQ, England. Email <husss@essex.ac.uk>

An Invitation from America to attend Oral History Association National meeting in Anchorage, Alaska, 7-10 October, 1999. The theme is "Giving Voice: Oral Historians and the Shaping of Narrative". Further information – Susan Armitage, Editor, Frontiers, Women's Studies Program, Washington State University, Pullman, WA 99164 4007. Email <armitage@wsu.edu>

Noticeboard

The Max Kelly Medal

The Max Kelly Medal was established by the History Council of New South Wales in honour of Max Kelly's work and memory. The Medal is awarded to a student, or any other person beginning work as an historian, for a work of excellence in any aspect of Australian History. The work may be an article, paper, essay or comparable submission in any other media and must be original work based on primary sources. The successful entrant will receive the Medal plus an award of \$500. Nominations close May 1 each year. Time for Oral Historians to think about projects for 1999 nomination. Further details from The Executive Officer, History Council of New South Wales, GPO Box 1875, Sydney, 2001. Tel:(02) 9252 0758

Nancy Keesing Fellowship

The Fellowship aims to promote the State Library of New South Wales as a centre of research into any aspect of Australian life and culture, to provide a readily accessible record of the research undertaken and to promote the use of the collections of the State Library. Each year a sum of money is available for the Fellowship to assist a writer with their project. Another opportunity for financial assistance to Oral Historians. Details from Jill Jones at the State Library on 9273 1499.

Public History

Study at UTS and the University of Sydney. Post Graduate courses on a part time basis are offered. Details from Associate Professor Heather Goodall, UTS on 9514 2284.

Oral History Transcription Service

Professional transcriber. Reasonable rates. Contact Gabrielle Godard on Ph 9310 3940 Fax 9310 3941. Urgent work accommodated