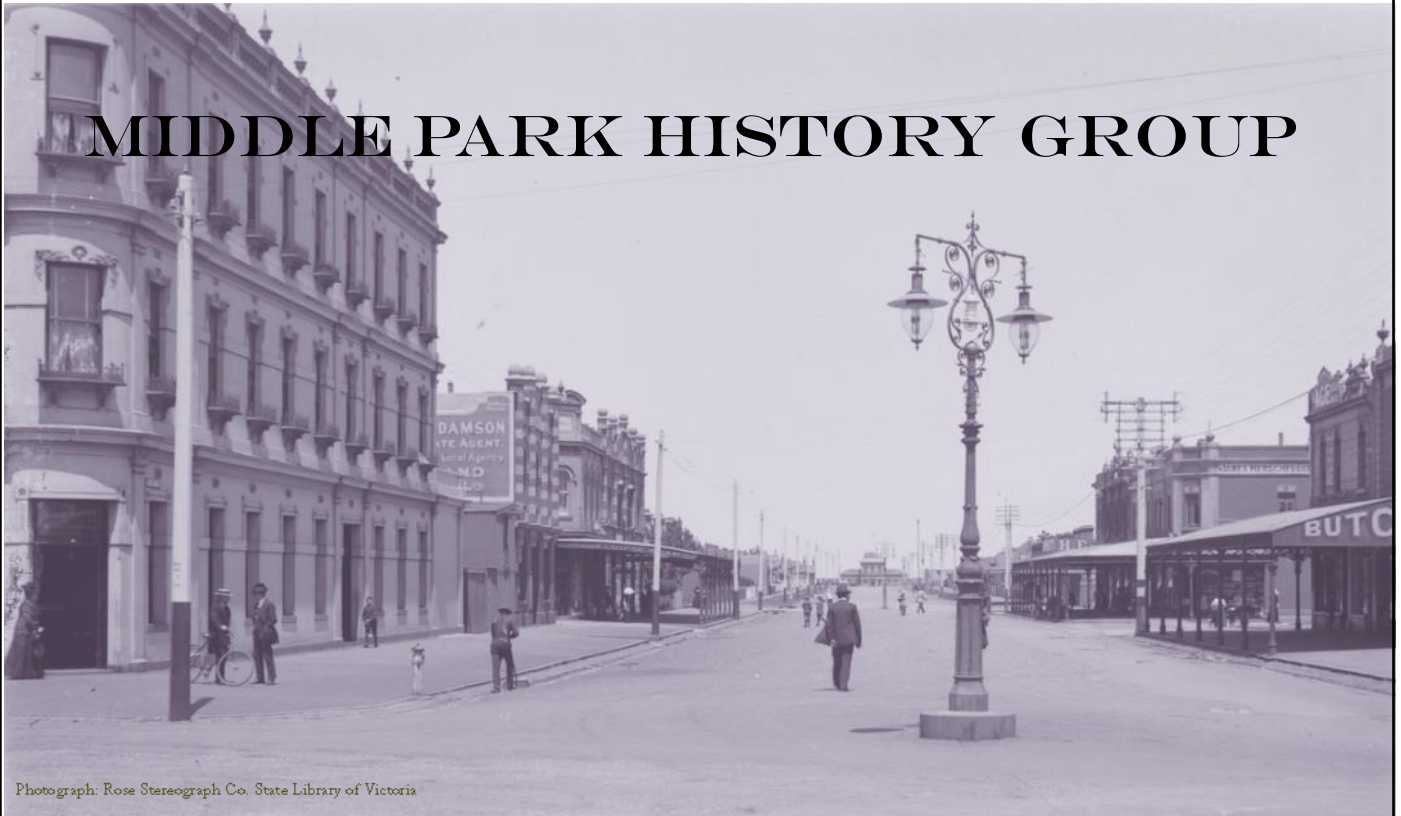


MIDDLE PARK HISTORY GROUP



Photograph: Rose Stereograph Co. State Library of Victoria

Editorial

I am pleased to say that a plea to the audience at the AGM in October elicited new material. This is a bumper issue! But I am still looking for more articles on local identities, organisations, buildings or localities, book reviews or in fact anything of local interest. Photos of times past would also add to the newsletter's appeal.

This issue has another article by Sonya Cameron on what was going on in Middle Park 100 years ago. Lynsey Poore has another piece on trees growing in Middle Park, this time on a species in flower now in summer. The series concentrates on the plants used in public places, mostly along our streets and examines their origin and history. And, with the newspapers and TV reporting on sharks in our waters, I thought that an amusing historical article on one local shark would be of interest., as would another from a local newspaper. As a marine biologist and a sailor I could

not resist.

Bruce Armstrong contributed an article for the newsletter last issue. Bruce, who grew up in Middle Park through the 1920s—1940s, has committed his memoirs to paper and offered the MPHG a series of vignettes of his life, thousands of words in total. In this issue the newsletter begins a series of reminiscences from Bruce.

I can report that volume 3 of our history book series is now for sale and over 50 members and friends joined in a successful book launch.

Our committee is still looking for a Secretary. Please consider putting your hand up for this rewarding position. We are also looking for more people to conduct oral interviews.

Gary Poore

MIDDLE PARK HISTORY GROUP Inc. PO Box 5276, Middle Park 3206

Email: middleparkhistorygroup@gmail.com

Website: www.middleparkhistory.org

Newsletter editor : Gary Poore

100 years ago

The Melbourne newspaper *Weekly Times* reported on Saturday 3 March 1917 that ...

A club has been formed in Middle Park under the name of the Middle Park Surf Club. Its objects are to promote swimming and life saving, and help to maintain order on the beach at Middle Park. An energetic secretary and committee have been elected, and more than 140 financial members have been enrolled. A diving board is in use, and a floating raft is being constructed. The club will hold a picnic on March 10. The club has affiliated with the Royal Life Saving Society, and is now forming a class for the purpose of being instructed in life saving methods. Mr Horton, of the R.L.S.S., will give instructions every Sunday morning on the beach, starting on Sunday, March 4. Mr J. L. Best, 52 Nimmo street, Middle Park, is honorary secretary of the new club. Office-bearers were elected as follow:—President, Mr S. D. Smith; vice-president, Mr Coppard; secretary, Mr J. L. Best; treasurer, Mr A. Farr; committee, Messrs E. Watson, F. Warner, G. Stott, L. Kempson, H. Haywood.

... However, following an application later that month by the Club to teach life-saving methods, the Public Works Committee of the South Melbourne Council recommended that the application not be granted. It stated that, whilst it wished to assist the club, it had to

“study the danger there would be in allowing people to pass backward and forward along the beach in bathing costume. If members of the club were permitted to do this; other bathers would think themselves entitled to do the same, as no distinctive costume or

mark of recognition was proposed. If it had been shown that, the students of life-saving methods intended to wear distinctive costumes, the difficulty might have been got over.”

Furthermore,

“The difficulty is that our regulations require bathers, on leaving the water, to proceed in a direct line to the dressing sheds, which these students of life-saving would not be able to do. They would have to practise, and others would loiter about watching them and following their example.”

We might be amused today at this discussion in Council, but we should remember that only a decade earlier any sort of bathing on the beach in daylight hours was prohibited. In 1908, regulations stated that children under the age of thirteen could bathe on the foreshore at all hours, but adults could only bathe between sunset and sunrise. Regulations on bathing during daylight hours were eventually relaxed but loitering on the beach, even in a bathing costume, was still prohibited.

The photographs opposite were taken at the opening of the Edithvale Surf Lifesaving Club in December 1918 and published in *The Australasian* that year.

Sonya Cameron

Mystery object?

Newsletter No. 20 illustrated a brick cast in bronze, part of a sculpture on the Middle Park foreshore. The sculpture is shown in full on page 5.

Now, on the right is a new object you may have walked past many times without noticing? One mark for knowing what it is, ten marks for knowing where it is? Answer next issue.





1. THE MAN AT THE REEL.
 4. BRINGING IN THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.
 6. THE FINAL OPERATION.

2. GOING OUT WITH THE LIFE-LINE.
 3. THE RESCUE BOAT.
 5. THE FIRST OPERATION IN THE SCHAEFER RESUSCITATION METHOD.
 7. RETURN OF THE LIFEBOAT.

At most of the popular seaside resorts in Victoria there is a life-saving club, and in holiday seasons splendid service is done from time to time. The photographs above were taken at the opening of the Edith Vale boatshed, on December 7.

LIFE-SAVING DEMONSTRATION.

*Q. 21/17/18
 in 4/18*

Middle Park Street Trees No. 9: *Indian Summer Crepe Myrtle*

Lynsey Poore

This very popular flowering tree lines parts of Carter and Erskine Streets in Middle Park and probably elsewhere. The flowers appear in the middle of summer, right now in January and February.

The Port Phillip Council lists Indian Summer Crepe Myrtle as a small tree less than 9 metres tall, suitable as a street tree. The crepe myrtle is an exotic deciduous tree, the variety planted being a cross between two wild species, *Lagerstroemia indica* and *L. fauriei*. *Lagerstroemia indica* is native to eastern Asia from China, Korea, Japan and the Indian subcontinent whereas *L.fauriei* is the Japanese Crepe Myrtle. The Japanese species is more distinctly tree-like, with colourful deciduous bark and dark green leaves which are more resistant to fungal diseases than are those of its

more popular relative.

The generic name *Lagerstroemia* honours the Swedish director of the Swedish East India Company Magnus von Lagerström and was given by his friend Carl Linnaeus, the father of modern taxonomic botany and zoology, in 1759. Von Lagerström may well have provided specimens to Linnaeus, one of the numerous new plants introduced to Europe in the 18th century. The species name *indica* indicated to Linnaeus that the species was from India but the same name applies to plants from over a much wider range. The common name, Crepe Myrtle, derives from its flowers being crinkled like crepe paper.

Among more than 50 species in the genus *Lagerstroemia* there is even an Australian native species, *L. archeriana*, the Queensland Crepe Myrtle which has showy pink flowers. It occurs

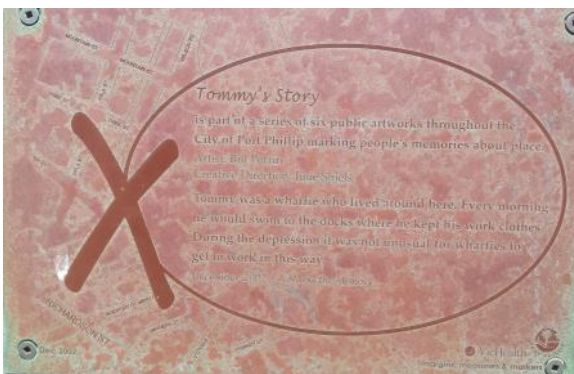




in the monsoon forests of Northern Australia but is not widely cultivated.

Crepe Myrtles belong to the family Lythraceae, known as the 'loosestrife' family. This is a family of 670 species of flowering plants, mostly herbs but some are shrubs or trees. Other genera in this family are *Cuphea*, popular ornamental plants sometimes known as cigar plants, *Lythrum*, the European wildflower purple-loosestrife, and also the pomegranate *Punica granatum*.

Crepe Myrtles are deciduous small vase-shaped trees that produce trusses of white, pink, mauve or purple flowers in late summer. The petals are ruffled with a crepe-like texture. In autumn the leaves turn yellow to red before falling. The bark is also very handsome. They are widely used in nature strips as they are an ideal choice as a flowering tree in the heat of Australia's mid- to late summer.

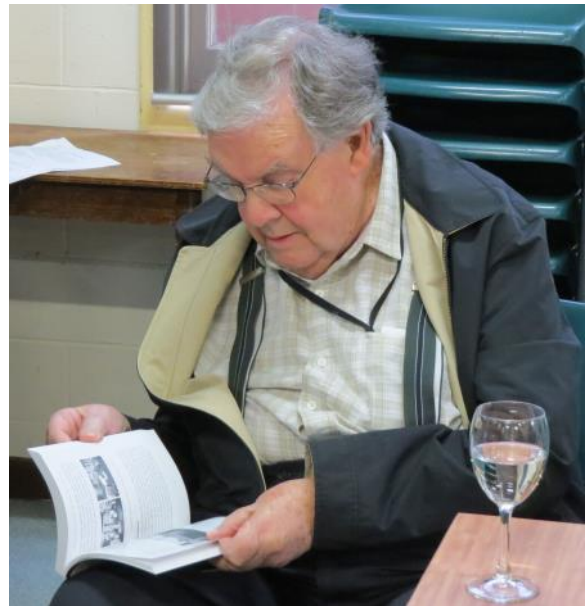


The Indian Summer Crepe Myrtle variety grown here is a cross between two species that do not naturally have overlapping distributions. For the best results they like an open sunny position in a well drained soil. The variety has been bred to be resistant to powdery mildew. The several cultivars of this variety range in size from three to six metres in height. Their flowers come in a variety of colours from deep red to hot pink, purple to white. Each of the several cultivars is named after a native North American tribe, which is curious as neither of its ancestors is American, *Acoma* – pure white, *Biloxi* – pale pink, *Lipan* – lavender, *Sioux* – carmine pink, and *Tonto* – pink to red.

Photos by the author



This is the first of a series of collected memories from Bruce Armstrong (left, aged 92 years in 2016), a former resident of Middle Park. As Bruce explains in this first chapter, he grew up here. He remembers an environment very different from what we now experience. Bruce has contributed a series of vignettes recounting his life. These have been assembled into chapters with his permission by the editor but the words remain largely his own – Gary Poore



Childhood, growing up and salad days in Middle Park. Chapter One

Bruce Armstrong

I am now aged 92 and can touch-type. People who know me well say I have an excellent memory. Having read the publication titled Middle Park, From Swamp To Suburb, I feel there is room for reminiscences of a folksy kind to provide readers with a sense of how life was lived by residents of my generation.

The making of a gutter-snipe

My family arrived in Middle Park circa 1928 after a drive in a furniture van from the Victorian town of Drouin located in West Gippsland, about 50 miles from Melbourne. The van disgorged its contents, furniture, goods and chattels at a large pre-rented home, 40 Park Road, at the corner of Langridge Street. Drought and the rabbit plague forced my family to abandon its rented small dairy farm. Lack of employment for the older six children and my father's invalid condition meant a major improvement in circumstances was paramount.

Travelling in the van were my parents, George and Jean Armstrong, my sisters, Fay, Zoe and Jill and my brothers Phil, Gough, Reg, Nat, Jack. The eldest of the siblings, Fred, chose

to remain in Drouin where he worked in a general store. I was aged three. My sisters, Zoe and Jill, were of school age and were promptly enrolled at the Middle Park Primary school. I was sent there in February 1931, enrolled in Grade One and quickly came to hate the place. The infant grades had male and female teachers, pleasant enough folk, though on reflection, seriously affected by the looming Great Depression.

The Depression caused most people to feel the insidious effects of ever-present intimidation. People in authority of any kind easily intimidated those below them, uniformed police had their usual reaction and when off-duty, enjoyed an omnipresence. Stationmasters had a sobering presence, tram inspectors in their green uniforms frequently boarded trams to check passengers tickets. They all looked sombre and 'official'. School-teachers applied themselves both at school and in the broader community, the public spoke well of anyone with 'authority'.

We arrived in Middle Park 1928 and all had to adjust. One major change would have been

from 'thunder-mug' country dunnies to a detached outdoor sewered 'lavatory' of the pull-chain type. No more bottles of phenyl, stink and blowies. Jack used to scrub the wooden seat with sand soap. Back in the Drouin days, he had the pleasure of cleaning and 'freshening' the pig-sty. For Mum it was a gas-stove, no more fire-stove. Internal warmth was from cast-iron fire grates in most rooms, particularly the dining room. Another of Jack's jobs was to clean the grate, split blocks of wood and 'mallee roots' then set the fire supplemented by briquettes and strange stuff called 'coke'. He travelled by train to school at Albert Park Grammar and gained the Merit Certificate (they wouldn't have him at Middle Park because the Drouin standard was not high enough), Zoe was at Middle Park school soon to be joined by Jill; I started grade one at Middle Park in February 1931.

Father died in September 1931 and about six months later we moved to another Middle Park address, 108 Hambleton St, lower rent and much closer to the school. The house was just adequate, the pall of sadness had eased and new faces started to appear – my brothers brought home some 'sheilas' and Fay had attracted a local interest 'the major' (he was an officer in the part-time militia and to my mind, just a prick). Fay joined the YWCA and brought home a couple of members who found my brothers to be 'good pickings' – fresh from the country, protestant, shy (to start with) and ... need I go on? In no time at all, Nat and Mabel were an item, Jack and Dorothy the same. Fred and Con were in Drouin, Phil and Lil were established with their fine little boy, Don. Reg and Gough had met local girls, Nancy and May.

'Now listen here you guttersnipe, the major is a nice fellow and don't call them sheilas, they are young lady friends'. From whence came the appellation 'guttersnipe'? My country-reared brothers didn't like the way I roamed the streets, played on the beach and ran wild in Albert Park. I was a member of a little 'gang' of boys, a couple were Catholics, the others just prots; and we had Tony – a fox terrier belonging to Norm,

the butcher's son.

My gang

Introducing Norm, Meggs, Simmo, Max (affectionately called 'Stinkfinger' for reasons too indelicate to recount), Rugga, Spidge, Stibb and – of course – me. Local residents disliked all of us and girls found us totally resistible. A few were Scouts, several were altar servers. One teacher at the Tech told us we were 'jailbirds of the future'.

The depression loomed

I well recall the frequent knocks on our front door. Men carrying large suitcases were hawking goods, from bags of peanuts to sewing gear, ribbons, pins and needles and the whole range of things used in the home. Artificial flowers made by their wives, bibs for babies and hand-knitted garments were prominent. Patent medicines, the stuff made by Rawleighs or Watkins were flogged by men on bicycles. Hawkers had to get a licence from the municipal council.

From time to time, weather permitting, on Saturday mornings when Armstrong Street



Middle Park 'Old Buffers' Carnival c 1933
Bruce Armstrong as a young tart, left
His sister Zoe as Indian prince, centre
His sister Jill as a gypsy, right

sometimes be serenaded by men singing through hand-held megaphones and/or pounding an old piano, drums, accordion and mouth-organ from the back of a horse-drawn four-wheeled wagon. Desperate musicians, actors and singers? Hard-up locals would drop their spare pennies and halfpennies into shaken tins. I would have been in grades 2, 3 or 4 (1932–1934). Very hard economic times. Occasionally, one lonely returned soldier on crutches toured Middle Park shops and sang popular songs. He had what was probably a once-pleasant tenor voice and at the completion of his bracket of songs visited each shop for a contribution, sometimes it was only a refreshing drink.

We kids with our sharp hearing sometimes heard local residents and traders exchange uncharitable comments such as ‘they don’t want to get real jobs’ and ‘they’re just susso’s’. Blaming the victim is not new, destitute/poor people suffered it in those days also.

What was a susso?

Some of my schoolmates had fathers who were in receipt of the government ‘sustenance allowance’. Out-of-work men with a wife and children qualified and presented themselves at the local Post Office weekly to receive their few shillings. It was barely enough to pay the rent of a room in the house of someone who was able to pay rent. They would have had grudging use of the bathroom and toilet. Old telephone books and newspapers served as toilet paper. The City of South Melbourne Council had a hand-out centre where ‘sussos’ were given basic vegetables, meat and groceries donated by churches and traders or the rejects at the market. Single unemployed men and women and those without children received nothing. In our home, my father was receiving the invalid pension due to having had his right arm amputated, the result of an accident. The

few older siblings were in employment on youth wages.

One fateful day, the postie delivered a very official-looking letter; it told that an almoner (today’s social worker) would be visiting to look into all accounts, receipts etc. She was particularly interested in all monies coming into the home including the small State benefits being received for me and my two sisters. Soon after, another letter arrived informing that the small benefits for me and my sisters were to be discontinued. It went on to state that my father’s pension together with the small incomes of my older siblings were considered sufficient for the family’s needs. The family was demoralised, my father’s health rapidly declined and soon after he died aged 55 — it was September 1931 and I was aged six.

In the thirties and early forties all relief was the responsibility of State Governments, there was no Federal Government participation. Both State and Federal governments had taxation rights until about 1943 when the Uniform Taxation legislation was upheld by the High Court. State governments did their best to maintain their right to levy taxes, including income tax, which workers paid using special stamps purchased at post offices. Prior to uniform taxation, when filling out their income tax returns, ordinary people had to calculate tax payable in two sections, state and federal. So much humbug.

My increasing interest in the surroundings of my formative years caused me to appreciate all that Middle Park offered. I still muse to myself about its salient features.

Keep reading Chapter Two in the next issue of the Middle Park History Group Newsletter ...

Sharks and more on swimming: amusing and true stories Gary Poore

Sharks have been reported off Victorian beaches along the coast and in Port Phillip Bay several times this summer. Sonya Cameron reminds us in this issue of the newsletter how Melburnians went swimming 100 years ago. Here, I relay two stories from the late nineteenth century, both taking place not far from Middle Park. The first involves the famous round-the-world sailor Joshua Slocum whose encounter with a shark at St Kilda was turned to profit and who commented on other amusing experiences in Melbourne. The second reminds us that perhaps Victorian sea baths were not such a bad idea.

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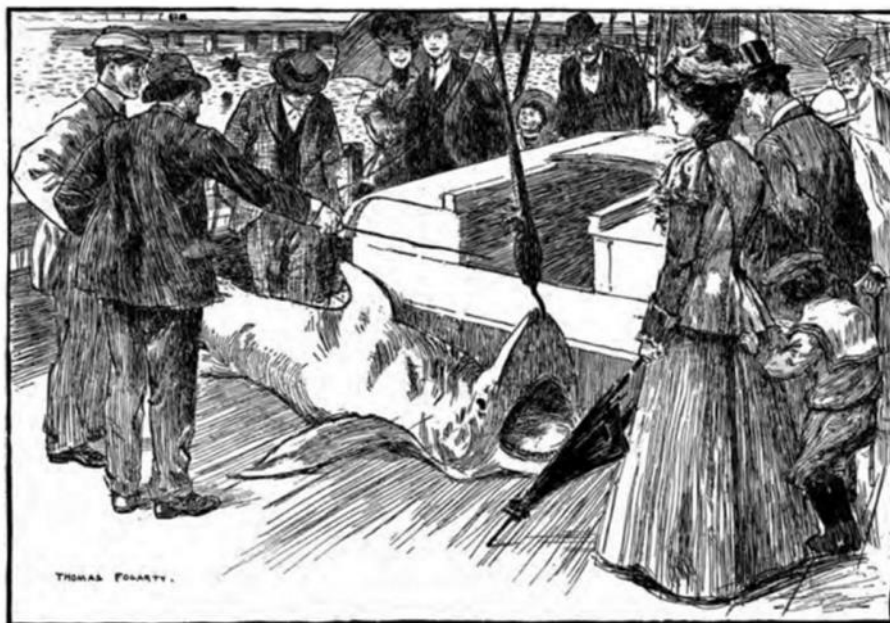
Joshua Slocum visited Melbourne in 1897 in his 37-foot (11.2 m) yacht *Spray* and wrote about his experience in his book *Sailing Alone around the world* (1900) as follows:

“Christmas day was spent at a berth in the river Yarra, but I lost little time in shifting to St. Kilda, where I spent nearly a month.

“The Spray paid no port charges in Australia or anywhere else on the voyage, except at Pernambuco, till she poked her nose into the

custom-house at Melbourne, where she was charged tonnage dues; in this instance, sixpence a ton on the gross. The collector exacted six shillings and sixpence, taking off nothing for the fraction under thirteen tons, her exact gross being 12.70 tons. I squared the matter by charging people sixpence each for coming on board, and when this business got dull I caught a shark and charged them sixpence each to look at that. The shark was twelve feet six inches in length, and carried a progeny of twenty-six, not one of them less than two feet in length. A slit of a knife let them out in a canoe full of water, which, changed constantly, kept them alive one whole day. In less than an hour from the time I heard of the ugly brute it was on deck and on exhibition, with rather more than the amount of the Spray’s tonnage dues already collected. Then I hired a good Irishman, Tom Howard by name,—who knew all about sharks, both on the land and in the sea, and could talk about them,—to answer questions and lecture. When I found that I could not keep abreast of the questions I turned the responsibility over to him.

“Returning from the bank, where I had been



The shark on the deck of the *Spray*.

to deposit money early in the day, I found Howard in the midst of a very excited crowd, telling imaginary habits of the fish. It was a good show; the people wished to see it, and it was my wish that they should; but owing to his over-stimulated enthusiasm, I was obliged to let Howard resign. The income from the show and the proceeds of the tallow I had gathered in the Strait of Magellan, the last of which I had disposed of to a German soap-boiler at Samoa, put me in ample funds.

“... It was only a few hours' sail to Tasmania across the strait, the wind being fair and blowing hard. I carried the St. Kilda shark along, stuffed with hay, and disposed of it to Professor Porter, the curator of the Victoria Museum of Launceston, which is at the head of the Tamar. For many a long day to come may be seen there the shark of St. Kilda. Alas! the good but mistaken people of St. Kilda, when the illustrated journals with pictures of my shark reached their news-stands, flew into a passion, and swept all papers containing mention of fish into the fire; for St. Kilda was a watering-place and the idea of a shark there! But my show went on.”

— o —

Slocum was dead right in his last paragraph. The jaws of the said shark are still to be seen on display at the Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery in Launceston. David Maynard, Natural Sciences Curator, has kindly sent me a photo of the exhibit. Curiously, the jaws are from a Tiger Shark, a tropical species known to occasionally bite swimmers and at its southern limit at St Kilda.



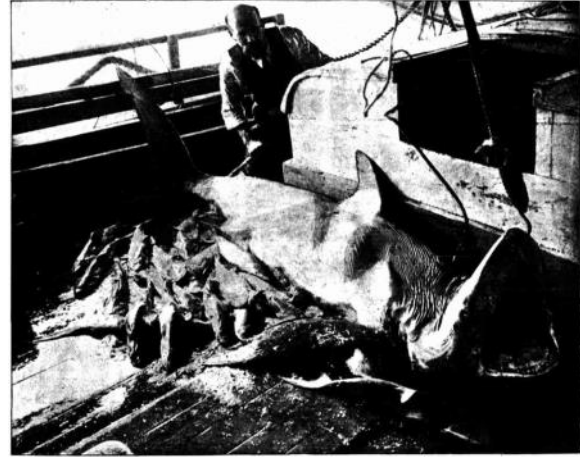
The *Leader* published on 9 January 1897 three photographs (two reproduced opposite) of the event under the heading:

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

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A SHARK CAUGHT AT ST. KILDA PIER.

“Amateur fishermen at St. Kilda pier had the opportunity on Saturday of seeing a real denizen of the deep, in the shape of a shark 12 feet long, harpooned and secured by Capt. Slocum, of the yacht *Spray*. Between 1 and 2 p.m. men and lads fishing on the pier were racing up and down its length, following the rapid motion of a shark which was swimming close to the piles. Meanwhile, Capt. Slocum, having heard of the visitor, had hung out a tempting bait of 5 or 6 lb. of pickled pork. With great promptitude Capt. Slocum laid himself out to become the possessor of the shark. He first produced an iron rod about 2 feet long with a socket, then a double arrow head of steel, with ½-inch rope through the centre. A rod was obtained by whittling down the thin end of a rough scrub pole. With these materials a harpoon was improvised. This the captain called his swordfish gear, and as he sharpened the point of his harpoon, remarked that the shark ought to be prepared for any thing, but “guessed it wasn't exactly prepared for this event.” Completing his preparations by splicing a suitable quantity of line Captain Slocum made his way down the pier for the purpose of making the attack. The first opportunity was lost by the crowding of the onlookers. Constable Kearney took control of the crowd, and with the assistance of a brother officer cleared a free space for the captain's operations. The next effort was a complete success. The disturbed water showed the direction of the fish, which with rapid darts up and down, away from and under the pier, tried to rid itself of its tormentors. Under the top landing stage the shark had its only chance to get away. The rope had fouled the piles, but fortunately the shark was too exhausted to make the effort needed. Clearing the line, the captain and an assistant, now seated in a boat, towed the shark to the *Spray*, where the former administered the coup de grace with his knife, hitched a line round the shark's tail, the pulley



block creaked, and the shark lifted from its native element disappeared under the awning of the Spray, and now forms a further attraction for the visitors of the intrepid navigator."

— o —

Shark fatalities are rare but not unheard of in Port Phillip Bay. About a dozen have been reported since European settlement. The reporter whose account in *The Argus* 7 February 1867, repeated in part here, would surely be surprised to learn that only one enclosed sea baths remains in Victoria!

KILLED BY A SHARK.

"A shocking occurrence, which resulted in the death of a young man, and which should act as a warning to those who for the sake of saving a few pence bathe from the open beach instead of availing themselves of the security afforded by the numerous fenced-in baths, happened early yesterday morning. It may be mentioned as a curious example of a neglected warning being immediately followed by the catastrophe indicated, that a letter published in Saturday's Argus drew the attention of bathers to the danger attending bathing in the open bay, from the fact

that a shark some 12ft. long had been observed about St. Kilda beach. Yesterday morning a young man named Peter Rooney, aged 18 years, and living in a right-of-way off Lonsdale-street, went with Robert Balleny, a baker, in Bank-street, Emerald-hill, at about 6 o'clock, to bathe in the sea, between Sandridge and St. Kilda, and near the Emerald-hill baths. They swam from the town platform or free bathing-place to the baths, and got upon some of the piles to have a rest, after which they jumped into the water to swim back again. Balleny succeeded in reaching the platform, and just then heard a cry, "For God's sake, save me." and looking back saw a shark about 12ft. long seizing Rooney. One of Balleny's men, who was close by on the beach on horseback, rushed his horse into the water, caught the deceased by the hand and pulled him out. Rooney was then found to be quite dead, and bleeding profusely from a wound on the leg. The shark, after the man was taken from it, swam to the platform and round it and then back to the place where it first seized Rooney, as if in search of its prey. After circling the spot several times, the shark sheered off into deep water and was not seen again. ..."

MPHG activities

Anne Miller and the Oral History Project

The Middle Park History Group was saddened to hear that Anne Miller will be leaving us for more eastern suburbs next year. She and her husband Edmund, after many years as a Middle Park residents, will be moving to Kew in early 2017.

One of the most interesting and exciting aspects of MPHG's work has been the Oral History Project, and it has been thanks to the dedication of Anne, and her helpers, especially Annette Robinson and Alison St John that the project has been so fruitful. Some of the output of Anne's work can be found in the latest MPHG book publication where the stories of the Greek migrant and long-term residents' "voices" can be heard. Other output from veteran Middle Park residents can be found on the group's website. Members will have read of the process involved in this complex task in our October newsletter.

So we thank Anne most heartily for her work, and welcome Annette Robinson as leader of this project which we know will continue Anne's great dedication and enthusiasm. Perhaps some other local history group will have the good fortune of receiving Anne's skills.

Our new publication

Middle Park: the way we were

Wednesday 14 December was another big occasion for the Middle Park History Group – the launch of our latest publication, *Middle Park; the way we were*, at The Mary Kehoe Centre. This follows the great success of our two earlier volumes which have sold at numbers we'd never imagined. All of which goes to show what a thirst there is for a greater understanding of how our suburb has evolved.

Councillor David Brand, one of our Lake

Ward councillors, who is not only an architect with an interest in buildings, but a particular interest in preserving our environment, did the job of launching the book. Our President, Max Nankervis, introduced the occasion with an outline of how the book (and its earlier cousins) came into fruition, with thanks to various people who helped – and continue to assist – in the production of the book and keep the group going. Special thanks must go to Jackie Tidey who has been our honorary editor and ensured the high quality of the books. But a longer list of all those involved can be found in the introduction to the book which is available from The Avenue Bookstore, Victor's Dry Cleaning in Armstrong Street, and, of course, from the History Group. The cost is \$20.00, and details are available on our website.

Other publications

Members may be interested in perusing some recent other publications received by The Middle Park History Group. As an associate member of The Royal Historical Society of Victoria we receive their bimonthly newsletter, *History News*, which keeps members up to date on what other history groups are doing, and upcoming events. MPHG members should keep in mind that they are eligible to attend RHSV events, such as history talks and events, free. It is a good idea to check their website for events.

The RHSV also publishes a twice yearly *Victorian Historical Journal* which is a collection of more academic articles on local (Victorian) history. Anyone interested may borrow any of these volumes for a limited period. If interested, contact the President, Max Nankervis, to arrange collection.

MPHG also receives newsletters from various other local history groups. These are also available, though most groups, as with MPHG, put their newsletter on-line for open access.

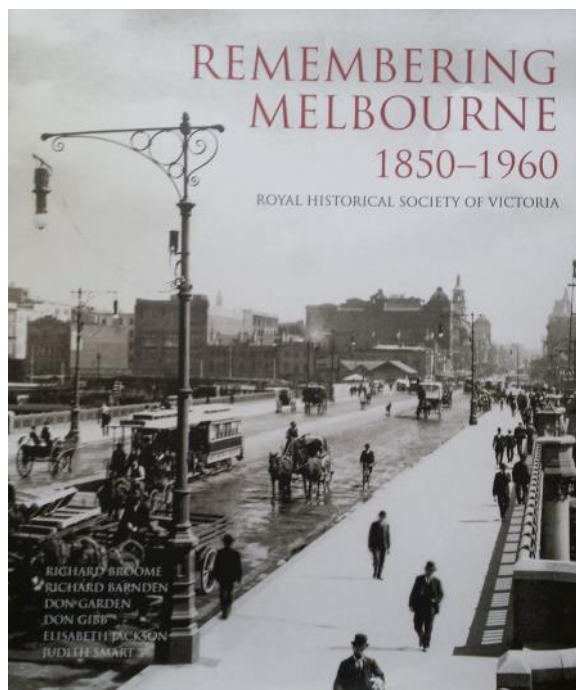
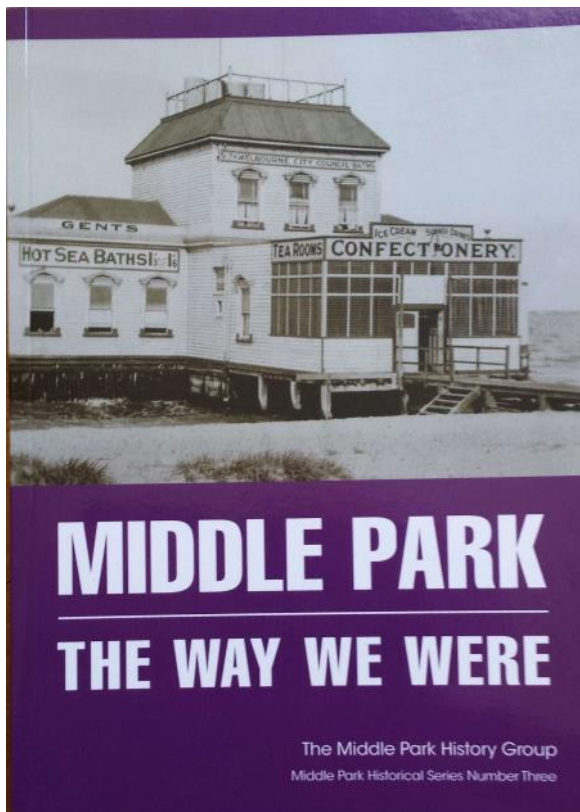
Remembering Melbourne

Of particular note among recent RHSV publications is the huge volume, Remembering Melbourne. This opus is generally a collection of fascinating photos of Melbourne's past, along with some associated text. The section on Middle Park was written by our hard-working MPHG member, Diana Phoenix, who was joined by other members

who contributed captions to 15 old photos of our suburb. As you turn each page you'll almost certainly say "I remember that!" or "So that's what was there!". MPHG has a copy for perusal but you can have your very own copy for \$35.00 at any good bookstore, including The Avenue Bookstore, where you can also pick-up your copy of *Middle Park: the way we were*.



Contributors to the MPHG's latest book at its launch: Sonya Cameron, Vanessa Battersby (designer), Meyer Eidelson, Edward Boyle, Diana Phoenix, Calliopi Fionias, Anne Miller, Councillor David Brand, Max Nankervis. (missing, David South, editor Jackie Tidey)



MPHG meeting schedule 2017

Monday 5 February 2017

Max Cameron, Cam Bennett and John Thomas, Middle Park locals

A Fireside Chat: reminiscences of Middle Park in the forties and fifties. Each will speak for about five minutes about their memories. Members can then ask questions and/or contribute their own memories.

Monday 3 April 2017

John Stirling, long-time Middle Park resident

Middle Park in the 1970s – B&W TV, freeways and high rise Middle Park, 50 years ago, was vastly different to now. In 1975 TV was still in black and white! Throughout the 1970's, Middle Park experienced a series of major threats that could have adversely impacted our neighbourhood, such as a proposed freeway planned to tear our suburb apart and the threat of high rise development. However, with a strong and active community prepared to challenge such threats, Middle Park remains a most desirable place to live. What was it like living in Middle Park in the 1970's and how is it different to living here today?

Monday 5 June 2017

Maureen Walker, author and member of the St Kilda Historical Society

St. Kilda – a patriotic suburb in WW1 . St Kilda was one of the very patriotic suburbs during World War One. This talk will focus on that patriotism detailing use of its public buildings for entertainments, to the rise of anti-German feeling, measures taken by local sporting teams, the conscription campaigns and finally post war remembrance.

All meetings are at 7:30 pm at the Albert Park Baptist Church Hall, corner Kerferd Road and Richardson Street (entry through OFFICE door in Richardson Street)

Your MPHG committee

President:	Max Nankervis
Vice-President:	Meyer Eidelson
Secretary:	Vacant
Treasurer:	Sonya Cameron
Liaison officer:	Diana Phoenix
Committee members:	Rosemary Goad, Annette Robinson
Oral history:	Annette Robinson

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The City of Port Phillip

