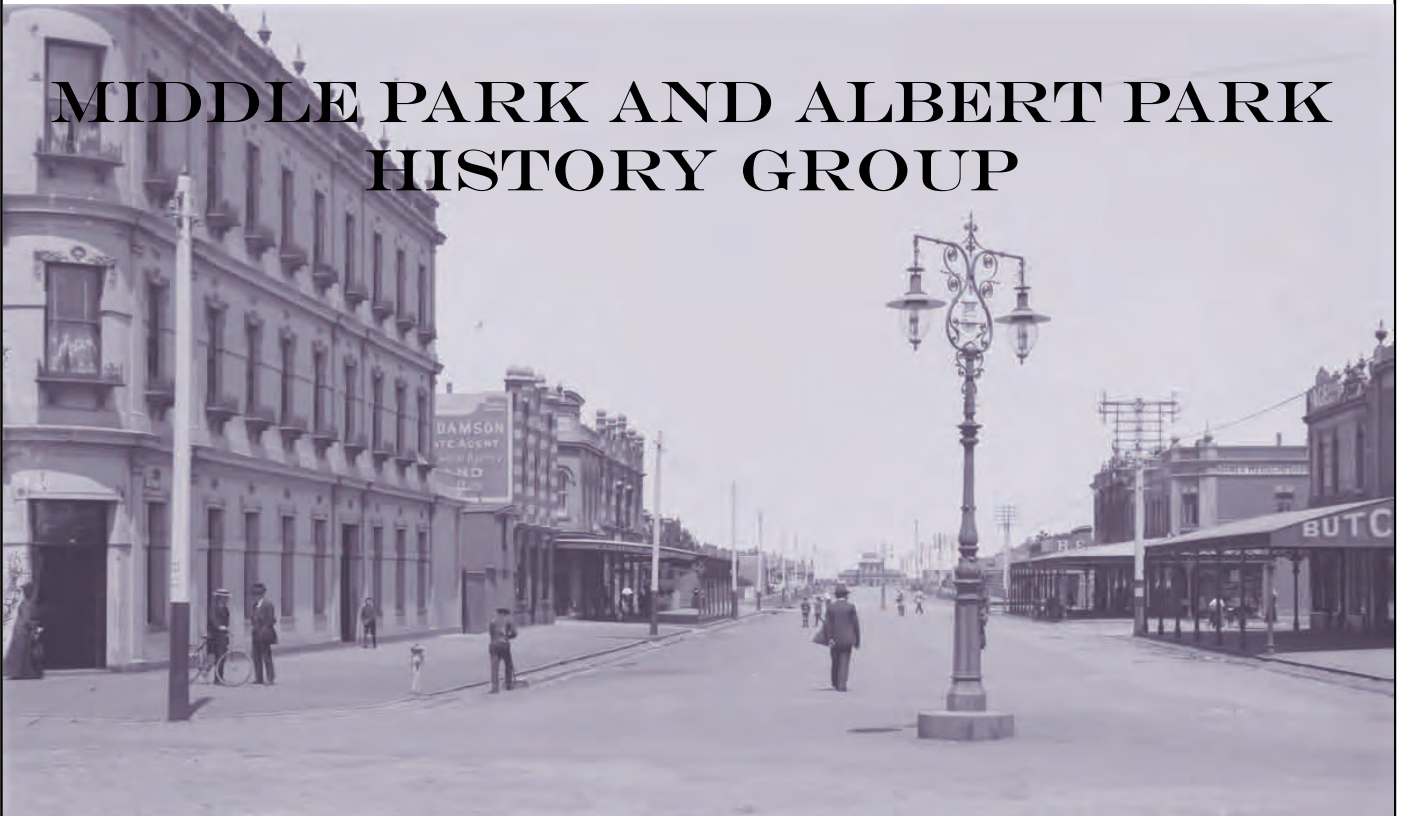


MIDDLE PARK AND ALBERT PARK HISTORY GROUP



Editorial

I hope that you have a copy of the Middle Park and Albert Park History Group latest publication, *Albert Park – Gardens to the Sea*, from the Avenue Bookshop or from MPAPHG itself. A second volume is planned and authors assembled.

In this newsletter, Sonya Cameron has found a news item about the establishment of the first public tennis club in South Melbourne. Also included is the last of eight episodes of the life of the late Vin Kane, an early resident of Middle Park. We have a new contributor, Lesleyanne Hawthorne writing about her 100 year old uncle who grew up in Albert Park and is

Australia's last surviving Coastwatcher.

Our meeting on Monday 7 August will be addressed by Jenny Sinclair talking about the unlikely connection between an assassination attempt on Queen Victoria and Albert Park! Details can be found on the last page of this newsletter. I am still on the lookout for items for the newsletter. Albert Park hasn't been covered in the previous 46 issues! And the committee is still seeking members, especially from Albert Park.

Gary Poore

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Newsletter editor : Gary Poore

The Middle Park and Albert Park History Group
Supported by The City of Port Phillip



President's Report

Both the Royal Historical Society and the History Council of Victoria recently wrote to us to ask for support opposing the State Government's budget decision not to fund the Victorian Community History Awards and to discontinue many state government history grants.

I have been personally involved in many of these grants and book projects by local history groups over the years.

The Community History Awards are usually held at an annual event at Parliament where many history groups gather. They recognise the efforts by local history groups to produce outstanding books and innovative projects. The grants support scores of authors, creators, designers, printers and publishers involved in their works. They sustain the widespread activities of Victorians who reflect on the deep, rich and often contested history of this special part of the continent. Many recent projects celebrate Indigenous history.

Of course, as a history group, we know the economic and social benefit of these modestly funded programs far outweighs the cost. Thousands of hours of free volunteer time are expended on these projects. The funds are simply used to create the final product such as the physical publications, interpreting, trails etc. The MPAPHG Executive Committee has written to the Hon. Danny Pearson MP, Minister for Government Services requesting that this funding be restored.

You can add your viewpoint if you wish at

danny.pearson@parliament.vic.gov.au

or local member Ms Nina Taylor, MLA,

Nina.Taylor@parliament.vic.gov.au

Regards

Meyer Eidelson

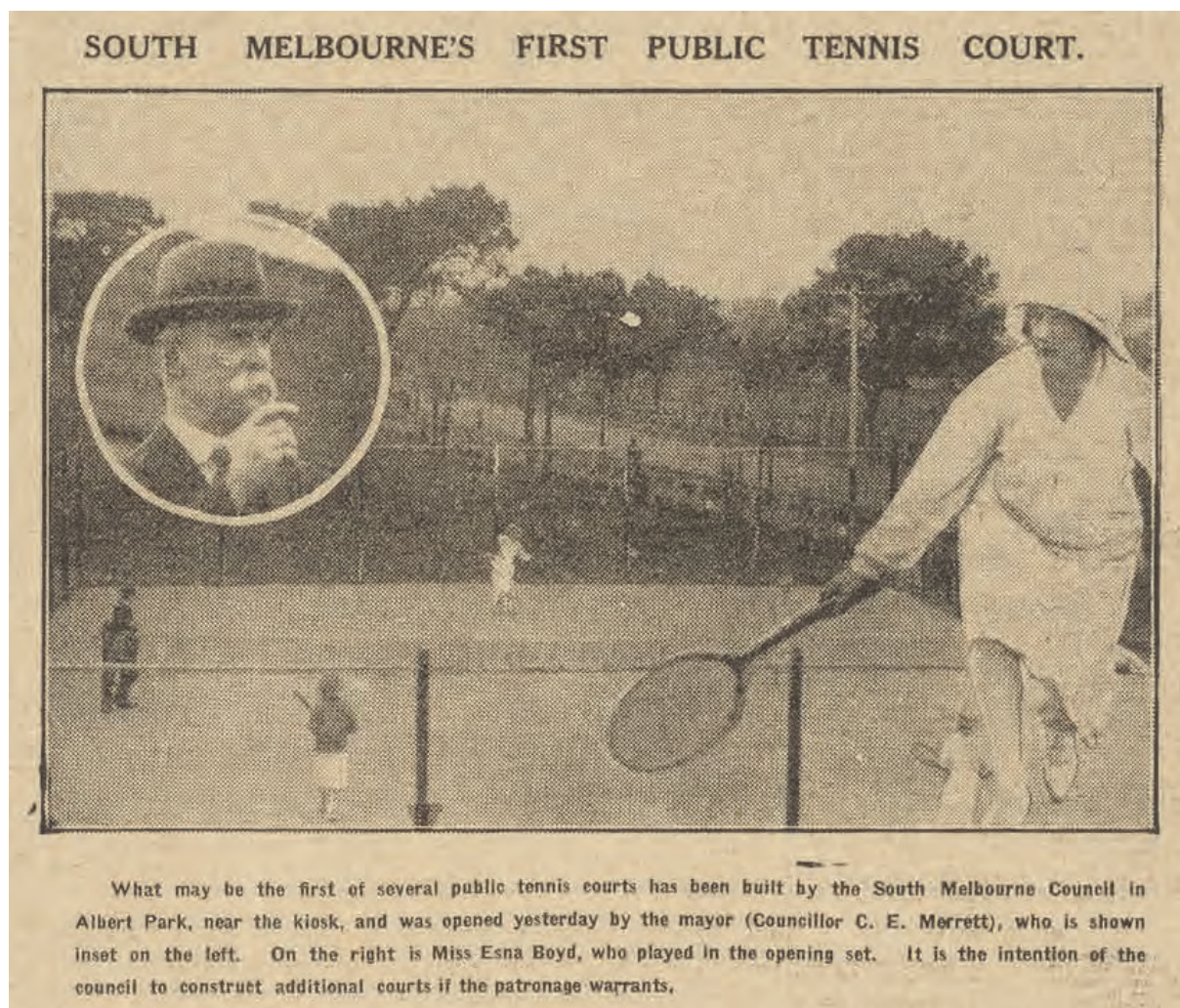
100 years ago – July 1923

Although the private Albert Park Lawn Tennis Club in St Vincent Gardens was established in 1883 and has occupied its present site since 1886, it was not until July 1923 that the residents of South Melbourne had their first public tennis court. This was the first of many that were proposed to be built in the City and was established on land in the Albert Park Reserve adjoining the now demolished kiosk or “Chalet”, on what is now Aughtie Drive, whose lessees managed the tennis courts. Only one asphalt court was built initially, but by the end of 1926, there were two courts and lighting. Despite the majority of Councillors being in favour of the playing of tennis every day from sunrise to sunset, there was opposition by the trustees of

Albert Park, on whose land the court was established, to allow the playing of tennis on Sundays despite the fact that golfers had unrestricted access every day.

For those interested in reading more about the Chalet, visit this [website](#) which also has an aerial view of its location in the Park.

Postscript: What happened to these tennis courts and the adjoining “Chalet” and when were they demolished? Following the opening in 1955 of the Beaurepaire pavilion there was a decision to build all new facilities in the Park of brick and to demolish or renovate the older timber structures. The “Chalet”, already in a parlous state, would require £5000 to bring it up to acceptable

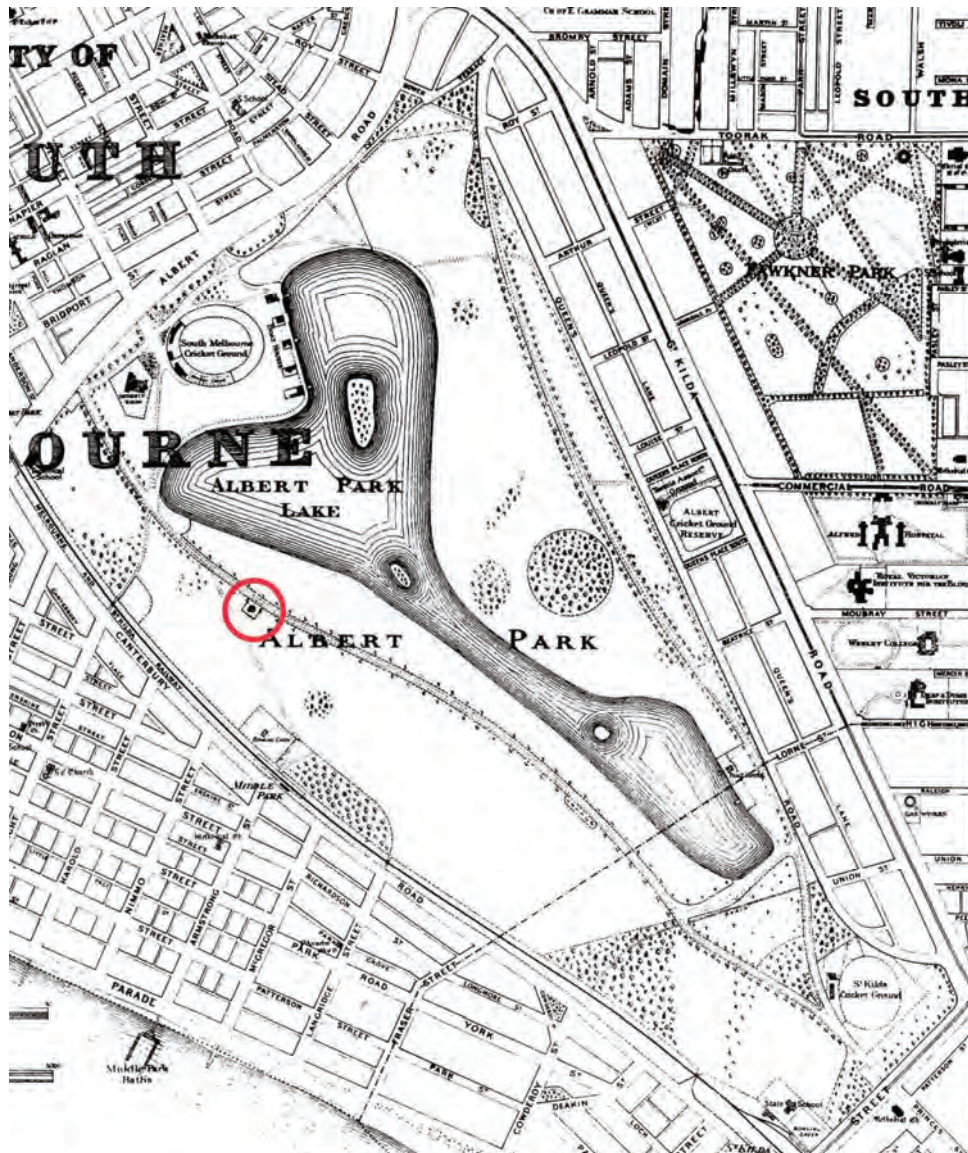


standards. In 1958 The Committee of Management still held its monthly meetings in a room in the “Chalet” but the 1961 Gillard Inquiry into the recreation and sporting facilities in Albert Park Reserve refers to them as already being demolished. I have therefore concluded that demolition of the “Chalet” and tennis courts took place in 1960 as the last mention of the “Chalet” in the newspapers was in February 1960.

Note: These tennis courts are not to be confused with the courts of the Carmelite Tennis Club, established in the first decade of the twentieth century and which are closer to Middle Park

station. By the 1950s tennis had become the most commonly played sport in Victoria. New public tennis courts were built on Queens Road by the Albert Park Committee of Management and the remaining tennis courts in the Park, including the Carmelite Tennis Courts, were renovated. In 1999 the number of their courts expanded from three to five, and in June 2002 a new club house, which had been relocated closer to the courts, was officially opened, replacing the old club house adjacent to the station.

Sonya Cameron



Albert Park in the early 20th century. The kiosk or “Chalet” (circled) is on what was later named Aughtie Drive

Municipal Tennis Court.

OFFICIAL OPENING AT ALBERT PARK.

The public tennis court constructed by the South Melbourne council on a site in Albert Park, adjoining the kiosk near Middle Park railway station, was officially opened yesterday. The opening ceremony was performed by the mayor of South Melbourne, Cr. E. Merrett, who welcomed a large gathering of invited guests, and expressed the council's grateful appreciation of the kindness of the four champion lady players who had consented to perform the most important, as well as the most attractive, part in the opening of the first public tennis court in the South Melbourne municipality.

The council had undertaken the new venture for the purpose of providing the public with a means of healthy recreation in the playing of a game that owed its great popularity to the facilities it afforded for pleasurable and social intercourse as well as keen rivalry.

The council had been criticised for selecting what had been called an out-of-the-way site, but their choice had been governed by the proximity of the kiosk, which would provide players with all the comforts and conveniences of a club house. The venture was something in the nature of an experiment. If the first court was patronised to the extent that was expected it would be followed by the construction of additional courts in other parts of the municipality. The regulations governing the use of the court provide for the payment of 3d. a set for singles games, and 6d. for doubles. Monthly tickets admitting holders to the court at any time are issued at the rate of 3/ for man and 2/ for lady players. The court will not be open on Sundays. The mayor explained that while a majority of the South Melbourne councillors were in favor of Sunday play the trustees of the Albert Park, who controlled the site, were opposed to favoring tennis players with the same consideration as golf players, who had unrestricted use of the Albert Park, and were given every facility for practicing their pastime on Sundays.

Miss Esna Boyd, the lady tennis champion, who holds the State championship of Victoria, New South Wales and South Australia, was the most skilful performer in the exhibition games that followed the opening ceremony. The bleak mist-laden

wind that swept across the court made the conditions very unfavorable for accurate tennis, and the erratic flight of the ball was not always answerable to the players' intentions. In the doubles contest that represented the opening games played on the new court Miss M. Mountain and Mrs. Boddington beat Miss E. Boyd and Miss J. W. Saltar, 6-4, 6-1.

The arrangements in connection with the exhibition were carried out by Mr. E. Crookford, who was a prominent pennant tennis player before some of the present day champions were born.

The players and visitors were entertained at an afternoon tea function, at which the lady mayoress, Mrs. C. E. Merrett, presided.

The otherwise cheerless surroundings of an open park on a wintry afternoon were relieved by a profuse display of busting and musical selections by a band.

Charged on the information of Alexander M'Kenzie, municipal inspector at Fitzroy with having carried on a boarding house at Nicholson-street and failing to have it registered by the council, Bertha M'Cluskey was fined £1 at the local court on Wednesday.

The Last Coastwatcher – Jim Burrowes OAM

Lesleyanne Hawthorne

In my 20s I worked daily with Vietnamese refugees, including hundreds of men who had fought through the civil war – many immediately imprisoned on peace in 1975. These soldiers had spent years in re-education camps before escaping to Australia. Some were emotionally destroyed, while others were the most resilient men I have known. War has a way of sorting people like that.

My uncle, Jim Burrowes OAM, is Australia's last surviving Coastwatcher to tell their story. He's now 100 years old and living independently in Melbourne with his 99 year old wife Beryl (a veteran of the Women's Australian Air Force). The youngest of five children, Jim grew up in Middle and Albert Park after his parents walked off the farming block they'd pioneered near Margaret River, where his father's health had been wrecked by ten brutal years of drought. Jim's family never owned a house. They rented and moved annually throughout his childhood, their rent cross-subsidised by a rough succession of boarders. The sole Depression work his father could find was casual wharf labouring, which led to his premature death. From the age of 14 my mother Pat, 10 years older than Jim, supported the family as a typist – counting this a

privilege. When World War 2 came it scooped up her three young brothers (Bob, Tom and Jim) and her sister (Helen). By war's end Pat and Jim were the sole survivors.

Jim was 16 when war broke out, leaving Melbourne High (having been Dux of the Middle Class school in 1936) to join the AIF as soon as he was eligible. He was too young to train at Wilsons Promontory where the commando memorial now stands, where the 1st, 2nd and 3rd independent companies endured gruelling conditions under Captain 'Mad Mike' Darby. (A filter test was to wake raw recruits at midnight, make them bush-bash to the top of Mount Oberon and back in pitch dark - banishing those who failed to Melbourne next morning.)

Jim subsequently trained up north, before being deployed to the Australian Coastwatchers in the Pacific who (as described in an RSL publication) '*brought the tide of Japanese invasive successes to a shuddering halt when two Coastwatchers spotted and reported an invasion fleet of 5,500 Japanese troops. The Coastwatchers' observation was pivotal as it precipitated the Battle of the Coral Sea in May 1942 and prevented the invasion of Port Moresby. In noting the vital role played by Coastwatchers, United*



A collage sent to Jim on his 99th birthday by an admirer in France



Playing footy in Middle Park a few years pre-war – Left to right Jim Burrowes, his twin brother Tom (lost in the RAAF), a friend, his brother Bob (lost in the *Montevideo Maru*) and my father (Doug Hawthorne, another local who met my mother Pat dancing at the Carmelite Hall).

States Admiral William F. Bull Halsey would later state that “The Coastwatchers saved Guadalcanal, and Guadalcanal saved the South Pacific.”

In the past decade Jim has written an extraordinary personal narrative recounting his wartime years from the time of enlistment. This has received growing attention, becoming one of the WW2 Pacific accounts most frequently accessed in the USA. Much of Jim’s blog focuses on ten critical months based in primitive conditions in the Baining Mountains of the Gazelle Peninsula overlooking Rabaul, where his brother Bob had been taken prisoner by the Japanese (later sunk on the *Montevideo Maru* as a POW en route to Japan to become slave labour), and over which his twin brother Tom flew RAAF missions before his plane disappeared (presumed shot down, never found).

Jim was one of a group of three who spied on the Japanese with binoculars in real time at great personal hazard, reporting troop, air and sea movements. The challenges were immense. In Jim’s words,

‘The camp had been set up on a mountain ridge to avoid any unpleasant surprise from Japanese troops. At each end of the camp two or three of our faithful local troops would be on sentry duty to provide warning of any attack. We had a thatched shelter, built by the Papuans, in which we lived and stored our gear. We slept in our clothes, with our weapons handy, in the thatched huts. Our beds were made of crossed boughs tied with vines to shafts

along the sides and covered by a canvas sleeve.

Because my primary function was to communicate with headquarters in Port Moresby or with other Coastwatching parties, it was my job to ensure that the radio aerial was functional. This required one of our Papuan colleagues to ‘run’ up a coconut tree – using vines lassoed around his feet so that he could grip the tree trunk and climb up – and ‘string’ a wire about 50 metres long between two trees. A secondary wire was attached to the centre of this aerial and run down and connected into my radio set: a RAAF unit ATR4A manufactured by Radio Corporation in South Melbourne, Victoria.

The daily schedule for routine communications was twice a day, usually at the same times. Using the code name of our Coastwatching party (6HT, that is, – dah di di di di / di di di di / dah – in Morse Code) I would signal VIV (headquarters at Port Moresby) and other Coastwatching parties to send and receive any daily intelligence.

I had a scare one day when the radio wouldn’t function. I took the unit out of its metal case, switched it on and turned it upside down for the sun to warm it up, but was aghast to see a myriad of tiny coloured tubes and valves etc. I then realised that in all the instructions we’d received for sending Morse Code, we had never been taught the technical issues to make the unit operate! However, amazingly I had a brown paper lunch bag of spare parts, so I started to ‘sort’ out like-coloured condensers and resistors, and suddenly struck a signal so (phew!) I was now back ‘online’ as we might say today. From that day to this, I cannot remember how I substituted the damaged part, as I certainly had no soldering iron or other radio repair equipment.’

If you’re interested, you can access Jim’s blog here: <https://thelastcoastwatcher.wordpress.com/>.

When the war ended Jim returned to his decimated family in Middle Park. Just my beautiful grandmother Alice, my mother Pat and Jim had survived. Mum met every returning POW ship at Port Melbourne post-war, in case by some miracle her two young MIA brothers had



Jim and Beryl Burrowes at the Wilson’s Promontory annual commando commemoration in 2016

survived. I developed a powerful sense in childhood of my missing family members, with Jim and my mother providing a masterclass in resilience, like the many unforgettable holocaust and re-education camp survivors I have since known. We attended annual military memorials to honour each man lost. This indelibly impacted us. Jim named his first two children Bob and Tom, while my mother named her first daughter Helen.

My mother had kept every pencilled wartime letter and drawing from her siblings – a large box for each lost uncle, which my sister and I mined. There was also a box for the letters from her bright and impatient younger sister Helen, who had had a fascinating war across Australia through the US troop buildup, as the PA of US Brigadier General Frank Clark (with whom I later lived in North Carolina). She cruelly died in childbirth together with her baby in 1944 – a devastating further family grief after the deaths of her brothers. Finally there was the box of letters from my father, who told my sister and me unforgettable war stories nightly for years as we grew up, rendering his 1941–45 Pacific War a comic romp because he loathed serving. (He said he was in the FIA, not the AIF – FORCED INTO ACTION!)

I feel incredibly lucky to have known Jim throughout my life, and to have witnessed his grace and purposefulness, since my father died when I was 21 and my mother when I was 35. Like Pat, despite childhood poverty and crushing personal loss, Jim was constitutionally optimistic and forged an excellent life in peace. A humble working-class boy with few prospects, he became Secretary and Treasurer of AV Jennings, later led Allied Minerals, and was awarded an OAM for his service to the Australian Lifesaving Association. Jim marched the full Anzac Day Parade until 2016, in 2022 laying the WW2 veterans' wreath at dawn in Box Hill (where together with my daughter Erin we joined him). He still writes letters to the PM of the day, with detailed suggestions re future management of the national debt and budget.

The discovery in April 2023 of the wreck of the *Montevideo Maru* was a grace note for Jim in Anzac Day week, the ship mistakenly sunk by a US torpedo in July 1942 en route to Hainan. Jim now knows where his brother Bob lies – entombed among 1,060 captives, including 979 Australian POWs and civilians. The loss of the *Montevideo Maru* was Australia's biggest maritime tragedy - more than double Australia's death toll in the Vietnam war.



Mystery object?

The mystery object in Newsletter 46 is something from the editor's collection. It's a small cup celebrating the coronation of Edward VII in 1902. He reigned 1901–1910 and was succeeded by four monarchs before Charles III.

Vincent Kane

Part 8 (last episode) : Starting married life

Fortunately, I was successful in passing the October Clerical examination (ninth in the State). I was promoted as Clerk and appointed to the Accounts Branch of the PMG Department. I commenced duty at the Spencer St offices early in 1950.

Patricia and I had developed a closer friendship and during 1951 this turned into a courtship, an engagement and then marriage. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated in Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church at 8am on 1 December 1951, the wedding breakfast was enjoyed, and then we took our seats on an Ansett DC3 flying from Essendon to Bairnsdale via Sale, en route to Lakes Entrance, to the Belle Vue Guest House.

The Wedding Breakfast was held at the Middle Park Bowling Club, per courtesy of the Greenkeeper, Alan Vance, who lived on the site, and Tom and Kitty who planned for and provided the food for the function. I can remember that my parents were up early making sandwiches, but I have only a dim recollection of what else might have been on the menu.

We lived in boarding houses in St Kilda for the first six months of married life, and at Patricia's suggestion, we enrolled at the Caulfield Technical College for night classes. I learnt about practical carpentry and Patricia, advanced dressmaking. We bought a block of land in Morley Crescent, Box Hill North and signed up a builder (on a cost plus basis) but because he couldn't give us a completion date, we got him to erect a 16ft by 10ft part weatherboard, part fibro, unlined shed on the block. It cost 100 pounds.

We moved into this structure in June 1952. It was fairly primitive but quite functional. Water was available from an outdoor standpipe, and electricity from a builder's pole. Meals were cooked on a primus stove, the lavatory was a



Kanes ' first home



night pan located at the back of the block and a daily wash all over was performed from a basin of hot water placed on the floor. Sometimes I had a shower at lunch time, at the travellers facilities at the Spencer St Railway station, across from where I was working.

After about 10 months in the shed, towards the end of April 1953, our 2 bedroom house was ready to occupy. Two days later, in the early hours of 1 May, Patricia gave birth to Margaret Mary. Coming back from the hospital at 2am I was stopped by the police on Whitehorse Rd and questioned for riding a bike without lights.

The next 8 years were largely given over to child bearing and child raising - Bernard in 1955, Cecily in 1956, Timothy in 1958, Marcia in 1960 and Michele in 1961. And some what to everybody's amazement, Jacqueline arrived on the scene when we were well established in Canberra, in 1969.

Grandparents Tom and Kitty at the shop in Middle Park would have had difficulty keeping up with the flow of babies. Patricia's parents, who had not been all that happy with the idea of their daughter marrying a Catholic, initially had their fears confirmed, but soon became part of our regular celebrations!

During this period, while I was working at the Spencer

St building my father would occasionally be waiting for me at lunch time and we would set off on a search for fish. It followed a familiar routine. Refreshments first (a beer, and lemonade for me) then south down Spencer St towards the Yarra, followed by a turn to the east at Flinders St and a short walk until we reached the café in the Melbourne Fish Markets under the railway viaduct at the end of Market St, adjacent to the Yarra.

The Middle Park shop had remained open over all these years but the income would have been slight - only loyal customers from the past would have stayed on, in the light of competition in terms of price and range of goods and commodities. Although the matter of 'economics' was never a topic of conversation when we visited, there is little doubt that the age pension made up the major part of the cash flow.

At this point I must pay a very belated tribute to the landlord. It was rumoured that the owner lived in America, but I wonder now whether it might have been the Methodist Church. Whoever it was, they were generous and compassionate to my parents and I thank them for that.

Our own financial circumstances were not all that marvellous. When we married, my cash balance was just a mere three figure sum. Patricia had made the major contribution to our resources. She sold her recently acquired Morris Minor car, having waited for over a year for her name to come up on the dealership waiting list, and she put the proceeds towards our essential basic furnishings, including a refrigerator (Australian made) which still remains intact and in good working condition as the bar frig under our house!

We agreed now that something had to be done about our accommodation and income prospects. The two bedroom house had become no more than a nursery and child care facility, and while I was able to boost my income by working regular overtime hours, it came at the expense of our family life. Two or three days a week I wouldn't arrive home until after 11pm, walking from the Box Hill railway station because the bus service stopped at 10pm.

I decided to start looking carefully and thoroughly at every suitable job vacancy notified in the Commonwealth Gazette and at the same time to follow persistently and with determination the well known 'ask and you will receive' promise. I did not rule out the possibility of finding a position to apply for in the private sector, and one day I did.

Australia's largest clothing manufacturer at that time - Holeproof - advertised for an accountant for their head office in Box Hill, within walking distance of our home in Morley Crescent. I applied, and was given an interview. I had expected that there would be some preliminary inquiries about my qualifications - I was part way towards the Australian Society of Accountants award and I had formal government accounting qualifications.

But the first question I was asked was 'what school did you go to'. This was the format that replaced the words 'Catholics need not apply' that certain businesses and companies (particularly banks and insurance companies) would add to the bottom line of their newspaper job vacancy advertisements years ago. I terminated the interview on the spot (and explained why) and decided to stick with whatever public sector opportunities presented themselves.

Off to Canberra

Early in 1961 the position of Accountant with the National Capital Development Commission in Canberra was advertised in the Commonwealth Gazette. It was a statutory position with a salary a good deal higher than my present one. I decided to send off an application (without I must say giving the matter much thought) and I was surprised to receive a invitation to fly to Canberra for interview.

Within 24 hours of the interview, back at my desk in Melbourne, I was told by phone that an offer of appointment was being prepared and if I should accept it, would I please consider how quickly I could move into the position.

The interview that led to the offer of appointment to the Commission was conducted by the Secretary/Manager (Neil Caffin who was the twin brother of the Commonwealth Actuary, and later to become the CEO of Comalco) and the then Business Manager (Bob Lansdown who had started his career in the public service as a telegraph messenger).

Although my written application was not particularly comprehensive, the interview panel had only a few questions to ask. The questions that I still remember were, 'Do you smoke, 'Do you drink', and 'Who do you barrack for'. When I answered 'South Melbourne', Mr Caffin said, approvingly, 'Well, as long as it is not Collingwood!'

These questions came towards the end of the interview - perhaps the panel had already made its decision. It may also reflect the paucity of applicants for the position - there was not a great pool of talent in Canberra in 1961. Also, given the stop-start history of planning and development commitments towards the building of our National Capital over past years, most career minded public servants would have been a little wary of leaving the security of the Public Service to join this new statutory body.

I discussed the phone call that night with Patricia. We agree that I should accept the offer and meet the request for a quick move into the position. I flew to Canberra on 4 May 1961 and took up duty immediately, staying at the Hotel Acton, and working back most nights and weekends on the accounts. I also found that there was an unfilled position of Senior Finance Officer on the Commission's establishment and that I would be paid a higher duties allowance to recognise in part the extra responsibility that situation placed on me.

Patricia was left to manage six young children and oversight the packing for the move to Canberra, as well as prepare for the sale of the Morley Crescent house. It took a few months to find a suitable house for rental, but at the end of July, I flew to Melbourne, we all packed into the FC Holden and drove overnight to our rented place in Canberra.

We lived in rented accommodation for 15 months while a block of land was acquired and a house suitable for our growing family of six children was built - but we should have built in a contingency factor because to everyone's surprise and pleasure, our seventh, Jacqueline, was born in August 1969.

Tom and Kitty arrive - and depart

After we had got ourselves settled down, I went to Melbourne to see my parents. I was aware that my mother had moved to a nursing home in Preston, but I didn't fully appreciate the circumstances at the time, probably because I had been fully occupied with work and family commitments here in Canberra.

My Mother was suffering from severe arthritis but the residence in Richardson St had an outside toilet and the bathroom was at the top of a narrow staircase. When I saw her in the nursing home I resolved immediately to bring her to Canberra to live with us. She was delighted.

I drew up plans for a double story extension to the house, had them approved, got a builder's licence (through NCDC contacts) and with the help of an English migrant from the Ainslie Hostel - a complete all round tradesman, as was his teenage son - I proceeded with the building work. Although it wasn't in common use at that time, the term 'granny flat' best describes the downstairs extension, while upstairs, we had the benefit of another bedroom.

At the end of 1966, my mother arrived in Canberra, in a wheelchair aboard a TAA flight. Ground staff had arranged for a front end loader to help disembark Kitty, and after welcoming refreshments at our home in Canning St, she was admitted that day to the rehabilitation ward at the old Canberra hospital. A wonderful doctor there had her up and walking within a few weeks, and she was able to join us in the new granny flat.

A highlight for my mother was to be able to join with the rest of the family in attendance at the 6pm Saturday Mass where we occupied the whole of one long pew at the front.

Soon after my mother had left for Canberra, my father set about preparing for his own departure. At the time, I thought little of it, but now I realise that as my mother and father had been at that address in Richardson St for about a quarter of a century, there must have been by now an enormous amount of possessions (junk?) to dispose of.

I'm sure that my father would have much preferred to remain in Melbourne - he had a circle of friends connected with the Bowling Club and the Middle Park pub. But that option was not available, so Tom cleared out the old premises and joined the family in Canberra. Of necessity, much was thrown out, including his old Bowling Club blazer, but unfortunately, as he discovered later in Canberra, he had left his dental plate in one of the blazer pockets.

My parents passed away - Kitty in 1969 (unfortunately before Jacqueline was born) and Tom in 1974. The priest who celebrated my mother's funeral Mass was a former school friend from Rochester. He happened to be in Canberra for a conference and had read the death notice in The Canberra Times.

After Kitty's death, Tom continued to live alone in the flat, but eventually he moved to the Alambee nursing home in Aranda, where he was visited on one occasion by his two sisters, Bubby and Dolly. They had travelled all the way from Coleraine by train as they wanted to be reassured that their brother was being adequately cared for in his old age.

Conclusion

In their choice of Middle Park back in 1938, my parents provided not just a place of home for the family, but also a safe and wonderfully varied playground for John and me, and as well, excellent education opportunities, both formal and 'worldly'.

Vin Kane

Canberra, April 2021

MPAPHG General Meetings

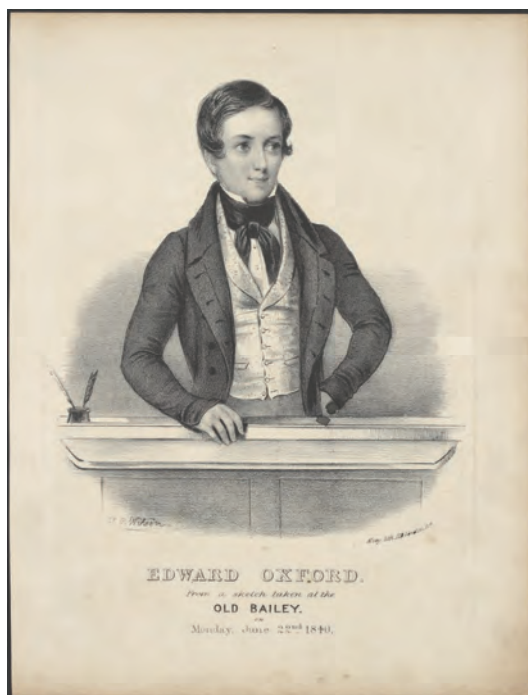
At Middle Park Primary School (enter from Richardson Street)

7 August 2023, 7.30 pm

Jenny Sinclair, author and former journalist

A Walking Shadow. The Remarkable Double Life of Edward Oxford

Edward Oxford was just 18 years old when he shot at Queen Victoria in London in 1840. After spending 27 years in England's insane asylums and prisons, he was banished to Melbourne, where he reinvented himself as an upright citizen, churchman and author named John Freeman. Freeman spent much of his Melbourne life living in a grand house in South Melbourne, a stone's throw from Albert Park Lake. Jenny Sinclair, author of Oxford's biography *A Walking Shadow*, will talk about Oxford/Freeman's double life and the surprising discoveries she made in her research.



13 November 2023, 7.30 pm (AGM)

John Stirling : Middle Park Primary School in the 1970s and a proposal for a mega soccer stadium in Albert Park Reserve

Your MPAPHG committee

President:	Meyer Eidelson
Vice-President:	Vacant
Secretary:	Vacant
Treasurer:	Sonya Cameron
Liaison Officer	Diana Phoenix
Committee members:	Melanie Eagle, Abramo Ierardo, Gary Poore