

David Carment

**MY AUSTRALIA
1970-1981
SYDNEY, CANBERRA, PERTH AND
ROCKHAMPTON**



A picnic at Black Mountain Peninsula, Canberra, in 1973. Left to right are: unknown, Karin Ludwig (later Nagorcka), Martha Cleary, Gerhard Brey, Doreen Asshurst, Cheryl Praeger, the author and Steve Gutowski.

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PREFACE

Australia during the 1970s and early 1980s witnessed considerable social change, economic and political turbulence, and technological development. Australian society altered from being quite insular and generally conservative to more cosmopolitan, sophisticated and divided. As I found, living as a young adult in Australia through the period was exciting but also sometimes challenging.

While I was more conservative than many other young Australian adults then, this collection of images reflects how economic, political and social events still influenced me. It does not attempt to represent the lives of most other Australians of my generation but selectively provides personal perspectives from four Australian cities. The images only give a limited insight into my work but they more widely cover other activities. Most of the images are from my own photograph albums and were often taken with basic cameras. They are included for their possible historical value rather than their quality.

I was born at Sydney in 1949 into a middle class family. I lived there at our Mosman home with my parents, sister and brother until early 1972. During 1970 and 1971 I completed my honours degree in History at the University of New South Wales (UNSW). From early 1972 until early 1975 I lived at University House in Canberra while I worked on my doctorate in Australian history from the Australian National University (ANU). I finished this shortly before moving to Perth in Western Australia, where in 1975 and 1976 I was a Temporary Senior Tutor and Temporary Lecturer in History at the University of Western Australia (UWA), and lived at Currie Hall. I moved again at the beginning of 1977 to Rockhampton in Queensland. There I was a Lecturer in History at Capricornia Institute of Advanced Education (CIAE, now Central Queensland University). I stayed until my move to Darwin in late 1981. While at Rockhampton I initially lived in two flats before buying my own home. Throughout the 1970-1981 period I read widely, listened to my growing collection of folk and classical music records, travelled both nationally and internationally, enjoyed being with family and friends, and saw live performances, films and sporting contests.

I compiled this collection for my own pleasure. I am, however, putting it on my website and printing a small number of copies, mainly for libraries, in the hope that it makes a small contribution to the historical record.

SYDNEY



In 1970, like a growing number of middle class Sydney residences, our house in Mosman had a newly built swimming pool. People regularly flying in and out Sydney often commented on the growing number of pools they saw from the air in some suburbs. The new pools reflected both increasing affluence and improved construction techniques. As one of earliest pools in the street, ours made us popular with neighbours, whom we often invited to join us for swims. Left to right in the picture are our next-door neighbours Tim and David Harrington, and my brother Tom Carment. It was my job to put the necessary chemicals into the pool and clean its filter.



Our house, which my parents Diana and Maxwell Carment purchased in 1951, was located on Iluka Road besides Taylors Bay and had sweeping views of Sydney Harbour. When we moved in there were many blocks in the street still covered with bush. By 1970, however, all were built on. The nearby bush reserve provided a wonderful playground when my brother Tom, sister Ann (later Annie) Carment and I were children. Both pictures were taken from the house in 1970. The top one is of some neighbours' houses and the bushland that formed part of the Ashton Park Reserve on Bradleys Head. The bottom picture is of Taylors Bay and Bradleys Head.

DRIVER, 70, DIES IN RACE SMASH

By KEITH MARTIN

Tom Sulman, at 70, a legend in Australian motor racing, had a premonition before he stepped into his blue, 11-year-old Lotus yesterday for the start of the sports car scratch race at Bathurst's Mt. Panorama circuit.

A survivor of countless accidents over 51 years of motor racing, Sulman handed the keys of his tender car to an old friend, saying: "You had better take these; I'm not sure what is going to happen."

In less than three minutes Sulman, Australia's oldest racing driver, was dead in the wreckage of his car near the end of Conrod Straight on the first lap of the race.

His car crashed less than 100 yards from the spot where Victorian driver Bevan Gibson was killed in a similar accident at last year's Easter meeting.

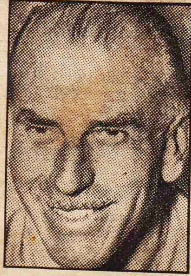
Sulman was one of the first drivers on the scene of Gibson's crash but had to stand helplessly by the blazing wreckage of Gibson's car.

'FISHTAIL'

Some eyewitnesses believe the same combination of circumstances claimed the lives of Sulman, Gibson and the Victorian driver Reg Smith in 1960—high speeds, strong winds and a hump in the road which together caused the cars to go out of control.

Spectators said Sulman's car began to "fish-tail" as it approached the top of the hump, at over 100 m.p.h., left the road on the right-hand side and struck a tree—possibly the tree which claimed Smith's Porsche 10 years ago.

Sulman's car then continued down the roadway



MR TOM SULMAN

upside down and finished on the left hand side of the circuit as a mass of wreckage.

Officials found Sulman dead, but the presentation helmet which the Australian Racing Drivers' Club gave him last year to mark his fiftieth year of racing was hardly marked.

Sulman, who operated a Dee Why service station, was a widower whose only daughter is believed to be overseas.

He began racing as a

child—in a billy-cart at his family's orchard at Lawson, on the Blue Mountains.

He was riding motor cycles in races and trials in 1919, when many Sydney streets were still paved with wooden blocks.

He drove in his first car race in 1923, and competed regularly at the famous Brooklands track in England before World War II.

OLD CAR

After the war his Sulman Singer—a home-built racer made up from parts of an old Singer Nine—was well-known on the tracks of Australia.

After that came years of driving in trials, mainly in the 1951 Humber Super Snipe which later became his racing tender and the keys of which he

• Cont. on page 7.

• Racing report, details, Pages 16, 17.

DRIVER KILLED IN RACE SMASH

• Cont. from page 1.

handed to his friend before yesterday's race.

But his favourite car was the 11-year-old Lotus XI Le Mans in which he died yesterday—one of the few classic front-engined sports cars still competing on Australian tracks and a well-loved favourite with Australian spectators.

A former N.S.W. Hill Climb champion, and runner-up for three years,

Sulman celebrated his 70th birthday last year by establishing a new record for the N.S.W. Sports Car Quarter-Mile Sprint in a 375-horsepower Porsche Cobra, capable of 170 m.p.h.

Sulman, who had broken his skull, his collarbone, his ankle and his nose in various crashes, once had his face rebuilt by the great plastic surgeon Sir Archibald Mc-

(Sydney Morning Herald, 31 March 1970)

My maternal grandfather Tom Sulman, known to Ann, Tom and me as Pa, was, as the front-page newspaper story above explains, killed while car racing at Bathurst in March 1970. The news came as a great shock to my family, especially as he was fit and healthy for a man of his age and we expected him to be around for a long time into the future. Although other relations had died during the 1950s and 1960s, children did not normally attend funerals then. That of my grandfather was the first I went to. Unlike most funerals today, there was only one eulogy. Due to the high profile that motorcar racing had, Pa was well known. There was a huge crowd of mourners at the funeral.



During 1970 James Cook's 1770 'discovery' of eastern Australia was lavishly commemorated in Sydney. There were elaborate street decorations and a visit from Queen Elizabeth II. The top picture is of Mark Foy's department store with decorations featuring Cook and the Queen. The bottom is of the Royal Yacht *Britannia* at Circular Quay. While the crowds greeting the Queen were smaller than on her previous visits to Sydney, they were still large and there was little support for an Australian republic. Republican sentiment only noticeably increased following the Governor General's dismissal of the federal government in 1975. The repercussions of Cook's 1770 voyage for Aboriginal people received little attention in the commemorations. By the mid 1970s, though, there was growing interest in Australia's Aboriginal past with calls being made to restore some of the rights that Aboriginal people lost after 1770.



In 1970, as a 21st birthday present from my generous parents I acquired my first motor vehicle. It was a Toyota Corona with automatic transmission. It was comfortable and easy to drive but underpowered and later developed carburettor problems that no one was able to properly fix. Dad, a former Japanese prisoner of war, was uneasy about buying a Japanese car but realised that they were much better value for money and, in spite of my experiences, frequently more reliable than those from many other countries. Japanese vehicles were increasingly popular in Australia during the 1970s.



Every year my family had at least one holiday. We visited many parts of eastern Australia, usually on car trips. In 1970 I joined other family members on a short holiday in Canberra, which my parents particularly liked, where we stayed in a motel. From Canberra we went on a day trip to the Snowy Mountains. The picture is of me in the thick snow near Thredbo, a village that mainly served the needs of skiers. Snow skiing was particularly popular with more affluent Australians.



Like many Australian families, my family had pet dogs. Pictured in 1971, and both looking elegant, are Tom with Dini (left) and Ann with Inga (right) sitting besides the front door of our house. Dini was a very nervous dog but a great companion. Inga, a wire-haired Dachshund, was more easy-going and placid.



We always celebrated Christmas traditionally and usually with relations. We did so again in 1971. The top picture is of dinner at home on Christmas Eve. On the left is an English visitor, George Hervey-Bathurst, the son of friends of my parents. Others sitting clockwise around the table in our dining room are Dad, Inga, Ann, Tom and Mum with a cigarette. Like many Australians of her generation she was a heavy smoker until she finally gave it up in the mid 1980s. In the bottom picture, taken on our front deck on Christmas Day, are left to right unknown (obscured), Tom, Dad, my uncle David Wood, Mum, Ann, my cousin Ginny Wood, Ann's fiancé John Stephenson, my aunt Marion Wood (nee Carment), and my cousin by marriage Ross Kalucy.



At the end of 1971 I finished my History honours degree at UNSW. Not long after I moved to Canberra in early 1972 I returned to the university for my graduation ceremony. The picture is of me with the other History honours graduates and Frank Crowley, the Head of the School of History who also supervised my thesis on 'Australian Communism and National Security 1939-1945'. Frank was a well known, if sometimes controversial, member of the Australian historical profession. He helped develop the UNSW School of History into one of the best in the country. Rather unusually for a humanities course in the early 1970s, none of the History honours graduates was a woman. Left to right are: Christopher Carr, me, Dennis Petrosian, Frank Crowley, David Deasey, Paul Dalby and Robin Walsh. Australian universities expanded greatly during the first half of the 1970s, opening up further opportunities for people like me who were interested in academic careers.

CANBERRA



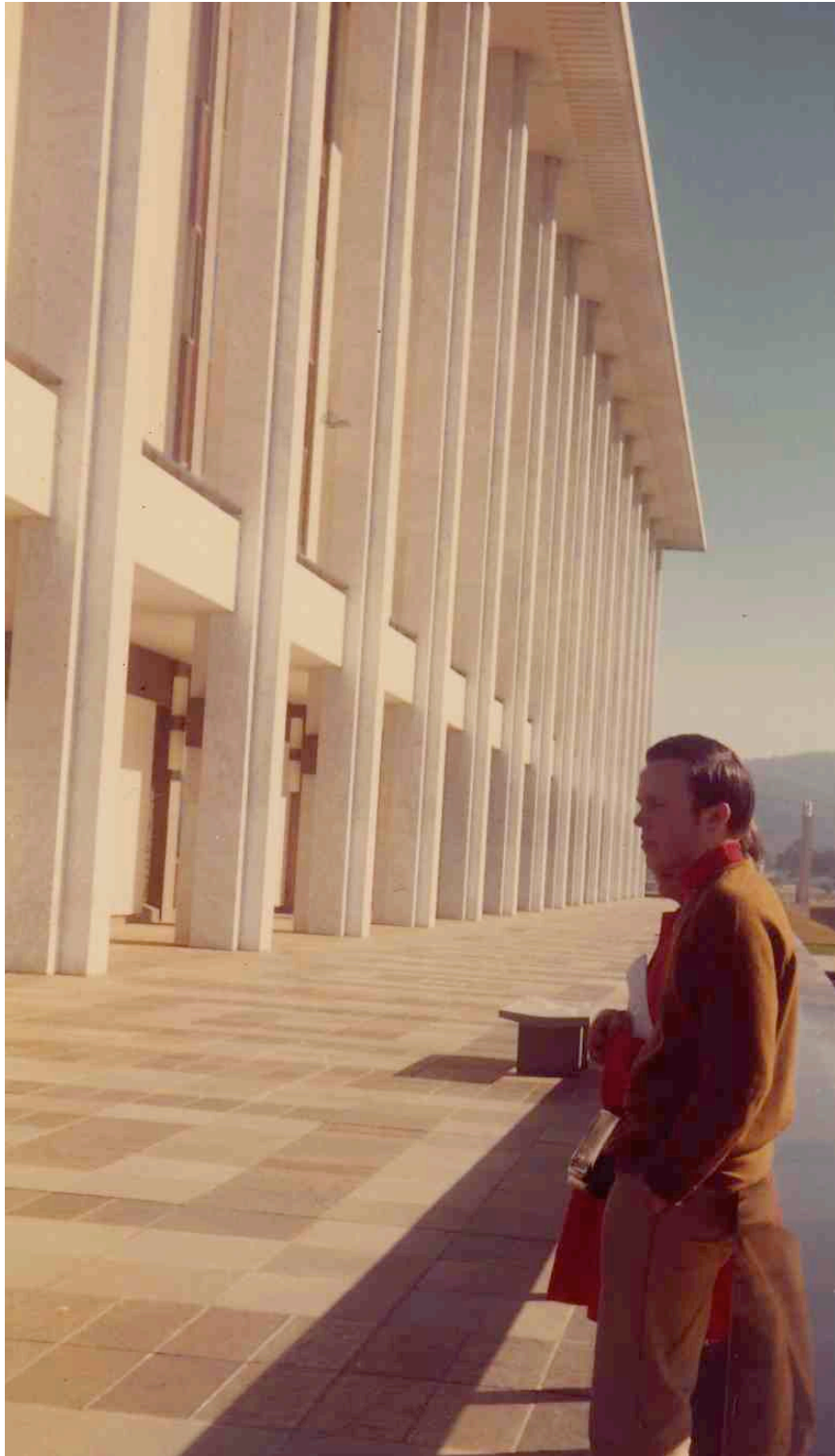
(National Library of Australia)



My ANU doctoral thesis was a biography of the Australian federal non-Labor politician Sir Littleton Groom (1867-1936), who appears in the top picture that was taken during the 1920s. He was much involved with both the selection of Canberra's site and its development immediately after the First World War. He also died there. I decided to write my thesis on him in order to explore non-Labor ideology and politics during the first four decades of Australia's federation; an area that I felt had received insufficient attention from historians. Groom served in every non-Labor government between 1905 and 1925 and frequently wrote about his political beliefs. Not long after starting the thesis in early 1972 I visited his grave, seen in the bottom picture, at St John's Anglican Church in the Canberra suburb of Reid. The church, Canberra's oldest, has a commemorative plaque for him on one of its inside walls. A weakness of my thesis was that it only partly considered the role of Groom's strong Christian beliefs in his political thought.



During my three years at Canberra I lived at ANU's University House. It was a great experience. The House was most comfortable with excellent facilities. Almost all the residents were postgraduate students and academics. They came from many parts of Australia and the world. For the first time in my life I had regular contact with people from continental Europe, North America and Asia and I made good friends among them. The top picture is of the view of the University House courtyard from my room in 1972. The bottom picture, also taken in 1972, is of inside the spacious room. I did almost all my writing there. It had its own bathroom and toilet and a big desk.



Much of my thesis research was undertaken at the National Library of Australia, where I am pictured above with my (almost obscured) mother in 1972. Groom's papers and those of many people with whom he was connected were located there. I also worked at the Australian Archives (now the National Archives of Australia), which housed many of Groom's ministerial papers, and ANU's Menzies Library, where I read through almost four decades of *Commonwealth Parliamentary Debates*.



I sometimes joined friends on day trips to the New South Wales south coast near Batemans Bay, a very popular place for visitors from Canberra as it was only a couple of hours drive away. A growing number of Canberra residents had holiday homes there. The picture above is of one such trip in early 1973 when we looked for abalone and had a picnic. Left to right are: Tran My-Van, unknown and Algy Howe. My-Van and Algy were wonderful cooks of Asian food, for which I developed a great liking.



In early 1973 my parents moved to Burradoo near Bowral. They lived there until late 1976 when, mainly due to my father's work commitments, they returned to Sydney. It was only a couple of hours' drive from Canberra so I visited them at Burradoo quite frequently, sometimes bringing friends from Canberra with me. The top picture is of their house, Burradoo House on Burradoo Road, in 1973. Built in 1930, it was the most beautiful home they ever owned and had a large garden. The middle picture, also in 1973, is of a family gathering there: left to right are Tom Carment, Ann (later Annie) Stephenson (formerly and later Carment) holding her daughter Brook (later Talulah) Stephenson (later Vane), my mother Diana Carment, our dog Dini, my father Maxwell Carment, and me holding our dog Inga. Ann's husband John Stephenson was the photographer. The bottom picture is of Dad, My-Van, Fred Robins (visiting from Britain, whom My-Van later married), and Inga.



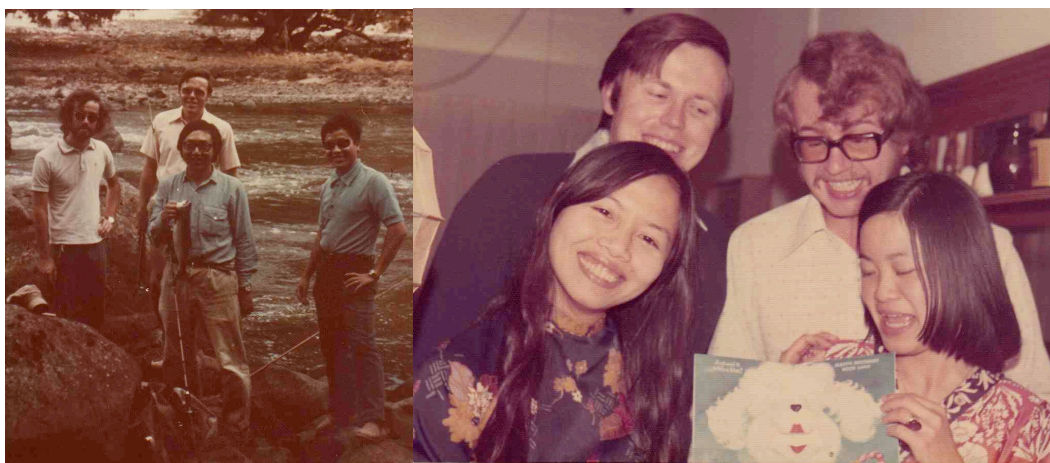
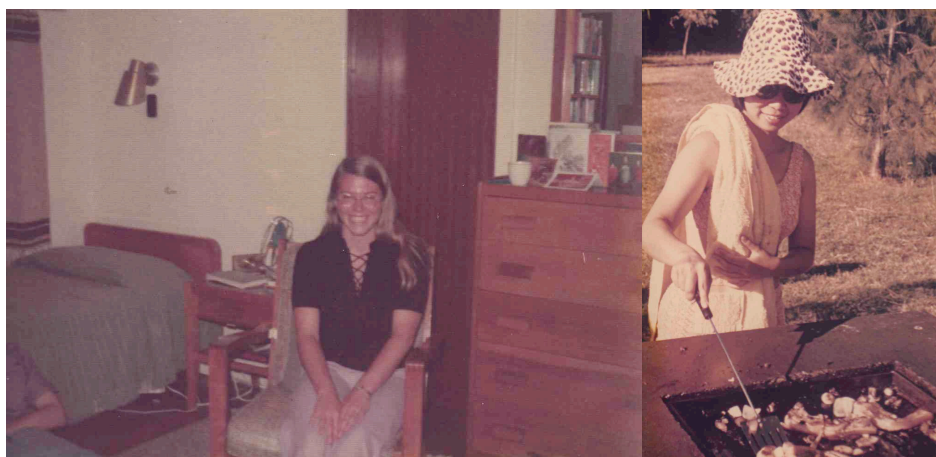
During Easter 1973 I took some University House friends to Sydney, where we stayed at the North Sydney apartment that my parents then owned. We did a lot of sightseeing and eating in restaurants. Ian Hamill and Mike Perry were English and Martha Cleary was Irish so I enjoyed being a tour guide. As Ian and Martha were both Catholics, we attended an Easter mass at St Mary's Cathedral. Left to right, and dressed to go out for dinner, are: Ian, Martha, me, and Mike.



My ANU supervisor was Manning Clark, Australia's best-known historian at that time. I knew him and his wife Dymphna Clark quite well. They were most hospitable. Discussions about my thesis were nearly always at their home in Forrest and sometimes I joined them for dinner there. On a few occasions I stayed with them at their delightful holiday home, Ness, located in beautiful country at Wapengo near Bermagui on the New South Wales south coast. Manning loved fishing from the rocks there. The pictures above, both from 1973, are of Ness and the view from it.



Groom was a Queenslander and during 1973 I went to Brisbane to do some research, mainly at the John Oxley Library. Nearby, and in the top left picture, was a statue of T J Ryan, a Labor Premier of Queensland and one of Groom's political opponents. During my visit I caught up with Wannee Chitaphan, whom I first met while we were both researching in the National Library. I stayed for a weekend with her and Bunny and Ngaio Nagel, with whom she boarded, in the house seen in the top right picture. It was an impressive and well-kept residence in Newmarket built during the 1870s. I also joined them on a trip to the Glasshouse Mountains, where we had an outdoor lunch shown in the bottom picture at the rustic home of the West Indian Davies family. Their home grown food was delicious. Ngaio is second on the right in the photo, Wannee is third and Bunny is fifth.



The above pictures, taken in 1973 and 1974, are during some of my social activities. Top left – Rosemary Steele during a small party in my University House room. Top right - Mary Yong at a barbecue following a swim in Lake Burley Griffin. Middle left – me with coffee in the University House common room. Top right – visiting the Snowy Mountains. Left to right are: me, Steve Gutowski, My-Van, Gerhard Brey, Nguyen Van Thua, and Don Rowland. Bottom left – trout fishing near Yass. Left to right are: John Henstridge, me, Algy and Thua. Bottom right – celebrating a birthday. Left to right are: me, My-Van, Gerhard and Melanie Leong, a Malaysian diplomat (later an ambassador) whose birthday it was. I socialised quite often with young diplomats.



During late 1973 and early 1974 I joined Ian, Martha, Karin Ludwig (later Nagorcka), Barry Nagorcka and Rowland Sammut, on an enjoyable car and camping trip around both islands of New Zealand. It was my first overseas travel. It was common in the 1970s for young Australians to go to New Zealand first before later travelling to other parts of the world. We travelled there and back in an extraordinarily cheap Australian Union of Students charter flight. The top picture is taken on an old steam ship near Queenstown. Left to right are: me, Rowland and Karin. The bottom picture is at the Tasman Glacier near Mount Cook. We flew there in a small aeroplane. At the front are Martha on the left and Barry on the right. Karin and Barry later married.



At Easter 1974 I joined John Courtney and Steve for a vehicle trip through parts of Victoria. The top picture is of us camping at Cann River, where we spent the first night in rather dismal weather huddled together in my small tent. The bottom picture is of historic homestead buildings near Learmonth belonging to John's friends the Wettenhalls. All the buildings appeared to date from the 19th century. We stayed the night in the large main house. Our unheated bedroom was bitterly cold. Our trip also included Melbourne, where we once again stayed with friends of John.



The picture is of Christmas dinner at Burradoo House in 1974. Left to right are Mum, my 90-year-old grandfather David Carment, Dad, Ann, Tom and John. My mother, an excellent cook, put much effort into such occasions. It was my grandfather's last Christmas with us as he died during the following year.

PERTH



During early 1975 I drove from Canberra to Perth in my new Datsun 180B, pictured above near Port Augusta. I completed the trip in three and a half days and was exhausted when I reached Perth. I spent nights at Mildura, Ceduna and near Kalgoorlie. A long section of the Eyre Highway in South Australia was still dirt and heavy rain made it hazardous. I also hit an emu near Kalgoorlie. My car had no air conditioning and for much of the journey the weather was particularly hot. I was, though, pleased to see so much of Australia for the first time. The long distances I travelled through very sparsely populated areas reinforced for me how isolated Perth was.



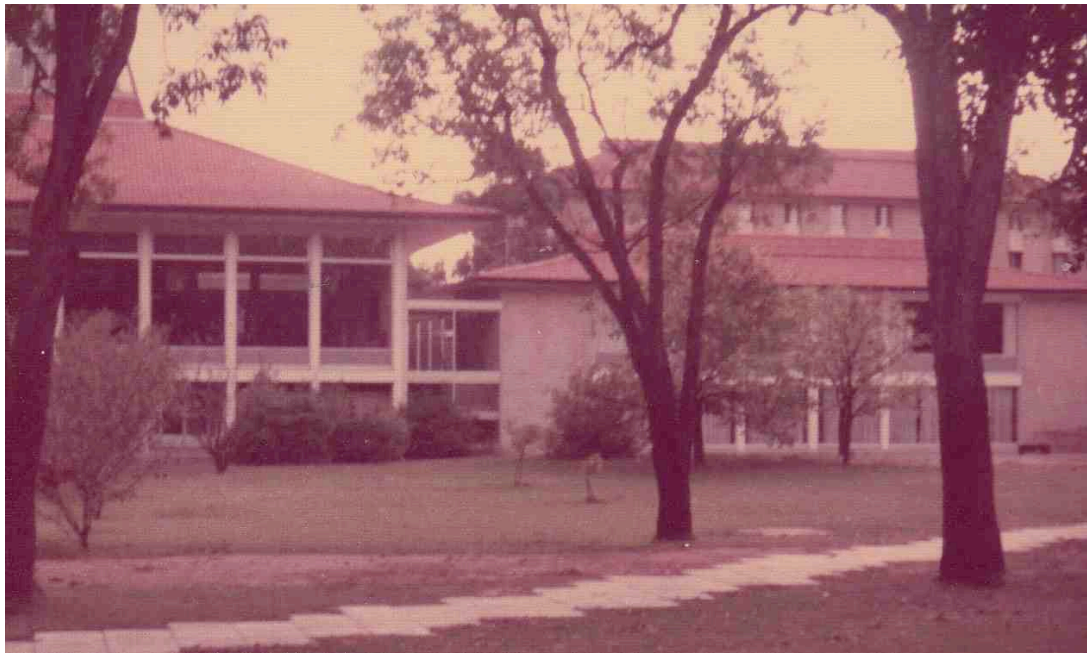
The pictures above were taken shortly after my arrival in Perth, a city that I quickly came to like. The top one is looking towards the central business district from the magnificent Kings Park, where I often went for walks. At the bottom are small boats sailing on the Swan River not far from UWA where I worked. The photo was taken during a boat tour of the river. The river provided excellent conditions for sailing.



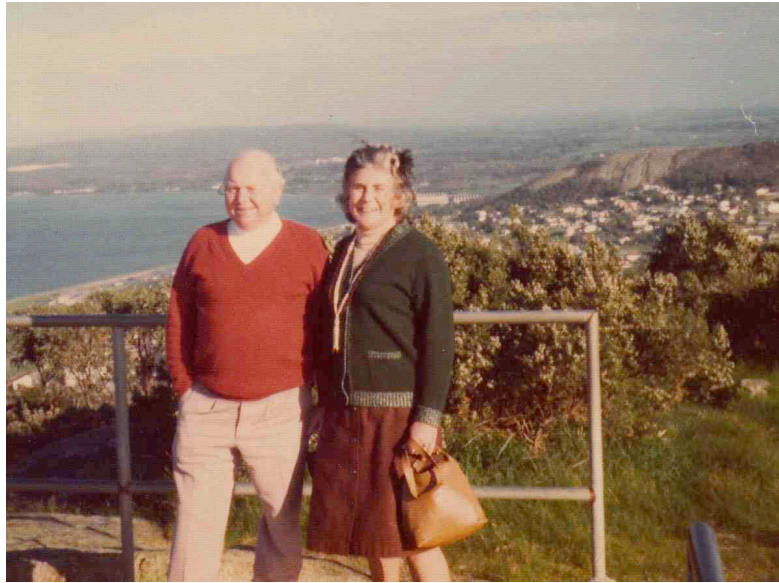
My office was in UWA's elegant Arts Building pictured at the top. I also spent a lot of time in the Reid Library seen at the bottom. Not only was its collection most comprehensive (every book published in Australian history was automatically ordered when first published) but it also had an excellent café seen on the ground floor where I spent a lot of time. Many of the university's buildings were in the Spanish Mission architectural style. Attractive gardens and lawns surrounded them.



My UWA office, pictured above in 1975, was quite large and well appointed. It looked out on a courtyard where peacocks strutted. During 1975 I tutored in subjects on Australian history and historiography. In 1976 all my teaching was in Australian history. I was also then the lecturer in charge of a subject on twentieth century Australia. My tutorials were quite small. There were normally no more than about eight students in each, and almost all were in my office. Many of the students were excellent. Because I was so close in age to most of them, some later became friends. I worked with and learned a lot from my Australian history colleagues, including Marian Aveling (later Quartly), Brian de Garis, Lenore Layman, Tom Stannage and Brian Stoddart. My writing focussed on turning parts of my thesis into journal articles. I regularly had lunch with two other Department of History colleagues, Michael Louis and Ernie Jones, in the university staff club that was close to the Arts Building.



During the whole time I was in Perth I lived at the coeducational Currie Hall, a university college. Part of it in 1975 is in the top picture. I enjoyed my time there and socialising with some of the residents. Many of them were from other parts of the world. The hall was particularly well run and did not have the silly traditions that still existed in some Australian university residential colleges. In 1976 I was also a college tutor, which meant that I had both a bedroom and a lounge/study room. The photo at the bottom left is of me in my Currie Hall room during 1975. That on the bottom right is of me on a day trip I made with college friends to Rottnest Island near Perth. We rode around the island on bicycles. Not being a bike rider I found this quite difficult.



My parents visited me twice while I was in Perth. The pictures above were taken during their first visit in winter 1975. I drove them through the southwest of Western Australia. We stayed at Albany, where they are seen in the top picture overlooking the city's spectacular harbour. The bottom picture is of me near a windy beach northeast of Albany. This picture also indicates that I was more fashion conscious during the 1970s than I was later in life. My clothes included flared trousers, colourful body shirts with large collars, coats with huge lapels, platform shoes, very wide ties and denim overalls.



Not long after my parents departed my friend from Canberra Tran My-Van visited Perth on her return from England, where she stayed with her future husband Fred Robins. It was great to see her again and I arranged a dinner for her, Estie Bav and Ernie, at the popular El Sombrero restaurant on the Swan River near the university, where we are seen in the picture above. Estie was studying Dentistry and lived at Currie Hall while Ernie was a medievalist. Left to right are: Ernie, Estie, My-Van and me. Ninety seventy-five was a traumatic year for Estie and My-Van. Estie's father and some other family members disappeared in Cambodia following the Khmer Rouge victory. In spite of later strenuous efforts, she never found out what happened to them and assumed they must have all died during or after the forced mass evacuation of Phnom Penh. Many of My-Van's family were stranded in South Vietnam following its Viet Cong takeover but she later ensured that her mother and siblings all came to Australia.



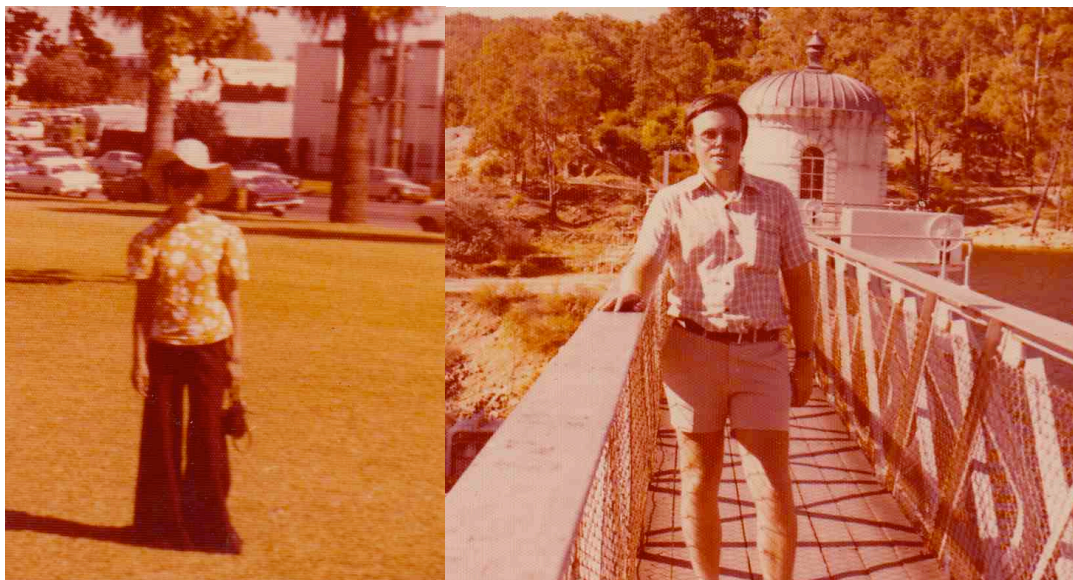
In September 1975 I returned to ANU for my graduation ceremony there. My parents came to see it, as did some Canberra friends. With me in the picture above is Don Rowland, who received his doctorate in Demography. Manning Clark was also at the ceremony and getting their doctorates with me were other historians. We received our degrees from ANU's Chancellor 'Nugget' Coombs. It was a great relief when I learned that my thesis had passed. My future academic career depended on it.



This picture was taken during 1975 at the courtyard just outside my office. With me are my colleagues Michael (left) and David Baker (right). Michael taught British and European history. David, a South Asian history specialist visiting from India, held a research fellowship.



At the end of 1975 I drove from Perth to Burradoo via Canberra. My passenger, pictured above with my vehicle not far from the South Australian-Western Australian border, was Liz Casey, a UWA History honours student. She was excellent company during the long and hot trip, which we completed in three days. It was just before the bitterly fought 1975 federal election. Whenever we received radio reception we listened to the latest political news as well as commentary on a cricket test then in progress. Liz stayed in Canberra with the parents of her fellow History honours student Marilyn Beazley (later Wasson). Marilyn's father Kim was until the Whitlam government's dismissal the federal Minister for Education. He looked completely worn out when I spoke with him while leaving Liz at his Canberra home. After spending a few days with my parents, I returned to Canberra, where I stayed at University House and did some research in the National Library.



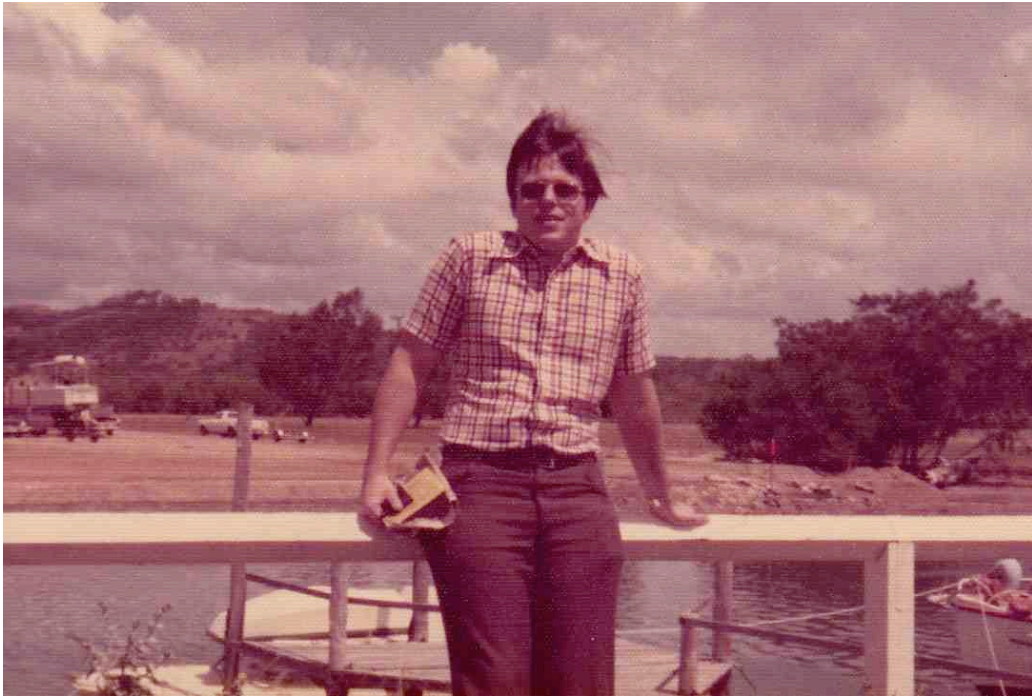
After spending Christmas with my family and doing further research in Canberra, in early 1976 I drove back to Perth with Nop Monkoltananont (later Vandenberg) as my passenger. The top picture was taken at University House shortly before my departure. We had enormous difficulty in finding accommodation between Renmark and the Barossa Valley. This was because of a predicted earthquake and tidal wave in nearby Adelaide. The prediction, from a clairvoyant, caused widespread panic. The earthquake and tidal wave never eventuated. In the end we slept in a caravan at Lyndoch. Otherwise we had a good trip and were able to use the just sealed Eyre Highway in South Australia, which made driving much easier. The bottom picture on the left is of Nop at Mildura. Once we got to Perth I showed Nop some of the local sights, including Mundaring Dam, where I am seen in the picture on the bottom right.



During early 1976 I had a fascinating holiday that took me to Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand and Nepal. While in Nepal, a favourite destination for many young Australian tourists, I travelled in a small aeroplane to the highest airstrip in the Himalaya Mountains, where I am in the above picture. During the flight I saw all the best-known mountains in the Himalayas, including Everest. Nepal was still in many ways a medieval society. I enjoyed its beauty and the richness of its culture but not its widespread extreme poverty.



I enjoyed exploring Perth and its surrounding region. During my parents' second visit in 1976 I took them to the historic town of York, where they are seen in the top left picture. I went there on various other occasions, including for the wonderful 1976 York Fair with Melissa Tully. The 1976 picture on the top right is of the historic church at New Norcia, founded during the nineteenth century as a Catholic mission to Aboriginal people. On the bottom left is Murdoch University in 1976. It was still very new then but attracted excellent staff members in the humanities. In spite of, or perhaps because of, that, a few of my UWA colleagues were suspicious of it. The 1976 picture at the bottom left is from the south bank of the attractive Swan River.



During late 1976 I flew to Rockhampton to be interviewed for the position I later accepted at CIAE. On the day after the interview my future colleague Shelton Gunaratne took me to the Capricorn Coast near Rockhampton where I am seen in the top picture. Much as I enjoyed UWA, I was becoming nervous about my job security there so rather reluctantly decided to move to a more secure job elsewhere. Brian de Garis organised a farewell dinner at an Italian restaurant in Perth for me and my colleague Brian Stoddart, who was also moving to another institution. Left to right in the bottom photo are Brian de Garis' hand, Brian Stoddart, Trish Crawford, me, Ulli Broeze and Ernie. I still have the Chianti bottle on the table.



At the end of 1976 I made my first trip to Great Britain and France. I stayed with Fred and My-Van in London and travelled with them to Scotland, from where most of my ancestors came, and Paris. They were terrific guides and hosts. The picture is of me at the Scottish border with England. All the snow made driving difficult but the country looked incredibly beautiful. On my return to Perth I spent a couple of nights there, staying with Jan and Rob Stuart before driving to Sydney with Patrick Tso, a Currie Hall resident, as my passenger. After being delayed by the need to replace a broken windscreen in South Australia, I arrived at my parents' home in Sydney on Christmas Day. From there I drove to Rockhampton early the next month.



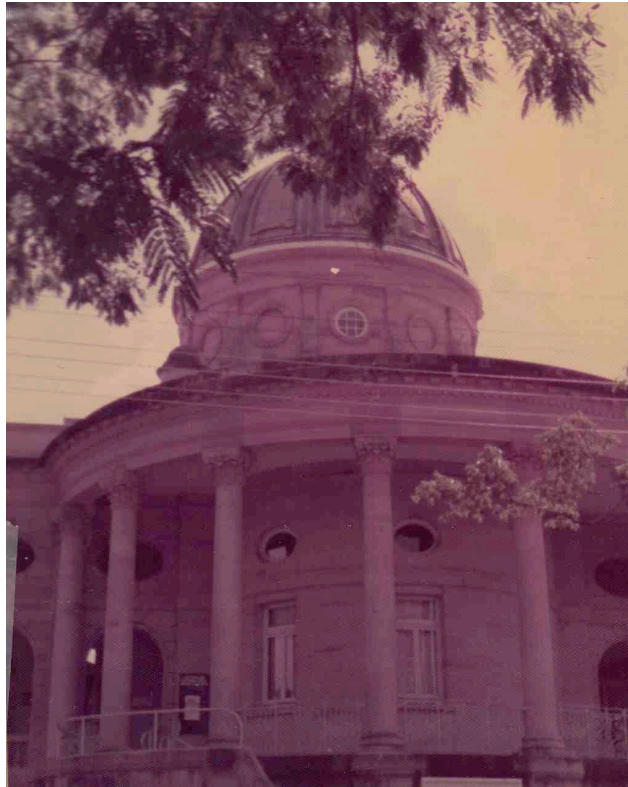
(Hamersley News, 24 February 1977)

After leaving Perth I kept in contact for a while with some of my former UWA students with whom I was friendly. Among them were Sally Callander (later Langdon) and Kerry Hutchinson, seen in the newspaper cutting above, who became secondary school teachers in the remote but rapidly developing Pilbara region. They wrote me long letters vividly describing some of their initial experiences and impressions. Kerry and her dentist husband Doug Hutchinson found life in the region quite difficult while the single Sally was more positive.

ROCKHAMPTON



The CIAE campus was raw and basic in comparison with UWA. The 1977 picture above is of its student union building on the left and the building where I had my office on the right. Facilities such as the library, staff offices and the bookshop were all much inferior to those at UWA although they improved, during the five years I spent at CIAE. Other challenges were that to begin with I was the only full-time History staff member and the institution was far more authoritarian and bureaucratic than UWA. The enthusiasm and high quality of many of the students I taught at least partly made up for such deficiencies. The best of the students were often older women who were denied the opportunity for further education immediately after they left school and took advantage of the abolition of fees for tertiary education. Most of the students I taught in my subjects on Australian and modern European history were enrolled in the Bachelor of Arts degree but some were in Education courses. My research focus moved from Australian federal political history to Central Queensland history. I generally enjoyed the company of my academic colleagues in the humanities and social sciences and formed lasting friendships with some of them.



I liked exploring Rockhampton, which had some impressive nineteenth century and early twentieth century buildings in which I became interested. This led to my active involvement in the National Trust's Rockhampton Branch committee, of which I later became chair. The 1977 picture above is of the city's Customs House overlooking the Fitzroy River on Quay Street. The bottom picture, also taken in 1977, is of a 'Queenslander' house at The Range, one of Rockhampton's more affluent areas.



My first Rockhampton home is seen in the top 1977 picture. It was a brick flat not far from CIAE. It lacked air conditioning, fans and insect screens (a common and hard to explain problem with many Rockhampton homes in spite of the hordes of mosquitoes and other flying insects at night during summer) and was often very hot. I was pleased after a short period to move into a much more pleasant insect screened flat on the bottom floor of an attractive house belonging to my CIAE colleagues Derek and Di Kemp. I remained there until late 1979. The house had a large and beautiful garden and was close to bushland. The middle 1977 picture is of the house with my car parked on the left. The bottom picture, also in 1977, is of my flat's living room area. The furniture included some the Kemps provided while other pieces were from my parents or purchased by me.



(Morning Bulletin, 5 March 1977)

Shortly after arriving in Rockhampton I was appointed to Rockhampton City Council's History Committee. Its chair was the colourful Mayor Rex Pilbeam. The committee's role was to advise City Historian Lorna McDonald on a comprehensive history she was writing about the city that was published in 1981. Lorna was highly competent and well qualified for the task so there was little useful advice we could provide but it was good to be kept up to date with her progress. She subsequently wrote many other books on Central Queensland history and in 2016 celebrated her 100th birthday. The newspaper story above is about the first committee meeting that I attended.



The above 1977 pictures all reflect my explorations of the Rockhampton region and are of places that I visited many times. At the top is a view from the picturesque Capricorn Coast near the small town of Emu Park. I frequently went there to swim. The middle picture is of my car at a fruit seller's outlet where I often stopped on trips to and from Yeppoon, the Capricorn Coast's principal town. At the bottom is Mount Morgan, an old mining town with some fascinating historic buildings and sites. I became very interested in its past, about which I wrote in a couple of articles.



During Easter 1977 I drove to the Mackay and Whitsunday areas north of Rockhampton with my colleague Paul Bickovskii. I had last been in those areas on a family holiday in 1965 and was pleased to reacquaint myself with them. At the top is the avenue of palm trees at Eimeo, where I spent a week in 1965. The little coastal town had scarcely changed since my previous visit. The bottom picture is of me at South Molle Island, not far from the Great Barrier Reef. Paul and I went there on an all day boat trip that included other islands in the Whitsunday group. We stayed in an onsite van at Airlie Beach and also visited the dense rainforest at Eungella to the west of Mackay.



Until they moved to Brisbane in late 1979, I often joined Derek, Di and their dog Gyp on trips to the Capricorn Coast. They are all seen in the above 1977 photo, where Gyp is being washed with fresh water before being driven back to Rockhampton. Derek lectured in Geography while Di was a librarian. They had their first of three children before leaving Rockhampton.



Ninety seventy-seven visitors included my parents and Estie Bav. Mum and Dad flew up from Sydney and I enjoyed showing them some of the local sights, including the panoramic view from the Mount Archer that is seen in the top picture. Both had been to Rockhampton before but only briefly. Estie is in the bottom picture on the beach at Yeppoon. During 1977 she worked as a dentist in Melbourne and Canberra. As well as showing her around Rockhampton and the Capricorn Coast, we spent a day at Great Keppel Island.



I visited Brisbane many times and for various work related and social reasons during my time in Rockhampton. The above pictures are from two visits in 1977. The top picture is of Estie in the city's luxuriant tropical gardens. We joined one another for a pleasant weekend in Brisbane, during which we did much walking. The bottom two pictures are of Paul and Judith Bickovskii at a barbecue. I quite often stayed with them in Brisbane. Paul, a lawyer, moved from CIAE to the University of Queensland before going into private practice while Judith, a nurse who had not lived in Rockhampton during the six months Paul was there, joined him in Brisbane.



Pictured at the top in 1977 are Grahame and Helen Griffin at lunch outside my flat. Grahame lectured in Media Studies at CIAE while Helen was a schoolteacher. They were both most hospitable, hosting many meals at their home. In the bottom picture is a party that Derek organised for students and staff at the end of 1977. Di is at the top right. Just below her and drinking beer is another colleague, Jim Cocks. It was in my experience more common for academics to socialise with their students in the 1970s than during later decades.



Towards the end of 1977 I went to Sydney and Canberra on a research trip. Dad kindly lent me his car so that I could use it in Canberra. While there I caught up with Estie and, as shown in the top picture, joined her and two of her Canberra friends on an excursion to the New South Wales south coast, where we had a picnic lunch. I was in Sydney again in 1977 for Christmas at my parents' home. Estie and Tran My-Van both joined us. My-Van is in the bottom picture with my niece Brook (later Talulah) Stephenson (later Vane).



During late 1977 and early 1978 I was on holiday in Britain, Ireland and the Netherlands. My Netherlands visit was at the invitation of my former UWA colleague Frank Broeze, a Dutch maritime historian, to attend his very formal Doctor of Letters graduation ceremony at the University of Leiden and the celebratory dinner that followed at a windmill converted into a restaurant near The Hague. Frank and his family ensured that I greatly enjoyed my visit. On the left is a picture of Frank with his wife Ulli Broeze. On the right is the menu for the dinner. It is appropriately decorated with drawings of the windmill, Winthrop Hall at UWA and a sailing ship.



In mid 1978 I flew to Sydney to be groomsman at the wedding of Don Rowland and Jenny Bennett (later Rowland). It is the only time I have had this role. The wedding, which took place in a church and was followed with a reception, was a particularly happy occasion. Left to right in the picture are: Frank Snare, unknown, Don, Jenny, me, and Katie Lord. Don and Jenny, both demographers, lived and worked in Canberra. Weddings with civil celebrants were becoming more popular during the 1970s but a high proportion of Australians still married in churches.



I continued travelling in various parts of Queensland. My-Van, then working as a History academic in Darwin, visited in mid 1978 and we drove to Mackay and the Whitsunday area. She is pictured in the top left picture at Eungella National Park. Not long after she left I went to Townsville and Charters Towers, where I promoted CIAE courses to senior secondary school students. It was my first visit to both. I am seen in the top right picture at a lookout overlooking Townsville. While in Charters Towers I had time to inspect some of the town's many historic buildings, including the former stock exchange in the bottom picture.



During late 1978 the prominent Australian writer Judith Wright visited Rockhampton for a conference. Before she came I asked her to talk to my Australian history students about her recent book *The Cry for the Dead*. She was happy to accept and gave a brilliant lecture. She is seen in the centre of top picture just before the lecture. I am on her left and my English language and literature colleague Hazel Mellick is on her right. The bottom picture depicts another CIAE event in late 1978, the official opening of the new library. It was an enormous improvement on its predecessor and had a striking contemporary design. Princess Alexandra, the Queen's cousin, performed the opening in front of a large crowd. Royal visits to Rockhampton were rare events. CIAE senior staff spent months planning for the opening.



At the end of 1978 I spent three weeks in China. It was only just starting to be opened up to mass tourism and was still experiencing political turmoil. As part of a tour group I travelled to various parts of the country. I studied Chinese history as an undergraduate and continued to read widely about China so the trip was a fascinating experience. We were well accommodated and had some wonderful meals but the impact of the disastrous Cultural Revolution was frequently evident. Especially in rural areas many people were obviously malnourished. We witnessed a large and noisy political demonstration in Shanghai. While the weather in southern China was quite warm, in the north it was bitterly cold. The Great Wall was covered with thick snow. Following my return to Rockhampton I gave a public lecture with slides about my journey to a large audience and did a long radio interview. The picture above shows me at a commune near Guangzhou.



During 1979 I continued to explore parts of Queensland. I am seen with Mum in the top picture at a location north of Yeppoon during a visit she and Dad made early in the year. The picture on the left of the second row is the new car, another Toyota Corona, just after it was purchased. I made many long journeys in it. On the right of the second row is a picnic at Lammermoor Beach organised by Jan Davey (later Crombie), who is seen attacking a sandwich. John Marshall is behind her. Shortly after then I travelled with Evelyn and Wallis Anderson to beautiful Carnarvon Gorge. The picture on the left of the third row shows me there. Another car journey was to Cape Hillsborough National Park, pictured on the right of the third row, where we camped and walked. My three companions are in the bottom picture. Left to right are: Jan, Helen Foreman (later Hennessy) and Barry Cochrane. Helen was appointed to CIAE in 1979 to teach East Asian history and was an excellent colleague.



I especially enjoyed the third year research subject that I offered in which students wrote long reports under my supervision on Queensland history topics. The students were required to use primary sources and some outstanding work was done. The picture above shows me in my office with one of the best 1979 students, Doug Fraser, looking at a detailed map of land holdings that he was using in his work on the Wide Bay area. Doug later went on to postgraduate studies and an academic career.

Thursday, December 6, 1979

THE MORNING BULLETIN



Two history and media experts at CIAE are researching into the Cullin-la-ringo Massacre which occurred on October 17, 1861.

Mr Fred Morton, lecturer in Communications, and Dr David Carment, lecturer in History, are working on an oral history account of the massacre and the history of the Wills family.

Horatio Wills, a Springsure pioneer and founder of the Cullin-la-ringo homestead, was murdered — together with 18 members of his party — in what is believed to be the largest massacre of Whites by Aborigines in Australian history.

Mr Morton and Dr Carment visited Springsure recently and conducted recorded interviews with senior citizens as well as members of the Wills family. The taped interviews will be added to the Institute's research bank on Central Queensland history.

Copies of the taped material also will be sent to the National Library in Canberra. Dr Carment is

CQ massacre tape study

conducting research into the aboriginal attack. It appears that the aborigines may have been provoked by the recent murder of tribal members by another settler, who swore the blacks killed his sheep. It is possible, that they mistook Wills' party for the murderers, and retaliated, accordingly.

Mr Morton plans to use the recorded material in an introduction to oral history techniques as part of the broadcast journalism courses he will teach next year.

•At the Cullin-la-ringo massacre site, Fred Morton, records Mr Brian Wills' version of the incident, while history lecturer Dr David Carment asks the questions (See story).

(Morning Bulletin, 6 December 1979)

I collaborated during 1979 with my Journalism colleague Fred Morton in a study of the 1861 Cullin-la-ringo 'massacre' that took place near Springsure west of Rockhampton that is described in the above newspaper article. Fred, an experienced oral historian with a national reputation, supervised interviews with various people while I did the archival research. One of those we interviewed was an old Aboriginal woman whose memory stretched back to the early 1900s. She recalled the stories that were being told then regarding the massacre. I later published an article on the subject in the *Journal of Australian Studies*. Research materials, including interview tapes, collected for the project are now in Central Queensland University's library.



My 1979 travel included Australian destinations a long way from Rockhampton. One trip was to Far North Queensland and then the Top End of the Northern Territory. Based in Cairns, I drove to Port Douglas, Cape Tribulation and the Atherton Tableland, where I saw the young couple sitting by a lake in the top left picture. My-Van and her husband Fred Robins looked after me splendidly while I stayed with them in Darwin. They took me to Katherine, where we camped near Katherine Gorge and did an all day trip along it. I am seen in the top right picture following a refreshing swim in the gorge. At the end of the year after a quick visit to Estie in Melbourne I went on to my parents' home in Sydney. They had recently moved to an apartment on the harbour at Kurraba Point and had access to a boat shed. They stored a dinghy there, in which they are shown in the bottom right picture. They enjoyed using it to see various nearby foreshore areas.



At the end of 1979 Dad's financial assistance combined with a legacy from my maternal grandfather that came when I turned 30 allowed me to purchase a house. It is pictured above shortly after I moved into it. In the Rockhampton suburb of Frenchville, it was on a quiet street with a view of the nearby Berserker Range. The high set house's top floor had three bedrooms, a bathroom and toilet, a kitchen, a dining room and a living room. All rooms had insect screens. Downstairs there were a double garage, a laundry and a large open area that I often used for table tennis. The design was very typical of many newer Rockhampton homes. The garden was mainly lawn and trees. During the following year air conditioning was installed and garage doors were added.



Early in 1980 my parents drove from Sydney to Rockhampton to stay with me for a while in my new house. While there we visited various local sites, including the city's beautiful botanic gardens where they are pictured above. Other visitors who stayed with me during the year were My-Van, shown in the above picture at the Capricorn Coast, and Jan, seen in the bottom picture taken not far from my house, who had moved away from Rockhampton to live interstate.



As the top picture shows, some of my time at home during 1980 was spent in domestic chores such as hanging out the washing. Like many Australians I had a Hills Hoist rotary clothesline in my back garden. The garden was easily maintained, as it mainly comprised lawn and trees. On weekends I often went sailing with Fred Morton. We jointly owned two boats, which were kept at the Keppel Bay Sailing Club on the Capricorn Coast. The first was an Arrow catamaran. We later replaced this with the Laser shown in the bottom picture with Fred and me. Sailing conditions on Keppel Bay were usually excellent, with mostly steady winds and quite smooth seas. The coast looked especially beautiful from the water.



During 1980 and 1981 I was involved in well-supported National Trust visits to fascinating historic homesteads in the Rockhampton area. All were in good condition and housed old furniture and memorabilia. Pictured at the top left is the verandah of Euroa homestead. Mount Alma homestead's interior is at the top right. The middle picture is of Raglan homestead. At the bottom is the oldest of the homesteads, Gracemere, the home of the Archer family who were Rockhampton's white pioneers. In 1981 it was still in the family's ownership. The Trust's Rockhampton Branch had a large membership that included many young adults.



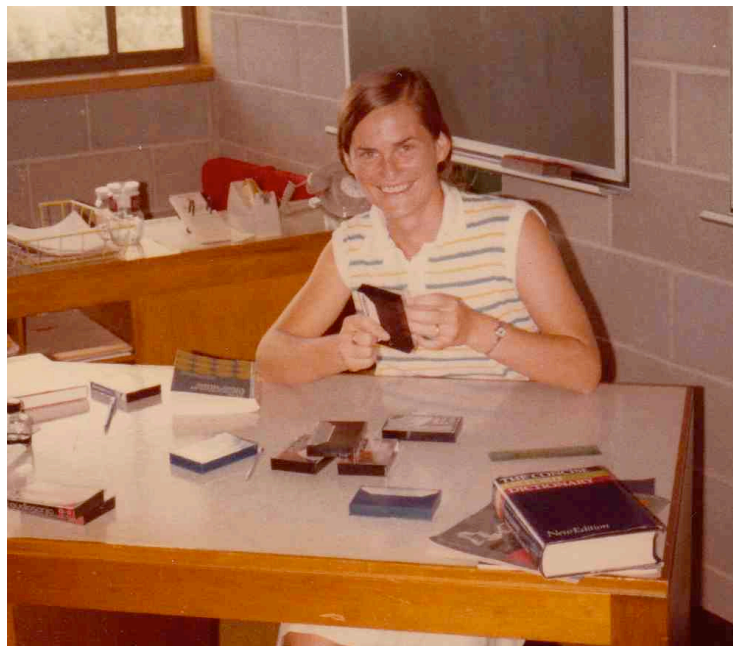
During late December 1980 and early 1981 I made my first visit to the United States. I travelled as part of an American Express tour group that went to California, Nevada, Arizona and Hawaii. I enjoyed the experience. It was great to see some of the places that I had learned about when studying American history at UNSW. The picture is of me on a visit to Pearl Harbour in Hawaii, the focus of the 1941 Japanese air attack that led the United States entering the Second World War. I was wearing a newly purchased Hawaiian shirt.



During early 1981 I became interested in the history of the Pacific islands labourers, or Kanakas as they were better known, who were brought to work in the Rockhampton area during the late nineteenth century. Some of their descendants still lived there. I was fortunate to become friends with one, Mabel Edmund. Mabel initially contacted me seeking assistance in getting the National Trust to place a Kanaka cemetery at Joskeleigh near Rockhampton on the National Trust's heritage register. Thanks to the documentation she provided, the Trust had no hesitation in doing this. Joskeleigh remained a Kanaka community although its population was much smaller than was once the case. I spent a wonderful day there with Mabel. Following her suggestion I also visited the area known as Kanaka Town in Rockhampton where members of the community still lived. Part of Kanaka Town is in the top picture. The bottom picture is of the Gospel Hall in Joskeleigh. Mabel and many others in her community were staunch members of the Assemblies of God.



Among my friends in Rockhampton was Gem Evans, a schoolteacher whom I first met when she was in one of my CIAE classes. She lived with her two children in a rambling and picturesque old house, Archer Vale, on a large block of land close to Mount Archer. Gem, her children, their dog and the house are all in the above photograph taken during 1981. The house was overflowing with books. I went to some most enjoyable meals there.



By early 1981 my historian colleague Helen and I had our offices in a new building. The offices, where we are seen in the above pictures, were reasonably spacious and had plenty of bookshelves, which I quickly filled. They also had pleasant views of the Institute's swimming pool and residential college. There was, however, no air-conditioning, which meant that they were very hot in summer. My teaching continued to focus on Australian and modern European history while Helen's principal role was to teach Chinese and Japanese history. As well as my teaching and research, I chaired the School of Humanities and Social Sciences Board of Studies and served on several committees.



Trips away from Rockhampton during 1981 included visits to Sydney, Darwin and Brisbane. The top picture taken during a Sydney visit is of me, my sister Annie, my parents' dog Chester and Mum at Quarantine on Sydney Harbour. We went there on my parents' motor cruiser and are seen in a dinghy making our way to the beach for a swim. The bottom picture is of Derek and Di with their young son Colin following their move to Brisbane, where Derek worked as a planner.



My parents came to say as part of a Queensland road trip during June 1981. By this stage they knew Rockhampton quite well. The top picture shows their large Ford vehicle underneath my house. Mum and I are seen playing some vigorous tennis in the bottom pictures. We both enjoyed tennis and played it quite regularly. I never, however, learned to do so particularly well.



I left Rockhampton for Darwin in November 1981. Because I sold my house almost instantly I stayed for about six weeks until my departure with Helen and Mike Hennessy, who lived on a large and beautiful property, Ritamada, near Emu Park that belonged to Rockhampton Grammar School, where Mike taught. Pictured above, it included a collection of ageing buildings and had some glorious coastal views. Despite the long drive to and from work I enjoyed my time there. Helen and Mike were wonderful hosts.



I kept in contact with friends and former students from Rockhampton following my departure. Someone who fitted into both categories was Jane Moran, who became an award winning film editor. She sent me the picture above taken shortly after her 1983 CIAE graduation ceremony. Jane is on the left. On the right is her good friend Kerry Inglis, whom I also taught. They were both excellent students. Jane wrote on the back of the photograph, 'A pleasant interlude at the Institute! Kerry's new short hair cut – looks great!'

