



# **Burgher Association Australia**

## **Winter Community Newsletter**

**June 2020**



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## **The 2019/20 Burgher Association Australia Donations Pledge**

The Burgher Association Australia Incorporated (BAA) is passionate about supporting the community and is proud to be helping make a difference in the area of health and wellbeing. It is our goal to empower wellbeing and healthy lifestyles across Australia and Sri Lanka. The BAA is pleased to have considered charitable contributions, donations and sponsorships to children's education in Sri Lanka and other charitable donations/sponsorship based in Australia

The BAA has announced following their November 2019 Committee Meeting that for the forthcoming year donations and sponsorships will be granted to the

- **Sponsorship of education to children via the Dutch Burgher Union of Sri Lanka for up to 21 Children doing year 11 and 12 studies**
- **Donation to Deaf/Blind Australia**
- **Donation to the Fred Hollows Foundation Australian Aboriginal Fund**

The General Committee will continue to assess carefully all incoming requests for assistance from the various Charities during the course of the committee year with a view to target better the resources made available for the purpose.



## From the Editor ....



Wow! what a year we have had so far; almost four months of virtual hibernation, separation from friends and family and, our usual enjoyment of life. I hope all of you our dear members, your families, extended family and, friends have pulled through the worst of the so-called pandemic and, are now in good health. Our condolences go out to those who may have lost loved ones or friends.

Together with the Government enforced isolation and, minimal personal contact, the Burgher Association Australia premises has also been in a state of limbo for the same period. I know the worst has passed and, we will be able resume our leisure activities and, our usual lifestyles.

The BAA has two functions planned in August and November this year. Good folks; it is time to kick up our heels and celebrate the freedom of movement once again. Haven't been to a Dance in ages! the 9 August function is a Buriyani Lunch with Mr Music: **"DJ Damian"** providing the toe tappers. I know a lot of you are just waiting to get on with your normal lifestyles. The 22 November function is our Christmas Party with music provided by the ever popular **"Redemption Band."** Come join in the fun and, Christmas Carols led by our very own **Mr Sinatra – Hans De Zilwa**. Both functions are at the Good Shepherd Hall in Wheelers Hill and is catered for by our friends at "Cha's Cabin." The food will be absolutely scrumptious!

So ... Ladies & Gentlemen, put on your dancing shoes and, lets start having ourselves a ball. Ahh .... But don't forget to get in touch with a Committee Member to book your tickets. Tell your friends too.

Take care & warm regards

Neville

**Burgher Association Australia**

*Invites you to ....*



on

**9 August 2020**

At

**The Good Shepherd Hall**

**34 Academy Avenue, Wheelers Hill 3150**

**12.00noon till 5.00pm**

**BYO**

and

Enjoy a scrumptious

***Buriyani Lunch***

By **"Cha's Cabin"**

Music By

**"DJ Damian"**

**TICKET CONTACTS**

Ashley Henricus - 9561 6212

Tamaris Lourensz - 5981 8187

Elaine Jansz - 9798 6315

Breeda or Harvey Foenander - 8790 1610

Carol or Hermann Loos - 9827 4455

Rita or Bert VanGeysel - 9503 4841

Fallon De Zilwa - 0414 096 774

Neville Davidson - 0419 880 329

Shoua Liu - 0415 463 037, Ruth Liu - 0420 225 600

Hans De Zilwa - 0419 292 939

Terry Backhouse 0438 373 007

**\$35pp**



**C'mon BRING THE FAMILY!**



**Burgher Association Australia**

# *Christmas* **PARTY**

**22 November 2020**

**Good Shepherd Hall**

34 Academy Avenue, Wheelers Hill 3150

12.00noon to 5.00pm

**BYO**

**Delicious Christmas Feast**

**By Cha's Cabin**

Music by

**'Redemption'**

**TICKET CONTACTS**

Ashley Henricus - 9561 6212

Tamaris Lourensz - 5981 8187

Elaine Jansz - 9798 6315

Breeda or Harvey Foenander - 8790 1610

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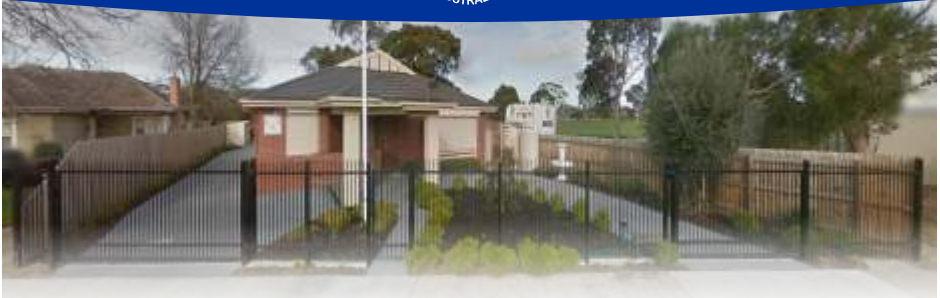
**under 12  
\$15.00**

**\$35pp**



## Burgher Association (Australia)

358 Haughton Road, Clayton VIC 3168



The Burgher Association of Australia Centre is available for private hire (**Dances, Birthday parties, Anniversaries etc**). The BAA Centre is located within a short walk from Clayton railway station. The hall is licensed to hold 150 people. Tables and chairs for this number of attendees are provided. There is usually plenty of parking across the road and a few spaces on the property. Disabled access via ramps is available to both the front and rear doors and a disabled parking space is available. There is also a 'horseshoe' driveway permitting the dropping off of attendees under cover.

Commercial kitchen facilities are available including stainless steel splash walls, a commercial glass washer, dishwasher, stove, oven, hot water boiler, large freezer, refrigerator and a bain-marie. There also is an alfresco area at the back that can be used for making the famous Sri Lankan Hoppers, BBQs or other activity that requires a shielded outdoor space. There are multiple reverse-cycle heating and cooling units servicing the main hall and kitchen. There are separate male, female and disabled toilets. More pictures are available on our website <http://burgherassocn.org.au/baa-centre/>

How to make a booking: Call Breeda Foenander on 0423 844 101 to enquire whether the date, you wish to hire the hall for is available. If you are a member of the BAA, the price of hiring the Centre costs \$350 per day; Non-members \$400 per day. Minimum booking is 5 hours (\$300). Hours of operation Friday/Saturday 11AM to 12 Midnight, other days 10AM to 10PM. All bookings require a bond of \$250 that is refunded if the centre is handed back to management clean and undamaged. (\$2000 for age 21+ and under). A payment of \$100.00 will be deducted



## IMPORTANT NOTICE

Dear Members

Whilst the BAA has advertised functions for August and November 2020, they will only eventuate if and when the Victorian Government and Health Authority advise that mass gatherings are safe.

However, tentative ticket bookings for these functions are welcomed pending the above outcome. If no Government advice is received as to the safety of mass gatherings by 10th July 2020, please note that the **August** function will not proceed.

Those that have pre-booked tickets with Committee Members will be notified of the outcome at that time.

Good Health!

Hermann Loos  
**President.**



**Member Subscriptions for the year 2020/2021  
become due on July 1st 2020**



# Why was whaling so big in the 19<sup>th</sup> century?

By Emma Bryce - Live Science Contributor February 22, 2020

Whaling was a grisly business, but it enabled a life of comfort and ease that was at odds with this reality.

In the mid-1800s, a seaman named Charles Nordhoff found himself on the deck of a ship, coated head to toe in the fat of a recently dispatched whale. "Everything is drenched with oil. Shirts and trowsers are dripping with the loathsome stuff. The pores of the skin seem to be filled with it. Feet, hands and hair, all are full," he later wrote in a book based on his experiences. "From this smell and taste of blubber, raw, boiling and burning, there is no relief or place of refuge." The grisly picture Nordhoff painted was a daily reality for whaling seamen of the era — but the oil that so uncomfortably coated their bodies was also the ticket to their fortune. The quest for this product sent tens of thousands of seamen into dangerous pursuit of whales between the 17th and 20th centuries. Yet capturing whales was about more than their oil alone; their behemoth bodies were a treasure trove of products that became crucial to 18th and 19th century people. Much of this was intended to enable a comfortable, refined and elegant lifestyle that seemed so at odds with the grisly, seafaring scenes it took to provide those privileges.

"There's something very romantic about the way that whaling is often portrayed in the mists of history," said Eric Jay Dolin, an expert on maritime history and author of the book "Leviathan: The History of Whaling in America" (W.W. Norton & Company, 2007). "But in reality, whaling was not romantic at all: It was a dirty, grimy, violent business — but one that was nevertheless important in the history of America." Indeed, in the 1800s, America became the epicenter of the global whaling industry. "By the 1840s, there were about 735 American whale ships out of a total worldwide of about 900," Dolin told Live Science. "And by around 1850, it was the fifth largest industry in the United States." This burgeoning industry was founded on humanity's love of light — and the fact that a whale's body contained an abundance of oil to fuel the production of light. "The main use of whale oil, for most of the history of American whaling, was for illumination," Dolin said. This oil, as Nordhoff's writing made so vividly clear, derived from whale blubber that was stripped from hunted whales and boiled down, often onboard ships, in huge copper cauldrons. "That would go into outdoor street lighting, which was a very, very important thing for civilization — the idea that the streets would be lit at night," said Michael Dyer, curator of maritime history at the New Bedford Whaling Museum in Massachusetts, a place that was a regional hub of whaling in the 18th and 19th centuries.

The blubber of sperm whales, in particular, yielded a fine, straw-colored oil that proved to have exceptional qualities, which made it ideal for illuminating lighthouses that, conveniently, would bring whaling ships home. "It was really important for the functioning of maritime states,

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especially the United States, which had an extensive sperm whale fishery," Dyer told Live Science. "These lighthouses had to burn, and the oil had to burn perfectly every time. So, the government would actually send inspectors and buyers to the seaports to buy sperm oil."

Whale oil became the hot-ticket item of its day. It made its way into miner's headlamps and became a go-to lubricant for guns, watches, clocks, sewing machines and typewriters, Dyer said. What's more, sperm oil can withstand high temperatures, leading to its use as a lubricant in fast-moving machinery. As Dolin put it, "Whale oil was used to grease the gears of the Industrial Revolution, essentially." But blubber wasn't the only source of this oily bounty. Contained within the head cavities of sperm whales was an even more valuable ingredient: a clear, liquid wax that was dubbed "spermaceti," which may be involved in the whale's sound production and echolocation. Whalers knew that if they could prize open the head and scoop out bucketsful of the mysterious wax, it could fetch a much higher price than regular oil, on account of its smokeless and odorless burn. "Benjamin Franklin liked to read by spermaceti candle light," Dolin noted. The higher price of spermaceti candles made them a symbol of status for wealthier members of society, across America and Europe.

The byproducts of whale-oil refinement also made their way into soap. And later, in the 20th century, whale oil was even used in the production of edible goods like margarine. But though oil was undoubtedly the industry's most valuable commodity, there were other products to salvage from the gigantic corpse of a whale. One of these, surprisingly, made its mark in the fashion industry: baleen. These are the plates of dense, fibrous bristles that hang from the upper jaws of baleen whales and which the animals used to filter tiny crustaceans, plankton and fish from the sea. In the fashion industry, the bony plates from which the bristles hung provided the perfect combination of sturdiness and flexibility needed to craft round skirt hoops and the structured boning inside corsets. That gave women the hourglass figures that were so in vogue at the time. Baleen found a use, too, in providing the ribbing for umbrellas and parasols, also finding a place in women's hats.

While it had started out as a byproduct of whaling, the market for baleen became a driver of the whaling industry, itself: "Fashion maintained the whaling industry, right up to the 1890s," Dyer said. These plates were also transformed into fishing poles and crossbows; they were made into buggy whips and the springs on horse-drawn carriages. "Anybody who had a horse and buggy needed a buggy whip — so you're talking millions. It was a big industry," Dyer said. The rigid baleen was even used in medical scenarios, for setting broken bones, he added. Another valuable commodity was ambergris, a substance found in the intestines of sperm whales that was, and still is, used to make perfume, including the luxury fragrance Chanel No. 5. By offering several conveniences and comforts that became essential to modern life, the commercial value of whaling in the United States ballooned. Dolin gave an example from his book: "In 1853, the industry's most profitable year, the fleet killed more than 8,000 whales, to produce 103,000 barrels

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of sperm oil; 260,000 barrels of whale oil; and 5.7 million pounds [2.6 kilograms] of baleen, all of which generated sales of \$11 million." Yet, luckily for whales — though less fortunately for those who depended on their pursuit for an income — this era of intense exploitation didn't last much longer in America, which had had, up until this period, the biggest whaling industry in the world. By the late 1850s, petroleum oil had been discovered in the country, and kerosene began to replace the oil eked from blubber as a source of light. Whaling was still important for other industries, like fashion, which carried it into the late 1800s in the United States. But over time baleen was replaced by materials that could be manufactured on land, instead of being hunted down in the sea.

By the 1900s, America's whaling industry had been overtaken by other countries. During this period, technological advances in shipping and harpooning mechanized the activity, pushing whale populations to the brink. That prompted global whaling regulations after World War II, and in the decades to come, countries around the world went on to almost unanimously place a moratorium on commercial whaling. Today, as a result, we see whales as the charismatic and beautiful creatures that they are, deserving of conservation, Dyer said. But both he and Dolin noted that this doesn't mean we should cast judgement on the whalers of centuries gone by. "I am not going to view what Yankee whalers did through the lens of modernity," Dolin said. Whaling in the 18th century brought light and warmth to humans, essentials that enabled progress and growth. And today, whether or not we like to acknowledge it, we live with the benefits enabled by that history. "Understanding the significance of the oceans to human life is probably the thing I want people to take away from understanding whaling history," Dyer said. "This was an industrial maritime endeavor that took place all around the world, and it created the modern world that we know today."





What is Easter Bunny's favorite kind of music? **A:** Hip-hop, of course!

**Q:** What weighs more, a gallon of water or a gallon of butane?

**A:** The water. Butane is lighter fluid.

**Q:** How do you weigh a millennial? **A:** In "Instagrams."

"This is your great-grandma and great grandpa," I told my grandson as I handed him a photo of my parents. "Do you think I look like them?" He shook his head. "Not yet."

Tip-jar humor in our local coffee shop: "Afraid of Change? Leave It Here."

What do you call a boomerang that doesn't work? **A:** A stick.

Why do we tell actors to "break a leg?"

Because every play has a cast.

**Ed:** On my morning run, the same bloody bike tries to run me down every day. **Fred:** Sounds like a vicious cycle...

Every time you talk to your wife, your mind should remember that, this conversation will be recorded for training and quality purposes...

Life is short, smile while you still have teeth.

Someone said, arguing with some women is like reading a Software License Agreement. In the end you have to ignore everything and click, "I Agree."

An Emergency Call Centre worker has been fired in Toronto much to the dismay of her colleagues, who were unhappy with her dismissal. It seems that a terrorist dialled 911 from a mobile phone stating, "I am depressed and, lying on a railway line so that when the train comes I can finally meet my Maker." To which the call centre employee replied, "remain calm and stay on the line."

# The Story of Lovina Alphonso – A Dalit Heroine of her Time

Apr 9, 2019 · This account is translated from the research and writings of **N.Sarawanan**, A Sri Lankan Tamil Dalit activist and author of the piece. You can read his original piece in [Namathu Malayagam](#). This contribution to Dalit History Month would not be possible without his work and his generosity. Translation from Tamil for this piece was done by **Saivi**, a Tamil Dalit writer, economist and mother. This piece was edited by **Maari Z.Maitreyi**. Today in Dalit History, we look at how a Dalit woman, Lovina, negotiated with colonialisms in Sri Lanka and ultimately instituted benefits to her community. The “Rodis” caste people are the most oppressed in the Sinhala community. Historically, this community was involved in folk religion, magic, mantras, and ritualised caste begging. Rodis were treated as untouchables and violently discriminated.

*Rodiya* men and women were denied permission to wear any upper-body covering. It was also forbidden for them to cover themselves below the knee. In one era, both men and women were only allowed to cover their genital area and nothing else. Even if they felt ill or cold and clothed themselves to feel warm, and an “upper” caste person caught them in the act, they would have to say, “Please forgive me, Lord, I was feeling too cold!” It was up to the “upper” caste person, then, to decide whether to allow the act of covering or not. You can find many texts that use derogatory language to describe *Rodiyas*. In Sinhala, Dalit people are called “*Sandalas*” in various texts. In the book “The Taprobanian” (1886) by Hugh Nevill, the author calls the area where *Rodi* people lived as “the *Sandalas* ghetto” John Doyle, another colonizer, in the 19th century, describes *Rodi* people as living in *Rodi* ghetto where they didn't have a right to own or build independent homes. According to Doyle, they had to live in makeshift shacks and were not allowed to have windows or doors to their homes.

They were not allowed to travel into the main villages or freely interact with people who were not *Rodiya*. Lovina's story is known to us because it's told through the narrative of one Sir Thomas Maitland, a 47-year-old English Governor. When he was posted to Sri Lanka in 1806, he was put up in a typical colonial bungalow. To make him feel “welcome”, occasionally, *mestizo* dancers come to the mansion. Among them was 16-year-old Lovina Alphonso. Lovina and many other *Rodiyas* in that area were of mixed heritage often part Portuguese, the previous colonisers of that region.

It's said that this 47-year-old English colonial felt immediately and deeply “in love” with 16-year-old Lovina. He proposed a relationship to her and Lovina “accepted”. Quickly, he changed Lovina's name to Lavinia, because he “preferred” that version. News of this Governor's love with an untouchable girl quickly spread among the British colonial elite and the message reached as far as King George's ears. The result was that King

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George sent him a very stern message that threatened consequences should their relationship continue. Maitland told Lovina not to come to visit him until he would say it was ok to do so. In the meantime, Maitland began the construction of an underground tunnel that went straight from the bungalow to a well, situated right inside of Lovina's home in the ghetto. Within six months, the tunnel was completed and Lovina and Maitland began meeting through this secret passageway. Lovina was taught special calls and sounds to make sure that it was only them using the tunnel, and no one else. However, core to this story, are Lovina's demands. While she had to be with Maitland, young Lovina made very specific asks. She asked that Maitland oversee several changes to the social conditions her people were living in. She pointed out that things like not being able to cover themselves or not being able to have windows and doors in their homes were deep injustices and absolutely no way to treat human beings. She urged Maitland to use his humanity and his power as the ruler in that area to end these oppressions.

Moved by her thoughts and words, Maitland ordered the immediate freedom of the people from the *Rodiya* ghetto. He granted written rights for them to cover themselves as they pleased and to build proper homes with windows and doors. However, in 1811, an urgent letter came to Maitland from King George ordering the immediate removal of Thomas Maitland from the post of Governor. He was given just two weeks to leave Sri Lanka. The British Empire could not stand the thought of a white British man having an illicit relationship with — not just a “native” — but the lowest of the low natives at that. It is thought that several secret tip-offs came from the bungalow and around town and that those were the reasons for the action against Maitland. He promised Lovina he would return to her and appeared to have left in deep distress. He is also known to have said — “I do not know whether the next Governor will use this palace as his official residence. But before I leave, I suggest this house be named “Mount Lavinia”. I hope my desire can be fulfilled.”

After this point in time, there are no more references and there is no way for us to know what happened to Lovina. During the second world war, the bungalow served as a military hospital. Today, “Mount Lavinia” has been converted into an upscale hotel. The tunnel that was closed off after Maitland left is now a tourist attraction in the city of Galkissa. Where the *Rodi* ghetto one was, there is now a Galkissa Buddhist Girls' School, and it is not clear how, why or where that community of *Rodiyas* went. Many people do not think highly of Lovina. She is judged by various patriarchal yardsticks and has never been known as anything other than a white coloniser's illegitimate lover. There are works

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in Sinhala — movies and novels — based on her life but written as cheap erotic fiction. Despite all this — what is most important to note is that a very young girl, who came from a very oppressed community, managed to negotiate a serious change of conditions for her community.

Considering her young age and the deep power-imbalances between them, we will never know whether Lovina grew into a consensual relationship with Maitland. However, what we do know, is that she could have asked for many things — material, wealth or power — but what she asked for was for her people to be able to cover themselves, for them to have homes they could actually live in and, most of all, for their right to basic **human dignity**. In this respect — Lovina was a Dalit heroine of extraordinary courage and integrity. And deserves to be memorialised and remembered as such.

**N.Sarawanan**, the author of this piece recently released a book about Dalits in Sri Lanka. You can get in touch with them here: [nsarawanan@gmail.com](mailto:nsarawanan@gmail.com)



## Looking to book a Hall for a function?

**The Burgher Association Australia Community Hall  
is just what you need.**

**Spacious, with a modern full industrial kitchen, plus freezer.  
audio facilities, disabled access & separate  
male/female/disabled toilets and licensed to seat 150 people.**

**Ideally suited for christenings, Anniversaries, Birthdays,  
engagements or other happy occasions.**

**But wait ... there's more!  
Plenty of parking and, an alfresco area at the back!**

**CHECK OUT THE DETAILS ON P7  
AND GET IN TOUCH!**

## LEGACIES OF WAR

### THE SECRET WAR IN LAOS

From 1964 to 1973, the U.S. dropped more than two million tons of ordnance on Laos during 580,000 bombing missions—equal to a payload of bombs every 8 minutes, 24-hours a day, for 9 years – making Laos the most heavily bombed country per capita in history. The bombings were part of the U.S. Secret War in Laos to support the Royal Lao Government against the Pathet Lao and to interdict traffic along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The bombings destroyed many villages and displaced hundreds of thousands of Lao civilians during the nine-year period.

Up to a third of the bombs dropped did not explode, leaving Laos contaminated with vast quantities of unexploded ordnance (UXO). Over 20,000 people have been killed or injured by UXO in Laos since the bombing ceased. The wounds of war are not only felt in Laos. When the Americans withdrew from Laos in 1973, hundreds of thousands of refugees fled the country, and many of them ultimately resettled in the United States.

Here are some other startling facts about the U.S. bombing of Laos and its tragic aftermath:

- Over 270 million cluster bombs were dropped on Laos during the Vietnam War (210 million more bombs than were dropped on Iraq in 1991, 1998 and 2006 combined); up to 80 million did not detonate.
- Nearly 40 years on, less than 1% of these munitions have been destroyed. more than half of all confirmed cluster munitions casualties in the world have occurred in Laos.
- Each year there are now just under 50 new casualties in Laos, down from 310 in 2008. Close to 60% of the accidents result in death, and 40% of the victims are children.
- Between 1993 and 2016, the U.S. contributed on average \$4.9M per year for UXO (unexploded ordinances) clearance in Laos; the U.S. spent \$13.3M per day (in 2013 dollars) for nine years bombing Laos.
- In just ten days of bombing Laos, the U.S. spent \$130M (in 2013 dollars), or more than it has spent in clean up over the past 24 years (\$118M).



## A LINE TO PONDER ON!

**“Why do we only Rest In Peace?  
Why don’t we live in Peace too?”**

# Between the ship and the shore: The Captain James Cook I know

Stan Grant

Columnist, broadcaster and academic

April 28, 2020 — 12.00am

I am reminded this week that we each have our Captain Cook, and how we see him tells us so much about how we see our country.

Black and white Australians enter this modern nation Australia differently. My ancestors stood on the shore and watched the ships come. Between the ship and the shore is two centuries of history; history still untold and justice still denied. The descendants of those who came on the ships, even those who came in chains, reap the rewards of a nation that is among the richest, most democratic and diverse on earth. Two hundred and fifty years after Cook, the sons and daughters of those on the shore die 10 years younger than other Australians, and are the nation's most imprisoned and impoverished people.

My blood stood on that shore. My great-great-grandfather, Frank Foster, was a Dharawal man whose grandparents could have seen the white sails of the Endeavour coming through the heads of Gamay/Kamay (Botany Bay). Frank was born to the huddled remnants of the First Peoples, crowded into the fetid boat sheds of Circular Quay. Frank and his sisters were rounded up and banished to a mission on the NSW-Victoria border. All to make room for the whites who had stolen their land. It is hard to be Australian in weeks like this, when Australia remembers its glorious Captain Cook. We are told again that this was not an invasion. That Cook came with the best of intentions. There are those, who would portray Cook as a figure of derring-do. An enlightened servant of empire. Writing in *The Australian* newspaper, journalist Trent Dalton, wrote of a "titan of exploration and achievement". Cook was "a man of breathtaking courage", who brought a new world of knowledge to "our shimmering shores".

In the *Herald*, Peter FitzSimons portrays Cook as "a brilliant cartographer, navigator and seaman, who rose from extremely humble beginnings through hard work and technical excellence to be the foremost explorer of his age". No argument from me. I can acknowledge that Cook. But I know another Cook. FitzSimons' claim that Cook was far from "an enthusiastic imperialist" merely "an instrument of empire" is ludicrous. Cook was part of the Age of Discovery, when land not governed by a Christian monarch was deemed free for the taking. Cook came here with secret instructions, orders of the crown to "make discovery" and "cultivate friendship and alliance" with the "natives". Cook was instructed to take possession of this land "with the consent of the natives". Before Cook had even

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stepped ashore, he had shed Aboriginal blood. Is that how he sought consent? FitzSimons writes, "before landing at Botany Bay he actually fired way". Blocking his way? These were sovereign people defending their country from an invader. As a writer of military history, FitzSimons surely would understand that. FitzSimons says he was shocked to learn that Cook opened fire. He was shocked that Australians didn't know that. But Indigenous Australians knew. We carry the stories of people shot down, of frontier wars and segregation; of families separated.

To FitzSimons Cook becomes the prototypical Aussie good bloke. He writes: "Broadly though, he had great empathy for Indigenous populations, and worried about what contact with Europeans would do to them." Broadly? After shooting people? Cook didn't worry enough to not claim this country for Britain without our consent. That injustice stands. In the words of the Uluru Statement from the Heart it forms "the torment of our powerlessness".

Trent Dalton writes: "We don't have to heroise this man and we don't have to glorify him but we should damn well remember him." Yes, and we should remember those on the shore that day too. We should remember the legacy he bequeathed us: a nation still caught between ship and shore. So, here we are with our own versions of Cook. There is the space between us. I am not one to see history as a balance sheet: profit and loss. The grievance of history poisons the soul. It is our story: all of it. Cook is my story; the story of my ancestors is yours.

I have lived between the ship and shore, trying to navigate the brackish waters of our troubled past. Thankful for the remarkable achievements of our country, but knowing too that my people, my family, have paid a great price. My blood is drawn from black and white. From the ship and the shore. But at times I have felt as though I am in a battle with myself: an Australian for whom Australia is not meant to be.

We need to find that better nation together. As we remember Cook, I remember too Eddie Mabo who fought all the way to the High Court to prove the land Cook claimed was his land. In 2001 UNESCO compiled the memory of the world. Australia's entries: the journal of Captain James Cook and the personal papers of Eddie Koiki Mabo. Australia's story. A story to remember.



**Dear Algebra**  
**Please stop asking**  
**us to find your X**  
**She's never coming back**  
**and don't ask Y**







## Funnies!



Time doesn't exist. Clocks exists.

*My mind's made up, don't confuse me with facts.*

Talk is cheap. Until you hire a lawyer.

*Take my advice — I'm not using it.*

I got lost in thoughts. It was unfamiliar territory.

*Sure, I'd love to help you out ... now, which way did you come in?*

I would like to slip into something more comfortable - like a coma.

*I started with nothing, and I still have most of it.*

Ever stop to think, and forget to start again?

*There is no dance without the dancers.*

Out of my mind. Back in five minutes.

*The problem with trouble shooting is that trouble shoots back.*

If you are here - who is running hell?

*If nothing was learned, nothing was taught.*

Very funny, Scotty. Now beam down my clothes...

*Welcome to Utah: set your watch back 20 years.*

Seen it all, done it all, can't remember most of it.

*Under my gruff exterior lies an even gruffer interior.*

Jesus loves you, it's everybody else that thinks you're an a...

*A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.*

To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism; to steal from many is research.

*I am an agent of Satan, but my duties are largely ceremonial.*

When your only tool is a hammer, all problems start looking like nails.

*99 percent of lawyers give the rest a bad name.*

Artificial intelligence is no match for natural stupidity.

*The last thing I want to do is insult you. But it IS on the list.*

I don't have a solution, but I do admire the problem.

*The only substitute for good manners is fast reflexes.*

Support bacteria - they're the only culture some people have.

*Letting the cat out of the bag is a whole lot easier than putting it back in.*

Well, here I am! What are your other two wishes?

## **Buckley, William (1780–1856)**

by Marjorie J. Tipping

This article was published in Australian Dictionary of Biography, Volume 1, (MUP), 1966 William Buckley (1780-1856), 'wild white man', was born at Marton, near Macclesfield, Cheshire, England, the son of a small farmer. He was reared by his maternal grandfather, who sent him to school and apprenticed him to a bricklayer. He joined the Cheshire Militia, and later the 4th Regiment. Because of his great height, 6 ft 6 ins (198 cm), he became pivot man of his company. In 1799 he served in the Netherlands and was wounded in action. After his return to England, he was convicted at the Sussex Assizes on 2 August 1802 of having received a roll of cloth knowing it to have been stolen, and was sentenced to transportation for life.

He was taken to Port Phillip in April 1803 in the Calcutta with a party under Lieutenant-Governor David Collins, and there he and two companions absconded from the camp. Fearful, weary and hungry, they sent signals of distress to the Calcutta from the other side of Port Phillip Bay but these were not noticed. Buckley's friends turned back and were not heard of again. He fed on shellfish and berries, and was befriended by Aboriginals of the Watourong tribe, who believed the big white stranger to be a reincarnation of their dead tribal chief. He learnt their language and their customs, and was given a wife, by whom, he said, he had a daughter. For thirty-two years he lived mostly in a hut that he built near the mouth of Bream Creek on the coast of southern Victoria. Legends have grown up around his name, but a careful investigation of John Morgan, *The Life and Adventures of William Buckley* (Hobart, 1852), suggests that his account is close to fact.

Buckley said there were occasional white visitors to Port Phillip during these years, but he was afraid to give himself up until July 1835, when he overheard the Aboriginals plotting to rob a visiting ship and murder the white intruders. He surrendered to the party under John Wedge at Indented Head. At first, he had forgotten his own language, but he was identified by the tattoo mark on his arm, and the initials 'W.B.'

Wedge, who thought he would be a valuable intermediary, obtained his pardon from Lieutenant-Governor (Sir) George Arthur. John Batman employed him as interpreter at a salary of £50, and he later became government interpreter. But he was confused in his loyalties, and felt that neither the Aboriginals nor the whites trusted him entirely.

cont'd .....

Unhappy and disillusioned, he left for Hobart in December 1837. He became assistant store-keeper at the Immigrants' Home, and from 1841 to 1850 was gate-keeper at the Female Factory. He retired on a pension of £12 to which the Victorian government added £40 a year. On 27 January 1840 he had married Julia Eagers (also known as Higgins), the widow of an emigrant, at St John's Church of England, New Town. She had two daughters.

Buckley died at Hobart on 30 January 1856. He has generally been represented as a person of low intelligence, but his easy assimilation into an unfamiliar way of life may also suggest that he was intelligent, shrewd and courageous. Some authentic portraits exist, including sketches by Wedge, in the State Library of Victoria, and a portrait by Ludwig Becker, later copied by Nicholas Chevalier, which is owned by J. E. Pyke, of Hawthorn, Victoria.

#### Select Bibliography

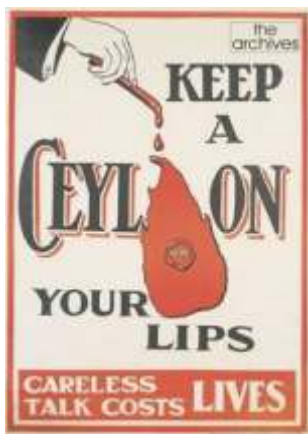
J. Bonwick, William Buckley, the Wild White Man and his Port Phillip Friends (Melb, 1856)

W. T. Pyke, The Story of William Buckley (Lond, 1904)

Argus (Melbourne), 2, 4 Mar 1905

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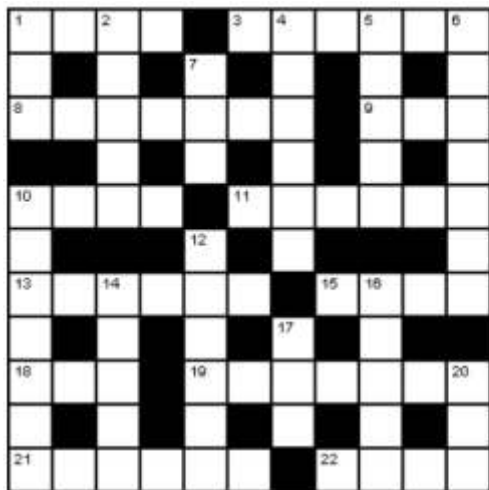
G. Langhorne, Reminiscences of William Buckley (State Library of Victoria).



**A WAR TIME  
POSTER**



**What a  
play  
on words!**



## The Crossword

### Across

1. Nil (4)
3. Cask (6)
8. Security device (7)
9. Water barrier (3)
10. Terse (4)
11. Rudderless (6)
13. Technical terminology (6)
15. Zealous (4)
18. Written record of events (3)
19. Countries (7)
21. Currency unit (6)
22. Labyrinth (4)

### Down

1. Fastner (3)
2. Detection instrument (5)
4. Japanese martial art (6)
5. Armbones (5)
6. Restricted (7)
7. Adult male swan (3)
10. Coaxed (7)
12. Part of the eye (6)
14. Majestic (5)
16. Stringed instrument (5)
17. Consumed (3)
20. Litigate (3)

## The Solution



## Interesting!

(Similar to the Burghers of Sri Lanka)  
The Anglo Indians of Pakistan

This interesting article on Anglo Indians in old Pakistan was written by Masood Hasan, a Lahore-based columnist.

IT SOUNDS SO SIMILIAR TO THE BURGHERS IN SRI LANKA. The Anglo Indians in Pakistan are long gone, swallowed up by the passage of time, driven out to fend for themselves. But in their extinction lies a bigger tragedy. They were fun people, adding a swing and vibrancy to our society that in many ways became the new fresh spirit that was Pakistan. Those of us who grew up with them, watched with considerable sadness as family after family left this country to go and live abroad.

In retrospect, they were wise. Look at our shameless bestiality towards minorities. The Anglo Indians were deliberately created by the British for a specific purpose to protect their own interests within India, the Jewel in the crown. They were Ethnically engineered and encouraged to adopt British mannerisms. Without them, the British Empire in India would have collapsed. Anglo Indians virtually ran the railways, post & telegraph, police, customs, education, nursing, healthcare, import/export, shipping, tea, coffee & tobacco plantations, coal mines and gold reserves. They became great teachers, nurses, priests and doctors. The Ladies were debonair, confident, skilful and the best executive secretaries, special assistants and office managers. There was no one to match them. Anglo Indians worked hard and loved socializing.

The dance floors were full on Saturday nights with Jam Sessions on Sunday afternoons. At the hangouts, Karachi particularly with Lahore catching up all the time and Sam's in Murree, the Anglo Indians could set a floor on fire as they jived, jitterbugged, rocked & rolled, swung, waltzed or shook sensuously to Latin-flavoured mind-blowing melodies. And it was on the dance floors that you saw girls who could break your heart with just a look, hair tossing, laughing their pretty heads off as adept and handsome male escorts took them through the paces.

Anglo Indians congregated in special areas within the cities. Their homes were always warm and inviting. In Lahore, they were behind The Indus Hotel on The Mall, in the environs of the railway colony and in residential areas where family names like D'Souza's were as common as Mohammad Iqbal's today. In Karachi names like Preedy Street, Elphi were synonymous with them. They were not very affluent but you were always welcomed with a cold beer, a quick rum shot if it was nippy and at Xmas time. The special cakes made to order with each family guarding its secret recipe passed from generation to generation. In Karachi Anglo Indians were seen at all the clubs and night spots where superb musicians played jazz, rock even fusion or whatever you fancied.

cont'd ....



There was no shortage of Anglo Indian Live Bands like The Strollers, Francisco Boys, The Bugs, The Cossacks, Willie Po and the Boys, The In Crowd (inspired by that superb hit from Ramsey Lewis was all the rage then), The Drifters, The Panthers, The Talisman Set, The Keynotes, Flintstone, The Fatah Brothers, Captivators and the Saints of Rawalpindi (now surely replaced by the devils incarnate). Nightclubs with foreign acts especially in Karachi were all the rage. Agents, artists, con men, musicians, strippers, belly dancers all arrived at this bustling port city. Jazz legends like Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Charlie Byrd, Benny Carter and Quincy Jones came here and they loved Karachi and this country called Pakistan.

Sadly, as all good things must come to an end, the 1972 laws enforced by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto to please the religious fundamentalists was the beginning of the grand finale. The Anglo-Indian Circus left town never to come back. The new regulators carry guns, not guitars and people live in fear. Fun and Laughter has changed to Sorrow and Anguish.



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# Happy Days











**OBITUARIES**  
(E & O.E.)  
(APRIL 2020)

**ARMITAGE – PETER HAROLD**, husband of Jennifer, father, grandfather and Brother of Andrew (Andy), Anthony (Tony), Melanie Huysmans and Janis Thiedeman. Son-in-law of Roy Hermon (dec), in Brisbane on February 13, 2020, aged 79 years. (Contributed)

**CRAMER – FLORENCE**, wife of Roy (dec), mother and mother-in-law of Leilanie & Nihal, Spencer & Eileen, Cassandra & Bill de Kretser. Grandmother of Sean, Darren, Ian and Tamara, in Brisbane, on April 3, 2020, aged 97 years. (Contributed)

**SCHNEIDER-LOOS – ERNEST TREVOR**, husband of the late Marlyn (nee Deckker), father of Deborrah Rodrigo, Stewart and Jacqueline Nugara, father-in-law of Tania Schneider-Loos and Clifford Nugara. Grandfather of Aaron Chambalo, Tatum Rodrigo, Danielle and Ethan Schneider-Loos and Adele, Aidan & Angus Nugara (all Brisbane). Brother of Neville Schneider-Loos, Yvonne Loos, Erin Deckker, Ronald Schneider-Loos, Aureliya Edwards and Benita Holdenbottle, brother-in-law of Lilo Schneider-Loos, late Anton Deckker, Marie Schneider-Loos, Robin Edwards, Tyronne Holdenbottle, late Brian Deckker, late Primrose Shedden, Monica Buultjens and Winston Deckker, in Brisbane, on April 4, 2020. (Daily News, 7.4.220)

**NAMASIVAYAM – BALAKUMAN (BALA)**, husband of the late Dulcie Namasivayam (nee Bertus), father of Brandon, Marlon and Samantha, father-in-law of Renuka Jesudhason and Senaka Jayasekera, grandfather of Nastassjia, Cameron, Hannah and Joanne, great grandfather of Caleb and Savannah, in Melbourne on, April 5, 2020. (Daily News, 8.4.2020)

**SEBASTIANPILLAI – DR ANTON**, husband of Vasantha Sebastianpillai, father of Maria and Kevin, grandfather of Arlo. Son of the late Dr Gregory Sebastianpillai and Josephine Sophia Sebastianpillai, brother of Carmel Nagendran, Yohan Sebastianpillai, Gnanan Sebastianpillai, Angela Richards, Sybilla Kumar and Christie Sebastianpillai, in England, on April 4, 2020. (Contributed)

**FERNANDO – EMERTIUS ARCHBISHOP DR. NICHOLAS MARCUS FERNANDO**, in Colombo, Sri Lanka (Contributed)

**SCHOKMAN – IVOR**, husband of Charleen (nee Bocks), father and father-in-law of Darryl & Shalene, Shirley & Mike, Samantha (dec) & Shane. Youngest son of the late Shelton Snr and Daisy Schokman, in NSW on April 7, 2020. (Contributed)

**WIJESINHA – FLORA**, wife of Ranjit, mother of Naomi, Hiranthi and Samantha, mother-in-law of Chris, grandmother of Polly and Lucy. Sister of late Regis, Henry, Winnie, Beatrice and Merlin, in Bundoora, Vic, on April 15, 2020. – 87, Cabernet Crescent, Bundoora, Vic 3083 (Contributed)

**BAPTIST – EDWARD CHARLES BENJAMIN** (29.5.1928 – 18/4/2020), husband of Moira (nee Kelly), father of Chane, Gavin, Wayne and Rayne, father-in-law of Tina, Marie, Anne and Rosanne, grandfather of Shari, Stephanie, Dylan, Crystal, James, Mia, Ethan, Aidan and Dianne, great grandfather of Oliver and Isabelle. Brother of Daphne (dec), Sheila, Rita, Terrence and Joy (dec), in Melbourne. – 49, Chestnut Road, Doveton, Vic. (Contributed)

cont'd .....



**RAMASAMY – OLGA**, daughter of late Bertram and Pearl Corea. Mother and mother-in-law of Desmond, Phyllis, Milroy, Romany, Verena, late Nimal, Santhini, Mel, Dhulami, Prakash, late Nooshini, Romella and Vino, grandmother of 17, great grand mother of 16, in Perth, on April 22, 2020. (The West Australian, 25.4.2020)

**De MOTTE – EARDLEY (EARLE)**, (4.9.1928 – 22.4.2020), husband of the late Ailsa (nee Holland). (Sydney Morning Herald, 29.4.2020)

**WEINMAN – FELIX JOSEPH**, (29.5.1933 – 28.4.2020), husband of Audrey, father of Arthur, Tyronne, Tony, Marie, Keith and Damian, in Melbourne. (Contributed)

**GURUSINGHE – DR ASITHA**, son of the late Dr Leslie Gurusinghe and Irene Gurusinghe, husband of Thoa, brother of Chandan, Hemal, Manisha and late Darshan, brother-in-law of Damayanathi, Rathna, Amrith and Olina, in Melbourne, on April 29, 2020. (Contributed)

**SINCOCK, MAUREEN** (nee de Vos) 16/9/32-13/12/19. Daughter of Violet (nee Simons) and Flotty de Vos, deceased. Sister of Harry dec Joy, Jean, Hilary dec Neil dec. Mother of Jennifer Peries. Grandmother of Ben and Jessica, great grandmother of Jack Evie, Emma and Angelique.

**CRAMER – FLORENCE**, wife of Roy (dec), mother and mother-in-law of Leilani & Nihal, Spencer & Eileen, Cassandra & Billy. Grandmother of Sean, Darren, Ian and Tamara, in Brisbane, on April, 2020, aged 97 years.

**HELLIAMS (Yolande)**: passed away peacefully aged 80. Much loved eldest Daughter of Ivor & Lillian Perkins (both deceased). Devoted wife of Dessa. Loving Mother of Amy, Denham and Charles. Mother-in-Law of Kerry & Trish. Cherished Nanna of Danica, Brendan, Melissa and Kendall. A beautiful Mum to many. She will be missed by all who knew and loved her.

**SCHARENGUIVAL, TREVOR** - 02/07/51-15/05/20. Son of Ivor and Pearl Scharenguivel (deceased). Husband of Delrine (Dina), Father of Lauren, Ryan and Brianna, Grandfather of Jacob, Mason and Sadie, Father in Law of Simon Hadded. Brother of Cheryl, Roger, Carol, Blossom and Rochelle



**What do we learn from the  
cow, buffaloes & elephants?**



**It's impossible to reduce  
weight by eating green grass  
and salads and walking**



# Coming Events

## At the BAA

### You Should Know About!

**9 August 2020**

**A Biryani Lunch**

At "Good Shepherd Hall"

34 Academy Avenue, Wheeler's Hill, Vic

12.00noon to 5.00pm

Catered by "Cha's Cabin"

\$35.00 single - Children under 12 yrs - \$15.00 - BYO

Music by "DJ Damian"

**22 November 2020**

**Burgher Association Christmas Party**

At "Good Shepherd Hall"

34 Academy Avenue, Wheeler's Hill, Vic

12.00noon to 5.00pm

Catered by "Cha's Cabin"

\$35.00 single - Children under 12 yrs old - \$15.00 - BYO

Music by "Redemption"

*Join Us!*

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