



*October 2023 Newsletter*  
*Magazine Section*

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*FRIENDSHIP, FELLOWSHIP*  
*AND FUN*

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*From The London Times*  
*100 Years Ago*



In a recent issue we announced that it had been decided to dispense with quill pens at Southwark County Court and to displace them by the more prosaic steel pens. The wonder is not so much that the passing of the quill should be recorded, as that a London County Court should be named as its last refuge.

The passing of the quill has cleared the stage, not merely for metal pens wedged in pen-holders of every shape, material, and hue, but for fountain-pens, typewriters, stenographers, telewriters, and all the tribe of devices designed to make writing easier and quicker and, at the last, *unnecessary*. In the spacious days of the quill, letter-writing was in very deed the writing of letters — no tapping of the keys of a machine, no barking of short lengths of jargon into the ear of a shorthand writer or the mouthpiece of a dictaphone.

In place of the quill reigns the Robot who can boast 100 words to the minute on the typewriter and 180 to the minute in the shorthand notebook.

The change is not all clear gain. With the quill goes much of grace in performance and delight in craftsmanship. The fashioning and refashioning of one's own implement was accompanied by care, pride and pleasure in its use. The loss is one small portion of the price exacted by the increasing speed of daily life. Irresistibly, the pace of all human performance grows ever faster and more furious. More and more crowded are the hours, but it is not yet clear that life is any the more glorious for it all. The bustling toiler, wary of so much doing and of so little done, may be forgiven if at times he would gladly scrap all his modern ingenuities for old-fashioned quills — *and quiet*.

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## *The Quill Pen*

The quill pen was invented in 5th century Spain, replacing the hollow reeds used previously. However a quill needs constant resharpening using a device which every gentleman then carried about him, called a pen knife. In the 1820s Birmingham industrialist John Mitchell began to mass produce steel nibs, finally putting the quill out of business.

But both quill and nib pen require constant dipping in ink. The idea of a pen with its own internal supply came from - who else - Leonardo da Vinci. His notebooks contain drawings from which working models have since been made, and the evenness of the writing in his notebooks - with little sign of the fading then strengthening with dipping - hints that he may have employed his own invention.

The fountain pen was developed more fully in the 19th century with Yankee ingenuity from the likes of Alonzo T. Cross, Lewis E. Waterman and George Safford Parker supplying the progressive improvements which made pens more reliable and less leaky. Refilling usually remained a messy business however; the neat system remembered by those of my age, of refilling by operating a lever on the side of the barrel, was first marketed in 1912 by Walter A. Sheaffer.

Technology marches on. In the 1930s a Hungarian publisher called László Bíró, tiring of the fuss of the fountain pen, developed the more utilitarian ball-point - fortunately for him his brother György was a chemist who developed the necessary viscous ink. The rest is history.

**John Joseph**

**From America to Australia**

*From the New York Times*

*7 April 2023*

Who was John Joseph?

News accounts from the time of his trial said he came from Boston, New York or maybe Baltimore.

Historians believe he reached Australia's goldfields after working the seas — a common occurrence at the time, as mariners jumped ship to search for gold.

Ballarat was the place to be. In 1851 gold had been discovered there. Around 6,000 new miners showed up in town every week at the boom's peak.

When Mr. Joseph set foot in Ballarat a few years later, the town was teeming with activity and tension. The easy gold found by panning was gone. The government did not allow the miners to own land on the goldfields, or to vote, so the town was a tent city of the disenfranchised, marked by noise, mine shafts and flags marking different enclaves.

The government, in debt and hoping to reduce migration, imposed a monthly license fee in 1853 that most diggers could not afford. Seeking bribes or payback, corrupt police officers checked for the licenses in raids that sparked outrage and led to a merger of violence and politics.

In October 1854, a Scottish miner was killed at the Eureka Hotel in Ballarat. When the accused was exonerated — he was the hotel's owner and a friend of the constable — a group of miners burned down the Eureka Hotel and were arrested.

A few weeks later, after another license hunt by the police, an Irishman named Peter Lalor tried to unify Ballarat's miners under one thing they saw every night, the stars of the Southern Cross. He unfurled a flag with the constellation and led an oath: "We swear by the Southern Cross, to stand truly by each other, and fight to defend our rights and liberties."

Peter Fitzsimons, the Australian author of a 2013 book about Eureka, called it "our version of the Boston Tea Party, an uprising on the basis of 'no taxes without representation.'"

What the men craved was not revolution, but rather the right to buy land and vote.

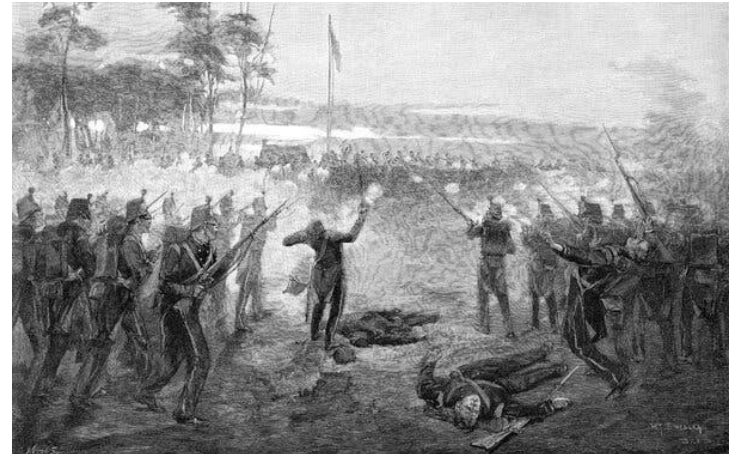
But they did expect a fight. Grabbing timber from mine shafts and horse carts, they built a fort, the Eureka Stockade. Families and workers ended up behind the fence line. John Joseph did, too. In his 30s, older than most of the miners, he was a recent arrival to Ballarat, running a business under a tent selling refreshments.

When 300 British soldiers and police officers appeared at 3 a.m. on Dec. 3, Mr. Lalor reportedly called on the Americans, whom he trusted to be loyal. "California rangers to the front," he shouted. And there was Mr. Joseph, witnesses said, with a double-barrelled shotgun.

Gunfire pounded for 15 minutes. The authorities set fire to tents, to flush out insurgents. More than 20 diggers died.

At least four soldiers were also killed in the battle. Capt. Henry Wise, the most popular officer in the division, was shot in the knee and died a few days later from an infection.

Mr. Joseph was blamed for his death.



*An engraving depicting the Eureka rebellion*

Of the 125 miners arrested in the smoke and flame after the clash, only 13 were charged. At least two Americans caught up in the mess received legal assistance from the U.S. Consulate.

Mr. Joseph did not.

The United States did not grant due process to African Americans in the 1850s

He was the first to face trial in February 1855, in Melbourne, partly because prosecutors believed he would be the easiest to convict. He pleaded not guilty, insisting he had arrived in Ballarat after the Southern Cross gathering and was simply in town to make a living.

Over a few days of testimony, witnesses placed Mr. Joseph on the front lines of the battle.

His lawyers argued that in the darkness before dawn, it was impossible to identify who fired. But since the charge was treason, not murder, they mostly focused on intent. Appealing to the racist stereotypes of the age, they argued that Mr. Joseph was too much of a simpleton to have committed high treason.

According to one of his lawyers, his client “declined to be made a hero of,” though among the diggers, he was seen as an ally. Raffaello Carboni, an Italian Eureka leader who spent time with Mr. Joseph in jail before trial, said that Mr. Joseph had a “warm, good, honest, kind, cheerful heart” and “a sober, plain-matter-of-fact contented mind”.

The jury seemed to reach a similar conclusion, returning quickly from deliberations, finding Mr. Joseph not guilty. Pandemonium filled the courtroom — around 10,000 people had packed the courtroom and the streets to hear the verdict. And Mr. Joseph was treated like a victorious general.

On emerging from the courthouse, “he was put in a chair and carried round the streets of the city in triumph,” wrote The Ballarat Star, a local newspaper.

All the other trials ended in acquittals or dismissals. The government soon gave in to the diggers’ broad demands. Miners would be allowed to buy land; men would be given the vote.

Mr. Joseph moved on to Bendigo. Three years later, at 41, he died,

probably from a heart attack, based on hospital records.

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In February 2023 John Joseph was honoured by the US Ambassador to Australia, Caroline Kennedy, for his contribution to Australian history and exemplifying the US Government's "commitment to racial equity and recognising historical injustice".

*From US Embassy and  
Consulates in Australia Website*

*27 February 2023*

Today in Bendigo, Victoria, Ambassador Caroline Kennedy, Consul General Kathleen Lively, and filmmaker and historian Santilla Chingaibe unveiled a plaque to acknowledge the life and contributions of African-American John Joseph.

The ceremony today was an opportunity to acknowledge his life and contribution to Australian and American history as part of the United States’ commitment to racial equity and recognizing historical injustice.

*“His story is one for our time too as we face this history. We can ask ourselves who is missing from today’s narrative and what is our responsibility to make sure that they are included. We can be inspired by the courage of the miners and renew our commitment to justice for those who have been left out and left behind. We can take heart from the recognition that great progress has occurred while recognizing that there is much more to do. We can hold our*

*governments accountable to their democratic promises and we can hold ourselves accountable for creating a more just and honest world."*

### **Ambassador Caroline Kennedy**



*Ambassador Caroline Kennedy at the John Joseph plaque unveiling ceremony.*

*"The triumph of his legacy is that on days like today, we can correct the historical record to say that John Joseph was treated unjustly and his life should be understood within the context of the times that he lived in. While it doesn't change the circumstances of his experiences while he was living, it's my hope that this ceremony enables his spirit to rest easy."*

### **Santilla Chingaipe - Historian**

*"This ceremony is the culmination of that long overdue recognition. In the United States, February is Black History Month, and we couldn't think of a better way to celebrate Black Americans and their contributions to both the U.S. and Australia than this."*

### **Consul General Kathleen Lively**

## *A Sobering Message For Us All*

99% of those born between 1930 and 1946 (worldwide) have now passed on. If you were born in this period you are one of the rare surviving one percent of this exclusive group. Their age range is between 77 and 93 years old, a 16-year age span.

### *Interesting Facts About the 1% Ers*

You are the smallest group of children born since the early 1900's.

You are the last generation, climbing out of the Depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war that rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.

You are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves.

You saved tin foil and poured fried meat fat into tin cans.

You can remember milk being delivered to your house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" on the veranda.

Parents and teachers enforced discipline.

You are the last generation who spent a childhood without television, instead you "imagined" what you heard on the radio.

With no TV you spent your childhood playing outside. The lack of television in your early years meant that you had

little real understanding of what the world was like.

We got a black and white TV in the late 50's with 3 stations and no remote.

Telephones were one to a house, sometimes shared (party lines)

Computers were called calculators and they were hand-cranked.

Typewriters were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage and changing the ribbon.

Internet and Google were words that did not exist.

Newspapers and magazines were written for adults and the news was broadcast on the radio in the evening (your Dad would give you the comic pages when he read the news).

New highways would bring jobs and mobility. Most highways were 2 lanes (no motorways).

You went to town to shop. Mum got the groceries at a grocer's shop and topped up if needed from a corner store. You walked to school,

The radio network expanded from 3 stations to thousands.

Your parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war and they threw themselves into working hard to make a living for their families.

Only one wage was needed to buy a house and raise a family. Not all households had a car.

You entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity.

You felt secure in your future, although the depression and poverty were deeply remembered.

Polio was still acrippler. Everyone knew someone who had it.

You came of age in the 50's and 60's.

You are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no threats to our homeland. World War 2 was over and the Cold War, terrorism, global warming and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life.

Only your generation can remember a time after the war when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty.

You grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better.

If you have already reached the age of 77 you have outlived 99% of all the other people in the world who were born in this special 16-year time span.

You are a 1% er.

**With thanks to Malcolm McLean**

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### *Daylight Saving*



Sunday, 1 October 2023  
At **2:00:00 am** clocks are  
turned **forward** 1 hour

## *NSW Art Gallery The North Building*



The NSW Art Gallery has two buildings joined by an art garden and a living artwork.

The original building was built over a century ago and is made from Sydney sandstone. It was designed by architect Walter Liberty Vernon and opened in sections from 1897 to 1901. The building was expanded in the 1970's and 1988 by architect Andrew Andersons and in 2003 an Asian art gallery by architect Richard Johnson was added.

The second building is new and is made of glass and limestone. It opened in 2022. It was designed by Japanese architects Kazuyo Sejima and Ryue Nishizawa. Their design was selected from a competition with entries from around the world. The building is made from a series of pavillions that appear to be floating as they step down to the water. Long, curved walls made of rammed earth hug the site. The warm colour of the walls connects the new building to the original building.

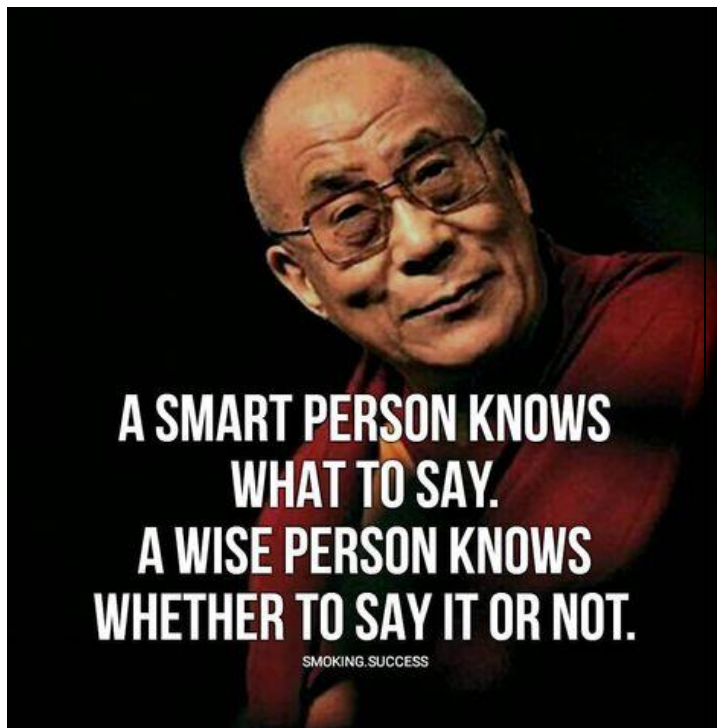
The building includes solar panels, sustainable materials, rainwater harvesting, energy-efficient lights and green roofs to make the building environmentally responsible with a 6-star Green Star rating.

A unique place in the new building is the Tank. This giant underground space was once filled with engine oil for ships to use during World War Two. The oil has gone but the columns remain. Each year a different artist will be invited to create an artwork in this space.

The Art Gallery's two buildings are connected by a land bridge over a busy road that links different parts of the city. In between the buildings is an art garden and a living artwork by artist Jonathan Jones.

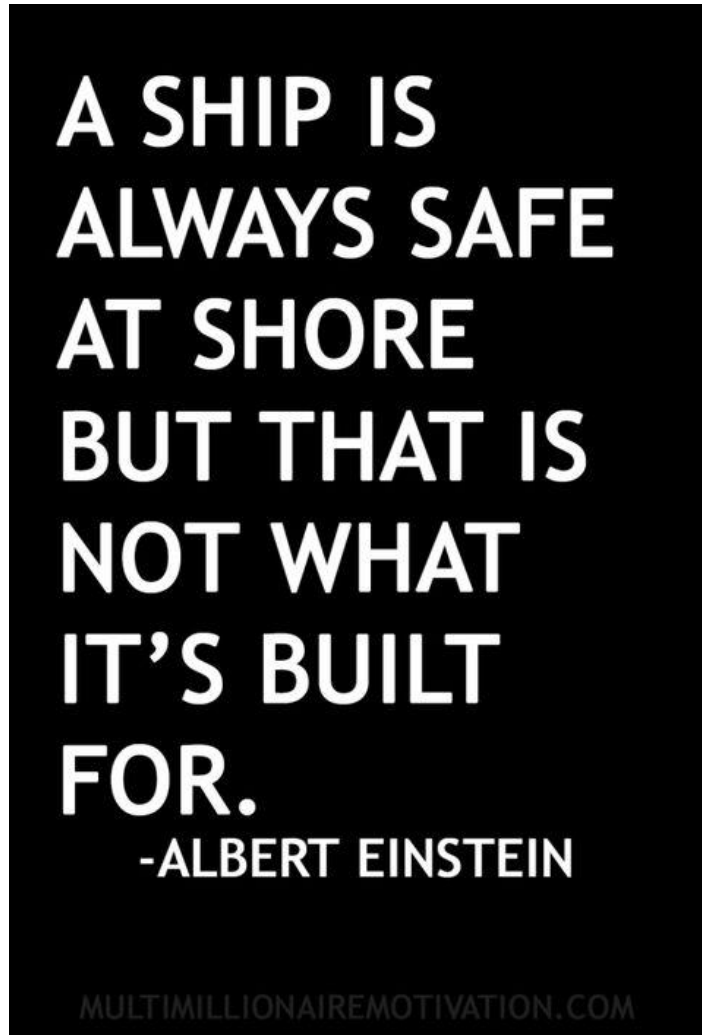
**With thanks to Margaret Ayre**





**A SMART PERSON KNOWS  
WHAT TO SAY.  
A WISE PERSON KNOWS  
WHETHER TO SAY IT OR NOT.**

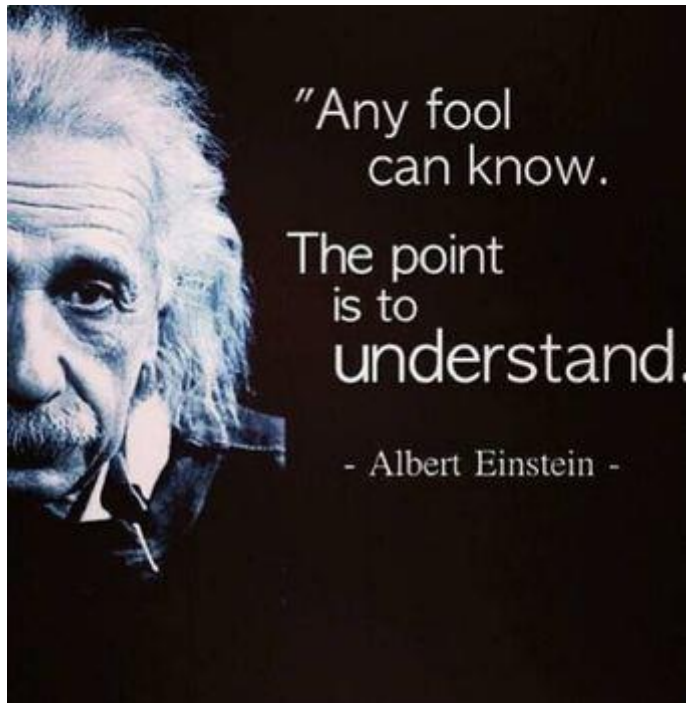
SMOKING.SUCCESS



**A SHIP IS  
ALWAYS SAFE  
AT SHORE  
BUT THAT IS  
NOT WHAT  
IT'S BUILT  
FOR.**

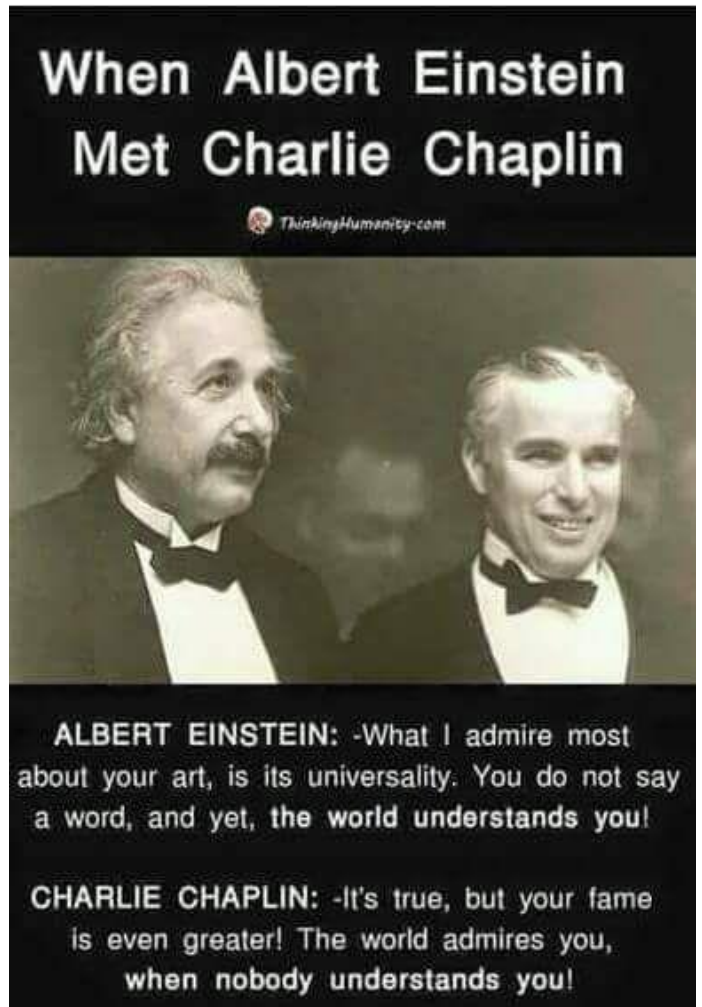
**-ALBERT EINSTEIN**

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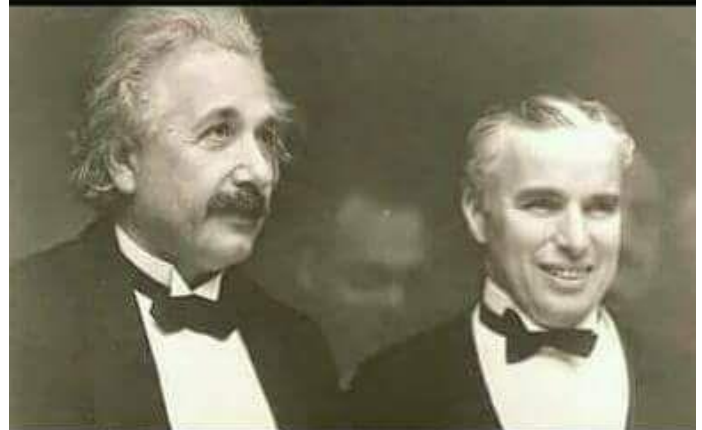
**"Any fool  
can know.  
The point  
is to  
understand."**

**- Albert Einstein -**



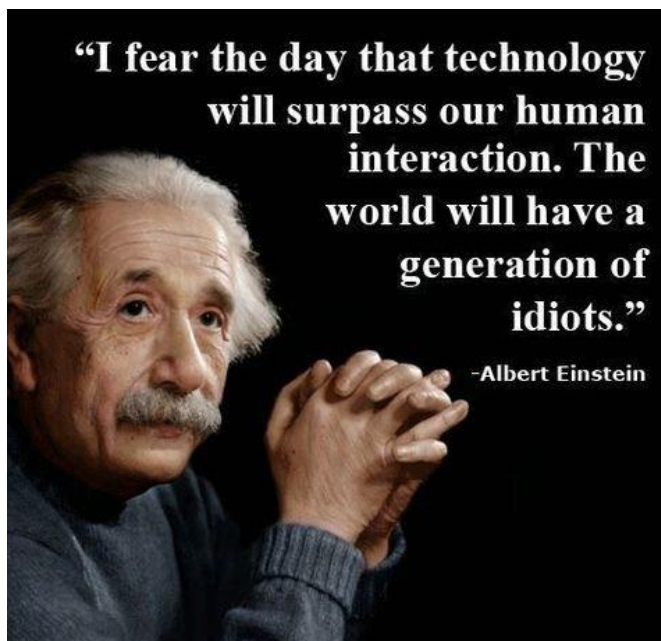
**When Albert Einstein  
Met Charlie Chaplin**

 [ThinkingHumanity.com](http://ThinkingHumanity.com)



**ALBERT EINSTEIN:** -What I admire most about your art, is its universality. You do not say a word, and yet, the world understands you!

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN:** -It's true, but your fame is even greater! The world admires you, when nobody understands you!



**"I fear the day that technology  
will surpass our human  
interaction. The  
world will have a  
generation of  
idiots."**

**-Albert Einstein**