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THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

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Objects:

(a) to arouse interest in and to promote the study and discussion of history, especially South Australian and Australian history.
(b) to promote the collection, preservation and classification of source material of all kinds relating to South Australian and Australian history.
(c) to publish historical records and articles.
(d) to promote the interchange of information among members of the Society by lectures, readings, discussions, field trips and exhibitions.
(e) to co-operate with similar societies throughout Australia.
(f) to do all such things as are conducive or incidental to the attainment of any of the above objects.

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Table of Contents

President's Report 2009 5

History, Change and the Future: teaching, writing and dramatising the past
Mark Peel 8

Octavius Hammond of Poonindie: medical practitioner and priest
Bruce Bott 22

'We shall always bear a kind remembrance of them': the shipboard organisation of single assisted female emigrants from the British Isles to South Australia, 1870s to 1930
Margrette Kleinig 41

A Humanitarian Journey: the Reverend James Edwin Cresswell and the Armenian Relief Fund
Vicken Babkenian 61

One South Australian Family's Experience of World War Two: the Campbells of Anlaby
Janet Scarfe 76

Ada Street, Adelaide: a history
Philip Butterss 98

Place Names: a tool for finding the Irish in South Australia
Dymphna Lonergan 113

Book Reviews 117

Notes on contributors 130

Publications of the Historical Society of South Australia 131

Editor's Note

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One South Australian Family's Experience of World War Two:

the Campbells of Anlaby

Janet Scarfe

Annie Campbell's Female Relative's Badge, with stars for Puss and Bob (all the images in this essay are from these family albums held by the author unless otherwise acknowledged)

Like many other Australian women in World War Two Annie Campbell, late of Anlaby Station near Kapunda, received a Female Relatives Badge. The commonwealth government issued this little-known badge to the nearest female relative of members of the Australian Imperial Forces (AIF), the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF), and the Royal Australia Navy (RAN) on active service abroad. Shaped like a brooch, the badge bore an Imperial crown, a map of Australia surrounded by a laurel wreath, and the words 'To The Women of Australia'. The badges had a bar to hold small bronze stars, one for each family member serving overseas.

Annie Campbell's badge had two stars. One was for her daughter, Dorothy (usually known as 'Puss'), who served with the Australian Army Nursing Service (AANS) in Britain, Egypt and Papua New Guinea, and one for her son, Robert (Bob), a member of the RAAF who served in New Guinea.[1]

The badge and its stars marked active service overseas, but Annie's three other children were also caught up in the war effort in South Australia. Eldest son Donald was an agricultural producer and was an active member of his local Volunteer Defence Corps (VDC) unit at Booborowie. Jean, her eldest daughter, set up and managed the Women's

Peace Officer Guard, which provided security in Adelaide's large munitions factories. Her youngest, Betty, trained as a nurse at the Royal Adelaide Hospital,[2] worked for a time at the Repatriation Hospital at Keswick, and relieved in factory casualty sections.

The Campbell family on the tennis court, Anlaby 1933. Back row l to r: Donald, Betty, Bob; front row l to r: Jean, Charles, Annie, Puss

What makes this story interesting are the family records that survive from the period. Puss kept a daily journal from the day she sailed overseas in 1940 almost continuously until she returned to Adelaide late in 1945, and she took hundreds of photographs, particularly in Britain and the Western Desert of Egypt. Donald also wrote a daily log, mainly information about his sheep and paddocks, but there are references to his VDC activities. Jean used small notebooks in her duties as a Women's Peace Officer. Bob concealed a diary on scraps of paper while he was with the RAAF in New Guinea, and carefully transcribed them into an exercise book in his eighties. Only Betty did not keep a diary or notebooks during the war, but her experiences are available on tape.[3]

The Campbell Family

The Campbells were a well-known family in Kapunda, Hamilton and surrounding areas in the first forty years of last century. Charles Campbell was stud master and then manager on Anlaby, one of South Australia's premier sheep stations of the day. He married Annie Keene of Adelaide when she was managing the Eudunda Hotel, and they had five children, born between 1905 and 1915. Established by the Dutton family in the 1840s, Anlaby had been in its heyday under 'Squire' Henry Dutton (1844-1914). The 'Big House' was impressive, boasting magnificent gardens and exotic birds. The outbuildings were extensive and handsome. Senior employees like Charles Campbell had substantial houses, and a tennis court and golf course for their enjoyment. Under the Squire's successor Henry Hampton Dutton the station declined somewhat, but in the Campbells' time it was still substantial.[4]

The Campbell children attended school locally, travelling in a horse and trap or on their school pony. The River Light in flood sometimes cut access to school for weeks but they all completed the qualifying certificate, the standard qualification outside the traditional professions. Only Bob pressed on past primary school, riding his bicycle over dirt roads to the high school at Kapunda for several years.

The Campbells' life on Anlaby was comfortable, happy and social. Charles and his children had formidable reputations as golfers in the mid North. As young people they all enjoyed the dances and balls that were a regular feature of country life. A constant stream of family and friends from 'town' and country came to stay. The family regularly attended St Matthew's Church in Hamilton, the tiny ornate church built by Squire Dutton in the 1890s.

Donald became a station hand on Anlaby when he turned sixteen, and worked there continuously until 1940. Bob disliked station life and moved to Adelaide in 1926. He joined Goode Durrant & Murray Ltd, the large South Australian drapery company, and rose from office boy to the company's representative on Yorke Peninsula.

The three Campbell daughters spent their early adult lives at home on Anlaby, helping run the big family home with frequent guests. In 1932, Jean joined the South Australian Women Police. It was an unusual occupation for women at the time – she was only the twenty-second woman to join – but the idea probably came from her uncle who was a police sergeant. Married in 1936, she had no choice but to resign. When the marriage ended a few years later, she changed tack completely, became a hairdresser and opened her own salon. Puss took up nursing, initially at Kapunda Hospital and then at the Royal Adelaide Hospital, finishing her training in 1935. She stayed on as a charge nurse (sister). Betty also trained as a nurse at the Royal Adelaide and finished in 1942.

Charles's death in 1938 meant his widow Annie had to leave the house at Anlaby. In early 1939, she moved to a house she had built in Angas Road, Cottonville (Westbourne Park), a pleasant tree-lined suburb of Adelaide where she lived for the rest of her life.

When war was declared in September 1939, Donald was still working at Anlaby, Jean was training as a hairdresser, Bob was married and a commercial traveller living in Kadina, and Puss and Betty were at the Royal Adelaide Hospital. The two older daughters lived at home with their mother in Westbourne Park.

Puss was the first member of the family to join up, when the war was far away from Australia. Then the war became terrifyingly close, with first Pearl Harbour (December 1941), and then the fall of Singapore and the bombing of Darwin (February 1942). Australians were galvanized by the real fear of invasion: enlistments immediately soared, home defence measures were introduced, and the economy and manpower directed to production of equipment and munitions.

The five Campbells, by now in their twenties and thirties, were each in a different way, part of that war effort. Puss's decision to enlist in the AANS in May 1940 was made on the spur of the moment, after she overheard her nursing friends at the Royal Adelaide Hospital talking about their enlistment plans. After a frantic week getting uniforms made and attending official functions, she and a group of South Australian nursing sisters under the leadership of Matron Edith Butler sailed on P&O Line's *Stratheden* from Outer Harbour on 27 May 1940.

'Puss' (Dorothy) Campbell (1910-2006) – Australian Army Nursing Service

The fall of France and other dramatic developments in Europe as they left Australia meant their destination was revised from the Middle East to Britain via Cape Town. They were at sea almost two months and travelled 30,000 kilometres from Adelaide to Fremantle, Colombo, Cape Town, Freetown, and finally Liverpool.

The *Stratheden* was still more luxury liner than troop ship, and the nursing sisters and doctors travelled in comfort as officers, with luxury cabins. Life on board was a strange mixture: gas drills and military lectures, sherry parties and dances, and tourist highlights in the ports of call. But the naval escorts, larger as they approached every new port, brought the reality of enemy threat closer.

The group's arrival in England proved to have been unexpected, so the nurses spent two weeks as feted visitors and indulgent tourists until the formation of the 2/3rd Australian General Hospital (AGH) in Godalming, Surrey. The unit remained there for eighteen months, nursing sick and wounded Australian troops.[5]

Puss's diary entries were soon full of reports of planes overhead, air raids and bombs. Godalming was fifty kilometers south west of London, which was about to endure months of fierce and systematic bombing in the Blitz. She and the other nurses were instructed to carry their tin hats and gas masks at all times. They wore the hats on duty during severe raid alerts. It could be nerve wracking, but Puss was almost nonchalant:

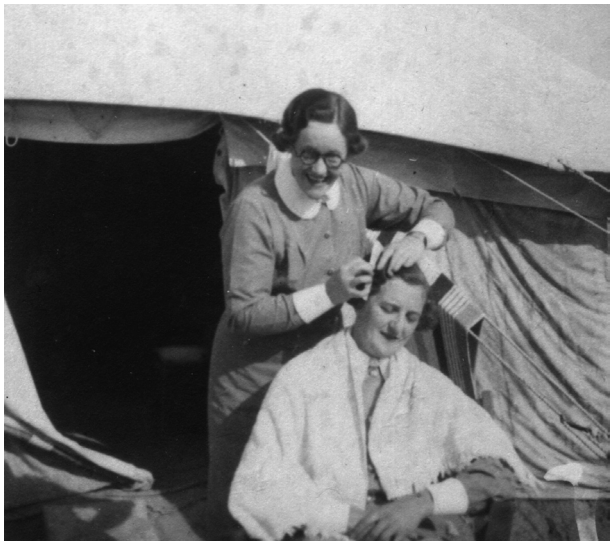
Nursing sisters and patients 'dig for victory': 2/3 Australian General Hospital, Godalming, England, 1940 (Puss far left)

> Sept 26th [1940] Thursday
>
> Very noisy night. Bombs dropping everywhere, very near, but I slept through most of it, woke only once – one girl 'Boully' called out 'farewell' to the girls, thinking any min. one would drop on us – 1¾ hrs bike riding practice – got on very well, one fall – fairly busy day out for a while in the evening.[6]

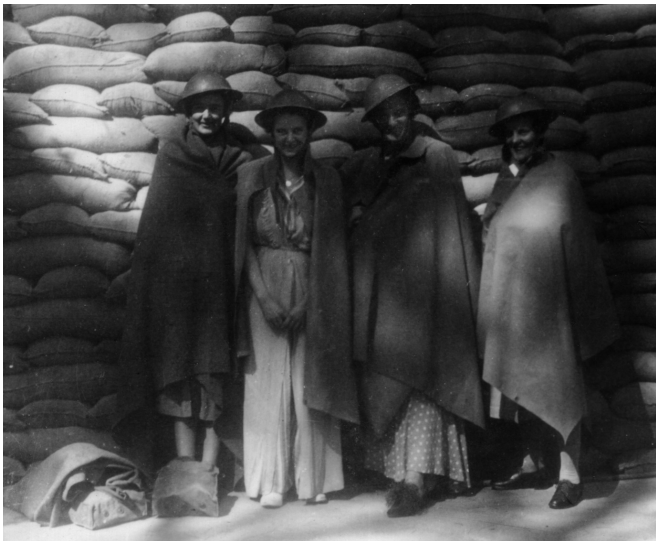
None of this cramped the style of the nurses and doctors. Puss worked hard, but she maximized every available opportunity to enjoy herself. She played golf, took up cycling around the local countryside, and spent her days off and holidays sightseeing whenever possible. Her diary and photograph albums record numerous trips, always with a friend or in a group: visits to London on various occasions (once 'we saw the King go past in car, and he saluted us – very thrilled'),[7] Oxford, Gloucestershire, Windsor Castle ('we saw the Queen through the window'),[8] the local sights in the snow, Scotland, and elsewhere.

The German attacks on Britain diminished, but the conflict in the Middle East escalated. In May 1941, after a six-week sea voyage around the Cape, Puss and her unit arrived in Gaza, at the 2/1st AGH. It was a very different life: intense heat, mosquitoes, and tents with few conveniences. Again Puss and her friends made the most of their time off duty: suppers, cabarets and dances at the Gaza Club, and sightseeing in Nazareth and Jerusalem within no time. A month later to her delight she was transferred to the 2/11th AGH in Alexandria.

Ward 6, 2/3 Australian General Hospital, Godalming, England 1940 (Puss left)



Home hairdressing: Puss (left) and Bette Uren outside their tent, Gaza 1941



Nursing sisters in an air raid shelter, Alexandria, 1941 (Puss second from right)

Sophisticated cosmopolitan Alexandria thrilled her. It was still dangerous with many air raid alerts, busy with many Australians wounded at Tobruk, but again she and her nursing friends made the most of every minute. They did all the usual places in Alexandria, as well as Cairo and Jerusalem: palaces, gardens, bazaars, Shepheards Hotel, Heliopolos, camel rides at the pyramids, sailing on Alexandria Harbour, Groppis, ancient biblical sites to name just a few of their outings.

Puss with patients (probably wounded at Tobruk), 2/11 Australian General Hospital, Alexandria 1941

There were always Australian officers, old friends and new, ready to socialize, and to wine and dine the nursing sisters from home. On many occasions, they were retracing the steps of the earlier generation of army nurses in World War One.

Puss's unit returned briefly to Gaza in late 1941, but in early 1942 returned to Australia with thousands of troops to defend Australia against the Japanese. While Prime Ministers Churchill and Curtin argued over the troops' destination – Burma or Australia – the unit was at sea, puzzled by conflicting rumours. At last Puss was relieved and overjoyed to hear they were headed for home. They spent twenty-four frustrating hours berthed at Outer Harbour before they disembarked on 24 March 1942.

After six weeks leave in Adelaide, catching up with family and friends, and still more uncertainty about destinations, Puss went to Queensland, briefly to the hospital established at Downlands College (117th AGH), then to Warwick and later Redbank near Ipswich where large numbers of Australian troops were training to fight in New Guinea.

The American Club, Dobadura, New Guinea, October 1943 (Puss back row)

Puss found the pace in Queensland quiet and dull, and she had never liked quiet and dull. Her diary often records her frustration at the small numbers of patients to nurse, although this gave her ample opportunity for frequent games of tennis, many rounds of golf, numerous bridge games, films, and occasional sightseeing trips. Nevertheless, compared with the busy nursing and the travel, sights and rich social life in Britain and the Middle East to balance the hard work, nursing on the home front was unappealing. When she heard her brother Bob might be posted overseas, she was envious.

Puss did serve overseas again. In October 1943, she was sent to Papua, to Dobadura, near Buna on the north east coast. Months earlier, Buna had been in the hands of the Japanese, but it was now the site of a large American base. She was absolutely delighted to be nursing in an overseas war zone again:

> Monday 18th Oct [1943] 'Dubodura' [sic]
>
> We were put into a big lorry and driven to Hosp – very thrilled to see the place and the crowd, they all look tired and yellow, huts (native) to live in – and wards very nice, fixed up bed in afternoon, and then went on duty at 6pm – in Officers Ward – not busy.[9]

She resumed the busy social life she had so relished in Britain and Alexandria. For all the isolation of the place, there seemed no shortage of things to do. She enjoyed the American Club ('lovely place with Neon sign outside'), the frequent parties and dances in various messes, the attentions of particular Australian and American officers, picnics at Oro Bay, and race meetings at Soputa. She learned to drive a jeep. Gladys Moncrieff the singer and her concert party visited Dobadura in December 1943, and received a rousing welcome ('very good and the boys enjoyed it very much').[10]

Within a few months however, a persistent and irritating rash began to plague her. In March 1944, she sought a transfer home. She battled on, juggling work, social life and the rash until her transfer came through in May. Two weeks later she was back in Adelaide, a patient in the new army hospital in Daw Park, suffering from extensive infected dermatitis. Papua was her last overseas post. After she recovered, she was appointed to the Daw Park hospital staff.

In March 1945, she was 'once more setting out on fresh ground', posted to the 2/14th AGH in Townsville.[11] She was not delighted with the matron's highhanded manner, but found pleasure once again in a busy social life with many old friends and colleagues. Her Townsville diary is dominated by films, dinners, concerts, cards (poker and bridge), the races, dances, badminton and frequent rounds of golf.

War ended in Europe in May ('great news … wonderful') and then in the Pacific. Puss's diary entries for 15 and 16 August 1945 say it all:

> Wednesday. 15th
>
> Very exciting day PEACE [underlined in red]. Every body very excited – Party arranged in Red + Hut for all Hosp. (pts and staff.) – had few drinks in our Mess first, then … went to Sgts Mess – and then to dance, and then on to Officers Mess and spent very bright evening happiest night ever spent in army – felt rather ill and went out for walk …
>
> Thursday Aug 16th T[ownsville].
>
> Terriffic [sic] headache., after a few hrs felt better and got busy and arranged party in our Mess – Off [duty]1–6 – had a little rest and helped to prepare supper … Went off duty 8pm to party, it was one of the best we have had and it kept on until 1 am. every body thoroughly enjoying themselves.[12]

There were rumours in the unit that its personnel were to go to India to repatriate prisoners of war, but that did not eventuate. Always ready for one more adventure, she applied for the British Commonwealth Occupation Force to go to Japan in late 1945 but was not accepted, probably because of her health record. After a few months in Brisbane at the 112th Australian Military Hospital, she was transferred home to Adelaide, back to the 105th Australian Military Hospital at Daw Park.

Her diary stops the night before she left for Adelaide: her grand adventure was over. In all, she had spent 2247 days on active service, 889 of them outside Australia.

Bob Campbell (1908-2000) – Aircraftman RAAF

Bob was the second member of the family to join up and see action overseas.

For the first part of the war, Bob continued as Goode Durrant & Murray Ltd representative on Yorke Peninsula, based in Kadina. He married Muriel Head, the daughter of the local pharmacist, in 1938. No family records survive from this time, though civilian references in his Service Record are effusive in their praise for his character and professionalism.[13]

Like thousands of others, he was spurred into action by the Japanese threat to Australia in early 1942. He passed the necessary medicals for enlistment in March and applied to join the RAAF. He formally enlisted on 28 April 1942 as a storehand, with the rank of Aircraftman. It is not clear why he joined the air force. Perhaps he was impatient to enlist – the RAAF was a popular and rapidly expanding arm of the services.[14] He was thirty-three, average height, and weighed a solid ninety-five kilograms.

After basic training in Mount Gambier, he left Adelaide for Queensland on 14 June 1942, starting his diary the same day. Stacking fuel drums in the scrub around Townsville was a shock: 'no good for the soft type from down South'.[15] He and his unit then boarded the SS *Tasman*, one of many Dutch merchant ships used by the Australians and Americans to transport troops and supplies in the South Pacific War. Once on board they were told they were going to Port Moresby.

It was the first sign of the uncomfortable sometimes miserable conditions he was to endure for eighteen months. The quarters on the *Tasman* were a 'dungeon'. Despairing of the bunks, he tried sleeping in the rifle rack.[16] The convoy of ships had a naval escort and air patrols looking for the enemy in the sea and above it.

Bob landed in Port Moresby on 26 June. Used to the mandatory blackout conditions in Australia, he was astonished to see the port ablaze with light ('prefer the darkness').[17] The first few nights were almost as bad as the ship: sleeping on the floor, his boot inner soles for a pillow, and nothing but tinned food.

Port Moresby was an immensely dangerous place to be at that time. It was under constant Japanese air attack, and for a time invasion by land from the east seemed imminent. The build up of Australian and American forces to defend Port Moresby, New Guinea and Australia was intense. He was a small cog in a giant defence machine.

Bob's days were long and busy, spent unloading ships sometimes in daylight, sometimes at night. Activity reached a fever pitch as troops and supplies were readied for the Kokoda Track campaign in July. The conditions were difficult. There were constant air raid alarms at all hours of the day and night, and frequent Japanese bombings aimed at ships in the port and planes parked on the several airfields. Generally damage was limited, but Bob did note frequent ack-ack fire, and occasional hits and casualties as ships and planes were bombed. His hut was hit by shrapnel on one occasion.

The constant hard work of unloading ships and moving stores in the stifling heat and humidity on a diet severely limited in quality and quantity meant Bob lost weight. The food was largely restricted to baked beans, bully beef and dehydrated meat that smelt rank. Christmas Day lunch in 1942, poultry and fruit salad, was almost too rich for comfort.[18] From time to time he went 'fishing' while unloading ships and caught tinned fruit, condensed milk and jam: 'if not one would starve'.[19] Food parcels from home rarely survived the trip and the heat intact. A short stint in hospital with malaria and dysentery gave Bob a welcome respite of good food and clean sheets.

'Bully beef I dare say': Bob and friends outside their mess, Port Moresby 1942

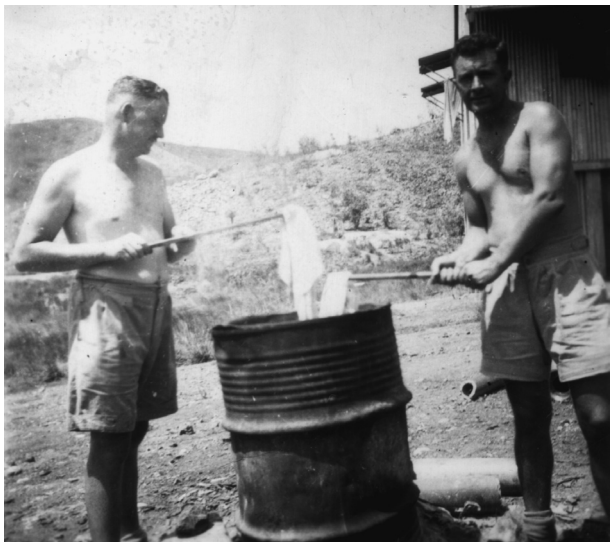
Bob found guard duty around the ammunition dumps nerve-wracking, especially in the small hours of the morning in pitch black with only an occasional sweeping searchlight in the sky. An enemy attack, even invasion, was expected any time. Reflecting back as he transcribed his notes years later, he wrote:

> paratroopers were expected. Not sure if we would have shot them on the way down or waited until they landed, thank goodness they did not arrive … In case of a take over by these expected invaders we had our gear ready and also orders to burn down huts, etc, then walk to the Fly River with help of native boys I think I would have collapsed on the way thank goodness this did not happen.[20]

The Japanese were very close: snipers' tree-climbing sandals were rumoured to have been found near Seven Mile Air Strip, eleven kilometres from Port Moresby.[21]

His sister Puss enjoyed a rich and varied social life off duty in her overseas postings. Bob's experience was very different, and the opportunities far more limited. There were regular concerts organized by the padre. Picture shows were held in the outdoors with sheets as the screen and fuel drums as seats when weather, projection equipment and Japanese raids allowed. He played poker nearly every night (threepence the bidding limit), 'almost in darkness had to keep light well down over table as Japs not far away and planes always overhead'.[22] Occasionally, he and others went sightseeing to local spots like Rouna Falls, and from time to time he visited an American canteen in Port Moresby where drinks were one penny a glass. He also enjoyed meetings of the so-called 'MING Club' at the Seven Mile

Airstrip; the membership book included 'chaps from all around the world'. He avoided 'jungle juice': 'one goes troppo quite easily without that sort of drink'.[23] The rest of the time there were always letters to write to family and friends, and his shorts and shirts to boil.



Doing the laundry: Bob and A. Hogan, Port Moresby 1942

After a year in Port Moresby, Bob was sent to Milne Bay in late June 1943 as part of 6 Stores Unit. He longed to go home, but at least this was easier and safer than Port Moresby. The scene of bloody fighting the previous August, Milne Bay was by then a major base for Australian and American personnel. He counted fifty warships in the Bay at times, often tied up to coconut palms.

Milne Bay was comparatively safe. There were no Japanese bombing raids, malaria was almost non-existent because of stringent preventive measures, and the living conditions much better than Bob had endured in Port Moresby. There was a field bakery, fresh meat and cultivated pawpaw trees.[24] Bob's diary reflects the improvements: the unit was smaller, there were no guard duties, no ships to unload, and the meals were better.[25]

There were nonetheless horrible reminders of what had gone on before. He visited the scenes of heavy fighting between Australian and Japanese troops, and was well aware that bones of dead Japanese had been dug up when the Australian forces were collecting gravel for his camp. The airfield with its makeshift pitch where he played cricket was 'marked by some Jap bones as landmark'.[26]

Bob's camp had the usual array of films and concerts, and organized sport as well – cricket, Australian Rules and rugby, despite the heat and humidity. Boxing matches attracted thousands of spectators, many of them Americans. One night he counted the number of picture screens operating on land and on ships, fourteen in all.

The wet season was difficult however. Tent living in the ever-present mud and slush was precarious – 'chap should have been a duck'[27] – and not every one had the luxury of a camp stretcher. The Australians sought extra ones from the nearby American camp. Bob was astonished at the American camp and its ample provisions: 'we only play shop' he noted of his own store. He was amazed to discover the American troops ate their rations, stew and sweets, from the one eating container or 'dixie'.[28]

Bob was constantly busy organizing and dispatching supplies and equipment: 'Still going like a horse … Busy as ever … Flat out (work never slackens here), a man sure is a fool to work like it all the time …'[29] He was grateful for the assistance of native helpers whom he found always ready to lend a hand.

Bob with his native helpers, Milne Bay 1943

There seemed to be no reward: he waited patiently for interminable weeks for his transfer while others left for Australia, and his applications for promotion were turned down. After a few months at Milne Bay and fifteen months in New Guinea, he was clearly flagging: 'Full of complaints these days "going troppo" … old RB feeling very tired … old R.B.C. getting very tired.'[30] It was no fun being 'the Grand Old Man of [the] Unit' as his picture in the mess described him.

Bob's posting south finally came through in mid November 1943, and he flew out of Milne Bay two weeks later. In Townsville he met young men bound for New Guinea and full of questions:

> our answers not so encouraging for their outlook, showed them dents in our Tin helmets from shrapnel from bombs (really we knocked dents in with hammer, to make things look really bad).[31]

He caught the Melbourne Express and arrived in Adelaide on 5 December. Under the seat in his compartment most of the way was a soldier trying to escape the Military Police. The escapee jumped from the train in the Adelaide Hills: 'hope he survived the fall and arrived at his destination' wrote Bob.[32]

Bob was home at last after eighteen months straight in New Guinea, twenty-five kilograms lighter. He spent the remainder of the war in postings in South Australia, and kept no diary.

Donald Campbell (1905 – 2003) – Volunteer Defence Corps member

Donald kept a journal for years. Every day, in an unvaryingly elegant hand, he recorded his work, family visits, social activities and the weather on the properties in South Australia where he worked, Anlaby and Haldane near Hallett in the mid North. The surviving diaries (1937-1948) provide a fascinating glimpse of the life and pre-occupations of one busy worker on the land in wartime.

Donald continued to live and work on Anlaby after his father's death and his mother's move to Adelaide in 1939. He had to move to the single men's quarters, living in one room with communal meals provided. It was a major change in status and circumstance, and aged in his mid thirties, a difficult adjustment. He spent much of his spare time with the Vogt family of nearby Allendale North, whose daughter Lorna he was courting and whom he married in 1940.

Donald's first mention of the war came on 1 October 1939, when he and Lorna attended the 'Church of England service for peace' at Christ Church, Kapunda.[33] He made no other specific reference to the war until late May 1940, when he and Lorna went briefly to Adelaide, to his mother's, 'for the occasion of saying goodbye to Dorothy who is leaving for Over Seas to act as a war Nurse'. It was a hectic Sunday afternoon, 'Dorothy having no end of friends to see her and say good bye'.[34] He also took the opportunity to enquire about a position away from Anlaby.

Two days later, on 3 June 1940, he recorded an incident between Anlaby owner, Mrs Emily Dutton, and the men on the station. 'Today,' he wrote, 'we were all accused of being disloyal and cowards because we had not offered our services for over seas.' Indignant and offended, he had 'quite an argument with her'.[35]

Given Emily Dutton's own war commitments, it is not surprising she thought the men on Anlaby should enlist, although she seems not to have considered the implications for the property itself of the loss of farm labour. At the time she was on the state council of the Australian Red Cross and an emergency services committee to organise women for the war effort. In October 1940 under her auspices, Anlaby was the site of an exercise for over a hundred people in various voluntary services.[36]

By October however, Donald had left Anlaby. After the unhappy conversation with Emily Dutton and then another days later with the wife

of the property clerk, he resigned and left the station where he had lived all his life and worked for almost twenty years.

Having no immediate employment but keen to marry Lorna, he lived with and worked briefly for her family. He then moved to his mother's and worked in his uncle's foundry, E.J. Keene Pty Ltd at Rose Park. Based in Adelaide he could look for station positions through the large pastoral companies, Elders, Dalgety's and Goldsborough Mort.

Farmers, station hands and other agricultural occupations were 'reserved', that is not required to enlist for military service, though they could and did volunteer for the AIF.[37] At thirty-five, however, he was at the upper end of the age limit for recruits.[38] On the other hand, he was not eligible for the newly formed Volunteer Defence Corps (VDC) which at the time was open only to returned servicemen from World War One.

Donald was still without the employment he wanted when he and Lorna married, but three weeks later, on 5 September 1940, he accepted the position of manager at Haldane, a property at Hallett near Booborowie, two hundred kilometres north of Adelaide.

At Haldane, Donald worked seven long days a week. He managed the sheep and pastures, improved the house provided, and established a considerable garden of vegetables and flowers. He and Lorna regularly went to the local Anglican Church, St Edmund King and Martyr, at nearby Booborowie, and he occasionally attended the local Masonic Lodge. They both joined in local activities, including sport and balls, but far less often than in their courting days. Members of their respective families visited regularly. Donald also had a racehorse, Campdon, which he ran in a few jumps races in Adelaide. He and Lorna visited Adelaide for their annual holiday each February and during the Royal Adelaide Show in September. Their first son Malcolm was born in 1943.

For almost two years, between May 1940 and March 1942, Donald's days were pre-occupied with work, especially his responsibilities on Haldane. He seems to have managed the property single-handedly. Whether this was intentional or due to the shortage of farm workers as the war continued is not clear. There was only one direct mention of the war in his diary: a bridge evening 'in aid of War Welfare funds' in July 1941.[39] He and Lorna wrote to Puss and she to them, though that is not recorded in his diaries.

In early 1942, Australian service men and women, including Puss, were brought back from Europe and the Middle East to serve in the war on Australia's doorstep. While on leave in Adelaide Puss visited Donald and Lorna at Haldane. Donald noted the occasion with the barest detail: 'met the midday train from Hallett on which Dorothy Campbell arrived, she having just arrived from overseas. In the afternoon … cut chaff.'[40] By contrast, Puss recorded her delight in their house and property, in helping with familiar chores of bringing in the cows and making butter, and spending hours in conversation over her two day visit.[41]

Donald's local area was certainly gearing up for war, as the local paper, the *Burra Record*, shows. It carried numerous articles showing how the district was both preparing for the worst, such as blackout instructions and civil defence arrangements, and contributing though the enlistment of its fine citizens as nurses and soldiers.[42]

Within a fortnight of Puss's visit and as brother Bob enlisted in the RAAF, Donald attended his first drill with the local VDC at Booborowie, on a Sunday after church.[43]

With the threat of Japanese attack in early 1942, the government restructured the VDC, and expanded its size and role. The new VDC had responsibility for home defence, local intelligence and guerrilla warfare in the event of invasion. From 1 April 1942, the Corps was opened up to

men in reserved occupations and Donald turned up to his first drill a fortnight later. After a second and third drill over successive weeks, he and other men in the Booborowie district 'were all examined for Military purposes'. He passed 'A1' and formally enlisted in the VDC there and then, on Anzac Day 1942.[44]

Donald in his Volunteer Defence Corps uniform, Hallett near Booborowie 1942

Donald attended the VDC's activities (often the 'Home Guard' to him) at weekends, weekly or fortnightly. The week after he enlisted, he heard a lecture on 'war fair'. In mid June after 'the usual jobs around the homestead', he and Lorna set off with Haldane's owner to Clare, some seventy kilometres away. The occasion was a VDC parade, and inspection by Brigadier-General Ray Leane, a distinguished South Australian soldier from World War One.[45]

Over the following months, he attended lectures on 'various things relating to military work'. Topics included 'Gases, Trench Mortar and Bayonet Charge',[46] 'map reading, the fall with rifle & grenade throwing',[47] 'taking a position'[48] and 'signals and 303 rifles' (the last drill washed out by heavy rain).[49] The Rev. Mr Cowell spoke on 'battle formations in the Darwin area'.[50] In 1943, Donald himself gave a series of lectures on first aid and conducted a first aid examination.[51]

There was regular rifle practice with the .310 issue rifles, as when 'the Chaps of the Booborowie Home Guard went across to the Spalding rifle range'.[52] Occasionally, military officers from Adelaide attended the drills and exercises, including the mock battle between local units in the forest on the road to Burra.[53]

Donald's VDC activities were crammed into the numerous things he did on any one day. One entry reads in part, 'Shot a fox in No 2 bore. Attended VDC Drill at Booborowie in the afternoon and evening it taking the form of a section going into battle'.[54] The mix of events simply reflected the nature of his life and work:

> In the afternoon attended Home Guard drill at Booborowie lesson on bayonet drill Anti Air Craft fire, first Aid. Lorna attended the Arts & Craft Show at Willalo. Scored first prize for sweet peas.[55]

Either his unit's activities or Donald's attendance tapered off from late 1943. In fact, the VDC had proved far more popular than the government anticipated or could initially equip with uniforms and rifles. As the threat of Japanese invasion lifted in 1943, VDC enlistments dropped but not fast enough for the government, so in July 1944, the army disbanded a number of units and placed others on reserve.

In early 1944, as the Japanese were being driven back in northern New Guinea, Donald's unit in country South Australia was still practising platoon attacks.[56] But it was the last hurrah.

A few weeks later the drill took the form of a cricket match against a neighbouring 'military team'.[57] The death knell ironically was the arrival of new equipment, available because of the reduced need by the armed services.[58] In May 1944 his unit volunteered to disband the following month,[59] anticipating the government's actions. Brigadier Leane came back to farewell the unit.[60]

Continuing VDC units in the area seem to have transformed themselves into rifle shooting teams. Over the next year, Donald occasionally attended VDC rifle shoots at nearby Spalding, to practise a skill no longer required to defend the nation but very handy on the land. In June 1945, after the cessation of hostilities in Europe, his VDC platoon held its official wind up, a 'Smoke social'. He pronounced it a 'great success'.[61]

On 13 August 1945, Donald wrote, 'The World War No 2 finished today it being announced a public holiday. Fed the sheep.' [62]

Jean Campbell (1906-2007) – Senior Woman Peace Officer

With the end of her marriage, Jean needed employment again. The former policewoman changed direction entirely, and became a ladies hairdresser in 1940, opening a salon near the Campbell home in Westbourne Park. Two years later, in May 1942, she was appointed the state's first and senior Woman Peace Officer, in charge of a team enforcing security among women workers in Adelaide's munitions factories.

By early 1942, Australia was moving urgently to a total war footing, and a huge increase in munitions production was a key component. Whereas munitions had formerly been made for the armed services far away in Europe and the Middle East, they were now essential for defending Australia's very shores. On the outbreak of war, Australia had four munitions factories; at the peak of production in mid 1943, there were forty-seven government-owned factories.[63] The munitions workforce, previously small and almost exclusively male, grew dramatically and large numbers of women were recruited. So great and urgent was the demand for labour that previous restrictions on women progressively fell away; in 1942, single women and widows, wives and dependent mothers of servicemen, married women and married women with children were all encouraged to work for the war effort. By 1943, more than half Australia's female workforce was employed in some branch of the munitions industry.[64]

The new government munitions factories were built in southern Australia, distant from the vulnerable northern coastline and states. Three large facilities were in Adelaide (at Hendon, Finsbury, and Salisbury/Penfield), and another six in country South Australia.

Munitions work was tedious, repetitive, and dangerous. The work itself was hazardous with exposure to chemicals and ever-present potential for explosions. Moreover, the factories themselves were deemed vulnerable targets for enemy attack, as well as potentially open to internal sabotage, information leaks and theft.[65]

> The employment of large numbers of women in a hitherto male workforce brought its own problems. The Peace Officer Guard was responsible for security in government munitions factories. Set up in 1925, its role was 'the preservation of peace and good order throughout the Commonwealth'.[66] In practice, in government-owned factories and essential services, peace officers were primarily watchmen and searchers. They were empowered to search any one entering commonwealth premises, their bags and possessions, 'provided that no female person shall be searched … except by a female person'.[67]

A shortage of peace officers created by their enlistment in the armed services, and more particularly the employment of women in munitions factories, meant the Guard needed women in its ranks. There was no apparent resistance to this innovation in 1942; it was one

more area in which women could contribute to the vital effort.[68]

Jean Campbell was the first Woman Peace Officer in South Australia. Her policing experience and continued contacts with former colleagues in the South Australian Police Force explain how and why she came to the position from her suburban hairdressing salon. The Guard contained a number of former police officers, and it was hardly surprising that a former woman police officer be appointed to establish the women's unit, as had happened in Victoria.[69]

Marian March, the *Advertiser*'s women's reporter, ran a column about South Australia's new Woman Peace Officer.[70] Miss Campbell had been appointed by the commonwealth government, her office was in the Commonwealth Investigations Branch (responsible for intelligence and internal security), she was well qualified and keen to get the important work underway. There were three shifts of eight hours a day, six days a week. The qualifications were personal rather than technical – 'a pleasing manner and an abundance of tact', Miss Campbell said. Women interested in the role were invited to apply. The duties involved 'the social welfare of the girls working in munitions factories'. Miss Campbell was very experienced in 'dealing with varied social problems of women and girls' as a woman police officer.

The welfare of munitions workers was a topical issue. Realising the impact of poor working conditions on absenteeism, morale and ultimately on production levels, the commonwealth government took various steps in its own munitions factories from early 1942, introducing women's welfare officers, tea breaks (at first for women only), hot meals, and recreational and medical services.[71]

Two months later, Marian March interviewed Jean Campbell again, on how she and her peace officers exercised their 'responsibility to see all that was well with the girl workers under their care'.[72]

Jean in her Women Peace Officers uniform May 1942

She described how they regularly patrolled the factory work areas, changing rooms and grounds during their shifts, night and day, to ensure there was no contravention of the rules. Their major responsibility was searching women workers for prohibited articles and there were many. Women peace officers

> must make thorough searches for contraband articles, such as cigarettes, tobacco, matches, jewellery of any kind, hairpins, sweets or food, all of which are forbidden to be taken into or worn in certain munitions and explosives sections. Such searches were liable to be made at any time.[73]

The nature of munitions work, the materials handled and the products made, necessitated the most stringent safety precautions in the factory. The workers were constantly exposed to highly toxic dangerous substances such as TNT and, at Salisbury, cordite. Jewellery was dangerous near

machinery; hairpins and hairclips could fall out and spark an explosion or fire. Hence the need for searches.

Jean's first and ongoing task was to recruit staff, twenty in the first instance. The first *Advertiser* article invited applications directly. Other applicants would have been directed to her by the Manpower Directorate/Labour Exchange, responsible for management and direction of all labour. She recorded in her notebooks details about each applicant: name, address, telephone number (if any), age and height, marital status, children and their ages, current employment, husband's occupation, and for a time, religion. She interviewed applicants and those deemed suitable had a medical examination. She used the same procedure throughout. She sometimes noted if applicants were suitable or otherwise, occasionally with comments ('good app', 'very nice', '✓','too short', 'large ×', '16 stones', 'Police Record'). She appointed a wide variety of women – single, married, divorced, women with young children and with none.[74]

Peace Officer Campbell was responsible for her staff. She drew up the six-day rosters covering day and night shifts in the Adelaide factories, almost as sensitive a task as searching. She rotated the officers between the factories, generally on a fortnightly basis, giving her officers considerable transport challenges. (She herself visited each site regularly, though she enjoyed the privilege of a driver.) She dealt with their minor accidents, and approved their recreation and sick leave. She also organized their uniforms, which could be difficult to get and required clothing coupons.[75]

She and her Peace Officers dealt with large numbers of women. In mid 1942, there were around 1500 women at Finsbury, a similar number at Salisbury (rising to 3000 in mid 1943) and 1900 at Hendon. After mid 1943 numbers declined as munitions production was wound back.[76] They also covered large areas on their patrols: the buildings at each site were widely scattered to reduce damage from air raid attacks and explosions. The explosives factory at Salisbury, the largest in the southern hemisphere, covered 2000 hectares.[77]

Despite Jean's best efforts, the calibre of her staff was less than she'd hoped. In October 1943, while the factory workers enjoyed a public holiday, she called her officers together for a refresher course. They should stand, she said, when a senior officer entered the room ('we are not actually respecting the person – it's the uniform – remember ladies – its the Kings Uniform'). Secondly, their approach caused her concern:

> This is a matter that sadly needs delving into. I want each Off' to place themselves in the girls position – Supposing you were approached in a manner which you thought was anything but nice – you would naturally resent it – and so do they – remember – civility costs nothing – so in future just pay a little more attention.

She reminded them about searching for matches in the change rooms, opening parcels with discretion, wearing the complete uniform in public and not heating food on the radiator, and warned them against 'yarns with men and discussing private business with men'.

Peace Officers were progressively reduced as the war ended. All women peace officers became redundant between September and November 1945. Prior to retrenchment there had been 1745 peace officers in total, just 159 of them women. South Australia had 28 women out of a total establishment of 325.[78]

Jean Campbell had to find yet another career after the war, and she did. Of her several careers, however, Woman Peace Officer was the one of which she was most proud.

Betty Campbell (1915 -) – Nurse on the Home Front

When Betty turned twenty-one in 1936, she was still living on Anlaby, helping her mother run

the household. Her sisters and brother Bob had moved to Adelaide, although they often returned for weekends bringing their city friends with them. Donald was still working on Anlaby but away woolclassing on other properties from time to time.[79]

Charles was loathe to part with his youngest daughter, but eventually conceded that she should be able to support herself with a satisfying career like the others. With parental blessing, Betty enrolled as a probationer nurse at the Royal Adelaide Hospital. No country training for her, she wanted the best, and besides, sister Puss was a charge nurse there. She began in March 1938.

Six months later Charles died. The family agreed that Betty would return to Anlaby and help their mother pack up the family home and move to the city. It was a pragmatic decision: her weekly wage of 7s 6d was the easiest to forego and she could resume her training when her mother was settled.

With her mother established in Westbourne Park in early 1939, Betty applied to recommence her training. As before, she had to wait for her 'call up', but by then there was more competition for places. As war loomed on the horizon, women from university wanting to avoid factory work applied for nursing.

> Matron told me that seeing that all these university students and qualified university people were anxious to start nursing, I would have to wait my turn, because they had priority over me … There was quite a lot of competition between the hospitals in Adelaide at exam time with the results, each hospital liked to outdo the other one and get the top marks.

Betty only had primary school education, but having already proven herself the first time around, she met the Matron's approval and took up her training again in mid 1939.

War broke out a few months later. In May 1940, Betty's sister Puss enlisted and sailed with other South Australian nurses and doctors to care for wounded troops overseas. The impact on Betty was deep. She wrote to her sister from the nurses' home the night before Puss's departure ('Room 27 Basement 12. Midnight'), with heartfelt wishes for her 'great adventure', assuring Puss that she and Jean would care for their mother, and confident that Puss's 'happy smile and kind and thoughtful ways will help many a poor soldier'.[80]

Puss leaves for service overseas: l to r: Annie, Puss, Betty 27 May 1940

Puss was just one member of the Royal Adelaide Hospital staff who left on active service overseas; both nurses and medical officers (doctors) enlisted. 'Honoraries' (senior doctors) came out of retirement into the wards and operating theatres to replace the doctors who had gone overseas. 'They were marvelous', Betty recalled, though

she admitted some were easier to work with than others. They often reinforced the prevailing atmosphere where doctors commanded a respect bordering on reverence. This attitude was strictly enforced by sisters who ran the wards, and resulted in public humiliations of junior nurses for breaches of the nursing standards of the day. Betty experienced her fair share.

Other members of the nursing staff left as the war progressed. Betty and other nurses gave the popular Sister Ellen Keats a send off before she went on active service overseas with the AANS. The farewell 'morning tea' took place at 4 a.m., as she and her nurses were all on night duty. Sister Keats did not return. She was among the nurses evacuated from Singapore in February 1942 on the ill-fated SS *Vyner Brooke* sunk by the Japanese in Banka Strait. Initially posted as 'missing', she was one of the twenty-two nurses machine-gunned on the beach at Banka Island.

As fear of invasion grew in early 1942, civil defence procedures swung into effect. Blackouts of all windows in city and country areas were compulsory, and strictly enforced. The windows in the Campbell home were covered with black sheets to prevent any light seeping out. Infringements would bring a knock on the door from an air raid official, and a reprimand for 'showing some light'.

When Betty visited her mother in Westbourne Park, she

> walked down Angas Road in pitch black. The only lighting we had was little lights on the footpath with a little hood over them so you could see where you were walking. But I used to walk down the street at 10 and 11 o'clock at night and [was] never afraid of anything.

At work, windows in all the wards at the Royal Adelaide Hospital were blacked out and glass windows papered over. Betty also recalled regular air raid practices, rehearsals for the evacuation of patients and staff in the event of the hospital being attacked. She was a 'casualty', apparently trapped under rubble, in the first large-scale exercise at the hospital to test their evacuation procedures. The trial involved hospital staff, firemen and ambulance personnel, and took place under the eye of senior civil defence officers. The Adelaide *News* showed graphic photographs from the event. She also recalled other exercises that required 'crawling out of tents and that sort of thing'.

Many of the war measures at the Royal Adelaide Hospital – such as hurricane lanterns on night duty, vegetable gardens, tea rationing, and wards cleared for emergencies – were introduced after Betty left the hospital.[81] She finished her training in June 1942, having won the Florence Nightingale Medal for the top results in the state, and decided she wanted to experience nursing elsewhere.

Puss had made Betty promise that she would not enlist as a nurse in the armed services and leave their mother. She could however nurse injured servicemen at home in Adelaide. Wounded soldiers from South Australia were being brought back from the fronts overseas in increasing numbers. Since the new army hospital at Daw Park was only partially open, the Repatriation Hospital at Keswick (set up after World War One) was under great pressure and needed more staff.[82] Betty went to work at 'Keswick Repat'.

Many of the people at Keswick Repat had been at the hospital for years, patients and staff alike. The nursing staff she remembered were mainly 'sisters from the World War One hospital nursing'. The single largest group of World War One veterans were TB patients ('TB was prevalent in those days and from the war, the First War'), but Betty also nursed amputees and shell shock victims. The wounded young men from the current conflict whom she nursed there had been evacuated from Europe, the Middle East and New Guinea. The evacuations themselves were often traumatic, taking weeks, in ships, trains and ambulances.[83] Many patients were 'permanently injured, amputated'. The hospital also treated members

Realism in Air Raid Test at Hospital

SCENES DURING air-raid trials at the Royal Adelaide Hospital this afternoon. **TOP LEFT**—Mr. A'Hearn, hospital liaison officer for Civil Defence, being lowered from an upper story. **LEFT**—Nurse Betty Campbell poses as a casualty amid wreckage caused by the "raid." **ABOVE**—Four nurses carry a patient to a place of shelter, for the duration of the "raid."

'Injured' Evacuated In Hospital Test

Thirty-five "casualties" were lowered from top floors, extricated from debris and evacuated from wards during the first full-scale air-raid test at the Royal Adelaide Hospital this afternoon.

The test lasted 50 minutes, and employed all branches of the hospital's Civil Defence Force, including the casualty, gas detection, and blood transfusion sections. The Commissioner for Civil Defence (Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw) and other Civil Defence officials were present.

When the "alert" was sounded by the continuous ringing for a minute of all telephones and the sounding of gongs, 126 wardens reported to wardens' posts, and left immediately to patrol for "incidents."

These were indicated by smoke bombs all over the hospital—white for incendiary, black for fire, and yellow for gas. The wardens rendered first aid on the spot to "casualties," and summoned fire, gas detection, and demolition squads.

The hospital was a hive of orderly activity, in which stretcher parties and ambulances evacuated the "injured" through the smoke to th casualty section. Four spec evacuation parties operated.

Casualties came swinging from top floors in the "Clarke" stretcher, in wh patient is strapped and thus c not fall out. Firemen carr down injured colleagues, using t firemen's lift. A ground-floor ward was evacuated for practice.

Ambulances and stretchers conveyed the casualties to the casualty section, where they were "treated" The blood-transfusion sectio tested out blood-grouping, recei ing blood, and blood-transfusio arrangements.

A feature of the test was the special mobile fire pumps assembled by the hospital staff. These consist of a 60-gallon barrel and a double-acting hand pump with hose branches. Each unit can throw jets to 60 ft. from as many as 10 hoses.

jobs (arying from ticket collectors to cleaners.

These women are in addition to female employes on the office staff, it was pointed out today.

They are paid the female basic wage, in addition to the same margins for skill as allowed male workers.

Betty Campbell in air raid practice, Royal Adelaide Hospital, June 1942 (clipping from the News *25 Jun 1942)*

of the armed services suffering from everyday illnesses, such as tonsillitis and appendicitis.

As a government hospital, Keswick Repat could not employ married women, so Betty resigned when she married in 1943. From then on, the Manpower Directorate determined her place of work. From time to time, she was directed to the casualty rooms at Richards Engineering and Penfield Munitions Factory near Salisbury to relieve staff on holidays. She disliked the work because, mercifully, there were no accidents while she was on duty and so she saw very few patients:

> Penfield [had] an acid section and that was a very dangerous section. It was built right away from the rest of the factories, and of course we hoped there wouldn't be any accidents there, which didn't happen in my time. So I had very little to do unless someone came in with a sore throat or a cold or something like that, but it was very boring.

Most of the time, Manpower directed her to work in one of Adelaide's numerous small private hospitals. Betty described the work as hard for two reasons, because of the nursing shortage (caused both by nurses joining up and the high wages in munitions work) and because the conditions in some of the hospitals were a rude shock after the Royal Adelaide Hospital. 'Some of them', she said, 'were pretty grim, very bad.' Among her lowlights were a drunk matron who kept dropping sterilized instruments in the theatre, dreadful sleeping/living conditions for staff, and a matron who considered one tin of baked beans between four an ample meal for her nurses.

The shared baked beans could not be explained by food rationing:

> We had ***very*** little rationing. No one went short of food because we had ration books … clothing and food, and you had a good supply of ration tickets and people used to give them to each other … We had to be careful but we didn't go without to that extent … I don't think we were badly done by during the war.

Betty also spent some months nursing in Melbourne when her husband, Elwyn Scarfe, was posted there with the Royal Australian Navy as a writer and member of the Special Intelligence Branch. They returned to Adelaide in 1945 with the end of the war.

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Annie Campbell was one of the fortunate mothers in World War Two. All her sons and daughters played a role in the war effort. Two of her children served overseas in dangerous areas and survived.

The records these family members have left behind give fascinating glimpses of many aspects of life at the time. There are, for example, the strikingly different experiences of the two who served overseas. Puss, the nursing sister with officer status, enjoyed living conditions on land and sea that would have seemed like luxury to Bob, who could never achieve promotion from the lower ranks of the RAAF. Nurses were always highly sought after company; officers wined and dined them and took them to exotic locations. Bob on the other hand, lived largely on tinned food, and was a long way from large and exciting cities like London and Alexandria. Unlike Puss, who spent her leave travelling for a week or more, he seemed to have only individual days off which gave no chance for anything more than a day trip near Port Moresby or Milne Bay. Moreover, he was a conventional married man, and known for his thrift.

These stories of five South Australians demonstrate also something of the social and economic landscape before and during the war: the departure of young people from a comfortably-off country family for opportunities in the city in the 1930s, the emergence of new occupations such as police officer for women, the wide range of domestic situations among women in munitions, the impact of marriage on women's employment status, to name a few.

They also show how ordinary interests and pre-occupations in life continued during the war, whether overseas or home. The juxtaposition of danger and everyday activities is powerful: nursing the wounded and dancing for Puss, unloading vital military supplies and boiling shirts for Bob, or preparing to defend one's home and property and caring for his sheep and pastures for Donald.

Something of each personality comes through their records and stories. Puss was a dedicated nurse (notwithstanding the brief references in her diary entries), who greatly enjoyed the formalities of the nursing world in civilian life and (most of the time at least) in the army. Bob's increasing fatigue and homesickness were palpable in his entries, especially as every hope of returning to Australia and of promotion came to nothing. Letters to and from Australia were his lifeline. Donald was a workaholic, an expert with his sheep and crops but baffled slightly by the world beyond his property. Jean's sternness and formality were softened by kindness and understanding as a police officer and a peace officer. As the youngest daughter, Betty was more constrained than the others, first in leaving home and then in curbing her desire to join up. Her story is about continuing life on the home front with touches of the far away war.

As the diaries kept by Puss and Bob show, Annie Campbell and her children wrote numerous letters to each other in this period. It is unfortunate that none of these letters have survived. They would have shown eloquently the closeness of the family members, their care for each other, their interest in and concern for the others' well being. Puss and Bob serving overseas caused anxiety and worry, particularly for Annie and particularly when postal services were erratic, but the war interrupted rather than disrupted family relationships. As it is, we are reliant on the other records they have left behind to show one family's experience of one of the most significant events of the twentieth century.

This essay has been peer reviewed

Endnotes

[1] The badge was found in the Campbell family memorabilia. Its purpose was unknown until the author saw a similar badge (with five stars) displayed in the Australian War Memorial.

[2] The Adelaide Hospital was not granted the designation 'Royal' until 1939, but the name 'Royal Adelaide Hospital' has been used throughout this article.

[3] Puss Campbell's diaries, photograph albums and papers are held in the Army History Museum, Keswick, Adelaide. All other diaries, notebooks and transcripts used in this article are in the family's private collection.

[4] Geoffrey Dutton, *Out in the Open: an autobiography*, University of Queensland Press, Brisbane, 1995, gives a sense of Anlaby in this period.

[5] It was Australian government policy that wounded Australian soldiers be cared for by Australian medical officers and nurses. A General Hospital operated in secure rear locations.

[6] Dorothy Campbell, Diary, 26 Sep 1940.

[7] Dorothy Campbell, Diary, 14 Mar 1941.

[8] Dorothy Campbell, Diary, 28 Sep 1940.

[9] Dorothy Campbell, 18 Oct 1943. The yellowness was caused by atrebin, the antimalarial drug.

[10] Dorothy Campbell, Diary, 18 Dec 1943.

[11] Dorothy Campbell, Diary, 18 Mar 1945.

[12] Dorothy Campbell, Diary, 15, 16 Aug 1945.

[13] Robert Bruce Campbell (48158), Service Record, National Archives of Australia.

[14] By May 1942, there were about 80,000 personnel in the RAAF, some twenty times more than its pre-war strength. George Odgers, *The RAAF: an illustrated history*, Child and Associates, 1989, p.98.

[15] Robert Campbell, Diary, 22 Jun 1942.

[16] Robert Campbell, Diary, 23, 25 Jun 1942.

[17] Robert Campbell, Diary, 26 Jun 1942.

[18] Robert Campbell, Diary, 25 Dec 1942.

[19] Robert Campbell, Diary, Summary of 380 Days at Pt Moresby and nearby June 1942/July 1943.

[20] Robert Campbell, Diary, Summary.

[21] Peter Macinnis, *Kokoda Track 101 Days*, black dog books, Fitzroy, 2007, p.9.

[22] Robert Campbell, Diary, Summary.

[23] Robert Campbell, Diary, Summary.

[24] Timothy G. Jones, *Milne Bay Radar: unit history of the No. 37 Radar Station 1942-1945*, Australian Military History Publications, 2001, pp.48-50.

[25] Robert Campbell, Diary, Now at Milne Bay late June 1943 to December 1943.

[26] Robert Campbell, Diary, Now at Milne Bay.

[27] Robert Campbell, Diary, 15 Jul 1943.

[28] Robert Campbell, Diary, 15 Aug 1943.

[29] Robert Campbell, Diary, 30 Sep, 4, 15, 16 Oct 1943.
[30] Robert Campbell, Diary, 12, 14, 19 Oct 1943. He usually referred to himself by his initials RB (Robert Bruce) or RBC (Robert Bruce Campbell).
[31] Robert Campbell, Diary, 30 Nov 1943.
[32] Robert Campbell, Diary, 5 Dec 1943.
[33] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 1 Oct 1939.
[34] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 25, 26 May 1940.
[35] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 3 Jun 1940.
[36] Decie Denholm, 'Dutton, Emily (1884–1962)', in *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Online Edition, consulted 3 Apr 2009.
[37] Enforcement was not strong in 1940 and a number of agricultural workers volunteered. Mark Johnston, 'The civilians who joined up 1939–1945', *Journal of the Australian War Memorial*, no. 29, Nov 1996, p.15.
[38] Johnston, p. 1.
[39] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 5 Jul 1941. He did note the introduction of daylight saving by the commonwealth government on 1 Jan 1942, but not its purpose as a war measure.
[40] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 31 Mar 1942.
[41] Dorothy Campbell, Diaries, 31 Mar – 2 Apr 1942.
[42] For example, *Burra Record*, 31 Mar, 4, 7, 21, 28 Apr 1942.
[43] 'Fed the rams. Attended Church at Booborowie where a Confirmation Service was held. The new Bishop of S.A being present we adjourned to the Hall and had a light luncheon. In the afternoon attended Drill at Nth Booborowie.' Donald Campbell, Diaries, 12 Apr 1942.
[44] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 25 Apr 1942. He noted his 'Home Guard Military No S73445' on the inside front cover of the relevant volume.
[45] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 21 Jun 1942. Ronald Hopkins, 'Leane, Sir Raymond Lionel (1878–1962)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Online Edition, consulted 3 Apr 2009.
[46] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 18 Jul 1942.
[47] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 1 Aug 1942.
[48] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 8 Aug 1942.
[49] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 5 Sep 1942.
[50] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 6 Dec 1942.
[51] For example, Donald Campbell, Diaries, 27 Mar, 11 Apr, 19 Jun 1943.
[52] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 12 Dec 1942.
[53] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 31 Oct 1943.
[54] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 22 May 1943.
[55] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 29 Aug 1942. Willalo was a small settlement near Booborowie.
[56] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 4 Mar 1944.
[57] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 5 Mar 1944.
[58] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 1 Apr, 28 Jun 1944.
[59] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 27 May 1942.
[60] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 25 Jun 1944.
[61] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 18 Jun 1945. His Service Record states he was formally discharged in Nov 1945 'because of the disbandment of his Corps'.
[62] Donald Campbell, Diaries, 13 Aug 1945.
[63] Roma Donnelly, 'Women in the Australian Munitions Industry During the Second World War 1939–1945', PhD thesis, Swinburne University, 2000, p.1. Munitions were also produced in around 200 government-owned annexes in industry, and over 800 contracted workshops.
[64] Donnelly, 'Women in the Australian Munitions Industry', pp.2-3.
[65] S.J. Butlin & C.B. Schedvin, *War Economy 1942–1945*, Australia in the War of 1939-1945, Series 4, Civil, vol. 4, Australian War Memorial, Canberra, 1977, p.55.
[66] Peace Officers Act 1925, Australian Commonwealth Acts, Vol XXIII, 1925. The Guard was established in controversial circumstances, the refusal of New South Wales police to service Commonwealth warrants on striking dockworkers. In April 1942 it absorbed the Defence Establishment Guard, which had responsibility for security in munitions factories. That Guard too had had controversial origins in a strike by civilian workers and watchmen in munitions factories. Australian Federal Police Association, Submission to the House of Representatives Standing Committee on Legal and Constitutional Affairs, Inquiry into Crime in the Community: Victims, Offenders and Fear of Crime, n.d. p.1. Online copy consulted 4 Apr 2009; <http://www.inthelineofduty.com.au/commissioners-afp.asp> consulted 4 Apr 2009.
[67] Australian Commonwealth Statutory Rules (including Regulations) – Historical Compilations. Supply and Development Regulations. Regulation 88.
[68] See Australian Federal Police website, <http://www.inthelineofduty.com.au/timeline.asp?startyear=1942&iID=588> consulted 4 Apr 2009.
[69] The senior Women's Peace Officer in Victoria, Ellen Davidson, was a retired police woman. Donnelly, 'Women in the Australian Munitions Industry', p.178.
[70] *Advertiser*, 20 May 1942, p.4.
[71] See Donnelly. See also the pioneering survey of women munitions workers at Adelaide's Hendon factory by Helen Crisp, 'Women in Munitions', *Australian Quarterly*, Vol.13, September 1941, pp.71–76.
[72] *Advertiser*, 29 Jul 1942, p.4.
[73] *Advertiser*, 29 Jul 1942, p.4.
[74] Campbell, Woman Peace Officer Notebook 1 and 2.

[75] The complete uniform required 36 coupons in 1943, as per her list:

Great Coat	15 coupons;
Skirt	2 coupons
Jacket	2 coupons
Shirt	6 coupons
Hat ✓	2 coupons
Shoes ✓	8 "
ties)	1 "

Campbell, Woman Peace Officer Notebook 1.

[76] Donnelly, pp.231, 233, 261.

[77] Donnelly, pp.232, 258.

[78] Peace Officer Guard. Commission of Inquiry. Report of Mr Commissioner E Miller and Findings. National Archives NAA A367 C14000/144. Digital copy, p.71.

[79] Information in this section comes in the main from Betty Scarfe (nee Campbell), interview with the author, 17 Apr 2009. Matron at the time was Lucy Daw.

[80] Betty Campbell to Puss Campbell, 26 May 1940, Campbell Papers, private collection.

[81] Joan Durdin, *Eleven Thousand Nurses: a history of nursing education at the Royal Adelaide Hospital 1889-1993*, Royal Adelaide Hospital, Adelaide, 1999, pp.104-107.

[82] Peter Last, *Repat: a biography of Repatriation General Hospital (Daw Park) and a history of repatriation services in South Australia*, Repatriation General Hospital, Daw Park, 1994.

[83] See Last, *Repat*, p.60.

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