

IN MEMORY OF TREVOR DAVIES

(May 25, 1956 – June 14, 2011) ~ Founder and News Editor

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Obituary for Trevor Davies

(May 25, 1956 – June 14, 2011)

SUSAN LEITH-MILLER
(TREVOR'S SISTER) &
DOROTHY MCRAE-MCMAHON

TO UNDERSTAND TREVOR'S passion for social reform, his devotion to politics, his love and compassion for the community in which he lived, and, of course, his commitment to the church, we need to know where it all began.

It began with Trevor's parents – two people whose struggle and bravery set the foundations for the man so many people love and dearly miss now.

Trevor's father was born in South Wales, the son of a coal miner whose family and ancestors endured the harsh existence of mining. They worked long, dangerous hours, day and night. History records the miner's fight for the most basic rights we all enjoy today. Trevor continued this battle – he was always fighting for the underprivileged, for those in need.

His Father, known as Taff, was an extroverted, funny man who called a spade a spade – it is easy to recognise Trevor here. As an asthmatic, however, his father was never to go down the mines. At the age of 14, Taff left Wales and went to England to find a better life. And a better life he found. As part of this life, he was a keen and respected union leader.

Connie, Trevor's Mum, was born in England and grew up during the war years. Losing her mother when she was only 5 she faced these awful times without the tenderness and affection only a mother can give. She, however, became the most loving person imaginable and Trevor learnt how to love from Connie – she had time and love for everyone she met.

It will be no surprise to you that Trevor was an unusual child – from an early age he was a happy, thoughtful bundle of paradoxes. Although born at home he spent the first few months of his life very sick in hospital, then at 18 months he won the beautiful baby competition! At 4 years he was the mascot of the teenagers in his neighbourhood – he went everywhere on their shoulders. His father's nickname for Trevor was Jasper. Why? Trev was forever saying, "Jasper minute, wait for me!" He could never keep up and so his dad bought him a bike – Trevor could ride a two-wheel bike at the age of 4.

Trevor watched his first election when he was 9 years old. He wagged school, saying that he was sick, and stayed glued to the TV on Thursday October 15, 1964, and rejoiced as Harold Wilson was elected the first Labor Prime Minister of England for many years. At age 10, Trevor set up an "insurance" scheme for the children in the neighbourhood – they gave him a penny which they would claim back if and when their parents smacked them – the first injustice Trevor attempted to right.

In 1966 his family migrated to Australia as "ten pound Poms" and life was good and happy in the lucky country. Trevor went to Cammeray Public School where he started the school newspaper – the *Cammeray Chronicle*. Later, he went to Chatswood High School where everyone knew him. He was always a character.



Photo: Ali Blogg

SSH

IT IS WITH great sadness that we report the passing of SSH Founder and News Editor, Trevor Davies.

Trevor was due to undergo an angiogram on June 14 but was taken to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital the night before where he suffered a massive heart attack. Doctors worked on him for many hours but were unable to revive him. It became apparent when they operated that he had contracted an infection around a congenital hole in his heart.

Trevor had only recently celebrated his 55th birthday. As well as being News Editor of the SSH, Trevor was

a member and Elder of South Sydney Uniting Church and long-time Secretary of the Darlington ALP Branch. Trevor was one of the foundation members of REDWatch and was known to very many people within the local community.

A memorial service, attracting around 100 mourners, was held outside the Tripod Café in Darlington on June 23. Trevor's funeral was held the following day at the Pitt Street Uniting Church in the city. Eulogies were given by Trevor's sister Susan, brother Ivor and nephew Drew, long-time friends Geoff Turnbull and Barrie McMahon, SSH co-editor Dorothy McRae-McMahon, former Mayor of South Sydney, Tony Pooley,

and Mick McIntyre, President of the St Vincent de Paul Society Erskineville Conference. At the time of his death, Trevor was Vice President of the Erskineville Conference.

Dharug woman Nadeena Dixon and Redfern-based artist Adam Hill performed as part of the Acknowledgement of Country. A recording of "The Last Rose of Summer" by Australian opera singer and Celtic harpist, Jeannie Kelso, was played. More than 800 people were in attendance.

Trevor is survived by his sisters Susan and Annie, his brother Ivor, and extended family including seven nieces and nephews.

Sadly, his father died on Jan 11, 1969, of an asthma attack – Trevor gave him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation but was unable to save him. Undoubtedly, this had a huge impact on him, made him question life and turned his world upside down. His sister can remember him holding the Little Red Book with the quotes of Mao Tse Tung in one hand and the Bible in the other!

The next years were tough financially and emotionally as his mother and grandmother struggled to bring up four teenagers in a new country. In those days

there was no widow's pension, so between them they cleaned houses to make sure that the family had food and clothes. Though poor, they were happy and close – with many friends and neighbours visiting regularly and copious pancakes and waffles served to ravenous teenagers. His mother's struggle at this time greatly affected Trevor.

After high school he went to Bible College, and when they invited prayers for those in prison Trevor would supply names – not quite what they wanted

or expected!

In 1979 Trevor moved to Redfern and lived with his sister, Susan, and her then husband. When they moved away, Trevor stayed and lived in Darlington for the next 30 years.

Trevor became one of the best-known members of the local community. He was very active in the Darlington Branch of the Labor Party, representing the Left of the party in all sorts of situations and discussions. No one could doubt his loyalty for the party and its causes, even

if he had fierce debates with many of its leaders. Not many ordinary citizens of our country have their deaths announced and tributes read in State and Federal Parliament, as did Trevor!

He regularly went to sittings of the South Sydney Council, and later, when the Council boundaries were changed, the City of Sydney. He stood for membership of the City Council and was very nearly elected. Many of us did not regret that he was able to go on as he had been, immersed in local community life and as News Editor and distribution organiser of the *South Sydney Herald*, a project of the South Sydney Uniting Church. Today, this paper is a 16- to 20-page tabloid in colour with a distribution of 22,000, and its own website.

If the parish wanted to take on this project, it was because, at that time, South Sydney had no local paper which clearly focussed on its life, apart from a small area in Surry Hills, and people felt that the news from the area covered by mainstream media was almost always bad news.

Apart from the paid designer and the printer and a modest percentage given to a couple of people who gather advertising, all other work is done by volunteers, largely organised by Trevor. Over the years, the paper has had respected relationships with the City of Sydney and local community leaders, both political, religious, in social service agencies and in places like The Block. Politicians of all varieties take it very seriously and make regular comment on what is printed – sometimes negative and sometimes positive!

The mission statement is: "Celebrating the lives of the diverse people of South Sydney, inviting discussion on issues of concern and interest, adding encouragement to possibilities for community."

All this arose from the dream of Trevor Davies, from his commitment to justice and compassion. Often over the years, those of us who have produced the paper have said that the one person on the editorial team who could not be replaced was Trevor. He was the one who collected the stories. He was the networker. You would sit in a café with Trevor and people would come in and ask, "Could we have this in our paper, Trevor?" and tell him some local news or concern.

At the centre of Trevor's life was his faith. He was the Chairperson of the Church Council of South Sydney Uniting Church for a decade and rarely missed attending its services. He was a long-serving Elder of the congregation. He felt very passionate about his views on life, politics and faith, but you could have a good tussle with him and then move on to the next thing without anyone bearing grudges.

Throughout his life Trevor struggled with significant health problems and died after a severe heart attack. Locals requested and participated in a brief funeral with his casket present in the street beside his favourite café, his congregation held a vigil in the church which was Trevor's spiritual home but not big enough for his funeral, and then around 800 people attended his funeral at the Pitt Street Uniting Church in the city.

Vale, Trevor Davies. The world won't be the same place without you, and we love you and grieve your passing.



Remembering Trevor's activity

GEOFF TURNBULL

OVER THE LAST 10 days as I passed on word of Trevor's death I have seen many comments and stories. It is surprising the number of people who say they saw Trevor in the days before he died. It was a testimony to how many people Trevor knew and how much he did around the community as he knitted together people's lives in his friendship and endeavours. This was his greatest political achievement. He created communities, he generated discussion and he made everyone, even those he disagreed with, matter. I had my disagreements with Trevor.

I have known Trevor since the mid 1970s from the days when Uniting Church Ministers John Hirt and Vladimir Korotkov and the late housing activist Harvey Volke were all Baptist Ministers preaching Radical Discipleship at the House of the New World in West Ryde. It was at a time when Fred Nile ran the Jesus Commune and the Labor Party of Gough Whitlam stood for righting long-term injustice and delivering change.

When Trevor came to Redfern with his sister he came with a view that both politics and faith mattered – they were two sides of the same coin. I was pleased to share some of those two passions with him at Pitt Street Uniting Church and South Sydney Parish and in the activism of REDWatch's battles like with Frank Sartor over The Block.

Robyn Fortescue says that "Trevor was a great believer in the people having a voice, the right to be heard" and that "Trevor's community activity exemplified this".

In the days of inner-city branch stacking, Sue Wicks remembers making sure Trevor actually existed when he applied to join the local ALP branch in 1979. He went on to become the Darlington Branch long-term Secretary ensuring that the branch dealt with real issues of community interest. He regularly invited speakers to address the Branch. He was involved with saving the Erskineville Public Housing estates; trying to save South Sydney Council, and raising issues elected representatives often did not want to hear – whether it was taking on

Andrew Refshauge over drug issues around The Block or on one visit I made with him asking Upper House President Meredith Burgmann to explain why they were allowing Frank Sartor to attack the Pemulwuy project.

When NSW ALP looked set to sell off state-owned electricity Trevor called an activist meeting at the AMWU building and thus was born the grassroots campaign against the sell-off.

Many of Trevor's contributions to the community were outside his branch and his church. Over the years Trevor served on the management committees of many of the local organisations in the area such as The Settlement and South Sydney Community Aid. He was very involved in Redfern Residents for Reconciliation who campaigned for what became the Redfern Community Centre. At the time of his death he was on the committee for South Sydney Community Transport and Vice President of the St Vincent de Paul Society at Erskineville, just to name two organisations where he was carrying on this important facet of his community involvement.

Trevor liked debate and discussion and he helped create the debate, not just report it. The "Chippo Politics" Trevor created on Saturday afternoons at the Thurless Castle Hotel spored the *Chippo Politics Newsletter*, *Road Runner*, *Chippo News* and the *Redfern Chippo Herald* that led to the *South Sydney Herald* of today.

"Chippo Politics" list of speakers over the years covered a very broad spectrum including Alan Jones, Brendan Nelson, Mungo McCallum, David Oldfield, Piers Ackerman, Bob Ellis, Richard Glover and a young ALP tyro not yet running for pre-selection, Tanya Plibersek. Topics included the history of the Eveleigh Railway, euthanasia, council amalgamations, the future of community radio, East Timor and progressive local government.

While "Chippo Politics" might have ended 10 years ago Trevor organised visits of Alan Jones, John Brogden, Brendan Nelson and Barry O'Farrell to The Block to meet Mick Mundine and the Aboriginal Housing Company. It generated debate and articles in the *SSH* and stories in the wider media. It carried on this long Trevor tradition of generating debate and also covering

it. I am sure I was not the only one that had a mixture of excitement and foreboding when Trevor would say, "I've just had a good idea".

Trevor may have been a staunch Labor man who liked debate but I have also had the opportunity to see him work over the last seven years across the broader political spectrum in REDWatch where local members of the ALP, Greens, Liberals, Clover Moore Independents and people not associated with any party worked together to try and ensure extensive community involvement in all decisions made about the Redfern Waterloo area by government and the Redfern Waterloo Authority.

Remarkably we have held REDWatch together through a long battle with a Labor government and a number of polarising election campaigns and sometimes heated discussions within, where Trevor would threaten to walk if he thought his branch might not back him. Some things happened through Lyn and my independent email updates to provide Trevor and other ALP members with plausible deniability.

In the past few months we have been planning for the proposed redevelopment of public housing forming a new coalition called Groundswell. We will miss Trevor as this struggle unfolds but hopefully some of Trevor's friends will help take his place.

Greens Councillor Irene Dounney, who is also on the REDWatch Co-ordination Group, talks about Trevor not being blinded by party attitudes and of Trevor's support for the South Sydney Greens and their candidates like her. She says she will miss Trevor's regular phone calls to find out the latest gossip around Council and his cheeky leading questions about the Greens.

Seeing Trevor meet up with Ian Thompson, the Liberal party person involved with REDWatch in its early years, was to watch two friends who loved politics catching up rather than watching a clash of class enemies.

I was catching up with Trevor in the front of Saucepan in Darlington as very many of us did. After a succession of people passing by had stopped to talk to Trevor I jokingly said to him that if I was ever to write an autobiography that I would have to call it *Who's That*

Love of God and neighbour

ANDREW COLLIS

WHEN I FIRST arrived in Redfern-Waterloo five years ago, Trevor told me how he'd once climbed onto the roof of the concrete shed behind the church. "I was up there," he said, "with a clear view in all directions," before impressing upon me the importance of serving the people of South Sydney. This was a moment, for Trevor, of clarity, of call. His God had shown him, as in a prophetic vision, the rooftops and high-rises, the back-lanes and parklands of thousands at risk of hopelessness and voicelessness – and charged him with a task: to inform, to agitate for reforms, to protect the most vulnerable, to relieve suffering, to help create safe social space – to herald a reign of love and justice.

"It's awesome," he said, of the responsibility he felt for the *South Sydney Herald* and its work. And then he'd say how he hated the word "awesome" – or hated the way it was abused by overly enthusiastic co-religionists. I never had cause to doubt the sincerity of his vision. It

was plain that he lived in response to it. Among many condolences and tributes this past week some people have told me they sometimes envied Trevor's sense of vocation.

Like many, I'm shattered by Trevor's passing. It seems incredible he's gone. And yet I'm also in awe of something – the lesson of his short but full life. It's this. That when you discern a calling in life there's no telling what you can achieve – there's no telling what can be achieved through you, even in spite of you. The commandments (love of God and love of neighbour) connote a double movement of the heart but not a contradiction.

And more. With the discernment of a true calling, you are free to be yourself. And you can do amazing things – you can push out from within all kinds of limitations. And you can have a lot of fun doing it!

I want to honour how far Trevor had come – how much he'd overcome. I sometimes didn't acknowledge that so well. How he challenged himself and tested cherished propositions and even prejudices, allowed himself to trust and to love – his neighbour as himself. It was

With Trevor? A few minutes later a bishop walked past and Trevor stopped him and said he had seen him around a couple of times and wanted to know who he was and what he was doing around the place. He was the Anglo Catholic Bishop for Australia and New Zealand who lives in Holden Street. An interesting discussion ensued on a number of topics including the role of women in the church and it ended with Trevor asking for his business card and promising to be in touch.

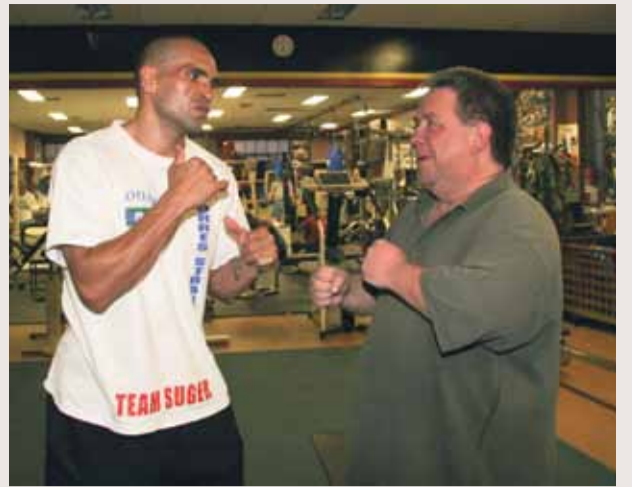
The encounter underlined to me why Trevor knew so many people and why so many people knew Trevor. It showed the important role that Trevor played in knitting the social fabric of Darlington, it brought together some of

the issues Trevor cared about politically and religiously and I suspect Trevor thought there was an opportunity for a future debate or a *SSH* article there also.

We will all miss Trevor and the role he played in our community. If there is one way we can help Trevor's spirit live on it is by talking to our neighbours, building community and remembering that the people around us really matter.

Geoffrey Turnbull
23 June 2011

Thanks to Robyn Fortescue, President, Darlington ALP Branch, Sue Wicks the ALP Branch Secretary before Trevor, and Greens Councillor Irene Dounney for the use of their memories of Trevor.



rarely without great effort. I not only recognise this double, triple movement in the life of my friend, I also feel the force of it as a personal challenge. Trevor's life and death renew a soul-searching: What am I called to be and to do? What do I love when I love my God? How does my life make for freedom, hope, genuine safety and happiness in others?

It's a properly Christian challenge, and it wouldn't be untrue to say there's a gift-like quality – a graciousness – in the death of one who lived so faithfully. Trevor's death, in good time, will open a space for others, many spaces for others. This is not so shocking with reference to one whose Saviour died for others.

I'm only just beginning to appreciate what I've learned from Trevor. He taught by doing, by trying, by not giving up. I have a terrible sense of direction. Really terrible. But I realised a few days ago that I pretty much know my way around South Sydney. "Turn left," Trevor would say as we made our way in the GoGet van from the printer's in Marrickville, through the streets of Newtown, to Darlington, Glebe, Kings Cross, Surry Hills, Redfern, Waterloo, Eveleigh, Alexandria, Erskineville. "Turn left, always!" He never grew tired of that joke.

Who'd have thought a little congregation and an army of volunteers could produce a community newspaper each month for well over 10 years. Vladimir, Dorothy, Ali, Esther, Jonathan, John and I still marvel at what appears the impossible. But it is possible. By the grace of God, it really is.

Here's the good news. Because there is a light the darkness will not overwhelm you. Because there is a light you may walk in it. Because Trevor Davies, in the Light of One whose commandments are encouragements to give and receive love, has shown you how to make connections in the community, how to maintain friendships, how to care for your neighbourhood, you will not be alone. You are not alone.

Abridged version of homily by Rev. Andrew Collis, given at the funeral service for Trevor Edward Davies, Pitt Street Uniting Church, June 23, 2011.

TRIBUTES

The SSH has been inundated with condolences and tributes to Trevor. Thank you for taking the time to write and send your words. The following is a selection of tributes, many of which have been abridged. Full texts are available on the South Sydney Uniting Church website: www.southsydneyuniting.org.au

"ARE YOU A JOURNALIST?" he asked. "No," I replied, "but I'd like to be." And with that, I met Trevor Davies for the first time.

We exchanged our details, like so many do in an industry where networking is everything. But within days I was confronted by Trevor's want to get me involved. What began as a passive request – "Can you write a story for the *South Sydney Herald*?" – over time morphed into a demanding but endearing, "How are you going with that story? When will you be able to file?"

In offering me the opportunity to write for the *SSH* I thought that Trevor was more than a lucky neighbour to have; here was a man who wanted to help me reach my goal.

While Trevor never had any children of his own, for those, like myself, whom he offered the opportunity to write and tell stories, we became his children.

Just like a father would, Trevor never let me forget one of the first stories that I handed in, riddled with puerile puns and toilet humour. A naturally risible bloke, whenever Trevor would recall instances of my undergraduate humour and churlish quips it triggered his chortles. And like so many things that tickled Trevor, once he got going it was hard to know what it was that made him giggle, as the punch lines and points got lost in laughter.

Over a very short period, I, like many other amateur writers whom he fostered, grew very close to Trevor. As my editor he put himself out there so that I could get in close to the story. He had the contacts that allowed us to find the truth; he knew the people we had to speak to in order to build the true narrative; he wanted us to "sex the story up a bit", but never to compromise on integrity.

Any issue in South Sydney, Trevor was across it. And it wasn't long before his children were experts, able to tell the side of those often neglected and forgotten. This was one of Trevor's greatest strengths and his community is stronger for his relentless effort.

I'm glad I've been able to tell stories for Trevor. He stood for telling the stories that needed to be told, that deserved to be told

and should be told.

Personally, Trevor was more than my editor. Trevor was my mentor, and he was also my friend. And I feel in my heart that he rests soundly, knowing that South Sydney will never be the same without him, and that it will never be the same because of him.

Nicholas McCallum

I FEEL EXTREMELY blessed to have known Trevor during the two-and-a-half years that I have written for the *South Sydney Herald*. Trevor was a wonderfully patient man who always spoke words of encouragement to me, and I will miss him very much.

Brendan Wong

IT IS A shock and a great sadness to hear of Trevor Davies' passing. Trevor will be dearly missed by all the journalists who have ever written for the *South Sydney Herald*.

As an editor he had a sharp insight into the issues facing South Sydney, and strongly believed in ethical journalism that matters to the community. An encouraging and understanding editor, he was constantly ready to let beginning journalists grow their passion for reporting.

He has left a mark on many reporters' lives and we will always remember him.

Doug Dingwall

A NOTE OF thanks mate! A smile & a tear mate, to your always good-humoured patience & persistence in retaining me as a South Sydney Herald casual newspaper deliverer, which became a bit of a regular thing, over the past several months, rain or shine. Trolleys to the wind my friend as we helped get the papers to the people. Journey well my friend.

Reece Meredith

DEAR TREV, I know you've departed us for another world, where you will probably start another kind of newspaper – riling, honest, a tribute to Lady Justice,

compassionate – but I thought I would write you anyway to reflect on your life, most of it spent in Redfern, or more precisely, Darlington, which is the skinniest suburb around but is really a subject to your beloved region: Redfern. As you once said to me in these approximate words: "Redfern isn't a suburb, it's life."

You lived your latter 33 years here, most of them huddled in the small but cosy apartment in Edward Street whose name references the monarchy under which you were born in East Tilbury, England. You never told me East Tilbury was an outpost of London on the Thames, home to the blue-collar manufacturing worker and a fortress to stop the French raiding the kingdom's capital. Funny, but it was these traits you would eschew in your adult life, never relenting on the rights of the battlers and defending them like a fortress against sieges of racism, ignorance and inhumanity.

You mustn't remember much of the 10 years you spent in East Tilbury before your parents hauled you onto a large boat to collect their 10 pounds a head from the Australian Government. I wonder what you thought when you landed in Bradford, north of Manly, the first point of call for the Davies clan with their two daughters and diminutive son. When you started at Chatswood High in 1968, I imagine your accent would have been ripe, but not unfamiliar. You told me it was there that you experienced your first injustice in the form of an alpha male sports master spotting your stumpy legs and disinterest in running about in the warm weather and labelling you a "fairy".

What a loss, then, to lose your father to an asthma attack just three years after arriving in this country. That must have been a gutting and galvanising experience. You once told me, from that day forth, justice would be your quest (bridled with your compassion and friendship). That flame of equity burned a pathway bright into the halls of Bible College in 1976 where you found a distinct lack of groovy people. But you didn't need their whimpering prayers. For all the respect you had for the Word and the Lord, you didn't need an old guidebook to tell you the difference between what was right and wrong. And what better place than Redfern to wield your discernment.

Aboriginal people were returning to the area when you moved there in 1978, thanks to the Whitlam Government's allotment of housing to the Aboriginal Housing Company. It was on this political and emotional land that you chose to enact your love of justice and join the Labor Party. In 1983, party members identified your potential and nominated you Branch

Secretary. Through the '80s you must have watched the rise of materialism and right-wing ideologies with awe and disenchantment. By the time the '90s rolled around, and the dawning of the "Keating era", it was time for you to reignite the flame. It came in the form of the Chippo Newsletter, an A3 sheet that hit the streets in 1991 with individual stories and details of the next Politics in the Pub session. I remember you telling me how you would run to the printers every month and then back to the office of an inner-city politician to photocopy all 2,000 editions in readiness for distribution. Which you would do yourself, as you did with the *SSH* up until your death, with a dogged commitment, and a trolley trailing your steady frame.

With the help of one committed Russian (Vladimir), the *South Sydney Herald* masthead was born. Within a decade, the *SSH* grew to 22,000 copies, and you were breaking news like it was morning bread, thanks to your on-the-ground news sources on your distribution run.

John Howard would keep your inner torch burning, but ironically enough, it was a fellow member of the Labor Party that would provoke your ire. Frank Sartor made an attack on the place you loved and cherished: Redfern. He talked about high-rise developments, the beginning of a long and dense corridor to the airport, and the overhauling of that dirty Block and all the trouble it had created. Never one to let party loyalty stop you from pointing out where someone had crossed the line, you put the *SSH* and your 22,000 monthly babies to work. It was State Government versus Trevor Davies and crew and the kind of punches you threw and defence you showed would have impressed local pugilists Tony Mundine and his son. You were light on your toes Trev, ever moving, ever sparring, knowing when to retreat, knowing when to attack, the lady with her scales (I know how you liked your female deities and figureheads) hovering behind you, willing you on to victory. You were a natural. It must have been sweeter than one of your teas (with the two tea bags and three heaps of sugar) to see Sartor leave the Block, and eventually state politics. A quiet KO.

You must have slept happily those nights. And there were plenty of other fights, too. How many times did *Sydney Morning Herald* journalists call you for leads? And how many times did local, state and even federal members in the area wait nervously for the arrival on their doorsteps of the month's *SSH*?

I still imagine you in your apartment, the distribution done, ABC radio on volume level 9, the fax machine binging the arrival

TRIBUTES

of a new press release every 10 minutes – you up at 5am and reading all the major headlines, sizing up stories and angles for the next edition.

You were a legend, Trev. I know there have been many great and idyllic people to grace the Redfern area, and how you once campaigned to have a statue erected in Redfern Park of Keating, in honour of his now famous Redfern Speech, but I was thinking Trev, and don't respond too quickly: What would you think about a monument in memory of yourself? Nothing grandiose, but what about you holding the scales of justice? Or you, bronzed, next to a newspaper stand where people could pick up the paper, still delivering the printed word, with the words "God bless you" inscribed beneath? You laugh now, and yes I know, I can get ahead of myself at times, but you were like a father figure, and in the spirit of that love, I think you deserve nothing less. Please drop by some time, Trev. We'd love to see your silhouette on the streets of Redfern again. God bless.

Ben Falkenmire

TODAY I MAKE a private member's statement about the sad passing of a valued member of my community, Trevor Davies. Trevor was a man who lived for those around him, as a passionate advocate for his local community in the Redfern-Waterloo area and a long-time secretary of the Darlington Branch of the Labor Party, as a founder and news editor of the *South Sydney Herald*, and as an active and generous elder of his church, the South Sydney Uniting Church. Trevor was a friend to many, a true inner-city character, and those who knew him admired his commitment to social justice and his integrity in remaining true to his ideals and values. Trevor passed away following a heart attack on Tuesday 14 June 2011 at the age of 55.

Trevor is a great example of how individuals can make a difference in the lives of those around them. Trevor was a community activist who genuinely put into practice his belief in the importance of compassion and justice for all people in our society. For example, when concerns were raised locally regarding policies and plans for the Redfern-Waterloo area, Trevor made sure the community had a voice. He was one of the founding members of the REDWatch community group, which monitors plans for the local area, makes recommendations and advocates for outcomes that benefit the community. The group remains a strong, progressive presence reviewing projects taking place in Redfern-Waterloo, and its ongoing efforts are a testament to people like Trevor, who care for their community and take action to pursue outcomes that aim to benefit the community as a whole.

Trevor could only be described as a passionate man; he did everything with gusto and good intentions. He fought for what he believed in and was involved in many campaigns and protests over the years, whether it was to save housing in The Block at Redfern or to fight against homophobia, racism and poverty more broadly. He was devoted to these causes in the same way that he was devoted to the independence of the media, his politics and his church. Trevor was a strong advocate for greater internal democracy within the Australian Labor Party. Trevor did perhaps some of his best work in his support for and work with the local Aboriginal community in Redfern and Waterloo. He was a strong supporter of the Pemulwuy Project of the Aboriginal Housing Company and it was through Trevor that I first became aware of the fantastic work of The Settlement in Darlington, which provides support

for children and young people in the Darlington area.

I will always remember Trevor for his endless energy for campaigning, his quick-talking presence for which political opponents were no match, and as someone who proudly wore his politics pinned to his sleeve. Whenever I met him in the electorate in Darlington I could be certain to find him engaged with people on the street, at a cafe, or at a street stall, always talking, always opinionated, and always looking to the next project or the next article he would write. Trevor's network of contacts and his knowledge about what was happening were legendary. Trevor's monthly column, "Have You Heard: The Fast News", always had its focus on issues facing his community and there was often a bit of local or political history thrown in. In his last column he wrote of the battles in local Labor branches in years gone by to save the Erskineville housing estate.

Trevor did not write the stories or get involved with these movements just to have an argument. He did it because he believed that local people with local knowledge have a lot to offer, and that people in positions where decisions are made should always be prepared to listen and respond to what people have to say. The people of Darlington and Redfern will notice the huge gap that has been left by Trevor's passing. I hope that his memory will inspire people to get actively involved in their local community and to stand up for the things they believe in. I am very fortunate to represent an electorate with a proud tradition of activism and of communities coming together to fight for their beliefs. I hope to see that continue in Trevor's memory, and I am sure it will.

Trevor has been described as irreplaceable, a local legend, a grassroots activist, a forthright publisher, an unflinching friend of Labor, a man of strong faith and a caring friend. I remember him as an unswerving supporter and a passionate advocate for the Darlington community in my electorate. I feel privileged to have known Trevor. Our many discussions and debates on issues both local and broad were stimulating and thought provoking. While we did not always agree, Trevor always made me think carefully about my position on issues, see things from another perspective and often revisit my approach. I pass on my sincere condolences and sympathy to all those who are mourning his loss. The communities I represent and indeed New South Wales have been very fortunate to have benefited from the passion, dedication and hard work of Trevor Davies. He will be missed by many.

**Carmel Tebbutt
MP Marrickville**

AS ONE MEMBER of the Redfern and South Sydney area I would like to extend my condolences to the family of our Mate Trevor Davies! Our mate Trevor was a passionate Labor Party member, Redfern and South Sydney community member, a proud South Sydney Herald reporter and true local community Icon ... We'll miss your yarns and passionate drive for our community ... This is a sad loss to Redfern. You are, were and will be a Brother to us mate!

**Shane Phillips
CEO, Tribal Warrior Association**

THE REDFERN-WATERLOO Authority would like to acknowledge the tremendous contribution of Trevor Davies to the local community.

Trevor was a member and Elder of South Sydney Uniting Church and the founding editor of the *South Sydney Herald*. Trevor was also one of the foundation members of REDWatch and was known to many people within the local community.

In all of his roles, Trevor always demonstrated tremendous commitment and passion and had a great sense of community spirit. He will be sadly missed.

**Ray Wakelin-King
CEO, Redfern Waterloo Authority**

MEMORIAL BOOK

The following is a selection of entries from a Memorial Book in honour of Trevor.

Since Trevor's death, many people have dropped by the Darlington Newsagency in Abercrombie Street to write messages of farewell and tribute. Thanks to Louisa Dyce, Andrew Packham and Belinda Theng for initiating and maintaining the Book, and to Di Everingham for transcribing the messages.

IN THE EARLY days of the Whitlam Era the Labor Party members met regularly at the Town Hall to advise the new government on policy and practice about Darlington/Redfern. Trevor Davies offered his services to the party as a street cleaner. Trevor cut a good labourer working on the streets and gutters. Col James was acting as a patron of the party. He was able to offer Trevor a new house in Edward Street next to the Settlement. This Trevor occupied for years and was a local figure acting for grass roots policies for Labor. Trevor was a good foot soldier and eventually took up the role of Labor rep reporting to the Party reps at Town Hall. Trevor became the nominal Labor representative. He became a valuable Party member and a strong fighter for Labor policy on the ground. Trevor loved Labor and kept the faith.

Col James

STILL CANNOT BELIEVE that you are gone. Trevor, you are a true champion. I will forever remember your daily visits to the shop. You are one of the most compassionate people I have ever come across. I will forever hold a place for you in my heart.

TREVOR, WE'LL MISS you sitting in the café, sitting in the corner with your Souths gear on. And you'll always be our paper boy!

Redfern Community Centre

DEAR TREVOR AND his family, Thank you for being such a community spirited person. You always knew everyone's name and a bit about them. You will be sorely missed, especially your raising of people's awareness of those in our community less fortunate.

Jacquie Ny

TREVOR – thinking of you today, tomorrow and lots. We will miss you so much.

Love Michelle and Quincy the dog

TREVOR, YOU HAVE been so much part of our community. Literally around every corner, mostly wherever I walked have you been there, you were present – I will remember you and be reminded of you as I continue to walk the streets of Darlington.

DEAR TREVOR, NOW you are in Heaven, I need a favour from you to find my family and tell them I really love them and very soon I will see them again. You were a good person and I will never forget you when I have my breakfast at the best restaurant in Chippendale. Goodbye. I loved you like a son.

Poppy

I AM SO sad that Trev is gone, he was such a personality, a ray of warmth and eternal cheerfulness no matter what, a huge force for good. May the path he has shown us stay wide open.

WE WILL MISS your smiling face and great sense of humour. You were such a great guy. Loved coming into the newsagency to see you because you would always ask me my name (Luisa). Hopefully you will remember me from above. Rest in peace and lots of love.

Patrick, Luisa, Zac and Zander McKay. Xoxoxoxo

TREVOR – wow – what a man. Knew everyone by first name. Many, many names and always in for a chat. A true man for others.

Glen Joseph

HI TREVOR, I know in my heart of hearts that you are watching over us and making sure that we carry on. You will be in my thoughts.

Jennifer Bosweg

TAKEN SO YOUNG. Left many memories. You will not be forgotten

Robert, Huey, Molly

TREVOR WAS AN amazing fellow and a vital focal point for the local neighbourhood. He was always engaged on some communal enterprise and seemed to know everyone! He was always kind to me, ready with a cheerful greeting and an interested enquiry about what I was up to. I have no doubt he'll be pouring the same energy and warmth into his new community – and we'll all get to share a coffee up there eventually.

Margaret

MATE, THAT WAS a fast exit. I hope you remembered to pack your toothbrush. Have fun in your new place and we'll all see you soon.

Clare

THANK YOU FOR all your love and all the smiles you have given to me and my family. Darlington will miss you and I will be looking for you every time I am sitting in the Tripod having a coffee. I know you were a part of a lot of different lives. Thank you for being you.

All my love Brianna Murphy xxx

TREVOR, YOUR RAISED-eyebrow smile and probing questions welcomed me to Darlington twenty-seven years ago, and have continued to make this place a great community. Give the angels hell.

Best, Stephen

TREVOR, YOU'LL TRY I'm sure to convince God that he should vote Labor but I suspect that he'll inform you that he's a Capitalist who makes a profit and only takes 10 per cent.

TREV, WE'LL MISS you – and wait in joyful hope to meet you again. Heaven is going to be a lot more interesting now you're there!

Gai

HEY, TREVOR, I must have seen you every day I lived here, just about. We always talked politics and often disagreed, but we always said we were on the same side, and I don't think there's anyone else that's truer

than you. You're an awesome guy.

Mike and Frankie

DEAR TREV, TOO many good times to recount. I won't forget the things you did for me both career and life wise. You were one of a kind and irreplaceable. Hopefully that park gets named after you. Redfern loved ya, mate.

Joe Correy

TREVOR, YOU ARE and always will be in my heart, my friend, my comrade and champion of our community. In a world where labels are common and often don't reflect the true, you really were a true Christian and a great Labor man. You stood for something and cared for all. I hope that we are able to in a small way take up your care for us and honour it each day. You will be my "Light on the Hill". Farewell Comrade and friend.

Jill Lay

TREVOR, WE'LL MISS your articles in the South Sydney Rag. It was always good to read, fighting for Redfern and Darlington community, giving a voice to an amazing area to live!

TREVOR, I KNEW you for such a short time but can say with confidence that you were Tripod's fussiest but most adored customer. You will be sorely missed!

T. Nicholl

DEAR TREVOR – I'll miss you struggling up Ivy Lane (as I do) and your chats about Labor politics while delivering the South Sydney Herald. After 26 (?) years, Darlo won't be the same without you.

Xx Penny

COMRADE TREVOR, NOTHING will be same around Darlington – you were the heart of our locale. We'll keep the branch fires burning for you, our local hero and true believer.

Love Robyn

O TREV, YOU were Darlington! Sorry I was always in a rush to get somewhere when I met you. You were a grande comrade for Robyn and the Labor Party.

God bless, Rosie Xxxx

LOVE, LIGHT, PEACE and happiness to you, my friend. May you rest in warmth and smiles.

Amanda

TREVOR, THANKS FOR all your works and wiles over the years. You've given us all lots to remember.

Lizzie Ramage

TO TREVOR, I knew you for twenty years. I'm from Chippendale Takeaway. You were our best customer, a good person, always very happy, very caring of people, with a wicked sense of humour. I loved the nickname that you gave me which was "Sexy Anthea". Always you will be in my heart. I will miss you. Rest in peace, Trevor.

Love from Anthea Bletsoginis

FRIEND, MATE, COMRADE, You made the world a brighter place. Thanks for the friendship. Love ya work. Love you always.

Colin and Donna

TREVOR, WE'LL ALL miss you – you were always happy to stop and chat and your identity was such a part of Darlington. The regular 'updates' we received were so much of the fabric of daily life around here. To walk into the paper shop or a coffee shop and not see your face will mean a part of daily life is missing. How will I keep up with Labor politics now?

Margo (Kingston) Brown

IN THE SHORT time that I knew you – we had our differences. It was great knowing you. RIP.

Michael

DEAR TREV, THERE will always be a seat on our verandah for you – somewhere to rest your weary body when you come to collect the South Sydney Herald for delivery, and borrow yet another one of our numerous red trolleys. RIP.

Love Di, Stan, Cecilia and Joe

I REMEMBER A conversation with Trevor one morning in the paper shop. We were talking politics and Trevor mentioned how he had once kissed Belinda Neal (Federal Labor Party) at a Labor function. He was quite chuffed. Trev, you were deeply woven in the local fabric and you will be sorely missed.

Mat Poole

THE "SOCIALIST LEFT" of the Labor party had one minute's silence last Saturday for Trevor.

Sally Quilter

TREVOR, WE WILL miss your smile and the way you talk to people.

Ming – Chip & Dale Takeaway

TREVOR, WE KNOW you for so many years. We will always remember you and we'll all miss you.

Chippendale Scoop

WILL MISS YOU Trev! It won't be the same without you, bud!

Ray

MISS YOU, ALREADY, and we didn't even know each other. Keep smiling.

Love Koe, Gaillia, Dave

WE WILL ALL miss our dearly loved true character.

Donald

HOW VERY SAD, a true local character.

Lisa and Tim

MISSING YOU BIG time my little mate. You were a good man, Trevor.

Michael

LOVE AND PEACE to you, Trevor, our friend and neighbour. You were a selfless man and will always be remembered as the Heart and Soul of the Darlington community.

Mary Ellen McCue, Colin and Lincoln Sharp