

Newcastle Morning Herald

Official: Fine, warm, sultry; mod. E. to N.E. winds.

AND MINERS' ADVOCATE

High Tides: 7.52 a.m., 8.31 p.m.
Sun: Rises 4.58 a.m., sets 7.10 p.m.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1957.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1955



Putting Up Him And Her

An almost continuous procession of curious men, women and children found its way past the portals of the Newcastle Cultural Centre building yesterday when workmen began erecting Dadswell's Man and Woman in the foyer.

The workmen five of them, under the guidance of Dadswell's representative Gerald Lewers started the job by putting up a tubular steel framework and hoist to lift the figures separately into position.

Lying prone among sand bags that were inclined to burst under their ton-plus weight, the

bronze figures looking at this stage like carvings in mouldy cheese (they have yet to be cleaned and polished) – were then manoeuvred to the foot of the framework.

Man Upright

Next came the beginning of the actual task: getting Man to his feet. The job calls for a great deal of patience and care but at day's end – the workmen working overtime – Man was upright. It will be a day or two yet before he and Woman are bolted to the concrete slab on which they will stand and temporarily he

was left held up by the hoist chains.

Around knock-off time, a "Herald" reporter dropped by to see how things were going and to hear what the processional people were saying.

First off there was a fellow who poked his head through the doorway and declared: "It's awful."

"Awful" repeated a boy of about 15. "Anybody could do that; except he'd have a job doing it as bad."

Other Stared

"I think it's good" the reporter ventured. The others stared at him.

A Librarian, pausing on his way out of the building at the stage where Man was still horizontal, quipped. "He's out like a light isn't he?"

"I hope they drop him and he breaks in half", said the he "–awful" schoolboy.

"I think it's exciting", said another newcomer; a man.

"I must admit I thought the figures would be a lot scrawnier", someone else said.

"You know what I mean: the models looked so thin."

"Say what you like, a woman

offered, "they're unique".

Overall, as another viewer said, one had the feeling that at least the small boys in the audience were waiting around simply bursting to yell "Timber" as Man was heaved, shoved and clanked to the perpendicular.

Got No Art

The Men on the job referred to him only as "he" and "him". They patted his face, decided he had a Roman nose, worried about whether they'd break his welded arm on the tubular framework, and finally at knock-off, stood back to discuss him with opinions as mixed as everybody else's.

"I got no art in me," one of them said. "I don't like him. Her, neither."

"I think he'll look perfect when we get him on the slab," said another.

"I reckon he should have got a slab in the morgue," said a third.

Whereupon, workmen and audience gradually drifted away and only an occasional post-6 o'clock walker strolled up to the grass doors to peer in at the magnificent monster and his mate.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1957



WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1957

