

SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

QUARTERLY BULLETIN



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THE PRESIDENT COMMENTS ...

My attention has been drawn to the approach of the next annual general meeting, not because of its nearness, but because it is the tenth. Then, this Society will have completed its tenth year, and present indications suggest that many more years of profitable Society activities await us.

In the last Bulletin I commented that I was commencing my third term President; in fact, it is my fourth term, so please excuse my counting!

I frequently, and with justification, make remarks about the membership and attendances at meetings; but my greatest expectations were exceeded at our April meeting, the first regular meeting held in the hall of the Presbyterian Church Sutherland. The attendance was in excess of 72 because there were people standing after the last seat in storage (the 72nd) was brought out. A fine clear night, plus a challenging topic -- the Pre-history of Australia, by Mr. Rex Gilroy, no doubt combined to produce this result.

I congratulate the Publications Committee on the April Bulletin, which received so much acclaim with its references to local residents.

I would like to thank Mr. Eric Utick and Mr. O. Brown-Deverell for their interesting contributions in May and June respectively, and look for-ward to those speakers yet to come.

A small change in the Executive of the Society has occurred since the Annual General Meeting in that Miss F. Whittaker, who was elected to two positions -- Treasurer and Vice President -- has resigned from the position of Treasurer. This position has again been filled by Mr. Syd. Stedman, who so efficiently performed these duties during the past year.

-- Harold Ivers.

History in the Making.

Sutherland Shire has fourteen Bush Fire Brigades, and on May 30th the 13th Bush Fire Station was opened at Loftus by the Shire President Clr. P.:. Lewis.

The new premises, costing \$22,000, leaves only one remaining to be built at Woronora, and the funds for this work have been set aside. Only arrangements for a site are holding up the completion of premises for all of the 14 Brigades.

Loftus Bush Fire Brigade unofficially commenced in January 1952 after a major fire that destroyed homes, farm buildings and livestock.

The next year (1953) it received official recognition under the first Captain, Jim Chadwick, who used his poultry farm as headquarters and his two-storied feed shed as a lookout tower. He remained Captain for seven years, with Bob Nielson Hon. Secretary from 1969 to 1975.

The dedication and fire fighting skill shown by the Loftus Brigade in the 1968 conflagration earned the respect and affection of the Loftus people.

-- Cronulla Observer: June 5: 1975.

THE GHOSTS OF BOTTLE FOREST



Major Sir Thomas Livingstone Mitchell
Surveyor General of the Colony of 1828-1855. He was responsible for both the Illawarra Road and the Villa of Bottle Forest.

According to a report in the Sun of May 28th local residents in the Campbelltown-Kentlyn area, which borders Georges River, have reported hearing "strange and fearsome sounds" at night.

Once again "The Thing" seems to be on the move, this time near the southwest of the Shire.

Some 60-70 years ago residents claimed to have seen "The Hairy Man of the Bush" in the Sutherland to Waterfall areas. Those who believed they saw "The Thing" said it looked like a tall shambling hairy creature -- neither man nor beast -- just "The Thing".

What is it? Is it another of the alleged eerie "ghosts" said by some to live in the dense bush of the Royal National Park, avoiding daytime human contact and roaming only by night? How much may be based on fact, how much on imagination?

A 100 years ago some of the timbercutters centred around today's Heathcote East feared especially "The Little Man of Bottle Forest".

According to contemporary statements there was a haunted track leading through the bush whereon marks, like the naked foot-prints of child, were clearly seen from time to time. These footprints were not those of any ordinary child -- the strange little prints were of a one-legged child, seen in places where no shoeless child had ever been. Strong was the acceptance of these phantom childish prints that many of the more superstitious timbermen refused to camp out alone at night in the thick bush of Bottle Forest.

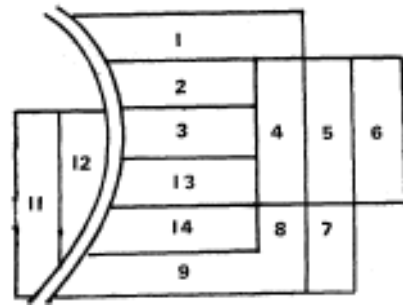
The incredulous declared the prints to have been those of some animal, but they could not make any suggestions as to the type of animal. Although at various times further details have been sought none have been forthcoming; but the timbermen who saw the strange little footprints were adamant on two points: they were the barefoot impressions of a small child, and the child was one-legged. No one ever saw or heard the child --- only the little footprints told of his passing along the forest tracks.

.....



The Illawarra Road was narrow and badly constructed, winding through dense bush. In wet weather it was impassable.

"The Village of Bottle Forest" 1842 showing the "14 Town Allotments". Mitchell's "Illawarra Road" separated Lots 11 & 12 from the main section of the Village, although they were then still hart of the Village.

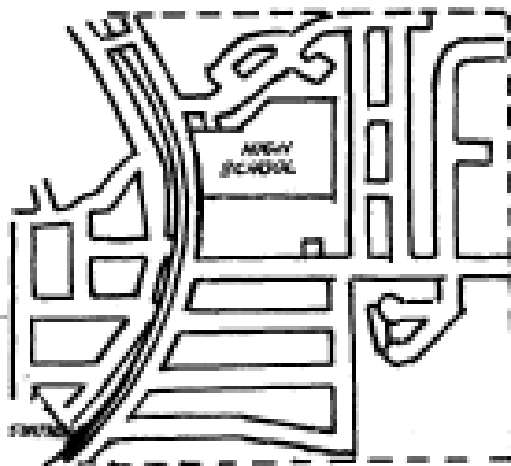


.....

As for "The Thing"; over the years quite a few claimed to have seen "The "The Wild Man of the Bush", always describing him as "tall and hairy". More claim to have heard weird sounds emanating from dense bush -- "Like someone screaming in pain", said a farmer last May in the Georges River-Kentlyn area. One man suggested the "fearsome sounds" might have been a crocodile in a nearby creek -- which having been bought as a small pet had grown too big and had been freed into a bush waterway,

"The Wild Man of the Bush" and "The Little Man of Bottle Forest" seem to have ceased their haunting of the Heathcote bush, much of which has now been felled, although the dense bush of the Royal National Park is nearby. Does "The Thing" still live in its deepest thickets?

The onetime "Village of Bottle Forest", so hopefully surveyed and laid out in "14 Town Allotments" in 1842 amidst the small farmlets of the agricultural settlement, lasted little more than a decade. An unknown travellers of 1861 struggling over rough bush tracks beyond Georges River en route to "The Five Islands" (Wollongong), has left a sombrelly pathetic picture of the one-time Village, abandoned, he said, because without an all-weather road the settlers could not get their produce to market and so were unable to earn a living.



Heathcote East as shown on a contemporary map. The old Lots 11 & 12 are now outside this area.

From the left: Princes Highway, Heathcote Railway Station and the railway line, Wilson's Parade; the road through the middle of Heath-cote East is Bottle Forest Road, Heathcote High School would be on Lots 2 & 3. The dotted lines on the south and east are boundaries of the Royal National Park; to the west, the railway.

"The remains of this settlement can be seen in the shape of various broken down fences, and the walls of a house of same size, of which the roof has fallen in, and which is otherwise a ruin. The grounds about this house are beautiful even in their present wild state. With a little help from art, they could be made very picturesque. The walls of the ruin have been a good deal scrawled upon by visitors. In front there are the remains of an inscription informing travellers that it was 'The Cottage of Content' and had 'good accommodation'.

"One person had inscribed the following piece of advice: 'All ye that to this manchin come, be neat and clean and something more, put out the fire and shut the door'. But there is no place at present in the 'manchin' where a fire could conveniently be lit, nor is there any door to shut".

Some of the kangaroo hunters who had halted at or near this place had used the walls of the old Inn to boast of their great deeds to wandering strangers, but "too much credit must not be given to these records".

Two well-known Sydney men of that time had evidently been hunting in the locality and deciding to record their prowess for the benefit of subsequent visitors, had signed their full names to the statement that they had "shot five Kangaroos and twelve Wallabys", dating their claim July 12, 1870. It would seem, however, that another of the party left a more truthful record inscribed below this, stating that the two claimants "did not secure a single marsupial large or small." Unfortunately the names of those two "prominent Sydney sporting gentlemen" were not quoted by the storyteller.

The 1848 Census showed there were 15 adult residents over years of age) "all of whom could read and write", living in 4 houses excluding two or three tents -- most of whom were Church of England or Methodists.

By 1845 Sir Thomas Mitchell's "Illawarra Road" or "Great South Road" had been completed, providing a shorter route to the Illawarra than that via Campbelltown and Appin to the Cataract River crossing. The route was out of Redfern, through Arncliffe and "Lord's Forest" (Hurstville) to the Lugarno Ford; crossing Georges River the road followed the Menai Ridge down to the Woronora River and up the opposite hill (now Woronora Road) to connect with a road at Bulli coming up from "The Five Islands" settlement. But the narrow road soon proved too steep, too lonely, badly constructed (by convict labour) and too long for the Bottle Forest farmers to drive their horses and carts to markets in Sydney Town, and the Village of Bottle Forest disintegrated as an agricultural settlement, even though the soil was amazingly rich.

The Village of Bottle Forest is believed to have occurred the ridge about where Parkland Avenue is. Near here the Illawarra Road passed south-ward, and on this roadway in 1843 an optimistic investor, George Hall, built the "Cottage of Content", a roomy guesthouse catering for travellers between Sydney and the Illawarra districts: but his hopes were misplaced and it closed in the 1850s.

After the Illawarra Railway reached Heathcote in 1888 the Bakewell



Brick Company, whose works were at Sydenham, opened several brick-clay pits in the Parish of Heathcote; and shortly after (probably in 1890) Isaac Harber, a wealthy Sydney brick manufacturer who owned 50 acres around Bottle Forest, built Heathcote Hall of Bakewell bricks as a "gentle-man's country residence". He had been in residence only a year or so when, owing to the financial recession in the early 180s he was forced to sell the property.

The "Village of Bottle Forest" became Heathcote East in 1903. The Parish of Heathcote dates back to Mitchell's 1828-34 survey when he named the districts south of Georges River. It seems rather a pity that the old

historical name for this little settlement should have been dropped -- for it was the first official settlement in the pre-Shire. The "Village of Gunnamatta" was proclaimed in 1899 -- the name was changed to Cronulla in 1908 -- although it had been unofficially settled by scattered fishing families from about 1870; Miranda/Caringbah settlement dates from about 1880.

Today Heathcote East is a lovely little self-contained "garden Suburb" on the eastern side of the railway line and adjacent to the Royal National Park: but civilisation is probably much too close for the ghosts of "The Wild Man of the Bush" and "The Little Man of Bottle Forest" to return to their old haunts. And "The Thing" -- man or beast? -- or imaginations? Has it moved its ghostly haunting over to the isolated and bushclad banks of the per reaches of Georges River?

-- Hutton Neve

Sources: Australian Town & Country Journal 1885: Map of the County of Cumberland: H.G.Wells: 1857? Writer's General Historical, Notes.

* * * * *

Unemployment Relief: by 1933 unemployment was widespread throughout all of Australia, and there were many "unemployment camps" all around the outskirts of Sydney. "Relief work" was unskilled labour, perhaps of only a few days' duration; the alternative was "the dole", which provided little more than a semi-starvation level, but it was better than nothing. "For the purpose of relieving the unemployed position in the Shire, the Council was successful in obtaining a loan of £1500 from the Commonwealth Bank, which was supplemented with a Commonwealth grant of £20,000, and the work of constructing a section of Gynea Bay Road was carried out. In addition to affording relief to the unemployed in the Shire, a section of excellent road was constructed. The Council has also borrowed the sum of £650 from the Commonwealth Bank for the purpose of constructing a bridge across Forbes Creek on the Woronora River, as an unemployed relief work."

- S.C.A.M. 14/1/1933

"I Remember..."

THE CHEMIST'S SHOP

I was just a youngster.... I went into the shop; it was dark, dank and gloomy, and it had a smell anything but pleasant -- everything appeared to be dusty and old.... But I really needed the medicine, and it was the only chemist's shop in Sutherland.

The old man peered at me through steel-rimmed glasses and said: "Huh! If you wait a bit I'll make this up for you - but it won't do you any good anyway! You'd do far better to take a bottle of Fellows' Syrup or some of Turnbull's Nerve Tonic. Turnbull was the man I bought this business from, and he made up all his own scripts. They're far better than what this old goat has prescribed for you! How some of these men ever got their degree I never cease to wonder!

I felt he didn't like my doctor very much. I took the medicine home and in all fairness to the faithful apothecary, it didn't do me any good.

Mr. Marsden the chemist was a mid-Victorian in thought and deed: he left home every morning exactly at 5 minutes to eight, to arrive promptly at 8.0 a.m. to open the store; he closed promptly at 12.30, then adorned himself in hat and coat to walk home for lunch, regardless of heat or rain. I am sure Mr. Marsden must have had only the one suit, for I can never remember him in clothes any different from those the first day I saw him.

I remember that he assured me that arsenic wouldn't kill anyone providing it was taken in small doses, but that it was very good mixed with milk to kill snakes.

I can never recall the window display (such as it was) being altered from 1922 -- when I first came to Sutherland -- to about 1940 when the business was sold to Frank Hegerty. One of Marsden's adornments in the shop was a shelf with bottles containing snakes pickled in spirits. I remember one large bottle which contained (as per notice) the largest Deaf Adder ever caught in N.S.W.; it was destroyed on the western side of the Woronora River after it had bitten and killed a stockman's dog.

The chemist shop is still at the same site but is now a modern pharmacy, Mr. Marsden has long since passed on, but is survived by Mrs, Marsden, now in her nineties, and their son George, both living at Miranda.

-- Geo. Heavens.

* * * * *

The first Government School in Sutherland was a one-roomed wooden building erected in Eton Street in March 1887. Mrs. Maria Meyer was the Principal.

.....

Two children aged 7 years, have been transported for seven years, for robbery, to prevent them associating with their parents.

-- Sydney Herald: 2/5/1831.

.....

Mathew Flinders (b. 1774) died July 19, 1814. With Geo. Bass and little William Martin in the "Tom Thumb", Flinders explored around Shire waters in the 1790s.

"NOBODY'S CORPSE"

In 1870 the Sutherland district was something of a "no-man's land" The general name of Heathcote, which came into some use after 1840 in place of the 1835 proclaimed "Hundred of Woronora" (although no contemporary authority can be found for the alteration) appears to have been little used. The more common reference was either by naming the local Parish or otherwise, to covering "Port Hacking district". As Local Government did not eventuate until 1906 the sparsely settled handful of people were more or less left to themselves. At this time Thomas Holt owned some 12,000 acres whereon lived a few employees and one or two tenants.

Consequently when a corpse was found by Patrick Dolan (of Dolans Bay washed up on "the Curranulla Beach, between Botany Heads and Port Aitken Heads" in August 1870, the holding of an inquest presented a nice little local problem.

The body having been buried on the beach by Dolan and some of Holt's employees, Dolan then set off for Sydney to report the circumstances to the City Coroner. He declined to act, stating that as the body had been found in the "Parish of Southerland" it was outside his jurisdiction and in the Police District of Liverpool, so it was therefore reported to the Chief Constable at Campbelltown where the District Coroner resided. Action was not apparently taken and the City Coroner was again approached.

"The City Coroner proceeded to the locality, taking with him a medical man. The distance they had to travel through the bush was considerably much difficulty was experienced in getting across the mouth of Georges River, at a place called Rocky Point A jury, composed of Mr. Holt's employees, was collected, and they proceeded to the beach and exhumed body which was found to be much decomposed" -- so much so that identification was impossible, and the jury thereupon brought in its verdict: 'We find that the deceased was found on the beach and believe the body was deposited there by the sea, and had most likely been drowned' ".

However, the City Coroner was not satisfied with the lack of identification; he clipped some hair from the head and also took a leather belt from the body. Having the names of two men recently drowned in Botany Bay, the Coroner then sought out several men who knew both of the deceased, all of them frequenting a Cook's River hotel -- and the deceased was positively identified from the "remains".

--M.H.N.

Source: Sydney 'Mail: Sept. 1870.

* * * * *

Market Street (Sydney) butchers seventy years ago: it was not unusual in the early 1900s to see calves from coastal vessels being driven along Market Street to a butcher's shop where they would be slaughtered on the premises, dressed and offered for sale, Goldsmith Bros. was one such butchering establishment. At that period, too, meat was not only displayed in shops along Market Street but was also openly displayed on the footpaths until health regulations later stopped the practice.

BANGOR (MENAI) POST OFFICE

June 5th 1975 marked the 70th year of the foundation of a Post Office, then a Receiving Office, at Bangor and the carrying of the first mail between the settlement and Sutherland.

In November 1904 Robert Smith, Secretary of the Bangor Progress Association, appealed to Mr. George Fuller M.P. for assistance in getting a Post Office. Earlier representations to the Post Master General had not been successful and the

Department considered that there was not sufficient business for Post Office. Robert Smith's address was "Bangor, v Peakhurst" and he described the place as a settlement three miles west of Sutherland and six miles from Peakhurst pointed out that the estimated number of letters being posted from the area was under-estimated be-cause-- "This being a market gardeners' place most of our mail is given to any one going to market or to Sutherland or Hurstville as the case may be.

Bangor
Feb 13. 05

To the Post Master Sutherland

Dear sir

I wish to apply for the receiving office at Bangor & carrying the mail from Sutherland for the sum of £15.0.0 I could not do it less^{per year} because I have to pay to cross the river

Yours truly
Mrs Harry Midgley

Recd 17/2/05
14A Sutherland



RICHARD MIDGLEY - 18

Many of our letters are posted in Sydney and stamps purchased there".

Smith stated that the land was "Homestead Selections", and that as thousands of acres were available and the settlement was close to Sydney an increase in postal business could be expected.

The Department was willing to spend up to £12 (\$24) a year on postal facilities. Smith replied that no one could run a mail for that amount as it would cost 1/6d per week to cross over the Woronora River in a private boat to Sutherland. He suggested that if the Department allowed £25 (\$50) someone would be willing to take the care of a Post Office.

Representations for the Post Office continued, and early in 1905 when Mrs. Fanny Midgley agreed to take charge and to carry the mail to and from Sutherland for £15 (\$30) a year the Department approved the opening of a Receiving Office for mails. Several others had applied to the Department but Mrs. Midgley had been recommended by Mr. Herbert Brigden, Postmaster at Sutherland. He wrote:

"Mrs. Midgley's place of residence is centrally situated and is only a few hundred yards from Mr. Owen Jones' residence was previously recommended - mended as a Receiving Office keeper".

A son of Fanny Midgley, Richard, was elected to carry the mails. Now in his 35th year of age, active and well, Richard Midgley resides at Manly and recently recalled his experiences of carrying the mail-bag.

"If I remember correctly it was in the mornings three times a week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leaving Menai -- then Bangor in those days -- at 9.0 a.m., and leaving Sutherland for Bangor at 11.0 a.m.. I went by foot and crossed the Woronora River by rowboat, being rowed over by either Mr. Price or his handyman Old Ted.

"There was only a rough foot track on either side of the river, and in places a very rough track it was, too, I can remember it very well, and it was very miserable in wet weather, and I had to travel in all weathers. I was then about 15 years of age.

"At that time there were only about half a dozen families in Bangor at the period I can remember -- the Dawsons, Bentleys, Maymans, Jones, Midgleys; there may have been a couple of others which I don't recall.



Price's Rowboat Ferry

"The Post Office at

Sutherland was about where it is now, only it was a weatherboard building facing the main road. I had to spend about one hour in Sutherland waiting for the mail train to arrive, and I got very friendly with a Probation boy at Sutherland Railway and when he was transferred from there I took his place,, The local station master sent me to Sydney to the Railway Department where I passed an examination and was employed by the Railway Department for four years until I was twenty years of age".

As there were already other offices by the name of Bangor in the Commonwealth, the residents were asked to nominate a change of name. On the 21st February 1905 Robert Smith wrote on behalf of the Bangor Progress Association and said:

"I have received your letter today in reference to changing the name of this place, and called all the residents of this place together (all that was within reach) and we decided to send you the following names. As it is quite impossible for us to pick a name not being used already as a post office, that is a certainty, and leave it to your opinion which name it shall be".

Names submitted at the foot of the letter were: Mona, Menai, Lugarno Flower Hill, Thorps Forest, Grass Valley, Garland, Salisbury and Elmhurst . The first name, "Mona", was crossed off by the Postmaster at Sutherland and noted "in Queensland already". The second name "Menai" was marked "suitable and not taken up".

An interesting note was penned to Mr. Brigden concerning the choice of the name from Mr. Owen Jones, a Welshman and pioneer settler.

....Am extremely sorry for having to change the name. I was first to live in the district and have the honour of naming the place and since this place has been well advertised especially last elections. Now we call you to choose. I hope it will be short. I favour 1st Menai, 2nd Mona, 3rd. Lugarno".

A small petition containing thirty-one names from nine households asked for the mail to be run on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays prior to the Receiving Office being opened.

--- Alf Midgley.

Sources: Historical Archives N.S.W. Post Office: Mr. Richard Midgley.

* * * * *

Dec. 9. 1939: Notice was given that a "local Patriotic & War Fund has been opened.... to solicit funds, articles and goods for the purpose of providing comforts, equipment and entertainment" both for the Defence Forces and for Ambulance services and the like, as a result of the onslaught of World War 2. A secondary Object would be to provide funds for District Memorials f o r those who served in the War,

"A Night in Hades": "There is no need for you to go to the Devil -- you can meet him on friendly terms at this Monster Carnival Night!" So ran an Advertisement for a function organised by the Woronora Progress Assn, to raise funds for Boys' Town.

PHILLIP OF BATHAMPTON

Governor Arthur
Phillip, R.N.

About two miles from Bath in the County of Somerset there is the village of Bathampton, wherein is a typically English village church, dominating the other buildings with its tall bell tower and surrounded by ancient gravestones covered in moss and standing askew.

The 26th January 1975 was a big day in the history of this parish church, because after five years of planning and reconstruction the "Australia Chapel" was dedicated in the presence of the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Australian High Commissioner and other officials.

The Australia Chapel is really the side portion of the church which has been redesigned around the centre piece of the gravestone of Arthur Phillip Esq.. His grave was previously located in the front of the church entrance, but the stone has now been moved to this side chapel. Australian materials have been used in the reconstruction: the floor has been re-laid with Australian marble; the altar rail and chairs are of Australian blackbean wood, and the stained glass windows show the Coats of Arms of Australia and each of the States.

On the wall is a memorial which incorporates an anchor and rope, cannon and balls, with the plaque "Near this Tablet are the remains of ARTHUR PHILLIP Esqr., Admiral of the Blue, first Governor and Founder of the Colony of NEW SOUTH WALES who died the 31st of August 1814 in the 76th Year of his Age".

Arthur Phillip was born on 11th October 1738 in London in the Parish of Allhallows, Ward of Bread Street. He entered apprenticeship as a seaman in 1751 and saw service in many areas of the world, in peace and war. He spent some time on his farm properties in Hampshire in between naval commissions.

He rose in ranks through his own merit, and whatever the reason for the choice of him to command the First Fleet to Australia, the decision turned out to be a wise one. Due to ill-health he relinquished his command in Australia and sailed for England on 11th December 1792. By 1796 he had sufficiently recovered to resume active naval duties and in January 1799 he became a Rear-admiral of the Blue. He married his second wife on the 8th May 1794, and they lived at Bath, where there is a memorial to him in the Abbey; but for some reason this man the first Governor of the Colony of New South Wales, chose to be buried in the



The First Fleet entering Botany Bay
in January 1788.

small parish church at Bathampton.

The gravestone bears the following inscription:

Underneath lie the Remains
of Arthur Phillip, Esq.
Admiral of the Blue
Who died 31st August 1814
in his 76th Year
Also of Isabella
Relict of the above
Admiral Phillip
Who died 4th March 1823
In the 71st Year of her Age.

-- D.J.H.

Extract --- Hurstville Historical Society Newsletter: Feb. 1975.

* * * * *

Native Relics Protected

A permit is now required from the Director of the National Parks and Wildlife Service before aboriginal relics may be collected; and further, they cannot be destroyed or damaged.

These provisions have been incorporated in the National Parks a Wild-life Act 1974. There is a maximum \$1000 fine and a six-month gaol term if any aboriginal relics and/or sites are wilfully and knowingly interfered with in any way.

"For many years Service officers have investigated areas before any development, to find relics. They are locating and recording relics in the path of the natural gas pipeline", he said.

The Act also provides for the creation of Aboriginal Areas, as also of Sacred Places in Aboriginal mythology, in order to prevent them from any developmental damage.

The At will also protect endangered fauna; anyone capturing or killing these animals without authority will be liable for the \$1000 fine and gaol. sentence.

As was reported at the May General Meeting of the Society, four members investigated aboriginal rock carvings (i.e., "peckings") and axe-grinding grooves in an area of Menai. On reporting these to the Wildlife Service it was learnt that they were unaware of these sites. The Service has arranged to inspect and record these ancient relics.

Under this Act the Royal National Park's aboriginal relics will now have added protection.

-- Extract Shire Pictorial: Feb. 18, 1975.

CRONULLA LAUNCH

Almost fifty years ago this month a launch was smashed to pieces on the rocks off Port Hacking Heads — while only a little more than a mile away could be seen the lights of motorcars and buses moving along the roads of Cronulla and lights twinkling from homes on the hills facing the sea.

On Sunday midday of July 28th 1929 four men set out from Kiama in 52 ft. launch heading for Sydney, with a gentle breeze blowing and only a light sea running. In the late afternoon as the weather began to shift and the seas to rise, one of the valves of the engine blew off and the cylinder head stabbed into the hull. There were four men aboard, three of whom were motor mechanics -- Leslie Wilshire, Chas, Jelfs, Eric and Ernest Wyburd.

As the wind continued to rise and the seas to grow in intensity they struggled desperately to repair the damage, but with the tossing of the boat work became more and more difficult. Darkness settled down and soon the men could see only a few feet in front of them; although they had not the faintest idea where they now were they tried to keep the bows launch pointing in the direction of Sydney.

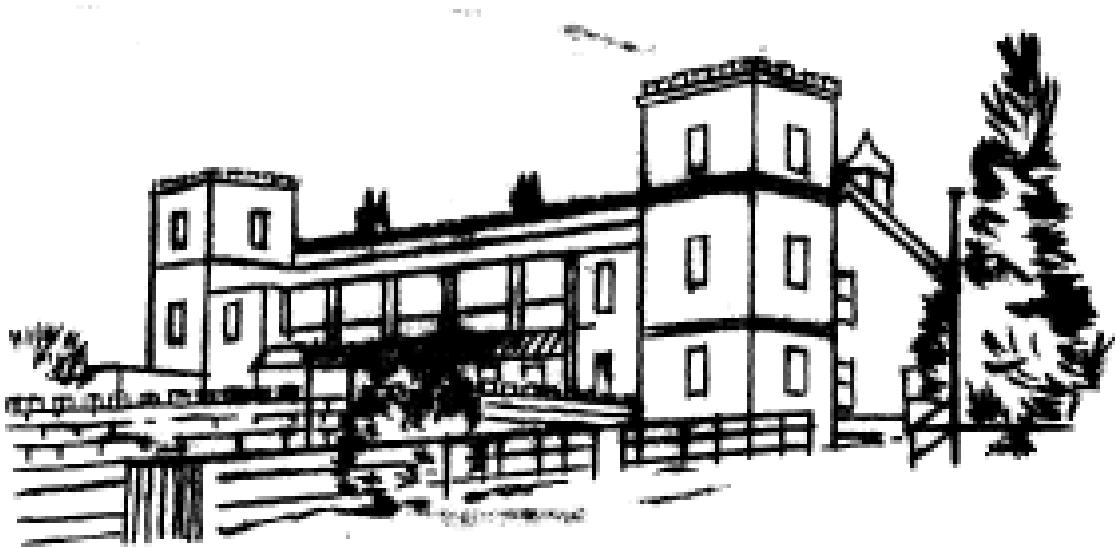
They had drifted several miles northward in the darkness when suddenly without any warning, the boat struck a hidden reef and slid on to rocks with a grinding crash. One man, Charles Jelfs, was flung overboard into the raging sea. Wilshire hauled in the tiny skiff towing behind launch, clambered into it and, even though it was half-filled with water, rowed towards where Jelfs had disappeared -- and was not seen again.

The wind howled and whined about the two brothers and -great rolling combers swept over the boat with the two men clinging desperately to hold they could grip. Throughout the night they dipped strips of hessian which they had tied to a boathook, into petrol and managed to light it holding the improvised flare into the wind so that it burned brightly as they frantically waved it, but no answering recognition came from the window-lit homes.

Just before daybreak the sea-anchors which they had put out during the night gave way in the still-increasing seas; tossed about like a cork the boat rolled and dipped towards the nearby shoreline. A line of breakers came into view, rounding on foam-covered rocks only few yards from them.

There was another tiny skiff aboard, lashed to the decking; this was quickly cut loose, oars grabbed, and they pushed it overboard and fell into it. Almost immediately a huge wave picked up the tiny skiff and flung the two men into the icy cold raging sea, but somehow they managed to keep afloat until another wave hurled them onto jagged rocks from where, With gashed hands and knees they managed to scramble ashore, and reached the home of Arthur Rogers on Glaisher Point at South Cronulla. Stripped of clothes, wrapped in warm blankets and given hot drinks, they were soon able to be driven to the Cronulla Police Station to report the tragedy, The big launch became a total wreck as it was pounded to pieces on the rocks, the debris piling up along the beach; but there was no sign of the two drowned men.

-- Extracted from The Sun, 29/7/1929.

REMINISCENCES OF "SUTHERLAND HOUSE"

Mr. Frederick Holt occupied one of the large mansions erected by the late Hon. Thomas Holt, M.L.A.. This castle-like house was on the Georges River, known as Sylvania. The old gentleman's patronage of Literature and Art is worthy of mention. His home here was lined from ceiling to floor with pictures he had purchased to encourage Australian artists and other art. Even the corridors were covered and so closely hung that they quite hid the pattern of the wallpaper. I wonder now whose they were, and who were the authors of the thousands of books which lines the walls of the great library downstairs. Everyone in the house was allowed to use the library, and to look at the pictures. Both drawing-room and dining-room were filled with the works of artists.

In this palace the architect had not overlooked the servants quarters, and a whole wing of the building was furnished for the domestics; dining-room, sitting-room and spacious kitchen and offices, all comfortably furnished. In Mr. Holt's laboratory there was a medical chest with the other chemistry items from which he dispensed whenever anyone was ailing. In this den he spent most of his time, for being very deaf he did not associate much with society.

I sometimes joined the cook, a buxom young Australian girl, in a morning dip in the river. I would often accompany Mrs. Holt on a trip up the Georges River in a rowing boat along with the children. We used to take little hammers and with them remove the fat rock oyster from its home on the rock to a place in our stomach -- I being the biggest monster of the rock-oysters.

I recollect an incident of a mirth provoking nature. Mrs. Holt had been laid up and sent for the doctor; there was no 'phone or motorcar in those days. Dr. Dick attended her. The servants were all on the qui vive with not much sympathy and much harsh criticism for the patient, a blue-eyed blonde -- who had a most healthy appearance. What was the doctor's diagnosis? The housekeeper irritated her, so I became installed as her temporary nurse. I found her sitting up in bed alone, reading the Bible. She said "Put

it back in my boudoir bookcase and don't let anyone come in to tidy up. Stay with me when the doctor comes, Annie, please". She seemed to shrink from the servants' scrutiny.

Her eldest son must have imbibed some of her piety, for I met him when he had grown up, amongst the revivalists conducting Missions. He, who had been "the naughtiest boy in the world" was now a preacher of the Gospel. The other young rogue met his mother in "the Better Land". Their most audacious prank was to put every new hat their mother bought for them down an old moss-grown well. The punishment for this childish crime was to be shut up in the "hot room" for an hour, this being an unused room over the kitchen range.

But not to digress; a humorous incident was the entrance of a servant just before the doctor's arrival with a message informing her that the new poultry-keeper had by mistake cut the head off her prize hen in order to have chicken broth made for her. She flamed with anger and called for the master. Hastily he came, awe and astonishment upon his grave countenance, with his speaking-trumpet in his hand. He was a giant of over six feet and of ample girth. The aggrieved lady told of her trouble through the speaking-trumpet at the top of her voice, but not being able to enlist his sympathy she flung away the trumpet and yelled into his ear. She hollowed, as he leant graciously over her: "I only bought them yesterday -- imported from England! I gave five pounds a pair:"

"Hush, my dear", he remonstrated. "Have reason -- are there not more fowls? -- we may replace them. The man is a new hand at it; doubtless he is sorry for his mistake", he said.

During my engagement here I fell ill with typhoid fever; and though I declined to return and resume my duties, they paid my medical expenses and sent me luxuries in my convalescence.

-- Extract from "The Story of My Life", by Mary Anne Moore-Bentley.

She was born in the Braidwood District in 1860, and was in her early twenties when employed as a domestic at Sutherland House. She came to Menai (then Bangor) in 1904.

-- Alf Midgley.

* * * * *

Historical Doubt: An auctioneer at a late sale of antiques put up a helmet, and made the following candid declaration: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder, but whether he was a brass founder, or an iron founder, I am not able to say".

-- The Sydney Herald: June 27, 1831.

Attend Church -- or else: "By Command of His Excellency the Governor", the Tickets of Leave granted to certain named convicts were cancelled, "for habitual neglect of Sunday muster" (i.e., muster for Church Parade).

-- The Sydney Herald: June 27, 1831.

A JOURNEY BY COACH

"A Journey by Coach" from Sydney to Yass in November 1853 is an extract from a very lengthy letter written by Mrs. Mary Ann Simons to her mother in England. The earlier portions of the letter give a vivid description of the sailing ship beating along the coast, and a good description of Sydney in the preceding month where Mary Ann stayed only a short time with her husband who had obtained employment in Yass.

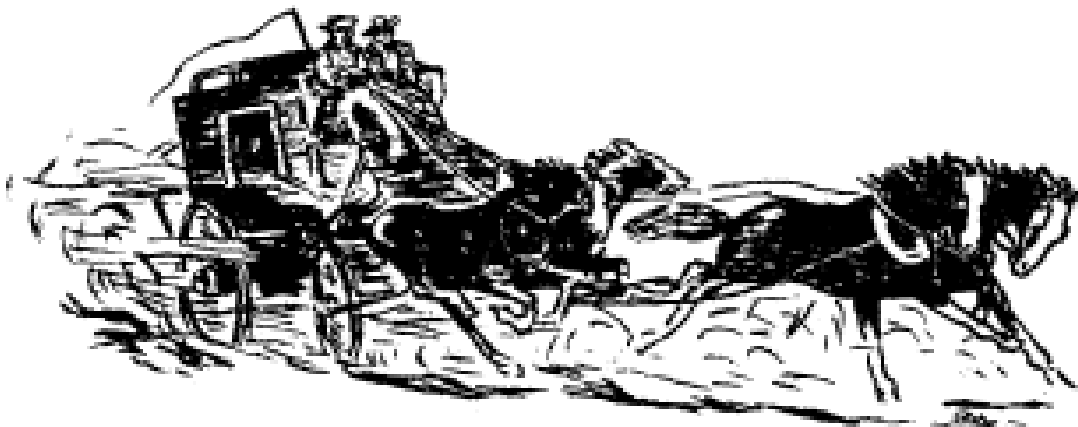
The writer expresses his sincere thanks to Mrs. Jessie Matthew of Lugarno, great-great-granddaughter of Mrs. Simons, for permission to use the extract from the letter.

-- Fred Midgley.

.....

"I must now return to the Coach Office at a quarter to five. We heard the mail horn the same as you would hear upon Martin's Coach when it enters Maidstone, but upon my word I was never more surprised when it made its appearance -- about as much like a coach as a cart resembles a wheel-barrow any further than it has four wheels. The body of it is more like a small hearse than anything I can compare it to without a top (making it still more agreeable to travel in wet weather) and the sides only half the height. This concern is licensed to carry eleven, ten inside and one on the box as you may be sure there is not much room to spare particularly as each person had a couple of parcels which are all huddled in under the feet and another thing it is made so narrow that you are all obliged to sit with your knees dovetailed into your opposite passengers which cramps you shockingly in these long stays. At a quarter before six we mounted this Methuslum of a vehicle called the "Royal Mail".

"We had our full complement of passengers but only one female besides myself. They told us we had got a very expert coachman on the box, but it was always considered a very fair journey to Yass if they reached there with a couple of turnovers. They told us there were one or two lying with broken limbs in Sydney who had met with these accidents the last time the mail came in from Yass. This told me plainly that the most hazardous part of err travels had yet to be performed.



"We travelled as far as Campbelltown that evening, thirty two miles from Sydney. We saw nothing all the way but a short brush wood; the monotony of the scene occasionally enlivened by a few tents and bush fires. We saw several kinds of birds such as the Laughing Jackass so called from the singular noise it makes, crows, Cockatoos, Jackdaws and Soldier Birds so called from their fighting and pursuing every other bird. It was about eleven o'clock when we arrived almost shaken to death from the roads being in such bad condition. A nice hot supper was all in readiness for us in first-rate English style at two shillings a head including everything with a good supply of tea for that is drunk throughout the colony with almost every meal, beer being such an expensive article.

"To make good for the House the Mail did not start until nine o'clock the following evening so that of course you must have all your meals there at two shillings a head, paying the same price for your bed, at least we paid the rate of one but they charge two if there is only one person. As this is the first Sunday we have been on shore since we left England I must tell you what we had for dinner. A joint of roast beef, ditto of boiled, a leg of mutton, a dish of mutton chops, a boiled duck, green peas, greens and baked potatoes formed the total sum. I made my dinner off the boiled duck and green peas; no bad judge you will say.

"After tea Thomas and I walked to the Church yard, for it was too warm to go during the middle of the day. We found it in a very dilapidated condition though it bore evidence of having seen better days. Most of the graves were planted with flowers and many of them completely enveloped in rose bushes in full bloom from having been allowed to run wild. We read upon its weather-beaten stones the name of many a one whom it specified had emigrated from England and ultimately found a shelter from the storm of life beneath the verdant turf of a foreign churchyard. I read upon many a stone that well known favourite old epitaph "Application sore long time I bore" and a churchyard you know was always a favourite resort of mine and as I pondered over each inscription my mind wandered back to those days when we so often trod together the paths of Mars Head Cemetery for as I have said before "when will not fancy fond images paint where solitude holds her sway. Reminiscences sweet though old and quaint of many a by-gone day". As the church was being lit up for evening services we made bold to walk in but not to stay as we only had our shabby travelling clothes on. I assure you we were quite surprised; a neater or more comfortable little church no one could wish to see. As for the Old Bearsted it would beat it into fits. The windows had stained glass in them. The aisle leading up to the Altar was the only one nicely matted. A pretty little stone font stood in the square facing the Altar. They were covered with a beautiful scarlet cloth and each had a handsome cushion of the same colour. They each had brass branches with two wax candles aside in them. There were several marble tablets round the walls. The church outside is surrounded with Acacia trees; they are exactly the same as our Laburnham with the exception the blossom is white instead of yellow.

"We bid farewell to the struggling village of Campbelltown at nine in the evening and travelled all night through roads I can scarcely give you a description of. It is what they term the bush track; that is, roads caused by the persons constantly tramping across the country to the diggings. They

are not made as our lanes are in England. For instance they drive in and out between the trees for it is nothing but one immense forest between Campbelltown to Goulburn a distance of something above a hundred miles. Every ten minutes you are almost overturned by the wheels coming in contact with great stumps of trees nearly half a yard high and another thing free stone and granite occupy the spare ground between the trees making it all bumps and ridges to ride over with every now and then a tremendous run down into some slough or such likes One of the "Mails" last winter got into one of these holes and laid there a month before they could get it out. A gentleman travelling with us said he had saved his neck many times by giving jump when he found the concern going over. So there is not much pleasure here in travelling for you are in constant fear the whole time. I am sure cannot tell how many times I hollowed out "Oh, dear", for every tremendous jar we had I expected to be thrown out.

"Between one and two in the morning I felt very sleepy but of course was out of the question... uphill and down some very steep hills. One in particular they call the "Razor Back" and a very good name for it. The width just sufficient for a vehicle to come down with steep declivities on each side so that without a driver is very expert one must inevitably be killed. But they drive here very different to what they do in England. "they go at it at a tremendous rate up hill and down dale hollering and stamping their feet on the footboards a noise you would think enough to frighten any horse but they seem to take very little notice of it. Most of the horses here are what they term Gibs but they have no mercy on horse flesh here. They drive eight and twenty miles a stage, a distance that would kill our English ones to go continually.

"Many of the roadside Inns stand very lonely. We changed horses at two or three in the dead of night that did not appear to have another dwelling near them on all sides with one eternal forest for so it appeared to be. They of course, were gone to bed so our coachman had to shout two or three times at the top of his voice before he could wake them and I assure you it sounded quite awful as we attentively listened for an answer to hear nothing in the dead silence but the rolling echo peal through the woods.

"We reached Goulburn the following evening about nine o'clock where we had tea and retired to rest heartily glad to lie down for I felt as tired and more cramped than if I had walked miles. They did not lose much time here for we started the following morning at six o'clock, I am happy to say, for Yass, sixty miles further.

"This proved by far the best part of our journey as the roads were nothing like so rough as we went a great distance across plains and by the eat blessing of God reached our destination in safety at four o'clock in the afternoon. We were set down in the middle of the road three miles from Yass by the side of a river. We then had to walk half a mile up to Mr. Hardy's house and to have seen us as we stood there watching the Mail out of sight with our carpet bag, hand-box, cloak, greatcoat, umbrella, parasols and my dear little canary (for I have positively brought him safe all the way) would have formed a study for any painter. Thomas said he would like car folks to see us as we then were. We took a drink with our hands at the river for we were very dry and dusty and thereon proceeded to finish our journey on foot.

 (Any spelling errors, and punctuation -- or lack of it -- are as were originally written.
 -- Ed.)

"I Remember ..."

MR. LEN BUTLER, THE MILKMAN

I like a drop of milk in my tea, and as we had no ice-chests or fridges in 1936, we used to wait for Mr Butler the milkman, who delivered to the Woronora River from his farm in Linden Street Sutherland. He was always late and always had some excuse he couldn't catch the horse or something. Now, however, he had a car, an old Tourer Buick, with a milk-tank on the back seat and a tap coming out of the back of it; on the top of the tank was the butter, and alongside that a case of eggs. The Butlers were obliging people and would buy various goods such as groceries and flour etc., for the people at the River to save them the long walk up to Sutherland; their goods also rode on the back seat of the car, and the boy and the milk-measures rode alongside the driver in front. It was a really remarkable car as Len was no real mechanic, but could generally make do with a nail, a bit of wire or some rope.

This particular morning Len was later than usual, so we went to look for him, asking at the various cottages if "the milko" had called. Eventually we found him at the bend of the steep incline on Price's Avenue. The car had just reached the top of the hill when the rope, which was holding on the handbrake, broke, and the car started to roll backward. Len hopped aboard and rode her to the bottom — the ride was somewhat exciting to say the least, for the rope also broke on the footbrake -- and Len didn't know how to engage gears at that speed; and further trouble loomed -- someone had planted a large gum tree at the bend, and he couldn't negotiate it, instead of finishing up off Jackeroo Point and into the Woronora, Len finished up wrapped around another tree.

When we found him he was covered in broken eggs, butter and flour, and washed down with a couple of gallons of milk. He also had three broken ribs, and broken arm --and a lovely black eye.

The car was salvaged and rewired, using real No. 8 fencing wire this time "It's stronger than rope", explained Len.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler left Sutherland about 1940 and went down the South Coast to live, after spending some years in Menai.

-- Geo. heavens.

* * * * *

The Early "Black Maria": in the early days of last century the wheelbarrow had a use more unusual than transporting garden produce — it was the official means of conveying drunken prisoners to Sydney lock-ups. In 1837 wheelbarrows were supplied to every police station in Sydney. The barrows were provided with buckles and straps to secure the legs of uncooperative prisoners. Constables allotted to the "Wheelbarrow Squad" were the fore-runners of the Special Duties and other specialist squads of today.

HOLT SUTHERLAND ESTATE COMPANY

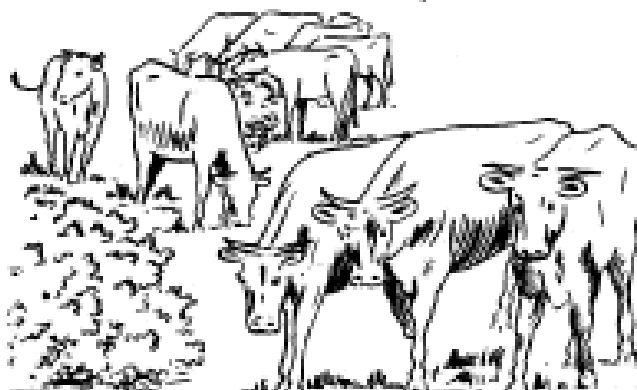
A glance at a Shire map will show that the main portion consists of a great peninsula with the Pacific Ocean forming its eastern boundary, and the northern side Botany Bay; the Hacking River to the south, and Woronora River westward.

Thomas Holt arrived in N.S.W. in 1842, and immediately became involved in various enterprises of investment, all of which generally were financially successful. Just prior to the 1860s he had the idea of obtaining a large block of land to develop as a "family seat", to be entailed to the male heirs in perpetuity. The only land available was Crown Land just being released to the south of Georges River.

Not only did Holt purchase practically all the Crown Land available in this area, but he also successfully negotiated the purchase of several small holdings until he had acquired approximately 12,000 acres. As well, he bought from the Crown the whole of Weenee Bay of 327 acres. He also purchased from the Government the outright freehold of about 180 acres of the waters of Gwawley Bay for £90. He then fenced it from shore to shore with 40 ft. poles, and this came to be known as "Holt's Bridge". Here he had canals dug, approximately 20 ft. wide by 4 ft. deep, totalling about 30 miles of canal, the labouring work being done mainly by Chinese labour. Here Holt attempted to grow oysters, importing French spat, which he tried to develop partly around the shallows of Yowie Bay from where they were transported to the canals by bullock teams. The venture was a failure, resulting in a lost investment of about £10,000.

He imported cattle from his Queensland stations, bringing them down in his own coastal ships, but the natural pasturage of the Shire was too poor to support beef-breeding cattle. He then introduced sheep but they, too, were unable to thrive; footrot attacked them and about 15,000 had to be destroyed. His attempted development of iron ore and coal deposits fared no better.

After some 28 years of various developmental experiments Holt apparently tired of trying to wrest financial returns from the unequal struggle; at this time, too, he was suffering from increasing illness and wanted to go to England for treatment.



Holt shipped cattle down from Queensland.

His health did not improve,
and he died in England in
1888.

A Holt-Sutherland Company
was formed under lease, but
with the entail clauses
included, allowing the Estate
to be subdivided into small
areas of farming land, with 99
year leases. For nearly another



20 years the Company struggled to establish settlement on the Estate until it finally got into a hopeless financial position. By now, the last of the Crown Lands in the Shire had been released -- around Heathcote Menai and parts of Woronora: as well, the construction of the Illawarra Railway had provided employment for several hundred men, some of whom had settled in the district: and those who wanted to take up farming preferred to buy their own blocks instead of leasing farmlets owned by the Estate. Of the few who had leased small blocks, most were unable to pay their way, so that again the Estate income fell.

In 1900 a new Company was built on the ashes of the old one -- the Holt-Sutherland Estate (Land) Company. By agreement with the heirs of the deceased Thomas Holt an Act of Parliament was passed to break the entail and so give the new Company power to grant leases giving the lessees the option of purchasing the freehold at a specified amount within a certain period. By the time that the district had officially become the Shire of Sutherland in 1906 with local government under an elected Shire Council much of the most valuable of the Holt-Sutherland Estate Company's lands had by then passed to private ownership. Thus the importance of the onetime Holt control over the major part of the pre-Shire had greatly diminished, and the Company as such slowly waned: but Holt interests in land entitlements and developmental interests still continue within the administration of descendants of the Hon. Thomas Holt M.L.A..

-- M.H.N.

-- Acknowledgment: Sydney Morning Herald 1928: Illustrated History of Sutherland Shire -- F. Midgley

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Yowie or Ewey Bay--depending on the
Scottish or Yorkshire pronunciation --
was the area where the ewes were sent to
have their "ewies" -- hence the name,



Sept. 22, 1918: Marconi transmitted the first wireless message from England to Australia.

Miss Penelope Lucas of Hambledon Cottage

In 1801 John Macarthur ("Elizabeth Farm") went to England, taking his children Elizabeth, aged 8 years and John, 7 years, to be educated. The cold English climate was too severe for little Elizabeth, and in 1805 he returned, accompanied by a governess Miss Penelope Lucas, who was also to educate the other children Mary and Emmeline Macarthur.

On their return Mrs. Macarthur wrote to their family friend Captain Piper "A lady of the name of Lucas came out with Elizabeth --a very respectable person, tho' a little ancient for a Miss". Some years later -- in 1816 -- Mrs. Macarthur wrote to another friend that she now had with her "a single lady about my own age who shares all my cares".

Hambledon Cottage was built in the early 1820s as an adjunct to Elizabeth Farm; when it became vacant in 1826 Mrs. Macarthur wrote to her son Edward in England: "Miss Lucas has determined on removing to it". In December 1836 Mrs. Macarthur wrote of her death: "It is now nearly three weeks since we were bereft of our old and affectionate friend, dear Miss Lucas".

Penelope Lucas was seemingly one of those unfortunates whom the Victorian era described as a "gentlewoman in reduced circumstances". Having no private income and no family to provide support, they were compelled to seek employment in some "genteel" sphere -- usually as governesses, teachers in "Young Ladies' Schools," or as "Lady Companions", all poorly paid, and all hovering in a social status between that of mistress and servant. Miss Penelope was therefore extremely fortunate with her position in the Macarthur family. --the sincere friend of Mrs. Macarthur and the mentor of her children.

After the subdivision of much of Elizabeth Farm, including Hambledon Cottage, it had a succession of owners; round about 1900 the cottage was named "Firholme". In the early 1950s the cottage and its surrounding parkland bought by Whitehall Pharmacol Coy. Pty., who offered it to the Parramatta Council; and in 1965 the Parramatta & District Historical Society arranged to lease the Cottage -- now restored to its original name -- and to renovate it and restore it to its historical associations.

Although she lived there for only ten years until her death, Miss Lucas had an obvious pride and joy in "her" little cottage; and on her death she willed to Emmeline Macarthur (her favourite of the Macarthur children) "the whole of my books, plate, linen, china, and all other my household furniture and effects".

-- M. Hutton Neve

Sources: "Hambledon Cottage": Patricia Mills: Parramatta District Historical Society: writer's general historical notes.

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Pioneer Doctor's Deaths. Tribute was paid (by the Shire Council) to the late Dr. William Sproule, "Castlewood", Woollooware Road, who died May 26, after residence of 20 years in the Shire.
S.C.A.M. May 30, 1931.

We suggest you detach this page for reference: Fixtures overleaf.

Publications Committee: (1974-5): Mr. Geo. Heavens (Convenor), Mrs.M.Hutton Neve (Editor). Messrs. R. Hall, F. Midgley, Mrs. P. Garland, The President (ex officio). Mrs. P. Garland was, at Mr. Sargeant's request, elected to represent him.

Contributions: Members are asked to submit material for the Bulletin — any items of interest having a historical background; they need not be entirely confined to Shire material. Please state source if extracted or rewritten material is used. If handwritten, please print names in BLOCK letters. Hand to President, Convenor or Editor. Contributions for October issue to be handed in not later than September meeting -- preferably before.

Bulletin copies are supplied to all branches of the Shire Library, and also to the Shire President, Shire Clerk and all Councillors.

Extra copies of the Bulletin may be purchased for 5c --prior to April 1975; after then, at 10c each --- while stocks are available.

Publications of Local History are on sale at each monthly meeting; proceeds are paid to the Society "Illustrated History of Sutherland Shire": 50c (F. Midgley): "Bygone Days of Sutherland": \$1.00: "Thos. Holt": 50c; "Kurnell" 50c: all these are illustrated: "Martha Matilda of Sydney Town" (Mrs. James Birnie): leaflet: 20c. The last four are by M. Hutton Neve.

This Society is affiliated to the Royal Australian Historical Society and to The National Trust of Australia, New South Wales Branch.

The opinions expressed in this Bulletin are not necessarily those of the Society.

Monthly Meetings are held on the 2nd Friday, commencing 8.0 7.m., in the Presbyterian Church Hall, corner Flora & Glencoe Streets, Sutherland. Visitors are always welcome.

*

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We suggest you detach this page for reference.

Dear Members:

SUBSCRIPTIONS: There are still a few members who have not yet paid their 1975 Subscriptions, although a personal letter has been sent reminding each one of the oversight.

Under the terms of the Constitution "A member shall be deemed unfinancial if the current subscription is unpaid by June 30 of that year". So, may we ask that you let us have your fees if you be one of these folk, and wish to remain a member.

EXCURSIONS: These are now being arranged by a Sub-committee, to be known as the "Tours Committee". The President Mr. H. Ivers is the Convenor, and other members are Mesdames Becker, Morrissey and Taplin, and Miss V. Killick.

All future bookings will be made with this Committee, and for any information please contact Mrs. Becker, 18 Tamar St., Sutherland 2232: Ph.521.1240.

An all day excursion is planned to Manly-Warringah-Pittwater district on Saturday 19th July; Members \$2.00, Visitors \$2.50, with children half-price. Coach to leave Sutherland 8.30 a.m., Cronulla 9.0 a.m.: expect to be back in Shire about 5.30 p.m..

On 20th September a day's outing to Mount Victoria and Mount York will be held as promised, following the very wet conditions we experience on this excursion last year, More details of this as soon as finalised.

Weekend Excursion to Gulgong: proposed March 1976. If you would be interested in making this trip please contact Mrs. Becker for details.

GUEST SPEAKERS:

July: Mr. Ken Mathews: "Burrinjuck Tramway"

August: Mr. H. Vaughan-Evans: (R.A.H.S. Councillor) "Murray River Steamboats"

Sept.: Water Board: "Shoalhaven Scheme"

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HON. TREASURER: Miss F. Whittaker has resigned as Hon. Treasurer, but she still retains the position of Vice President.

Mr. S. Stedman has been elected to fill the vacancy.

Aileen Griffiths,
Hon. Secretary.

"Richmount",
34 Richmount St.,
Cronulla: 2230. 'Phone 523-5801.

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