

SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

QUARTERLY BULLETIN



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IN MEMORIAM M.H.N.

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IN MEMORIAM

It is with great sadness that we pay tribute to the passing of Alfred Midgley who collapsed and died suddenly while on his homeward train on August 25.

Alf, with his twin brother Fred, was a foundation member of the Society, and for a short time served on the Executive Council.

The funeral service was conducted in the little "Church in the bush" at Menai -- the erstwhile Congregational, but now the Uniting, Church wherein he had given a lifetime of service. Upwards of two hundred attended at Menai, and when the cortege moved to the Congregational Section for interment at Woronora, another thirty or forty joined the mourners, making it one of the largest funerals to pay homage to a local resident.

Alf, with Fred, had lived all his life in the tree-shrouded home on the rise of the Menai Road. Their grandparents, Richard and Fanny Midgley, were the second settlers in the district, then known as Bangor, in 1896. Their father, Arthur, was for many years, an employee of the Sutherland Shire Council; their mother, Lily, was prominent in local Congregational affairs -- and was ably supported by her twin sons as they grew to manhood.

Alf, like Fred, was a competent artist as well as a writer of research articles dealing with local history and his informative illustrated stories always made appreciative reading.

Alf's other great interest - not so well known - was his deep and abiding love for his Church. In 1943, Alf began teaching at the newly opened Congregational Sunday School at Woronora River, retiring from this in 1960; but in 1951, he also took over the Menai Sunday School as Superintendent, holding the position until his death. He was also connected with other Church activities, amongst them the Sutherland Congregational Church Cricket Club, for whom he played for 25 years. He was a good opening batsman and an accomplished bowler; as well, he played a good game of tennis. Somehow, Alf found time to be an active member of the Menai Bush Fire Brigade and the Menai Progress Association: and time, too, to roam around Menai building up a unique photographic record of the old Menai before it passed into modernity.

Alf, your passing is an irreparable loss to this Society; we valued your friendship and recall the happy (and sometimes mischievous) smile which so often flitted across your face.

Vale, Alf.

PIONEER CARRYING

Bert McPherson came to Sutherland with his parents in 1911 when he was eight years of age -- the year the Steam Tramway was opened to Cronulla. The family settled in Flora Street but later moved to a site near the Sutherland Brickworks facing Princes Highway.

Sutherland in those days was sparsely settled, houses and farms being tucked away in the bush. Bert attended Sutherland School, and by the time he was sixteen World War I had ceased and the world looked forward to a time of peace.

When Bert left school he took on different jobs before entering the carrying business on his own account with a dray and horse.

The goods he carted and the prices charged make interesting reading today. For eight shillings a dray-load McPherson would deliver wood cut in long lengths from timber hewn in an area from present-day Kareela to the Royal National Park. He also carried bakers' wood for Bill Cole of Sutherland, who had an old engine-driven saw on the site of the Menai garbage tip.

Bert McPherson also carried produce for Tyldesley from the Sutherland railway goods yard for two shillings a ton; and ten shillings a thousand for bricks. As well, he carted sand for Tyldesley, charging three shillings a dray-load. An early source of sand supply for the residents of Sutherland was at Moira Street where there was an enormous amount.

Tyldesley had a large poultry farm in President Avenue and for his water supply had a well dug, and dammed the creek where the private hospital now stands, this creek flowing into Dent's Creek.

Another of McPherson's customers was Vowles who, like Tyldesley had produce carried from the Sutherland Goods yard to his poultry farm in Hotham Road. Vowles later started the "S.C.A.M." advertising newspaper in the early 1902s. Another man who availed himself of Bert's services was Zeely the bricklayer.

The goods McPherson carried always seemed to be on the heavy side -- like the 10 hundred-weight casks of tallow he transported from Patterson's slaughter yard at Miranda to Sutherland goods siding.

Bert carried the first white bricks from the Sutherland brickyards to build two houses in Sutherland. One house was on the corner of Flora and Merton Streets facing south, while

the other was opposite the brickworks on Princes Highway and at one time was occupied by Vic Brown.

The first motor vehicle owned by McPherson had the table-top from a T-model Ford on it. He later graduated to a 3-ton Bean truck with dual rear wheels, using it to transport clay for the Sutherland brickyards.

-- Alf and Fred Midgley

From an interview with Mr. Bert McPherson on 20-8-'78.

THE PRESIDENT WRITES

It is with deep regret that I have to write of the passing of one of our valued members -- Alfred Midgley, who departed from this life on his way home from work on Friday 25th August. Words are written elsewhere in this Bulletin as a tribute to him as a member of this Society: and to readers of the Society's Bulletin Alfred is no stranger.

My personal associations with Alf go back to days shortly after my arrival in Sutherland from the Singleton district, in about the mid-1940s. Due to fellowship between the various churches I came to know Alf and Fred through the Cricket Club known as the "Sutherland Congs". I enjoyed a number of seasons with this team, on the playing fields of the St. George area, there being no such sports areas in the Sutherland Shire at that time.

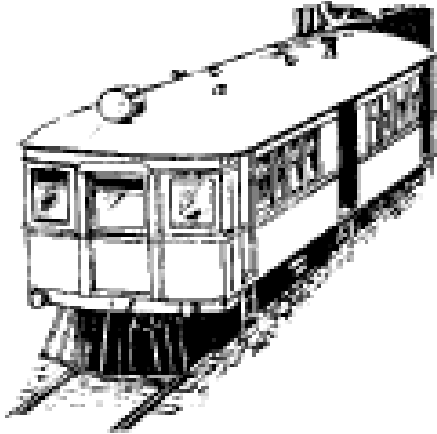
After "giving away" cricket I did not see much of the "Midgley boys" until I joined the Sutherland Shire Historical Society, when I was delighted to find myself very much involved with them again.

Many thanks to Alf, who has done so much for his Church and this Society. He now, too, has become part of history.

-- Harold Ivers

***** * *

Cattle Ford on Woronora River: during the years before World War I livestock were driven from Liverpool through Menai and across a sandbar at low tide on the Woronora River. The crossing was several hundred yards on the lower or northern side of where the bridge now is. The cattle were then driven up the hill through Sutherland to a slaughter yard which then operated at the northern boundary of National Park and Glencoe Street Sutherland.



When the electrification of the line between Sutherland and Waterfall is completed, commuters will enjoy travelling to the city without having to change trains as they have done since the days when the service was operated by S Class steam engines before the advent of the rail motors in 1928.

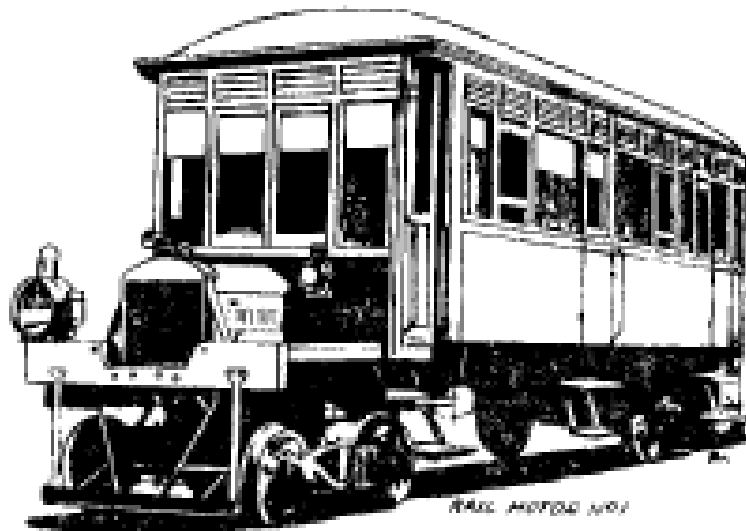
Major construction is now proceeding on the line, and the rail motors which will be replaced have achieved fifty years' service on the Waterfall run.

The first rail motor, No. 1, was a large 5-ton lorry that had been lying idle at White Bay. Under the direction of Chief Commissioner Mr. James Frazer it was converted into an experimental rail car.

Alterations were the lengthening of the main frame, the substitution of the front axle by a 4-wheel bogie and the construction of a body in the Railway Department's workshops to seat thirty-three passengers. Looking quite unlike the brown-painted and yellow-lined rail motors leaving Sutherland South, No. 1 had the frontal appearance of a truck with its radiator in front.

Taken on a trial run to Waterfall and back to Sydney in 1919 speeds of up to 25 m.p.h. were obtained. The unit was then taken to Lismore -- shipped there literally -- to work on the isolated Tweed Railway.

During the first nine months of operation from September 1919 to June 1920, 16,346 miles were covered



and over 7,000 passengers carried. Later in the year a light four-wheeled waggon fitted with a compartment for a guard, and a space for the conveyance of 72 cream cans, were added for the local traffic.

This rail motor proved so successful in service that it continued until 1925, when it was converted into an inspection car for the Signals Engineer. Unfortunately No. 1 was not preserved and was sold for a weekender at Boombee (near Coffs Harbour); and it may still be there, although much altered.

Thirty-seven of the familiar rail motors, each 42 ft. 6 inches long, were built between 1923 and 1930. They acquired the name "Tin Hare" because they were introduced about the same period as the inauguration of tin hare greyhound coursing. The first of the "tin hares", now CPH 3, is based at Sutherland, but is destined for retention in the Rail Transport Museum at Thirlmere.

Many mechanical and body changes have been made to these cars, and today all those remaining are fitted with 165 h.p. diesel engines. Capacity allowed on the rail motors were 52 passengers -- but they have been known to carry a hundred:

The rail motor service between Waterfall, Sutherland and Helensburgh commenced on Sept. 3, 1928, half a century ago. At that time seven services each weekday were provided, with two extra to Helensburgh, with eight on Saturdays and four on Sundays, all to Waterfall -- a far change to today's more frequent services with three or more cars attached.

- Fred Midgley

Sources: Mr. C. Cheetham, Railways of NSW: Author's Notes.

Some Dates of Historical Interest:

Oct. 12. 1492: Christopher Columbus sighted the eastern coastline of North America (U.S.A.) -- actually, he is said to have first sighted some of the nearby West Indian islands.

Oct. 25. 1854: the tragic error of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaclava.

Nov. 5. 1605: the famous "Gunpowder Plot" when Sir Guy Fawkes attempted to blow up the British House of Parliament.

Nov. 14. 1948: birthday of Charles, Prince of Wales.

Dec. 14. 1861: death of Prince Albert, Consort of Queen Victoria.

"I Remember"

"NORMAN"

Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse -- and thou
Beside me in the Wilderness --
And Wilderness is Paradise now.

-- Omar Khayyam

Norman was a romantic, so sincere, so sad, so lonely, and he needed so much to be loved by any lady -- he wasn't particular. Unfortunately, from a lady's point of view he was very amusing but most uninteresting -- he always acted the part in life as "the great lover". His poise and manner always reminded me of the Gilbertian character Bunthorne out of the opera "Iolanthe".

Norman would recite at great lengths works by Tennyson, Shakespeare, Byron, Omar Khayyam and other poets of note. And Norman was an expert on the zither harp. Having a rather raspy voice to match, he loved to sing and recite lyrics and sonnets to the ladies while swinging the zither through the air with graceful and elegantly delicate flourishes.-- like unto Orpheus and his lute that made trees and flowers bend. Alas! Norman could not get any ladies to bend, no matter how much he tried.

His appearance didn't really help, for he had sandy red hair, a round flat face, a sallow complexion, large curved mouth, a particularly large bent nose accompanied by a pointed chin, pale blue eyes and an inane grin known as a "smile".

Norman spent the whole of his life in our Shire; he was well-known and very well respected in the community.

But the impossible always seemed to happen to Norman. I remember one day whilst he was trying to woo a lass in a swinging boat tied from a tree branch in Talara Road. As the boat "swang" Norman sang, playing the harp; the harder the girl pulled the tow rope the higher the boat rose, adding to the romantic effect -- until suddenly without warning the branch broke, and down came Norman, girl, zither and all. One sudden dreadful end to a romance!

A girl named Alice lived at Woronora. Norman gave me a shilling (I was about twelve at the time) to row them in the moonlight up the river in our boat. Alice sat in the back seat Norman in the bow, singing and playing the zither. I rowed at a nice romantic pace -- with Alice making faces at me as I

as I rowed, when without any warning we struck a log. Norman went over the front into the water, zither and all -- and lost the - thing as well as his dignity, and Alice Shrieked with laughter.

Norman called on us one Saturday afternoon, as he often did. He had on white trousers -- called "creams" -- a ruffled shirt, and a cravat -- he looked like Beau Brummel. My brother suggested tennis, which he agreed to; this was fine until the sandflies drove us inside.

There was no electric light in those days; Dad was lighting the oil lamps and Mother was taking the roast out of the oven; she put the dish on a stool while she tended the fire and closed the oven door. Norman, who was reciting an ode to something, then threw his arms up -- and sat down on the roast dinner: He didn't sit for long -- and he didn't stay to dinner. With his trousers covered in grease and his dignity hurt, he went home in a huff because we laughed so much..

Norman had a prawn net, so we all went prawning. Dad and Norman pulled the poles while I walked at the back with the lantern. We had good hauls and soon had a bucketful. We had to sort over the weed and rubbish to find the prawns, when Norman said, "Look at this pretty little fish" -- then let out a yell and rolled on the beach in great pain and anguish-- the "pretty little fish" was a fortisque: and that was the end of the prawn night.

One night there was a thumping in the ceiling; Dad wasn't home this week, and Mum thought it could be a burglar or a tramp, so she was delighted when Norman called in -- of course Norman could deal with the situation. He was up the manhole in a trice, and he found to our surprise a large possum.

Norman soon had him cornered, grabbing him by the loose skin on his back. The possum resented this familiarity and firmly grabbed Norman's arm with all his claws, then bit him on the neck. Norman in pain stood on the fibre ceiling, suddenly joining us in the living room on the floor -- the nine foot drop didn't do Norman much good; the possum went straight out of the door, never to be seen again; and Dad wasn't too pleased at having to replace a fibro sheet in the ceiling.

We had quite a lot of Norman in those far-off days; and I bet that a number of our older lady members can recall that gallant romantic youth who sojourned amongst us long long ago.

-- Geo. Heavens

* * * * *

Jan. 22. 1901. Queen Victoria died after reigning 64 years.

REFLECTIONS AT GYMEA BAY

In 1910-13 fish were plentiful in Gymea Bay when a Mr. Forsyth would trail for kingfish. I have seen him call in at Pedersen's boatshed with his launch half-full, and from what I can remember now they would be about five-pounders. A lot of them were donated to Kogarah Hospital. Occasionally a man would come round with a cart-load of kingfish selling at sixpence each; if unable to sell his catch he would dump them in the bush. I often found them some days later when taking a walk.

Weekend fishermen who came from the city would display their catch by nailing the heads on a special section of the boathouse wall, as if to say "Beat that." There were many varieties of fish, but the flathead and groper heads were an enormous size.

About 1911-12 Mr. Warman and family took over the boat-shed from Mr. Pedersen, who was my brother-in-law. There were three Warman children, Alf, Jean and Leonore. Alf was about thirteen at that time, and before going to school he would have his morning swim half-way across the bay and back. He did this until he joined the Navy in 1915, but when he came home on leave he continued his swimming.

About 1918 I was a constant visitor to the Gray family



GRAY'S HOUSE AND BOATSHED AT GUNDAMAIAN

at Gundamain. At that time there was a fishing inspector who would patrol the bays in a skiff about 15 feet long and as light as a feather, which he would berth at Grays boatshed. Stan Gray suggested that we try it out. We went along close to the shore towards Lightning Point when Stan said, "Stop here -- I can see an octopus". He got out into about a foot of water and caught the octopus which he turned inside-out. On the opposite of the boat to where Stan had stepped out the depth of the water increased rapidly. We were there for about ten minutes when I felt something scraping the side of the boat. I looked over the side and there was this great shark huddled alongside. I could see its full size -- it dwarfed our boat in length the great fin sticking up near the rowlock. I called to Stan to get into the boat, which he did promptly, and the great monster just calmly slithered away from our boat. I think that if Stan had been in deeper water the shark would have attacked.

Another incident I clearly remember occurred about 1918. Mr. Gray had a housekeeper, Mrs. Finlayson, to look after the younger children, and when she had her one day a week off she would go to town. When Stan rowed her to Warman's boatshed she would make arrangements with him when she was to be picked up on her return. On this occasion Stan came to our place and stayed the night. I said that when he took Mrs. Finlayson home I would go too and stay the weekend at his place.

When we arrived at the boatshed there was Mrs. Finlayson well under the weather. Stan told her to get into the boat, but we had to help her in and sat her in the stern. I took up my position in the bow while Stan took the rower's seat.

Stan said, "All O.K., off we go". He gave one pull on the oars -- and Mrs. Finlayson went over the stern into the bay: Diving in to rescue her, Stan got her to the boat where between us we eventually got her into it. She had lost her hat and her false teeth, and looked a pitiful sight. Then there was the job of diving for her false teeth, which Stan recovered after half-a-dozen dives.

Mr. Warman, who was watching all the proceedings from the boatshed, declared that it was the funniest thing he had ever seen:

-- Mick Derrey

The Australian expression "Let 'er go, Gallagher" recalls Cobb & Co. driver Tom Gallagher of Queensland; he was one of their best, fastest -- and safest -- drivers.

SHIRE MEMORIES

As I sit and reminisce of my life in the Shire I can't help but think of the difference of past and present ways of living -- and how this Shire has grown.

There wasn't much entertainment when I was growing up here, and not much even after I married, unless you made it yourself with friends, for money was scarce when I married in the Depression days. We would make up picnics during school holidays, and we'd pack sandwiches, cookies, homemade ginger-beer, cordial and tea.

We would walk either to where the Waterhouse Camellia Garden is today, or to Swallow Rock at Grays Point; sometimes to North West Arm swimming hole near Horne's boatshed or down near Gynea Bay swimming baths area. We'd push strollers or prams; my husband Fred made me a seat at the front of the pram for a small child to sit on, and he put a rack under the pram to put eats in -- we had four children; these same kind of picnics we'd also have on some weekends.

When dads came too, they'd fish while mums oared for the children and had a nice chat. Rose Jago, my neighbour in Coonong Road, and my sister Clarice Colbran from Caringbah, were among those who came; also Mrs. Emily Turner Robinson would ride her horse Dandy from Miranda to meet us; my mum and dad often came.

If it was summer and nice weather, someone would play a mouth-organ or banjo after our tea was over and we'd have a sing-song. Then about eight o'clock we'd walk home in the moonlight. There were lights only on main roads, so a hurricane lantern was mostly taken in case we needed a light.

We also often played cards or bobs' game at our home in Coonong Road, and sometimes at Stan and Merle Cassell's in Third Avenue. Frequent dances were held at Miranda School of Arts; Perce Rugless, Fred's father, played there with his orchestra; Eric Hawkins, his drummer, still lives at Oyster Bay; later Dick Davis, my brother-in-law, played the drums too.

Later, we bought an old Essex car; Tom Ugly's Bridge had not been opened very long and we had to pay a toll to cross the bridge. We bought a Saint Anne goat, and we'd taken out the back seat to put the goat in there; Fred forgot her and put a bucket of apples over the back -- so the result was when we went to pay Bernie Howard and Bert Cook the toll money they laughed their heads off -- for the goat had eaten most of the apples plus half my straw beach-hat: I reckon

what Fred called Nanie was what made Nanie's ears go pink as my brother-in-law Tom Russell said when we told him. Tom was in the first timber jinker to cross the bridge with Number 1 Timber Jinker Ticket. He drove for Arthur J. Hand at his first timber yard where Cronulla Station now stands, and then later at the Sutherland yard; he was put off in the Great Depression; Harry Wise drove after him. Mr. T.W. Best & Sons were also in Sutherland; our home in Gymea had timber from both yards in it with each extension Fred made.

-- Phyllis Rugless.

Pre-Shire 70-odd Years Ago:

On Nov. 15, 1902, the Miranda School of Arts held their fourth anniversary with a concert produced by and under the sole direction of Mr. Fred Matson of Yowie Bay. Not only is Fred a skilled musician, but he is also a champion roller-skater.

Nov. 22, 1902: At a meeting of the Miranda Horticultural Society Mr. W. Samways read a paper on Potato Culture -- he has been growing them for the past 22 years.

Also during Nov. 1902, several surveyors pitched their tents near the rail terminus in National Park, it having been suggested it might be possible to extend the railway line down the steep descent to the Audley Pleasure Grounds.

By the beginning of this century several prominent settlers were discussing the possibility of a tramway from Sutherland to Cronulla; and in Nov. 1902 Mr. J.B. Nicholson, M.L.A., was advised by the State Works Dept. that the Sutherland-Cronulla Tramway would cost a total of £19,980-0-0 to implement (but it was not until several years later that the project was put in hand, finally beginning in 1911).

-- F.M.

Divining for Water at Menai: in search of a lasting water supply to offset the dry seasons, Mr. H. Allen sen. engaged contractors from Wollongong to divine for water, and later to sink a bore of 250 feet on his property on Old Illawarra Road in 1945. The water, containing a strong iron content, was plentiful, but continually corroded the pipes.

Water at Menai: it was not until July 1960 that residents had a reticulated water supply -- before then, they relied on the household tanks and a few wells. When tanks ran dry during the summer, farmers had to transport water themselves; if not able to do so, they had to pay £2-0-0 per 1000 gallons for carting. Children had to take drinking water to school in bottles.

A BRUSH WITH THE LAW

During 1920 an ex-naval man, Barry Lewis, offered me a job helping him under-scrub all the land from where the Gymea Public School now stands almost to the saltwater bounded by Coonong Road. It had been surveyed but no roads had been formed at this stage. His contract price was £6/-/-per week. my wage for a 5 ½day week (at 16 years) was £2/-/-.

One Friday afternoon when Barry knocked off he said to me, "Mick, I have to go to town in the morning, so instead of clearing would you cut a cartload of stove-length wood as I want to take it to Mrs. Cookson at Caringbah". So on the Saturday when we had loaded the cart Barry said, "You'd better come along for a ride, Mick". On our way we met Stan Gray, and he also came for a ride.

On the journey home, when we got to Willarong Road and the Wine Bar came in sight Barry said, "What about a nip of wine?" Stan and I did not know much about wine but we soon relented.

Barry did the ordering and shouted us. It was brown muscat at ninepence a glass. After consuming the wine we boarded the cart and away we went. Then we started singing -- I'm not sure whether it was "Mother Macrae" or "When the red red robin comes bob bob bobbin' along".

We were the only ones on the gravel road, with George Mondel's vineyard on one side and Tom Lehane's paddock on the other side -- where the hospital now stands -- with cows and horses grazing and not even a tram in sight. By this time our voices were at their best -- when suddenly Sergeant Packet sprang from nowhere.

He took our horse by the bridle and dragged us to the Police Station in Kareena Road -- which was approximately where the Kareena Private Hospital is now. This was the second Police Station in the Shire; later the Station was transferred to Miranda under the control of Sergeant Gillies.

When we got inside the Station, Packet sat down at his desk and said, "I am going to charge you all with being a public nuisance and disturbing the peace".

I couldn't help laughing -- he couldn't have thought much of our singing. Barry was very concerned about his reputation and what his mother would say; he pleaded that none of us had any previous convictions. Packet must have taken pity on us, for he withdrew the charges, saying, "Get out of here: -- and if ever I catch you disturbing the peace again I will have no

alternative but to lock you up:"

So the three of us walked out quietly -- without even the assistance of Packet's boot -- which was unusual!

-- Mick Derrey

* * * * *

Cronulla Bird Collection: For variety and rarity in birdlife, it would be difficult to excel the collection which Mr. G. Clampett has installed in the garden of his home in Ewos Parade, Cronulla. Mr. Clampett has spent about 20 years in the collection of many rare types from the various countries of the world. Set in a corner of the garden, the aviaries resound with the twittering of birds so numerous that it is impossible even to estimate how many there are.

The birds are housed in three large cages exposed to a sufficient quantity of light and air with ample facilities for nesting. The finches are caged over several small trees, and give every appearance of being thoroughly satisfied with their life. Indeed, every bird in the collection presents a particularly well groomed appearance, due no doubt to the care taken to see that they have every necessity for a happy existence.

Condensed from a feature article' in the Observer 25-8-1939.

Note: Can any Cronulla resident of forty-plus years ago provide further information, particularly as to what happened to the aviaries?

- M.H.N.

Carved on a Gravestone in a Cemetery at Lydford. Devon. 1802

Here lies in a horizontal position the outward case of George Routleigh, watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession, integrity was the mainspring and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane generous and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his motions that he never went wrong, except when set agoing by people who did not know his key -- even then he was easily set aright. He had the art of disposing of his time so well that his hours glided away in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky minute put a period to his existence. He departed this life November 14 1802 aged 57, wound up in the hope of being taken in hand by his Maker and of being thoroughly cleaned and repaired and set agoing in the world to come.

CARVER. AND THE RAILWAY SURVEY

Extracts from reports made in connection with the first trial survey of the Illawarra Railway 1873-74.

R. J. Stephens' extracts:- Wollongong, 27 November 1873.

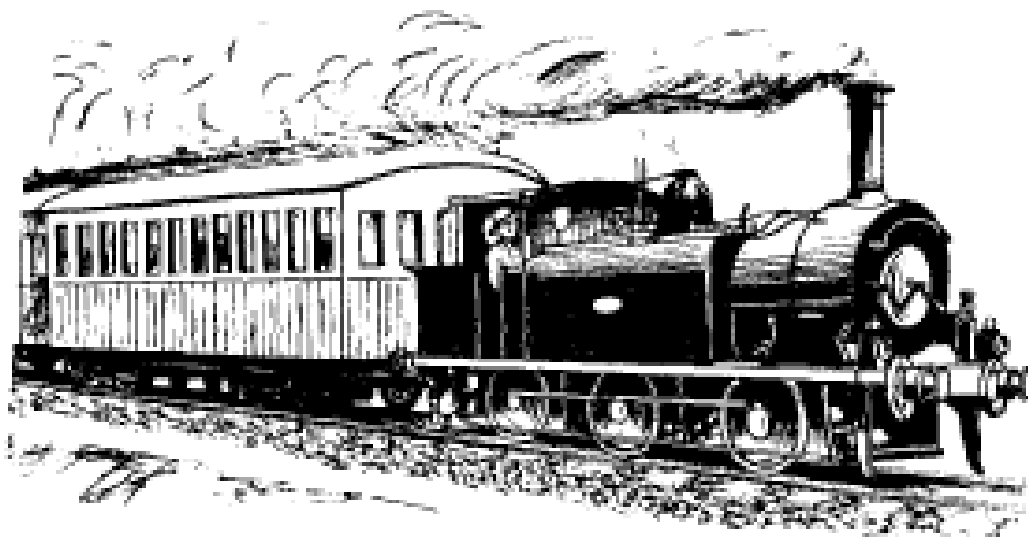
"I am of the opinion that a practicable route will be found by crossing Georges River at Tom Ugly's Point, following up Gwawley Creek. From Muddy Creek to Rocky Point I propose keeping about midway between the beach and Pat Moore's swamp. I have given the crossing of Georges River my most careful consideration and I have come to the conclusion that Rocky Point is after all the best crossing place, for though it be a little wider than that at Tom Ugly's Point, yet the depth of the water is considerably less and as the crossing will I presume be partly bridged and partly embanked this will materially affect the cost. On the tracing I have sketched an alternative by Tom Ugly's Point, but I do not see that it presents any special advantages.

"The Gomea (Gynea) Range rises very gradually from Gwawly Bay and I purpose ascending it with a gradient of 1 in 80. Crossing at Kangaroo Point I consider to be out of the question, for though it is considered to be the narrowest point of the river this distance is measured at right angles to the course of the line. In any other direction the width is considerable. Independently of this the approaches on the north side are extremely high and precipitous.

"I consider this point as totally unsuitable for a railway crossing".

Mr. Carver surveyed the line for seven miles beyond George's River.

"I have succeeded in obtaining an



excellent and direct line clear of all swamps and destructions the main portion of the line being composed of two straight lines each upwards of two miles in length. The levels are most satisfactory."

(Note: this portion of the report has reference to the proposed line between Cook's and Georges Rivers through Rockdale).

"I have examined the first seven miles of Mr. Carver's surveyed line on the south side of Georges River A line will be more circuitous than I could wish owing to the need for heading Ewey Bay, Gomea Bay and the North West Arm of the Port Hacking River".

The proposed railway to Illawarra and the estimated cost were ordered to be printed on March 28, 1876, on the motion of Mr. Macintosh on behalf of Mr. Greville. The cost of the proposed bridge over Georges River at Sans Souci was estimated at £80,000-0-0.

Carver left his mark on local history when he carried out that trial survey, through what is now Sutherland Shire, over 100 years ago. In retirement he purchased the well-laid-out garden and orchard of George Kidd at what is now Kareela, off Bates Drive. Later, Carver moved to where the Salisbury Golf course is today and cultivated a garden there. Carver's Road at Jannali, running off Georges River Road, is named after him.

Apart from his surveying Carver at one time had more than a working interest in a gold mine at Naragunda.

Sources: Mr. B. MacPherson: Author's records.

-- Fred Midgley.

Oct. 23. 1707: the first Parliament of Great Britain after the union of England and Scotland was opened; and the cross of St. Andrew was added to England's national flag of the Cross of St. George, the flag then being called the "jack". It was the "jack" which Cook hoisted at Botany Bay, and which the First Fleet displayed ashore -- and on their ships. The "Union Jack" did not come into being until after the Union with Ireland in 1803 when the Cross of St. Patrick was added to "the jack".

COOKING -- COLONIAL STYLE

Early Colonial cookery was very different from what we enjoy today, although home-baked bread is again becoming popular. Recipe books were cherished possessions when great - grandmama came as a young bride to make her home in Australia. For the white woman, however, food in the early days of settlement was always a problem. Some of the dishes enjoyed by our forefathers would get a dubious reception today,

It was quickly found that the meat of the kangaroo could be made to taste like mutton. Parrots, koalas, possums-- and even crows, snakes, hawks and lizards all went into the pot. Fish of course was always a great favourite as it was so very plentiful. Some of the friendly Aborigines showed the new arrivals how to hunt kangaroos and other animals which were good for eating.

Christmas has always been a time to celebrate, even in those early days. Houses were decorated with gum tips tied to the verandah posts, and native flowers were placed inside. Many a delicacy was cooked at this time -- although often the housewife would have to improvise a lot. Sometimes the sailing ships were late in arriving and food was short, so they had to make the best of things: and the Christmas Dinner set out below is for just such an occasion.

Kangaroo Tail Soup: 1 kangaroo tail, skinned and jointed; with 1 large onion, 1 turnip, 1 parsnip, 4 carrots, salt, half cup pearl barley.

Method: put tail and vegetables peeled and diced into a large boiler with a gallon of water at least, and simmer all day. Take off stove at night to set fat and skim next morning. Return to stove and add salt to taste; serve boiling hot.

Baked Possum and Sweet Potatoes (or Yams): the possum is a very fatty animal and has a very unique flavour. Take one possum, 4 slices bacon, salt, bread stuffing, 1 quart water, 8 small sweet potatoes.

Method: scald possum in boiling water and scrape off the hair, taking care not to break the skin. Dress whole, leaving on the head and tail. Rub inside and out with salt, and leave overnight to stand in a cool place. Place breast up on a roaster, add 1 quart water, place bacon across breast, cover and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes: fill with bread stuffing moistened with juice from roaster. Surround with sweet potatoes and bake until very tender and brown.

Drought Plum Pudding: 1 cup each of flour, sugar, dried fruit and boiling water, 1 teasp. bi-carb. soda, salt, 1 tab butter.

Method: Mix soda with flour, rub butter through, add sugar and fruit and mix well with boiling water. Allow mixture to stand overnight, then boil in a cloth for not less than 3 hours. The longer the time allowed the better the pudding will be.

-- Athalie Ivers

Sources: "A Taste of the Past": Valerie MacKenzie: "The Dawn Household Magazine 1899.

(Recipes passed down from early settlers of the Barraba district).

Earth Oven: Friendly Aborigines showed the early settlers how to make an earth oven. A pit was dug and a fire lit in it; after the wood had burnt to hot coals the unskinned animal was placed on them, then covered with ashes and earth, leaves, heated stones and finally earth again. This is a very slow type of cooking, and would be equivalent to our crock pot.

-- A. Ivers

L. J. Hooker Corporation: 25 Years in Shire: this prominent Sydney firm, which in September celebrated fifty years of business, was begun by Mr. (later Sir) Leslie J. Hooker as a small real estate agency in Maroubra, developing over the years until today it is the Hooker Corporation Limited Group. By 1951 other suburban offices had been opened, totalling in all eleven.

In 1953 L. J. Hooker Ltd. crossed Georges River to establish a branch in Caringbah, but this was later closed when a branch was opened in Miranda; and in 1959 Hooker Ltd. took over the well-known Cronulla real estate business of Monro ("Joe") & Buist. Over the years many diverse interests were established and developed, including Hooker Industrial Sands in 1965 to market large sand deposits held at Kurnell.

To celebrate 50 years of profitable and varied undertakings the Hooker Corporation plans to set up the Sir Leslie Hooker Memorial Foundation Fund with an initial \$250,000.00 to provide assistance to charitable institutions, and educational and research programmes, from the resulting income.

Sources: Daily Telegraph Sept. 1978: Hooker Corporation.

Bustles worn by Sydney women in the late 1860s were said to give the appearance of a pastrycook's parade of confectionary"

PORT HACKING WRECK 1879

About 9 o'clock last evening Captain Gregory, Master of the barque Adelphoi, reported that the vessel had been wrecked yesterday morning off Port Hacking.

The barque was bound from Adelaide to Newcastle in ballast and was coming along the coast yesterday morning in a light easterly breeze. When off a point a mile southward of Port Hacking the wind dropped and the vessel drifted close inshore; Captain Gregory endeavoured to wear her round, but in doing so she struck on the reef and at once began to thump heavily. She made water fast and continued rolling heavily, and when there were between 7 and 8 feet of water in the hold Captain Gregory found it necessary to abandon ship. At 9 o'clock in the morning the crew, having with them a few of their personal belongings, took to the boats and pulled to Port Hacking, which place they reached in due course, and without accident.

Captain Gregory speaks very highly of the hospitality he and his crew experienced at the hands of Mrs. York (1), who resides near the bay, and who, after tending in a very handsome way to the creature comforts of the shipwrecked crew had them driven in a conveyance to the punt at Georges River.

Thence they walked to Cook's River, where they took the bus, and arrived in Sydney about half-past 8 o'clock, when the crew were taken to the Sailors' Home.

The Adelphoi was the joint property of Mr. A. A. Farthing of Newcastle, and Captain Gregory, and was insured for £2000. She was a staunch vessel, built in Sunderland (Scot.) 1865.

(1) Mrs York was the wife of Charles York, living at York House" Burraneer Bay -- now known as Fernleigh.

Reported Sydney Morning Herald, 22/12/1879.

This interesting clipping was submitted by Pam Garland

Historical Display: to celebrate the opening of the new church hall of St. John the Baptist at Sutherland on Nov. 18, members of the Society are arranging a display of old Sutherland photographs and other items of interest. Arrangements are in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Ivers, members of St. John's. Please contact them if you can assist with small items, The fete will be open all day, and there will be varied stalls.

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Your 1979 Subscription is due Jan. 1 -- see Renewal form.



THE ROYAL
NATIONAL
PARK
CENTENARY.
APRIL 26, 1979



"The National Park" came into being on April 26, 1879, through the far-sightedness of the Premier of New South Wales, Sir John Robertson, who set aside 16, 500 acres south of Georges River as a recreation ground "for the people of New South Wales in perpetuity".

In doing so at that time he effectively blocked the applications of a dozen or so city businessmen who were planning to mine the valuable Illawarra coal lying beneath the rocky out-crops and the dense bushclad hills.

Thus, but for the foresight of Sir John, the Shire would today be one great mining area, with a branch railway planned to follow the Hacking River along its course past Audley to the rising plateau, thus enabling the coal to be transported down to the Sydney wharves for export, for the Illawarra coal was then in great demand for the firing of coal-burning ships, including the Sydney-based Australian Squadron of the Royal Navy.

Today the Park, with the prefix "Royal" added after the Queen's visit in 1954, comprises some 39,000-odd acres -- an oasis of dense bush, of ancient rocky outcrops, of swamps and plateaux. and meandering creeks; a place where one may retreat from the noisy and polluted city to the tranquillity of this vast and varied Park.

The February issue of the Bulletin will feature some of the story of The Royal National Park -- the second National Park in the world, having been preceded only by the Yosemite National Park, U.S.A..

-- M. Hutton Neve

***** *

The Shire Council is at present concerned with the minority of people who allow their dogs to roam the streets uncontrolled; but in 1911, at a November meeting, the Council received a "large petition" signed by irate Cronulla ratepayers protesting against the number of cattle straying in the streets.

Sydney University: founded 1850-- for men only. Women were first admitted to some courses in 1881, and to the Medical School in 1887.

THE EXCITEMENT OF TRACING A FAMILY TREE.

It was at our January meeting this year when Miss Nanette Taplin spoke about tracing one's forebears; and I went home and once more took out my tattered scrap of paper -- a news-paper cutting, in my possession since the early 1950s, sent to me by an aunt in England. The cutting recorded the death of her uncle (my great-uncle) in 1946 aged 90 years. He had come to Australia in 1872 to Brisbane, then Croydon Field in northwest Queensland, then retiring to Magnetic Island to live with a niece, and then to Townsville, where he is buried.

Charles Butler (for that was his name) was my mother's uncle also, but as she died when I was quite small and my father married again, I lost track of the Butlers except for Aunt Lena, who had sent the newspaper cutting.

Many times over the years I have wondered how to find out more about great-uncle Charles.. But how did one begin? Did one write to the Town Clerk of Townsville? -- but did Townsville have a Town Clerk?

After our January meeting I determined to "have a go", so I wrote, asking if there happened to be a Historical or Genealogical Society interested in finding out about Charles Butler who died in Townsville in 1946.

I have been overwhelmed by the response. The Publicity Officer sent my letter to the Townsville Bulletin which on April 24th last published my letter, and a whole wonderful history has unfolded. The letter itself caused quite a stir on the day it was published, I believe, and I have received at least fifteen letters from descendants and friends, who have been equally interested to learn of Butlers back in England.

Soon after the letter was printed Mrs. Beryl Kimber, of Townsville, a Butler descendant, journeyed to Sydney to see her two daughters, and we were able to meet on several occasions. She showed me a photograph of an elderly man outside a furniture shop, but she didn't know who he was, although the shop had "Butler" over it. I was able to produce a similar photograph and tell her, "That is my grandfather".

It appears that four Butler brothers came to Australia in the early 1870s -- Henry with wife and children; Charles, who never married; and Joseph and Thomas. Their home had been in Fringford, Oxfordshire, and then Lancashire, before coming to Australia. When Joseph had his first home in Murray Upper, north of Townsville, he called it Fringford; and it has now been restored as part of our national heritage.

As Henry, the first to come out, sailed past the idyllic

island called Magnetic, on his way to Townsville, he vowed one day to make it his home. Eventually he and his family became the first white settlers on Magnetic Island, and started a guest house at Picnic Bay.

During August last, centenary celebrations have been held on Magnetic Island -- one hundred years since great - uncle Henry settled there. One of the bays is called Nellie Bay after a daughter, and there used to be Butler Jetty. There is a Butler Street in Townsville, I'm told.

The booklet, "This Month in Townsville", for December 1977 states:

"For over 100 years after Cook's visit, when he called the island 'Magnetic' because of the queer things it did to his compass, the 22 square-mile island remained the sole habitat of a handful of coastal Aborigines. Then the Butler family emigrated to Cardwell from Lancashire, England, "felt the pull" of Magnetic and settled in Picnic Bay, to become the pioneers of what has developed into Townsville's island suburb".

So, if anyone reading this has similar leads to their family heritage, in whatever part of the world and no matter how fragile, follow them up and see what wonderful history unfolds. But, just a word of advice -- don't wait 25 years as I did.

-- Dorothy R. Smith.

* * * * *

HOW TO TRACE YOUR ANCESTORS: Meda Mander: Mayflower Books, Granada Publishing Ltd.; England 1977. Australian Agents, 117 York St. Sydney. \$2.75.

This publication, soft cover, pocketbook size, is a mine of condensed information regarding research in the United Kingdom -- whence, for the great majority of us, our fore-bears came. It briefly covers a very wide range of varied sources; e.g., Civil Registers and Overseas Records, Wills, Census Returns, Parish and Similar Records Rates and Taxes (local taxes, poll taxes, Church taxes etc.), various Service lists (Naval and Military), Social History, English Law, etc.

An increasing number of people, when visiting the United Kingdom, are utilising some of their time in trying to trace family origins. This concise little publication, with its wealth of numerous and varied sources, would be invaluable. In some cases it would be possible to obtain information by correspondence, but research fees are generally charged.

-- M.H.N.

GOING "HOME" -- SIXTY YEARS AGO

A short while ago on a Thursday afternoon I was talking to Miss Diana Oliver our Shire Librarian, and in the course of conversation she remarked in a matter-of-fact tone, "I'm going to England on Sunday".

The casual observation took me back to my New Zealand childhood and my Scottish grandmother's Auckland home, some sixty years ago, and the tremendous excitement caused by the fact that one of my unmarried middle-aged aunts (who had come out as a teenager) was going "Home" for a Scottish visit.

Most of the talk for the next few weeks centred around "going Home" to be re-united with relatives. Once the date had been fixed and shipboard reservations made, the excitement became more practical.

Three large leather suitcases were brought out of store-age in the cellar; after being well dusted they were gently rubbed over with linseed oil and polished. Then the "cabin trunk" was dragged out, dusted inside and outside and the exterior wiped with a damp cloth before being taken into my aunt's bedroom. The cabin-trunk, once a necessity for over-seas' visits, was akin to a miniature wardrobe; between 3 ft. and 4 ft. tall, about 18 inches deep and about 3 ft. wide, with double doors; when the cabin-trunk was stood upright the doors opened over two compartments. On one side folded frocks were hung on hangers; the other compartment contained shallow trays (or drawers). This, as its name implies, went into the cabin as it contained the clothing needed on the 4-6 weeks' voyage; the suitcases were usually marked "Not required on voyage", containing an assortment of clothing for Scotland, and were stored in the ship's luggage room. All cases had paste-on labels as well as tags, carefully printed with the passenger's name, cabin number and final port.

The clothing to be packed was washed and ironed, and then carefully folded between layers of white tissue paper. Dresses were hung in the cabin-trunk, or packed into a suitcase. Shoes would be placed on the bottom of the trunk (the trunk stood upright in the cabin), often in individual bags -- with of course, their cleaning materials.

The dressmaker had already been called in, for several new outfits for both summer and winter would be needed, so that the next couple of weeks was taken up daily with the echo of the treadle sewing machine and "fittings" with myriads of pins' being used.

At last "the day" arrived, and a hansom tab waited at the

gate (there were very few taxis then, and usually called "hire cars"); the luggage had been despatched to the ship the day before. There were last-minute tearful farewells, and my grandmother's parting words to aunt were to see that she was 'always well wrapped with scarf and warm jacket' when promenading on the deck -- "and never alone" added grandma. Auntie was travelling under the chaperonage of an elderly widowed friend; Auntie, now in her mid-forties, had been regarded as rather "flighty" in her early 'twenties. My aunt entered the cab accompanied by her two elder maiden sisters who had been charged by grandmother to deliver aunt safely to the cabin steward -- and "a tip of one shilling each to the cab-driver and steward would be quite sufficient", grandmother said firmly.

Times have changed: an overseas' trip today is arranged with a minimum of fuss and a minimum of luggage; a few hours in the air, perhaps an overnight stop en route; all so easy and matter-of-fact; but the excitement of a trip "Home" is now historic nostalgia -- romantic weeks at sea have been reduced to a few prosaic hours in the air flying at twenty or thirty thousand feet often through clouds.

-- M. Hutton Neve

* * * * *

The Teatree Shrub: Australian coastal teatree grows into a very good hedge, while other species are valued for their dainty small flowers.

One kind of tea-tree, known as the manuka and found in Tasmania and on the east coast of Australia, is famous as being the same species used by Captain Cook in New Zealand. He gave it the name of "teatree" for he found that "When the in-fusion was made strong it proved emetic to some, in the same manner as green tea". The green tea, he stated, was both tasty and flour-some, but lost some of both when dried.

About 150 years ago settlers in Tasmania and around Port Phillip Bay made a palatable and wholesome beer from it --Cook also found that adding "tea-tree" to his beer made it all the more palatable. In Port Phillip in 1841, when the price of tea rose from £3 to £15 a chest, many of the poorer settlers used the teatree leaves as a substitute from the imported tea.. Tea thus brewed was also known as "bush tea'.

-- Extract Sydney Morning Herald, Sept. 5, 1978.

Randwick Racecourse was surveyed and designed by early architect Mortimer Lewis. Racing over sandhills and through scrub was popular from 1883.

MY MEMOIRS — IN BRIEF

The reason I am writing I thought you'd like to know
Some of my experiences here over seventy years or so.
I ain't no Henry Lawson -- for really you must know,
But I thought it's time us oldies took up our pens and had a go.

The early pioneers came from town because they couldn't pay their rent;
They were prepared to live in shacks of bark and bags, and even in a tent.
As I turn back the hands of time when I was just a kid,
I think of what my father did to try to earn a quid.
I've known him walk to Hurstville in answer to a job;
The reason he was walking was he never had a bob.

My mum would patch my little pants with all kinds of coloured rags;
She would also make my little shirts from Brunton's flour bags;
I would have the Nett Weight in the front, and Brunton's Flour Brand upon the back:
If I objected to the wearing I would get a little smack.

I would hear my school mates speak of Christmas and what their mothers said
About getting an old stocking and hang it on their bed.
When I got home to mum I would repeat what I had heard them say;
Mum would look at me and say, "Son, Santa won't be coming down our way".
I'd still hang that old black stocking in case Santa changed his mind.
But then my little sister, she'd fill it with anything she could find.

My elder brother, he'd complain about conditions under which we dwelt;
My mum would reply and say, "Son, you should thank God you've got your health".
She would quote him something from the Bible or from old paper she had read
Where the greatest Man that trod this earth was born inside a stable
Where all the animals were being fed.

He never took much notice as he went upon his way;
The last thing my mother said was, "You'll be back some day".
My mum she'd look so worried and she'd often shed some tears;
I suppose she was thinking of how we lived like Abo's....
But we never had our spears.

With all this gloom and sorrow us kids still had our fun
 --Digging out bandicoots and foxes 'cos we never had a gun.
 As I cast my mem'ry back to those lean old days with my sister and my brother
 I begin to think what we'd have done if we'd never had our mother.

My mum, she loved her dancing in those far distant days
 Where she'd often been requested to sing "The Marseillaise".
 You may wonder why I mention my old Mum in this little verse I write --
 She was my All, my Everything, she was my Ray of, Light.

As I look around this place today where as a lad I used to swim,
 I find it's full of broken cars and damn old rusty tins.
 Where have all those bull-frogs gone that used to croak at night:
 Have they gone forever, or just keeping out of sight?
 I've travelled round the country, and a fair bit of this earth,
 But I always come back to Sutherland, the village of my birth.

I could continue writing of little things I know,
 But the bottom of the page is near
 So I think I'd better go.
 If my writing bores you -- please don't get into a rage
 --just wet your index finger
 And turn another page.

-- Mick Derrey

* * * * *

Captain Cook Statue in Randwick (corner of Belmore and Avoca Roads) was erected by Captain T. Watson in 1874. It was carved from Pymont freestone by Walter McGill, and said to have been painted with egg-white to preserve the surface. It was the first of only three Cook statues in Australia.

Nugal Hall, Milford Street, Randwick, is the last Gothic style mansion left in Randwick. Built in 1853 for Alexander McArthur the shipping merchant, it was designed by Mortimer Lewis. McArthur owned 22 acres in this vicinity, including a quarry where the stone for the building would probably have been obtained. The beautiful staircase with the glass dome above are attractive features of the building. It was for some years owned by the late Mrs. N. Pillars, who founded the Randwick & District Historical Society and made it the Society's headquarters from 1957 to 1976.

OUR MONTHLY MEETINGS

July: the evening was devoted to two movies taken over a period of years by Mr. George Heavens, entitled "The Shire Past and Present". Many of the old shots emphasised the tremendous changes which have occurred over the past 30 years or so. The screenings were made all the more interesting by the informative -- and often amusing -- ad-lib descriptions by Mr. Heavens.

August: Miss Anne Ross, B.A. (Hons.) Sydney, gave a most interesting Address dealing with the Aborigines of Botany Bay, illustrating her talk with a number of slides. The local Aborigines were never numerous here, and remained more or less within the confines of their territory, for food was abundant when adjusted to seasonal supplies. Those on the northern tide of Georges River did not usually cross, for to the south was a tribe displaying great enmity to anyone invading their territory. Referring to the numerous carvings and "peckings" in the area, Miss Ross stated it was authoritatively estimated most of these would be at least 500 years old. A peculiarity of the local women was the loss of the top joint of the left-hand little finger; in childhood this joint was ligatured so that it eventually dropped off; as the women fished with lines, this amputation allowed the line to run freely when held in the hand.

September: Miss Bonfield, past Matron of Sutherland District Hospital, traced the history of nursing (or lack of it) from the time of the 1st Fleet until the re-organisation of Sydney Hospital and the arrival of "Miss Florence Nightgale's Young Ladies", under the charge of Miss Lucy Osborne, the "Lady Superintendent" who brought the first five trained nursing sisters from England in 1867. Miss Bonfield described the appalling conditions of the hospital -- and its patients -- and the obstructions and antagonisms met with from the medical staff and others; and the difficulties of training suit-able girls as professional nurses.

--M.H.N.

New Members since last Bulletin:

Mr. D. Brownlow, Cronulla; Mesdames J. McKenzie, Gynea;

M. M. Sidlauskas, Engadine; I. Turner, and Mrs. J. Fisher, Dulwich Hill.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY REFERENCES:

Publications Committee 1977-78: Mr. G. Heavens (Convener), Mrs. M. Hutton Neve (Editor), Mesdames P. Garland and E. Ford, Messrs. F. Midgley and B. Griffin: the President ex officio.

Contributions: Members are asked to submit material for the Bulletin -- it need not be confined entirely to local history interest, but local history is especially welcome. If material is extracted or re-written, please quote source. If hand-written, please print names in BLOCK (= capital) letters; and hand to Convener or Editor, or post to Editor's address. Copy for the February issue should be handed in before the end of December.

Bulletin Copies: Supplied to all branches of the Shire Library, and to the Shire President, Shire Clerk and all Councillors.

The Society is affiliated with the Royal Australian Historical Society and the National Trust of Australia (NSW Branch).

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Bulletin Extracts: Any editorial material may be reprinted in other publications provided that acknowledgment is made both to the writer and to this Society's magazine.

PUBLICATIONS OF LOCAL HISTORY are on sale at each monthly meeting; proceeds are paid to the Society.... Illustrated History of Sutherland Shire, by F. Midgley, 50 cents -bulk orders -- please contact Editor. Thos. Holt, 50 cents: by M. Hutton Neve (Illus.): Martha Matilda (Mrs. James Birnie), M. Hutton Neve; leaflet, 20 cents.

Monthly Meetings of the Society: Held on the 2nd Friday of each month, commencing at 8.0 p.m., in the Recreation Staff Room of the Council's Administrative Centre in Eton Street Sutherland (2nd floor). Visitors are welcome.

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

* * * * *

<u>President:</u>	<u>Hon. Sec.:</u> _____	<u>Publications</u> <u>Convener</u> _____
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Hon. Treas.: Mr. S. Stedman, 495 Kingsway, Miranda, 2228: 524.5389

Editor: Mrs. M. Hutton Neve, 26 First Av. Loftus, 2232: Ph.521.2578

Please detach and keep this page for reference:

FIXTURES

SPEAKERS

- Nov. 10: Ald. Ron Rathbone: Historic Homes of St. George Dist.
- Dec. 8: Christmas Party -- members only.
1979
- Jan. 12.: Members' Night" -- short papers submitted by members.
- Feb, 9: History of The Royal National Park (Centenary Apl. '79)
Mr. Colin Green, Supt., or his deputy.
- March 9: Annual General Meeting -- members only.
- April 13: Talk on Welsh History (details in next issue)

EXCURSIONS

- Nov. 25: Hartley & District. Fare = \$6.00
- Leave Cronulla 8.0 a.m.
- Leave Sutherland 8.30 a.m.
- Return Sutherland approx. 6.0/6.30 p.m.

March 1979: A weekend trip is to be arranged; details later.

May 1979: Penrith & District; details later.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1979:

Please note that these fall due on January 1: all members must be financial at the Annual General Meeting.

Please complete attached Membership Renewal.