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From the President.

May, 1985

Vale MICK DERREY

This time I begin my remarks with sadness, in noting the death of Mick Derrey at the grand age of 80 years. Mick has been one of our most enthusiastic members, attending every meeting he can. Mick maintained a constant supply of historical material for the Bulletin and even at his death he had a number of articles completed for inclusion in it.

Mick survived the loss of circulation in his legs and had mastered the use of his artificial legs to the point where he once again was able to attend the Society's meetings.

Admiration of his efforts earned him the distinction of Honorary Life Member of the Society.

We, the members of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society, will miss him in many ways and offer our sympathy to his wife "Connie".

1985

Many thanks to members who attended the Annual General Meeting and to Deputy Shire President, Clr. Ian Swords who conducted the Election of Officers. Thanks for your expression of confidence, and also thanks to those members who willingly offered their services on Committee for another year. I am very pleased with the new material of interest provided by speakers and look forward to an interesting programme during 1985. In particular, recent activity involving the Royal Australian Historical Society has brought to light valuable additions to our programme.

As I write these notes, several of our members are preparing to stock the Heritage Week Exhibition, being staged this year from 15th to 21st April. This is a special occasion for the Society, when we are able to display the most portable items of our stock of historical exhibits. The co-operation of the Sutherland Shire Council is appreciated in providing the central location and the publicity.

----Harold Ivers

Committee Members.

Publication: F. Midgley, Convener. Messrs. D. Archer, H. Ivers, A. Platfoot, Mesdames A. Cutbush, A. Griffiths, A. Ivers.

Exhibition: F. Midgley, Convener. Messrs. H. Ivers, D. Archer, Mesdames E. Allen, A. Ivers, A. Griffiths, A. Cutbush.

Excursion: Mrs. A. Griffiths, Excursion Officer. Messrs. J. Cutbush, D. Archer, K. Kirkby, S. Roberts. Mesdames V. Humphreys, A. Cutbush.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST

A cattle dog's faithful 13 year wait for his master ended on November 1st, 1940, when Bluey, aged 15, died in the grounds of St. George Hospital.



Bluey's master, a drover, was knocked down by a motor car in 1927, and taken to the hospital by ambulance. Bluey followed the ambulance but was not allowed in the ward, so he waited outside.

The dog slept under the out-patients department, where his master was first admitted. Regularly he would go to the entrance of the building, peer in, and then walk dejectedly away. He examined every ambulance which entered or left the hospital.

The nurses adopted Bluey. They made sure he had plenty of food and water, and a warm bed. Bluey would play with the nurses and doctors.

"Bluey was essentially a one-man dog", the President of the R.S.P.C.A., (Mr.M.A. Trail) said at the time of Bluey's death. "He was a remarkable dog to have lived so long, well past the average age".

The then Medical Superintendent of St. George Hospital (Dr. Geoffrey Fenton) said: "A hospital bed was bought in 1939 with money volunteered by the public to honour Bluey?"

Two brass plaques bearing his name were placed in a ward of the hospital, and a kennel at the King Edward Dogs' Home at Moore Park.

Bluey was a dusty-blue dog with a stout spirit. Before he died he was practically blind and deaf.

Source: "Daily Telegraph", 2/11/1940, in writers files.

Fred Midgley

*****_*

POSTAL SERVICE

The Postal Receiving Office commenced in the Midgley home in 1904 and was there for 35 years in Menai. Many residents of the settlement used the occasion of posting a letter as an excuse to drop in for a yarn.

Nell Bentley and a sister, when teenagers would write a letter as an excuse to "Go out at night" and walk to Midgleys to post it. over half a mile away.

Grandma Fanny Midgley would answer their knock at the back door, light a lamp or candle; and invite them through the house to the front room where Postal business was transacted. The girls would sit down and Fanny Midgley would talk to them and often tell them a story that would help them. On the way out they were offered a "Ladies Companion", an English magazine from a number standing on the dining room table.

It was quite common then to see as many as twenty people sitting on forms around the large kitchen table, a good number of whom had "gone for an. evening walk to Midgleys to post a letter".

Source: N. Bentley

F. M.

THE END OF THE FIRST LESSON

I was writing a few lines to my mother standing at a desk at a country Post Office (she used to worry about me), when I noticed a Hobo come in and start doing the same thing. I said, "writing home", and he nodded.

Later, he came over and in an Irish Australian voice asked if I was a Catholic. I shook my head, and he said, "Never mind, but be-fore leaving here call at the Presbytery and ask for help, you won't be turned away". I thanked him and proceeded to the Presbytery. I duly met the Father who just oozed God's blessings. He said, "Come in me bhoy and sit down, we have a lot to talk about". Like Alice's Walrus we talked of many things.

Eventually he sent me on my way with a business card to Mrs. Murphy's guest house. She was a good woman. I was to receive dinner, bed and breakfast. I was allowed to strip off and have a hot bath and put on clean underwear, while she washed, dried and ironed everything I had. I even scored a couple of Mr. Murphy's singlets. I had a nice cooked meal, a bed with clean sheets, and a bacon and egg breakfast, and on top of that a packed lunch including cake and fruit.

Such treatment certainly changed the look of things so a couple of nights later at another town I fronted up at the Church of England Rectory, as that was my church, and asked to see the Rector. I was very surprised. The Rectors wife without so much as consulting him, told me the Rector was far too busy to talk to tramps. For my part I felt a bit dissoluted for my mother had taught me that Catholics were no good, and not to trust them under any circumstances.

Source: Depression experiences.

George Heavens

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ON THE ROAD IN THE 1930s

There were some rather pathetic sights; whole families, Dad pushing a wheelbarrow, like a billy-cart, Mum pushing a tram over the hot bumpy tracks and roads, with hardly a tarred surface in the 1930s, and 4 or 5 kids dejectedly wandering along, seemingly going nowhere.

There was an occasional horse and sulky, the horse making his own pace, stopping to eat when he found some good feed. Many two wheeled carts were made into caravans with 4 sticks covered with hessian, not water proof, but it was better than sitting in the sun. There were billy-carts with bike wheels having two golden syrup boxes atop of each, with a kerosene tin lid to keep the water out. Many a young man with wife and baby in her arms, and pregnant wives and husband were a common sight.

Many died on the road, not of starvation, but mainly pneumonia. I at no time travelled with anyone that became ill and died. There were those who drowned in rivers. They would get hot and get cramp. There were a lot of cases of suicide, people just could'nt take it anymore, but I don't recall any murders. You certainly would'nt kill for gain, no one had anything.

Source: Depression experiences.

George Heavens

THE GREAT EPIDEMIC

It was Sunday November 11, 1918, which reminded me of that memorable day sixty five years ago when the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918. The people in the Shire went wild with joy to think hostilities had ceased. The tram whistles blew and the people banged tins as they celebrated. It was the end of looking through those long casualty lists of killed in action, died of wounds and missing, to see if any of our local lads were there. Everyone was of the same opinion; we could now settle down to everlasting peace.

But it was not to be for it wasn't long before we were struck down with the Pneumonic Flu, It was the worst epidemic since the Bubonic plague. People were well in the morning and dead at night The daily morning and evening papers gave a list of so many hundreds of deaths. There was no hospital in the Sutherland Shire and only two Doctors to serve the vast area. Dr. Sproule at Cronulla and Dr. Sanbrook in the now Council property fronting Eton street.

The majority of cases were attended to by voluntary workers. Yowie Bay Hotel was used as a hospital and Mr. Chiplin's residence on the corner of Wandella road where part of Miranda Fair now stands. Mr. Chiplin's daughter Olga, passed away with the disease. Mr. Chiplin was the headmaster of Miranda Public School on the corner of Kiora road and the Kingsway. The other temporary hospital was the old home on the corner of Glencoe and Flora streets Sutherland, known as the "Wattles". Silver Wattle hung over the fence on three sides, hence the name "Wattles". For roughly three years of the war the Red Cross ladies and a number of others used to assemble there for the knitting of socks for the troops in France. It later became the birthplace of Father Dunlea's Boys Town.

The epidemic became so serious masks were compulsory. Then came compulsory inoculation. The only way to notify the people of the Shire was handing the school children a note at the school gate stating where to assemble. The place was the Council Chambers, mostly evenings and night, on the ground floor. People would alight from the tram at Eton street and queue up in double file which extended from the Council Chambers to Flora street.

Although the epidemic had everyone worried, there was always the humorous side. When you travelled by tram or train you would see the different models of masks. Some had the small masks like the ones now used by doctors and nurses in hospitals. Others went to the extreme by making a wire frame to fit on the bridge of the nose to below the bottom lip with a muslin bag sewn on. Some extended one foot down their chest in which there was placed a small cake of camphor; others had a small ball of wadding dipped in eucalyptus. It was a case of trial and error.

It was a period in the Shire when everything was done under difficulties. There was no modern communications such as house phones; no local papers, electricity or sanitary facilities. Tank, well or creek water was used. "Mrs. Pott's" irons were heated on a

wood stove, when wood had to be gathered and chopped. There were times when both parents were bedridden and children had to fend for themselves until assistance arrived.

General stores were far between, although there were three grocery stores in the township of Sutherland, Ericson and Rutherford. later to become McCubbins. Jimmy Elms was on the opposite corner to the Post Office , and Vallance next to it. The next store was Frazer at Miranda, who had taken over from Pipers. Then came Nolans and Nelsons at Caringbah. Butchers were also few and far between with Stapleton at Sutherland and T.A. Patterson's shop on the site now occupied by the Exchange at Miranda. There was one at Caringbah and Cronulla had its butchers. Chemists were also scarce in 1919, There was Turnbull at Sutherland, not forgetting Cronulla.

If you didn't live near the tram line you had to walk miles for your requirements at those stores, which added to the burden of those voluntary workers attending the sick during the plague, not knowing when it was their turn to be stricken with the disease. It was a great relief when we began to read in the daily papers where the new cases were getting less and deaths were becoming fewer. I hope it never occurs again.

----- Mick Derrey

COOK'S COACHES

The Cook family came from Austinmer in the mid--1890s to Sutherland. Bob Cook was a half-brother to Emily, later Mrs. Bullock, but he always insisted they were never so, having the same blood flowing in their veins. The Bullock family resided in a cottage opposite the cemetery.



Bob Cook drove for a few years for Giddings Coaches from Cronulla to Sutherland until he commenced his own line which plyed between Sutherland and Ewey Bay.

Cook's stables and coach shed were situated in Eton Street be-hind the back yards of the first five blocks on which houses were built facing President Avenue. The Education Department acquired the whole area for school extensions where the Shire's first High School was opened in 1928.

Cook had six horses and two coaches each capable of carrying twelve passengers.

Source: From an interview with Mrs. Emily Bullock by Alf Midgley, June 1st, 1974.

JULY 1902. Mr. Thomas Holt was appointed a member of the local (Miranda) school board in replacement of Mr. F.S.Holt, deceased.

AUGUST 1902. The Miranda School of Arts added twenty seven new up-to-date books, principally fiction. This brought the total up to 520 volumes.

"St. George Advocate"

FLYING FIFTY YEARS AGO

About 1930 I came across a group with a glider which was being flown from the sand hills near the present day Cronulla High School. The glider was placed at the top of a high sand dune on runners like a ladder about 30 feet long with guides each side. Onlookers were invited to help launch the glider. While a couple held the tail, a rubber cable was hooked on the front of the glider, the cable being held by three or four each side of the track in a V pattern.

The glider had a wing span of about 20 ft., these being supported on a centre pole by guy wires. With his feet on the bars and hand on the joy-stick, the 18 year old pilot, Ken Gardiner prepared for a flight. With the tail being held the tension was taken up by those in front of the glider. At a given signal the tail was released, and the pullers - me included- would race down the dune, ducking as the glider became air-borne and soared over us.



I thought the glider was going to crash into another dune in its path, but the air currents lifted it, and it would fly off and land along the beach. Here a horse and cart with motor tyred wheels used for shell grit gathering would come along, and the glider would be loaded on to be taken back to the top of the sand dune for the next flight.

A few years passed by and I was still living at Menai when I got a job in the city. It was then I met Ken Gardiner again who was working at the same place as I was. He had always been keen on gliding, but had been taking flying lessons at Mascot. When he gained his solo pilot's licence he suggested that I come up with him as his first passenger. Passengers paid £1.00 (\$2.00) for a flight of one hour.

So on the Saturday I picked him up on my Ariel motor cycle, and headed for the aerodrome at Mascot. On arrival there Ken noticed there was a high wind blowing, also noting the direction of the wind socks. He decided that it was a bit risky and the flight was abandoned. The plane to be used was a De Havilland 60 Gipsy Moth.

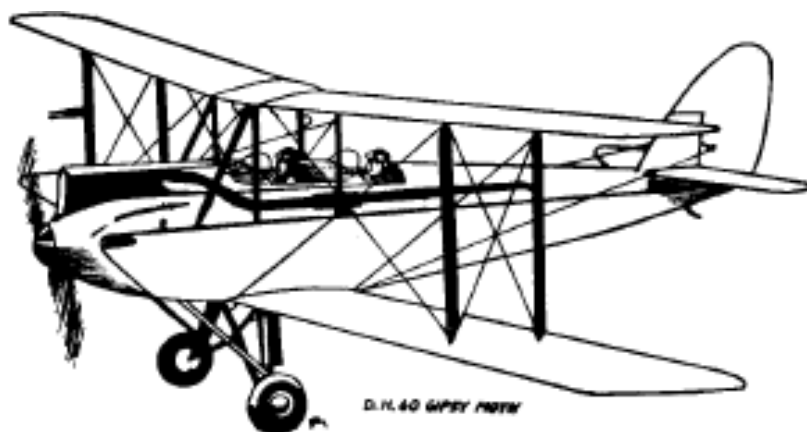
So I missed out on being his first passenger, for on the next day he took off with a woman passenger and headed down the South Coast. He landed in the reedy grass at Maddens Plains, not because of mechanical failure, but because he felt like making a landing there.

Next time the weather was more kind to me and I found myself in the front cockpit with Ken in the rear one as was the custom, heading off over Cronulla. From there we turned west towards Menai.

I had a Brownie camera and took photographs, but unfortunately they came out with double exposure. There was no reason unless it was the wind affecting the shutter as the camera was held over the side of the plane. Behind the windscreen was alright, the wind being deflected overhead.

I had brought a type of mesh in which I had placed a block of wood specifically to be dropped from the plane as we flew over the tennis court on the Menai Public School grounds where friends were playing. The mesh and its content were dropped from a height of about 500 feet, but in not taking into account for drift, the block landed 300 to 400 yards away near the north eastern boundary of my parent's property.

Ken then turned the Moth towards Liverpool. There was some bad weather ahead and we ran into rain. We had earphones and could talk to each other. Ken said he was turning back and would I like some acrobatics. I didn't like that idea, but just the same he put the plane into a side slip. I was thrown against the side of the cockpit, while the floor vibrated under my feet. But that was the only stunt he pulled, and we headed back towards Sydney and ahead of the storm that was gathering.



We flew over the city and Harbour bridge, and had made a turn for home when another plane was seen coming towards us. As it got closer and passed, the pilot was swinging his arm in wide sweeps at Ken to get the plane back to Mascot. Ken said it was his instructor, and that he didn't seem to be too pleased. However when we landed he told Ken he was concerned about taking the Gipsy Moth up without him knowing, but he was really quite nice about it.

During World War 11 the instructor went to New Guinea and then ferried planes over the Atlantic from the United States to England. He was killed when his plane hit a mountain in Wales. Source: Interview with Mr. Jack Archer, January 28, 1985.

-----Fred Midgley

MILITARY MANOEUVRES

Over one thousand Cadets had a march and sham fight in the National Park. They went through the evolutions in a soberly mar manner. Only four of the Cadets represented Sutherland. They had a good weeks practice at long range at their old targets. One man was disabled and brought down on the Monday and taken by train to the hospital.

"St. George Advocate", May 23, 1903.

WILLIAM G. JUDD

Councillor and former President of Sutherland Shire Council was a son of the soil - one of New South Wales' sons who, by dint of perseverance and a determination to leave behind a name worthy of respect, succeeded in establishing himself in the hearts of all with whom he came into personal contact as an honourable business man and true friend.

William Judd was born in Sydney on July 30, 1847, on the site of where Queens Hall later stood in Pitt street. When his school days were over, the question of employment was solved when he commenced brickmaking among the old "sandstock" men of St. Peters.

Having mastered the trade he took up the business of storekeeper at St. Peters, in which locality also he entered municipal life. eventually becoming Mayor of the Municipality.

In 1885. in company with Messrs. Doust, Godfrey, Edwards, Gardiner, Binstead, and others, the brickworks at Mortdale were established by William Judd. Living at Arncliffe, he again entered the municipal field, this time for the West Botany (now Rockdale) Municipality. In due course he found his way to the Mayoral chair, and, as at St. Peters, the Town Hall carried his name.



Continuing his journey south, William Judd (having acquired property in the Sutherland Shire) was next associated with the Shire Council at the incoming of the Local Government Act. He was President of the Council for the first four years after which he retired, but yielded to strong representations to fill an extra-ordinary vacancy caused by the resignation of Clr. Cook from August 1911 to December 1913.

It can be safely said that Clr. Judd was looked upon as an authority in Municipal and Shire affairs, a fact borne out by his election to the position of vice-president of the Local Government Association, and Chairman of the Committee of that body appointed to suggest an amendment of the building regulations of Councils.

William Judd sought Parliamentary honours and gained them in the late eighties, sat through one Parliament as a representative for Canterbury, but his health caused him to give up work in this sphere. Few men knew more of the Illawarra district, and with the rapid development south of the Georges River at that time, Sutherland ratepayers had one of the right men in the right place in Clr. William Judd.

Source: Based on an article from the "St. George Call" F.M

Certificate. Edward Charles Howard of Sutherland was the last to qualify and be issued with a steam tram drivers Licence by the New South Wales Government Tramways on May 27th, 1929, having, three days previously, passed the required tests and examinations.

J. Midgley

CRONULLA - LOOKING BACK 74 YEARS

My first close up view of the Pacific ocean was in the year 1910 and my story commences on the corner of what is to-day North West Arm Road when I was 6 years of age. It was there my second eldest brother Fred, and his only mates, Chris Dube, Claude Gough and Tom Avery were planning to walk to Cronulla. They never said what day they were going but it would have to be a Saturday or Sunday seeing they were all attending school. Chris. Dube, Tom Avery and my brother were all 12 years of age , whilst Claude Gough was about 15. I was their shadow, and I was determined to go.

Eventually the day came when they set off for Cronulla with me in pursuit. They called me all kinds of bad names and told me to go home and that I would not be carried. Down President Avenue we went to Kiora road, It was here we ran out of road, so it was decided to climb down the gully where Matson Crescent is to-day and through the scrub to Highfield, which is now Caringbah. We eventually got onto Malvern road (what is now the Kingsway) and as we travelled on the rough gravelled road, we were passed by the horse coach that plied between Sutherland and Cronulla. The coaches also travelled to Lilli Pilli. This coach was driven by Bob Cook, Claude Gough called him by his name. He then offered us a ride as the coach was empty, but they refused.

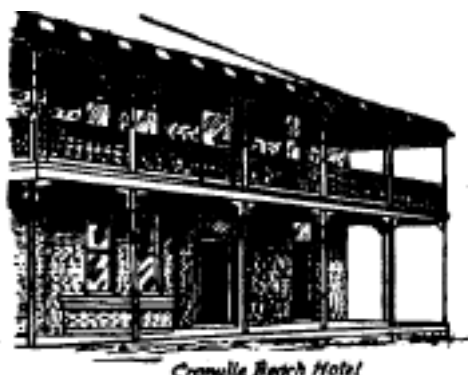
By this time my little legs were getting tired. They told me when we started I would not be carried, and they kept their word. We were now approaching Gannons road which appeared to be a cart track through the bush with no houses in sight, Woolooware road was similar. On reaching Woolooware Road I got a view of the sea and the mountain of sand in the distance. We

turned right into the bush where the Anglican Church is to-day, and down to the mangrove swamp now Tonkin Park, and on to Laycocks boatshed where I had a drink of water. Claude Gough knew one of the Laycock boys and they talked for some time. We



then headed through the scrub to what is now Gunnamatta Park to Richmount street, and on to the area now known as Shelly Park. It was covered in tea-tree and banksia in the centre of which was a waterhole where I knelt and drank. From the waterhole there was a track to where the Esplanade is to-day where two old tram cars were used as week-enders. From the tram cars we walked along a gravel road, now known as Ewos parade to a grass covered slope where now stands Cronulla R.S.L. Club and on to the area known now as Cronulla Beach Park which was sand to the foot of the surrounding slopes. In the centre of the sand was a roughly made temporary dressing shed with no roof and bag sides on piers six

feet high which you entered by way of a roughly made ladder. From there we made for the windswept hill where the Cecil Hotel was erected, and it was then I stood in amazement and looked at that vast area of water. I tried to look beyond the horizon and it was then I began to think of what our teacher had said about the earth being round. We then walked down the north slope which to-day is the foot of the Kingsway, where the sea swept round to where the Workers Club is to-day. We then went over what is Eloura Road now which was all sand and through where the Cronulla Golf Club is. It was soon the beginning of the high sand dunes that extended to Kurnell, and at this point my brother and his mates decided to climb them thirty feet high. They dragged me to the top where I saw miles of sand to the north and north-east to boat harbour.



Cronulla Beach Hotel

Claude Gough noticed a black speck on the beach near Boat Harbour, but could not say whether it was a dog or a man. As it came closer they could see it was a man, and waited to see who it was.

Claude Gough recognised him. It was Joe Monro, bare footed, with trousers cut off below the knees. He said he had been fishing for Whiting which he had in the sugar bag. Joe Monro at this time was about 27 years old and they talked for some time. I was tired and thirsty

and approximately five miles from home. On the hill was the Cronulla Beach hotel. it was a two-story brick building with an upstairs verandah. We had a drink of water here. As we set off to walk home along came a horse coach. The driver was a man I think, named Giddings who offered us a lift. All the older ones refused. Giddings said "What about the kid"? This suited me. My brother gave him instructions to let me off at Smith's dairy, now the site of the Technical College at Gynea. From there I walked home, a tired, hungry and thirsty kid with my little head filled with wonders of that mountain of sand and that vast area of water called the Pacific ocean.

In later years I have often thought of that black speck we saw in the distance mentioned earlier in the story had been a fisherman and sold his fish from a row boat on Cronulla beach. Cecil Monro was later responsible for building the Cecil Hotel and Ball-rooms facing the beach in the 1920s: instrumental for the construction of the Georges River Bridge and the Sutherland-Cronulla Railway. He was also a Councillor and President of the Sutherland Shire Council as well as being elected to State Parliament on a number of occasions.

Mick Derrey

'A Fishing Trip to Wattamolla', in the November 1984 issue of the Bulletin submitted by Mrs. Elva Carmichael, was written by Mr. Arthur Austin.

MATRON SHAW, O.B.E.

Crown Street Women's Hospital has gone, and along with it many memories of the once largest maternity hospital in Australia.

But how many remember the kind grey eyes and the quick tender smile of Matron Edna Mary Shaw, who was at Crown Street for more than 30 years.

She assisted in the birth of about 100,000 babies, nearly enough to fill the city of Newcastle 35 years ago. What Sydney thought of her could be summed up in the remark of a grandmother back in 1949: "If ever a woman should have been decorated by the King, it's Matron Shaw". And she was. In 1950 she was awarded the O.B.E.

The Crown Street Women's Hospital opened in 1894. Crown street lined with factories, slums and pubs and endowed through well over a 160 years of boisterous history, stretches through Surry Hills, Darlinghurst and Woolloomooloo. If you said Crown Street in the days of Matron Shaw your hearer would be bound to assume you meant the famous hospital, especially the taxi-drivers. Every Sydney taxi-driver at some time or other had broken the traffic laws for some anxious woman.

Edna Mary Shaw was born at Gundagai, the daughter of an Anglican clergyman, Rev. A.R.Shaw who was later to be in charge of the Parish of St. John the Baptist, Sutherland, in the 1920s. He had moved into the Sydney area about 1911.

Two of her brothers were well known in the Sutherland Shire. Fred an Estate Agent served 3 years as a Shire Councillor from 1934. and Edward Seymour - who was born at Marulan- served 26 years as a Shire Councillor, 9 of them as President. He was much involved in public life, and at one time was on the Board of Crown Street Hospital. He was awarded the O.B.E. by Queen Elizabeth in 1954.

Near the bustling entrance to the hospital was Matron Shaw's small sitting room. Austere and conventional, it was rather the vicarage in which she was brought up. Books on the shelves were neither deep nor philosophical. Matron Shaw who needed no books to learn of human nature, read for simple relaxation.

In 1949 she planned to retire, and was looking forward to a trip around Australia to see her relatives, after which she would settle down in her cottage at Balgowlah.



Even after 12 months mothers brought their babies back for Matron to see. She was the recipient of flowers as well as a great number of thank you letters from the babies' mothers, such thoughtfulness touching her deeply as well as delighting her.

What was it that made Crown Street so different from some other institutions? Perhaps Matron Shaw supplied the answer in her own words: "I can't bear this business of showing your authority all the time. Everything goes along so much better if you don't try to be bossy".

Source: "Pix", April 16, 1949. Writers notes. ---Fred Midgley

LOOKING BACKWARD TO 1960

In 1949 Mr. Schuemaker was appointed principal of Sutherland High School and has, since then, seen it grow as the nucleus of secondary education in the Sutherland Shire.

His policy at Sutherland High School was four square - Educational, Spiritual, Physical and Social. Among his innovations were Drama Festivals, School Balls and Dances, combined religious services, scientific lectures by the Atomic Reactor personnel, and gala sports carnivals.

He put emphasis on subject revision and home study. He also considered the school uniform as personal pride in the school.

Adam Schuemaker can be proud that from Sutherland High School emerged secondary schools at Jannali, Miranda, Caringbah, Cronulla Heathcote, Engadine and Kirrawee. Mr. Schuemaker can be truly called the father of education in Sutherland Shire. When school resumed in 1960 there was missing one who had devoted all his life to teaching. Mr. Schuemaker had retired before Christmas after spending more than 40 years in the teaching profession, ten of those years in Sutherland.

Now in 1985 Sutherland has no high school. Pupils must go afield to further their education. However the building facing Eton Street still proudly displays high on its front wall "Sutherland High School".

---George Heavens

BOER WAR Joe Meeve of Miranda left Australia in the first Commonwealth contingent to the Boer War as a shoeing smith. He arrived at Durban on the 19th March, 1902. Camping out was no protection with a blanket and being exposed to such rain as was never dreamed of. It was no place for a white pick and shovel man. His first night was spent on the veldt and was unpleasant.

Joe Meeve still retained the horse he brought from Sydney and was intending applying for a discharge in South Africa as employment for shoeing-smiths was being offered at 30 shillings a day in Johannesburg. -----"St. George Advocate", 17/5 & 9/8/1902

CRICKET. Miranda defeated Sutherland on Saturday last by one run after an exciting game. For Miranda principal scorers were Jake Mondel 17, E. Dorph 11, whilst Dwyer, Green and Robinson did best for Sutherland. -- "St. George Advocate", 6/9/1902

THE BILL BEDFORD STORY

It was 1912 when an elderly man and his wife came and settled in what is to-day the North West Arm road. They took up approximately two acres of Holt Sutherland land which was on a rocky ridge, three hundred yards on the right from President Avenue. There old Bill erected a three roomed weatherboard cottage and tried to raise a few fowls for his own use, but the attempt was a failure, the reason being there were more foxes than Bill could cope with.

He gave up the chook idea and commenced a carrying business with a table top waggon and two horses. Bill would take anything to the city markets. His days were Monday and Thursday, when he would leave his home at 3a.m. returning at 11p.m. There were time when someone at the markets helped themselves to his load. As a prevention he obtained four cattle dogs to travel on the waggon.

From the time he left home at 3a.m. until he returned those dogs never let up barking and running all over the waggon. They rarely left the waggon until they got home, and it was the only time they ceased barking.

Old Bill loved horses but he never had any idea of their feed and medication. He would buy well conditioned horses, but it was not long before they were just frames. On the rocky ridge there was no grazing land and their feed was chaff alone. So for their watering and what grazing there was they used Dent's Creek. As they got poorer it was a common sight to see them bogged and drowned in the creek too weak to rise. Bill would then scout around for the Goughs and Dubes in what is now Kirrawee for some assistance. With their horse, and block and tackle the horse was raised on its feet and fastened to a tree, but they always died.

Then the horse had to be burned on the bank of Dent's Creek where it had died; logs had to be dragged from the surrounding area, and there were plenty. When the burning took place, which was at night, the Goughs, Dubes, Averys and Derreys - including me - sat round the fire till midnight all having a story to tell. This was a common occurrence. Four horses bogged in the creek and died, and another was bitten by a snake and died on the bank of Dent's Creek, and it had to be burned.

Bedford always had to have a spare horse which he changed on alternate days, to give one a rest.

The Bedford's weatherboard cottage is still there to-day perched on the side of the rocky ridge, partly obscured by new homes and unnoticed.

Mick Derrey

FIXTURES FOR MONTHLY GENERAL MEETINGS

May 10: Mr. Crowe; Address on - VICTORIA BARRACKS

June 7: Mrs. Mary Smith; Address on - R.A.H.S.

July 12: Mrs. Jeanne M. Bow BSc.; Address on - AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARY MOORE BENTLEY

Mr. Desborough was the guest speaker at the monthly on April 12th., his subject being the Hon. T. J. Ley. M.L.A. and M.H.R.

ITALIAN COLONIALS

The first Italian to arrive here came on the first fleet. He was Guiseppe Tusso and he was only one in that fleet. Italians continued to be very outnumbered until the end of World War I. The first census which gave separate figures for Italians was taken in 1871. At that time there were 960 Italians living in the colony. Most of these would have come during the gold rush of the 1850's.- The next census of 1911 found the number increased to 6 719. This would be about .15% of all Australians. Why did Italians choose to come to Australia at this time? The most important reason was the belief that there were greater opportunities in Australia for earning a good wage and living. Many people in Italy were suffering very poor conditions. In Australia most of the men were young and outnumbered their Italian women five to one. This was because, like the Chinese, they were working in Australia to earn money to send home. At this time one in every three Italians returned home after working here for a few years. Others worked to establish themselves and brought families out later.

Quite a number of Italians were very talented and founded the arts and sciences. One man who helped create the Australian musical tradition was Marquis Jerome Carandini. His wife was Marie Burgess, an opera singer. They opened a school for ballet and singing in Sydney. Madam Carandini started her own musical company and toured Australia. The success of the Carandinis brought other Italian musicians out here. Signor and Signora Coy settled in Melbourne and were very talented performers. Albert Zelman arrived with his family, and his son, a great violinist, helped found the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra. One of Australia's greatest surgeons was an Italian, Tommas Faschi. He arrived in 1877 and was brilliant at surgery and became President of the N.S.W. Branch of the British Medical Association.

Throughout the nineteenth century a small number of Italian priests came to the colony. Giovanni Cani was Bishop of Rockhampton in 1882. Another was Elzear Forreggiani, Bishop of Armidale from 1879 to 1904.

Hardship after World War I was very great for the Italians and it forced more and more to leave their homeland and come to Australia. In 1921 the census showed 8,000 Italians here (numbers increased as the Depression worsened) and by 1933 their numbers had increased to 26,500.

The Italians made up the largest group of immigrants after those who came from Britain. They were the only group large enough to threaten the British nature of Australian society. Because of this, in the years between the wars, the Italians faced more and more hostility. Italians have always been very hard workers and were prepared to work very long hours to earn money to buy their own business or farm. This created a lot of ill-feeling with the Australian workers.

These proud and hard working people have brought to Australia a little of the traditions of Europe's oldest and richest cultures. Italian families are patriarchal. The husband is head of the house and the wife has no say at all. They have very strong family ties, grandparents, parents and children often living under the one roof. Of course the influence we notice most today is in cooking, where they have made the use of garlic and pasta an everyday habit.

Spaghetti Bolognese

12 oz Spaghetti	1 Onion, chopped	1 Carrot, sliced	2 rashers Bacon, chopped
1 stick Celery, chopped	1 dspn concentrated Tomato Puree	4 oz. minced Beef	2 oz Chicken Livers, chopped
Salt and Pepper			1 glass White Wine
			½ pint Stock
			2 cloves Garlic
			3 oz. Butter
			4 oz. grated Cheese

Method:

Melt 1 oz. butter, cook onion till soft. Add bacon, carrot and celery. When brown, put in meat and stir well. Add liver, stir well. Put in tomato puree, wine and stock. Season with salt and pepper and garlic. Simmer for 40 minutes. Cook spaghetti. Stir the sauce into it with 2 oz. butter and grated cheese.

Tagliatelli with Bacon and Mushroom Sauce

12 oz. Tagliatelli (or any Pasta)	4 oz. Butter
8 oz. Mushrooms	4 oz. grated Cheese
4 oz. Bacon	Salt and Pepper

Method:

Cook pasta and stir in sauce just before serving. Sauce:

Melt 2 oz. butter in a saucepan. Add sliced mushrooms and the bacon finely chopped. Cook slowly until the mushrooms are soft (about 15 mins.). Stir in the cheese and the rest of the butter.

Source: "The Italians" by Robert Johnson.

Athalie Ivers

FROM AN OLD LEDGER

I was loaned a Ledger by Society member Mr. Frank Mayman of Menai recording the sale of produce from Mondel's farm at High-field, now Caringbah. The farm was situated opposite to-days Sutherland Hospital. All prices and measures are in the Sterling and Imperial to keep authenticity. The Ledger also records commission on produce sold at the City markets and other items bought in such as pollard, wheat and corn to feed livestock. The first entry is in 1884.

An entry dated July 20, 1885, shows when 30 dozen Passionfruit brought 19/6. Other entries were Peas, Peaches, Apricots, Grapes and Nectarines. It is recorded that there were 92 Peach trees of 16 varieties from early to late cropping.

Poultry were also on the farm for in 1901 you could buy 3 dozen eggs for 4/6. Settings of eggs were also sold: an example from August 1904 shows that Lehane must have had a broody hen for he bought a setting for 9p. Egg prices varied as did other produce from the farm for in September 1904 Nelsons who had a store on Port Hacking road not far from Mondels bought 20 dozen eggs for 15/0. A pair of roosters could be bought in that same year for 3/0. A pair of old hens brought more when sold to Nelson for 4/6. It was in that year also that Nelsons had commenced their store, the first in that area.

Mondels were well known for their splendid vineyard. They made their own wine, but it was illegal to sell by the bottle, so it was sold in demijohns of 2 gallon capacity. In 1910 2 gallons of the wine could be purchased for 8/0. Some of the customers were William Burns timber merchant of Highfield, Giddings from Cronulla, William Simpson of Pt. Hacking, Warburton the station master at Sutherland, Charles Diston coach proprietor,

Fred Matson of Yowie Bay and Charles McAlister of Cronulla and Engadine.

Poultry 1905-06

	Date	Description	Price	Total
	Aug 23	1 clutch egg Lehane	1.0	1.0
	25	3 doz Nelson	7.1	8.1
		1 pr roosters		2.9
	26	1 1/2 doz Fitz P.	8	1.0
	28	8 doz Johnson	7 1/2	5.0
	-	2 doz " " "	7	1.2
	-	3 clutches Mayman	8	2.0
Sep	1	4 doz Nelson	8 1/2	2.10
	-	10 doz ---	8	6.8
	2	1 1/2 doz Fitz P.	8	1.0
	3	1 pair roosters Cullen	2	3.5
	-	1 doz eggs ---	8	8
Aug.	29	24 Johnson	7 1/2	15.0
Sep	2	15 doz Johnson	8	10.0
	6	28 doz Johnson	8	18.8
				7.11 4

There are thousands of entries from November 1884 to December 1910, and makes for fascinating reading of the early rural days of the Sutherland Shire.

In February, 1902, 28 pound of Muscatel grapes could be purchased for 3/6 or lip a pound. Isabella and Black Ham-burgh varieties were also grown on the stake method and not run along wires or a trellis.

Seventeen cases of peaches sent to market in December, 1901, realised £1/12/3 and 3 cases of apricots 2/7 ½. Produce from the farm was sold to travellers and regulars at retail prices by going to the door.

Among the regular customers were W.J. Powe, newsagent at Sutherland; Frederick Holt and Miss Holt of Sylvania; E. Thacker of Miranda; N. Bull of Cronulla; Westmacott, Burton and Jesson of Miranda; H. Brigden, Sutherland Postmaster; Charles McAlister of Cronulla and Engadine; Hill and Laycock of Cronulla. An occasional customer was Rev. Marsh, Congregational minister whose parish included Miranda, Sutherland, Sylvania and Menai.

Giddings who had a store at Cronulla were long standing buyers of all types of produce from the farm. Powe was a large purchaser of grapes, presumably for sale in the shop at Sutherland, while from April, 1904, just after their store opened, Nelsons were customers for eggs.

There are more than eighty names of customers whose names are entered in the ledger, but just a few citizens who were amongst the prominent in the history of the Sutherland Shire have been mentioned in this article.

Source: Mr. Frank Mayman. ----- Fred Midgley

A WILD RIDE

We were on the Queensland border at a place called Hungerford when along came this big flat top truck loaded with large boxes. We said to the driver, "What's got to come off"? He told us, so we helped off-load. There was an outward load, he said, so we helped and the driver roped it all down. We noted Milparinka on the tickets so we 'said what chance was there of a lift to Milparinka. He said "O.K., get on the back when I move". So we climbed aboard, tied Matilda secure onto the freight rope and put our belts through the rope so we could'nt fall off.

Did'nt that bloke go! I didn't know where Milparinka was, I'd never heard of the place. We travelled the 400 miles of dirt road at a great pace. I discovered where the western dust storms come from. Thank God the road was mostly straight for when we made a turn my legs were 3ft. over the side. We had no control, it was hang on all the time.

We were in a constant eddie of dust and sand, and I recall my hair in my eyes, and when we left the truck it was like a plaited mat.

We could hardly move at Milpa., and when he said, "Where do you go from here"? I said "the Hill". He replied, "Oh, you'll get plenty of trucks going to the Hill: We did, 3 days later. In the meantime we had to back track to Tibbooburra to get our tucker tickets, as Milparinka did'nt issue any.

Source: Personal experiences of the Depression.

-----George Heavens

OPENING AND DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

On the 2nd of November, 1935, a large number of the residents of Sutherland, who had gathered hurriedly in response to the alarm of fire, stood helplessly looking on the distressing spectacle of the total destruction of the Methodist Church, in Flora Street, Sutherland. On the afternoon of 22nd August, 1936, another concourse, equally large, met upon the same spot in a totally different atmosphere, for as they gathered, a rich toned bell pealed joyfully from the belfry of a new and beautiful structure, calling the people to join together in a service of Dedication, stately in its solemnity, beautiful in its simplicity. It was the occasion of the opening of the doors of the new Church by Mrs. G. Gilmore, and the dedication of the building by Rev. E. Coplin Thomas, the President of the Methodist Conference. Proceedings began outside the building with the singing of the Doxology followed by prayer. Upon the doors being opened all seats were quickly filled, many people standing in the aisles, porches, and vestries, whilst others were obliged to remain outside.

Rev. E. Coplin Thomas, President of the Conference, Rev. P. L. Black, Secretary of the Conference; Rev. W. H. Jones, Rev. R. J. Thomas, who was the superintendent minister when the building scheme was adopted by the trustees; Rev. N. Hedly Parr and Rev.

M. L. Layton, the ministers of the circuit; took their seats with-in the sanctuary, from whence the service was presided over by the superintendent minister, Rev. Hedly Parr. The proceedings followed closely the approved Order of Service for the Dedication of Churches. At the conclusion of the service, the congregation was entertained by the Ladies Church Aid Society at after-noon tea in the church grounds.

In the evening the building was again filled, when Rev. M. L. Lepton presided at an organ recital by Mr. Hugh Robson, interspersed with sacred solos. On the Sunday the President again preached in the morning to a large congregation, when a number of young people were admitted to membership of the Church, after which the Sacrament of the Lords Supper was observed. The evening service was conducted by Rev. Hedly Parr, on which occasion the building was again full. The soloist was Mr. I. Piper.

The building and its entire furnishings were in accordance with plans prepared by Mr. N. W. McPherson, B. Arch., under whose supervision the whole work was carried out. The total cost was about £2,200 (\$4,400), the contractor for the building being Charles G. Gray Limited, and for the seating, Mr. J. S. Robinson - who was within a few years to enter the ministry of the Congregational Church at Sutherland.

This was the first stage of construction in the new Church. It provide the chancel end with all its equipment complete, the transept, the choir, and an organ chamber ready to receive the organ when it came, and seating for about 160 worshippers.



SUTHERLAND METHODIST CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1935



Rev. E. C. Thomas

Later stages would add bays to the nave in such number as considered necessary to meet demands. At the time there was only one bay in the in the nave, but it showed the colonnaded treatment which would eventually be multiplied and would thereby provide the main architectural feature of the church. This arrangement while providing the value of a wide centre aisle, also provided side access to seats, without any increase in the roof span. No trusses are used in the roof.



Rev. R. J. Thomas

The walls embody the free use of common brick used in conjunction with thick joints of the raked variety, the effect being obtained by the variety in colour, texture, and shape of the individual bricks.



Rev. W. H. Jones

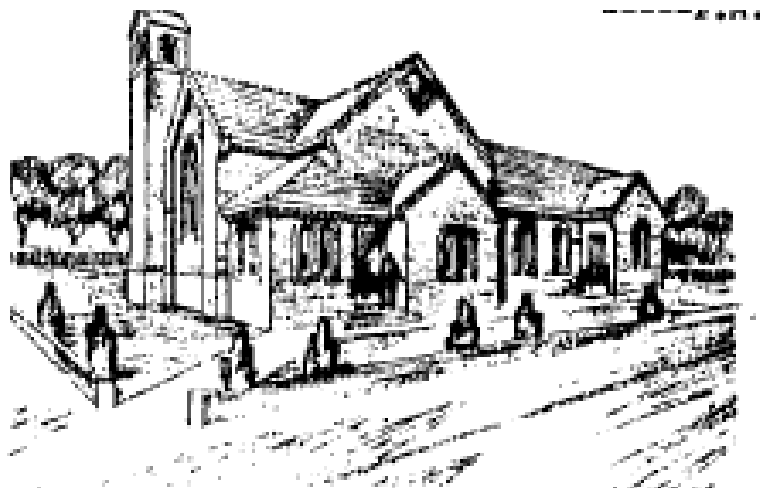
A feature of the exterior is the belfry housing a bell of eighteen inches diameter and producing a note of pitch D just above middle C. it is rung from the Choir vestry by means of an internal clapper.



Rev. H. Wiles

An inscribed plate on the wall in the Choir Vestry shows that the bell was the gift of the girls of the Bible Class. The Hymn Board is the gift of the local Order of Knights. The Communion Table is the gift of the daughters and grand-children of the late Rev. Henry and Mrs. Wiles in their memory. The Baptismal Pont is the gift of the Ladies' Church Aid Society, in memory of Mrs. Henry Wiles, their first President. The Pulpit Chair is the gift of Mrs. L. Hobson and family in memory of the late James Hobson. The Communion Service is the gift of the congregation in memory of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. Gibson. A pair of brass vases are the gift of Mr. J. Roberts and Miss Mary Roberts in memory of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. Gibson. A pair of brass vases are the gift of Mr J Roberts and Miss Mary Roberts in the memory of the late Mr and Mrs T H Gibson. The Honour Roll is the gift of Mrs A Smith and her son in memory of the late Mr C. R. Smith.

Source: Abridged from *The Methodist*", 19/9/1936



South-Western Methodist Church

A CRICKET RECORD

Bill Wakely, an eminent Sutherland Shire cricketer began playing the game when he was 9 years of age. When he was 12 he was playing in matches with his father and other adults, being tall for his age.

Bill was born in February, 1909, and learnt a lot about the game from his father, a keen cricketer who played much of his cricket with the Tramways team, and drove steam trams between Sutherland and Cronulla.

Bill practiced his fast-medium bowling by bowling consistently at a single stump at his parent's home at Loftus. He played all his early cricket in Sutherland Shire on grounds that were poor by today's standards. When the Sutherland Association was formed in 1922 he was playing in the local teams with seniors. He represented the Shire in Martin and Telegraph Shield competitions before he was 21, along with other top class games performing with distinction with bat and ball.



One of nature's gentlemen, Bill played cricket keenly, but was always humble in success, and generous in defeat. An outstanding feature was his boundless knowledge and reminiscences on cricket in the Shire. During a match it was his characteristic to count every run scored by the opposing team and his own run tally while batting. Seldom was he wrong when it came to checking with the scorebook.

Bill played for Sutherland Club until 1937-38, when the Shire Association disbanded, and the Sutherland Club combined with the Churches Club to play in the St. George

Association until the war removed most players into the Services. After the war he played for several seasons with Sutherland Congregational in the St. George Association. During his final playing years he played with Sutherland School of Arts in the Sutherland Shire competition as a veteran in his fifties.

Perhaps Bill Wakely's most outstanding performance was playing for Sutherland Tramways in an A grade match against Sylvania. On the first day of the two day fixture he took all 10 wickets for 40 runs, and then, opening the batting for Tramways, scored 110.

This feat has been performed by a number of players over a period of two days but never as far as experts are able to ascertain by a player in the one afternoon, and is a world record.

TRAMWAYS v SYLVANIA.

Sylvania, 1st innings.—W. Dunn, c T. Moore, b W. Wakely, 5; E. Swindles, c C. Midgley, 11; F. Wedesweiler, b W. Wakely, 51; E. Janek, b W. Wakely, 1; M. Meade, b W. Wakely, 9; R. Dunn, b W. Wakely, 0; W. Blane, b Wakely, 31; J. Elane, c sub, b W. Wakely, 2; C. King, c C. Midgley, b W. Wakely, 1; E. Coleman, c and b W. Wakely, 1; H. Birt, not out, 0; sundries, 8; total, 110.

Bowling: W. Wakely 10-40, T. Moore 0-21, D. Harrigan 0-20, H. Davis 0-22

Tramway, 1st innings.—W. Wakely, c C. King, b E. Coleman, 110; W. Heard, c E. Swindles, b R. Dunn, 17; A. Davis, b H. Birt, 11; C. Midgley, lbw H. Birt, 0; H. Davis, not out, 52; S. Moore, not out, 7; sundries, 10; 4 wickets for 207.

Bowling: R. Dunn 1-32, E. Coleman 1-27, F. Wedesweiler 0-40, H. Birt 2-15, W. Dunn 0-27, J. Blane 0-18

February 7th., 1931

The death occurred on Thursday, September 26th, 1976, of William Wakely at the age of 67.

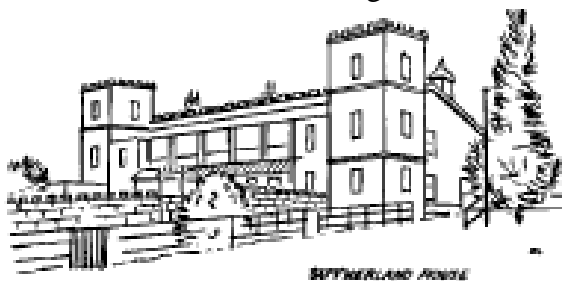
Source: William (Bill) Wakely's daughter Mrs. L. Burke, notes of Alf Midgley, The "S.C.A.M. ---Fred Midgley

SUTHERLANDS WAR MEMORIAL

Many of our members would know, but I'm sure many more would not know the story of Sutherland's War Memorial. It has stood in Eton Street outside the Council Chambers for over sixty five years.

The first World War was all over and the men were returning in 1919-20. Public feeling was that we must have a war memorial to honour our lads that had responded to the call, as well as those who would'nt return. With permission stone was obtained from the ruins of "Sutherland House", Thomas Holt's residence that had burnt down some years previous.

The masons fashioned the stone on the site and erected it in its now existing form. Olding and Sons cut marble and engraved the names of the men, and erected the plates. The cost of this was £65-0-0. The erection of the stone works was £35-0-0.



SUTHERLAND MEMORIAL

The memorial was completed by the end of 1920, and was officially unveiled on May 27th, 1921, Public subscription toward the venture amounted to a little over £50-0-0, the Shire Council meeting the balance of the

cost.

When the Memorial was completed the general feeling was that it was too stark, and looked like a tombstone, so the Council designed and built a small wall about two feet high right around the base which set it off, and so it stands to this day. I think it is here to stay, not like the Miranda Memorial that was erected, pulled down, buried, and re-erected, but that will make another story.



GOVERNOR OF NSW
SIR WALTER
DAVIDSON –
UNVEILED MEMORIAL

Source: Figures from old copies of the "S.C.A.M." newspaper, and the writers memoirs. ----- G.H.Heavens

SUTHERLAND

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, an elderly couple, lived on the southern side of Princes Highway and Oak Road in the days before the brick-yard was established there. Mr. Pierce had a long white beard. The couple had an early cylinder type gramophone with an enormous trumpet. One of the recordings was that of Harry Lauder.

Mr. Brindsley who founded the Joinery business on the corner of Toronto Parade and Clio Street was a well known builder in the early days of Sutherland, and built the passenger tram waiting shed on the corner of the Kingsway and Princes Highway.

-----Mick Derrey

HEATHCOTE. Following up representations of Sutherland Council some 100 acres of excellent agricultural Crown Lands were to be thrown open for selection at Heathcote. Surveyors at the time were at work on it.

-----St. George Ca11; 8/5/09

WOOD CUTTERS

Old Bill Puckeridge came from Shea's Creek at Tempe and lived in a cave shaped like a woman's bonnet overlooking the eastern bank of the Woronora River. At that time, about 1910, a Port Jackson fig tree was overhanging the cave. The suburb of Bonnet Bay derives its name from the cave.

Bill Puckeridge earned his living cutting wood. He was a hard worker for he also loaded the sand punts which came up the Woronora, and when full were taken to Shea's Creek by Jimmy Howard's steam tug.

Puckeridge had his own water transport and would travel up and down the Woronora in a large barge to which a mast was attached, the journeys being assisted when a breeze was favourable by the use of sail(s), being square rigged.

Peppermint and white gum trees were hewn down and wheeled to a barge on twin wheeled barrows. The high tide was utilised for the loading of the wood when Puckeridge would pole the barge with a 30 foot pole.

When the barge was loaded he would proceed to Botany Bay where Chinamen were sold the wood.



George Candy from Sutherland cut and loaded wood along the banks of Forbes' Creek for Puckeridge as did The cave from a photo of 1883 another Sutherland resident Cass



Dwyer, who often rode a pony from Sutherland which he left tethered on the northern bank of the creek. Dwyer stripped off his clothes and when it was high tide waded across with his clothes held on his head.

Cass Dwyer maintained that what is called Forbes Creek was always known in those early days as Brown's Creek. He assumed the creek was named by Forbes of a family who resided at its head towards Engadine.

Fred Midgley

PROCESSION. About 1914 a type of decorated procession, including push bikes, travelled down Flora Street from the Princes Highway. In the procession was a boy, Fred Latham, son of "Sparrow" Latham the steam tram driver from Sutherland. Fred drove along in a cart pulled by a goat. The whole outfit was decorated, and the goat even had blinkers on to complete the harness. Source: From interview by Alf Midgley with Cass Dwyer, and Norman Price's Memoirs written in 1958 in the writers possession.

--- Mick Derrey

THE LONG ROAD TO THE ROCK

I first dreamed of the Rock many years ago - the dreams of youth, vibrant, romantic, exciting, but my dream had almost faded, tattered and torn by the winds of boredom, broken in the narrow encircling confines of a big city existence.

Suddenly, almost without warning, the dream was alive again - here I stood poised on the brink of fulfilment. A grey Tuesday morning in Port Augusta, dampness swirling in from the Gulf below us, a stiff southerly blowing against our backs. Behind us civilisation and all it represents, ahead - a leap off into the unknown northwards to Alice and the Rock, days on the track and nights camping in the desert.

Exciting interludes at Woomera and Coober Pedy - night's sleep-out under a yellow desert moon among gaunt mulga sticks, aborigines, wildflowers and rippling red sandhills, sunset glow on rocky peaks. Varied desert life such as mulga ants, stumpy tail lizards, mountain devils, caterpillars forming bags in trees, camels coloured bird life plus the more conventional emu and kangaroo.

These and many more thrills, yet only a prelude to the grand and final symphony - this sleeping monster lying athwart the plains, looking all the world like an inflated basset hound or an elephant at rest. "Uluru" - bridging the gulf between the dream time of stone age man and a modern tourist's dream - a left over from the past - a sight as incredible as a dinosaur.

This was the moment of which I had dreamed, and for which I had waited so many years, and now I was really here, it was a dream no longer. There it lay ahead of me, this Rock, this slumbering giant, this crazy unbelievable thing out in the middle of nowhere, symbolising the very heart and spirit of Australia. For one long moment I paused, thinking of all those who had come before me - the aborigines with their legends and awe of this sacred spot, their grief and tragedy as they were driven away from their age old tribal grounds, the explorers, Lasseter on the way to his death in search of his dream reef, the miners and prospectors, the cattlemen, the scientific expeditions and now these twentieth century explorers, the tour operators and their parties, who, like myself, come to gaze in wonderment.

Then I dashed across the remaining fifty yards of sand and scrub to touch the apparition and make sure it was real. From this thrilling moment right to the supreme conquest, planting my foot on the topmost point, no Hilary or Tensing ever experienced greater satisfaction or sense of achievement.

From the summit one seemed to be gazing out from the roof of the world. In the front of us the delicate shapes of the Olgas, etched blue against the horizon. Beyond them the rugged Petermann Ranges, stretching far into Western Australia. Behind us in the distance, the flat topped Mount Conner, The whole experience had an air of unreality about it, absolutely unforgettable. The day and the night spent there will never be erased from my mind. The Rock dominated all our thinking, our lives, these magic hours - the last thing seen at night, the first thing in the morning, this gigantic thing seeming almost alive at times, a prehistoric monster dropped from the skies and left lying motionless but ready to spring on its prey at any moment.

Ghostly in moonlight, dark and forbidding in dawn's light, fiery

fiery red bathed in sun's rays, coppery brown, slate grey at others, it was always different, compelling, inviting - is it any wonder primitive man feared and worshipped it, our own feelings were akin to theirs in many ways.

Too soon the dream was over, and as we bumped our way north east through the Angus Downs, past Mount Ebenezer and across the mighty Finks headed for Alice Springs, I rubbed my eyes and tried to decide whether it had really happened or whether it had simply been the "Rock of my Dreams".

Source: A coach safari in 1966 by the writer.

V. Lamb

PASSING OF A PIONEER

Robert Michael (Mick) Derrey was born in his parent's humble home on the corner of President Avenue and North West Arm road, Gymea, in 1904.

His parents, Henry and Marie, had moved from an inner city area in the mid 1890s, and like a number of others hit by the Depression of the time, fled to what was to become the Sutherland Shire, and the bush for survival.

But for them the struggle to survive continued, and it wasn't until during World War 1, the family were able to enjoy a board floor in their house for the first time. Nevertheless they raised a family of four sons and four daughters. Mick was their fifth child.

Times were hard in those days where neighbours were few and far between, surrounded by trees and bush. Native animals abounded in the area including the Native Cat. Water for drinking and all other purposes was obtained from Dent's Creek which ran crystal clear. Kerosene lamps and candles were used for lighting, and provisions were obtained by walking to Sutherland,

Mick loved the area, and in fact lived in Gymea all his life. After leaving school at Sutherland he obtained at first some local employment, his first job being on Milner's Nursery -where the Palms Hospital stands to-day. Later he worked for a time with Fred Dent whose diamond drill was engaged in testing stratum for the future Woronora Dam. Work on the drilling rig took him as far north as the Richmond River.

On April 27th, 1929, Mick married his childhood sweetheart, Constance Marie Freeman at St. Patricks Church, Sutherland. They had three daughters, Elaine, Marie and Patricia.

In later years Mr. Derrey became a noted historian on the early days of Sutherland Shire, particularly Gymea, Kirrawee, Gray's Pt. and Sutherland areas. For a number of years his articles appeared regularly in the 'Sutherland Shire Historical Society Bulletin'. His first article, "A Woodcutters Adventure" appeared in that magazine in October, 1976. Like most of his writings they were memoirs of his life and happenings. This first article is a classic of helping his mate, and typifies him as no doubt others were aware, of his willingness to help others.

His writings illustrate vividly those early days of Sutherland Shire; the struggles of its people; the characters; the despair;

(Continued on last page)

EXCURSION REPORT,

Outings since last Bulletin have been exceptionally well attended and the Committee has been very grateful for continued support.

On February 16 we had a most interesting day -- firstly to Quarantine Station, North Head, to see history which was made by very early folk arriving in Sydney; North Head would have been a very isolated place when the Station was established by Governor Darling in 1832.

From there we went to Vacluse House -- after luncheon we were taken on a conducted tour of this famous Wentworth Home. With continuing update there is always something new to be seen and the grounds are kept in excellent condition too.

Then, Friday, Saturday, Sunday March 22-23-24 the group went to the Illawarra District -- staying Friday and Saturday evenings at Bateman's

Bay and travelling to Moruya and District during Saturday; thanks to the folk from that Society a large area was transversed, and much of interest shown to our party. Sadly, on the way home on Sunday, due to extremely adverse weather conditions it was not possible to have the expected tour of the Naval Air Base Museum, but perhaps on another journey we can include that too.

Sunday evening meal was at Hotel Panorama and I'm told it was very good: but the weather had closed in and the thick fog made the trip home any-thing but good; our coach captain, Eric, after consulting with the Traffic Police about conditions, travelled through Appin, Campbelltown, Liverpool to arrive back in Cronulla very late -- about 9.15 p.m., but I'm sure everyone would have appreciated Eric's care for his passengers.

May 18 is our next outing -- to Waverley District; plans are for us to meet our guide at Victoria Barracks, where a special inspection has been arranged for us. Following this we will have luncheon in Centennial Park before going on to the special places of Waverley, including the very historic Cemetery; as our May Guest speaker will be talking to us about Victoria Barracks, this should be of great interest to the members who will be attending the Excursion.

Mark your diary with July 20 for our excursion -- at the moment we have not finalised the venue, but as soon as possible it will be announced at

a meeting and bookings opened that evening. We can't have a very long outing in July because of the short days.

The new Excursion Committee was chosen following the April Executive Council Meeting: I have the privilege of being Excursion Officer once again and the Committee Members are Messrs., Doug Archer, Jim Cutbush, Ken Kirkby, Stewart Roberts. and Mesdames Ada Cutbush and Val Humphreys.

We hope we will offer interesting and informative places for our members to visit and that we may have the continued support of our members and, their friends on the outings. Bookings 523-8147; Information either 523-8147 or 523-5801.

Aileen Griffiths

Convener