

SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

QUARTERLY BULLETIN



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CONTENTS

PRESIDENT'S NOTES	H.Ivers
CHURCHES CLOSED	F.Midgley
AZALEA WALK	F.Midgley
A SCENIC TOUR	"Sydney Mail"
COMMUNITY NURSING SERVICE	A.Griffiths
HON. THOMAS HOLT	F.Midgley
VOYAGE ON GEORGES RIVER	F.A.M.
SYLVANIA THROUGH 150 YEARS	D.Salt
THE GREEN HORROR	G.Heavens
REMINISCENCES OF A RESIDENT	F.Midgley
TAXI	J.Midgley
EARLY DAYS IN NATIONAL PARK	F.Midgley
HOBO HOTEL & FIRE AT BATHURST	G.Heavens
ENGADINE LITERARY INSTITUTE	F.A.M.
EXCURSION REPORT	A.Griffiths
HERITAGE WEEK EXHIBITION	F.Midgley
BY-GONE DAYS OF SUTHERLAND	F.M.
FIRST FLEETERS REGISTER
ILLUSTRATIONS	F. Midgley

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PRESIDENT'S NOTES

The recent Annual General Meeting was indeed an encouragement to all who attended. The number present was 60, which is more typical of any other evening when a speaker has been arranged. I must highly compliment the representative from the Shire Council, Councillor Norma Parry--Williams, who attended at my invitation, through the Shire Council's Public Relations Department, to conduct the actual Election of Officers. Councillor Parry-Williams showed a genuine interest in the Society and did much to enhance the general spirit of the meeting.

I personally thank all those who attended for their interest, and all those who offered themselves for election. The return of previously elected members expresses confidence in those who worked on the committee last year. I welcome new members on the committee; D. McLachlan and K. Greentree.

The Committee now is :

President H. Ivers

Deputy President

Vice Presidents

Hon. Secretary

Hon. Treasurer

Hon. Auditor

Hon. Research Officer

Hon. Archivist

Hon. Publicity Officer

Committee

A. Griffiths

F. Midgley. D. Archer

A. Platfoot

E. Sheppard

A. Becker

F. Midgley

Oliver (Shire Librarian)

K. represented by P. Garland

K. Mathews, E. Allen, K. Kirkby,

D. McLachlan A. Cutbush

At the completion of the elections a 15 minute illustrated talk was given on an ancient Greek site - Delphi, Supper then followed, as usual.

Harold Ivers

COMMITTEES FOR 1986-87

Exhibitions: Messrs F.Midgley (Convener), H.Ivers, D.Archer, Mesdames A.Ivers, A.Cutbush, J.Platfoot, A.Griffiths, E.Allen. Publications; Messrs F.Midgley (Convener), D.Archer, A.Platfoot, H.Ivers, Mesdames A.Ivers, A.Griffiths, A.Cutbush.

MONTHLY GENERAL MEETINGS

February 14: Mr. Vaughan; Address on - AUSTRALIAN FLAGS.

March 14: Annual General Meeting and Election of Officers. Illustrated address by H. IVERS on Greek site, DELPHI.

April 11: Illustrated address on MIRANDA by F.Midgley.

May 9: Dr.J. Dixon. Address on- AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINALS.

Three churches in the Sutherland Shire have closed, all belonging to the Uniting Church, because of dwindling congregations.

The first one to close was at Kurnell. It was known as the Harold When Memorial Methodist church, and in June, 1977, it became part of the Uniting Church in Australia. The foundation stone was laid by Rev. Harold When one of the early ministers in N.S.W. on Australia Day, 1927.



There was seating for a congregation of 80, but there were never more than 25 or 30 attending worship, and when numbers began to decline about four years ago, a decision was made to close it. Some activity had continued since the closure of Sunday services, such as prayer meetings.

This picturesque church, with its sloping floor to the front, so that the congregation could see the preacher was put up for auction on February 15, 1986.



Como and Oyster Bay Uniting Churches held their final services on Sunday, February 23, 1986, and it is anticipated that the two congregations will continue with the Jannali Uniting Church with transport there by a church bus, or by car.

The Como church was opened as a Congregational church in 1932, in Mulyan street, but the first services were held 10 years before by the Rev. Nathaniel Robinson from the Sutherland Congregational Church, who was minister there from 1915-1923 when the wooden building stood next to the Post Office facing Princes Highway. It was moved to Belmont street because of the noise of steam trains and steam trams.

Rev. Percy Riley succeeded Rev. Robinson, and it was he who assisted in the forming of Cong Congregational churches at Engadine in 1928 and at Jannali in 1928.

In 1929 Rev. Riley began a Sunday School in the School of Arts at Como when the teacher at Como Public school suggested that as Rev. Riley had 14 in his Scripture class, he ought to start a Sun-day school. From there the work grew, and in 1958 a large hall was built and dedicated to Bruce and Irene Hoepfer who were killed in a car accident.

The final service at Como was held on the Sunday evening at 7p.m. when 100 people crowded into the little church where Rev. Roberts was the guest minister. The service was preceded by a Buffet Tea at 6p.m. in the church hall.

The Oyster Bay fellowship began as a Congregational Church in 1928, where pioneers of that area the Hall family led the drive for the development of a church there.

The original building of fibro and weatherboard had as the roof of the entrance porch, part of a galvanised water tank. A new church was built in 1955 facing Como road.



The final service at the church was held at 11a.m. where 150 people crowded into the church, some of them coming long distances to relive associations

with the fellowship in its closing chapter. At the conclusion of the service a luncheon was held.

Source: Miss Joan Duggan, 'St. George Sutherland Shire Leader',
Mr. K. Mathews, writers records.

---Fred Midgley

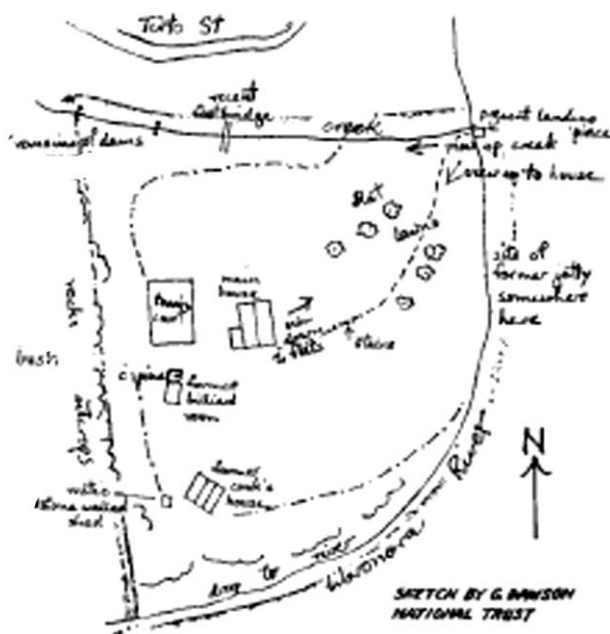
AZALEA WALK

Azalea Walk is a property approaching the tidal reaches of the Woronora River once owned by Mr. Crichton-Brown, manager of Edward Lumley in Sydney, agents for Lloyds of London.

The house, believed to have been built in the 1920s stands well back up the hill with a commanding view of the river. Other buildings include a room for billiards and a cook's house, a rustic stone shed, and a tennis court. But the main feature is the extensive stone pathways, stone seating and tables and bird baths, and where in past days Azaleas bloomed in all their glory, but all now sadly neglected. In earlier days a series of dams were constructed on the fall of a creek, pipes being laid from them to water the extensive gardens.

Last year Mr. Brett Edwards began a determined campaign to have the property preserved as a tourist attraction, which involve' the State and Federal Parliamentary Representatives, the Press and the Sutherland Shire Historical Society. Officers of the Sutherland Shire Council inspected the property, and considered that it had some historical significance, referring the matter to the National Trust. The Sutherland Shire Council has the authority to demolish houses or make them unsuitable for residence by the resuming of portion of the roof, as ownership or leases expire. This concerns all property's along the northern bank of the Woronora River their resumption being for recreational purposes on what is known as Shackel's Estate originally subdivided into 300 waterfront lots, and put up for sale in March, 1916.

Mr. Crichton-Brown used the estate as a week-end and holiday day home, and was left in the intervening time with a care-taker. A friend of mine Norman Schofield was the caretaker there for some time before the second World War. I think it was sometime in 1941 when



he enlisted in the R.A.A.F. and served with the No. 1 Air Ambulance Unit in Egypt, and was then sent to New Guinea. He did not return to Azalea Walk, seeking other employment, but whilst he was care-taking there he used a Douglas motor cycle as transport being more suitable to the then difficult access and terrain, in preference to watercraft.

The following is written by Mrs. Lillian Edwards grandmother of Brett Edwards , the present occupier of Azalea Walk.

"I have lived thirty eight years on the Woronora River, seventeen of which I lived at Azalea Walk. The history that my father told me was that the property in his time was owned by Mr. Crichton-Brown, but as for how long I would not know, but my Dad if he were alive today would be over one hundred years old. He helped to build the paths and bird baths with the gardener employed by Mr. Crichton-Brown during the Depression.



The brick building was built by Mr. Johansson (not Johnstone), who was a Dutchman. As far as I was told the wishing well was built by an Irishman. About two metres to the right of the clothes

line there was a stone built pulpit with upright stone supports and with a mounted flat piece of rock where the head of the house read the Lesson on each Sunday. I do not know who built the tennis court.

Here was what was called Azalea Walk to which people used to come up the River by boat and pay two shillings to walk round the then beautiful gardens, of which the proceeds went to charity.

I think the big house was built well before the brick house which could make it very old as in the book library were books as early as the late eighteen hundreds. I have a book called "The Sowers" which was among books hand dated 1898, and signed by a James Reid Hyde. I do not know who he was, but the books that were there were read by very educated people going by the titles.

The gardener lived in the brick lodge, and the house-keeper in the small house, while the owners lived in what they called the Homestead. The gardeners name was Huckstepp and is Brett Edwards Great Grandfather. My husband wired the buildings over fifty years ago. He was an electrician at that time and lived at Sans Souci, but of course the big house has been rewired.

If this is of any interest a man committed suicide in front of the big fire place in the Homestead. His name I do not know, but he shot himself in the mouth.

The location of the place and its surroundings are very peaceful and a place I found very hard to leave, and I gather in its very early years the pleasure the people had with the tennis court, the billiard room, the library, the outside church where they read the Lesson, fishing , bathing, roaming through the bush and taking a boat to go and replenish the food stocks.

I know we have to have progress, but I do hope this place can be left as a memory of early years."

Azalea Walk is located on the original grant to John Lucas of October 19, 1831, although issued as an order or 'promise' by the Governor Sir Thomas Brisbane in 1825. Azalea Walk is only a short distance to the site where Lucas established his Mill for the grinding of wheat or maize and the ford across the fresh water of the Woronora where Major (later Sir) Thomas Mitchell having surveyed the road to the South Coast ordered a party of 20 convicts to the site on July 3, 1843, under Overseer O'Hara to commence building the road back to the Georges River.

The road here was named by Mitchell as the Pass of Sabugal, and the surrounding area , Sabugal Gully.

The National Trust has adopted the view at Azalea Walks that no demolition should take place and the heritage significance of the estate thoroughly assessed. In the meantime the National Trust has had electricity restored to the house, and the first organised visit by the trust to Azalea Walk was arranged for all day Saturday, March 8. for younger members with canoe and kayaking to the estate, followed by an inspection and afternoon tea on the scenic verandah of the house.

Source: Writers records, Mrs. Lilian Edwards, National Trust, Mr. Brett Edwards.

-----Fred Midgley

A SCENIC TOUR

In addition to the electric train service to Sutherland there is a steam tram service from Sutherland to Cronulla. Visitors on their arrival at Sutherland find a tram waiting and immense numbers of them run down through delightful scenery overlooking Botany Bay.

The tram passes through Miranda, Caringbah, and many other stopping places; on all sides one can see new houses going up. Sutherland itself has grown into a large town, while Cronulla is recognised as one of the most attractive tourist centres in the State with its unsurpassed surfing beaches, its boating facilities on Port Hacking, and its scenic attractions.

There is a regular bus service from Sutherland to Gympie Bay, and from Caringbah to Port Hacking, as well as an extensive service from Cronulla to Sydney.

From Sutherland to Waterfall the railway line rises to an elevation of 750 feet.

Source: The "Sydney Mail", 1929. -----F.M.



FIRSTS. In its first year of rates (1907) the Sutherland Shire Council totalled £1000. Mr. J. W. Macfarlane, the Shire Clerk stated that Sutherland was the first Shire to issue rate notices, and to hold an Appeal Court.

-----The "Sydney Mail"

COMMUNITY NURSING SERVICE

With the growth and use of this Government funded body, it is very interesting to remind ourselves of the humble beginnings when the service was known as the "District Nurse"; it is a very long time ago since Dr. Del Potter and Mrs. M. Hutton-Neve "waited on Council" and asked that a public meeting be called for the purpose of commencing the District Nursing Scheme in the Sutherland Shire -- in fact it was October 29, 1951.

That public meeting was held in the Council Chambers on Thursday, November 29, 1951 and a Committee formed. It makes very interesting reading to know how well known those people became in many walks of life in later years.

President was Mrs. D.K. McCulloch (very well known in the Shire and particularly in connection with the C.W.A.) -- Honorary Secretary and Publicity Officer, Mrs. Y. Hutton-Neve, (a Life Member of this Society, Assistant Secretary Mrs. D.E. Keegan (who gave many, many years service to The Sutherland Hospital and

other organisations), Clr. T.N. Fitzpatrick, Yrs. E. Edwards (who was Hon. Organiser of The Sutherland Hospital Auxiliaries and State Vice-President of United hospital Auxiliaries - later to receive the M.B.E. for Community Service), Messrs. W. McDonald (known through R.S.L. and many other Charitable Bodies as "Billy Mac"), G. Rose, R. Matheson (of whom regrettably I do not have any details), A. Gray (who became the first Chairman of Directors of The Sutherland Hospital), and E.G. Whitlam (then a resident of South Cronulla -- and later Prime Minister of Australia).

If in the 1951's anything was needed for that District Nurse it had to be found by the Committee of Voluntary Workers --- even to supplying a Motor Car. Certainly with the present population of the Shire that old system could not have continued to the

present day -- but it does show just how self-contained was the Sutherland Shire that such a service could be available and how caring a community the residents have always been,

Source: From personal records and "Sails, to Atoms" by D.R.Kirkby.

---Aileen Griffiths

WHAT ARE THE VITAL STATISTICS OF SYDNEY HARBOUR?

- * The foreshores of Sydney Harbour total more than 250 kilometres and enclose an area of 55 square kilometres.
- * The Harbour contains 500,000 megalitres of water (1 megalitre equals 1 million litres).
- * The deepest point in Sydney Harbour is 46.8m, just off Blues Point on the western side of the Sydney Harbour Bridge.
- * There are two separate shipping channels in Sydney Harbour -the western channel which is 210 metres wide with a minimum depth of 13.7m; and the eastern channel, 180m wide with a minimum depth of 12.2m.
- * Major wharfage within the Port area has at least 11m depth of water alongside.
- * Approximately 15 kilometres of commercial wharfage is available within the Port.

Maritime Services Board of N.S.W. Enquiries 240 2244.

HON. THOMAS HOLT

On September 5, 1888, at Halcot, Bexley, in the county of Kent, England, the Hon. Thomas Holt died in his 77th year. For more than 40 years said the Sydney Morning Herald the name of Thomas Holt had been prominent in the list of men of mark who have taken a leading part in enterprises for the development of the natural wealth of the colony, in legalisation in the building of churches, in the promotion of education, in the establishment of institutions for the encouragement of provident habits, and in other acts of beneficence.

Mr. Holt was a native of Yorkshire in which County he was born on the 14th of November, 1811, His father was a wool merchant carrying on business in Leeds and Berlin. Thomas was a student under the Rev, Richard Cope, L.L.D., who formed a high estimate of his pupil for in his autobiography he wrote: " I might mention the names of many of our pupils as eminent for their talents and character.

Among them were sixteen who became ministers of the Gospel, and Sir Joshua Rowe, late Chief Justice of Ceylon, and the Hon. Thomas Holt M.P. of New South Wales," At the age of 14, Mr. Holt left school and to his father's business in which he was subsequently admitted as a partner. After spending three years in Leeds he proceeded to London as a wool buyer, and later travelled for the same purpose in Germany, Hungary, Poland and Spain. About the time his father retired from the firm, Australian wools were becoming more sought after than fleeces grown on the continent of Europe, and Mr. Holt determined to visit Sydney.



THOMAS HOLT

He arrived here in 1842. For fourteen years he devoted his time and attention principally to his own private affairs. Having been successful in business, and having acquired considerable landed estates, he retired from Mercantile pursuits about a year before the advent of Responsible Government in New South Wales although afterwards he engaged in pastoral enterprises and set about the improvement of his properties.

He determined however to devote a portion of his life to public duties and at the general elections which took place under the new Constitution Act in 1856, he was chosen to represent the Stanley Boroughs (now a portion of Queensland) and joined the Government at its formation as Colonial Treasurer. Mr. Holt afterwards represented Newtown, in Sydney, and continued during his residence in the colonies to take a lively interest in public affairs.

Mr. Holt in January, 1873, was appointed a member of the Council of Education and took a prominent part in the deliberations of that body. He was also much interested in Sunday Schools, and in ministerial training. About 1863 Mr. Holt took a liberal part in the founding of Camden College, as a theological college for the Congregational denomination. This had been a villa of Mr. Holt in Newtown. He offered towards the cost of its establishment assistance of £3000, but on solicitation, agreed to give £1 for every £1 contributed by others up to £4000 in aid of the purchase in aid of the purchase of Camden Villa and grounds. The valuation was £8000. One half, £4000 - was raised and paid, and the property was transferred for the establishment of a college for the education of young men for the Christian ministry, for education in the higher

branches of learning, and for the establishment of an ordinary grammar school, with residence. While part of the original scheme had been for some time in abeyance, it is a singular coincidence that the day after the mortal remains of the founder of Camden College were laid in their resting place the unsold portion of the estate was sold for £10,000, and the proceeds were to be applied in re-constructing the Grammar School as the Congregational Boys College at Homebush, Sydney.

Most of the older churches of New South Wales shared the liberality of Mr. Holt, especially the churches of Newtown and Marrickville in each of which he was a member. When the first part of the Marrickville Church was built, Mr. Holt contributed pound for pound. To the ministry of the Rev. S.C.Kent of Newtown and afterwards to that of the Rev. W. Mathison, B.A., at Marrickville, Mr. Holt was devotedly attached and proved in every way the Minister's friend.

Of Mr. Holt's public it is not for us to speak. The services he rendered to the colonies from time to time were neither few or unimportant, while as one of the founders of the Australian Mutual Provident Society he deserves to be gratefully remembered by all who share the benefit of that splendid institution. The latter years of Mr. Holt's life were spent in England. He took great de-light in helping the poor to help themselves, and found a fitting outlet for his benevolence in aiding the well considered schemes of the Rev. A. Mearns, Dr. Barnardo and others.

Mr. Holt left a widow and three daughters in England and three sons in Australia, one of whom, Mr. F.S.E. Holt of Sutherland House, Sylvania, is worthily following up his father's work at Newtown and Marrickville by rendering substantial aid to the Congregational causes at Kogarah and Sylvania.

Source: From the 15th issue of the Australian Independent, 1888.

-----Fred Midgley

AT ODDS

Before the outbreak of World War I an old man had a small shop on the Princes Highway at the foot of the long grade just down from the Waterfall station. He was quite a character, and had an assortment of strange signs hanging about to attract customers. One was, "Doo by your drinks here".

He used to meet some trains at Waterfall station walking up and down the platform with a basket of fruit singing out, "Buy some slipstone bananas -- choice oranges - all akin and no juice".

It was a common rumour that the old man laid out the bodies of deceased persons at the Waterfall Sanatorium for Tuberculosis (T.B). sufferers. This had some bearing on his shop trade, in particular those of local residence.

TAREN POINT

In January, 1915, the Works Department politely informed Sutherland Shire Council that if the Councils concerned did not make the approaches to the proposed Sans-Souci - Taren Point ferry the punt would be used in some other locality.

Council was unanimous that they make the approaches if the Dept. would construct the ramp.

-----'St. George Call'

VOYAGE ON GEORGE'S RIVER

This article, entitled "The Days When We Went Gypsying", appeared in the Sydney Mail in May, 1869. The author is unknown, but he vividly describes a boating and camping trip on the Georges River in April, 1869, with his three sons and a schoolboy. They also travelled up the Woronora River, but that portion of the story appeared in the August 1985 issue of the Society Bulletin it being considered the whole article was somewhat lengthy for one issue.

It will be noted that two ferries are mentioned, one being at Tom Uglys Point, with the other at what was later known as Lugarno. The ferry was not running at this period, having been withdrawn. It was at this place mention is made of a South Sea Islander with a bag of quinces on his shoulder. The quinces would surely have come from where Bidy Giles, an aboriginal woman resided with Billy her English husband. They had numerous quince trees on the western bank of Mill Creek in the 1860s. as well as dogs and goats.



COOK'S RIVER DAM

" The owner of a sloop had abandoned the shell trade and bought an omnibus, or I would most certainly secured his services and his vessel for our wanderings on Botany Bay, Georges and Woronora Rivers.

As it was, no satisfactory arrangements could be made of a similar kind, so we determined on starting by ourselves, in a boat hired from Joe Hilton, of Cook's River - something between a jolly boat and a skiff; an excellent kind of craft for navigating the rivers, or even Botany Bay, in fair weather; but not the thing to feel comfortable in if caught in a "southerly buster" in the latter place. We took as little luggage as possible; but what we thought necessary to make us comfortable during a five days cruise was rather considerable. There was shooting and fishing tackle, and, as usual, more than enough of eatables and drinkables. For camping we had a large spare sail, and a small calico tent borrowed from a friend, with blankets, cloaks, and many little extras. Then there were mast, sails and sprit of the boat, which, as we had very little wind from first to last, were generally lying across the thwarts; also the boat's anchor, a five gallon keg of fresh water, a pair of small oars, a pair of sails, and a light 3-pronged spear, carried by the advice of a sporting friend in the hope - a delusive one - of transfixing flounders in the shallow waters.

On the day we started it would have been high water at the Cooks River Dam (at Tempe) about 1.30 p.m. but on the advice of Joe Hilton we left early in the morning, so as to have the advantage of the flood-tide in ascending the Georges River. We meant to get away by day break, our "good resolutions" in this respect failed. What with the delay for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and the various little matters that had to be looked to at the last moment, it was more than half past seven before our boat was clear of the Dam. We had brought with us, as a guide, a tracing from Bishop's map of the County of Cumberland. This we found strictly correct.

The formation of the land was so clearly indicated that we were never at a loss as to our whereabouts. But the "Map" is not a "Chart", as to the banks, rocks, and shallows which were so often to be encountered during our trip we were completely in the dark.

At the very outset, even, we were a good deal bothered; for the channel of Cooks River from the dam to the Bay is very narrow and tortuous. Indeed, at high water, the river may be safely traversed in most places; but when the tide is low a stranger must exercise extreme care either in ascending or descending it. Joe Hilton accompanied us part of the distance, and after he left we managed, by keeping a sharp look out to get into the bay safely, and with comparative speed. I cannot attempt to give directions to strangers like myself who may be taking boats out or into Cooks River. There are bushes stuck up here and there as guides, but they rather bother the beginner, who does not know which side of them to take his boat. At the mouth of the river, near the water works, there are three more positive guide marks - two buoys and a strong framework with a basket on it. These must both be passed on the right hand side when leaving the river, and of course, on the opposite side in entering. When the wind is from the southward, and there is much of it. I am told there is broken water all about the entrance to the river, and no boat can enter or leave it with safety. Once clear of the river, you come to the seven mile beach, which forms the western side of the bay. This beach appears to be a beautiful one Judging from my view of it from the boat I should say it is the finest beach within a convenient distance of the metropolis. I have been told by those who have traversed it that it is quite beautiful as I have supposed it to be.

Persons who go to Sans Souci on horseback often take that route in preference to the high road but beautiful as was this beach we were all very anxious to see the end of it as we made for Georges River. We tried to sail but there was not enough wind to send us along at the rate of a mile an hour, and strike out for Doll's Point where this beach terminates. The Point almost seemed to recede as we advanced, but eventually we got around it and entered Georges River. We found ourselves compelled to give the point it-self a very wide berth, in order to avoid an extensive flat which lies off it. Some fishermen who were ashore shouted out directions to us to keep off, but we could not quite make out what they meant until the rapid shoaling of the water interpreted for us. Once on the river, our sails helped us a little, and we got up slowly to the ferry without further aid from the oars. We had a call to make at the ferry house, where a message had been left for us. This place is on the property of the Hon. Thomas Holt, M.L.C. The ferry runs to the opposite point of the river, properly called Koggerah, but better known by the unclassical designation of Tom Ugly's

Point. A little further along and on the northern bank of the river is the property known as O'Connells. This site is singularly beautiful. The house - when there was one - stood upon a high grassy knoll fringed with magnificent trees, and commanding moat extensive views of the river, both up and down. On either side of this knoll there are extensive bays, and in the background there is some fine scenery - small grassy flats, noble trees and grotesque rocks. Once, I am told, there were good gardens and an orchard here. Some of the paths can still be traced but the only vestiges of cultivation that remain - so far as I saw - are a few scattered and struggling rose bushes. When I first saw this place, the house, a single storied building with two little towers - a sort of compromise between a cottage and a castle - was still standing although a good deal damaged. When I next saw it, some months later, a great part of it

had been cleared off and a good deal more lay in ruins, but the form of the original building was clearly traceable. When I paid my last visit to the place, there was nothing left but the foundations and such stones, bricks, and scattered timbers as were too heavy to carry off, or were probably not thought worth stealing. The available material had all been taken away to assist in the erection or repair of more humble structures.

At the head of one of the pretty little bays near this place, we landed, made a fire, and took our first meal ashore. Hungry enough we were, for it was between one and two o'clock and a good deal of hard work had been done since we started. We had had in-deed, "a bit and a drop" in the bay but our stomachs longed for the "pot-o-tea", without which - or some other beverage of the same genial but innocent kind - a meal in the bush is incomplete. The necessary refreshment, the clearing up and re-packing of the traps and the bailing out of the boat - a piece of work, by the way, which had to be done every two or three hours - brought us well on into the afternoon, and it became necessary, ere going much further, that we should find a good camping place for the night. We had been advised to halt at what was called the old crossing place, a point where a punt used formerly to ply across the river. The place we found without much difficulty, reaching it about 5 p.m. A prettier spot, or one more suitable for a bivouac, could not well have been taken.

The general aspect of the place was so much like that of the outer grounds of a somewhat aristocratic residence that we at first looked about to see where "the house" was. A South Sea Islander came along with a bag of quinces on his shoulder - the only human being we had met ashore that day - and from him we learned that there was no house in the immediate vicinity of this place. Thus we became assured that we were really at the "crossing place". It was a low point from which most of the timber had been cleared, and which, being covered with grass and ferns, had a most cheerful look. There was a wharf in tolerably good preservation, to which the punt perhaps in former times had been drawn up. From this wharf there was a roadway running into the woodland. It was grass grown, indeed, as are the roadways of many country mansions; but it was well defined. On one side of this point a small creek entered itself into the main stream, having a little bay at its mouth. In that bay a boat was moored, which we at first thought belonged to someone resident close at hand, but which, we were subsequently told some woodcutter who lived a considerable distance off, was the owner. The bay, as we afterwards found, became, when the tide was out, a mud flat, through which, by a circuitous channel, the waters of the creek made their way. The banks of the river beyond the point were rocky but with a rich fringe of mangroves. On the banks of the creek, and on the higher grounds behind the point, were some fine trees. Near all the creeks, in fact, the vegetation was peculiarly rich and varied. There was an abundance of fresh water in the bed of the creek, at the "Old crossing place", within two or three minutes walk of where we pitched our tent.

This we did on a small level spot close behind the landing place. Two saplings, with forked ends, having been cut for upright supports, and a third for a cross piece or ridge-pole, the spare sail was laid over and stretched to pegs on either side. The oars and sculls were set up like inverted V's at either end, so as to give additional firmness and shapeliness to the work. The old calico tent was drawn over at the back, and the sails of the boat were so

disposed of as to "fill up the corners", which seemed to require much care. Thus we had a tent some nine or ten feet square at the base, and more than five feet higher in the centre, but sloped to the ground on either side, like the roof of a house. In the front, where it faced the water, it was quite open, but it was very warm and comfortable, nevertheless. All our chattels that were likely

to suffer from the dew having been carefully stowed at the upper end of the tent, we proceeded to make our "dispositions" for passing the night. A sufficient quantity of small ferns was gathered to cover the ground pretty thickly. Over these were laid our cloaks, and over these latter we spread our blankets. Finally our lantern was slung to the ridge poll with a lanyard, by which it could be raised or lowered at pleasure. If it had come on to rain hard during the night, I dare say this temporary habitation of course would have been rather damp; and a gale might have tried its stability rather severely; but with such fine weather as we were blessed with, a more truly comfortable resting place could not have been desired.

It was getting rather dark ere this work could be done, and the boat securely moored for the night; but in the meantime a fire place had been made up with stones at a proper distance from the tent, and a good "billy" of cocoa, with a due proportion of eatables, were done ample justice to.

How beautiful was the scene on this first night of camping out. The noble river in front of us - stormy and turbulent at times - was as still as a mill pond. In the deepening shadows of the evening distant objects became mingled, until the opposite shores, looked like a frowning range of hills, and seemed to be much nearer than they actually were. Presently, as the moon rose higher and cast its beams on the waters, there came a silvery streak across the stream, just in front of our camp, of such surpassing brightness that the tide ripples shot forth gleams of reflected light like so many diamonds. The night was still, but its stillness was frequently broken by the cry of some bird, or by the leaping of the fish in the river. This latter sound was almost incessant. Many seconds seldom elapsed without such a splash as might have been caused by throwing a good sized stone into the stream. It is chiefly the mullet that leap in this way - fellows that are not hooked, be the bait as seductive as it may and that can only be prevailed upon to come ashore by means of a net. But there are plenty of other fish in the river that are less hard to please.

Just when the night seemed more still than ever, there came across the waters a most ghostlike sound. At first we did not know what to make of it, but after it had been twice or thrice repeated we arrived at the conclusion that either on shore or in some approaching vessel a bullock's horn was being blown, by way of a signal, by someone whose lungs were in first rate order. For a long time we could see nothing, but the noise of oars gradually became perceptible, and at length a fore-and-aft schooner, of a respectable size came slowly out of the darkness into the space which fronted our camp, and there anchored, awaiting a favourable tide. She looked as if she were close to the opposite bank, but I daresay, her real position was about midstream. Distant as the vessel was, we could distinctly hear the voices of the two men (I think there but two) on board her. We saw no light on her deck. As our camp must have been plainly seen by the crew of the schooner, we thought it very likely that, after having made all snug, they, or one of them, would have been ashore in a dingy

to have a nearer look at us, and to get a glass of grog; but they did not do so. I daresay the poor fellows were tired enough with using their heavy oars or sweeps, and were glad to get to sleep as soon as possible, particularly as they had not too many hours to rest. The schooner was scarcely anchored are a boat, pulled by several men --- fishermen, beyond doubt - came also out of the bank of darkness above us, and, having first laid alongside of the larger craft for a few minutes, proceeded down the river. Soon after this, the moon having risen higher and higher until nearly all the surrounding scenery was lighted up we retired to our tent and slept soundly - more soundly, perhaps, than if the ferns had been feathers, and the tent a well furnished dormitory. I may remark in passing, that, from first to last, we were not troubled by mosquitoes. From my own experience, and from all I heard of the numerical strength and vigour of these little insects this year, I had feared that when encamping, as we necessarily do, near the banks of the river, with fresh water creeks and thick foliage in our immediate neighbourhood, we should be half devoured. The disappointment in this respect was a most agreeable one. Although it was very late when we retired to rest, we were up at daybreak. Some of us had awoke earlier, and had seen a sloop pass down the river. The schooner had started out ere we turned out. After a very light snack, the boat was bailed out and we pulled off onto the stream to get some fresh fish for a more substantial breakfast, but even before this the youngest of our party, who had never before that morning caught a fish, had tried his line from the wharf, and had astonished himself and us by pulling up two black bream. They were not very large certainly, but it was a good beginning, and his delight maybe more easily imagined than described. Our fishing in the stream was not strikingly successful; but, after moving to one or two spots, we caught as many as we wanted. These we had for a late breakfast, to the enjoyment of which we brought excellent appetites. One of the things that gives zest to this gypsying way of life, is, that many queer dishes (if dishes they can be called), are got up. In most of our meals there were combinations that would have astonished Boyer. At this breakfast, for instance, we had a kind of oyster sauce with our fish, and most excellent it was .

It was about midday ere we had re-stowed our luggage, we started to ascend Georges River a little further. We did not intend to proceed far, as we were desirous of getting back to the Woronora, and camping at the "old woman's bonnet", in good time. We took a good look, however, at Salt Pan Creek - a brow tributary - and at the scenery near its junction with the main stream. There are several other creeks above, but there was evidently no such diversity of scenery as to tempt us to change our plan of making a thorough examination of the Woronora the chief object of our trip. At the entrance of Salt Pan Creek we met a fisherman with his wife and family - an interesting group - in their boat, and chatted with them for some time. The fisherman himself was a celebrated character in these parts known as "Snake Joe", from his possession of the power of snake charming, supposed to be peculiar to the people of India. Of late his gift in this respect has vanished. After parting from this family we turned our boat's head and made for the Woronora, managing to keep clear of the extensive flats which in its vicinity, and arrived off "The Old woman's bonnet" with just enough daylight before us to make ourselves comfortable for the night.

source: "Sydney Mail", Mitchell Library.

-----F.A.M.

SYLVANIA THROUGH 150 YEARS

Sylvania is the suburb of "firsts" in the Sutherland Shire. I am writing an accurate history, giving Sylvania the recognition it deserves. After all Sylvania did have the first Post Office, School Industry etc; in the Sutherland Shire - YOU and your FOREBEARS were the PIONEERS of this "quiet achiever".

If you, or your relatives or friends do have any old maps, in-formation, photographs, documents etc. pertaining to this historic and yet much maligned suburb, I look forward to you contacting me. This information, and pictures need not be of the past, but also of today of Clubs and Community Groups. Your precious photographs (to copy) do not have to leave your sight. This book is to be a photographic witness to the evolution of Sylvania through more than one and one half centuries.

Australia is celebrating its Bicentennial, and this book is officially recognised by the Bicentennial Authority as part of this program. You too, can play a vital part by sharing Sylvania; your family were true PIONEERS, they helped to open new frontiers, you can have them recognised. This is not just a past history, but a projection into the future by unfolding the past and present.

You may contribute to this Bicentennial Project and help to have your family, club, organisation etc. recognised and remembered by the Author on 528 6939.

Your assistance is warmly welcome and sincerely appreciated.

Thank you. Mrs. D. F. SALT.

THE GREEN HORROR

It was Monday night, we were out of everything, and had had no luck all day. I decided it would have to be stew, so, everything went into the half gallon billy; 1/2 an onion, i a rasher of bacon, a hardboiled egg, a handful of potatoes, (too small to peel), salt, 4 crust. of bread, the washings of Marmite and the PMU bottles, a lump of pumpkin and a pressed down bucket full of fresh out of the creek watercress.

This lot was boiled for about an hour, then all the flour and some pepper was then mixed with cold water and added to thicken. This was stirred about five minutes, then two tin plates were places on a flat stone, and it was dished out.

It was the most disgusting looking mess that I have ever created. It was a bright green slime, and it looked like wall paint. Harry could hardly say I'm not hungry, or I'll have a bit of bread and cheese for there wasn't any. It was eat or do without. As I had invented it, it was only fair that I should have the opportunity

of first taste, so I tasted the modge, and it was not that bad. You wouldn't have fed it to the enemy, but it was edible. Harry tried his, and we started to laugh, and polished off the lot, washing it down with a good billy of smokey tea. It was then starting to get dark.

Source: Personal reminiscences of the Depression days.

-----George Heavens.

REMINISCENCES OF A SUTHERLAND RESIDENT

My father, when he went farming in 1906, built a house of mud, with a shingle roof. To fence the property he split posts and used a two-man saw with the assistance of a neighbour. Earlier he had a farm near Lismore of 150 acres, The new farm was 18 miles from Gairdier, and it took 4 hours to get there by train.

In 1904 my mother had bought a sulky of silky oak. She later sold it to a German for 80 sovereigns. When sovereigns were called in we had quite a few and got 50 shillings each for them. Later when we had 50 or 60 left they were worth £2-10-0 each.

Before they enlisted in the first World War two of my brothers left the farm to go, cane cutting at Bundaberg with a B.S.A. push bike. It was a week's riding, and as they had no money left had to beg for food until they reached their destination. Things didn't work out too well there and on their way home again they had to again beg for food,, until they reached their destination. It was a desperate journey that lasted three months. They sent a telegram home for assistance, but they were home a week when the telegram arrived.

With another brother they enlisted with the 9th Battalion in Queensland. The Germans living in Gairdier were found by the police to be collecting guns and ammunition and hiding them away in the prickly pear. They were all interned.

The farm kept us busy and at one time we were milking 80 cows a day. Nevertheless, with my sister and younger brother we rode 18 miles on our push bikes to play tennis on Saturdays.

In 1917 my parents decided they would try city life and moved to Sydney where they bought a boarding house at Bondi Beach. This lasted six months when they bought a poultry farm at Miranda with 500 fowls in 1918, between Manchester Road and Sylvania Road, next to Mr. Thacker.

While we were residing on the farm at Miranda, I worked for the Sutherland Shire Council for 5 years with a horse and dray. I then went to Kyogle and Upper Eden Creek, where my father was building a house for a cousin in 1923.

I got a job building dips for cattle at 25 shillings a day, camping out. I bought a horse for £5 and a tent, and camped near a creek. A man came fairly regular with meat and bread. At week-ends I stayed at a boarding house. The cattle dip took 6 months to construct. Another took 3 to 4 months. The lodging at the boarding house was 25 shillings a day for bed, breakfast and tea, so I could only afford to stay there week-ends.

When that work finished I got a job with a mate Les, driving 50 pigs at night to a slaughter house at Kyogle for 2/6 a head. I had my horse and my mate Les rode his push bike. Les had a carbide light from his push bike.

The farmer and his kids got the pigs out onto the road, and we got started at midnight. At a creek about 3 miles from the farm we stopped and had a cup of tea. The dingoes started to howl up in the hills, but we got the pigs to the slaughter house at 2.30 in the morning, having travelled a distance of 10 miles.

We then drove 50 pigs for the farmer's neighbour - then 50 pigs for his neighbour, and a further 50 pigs for his neighbour. It was like a chain reaction, and apparently they were all pleased with our work.

We drove the 150 pigs, starting at 10 O'clock that night. The pigs fought each other, and when we came to a bridge they wouldn't cross it, so we drove them across the dry creek bed. It was here that the carbide light failed. We had no water to activate the car-bide, so we used urine instead - and got a better light. We got the pigs to the slaughter house at 4.30 in the morning , having driven them a distance of 8 miles. Work started at the slaughter house in the mornings at 7.30.

My mate and I never drove cattle. We were drovers of a different kind. Our next job was to drive a 100 turkeys 12 miles for 7/6 each to the slaughter house where we had taken the pigs.

We set out in the daylight. All went well until nightfall when the turkeys, whose wings were not cut, flew up 20 to 30 feet into the trees. It was quite a job pelting them down on daylight, and it was 10.30 in the morning when we got to our destination.

In my travels I met a girl Phyllis Goode, whom I married in 1924. She was working on a farm when I was courting her, and she worked hard too. I brought her to Sutherland. When she died in 1957 our marriage had lasted 33 years.

Source: Interview with Mr.A.Sleep in 1979.

-----Fred Midgley

TAXI

Cecil Cartwright was the first to commence a taxi service in Sutherland. The vehicle was a 1923 Hudson tourer, and was painted yellow. He got tired of the colour', and in 1929 decided to have the taxi painted dark green.

Jack McGrath who was a house painter agreed to do the job. His father was a ganger on the Sutherland Shire Council. The job was to be done at Marshall Russack's garage, facing the Princes High-way, at Sutherland.

The brand of paint used was "Ripple-On". It was nearly as thick as tar and therefore could not be brushed on in that state. A primus was set up out the back with a tin of "Ripple-On" sitting in a container of water which was brought to the boil, eventually warming the paint sufficiently to allow it to be used. It was a beautiful paint which dried with a very hard surface.

Not long after the Hudson was painted Cecil Cartwright decided to sell it. The car was bought by "Cowboy" Moore , who worked on the Woronora Dam. The car was involved in an accident with another vehicle not long after its new owner had taken possession, The car was not repaired.

Not long after the accident work ceased on the Woronora Dam resuming again about 1936.

"Ripple-Or" paint was believed to be manufactured in France.

-----Jack Midgley



EARLY DAYS IN THE NATIONAL PARK

There were several boats used by the National Park trustees, the best known one being the "Kiwi". It was powered by a twin cylinder Union steam engine. A well deck vessel it later had a cabin on it believed to be built by Mr. Scanlon.



In a photograph taken in 1897 of the "Kiwi" (from which this drawing was made), the man in charge of the vessel is Norman Nugent who was later a skipper of a Manly ferry. He was a step-brother of John Gray who was also a captain of a Manly ferry.

Another of the Trusts' launches was the 'Brewinga', a former life boat, and in a photograph taken about 1909 Sutherland Shire Councillors were on board making an inspection tour or "field day", at the same time enjoying the delight of a cruise on Port Hacking. Bill Beach, the champion Australian sculler, an employee of the National Park Trust was involved in their safe transportation. He lived in a house half way down the hill from the National Park Railway Station. Another champion sculler Jim Stansbury lived at the southern entrance to the National Park, near the weir. Another boat, with a canvas canopy, was the 'Claude'. Fitted with an internal combustion engine it ran daily between Audley and Gunnamatta,

In 1895, 65 hectares on the southern shore of the Hacking River were enclosed with wire fencing for a deer park. Seven Roe deer were presented to the Trust in 1885. They were sought for their antlers. Five Red deer were added the following year, and in 1888 the Trust purchased eight Red deer for the Park, and in the early part of this century Javan Rusa deer were released, soon to become the dominant species. It was estimated the herd exceeded 600 in 1937, and action was taken to reduce their numbers.

When the deer were introduced into the Park, Mr. Sheedy was responsible for looking after them, including feeding. The large area to contain the deer was fenced off with wire, but the fires burnt the wooden posts, and the deer escaped.

A deer in the days before electrification of the railway into National Park was run over by a steam locomotive. But trains were less concern for the deer and the Trust. Shooting of the deer took place from the early days - and it still does.

A son of a Superintendent of the National Park is said to have been rowed up and down the river shooting at most things that moved, including deer. The last emu was shot in the National Park in 1914 at "the meadows", an area between one and two miles south of Gundamaian.

The stables in the days before motorisation took over were located on the hill above the war memorial. It was a weatherboard building with stalls for the horses on the right end, and on the left end of the building it was open allowing two carriages to be

parked aside of each other. Above and running the length of the building was provision for a hay loft. In the centre of the building there were living quarters for Mr. Duffy. As well as being a ranger his job was to look after the horses and the deer. He was a middle aged man, and drove about in a four wheel buggy, enjoying his pipe.



A man alleged to be a German spy would be seen crossing the crossing the weir at Audley during the 1914-18 war, with a haversack on his back. Fred Matson recalled as a boy how the man would arrive at the National Park station on the first train on a Saturday morning. He headed out towards the coast and headed for home after dark on a Sunday. Maybe he was an innocent camper or fisherman after all.

A well known visitor to the Park was the photographer, Broadhurst, and in 1905 he was observed taking photographs of Matson's Pleasure Grounds at Yowie Bay. A tall, fair Englishman, he wore a boater hat. Many of Broadhurst's photographs including the National park and Matson's Pleasure Grounds were printed on postcards. Like Kerry his photographs record the early scenes and towns in the country and the suburbs of Sydney, and they are a magnificent record of our past. He lived at Alt Street, Ashfield. Many of his post-cards were beautifully coloured by his daughter.



From 1915 to 1934 an area of the National Park near Sutherland was used as a rifle range. A club house for the local Surf Club was built at Garie in 1938, and in 1943 a youth hostel was built near Marley beach.

The National Park was used on a number of occasions for the making of movie films. During the making of an early film a camera man standing on what is known as Gibraltar rock, lost his balance and fell into the river. This film was made in 1914, and was named the "Cooee and the Echo". The story was woven around gold with a western typesetting, and was shown at Cronulla in 1915. Another film made in the National Park was "Sons of Matthew", around 1949 and "Uncivilised", with a cast of aboriginals, looking menacing in canoes.

Well known athlete and sportsman "Snowy" baker in a movie sequence dived off Gibraltar rock into the freshwater river.

Source: Interview with Mr.Fred Matson, Jnr., July 5, 1979.

-----Fred Midgley

THE HOBO HOTEL

They didn't like our sort in Canberra, so we moved on to Queanbeyan. Here we were met by what looked like the reunion of the Police Academy. They were everywhere, and very interested in us, inasmuch they could not keep their eyes off us.

Taking the bull by the horns I went up to a big Sergeant asking, "Where do the more refined type of Ho Bo's sleep in this town, sir?" He smiled and said, "How far have you walked to-day, son?" I told him, he nodded and said, "Well I'm afraid you'll have to sleep with the Riff Raff to-night, there is only one hotel, the old brickworks along the river bank". So he pointed the way, and off we went. Well, hotel it was - a huge brick kiln, full of fine powder dust with at least 60 men sitting in the dust. They called, "Come in, there's room for a few more". We looked and left, sleeping that night in a bit of soil erosion land on the roadside.

This was where we went to bed with no tea. We had some tucker but no tea. The water in the creek had a white look about it, but a good boil will kill most wogs, so we put the billy on the fire, when lo and behold the water boiled over just like milk, and this put the fire out. We then used rude words and went to bed. Later we were awakened by much thunder and rain, then to be blessed with about 6 inches of water around our feet. We were really punished for being snobs and leaving that fine body of men in the kiln.

THE BIG FIRE AT BATHURST

It was a very doubtful night, for it looked like rain, but just off the road was an old two story barn , with a hay loft up top. Now this looked promising, no dogs about, no humans, and as we got closer saw that it hadn't been used for years. The only problem was snakes and spiders, so in we went making plenty of noise to chase out undesirable tenants.

Up the ladder there was some very old baled hay; we would be alright here providing we didn't make a light. It had a fireplace, but we could'nt use that before dark, as the smoke would show, so we sat on the floor and ate after cleaning up a bit.

This place was good until the early hours of the morning it started to get cold, and colder, so my mate suggested we light a fire, which we did, as there was plenty of rubbish to burn. It took a long time to get the place warm, and we kept adding all sorts of wood and junk to raise the temperature, for we figured the owner would be well under the blankets on such a cold night, so we stack-on any combustible material that we could find. It was soon nice and warm.

About an hour later we had thawed out, and were laying down again, when my mate said there was someone upstairs. I could hear them moving around, and they had a big light for I could see it through the ladder hole. We kept quiet, listening, until there was

a thumping. noise, like a drunk falling over. I climbed the ladder to discover that the whole loft was well alight.

We packed our gear as quickly as possible to make a quick exit, but we were too late, several men attracted by the fire were there to meet us. The boss (easily picked), asked what we meant by burning his barn down. We explained we only lit a fire - place as we were so cold. He replied, "Well I'm glad to see the last of it anyway". He put ten shillings in my hand, saying, "The insurance will build me a new one, but don't go round making this sort of thing a habit. Yes, you can stick around 'till morning. The cook will give you some breakfast - then get." It gave me the impression he wasn't too broken hearted to lose his barn.

Source: Personal experiences of the Depression.

---George Heavens.

ENGADINE LITERARY INSTITUTE

Copy of a letter written by Mr. A.A.Lysaght, Department of Lands from a request submitted by Mr. Preston of Engadine, June 28, 1929.

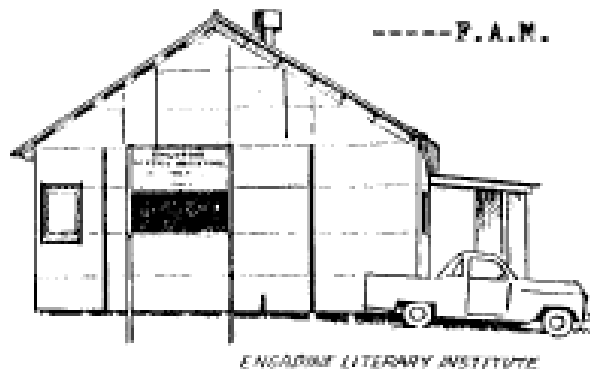
With further reference to your representations in relation to the request made by the Engadine Progress Association, of which Mr. Joseph Preston , of the Princes Highway is Secretary for the setting apart of a site for a School of Arts out of Recreation Reserve 46512 at Engadine, I have to inform you that survey of the desired area has been effected as Portion 676, Parish of Heathcote, County of Cumberland, at a cost of £4-1-0, and I am to request that the sum of £2-0-6, to meet the cost of half the survey be forwarded to this Department, as agreed to by the Progress Association.

Action to reserve the land for a Literary Institute Site is now being taken, and I am to request that the names of 5 or 7 local residents, giving their names in full, occupations and addresses be submitted to this Department for consideration for appointment as Trustees of the proposed Reserve when notified. Upon appointment of the Trustees it will competent for them to approach the Education Department with view to obtaining the Minister's Authority to mortgage the site under the provisions of the Trustees of School of Arts Enabling Act.

I am also to add that upon payment to this Department of the sum of £1-10-0, to meet the deed fee, the question of dedicating the land for a Literary Institute and issuing a Deed of Grant there-after in favour of the Trustees will receive attention.

W.J.Roper, Under-Secretary.

The original building was opened in 1931, and measured 19ft. by 35ft. but proved to be too small, and steps were taken in 1945 to have it enlarged to 35ft. by 75ft. It was constructed of timber and fibro, and the illustration shows the building when it was enlarged.



EXCURSION REPORT

The Colonial Cruise on Sydney Harbour was a lovely day to be on our famous waterway, and the interesting information given made it an outstanding morning's trip. After coming back to Circular Quay we visited the Rocks, where members and friends were able to "do their own thing". Some inspected the Garrison Church, some the Observatory and others visited Argyle Centre and Argyle Cut.

Then came the week-end to Gulgong: we had forty-nine folk on the coach and this trip had two firsts; first time we have had a waiting list for the week-end, and the first time all seats taken. Luckily our Gulgong Guide preferred to stand up, or it would have been "Sitting on a cushion for one of the Committee".

Gulgong is surely a historian's paradise -- so much to see and so much to learn. And as an added bonus, thanks to Harry our very helpful Coach Captain, those who rose at 4.a.m. on Sunday morning saw Halley's Comet in perfect conditions. (I have seen it from my back lawn on every cloudless night Whilst in view, but never so exciting and clear as in Gulgong

Coming events have been looked into and for your convenience we list outings up to the end of October with details available at the present time. (Bookings 523-8147.)

May 17: Bankstown. Leaving Cronulla 9 a.m., Sutherland 9.30 a.m., Members \$5.00, visitors \$6.00. Waiting list only.

July 19: Following many requests -- "Tour of Sutherland Shire"--to be from Sutherland to Cronulla. Leaving Cronulla 9 a.m., Sutherland 9.30 a.m. Members \$5.00, visitors \$6.00. Bookings will open at the May Meeting. No telephone bookings until after that night's meeting.

September 20; Again, in response to requests -- "Old Sydney Town". It is some years since we visited this site and with the additions and alterations being made it can be repeated. We cannot give a firm price as we are told admission prices are reviewed in July and that will determine our day's cost. I would suggest, we could be looking at something in the vicinity of \$15--\$16.00. Bookings for this outing will open at July Meeting - with no telephone bookings until after that night's meeting.

October 25-26: Saturday and Sunday week-end to Jenolan Caves, with accommodation at the Caves House on Saturday Evening. This is so far away we don't have full details from the "local" historical and conservations group, but will advise you as soon as possible. But early advice will help you plan, if you intend to join the Society's week-ender. Because of the mountainous road, we thought it best to make it a one night stay, and leave early Saturday. morning. So --leaving Cronulla 6.30 a.m., Sutherland 7 a.m. Bookings will not be opened until August, so we will advise full costs before then.

The new Excursion Committee for 1986 is: Messrs. D Archer, J. Cutbush, A. Hamilton, K. Kirkby, S'. Roberts; Mesdames A. Cutbush, V. Humphreys, with myself as Convener.

----- Aileen Griffiths.

HERITAGE WEEK HISTORICAL EXHIBITION

The Exhibition was held in the Sutherland Entertainment Centre from April 13th to April 21st in conjunction with the Sutherland Shire Council, Sutherland Shire Historical Society and the Botany Bay Family History Society.

On display were numerous items once seen in the kitchen, laundry, dairy, and tools used in home and trade. There was a special display of dresses worn in the 1940s, and a number of old radios. An effort was made to add new photographs and items to the exhibits. A display which attracted much attention was the old time class room complete with desks, blackboard, old books and slates, not forgetting the model of a teacher. It was much appreciated by the children, particularly the primary classes, where at times they wrote their names with the old type school pen and ink, seeing and using for the first time, blotting paper.

A number of people stated they were from old families in the Shire and had old photographs, but only a few offered to have their photographs copied. A lot of old articles were handed in during the Exhibition for the Society's collection, and with more to collect at a convenient time.

Botany Bay Family History Society were there to assist people in researching their family tree; there was Sutherland Shire Council's display of old homes and buildings in colour; the Shire Council Local History display; the First Fleeters and the Sutherland Bicentennial stands. Added attractions were demonstrations each week day for two hours by the Sutherland Shire Spinners and Weavers. In the forecourt of the Centre there were sheep shearing demonstrations.

Posters of Heathcote Hall and Como were on sale as well as the booklet on Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Children's History of Sutherland Shire and back numbers of the Society's Quarterly Bulletin. An amount of \$276.10 was made from these sales for the Historical Society. The Society gained in new memberships also.

Attendances were up on the previous year. Records show that there just on 500 more children in school groups reaching the highest number since these Exhibitions commenced during Heritage week in 1980. In addition to the 1568 children who attended this year there was also an adult migrant group of 25. There were 20 schools represented from year 2 to year 9, during the 5 mid-week days. The highest number of children who visited the Exhibition during one day was 384 on the Thursday. There was no overcrowding on any occasion.

Adult attendances were well up on last year, as was the number of children accompanied by a parent except during evenings. Total visitors to the Exhibition was 2695. Adult visitors were 900; children mostly with parents, 202; adult migrant group 25; children in school groups 1568. In addition to these figures there were many hundreds who viewed the Exhibition while waiting to attend concert or during intervals of an evening or matinees in the Entertainment Centre.

I express my thanks to the chairman of the Sutherland Shire Council's Heritage Week sub-committee, Clr. Michael Addison, and staff from the Sutherland Shire Council involved in making the Exhibition such a success. I also thank the management and staff of the Entertainment Centre for their work and the way in which tables and screens for photographs were arranged. The Society appreciated the publicity in the local press which was excellent promoted from the Shire Council's Public Relations Department.

To those members of the Historical Society who assisted in either arranging or being on a roster to look after the Exhibition, and to those who loaned or gave articles for display I again express my thanks.

F.Midgley, Exhibitions Convener

BY-GONE DAYS OF SUTHERLAND

Derrey's small cottage on the corner of President Avenue and the North West Arm Road was built in 1917.

Mrs. Derrey from 1897 had lived on dirt floors there in the hessian covered house until she moved into the cottage which was a pleasant change to live in a place with floorboards after 20 years.

The cottage was built on the deferred pay of her son Fred then serving with the first A.I.F.. The cottage was destroyed by fire late in 1983.

In 1912 Fred Brown painted the interior of Sutherland School during which classes went to the Church of England in Station Street, (Boyle Street).

Two small shelter sheds were provided at the School. One was a boys' lunch shed and the other was said to be for the girls. On one occasion Mick Derrey left his lunch in the shed. When he came out at lunch time there was only the newspaper wrapping left with a hole in it where a rat had eaten the sandwiches.

Before the Department of Education resumed the southern portion of land below the Headmaster's house, there was Charles Diston's coach sheds and Lobbs facing Eton Street. Old Bill Collins had built two houses facing President Avenue - between Eton Street and Merton Street. Collins went to work in the National Park each day in a horse and sulky as did another man McLeod.

It cost 5/- (50 cents) for a consultation with Sutherland's first resident doctor in East Pde. Dr. Rooke set up practice there in 1906.

Notes of the late Mick Derrey
written in 1982.



Dr. Rooke's home from a photograph of 1895

COUNCIL OF THE SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Phone 520 6324

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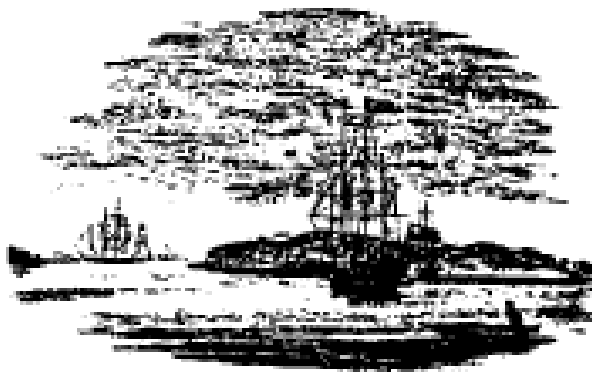
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hands of the Convenor no later than July 10, 1986.

Monthly Meeting of the Society are held on the second Friday at 8p:m. in the Recreation Staff Room of the Council's Administrative Centre, Eton Street, Sutherland (2nd floor). Visitors are welcome.

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

FIRST FLEETERS**DESCENDENTS****REGISTER****DO YOU KNOW IF YOUR FOREBEARS ARRIVED WITH THE
FIRST FLEET IN 1788 ?**

The First Fleet in Botany Bay

One of the many projects being worked on as part of the Sutherland Shire's Bicentennial Programme, is the compilation of a register listing the families resident in the Sutherland Shire with links to the First Fleet. If your research shows that your family is descended from one or more of the passengers, crew, Government officials, military and naval personnel, or convicts, then you can participate by submitting an entry for inclusion in the register. Many Shire families have already been identified, perhaps your family also has these historic links?

BOTANY BAY FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

If you're uncertain whether or not your forebears were aboard one of the eleven ships of the FIRST FLEET, then the Botany Bay Family History Society (521 6909), may be able to provide some assistance. While the Society cannot do the research for you, the group can provide guidance and instruction on the techniques of genealogy.

For more information please contact:

Mrs. Valerie Humphreys (Morning only)	528 7172
11 Mitchell Avenue. Jannali.	
Mrs. Ada Cutbush (Morning only)	523 8147
Mrs. Joy Faddy-Close	525 7730
Mrs. Joyce Pirchin	522 7417
