

# SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## QUARTERLY BULLETIN



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## PRESIDENT'S NOTES

The Annual General Meeting in March was well attended as so often is the case, and an encouraging interest was shown by all present. Members were re-elected as before, with the exception of Ken Mathews and Ken Kirkby who both retired from Committee this year. I welcome new Committee members Kevin Smith and Keith Knight and new Treasurer Alwyn Hamilton, previously Committee member, who takes up the position as Eileen Sheppard retires from Treasury to Committee. I am grateful for the services of Ken Mathews and Ken Kirkby and hope to see them at meetings from time to time. Special thanks go to Eileen Sheppard who took up the Treasury some years ago at a difficult time and maintained it so efficiently.

The Society's Public Relations Section - Exhibitions - has been very active this year through the provision of portable displays and the permanent exhibits in the Sutherland School of Arts. Two groups have so far visited the School of Arts this year, and several portable photographic displays have been presented at various locations. In addition, Heritage Week, an annual event, has been an attraction.

I congratulate the South Pacific Railway Co. for its re-establishment at Loftus and the re-siting of the track to run between Loftus and Sutherland. The Project should enjoy a bright future at the new location, which has advantages over the old one. The location is well suited to the assembly of a number of groups of special interest which could benefit each other, the Shire, and passing travellers. The ability to park a vehicle without competition from town traffic is a major feature. I am grateful that this Society was invited to the opening ceremony.

Members are invited to contribute to the Bulletin and to propose a guest speaker on any subject of interest to members of the Society.

I finish on a sad note at the passing of one of our valued members, Elvey Gumbleton, earlier this year. Elvey had been Committee member for many years, working on the Tours group, until ill-health forced her to retire. With the Society, to share the sadness of loss with Norm and his family.

Harold Ivers

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Secretary of the Society, Mr. Andrew Platfoot, was the speaker at the April meeting. Andrew, at short notice gave an interesting address, illustrated with delightful coloured slides of Thailand and their cottage industries taken during his visit there.

Mr. Warren Campbell of the Royal Coastal Patrol was to have been the guest speaker for the April meeting. He apologised as he was leaving for holidays but will be addressing the Society later in the year.

### THOMAS HOLT HOMES FOR THE AGED

Before a crowd of several hundred people and in a sun-bathed scene, Federal Social Services Minister, the Hon. Hugh S. Robertson, MP., graciously performed the official opening of The Thomas Holt Homes for the Aged, at Kirrawee, on Saturday November 17, 1956. He also unveiled an imposing entrance arch-way, built of substantial brick columns supporting an ironwork arc embodying the name of the establishment. The Holt family financed the archway, which cost more than £100 (\$200). All the distinguished speakers sincerely praised the fine Christian example set the whole community by the Holt family in making the donation of land, worth many tens of thousands of pounds, to make the project possible.

The ceremony was most moving and must be marked down in the Shire's annals as one of its most important. By this work the Shire is giving a worthwhile lead to so many other communities which have not, as yet, responded to the Federal Government's proffered financial help for homes for the aged. The Minister stated that the Government was making available £1,500,000 per annum by way of subsidy assistance for building the homes for the aged.

"However, there is no known way of legislating for the expression of human compassion, and before you can have social service properly expressed in the community, you must excite the hearts and the heads of the people," he added. The Minister said that this was exactly what the President of the Homes Trust, Mr. Gordon Leech, had done. "On behalf of the Commonwealth Government and the Prime Minister, I thank you most sincerely, Mr. Leech, for what you and those who have assisted you have done and are doing to help provide homes for the aged," he said. "It is not a scrap of good providing money only or other social service benefits for the elderly unless they have somewhere decent to live," added the Minister. He appealed to the citizens of the Shire to support Mr. Leech in his efforts in urgent style.

Mr. Leech announced that beginning in January it was proposed to add to the scheme by building a large brick hostel for aged ladies, which would cost £14,000. Mr. Leech thanked the Holt family for its magnificent gift. His co-founder, Councillor K. Bates, said that when the Holt family had been approached for the land, there had been no hesitation shown in responding to the appeal. "They very sensibly stipulated that construction work must be started quickly on it and this has been done with great success."

Councillor Bates said that the project was non-political and non-sectarian. "It was proposed," he added, "to establish a centre for handicapped children on the land and it was hoped and planned that the old people could help the children and vice-versa."

Mr. A. B. Holt, on behalf of the family, said that the opening of the project was a "very great thrill" to him. He congratulated the President and Committee for the excellent progress that had been made.

Mr. Les Johnson, M. P. for Hughes, said that since the Government had legislated to subsidise homes for the aged, 135 projects had been got under way in the Commonwealth at a cost of £1,500,000, to house 2,680 people.

The ceremony fittingly concluded with the singing of "Bless This House" by Mrs. Ruth Ross, supported by the St. George-Sutherland Band.

Source: THE "S.C.A.M.," November 23, 1956.

----GEORGE HEAVENS

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### SUTHERLAND SHIRE HOSPITAL

On Saturday, September 3, 1955, in the presence of a large and representative gathering, the Foundation Stone of the Sutherland Shire District Hospital was laid by Mr. J. J. Cahill, M.L.A., Premier of New South Wales.

On his arrival Mr. Cahill inspected a guard of honour formed by detachments of Girl Guides, Brownies, Junior Red Cross, Boy Scouts and cubs, and was received on the dais by Mr. Andrew Gray as President of the Hospital Board, and official guests.

Clr. R. O'Brien, President of Sutherland Shire, welcomed Mr. And Mrs. Cahill on behalf of the residents of the district, and Mr. Tom Dalton spoke in eulogistic terms of the Premier;



he was followed by Mr. Stinson, Deputy Chairman of the Hospitals Commission, who spoke of his pleasure to be associated with the project now in course of erection.

Mrs. Edwards the Honorary Organiser, in the course of her remarks paid tribute to the untiring work of the band of 11 willing and energetic Auxiliaries, and how after 11 long years of agitation the hospital was at last a reality, and appealed to other helpers to come forward and assist the work of these Auxiliaries which now, as much as ever, needed their assistance.

The Hospital, when completed, would consist of five floors, housing 288 beds, 50 of which of which would cater for maternity cases and would provide for Clinical, General, Intermediate and Private patients.

Mr. Cahill gave a brief survey of the huge expenditure undertaken by his Government in regard to hospital need in the State, stating that since the war 12 major hospital buildings, ranging in cost from £115,000 to close on E1 million, had been completed and that at present there were 15 hospitals under construction. He said he was indeed pleased to be invited to lay the Foundation Stone of such a fine structure as the hospital would be when completed in approximately two years.

Continued on page 347

Jules S-C Dumont D'Urville, *Two Tames to the South Seas* (translated and edited by Helen Rosenman), 2 Volumes, pp 634, Melbourne University Press, 1987, \$75.

Reviewed by Edward Duyker

Commander Jules Dumont d'Urville (1790-1842) was one of the greatest of Pacific explorers. In 1822 he left France as Duperrey's executive officer on the *Coquille*. In three years they circumnavigated the globe from east to west and did not lose a single man! Then, between 1826 and 1829, in command of this same ship re-named, *Astrolabe* in honour of La Perouse's flagship), he visited Australia and many of the Melanesian and Polynesian islands of Oceania. Finally, between 1837 and 1840, he returned to Oceanic and Australian waters, but also ventured twice to the unknown frozen continent of Antarctica. Two years after his last great voyage, d'Urville, together with his wife and only surviving son, died in a railway accident. The sweeping grandeur of his navigational achievements and his tragic death invites comparison with Cook and La Perouse. D'Urville was also a man of science and letters - with an established reputation in botanical, entomological and archaeological circles. (He was awarded the Legion d'honneur for his efforts on behalf of France in acquiring the "Venus de Milos")

As a scholar D'Urville was closely involved in the writing and publication of the accounts of his expeditions and their scientific findings. In the case of his voyage of 1826-29, he wrote five historical volumes and edited another eight technical volumes (compiled by his officers), together with four atlases. This remarkable multi-volume work was published at government expense under the title *Voyage de la corvette l'Astrolabe*...

Also published at government expense (between 1841 and 1854) was the magnificent 23 volume account of d'Urville's voyage of 1837-40. Under the title *Voyage au Pole Sud et dans l'Océanie* it also included seven atlases. D'Urville was only able to prepare and edit four of the ten historical volumes in this account, before his death in 1842. His friends Jaquinot and Vincendon-Dumoulin completed the remaining six from his detailed notes. Although a priceless part of the printed heritage of mankind, their awesome scope and the fact that they were only comprehensively translated from French into German, made them inaccessible to the general English reader and all but the most dedicated scholars.

At last the historical essence of d'Urville's accounts has been distilled in Helen Roseman's masterly two-volume English translation. Those who have consulted the original French volumes can only begin to imagine the intimidating nature of the linguistic and editorial task she has undertaken. Rosenman has deliberately emphasised the Australian and general historical content and her abridgement has been based on

the attitude that "half a loaf of bread is better than no bread". Consultation of her forward will be vital for those who wish to quote d'Urville for scholarly purposes. Rosenman is frank. She writes:

"Translators do not fit any literary category, being part masters, part servants, of the works they translate...Dumont d'Urville, although a man of wide-ranging and classical education, was not a stylist...the translation is not elegant but as faithful as possible to the text. D'Urville's narrative bears out Buffon's dictum that le styleest l'homme however, I must admit that in places where it became clumsy and circumlocutory I cut out excess verbiage, in the belief that if I found my conscientious translation boring, it would be doubly tedious for the uncommitted reader."

Each of Rosenman's chapters contains references to the original volume, chapters and page numbers, together with an indication of whether or not they are abridged. Who could ask for a better English language introduction to the French whole? But Rosenman offers even more: she provides detailed notes, appendices and a comprehensive index. It remains to be said that these two volumes - so beautifully bound, printed and illustrated - will inevitably become collector's items.

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Sutherland Shire Hospital continued from page 345

Young Geoffrey Astell, accompanied by the St. George-Sutherland Shire Band, delightfully rendered the solo, "Bless this House, "which was enthusiastically received.

Mrs. Edwards returned to the microphone to announce that an anonymous lady donor had offered to donate £200 if others in the audience would build upon it, and in this manner close on £400 was subscribed to assist in the building of a Kiosk to serve the needs of patients and visitors, as this structure would not be provided by the Government.

The assembly moved to the Nurses' quarters to witness the setting of the Foundation Stone of that building, which would consist of three floors, by Mr. Andy Gray, in his capacity as President of the Hospital Board, then adjourned to the ground floor of the main building to partake of afternoon tea, which terminated a most important day in the history of this historic Shire.

Source: The "S.C.A.M." September 28, 1956.

---George Heavens

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Sunday mornings for several years was the occasion when Ted Boyle utilised the steam power from the steam tram motor which stopped opposite his hotel. A hose was connected to the steam motor and run across the road into the hotel where the beer pipes were steam cleaned.

LETTERS OF PRIVATE ALLAN CAMERON

Glen Innes Examiner. 23-3-1900.

The following are extracts from a letter received from Private Allan Cameron, of "Callart", to his Mother.

16-2- 1900. Southern Cross.

My Dear Mother, I am on guard today, so I have time to write. We have 2 hours on duty and 4 off, but have to do stables as well. It is very near over now, for the past few days we have had numerous indications of a near approach to land, such as land-birds and porpoise and the colour of the ocean has changed from a dark blue to a green colour. There is also a big land swell on. We are all eager to catch the first sight of land.

We caught up to a sailing ship yesterday. It was the first full rigged one I ever saw and a pretty sight she looked with her canvas set to the breeze. She was sailing against the wind and it beat a lot-of us "bushies" how she could get along.

A good many of us were made fools of the other night when a fog horn blew, and some of us sprang out of our hammocks and rushed on deck thinking we were entering port, but encountered instead the cold of a thick fog.

I am not sorry I came. The only thing that troubles me now is you people at home. It is hard to part with all the dear ones. But do not worry about me, as I like this life and it is good experience for me.

I have been picked as a scout, four from every division are selected. I am glad I got on the scouting business as it promises adventure. Colonel Knight made a speech to us, in which he said to us the safety of the whole contingent would very likely depend on us, and also that it was a dangerous game. We will have to fight with the rest just the same, only we go before and find the whereabouts of the enemy so as to protect our men from falling into a trap.

17-2- 1900. We sighted land yesterday morning. It is needless to say we were up bright and early when it became known that land was in sight and it looked new and strange to us after being 4 weeks

on board with nothing but the horizon line before us. It is a very rough coast with big mountains rising up with clouds resting on the summits. It looks lovely and peaceful. There is a table mountain looking grand with its crown of clouds, which they call its table cloth, and with the moon shining above I never saw a prettier sight. We are now lying in Table Bay, and are going ashore tomorrow. Capetown is at the foot of the mountain. It is a funny looking town, but we are rather too far out to see what kind of a town it is. The bay is full of shipping transports and there must be 150 of one kind and another.

I am writing this leaning over the capstan and it looks splendid from here. No one would think to look at this pretty bay that men were killing each other a few hundred miles off. I think most of us wondered if we would ever sail out of this place again.

The wild looking scenery filled our minds with all kinds of thoughts and it was enough to impress anyone. We rushed the news this morning when the boat came alongside. I am satisfied with the news, as they tell us we will have lots of fighting to do yet. We are anxious now to get on shore and up to the front.

We have all our war like preparations made, such as sharpened bayonets and oiled rifles. We may be ordered straight to the front, or we may have to camp here for a month, but hope we will go straight away at once. 'Capetown is swarming with British troops, Australians, Canadians etc. and there thousands of destitute to the war.

The wharf is alive with dark people of every description. A number of Kaffirs are employed unloading the transports.

I suppose before you get this we will be in action. We all have our identification card sewn in the corner of our coats and a bandage in case of getting wounded. I think I can put up with any hardship now, as I am pretty used to roughing it on board. I am getting quite an expert at rolling things up tidy and soldier-like.

This is going to be an exciting game we are all going to play alright. We who are picked as scouts do not go out alone, but in pairs and we may be out for two or three days at a time.

I have seen Fred King, Leigh, Pat Cameron and the 2 Gribbles, they are all well.

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Glenn Innes Examiner. 27--4--1900.

Ploddeo River. March 9th.

We are with Lord Roberts and Kitcheners' columns and camped on the Hodder river. We are getting pretty thin as the tucker is bad. We get meat and hard biscuits but no bread. The country about here is something splendid but the Boers are too lazy to cultivate.

The night we joined the column the artillery fellows were eating jam and butter and cheese and fowls that the fleeing Boers had left behind. We had a great nights rest and a good tea as there was plenty Of goats, lambs and sheep about which we took without a pang of remorse. We had our first fight with the Boers three days ago. A scout on the lookout was shot in the mouth by some Boer sharp shooters but in less than 5 minutes we had our saddles on and were galloping in extended order across the plain and climbing the hills. The Canadians on our left got a few shots at them. We rode for a couple of hours but did not see them again so we were ordered to retire. Before doing so we halted for dinner when another shot went off and we were ordered to remount and a couple more scouts and myself were sent out to see if we could locate the Boers. We went over a hill and saw 4 men galloping away from us, in great glee we set off in pursuit and if we had been 5 minutes sooner we could have cut them off from the main body. I saw them go behind some rocks and stop so we understood there was something up and reigned in. As soon as the Boers saw that we were not going to run into their little trap you should have heard the crack of their riffles and the bullets whizz about our ears. There must have been about one thousand Boers behind there. It did not take us long to get off our horses and lie down on the ground as flat as we could get, one of us taking the horses out of range. We lay there banging at the rocks for not a Boer could we see. The bullets were tearing the ground up all around us and I was expecting that my first experience under fire were not at all pleasant ones. We were glad when the rest of our comrades came up and we all got to business and soon steadied down the enemies fire. I think we all felt a bit scared until we got used to the whizz of the bullets some of which were explosive. At last we were ordered to cease firing and had to lie down with the Boers firing at us. By Jove they used to go close but the Boers had their sights a little too high. A couple of Boers had another trooper and myself set. They were up on a hill a good way off. We could hear their shots go off apart from the rest and their bullets would come half a second later. I used to duck my head and squeeze flat on the ground but their attention was luckily drawn from us to some of our men who went round the hill to get at their backs. We. were quite exposed to the Boer view on the plain yet they



only wounded 10 of our men - 3 badly. we were not strong enough to charge their position and were ordered to retire just as the sun was sinking. It was a risky business for as soon as we got off the ground the Boers got a Maxim gun to work and we ran about 20 yards and gave them a volley until we got out of range. I saw one man who had caught 2 ducks fixing them to his saddle while bullets were flying about him. After retiring a respectable distance we shouldered arms, mounted horses and started for Asfontein.

Kimberley. March, 19th.

After our fight with the Boers and when we had joined Roberts, we were told to be up at 3 O'clock as the hills around were to be shelled, We were instructed not to light fires or speak above a whisper as we were in range of the Boer guns. Well the next morning we were up early and got things ready. One of those big naval guns was frowning on a hill while great bodies of men marched silently up teethe shelter and as soon as it was light Long Tom went off with a thundering crash which made the hills re echo all around. I did not see where the shell went but we could hear the Boer guns thunder away in the distance but no shells fell near us. We climbed a small hill where we could see all the fun. Again our big gun thundered forth and this time a big cloud of smoke rose from behind a hill and you should have seen the Boers come out from behind it like a swarm of bees and gallop across the plain. Another shot went from our gun landing in the middle of them killing, I believe, all within one hundred yards. Such is the effects of the lyddite! All this time our big war balloon was floating high in the air finding out where the Boer were hiding. The prettiest sight I saw that day was the British infantry deploying across the plain in extended order to attack some kopje. It was splendid to watch them. After this we camped for 2 days when four of us Australians were ordered to Kimberley to escort a convoy of 500 sick and wounded. As the convoy wound its way through the streets, the thoroughfares were thronged with women and girls with buckets of tea and great plates of bread and butter. Kimberley is a nice town but badly knocked about during the siege. I saw Cecil Rhodes' house. It is a nice building but surrounded by trenches and other warlike protections. The Kimberley people were very kind to us. You have no idea of the hardships we have to put up with. You can always tell a man from the front as his clothes are ragged and dirty, his face thin and haggard that tell of, no sleep hard marching and very little to eat, sometimes only getting a biscuit and a half a day. We are on the train now and bound for Waau Poort and from there probably to Bloomfontein to join the rest of our lot. We will be two days on the train and are faring like toffs with a sleeping car between five of us which is the nearest approach to a bed I have seen since leaving home. We came past the place where Cronje was captured and could scent it miles before we came to it. The horses are lying so close together that you could walk on the top of them and talk about smashed up waggons, I never saw such a mess before. Pray that Australia may never be visited by the horrors of war. Travelling is by no means pleasant as the roads are just literally lined with dead beasts. At a Boer farm house we discovered a coffin and on opening it found it full of nuts. You can't beat the Australians for foraging. I saw the McGregors and I scarcely knew them again as they have changed that much.

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Glen Innes Examiner. 28-8-1900.

Extract from letter written by Private J.W.Gribble of Stonehenge describing some of the action at Diamond Hill where Dad was wounded.

We had a heavy battle at Diamond Hill. It lasted two days from daylight till dark. We could not shift the Boers as they had their big guns on us all the time. On the eve of the second day we were ordered to take the position at all costs. So C. Company (N.S.W.) and the 6th Mounted Infantry advanced under the cover of our Pom Poms. The latter Infantry dismounted and walked up on foot in little rushes. We galloped straight up not losing a man. When in the kopje we dodged behind rocks and soon were at work with our bayonets. The Boers were

never known to make such a stand before. They looked ugly with their great big bushy faces behind the rocks. Our Lieutenant (Mr. Harriot) dropped alongside me shot through the leg with an explosive bullet. Allan Cameron fell on the other side shot through the stomach. He is alright now his bible having turned the bullet, it glanced out through the skin. Allan is a mate of mine being in the same four as me.

He knows no fear. I thought our last moments had come. However we went mad for a time and with a half cheer and half wail we went at the Boers with the bayonet and soon put them to flight. Over on the left on another kopje a few hundred yards off 500 Boers were sending the bullets in like hail. Another Lieutenant was shot dead while one was shot through the face and another through the leg and two privates were wounded. The Boers being reinforced were on the point of driving us back by sheer numbers when, with a shout, the 5th Mounted Infantry, who we had passed in our gallop up, came to our aid and we drove the enemy back. The position was held and in the morning the Boers were gone.

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Glen Innes Examiner.           7-9-1900.  
Pretoria Hospital.               June 26th.

I am recovering rapidly from my wound and got up yesterday for the first time. It does not take long for a mauser bullet wound to get right. I suppose you received the letters I wrote describing the action at Diamond Hill. The Boers made a brave stand there but there is one consolation we made them abandon their position. Poor Lieutenant Harriot who was shot beside me has since died. Life in hospital is rather stale. There are 8 of us in the ward and are all hit in the legs except one and myself. We have an old guardsman in our ward who makes us laugh telling us how he was captured and one thing and another so you see that although we are wounded we have some fun and the ladies of Pretoria are very kind bringing us oranges jellies and other luxuries which combined with their sweet faces help to make us reconciled to our inactivity. Pretoria Hospital. July 14th.

Pretoria is a lovely little town with splendid buildings and a beautiful park in which I take a stroll every morning. In fact you would think you were in an English town only you cannot understand the peoples "gibberish" although they can speak good English if they like. I do not think I will be here long as I expect to be sent to the front again. The rest of our fellows have gone to Kraonstaad to give DeWit a licking. He has captured our mail and burnt it also 75,000 suits of khaki uniforms and winter clothing for the troops. This is a dreary country especially after the army has passed. Between Bloemfontein and Kimberley it was something awful. The route was a scene of desolation strewn with dead horses and oxen with crowds of Sth. African vultures hovering over them and starving horses left by the British grazing on the scanty grass. Behind the kopjes the straw scattered about shows where the Boers have camped

whilst the British camps are visible miles off by the glittering biscuit tins. I have been under fire lots of times now and thought I would be able to come through without a scratch but fate ordered otherwise. The Australians seem to be able to take advantage of every little cover the ground affords and that explains why we are so lucky. Our fellows growl and grumble. if they keep-them back from the front line. I think all will be glad when the war is over. No one knows, who has not experienced it, what they have done and put up with and besides there are too many brave fellows losing their lives.

Wynberg Hospital, Capetown. July 24th.

I am now in Wynberg Hospital this is a beautiful suburb of Capetown. About 4 or 5 miles from the town and we are very comfortable compared with the starving and dirt of the front. We had three days and three nights on the train coming down from Bloemfontein and we travelled at a good pace. The country is very plain and uninviting until you get to Barkly West and then you pass through the great Karoo desert which is a dreary looking place with nothing growing but small shrubs and the country is covered with small rocky hills. But one gets some splendid views especially at Albert Rd. station where there is a range of rugged mountains which look something splendid. When you get down near Capetown the country changes the hills are high and rugged and so picturesque. The country is covered with Oak trees, which to our eyes was something charming after being used to nothing but bare veldt for the past 6 months. You would have laughed to see Tommy Atkins sniffing the air when we got near the coast saying they smelt the sea. Well I could have gone back to Australia as an invalid if I had liked. They asked me if I wanted to go back or be left here and as I felt quite well again I asked them to leave me here and send me back to the front again. I only hope they don't keep me here long as I cannot abide staying at camp. I think it is my duty to go back when I feel well enough and besides one can do some good at the front and another thing our regiment wants all, the men as the number is dwindling down very small with those killed, wounded and all the fever victims. The life evidently agrees with me as I now weigh 12 stone 2 pounds.

Glen Innes Examiner. 26-10-1900.

Rondebosch convalescent camp, Capetown. Sept. 13th.

By the time you receive this letter I will be in England as I of notice today to be ready to sail tomorrow. It will take us 17-18 days to get there. I am going with a lot more invalided colonials. When we reach England we will be sent to one of the convalescent homes probably Tetley near Sth. Hampton. I would have let you know sooner that I was going to England only I was almost sure of going up country to join the corps until the Dr. a few days ago put all that out of my head. You see it was this way, I came from Pretoria to Wynberg Hospital and whilst there had the misfortune to take ill and only for that I would have been back at the front before this as my wound had quite healed and the Dr. had marked me fit for duty. When I found they would not let me join my company I applied to be sent to Ceylon as an escort to some Boer prisoners but the Dr. soon put a set on that, I would not care if I was really ill but when the Drs. say we are not fit there is no way out of it as we soldiers have to do as we are told. For example a young fellow from here cleared out on his own responsibility intending to go back to the front. He boarded the train but they caught him and he got 3 months for it. I scarcely

know where my comrades are but think they about 1,000 miles from here chasing the remnants of the Boers. I hope to return to Sth. Africa in time to rejoin the Australians to accompany them home as I think the war is nearly at an end.

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 Glen Innes Examiner. 26--2-1901-

Shoencliffe Depot. Jan. 1st. 1901.

I am starting on a 3 or 4 weeks voyage which will land me on the dark continent again, next Thursday, the 3rd. inst. The Colonel asked me if I would prefer being sent home to my friends in Australia or rejoin my regiment at the Cape. I would very much have liked to have an easy passage home to see you all again but the idea of going home while my comrades are roughing it in Sth. Africa was rather distasteful to me so I told him I would rather be sent to the Cape again and he sent me away to be examined by the Dr. who passed me fit for service again and my name is down to sail with the draft on the 3rd. inst. I spent my Xmas up in Glasgow and had the best time of my life in Fort William, Glasgow and Edinborough. I felt very sorry when the train was bearing me out of view of the grand old summit of Ben Nevis and hoary old Mountains of Lochaber (the birthplace of the Camerons) and I felt like the scotch immigrants of old must have felt when they left their native land for, I suppose, with me it will be "Lochaberno more" and anyone who wants sublime and historic scenery and hospitable people, just come to Lochaber. While in Edinborough I visited the places of interest, had a look at that vast structure the Forth Bridge also Edinborough Castle, Hollywood, Palace, Sir Walter Scott's monument and other places. After leaving there I went to London and had a look at Westminster Abbey and went all over the famous Tower of London and Hyde Park, also went through St. Pauls Cathedral and as I stood on the dome of St. Paul's I marvelled at the panorama and life that lay stretched around. You have know conception of the size of London until you see it. At Shoenclyffe I Spent some of the time knocking about the beach at Folkstone and Sandgate the well known watering places on the shores of the English Channel. They are pretty places indeed. Well I am sailing for 5th. Africa and I know from experience what kind of life to expect and I believe we will have some rough work over there yet chasing the guerilla bands of the Boers over wide stretches of, country.

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 Glen Innes Examiner. 21-5-1901.

#### WELCOME HOME.

On Saturday a public welcome home was extended to Sgt. King and Trooper Cameron who had returned from Sth. Africa. Success to His Majesty having been drunk, the Mayor proposed "the health of the guests" and said after the Australians had nobly done their duty in Sth. Africa it was the duty of the citizens of the town from which they went to welcome them home again and in his official capacity he had much pleasure in doing so. Mr. D.M.G. McGregor supported the toast and eulogised the excellent work done by the Australians at the front. He showed that it was essentially patriotic motives that sent our boys to the war and he knew 2 Australians - one worth £4,000 a year and another drawing £400 per annum - who had gone to the front to be shot at. These went away as patriots and he ventured to say that any man who left these shores with the same feeling stirring him on.

These men were brave and possessed the same material as those that had built up the British Empire and fought for the freedom that every man living under the Union Jack could enjoy today. He referred to the excellent services rendered to the flag by the guests of the morning. Sgt. King , who was afforded a "flattering reception" said he was proud to be back. He had very little to say at the moment with the exception of expressing his sincere thanks for the kind manner in which the Glen Innes people welcomed his comrades and himself back home. Private Cameron said he felt very much touched at the welcome accorded them that morning. It was a pleasant experience after the hard times experienced on the veldt. He had had the hard luck to run against President Kruger's bullet but was sent to Scotland where he was treated right royally and was returned to Sth. Africa sometime before his regiment was ordered home. Speechifying was not in his line and he thought he would rather face the Boer than make a speech.- He thanked them for their hearty welcome.

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Glen Innes Examiner. 16-1- 1900.

We are pleased to hear that Allan Cameron, son of Mr. John Cameron of "Callart" has successfully passed the final test for Active Service in Sth. Africa but we regret to learn that he met with a nasty accident. during the riding test. One of the horses kicked him on the knee inflicting a wound which required a few stitches. Provided the wound is sufficiently healed he will leave for Sth. Africa tomorrow.

Submitted by Mrs. Min Cameron

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#### MIRANDA CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

During the mid-1890s a 'split' occurred in the congregation of the newly formed Congregational Church at Miranda, where services were held from about 1895. on the Kingsway.

The breakaway group met in a house on the hill above the church. Two youths, Ern Bentley and Bert Midgley (whose familys moved to Bangor a couple of years later) took up a position a short distance from the house and not far from the Congregational church. They had Bentley's dog which was trained to howl incessantly on command like a wolf when a gathering was in progress in the church.

It was too much for the occupants of building for it wasn't long before a man came hurrying out and ran up the hill to disperse the offending culprits.

On church anniversarys and special functions Mrs. Bentley and other ladies would cook and bake a large quantity of food commencing the day before the evening function. The food was carefully placed in a large galvanised round bath tub and carried to the church by two men, one on each handle of the tub. The tub was piled high with eats and was covered over with a white cloth.

Source: From an interview with Miss N. Bentley by the late Alf Midgley, ----F.M.

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In May 1899, members and friends of the Miranda Congregational Church numbering 50, gathered to farewell Miss Powe. She was presented with a copy for the organ of Sankey's hymns with an illuminated address on the flyleaf. ---"St. George Advocate".

EXCURSION REPORT

Following the Annual General Meeting and appointment of Sub-Committee Conveners I have once again been elected Excursion Officer. The members who will assist on this Committee are Mesdames Ada Cutbush, Val Humphreys, Dawn Smith, Messrs. Doug Archer, Keith Knight, Stewart Roberts -- we hope you will support the outings arranged for your interest and ask that you let us know of any special places you may wish to visit.

The first outing will be to Old Sydney Town on Saturday May 21; possibly this will be over before the Bulletin is in your hands, but in case it is in time, we still have seats available -- leaving Cronulla 8 a.m., Sutherland 8.30 a.m. Cost to members \$14.00 and visitors \$16.00, inclusive of Coach and Entrance Fees. You will be free to view the "Town" as you wish - either take your lunch or purchase from one of the many take-a-ways there. We will advise the time the Coach will be leaving to return home and then the day is yours.

We are planning an outing on Saturday July 16: unfortunately. we have been unable to complete all details for this Bulletin, which you will understand is prepared some weeks before its publication. Our venue will be St. Mary's District and their

Hon. Secretary has promised us a very interesting day. The bookings will open at the May Meeting, and full details given then.

The details of our September outing on Saturday, 17th will be announced at a later date, but please make a note of the date in your diary.

Early advice is given of our week-end away for October, from Friday 28 to Sunday 30 of that month; Cowra is our destination and on Sunday as we wend our way home, we will include Carcoar, and possibly a short stop in Bathurst too.

The President of Cowra Historical Society is going into the arrangements for us, and I hope to be able to make an announcement of costs and plans shortly.

For bookings of our trips please contact Mrs. Cutbush at 523-8147 -- for information and details of outings, either Mrs. Cutbush or myself at 523-5801.

*Aileen Griffiths*

EXCURSION CONVENER

Frank Horner *The French Reconnaissance: Baudin in Australia 1801 - 1803*, Melbourne University Press, 1987, pp 461, \$47.95

Reviewed by Edward Duyker

His lungs eaten away by what was almost certainly tuberculosis, the great French explorer Nicolas-Thomas Baudin died a lonely and painful death in Mauritius in 1803. He was on the homeward leg of his remarkable voyage into Australian waters which saw significant stretches of the continent's coast charted for the first time. The ship's under his command were brimming with collections of botanical, zoological, geological and ethnographic riches. While others might have gained posthumous glory, Baudin gained ignominy. His great misfortune was that he died before his expedition returned to France and thus before he had an opportunity to do battle with his detractors. Georges Bory de St Vincent and, in particular, the zoologist Francois Peron who chronicled the achievements of the expedition soon after its return, despised its leader and vented outright calumny against him. As is so often the case, these distortions and lies found their way into later biographies and studies. Frank Horner's *The French Reconnaissance* is a powerful vindication of Baudin.

Horner's work is based on scrupulous examination letters and memoirs of the participants. While the author has certainly benefitted from the work of earlier Baudin scholars such as Ernest Scott, J.P. Faivre, Christine Cornell, Leslie Marchant, Madeleine Ly-Tio-Fane and Brian Plomley, he has in turn produced an original and perceptive work which addresses a number of specific historical issues of keen interest to Australians. Thus, aside from providing a very elegant and comprehensive account of the expedition and its trials and tribulations, Horner includes a discussion of the conflicting placenames on the charts of Flinders and Freycinet: the possibility that the expedition had non-scientific ambitions; and the reasons why the French failed to make full use of the valuable observations and specimens they collected. Despite the detailed nature of the author's analysis, his narrative never deteriorates into a tedious exegesis. He else subtly infuses into his account the wisdom of personal experience at sea and an appreciation of the disciplinary and morale problems Baudin faced. (Dr Horner served as a naval officer - mainly in New Guinea waters - during the Second World War.)

*The French Reconnaissance* reveals Baudin as a man of great intelligence and humanity. He had a personal passion for botany and a proven record as a "collector-voyager" and leader. A number of the men who sailed with him on the *Belle Angellque* to the Caribbean again gave him devoted service on the *Geographe* on his Australian voyage. His personal library on board (exclusive of the official geographical and

scientific tomes supplied by the French government) amounted to some 1200 volumes. Their titles reflect Baudin's wide intellectual interests and cultivated mind. Clearly he was no boorish ship-board tyrant; and suggestions he was a knave, Horner argues, appear to have sprung from selective references to his far-too-subtle sense of humour. His attitude to exploration and colonialism - as expressed in a letter to Governor King at Port Jackson - deserves to be cited as evidence of a personal sensitivity and compassion uncharacteristic of his age.

To my way of thinking, I have never been able to conceive that there was justice or even Fairness on the part of Europeans in seizing, in the name of their governments, a land seen for the first time, when it is inhabited by men who have not always deserved the title of savages or Cannibals that has been freely given them ... it would be finitely more glorious for your nation; as for mine to mould for society, the inhabitants of its own country over whom it has rights, rather than wishing to occupy itself with the improvement of those who are very far removed from it by beginning with seizing the soil which belongs to them and which saw their birth."

Why then did this civilised mariner come into such conflict with those he commanded? Horner argues that the antagonism of many officers of the expedition towards Baudin was partly prejudice against him inspired not by the egalitarian ideas of the Revolution but a pride in family and class persisting from an earlier period - a prejudice reciprocated by their self-made commandant. - Baudin faced was the unusually Large number of scientists on board who Were not subject to the full rigours of naval discipline. His managerial and leadership problems, therefore, were certainly more difficult than one would have expected on a regular naval vessel!

Horner has not rendered a romantic or idealised Baudin. Rather his is a 'warts and all portrait (even to the extent of republishing Petit's drawing!), tempered by compassion, an understanding of human weakness, and an eye for extenuating circumstances. Horner has reached deeper into the soul of the man than any other historian, but despite the intensity of his scholarship and the power of his prose, Baudin remains an enigmatic figure.

I have no major criticisms of this solid scholarly work, but I do feel that the author's examination of Baudin's sojourn in Mauritius is at times sketchy and inconclusive. As Christine Cornell put it: "It may be said that directly or indirectly most of the significant events on the voyage were rooted in the difficulties encountered at and before the Ile de France [Mauritius]. The entire course of the voyage was altered by them." Horner's chapter on Mauritius, would have benefitted from a fuller discussion of the economy and politics of the island at the time. Mauritius survived as a semi-independent entity under the tricolor.



between 1794 and 1802. (Mainly in resistance to the reforms of the Revolution - particularly the abolition of slavery.) To support themselves, the islanders turned to privateering with spectacular success. Horner mentions the inducements of a corsair captain who succeeded in getting a number of Baudin's men to desert, but he could have better explained the isolation and rebellious pride of the island, the demands on its resources made by a visiting expedition and the manpower shortages its corsairs faced. I found it somewhat disconcerting that while Baudin's good friends on the island are named, Horner refers to Baudin's enemies in rather nebulous terms. He may have rubbed the French administrators the wrong way (with his insinuations of secret political tasks), but I wonder if there was anything really personal in his difficulties with the islanders themselves. They were simply trying to survive in the middle of the Indian Ocean during very troubled times. Ultimately they were competing in the same market for men and supplies.

Nearly two and a half years later, with Australia's coast well behind him, Baudin returned to Mauritius and died soon after in a house belonging to a Madame Kerivel. This was in Port Louis rue de la Pouderie. The late Mauritian historian Auguste Toussaint felt certain that Baudin was buried in the Kerivel family vault. The accounts of his death, gleaned from the journals of his subordinates, reveal little sadness at his passing and the reader feels robbed of pathos. Like Toussaint I have searched for Baudin's last resting place. If I ever find it, I will bring not flowers - but Frank Horner's fine book.

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#### PORT HACKING

On Saturday May 4th, 1901 a picnic was held for Mr Reid of Sutherland at Warumbul, a quiet spot on the Port Hacking river and where boisterous applause would not disturb any-one.

A special cook came up from Sydney on the Friday. He was quite a veteran who quoted; "I cooked for officers in the Crimea and at the camps at Campbelltown."

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Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York visited the National Park on Wednesday, May 29th, 1901. Paddy Scanlon, the Park gardener, rowed Her Royal Highness up the river.

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On Saturday evening, June 29th, 1901, the Port Hacking Sailing Club gave a dinner and social in the Cronulla Beach Hotel.

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A newspaper report of February 9th, 1901, informed its readers that Mr. Parker had sold out his Port Hacking coach line. The sum of £170 was mentioned as the price which was paid for the business: including the leasehold home on the banks of Burraneer Bay.

From the "St. George Advocate"

A MEMORABLE DAY AT GRAY'S POINT

It was around 9.30 in the morning when I called to pick up Mick Derrey at his home in Forest Road, Gymea. We were on our way on what promised to be a beautiful fine, sunny autumn day in 1980.

When we arrived at Mansion Point Road I expected to park on the road, but Mick said I could drive in as the house stood a little from the road. A number of the houses there, were just beyond the alignment of the road on both sides, clinging to the hillsides.

I parked the Rambler in front of the house where Stan Gray and his wife Iris were staying. They were looking after the place while the owners were away. Mick had arranged to meet Fred. Matson there, but he hadn't arrived.

"How is Fred going to get here", I queried, as I got out of the car.

"On his motor bike".

I thought - riding a motor cycle from Kareena Road, Miranda at around 80 years of age, in all that traffic. But then again it showed the fortitude and determination of our pioneers.

Mick knocked and we entered. I had met Stan and Iris before. We hadn't been inside the dining room very long when Fred appeared. I was introduced. not having met before, but I had heard of the Mat-son family. Fred, Stan and Mick's parents were all pioneers before the turn of the century, in the pre-Sutherland. Shire. The three had long been mates.

During a cup of tea a good deal of the early history of the Shire was revealed. What a better way than to have these "old timers" in a get-together. That's the way to do it. I made written notes and when not able to keep up, mental notes, as they talked about days gone by. Stan had a good sense of humour.

Stan's father, John Edward, had worked in the National Park for 40 years, and as a resident ranger in the late 1800.



"My father", Stan related, "was a hard worker. He helped to build the house at Gundamaian on the other side of the Hacking River. He cut the stone, and it was pulled by a horse on a yoke sled. The large cut stone in the house construction was raised and lowered by a derrick".

"What does the name Gunamaian mean"? I asked Stan curiously. "Gundamaian means house by the river".

Well it was time to have a look at the ruins at Gundamaian. Time was running away, and it was actually the main purpose of our visit.

A young woman had joined us at morning tea. She was from the Nation family. Her parents who owned the house were overseas. They operated the boatshed in the Royal National Park.

We wound our way down the steep path to the waters edge of Mansion Bay, to find the young woman waiting for us. She held the boat while Fred, Mick and myself climbed in. Stan didn't come.

We moved away from the landing. "It was about here that Congerhig the first settler on the Point lived", Nick stated, pointing out several places on the hillside. "He later opened a boatshed, the first in this area. He was a loner", Mick added, "and would carry his supplies on his back all the way from Sutherland".

Fred pulled the boat into a landing near the old swimming baths and secured it. Mick and I stepped ashore and with Fred climbed up the steep slope to where the house, Gundamaian had stood. It was a delightful view from the grass covered slope running away . from around the remains of the foundations.

As we wandered around the site Fred addressed me. "Did you know that John Gray when a youth and young man worked in a circus"?

"No I didn't. Stan must have forgotten to tell me". From what I had heard of John Gray I had visions of the circus strong man.

"Yes", added Fred, "when Gray lived at Gundamaian he would ride around the area near the house standing on the back of a horse".

"He was tough", Mick joined in the conversation. "John or "Spike" as he was known was pretty handy with his fists too, and had quite a reputation as a boxer. He even fought bare knuckle against the well known pugilist, Larry Foley".

Mick was interested in boxing. He had had his ups and downs in the ring in his younger days.

To me John Gray was beginning to appear like an iron man.

Fred pointed to a large tree not far from the southern side of the foundations. "That's where the ashes of John Gray are supposed to be buried".

We went for a short walk in the bush.-passing a deer trap on the way - until we came to a cave. Mick said there had been aboriginals buried there. The local schoolboys knew about it and removed the skulls, placing them in their neighbourhood on a fence post and lighting a candle in them at night. One can imagine the eerie effect. Such desecration.



From back at the ruins of Gundamaian Fred pointed to the south to the distant ranges. "About a mile from here in a cave around bout 1937-38 or 39 - I'm not sure which year now - I dug up a number of aboriginal skeletons. One skull

was different from the others, and was identified by the authorities as a Kanaka, about 24 years of age. The age was determined by the wisdom teeth. It was presumed he had jumped ship and lived with the aboriginals."

"How old were the skeletons", I asked, gazing into the distant ranges.

"The authorities estimated that they had all been buried 130 years?"

I was amazed how Fred found them. But then again Fred was an expert bushman, and naturalist. I think every plant, shrub or tree as we walked in the bush that day, could be named by him.

We looked at our watches. It was time to return for lunch between 1 and 1.30. I had taken a number of photographs, including Mick and Fred, as well as more notes on my little pad.

Mick said he would row, so I sat in the bow and Fred in the stern. Mick said he hadn't rowed for "ages".

After Mick had rowed for a while he paused for a while and looking across to his right said, "It was just over there that Mervyn Allum was attacked by a shark. He was only 15, and his friend also aged 15 rushed to his rescue, and beat off the shark. That was in January 1927. Two months later Stanley Gibbs who carried out the rescue was presented with the Albert Medal by the Duke of York' Taking up the oars again, Mick added, "The Duke was later King George VI".

I remembered hearing of that tragedy and how Mervyn Allum had died from injuries shortly after the attack.

The girl was waiting for us. She had seen us coming from the verandah. She held the boat and we stepped onto the landing. Having tied the boat up, and the oars had been removed, she walked with us up the steep path to the house. Stan and Iris greeted us. "Did you enjoy the trip"?

"I certainly did", I said "It's been an interesting and a most enjoyable time".

After washing our hands, we sat down to a delightful lunch. More nostalgia, and reminiscences dominated the conversation during lunch and after. I was really enjoying this. It was probably "foreign" to the young woman.

Afternoon was wearing on - and I was told that in the late after-noon birds of several species would appear for their tit-bits. Most of us went on to the verandah to see them arrive. It was a daily procedure and you could just about set the clock by their punctuality. They sat on the verandah rail, each species keeping a little apart. The kookaburras ate out of the girl's hand.

All good things come to an end, and as the shadows were lengthening we said farewell to our hosts. Fred had left ahead of us. Mick got into the front seat of the Rambler, but found it hard to break conversation with our hosts. There was only one way - start the engine

We waved to our friends as we moved off up the road - and I reflected as we drove along, never again would I enjoy a day like that again.

---Fred Midgley

### GAS IS TURNED ON IN SUTHERLAND SHIRE

A gathering of representatives of many organisations in Sutherland Shire witnessed at Taren Point on Wednesday morning, September 28th, 1955, a short and simple function which can be classed as a most important event in the Shire's history and which would have



Mr. W. W. Pettingell, General Manager, The Australian Gas Light Company, speaking at the Gas Turning On Ceremony. Mr. T. Dalton, M.L.A. (centre), and Councillor Johnson.

far-reaching and beneficial results for every person in the Shire ...the official turning on of gas to the district. Those present included representatives of the Shire Council, Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, Progress Associations, Banks, Master Builders, Master Plumbers, Real Estate Agents, and the local and city press, executives of the Australian Gas Light Company, and others who co-operated in bringing gas to Sutherland Shire.

In welcoming the guests, Mr. W. V. Pettingell, General Manager of the Australian Gas Light Company, out-lined briefly the progress of the local gas supply and mentioned that the underwater crossing of the Georges River by the gas mains was carried out on the Company's 118th Birthday, September 5. He expressed the Company's pride in knowing that gas would play a very big part in helping to develop the area - that the Company was extending a service in the fullest sense of the word - and that in bringing gas to Sutherland Shire it was embodying the most modern principals of distribution and service. Mr. Pettingell then introduced. Clr. L. Johnson and invited him to perform the official ceremony of turning on the gas.

Clr. Johnson, deputising for the President of the Sutherland. Shire Council, Clr.R.J.O'Brien, and apologised for the gentleman's absence, said that the Council, in its deliberations with the Australian Gas Light Company, had found that the Company showed tendencies to develop in a way which was an object lesson in modern business. He took pride in reminding his audience that the vast and beautiful Sutherland Shire was one of the fastest growing districts in the metropolitan area - a Shire with nearly 80,000 people, which was bound to increase to 120,000 in a few years. Clr. Johnson said that he, and he felt, the whole Shire, was delighted that his district had attracted the activities and interests of the Gas Company. He felt sure that Sutherland had taken to itself an enterprise of great merit.

Clr. Johnson, amidst enthusiasm, then turned on the control to bring gas to Sutherland Shire.

Source: "The S.C.A.M., September 28th, 1956.

-----George Heavens

### BY THE WATER AT COMO 1910

Como has long been regarded as one of the most attractive of Sydney's week-end suburbs - attractive for its beauty and its nearness to the city.

What place can compare with Como? The beautiful stretch of Georges River just at the station, is the admiration of the thousands who weekly travel that way. And when you think that all this loveliness is within 35 minutes by train of the heart of the city, you do not wonder at the great numbers of its visitors.

Less than a mile from Como Station, below the bridge on the Southern bank of the George's River, is the By the Water Estate. You will find it numbered 76 on the map in the centre of this booklet. Practically the whole headland there - 9,000 feet of absolute water front-age - is included in this estate.

Pretty sand beaches, sheltered little bays, bold headlands, low, level water frontages like those in the picture below, all are there - you may take your choice. The like of this estate has never been put on the market before, and will never be put on the market again.

Just imagine, if you can, 9,000 feet of water frontage, well under three quarters of an hour from Sydney. Seems almost incredible that such a property has not been snapped up before.

The auction of this splendid estate is fixed for January next. If you are wise you will arrange to have a plan and booklet sent to you as soon as they are issued. A post card request will bring them to you.

Source: From a brochure of Arthur Rickard and Co. Ltd., in 1910, Auctioneers and Realty Specialists, in the collection of Mr. Alan Boissery.



By the Water Estate, Como  
See what fine sites for Cottages these frontages are.

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Caringbah Nursery School was officially opened on November 8, 1953.

Sutherland-Cronulla Railway officially opened on December 16, 1939. Sutherland Shire Council's 50th Anniversary on June 18, 1956. Court of Petty Sessions opened at Sutherland in 1953.

Sutherland Council Library was officially opened in November, 1953.

Ian Jones, *The Australian Light Horse*. Time-Life/John Ferguson, Sydney, 1987, pp 168, \$23.95  
 Reviewed by Edward Duyker

Australia's mounted troops, the Light Horse, have long had a legendary reputation in Australia. Their participation in the last great cavalry charge in modern history - at Beersheba in 1917 - has held them transfixed in the bold swagger of a bygone age. Ian Jones' very readable book does not dent that image. His writing clearly carries the mark of an historian caught up in the romance of the Light Horse. This is not to suggest he paints a pretty picture of Gallipoli, or the war in Sinai and Palestine. He doesn't. But when he is critical, his criticism is restrained. Certainly, as fighters, the Australians of the Light Horse were remarkable. Most were country lads, familiar with horses and firearms. Many were no strangers to heat and dust and had a genius for desert warfare. In Britain's war they fought bravely. But there is more to the story than bravery and military genius.

Jones draws upon a wide body of sources. They range from well-known accounts such as Ion Idriess' *The Desert Column*, to interviews with surviving veterans and unpublished letters and diaries. These later sources give the reader a sense of freshness. There is a cinematic quality, for example, in Jones' description of the famous cavalry charge at Beersheba. This is not surprising since the author is the accomplished writer and producer of the mini-series *Against the Wind* and *The Last Outlaw* together with the film *The Light-horsemen*. Jones' journalistic and film work has perhaps heightened his appreciation of the photographic heritage of the Light Horse and its campaigns. Elyne Mitchell, the daughter of General Sir Harry Chauvel, enriched her work on the Light Horse (1978) with unique family photographs and reproductions of the paintings of George Lambert and Septimus Power. Jones also relies on paintings, but has uncovered an even richer trove of historical photographs. Among them are the colour photographs of Frank Hurley. Rediscovered in the late 1970s they are the only known colour photographs of British Empire Forces on active service during the First World War!

For all its worthiness, Ian Jones' *The Australian Light Horse* irked me at times. My main complaint is the lack of critical discussion of the presence of Australians in such a strange quarter of the globe. Jones refers to their contempt for the disloyal Arabs who treated animals cruelly and cheated them in the bazaars, but he does not examine the pervasive racism of the Australian troops. Ironically, in his bibliography he cites Suzanne Brugger who examined this subject in depth, in her powerful study *Australians and Egypt* (1980). The Egyptians, it would seem, naively assumed that the Australians would appreciate their plight as a subject people - perhaps with the Irish in mind. They would be proved terribly wrong during the events of 1919, for the Australians remained steeped in the British Imperialist ethos. To his credit and unlike most authors on the subject, Jones at least discusses the role of Australians in the suppression of the Egyptian revolt. Yet the prose of his final paragraphs, even when mentioning the brutal reprisals of the Australians, remains dispassionate.

## CARRYING SAND FROM WORONORA RIVER

Over 50 years ago an agreement was reached allowing sand to be re-moved from Woronora River, mainly for use in the construction of the Woronora Dam by Cement Mortars Ltd. Mr. Ken Styles was in charge of operations for the Company.

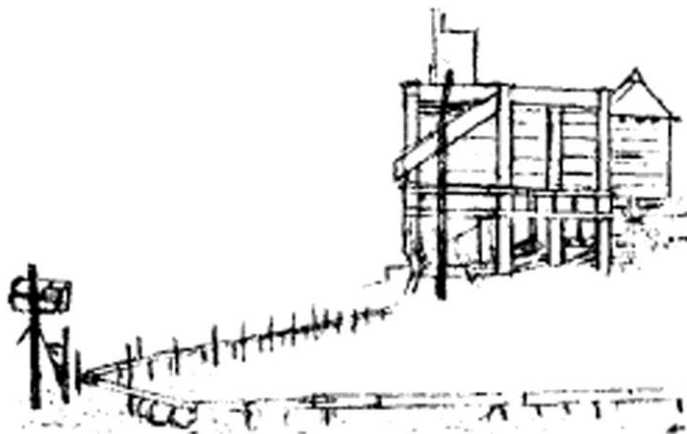
A large wooden hopper was constructed at what was known as "the island" - now Jannali Reserve - into which sand was pumped from a dredge along a floating pipeline supported on empty 44 gallon drums.

Fresh water was allowed to be run through the sand in the hopper, but there was still some salt left in it. When a truck was reversed underneath for loading, water was up to the rims of the tyres. Water still continued to run from the trucks as they crawled up the hill to Sutherland, the road being perpetually wet and in some parts quite slushy. The Shire Council adamantly refused to carry out work on the road while the sand carting continued.

Jack Spinks of Dunning Avenue, Rosebery, had the contract for the removal of the sand. His daughter looked after the bookkeeping. Spinks only operated several trucks on the sand carting, the rest being let to sub contractors.

There was no shortage of men with trucks ready to enter this new field. But it was hard on the trucks and drivers who slept in their trucks for sometimes they never got a load one day, so they did this so as not to miss out on a load the next day. If a driver went home he might have to wait some time for a load.

At first a Buick car engine was used to operate the pump in the removal of the sand, but it was somewhat noisy, and was replaced with an electric motor.



Sketch of pipes and sand hopper by the writer, 26-3-1937

Truck operators were paid four shillings a yard to the Woronora Dam, four shillings a ton to the City Council over their weigh-bridge, and Manly Council six shillings a yard.

Sometimes a "hungry board" was added. These boards were put on top of the existing side boards to get more loading.

There were a number of Shire residents who had trucks operating on the sand carting. Frank Mayman of Menai started in 1937 with a 3 ton 1937 Federal with a 6½ yard body powered by a Hercules diesel engine. This was the only diesel to operate there, as this type of power unit was not then in favour. The truck was equipped with a Warner gearbox and a Timkin differential and gave years of service. During World War 11 the truck was engaged in hauling fibre cement.



Sketch of sand dredges by the writer, 26-3-1937

Other Menai residents with trucks were the Bray brothers, Jack with a Fargo and Frank (Pat) a Ford V/8. All these vehicles were new in 1937. There were the Latham brothers, Fred with a Studebaker and



George with a Ford V/8, from Sutherland. George tragically died when working on his truck on August 27, 1937. The tray of the truck which had been elevated by the hydraulic hoist failed, and Latham was crushed between the chassis and the descending tray.

Another local resident was Col (Sinbad) Carey. He was called Sin-bad because he always wore a sailor's cap. He operated an Indiana. Some of the other drivers were Bob Barker, Dick Eagle, Reg. Hayhow of Sutherland, "Nobby" Emmerson, "Pop" Campbell who drove a Bedford, and a Fargo owned by Fox who at first had an International. Campbell drove "furiously" after he had delivered a load to get back to the sand hopper at the Woronora River. Some drivers were careless in maintenance, The generator of "Pop" Campbell's Bedford was observed to fall on the road by a following driver near Waterfall.



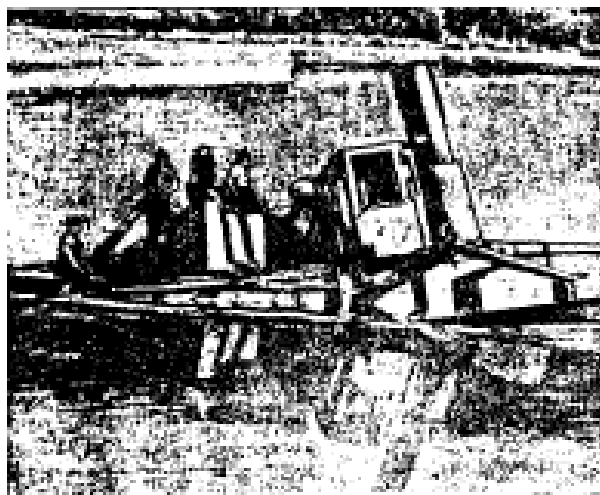
A woman drove a truck for some time hauling sand. Another Sutherland resident with a Ford V/8 was Charles Dahlhelm who carried sand for the Woronora pipe line.

Two large 1928--1930 four cylinder Leyland trucks were extremely powerful vehicles. They would haul 13 - 15 ton of sand with ease in second gear out of the Woronora valley. To apply the hand brake on these vehicles it was pushed forward. The Leylands were driven by Harry Bavistock and Tommy Seaton, Harry had the habit of putting the Leyland into "angel" gear - neutral- near the junction of the Princes Highway and the Kingsway, letting the truck roll most of the way to Sylvania.

If a load of sand was tipped by the road side due to a puncture or a minor mechanical failure, it was no' there the next morning.

Breakdowns were not uncommon and often to get a truck back on the road, Jack Midgley when employed at Valiance's Garage in Sutherland worked all night. Many of the drivers found themselves in financial difficulties.

Sand was carted from Cronulla sand hills at night, Woronora by day. Allison had the contract at Cronulla where all the trucks were shovel loaded at six shillings a yard, delivered.



There was a lighter named Togo which was introduced for the pumping of sand. It sank at its moorings in June 1937, but it was re-floated. Togo was still operating on the river in 1940.

Drivers were sometimes fined for having too much water running from their' trucks, and they were not allowed to pick up passengers.

There were about 10 or 12 different makes of truck engaged in the sand carting, some of course being more expensive than others. May-man's Federal Diesel cost £750 (\$1500) for the, chassis, quite expensive in those days. Chevrolet trucks, although one of the most popular on the road, were not used in the sand carting as they were not geared low enough.

The Indiana trucks were made by the White Motor Co. in the U.S.A., the last Company involved in a series of take-overs down the years of the Indiana from 1911. They were powered by a 6 cylinder Hercules petrol engine, and there were several engaged in the carrying of sand from Woronora River.

Source: The greater part of this article is from an interview with Mr. Frank Mayman on November 17, 1987; the late Jack Midgley; writers records; Encyclopaedia of Trucks and Buses.

---Fred Midgley

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### THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

There are many hundreds of roads in the Sutherland Shire with such variations as Avenue, Boulevard, Close, Crescent, Place, Parade, Street, Way.

Each issue of the Bulletin we will endeavour to have a series on The Street Where you Live, beginning with those named after famous people, pioneers and early land holders. Perhaps you know the origin of the vehicular access where you live. We would like to hear from you, but be sure of its authenticity. Here are a few in Sutherland to begin.

**ROBERTSON STREET, SUTHERLAND.** Named after Sir John Robertson, K.C.M.C, acting head of the Government who conceived the idea in the early part of 1879 of the bequeathing to the people of the State, a National Park, now Royal National Park. Originally the street ran East to West, which is now Oxford Street. It now runs North to South which was formerly Clovelly Street.



**MOORE STREET, SUTHERLAND.** Charles Moore, F.L.S., was one of the ten original Trustees of the National Park who were appointed on March 31st, 1879. Boundaries of the Park in those early days included what is now the Woronora Cemetery, and the road adjoining was named the Trust Road, later to be a continuation of Linden Street.

**WANT STREET,** after George Frederick Want another of the original Trustees of the National Park was discontinued when re-named Sutherland Street about 1912.

**PRESIDENT AVENUE, SUTHERLAND.** Originally Woronora Road and Sutherland Street was re-named President Avenue after the first President of the Sutherland Shire Council, William G, Judd from 1906 to 1910. The northern end of Woronora Road continued on from Eton Street as Sutherland Street. In 1912 Sutherland Street replaced Want Street which is on the western side of the railway. William Judd also served as a Shire Councillor from August 1911 to December, 1913.



**GRAY STREET, SUTHERLAND.** Named for Samuel William Gray of Kiama who held large grants of land in 1861. in the Parish of Southerland (new Sutherland Shire). Included was 70 acres through which the railway bisected, and the town ship of Sutherland was laid out by the Intercolonial Investment and land Company in 1886.

----Fred Midgley

## HISTORY OF JACARANDA

In June 1948, registration was received from the Health Dept. to operate a 4 bed maternity hospital with a labour ward at 12 English St., Cronulla. Shortly after, Sister Haxton learnt that a small hospital at Bankstown was to close down and got in touch with the matron. Her object ...trying to obtain some most necessary equipment. After a visit to Bankstown and lengthy discussions, she was finally offered the required equipment. This included beds and furnishings on a "pay when you can" basis. (Considering that Sister Haxton's total capital at the time amounted to £20.00, the offer proved to be a Godsend). Only a few days later, the hospital welcomed its first patient and from then on, the demand steadily increased.

Yet, at the same time, and trying to supplement her income, the indefatigable and remarkable lady began to give home nursing in the shire. Owing no car, it had to be a case of - "take a train or walk". Thus, she must have broken a number of minor records by walking a considerable mileage!

So, time went by. Our indomitable Sister working each full day and many nights, with only little assistance. Finally, it became apparent that badly needed extensions to the hospital were long overdue. In 1952 a sign was nailed to a tree on the vacant block of land next door, advising that it was "For Sale". Losing no time, Sister Haxton contacted the agent-and paid a deposit. (It is worthy of note, that due to the reputation she had gained and the well-known dedication to her work, the Real Estate Agent refused to accept any commission on the sale).

A loan was arranged and a new building with another four beds and a second labour ward was opened up. Doctors Tom and Eric Miles attended the confinements and approximately 32 babies per month were starting their lives at "Jacaranda". Sometime later, Sister Haxton wrote to the Mayor of Grafton, N.S.W, asking for some seeds to grow a few Jacaranda trees, so that a seedling may be sent to their home with each mother and her new baby. The Mayor generously obliged with a large quantity, and thus, Sisters Haxton and Pigeon began their very unique nursery. (If you should like to be observant, you'll notice a great number of Jacaranda trees growing throughout the Shire- and no doubt- many of them originated from the Maternity Hospital).

Both Sister Mullins and her mother joined the staff in 1956. Four years later, two more beds were added and again another four in 1962. On the retirement of Sister Haxton in 1962, Matron Mullins became head of the establishment and soon after, the Maternity Hospital was converted into a Nursing Home.

In 1964 eleven more beds were added and the last extension reaching the present 34 bed capacity was completed in 1970.

We made our first contact with Matron Mullins in 1978, advising her that we were looking for a suitable Nursing home in the Shire, enabling us to offer a full range of care to our residents. Though Matron Mullins wasn't considering to sell at the time, we maintained regular contact with her. At last, early in 1979, we received a call from her, informing us that she would be prepared to sell. A deposit was promptly paid and formalities were completed in 1979. Finally, on November 2nd 1979, the Jacaranda Nursing Home, including the Matron's cottage, became part of Thomas Holt Memorial Village.

A further point of interest came to light when we gained possession of the title deeds- the land at 12/16 English Street, Cronulla, is, in fact, part of the original Thomas Holt Estate.

COUNCIL OF THE SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President: Mr. H. Ivers

6 Raymond Place, Engadine, 2233

Phone 520 6324

Vice Presidents: Mr.F.Midgley, and Mr.D.Archer.

Hon.Treasurer: Mr.A.Hamilton

Research: Mr.F.Midgley,

6 Koorong Pl., Bangor,2234,

Phone 543 1724 {after 4.30 p.m.)

Committee: Mrs.A.Cutbush, Mrs.A.Becker, Mrs,E.Sheppard, Mr.J.Cutbush, Mr.K.Knight, Mr.K.Smith.

Hon. Secretary: Mr.A.Platfoot

Phone 542 3386

Publicity:

Archives: Miss D. Oliver

(Represented by Mrs.P.Garland)

Hon. Auditor: Mr.K.Greentree

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SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN

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If your contribution is hand written, please print names in CAPITAL LETTERS, Contributions for the next issue must be in the hands of the Publications Convener no later than July 9, 1988.

Meetings of the Society are held monthly on the second Friday at 8p.m in the Staff Recreation Room of the Shire Council's Administration Centre, Eton Street, Sutherland, on the 2nd floor. Visitors are welcome.

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

All Correspondence should be addressed to:- The Secretary, Sutherland Shire Historical Society, P.O. Box 389, Sutherland, 2232.

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