



*Sutherland Shire
Historical Society Inc*



Bulletin



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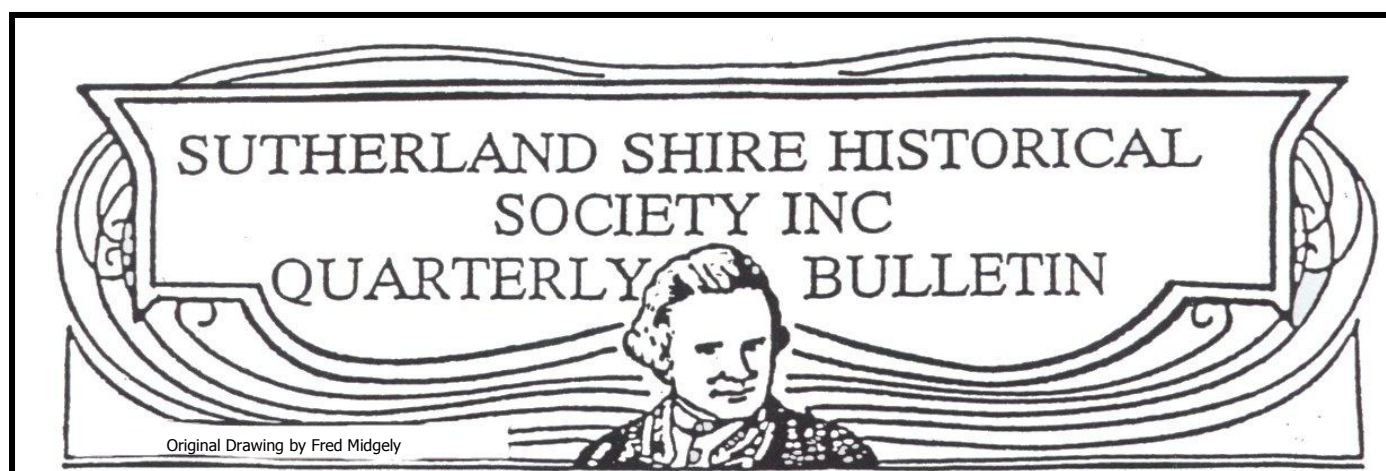
November 2004 \$1.00

Botany Bay Found Unsuitable for European Occupation!



New Government decides on move to more pleasant surroundings for establishment of the new colony. A report by our on the spot correspondent Watkin Tench follows on Page Ten.

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SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN

Bulletin copies are supplied to all branches of the Shire Library; to the Mayor, General Manager and all councillors; the Royal Australian Historical Society; National Trust (NSW); State Library, NSW; National Library, Canberra; University of Sydney and UNSW; State Rail Authority; Australia Post Archives; Sydney Water Board Historical Research Unit.

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Meetings of the Society are held monthly on the third Friday at 7.45pm at the Stapleton Centre, Stapleton Street, Sutherland.

VISITORS ARE WELCOME

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Disclaimer

The individual comment, articles and Office Bearers reports that appear in this Bulletin are the responsibility of the writer/s and in no way reflect the opinions or beliefs of the members or Executive of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society.

President's Report

Annual General Meeting: At the AGM last month, I felt very honoured to be elected as your President again, and for the ninth time I believe. Imagine how thrilled I was when I found you had bestowed Life Membership upon me. This was indeed an honour. Then it was my privilege to propose one of our foundation members: Mrs. Aileen Griffiths, OAM as our co-patron with our Mayor. This honour has never been bestowed before, and it is a singular tribute to the various positions on the Executive that Aileen has held, including being President for many years. We asked permission of our Mayor, as our constitution states that only the Mayor can be patron, and he gave his fervent assent. Congratulations Aileen! Welcome aboard all those brave souls who stood for the Executive Committee 2004-2005, and a hearty thank you to all those who have joined the various committees.



Kogarah Historical Society: With our new Secretary, Nola Tunks, and my husband Cliff, I attended the Sept. meeting of the above Society. We were made cordially welcome by the President and members, and enjoyed a delightful morning tea in the sunshine overlooking Kogarah Bay before adjourning to the Cars Park Museum to hear Colleen Morris talk on the gardens of old houses. We often see abandoned gardens, and an old chimney as the only clue to the fact that a house had stood there previously, and then remnant trees: camellias, japonicas, magnolias, pines etc and bulbs still struggling to be seen in flower; iris, gladioli, watsonias, Mont Bretias, freesias, daffodils etc. Often the tiled borders of gardens can be seen giving a clue to the age of the garden, or the plantings themselves as these were often a tribute to the fashion of the times. It was a fascinating talk, and we don't realise how many garden flowers are meeting their demise in Australia we continue to revere our natives and lose sight of the beauty of our historic garden flowers. Think back to your childhood and see how many of those flowers you still see around you today: gaillardias, foxgloves, hollyhocks, cosmos, sweet peas, shirley poppies, gardenias, etc. They are becoming lost in the mists of time. When in England some time ago I had the privilege of visiting the Hampton Court Flower Show. What a delight this was, and what a trip down memory lane: the colours, the variety of blooms, and the perfumes. I felt child-like dashing from garden to garden to be amazed at seeing and smelling flowers I hadn't observed since my schooldays. With our modern mode of living in units with little verandahs and a few plants in pots (if we are lucky), gardens have become a part of our historic past. How sad!

Congratulations, Jim Cutbush,

Congratulations to our Assistant Museum Curator, Jim Cutbush, who has been recognised by the Royal Australian Historical Society with a special service award. Jim is attending the RAHS Conference on 24th October, 2004 to receive this award personally. Well done Jim, and richly deserved

Echoes from the Bay: the Yowie Bay Story by Merle Kavanagh

This superb historical account of a special part of Sutherland Shire has been expertly captured by Merle in her recent publication. We were fortunate to have a preview at our last meeting, and such an interesting account by Merle of how the book came to be written and the fun she had along the way in its writing! Invitations will be going out shortly to all paid-up members to attend this book launch on **Wednesday, 17th November, 2004 at the Sutherland School of Arts at 6pm**. ALL members are asked to bring a plate for the cocktail party launch. The Sutherland

Shire Council has kindly offered to provide the refreshments and we are delighted that our Mayor, Cllr. Kevin Schreiber will welcome the members and guests, and then following the book launch by myself, we have asked the Mayor to formally open our 1900's Owen Jones's Menai Pioneer Home display. The launch will take place in the hall on stage, and then drinks and food will be served in the foyer. A special inspection of the Museum, by the Mayor and councillors will follow, including the Cook display provided by Daphne Salt, and our Pioneer House.

Pauline Curby's History of Sutherland Shire:

We are also fortunate to have been invited to attend the book launch of Pauline's new book at the School of Arts during the first week in December. If it comes to hand before we go to press, I will ask our Bulletin Editor to do a Stop Press, so all members may attend. Catering for this launch will again be done by ourselves, so again we need savouries, cheese and biscuits, and cocktail food and nibbles. Pauline is a distinguished author of many books and we are delighted to have so many authors as members of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society. Pauline is our Guest Speaker on Friday, 19th November, 2004 and we hope then to get a sneak preview of her book.

Dr. Edward Duyker: Citizen Labillardiere: A naturalist's life in revolution and exploration (1755-1834)

Whilst on that note, Les has already informed you that Ed has won the 2004 NSW Premier's History Award from 220 other authors. Congratulations, Ed! We are SO proud of our authors in the SSHS. We are hoping to have Ed come along as guest speaker at a future date, when he is available.

What an exciting line-up of talks we have for you in the coming months! I look forward to seeing you at the meeting. If you have a friend who is interested, bring them along. We love new members!

Dawn Emerson,
President

Meeting Dates 2004-2005

Friday, 19th November, 2004 Pauline Curby: History of Sutherland Shire (Stapleton Centre)

Friday, 17th December, 2004 Xmas Party with Sutherland Music Club at the Sutherland School of Arts Bring a plate of Christmas fare.

Friday, 21st January, 2005: Members' night: Any speakers? This is your chance!

Friday, 18th February, 2005: Ms. Christine Yeats, State Archives: Heritage Buildings

Friday, 18th March, 2005: Mrs. Angela Thomas Birdman of Kings Cross

Friday, 15th April, 2005: Dr. Maryanne Larkin: History of Como and its Pub

Friday, 20th May, 2005: Mr. Terry McCosker: Sydney Water, from Tankstream to now.

Friday, 17th June, 2005: Ms Bronwyn Hanna

Friday, 15th July, 2005: Dr. Wayne Johnson

Friday, 19th August, 2005: t b a

Friday, 16th September, 2005: t b a

Friday, 21st October, 2005: t b a

Friday, 18th November, 2005: Mr. Tim Narraway: The Boer Wars

Friday, 16th December, 2005: Xmas Party

Treasurer's Report

These tables below show the true financial state of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society Inc. George Hurley, Treasurer.

Sutherland Shire Historical Society, Inc Revenue Account for the Period Ending June, 2004

| 2002/3 | Income | 2004 |
|------------------|---|-----------------|
| 2,533.73 | Members Subscriptions | 1,320.00 |
| 3,830.50 | Donations / Grants | 167.90 |
| 18.18 | Sales | 0.00 |
| 12.25 | Interest - Commonwealth Bank | 6.72 |
| 432.57 | Interest - St George Bank Fixed Deposits | 288.74 |
| 10,425.27 | Excursion Deposits | 2,093.18 |
| 1,524.62 | GST collected | 341.32 |
| 323.00 | GST refund from government | 164.00 |
| 19,100.12 | | 4,381.86 |
| 97.80 | Miscellaneous income | 482.95 |
| 19,197.92 | Subtotal | 4,864.81 |
| 354.04 | Interest - Commonwealth Bank Fixed Deposits | 123.55 |
| 19,551.96 | Income Total | 4,988.36 |

| 2002/3 | Expenditure | 2004 |
|------------------|---|-----------------|
| 787.92 | Bulletin Expenses | 1,067.16 |
| 150.91 | Australia Post PO Box | 79.10 |
| 12.27 | Postage / Phone Calls | 0.00 |
| 0.00 | Website Maintenance | 0.00 |
| 18.64 | Purchases | 0.00 |
| 400.91 | Miscellaneous | 265.45 |
| 224.00 | Subscriptions | 87.64 |
| 1,208.00 | Insurance | 605.00 |
| 93.74 | Suppers | 79.23 |
| 907.77 | Hall Rentals | 312.50 |
| 0.00 | Out of Pocket Expenses - President, Secretary, Treasurer, Curator | 0.00 |
| 6.80 | FID GDT - Operating Account Commonwealth Bank | 0.00 |
| 0.00 | FID Commonwealth Bank Fixed Deposit | 0.00 |
| 0.00 | Account Keeping Fees St George Step-up Account | 0.00 |
| 173.11 | Donations | 50.00 |
| 9,465.45 | Excursion Payments | 2,364.55 |
| 2,170.49 | Museum | 2,210.18 |
| 1,493.48 | GST paid out to other providers | 661.62 |
| 374.32 | GST paid to ATO | 0.00 |
| 0.00 | Petty Cash on hand | 20.00 |
| 17,487.81 | Expenses Total | 7,802.43 |
| 1,710.11 | Surplus / Gross for year | -2,937.62 |
| 19,197.92 | | 4,864.81 |

| 2002/3 | Accumulated Funds | 2004 |
|------------------|--|------------------|
| 7,000.00 | St George Fixed Term Account 015-152-672 | 7,000.00 |
| 7,581.76 | Commonwealth Bank Fixed Term Account 2259-5009-3603 | 7,705.31 |
| 4,061.08 | Commonwealth Bank Savings / Cheque Account 0090-5269 | 1,123.46 |
| -49.88 | Provision for unrepresented cheques | 0.00 |
| 20.18 | GST benefit | 20.18 |
| 0.00 | Cash on hand | 20.00 |
| 18,613.14 | Total | 15,848.95 |
| 16,528.82 | Period Asset balance | 18,613.14 |
| 1,710.11 | Add Surplus from Revenue Account | -2,937.62 |
| 0.00 | Provision for unrepresented cheques brought forward | 49.88 |
| 354.04 | Cash transactions | 123.55 |
| 20.18 | GST benefit | 0 |
| 18,613.15 | | 15,848.95 |

Members,

I have been advised that these accounts are not Audited.

The figures have been checked by an accountant but have not been submitted to an Auditor, however they do reflect an accurate account of the Societies financial position.

The balance sheet is to be submitted to an Auditor in the very near future and a certificate will be issued forthwith. The audit certificate will appear in the February issue of the "Bulletin".

George Hurley, our recently appointed Treasurer has stated to the Editor that the fact that these figures are not audited "... does not stop them being a legal set of accounts so can be put in the bulletin as our statement for the year"

George Hurley
Treasurer
November 2004

From The Editor's Desk

Once again in this Bulletin issue I am able to address the appalling treatment that women of excellence receive in this country. In this issue I have chosen to print a story on a well known but little publicized woman author of the "Shire", Marilyn Cosgrove. Marilyn passed away in 1991 after an adverse reaction to a medical procedure.

For some unfathomable reason outstanding women in Australia do not receive equal, even reasonable recognition for their efforts. On the very day I was writing about Ms Cosgrove this problem came to me again as I was reviewing a history documentary that dealt with the Simpson Desert. In this program about the Simpson the focus was on a woman who had crossed the Simpson Desert 3 times yet appears nowhere in our historical records.

The first white woman known to have crossed the Simpson Desert not once, but three times, and one of Australia's most memorable pioneering women, Griselda Sprigg, passed away on March 20th, 2003.

Griselda was born in Paisley, Scotland in 1921. She met and married Australian geologist, Reg Sprigg, in Glasgow in 1951 and moved to Australia to work with Reg in the remote north of South Australia at Radium Hill. Together they formed a remarkable team, strengthened by their children, Margaret and Doug.

From a life at mining settlements like Radium Hill and a variety of exploration camps, she accompanied Reg on his geological forays into the outback. Griselda crossed the Simpson Desert when Reg's company, Geosurveys of Australia, was spearheading oil exploration widely across Australia.



The Simpson Desert in the 1960s was largely unmapped. There were no GPS systems, radio communications were poor and no helicopters were readily available for emergency rescue. Despite this, the Spriggs crossed the Simpson from west to east and then south to north by Land Rover.

It is time for women to speak out and demand equal time and respect in Australia's male dominated media, to demand equal space in the history books of this country.

Les Bursill Editor 2004

Letters to the Editor

Dear Les,

I am delighted to advise that copies of my book *Echoes from the Bay - The Yowie Bay Story* have just arrived and are available from me (9521 1043) at the cost of \$33 plus postage and handling. It tells the history of the bay over almost 200 years and relates many human stories of the people who lived at or visited this popular paradise in Port Hacking.

The book launch is planned for Wednesday 17th November between 6.30 and 8 p.m. at the Sutherland School of Arts, East Parade, Sutherland, on the west side of Sutherland Railway Station. Copies of the book will be available then at the discounted price of \$28 and everyone is invited to attend and also enjoy the Historical Society's Museum display which features the rooms of an old Menai cottage.

Yours sincerely,

Merle Kavanagh

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Alphapharm Pty Limited
ABN 93 002 359 739
PO Box 36 Camperdown NS

alphapharm

7 October 2004
Dear Mr Risebrow,

Thank you for writing to Alphapharm about your very interesting historical finds.

How surprised Captain James Birnie would be to know that Australia's largest supplier of prescription medicines now bears the name — if only as a homonym - of his prized estate.

At Alphapharm, we are all too familiar with the difficulties some of our co-respondents have in spelling our name correctly. However, we don't recall ever being referred to as Half-A-Farm, this being particularly reassuring as we do not manufacture veterinary products.

We wish we could tell you otherwise, but Alphapharm's name has nothing to do with Captain James Birnie. We believe when the company was established 22 years ago with 12 staff and four products it was named in the positive hope that it would one day be the number one pharmaceutical company in Australia, hence "Alpha", first or beginning, and "pharm", the abbreviation for pharmaceutical. Years down the track we have achieved that vision by being the largest supplier of prescription medicines in Australia with 700 staff, 550 products and exports to more than 40 countries.

So what's in a name? Perhaps a lot if it is inspiring. Hopefully Captain Birnie was able to rise above the mistake of the semi-literate clerk and achieve bountiful produce on his Alpha-Farm.

Thanks again for writing to us.
Yours sincerely,
Robyn Ronai
Alphapharm Pty Limited Corporate Affairs

From Page One

Extracts From:

A Narrative of the Expedition to Botany Bay

by Watkin Tench

CHAPTER VIII.

From the Fleet's Arrival at Botany Bay to the Evacuation of it; and taking Possession of Port Jackson. Interviews with the Natives; and an Account of the Country about Botany Bay.

We had scarcely bid each other welcome on our arrival, when an expedition up the Bay was undertaken by the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, in order to explore the nature of the country, and fix on a spot to begin our operations upon. None, however, which could be deemed very eligible, being discovered, his Excellency proceeded in a boat to examine the opening, to which Mr. Cook had given the name of Port Jackson, on an idea that a shelter for shipping within it might be found. The boat returned on the evening of the 23rd, with such an account of the harbour and advantages attending the place, that it was determined the evacuation of Botany Bay should commence the next morning.



The Barque "Endeavour"

In consequence of this decision, the few seamen and marines who had been landed from the squadron, were instantly re-embarked, & every preparation made to bid adieu to a port which had so long been the subject of our conversation. Which but three days before we had entered with so many sentiments of satisfaction; and in which, as we had believed, so many of our future hours were to be passed. The thoughts of removal banished sleep, so that I rose at

the first dawn of the morning. But judge of my surprize on hearing from a serjeant, who ran down almost breathless to the cabin where I was dressing, that a ship was seen off the harbour's mouth. At first I only laughed, but knowing the man who spoke to me to be of great veracity, and hearing him repeat his information, I flew upon deck, on which I had barely set my foot, when the cry of "another sail" struck on my astonished ear.

Confounded by a thousand ideas which arose in my mind in an instant, I sprang upon the barricado and plainly descried two ships of considerable size, standing in for the mouth of the Bay. By this time the alarm had become general, and every one appeared lost in conjecture. Now they were Dutchmen sent to dispossess us, and the moment after storeships from England, with supplies for the settlement. The

improbabilities which attended both these conclusions, were sunk in the agitation of the moment. It was by Governor Phillip, that this mystery was at length unravelled, and the cause of the alarm pronounced to be two French ships, which, it was now recollected, were on a voyage of discovery in the southern hemisphere. Thus were our doubts cleared up, and our apprehensions banished; it was, however, judged expedient to postpone our removal to Port Jackson, until a complete confirmation of our conjectures could be procured.

Had the sea breeze set in, the strange ships would have been at anchor in the Bay by eight o'clock in the morning, but the wind blowing out, they were driven by a strong lee current to the southward of the port. On the following day they re-appeared in their former situation, and a boat was sent to them, with a lieutenant of the navy in her, to offer assistance, and point out the necessary marks for entering the harbour. In the course of the day the officer returned, and brought intelligence that the ships were the *Boussole* and *Astrolabe*, sent out by order of the King of France, and under the command of Monsieur De Perrouse. The astonishment of the French at seeing us, had not equalled that we had experienced, for it appeared, that in the course of their voyage they had touched at Kamschatka, and by that means learnt that our expedition was in contemplation. They dropped anchor the next morning, just as we had got under weigh to work out of the Bay, so that for the present nothing more than salutations could pass between us.

Before I quit Botany Bay, I shall relate the observations we were enabled to make during our short stay there; as well as those which our subsequent visits to it from Port Jackson enabled us to complete.

The Bay is very open, and greatly exposed to the fury of the S.E. winds, which, when they blow, cause a heavy and dangerous swell. It is of prodigious extent, the principal arm, which takes a S.W. direction, being not less, including its windings, than twenty four miles from the capes which form the entrance, according to the report of the French officers, who took uncommon pains to survey it. At the distance of a league from the harbour's mouth is a bar, on which at low water, not more than fifteen feet are to be found. Within this bar, for many miles up the S.W. arm, is a haven, equal in every respect to any hitherto known, and in which any number of ships might anchor, secured from all winds. The country around far exceeds in richness of soil that about Cape Banks and Point Solander, though unfortunately they resemble each other in one respect, a scarcity of fresh water.

We found the natives tolerably numerous as we advanced up the river, and even at the harbour's mouth we had reason to conclude the country more populous than Mr. Cook thought it. For on the Supply's arrival in the Bay on the 18th of the month, they were assembled on the beach of the south shore, to the number of not less than forty persons, shouting and making many uncouth signs and gestures. This appearance whetted curiosity to its utmost, but as prudence forbade a few people to venture wantonly among so great a number, and a party of only six men was observed on the north shore, the Governor immediately proceeded to land on that side, in order to take possession of his new territory, and bring about an intercourse between its old and new masters.

The boat in which his Excellency was, rowed up the harbour, close to the land, for some distance; the Indians keeping pace with her on the beach. At last an officer in the boat made signs of a want of water, which it was judged would indicate his wish of landing. The natives directly comprehended what he wanted, and pointed to a spot where water could be procured; on which the boat was immediately pushed in, and a landing took place. As on the event of this meeting might depend so much of our future tranquillity, every delicacy on our side was requisite. The Indians, though timorous, shewed no signs of resentment at the Governor's going on shore; an interview commenced, in which the conduct of both parties pleased each other so much, that the strangers returned to their ships with a much better opinion of the natives than they had landed with; and the latter seemed highly entertained with their new acquaintance, from whom they condescended to accept of a looking glass, some beads, and other toys.

Owing to the lateness of our arrival, it was not my good fortune to go on shore until three days after this had happened, when I went with a party to the south side of the harbour, and had scarcely landed five

minutes, when we were met by a dozen Indians, naked as at the moment of their birth, walking along the beach. Eager to come to a conference, and yet afraid of giving offence, we advanced with caution towards them, nor would they, at first approach nearer to us than the distance of some paces. Both parties were armed; yet an attack seemed as unlikely on their part, as we knew it to be on our own.

I had at this time a little boy, of not more than seven years of age, in my hand. The child seemed to attract their attention very much, for they frequently pointed to him and spoke to each other; and as he was not frightened, I advanced with him towards them, at the same time baring his bosom and, shewing the whiteness of the skin. On the cloaths being removed, they gave a loud exclamation, and one of the party, an old man, with a long beard, hideously ugly, came close to us. I bade my little charge not to be afraid, and introduced him to the acquaintance of this uncouth personage. The Indian, with great gentleness, laid his hand on the child's hat, and afterwards felt his cloaths, muttering to himself all the while. I found it necessary, however, by this time to send away the child, as such a close connection rather alarmed him; and in this, as the conclusion verified, I gave no offence to the old gentleman. Indeed it was but putting ourselves on a par with them, as I had observed from the first, that some youths of their own, though considerably older than the one with us, were, kept back by the grown people.

Several more now came up, to whom, we made various presents, but our toys seemed not to be regarded as very valuable; nor would they for a long time make any returns to them, though before we parted, a large club, with a head almost sufficient to fell an ox, was obtained in exchange for a looking-glass. These people seemed at a loss to know (probably from our want of beards) of what sex we were, which having understood, they burst into the most immoderate fits of laughter, talking to each other at the same time with such rapidity and vociferation as I had never before heard. After nearly an hour's conversation by signs and gestures, they repeated several times the word whurra, which signifies, begone, and walked away from us to the head of the Bay.

The natives being departed, we set out to observe the country, which, on inspection, rather disappointed our hopes, being invariably sandy and unpromising for the purposes of cultivation, though the trees and grass flourish in great luxuriance. Close to us was the spring at which Mr. Cook watered, but we did not think the water very excellent, nor did it run freely. In the evening we returned on board, not greatly pleased with the latter part of our discoveries, as it indicated an increase of those difficulties, which before seemed sufficiently numerous.

Between this and our departure we had several more interviews with the natives, which ended in so friendly a manner, that we began to entertain strong hopes of bringing about a connection with them. Our first object was to win their affections, and our next to convince them of the superiority we possessed: for without the latter, the former we knew would be of little importance.

An officer one day prevailed on one of them to place a target, made of bark, against a tree, which he fired at with a pistol, at the distance of some paces. The Indians, though terrified at the report, did not run away, but their astonishment exceeded their alarm, on looking at the shield which the ball had perforated. As this produced a little shyness, the officer, to dissipate their fears and remove their jealousy, whistled the air of Malbrooke, which they appeared highly charmed with, and imitated him with equal pleasure and readiness. I cannot help remarking here, what I was afterwards told by Monsieur De Perrouse, that the natives of California, and throughout all the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and in short wherever he had been, seemed equally touched and delighted with this little plaintive air.

Dr. Ed Duyker

THE BIRDSVILLE RACES.

You may have heard of Birdsville - most people have - the Birdsville track has been the scene of many tragedies of people dying of lack of water and heat exhaustion. However it does have a brighter side. This little township (population about 100) situated in the south east corner of Queensland once a year has a horse racing event which usually merits television coverage.



People come from areas beyond normal travelling distances and quickly fill the little accommodation available in the small hotel - there are very few community buildings in the Town, the main building in Birdsville – is a wooden wattle and daub structure that is the local hotel/motel and a restaurant. Land there is aplenty - but a blade of grass - No.

Forty curious (and very eminent) businessmen wanted to see this unusual event so an enterprising party undertook to provide **'first class'** accommodation to this group – who would arrive by plane the day prior to the race and leave two days later.

Envisioned was a first class tent hotel. Imagine the transport logistics. Tents for sleeping accommodation, extra large ones for meals and entertainment and one for grog, portable toilets and showers, cooking facilities, all food, and comfortable bedding all to be transported from Sydney

A *pantechicon* van set out loaded from Sydney for the thirty-six hour drive to Birdsville to face the daunting prospect. The camping area, sandy and rock strewn had to be levelled and made suitable to erect the canvas Hotel. Plumbing had to be fitted to a surrounding fence and the toilets and showers erected These fixtures complete with a flushing system and running water. Small tents equipped with stretchers/mattresses and bedding was secured in a nearby area and the huge dining, recreation tent complete with carpet flooring was the final canvas 'building'.

In the excruciating heat three men and three young women achieved this unusual hotel in just three days. One of these men was our editor Les Bursill. What a challenge! A very primitive stove to cook on. All food transported in from Sydney enough to provide appetizing meals for the 40 men and the 6 workers.

Such an unusual site to greet the plane and its passengers. They pronounced it 'super.' Well the GREAT RACE day came and people flocked in from everywhere. The racetrack was a dusty area and the jockeys were local boys and the horses mainly bush horses. A great deal of money changed hands and the occasion roused the sleepy town and gave pleasure to many with the 'hotel' coping well with the cold drinks At the end of the great day our 40 businessmen now very weary but having had 'the experience of a lifetime' sagged wearily on to their tent beds and flew back to Sydney the next morning. It but remained for the six workers to disassemble the cooking facilities, drop and pack the sleeping tents, the pavilion tent, the toilets and showers and drive the 36 dusty hours back to Sydney.

Marj Blackley
November 2004

Memories Revived of A Local Writer's Untimely Passing

THE GENTLE FRIEND OF THE RELUCTANT READER: MARILYN COSGROVE (1954-1991)

By John Cosgrove

To review the life and writing career of a much-loved daughter is to awaken painful emotions but I have found it to be a satisfying journey. Below is the story of Marilyn Cosgrove, well-known local identity and children's author who died an untimely death over a decade ago. Marilyn loved living in the Sutherland Shire and her ten books and numerous articles constituted her main legacy. I would like to thank the Sutherland Shire Historical Society for helping to perpetuate her memory, her work and the work of other significant women writers of children's literature. Thanks also to Mary Small, Dr. Edward Duyker and Editor Les Bursill for their help and interest.

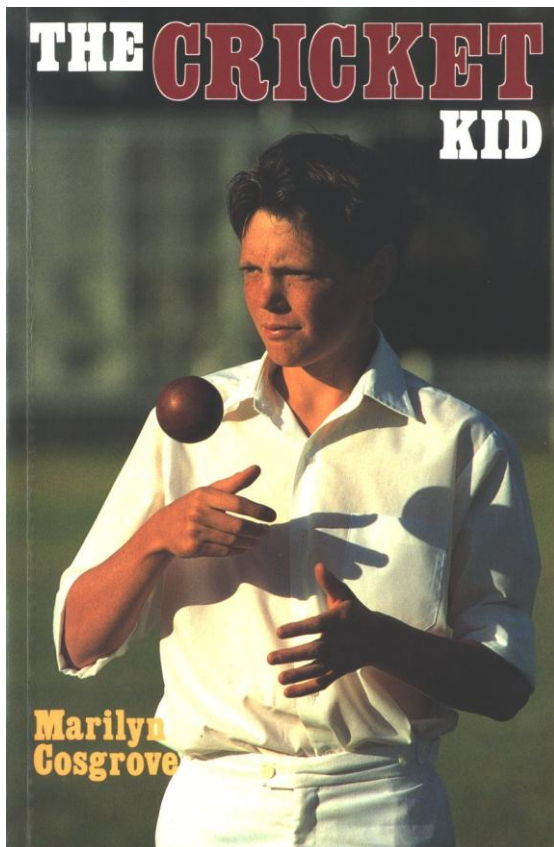


Marilyn Cosgrove

Stunned by the early death of gifted local writer, Marilyn Cosgrove in December, 1991, the then committee of the southern sub-branch of the NSW Children's Book Council paid tribute to her as a force in the establishment of their regional branch, and as its co-founder with Gail Erskine and as the inaugural president.

Marilyn was a significant innovatory writer of the region, her main body of work aimed at encouraging children who might be termed, "reading battlers". This set of mind spurred her to write the first book in her highly successful Kid series, *The BMX Kid*. One successful writer recently said of her, "Marilyn was doing something that was rare at the time, writing compelling fiction about something that kids loved, sport." This young writer was noted amongst friends and colleagues for her cheerful positivism, her drive and enthusiasm, her compassion and her love of children, animals and nature.

Friends and relatives offered verbal snapshots of Marilyn striding straight backed and with hair wind blown, around Como and Yowie Bay with her beloved Boxer, Marnie, straining at the leash. Or of Marilyn in the coffee shops, arms flying and discussing publishers and the politics of book marketing: Marilyn talking to the literary aficionados at the Harold Park Hotel; Marilyn at Deniliquin taking authorship to the children at regional schools; Marilyn helping a homeless man from the spot where he was lying in the middle of the road only to find he immediately returned to his spot in the middle of the road; Marilyn at book launches and publishers' promotion days; Marilyn arranging author/children luncheons.

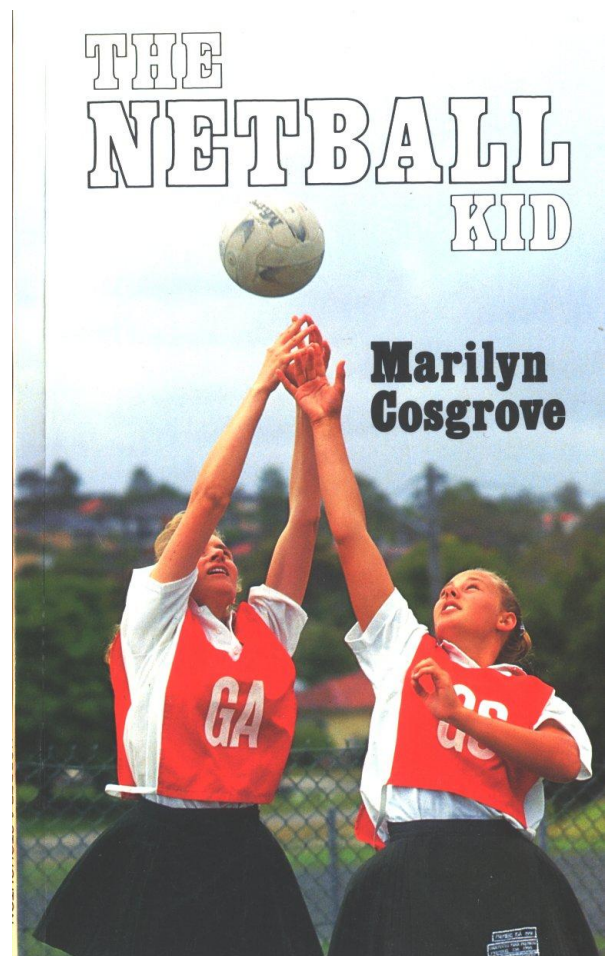


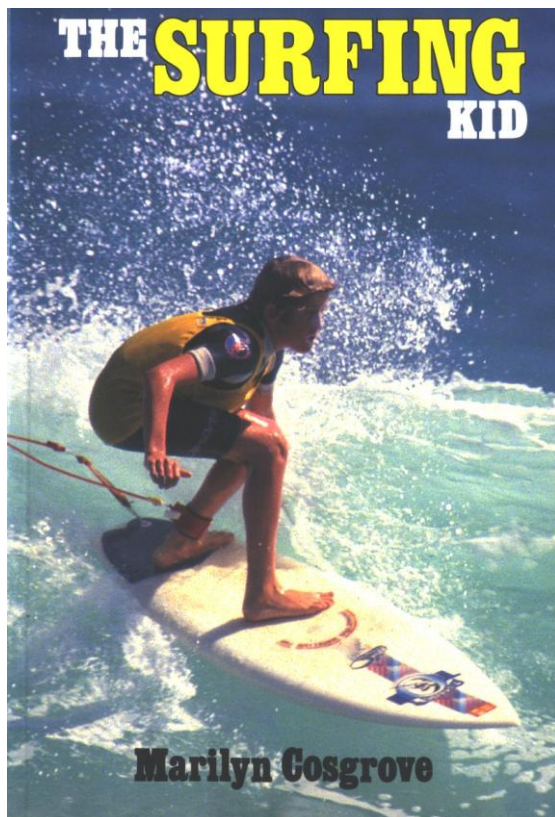
This tragic, talented young author had a creative force and clarity of vision, which saw her involved in a number of environmental and heritage issues not the least of which was her initiative in the early part of the struggle to save Nutcote, the threatened heritage home of Australia's well-loved Bib and Bub author, May Gibbs. In the eighties Marilyn was telling all around her, "read to your children as early as you can, even when they are infants or toddlers". On her *Kid* covers she insisted on having a local school pupil as, for example, on *The Cricketing Kid* cover.

A special talent was cut short when Marilyn died. She has been missed by her readers, by committees on which she ably represented various issues and by the Sydney based Children's Authors and Illustrators Group known as Network. Marilyn Cosgrove was born on 13 February 1954 in Wagga Wagga but came to live in the Cronulla-Sutherland region when her parents, Maureen and John, moved there in 1959. She attended St. Catherine Laboure School in Gympie, then OLMC Burraneer Bay, followed by Gympie High for the senior years. Her tertiary qualifications came from Riverina and Goulburn Advanced Colleges of

Education. From Goulburn she received the Graduate Diploma of Special Education, which was to help guide her career and shape her writing towards helping particularly those youngsters she called reluctant readers. At this time her humour and her ability to recount stories. During her early teaching career Marilyn taught at a respite school in the southern region, a school specially set up for disadvantaged children, often the offspring of sick or single mums who needed a few week's rest or respite. It was there that she began to realise the great tragedy and continuing social and educational disadvantage of those children, often through no fault of their own, who cannot read at basic skill level. Marilyn therefore determined to write some simple, straightforward stories that would interest such children and all those who love to read at an early age. She began to write but soon found, like a great percentage of Australian writers, that she needed also to work, to teach, in order to keep food on the table. Publisher Bert Hingley of Hodder and Stoughton thought highly enough of Marilyn to publish her last book, *The Netball Kid*, posthumously. At the launch of the book Hingley commented that this young author had, unfortunately, fulfilled only part of her considerable potential. Other observations from friends at that launch included: "Marilyn was so vital it is hard to imagine a world without her": "this will change the direction of my life" and "she treated everyone with that focused attention given to a best friend".

Marilyn was particularly remembered for humorous anecdotes and weave interesting





A number of factors influenced Marilyn's choice of career. Her work in Special Education made her see the need for readable books to encourage those youngsters, primarily, who loved to hear her read aloud. Another influence was the fact that she had, in her earlier years, been exposed to writing as she helped proof read her father's then well known (co-authored) history of the world, *Two Centuries*. Also her reading to nephew Sean from his early infant days was a mark of what she saw as an essential basic exercise for those parents who wanted to see their children not fall behind at school because of inadequately developed reading skills.

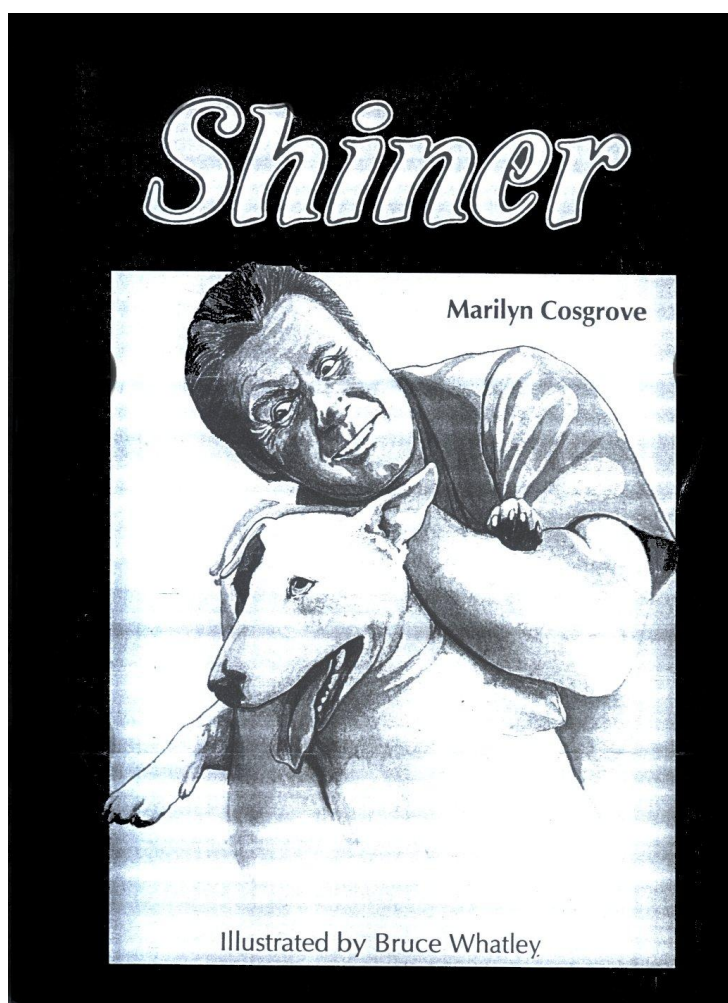
Marilyn began her writing career as co-author of a book called *Australian Government*, a popular basic text, which explained, simply, the set-up, procedures and institutions of the three levels of government in Australia. There followed *The BMX Kid*, *The Surfing Kid*, *The Cricket Kid*, *The Skateboard Kid* and, posthumously, *The Netball Kid*, first in the series about girls and, essentially, for girls. During the mid and late eighties she helped with the inaugural issues

of *The Reading Bug*, a periodical aimed at encouraging writers and readers of children's literature.

She wrote for a variety of such magazines on her pet topic, the encouragement of reluctant juvenile readers and helped established the Reading Advisory Service. Marilyn also wrote a number of well-received books, which included, *The Modern Ark*, *Shiner*, *Who Woke the Baby?* and *Farmyard Nursery*. She was aided and encouraged by her many friends and relatives and by great friend, John Veage, photographer, of the *Sutherland Shire Leader*.

She also worked successfully with illustrators, notably Maija Tillers and college friend, Jacqueline Lampe.

The publisher's promo inside *The BMX Kid* paid tribute to the popularity of the *Kid* series, "Everyone knows that riding your bike is more fun than sitting at home reading. Well Marilyn Cosgrove has come up with the perfect solution, a fictional book about BMX in Australia...a super little action packed story". As her output lengthened Marilyn began to make writing, the Book Council and projects like the saving of Nutcote and "author talks" at



schools, her main interests outside teaching. She travelled as far south as Mildura, as far north as Byron Bay and to the Blue Mountains to let children have access to a writer of the books they were reading. She loved appearing for regional children and answering their questions about her stories and techniques.

Marilyn loved to travel and was seen as a bon vivant and raconteur at least by close friends and relatives. She loved to be with and talk with her bosom friends, friends like Karen, Vanessa, Bronwyn, Meredith, Sally, Josette, Louella, Jacky and Maija. Her good friend and walking companion, Margaret, took care of dog Mamie after Marilyn's death. Some still tell absent minded but caring stories about eternally effervescent and ebullient Marilyn. How she went to the NRMA, waited for service, then demanded to know why the six "staff" on the other side of the counter were not serving her... eventually someone pointed out that she was on the wrong side of the counter and the attendant was getting something from outside. Then, there was the time, as an insidious brain tumour began to wrap itself around her optic nerve, that she came out from paying for petrol and got into the wrong car. Loved her? Of course we did and do. Forever in our hearts.

Perhaps Marilyn's most poignant book was a real story about a beautiful patch-eyed dog called Shiner by his owners, veteran wrestler, Gorgeous George, and his wife, Pat. When Marilyn's parents moved into the house next door to George and Pat in 1984 their much-loved bull terrier, Shiner, had been missing for nearly four weeks. The couple had searched high and low, put out posters and advertised in many areas besides shedding some quiet tears for George's canine friend and playmate. Hoax calls made things all the worse. However, on the night Marilyn's parents moved in next door, thin cries were heard from under their long-unoccupied new house. It was Shiner trapped between deep rocks, surviving for 25 days on a few drops of muddy water!

There are other stories told in connection with Marilyn's books, how, when about to write *The Cricket Kid*, she rang legendary spin bowler, Bill O'Reilly, and talked to him for hours while he spun some cricketing yams and imaginary balls in his lounge room. And, of course, there was Shane Duff, son of Bob and Michelle of Oyster Bay, who not only agreed to be on the cover of *The Cricket Kid* but went on to become the trainer for the Sri Lanka national Cricket team. Marilyn helped market her own books and often visited local children at schools to test their interests. She loved talking to authors at the Network meeting held in the Journalists' Club, writers like Mary Small, Duncan Ball and Vashti Farrer. One of her happiest times came when she helped with the establishment of literary lunches where about eight children sat at different tables talking to the author allocated to their table. The first one was held at the Sheraton Hotel and Governor Sir Roden Cutler attended. Who ever said writing is divorced from reality?

"There's something strange going on with my eyes" was Marilyn's first tenuous indication of a deadly brain tumour already (in 1985) affecting her sight. Bumping into things, hitting the gutter a fraction with the left front wheel of her car. She went to an optometrist for reassurance. In hind sight we know she may have been better to go immediately to a medical eye specialist for a complete field of vision test but, who is to know? In 1986 after a scan showed the presence of the growth Marilyn bravely faced her first operation, frontal, through the nose. When symptoms returned in 1991 she was successfully operated on cranially but there she suffered an adverse reaction to the Dilantin used to still the brain. That reaction pertains to many medical drugs used daily and is known as Stevens-Johnson syndrome, a rare but often fatal blistering reaction. The gentle friend of the reluctant reader died on 30 December, 1991.

Marilyn,

***"Do not go gentle into that good night
Rage, rage against the dying of the light".
(Just so. Dylan Thomas to his dying Dad).***

It was a difficult death over about 12 days but her husband, Chris, and old kindergarten friends Karen and Vanessa, with her parents, Julie, her sister and brother Peter and much loved niece, Victoria talked to her and comforted her every step of the way. The girls played Kitaro's haunting *Silk Road* theme in the days prior to her death. The night after she died, as New Year's fireworks lit the Harbour Bridge, Triple J played that haunting theme and the watching, grieving group wept simultaneously. Above her bed the nurses had put a sign, "Marilyn the Brave" beside a photo of her, "so they will know the way I was". She also gained great spiritual strength from her prayers and the prayers of those around her. As J.G. Magee Jnr. (killed in action with Canadian air force at 19 years of age) wrote:

***Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings
Sunward I have climbed....
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.***

The state library has confirmed that it holds some of Marilyn's literary papers and the Bill O'Reilly tape (leaf catalogue 1, location no. MLMSS-5699). A garden bench at Nutcote commemorates her work. A beautiful piece called *The Sandman* (author unknown?) was on her computer along with some humorous diet tips (e.g. "if no one sees it, it has no calories") A notebook giving a plan of the wonderful tour through Europe with husband Chris. You know, I like to imagine that children's authors go to a special place, in heaven, if you like. And they sit under beautiful weeping willow trees and they read poems or prose to a circle of wide-eyed children, all listening intently. Perhaps Marilyn is there now reading part of one of her very favourite poems, Edward Lear's "The Owl and the Pussy Cat".

***"They dined on mince and slices of quince
And they ate with a runcible spoon.
And, hand in hand on the golden edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon, the moon the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon"***

Good one, Maz.

Marilyn's publications were:

*Australian Government, 1977 & 1978
The BMX Kid, 1985
The Surfing Kid, 1987
The Modern Ark?, 1987
The Cricket Kid,
Farmyard Nursery, 1989*

*The Skateboard Kid, 1990
Shiner, 1990
Who Woke The Baby?, 1991
The Cicada Prince, 1993 - in Life on Earth, 1993
1989 The Netball Kid, 1993*

*John Cosgrove
28th September 2004*

CAPTAIN COOK IS COMMEMORATED AT KURNELL

JAMES COOK'S FIRST AUSTRALIAN LANDFALL

by Daphne Salt



On 20th March 1822 an old Aborigine, "white haired and hoary with age", who had witnessed Cook's landing, accompanied members of the executive of the Philosophical Society of Australasia to Kurnell and pointed out the landing place to them. To commemorate the 50 years since James Cook landed they fixed a brass plate on the cliff-face a little to the north east of the Landing Place as the nearest available spot. High Court Judge Barron Field, President of the Royal Philosophical Society of Australasia, when they placed the inscription on Inscription Point in 1822, wrote that *'this place is Classic Ground'*.



In 1842 Yorkshire man, Thomas Holt the eldest son of a Leeds wool entrepreneur, and his bride Sophie sailed into Sydney at a time when convicts were Australia's premier import. At the age of 31 he arrived in Australia a wealthy man, and began at once to speculate in land, mortgages and the money market; he also obtained grants for huge tracts of Colonial Crown Land. He amassed vast sums of money by disposing of his state-wide squatting holdings during the flurry of land sales following the gold discoveries of the 1850s. He was a founder of the AMP Society. In partnership with Thomas Sutcliff Mort he pioneered refrigerated transport of frozen produce. Thomas Holt was a city man, but he delighted in living the role of the Country Squire, and always built his country estates close enough to commute into Sydney to his counting house, to maintain control over his business affairs. In

1856 Holt was a member of the first Australian Legislative Assembly and became the Colonial Treasurer in the First Australian Parliament in 1868 and was appointed by Sir Henry Parkes as a member of the Council of Education on its inception. Thomas Holt built 5 mansions to the south of Sydney.

In 1861 Thomas Holt paid £3275 for 4600 acres of land and waterways south of Sydney. Amongst this was most of the Kurnell Peninsula, and his acquisitions included the Cook Landing Place. He continued to buy adjoining land and by 1862 owned 13000 acres; $\frac{3}{4}$ of the now Sutherland Shire. When digging out rotted posts of the old James Birnie dairy, the bones of Forby Sutherland unearthed and the site verified, so he named it the **Sutherland Estate**, after Cook's dead tuberculin sailor, Forby Sutherland.



In 1870 Thomas Holt designed and erected an obelisk to celebrate the centenary of Cook's landing at Kurnell on what was Holt land.

Near the obelisk, Prince Albert and Prince George planted four pine trees, two of them were *Araucaria Cookii*, Cook had identified it as a separate species and Banks named it. Holt had brought them over from New Caledonia for the occasion.

In 1899, Endeavour Heights and Holt's land on which the obelisk and Forby Sutherland's grave are situated, was resumed and dedicated as the Captain Cook Landing Place Reserve **for the use and enjoyment of the public for all time**. In his address Sir Joseph Carruthers said ... "What Plymouth Rock is to America, so should this memorable spot on the south shore of Botany Bay be to all Australians."

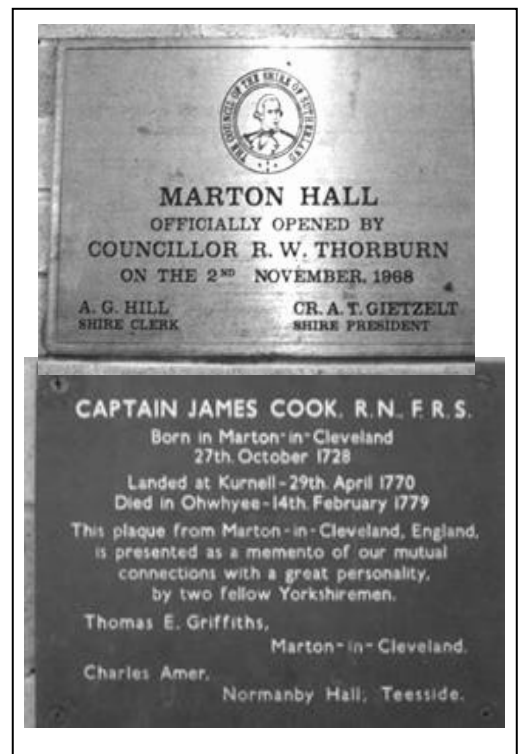


In 1952 the Kurnell Progress Association laid the foundation stone for Marton Hall. 1967 the hall was like its namesake in England, destroyed by fire. Undaunted, they built a new Marton Hall which was opened in 1968.

The bicentenary of Cook's landing was celebrated in 1970 with a visit to Kurnell by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.



On 30 October 1950 the proposed formal road to Kurnell was dedicated and named The Captain Cook Drive, but it was not completed until 1954.

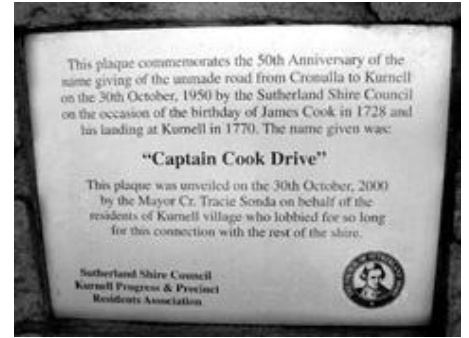


In 1996 Kurnell resident Nick Boes put a proposal to the Shire Mayor to improve the Captain Cook Drive road and to get rid of the rubbish and dumped cars along the road with the help of volunteers, who would **Adopt the Road** and to follow this it up with lasting improvements like rest areas and lookouts all the way to Kurnell's historic site. Adopt Our Historic Drive Campaign was officially launched on the 15 August 1998 by the Mayor Kevin Schreiber, with Kurnell individuals and industries contributing money and manpower to beautify the road.





On 30th October 2000 a plaque commemorating 50 years since the naming and dedication of Captain Cook Drive was unveiled.



18th May 2004 Kurnell was nominated as an Historic Site for the National Heritage Listing.



Left to right Jim Cutbush Deputy President Sutherland Shire Historical Society; Daphne Salt Local Historian, Author; Bob Walshe OAM; Bruce Baird Federal MP for Cook

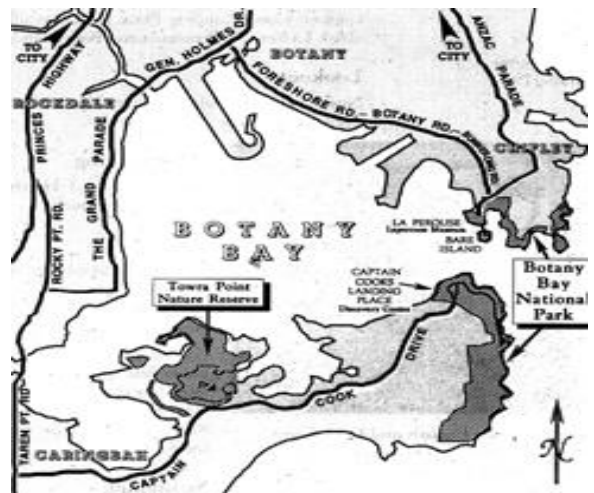
At a ceremony in Marton Hall on 28th July 2004 Mayor Kevin Schreiber and Nick Boes unveiled a plaque to celebrate 50 years since the construction of the Captain Cook Drive.

Bruce Baird Federal MP, Kevin Schreiber Mayor, Daphne Salt hist

orian, author, Nick Boes instigator & tireless worker (holding the plaque) Phillip Holt, (descendent of Thomas Holt and CEO of Holt Enterprises which still owns much of Kurnell), Lenni Bussing co-ordinator, Malcolm Kerr State MP



At left; Mayor Kevin Schreiber & Nick Boes unveil the plaque. The Captain Cook Landing Place Discovery Centre has a permanent exhibition of the "Eight Days that Changed the World" displaying the story of how Cook's exploration of Botany Bay led to the colonisation of Australia. It also houses an historic archive and a shop with information sheets about the Landing Place as well as souvenirs and books. (This room may be closed now Ed.).



A Load of Rubbish – Waste Management in Sutherland Shire

As increasing numbers of local residents shun plastic bags and turn to bright green shopping bags, it is an opportune time to consider the history of waste disposal in Sutherland Shire. This is a murky story - as it was all over Sydney. In the past we have not always been so conscious of reducing waste as we are now and only a few thoughtful observers were mindful of the fate of the garbage we often so carelessly disposed of.

Considering Sutherland Shire hosts Australia's largest landfill tip (or waste disposal centre as these are now called), it is surprising that waste management is not a more important local issue than it is at present. In the past tipping in Woollooware Bay and in the Menai/Lucas Heights area has caused pollution, but this has often been overshadowed by the potential environmental threat of the HIFAR reactor. While the disposal of nuclear waste, is indeed a grave potential problem, so too is the disposal of the more mundane waste generated by every day living.

A 1948 survey found that a weekly garbage collection service was provided to most parts of Sutherland Shire and that an estimated 135 tons of garbage per week was buried on 'low-lying land' at the former Dolans Road sanitary depot in Woollooware, even though this had been condemned by the Department of Health in 1925.¹

By the mid-1950s there were two major local tips: one for 'hard rubbish' – mainly building and excavation waste – on Captain Cook Drive, Woollooware and another for general waste, also on Woollooware Bay, at Taren Point. While both type of tips caused pollution the one at Taren Point was potentially more harmful. When food and green waste ('putrescible' waste) break down, methane gas is produced and toxic 'leachate' is generated. What was known as 'controlled tipping' was theoretically operating in Sydney at this time. Waste was supposed to be covered daily, but in reality was often simply dumped and left to its own devices, allowing pollution to go – in this case - into Woollooware Bay.²

At this time when most of Sydney's waste went to landfill, low-lying areas were considered ideal for tipping. Land reclamation projects were in vogue as playing fields could be created on infilled areas. Sutherland Shire was considered fortunate because of the extensive 'foreshore flats' near the Taren Point tip.³ Soon extensive areas of mangroves disappeared as tips proliferated. Although valuable for detoxifying urban run-off, mangroves have been shown little respect in the Sydney basin, and from the first days of white settlement were regarded as harmful. One of (Gov/Cpt.) Arthur Phillip's reasons for not choosing Botany Bay as a place for settlement was because of the 'probability of the swamps rendering the most eligible situation unhealthy'.⁴

The 'extensive foreshore flats' around Woollooware Bay were infilled by the mid-1960s and so the Council looked away from coastal areas for its next tipping area. A sanitary depot had been located at Menai since 1939 and in the interim two areas had been filled.⁵ Now this general area would be used again when the Council gained a licence in 1965 for the disposal of nightsoil, garbage and trade waste at

¹ NSW PP LC, *Report from the Select Committee on the Local Government (Areas) Bill together with the Proceedings of the Committee and Minutes of Evidence*, NSW Government Printer, Sydney, 1948. p. 104.

² Metwaste News, No 14, December 1987.

³ R. D. L. Fraser, Chief County Planner's Report P97 in *Refuse Disposal in the County of Cumberland*, Cumberland County Council, Sydney, 1959, held in ML, p. 4; Appendix 2 & Addenda to Report.

⁴ G. R. Tipping (ed.) *The Official Account through Governor Phillip's Letters to Lord Sydney*, 1988, p. 42.

⁵ In 1954 a large area at Lucas Heights had been selected for a new depot site. This had to be abandoned when the area was chosen as the site for the reactor and so a site further west was chosen in 1955 instead. *Sails to Atoms*, Sutherland Shire Council, 1970, pp. 146-7.

Little Forest in nearby Holsworthy Military Area. In mid-1965 it was announced that the tip would be moved from Shell Point on Woollooware Bay to Menai.⁶ Soon two tips were operating: on Old Illawarra and New Illawarra Roads.

Sutherland Shire's waste disposal was an environmental disaster, as was the case throughout much of Sydney at this time. By 1970, according to a waste expert's report, 'liquid of an offensive nature' was flowing into a tributary of Mill Creek from the old tipping area at Menai. In addition 'very offensive' fat and grease trap waste was deposited there.⁷ Tips also operated in Liverpool Street, Bundeena in the mid-1970s and from 1968 to 1973 north of Wanda Beach. Known as the Wanda Beach hard fill tip, this filled in areas where sand mining had occurred and in 1969 was in trouble with the Department of Public Health for not abiding by tipping regulations.

It was unsatisfactory arrangements such as these that led to a liquid waste crisis in Sydney in December 1969. As a result the NSW government established the Metropolitan Waste Disposal Authority (MWDA) – now Waste Service NSW. Sydney's third world standard waste disposal was gradually taken out of local government control.⁸

There were still problems. Although treatment ponds were installed at the Menai tips, the water quality of Mill Creek was, according to the State Pollution Control Commission, still 'significantly degraded'. Pollution leached into it and into the Georges River. Nearby Barden Creek was also polluted in the mid-1970s.⁹

Later the tip on Old Illawarra Road closed, and use of the former sanitary depot for waste disposal was authorised. In 1976 the Lucas Heights tip on New Illawarra Road became a regional depot and its upgrading began, including the construction of leachate ponds to prevent further pollution. Leichhardt Council had used these tips since the 1960s, and now waste from a number of local government areas was deposited there.¹⁰ Not surprisingly it did not take long to fill this and so another major new landfill - Lucas Heights II - was opened in March 1987. This, and a small transfer station, covered 175 hectares, making it the largest in Australia.¹¹ By mid-1993 as leachate treatment finally became effective water quality in Mill Creek improved.¹²

As Sydney was fast running out of landfill space it was proposed in the early 1990s that the Lucas Heights tip should be tripled in size so that the waste disposal needs of the metropolitan area could be met for years to come. There was a hostile reaction in Sutherland Shire, and opposition, led by Shire president Ian Swords, to this 'megatip' was effective. Although the plan was abandoned in 1992, no alternative solution to Sydney's waste crisis has yet been devised.¹³

Meanwhile as negotiations were in train to establish a recreational area at the filled Lucas Heights I tip, the Gandangara Local Land Council made a native title claim on the area. After mediation and the establishment of a Community Monitoring Committee, most issues were finally resolved. As a result Sutherland Shire Council obtained at no cost increased recycling facilities, the preservation of a shale forest and an additional recreational area. At present golf, soccer and netball are played on this former tip site at facilities that are dwarfed by the magnitude of the surrounding vast, grassed but treeless landscape.

⁶ SSC, Fin. Com Min No 271 3/5/65; *Leader* 16 June 1965, p. 22.

⁷ NSW PP, A. E. Barton, *Report by A. E. Barton, Esq., F. Inst. P. C. upon investigations into the Problem of Waste Disposal in the metropolitan area of Sydney, May 1970*, NSW Government Printer, 1970, p. 16.

⁸ Intercont Development Corporation Pty. Ltd, *The First National Survey of Community Solid Waste Practices Australia, 1972-1973*, ACI Technical Centre Pty. Ltd. July 1973, Fig. M 6; MWDA, annual report 1975, appendix.

⁹ SPCC, annual reports, 1975, p. 122 & 1976, p. 127, held at EPA Library, Goulburn Street, Sydney; SSC, B, H & San Com Min NO 284 21/4/75.

¹⁰ *Leader*, 30 April 1969, p. 33 & 30 June 1976, p. 10; SSC, Fin Com Min No 163, 7/3/66; MWDA, annual report 1977, p. 13.

¹¹ MWDA, annual report 1986-87, p. 4.

¹² Waste Service NSW, annual report 1993, p. 22.

¹³ *SMH*, 11 March 1992, p. 5 & 25 September, 1992, p. 4. See also campaign literature opposing the megatip held in LSC.

This type of development on a former tip site conforms to international best practice. However, building is not considered suitable for such sites and residential developments are considered especially unsafe. Sutherland Shire Council needs to take this into account when considering current plans for residential development adjoining the Sharks Rugby League Club. This is a former tip site, as any old timer can tell you, and it should never be built on.



Pauline Curby
**Our Presidents
comments on
Waste
Management In
Sutherland Shire**

In reference to the establishment of a Community Monitoring Committee (CMC). Our President Dawn Emerson comments that; In 1985 she, as a member of the Menai District Progress Association, met with the Metro Waste Disposal Authority and ANSTO at a place in Chatswood to discuss the proposed landfill tip in the Barden Valley, in

particular an area of the valley known as "King Fern Gulley" The group explained to the MWDA that the area was both beautiful and used as a resource by a wide range of local residents. They asked the MWDA to select another site. The group was told that the depth and location of Bardens Creek and Valley were ideal for the type of tip being proposed.

It was after this meeting that the CMC was established with representatives from various organizations. She represented the MDPA. Dawn indicates that 21 years later the CHCMC still operates and that she is still a community representative on that committee. The MDPA meets bi-monthly with annual tip inspections and still monitor this waste disposal site.

Les Bursill
Editor.

Beethoven Connections at the National Library

Edward Duyker

He was small and plain looking, with an ugly, red, pock-marked face. His hair was quite dark and hung almost shaggily around his face. His clothes were very common place . . . Moreover, he spoke in a strong dialect, and in a rather common manner. In general his whole being did not give the impression of any particular cultivation; in fact, he was unmannerly in both gesture and demeanour. He was very haughty.



With these unflattering words, which give no hint of the genius and passion which would irrevocably change the course of European music, a Viennese contemporary (Frau von Bernhard), recalled Ludwig van Beethoven as a young man. Born in Bonn in December 1770, Beethoven came from a Catholic family of Flemish descent. His grandfather and namesake, Ludwig (1712-73), held the post of Kapellmeister in the service of the Archbishop and Elector of Cologne. His father Johann also served in the choir of the court chapel as a tenor, but is known to have had some ability on the violin and clavier. Beethoven gained his initial musical instruction from his father, and was then taught by the court organist, Christian Gottlieb Neefe (1748-1798). At the age of twelve, on Neefe's recommendation, he became 'cembalist' in the theatre orchestra – a position which gave him valuable experience in the production of numerous successful contemporary operas. His intellect and cultural horizons in Bonn would also be broadened by the performance of plays by Lessing and Schiller, and German translations of plays by Garrick, Voltaire, Beaumarchais, Molière, Sheridan and Shakespeare.

In 1787 Beethoven made a brief visit to the Hapsburg capital, Vienna, where he had the good fortune to meet Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) who was then working on Don Giovanni. The initial work Beethoven performed for Mozart was assumed to be a polished show-piece and received polite but indifferent praise from the master. However, when Beethoven pleaded for, and received, a theme for improvisation, Mozart was so impressed by the results that he declared prophetically to some of his friends: 'Keep your eyes on him; some day he will give the world something to talk about'. Young Beethoven's visit to Vienna was cut short by his beloved mother's final illness and the pitiful emotional state of his grieving, debt-ridden, alcoholic father Johann. Beethoven's father's dissipation ultimately led to his dismissal, but by this time Ludwig had made numerous influential friends among the local nobility who recognized his talents and helped him further his career. It seems likely Beethoven met Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809), for the first time, during the latter's visit to Bonn in 1790. By this

time he had begun to devote himself increasingly to composition. In November 1792 he left once again for Vienna and never returned to Bonn. In the Austrian capital he studied under Haydn, Johann Albrechtsberger (1736-1809) and Antonio Salieri (1750-1825). Despite his unkempt appearance, ungainly features, eccentricities and brusque disregard for Viennese ways, he soon found a receptive environment for his brilliance. Prominent members of the aristocracy offered him friendship and patronage.

Suffused with emotion and dramatic effect, Beethoven's music can be divided into three periods. The first period (1792–1802) is characterized by his first two symphonies, the violin sonata in C minor and the 'Pathétique' and 'Moonlight' sonatas. His middle period (1803-1817) embraces his third 'Eroica' symphony, the Kreutzer sonata, the fourth and fifth symphonies, the violin concerto, the opera Fidelio, the sixth 'Pastoral' symphony, the music for Goethe's Egmont, the first five quartets, and the seventh and eighth symphonies. In the final decade of his life (1817-1827), Beethoven's major compositions include three piano sonatas, the 'Diabelli' variations, the 'Missa Solemnis', the stirring ninth 'Choral' symphony (based on Schiller's 'Ode to Joy'), and his last four quartets.

Beethoven died before the establishment of most Australian cities, but he does appear to have discussed Botany Bay and the British penal colony in New South Wales. Peter McCullum, of the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, discovered this when he read one of over a hundred surviving 'conversation books' which Beethoven handed his visitors as his long-standing deafness worsened after 1818. DSB 98, now preserved in the Deutschen Staatsbibliothek in Berlin, contains the remarks of an unknown caller in December 1825: 'Wir haben kein Botany Bay, wo die Verbrecher konten hingeschickt werden [We have no Botany Bay where criminals can be sent]'. Unfortunately we have neither a record of Beethoven's verbal reply, nor do we know if New South Wales was raised again in other discussions, for two-thirds of Beethoven's 400 'conversation books' were destroyed by his early biographer Anton Schindler (1795-1864). There can be no doubt, however, that Beethoven reflected on the experience of convicts, for he composed the music for the opera Fidelio based on Jean-Nicolas Bouilly's (1763-1842) novel Leonora about a woman who disguises herself as a workman to enter a prison in the hope of finding and saving her missing husband. Although the opera was first performed in Vienna in 1805, the original libretto by Joseph Ferdinand Sonnleithner (1766-1835) was rewritten by Georg Friedrich Treitschke (1776-1842) in 1814. It is this final version which is held in the National Library of Australia's collection in a recent Italian edition. The library also holds a facsimile edition of Beethoven's autograph score held in the Deutschen Staatsbibliothek.

For much of the nineteenth century the performance of Beethoven's music in Australia, particularly his symphonies, was limited by a dearth of professional, even amateur, orchestras. His Ninth 'Choral' Symphony appears to have been first performed in Australia at the Melbourne Exhibition of 1888, by a purposefully assembled orchestra of sixty-eight musicians. The distinguished maestro Frederick Cowen (1852-1935), was brought out from Britain especially to conduct. The Exhibition orchestra was accompanied by a choir which included the notable vocalist Edward Armes Beaumont (1842-1913) and the 'Tasmanian Nightingale' Frances Amy Sherwin (1855-1935). Melbournians were so impressed by the performance that the Victorian Government voted funds for a subsidy to keep the orchestra in existence.

Beethoven's work also engendered significant musical developments in New South Wales when Henri Verbruggen (1873-1934), the first director of the Sydney Conservatorium, established a symphony orchestra (which grew to 96 members after three years) and a 74 voice 'select choir'. Together they performed Beethoven's 'Missa Solemnis' thirteen times between 1919 and 1921. Even in the dark days of 1943, when Australia was at war with Germany and the other Axis powers, the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bernard Heinze (1894-1982), sold out tickets to its Beethoven Festival in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. While other German composers may have suffered in popularity at this time, Beethoven was firmly associated in the

public mind with the cause of liberty. Had he not revoked his dedication of his Third 'Eroica' Symphony to Bonaparte when the First Consul debased the democratic values of the French Revolution and crowned himself Emperor?

Aside from a facsimile edition of the score of Fidelio, the National Library of Australia holds several other facsimiles of Beethoven's musical manuscripts including his sonata for violin and piano no. 10, opus 96, in G major (the original of which is held in the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York). Such facsimiles are very important to scholars and performers in search of unembellished authenticity and understanding of the composer's original intentions. The library's printed music collection contains over 250 editions of works by Beethoven in many different arrangements. The earliest, Twelve Waltzes for the piano forte, is believed to have been published in London sometime between 1800 and 1820 - thus in Beethoven's own lifetime. Many of the editions in the printed music collection are Australian and some, published by firms such as W. H. Paling and Allan & Co., also date from the nineteenth century. Perhaps the library's most unusual Beethoven treasure is a plaster cast of his death mask (27.5 x 16.5 cm) presented by B. E. Hungerford. It is presumably cast from the same mask made by Josef Danhauser (1805-1845), on Beethoven's death on 26 March 1827, now in the Historisches Museum in Vienna.

The National library holds numerous critical studies of Beethoven's work. Among those dealing with his religious music are William Drabkin's 1991 study of the 'Missa Solemnis' and Wilfred Mellers' Beethoven and the Voice of God (1983). The collection also includes valuable nineteenth century studies of Beethoven's symphonies by Ernst von Elterlein (circa 1876) and Alexander Teetgen (1879), together with more recent studies by Max Chop, Fidele D'Amico, Edwin Evans, Maurice Noël, Lionel Pike and Robert Simpson. Also noteworthy is a facsimile reprint of Hector Berlioz's Voyage musical en Allemagne et en Italie (1844) which contains studies on Beethoven, Gluck and Weber. Two of Beethoven's piano sonatas (no. 28, opus 101 in A major and no. 13, opus 27, in E-flat major) are examined in Emily Hughes' A Key to Beethoven's Tone-pictures published in Adelaide in 1901. The phrasing and dynamics of Beethoven's piano music are also examined in William S. Newman's Beethoven on Beethoven (circa 1988). Another important work in the library's collection is John Crabbe's study of Beethoven's world view: Beethoven's Empire of the Mind (1982).

Although he loved deeply, Beethoven appears not to have experienced reciprocated love from either women or close family members in his adult life. Despite this, he is arguably one of the most passionate figures in the history of music. He is also a truly tragic figure, for he suffered the ultimate personal debilitation for his chosen artform: deafness. Yet in his anguish, he finally freed European music from the constraints of the baroque and brought the symphony to maturity. The breadth and beauty of his unique creative achievements are awe-inspiring. Former Deputy Prime Minister Tim Fischer, who wrote a thesis on the 'Pastoral' symphony, has described Beethoven's music as 'scintillating and superbly descriptive'. He would no doubt agree with Sir Charles Hubert Parry (1848-1918) who observed that Beethoven was 'one of the few great creators of art whom a man, though he be ever blessed with musical intelligence, may study for a lifetime and never exhaust'.

This article was first published in the National Library of Australia News in May 2002

As We Go to Press

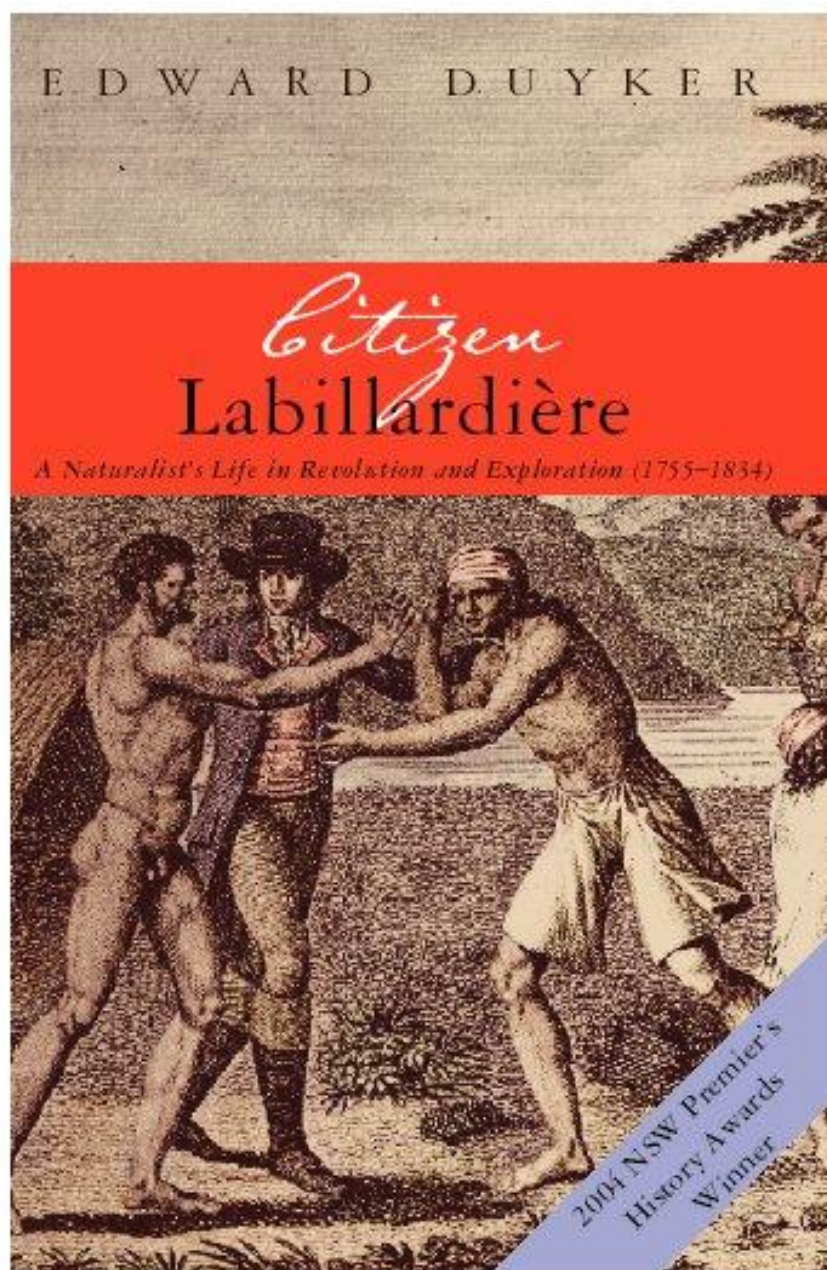
Dr. Edward Duyker O.A.M. B.A. (hons) PhD (Melb) FLS, FRGS, FRHist.S, J.P. and highly respected member of our Society has been awarded the 2004 New South Wales Premier's General History Prize (\$15,000). For his outstanding historical account of the naturalist Citizen Labillardière. Below are some of the accolades Dr Duyker has received from other writers.

'Duyker is an historian's historian . . . There is something wondrous about seeing Tasmanian forests and Western Australian shorelines through eyes that can see how new and different it all is . . . All this and more is Duyker's way of bringing our French past into our present.'

Greg Dening, *Australian Book Review*

'this book (opposite) fleshes out for the first time the life and times of the person behind the botanically famous name. And how well it does that task! . . . highly recommended reading for historians as well as scientists . . . this book is another outstanding contribution to Australian history and scholarship from the author and his publisher.'

Richard Groves, *Historical Records of Australian Science*



Book Reviews:

Reviewed by Edward Duyker

Dan Sprod, *The Usurper: Jorgen Jorgenson and his turbulent life in Iceland and Van Diemen's Land 1780-1841*, Blubber Head Press (PO Box 475 Sandy Bay, TAS., 7006 phone/fax: 03 6223 8644, Email: books@astrolabebooks.com.au), 2001, ISBN 0 908528 29 9, 1000 copies, case-bound in buckram, 718 pp, 9 colour & 56 black and white illustrations, 5 maps, bibliography, index, AUD \$98.00.

I first encountered the adventurous life of Jorgen Jorgenson [= Jørgen Jørgensen] in Frank Clune's and P. R. 'Inky' Stephensen's engaging book *'The Viking of Van Diemen's Land'* (Sydney, 1954) and more recently Brian Plomley's *Jorgen Jorgenson and the Tasmanian Aborigines*, Blubber Head Press, Hobart, 1991.

Jorgenson was born in Copenhagen in April 1780 and went to sea at an early age under the British red ensign. His merchant service eventually brought him to Australia where he undoubtedly served on the survey vessel *Lady Nelson*. There is no conclusive evidence, however, that he sailed on her to Australia, but he may very well have done so. Dan Sprod, the respected Tasmanian librarian, publisher and historian, expends a great deal of effort weighing the arguments for and against. Jorgenson's association with the *Lady Nelson* meant he witnessed the early days of Sydney 'a scant thirteen years after the First Fleet' (p. 21), and had the remarkable opportunity, in Sprod's words, to participate in: 'the examination of King Island and other Bass Strait islands, in the discovery of Port Phillip and in the surveying of the Tamar River as a site for settlement [Launceston]. His visit to Sorrento in Port Phillip Bay pre-dated the establishment of the city of Melbourne and the colony which was to become Victoria by more than thirty years. He was present at Bowen's 1803 settlement of Risdon Cove and assisted in the relocation of the settlers headed by David Collins from Sorrento to the Derwent estuary, Van Diemen's Land, where in 1804 the city of Hobart Town was founded at Sullivan's Cove.' (p. 22).

Jorgenson also helped to pioneer the Tasmanian whaling industry. There is a bitter irony, therefore, that he would be transported to this very same colony some two decades later as a convict! In the meantime he commanded a Danish privateer after the British bombardment of Copenhagen and was captured by the British Royal Navy. While a prisoner-of-war, supposedly on parole, he was engaged by a British merchant, Samuel Phelps, taking provisions to Iceland on the *Margaret and Ann*. Responding to the obstruction of the Danish governor, Jorgenson had him arrested and assumed the Cromwellian title of 'Protector'. He also took charge of the administration's money chest, hoisted a new Icelandic flag (blue with three white cods) and created a small armed force. Because one of his decrees carried the Royal plural 'we' (Jorgenson later asserted this was the typographer's error as a result of habitually setting Danish vice-regal decrees), he was later disparaged as the 'King of Iceland'. Having actually seen one of these printed decrees framed in the home of an Icelandic friend, I found the discussion of them very interesting.) Had it not been for the arrival of a British man-of-war, Jorgenson may have consolidated his 'revolution' and the island may have plotted an independent course in the nineteenth rather than the twentieth century. Instead he was arrested and taken back to Britain where he was imprisoned for breach of his parole as a prisoner-of-war.

Among those who witnessed the events in Iceland was the botanist William Hooker. In the years to come, Jorgenson would test their friendship with frequent requests for money and assistance. On his release he returned to sea, but his problem gambling landed him in a series of London's debtor's prisons for extended periods. Hope came when some in the British government thought it opportune to rescind his debts and send him as an observer/unofficial agent to the continent. Although it seems unlikely that he actually witnessed the Battle of Waterloo, he does appear to have been in the vicinity of the battle and perhaps saw something of the dead and wounded in its wake. He later published an account of his travels through France and Germany. Back in Britain his improvident ways and reckless gambling landed him once more in hot water when he pawned items of furniture in his rented room. Initially given a seven-year sentence, he avoided transportation to the New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land by making himself useful in the prison infirmary. Given a pardon on the condition that he leave Britain, Jorgenson squandered his freedom by remaining in London. Sentenced again—this time to death—he was ultimately transported to Van Diemen's land (arriving on the *Woodman* in 1826) where he was put to good use as a clerk and explorer. Once again he redeemed himself by exposing a scheme to forge treasury notes in the colony and was soon granted a ticket of leave. He died in 1845.

Jorgenson is clearly one of the remarkable characters of Australia's convict past. He has left a considerable legacy of letters, manuscripts and published memoirs. Dan Sprod has made a very careful study of this trove of often-unreliable documentary material and offered us many new insights. He also offers a valuable scrutiny of Clune's and Stephensen's work. Those interested in the life of Sir Joseph Banks will also be interested in his role in Icelandic affairs and in Jorgenson's life. Sprod's prose is clear and intelligible; his research is prodigious. Structurally, however, his book is as much a biography as an edited collection of sources relating to Jorgenson. In his preface, Sprod tells us:

'The approach taken is that of a documentary history, the aim being to present Jorgenson's life through his and related historical materials, and to allow these to a degree to speak for themselves. To make the whole comprehensible, the materials presented are supported by a critical and historical commentary'.

After the first nine chapters (145 pages), we encounter Jorgenson's own 'Historical Account of a Revolution on the Island of Iceland in the Year 1809', published for the first time, together with ancillary documents (pp. 146---282). The chapter which follows is a discursive one by Sprod, but once again contains many long extracts from Captain Alexander Jones's remonstrations of Jorgenson's conduct and that of the merchant Samuel Phelps and Capt. John Liston of the Margaret and Ann. This is followed by the Danish governor Count Trampe's account (pp. 314---378) and attachments to Trampe's submission to the British government seeking to have Jorgenson sent back to Denmark to stand trial for treason. Some of this will be challenging for the reader, but it is a rich assembly. The final appendix contains fifteen pages of Jorgenson's final letters to his brother Fritz and to William Jackson Hooker from Van Diemen's Land.

In summary, Sprod's book makes a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the life of a colourful and significant early Tasmanian. It also makes a useful contribution to the literature on convicts, Danish and Icelandic history, and the international interests of Sir Joseph Banks. Jorgen Jorgenson's life story is intrinsically fascinating. Finally, the book itself is beautifully bound and printed on Alpine Offset 90gsm paper; Blubber Head Press is to be commended for typesetting Icelandic names with Icelandic letters rather than seeking phonetic approximations.

A WELCOME ON THE MAT

Fr Tom Dunlea OBE --- a Memoir

By John McSweeney PE

Fr Chris Riley's amazing work for disadvantaged young people is universally applauded. His predecessor in this work and his acknowledged model was Fr Tom Dunlea who sought to deal with this problem during the Great Depression and the upheaval of World War II, by turning his presbytery into the first ever Boys Town to be established in Australia. His concern for family break-ups and subsequent homelessness among men, often caused by alcoholism, led him and two colleagues to introduce to Australia the self-help movement called "Alcoholics Anonymous" which was proving very effective in the US.

In his long campaign to help people overcome addiction to drink, he himself became addicted and, although AA had become part of his life, his rehabilitation wasn't brought about by AA but by the skill and patience of a good woman in the country. Women, in fact, played a big role in his life. He was fully committed to celibacy but that didn't prevent him from having many close women friends, including the young and the glamorous.

His work at AA led to his joining with Fr Con Keogh in establishing a new self-help movement called "GROW" for people who were recovering from mental illness or people who needed group help to cope with the stresses and difficulties of life.

During the 40's and 50's his was probably the best known clerical name in NSW. He was ecumenical before the term was common currency, he was handsome, light-hearted, had a great sense of humour and fun and an endless store of funny stories and anecdotes, He was sought after by many people and loved by all.

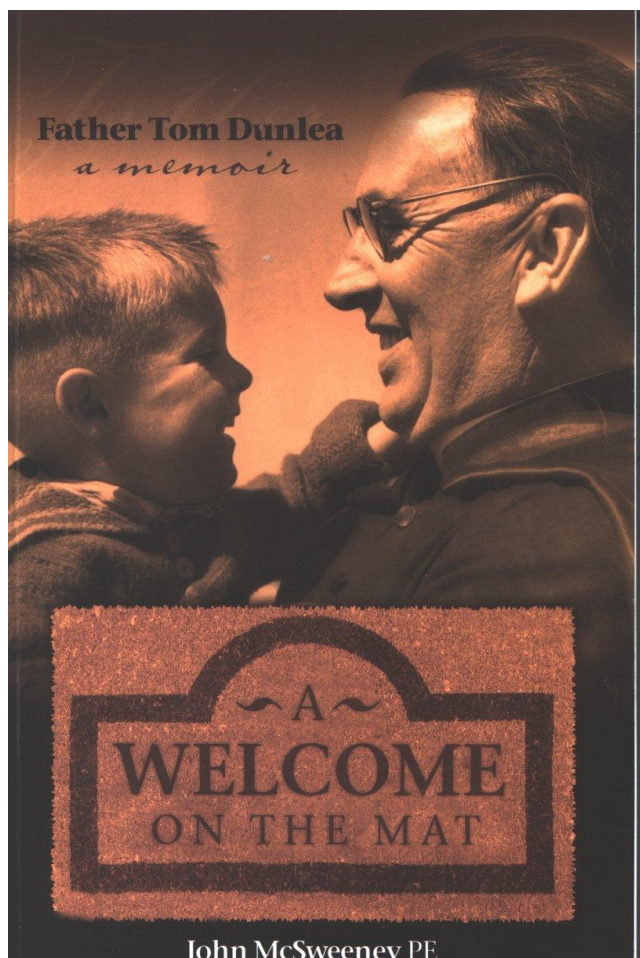
This memoir of 29 chapters (268 pages) is made up of some items from the vast media coverage he received but, in general, it is a collection of memories, mostly written, of people who knew him or were involved in his work or were recipients of his seemingly inexhaustible love and compassion.

The author is an Irish-born priest who has spent over fifty years ministering in Sydney. In the year 2000 he published "*A Meddling Priest*", a popular account of John Joseph Therry, the first Catholic chaplain appointed to the penal colony of New South Wales.

"*A Welcome on the Mat*" was launched by the honorable Sir William Deane on Friday May 28th 2004 at 2pm in the Crypt of St Mary's Cathedral.

The Irish Consul General is arranging a further launch in early spring at Ireland House 400 George Street, Sydney.

"*A Welcome on the Mat*" retails for \$19.95. ISBN 0 646 43396 2.



Citizen Labillardière: a naturalist's life in revolution and exploration (1755-1834).

Edward Duyker (2003). Published by the Miegunyah Press, Melbourne.

Jacques-Julien Labillardière was one of the great naturalists of the 18th Century. His travels took him to many parts of Europe and the middle East, but it is for his voyage to the South Seas on D'Entrecasteaux's expedition (1791-1795), that he is best known – both for his achievements in natural history and his account of the expedition itself.

Edward Duyker's biography of this remarkable Frenchman is the epitome of authoritative research, with over 50 pages of notes and appendices demonstrating the depth of his scholarship. Although the book is heavy with detail, its style is elegant and often evocative. There would be few Tasmanians who could not empathise with Duyker's depiction of early morning on the D'Entrecasteaux Channel:

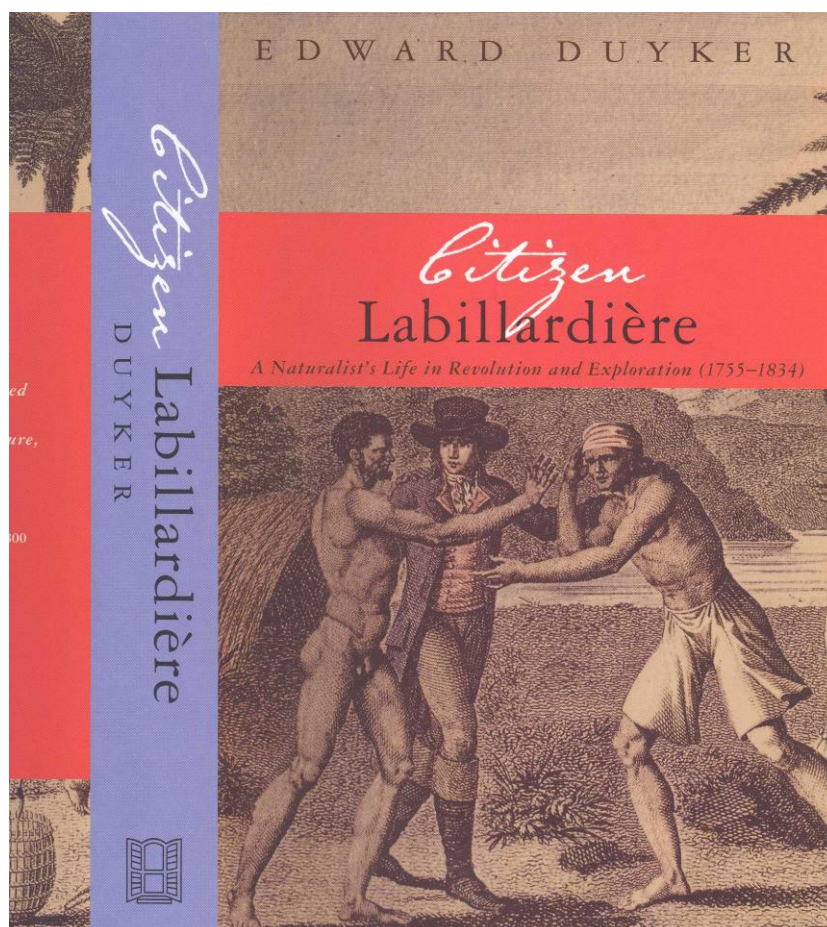
“...In the early morning sun the D'Entrecasteaux Channel presents a vast luminous sheet of water, framed by the steel-grey silhouettes of the hills on both Bruny Island and the Tasmanian mainland...On a clear night the sky bears a lavish spray of stars from the eastern to the western horizon and the sea adds its own sparkling band of glowing plankton to the shore, thereby defining the current limits of the tide.”

The industry, intellect, courage, foibles and humanity of Labillardière (and his compatriots) are described with warmth and, at times, a gentle humour. The whole account is fascinating, but the explorations, collections and ethnographic observations in Van Diemen's Land will be of particular interest to Tasmanian readers.

In Tasmania, Labillardière collected and described over 200 Tasmanian species that were new to science. They include the Tasmanian blue gum (*Eucalyptus globulus*) – Tasmania's floral emblem and arguably its greatest export to the world. He is recognised in the scientific names of several species, including the climbing blueberry (*Billardiera longiflora*), tussock grass (*Poa labillardierei*), the pademelon (*Thylogale billardieri*), as well as Bruny Island's Labillardière Peninsula (where the two ships, the *Recherche* and *Espérance*, ran aground on a sandbar).

The scientists' expeditions on land will be appreciated by many forest workers – their difficulties traversing the dense wet forests, the size of the eucalypts and the exhaustion and cold of being benighted in driving rain with little or no food. On one occasion Labillardière killed a couple of rooks, which were “immediately broiled and eaten, as if they had been the most delicate food.” Labillardière's description of the Tasmanian rainforest will also strike a chord, both for its beauty and its grasp of ecological processes:

“We were filled with admiration at the sight of these ancient forests, in which the sound of the axe had never been heard. The eye was astonished in contemplating the prodigious size of these trees, amongst which there were some myrtles more than 50 metres in height, whose tufted summits were crowned with an ever verdant foliage; others, loosened by age from their roots, were supported by the neighbouring trees, whilst, as they gradually decayed, they were incorporated piece after piece with the parent-earth. The most luxuriant vigour of vegetation is here contrasted with its final dissolution, and presents to the mind a striking picture of the operations of nature, who left to herself, never destroys but that she may create.”



The expedition's friendly relations with the Aborigines of the South East tribe are also described by Duyker with empathy and insight. Valuable ethnographic entries from journals of Labillardière and others are interspersed with amusing descriptions of cultural exchanges that show the common elements and curiosity that bind the races of the world. They include the surprise shown by the Aborigines at the apparent lack of women amongst the expedition's ranks – the young and beardless members of the crew endured intimate confirmation of this fact with good humour. Labillardière found that the Aborigines' songs reminded him of those of the Arabs of Asia Minor. When an officer attempted to introduce them to the cadences of a violin, Labillardière notes that the Aborigines "stopped their ears with their fingers, that they might hear no more". Meanwhile, young children busied themselves trying to remove buttons from the Frenchmen's jackets – at times succeeding with the aid of knives they had just been given. It is ironic that the book was completed only a short period before the recent discovery of the "French garden" at Recherche Bay. Duyker uses the journals and maps of the French to describe the layout, construction and *raison d'être* of the garden, as well as the response shown to it by the Aborigines – its intended beneficiaries.

Edward Duyker effectively captures the spirit of Labillardière, and also the period of social, political and scientific upheaval in which he lived. This turbulence is encapsulated by the atmosphere on the *Recherche* and *Espérance* (and, ultimately, the fate of the ships). The simmering philosophical differences between expeditioners with Royalist sympathies and those supporting the Republic (Labillardière being a leading member of the latter group, as suggested by the title of the book), erupted following the death of the charismatic D'Entrecasteaux. The tale of the expedition's return to France, after five long and dangerous years roaming the seas, is truly harrowing. It includes imprisonment in Java, conspiracies and charges of mutiny, the forced appropriation of their ships by the Dutch authorities, and the death from disease of almost half of the expeditioners.

In 1796, Labillardière finally returned to a France in post-revolutionary turmoil. However, the expedition's scientific collections, travelling separately on a Dutch ship, were captured by the English (then at war with Napoleonic France). Most of Labillardière's specimens were eventually returned (partly through the intervention of Sir Joseph Banks), allowing Labillardière to complete *Novae Hollandiae plantarum specimen* – considered to be the first authoritative flora of Australia.

I would recommend the book to anyone with an interest in Tasmania's natural and cultural history. I would also recommend it to anyone wishing to read a remarkable tale of adventure, science and politics, which is remarkably well told.

It is not hard to see why *Citizen Labillardière* has been one of the best selling books in Fuller's Bookshop (Hobart) over the last two months. The standard of the research and writing, and the intrinsic interest of Labillardière's life and times, are sufficient to justify the retail price of \$60. In addition, the overall quality of the production is very high – the standard of editing, the wonderful quotations at the beginning of each chapter, 16 pages of photographs and illustrations, informative maps, the quality of the binding. The book is available in hardback only and has a print run of 1000 copies.

Fred Duncan
Senior Botanist
Forrest Practices Board. Hobart.