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LIBRARY CLOSURE OVER CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY PERIOD

The Library will be closed from 17 December until 7 January. If any members desperately need access to the Library please contact Dianne, Jan or myself. Marlane



OBITUARY

REGINALD JOHN WILLIAM PEISLEY 1921 - 1992

For just over 12 months our Journal has been prepared for publication by our member Reg Peisley of Tahmoor. Not only did Reg do all the typing and editing with the help of his wife Nancy, but was the anonymous contributor who wrote the popular and entertaining article under the name 'A Happy Old Male'. Reg died on Friday 11 December at Camden District Hospital from a heart attack.

Reg Peisley was born at Summerhill, a maternal grandson of T J Andrews, Funeral Director.

Reg was a man of many talents as evidenced by his various occupations and leisure activities. After leaving Cleveland Street School he obtained an apprenticeship as a mechanic with James M Kirby and continued with that firm as a Motor Engineer until the mid 1950's. Reg left James M Kirby to join his grandfather's firm as the Garage Manager and then went into a mixed business with Nancy at Croydon Park as well as driving a taxi part time.

After selling the business and moving to Campsie, Reg drove the taxi full time until commencing employment with E Boland & Sons, Funeral Directors of Newtown as Company Secretary. A heart attack caused his early retirement in 1979.

Reg enjoyed sport and played soccer and cricket but it was in lawn bowls that he excelled. His list of wins in major tournaments is very impressive. Reg also learned to play the organ and enjoyed painting.

Reg had always wanted to live in the country and this desire was fulfilled in 1987 when he and Nancy bought land at Tahmoor and built a home. Reg and Nancy established a beautiful yard and garden of which Reg was justifiably proud. His other love was computers which is how I came to know him so well, although Reg and Nancy had been members of the society for some time. He was a real whiz with computers and was my 'fix it man' whenever I had trouble with mine.

I only knew Reg for a few short years but for me and others in the Society he was one of those rare persons you meet in life who you 'click' with right away. He was a genuine caring individual with a great sense of humour which is reflected in the 'Happy Old Male' articles he wrote for the Journal. I am grateful that I knew him not just as a member but as a friend.

Reg is survived by his wife Nancy, children Marsha, Helen, Arthur and Linda, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Marlane Fairfax.

THE CARTAGE OF SILVER ORE FROM YERRANDERRIE
by Syd Percival

Perhaps one of the greatest stories on transport would be the haulage of silver ore from Yerranderrrie to the rail head at Camden. This was a short eight miles, a light branch line, running from the main Southern Railway at Campbelltown and has long since been pulled up for economic reasons. The last train to run was on the 31st. December, 1962. Although the main purpose of this story is to describe, to the best of my ability, some of the early motor transport of Campbelltown and its surrounding districts. I can't help but include the mighty effort put in by horses and bullocks and their famous drivers in hauling this valuable mineral over the forty miles or so from the mines to Camden.

All this began about the year 1900 and at the same time roads anywhere in the country were little more than bush tracks, so the roads from Camden to Yerranderrrie surely fell into this category.

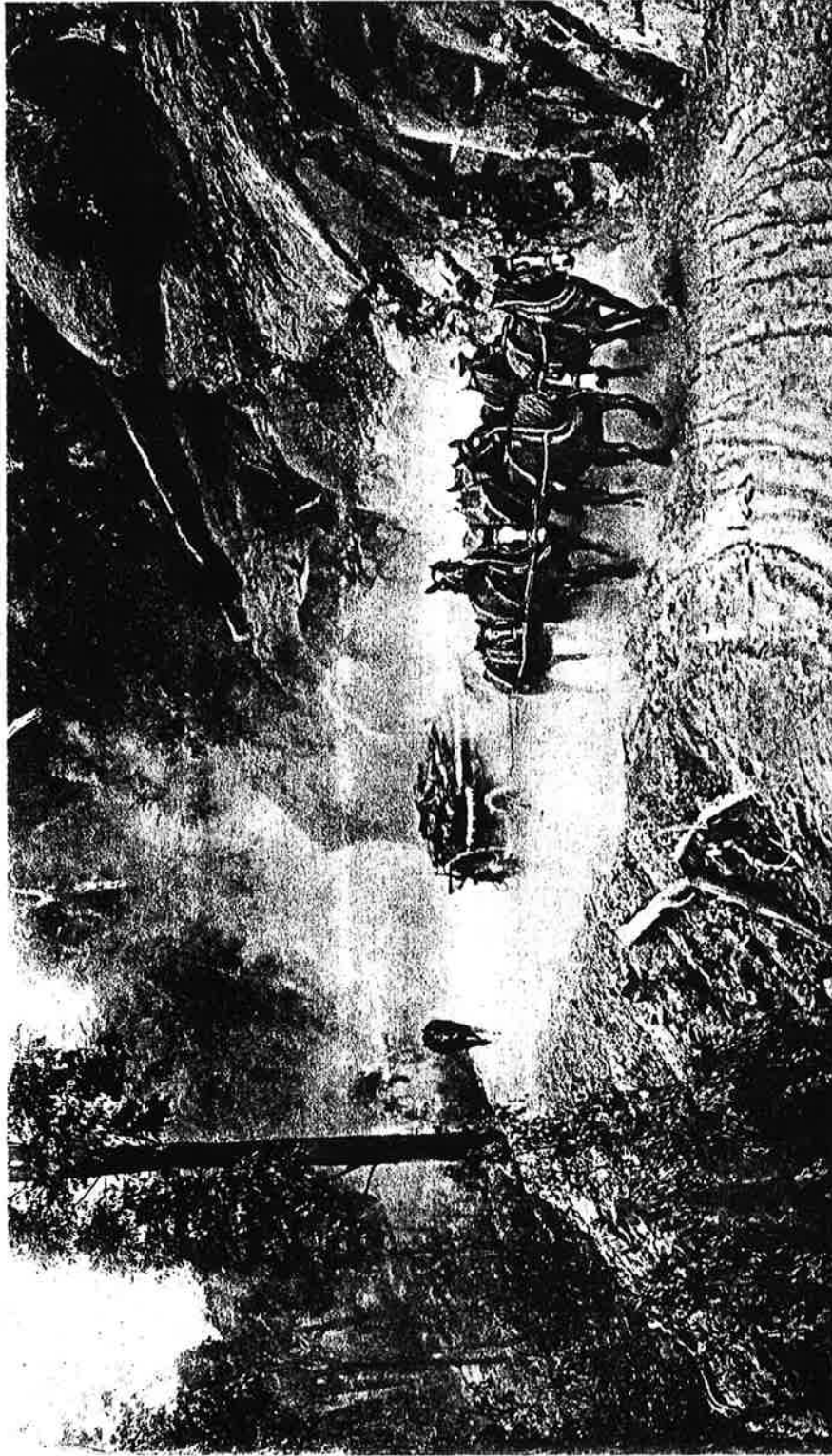
The notorious Burragorang mountain had to be descended and ascended on each trip, so these great men (surely they deserve this distinction) overcame all these problems to carry out the momentous task to the satisfaction of all concerned.

I must point out here that I am indebted to Mr. George Sheldrick of Narellan for helping me with heaps of information to put this together, as he was very much involved in what I am writing about.

Georges's father, Fred Sheldrick was one of the original teamsters and used a team of fourteen or sixteen draught horses and a mighty big waggon that could carry twelve tons of ore at a time. George told me the method used to save as much time and energy as possible was to bring eight tons of ore to the top of the mountain where every teamster had a platform. They would unload the waggon onto it, then go straight back and load another eight tons and head back to the platform.

They would add half of the previous load, then set off for Camden with twelve tons. Using this method they would make one complete trip a week. On occasions, when a team got bogged during the trip, the driver would wait for the next waggon to come along, they would then unhitch the second team and hook them onto the other lot. They would soon have the bogged waggon out, so all were able to go on their way.

At all times the mountain was a dreadful drawback and the greatest care had to be taken when the waggons where ascending or descending. Only capable or experienced drivers were allowed to be in charge of these valuable transports. However, in spite of this precaution some minor accidents did occur, the worst one George could think of was when a waggon for some reason got too close to the edge of one of the bad turns in the climb, the road gave way and the whole lot went over the cliff. Fortunately it landed on a ledge about 15 feet down, which prevented what could have been a dreadful disaster. It was bad enough as the waggon suffered considerable damage and one horse was killed. Everything else was recovered.



AUSTRALIA. Silver mining flourishes round about Yerranderie and Burragorang in New South Wales, but there is no railway to the field and the precious ore has to be carted over mountainous roads to Camden

Bullock teams and their drivers were just as famous as the horse teams and their drivers, great rivalry existed between the two, the bullocks were slower but made up for it with their reliability and calmness of nature which made them less accident prone. A couple of the best bullock drivers were Dave Nolan and Neil Murdock. Some of the horse team owner drivers were Albert Gander, Fred Sheldrick, Bob Henderson, George Nicol senr. and junr. (nephew) Pett and several others.

One of Dave Nolan's sons, who I knew well and who has been dead for some years told me that when he was ten years old he used to travel with his father as an offsider. One day when they were climbing the mountain he slipped and fell under the bullocks but he wriggled and scrambled through to the other side without getting trodden on.

A memorial consisting of a set of giant waggon wheels was unveiled in John Street Camden by a Mr. Henderson, a son of one of the pioneer teamsters who came to Camden that day for the purpose. It certainly was a red letter day for Camden. There must have been thousands of people gathered in the street that was closed to traffic and I'm sure no one could have done it better than him. His voice was so loud and clear it could have been heard and understood streets away. Also standing nearby is a complete waggon known as a box type, a smaller kind than the ore waggon which was obtained by the Camden Historical Society. This was owned and used by our father E.N. Percival of Northampton Dale, Appin. The biggest it carried in its lifetime was eleven tons of wheat when he took it to Junee in 1913 for the wheat season. He had it transported with the horses by train from Campbelltown for the journey. When the season was over he drove it home by road to Appin with three tons of wheat in three weeks.

About 1920 motor trucks were advanced enough to be successfully used in many types of haulage in spite of the fact they were terrible by modern standards. They were heavy to handle, not only in the steering but also in the clutches, so much so that many of the clever drivers by judging the engine speed could do a lot of gear changing without touching the clutch pedal at all. Also all road wheels were fitted with heavy solid rubber tyres making them very rough to ride in and in wet weather almost impossible to stop them sliding off the greasy roads, also they were easily bogged. However, with all these disabilities some of the ore carriers were tempted to gamble with this new type of vehicle, so, in 1922 Albert Gander bought a 5 ton Leyland and Fred Sheldrick a 4 ton Thornycroft and both were brand new trucks. In spite of all the shortcomings mentioned they were a big improvement on the horse and bullock teams. The best thing about it was they could get home every night if all went well, although they were very long days. Sometimes it would be midnight when they reached home.

They certainly came up against lots of problems that didn't happen with the horse teams, such as when a big flood came down the Nattai River in 1925. This was in the middle of winter and when it receded a great depth of sand was left on the crossing. When Fred tried to cross he got hopelessly bogged and in trying to pull it through with the aid of a wire rope and a winch anchored to a tree, he nearly pulled the truck in half. It remained there for nearly a

week.

This mishap caused them to do a lot of thinking, so someone dropped onto a brilliant idea so this sort of thing could never happen again. They obtained great planks of wood and spacing them the right distance apart for the wheels, then fastened to wire ropes that were again fastened to stout trees on both sides of the river, this really did overcome the problem. Whenever a flood came the flood water would lift them up but couldn't wash them away. When the water stopped rushing the planks lay on top of the sand and so the problem was ended for all time.

Fred's son George, who I've already mentioned earlier, was a teenager at this time and he has vivid memories of much of the worries with that first truck and also with a later and bigger model of the same make.

It seems the axles were only fitted with plain bearings and had to stop every few miles and screw up the grease cups. When his father bought the second truck it was fitted with roller bearings in the axles and the difference in performance was fantastic. They were able to pull much bigger loads. Another thing to give trouble was the magneto, not so much the unit itself but its position. It was too close to the exhaust pipe and in the summer with very hot days some vital part inside would melt. They would tinker with it a bit themselves and then have to walk miles, sometimes, to the nearest telephone to ring for help. They then waited for a mechanic to come from Sydney to fix it for them.

Some of the things they did themselves only aggravated the trouble. One day the mechanic said 'the next time the truck stops suddenly don't try to fix it yourself, ring up and I'll come out straight away.

Sometime later it happened again and they did what he told them to do and waited many hours for the mechanic to arrive. In the meantime they were desperately trying to keep alive several crates of fowls from dying of thirst and heat exhaustion that they were carrying as back loading.

At last the mechanic arrived and to their surprise on checking the magneto, found nothing wrong with it. The trouble was a blocked fuel line, something they could have fixed themselves in a few minutes.

Incidents like this gives people of today some idea of the hardships of our pioneer truck operators. as the years went by roads improved, trucks became more reliable and faster due mostly to the fitting of pneumatic tyres.

By 1930 or thereabouts the ore business came to an end, through falling prices of lead and silver. Also the workers put on a strike to get more money and less hours which brought all mines to a standstill and they never got going again.

RETIREMENT

This is a fabulous subject with enormous potential and generally written or talked about by people who will not be retiring for the next thirty or so years.

Watch television, see all the advertisements from the various insurance companies showing what can happen if you give your retirement money to them to invest. Get hold of a newspaper, look at all the extraordinarily brilliant people who are available at the banks and building societies to see that your retirement is just one happy long life for ever and ever. I might say these are the same people who lent our retirement money to the swindlers who are now retired and living on the proceeds, some overseas where you can't get at them, others are in that prolific game called politics, while others are guests of our Majesty for a few months prior to enjoying life as a bankrupt.

Now, the real truth of the matter is that after working for umpteen years, you finally reach the stage where you say I think I've had enough, of course, this is providing the boss hasn't decided you're redundant anyway and you come home one day and say to the little woman (hi pres). "You know love, what'ya think we chuck in this work bit and go into retirement".

I will bet anything you like, you have never seen the look on the little woman's face at that time. She's been going along so well, sort of putting off the evil day and here it is arrived already. At the moment she only has to put up with you around the place of a night and she can handle this o.k. but, to have you around under her feet all the time is more than a body can take. She likes to do things at her own pace but you will fix that for her. "Now Love" you say, "the best way to do such and such is so and so". Very fortunately to preserve some sanity she goes along with you until such time as you have the whole routine of housekeeping in such a mess that a suggestion is put forward that you might like to take up some new occupation, like gardening or in extreme cases maybe a round of golf.

Having done this retirement thing a few or more years ago, let me just let you into a few secrets. Possibly, like most, after being in a job for a few years, you know a number of short cuts to make things easier. You know, you've got things down to where you can do your thirty nine hours a week or whatever in about twenty or so with no real hassles. Well, let me tell you, that comes to a dead stop. All of a sudden you have an agenda placed before you. For a start the average retired bloke immediately goes onto a sixty to seventy hour week and there are no penalty rates either.

Your son or your daughter or somebody will give you a ring to see how you are. They are well meaning but somewhere in the discussion you will find you have agreed to do something or other on exactly the day you were going to have a lie in bed and a read. This is all your own fault for being smart and not realising what a dumbo you are to allow yourself to be put into such a position. Of course, you really want to do these things, just to show you are not the useless old b----- a certain ex Prime Minister called you.

After you have been hanging around the place for a few months and everything is sort of settled down a bit, you start to get a few stupid

ideas like building a fern house, which you don't need, it will look nice though and so away we go. Did I say seventy hours a week. I was joking, you keep going until the job is finished and a fourteen or fifteen hour day is no longer just a thought, it is actually happening. Ever tried to build a rocking horse for one of the grandkids. Garn Gramps, its easy, Joey's pa did it in a coupla days. Nobody seems to realise you have never been able to drive a nail straight or cut a piece of timber to the right length. That's why your fern house has now got climbing beans on one side and wisteria on the other. To give it a sort of balance. This is something which you can only acquire when you don't know what you are doing.

You will find that all of a sudden you have become a target for the new high flying real estate agent. He believes you are living in the wrong area for the last forty five years. He's got a mind bending setup of a retirement village which won't cost you more than an arm or a leg, he will want one of your wife's too.

Just give this a bit of thought, no, give it a lot of thought. If you are still fairly bright and active, you can't be the best or you would still be going to work somewhere, you get involved with people who watch the soopies on T.V. and before you know where you are you're off to see the doctor because Mary in 'How the other half lives', shown daily at 10am to 11am. has an ingrown toenail and you are showing the same symtoms.

Well, this is trouble of the worst kind, you as a member of the grey group must be fully protected from yourself. Necessary, because you have such voting power and your vote is needed to keep those people in a job who know all about retirement and they're itching to show you how to enjoy the retirement which, if you weren't so old, you wouldn't need anyhow.

As you can see from this little chat it does become a major problem. Haven't got any money left. Got involved with an expert who knew investments back to front. I needed one who knew things from front to back.

It doesn't really matter though, who needs money. I can't afford to buy a newspaper so I can't read all the ads. Now we have one of those new fangled television things where you can change channels when the real top line experts come on. We have a real ball watching all the kids shows like 'Wheel of Fortune' and 'Family Feud' which give away holidays which you probably can't take anyway because you haven't retired yet.

Gee, it would really be great if I could get a job for another year or two so we could have some superannuation to invest for our old age. Oh, well, things could be worse, if I had some money invested, think of the worry involved. Who would be best to get taken by, the banks, which bank? Insurance companies, very much a worry. Look at all the money they spend trying to get hold of yours. A real problem isn't it. What about a building Society? Is the interest rate o.k?

See the problems about retiring. Be Careful. Have a Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year.

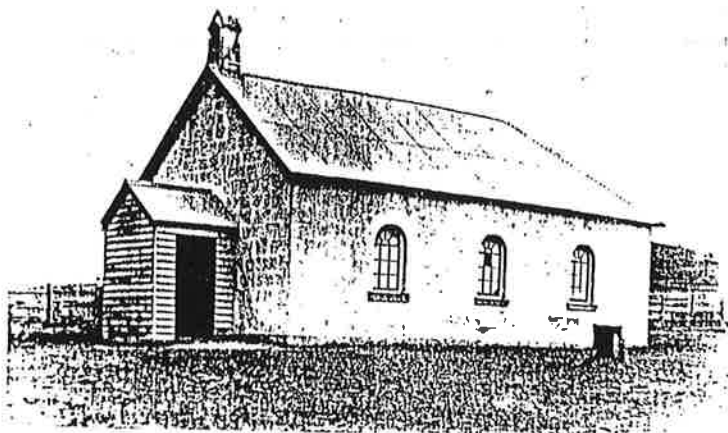
Your Happy old Male

In the September Journal we reprinted half of 'A Brief History of Picton Methodism 1849 - 1964' by M H Stacey. The rest of the article is reprinted hereunder.

The Society would like to thank the Minister and members of the Uniting Church at Picton for allowing the Society to reprint the article in our Journal. Copies of 'A Brief History of Picton Methodism 1849-1964' may still be obtained through the Church.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PICTON METHODISM 1849 - 1964

Compiled for the 115th Anniversary celebrations of the Upper Picton Methodist Church, September, 1964, by M H Stacey.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

By this time Camden Circuit had grown considerably. Two ministers were now required to work the nine preaching places on the north side of Razorback. The work in Campbelltown, begun in 1846, had increased. Moves to separate Picton from Camden were begun in 1888 when the Rev. John Orr recommended to Conference that Picton be separated from Camden, and that a young man be appointed to take care of the Picton side. After Union, the Rev. J. Ashmead, formerly Primitive Methodist minister at Camden, was engaged in Methodist work at Picton and the cause prospered. This once again brought about the question of separation. It was in the time of Rev. W.H. Williams and Rev. H. Skuse, that the Camden Quarterly Meeting of January, 1907, carried resolutions that a circuit be formed out of Ingleburn, Minto, Campbelltown and Picton, with a married minister to reside at Campbelltown and from April, 1908, Picton was worked from Campbelltown.

LOWER PICTON

At the same time as Picton was becoming part of the Campbelltown Circuit, negotiations were being made to build a Methodist Church in a more central position in Lower Picton. In 1904, evening services were commenced in Lower Picton, either in the Salvation Army Hall which once stood on the corner of Menangle and Webster streets, or in the Protestant Hall which was hired at a rate of 7/6d. for three months. Negotiations were begun to buy the Salvation Army Hall, which, however, proved to be unsuitable.

The Rev. F.H. McGowan and later L.J. Wilson from Campbelltown, together with Picton people, held discussions concerning plans, and a site in Colden Street, part of the original Jarvisfield Estate, was purchased on 29th January, 1910, plans and specifications for a church to cost 270 pounds furnished, was passed by the Quarterly

Meeting and building proceeded forthwith. The building was opened late in 1910. For many years, until quite recently, evening services have been held in the building. Mrs. Humphries began a Sunday School there in 1919 and the building is now used in youth work. The original trustees were William Apps, Frank Grant, Caleb Vacchini, Frederick Stace, Wesley Stewart and A.E. Dowse.

PICTON HOME MISSION STATION

The years in the Campbelltown Circuit were fruitful years for Picton. There were time when it was considered placing the minister at Picton because it was the stronger centre. The pulpit was regularly filled by local preachers, the minister coming once a month from Campbelltown, by horse and trap or by train on Saturday. He spent Saturday night at Johnston's at Buxton, preached at Johnston's in the morning and was back at Upper Picton at 3 p.m. This service was always crowded. The grounds outside were filled with horses and sulkies. The scene was a gay one, such as we never see today. An evening service was held at Lower Picton and the preacher was then accorded the hospitality of the Picton people for the night, among them the Blatch, Dowse and Hooker families.

But then, in 1920, the Picton Home Mission Station was formed out of Yerranderie Home Mission Station and Campbelltown Circuit. The years that followed saw an endless stream of pastors, as one came and went within twelve months. Often there were only students to fill the pulpit. The Methodist Church has felt the lack of the close liaison between minister and people and has suffered. The large congregations dwindled and the work of the church was severely restricted. But there has always been that hard core of dedicated people who have kept the cause alive through these troubled years.

There have undoubtedly been years when Picton Methodism has flourished. Between 1934 and 1937, with W.D. O'Reilly, W.H. Weiss and T.R. Colliss, the cause rose from the depths into which it had been cast. In 1937 Church Anniversary Services were held to celebrate the 90th Anniversary of the first Methodist services in Picton. The Rev. Wallace Deane, President of the N.S.W. Methodist Conference, was the chief speaker. It is history in itself then, that for the 115th Anniversary Celebrations we are to have the second visit ever from a President of the N.S.W. Methodist Conference, the Rev. N.G. Pardey, L.Th.

Nmaes such as Blatch, Humphries, Dowse, Hilder, Ridgeway, Cheetham, Quarmby and Hunt, appear through the years, bearing the burden of the Picton work. Picton people still remember the fellowship, good times and hard work, while Fred Boorman was in the circuit between 1947 and 1949. It was during this time that the beautiful avenue of pines up the front path were planted and necessary repairs effected on the church. Since 1958, when a parsonage was purchased, those who have laboured long and hard have been able to enjoy the fellowship of a minister and his family fully resident in the circuit. Those who have been among us of more recent times have been Hank Smit, A.J. Leavesley and now Selwyn Giddy.

LIKE MARY AT THE MASTERS FEET

From the earliest times when Mrs. Rogers helped her husband in his work in Picton, Picton women have proved a tower of strength. The women in 1853 held tea parties to raise funds to pay for a

parsonage in Camden - the Picton women have since 1958 continually worked to pay for and to add improvements to, the Picton parsonage. A Ladies Church Aid was first formed about 1910 and except for a few lapses, has served this church since. With tasks from the most menial to the more rewarding, from cleaning the church to fetes, catering for concerts, running Saturday morning street stalls and providing the music for church services, the ladies have materially and spiritually assisted in the Work.

Today, as always, the women, like Mary, serve the Master as only they are able.

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

Sunday Schools and children have been part of this building since 1873, when the first mention of a Sunday School is recorded - there were two teachers but the number of children is not recorded. After a few years, mention of a Sunday School ceased, but in 1881, Mrs. Gibson reopened the school. There are early reports of Sunday School scholars losing all interest in carefully prepared lessons while they watched frogs climb up the walls. It would appear from Quarterly Meeting Minutes that since 1881, Sunday School has been held in this church with but a few short periods.

Connected with the Sunday School has always been the picnic, a great social event in the life of Picton. Until recently, always held on the Anniversary Day holiday, picnics have followed the Sunday School Anniversary services and prize givings on the Sunday. The Methodist for 1st February, 1902, records that some 500 people attended the picnic in Hook's paddock, among the trees on the hill towards Victoria Bridge. Other popular venues were Mr. Baitup's paddock, known now as the old Picton golfcourse, "The Point", and later Bargo River. A large marque was always erected, swings were there for young and old alike, food was plentiful, games and races were the order of the day. The old tank beside the church has been to many a Sunday School picnic on the back of a dray! Many are the tales told about picnics - of ladies, their dresses tied round their ankles, being pushed high in swings by the menfolk, and of long moonlight evenings in the days when picnics did not have to contend with other forms of entertainment. Not only the children had a good time.

Today (1964) our Sunday School has an enrolment of over 80. Because of its size, it must meet in two private homes, as well as the church. As such, a Sunday School hall is considered an absolute necessity, and Picton Methodist are now aiming towards that end. The work with the young, in Sunday School or in Youth Club, has a definite reward. Teachers and leaders are still known to lose control of young people in the church when a frog appears on the walls.

THE CAUSE WIDENS

The minister from Picton now labours in a number of other centres. Though services have been held intermittently at Bargo since 1855, it was not until 3rd January, 1937, when the church took over the work of the Bargo Gospel Mission, that Methodist services were held regularly. A church built by Mr. I. France was opened on 11th December, 1938. The cause at Bargo has grown and the church property has been enhanced by extensions effected in 1963 by the voluntary labours of Mr. Hardy and his co-workers at a cost of 315

pounds.

Methodist services began at Buxton in 1897 at "Woodbine" the home of Mr. & Mrs. Austin, which still stands in a sad state of repair, alongside the Buxton road. In 1907, when purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Johnston the large meeting room was more than ever put to the use of the Lord. Mr. Johnston, a fine old Methodist local preacher, regularly preached at Upper Picton on Sunday afternoon, and never used a horse on Sundays! After his death in 1930, services were held in the Buxton Hall until 19th March, 1955 when the Buxton Community Church was opened. Built by Mr. Hick, this church was largely created as a labour of love by the Greetham, Hick and Loveridge families, descendants of the Johnstons of "Woodbine".

Yanderra Methodist Church was opened on 4th September, 1937. Yanderra Methodism began on 29th November, 1936, with a service on the sportsground. Services were held in the open through the winter, until the opportunity arose to buy an unused hall at Bargo, which was then erected by voluntary labour under the supervision of Mr. France. Our Yanderra people, small in number but strong in purpose, have recently lined and painted their church.

Methodist services began in Tahmoor in 1934 in a small hall, but a surplus Church of England Rectory building was bought, converted by Mr. Miller with a team of workers and opened on 9th November, 1935. This church was recently painted by the men of the Circuit.

FORWARD IN FAITH

Today (1964) we can see the limitations of a building which is 115 years old. The weight of a shingle roof and an iron roof has placed a great stress upon walls which have never had good footings. Weatherproofing has been a constant source of trouble. The porous sandstone of the walls could not keep out moisture and wind driven rain - and the plaster on the walls has suffered as a result. The mud and horsehair 'mortar' has in many places crumbled away. Many years ago the church was painted with a mixture of clay, lard and lime in order that some measure of weatherproofing could be effected.

However, within the last few years, this too had crumbled away, and the walls, apart from appearing shabby, needed attention once again. It was decided to paint the walls with acrylic paint, largely because the rough hewn stone involved a huge task for a small band of workers to clean back to natural stone, and once cleaned back, there would have been the problem of weatherproofing. So last Christmas (1963) the church received a facelift, in a pink toning so that the surface would not show discolouring. This was the first step in a plan for restoration and improvement. The new seats, especially built for the 115th Anniversary, made possible largely through the generosity of Mr. C. Haddon and faithfully made by Mr. T.C. Baker, have been yet another step.

This church, originally a Wesleyan Chapel, has in more ways than one, witnessed beside the highway of life. It has seen the history of Picton enacted for longer than any church still in use in Picton today. If only the stones could speak, there would be tales of people, of good times and bad times, of happiness and sorrow, in short, of the passage of life and of time before its doors. It has, likewise, been associated with Methodism in New South Wales for a

length of time which makes it one of the very oldest Methodist churches still in active use today.

Thus the first 115 years of service faithfully rendered by this Chapel in Picton, draws to a close. Gone to higher work are those who so ably laid the foundations of Methodism in Picton. The Rogers, Blatches, Evans, Manns, Gibsons, Cliftons, Ridgeways, the Brookes and the Cheethams and others with them, have gone to their eternal rest in the Graveyard behind the Church that they built, cared for and loved. Theirs was no easy task. They laboured long and hard, and they heard the invitation of the Lord Jesus Christ, "Come unto Me all that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

With the passing of each generation, and the loss of stalwarts to other centres, those who have remained have taken upon themselves the task of carrying the cause through its darkest days. The task is far from easy, but our Picton people look forward in faith to the years that are yet to dawn, and plan greater things in the service of their Master. The people have taken up with a strong hand the challenge laid down by the servants in this place over the last 115 years. They look yet to years of service and with the hymn writer, could say;

Go, labour on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Master's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

I would like to acknowledge my debt to Mr. W.A. Bayley, F.R.A.H.S., for his constructive advice; to Mr. F.B. Knox of Pheasant's Nest; to Rev. S.G. Cloughton of the Australasian Methodist Historical Society and to that society; to Mr. Shannon of the 'Picton Post'; to the people of the Picton Methodist Circuit for information, advice and encouragement and to Miss Gwen Davies who has so carefully prepared the history for duplication.

Since this history was completed, the Church has been renovated and sand blasted to bring it back to its original condition. This work was carried out by Mr. Alf Channell. Paid for with donations from previous members.

The Church has since become the Uniting Church in Australia, has reverted to its original name of Wesleyan Chapel.

Services continue here each Sunday guided by the present minister, Rev. Vern James.

DID YOU KNOW

The "Ute" was invented in Australia. Lewis Brandt, worked as a chief body engineer and designer, for an Adelaide firm which modified 'T' model Fords. A letter from a Gippsland farmer's wife complained about the discomfort of riding to church in the 'T' model "buckboard", which was similar to a delivery truck with cart springs. Vivien Encel stated in "Australian Genius-50 Great Ideas", The woman's suggestion was a vehicle which could be driven to church on Sundays and carry pigs to market on Mondays. Ford started mass production of this vehicle in 1934 and G.M.H. began producing theirs in 1935. Sad to say Lewis Brandt was killed in 1987 while driving his coupe utility.

The first Stonequarry bridge was under construction in 1834 and was washed away in 1860.

Mr. F. Bruce Knox of Pheasants Nest was one of 19 successful nominations to receive a certificate of achievement at the recent (1987) Royal Australian History Society's annual affiliated societies conference. As there were over 50 candidates nominated for this award, our society should feel justifiably proud of Bruce Knox. The majority of the certificates were awarded to those candidates who were foundation members of a affiliated society. The fact that Bruce Knox received his award for his contribution to the recording and indexing of Australian History is an achievement in itself. This information was written by Jan Ross in our Journal of December 1987.

How fortunate our society is to have this man and his knowledge available to us. Congratulations on work well done Mr. Knox.

A Preamble and Summary of the FILES of the PICTON ARGUS, THE PICTON ADVOCATE and the PICTON PENNY POST.

The first PICTON ARGUS is mentioned as incorporating "THE PICTON FREE PRESS" and is vol 10. established 1885 and is published at Picton by Sydney Charles Anderson. Dated May 15th. 1895.

The second and last in the file of that name ARGUS is that of March 25th. 1896 and is published by Kenneth Anderson.

The first PICTON ADVOCATE is that of Friday May 29th. 1896, No. 7 vol 1. Editor or proprietor Alfred Stanley-Turnley at Picton.

The first PICTON PENNY POST is Wednesday, May 27th. 1896, No.8. vol 1. Proprietors Joseph M'Glynn and Frederick Sheather Picton and Campbelltown.

"The Australian Senior Citizen" November 1992.
The Southern Highlands area was officially explored by Europeans when Sydney was barely 10 years old, but a ban from 1803 to 1821 on passing through the 'COWPASTURES' at Camden (to protect the Government herds grazing there) restricted settlement of the area.

JOHNNY VANE

written by Katie Greco.

Johnny Vane was the second son of a large family of fourteen children. Johnny was born at Jerry's Plains, in the Hunter Valley on the 16th June 1842. He had blue eyes, brown hair and was six feet tall. He had a great sense of humour and was very cheeky with the police.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a blacksmith (and later, after his bushranging days he worked as a stonemason on St. Mary's Cathedral). A few years later Johnny started cattleduffing with his cousin, Mickey Burke. It seems as if Johnny Vane started stealing for adventure more than any other reason.

Bushrangers in those days always had the fastest, best horses. If they thought that they needed another horse (because their's was tired) they would replace their first, stolen horse for the fastest one in the stable, or field, where ever they were. If they heard of a famous racehorse in the district they would go and steal it, because they had to be always ahead of the police.

Johnny Vane became so notorious that in May 1863 he was asked by John Gilbert & John O'Meally to join Ben Hall's gang, which ranged in the Bathurst, Caloola, Canowindra, Junee and Murrumburra areas.

To a man already wanted and involved in rustling, Johnny accepted without hesitation.

On the 3rd. October 1863 Ben Hall's gang caused a sensation in Bathurst by going on a 'shopping spree' in the main street. First to the gunsmith and then to the jewellers and that was where the alarm was given.

While the police charged past, the gang spent an hour and a half in a nearby pub. Boy, did they make a fool out of the police !!!

Their next major raid was the most daring and remarkable hold-up in Australian history. It took place on the 12th. October, 1863 when the gang held up the entire town of Canowindra, imprisoning all the residents, including the town police constable, inside the Robinson's Arms Hotel for three days, treating them to music, dances, shooting displays and all they could eat and drink.

Once their money ran out, the gang left town and holed up in the Trunkey area.

On the 24th. October, 1863 Johnny Vane's best friend Mickey Burke was shot dead by Mr. Henry Keightley at Dunn's Plains in an attack on the Keightley homestead. They attacked Keightley to teach him a lesson because he assisted the police and made public threats against the bushrangers. In the attack Mickey Burke crept too close and was shot in the abdomen causing great pain in his stomach. Burke who was in extreme agony, placed his revolver to his head and fired twice. If Burke had not done that he might have survived.

After Mickey Burke's death Johnny got in a fight with John Gilbert. The fight ended with Johnny leaving with a black eye. After placing his friend's dead body on his horse, Johnny led the horse to the Burke property at Carcoar and that was where Mickey Burke's body was buried.

After Burke's death Johnny Vane could not find any fun in bushranging any more and gave himself up to a priest (Rev. Father McCarthy). Father McCarthy hid Johnny in his cellar while he rode to Bathurst to arrange with the Magistrate for Johnny to give himself up. (the deal was he'd give himself up as long as he was not hung.) The Magistrate agreed and when the priest returned he rode back with him to Bathurst and Johnny surrendered.

Johnny was convicted and given fifteen years in gaol. While Johnny was in Darlinghurst he was a good prisoner and was pardoned after serving six years.

After spending his time in gaol, Johnny moved back to the Carcoar area, married Jane Parker in 1880 and was the father of eight children.

Except for two minor charges, Johnny lived a mostly respectable life and drove a Mail Coach from Woodstock to Wyangala Dam for many years. Johnny also joined the circus and travelled under the title "The Last Surviving Bushranger."

Johnny Vane was cutting fence palings when he suffered an appendix attack. He later died in Cowra Hospital on the 30th. January 1906, aged sixty four.

This is my favorite bushranger because Johnny Vane
is my great, great, great uncle!

JOHNNY VANE

This article was
the eleven year
Greco, a member

A well written
it may be hoped
number of items
from members or
are



submitted by Katie,
old daughter of Una
of our Society.

article Katie and
we might receive a
of similar standard
the children who
interested.



COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

£4000 REWARD

FOR THE APPREHENSION OF

**JOHN GILBERT, JOHN O'MEALLEY, BEN-
JAMIN HALL and JOHN VANE.**

WHEREAS the above named persons are charged with the commission of numerous and serious offences, and have hitherto eluded the efforts to apprehend them. It is hereby notified that the Government will pay a Reward of £1000 for such information as will lead to the apprehension of each of the offenders named.

The Government will also pay a Reward of One Hundred Pounds for such information as may lead to the Conviction of any person or persons for harbouring, assisting or maintaining any of the above named offenders.

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WILLIAM FORSTER.

OCTOBER, 26th, 1863.

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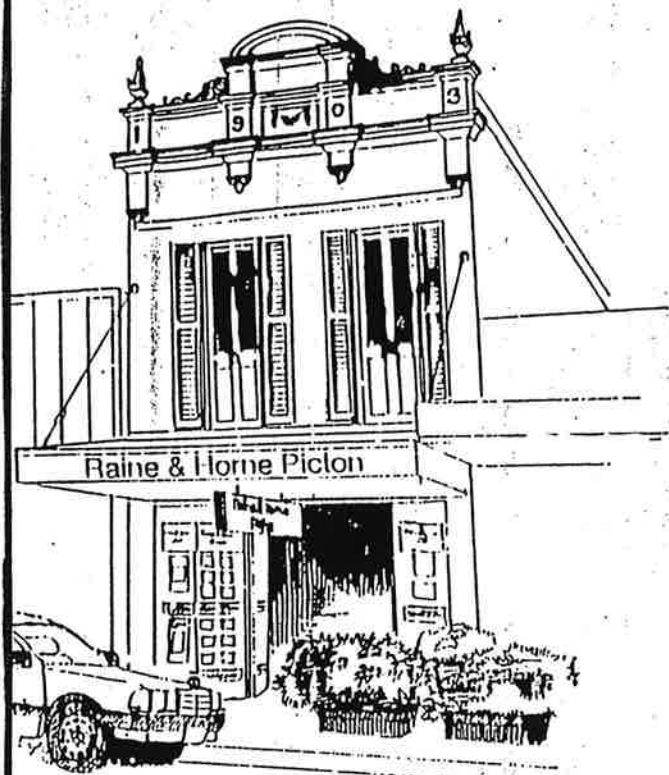
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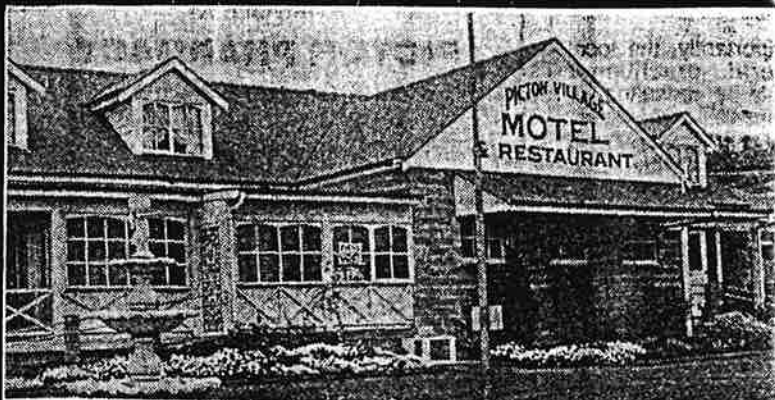
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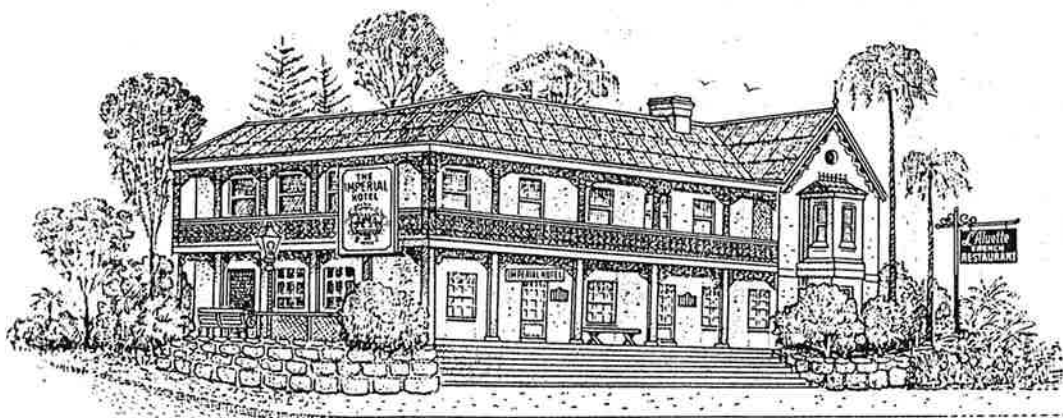
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