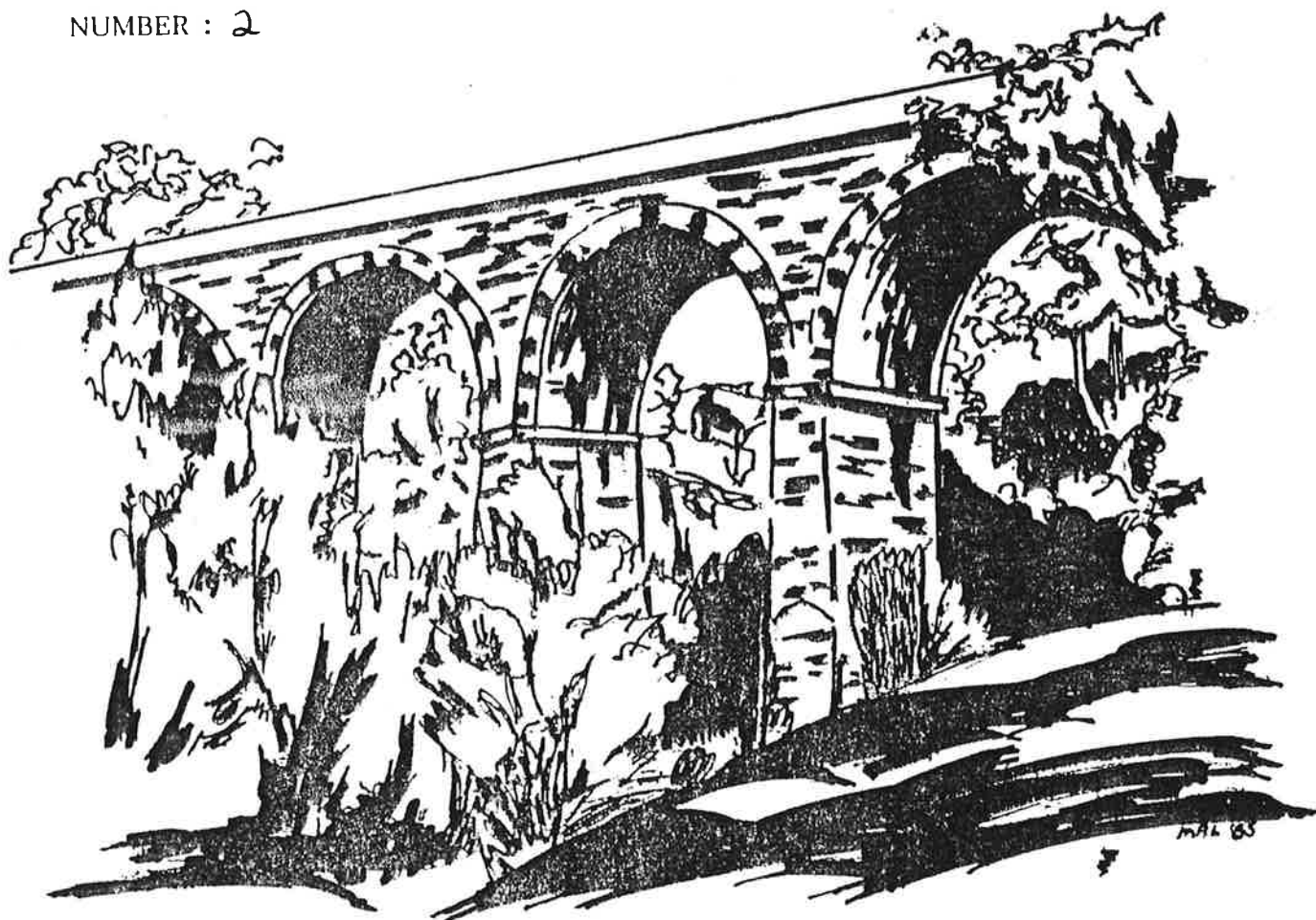


The Journal

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Picton and District Historical
and
Family History Society

PICTON & DISTRICT HISTORICAL & FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY INC.

<u>PRESIDENT</u>	MRS MARLANE FAIRFAX	(046 818026)
<u>SECRETARY</u>	MISS GAIL HANGER	(046 842179)
<u>LIBRARIAN</u>	MRS DIANNE IRWIN	(046 771970)
<u>RESEARCH OFFICER</u>	MR KEN WILLIAMS	(046 327439)

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

The Secretary
Picton & District Historical & Family History Society Inc
P.O.Box 64
PICTON NSW 2571

LIBRARY:

THE COACH HOUSE
Argyle Street,
PICTON

HOURS: Thursday: 10 am to 2 pm
Saturday: 10 am to 3 pm

ENTER by Menangle Street carpark. (behind National Australia Bank)

MEETINGS:

Second Monday of each month in THE COMMUNITY ROOMS, SHIRE HALL,
MENANGLE STREET, PICTON. (excluding January)

MEMBERSHIP FEES - FROM 1ST JULY EACH YEAR:

\$ 8.00 Pensioner
\$10.00 Single
\$12.00 Family

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Sorry to be late. Anyone want a job?

Things have been fairly quiet over the past few months. We have had visits from other organisations including the Berrima National Trust and thanks to those members who assisted with those visits.

In May we had another cake stall which raised much needed funds and once again, thanks to members of the Hanger family for organising and running the stall and to Peg Gard and Jan Ross for donating the raffle prizes.

Members attended the launch of the Catholic Registers Index compiled by Liz Vincent and the Society was presented with a complimentary copy of the Index.

Coming up very soon, the weekend of the 6th, 7th and 8th August, we have the Stonequarry Festival of Arts & Crafts. This is our major fundraiser for the year and we will need **HELP** from members. Please contact Gail Hanger or myself with your offers.

The Members Interest Directory will be printed in the next month and all contributors will receive a copy. Non contributors can purchase it for \$ 2.00.

MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE NOW DUE. Please send in your renewal as soon as possible. The Society is run by volunteers but postage, power, stationery supplies, insurance, etc. etc. have to be paid for. To date, many unfinancial members have still been receiving the Journal but this will have to stop owing to the high cost in producing the Journal, particularly postage which is set to rise for publications such as ours.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

AMOUNT ENCLOSED: \$

Single \$10 Family \$12 Pensioner \$8

RESEARCH PROJECTS

It has been decided to carry out an update of our Cemetery Transcripts which will include details of known burials which have not been marked with a headstone.

Pat Shephard and myself have also been spending a lot of hours working in graveyards. Pat has compiled a very comprehensive transcript of headstones and burials for Wilton Anglican and Appin Anglican graveyards. Although out of our area, I have been working on Glenmore Uniting Church (formerly Wesleyan) Graveyard (near The Oaks).

Another very important index is being compiled on births, deaths and marriages from the Picton newspapers 1885 to 1962. Unfortunately very few editions exist for the period 1885 to 1896. The index is being compiled from an index to the newspapers compiled by Mr F Bruce Knox, our Honorary Member who has been a local historian for over 50 years. Copies of some of the newspapers indexed by Mr Knox, to our knowledge, no longer exist.

VALE

SISTER RITA KING

BORN URALLA 14 JULY 1925 - DIED KINGSGROVE 16 JUNE 1992

Members of the Society were sad to hear of the sudden death of Sister Rita King, on Tuesday, 16 June 1992. Sister Rita had been a member of our Society for five years and attended meetings on a regular basis until moving from St Mary's Towers at Douglas Park to the home convent at Kingsgrove about two years ago.

Sister Rita was a keen historian who wrote and published a detailed history of her family, entitled "Probable Usefulness". She enjoyed giving conducted tours of "Park Hall", Sir Thomas Mitchell's old country residence, now called "St Mary's Towers". One of her last projects was to place plaques on the trees in the old well established gardens at the "Towers" labelling the trees with their proper botanical names.

In the introduction to her book, "Probable Usefulness", Sister Rita wrote that "the famous and the infamous are recorded in history books", but that her book told the story "of some of the 'others' and their usefulness in this growing country".

Sister Rita was one of the "others". A simple "country woman" with a common sense approach to life and a deep respect for the natural environment. We shared with her a common interest in Australian history. She will be missed.

Patricia Shephard.

COME WALK WITH ME

-----*-----

Come walk with me through the streets of time, from the then to the now.

In my youth during the Depression and War years, when money was not plentiful, the best means of transport was shanks's pony, (walking). Whoever wrote the song "These shoes were made for walking" must have lived in similar circumstances.

As I lived at Glebe on the outskirts of the city, there were many places I could go. Friday nights were special, as there was late shopping and Paddy's markets was open. Oh! What fun my girl friend and I had bargaining with the sellers in the market. Many years later when my youngest daughter was about eight, I thought I would give her a treat and take her to Paddy's. What a fizzer it turned out to be. She hated it. She said "Yuk all this smell and filth, let's get out of here."

On a Sunday afternoon my Mother, Sister and I would walk along George St to Circular Quay and watch the ferries going back and forth across the harbour, then we would amble around to the Botanical Gardens and study the various sights and beautifully laid out gardens and lawns.

Now, finding one's way around the Quay is so different. Very modern wharves and ferries and where old Bennelong had his brick hut, now stands the Opera House on Bennelong Point. During the celebrations in early 1938 for a hundred and fifty years after the landing in Sydney Cove, many warships from other countries came here to help us celebrate. My family was host to several French sailors from the ship "Jeanne D'Arc". As I was still at school and studying French, boy, how MY French improved.

When the celebrations were ending tragedy struck. As the giant American warship (forget the name of the ship) was leaving a double decker ferry called the "RODNEY" loaded to capacity to farewell the ship, capsized and sank in Sydney Harbour. There were nineteen lives lost. I shall never forget seeing the naval launch bringing survivors to land at Man O' War steps. This was one Sunday our excursion to Circular Quay was not a pleasant one.

There were many places one could visit such as the Art Gallery, the Museum and don't forget the good old Domain. This was the place where one and all could get on a soap box and spruكة (pure Aussie slang) about whatever they liked. Many a laugh could be had watching and listening. Maybe this was a good way of airing your grievances or becoming a future politician. I wonder, do people still go to the Domain for Sunday entertainment. It cost nothing and it was a lot of fun.

Leaving there, we would walk across to Macquarie St, past Sydney

Hospital, Parliament House and the site of the old Mint. We are now in Hyde Park and one must look at St. Mary's Cathedral, the City Bowling Club and the War Memorial. This we did not do in one day but over many days weeks months and years. Think of the shoe leather we wore out.

In April of this year 1992 our youngest daughter and her family took my husband and I for a tour of Sydney by car. No walking for them. What a revelation to see all the improvements to our Sydney. What a facelift. We saw Hyde Park and Macquarie Street lit up like a fairyland, across the Sydney Harbour Bridge with the new lights, saw the entrance or exit to the tunnel under the harbour. The Sydney Town Hall and St. Andrews Cathedral look magnificent since their restoration. I think we take all these achievements for granted and I realise there are some for and some against progress but if one stands still they become stagnant.

Many times I have met my friends at good old Bebarfald's corner across from the Town Hall, a meeting place for one and all. It is now a Woolworth's store but it is still called Bebarfald's corner.

Sometimes we would walk around to Mrs. Macquaries's chair. Don't know if she ever sat there but I did. We would go past Government House and up to King's Cross. On another occasion we would not go down Broadway to George St but through the back streets to Pyrmont Bridge and around by the docks. That is something to see now, all spick and span. Just beautiful. Not like the dirty old derelict wharves and filthy rat infested warehouses.

On Friday evening the 1st of September 1939. I was walking along the street at Central Railway with my girl friend when the cry went out. WAR! GERMANY HAS INVADED POLAND. On the 3rd. September Australia was at war. What distressful times these were, no more lights in our city, people were stunned, factories were making munitions, engineers were building planes and the hospitals taken over by the military and the cream of our youth recruited into the services.

The greatest shocks of all. When Japanese submarines invaded Sydney Harbour and Darwin was bombed. It made us realise we could not consider ourselves safe from attack. Rationing was the order of the day.

I have seen the then and the now and think how lucky I have been to see all these things. Reminiscing is now my walking. Maybe I walked so much I wore my legs out.

This is my tribute to Sydney's Sesqui-Centenary. This is MY city. Oh! How I love you SYDNEY.

Nancy Peisley

WEDDING

---*---

St. Paul's Church of England, Kogarah, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Saturday, 2nd April, 1949, when, second eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. of Carlton was married to, son of Mr. and Mrs. of Picton.

The bride who entered the church on the arm of her father who subsequently gave her away, wore a lovely gown of embossed taffeta with the new cameo neckline. The skirt of the gown was caught up at intervals and held in place with pearl and diamante clusters. Her tulle veil was held by a garland of orange blossoms.

The bride carried a bouquet of white carnations and small white lillies.

The bridesmaids were Miss Eileen, sister of the bride and Miss Jean, sister of the groom. They were attired in matching frocks of blue embossed taffeta and carried bouquets of pink carnations and blue delphiniums. Their headdresses were blue tulle with flowered bandeaux and they wore matching blue lace mittens.

The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Dudley as bestman and Mr. Charles as groomsman.

During the signing of the Register an appropriate number was rendered by a friend of the bride.

The reception was held at the Returned Soldiers Hall at Rockdale where about 65 guests were received by Mrs. S. who wore a royal blue frock with black accessories. She was assisted by Mrs. H.O. wearing azure blue with black accessories.

The usual toasts were honoured and after the appropriate speeches had been made Miss Jean sang two numbers, "A Star Fell from Heaven" and "Near You". Miss sang "If I Had My Life to Live Over" and "You Can't Be True Dear".

For travelling, the bride wore a chartruese green frock with a brown hat and accessories. The Hotel Corrimal was chosen for the honeymoon and the bride and groom intend to tour the South Coast from this point.

Many Picton people travelled down for the ceremony. These included Mrs L.Wonson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Apps, Mr. and Mrs. B. Apps, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wonson and Mr. P.Sloan.

THE ABOVE ARTICLE WAS TAKEN FROM THE PICTON POST OF APRIL 14, 1949.
WHO WERE THE BRIDE AND GROOM?.

Their photo appears on the opposite page.



PICTON and THE GIANT FIG TREE
or
ANTHONY HORDERN'S TREE
"WHILE I LIVE, I GROW"

We in Picton smile to ourselves when someone says to us "and just what is there in Picton to see". First of all, we ask them if they have booked overnight accommodation in the area and then we proceed to enlighten them.

Apart from the FIRST CONSUMPTIVE HOSPITAL IN AUSTRALIA, THE OLDEST (still in use) STONE VIADUCT IN N.S.W., THE FIRST RAILWAY TUNNEL IN N.S.W., THE TALLEST (still in use) TIMBER TRUSSED BRIDGE IN N.S.W. and THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE FIRST GREEK SETTLER IN N.S.W. there are many wonderful remnants of early colonial settlement, added to these are the sites of natural beauty. THE RAILWAY PRECINCT still portrays the characteristics of the 1860's. Not only are these sites of local significance but many are of state and national importance. How many travellers remember ANTHONY HORDERN'S TREE on the top of the RAZORBACK RANGE?.

Interestingly, the HORDERN trademark which was registered in 1881, featured an oak tree, whereas the tree on the top of RAZORBACK was a fig tree. The PORT JACKSON FIG TREE (FICUS RUBIGINOSA) had been planted by the "ARNOLD" family in the 1860's. While many people may have known the tree as the HORDERN Tree for as long as they can remember, the company did not receive permission from the Wollondilly Shire Council to erect an advertising hoarding (WHILE I LIVE, I GROW) next to the tree until December 1952.

It was late in 1965, that the tree began to wither and its death seemed imminent. There was a difference of opinion as to the cause of the problem. The Forestry Commission was emphatic that longicorn beetles were killing the tree, but local council officers disagreed. They were convinced that someone had deliberately tried to kill the tree with poison. Fifty holes were sealed with bitumen emulsion and some of the branches removed. By the end of 1966, it was reported that the tree had been restored to "good health". The ultimate cause of death is to this day, a subject of debate.

Twenty-six years after the problem was first publicised, locals and visitors alike, still remember ANTHONY HORDERN'S TREE on top of RAZORBACK RANGE.

(Despite checking many reference books, no mention of Ficus Carica Maxima can be found. Enquiries to various authorities have resulted in conflicting information. One reference indicated that Ficus Carica was a tree originating in Iran which had leaves shaped like those of a fig. Another text stated that the FICUS CARICA was a common fig, indigenous to America. Suffice to say, the overwhelming evidence points to the fact that the tree was definitely a PORT JACKSON FIG TREE and not an

oak tree).

The following poem quoted by ULI SCHMETZER appeared in the Sun newspaper in March 1966.

HIGH ON THE TOP OF THE RAZORBACK IN A PADDOCK FILLED WITH COWS,
MANURE AND RABBIT HOLES, FICUS CARICA MAXIMA, THE GIANT FIGTREE,
SLOWLY DIES.

AS THE WIND WHISTLES THROUGH ITS ANCIENT DOME THERE IS THE
OMINOUS SOUND OF RUSTLING LEAVES AND THE CREAKING OF CENTURY-OLD
BARK AND WHEN THE WIND SUBSIDES AND THE LEAVES REST ONCE MORE
THE OLD TREE SOFTLY MUMBLES.

I am FICUS CARICA MAXIMA, the mightiest of figtrees, known and
loved across the world and through the centuries for my large
and shady roof.

While I live I grow and soon I will grow and live no longer.

Up here where the cold winds blow freely and the blistering
storms of a hundred odd years have torn and raged about my limbs
I was undisputed king.

I stand alone, a mascot of the barren hill, ageless and
evergreen through the seasons.

To the south I watched as the great city, billowing smoke,
concrete and timber, rose above the land beside the ocean.

To the north I saw trees felled, saw fences built, cattle
appear, watched as men harrowed, ploughed and sowed, built homes
and make the wild valley beckon to their will.

They came in scores, men with large-brimmed hats, winding their
way up from the sea.

In the dusk of the evening they stopped to rest under my leaves.
And when the morning came, they left to go north to the plot of
land they bought, to wrestle with it and to conquer it.

I saw countless fires on the hills to the east and west
blacken the countryside, swallow up the vegetation and leave
nothing but the scarred earth.

And the seasons came and the seasons went, new men came, the
parched black ground grew green and lush and rich again.

AND I LIVED ON.

Now I, FICUS CARICA MAXIMA, will die by the hand of men after a
lifetime of sheltering and harbouring them and granting them
thousands of quiet hours beneath my roof.

Carrying drills they shinned up my trunk and bored 50 small
holes deep into the upper part of my boughs.

Then they filled my wounds with arsenic and left me, sick and
without help.

As my leaves dried up and fell off, as my evergreen dome turned
yellow with sickness, a tree doctor finally came to diagnose my
disease.

He shook his head and left.

The last doctor kindly gave me six weeks to live, six weeks
after 440 seasons and still young and strong.

Now there is little time left, the poison they filtered into my
limbs has seeped into my sap, trickled into my roots and left me
weak and limp to die.

Soon I'll be withered away. Men with axes, saws and lorries will come to chop and hack and cut at me like any common tree - me - FICUS CARICA MAXIMA.

Come closer now and scan my bark, it is scarred with the names of lovers and grateful visitors who roamed across the fields and from the road, to find peace and shelter under my roof.

I listened to their talk, the sweet soft talk of blossoming youth, as the shadows of my branches grew longer and the red sun slid below the horizon.

Their names are numerous, their secrets are many, I've kept them well through the decades and now that I die they will die with me.

See the road winding down there? I was long here when they built it. I was the first too, who saw those smoking reeking contraptions you call cars make their way up here.

They hissed and steamed and whined and whistled as they rolled up the hill and their foul smell made me curse them many times.

At first there were few, rumbling noisy monsters on wheels, but as the seasons passed they came in ever growing numbers, rolling by on soft cushioned feet and purring like the cats which seek refuge in my boughs.

Then a few years ago men came in suits and with a large wooden billboard.

They hammered it into the earth next to me and said I was now their emblem and they had adopted me.

Adopt me, FICUS CARICA MAXIMA, the mightiest of fig trees, me who adopted all of them long before their fathers were born.

Look at the valley down below, where the earth is soft and drenched in watery lushness, where grass grows high and trees tall - that's where I was born 440 seasons ago.

Three brothers, the Arnolds, who owned all the land up here, reared me from the time I was a skinny sapling until I was strong enough to face the blistering winds that sweep across the top of RAZORBACK RANGE.

Then they dug my young roots out and carried me to the very top of the bare hill where I was planted next to a tea tree to grow and shelter the cattle.

We Port Jackson figtrees are cannibals. So I ate the tea tree and grew thick like a tower and out like an umbrella.

In those days as I sprouted out uncurbed by any other growth, the people in the valley spread the rumour that my shades were haunted.

Witches and wizards, they said, indulged in weird dances under my protection, spirits and evil ghosts met and planned lust and violence for the valley dwellers below.

For many years the spirit was so strong, residents of the valley took a wide berth around my trunk.

Only years later I found out a young girl who had dallied too long beneath my shady dome with her lover had caused my disrepute, when she ran home clamouring that evil men spirits had held her as she walked by "THAT TREE"....

AGAIN THE WIND WHISTLED THROUGH THE BRANCHES, THE LEAVES TREMBLED AND THE KNOBBY ROPE-LIKE TRUNK ACHED AND PAINED.

Now no longer will the cattle graze in the shade of my leaves, nor the lovers find a peaceful spot in my arms, no more will the travellers stop and stare.

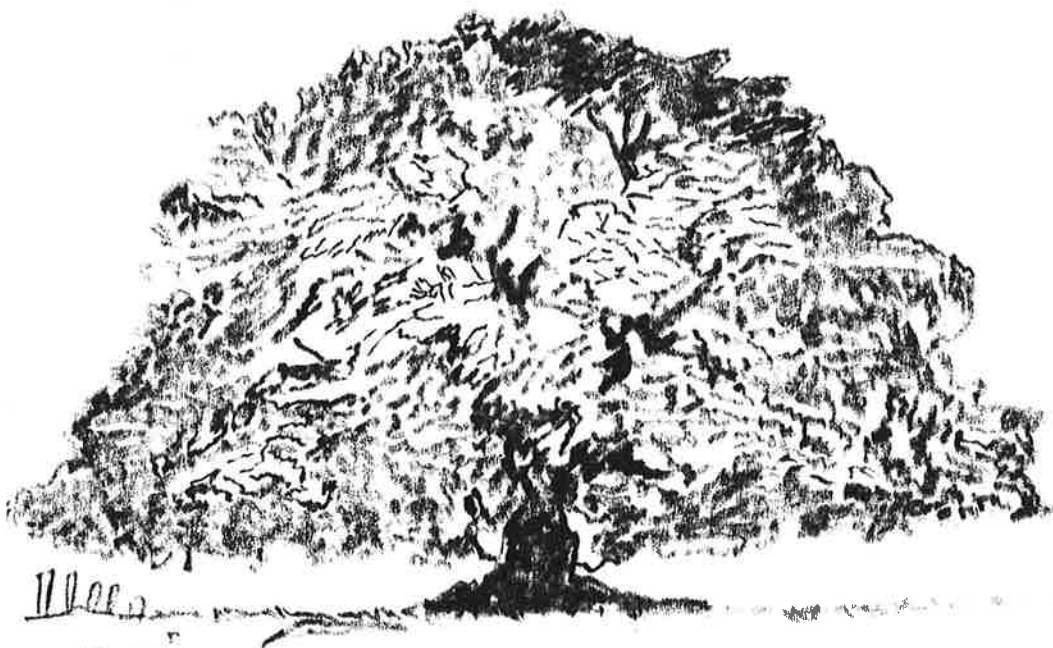
SUDDENLY, AS THE BRANCHES RUSTLED AND THE CENTURY-OLD BARK
CREAKED, A DRIED UP BRANCH CRACKED AND PLUNGED THROUGH THE LEAFY
DOME.

FICUS CARICA MAXIMA WAS DYING.

THE HORDERN TREE

By John Heap

As well as this poem there is a song entitled "The Hordern Tree" written and sung by John Heap which is available on cassette. John Heap had no knowledge of the poem. He wrote his song from a traveller's point of view and of the trees association with the store. Using a certain amount of "poetic licence", he refers to the tree as "The Spreading Oak Tree" and suggests it was planted to celebrate the opening of the Hordern Store. Apart from these two facts, he believes that the song is accurate. (1)



THE HOUSE OF HORDERN

In Sydney in 1981, the end of an era came with the announcement that a Malaysian entrepreneur had acquired the HORDERN building. The ANTHONY HORDERN name had been associated with the city for 158 years. Beginning as a bonnet shop in 1823, it reached its peak of fame in 1905. (2)

Anthony Hordern's original "Grant of Trade Mark", dated at Sydney, 17 October 1881 and signed by Edward Grant Ward, the Registrar General of the Colony of New South Wales, was described as:-

'An Oak Tree erect, above a scroll on which the latter is enscribed the Motto "WHILE I LIVE, I'LL GROW"; and below the scroll, the words "Anthony Hordern & Sons, Merchants". (3)

According to the history of the company when the late Mr Samuel Hordern, who also owned Wilton Park Estate, decided to erect the more modern store on Brickfield Hill, he found there, some oak trees which had been established in the garden of the business premises by the Hordern family in 1844. Although the trees were cut down to make way for the new building, it was considered that it was from these trees that the late Mr Samuel Hordern had taken the company's trade mark and motto. (4)

In March, 1938, the retail store gave its customers over 50,000 oak trees as part of Australia's 150th. Anniversary celebrations. The trees had been purchased from a nursery at Potters Bar during a visit to London in 1937 of the General Manager, Mr H. Dyson Sales, and the Property Manager, Mr W.H. Brown. Each customer who spent above a certain amount of money was presented with one of these English Oak trees, which was growing in a pot and ready for planting. Many schools and institutions took advantage of the offer and planted the trees as memorials. (5)

As Property Manager, Mr W.H. Brown was also responsible for having the sign erected next to the PORT JACKSON FIG TREE on RAZORBACK. (6)

INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM, THE EVENTUAL DEATH OF THE GIANT FIG TREE DID COINCIDE WITH THE DEMISE OF THE COMPANY.

Endnotes.

- (1). Letter from Mr John Heap to Mrs Jan Ross, May 1992.
- (2). Sydney Morning Herald, 27 June 1981, p.44.
- (3). Letter from Mr W.H. Brown to Mr F.B. Knox 15 September 1965
- (4). *ibid*.
- (5). Letter from Mr W.H. Brown to Mr F.B. Knox 31 August 1965.
- (6). *op cit*, Letter, 15 September 1965.

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Sydney Morning Herald Sydney. The Sun Sydney.

Jan Ross
30 May 1992.

+

DID YOU KNOW

Excerpts from a booklet published by the Sunday Telegraph on the celebrations of the sesqui centenary of Sydney.

When the Sydney Harbour Bridge first opened the charges were as follows:-

1. Cars 6d plus 3d per passenger and 1d per child each way.
2. Horses 2d per head.
3. Cattle 2d per head.
4. Sheep 1d per head.

The election of the alderman for the first City Council marked the first time the citizens of Sydney were able to elect their chosen representatives, predating the first freely elected New South Wales Parliament.

Formerly the colony had been governed by three police magistrates and the Legislative Council - which consisted of members appointed by the ruling English monarch through the Governor of New South Wales.

The council held its first meeting at the Royal Hotel George St but soon moved to the Pultenay Hotel in York Street - where the rent was cheaper and the public could be accommodated.

The first Lord Mayor was Alderman John Hosking 1842-1843.

The handwritten extract from the Act of Parliament, given by the Queen to the City of Sydney on her Sesqui-centenary visit, details the Act of Incorporation that officially declared the City of Sydney. It also includes the information on the Heraldry and history of the Council, past Lord Mayors and the Sydney Town Hall. The extract will be on display in the Town Hall vestibule.

The Opera House complex covers Bennelong Point, a promontory forming the east bank of Sydney Cove named after an Aboriginal friend of Governor Arthur Phillip. It was originally called Cattle Point because stock from the First Fleet first landed here on January 26th. 1788. Phillip later built a brick hut for Bennelong there which soon became known by its inhabitant. In 1800 it was one of the batteries around Sydney Cove and in 1817 to 1819 the original Fort Macquarie was erected. It was demolished in 1902 and replaced by a tram shed, a red brick turreted structure reminiscent of its predecessor. The tram shed was pulled down in 1958 to make way for the Opera House.

Things were pretty tough back in Sydney's infancy. In the early 1840's sharp depression struck the colony - thanks, in part, to unrestrained speculation. Bankruptcies were rife.

The horse was all important which brought the evolution of riding outfits for bush living, a costume common to Squatocracy

and bushie alike...red or blue serge shirts, neck scarves, moleskin, duck or corduroy trousers, stout boots, a cabbage tree hat. Men sported flowing locks, bushy beards and moustaches.

The male informal clothing of the forties had a great deal of dash with loose flowing cravats and a studied carelessness. Check trousers, cloth caps, cotton jackets and fancy waistcoats were donned for special occasions.

For 1840's evening elegance - waist coats of white silk with silver buttons and square toed shoes.

For women it was the era of the submissive droop - droopy bonnets, droopy shoulders and droopy skirts over layers of petticoats. White chemisettes were popular under dresses with deep V - shaped bodices.

=====

RACK YOUR BRAIN

- Q1. Who wrote the Man From Snowy River.
- Q2. Who was the first to cross the Blue Mountains.
- Q3. Who founded Picton and in what year.
- Q4. Who designed St.Mark's Anglican Church Picton.
- Q5. When was the foundation stone for the above laid.
- Q6. Who founded the P & D H & F H S.

THIRLMERE

Campbelltown Herald 7 December 1898
(From our Correspondent)

Four miles from Picton, on the main southern line, you strike the bush township. The road is not uninteresting, ascending as it goes, with brown paddocks here and patches of culture there, and odd bushy nooks everywhere. Deep below you stretches the coastal country, wrapped in grey-blue summer haze, with ominous wreaths of smoke hovering over the landscape. High on an eminence to the right stands the Thirlmere Home for Consumptives. Yes, look at it with interest--this asylum for the stricken, whom science cannot aid. Yes, look at it, but do not fear it, for in fear there is danger. A Sydney solicitor closes the carriage window to shut out possible infection every time the train takes him past the dreaded spot; and someday, perhaps, he will come here to die. As you ascend, the scrub becomes thicker and the soil poorer; presently you pass a yellow paddock of parched potatoes, the hotel looms in view, and you are in Thirlmere, with bush to the right of you and bush to the left of you. Why a township was ever planted here, where it takes a pound of bonedust, with a wet season thrown in, to produce a pound of potatoes, is one of the things which one cannot understand. A township there is, however, with the usual accessories, including a commodious hotel, where you will be received with civility, and where well-cooked viands will serve to satisfy the keen-edged appetite which the rarefied atmosphere here induces. There's a lot in civility, even in a bush hotel--it adds such a piquancy to everything. There is little cultivation, save an occasional oasis in the surrounding desert; but the outlying district of Bargo sometimes sends forward produce, and the resident will tell you with pride that excellent cherries and grand apples are grown around Thirlmere. He may be right about the cherries, and Bargo strawberries are supposed to be good, but I don't think the apples are up to much, for the apple will not arrive at perfection in this country. Doubtless they are better than Californian, and that's poor praise. Bee culture is pursued hereabouts with some success, the indigenous flora affording abundant forage, and poultry thrive everywhere. All the business of the place is practically in the hands of one man--Mr. Pickard, who is butcher, baker and storekeeper. He employs six carts, which are constantly going, and his circle of business embraces Picton Lakes, Bargo, and even Picton itself. A few years ago he came here to cut wood, and wood is to-day the staple industry of Thirlmere--sleepers and firewood, of which 100 pounds worth weekly is sent away. There is an excellent public school, said to be ably conducted, with an average attendance of 90 and a flourishing cricket club, which has already won seven matches this season and promises to hold the premier position in the country; but a few defeats would do them good, for their defence is too weak, and a fair headed Summer Hill Saxon recently made short work of their wickets. All demoninations, save the Jewish persuasion, are represented in Thirlmere but the ministration usually takes itinerant form, no clergy being stationed here except Mr. Goldsmith, the Anglican layreader. The inhabitants

are prone to merrymaking, and for every dance in Picton there are a dozen in Thirlmere. They have a show, too, a most creditable affair, which last year attracted a concourse of fifteen hundred people and from a public view point was a great success. Unlike Picton, Thirlmere is not incorporated. Here there are no aldermen with private interests to serve, no bumptious council clerk, no inspectors, and no rates, yet its streets are better than those of Picton. HAPPY THIRLMERE! If there be one distinguishing feature which impresses the visitor, it is the ubiquity of the eucalypt scrub which grows everywhere and literally to the very doors of the houses. The bush is the glory of Thirlmere, its mainstay and the source of its prosperity. But presently the last sleeper will be cut and the firewood will peter out and then a patch of bronze-green scrub will mark the place where Thirlmere once stood. But a ray of light illumines the gray gloom of the horizon. The presence of silver in Burragorang, and the inaccessible nature of the Valley and the inadequacy of the existing road accomodation, have led to a demand for a better and readier route. This Thirlmere claims to have discovered via Blue Gum Flat and the valley of the Nattai to its junction with the Wollondilly and it is agitating for the construction of a branch line of rail to this point, a distance of eighteen miles. Nature, it is contended, clearly intended this to be the only road into and out of the valley, and so this end swept thither rich alluvial soils and planted iron bark, grey gum, and box. Its worst grade, they will tell you, is but one in 60, and the estimated cost of construction but 2000 (pounds) per mile. They are concerned about the future of Burragorang, and with true Samaritan pity bewail the wretched lot of its people in having no proper outlet for their produce. The Valley lands are very rich, say they, and production would quadruple were there readier access to market. Then, too there is the silver. Thirlmere is perfectly disinterested in its advocacy of the line, and as sundry members of Parliament interested in Valley mining adventures, sympathise with such disinterestedness, but little trouble was experienced in inducing Government to dispatch a surveyor to make a preliminary investigation of the route. His tour of inspection occupied two days, and he has now returned to lay a report before the department, and in due time we will doubtless know all about it. Meanwhile, the writer can testify, and the surveyor admit that a portion of the route is exceedingly rough; besides, there are innumerable small watercourses which will necessitate a large outlay for culverts and bridges, so that on a careful survey will furnish an approximate estimate of the cost. Whether such line would ever become self supporting is another question for the Valley lands, where they have been cropped out, though good as soil hereabouts are by no means so rich as some would have us suppose; and mining being yet in the experimental stage, is so problematical to be considered a factor in the calculation. Its immediate effect would be to aggrandise Thirlmere at the expense of Camden, Campbelltown and Picton; in ultimate effect, to save the bush township from annihilation.

SMALL TALK

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Do you remember how we were talking about fanatical people in the Hysterical (oops! sorry) Historical Society in the last issue. Well, did I cop a bit of a tongue bashing. Now it seems we have a few people interested in old motor cars. You know what I mean, they're nuts about vintage (not wine) and I'm told I should let people know what happens at times.

Well, I can't exactly vouch for what I'm told but the story goes that these car buffs get themselves up in the garage adjusting the tappets in their carburettors and oiling the radiator and worst of all pinching the furniture polish from the house in order to clean up the steering wheel. Old wood wheels, you see and it is important they look shiny to make you think they are being used.

Of course, the big complaint is that the call for tea or supper or dinner goes unheeded and in due time the buff or fanatic, your choice, comes down to the house, settles himself in the lounge chair in his dirty overalls and has the hide to say "what time's the tucker going to be ready".

As you can imagine "SHE WHO MUST BE OBEYED" (or the little woman) gets a little upset at this and so she takes it out on me. Regrettably I am now requesting that all you Heads of the house (what a joke, the only time that happens is when you're home on your own) take hold of the vacuum cleaner and give the old laundry a bit of a rub now and then, shot the kids into the bath on occasions and Friday nights pick a bunch of marigolds just to get yourselves in the good books.

Now I have been able to satisfy everybody and probably broken up a few homes I will be able to get back to some very serious thoughts. Personally, I find computers very soothing and I could sort of get carried away at times talking about them but then that's different isn't it.

I suppose most of the people who read our little journal would at some time or other like to have an article of their own put into print. This would be most acceptable the President tells me so don't forget the future issues. That's enough of the serious talk.

If you read the article in our current issue regarding Thirlmere and it is very good I think, the writer at that time did not have a very high regard for our apples. He must have been a Tasmanian. Also if he/she (must be careful don't want to be classed a male porker) were still with us, wouldn't they get a surprise to find that Thirlmere got that railroad and now it is obsolete. Only the Golden Oldies run there now.

Funny about life isn't it. I've been round for a while now and I

still get a surprise now and again. You see all these different very modern fashions. They were all the rage 60 years ago too. Saw a girl in a dress just recently, gee she looked nice and I read in a country newspaper where it is most improper to wear bib and brace overalls on the tractor. These should be kept for demonstrations or attending the Mayoral Ball.

When I first started work (too long ago) we wore overalls or work trousers (jeans as they are called to-day) because they were tough and lasted a long time. Also they were cheap, very important in those days. Now, you buy them because they are fashionable and are easy to tear holes in the knees and backsides and they look just the same as the ones we used to throw away because they were worn out. Boy, drastic, or whatever the young un's say today. Don't times change.

You know the kids of today say things in their own jargon just like we used to do. We used to say look at the shielas today-did you get that bird. I like the look the kids give you when you say, "what did you say". I'll put a small shade of odds we looked at our parents in the same way. Awesome isn't it.

Well, I think thats about all for this quarter. thank goodness I have three months to think about an article for next time or maybe its your turn.

A Happy Old Male

MCKENZIE FAMILY REUNION

SUNDAY, 25 OCTOBER, 1992

FAIRY MEADOW PUBLIC SCHOOL,

WOLLONGONG

Commencing 10 a.m.

The decendants and their families of Alexander McKenzie, both senior and junior are invited to attend a family reunion. We welcome all McKenzies, McKinnons, McIntoshes, Morrisons, Robertsons, McGillivrays, all associated families, their descendants and friends.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

Jean Smith
South Pacific
15/ 9 Pacific Street
Manly NSW 2095
Ph: (02) 9773995

Don McKenzie
"Strathairn"
Myrtleville NSW 2580

Ph: (048) 406122

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 by Lionel A. Gilbert, William P Driscoll.

ELECTORAL ROLLS 1842 - 1864 (12 micro fiche)

CONCISE GUIDE TO THE STATE ARCHIVES OF N.S.W. 1992.
 Guide No 13. including 22 fiche.

CATHOLIC RECORDS INDEX, compiled by Liz Vincent

6 REELS - 3588 pages of the PICTON EARLY NEWSPAPERS

PICTON POST - ADVOCATE 1898-1950

PICTON ARGUS - February 13, August 14, 1886 -October 19, 1887

CAMDEN NEWS 1896 - 1957.

MICROFILMING OF PICTON NEWSPAPERS

THE PICTON and DISTRICT HISTORICAL and FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY is confident that it has amassed the most comprehensive collection of records relating to the Picton District in existence. Primarily a paper repository the society has been the recipient of many wonderful gifts some of which have been issues of early local newspapers.

Conscious of the fragile nature of these old newspapers, notwithstanding the rarity of such publications, the society applied early in 1991 to the Royal Australian Historical Society for financial assistance to have the newspapers photographed. These grants are made available under the auspices of the Cultural Grant Program. The society considers itself fortunate that the application was successful. Yet another part of PICTON'S history has been preserved.

Using the money, the oldest and rarest newspapers were microfilmed. It is believed that the actual hardcopies of these newspapers are the only ones 'IN CAPTIVITY'. The bulk of the local Picton publications had been microfilmed by the Campbelltown and the State Libraries as a Bicentennial Project. The newspapers copied by us were not available at that time. Ultimately the two sets of film should be merged.

Unfortunately, some newspapers still have not been located. Missing are those for 1901-1902, 1909-1910, 1919-1920 and 1956-1962 although the society has been given a number of issues which were published in the period 1956-1962. Has anyone in their possession the bound volumes of 1901-1902, 1909-1910, and 1919-1920? If so, could we please borrow them? We promise to treat them like gold.

THE SOCIETY HOLDS THE ONLY MICROFILM COPIES FOR FOLLOWING YEARS
*** 1898, 1899, 1900, 1903, 1904, 1917, 1918, 1925 AND 1934. ***

The society is indebted to Mr Tom and Mrs Joan Walton of Picton for allowing us to borrow the issues relating to the period 1903-1904.

Newspapers are a valuable resource tool for both the local and family historian. Often they are the only record of an event available to the researcher. Thank goodness some people had the foresight to keep old newspapers, whether for sentimental reasons or for insulation purposes.

The reels of microfilm, along with other records, may be viewed at THE PICTON RESOURCE CENTRE, located in THE COACH HOUSE, which is the headquarters of the PICTON and DISTRICT HISTORICAL and FAMILY HISTORICAL SOCIETY. The society operates purely on a voluntary basis. THE COACH HOUSE is at the rear of the NATIONAL BANK, PICTON and is open to the public on each THURSDAY (10.00 a.m. - 2.00 p.m.), SATURDAY (10 a.m. - 3 p.m.) and the second and fourth SUNDAY of each month. (10a.m. - 00 p.m.)

Alternatively the society may be contacted at P.O. Box 64, PICTON.

Jan Ross.

31 May 1992.

PICTON & DISTRICT HISTORICAL & FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

COACH HOUSE CHRONICLES

- No. 1. RAILWAY PRECINCT RAMBLE (Picton) by Jan Ross (\$5).
- No. 2. WILTON - EAST BARGO A Brief History. By Pat Shephard (\$3).
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