

Mrs. B. Butlers



KOGARAH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER, 1988

Price: 15c



Postal Address: P.O. Box 367, Kogarah 2217
Telephone: (Sundays/Public Holidays only,
1.00-5.00 p.m.) 546 7314

I.S.S. No. 0311-0613

Registered by Australia Post: Publication No. N.B.H. 1591
for posting as a Publication, Category B.

KOGARAH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Sponsored by Kogarah Municipal Council)

Patron: The Mayor of Kogarah, Ald. T. Lind
Life Patron: K. R. Cavanough, A.M, J.P.

Society's Postal Address: P.O. Box 367, Kogarah, 2217

President: Miss A. G. Coxhead

Vice Presidents: Mrs. B. Butters

Hon. Sec'ty: Mrs. B. Curtis
Tele. 546 4539

Mr. L. Curtis
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. K. R. Johns
Tele. 587 4848

Asst. Sec'ty: Mr. L. Curtis

Asst. Treasurer: Mrs. G. Johns

Social Sec'ty: Mr. L. Curtis

Acquisitions Recorder: Mr. J. Lean

Display Convenor:

Museum Inquiries: Mrs. G. Lean
Tele. 57 5940

Mrs. B. Butters

House Convenor:

Publications: Mrs. M. Armstrong

Mrs. L. Gilmour

Research Officer: Mrs. C. Shaw

Property Convenor:

Tele. 579 6149

Mr. R. Armstrong

Hon. Auditor: Mr. Robinson

Tele. 528 5311

Hon. Solicitr.: Mr. R. McClelland

CARSS COTTAGE MUSEUM is situated at the end of Carwar Ave., Carss Park (entered from Princes Highway, N. of Blakehurst). It is open each Sunday and Public Holiday 1.00 p.m. to 5.00 p.m. (NOT Easter Friday or Christmas Day). ADMISSION - 50c per adult; 20c per child. Groups by special arrangement with Mrs. Lean or Mrs. Butters.

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP - \$6.00 p.a. single; \$9.00 p.a. husband & wife. Each member or family receives a copy of the Society's NEWSLETTER, posted regularly throughout the year.

MEETINGS are held on the 2nd Thursday of each month at 8.00 p.m., on 2nd Fl., Civic Centre, Belgrave St., Kogarah, with a programme of guest speakers or films, followed by light refreshments. Management Committee meetings are held on the 4th Tuesday each month from 7.45 p.m. at Carss Cottage.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Weds., 16th November at 8.00 p.m. the Guild Theatre's "A Woman for Hanging" - \$6.00 a ticket (only two seats to be filled, so hurry!).

Thurs., 8th December: Annual Xmas Night from 6.00 p.m. at the Sea Scouts Hall, Carss Park - \$6.00 per person, payable in advance. Names and number of people coming must be known to L. Curtis by next meeting, otherwise catering will be inadequate. Also those coming are asked to provide their own chairs if they wish to sit out of doors. Entertainment has been arranged. Friends of members may be invited.

Newsy Notes - The City Lights tour was a great success, thoroughly enjoyed by all who went. Also good was the trip to Ebenezer, thanks to the organisation of our Patron, Ken Cavanough. He had hired the coach which we shared with members of other clubs.

A walk organised by Mary Armstrong kept those participating on the move in a healthy, enjoyable fashion and devotees of this form of exercise are looking forward to more outings in future.

.....

N.E.W.S.L.E.T.T.E.R

VERY BEST WISHES TO ALL FOR A HAPPY



Christmas



'Tis the
season
to be
jolly

President's Message

As in January this year, there will be no meeting of the Society in January, 1989.

1988 has been a truly eventful and exciting year when Australia's bicentenary was celebrated across the continent and its adjoining islands. We have had thousands of visitors to these shores who will have become aware of where Australia is, what it and its people are, how it is developing and where it is going. They have come from many nations and we hope they will all go away with good impressions.

Perhaps for us the Bicentennial has made us broader-minded and more closely knit as Australians.

In this Newsletter Beryl Butters gives her recollections of 1988, our 200th birthday, which may stir some memories of your own.

May I wish you all just as much pleasure and friendship in the New Year as 1988 has brought us.

Gwen Coxhead

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mrs. G. Johns was elected as the new Trustee vice Mrs. D. Hatton.

DIARY DATES & NOTES

November meeting - Thursday, 10th, at 8.00 p.m., Kogarah Civic Centre.

Guest Speaker will be Mrs. Hodgkinson from the Women's Pioneer Society on "The Contribution to History of Women Pioneers".

Supper Roster - Mr. L. Curtis and Mr. R. Armstrong.

In December Annual Xmas Night in lieu of meeting. Also no Management Committee meeting in that month.

In January, 1989 there will not be any meetings. The first will be on Thursday, 9th Feb. when Mr. A. Ellis will enlarge on the history of Carss Park and the Carss family.

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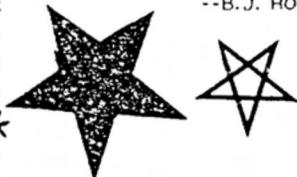
Make the most of the holiday break!

It's Christmas

*I know it is Christmas,
for all through the earth
The bells are proclaiming
the Holy Babe's birth.*

*I know it is Christmas,
for somewhere above
God smiles on His world,
and I know it is Love!*

--B.J. HOFF



TRAVELS IN CHINA : PART II - by L. Curtis

After leaving Beijing at 6.00 p.m. we boarded a China West Airlines DC9 for the 2½ hr. flight to the most densely populated area on this earth (100 million people) - the province of SICHUAN which is about half the size of Victoria! When nearing the capital Chengdu we should have been able to see the Himalayan foothills but being in a blinding rainstorm I think the pilot and crew were lucky to find the Chengdu airport. We did, and made the most sudden drop to the runway and even more sudden application of the airbrakes causing everyone to hurriedly adjust their seat belts. It was rather frightening but we were assured it was a normal landing.

We were taken to our hotel, The Minshan, opened in January, 1988 and up to the 19th floor where we found that the clouds were below our windows and there was a beautiful moonlight night to be seen outside.

Changdu began to rise in fame after the "Warring States Period" in 475 BC and has grown now to a city of some 8 million people. The province is also known as The Land of Abundance as it is the most fertile in the whole of China, watered by an irrigation system named Du Jiang Yan built 220 BC - and still working EXACTLY as it did when built! Even the original timbers and steel cables are in perfect condition - not bad for 2,000 years old! This system waters the whole Sichuan Province: its beginnings are in the Himalayan Mtns.

Continuing our coach journey we proceeded to the highlight of our seven-day tour of Sichuan to the Golden Horse Commune where we stayed three days and two nights in the Commune Guest House. The Commune has a population of 1,377 people or 315 families in five village groups and covers an area of 85 ha. Besides millions of ducks, they grow cereals and almost every kind of vegetable. In addition there are factories making cement, fertilizer, rapeseed oil, and, of all things, sausages for export to other provinces. This commune also boasts a clinic or 2-bed hospital, one school with 180 students, 9 teachers, 1 teahouse and one retirement village for the aged. I think Bernice and I might book ourselves into this haven when the time comes - it was absolutely spotlessly clean and beautiful. The accommodation is very basic but once again clean with a Western style toilet and shower to each room. Outside the village we visited the home and garden of a famous rose-grower, Mr. Chee, then went on to a village named Weijang where we visited a workshop for the disabled who made silk flowers for export. It was here that we fell in love with many children, one in particular - a little girl who came to our arms, called Bernice "Grandma" in English and me "Grandad", then gave us a very wet kiss each - KIDNAPPED and in our luggage!

It was at the commune on our last night that we were given a farewell dinner and we gave the people a fireworks display. This lasted a deafening ¾ hour (we put cottonwool in our ears) and we followed it with Australian sweets for the kids.

We departed at 8.00 a.m. the next morning and drove another 160 km. south to the city of Leshan, with a 1.2 million population. The kindergartens take 5,000 children aged between 4 and 6 years.

Our hotel, the Jiazhou, is at the junction of three rivers. Our suite overlooked the main river, Minjan, and from our windows we saw the world in the centre of which stood the Grand Buddha,

which is carved out of a solid mountain. The work of carving the 70m. high Buddha started in the year 809 AD and took 70 years to complete. We took a luxury river boat to have a close-up look at the Buddha, then a coach trip to the top of the mountain to stand next to its head and look down to the feet. Buddha's nose is 7m. long and his feet hold thirty people standing on his instep!

From LESHAN we drove to Mt. Emi, home of the first Buddha, Sackamooni; then walked to the cave of Confucius (579-471 BC) which is 3,099 m. up the mountain. Reaching the top we visited a very welcome Tea House, had tea, and fed the monkeys - also gave sweets to the children.

We had a five-hour drive back to Chengdu after leaving Mt. Emi. Everyone was exhausted. As this was our last night in the capital we were given the usual 22-course dinner at the very swank Sichuan Hotel. Then it was off to bed with the promise of a free day on the morrow before catching the overnight train to Chongqing or Chungking as we know it better from the war years. Our free day, or day of rest, had much to fit in it: first, a visit to see the giant pandas in Chengdu Zoo which was a most moving experience, thinking that these beautiful cuddly "teddy bears" are nearly extinct - or were - but not now; second, a visit to Chengdu University; third, a call at a silk factory where we saw machinery weaving, as the selfsame machines have done for 500 years; fourth, a walk through the underground city of Chengdu where we walked for 2½ hours where shops were selling every type of goods imaginable. This underground and the Beijing underground are in fact air-raid shelters and are supposed to be atomic bomb proof. Incidentally, the enemy of China was supposed to be Russia, which is why they were built. We were told that Beijing had a practice run to see if they could clear the streets in record time in case of an atomic attack. They did - eight million people underground in seven minutes and the doors secured! Not bad, eh?

At Changdu Railway Station we said a sad farewell to our young guide for seven days, Miss Wu - a 19-year old University student. Then it was walk, walk and more walk across rail lines, across platforms all about 6 ins. above ground level, and finally to our train, an 85 class steam locomotive which was to haul 24 solid steel Russian built carriages with nearly 4,000 passengers and luggage. The train was overweight (which was an understatement) and so our luggage came on the next train four hours later. Our trip in luxury Soft Class sleeper took 10 hrs.

The class distinction really exists in China as Soft Class for tourists holds eighty people per carriage, while in the Hard Class for Chinese there are 160 people per carriage.

With so much more to tell you about the new-old land that is China, I could go on and on. If what I have written so far has kept your interest, it will be my pleasure to give you another instalment in our next Newsletter.

TO BE CONTINUED

While mentioning things Chinese even those inscrutable people must have shown pleasure at the spectacular popularity enjoyed by their cute Bicentennial envoys, pandas Xiao Xiao and Fei Fei who won the hearts of so many Australians and whose return home was so much regretted.

Mrs. M. Grieve writes on

THE MUSEUM'S ITEMS OF INTEREST - PRESSING IRONS

Carss Cottage Museum has a shelf section entirely devoted to irons varying in size from very small to a large, heavy tailor's iron. The latter is so weighty it would have taken a strong person to lift it. The mere thought of having to use it for any length of time conjures up thoughts of physical torture.

These irons are reminders of another age.

Heat, moisture and pressure are necessary for removal from fabrics of creases acquired from washing and drying. When heated and damp, the fibre temporarily becomes plastic so that the pressure of the iron removes the creases. Before electricity was in general use irons were heated in the coal fire, on the top of a fuel stove or over a gas ring, or by charcoal inserted into the body of the iron. This last is a real curiosity today. It had a chimney and must have been a horror to use.

Understandably during the heating process the surface of an iron could get blackened here and there. No good housewife would wish to have dirty marks left on her clean garments and linen, so a thick pad was made from an old blanket and sprinkled with beeswax or candle-grease. The iron was rubbed over this until it was spotless.

As often happened, a major catastrophe could occur when one iron cooled and a replacement had to be taken from the hot stove. Despite careful testing, if it were too hot a horrible brown scorch mark would appear on the article being ironed. The only remedy for that was to repeat the washing cycle and start all over again.

Hand irons varied in size according to their function. A very small metal one like a toy was a polishing iron for putting a gloss finish on the fabric being ironed. Travelling irons were also small. They worked on much the same principle as later spirit irons. Others were known as box irons, flat irons and asbestos irons. Tailors used their very large heavy irons to achieve flat seams and smooth finish. Once male fashions dictated that trousers should have a "permanent" line pressed down the centre front of each leg. Irons with a detachable handle were known as Mrs. Potts irons.

In earlier times starching was much more customary, especially of articles made from linen, cotton or lawn. These included much of the clothing worn by women, men's stiff shirt collars and dress shirt-fronts, napery and some embroidered linen pieces. Even handkerchiefs did not escape and ecclesiastical robes also were usually starched before being ironed. More often than not dresses carried trimmings such as lace, frills, ruching, pleating and fine embroidery. These had to be handled with extreme care. Also requiring special care were starched tablecloths and serviettes of beautifully patterned white damask which were then so much in fashion.

Very few Australian homes lived in a century ago by average families could boast a laundry as such, nor were they fully equipped. However the landed gentry with big homes, who could afford to employ a laundry maid, usually had a special room in the house where the washing, ironing and all laundry work were carried out.

What a difference there is today! Electricity has simplified fabric pressing. Modern irons are considerably lighter in weight than the old solid metal ones. Steam irons have further lessened the housewife's labour. They have the advantage of also drying the dampened fabric after creases have been removed. Our thoughts turn to other days when we read this little verse:

Dusting, darning, drudging -
 Nothing is mean or small.
 Nothing is dull and irksome
 For love will hallow it all.

Just substitute the word "ironing" for "darning" and you'll have the picture.

Despite all the technological advances and the cleverness of man's inventions it is a fact machines still cannot cope entirely with the demands of ironing. Even in the most highly mechanised establishment the fine finishing must still be done by hand. This shows that there is always some work for human hands to do.

In conclusion I'll just pass on these pearls of wisdom to any bachelor readers contemplating matrimony:

"Marriage is the most expensive way to get your laundry done free."

MUSEUM ROSTER - NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1988
and JANUARY, 1989

<u>Date</u>	<u>Attendants</u>	<u>To open & close museum</u>
Nov. 6	Mrs. Y. Lesmond, Mrs. T. Tatum	Miss G. Coxhead
13	Mr. and Mrs. A. Tregonning	Mr. J. Lean
20	Mrs. L. Gilmour, Mrs. G. Watson	Mrs. G. Johns
27	Mrs. G. Cootes, Mrs. M. Vladis	Mr. L. Curtis
Dec. 4	Mrs. A. McOnie, Miss M. Foley	Mr. J. Lean
11	Mrs. C. Shaw, Mrs. B. Butters	Mrs. B. Butters
18	Mr. and Mrs. L. Curtis	Mr. L. Curtis
26)	Public Hols. - VOLUNTEERS, PLEASE!	
27)		
<u>1989</u>		
Jan. 1	Mrs. D. Hurry, Mrs. E. Gado	Miss G. Coxhead
2	Public Hol. - VOLUNTEERS NEEDED	
8	Mr. R. Armstrong, Mr. K. Grieve	Mr. K. Grieve
15	Mrs. G. Johns, Mrs. G. Taylor	Mrs. G. Johns
22	Mrs. J. Fiegel, Mr. A. Ellis	Mr. L. Curtis
29	Mrs. M. Grieve, Mrs. R. Reed	Mrs. M. Grieve
30	Aust. Day. Hol. - VOLUNTEERS ??	

Please 'phone Gwen Lean (57 5940) if you wish to change your date, or volunteer for any of the Public Holidays. Your assistance will be much appreciated.

Christmas Greetings to all members and a Happy New Year to follow. Best Wishes from Jack and Gwen Lean.

When some mischievous person deleted the "S" from the sign reading OATLEY SHOPPING CENTRE, the good folk of Oatley were hopping mad!

The Society has noted with regret the death of Mr. Bert Brewer, at one time Kogarah Council's Engineer and a past guest speaker for us.

BICENTENNIAL MEMORIES.- A NATION REBORN

by B. Butters

I find it hard to believe that our bicentennial year is almost over. The years of planning, with fluctuating feelings of optimism and pessimism, made us all wonder was it all going to be worthwhile.

Having done a lot of travelling in Australia in the past couple of years, I have become very much aware just what a huge country ours is - thousands of miles to travel, passing through countless changes of scenery, but at heart the people are all the same - born of pioneering families and people who have loved their country, fought for it, even been willing to die for it. Our people have toiled on through flood, drought, plagues and bushfires. The early days were really hard and wrought with sacrifice. While some came here willingly, others were forced to journey thousands of miles away from their kinsmen. All suffered deprivation; all made their contribution to our heritage and history.

The love of sovereign and country was instilled into us in our schooldays and really meant a lot to us. Proudly we would salute the flag; proudly we would sing "God Save the King" and "Advance Australia Fair". I don't know when it really started but somewhere along the line a movement developed to try to make us forget our heritage. We were labelled racist if we spoke up about our beliefs and ideals. Yet we were not being racist - we didn't favour one race over another. We wanted a fair deal for all but most of all we wanted it known that this was our country where we were entitled to make the rules. We wanted newcomers to speak our language so we could all understand each other and become a united nation, not a multicultural group of people without any real common spirit or guide lines. I was convinced we had to make a stand in 1988, but how? Then along came a man with a vision.

Even now he hasn't received any real recognition from a Government seeming loth to acknowledge the magnitude and inspiration of his great vision. Dr. Jonathan King did for this country what few others could have done and he made personal sacrifices on a scale that would have made a lesser man give up in despair. He organised the sailing of a replica of the First Fleet to Australia, to arrive here on 26th January, 1988, Australia's official founding day. As this little fleet sailed through rough and fair weather after leaving Portsmouth on 9th May, 1987 the world followed its journey. Postage stamps were produced to coincide with each port of call; there were daily newspaper reports and bulletins on radio and TV. It was an epic voyage that captured the imagination and roused the pioneering spirit in young and old. When these gallant ships and crews arrived in Botany Bay on 16th January a flotilla of vessels went out to meet them and many thousands of people waiting along the Bay's foreshores cheered as they caught their first glimpse of them. A glimpse was all they got as it was forgotten just how small these vessels were and just how vast is the Bay, shallow with little navigable space. It was such a disappointment after waiting so long to get such a poor view. But there was to be some compensation while the vessels stayed anchored in the Bay until the eve of 26th January, for then close-up views of the brave little ships were obtainable. A foretaste of things to come was the brilliant display of fireworks given during their stay.

If ever Australians stood together as one it was on 26th January, a day we will never forget. I caught a train to the City at 6.00 a.m. to attend the Declaration Ceremony at Customs House, and it was amazing

Darling Harbour was opened at a tremendous cost and in a final hectic rush but the transformation of this derelict part of Sydney will forever be a magnificent reminder of what has been achieved in this fabulous Bicentennial year. I have had one ride in the monorail and admit I was not a convert to the idea, particularly its travel along Pitt Street but I must concede it saved me a lot of walking to the Entertainment Centre and the view of the night lights in the City was really lovely.

Not all the year's achievements have been purely celebratory. Across the State there will be some eighty new parks, thirty new museums, and thirty major historic restorations, as well as a much bigger number of permanent reminders of Australia's 200th birthday.

The Navy Salute was another big spectacular event, another time which brought Sydney Harbour to life with spectator craft and people. Some might argue that the Air Show was even more spectacular. The traffic jams around Richmond were a good indication of its popularity.

Sydney's Festival Lights are beautiful - around Circular Quay, Darling Harbour, King's Cross and Macquarie Street. The latter has been completely revitalised, recalling its splendour of earlier days. On 9th January it was the scene of the Bicentennial Grand Parade, when hundreds of onlookers thrilled to the sound and colour of dozens of gaily decorated floats accompanied by bands and marchers. There was even a Chinese dragon, and other weird creatures weaving their way down its length. Macquarie Street and Hyde Park at night could have been mistaken for fairyland! The ethnic communities have been well represented in all major displays, to which Australians as a whole have thrilled - I feel they have brought us all closer to other countries, showing just what we are capable of organising, even giving a lead to the rest of the world.

How pleased I am that we retained our star-studded flag with the Union Jack - thanks to the dedication and work of people like John Vaughan. I was horrified at the thought that a new flag might have been flying over Parliament House in Canberra now.

Through this year there have been many Aboriginal protests. I know only too well that our early settlers were unsympathetic and intolerant. Not understanding the Aboriginal heritage and culture, so different from their own, they became destroyers. It is doubtful whether, having adapted in part to our way of life, our indigenous people could, or would wish to, go back entirely to their original lifestyle. I believe we do owe them something but we aren't helping them with our hand-outs. Nor should we go overboard. Something still has to be done, but what? I even think this year has helped us to better understand their predicament and helped them to accept us more as they realise we would like to see them brought together as a people in their own right.

Turning to the local scene, Karen Austin has worked for Kogarah Council as their Bicentennial Co-ordinator. Karen was also lucky enough to be chosen to sail part of the First Fleet voyage on the "Bounty" and later the "New Endeavour". Bernie Craig has to be commended for the sterling work he has done for Rockdale Council in a position similar to Karen's. (He has been their Bicentennial Committee's chairman). Throughout he has worked tirelessly and has arranged some outstanding activities, culminating in their park dedication and carnival.

(Pages reversed - P.T.O.)

how many others were on that train. As the hours drew on the crowds grew and grew. Commentators on radio and television were overcome, remarking again and again on the unbelievable size of the crowds everywhere and the sight of Sydney Harbour jam-packed with craft of every conceivable shape and size. There were so many that they resembled a giant carpet spread from shore to shore from Circular Quay and beyond the Heads.

I was lucky enough to attend the official Landing Ceremony at the Opera House with my friend, Jean Cowell, who is a very active member of the First Fleeters. We may not have seen all - I don't think anybody could have - but the moving words spoken, the wonderful music and song so beautifully rendered by opera star, Joan Carden, couldn't fail to stir the most hardened heart. In place of disillusionment we felt hope and inspiration. We are a nation in our own right and have good reason to be proud of our heritage; to speak up and be counted amongst those who want to make a better country for the generations to come. Our ancestors left us a torch to carry. Let us pass it on.

The Bicentennial Year opened with a nationwide telecast that was enjoyed by viewers far and wide. During the year varying events have taken place throughout the country. I will always remember my day on Sydney Harbour on 19th January on board the National Trust's ferry that went out to welcome the Tall Ships. They particularly wanted to welcome the "New Endeavour", Britain's Bicentennial gift to Australia, but this wasn't possible as it was still coming up from Hobart under sail, competing in the race between the Tall Ships and the Sydney-Hobart yachts returning to Sydney. It may be remembered that a number of these sailing ships became becalmed. Some, in desperation, resorted to motor power, realising that for them it was a lost race anyway.

On 9th May, the Queen opened the new Parliament House in Canberra. Mary Armstrong and I went by coach to Canberra for the day, leaving Sydney at a very early hour. Although we couldn't get into Parliament House that day we had a lovely view of the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh and other dignitaries arriving and leaving. The service was amplified and it was another memorable occasion.

The Hall of Fame at Longreach, in Queensland, was also opened by the Queen this year as well as Expo 88. Years in the planning, this huge memorial museum is a tribute to the men and women of the land. I hope to be able to see it for myself some time in the future. To have World Expo 88 coincide with our Bicentenary is fortuitous. It has been an outstanding success, a shining example to the world of how a young brash country can measure up against older (and presumably more experienced) nations, and deserves the high praise being heaped upon it.

A re-enactment of a different kind was the Historic Stage Coach run commenced on Australia Day in Victoria and terminating months later in Cairns, after making many calls at towns and cities along its route. This was just one of many similar events, too many to list individually. Then there were the races - the balloon race across the continent (not without a few mishaps); an air race and an around Australia yacht race conducted more recently; and, more unusual, a camel race from Central Australia which arrived at the Gold Coast while we were there. What a hard race that must have been! A vintage car rally attracted entrants from within Australia and overseas, ending in Canberra - another great success!

Ald. Les Jarman has worked on Kogarah's Bicentennial Committee and on Hurstville Council's Committee. He has shown himself to be an enthusiastic and capable organiser. Still to come locally are a Train Festival and a memorable train ride. I think the linking up of children from Hurstville with children from Alice Springs per the School of the Air was a stroke of genius. Such things should be done more often. They help to make children (and adults) conscious of the very differing lifestyles of the outback and the city. Meryl Burton and helpers did a wonderful job with the creation of the historical theatre curtain, requiring many long hours of tedious sewing, which is an attractive backdrop in the Amaroo Hall at Hurstville Civic Centre.

In our own small way members of our Society have endeavoured to mark Australia's Bicentenary by changing displays at Carss Cottage Museum. Visitors have commented favourably on our efforts.

The Bicentennial is drawing to a close. On 18th December in Parramatta Park Australia's travelling Bicentennial display - a mini Expo about Australia - will have its grand finale. By that time it will have been seen by more than 2m. Australians and travelled 20,000 km.

We have much to remember and many lasting reminders. What a novel idea it was to light a ring of bonfires around Australia! If only there had been some travellers in space to photograph the scene then!

For my part, I believe that we have made a new beginning. Let us now go on to bigger and better things. I echo the words of Dorothea MacKellar's lovely poem -

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains;
Of rugged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.

I love her far horizons;
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror -
A wide brown land for me!

THE COMING OF THE STRANGERS

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA
1788-1822



STATE LIBRARY OF NSW
Macquarie Street, Sydney (02) 230 1516



THE PIONEER WOMAN

We're all very proud of our ancestors
No matter how old or frail they may be,
For they were the people that pioneered
And started our family tree.
You've all been told of the pioneers
And the way they had to battle;
The way they toiled and tilled the soil
To feed their sheep and cattle.
But there seems to be one so often forgot
To whom we all owe praise:
She's the gracious lady that stirred the pot
In those pioneering days.
She worked beside her rugged man
To whom his children she bore,
Camped in the bush in a leaky tent
Or an old bark hut with
an earthen floor.
At night she'd sit and sew and knit
And study her Bible too,
And pray to the Lord to keep her fit
So she might guide her children
through,
She was doctor, teacher, dentist and preacher;
She ran to answer every call.
With a new-born babe within her arm
She'd pray she might rear them all.
She wasn't after a fortune,
She never looked for praise -
She just did what she thought was right
In those pioneering days.
So let's shout her praise with glee;
Hang her photo high upon the wall,
And mark her name on the family tree -
The greatest pioneer of them all!

Don Kneebone, Milawa

Three full galleries with five graphic themes -
• Two Cultures in Conflict • The Environment • Women
• Governors and Governed • Australia and the World

This FREE Exhibition is open:-
Tuesday to Saturday 9 am - 5 pm
Sunday and Monday 11 am - 5 pm

IT'S WORTH
SEEING - BE
SURE NOT TO
MISS IT!

SOCIETY CHIT CHAT AT THE BACK

Latest news of Mrs. Aiken is that she is back home and has resumed her normal activities - likewise Dr. Joan Hatton whom we hope to see back at our meetings before too long.



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Bernice and Laurie Curtis and Gwen Coxhead represented the Society on the opening day of the R.A.H.S. Annual Conference at Macquarie University, thus being present to receive a cheque for \$200, a grant towards two photographic projects to be undertaken in the near future.

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The Society was also represented in October at the opening of Kogarah's new State Emergency & Community Centre on Princes Highway adjoining Parkside Drive which is now an area headquarters with good accommodation and up-to-date facilities.

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Also in October four Society members joined a 5-day tour to beautiful Mallacoota in Victoria. All 34 people in the touring party seem to have fallen in love with this scenic resort and another tour is in the pipe-line for next year. Gwen Coxhead will again be taking names.

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More than ever does Carss Cottage need to have its curtilage defined to give some protection to it and its patrons. Without any indication that the grounds are not for picnicking, attendants on duty are powerless to stop people from so using it. Use soon becomes abuse. Gambling and barbecuing are recent offences, not to mention a child's repulsive deposit near the Cottage's back doorstep or the danger of a broken window when children play with balls. The Society's only recourse is to report cases of abuse to Council and press for action.

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The working bee on 12th October was well attended and some good constructive work was done. The next working bee will be on Saturday, 12th November, from 10.00 a.m. Volunteers are always able to contribute in a useful way as well as to mix with other members in a friendly atmosphere.

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Sign seen in a local thrift shop beside an elderly electric fan: "Please don't touch the osculating switch". Switched on couples take note - no kissing allowed there!

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A MAMMOTH TASK COMPLETED

In 1986 scholars completed the biggest Chinese dictionary ever compiled, including references on more than 56,000 characters. The dictionary was begun in China in 1978 and is being published in parts from October 1986 to the end of 1989.

This supersedes the previous biggest Chinese dictionary which was published during the reign of the Emperor Kang Xi who reigned from 1661 to 1722.

S.M.H. report.