



ST. GEORGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SPONSORED BY ROCKDALE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

53 Bruce Street,
BEXLEY.

9th June, 1967.

Dear Friend and Member,

The regular monthly meeting of the above Society will be held as follows:-

Date: Friday Evening next, 16th June, 1967, at 8 p.m.

Place: Council Chamber, Town Hall, Rockdale.

Guest Speaker: Mr. Sid Marshall, pioneer Australian Aviator who created so much interest at our April meeting will continue his experiences and show a film of the early days of aviation in New Guinea.

Would lady members please bring a plate.

Gifford Eardley.
President.

R. W. Rathbone,
Hon. Secretary.
58.4813.

NEXT OUTING.

An all day outing to Windsor via Glenorie and Pitt Town has been arranged for Saturday, 24th June, in lieu of the previous announced trip to Camden. We will leave Rockdale Town Hall at 9.30 sharp arriving in Windsor at approximately 12 noon. After lunch a member of the Hawkesbury Historical Society will conduct us around this most interesting town.

Directions will be available at the meeting. Bring your road map, rain coat, sleeping bag, hip flask and compass to allow for all eventualities.

THE CULT OF THE GINGER-BREAD RABBIT.

Gifford Eardley.

Mention has been made from time to time in our Society's Bulletin of the old-fashioned comestible of childhood days known as ginger-bread rabbits, which were purchased for a penny at each and every lolly shop catering for the sweet tastes of the younger group of school children. It is of interest to learn that edible dolls, and various animal shapes of a thin cut-out nature, can be traced back to early pagan days when they were used as a cheap substitute for the human or animal sacrifices associated with religious ceremonial altars. In Christian times the idea was perpetuated in the form of the more popular saints of the calendar and no doubt, to an ignorant people, there was considerable merit to be gained in the act of devouring, in shape at least, the image of some saintly person. The pretty town of Dinant, located on the Meuse River in Belgium, has long been famous for the quality of its ginger-bread products and still caters for the needs, in this direction, of vast numbers of tourists exploring the picturesque Ardenne region. The local bakers and ginger-bread makers mix their wares with an ancient and also a modern touch, as in the latter group plastic-wrapped steam locomotives and rather heavy looking aeroplanes can be purchased.

It is understood that the basic ingredients of ginger-bread are formed into a mixture of flour, sugar, honey (or molasses) and ginger, the latter substance being obtained by scraping the root of a pungent aromatic plant which flourishes in the East Indies. In Europe generally the paste was moulded into shape, before baking, by spreading the mixture inside a cut-out shape made of wood, levelling the top surface with a knife, and adding raisins to for the eyes of the figure represented. A gilt decorative colouring material was often added to the moulded shapes to increase their eye appeal, and should the gilt design become shop-worn, or the figure broken, they lost a great deal of their purchase value, a circumstance which has given rise to the expression, not so much in use nowadays, "to take the gilt off the ginger-bread".

The word ginger-bread is often used, in another sense, in order to denote the elaborate flat designs associated with cast-iron lace, so beloved by the building fraternity of the latter part of the last, and the beginning of the present Century, and of which excellent examples exist in Arncliffe and Bexley in particular. The name is also applied to similar designs executed in fret-work style in wood as applied to furniture or house embellishment.

THE ORGAN GRINDER

Gifford Eardley.

The organ grinder was a common sight on weekdays in the business centre of both Rockdale and Kogarah prior to the advent of the first world war. It is surmised that the musical repertoire was transferred to the various race meetings, or at least to the approach of the race course, on Saturdays, where punters proved an easy mark for a small contribution

before the bookmakers had their turn. A familiar figure in the hurdy-gurdy business relative to St. George district was a dark visaged man, about fifty years of age, who possessed amongst other characteristics, the distinction of having a wooden peg leg, after the manner of Long John Silver, which was attached below the knee by means of an assortment of leather straps.

In his hey-day this performer first made a round of the more prosperous shops of Rockdale, including both the Grand and the Royal hotels, before proceeding to Kogarah, via Rocky Point Road and Regent Street, for the afternoon performance. His lilting tunes, about eight in number, always included the fascinating "Blue Danube", and always drew a fascinated concourse of boys and girls, from whom he derived little if any profit. He canvassed the shops with his hat in his hand and the proprietor's contribution warranted at least one tune being played outside the entrance doorway. Passers by placed their pennies, or the occasional three-pence, in a second hat thoughtfully placed on top of the organ.

The barrel-organ was mounted on a small handcart that was provided with a pair of wooden-spoked wheels and a pair of stocky handle bars by which it could easily be pushed along. In a stationary position a fixed leg, joined to the front of the vehicle, was brought into use, this arrangement necessitated the handcart to be pushed along with the front end tilted well up above ground level. Music was generated, the only word suitable, by turning a handle at the side of the instrument. This in turn revolved a cylinder fitted with pins which, at the appropriate moment, opened valves and admitted compressed air, from a mechanically driven bellow device, to the various organ pipes ranged in straight alignment along the outer side of the containing box. It is understood that the barrel-organ was initially developed in Holland and elaborate models of giant size and adornment are still one of the features of street interest in the wonderful city of Amsterdam.

A similar but smaller instrument, supported on a fixed stick extension when being played, was carried from place to place by means of shoulder straps strung over the person of a tall blind man, who was led from pitch to pitch by a little girl, presumably his daughter. There was, evidently, some degree of collusion between the two street entertainers mentioned as they were never seen in the same suburb at on and the same time. Their music was merry, melodious, and delightful, and one wishes that it could be reintroduced to lighten the over earnest hustle and bustle of modern day shopping.

THE WESTERN VERGE OF PAT MOORE'S SWAMP

Gifford Eardley.

Continuing our peregrination around the perimeter of Pat Moore's Swamp, along its western verge, it is convenient to commence at the James Street intersection (now West Botany Street) with Bay Street at Brighton le Sands. On the western side of James Street alignment, in

1900, were two cottages, one occupied by Mr. Gravner, a nursery man, and the other by Mr. J. C. Humphrey. It is remarkable that this comparatively level area of pasturage, about one quarter of a mile in width, divides the normal watertable of the swamp lands from the natural drainage channel afforded by the bed of Muddy Creek. This latter waterway was also known as Black Creek, and, as such, was marked on early maps of the district. On the occasion of flash floods inundating this low-lying area, it was possible to row boats the full length of the swamp. The area near the Bay Street frontage was originally tilled by James Beehag and his family, and later by the indefatigable men from China. The property was eventually subdivided and used for grazing dairy herds by Messrs Annabel and Erskine. With the advent of the Milk Board the cattle have vanished from the scene and this once fertile land has been relegated to industry. It is now covered by a conglomeration of stark, ugly factory premises which are completely devoid of any aesthetic value.

The local Chinese gardeners formed a hard-working and industrious community and were greatly respected by those who came into personal contact with them. They were noted for honest dealing, sense of humour, and most kindly nature. Their gardening methods were of the highest order and their hand tilled rectangular shaped vegetable beds well kept and good to look upon. The general run of their habitations, however, were of a very primitive design, constructed from any materials at hand, irrespective of shape or kind. Architecturally these "huts" were the bane of health and building inspectors, and other purists of like ilk, but were a joy to those artists who can discern beauty of line in the higgledy-piggledy, free from regulations and restrictions of vertical and horizontal alignment. It is unfortunate that one of these humble dwellings has not been preserved, in all its nakedness, for posterity to marvel at, in some folk museum, arranged after the world famous Sandvig Open-Air Folk Museum at Lillehammer, in Norway, where there is a vast collection of old homes which have been transported from all parts of the country and set up in a special parkland, replete with trees, winding pathways, and small lakes. The local Scarborough Park would be ideal for such a purpose.

John Chinaman toiled from daylight to dark, carrying out the multifarious duties necessary for his livelihood. In the early hours of morning the horse had to be fed and harnessed to the already laden cart in readiness for the long slow journey to the City markets. Then followed the bargaining and verbal altercations seemingly unseparable from the disposal to the best advantage of their produce and then the equally long and slow trek homewards. It was customary for some of these men to nominate one of their number to return from market with all the local carts and horses strung one behind the other in convoy fashion. The chosen man rode on the leading vehicle, generally on top of a load of smelly stable manure, on which he leisurely reclined in comfort on a couple of gunny bags, to prevent the straw from irritating his body, rather than for reasons of hygiene. Meanwhile his compatriots, all in possession of first class gold-pass railway tickets, returned in comfort by train, where they could have a quiet snooze, undisturbed by extraneous influences. The usual run of ticket-collectors looked after their interests, knowing of

t their fixed and authorised habits. However a new-comer to this field of research was most irate on seeing a number of sleeping and snoring celestials gracing the sacrosanct first-class accommodation. He up-braided them in his best "pidgin Chinese", but was abashed, when they, most indignant at their uncalled-for rude awakening, volubly displayed their precious gold-passes, and then returned to the "Land of Nod".

Reverting to the affairs of James Street, the previously mentioned dairy farm eventually came into the hands of Mr. Lindsay, who resided in the pleasant green-painted weatherboard cottage, standing against the northern side of the intersection of Lindsay Street, a short cul-de-sac which came into being about 1950 when the meadowland was subdivided into factory sites. The milking sheds, stables, etc. of Lindsay's dairy stood on the southern side of Lindsay Street, and one of these buildings, a long, low, hip-roofed structure, with a frontage to James Street, has been retained as an adjunct to an engineering works.

The aforesaid meadowland, based on a clay sub-stratum, extends to the south-west, gradually rising in height for about half a mile until the north-south alignment of Rocky Point Road (now Princes Highway) was reached. The hill slope continued in this general direction until its crest was attained within the grounds of the Kogarah Superior Public School. The clay base of this hill, in a predominantly sandstone area, is a geological surprise and provided first class material for the local manufacture of bricks. Brickworks were established by George Gunthorpe either on, or adjacent to, Thomas Mascord's orchard and, no doubt, were responsible for the prevalence of brick built farmhouses in the immediate neighbourhood.

It is understood that a spring bubbled its way through the earth and flooded the pug-pit, thus putting an end to brick making activities. The resulting pond, surrounded by a picturesque growth of casuarina trees, became famous for the large freshwater mullet that were occasionally caught by local anglers. Some of these fish, so it has been said, attained a length of three feet, a size that may or may not be correct. In recent years this pond, which lay at the eastern end of the grounds of the new Plaza Shopping Area, has been filled in to make a bowling green, needless to say the trees suffered their usual fate.

Between the brickworks and Rocky Point Road lay the extensive market gardening property of Samuel Schofield, a native of Ashton, Lancashire, England, who first emigrated to New Zealand at the age of sixteen years. He then went across to the Californian Goldfields in Northern America, where he gained the reputation of being a "two gun" man who "knocked the yellow devils of Chinamen right and left". Later he came to New South Wales and commenced vegetable growing and the farming of pigs. In due course he married Catherine, the daughter of his next door neighbour, Thomas Mascod, and lived in an adobe cottage located at about one hundred yards east of Rocky Point Road near the present day Ashton Street. A new brick home, named "Ashtonville", was subsequently built in which they resided for many years.

The Schofield property extended southwards from the boundary set by Muddy Creek to a point about midway between Chandler and Beach Streets, the west frontage facing towards Rocky Point Road. The lower, or northern portion of this land was intensely cultivated whilst the higher southern part was utilised for fruit growing and agistment purposes. This latter section was later transferred to Samuel Schofield's brother and eventually a portion came into the possession of Grace Brothers, of Broadway, Sydney, to be used as a parcel distributing depot for the St. George District. The residual portion of the southern end of Schofield's estate was subdivided into eleven building blocks with their frontages, three on the north and eight on the south, to Chandler Street. These allotments came up for public auction as the Schofield No. 2 Estate on July 26th, 1924.

The house "Ashtonville", together with the northern and eastern market gardens came into the hands of Mr. Reuter, about the 1910 period, who carried on the business for many years. This gentleman was known far and wide for the inordinate length of the carrots and parsnips he grew. He was also interested in pig farming. The family eventually relinquished gardening and settled in a two-storied house, located at No. 26 Regent St., Kogarah. The market garden continued to function for several years before it was taken over for the development of the "Plaza" shopping centre. The house, No. 646, Princes Highway, is still set apart by its lone palm tree, but is bereft of its land, apart from a small sized backyard. It is still in good condition and was recently offered for sale.

Adjacent to and east of the Schofield property was the orchard and grazing land appertaining to Thomas Mascord, a tall thin gentleman who was known as the champion pruner of fruit trees in the district, and also for his prowess as a local cricketer. The property had a long frontage to Beach Street, its fence being lined with Scotch Fir trees, the entrance was through double gates, which admitted to a large grazing paddock or, perhaps, field would be the better word. A cart track crossed the sward to a second pair of double gates where entrance to the low brick home-stead, named "Banbury Cottage", was gained. This place dominated at its northern side by a huge date palm, had a pleasant rural atmosphere reminiscent of an old English country home. Several stately pine trees added beauty to the scene, whilst beyond the peach orchard was a large oval shaped pool surrounded by casuarina, or swamp oak, trees and lined with bull-rushes. This pond represented the site of Gunthorpe's brick-works pug pit, and was the haunt of dab-chicks, coots, and occasional paddlings of black duck.

This one time peaceful countryside scene has now departed in the interests of a bowling green, whilst the orchard and the grazing field have been given over to suburban housing allotments. "Banbury Cottage" still retains its huge palm tree but all that is left of the original property is a small front garden lined with shrubbery. The house is still occupied by a member of Thomas Mascord's family.

Immediately north of the former Mascord orchard was the market garden belonging to Joseph Twiss, the home being located beyond the

eastern extremity of Ashton Street. Local report is that the property was originally owned by Elias Godfrey. However in 1956 it was farmed by Chinese and has since been levelled off and the house demolished. The house was a low double-fronted brick edifice which had a flat roof of galvanised iron, falling from a raised parapet at the front to the rear. A central front door was provided, flanked with windows at either side, serving the front rooms. The inner rooms had their windows at the sides, and the kitchen and wash-house, with their separate chimneys, were placed at the rear. A narrow front verandah extended for the full length of the house and was provided with a steeply sloping roof of galvanised iron. Apart from the rectangular stepped parapet of the front wall there was no other ornamentation. It was a functional farmhouse in the "real meaning of the Act". There were at least four other houses built after this style, one in Beach Street, nearby, two on the Skidmore property at Harrow Road, and one, strangely enough, in Wazir Street, Arncliffe.

Facing lengthwise to Beach Street, at its far eastern end and adjacent to the Mascord property, there is a small brick cottage, No. 46, which was once occupied by Samuel Twiss, and later by his son John. This abode was originally the front portion of a "divided" cottage which had its kitchen and scullery placed under a separate roof, both units being cross-connected by a narrow covered but open-sided footway, as was customary with a number of residences built about the eighteen-fifties and sixties. The western portion of this particular residence consisted of two rooms, covered by a long gabled roof with brick chimneys projecting through the ridge at each end, both chimneys being graced with tall terracotta pots. Also facing west was a narrow front verandah protected by an ogee shaped galvanised iron roof, decorated with its sheets painted alternatively red and white. There is a reference that Chinese people occupied this place at a later date and operated a poultry farm and a piggery.

In the course of years the separate gable roofed kitchen of the establishment has been separated by a paling fence and converted to a self-contained dwelling, which is now numbered 48 in the street list. The round-headed side doorway has been retained, as the main entrance, whilst a small three-sided bay window enclosure has been added to the room facing Beach Street. Both residences are backed by some very fine trees.

The adjacent house, No. 50, is of similar design to the aforementioned brick cottage of Joseph Twiss, it was occupied in 1887 by Mr. D. Provost, and later, in 1900, it is recorded that Lambert Lawrence, a nurseryman, was in residence. This cottage has a raised front parapet with a higher stepped central elevation and stepped ends, the fall of the flat roof also being followed, in its downwards direction towards the rear, by a series of stepped extensions of the side walls. It would appear that in recent years the original front verandah, presumably of the narrow iron covered variety, has been replaced by a heavy looking structure, of three bays, which perpetuates the stepped architectural adornments, in a downward manner, around the pillars of the supports. There is a side

yard to the east of the cottage which is surrounded by a dense border composed of coral trees intermixed with Big-leafed Privet, a harbour of refuge for small birds frequenting the area. There are numerous clumps of pungent smelling fennel along the front fence line and the presence of the adjacent Pat Moore's Swamp is betrayed by sundry clumps of bull-rushes that mark the eastern termination of Beach Street.

The large tract of land, bordered by Beach Street on the north, President Avenue on the south, Rocky Point Road on the west, and the margin of Pat Moore's Swamp on the east, was subdivided into 154 building allotments and auctioned by Messrs. Watkin and Watkin as the Kogarah Park Estate on November 25th, 1882. Three streets, namely Mitchell (now Baxter Avenue) French, and Green Streets, served the estate in an east-west direction. They were all intersected, together with Beach Street, near their eastern end, by Cross Street, whilst bordering the margin of Pat Moore's Swamp was the shorter cross street named Moore Street, which now forms a section of the present day West Botany Street. The subdivision was evidently laid out by efficiency experts on the so-called American Plan, its streets straight and intersecting at right angles, a form of planning always notoriously dull and unimaginative. An arrangement of back lanes between the several streets of the estate gave access to stables and cart sheds, and also to perambulating street vendors with their then familiar and penetrating calls of "Wild Rabbo", "Clothes Props", and "Bottle-oh". Their non-descript vehicles were generally hauled by slow moving and, often, piebald horses, very lean and bony as if a good feed was hard to come by.

The Kogarah Estate was eagerly sought after and many homes were erected thereon prior to 1900, today of course it is completely built out. The last blocks to be built on were ranged along the frontage of Rocky Point Road between Green Street and President Avenue. These remained vacant until about 1910. The area was noted for the number of horse training stables, ranged along the various back laneways, and also for a particularly fine specimen of a sulphur-crested white cockatoo, which spoke fluent English, mostly questionable in character, picked up from its jockey friends. Three residences, facing towards President Avenue, appear to have been amongst the earliest built on the estate. The first, commencing from the Rocky Point Road or western end, is reputed to have been Bergopher's Farmhouse, a large rambling two-storied building flanked by a huge pine tree. This house eventually came into the possession of the well known Buckeridge family. Next door was the home of Mr. Vogel, a secretary to the Railway Commissioner, and, beyond the Cross Street intersection was the property of Mr. Green, one time Mayor of Kogarah. At the 1882 period President Avenue terminated at its eastern intersection with Moore Street, where its further continuation was barred, at that time, by the murky waters of Pat Moore's Swamp.

To a naturalist one of the most pleasing features associated with Pat Moore's Swamp was the deafening chorus emanating from the throats of thousands of yellow and bronze-green coloured frogs. These amphibians mostly frequented the shallow waters fringing the southern side of the white-fenced causeway, constructed about 1895 by Mr. Stockdale of Ramsgate, to carry the eastern extension of President Avenue

across the marshlands, to connect Kogarah township with Lady Robinson's Beach. This thoroughfare in an east-west direction, formed an artificial dividing barrier between the deeper bull-rush covered northern section of Pat Moore's Swamp and the knee-deep southern waterlogged area which reached to the confines of Scarborough Park.

About midway in the length of the causeway was a small single span wooden bridge, built across a shallow drainage channel. A solitary gas lamp was provided at the bridge which shed its feeble glimmer on the surrounding waters of the marsh and, according to Miss Elizabeth Whitehall, who lived nearby, was of considerable assistance to the male participants of the "frog chorus", which was held each night throughout the spring season, irrespective of weather conditions.

From the vantage point afforded by the causeway the half-submerged male frogs, responsible for the seranading of the female but voiceless compatriots, could be seen puffing their flexible yellow throats out into a grotesque bulbous shape, uttering a slow-pitched but resounding quark, in the process. The recessional movement of the throat was responsible for a series of four sharper quarks on a diminuendo scale at the same tempo. And so they, in their multitudes, went on both by day and by night in a seemingly endless rhythm, a form of music greatly admired, from a culinary point of view, by the all too numerous black, brown, and tiger snakes, which lurked beneath the nearby tea-tree copses and thickets.

The bird-life of the swamp lands is always interesting and, approaching the reed-beds with caution, the Purole Gallinule, or Eastern Swamp Hen, can be seen prospecting for food or swimming in the more open channels. These beautiful birds flick their white tail feathers in an intriguing manner when in motion, and they utter shrill cries which are often heard at night. Their nests are composed of an untidy mass of rushes and other aquatic growth, which is supported just above normal water level by a platform of broken down reeds. Snowy white egrets and white-faced herons stealthily haunt the shallows to catch unwary frogs, tad-poles, and other tasty tit-bits, whilst the drier patches of the wetlands provide matters of great interest for numbers of Black-necked Ibis. The night shift is taken over by Nankeen Night-herons which arrive at dusk, presumably from their day-resting trees at Dowling Street, Arncliffe. An occasional pair of Spur-winged Plover can also be seen around the margins, their strident call-notes betraying their presence.

Small flotillas of Black Duck and Wood Teal are to be observed at times afloat on the deeper water, and occasionally a family of Black Swans arrive by air and stay for a short while, on a bed and breakfast basis. Dab-chicks are also to be seen in clear water, and are fascinating to watch in their movements, as they disappear beneath the surface in a sudden up-setting movement, reappearing some little distance away. Both the Pied and the Black Cormorants are regular inhabitants, and gain a good living by catching fish "on the hoof" so to speak.

Hordes of various species of finches, including pert little Red-heads, Blue Wrens, and Silver Eyes, flutter around the thick foliage of the tea-tree scrub, their nests of dried grass being hidden well above water level. In early spring there is a great gathering of newly arrived Welcome Swallows which skim, dip, and soar, over the swamp lands, twittering in graceful flight, as they snapped up the small flying insects. High above, at the same season and well into summer, the Skylarks can be heard singing, whilst amongst the sedges and bull-rush clumps the Reed-warblers whistle melodiously and the shy grass-bird utters its mournful two-toned notes, a plaintive song which, when the love-lorn frogs are silent, somehow serves to accentuate the brooding stillness of the marshlands.

Southwards across the dividing boundary set by President Avenue lies the former grant of 60 acres given by Governor Macquarie to Patrick Moore on August 28th, 1812. This land gently slopes upward from the swamp lands to Rocky Point Road, which later passed along the western side of the area. It has been said that the property, nominally a grazing one, was leased to different persons, before it was adapted by Peter Moore to form the famous Moorefield Racecourse, which opened on October 13th, 1888, and flourished until about 1954.

Bordering the western margin of the swamp and against the southern side of President Avenue were the trotting horse stables in the possession of the late Anthony Hordern. These premises were eventually converted, stall by stall, into a residence by Charles Whitehall, a plumber of Hurstville, who was in the employ of Peter Moore and responsible for the development of Moorefield Racecourse.

Adjacent to the Whitehall residence, westwards towards Rocky Point Road and facing President Avenue was the "English" type cottage occupied by Captain Dillon. This was demolished to make way for the grandstand of the racecourse. Then came the palatial two-storied mansion erected by Peter Moore which was demolished in the nineteen fifties when the estate came up for sale. On the southern side of the grant, abutting on the Marshall Street boundary, was the market garden kept in excellent order by Joseph Keep and family, who also had to vacate the land in favour of the racecourse project.

The proximity of the racecourse and the horse training fraternity nearby created problems which were not always appreciated by local residents. On March 26th, 1904, Mr. S. C. Drew wrote to the Rockdale Municipal Council as follows.

"Sirs.

I have to bring under your notice for redress the most disorderly conduct of the horse training people in the district. The trainers now train in the streets and roads of your Municipality, to the peace and safety of the residents. The daily parade of led and ridden horses and the demonical shouting to my residence in the inmate's hearing, is of such a character as to become an intolerable nuisance, that no municipal authority in any

other part of New South Wales would be called upon to submit from a lot of roysterers. I respectfully, yet seriously ask you to take the necessary steps to utterly suppress this flagrant indecency." The Council decided to refer the matter to the police department.

During the infamous "Depression Years" of the early nineteen thirties a well known, and well patronised, "Two-up" school functioned amongst the tea-tree coverage of a small dry island, situated in the midst of the swamp-land east of the extremity of Marshall Street, Kogarah. Access to this secluded retreat was given by means of a long wooden plank, laid over the surface of the treacherous bog, said plank being withdrawn to the island whilst the game was in progress. This practical application of the ancient moat method, used for the protection of earth-works and walled castles etc., proved most successful at Kogarah, as it effectually prevented police interference with the so-called national game and its scholars. It has been related that police cars would speed down the length of Marshall Street to the verge of the swamp. Their presence and approach would be immediately noted by the school "Cockatoo" and the alarm given. The scholars would quickly draw the plank over the marsh to the island and then place it, on the other side of their sanctuary, to another dry spot, thus affording a means of retreat, that was made by darting in crouched fashion through the tea-tree scrub by devious cattle pads to home and safety, much to the chagrin of the forces of law and order. However a deeply laid scheme was hatched, by means of which they managed to elude the vigilance of the "Cockatoos", and caught the players unawares, much to the latter's annoyance.

At this juncture it is convenient to terminate the second section of the annals of Pat Moore's Swamp at the border formed by Marshall St., Kogarah. The third section, dealing with the rural area lying between Marshall Street and Ramsgate, is still in course of preparation and will be placed before our Society at a future date.
