



ST. GEORGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SPONSORED BY ROCKDALE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

81 Watkin Street,
BEXLEY. 2207.

13th November, 1970.

Dear Friend and Member,

The next meeting of the Society will be held as follows:-

Date: Friday Evening Next, 20th November, 1970, at 8 p.m.

Place: Council Chamber, Town Hall, Princes Highway, Rockdale.

Guest Speaker: Mr. E.H. Jones, Dip.Art., F.R.A.I.A., will
present an Illustrated Address entitled -

"TASMANIAN ARCHITECTURE".

Business: General.

Would lady members please bring a plate, and gentlemen kindly donate
20¢ towards the Museum Fund.

D.H. Sinclair.

(Miss) J. Noble.

President.

Hon. Secretary. 59.6795.

Supper Roster.

Mrs. Coghlan (Capt.), Miss Cheetham, Miss Pallister, Mrs. Pritchard,
Mrs. Eastop, Mrs. MacDonald.

STALL DONATIONS FOR SATURDAY, 21ST NOVEMBER, 1970 --

PLEASE PHONE 59.6796.

"LADIES MUSEUM FUND COMMITTEE" - GOODS REQUIRED!

A stall will be held on "Senate Election Day", Saturday morning, 21st November, 1970, at the Presbyterian Church, cnr. Watkin and Herbert Streets, Rockdale, to raise funds for "LYDHAM HALL".

Donations such as jams, pickles, cakes and fancy goods etc., would be appreciated to stock the stall. Please contact Mrs. Wright - 59.6796 for goods to be collected -- Cakes will be collected early on the morning of the stall.

SOCIETY'S RAFFLE - "LAMPSHADE AND BASE".

I would like to thank those members who have already returned their tickets, and Please Note that it would be appreciated if remaining tickets could be returned along with money to the Hon. Secretary not later than the November Meeting. Raffle to be drawn at the Society's Christmas Party 18/12/70.

RAFFLE RESULTS - OCTOBER MEETING.

Cup, Saucer and Plate donated by Miss McCartney, was won by Miss V. Hill.

CRAZY WHIST NIGHT.

Coffee Set donated by Mrs. Eardley, was won by Mrs. A. Day.

PLEASE REMEMBER - WEDNESDAY - 25th NOVEMBER, 1970.

"COOKERY DEMONSTRATION"

By Courtesy of

St. George County Council

will be held in the

Binder Auditorium

Montgomery Street, Kogarah.

Wednesday, 25th November, 1970, at 7.30 p.m.

R.S.V.P.
11.11.70.

Phone 59.6796 or 59.8078
for bookings.

Donation 50¢.

Proceeds - "Lydham Hall" Fund.

(3)

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY FUTURE OUTINGS & SOCIAL EVENTS.

Please ring Mrs. Eardley, Asst. Secretary, for the following bookings.
Phone 59.8078.

We would like the support of all members and their friends on our various Outings and Social Functions.

November - 22nd - Sunday. TO ATTEND 11 A.M. MORNING SERVICE AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT EBENEZER - which is claimed to

be the oldest existing Church in Australia.

Cost \$1.50 - to be paid at meeting 20/11/70.

Bus leaving Rockdale Town Hall at 9 a.m. SHARP.

Lunch at Ebenezer - Hot Water provided.

Travelling via Windsor to Ebenezer and returning via Galston and Dural, where time permitting a visit to the historic "St. Jude's".

Returning to Rockdale approx. 5.30 p.m.

Bring your Morning, Afternoon Teas and Lunch.

1971 - FEBRUARY 27th SATURDAY.

FORT DENISON INSPECTION - Limit 50 persons.

Details later.

SOCIAL FUND-RAISING EVENINGS.

NOVEMBER 21st - SATURDAY MORNING - STREET STALL, will be held at the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, cnr. WATKIN & HERBERT STREETS, ROCKDALE.

NOVEMBER - 25th - WEDNESDAY EVENING - COOKERY DEMONSTRATION. by courtesy of St. George County Council, in the Binder Auditorium, Kogarah, at 7.30 p.m. Donation 50¢.

To make this a successful Evening, we have to guarantee 70 persons to attend, so please support the function and bring your friends.

NOVEMBER 28th - SATURDAY EVENING - 7.30 P.M. - SLIDE EVENING.

We look forward to an interesting showing of slides from the recent visit to Wellington and Gulgong in October, at Mr. & Mrs. W. Piper's Home, 26 Stoney Creek Road, Bexley (Next door to the Bexley R.S.L.).

Donation: 40¢. Ladies please bring plate.

DECEMBER 18th - FRIDAY EVENING CHRISTMAS PARTY.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE ST. GEORGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

We are pleased to announce the release of our 5th Publication entitled "OUR HERITAGE IN STONE" copies of which will be available at our November meeting.

Book 1.	THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE WOLLI CREEK VALLEY.	65¢	75 cents posted
Book 2.	THE KOGARAH TO SANS SOUCI TRAMWAY.	65¢	75 cents posted
Book 3.	THOMAS SAYWELL'S TRAMWAY ROCKDALE TO LADY ROBINSON'S BEACH.	65¢	75 cents posted
Book 4.	THE ARNCLIFFE TO BEXLEY STEAM TRAMWAY.	65¢	75 cents posted
Book 5.	OUR HERITAGE IN STONE.	70¢	80 cents posted
Book 6.	ALL STATIONS TO COMO.		In Preparation

The above list of the St. George Historical Society's publications can be readily obtained, subject to stocks in hand, from -

The Secretary: Miss J. Noble,
81 Watkin Street,
Bexley. 2207.

OR

Mr. F.C. Smith, Florist, Tramway Arcade, Rockdale.

OR

Mr. W.J. Spence, Newsagent, 449 Forest Road, Bexley.

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VISIT TO GULGONG

(65)

Dawned (although I did not see the dawn) a day which could be really called a summers day. At the departure point opposite Rockdale Town Hall, the Gulgongtravellers all bright and shiny, eagerly awaited the Foley Coach, the first arrivals being there at 7.15 a.m. The coach arrived on time, our Coach Captain Geoff Dickson, on viewing the mound of ports and bags etc., asked how long the travellers were going for, and that this coach was not going to Alice Springs, it was going to Gulgong.

Having stowed all gear and battened down all hatches, we awaited the arrival of our last two passengers, the Tom Lees, Tom, who said he'd been delayed because he couldn't find his Society Badge.

Geoff then, having satisfied himself after perusing books of details in close collaboration with our capable Secretary, Jenette, held on the coming day's activities, addressed the seated passengers on what the details of the coach trip, its amenities normal sub and if required ab, contentment was as near as the nearest bell pull, what to expect if you spoke out of your turn, or called the Coach a Bus.

Our last passenger to board the Coach, was His Lordship the Mayor, Ron.

Geoff after again counting the passengers, as I think Don had nicked away and disappeared a while before this (I don't think they open till 10 a.m.), decided to set the Coach in motion and move off.

Our trip to Gulgong had then begun in earnest. We moved into Princes Highway, the start of a busy (that is traffic wise) Saturday morning with a journey of 290 odd miles ahead of us, the trip across country to Parramatta, was conspicuous for its absence of Green Lights, and therefore after lots of intersection stops, we made our first scheduled stop, Parramatta; at this stop we had arranged to pick up our Guide and past Gulgong resident Alfred Brigden. Alf was there (he said he was glad we had come as he had been roasted. I said 'by the wife', he said 'Noby the sun'. Springwood was to be the next scheduled stop, after leaving Penrith, which was negotiated in a very cautious manner due, and according to Geoff, to the silly pedestrians, and lady drivers. There were really lots of lady drivers out on this day, I really think it must have been Ladies Day.

At this point, Bill Foster commenced a series of a very interesting commentary and as we began to ascend the mountain road, he detailed history of the First crossing of the Blue Mountains, the hazards, the landmarks and details of those concerned. Finally we arrived at Springwood. This proved to be very popular, for the morning cup of tea, and the scones, jam and cream. After examination of the out buildings, by most everybody, we again moved off into the heat of the day.

Hartley Court House was the next stop and proved to be of great interest as Bill Foster detailed his unending history of its part in the Crossing of the Blue Mountains.

After leaving Hartley at 12.20 p.m. the temperature that is in the Coach, became much cooler, this was much improved on the start of the trip, traffic now was much less and time that had been lost was being made up; the countryside now looking much greener than prior to our arrival at Springwood, and heads that had begun to nod, due to their early morning rising, to make certain they would not miss the Coach on this trip, were now delighted with picturesque countryside, the small hamlets so peacefully set in the green grassed settings, small farms with sheep and cattle grazing. After traversing a good deal of flat country through rural areas we arrived at Bathurst at 1.30 p.m., the latter city having been named by Governor Macquarie in the year 1833. Bathurst was our stop for lunch, so to fortify the inner man and women our party had lunch at the Acropole Restaurant, though some did go to the wrong cafe. After lunch Geoff drove around Bathurst Park, which was in colourful array to greet our party, the park with its blossom trees of Pinks, Reds and Whites contrasting with the green of the freshly cut grass made a picture to behold.

At 2.30 p.m. the journey to Wellington was resumed. As we moved out of Bathurst we noticed that this City had lots of visitors arriving in various forms of dress and undress, in all kinds of vehicles, who are arriving for the Auto Races and to add colour to the weekend holidays.

All of our party appear to be happy and contented after their luncheon, nobody has been left behind as we take to the road again. The countryside is now looking extremely beautiful and could not look more prosperous, lush green grass dotted with newly shorn sheep and scores of lambs; we eventually arrive at an area famous for its gold diggings. There stand the structures now in disuse at Lucknow, which had formed the mine heads, and where so many people had lived through the gold fever days in the 1870's.

After leaving Lucknow we pass through Ophir, like Lucknow this district was first settled by a handful of pioneer stockmen in the decades after the first crossing of the Blue Mountains. Gold was discovered in 1851 by Edward Hargraves at Ophir. A further fifteen miles through an area noted for its cherries, pears and apples of which we saw evidence in the form of very colourful blossoms, we arrived at the older part of Orange; famous as the "Cherry Blossom" city, is one hundred and sixty-three miles west of Sydney, its population being about twenty-two thousand. Surrounded by rolling hills and green vales, it straddles the eastern slopes of Mount Canobolas (4610 ft.); highest point between the Blue Mountains and the Indian Ocean, some 2,000 miles to the west.

A terrace of some eight or ten houses, which were built in 1876, and still in good condition, are noticed, as we continue on our way.

Our coach arrived at Orange at 3.30 p.m., plums, peaches and grapes together with the fruits already named, are produced here - but not oranges much to the surprise of many visitors. (Orange is named after a Prince of Orange who became King of Holland). As well as its rural activities, Orange has many well established secondary industries. One enterprise, which could possibly be described as the industrial "nerve centre" of Orange, makes refrigerators, washing machines and similar goods, and is the largest decentralised industry of its type in Australia.

Scenically the City of Orange (in 1946 it became a City) is renowned for the charm of its gardens and parks. Geoff, the Coach Captain, at this stage stated that although he was running a little behind in his schedule, he would stop for ten minutes or so, as it might be an opportune time to take a walk - this we did for several reasons, one of them being to walk through Cook Park, which was a credit to this City. The green of the newly mown grass made a beautiful contrast with the colour of the blossom trees, the Begonia House, with its masses of Begonias, Shyanthis and The Poor Mans Orchids, displayed what appeared to be every colour in the rainbow and more even than that, the Pink Magnolia Trees that stood at the entrance to the Park were so striking that, on our return to the Coach, Geoff said we will drive around the Park again to take a second look. Having done so, we then headed for Wellington, proceeding along the Dubbo Road. A sign post showed that it was 62 miles to Wellington, Geoff deviated off the main road slightly to take us through the Towac Valley where were situated in this valley a big percentage of the cherry orchards together with other blossom trees. After having been given this very colourful treat Geoff stated that the time was then 4 o'clock, he would have to get moving. This he did, and as this road was quite free from traffic, we were able to make up a good bit of lost time.

The countryside here was very sparsely dotted with cattle, but still good green pastures. After 10 miles or so, sheep again appear on the scene, lots of them unshorn unlike those we had seen earlier, as we are now approaching wheat growing areas and just prior to this we see a very attractive park along the northern side of which we cross over Molong Creek or Rivulet, and there is a very appealing spot (at least to us who have been travelling through a very hot day). The River banks are lined with low hanging branches of numbers of Willows which droop to the waters edge, a good place to be away from the sun on a hot day. Molong is soon reached. "Molong" is an aboriginal word meaning "rocks". Molong came into being in 1832 following a journey through from Bathurst to Wellington by Surveyor-General, Sir Thomas Mitchell. Before reaching Molong we pass several grain silos. This town is quite a country town and is situated 32 miles from Wellington. It has several hotels, a number of shops, and a building which was once a hotel, but now houses the Molong Historical Society Museum.

As we continue towards our destination for that day there are many nodding heads, but prior to reaching Wellington, we head for the Burrendong Dam. "Burrendong" is an aboriginal word meaning native bear. Having arrived at the Dam we were confronted with a magnificent sight. Before us was an expanse of water containing more than twice the amount of water contained in Sydney Harbour and we were viewing it from a height of close to 200 feet. This dam is located on the Macquarie River just below its junction with the Cudgegong River and is about 20 miles upstream from Wellington. When completely full, the lake will contain three and a half times more water than Sydney Harbour, backing up the Cudgegong River for 16 miles and the Macquarie River for 22 miles. A total area of 22,000 acres will be covered to a maximum depth of 185 feet.

This is a remarkable feat of workmanship and must be seen to be believed when making comment about it. Rock was obtained from a quarry just upstream from the main wall.

The broken rock, when placed in the main wall, was sluiced with powerful jets of water, to reduce the possibility of any later settlement. A concrete spillway is located in a low ridge between the Cudgegong River upstream and the Macquarie River downstream of the dam, and is about a mile north east of the main wall. This spillway is of the chute type, is 1,000 feet long, 430 feet wide at its crest and has seven radial gates each 55 feet wide by 20 feet high, and is designed to carry an outflow flood discharge of up to 490,000 cubic feet per second - sufficient to cope with a maximum design flood inflow of 770,000 cubic feet per second. One of the highlights of this stopover, was, as well as being a feast for the photographers (they were taking pictures from all angles), our Patron Ron, standing up to his waist in a man-sized Rubbish Drum which was marked TRASH (he said that he was able to take a better picture that way), or was this a stand in. The main purposes of Burrendong Dam are to mitigate flooding of the Macquarie River and provide water for irrigation in the drier areas to the west. The recreational potential of this vast body of water has been recognised for some considerable time. A local committee was formed and with the assistance of the people of Wellington and district \$20,000 was raised for the clearing of trees from the basin of the dam, so that the waters of this great lake would be free of unsightly dead trees and safe for all kinds of aquatic sports. Sailing, water-ski and power boat clubs have been formed and numerous craft of all kinds are to be seen on the lake during the warmer months of the year.

The remaining 19 miles from the dam to Wellington proved to be uneventful and very quiet and all the customers looked as if they would not need any rocking later. In continuing the journey to Wellington, we passed through the great hamlet of Dripstone. This was a busy place in the 1880's, as a brick manufacturing plant was established here amongst other rural productions. At this stage Bill Foster began a commentary on the area we were passing through. This took in details of the Wellington Caves, which we were to see the next day. At 6.30 p.m. we got to Wellington. The Wellington Valley was discovered by Lieutenant John Oxley, R.N., Surveyor General of New South Wales, on the 19th August, 1817, and was named after the famous Duke of Wellington who defeated Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. It was not till 24th February, 1823, that a party of convicts and soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Percy Simpson, established a convict settlement in the valley. From 1824 onwards, settlement of the valley and surrounding countryside increased rapidly, and it was not long before the township of Wellington, situated at the junction of the Bell and Macquarie Rivers and surrounded by tree covered hills, came into being. Today, Wellington is recognised as the centre of a rich agricultural and pastoral district, is 996 feet above sea level and has an average rainfall of 25 inches, and is 227 miles north-west of Sydney. Its main production is wheat, sheep and cattle. The population of the Shire is over 9,000. Wellington seems to have a shopping centre comprised of a goodly number of shops to cater for its population, a very fine park with apparently good gardeners, as flowers, trees and shrubs were in good colourful display. In the grounds of the Primary School stands an Elm tree, and it was under this large tree that the first New South Wales Branch of the Gould League of Bird Lovers was formed in Wellington in October 1910. The two persons responsible for the formation of this League were Mr. Walter Finigan, a teacher, and Mr. E. Webster, the Headmaster.

We arrived at the Kurrajong Motel at about 6.30 p.m. The Motel is situated within a stone's throw of the bridge that crosses the Macquarie River. The Accommodation was very comfortable and after allocation to our various units, we sat down to a dinner which was well cooked, appetising and filling, after which we were taken in our coach to visit the Wellington Historical Museum. This historic building was erected in 1883 by the Bank of New South Wales, and occupied as Bank premises until 1922. From then until 1966, when it was purchased by the Wellington Shire Council, the building was used by the Roman Catholic Presbytery. This building is a beautiful example of lacey pattern of ironwork, and iron posts, as waist high lacey pattern iron runs the full length of the verandah at ground level. Supporting the verandah above and to within 3 feet of the verandah height where the lacey iron again starts are 14 patterned posts. This is also repeated on the next floor level. This is a show of lacey pattern iron at its best.

The collection of historical items took up the most of the space on both floors of this building, and were from the area of the Wellington Valley and together with the never ending array of photographs, represented in time the past 150 years. After the inspection we were invited to have tea by the President and members of the Wellington Historical Society. The President, Mr. Toyer, is a member of the Toyer family of nursery fame from Sans Souci. Prior to our departure our President, Don, thanked our hosts and presented Mr. Toyer and the committee members of Wellington Historical Society each with a St. George Historical Society Lapel Badge. After the thanks of Wellington Society were extended to us and we to them, and bidding our adieus, the coach carried our members back to the Motel where before I have finished writing these few lines I'm sure they are all asleep preparing for their busy Gulgong trip tomorrow, and judging by the setting sun there would be no doubt about Sunday being a fine warm day.

Sunday 4th October was a very fine day. I saw the sun rising at 5 a.m., and it indicated that the day would be well received for the activities as arranged. Breakfast had been timed for 7 a.m. This saw quite a number awaiting the first meal of the day, as yet no member had seen fit to venture into the swimming pool, but while I was thinking about this, our Coach Captain, Navigator Driver, came on the scene, properly prepared with his swimming togs, and I think he may have had a schnorkel and flippers because as I stood near the dining room he said I'll be up later. Breakfast having been dispensed with, and everybody ready fortified inside with all that eggs and bacon, sausages, tea coffee and marmalade can achieve; outwardly all appeared physically fit to take part in the proposed gold panning operation and the nuggets they had dreamed of finding. It is now 8.30 a.m. and we are half an hour behind the scheduled time. Geoff had set this time, he being the timekeeper Coach Captain, etc., and and this all stems from his venture into the pool. I think it was only to show off his new leopardskin trunks.

However, we have now started on our journey to Gulgong. At this stage Alf Brigden, the lad from Gulgong, takes over at the microphone, and he will give a commentary on this trip, of the 49 miles to Gulgong. The country we are now passing through is flat, very little grazing of stock or sheep, no lush green grass, all areas seem to be covered with the weed Pattersons Curse, and a thistle with a very heavy foliage. Although it is a hot morning, we have heard that the temperature in Sydney is over the 80's. We have a pleasant breeze

coming into the coach, the surrounding countryside now giving way to green grass and numerous individual rocky outcrops in separate colonies, a few sheep appearing here and there. We are now travelling on a dirt road, have not met any vehicles as yet and have travelled about 10 miles. Alf Brigden has now started to play a tape recorder, recording an interview with a 90 year old lady, an old resident of Gulgong, but it is not very distinct. We have just passed the first vehicle since leaving Wellington some 18 miles back. As we approach one of the old copper mines now in disuse with mounds of earth and parts of old machinery standing about, the coach has stopped suddenly. Some 2 feet in front of the coach on the roadway is a frilled lizard with its head in the air. Geoff, our Captain Navigator, Time-keeper, Lizardcather, is alerted and hurriedly scrambling out of his seat, falls over the box of tricks, which he places in the gangway every time the coach starts off, and always manages to catch some one with. He calls for a cage or box, but the best we can do is a plastic bag, so armed with the latter he leapt to the roadway, with 6 of our lizard catchers in his wake. The lizard was awake up, and got quite a frill from the chase. I now have to report that the dejected hunters have now returned to the coach with their bag --- empty. The coach moves off again and passes the skeleton of another old disused copper mine, its poppit head standing out against the sky, a silent monument to those early days. Now passing through the town, I said town, of Brophy, one hotel, post office and store and 2 churches. Both churches have all kinds of vehicles, horsedrawn and otherwise tethered and parked outside while the services are being held; have just passed the second vehicle since leaving Wellington. Alf is now giving a resume of his early days in this locality and stories of some of the early residents he knew, together with the trials and troubles they had to contend with. Two Mile Flat, an old diggings, is passed on our left. There is not much evidence of it beyond the huge mounds of overgrown earth. Byragamble comes into view on our right, standing back against the ridge. This large property of some 4,000 acres is now owned by Mr. Stan Fox, the well known race horse owner. Gunterwang has now come into view after crossing a bridge over the Pig and Whistle Creek. Gunterwang homestead was built in 1863. It takes its name from when George and Henry Cox first trespassed upon the solitude of the Gulgong area in 1822 when they came to a place on the Cudgegong River which the natives called Gunterwang. They brought stock to establish a station there, but were forced to abandon it, retreating to Menah in the face of great hostility from the natives. Later in 1822 two sons of Richard Rouse (of "Rouse Hill" near Windsor), came to Gunterwang. They brought cattle and firmly established themselves. Behind this brief statement lies a pioneering story of courage, endurance and fortitude. In these days of fast travel on good roads, who can truly envisage the mammoth task of bringing stock and personal possessions all those weary and dangerous miles over the mountains to a new life in an unknown and somewhat inhospitable country?

Other settlers came, taking up land along the river and creeks, and so the area began to develop. A village grew up at Gunterwang where there was a store, school, church and racecourse. The area today is a road junction but the well preserved old "Gunterwang" Homestead is still occupied. The present owners are Mr. and Mrs. Ford Reynolds. At the entrance to this homestead stand two stone pillars some fifteen feet high and four feet in width, supporting heavy iron gates of a similar height as the pillars. A driveway of loose river gravel of about 200 yards brought us to another pair of iron gates, with

stone pillars seven feet high. The entrance to the homestead is reached by crossing a circular driveway of smaller gravel. In the centre of this driveway stands a huge Bunya Bunya tree some 60 feet high. This tree is somewhat similar to a Norfolk Island Pine but differs as its branches seem to grow downwards at an angle rather than outwards. The homestead has some 6 to 8 rooms with kitchen, and all rooms are furnished with furnishings relative to the 1800's, the bedrooms containing four poster beds with satin canopies, Cedar timber being prominent in the furniture in the huge drawing room and the setting of dining table and twelve chairs was in remarkable condition. The kitchen with its stone floor, ovens and heavy iron kitchen equipment, was in good state of preservation.

We were extremely fortunate in being able to see over this homestead, as the owner had only given permission to inspect the grounds, but I think due to the presence of Alf the local boy, who had made good and who'd returned to his hometown, Mr. Ford Reynolds relented, and allowed us inside. We were indeed grateful to inspect the remarkable contents of Gunterwang; this property which was granted to the Rouse family in the convict days and was built in 1863.

It was while stationed at Gulgong as Police Magistrate and Commissioner under the Goldfields Act, that Thomas Alexander Browne (Rolf Boldrewood) gathered material for his books "Robbery Under Arms" and "The Miners Right". The latter was set in Gulgong while the O'Connell town in "Robbery Under Arms" was possibly, Home Rule. T.A. Browne lived for some years in the old Gunterwang homestead. This solidly built stone home now has a roof of asbestos and corrugated iron, with figured iron roof supports along the 200 feet of the sandstone verandah. Gardens and trees were well laid out; firs, pines and prunis, together with an abundance of shrubbery completed a fine picture. The stables and coach house stood in a remarkable state of preservation. A clock was set overhead in this building. In a poultry run adjacent to the stables, stands a very tall turkey in company with half a dozen fowls.

After leaving Gunterwang, we pass two of the old gold reefs at Perseverance Hill. We also see hillocks of kaolin situated in the area of Home Rule, about 6 miles from Gulgong. Kaolin is a fine white clay, and is used in the manufacture of porcelain and pottery, tyre and storage battery box, manufacture, and other industrial uses. Very soon we are passing Gulgong Hospital, and then into Gulgong township, lots of very old wooden buildings and narrow streets. We are told that the reason for the narrow streets is that during the gold rush in 1871 tents and huts were laid out with narrow pathways between, beneath which shafts were sunk and have never been widened. The roads as seen today are the same width as then, approximately 18 feet. Gulgong is 190 miles from Sydney in a north-westerly direction; Gulgong (aboriginal for "deep waterhole"), "the town on the \$10 note" as it is known, had a population of 20,000 in the goldrush boom days of 1870's, derives its "nickname" from the fact that most of the buildings shown on the reverse side of Australia's \$10 note once stood in Gulgong. We are now passing the location of Sippel Bros., Tobacconists's store, one of the shops depicted on the \$10 note. The main business portion of the town consisted of two streets, at right angles to each other -- Mayne Street (earlier called Queen Street) and

Herbert Street which runs north and south. These two streets in the 1870's with their shops, hotels and entertainment houses were at night the busiest, rowdiest, most crowded streets in all the world, filled to suffocation point with most every nationality as well as native born Australians. Cobb and Co's coaches brought a stream of visitors to the town -- politicians, ministers of religion, singers and actors - all with armed guards to escort them. Cobb & Co's coaches took away the 483,170 ounces of gold recovered from the area in the years 1870 to 1880. The telegraph lines came through in 1871, bringing "The Hub of the World" into touch with the rest of it. The diggers had their own code of living; a man was "White" or otherwise according to his actions, and it had nothing to do with the colour of his skin. It was this kind of mateship that was handed on to the men of the First A.I.F. and resulted in them being nicknamed "Diggers". The 17,000 population of the town as we now see it, seem to be well served with the older stores, names that we have known of over the years, such as Loneragans and The Western Stores to name several.

Another location is pointed out to us, that of a another shopfront depicted on the \$10 note, that of "The Times Bakery" still operating as a bakery, but of course not the same building. After passing through the streets of the town, we arrive at The Gulgong Pioneers Museum in Herbert Street. The Museum was originally a Bakery and Produce Store and was purchased in 1890 by Mr. J.H. Spiers. The museum was wholly given over to the display of items of historical interest, and presented a remarkable collection. This museum is unique in the fact that it has sections given over to the display of most comprehensive collections of material from the goldrush and pioneering days and includes a fully furnished period bedroom, clothing of the period, stone and quartz specimens. Horse-drawn vehicles comprising of two sulkies, a buggy, a phaeton, a Hawkers four-wheeled van (this had probably been the only means of shopping facilities, brought to the remotely located selections of the west by some Afgan or Indian Dealer, and was so much appreciated by the lonely people on selection), a heavy dray, a breaking-in-gig, and believe it or not a spring van with a name and address of Mullins Street, Balmain. A number of Bullock Yokes (unlike horses, bullocks pulled with their withers, that is the topmost point of their shoulders, whereas a horse is harnessed in a collar, and pulls lower down from its chest). Radios, Amplifiers, old-time utensils of the farms, the mines and the household; and well preserved machinery, a Garford Fire Engine, a 1912 Republic tabletop truck and numerous pre-1920 trucks, and standing slightly apart from these vehicles, was a funeral hearse, with its rear doors wide open, as though it was there in its last resting place, possibly because its turn had come. The agricultural field was represented by a Traction Engine, Tractors, Headers, Ploughs, Discs and Harrows. A 1915 Waratah Motor Cycle, an original wooden case, which had held two four gallontins of gasolene, as there were no petrol pumps at that time. This was the only gasolene that could be bought. It was then poured into the tank with the aid of a funnel. The many photographs on display would be too numerous to mention or specify. After our inspection of the museum, we were invited to a very sumptuous barbeque, comprising of T-bone steak, every kind of vegetable, or very nearly, a drop of something to wash it down with, a cup of tea, kindly arranged by the members of the Gulgong Pioneers Historical Society, after which with our thanks for their hospitality, we bade our farewells, our objective being a place called Moonlite Lead, to pan for gold. This venture had been eagerly looked forward to by the members of this Gulgong tour for some time. Moonlite Lead was situated some

distance from Gulgong. It was off the road, and near where the Centenary of Gulgong had been enacted. It is worthy of note that during the gold rush at one time four families, whose names bore monetary significance, lived in this area, their names being Copper, Penny and Golden and Farthing.

Mr. Clarrie Copper, a descendant of the aforementioned Copper, met our party at the dam or creek at Moonlite Lead. He is a member of Gulgong Pioneer Historical Society. From his utility truck he unloaded bags of paying dirt (pan now and pay later) and a stack of pans. Seeking as we had no fossickers (not much) in our party, Clarrie was the guide on how to get rich in one easy lesson, so as coach Fossicker he distributed the pans and dirt to the customers. He then deployed to the creek and gave a demonstration of how to pan for gold. To see our fossickers go into action was very interesting. This was a test for our panners. Some appeared to be more used to Flapjacks or Omelettes in their pans than specs. Indeed, quite a number were thinking of borrowing specs to make sure they were not missing anything. We have it on authority that Miss Binns is about to apply for a miner's right. One of the fossickers was so engrossed with finding colour, that he was almost left behind; however, all good things come to an end, but our party thought it quite strange that they had not had a find, to any great extent, as only a few miles away at Two Mile Creek, gold had been found on the ground surface in 1867. So, with a last look at Moonlite Lead, and thanks and a farewell wave to Clarrie Copper, our coach started on our next stop, that being Wellington Caves. These Limestone Caves are located five miles south of Wellington near the Bell River, and were discovered in 1830 by George Rankin, a shepherd who accidentally fell into the entrance of one of the caves. In the same year, Surveyor-General Sir Thomas Mitchell visited the Caves with Rankin, exploring three of them and collecting a quantity of bones, which were forwarded to Edinburgh University for identification and classification. The Cave in which the bones are found is not open to the public, but is regularly visited by scientists from all over the world. The first organised tour of the Caves is thought to have taken place in the late 1870's when Joseph Sibbald was guide. Two Caves are open for inspection, The Cathedral Cave and The Gaden Cave. The Cathedral Cave, by far the larger of the two, takes its name from a huge stalagmite formation, claimed to be the largest in the world, on which is a remarkable clear outline of the Virgin or Madonna -- the visitor could almost imagine it to be the work of a great human sculptor. Illuminated by hidden lights, the formation has a majestic aura. This phenomenon is 106 feet around the base and is 50 feet high and is 125 feet underground. The Gaden Cave was discovered by an early caretaker, Mr. Redman, and named after the then President of the Shire. This Cave is small in comparison to the Cathedral Cave, but provides the visitor with exquisite formations not seen anywhere else. After our party had recovered from the number of steps they had traversed into and out of the Caves, but agreed, it was well worth it, we entered the coach and continued the journey back to Wellington. This part of the trip did not take very long and quite soon we had arrived back at the Motel in Wellington, the time being 5.30 p.m. Thus, the end of the second day of our tour, the weather having remained fine and perfect throughout.

An invitation had been received from the Wellington Bowling Club for our party to visit there that evening, and having dispensed with the evening meal, our Coach took a number of our party to that Club, where we were well

received. This is one of the biggest membership clubs on the Western Plains. The building and its amenities would compare favourably with some of the bigger Bowling Clubs in and around Sydney. Some of our party did not go away empty handed, Val, Geoff, several others, and the writer shared in the give away gadgets -- (sometimes), this of course needs some physical effort, and one has to be forearmed.

Wellington District saw some of the richest of the goldrushes. Gold was discovered in the Wellington District in 1849 at a place known as Mitchell's Creek, and together with villages such as Stuart Town, once known as Ironbarks, and Mookerawa (pronounced "Muckerawarr") were thriving rumbustious towns at 5,000 or 6,000 in the roaring days. Ironbarks has been immortalised by one of Australia's foremost poets, A.B. (Banjo) Paterson, in his rollicking poem "The Man From Ironbarks".

From 1875 to 1914, some 140,000 ounces of gold were obtained by alluvial and reef mining methods from the area, and on present day values this would be worth more than \$2 million.

Monday, 5th October, saw our party up and about quite early, as breakfast was timed for 7.15 a.m. Having dispensed with this so necessary operation, the party got aboard the Coach, and we left Wellington at 8.45 a.m. and had an uneventful trip through Molong, eventually arriving at Orange around midday. Geoff took us to the lookout at the top of Mount Canobolas, a long extinct volcano where a wonderful panorama unfolds. This is indeed true as one looked down from this height of 4610 feet, the beautiful Towac Valley stretched for miles with Lake Canobolas as a scenic masterpiece, and the prosperous farms in the background.

We were unable to step out of the coach for any length of time, as although the day was a very warm one, up at this height a blustering freezing wind was felt. The journey having been continued, lunch was had at Bathurst where we learned that the restaurant we lunched at had served some 2,000 people since we had been there previously on the Saturday. After a while to allow the party to stretch their legs etc., we again moved off. Traffic began to become more prevalent, but of course we were again returning to the traffic we knew was always thick. Through Lithgow, the Pine Forests, to Bell, where a stop was made for the party to alight if they desired, before continuing the journey. A presentation was made by President Don to our untiring Secretary, Jenette, for her part in organising this delightful tour, which ultimately covered nearly 700 miles. Alfred Brigden was also given a token for the part he had played in making this tour possible, and last, but by no means least, a monetary gift was handed by Don to the Coach Captain, Geoff Dickson, who had done his very best to make the trip as pleasurable, happy and interesting, (even if lady drivers don't do the right thing). Each of the recipients suitably responded.

From Bell we continued our journey through the holiday traffic, and as we eventually let those off the coach whose homes we were near to, there were not many left when we arrived at the departure point, Rockdale Town Hall, at 7.30 p.m. It is not necessary for me to dwell too much on that point as to whether everyone enjoyed the tour. Ask them. I trust that these few lines will convey in some detail a picture of some history of The Golden West of New South Wales.

Jack Stead. 1/11/70.