

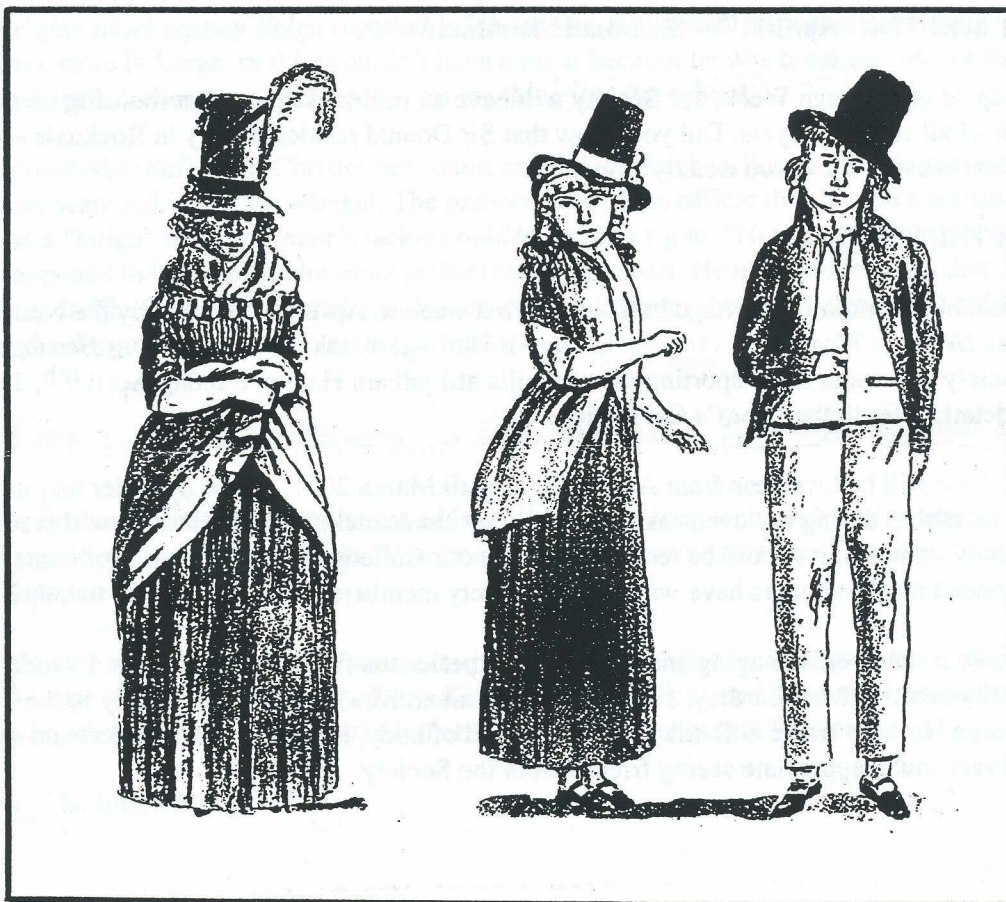
St George Historical Society Inc. Bulletin

SPONSORED BY ROCKDALE CITY COUNCIL

MARCH – APRIL 2000 EDITION

A CONVICT MAID

The Life of Sarah Bellamy



A free lady of Sydney Cove inspects a convict maid and her beau.

Collage of pictures painted in 1793 by Juan Ravenet, a visiting Spanish artist. (Mitchell Library & Dixon Gallery)

THE TRUE STORY OF A FIRST FLEET PIONEER

Transported half way around the world in 1788, for a crime that today would only attract a caution, Sarah Bellamy was a typical First Fleet convict maid.

She arrived in a strange new world, with unfamiliar trees and animals, and where the seasons were totally the reverse of her native England. But she had

the will to survive, the spirit to fight, and the good fortune to marry a man whose resolve to build a new life in a new land was just as unshakeable as her own.

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Meetings are held 8 PM every second Tuesday of the month (except January) in the Meeting Room 1st Floor, Rockdale Town Hall, Princes Highway, Rockdale. Members, please bring a plate. Visitors are welcome.

NEXT MEETING April 11th – Sir Donald Bradman

In the spirit of Heritage Week, our Society will have an informal discussion focusing on this most famous of all cricket players. Did you know that Sir Donald resided briefly in Rockdale – come along and we will show you exactly where!

FROM THE EDITOR...

April is a busy month for heritage buffs as the first week in April is promoted by the National Trust as *Heritage Week*. This year, the theme for Heritage Week is '*Our Sporting Heritage*', and our Society will stage some sporting memorabilia at Lydham Hall on Sunday April 9th, 2000. For more details refer to the **What's On** section.

Your Editor will be Overseas from August 2000 until March 2001. Please consider helping with the editorialship during my overseas sojourn. Many hands make light work and I will readily train any volunteers; it should be remembered that our Bulletin is in the majority of cases, the only contact most members have with fellow Society members. What can you do to help?

Many of our members are aging and some have experienced failing health of late. I would like to especially mention Mrs. Eardley, a Foundation Member. Mrs. Eardley is currently in the St. George Nursing Home at Bexley. Although frail of body, her mind remains alert and she would very much appreciate seeing friends from the Society.

The Audrey Hepburn excursion although attended by a relatively few number of people, was nevertheless a great success. Members, the Society's outings are never expensive and always great fun, so please support Dora Lenane and Joan Fairhall by attending the outings organised by these ladies.

This edition features an article taken from the September 1999 issue of the *Site Gazette*, the official newsletter of the Friends of the First Government House Site (Inc). The second article was originally produced for the December 1971 issue of our Bulletin by the Late C.W. Napper, a member of long standing with our Society. The Napper family were pioneers of the St. George area.

Kind regards,

The Editor

Hapless Criminals cont.

David Posman, 33, was arrested recently in Providence, R.I, after allegedly knocking out an armoured car driver and stealing the closest four bags of money. It turned out that they contained \$800.00 in pennies, weighed 30 pounds each, and slowed him to a stagger during his getaway so that the police officers easily jumped him from behind.

The Belgian news agency *Belga* reported in November, that a man suspected of robbing a jewellery store in Liege, said he couldn't have done it because he was breaking into a school at the same time. Police then arrested him for breaking into the school.

Drug-possession defendant Christopher Johns, on trial in March in Pontiac, Michigan, said he had been searched without a warrant. The prosecutor said the officer didn't need a warrant because a "bulge" in Christopher's jacket could have been a gun. "Nonsense!" Said Christopher, who happened to be wearing the same jacket that day in court. He handed it over so that the judge could see it. The judge discovered a packet of cocaine in the pocket and laughed so hard he required a five-minute recess to compose himself.

Of course foolish acts are not confined exclusively to the criminal element....

Atlanta Braves pitcher John Smoltz gave himself five-inch-long welts in March when he tried to iron his polo shirt while wearing it. "I've ironed that way five or six times," he said, "and never had it happen."

Dave-so-and-so of Anniston, Alabama, was injured recently after he attempted to replace a tubelike fuse in his Chevy pick-up with a 22-calibre rifle bullet (used because it was a perfect fit). However, when electricity heated the bullet, it went off and shot him in the knee.

Source: The Internet

A CONVICT MAID

THE STORY OF SARAH BELLAMY

Sarah Bellamy was born in the small Worcestershire village of Belbroughton, the sixth of eight children of Richard and Elizabeth Bellamy, and was baptised on February 3rd. 1770 at Holy Trinity Church. The church stands upon a former pagan Saxon burial ground, whilst the village of Belbroughton itself can proudly trace its origins to an ancient settlement recorded in the Domesday Book. It was a village with a proud reputation for its scythemaking industry, which dated from the mid 16th. Century right up until the 1960's, when it was finally superseded by modern technology. The unique and attractive village sign, together with the many old millstones which serve as front doorsteps and garden ornaments, bear witness to a thriving industry not long past.

The Bellamy family lived in a small cottage tenement administered by the Parish Overseers. In 18th. Century England, each parish was responsible for the care of its poor. Money raised by a levy on householders was distributed to the needy by the Overseers, who were answerable to the parish. Records, which had to be strictly kept, show that Richard Bellamy was a recipient of such payments.

It was also common for the Overseers to find employment for the children of the poor, which they did with compassion. So it was, sadly, that on February 7th. 1779 - at only nine years of age - Sarah, like her brothers and sisters, was apprenticed to James Spurrier, the Overseer at Malthouse Farm, Fairfield. The malthouse was a very large, two storeyed brick building that, apart from the malt factory, also included the residence of the Overseer, the servant's quarters and a coach and harness room. It is occupied to this today, and the land is still being farmed.

It is quite possible that Sarah never saw her parents again, nor her homely village. No oracle could have foretold that she was destined to be part of history, as one of the founding mothers of a great nation far beyond the seas.

SEVEN YEARS TRANSPORTATION

Whether Sarah served her full five year apprenticeship at Malthouse Farm is not known; but in May 1785, she was in service to Benjamin Haden, a weaver in Dudley. In that month, Sarah was summoned to appear before the Summer Assizes at Worcester, charged with stealing from "*the dwelling house of Benjamin Haden, one linnen purse, value 2d., 15 guineas and 1 half guinea, the property of the said Benjamin Haden, and 2 promissory notes, value 10 pounds and 5 pounds and 5s.*" It is interesting to note that Benjamin Haden, together with his wife Sarah, also had to appear before the court to acknowledge that he owed the King "*the sum of Forty pounds of good and lawful money of Great Britain.*" In other words, he was bankrupt!

On Saturday, July 14th. 1785, Sarah was sentenced to be transported for seven years "*for stealing fifteen guineas and a half.*" She was only fifteen years old, and the only female before the Court; but the sentences of some of the six males who were arraigned with her were, by comparison, amazingly lenient: "*John Meredith, for stealing articles out of a barge; to be publicly whipped this day at Upton and the following Thursday; Richard Crump, for killing Richard Bourne, found guilty of manslaughter, fined one shilling.*" Though Sarah prayed to be "*publicly whipped*" instead, her pleas were ignored; the sentence of transportation

stood. On May 13th. 1787, Sarah Bellamy was one of the 101 female convicts aboard the LADY PENRHYN, one of the First Fleet ships that carried only female convicts, bound for Botany Bay.

A STORM AT SEA

What a welcome the New Year brought! At sea, on December 31st. 1787, Surgeon Bowes Smythe recorded that: "*This day, the women (of the LADY PENRHYN) were washed out of their berths by the seas we shipped. The water was brought out from between decks in buckets - the seas were mountainous high; sometimes it seemed the ship was going over.*" The women convicts knelt and prayed.

Towards the end of the voyage, Sarah bore a child to Joseph Downey, acting Quarter Master on the LADY PENRHYN. Little Joseph lived only a few weeks, dying on February 29th. 1788.

THE NEW LAND

We next hear of Sarah in Sydney Cove, where she was one of the few female convicts permitted to live in her own small hut on the east side of the Tank Stream.

Late one evening in August 1789, Sarah was awakened from her slumbers by a loud knocking on the door of her hut. Two officers, Captain Meredith of the Marines and Mr. Keltie, master of the SIRIUS, who had both imbibed too much, had decided to call in on her on their way home. When Sarah refused to open the door, Captain Meredith went to the side of her hut and pushed on the window shutters, which fell in onto her bed, and, as he leaned in, his hat also fell onto the bed.

When he then began to pull her hair and beat her, Sarah cried "Murder!" so loudly that the nightwatchman was alerted, and came running. She opened the door to him, but when he asked for a lamp, she replied that "*the hour is too improper for a light!*"

What courage she had, to then appear before the Justices, "*resolved in her own breath*" to make the accusation that the two officers "*had disturbed her peace*" and that she "*was determined not to put up with such unmerited treatment from Captain Meredith, or anyone else!*" The case was found in her favour, but no action was taken against the two officers. However the following year the Marine commander, Major Ross, took Captain Meredith's company to Norfolk Island, while Meredith himself had to remain at Sydney Cove.

A HAPPY ENDING

Sarah won the affections of James Bloodworth, who had made the first bricks in the colony and built the first Government House. He became Australia's first Master Builder after gaining his freedom; only the second person to receive "*the highest reward the Governor was empowered to bestow on a convict*" James was now also allowed to marry, and it was Sarah whom he chose to share his life and the house that he had built in South Row. It was here that their eight children were born, although unhappily four died in infancy. In 1794, Sarah was given a grant of 20 acres of land at Pymont.

Sadly, James Bloodworth died of pneumonia on March 21st. 1804, aged 45 years. Sarah Bloodworth was to survive him by almost forty years, dying on February 26th. 1843, aged 73 years.

Many thanks to our Honorary Chairman Nell Sansom, and her sister, Alice Clarke, for submitting the fascinating story of one of their ancestors for our feature article.

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REMINISCENCES OF ROCKDALE AT THE 1900 PERIOD.

C. W. Napper.

I have been requested to present a description of the affairs of Rockdale in the early days of my youth, which, so I have been informed, would be of interest to my fellow members of the St. George Historical Society. On a first things first basis, I must mention that I was born in 1887 at Ulmarra, a village near the Clarence River some thirteen miles north-east of Grafton on the North Coast of New South Wales. My father, James Napper, had taken over a farming property at Ulmarra where he was principally engaged with the growing of maize. Unfortunately a series of disastrous floods ruined his prospects in this district, and, during 1892, James Napper, his wife and his family of two sons and two daughters, returned to live at Rockdale. Here a cottage was obtained in West Botany Street and James Napper, in conjunction with Mr. Bowmer, established a produce business on the apex portion of the Wesleyan Church (now Methodist) property at the southern side of the intersection of Bay Street with Rocky Point Road.

My early schooling was undertaken at Rockdale Superior Public School, established on the crest of Rockdale Hill, and tuition lasted until I reached the age of thirteen years. During this period I was a regular attendant at the West Botany Wesleyan Sunday School and still retain pleasant memories of the annual Sunday School Picnic held in the spacious grounds of the Sans Souci Hotel at Rocky Point. It was a great day indeed with the trials associated with the organisation of such an important event. The local market gardeners sited around the agricultural flats of Muddy Creek cleaned out and refurbished their two-wheeled carts, usually spoken of as "Dung-carts" for obvious reasons, and provided extra seating accommodation to each vehicle, said seats consisting of a somewhat thin and narrow plank, fitted with end stops, resting on the side-boards of the vehicle, the cherished seat being at the back where we kids could dangle and kick our legs over the tailboard. Then, in procession, the carts, up to ten in number, would wend their way along Bay Street to Rocky Point Road, the children singing, and the nags prancing. Rocky Point Road was followed southward, down to Skidmore's Bridge over Muddy Creek, up Skidmore's Hill, past the few shops of old-time Kogarah and the two storied Gardener's Arms Hotel, then the climb up Fitzgerald's Hill, followed by the climb up Clark's Hill to Ramsgate, after which the way was downhill, easy on the horses, through bush country to the excitements of Rocky Point and its pleasure ground. Occasionally the Sans Souci Steam Tram would pass our cavalcade, the engine driver giving a screaming whistle of goodwill as the steam-motor rumbled past.

At the pleasure-ground the carts were lined against the fence, the horses out-spanned and tethered, and also given the consolation of their feed-bags of chaff, together with buckets of water to wash it down. Meanwhile the children were assembled and mustered into age groups to receive small bags of boiled lollies and a cup of lemon syrup, ladled out of wash-tubs and galvanised iron buckets. This syrupy concoction was sweet to taste and manufactured at home on the stove from boiling water, sugar, tartaric acid, and essence of lemon was added when the mixture cooled. The resulting liquid was broken down liberally with cold water and was

greatly appreciated. However, it is related that an Irish Sunday School teacher, in his desire to be of help, espied a couple of buckets full of the undiluted mixture, which he mistook for dirty water and promptly threw the cordial out onto the grass, much to the mortification of the ladies' committee and the ever thirsty children.

A diversion occurred when an adult male member of the committee donned an old full-length if somewhat derelict night-gown, as worn at the time by elderly females, onto which several calico bags of lollies had been sewn. In this cumbersome garb the man commenced to run and was chased by swarms of the younger fry, all intent in wresting the coveted lolly bags, and great was the joy when the man fell over and in the ensuing all-in scrum he was divested of the lolly bags and most of his nightgown. Mr. Joseph Bowmer entertained the older children by bowling a coconut along the ground. This was chased by a number of teams on a competitive basis, the winning team gained the unbroken nut.

There were plenty of competitors for the "Three-legged Race" in which it was usual to combine the efforts of a boy and a girl, or, perhaps, a man and his wife, if they won it was regarded as a good omen for their future married happiness. The "Egg and Spoon Race" was also most popular, big eggs and small spoons, coupled with the roughness of the turf, created many hazards for the players, only the onlookers laughed. There were foot-races for both girls and boys, all sorted into age groups, rather than size and stamina. The various prizes awarded to the winners of these events included pen-knives for boys and handkerchiefs for the girls. These items were donated for the most part, by friends of the Sunday School administration. It was always a very tired, but very happy, cortege which wended its way homewards at the conclusion of a most exciting day.

Another great event of my early days was the annual sports carnival, proceeds of which were donated to the St. George Cottage Hospital at Kogarah. This was quite a feature about the turn of the century. The Prince of Wales Birthday, kept with due ceremony on November 9th, was chosen for this gala outing and a street procession left Rockdale Town Hall to pass southwards through the Rockdale business centre and follow Rocky Point Road (now Princes Highway) down to Skidmore's Bridge and up Skidmore's Hill to eventually reach the Moorefield Racecourse enclosure. Music for the procession was furnished by the St. George District Band and also by the Rockdale Fire Brigade brass band.

The procession was regarded by the local business men as a great advertising medium and, as most of the shopkeepers carried out home deliveries in horse-drawn carts of various kinds, these vehicles were newly painted for the occasion and elaborately decorated to catch the public eye. Interest was also aroused by the prizes offered for the best turn-out of the day, the best pony and sulky outfit, the most comical, and the worst turn-out of the day. One recalls the entry of an ancient hansom cab, considerably the worse for wear, in which a seemingly bashful bridal couple were ensconced. The bride wore a veil made from a hessian chaff-bag whilst the groom was attired in a frock coat cut from the same material, his top-hat had certainly seen better days. On the back of the cab was a placard which read "At Trinity Church we met our Doom".

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My father, the local produce merchant at Rockdale, generally entered the competition by displaying a four-wheeled lorry loaded with various brands of poultry food and also farm produce, all being neatly stacked in terraced rows. A large calico sign, stretched over the length of the cart, displayed a pair of roosters, one at each end, one bird reputedly saying "We have something to crow about - our food comes from Napper's". Tied behind the lorry were two horses, one a lovely big black horse, groomed and polished "until you could almost see yourself reflected in his curvaceous body". He carried a sign aloft which stated "Fed on Napper's Feed". The other horse, the poorest and skinniest nag that my father could find, bore the sign "I wish mine did".

It was certainly a grand sight to see the horses trotting gaily along, each with its harness polished with neatsfoot oil and rubbed till shiny with "Black Fat", a semi-liquid substance contained in tins. Some horses had head ornaments in the way of brightly coloured tufts, and the collars of others were set off with tinkling silver "horse-bells" which made a merry sound as they paced along, much to the admiration of the crowds thronging the roadside.

After the vehicle judging had been completed and winners announced at the racecourse enclosure known as the Saddling Paddock, various sporting events were held. One great feature was the "LAST HORSE RACE", in which a large number of old nags appeared, the last horse to appear at the post being declared the winner. The field was lined in a row, but before starting the amateur jockeys were changed, so that the horse each one was riding belonged to someone else and was urged to do its best, thus giving their own nags a good chance to come home at the tail end of the field. A very well thought out arrangement. Whips or spurs were not permitted but most of the would-be jockeys discarded their coats, or shirts, to belabour their steeds into some form of spirited action, to the amusement of the onlookers who spurred them on with choice and often ribald badinage.

Another race was named "THE UMBRELLA AND CIGAR RACE", in which the riders held aloft an open umbrella and smoked a cigar, both items had to be in their appointed positions at the finish. There was the keenly contested "INTER-SCHOOL TUG-OF-WAR", and numerous competitions for the ladies, and more of the rougher kind for the men and boys. The Prince of Wales Birthday was certainly a day to be remembered.

One of the civic problems of my boyhood was the great number of dogs which roved at will and fouled the streets at their leisure. This circumstance led one of the leading drapers of Rockdale, Charlie Barsby, to engage a boy on Saturday afternoons to parade the footpath outside his shop situated at the north-eastern corner of Bay Street and Rocky Point Road in an attempt to distract the attentions of the canine family from the rolls of cloth displayed outside the store. This young gentleman was provided with a cane and also a shilling for his services and justly earned the nickname of "Billy the Dog Wolloper".

Charlie Barsby was also troubled with the ever-present road dust which rose in eye-filling clouds when the westerly winds gathered force. One Christmas Eve conditions were so bad that he went to the

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local Chinese market gardeners and was successful in hiring two of these gentlemen to bring their shoulder yokes and huge watering cans to lay the dust outside his shop, thereby shaming the Rockdale Municipal Council into purchasing a two-wheeled watering cart, consisting of a large white-painted wooden barrel and a sparge pipe at the rear. This vehicle paraded the business centre of Rockdale and made conditions liveable.

Throughout the year there was a regular parade of street hawkers traversing the streets and back lanes of the Rockdale area, some with baskets and others aboard two-wheeled carts of all manner of designs. There was the "Bottle-oh" who paid one half-penny each for empty beer bottles and a penny a dozen for other varieties of sauce, medicine or soft drink bottles. We kids used to scrounge around the houses collecting a few bottles here and there to "raise the wind" for a feed of ice cream. The "Bottle-oh" in person usually stood upright in his two-wheeled spring-cart, one hand holding the reins, and the other to his lips to guide the sound of his voice, reciting "Any Empty Bottles" to the right quarters. Another familiar street cry was "WILD RABBIT OH", uttered by a gentleman who also rode in a small spring cart, with his wares tied by their back legs in pairs and draped over the side and back boards of the vehicle. His fresh trapped rabbits sold for eighteen-pence the pair, and were skinned in front of the customer and her cats, the latter receiving odd tid-bits from the tiny carcasses which were greatly appreciated. On Mondays in particular, for obvious reasons, the "CLOTHES PROP MAN" drove his horse and cart through the back lanes incessantly calling out "Clothes Props, Clothes Props" from the front of his "horse-breaking" vehicle, chosen because the horse was well forward in the long shafts. For one with a mechanical mind the backyard clothes line was always worthy of notice, particularly if the housewife had been making temporary repairs to its structural arrangements.

Other regular callers included the "Egg and Butter Man" and the fruit and vegetable merchant who came to the backdoor of the residences with a small hand-basket displaying samples of his wares. The Chinese gardeners also were engaged in this latter trading, some trundling along the streets with two heavy cane baskets, dangling by cords from the outer ends of a shoulder yoke, the leading basket containing fruit and the rear full of vegetables. The more prosperous Chinese rode their rounds in two-wheeled spring carts, with a split-open corn-sack spread-eagled by cords beneath the vehicle to accommodate potatoes, onions, swedes and suchlike root vegetables. One wily Celestial made it a practice of throwing an apple or a peach to small children playing in the street and telling them to go and inform their mothers that Charlie the Chinaman was outside with plenty of cheap fruit and vegetables. His initial kindness and forethought generally brought good financial results.

It is passing strange that Rockdale was comparatively free from the larrikin element who were present in the streets of most suburbs. Inebriation, however, was somewhat rife with beer selling at 3d. per pint, two pints of the then potent brew was seemingly sufficient to give the imbibers a feeling of elation, a desire to sing, and an instability of gait. Without a doubt the best temperance method adopted was the reduction of the alcoholic contents of the beer, plus the extortionate costs charged at the present day

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for a greatly inferior chemicalised product.

The streets were crowded on the late Saturday shopping night when it was difficult to move along the footpaths and horses were liable to kick or bite you on the roads. The St. George District Band played popular tunes, waltzes and marches, moving from place to place according to the donations given them by the various tradespeople. Music was also provided by the Rockdale Fire Brigade Band, and the Salvation Army held their public meetings, generally on Rocky Point Road in the immediate vicinity of the Bay Street intersection. Their brass band and members of both sexes would form a wide circle with the Army flag spread on the road as a centre-piece. There was preaching and testifying, the thum, thum, thum of the big bass drum, the lilting music of the cornets, and the din, din, din of the whirling tambourines, the unaccompanied singing of hymns, and the solicitation of alms, seeking sufficient small coins to make a total of one shilling, and then onwards to two shillings and so on and so forth. Infidels standing around outside the circle have been known to heat halfpence on top of the bowl of their lighted pipes and then flick the coin onto the waiting flag. Here an attempt would be made by the Officer-in-charge to pick it up, much to his discomfiture. The late Jack Carter of Arncliffe related that on one occasion the coin heating process was witnessed by an Army lass, and when the coin was thrown, quick as a flash, she picked it up and threw it in the open-necked shirt of the donor who, in turn, provided considerable enjoyment in his writhings and contortions, both to the highly amused Army personnel and the foregathering of infidels.

There would also be political and municipal speakers, mounted on soap boxes and surrounded by small oil flares smoking horribly at the end of a broom-stick. Religious groups, of sparse numbers, discoursed on the evils of the day, the lack of justice, and the terrors of Hell. They often lacked an audience apart from children minding the baby seated in its go-cart, who were well aware of judgement, swift and terrible, if they strayed away from the shop-front. There was a vacant block of land at the rear of the Royal Hotel which was utilised on Saturday nights to present an open-air concert, weather conditions permitting. A stage was erected and temporary seats were available at a small charge. The younger members of the audience perched on the narrow edge of the top rail of a post and rail fence as best as they may. As 10 o'clock approached the crowd gradually dwindled and many sore-footed people wended their way home through the silent gas-lit streets.

In conclusion it is fitting to mention the greatest event of my life, the day on which I married Lily May Spackman who lived at Done Street, Arncliffe, her house being against the somewhat noisy steam tram depot at the northern end of the railway station. On a wage of forty-five shillings per week we could not afford a honeymoon so I took two days off duty from my father's produce store. My first job on my wedding day, (Wednesday, September 20th, 1911) was to borrow dad's horse and delivery cart and convey trestle tables and seating forms from the West Botany Street Methodist Church to the St. George District Band Hall situated in Cameron Street, Rockdale. This latter building, incidentally, is now in use as a dry-cleaning establishment. The second day was occupied in returning the forms and trestle tables to the place from whence they came.

A hansom cab was hired to bring Miss Spackman to the church for the wedding ceremony, after which Pius Walz, the cab driver, sporting a garlanded whip bedecked with white ribbons, took my wife and myself for a "time-killing" trip to Brighton le Sands, thence along The Grand Parade to President Avenue and Rocky Point Road, the final jaunt being along Bay Street to the Band Hall and its festivities. Meanwhile the guests walked the half-mile or so from the church to the hall, threading their way for the most part via the short cut across Mr. Quirk's cow paddock, a traverse that needed much circumspection as ladies' dresses then trailed at ground level and the patent leather boots of the menfolk betrayed dirt to its fullest advantage. It might be mentioned that the Rev. W.E. Bourne, although retired from the ministry at that time, came down from his home at Bexley, aboard his four-wheeled buggy, to officiate at the wedding ceremony.

In due course our union was blessed with seven sons and it was stated that Bill Napper, in the interests of boot leather economy, taught his children to take long steps when walking. Over the years we have amassed seven daughters-in-law, fourteen grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. We are both pleased to announce that we celebrated our Diamond Wedding on Saturday, September 18th, 1971, after sixty years of happy married bliss, at the former West Botany Street Methodist Church, which is now in use as a Sunday School Hall. Here we were entertained by fifty-two members of our large family group, all of whom, like ourselves, have descended from Charles Napper, one of the early pioneers of Muddy Creek, near present-day Rockdale.

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Translations gone wrong

In a Copenhagen Airline Ticket Office:

"We take your bags and send them in all directions."

In an advertisement by a Hong Kong dentist:

"Teeth extracted by the latest Methodists."

From a brochure of a car rental firm in Japan:

"When passenger on foot, heave in the horn Trumpet him melodiously at first but if he still obstacles your passage then tootle him with vigour."

On the menu of a Swiss restaurant:

"Our wines leave you nothing to hope for."

Source: Mark Caruana, Regional Community Liaison (Multicultural) Met West region at an Inservice course for Bilingual Officers and School Community Officers held at the Blacktown DSP Centre in May, 1992.

WHAT'S ON.....

HERITAGE DAY AT LYDHAM HALL

DATE: Sunday 09/04/00.

VENUE: Lydham Hall, Lydham Avenue Bexley

TIME: 12.00 p.m. – 4.00 p.m.

Heritage Week has become an annual event. As previously mentioned, the Society is staging a small display of local 'sporting legends' including Sir Donald Bradman. The Committee would appreciate additional hands on deck on the day in the manning of rooms, escorting visitors through the house or the serving of afternoon tea (tea/coffee/ordial and biscuits).

COST: Entry and afternoon tea for non-members \$3.00 adults, \$2.00 concession, children \$1.50 and members a small donation would be appreciated.

CONTACT: Bettye Ross on telephone number 9567 1561