

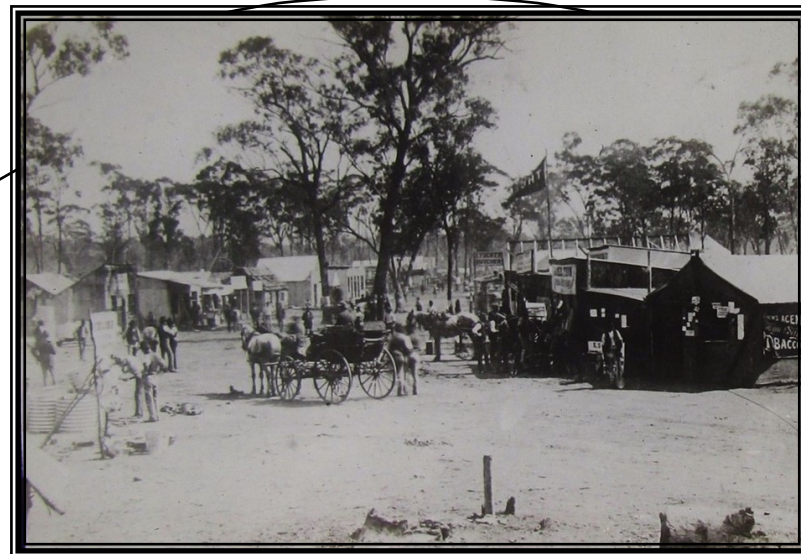
Hope

Country Hope have developed an initiative to bring Hope to West Wyalong. We are constructing an artwork similar to the word above. The residents of our small town have definitely had their fair share of hardships. We are great at rallying together when someone is in need, to help care for them and to help ease the burdens they face. There is always someone facing a battle with cancer or illness, car accidents, death or other tragedy. The concept of the sign is to bring our township together to celebrate the wonderful community we live in and to come together out of happiness instead of duress.

The idea of this is to also raise money for our local charities by receiving a padlock and donating money to your chosen charity. Evolution Mining have kindly donated 300 padlocks to get us started. You write what you hope for on the lock and attach it to the structure. People can further personalise their lock by adding a photo, flower or ribbon etc. Also the opening event of the hope sign will allow us to recognise those community members who have worked tirelessly for local charities and they will be able to put a lock on the structure on behalf of the charity that they represent.

The sign will be illuminated at night. The lights will change colour to highlight the cause for that month, eg, pink for breast cancer, blue for prostate cancer etc.

The Mallee Stump



September Issue 2019

**WYALONG DISTRICT
FAMILY HISTORY GROUP
INC.**

58 GILBERT ST., WYALONG NSW 2671

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Free to members
\$5 to non-members

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**PRESIDENT**

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JOURNAL EDITOR

Terry Butcher

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Individual \$30 per annum

Family \$50 per annum

GENERAL MEETINGS

held at: "Hiawatha Hall"

58 Gilbert Street Wyalong. 2671

On the 1st Saturday of every
month at 1.30pm (except January)**Daylight Savings times**

1st Friday of the month at 7.30pm

RESEARCH ROOMS

at "Hiawatha Hall"

58 Gilbert Street,
Wyalong 2671

Open

2nd Saturday afternoon each month

2pm—4pm

Other times by arrangement.

RESEARCH

\$30 per hour plus a stamped large self-addressed envelope for each inquiry.

This fee includes publication of your inquiry in our magazine
for wider circulation.

Members have 3 free inquiries.

Disclaimer:*The Wyalong District Family History Group Incorporated or any of its members either collectively or individually, accepts no responsibility for any information contained in this newsletter, and any person acting in response to such information does so entirely at his or her own risk.***Copyright:***©Wyalong District Family History Group Incorporated
No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form
without the express permission of the publisher.***Hall Roster for September to February 2020.***If you are unable to do your rostered day, please contact
Georgina Duncan on*

Day	Date	Time	Name
Saturday	5 October 2019	2pm-4pm	Meeting
Saturday	12 October 2019	2pm-4pm	Georgina Duncan
Saturday	26 October 2019	2pm-4pm	Joan Sibraa
Friday	1 November 2019	7.30pm	Meeting
Saturday	9 November 2019	2-4pm	Diane Redman
Saturday	23 November 2019	2-4pm	Rhonda Williams.
Friday	6 December 2019	7.30pm	Christmas Party
Saturday	14 December 2019	2-4pm	Abby Slinger

Recess over**Christmas**

Friday	7 February 2020	7.30pm	Meeting
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To all my old fart friends

I'm passing it on as I did not want to be the only old fart receiving it. Actually, it's not a bad thing to be called one, as you will see.

- Old Farts are easy to spot at sporting events; during the playing of the National Anthem Old Farts remove their caps and stand at attention and sing without embarrassment. They know the words and believe in them.
- Old Farts remember World War II, Pearl Harbour, Normandy and Hitler. They remember Malaysia and the Korean Wars, the Cold War and Vietnam. They remember the Atomic Age, the Jet Age and the Moon Landings.
- If you bump into an Old Fart on the footpath he will apologise. If you pass an Old Fart on the street, he will nod or tip his cap to a lady. Old Farts trust strangers are courtly to women.
- Old Farts hold the door for the next person and always, when walking make certain the lady is on the inside for protection.
- Old Farts get embarrassed if someone curses in front of women and children and they don't like filth or dirty language on TV or in movies.
- Old Farts have moral courage and personal integrity. They seldom brag unless it's about their children or grandchildren.
- It's the Old Farts who know our great country is protected, not by politicians, but by the young men and women in the military serving their country.
- This country needs Old Farts with their work ethics, sense of responsibility, pride in their country and decent values. We need them now more than ever.

Thank God for Old Farts!

I was taught to respect my elders It's just getting harder to find them.

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Cover: Main Street, West Wyalong NSW
The Crooked Corner, between Bank NSW & National Bank
showing the problem trees

□□□

The Wyalong Star Temora and Barmedman Advertiser
20 April 1894 page 2

On Monday morning the Progress Committee commenced some very much needed work, via, the removal of a number of stumps from the principal thoroughfares of the encampment. Many of those had been a source of danger during the day to vehicular traffic, and at night the risk of a nasty knock or fall was considerable, for they were of all sorts and sizes, and you came foul of them very often when you thought you were on a safe track.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page17515695>

President's Report

Hi Members,

I have just been elected the new President of our group so forgive me if I miss anything important.

I have been a member of this group for few years and love anything dealing with family history.

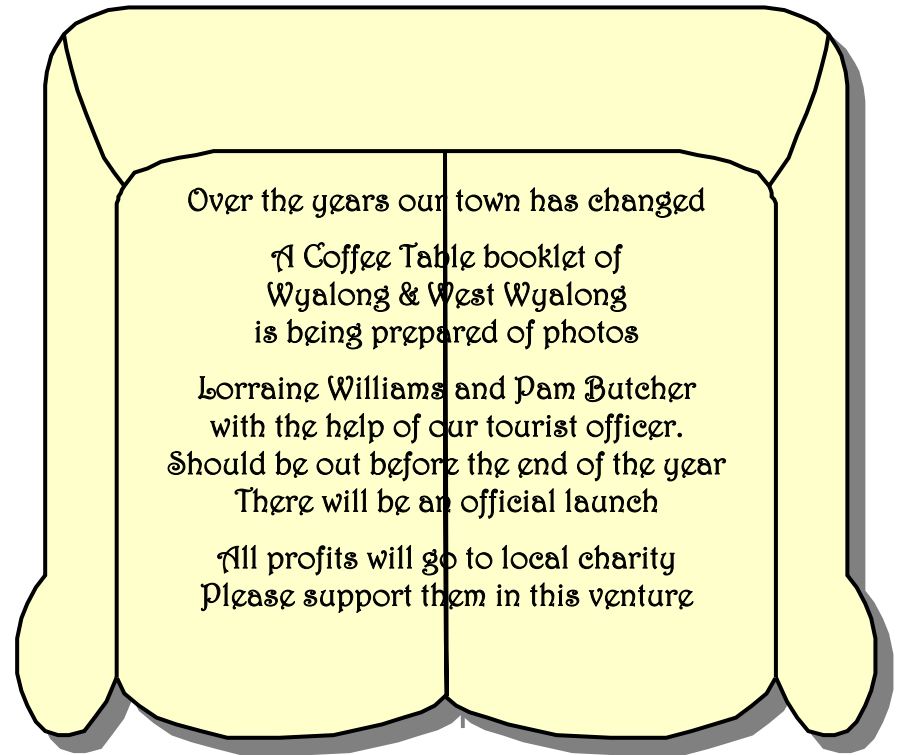
Recently I have been helping Pam Butcher with digitally recording newspaper articles relating with death notices, as well as gathering other notices and articles of interest to the Bland Shire area.

Hopefully this information will be of real importance to any researcher. I am currently feeling my way in this position so I will keep this report short.

Sandra Gilding

President

Wyalong Family History Group



Today I received my copy of the Newsletter of the
Bland District Historical Society
the October 2019 edition.

An article on the third page read:
The End Of An Era.

After nineteen years of an excellent and informative
newsletter ... it will not continue.

Joan Stanford the Editor, has decided to call it quits.

To Joan and her team of researchers, "Thank You" for
your contribution to the history of our district. It is with
regret that this fine mag will close. Maybe someone at
the Museum will again take up the roll.

I realise as an Editor, the time that goes into research
and putting it all together
and how quickly the next issue is due out.

Insanity is hereditary.

You get it from your kids.

Visit by Judy Mulveney and sister Dianne Duncan to our
rooms on Friday 13th. September.

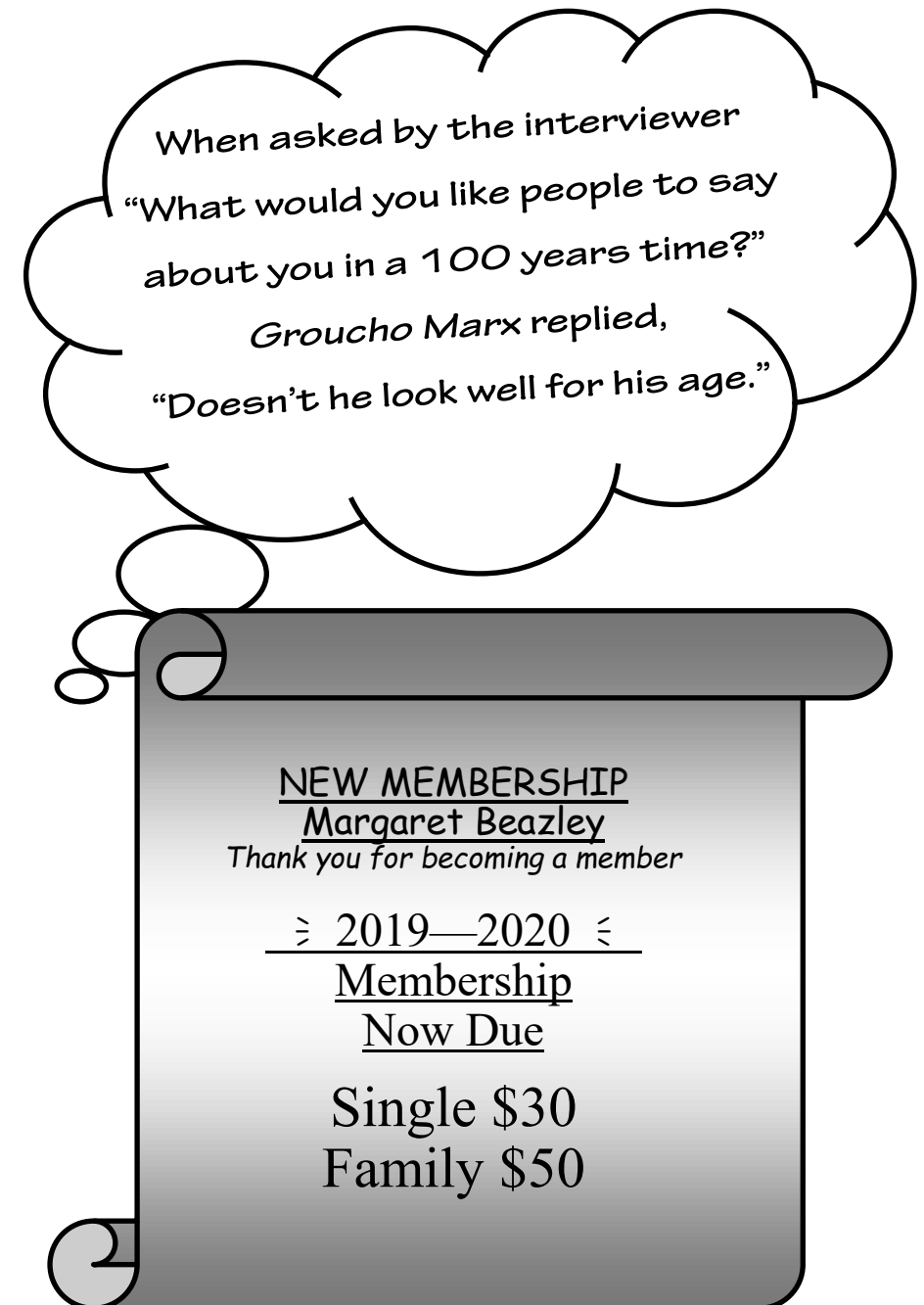
Judy has the Website of
Wyalong and Beyond

They dropped in some items that may be a help to our
group also they were out doing research in the area as
far a Lake Cargelligo and Hillston.

One farmer they called on mid morning sang out
"Who is it?"

He told them he was still in bed and couldn't come out
because he was in the nude.

If he had come out ... all they would have got was the
bare essentials



List of men amongst the very early arrivals.

Teddy Morris Fruiterer, 1894,
He was selling Fiji Bananas.

Old Steel A big negro. His house was down by the White Tank was
½ bark and ½ logs. Some mothers used him as a bogeyman to frighten
bad children.

Old Baum A gold buyer

Hedley Souden Hardware merchants etc. Always ad-
dressed the young men and boys as 'ganger'

Old Hesse Barber with a beard, installed a galvanized battery
on the wall outside his shop. One penny a shock

Dummy Lee Photographer (actually dumb)

Tom Stribley 2nd Hand dealer

Wally the Bellman Think name was Brazier.
Later on Dick Howard had the job.

Jimmy Ellis Small grocers shop, western end of town.

Old Mr. Pickering Town night watchman, very crippled up

Teddy Mills Carpenter & Undertaker

Charlie Emerton Plumber

Tom Gelling Hay and corn store, fell down a shaft, was killed.

Tom Smith Barber, no beard

Man Sing & Co Chinese general Store.

Mr. Basha Store Keeper, believed to be Syrian.

George Golrich Laundryman, French.

George Golrick was about 5ft 5ins and 7 stone.
He collected and delivered his laundry by bike. One of his complaints
was being called "**georgie the washerwoman**" He used to lisp and he
was very voluble eg: "De wide boys, dey trow stones on d'roof and call
out George de Washerwoman" I go outsid to chase dem away and dey
are not dere. I call dem cowards. If anyone was call me couward I
vas run to de uddermost ends of de eart' to hide my shame" George
also peddled sheet music for sale as a side line.

My wife asked me to pass her lipstick over, by mistake I passed her the glue stick—
she hasn't talked to me for months.

HERITAGE.

By R. G. McIntyre

The Past is our history,
made to respect.

The Past is our history.
take time to reflect.

*For our Pioneers came,
and now most have gone.*

*But we all should be proud
of what they passed on.*

*Our fathers before us,
came from lands far away.*

*But they made this our homeland
forever to stay.*

*So may we be strengthened
by all that they've done.*

*And may our Australia
stay second to none.*

*And when trouble plagues us,
let our nation be strong.*

*If we all stick together,
we cannot go wrong.*

*May our ancestors watch,
with a feeling of pride.*

*That we think them important,
and never denied.*

Looking back on some old correspondence:

by Terry Butcher

The National Trust of Australia back in November 1996 planned a Cemetery Survey in the Bland District. On Saturday, 22nd. February 1997 Family History members joined with members of the National Trust Cemeteries Committee. The teams arrived and Maurie Stanford went with team 2 to Calleen isolated grave, Bena cemetery, Ungarie, Tullibigal, Lake Cargelligo and Naradhan. I went with Team 1, Yalgogrin, Weethalle, Euratha, Erigolia (in the middle of a ploughed paddock) and Rankin's Springs' two cemeteries (the original township off the left side Lake Cargelligo road, and the present one at the Springs. I think other members went to Tallimba and Bygoo Station, Barmedman. Then to Marsden (Marsdens) cemetery and isolated graves. I now realised that was 22 years ago!

We learnt a lot from their visit, what certain religious symbols meant. Gravestone terminology, Plinths, Pillars, Sculptures, Upright slab or stele. The surrounds of graves, timber fence, Iron Picket, Stone. Even down to the type of plant and it's meaning, trees (how many different types of Kurrajongs are there).

Things I never really thought of until that weekend. Like what is the meaning of Rosemary, or the shrubs around the grave Never gave it much thought. The enamel cup hanging on a tree above an isolated grave. All these things put there as a remembrance of someone special. Do you know what the items around your loved ones grave means?

The more you stretch the Truth.
The easier it is to see through it.

Research

Request from David Phillips:

George Popple transported to NSW on the S S Hindustani in 1821 in the Orange Bathurst Area, ticket of leave. The family was in Molong at one stage. The family married into the Cobbs (in the stage coach business?) and have Cameron connections down Cowra way.

Contact: ukaussie@icloud.com

Request from Carole Spencer:

Jesse Izzard? He was 25 years old when he came to Australia. Worked for Peter Paspalas (Bootmaker) at West Wyalong, any info where he is buried, or on Doreen Izzard, Ernie Izzard (deceased)

Contact: thespencers@ntlworld.dotcom

Request from Danny Allen:

A cordial manufacturer from Central Wyalong.

George Craig, Central Wyalong. He used a marble bottle with a flag on it. I own one. I would like to know when he started the company and when it closed.

Contact: danny_allen17@hotmail.com

THE KITCHEN

By Stan Dodgson

The Kitchen that comes to mind happens to have been my grandparent's kitchen.

There was much more interest to write about in it. A big wide black cast iron stove that took pieces of wood about two feet long was replaced by a Rayburn combustion stove with a hot water system connected to it.

The old chap would scrub a clean patch on top of the black stove and then throw a few mutton chops on top to grill. In imagination I can just about smell the delicious aroma from those chops. Always big mutton chops, never lamb, I guess they considered lamb to be too extravagant.

About eight some mornings a great big leg of mutton would be sprinkled with salt and pepper, then an old seven pound syrup tin filled with dripping from previous legs and shoulders of mutton would be produced and using a butchers knife that had been worn practically away from fifty years of continuous use, the leg was generously slathered with fat from the tin, a little water was added, the lid put on and the whole lot went into the oven to cook for the next four hours or so.

While the grandfather was dealing with the meat, his wife would peel potatoes, pumpkin, carrots and sometimes an onion. These were put into salted water and left to simmer for the next four hours until what we called dinner time. Sometimes there would be a big cabbage, large chunk of this would go into salted water with the lid on to simmer along with the rest. Of course this was not the best way to cook vegetables, especially the cabbage which would taste a bit worse than eating the bottom of the old scrubbing mop that was used to clean the floors.

Getting old and losing your memory has one big advantage,
you can buy a murder mystery DVD and play it every day



Email me:

teggsy@bigpond.net.au

A friend of ours has a small box of photos and would like to give them back to the family they belong to.

Do you know a Noni Robertson?
Another photo has "Dad Richens" (standing)
and..... Uncle George Richens
Can you identify the family?

SOUTHERN CROSS HERE NEXT TUESDAY

PILOTED BY AIR COMMODORE KINGSFORD SMITH

The most famous aeroplane in the world the "Southern Cross" will be landing in Mr. P.H. Bolte's paddock, West Wyalong, on Tuesday morning next, when the unique opportunity will be given local residents of having a comfortable flight in this monster 10-passenger air liner, piloted by Air Commodore Kingsford Smith, M.C. A.P.C. "Smithy's" air records are well known. His name is a household word wherever flying is spoken of. His flights across the Pacific, Tasman, and Atlantic Oceans and to England, placed Australia before the eyes of the world, as possessing airmen of outstanding courage and ability. "Smithy's" arrival in West Wyalong is going to add still another to his long list of enthusiastic receptions. The "Southern Cross," which flies at a speed of 100 miles" per hour, has three engines. Its huge size can be gathered from the fact that it measures 73 feet from wing tip to tip. The "Southern Cross" is fitted with three Wright Whirlwind Engines filled with Gargoyle Mobil oil just previous to Air Commodore Kingsford Smith's departure from Sydney on his country tour.

Bookings for flights may be made at Mr. C. R. Matterson's.

Genius begins great works.
Labour alone finishes them.

and still wait excitedly for the end to see who 'dunnit'.

While shearing at Tullamore one year I told the housewife that her cabbage was the nicest I had ever tasted, thinking it was a nice cabbage. She was quite pleased and said "Well, I'll tell you how to cook it." "Slice cabbage very very finely, steam in very little water for seven minutes, drain, toss in butter, pepper, celery salt and some grated cream cheese. This is a big improvement on four hours cooking. In later years I came across another shearer's cook that cooked vegetables the same way as my grandmother.

The kitchen had a big table covered with stuff like a cross between plastic and cloth. This was tacked underneath and as it began to wear thin, was replaced by putting a new one over the top, this was repeated year after year for as long as I can remember.

Each year the fuel company, the stock agents, the wool company and lots of other firms supplied the old people with a calendar almanac as the old lady called them. The old ones were never thrown out, the new ones just went onto the same nail that held the old one. Eventually they stood out from the wall about two inches. Like the table coverings they built up over the years.

I remember one year with two doors in the room open, a savage gust of wind came swirling around in the room and blew calendars all over the room.

I remember a chap that grew up in the bad times when bread and dripping were "All the go", he cooked a great slab of toast, smothered it in dripping from the big syrup tin, sprinkled salt and pepper all over it and ate it with a satisfied expression on his face. There was plenty of butter available so I guess he did this for old times sake.

In the days of the old kerosene lights and no screen doors I sometimes

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.
 "I'm sorry to have to tell you this, "she said.
 "Sally had been working part time the last few years
 because she was sick. She died five weeks ago."

Before I could hang up, she said:
 "Wait a minute, did you say your name was Robby?"
 "Yes," I answered.
 "Well, Sally left a message for you.
 "She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you.
 The note said:
 'Tell him there are other worlds to sing in.'
 "He'll know what I mean."

Author Unknown

Teamwork is essential.
 It allows you to blame someone else.



John Meagher & Co. Grocery Dept 1952

Gus Herrick, Leo McKinnon,
 Archie Boneham, Ken Dean,
other side of counter
 Arthur Finch, Jim Falconer,
 Rhonda Castles, Jack Hately,
 Gwen Blake and Ron Howard

OLD SOFTY

The Phone on the Wall

"When I was a young boy, more years ago than I now care to remember,
 my father had one of the first telephones in our little village.
 I remember the polished, old case fastened to the wall,
 with the shiny receiver hanging on the side of the box.
 I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination
 when my mother talked to it.
 Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device
 lived an amazing person.
 Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know.

Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time.

My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle
 came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbour.
 Amusing myself at the work bench in the basement,
 I whacked my finger with a hammer.

The pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying
 because there was no one home to give sympathy.
 I walked around the house, sucking my throbbing finger,
 finally arriving at the stairway.

The telephone!

Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlour and dragged it to the landing.
 Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver and held it to my ear.
 "Information, please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.
 A click or two, and a small clear voice spoke into my ear.
 "Hello, Information."
 "I hurt my finger," I wailed into the phone,
 the tears coming readily enough now that I had an audience.

"Isn't your mother home?" came the question.
 "Nobody's home but me," I blubbered.
 "Are you bleeding?" the voice asked.
 "No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."
 "Can you open the freezer?" she asked. I said I could.
 "Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything.
 I asked her for help with my geography,
 and she told me where India was. She helped me with my maths.
 She told me my pet "ferret" that I had caught in the woods just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts.
 Then, there was the time Charlie, our pet canary, died.
 I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story.
 She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child.
 But I was not consoled. I asked her,
 "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families,
 only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"
 She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly:
 "Robby, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in."
 Somehow I felt better.
 Another day I was on the telephone, "Information Please."
 "Information," said the now familiar voice.
 "How do I spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small village outside Cork in the south of Ireland.
 When I was nine years old, we moved across the Irish Sea to Liverpool.
 I missed my friend very much.
 "Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home
 and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone
 that sat on the table in the hall.

There is one thing more worrying than not being able to find what you are looking for
 is not knowing what you are looking for.

As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations
 never really left me.
 Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity
 I would recall the serene sense of security I had then.
 I appreciated now how patient, understanding,
 and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way to a business appointment in the United States,
 my plane put down in Cork.
 I had about a half-hour or so before resuming the journey.
 I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now.
 Then without thinking what I was doing,
 I dialled my hometown operator and said, "Information Please."
 Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well.
 "Hello, Information."
 I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying,
 "Could you please tell me how do I spell fix?"
 There was a long pause. Then came the soft spoken answer,
 "I guess your finger must have healed by now."
 I laughed, "So it's really you," I said.
 "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?"
 "I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls meant to me."
 "I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls."
 "I told her how often I had thought of her over the years
 and I asked if I could call her again
 when I next came back over to visit my sister.
 "Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."
 The year after I was back home visiting my sister.
 A different voice answered, "Information."
 I asked for Sally.
 "Are you a friend?" she said.