

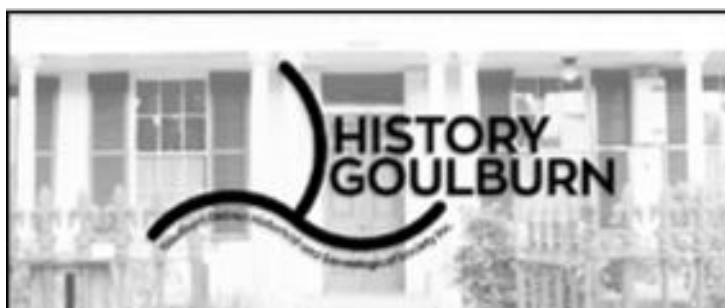
THE
ARGYLE BULLETIN

No. 103 February 2025 Cost \$2.00

QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF

**GOULBURN DISTRICT
HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL
SOCIETY Inc.**

Trading as



Print Post Approved: PP100002263

ISSN 0617-960

Goulburn District Historical and Genealogical Society Inc.
Trading as HISTORY GOULBURN
ABN 36 695 546 60

Postal Address: PO Box 396 Goulburn NSW 2580
Phone: 0417 272 417

Email: historygoulburn2580@gmail.com
Facebook: History Goulburn

Committee:

President	Jennifer Lamb
1st Vice President	Roger Bayley
2nd Vice President	Annette Murphy
Secretary	W. Sommerville
Treasurer	Helen Condylis
Members	Bruce Harvey
	Linda Cooper
	Daphne Penalver

Meetings

General meetings will be held on the 4th Thursday of February, April, June, August (AGM) and October at the Goulburn Workers Club, McKell Place at 10.30am. All are welcome. December Christmas functional location to be decided.

Access to Archives

Public access to our archives is available at the temporary research centre situated at 324 Sloane Street between 10am and 4pm every Friday and Saturday or by appointment by ringing (02) 4821 1156.

Research

Research enquiries welcome.

Email: wollondillynet@gmail.com

Membership Fees:

Junior (under 18 years)	free
Single	\$20.00
Family (2 adults)	\$25.00
Corporate	\$150.00

Disclaimer.

The Goulburn District Historical and Genealogical Society Inc. or any members, either individually or collectively, accepts no responsibility for any information contained in this journal. Anyone acting on such information does so at their own risk.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

It is with sadness that we began this year with the passing of one of Goulburn's greatest history keepers, Garry White, who was a vital part of History Goulburn and the history of Goulburn for decades. He served as our president and chief researcher for much of that time, and is sorely missed. Garry has left an incredible legacy in all that he has done to reveal so many aspects of our local history. We all remember him for that rich legacy.

And now we continue into the future. This year looks very promising with a much longed-for return to St Clair, our home museum, which has been closed since late 2017 for major conservation work undertaken by Goulburn Mulwaree Council.

It will be wonderful to get back to St Clair but we desperately need volunteers to be museum meeters and greeters, guides, or whatever role they wish to take – for a couple of hours or more regularly or occasionally. Please email historygoulburn2580@gmail.com or call or text me on 0458 028 003 if you are interested or know someone who may be.

We have our next members meeting at 10.30, Thursday 27 February at the Goulburn Workers Club – please come along if you can – and we will give a definite schedule for the re-opening of St Clair.

The following weekend, 1-2 March, is the Goulburn Show at which History Goulburn will have a stall to promote what we do. Again, volunteers are needed to help out there – for a couple of hours either day between 10am and 4pm would be much appreciated. Please email or text your interest as above.

Finally, if you have not renewed your membership, please do so – renewals were due on 1 January. Please note that even if you are renewing, we still need you to complete and return the membership form each year. Also, if you want to receive correspondence, including bulletins such as this, by post, you need to pay an annual postage fee of \$10.

I hope everyone has a good and rewarding year, and hope that History Goulburn can enrich everyone's year with stories of our local history from the very distant to the more recent past



Frederick 'Garry' White

Jennifer Lamb.

Update on St Clair

Now this is something to look forward to: we are beginning our move back to our home St Clair in the next few months. We have not been there since late 2017 when Goulburn Mulwaree Council (owner of the St Clair complex) began urgent and major conservation on St Clair and, simultaneously, the conversion of the coach-house into our archive research centre.

Being over 180 years old the St Clair villa will always show her age, but at least we can start revealing her soon – as well as rotating small displays of items from our collection.

Now is the time to think about how you as a member might be involved – to a lesser or greater extent – in this step forward in the story of St Clair and History Goulburn.

More to come at our members' meeting on 27 February

Jennifer Lamb.

Jim Sturgiss, the Sassafras story-teller

The Sturgiss family is well known in the Tarago district. James Henry Sturgiss was born at "Clear Hills" on May 10, 1890, and his family moved to Sassafras when he was five. They lived in a slab hut on the top of Sassafras Mountain with a view of the Tasman Sea.

*Jim was a prolific reader, a student of nature, an acute observer, and a raconteur. His reminiscences of life in the district before the First World War are recorded in the book "The Man from the Misty Mountains." **

Here is a sample of his skill as a storyteller:

JENNY ATKINS

Her cabin stood on a nice little flat on the Bundunah Creek, sometimes known as the Right Arm (of Yalwal Creek). Today a rusty iron plough, the scattered stones of her collapsed chimney and a decrepit lemon tree alone mark the site.

It was Sunday. On Saturday her two daughters, Katie and Susie, had been over to the Yalwal mines, six miles away across the ranges to acquire gelignite, caps and fuse for the purpose of blasting fish in the big water hole one hundred yards below the cabin. The procedure used was to tie a gelignite plug with a detonator and fuse attached to a stone to make it sink. The fuse was lit, the stone tossed in and as the stunned fish surfaced, the naked girls plunged in and recovered

them. They were engaged in this enthralling occupation when Old Jenny called them up for breakfast. They brought with them half a dozen stunned fish and after frying them, sat down to breakfast, as contented as cats in a dairy. In this remote area dingoes were then in plague proportions. Three times previously they had raided the fowl-house, breaking in through flimsy walls or doors. Finally, old man Atkins, now dead, set to and built a fowl-house to defy all roost robbers, once the bar had been dropped behind the sturdy door.

It now happened that when, on the previous day, the girls had visited the mines in quest of explosives, they had attracted the attention of a Don Juan amongst the miners who, having learned the location of the cabin that housed the attractive, unprotected women, set forth that Sunday morning, to demonstrate the infallibility of the statement, that 'What is to be, will be'. He arrived at about eleven o'clock and began to make himself agreeable to the girls. Old Jenny, quite aware of the motive behind the visit, sat in her rocking chair and smoked her stubby clay pipe. Her black eyes snapped, as she listened to the giggling and talking going on outside on the verandah. Presently a squeal that was almost a scream cut across the giggles. Old Jenny stood up.

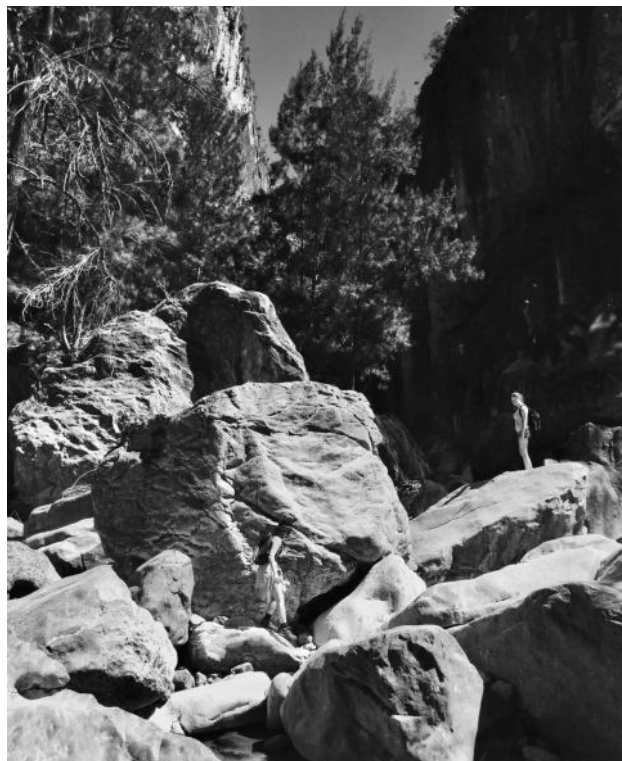
'Come on gels,' she called out. 'It's time to git dinner goin'. Katie, stoke up the fire in the kitchen. Susie, git them potatoes peeled. Young feller, git that bucket and come with me. I s'pose you eat eggs, don't you? Come on.

They trailed down to the fowl-house. 'Thim three boxes at the back is where they are layin', she said. 'The middle box has the most, but bring thim all,' The unsuspecting Don Juan stepped inside and moved over to the egg boxes. Jenny promptly slammed the door and dropped the heavy bar in place. As realisation of what had happened broke on him, he cursed Jenny in no uncertain terms. She fled back to the house and returned with the old single-barrelled muzzle loader. 'Swear at me, would ye, ye dirty misbegotten son of a bachelor: she said, 'I'll teach ye to spake to me like that. I'll blow a hole in yer louse-bound carkiss, that a lowry parrot could fly through without scrapin' his wings.' She poked the barrel through the top of the door and fired. Splinters flew and the fowl-house was filled with smoke, followed by a deathly silence. Jenny peered through a crack and glimpsed a boot-sole projecting from behind several boxes at the back of the henhouse. 'Missed 'im by gard!' she yelled. 'This hell-begotten ole gun shoots high. Nerrimine. I'll git 'im next shot. Gels, where's the powder? Git me the bloody powder. I'll fix 'im.'

She stumped on back up to the kitchen, stood the gun in the corner and chuckled as she sat in her chair and filled her pipe. 'Kate,' she called, 'Git yer horse gel and ride over to the mine and tell them, that if two of them will come back with you, they can git that stud-hoss of theirs out o' jail and take 'im back with 'em. Be as quick as you can, darlint. I don't like the smell of 'im.' In due time Kitty and a couple of grinning miners appeared and after a brief parley with Jenny departed with a somewhat chastened adventurer. Jenny stood on the verandah and watched them go. She spoke the words of prophecy, 'I wouldn't be surprised if we never saw that feller no more.'

The time came when Jenny moved out of the Right Arm, onto a small property on the Yalwal Road. She had a comfortable if primitive cabin of three rooms with several sheds for her fowls and a small flock of goats. She milked her goats and butchered one as occasion demanded. She performed all the work connected with the maintenance of her property with competence and despatch and filled in her spare time with the somewhat

unprofitable, but most absorbing pastime, of feuding with her neighbours. One of her daughters was married and the other had become involved with a young man Jenny saw as undesirable and on whom she had vowed vengeance. With Jenny, this was no idle threat. She prepared for herself a stout cudgel, several feet in length, with the heavier end designed to function as the well-known 'blunt instrument' and the other end chisel-shaped and adapted for thrusting. Exercising her by no means inconsiderable guile, she allayed her victim's suspicions and then lured the culprit into the cabin. Slamming the door she seized the cudgel standing handily behind the door and moved in on her startled guest. He immediately realised that he had been trapped and rushed Jenny, who stood between him and the door. She brought her weapon down on his skull with such force that it felled him. He dropped semi-conscious, to the floor. He lay there for several seconds, studying astronomy, till Jenny landed on his ribs a second blow which threatened to tear them from their parent vertebrae. He scrambled up and with Jenny barring the way to the door, made for the only other exit, a small window, set in the side wall and opening out onto the verandah. He dived through it headlong. It was a tight fit and for one terrifying second, he hung by the hips. Jenny skipped actively across the room and with the chisel end of her cudgel, launched a vicious thrust, designed to make a gelding out of him. Fortunately the shattered casement gave way and he was propelled out into the dust of the verandah, onto his hands and knees. The gentleman was a realist. He had no illusions about Jenny's ultimate intentions. Within two seconds he had scrambled to his feet and was running as fast as a bad limp would permit him, into the surrounding scrub and out of this story.



Boulders in “Slot Canyon” Bungonia Creek near the Shoalhaven river. (Below the Marulan limestone quarry)

Photo: Natalie Hardbattle. *with permission*

**Published by the Budawang Committee, 1986. The late Gordon Thompson obtained permission to publish excerpts from the book in this journal. See "Argyle Bulletin" issues 36, 40, 42, 53 & 54.*

THE SHOALHAVEN

The Shoalhaven River is two hundred and seventeen miles long, from its infancy as Point Creek, under the shadow of the Big Badja Mountain, to journey's end, in the Tasman Sea at the foot of Coolangatta, below Nowra. For its first hundred miles to Oallen's Ford, it wends an uneventful course across the Southern Tablelands. From the Ford onwards its passage roughens. The Mongarlowe joins it ten miles above Oallen and the Corang that much below and then, biting its way through the stony mountains, it enters its mighty canyon, until it debouches on the rich coastal flats thirty miles from the sea. Below the junction of the Corang, the canyon is perhaps eight hundred feet deep. At Badgery's Crossing, forty miles down, it is two thousand feet. For practically its entire length it is auriferous and fortunes have been made (and lost) along its course, since the Gold Rush days of 1850 onwards. The rich leads and claims and reefs and pockets, have been cleaned up long since, but still millions of shining colours speckle its gravels, or are concentrated beneath bar and boulder and eddy, to fire the hopes and dreams of prospector, fossicker and amateur.

Badgery's Crossing is not far downstream from the Limestone Quarry at Marulan, perched two thousand feet above. It intersects a bridle-track midway between Talwong Station on the south and Tallong village on the north, situated on the Hume Highway and the Goulburn to Sydney Railway. It is the only crossing on the hundred river miles between Oallen Ford (or Bridge) and Nowra. The vehicle road into Talwong Station leads in from Billy's Hill on the Braidwood-Nowra Road — twenty-two fairly rough miles. It is a cul-de-sac.

Young Harold Sparkes, in the 1920s was drowned here under something the same conditions as Lawson's "Harry Dale." He was returning to his home at Talwong Station after a Sydney trip in the course of which he had become engaged to a pretty Sydney girl. He returned by train to Tallong where he had left his horse. It is seven miles from Tallong to Badgery's Crossing. The Shoalhaven was in flood when he reached it and although he could not swim, he attempted to cross. What actually happened is merely conjecture. His horse turned up riderless at Talwong and his father followed the horse's tracks back to the river which was then subsiding. When the water had dropped enough for a horse to wade across, a strip of netting was stretched across below the crossing and two men camped on the bank to watch. After several days had passed the body floated to the surface one evening and drifted against the netting from which the watchers recovered it next morning.

The river makes a turn and continues on down to its junction with the Kangaroo River, now the site of the Tallowa Dam. It takes a sharp turn here and reaches Burries, the head of tidewater and thirty miles from the sea. Some miles south of its actual mouth, beneath Coolangatta Mountain, a canal was cut over one hundred years

ago, leading into Greenwall Point Inlet, to enable shipping to travel up the river to Numbaa wharf several miles below Nowra. The sandbars at the river's mouth would otherwise have precluded this. This canal cut off a block of ground between Shoalhaven Heads and Greenwell Point Inlet which became known as Comerong Island. A wharf at Numbaa enabled ships to deliver and pick up cargo and passengers.

On the Comerong Island block, a dairy was established. During the 1940s it was occupied by the Murphy family. When the Shoalhaven reached a flood height of thirty feet at Burries thirty miles upstream, it meant an average depth of a foot of water all over Comerong except for a ridge of low timbered sand hills which border the sea. So, when thirty feet was registered at Burries, Comerong was notified by telephone. All furniture was moved upstairs, the horses were yarded, all gates were opened and the cows put where they would have access to the coastal sandhills. Each day the cows were mustered and milked out into the water, as there was no means of disposing of the milk and their udders had to be emptied to ensure continuance of milk flow. The horses were stabled and hand-fed. This flood period did not last long as it generally occurred around flood-peak.

A wild, untamed, aquatic brumby, the Shoalhaven has never bowed to the will of Man, or accepted his restraint, until the day before yesterday, when plans were made for its subjugation and captivity. The Tallowa Dam at the junction of the Kangaroo River was built and blueprints were formulated for the ambitious Welcome Reef Dam, which project is, for the moment, shelved. Like many another greater and wilder stream, the Shoalhaven must ultimately accept restraint and diversion to the will and need of man.

Around Oallen Ford the old prospectors and fossickers gather, to pan and cradle and loaf and dream and yarn their lives away, whilst the Shoalhaven rushes past, heedless or careless of impending doom to its rendezvous with the Tasman Sea, as it has done for past millennia.

'Yes,' says old Harry, 'I seen three hundred Chinamen workin' 'ere — not countin' the white man. Some gittin' good gold and some jist tucker. No good askin' a Chinaman 'ow much 'e's gittin'. He'd jist say, 'No velly good' and if you stopped to watch 'im pan a dish, 'e'd empty the gold out with the gravel and pretend there was nothing.'

Interspersed with the tales of gold are the inevitable tragedies, where the life-giving waters can deliver death to the careless, the weak, or the unwary. Particularly when the mighty floods thunder down, 'scorning the strength of Man's puny arm, as the tempest scorns the chain'.

'How many men drowned in the Shoalhaven?' Answers Old Mr. Johnson, 'Haven't the faintest idea. The river doesn't notch its banks like a Western gunman his gun-butt. I know of a score — there are probably hundreds. Rivers are like guns. Regarded as harmless till you get on the wrong end of them. They are always loaded.' Throughout the length of its canyon, an entirely different type of country imposes its limitations and conditions. The only domestic animals capable of negotiating its precipitous environs are sheep and goats. Its natural denizens are rock-wallabies and wallaroos. The former were numbered by the thousands seventy years ago, but have largely disappeared. The rock-wallaby has no projecting toenail to enable him to

develop speed on level ground and so, probably, falls victim to the wily fox, when he feeds at night on the grassy levels, which adjoin his precipitous sanctuary. Amongst his native precipices he is safe from all predators except the eagle. He neither walks, hops nor runs. He flits like an erratically flying bird. Strangely enough, sheep do well in this seemingly hostile environment. They are very sound in health and the terrain is too inaccessible for the dingo to successfully operate. This renders it difficult for sheep dogs to muster them, as they are nimbler than the dogs. Quite dangerous for the shepherd to be below a dog rounding a mob up on a slope since rocks of various sizes are dislodged and come bounding down. One method, used with some success for the shearing muster, is to leave it till late in the season — say around the beginning of December. The water in all the gullies has dried up and the sheep have to come to the river. The mustering party, with dogs, tucker and light blanket, (the weather is hot) and an axe, go down to the river for several days. After descending, they build a large yard from river scrub. They go upriver next day, building small yards and imprisoning any sheep available. The next day they muster all sheep as they go up and then collect them in one mob and shut them up in the big bottom yard for the night. Next day move out early with all available sheep. A trackless, precipitous mountainside, approaching two thousand feet high, is a slow, hard climb for a full-wooled sheep and care must be taken not to exhaust any, as they will all have to make it under their own power. Any exhausted sheep will have to be abandoned. Carrying a knocked-up animal is out of the question.

Bill Wells was located on the river, below the Great Horseshoe Bend. He had a hut on a forty-acre block of freehold and a Crown lease of several thousand acres of wild river canyon. Sometimes he shored his sheep and sometimes he failed to muster and finally he had only a dim idea of their numbers, as they bred naturally and promiscuously. He developed various feuds with his neighbours and discouraged social intercourse, by firing a shotgun over visitors' heads at long range. This somewhat discourteous practice, whilst not particularly dangerous, definitely tended to discourage intimacy. He refused to pay Shire rates and when fined for the omission, took the option of a week or two in Goulburn Gaol instead of paying a fine. When the police arrived to escort him off to do his time, he greeted them amicably and showed them where his sheep dogs were tied and informed them that whilst he was a guest of the government, it would be their duty to see that the dogs were fed, or he would sue them on his release. The Police sent a utility out and brought the dogs into the station, rather than despatching a constable out every day or so, to see that they had food and water, a round trip of forty miles or so. The Shire realised that the game was not worth the candle and overlooked sending subsequent rate notices.

Bill discovered a gold reef on a nearby ridge and made his own ore-crusher and sank and drove to his heart's content. He drew maps and charts of his working, containing notations such as, 'Rich deposit likely here,' or 'Lens faded out here. Will probably renew later' and of course, as in the case of all gold finds, legend began to take over and magnify. He had a brother, whom he cordially disliked. Knowing that life at the best is a chancy affair, he decided to make a will, to make sure that his brother did not inherit if, in fact, he, Bill, was closer up on the queue to St. Peter. He decided that he would be logical and award the property impartially to someone

competent and deserving, without involving any personal bias. He wrote to the Vice-Chancellor of the University and asked for a list of Agricultural students studying there and made an arbitrary selection therefrom. He then executed a will in the lucky student's favour.

Bills' cantankerousness and hostility to his neighbours induced reprisals. His mailbox on the main road was continually shot up by .22 rifle fire, or otherwise damaged. Bill, somewhat flattered, bought cement and constructed a mailbox, patterned like a sniper's pill-box, which was impervious to .22 rifle fire. Unfortunately, whilst Bill was developing his mine, some miscreant appeared with a farm tractor, towed it a quarter of a mile along the road and tumbled it into a gully.

It is entirely possible that both sides got a certain amount of satisfaction out of the petty wrangles and as no one was ever hurt, both sides evidently regarded it as good, clean sport.

Bill, being a realist, accepted the fact that every man must have his allotted place in Life's terminal queue, traditionally presided over by St. Peter. As that place is generally (and fortunately) each man's blind spot, he followed the example of the Patriarchs and prepared his sepulchre, against that unwelcome, but inevitable eventuality. Following the tradition of Sir John Moore — 'No useless coffin confined his breast' — he made his tomb form-fitting, from available measurements and executed it in durable concrete, with a sliding slab of the same material as a lid. Evidently he had medical advice to the effect that he was well up on the list of St. Peter's next call-up, for, when the trumpet blew, he made a run for the sheltering tomb, but collapsed and died on the edge of it, unable as he had hoped, to slip in and pull the cover into place, which would have allowed him to pass out happily, self-sufficient to the last.

Superstition and red tape foiled Bill's heart's desire. His body was interred in the local cemetery — evidently on the assumption that Gabriel is a strict unionist and refuses to wake anyone on Judgment Day, who is not domiciled in a cemetery. The Law, having failed to constrain him in Life, took a cowardly advantage of him in death and locked him in.

When his will was read, the lucky student was present to take over his inheritance. Shocks and more shocks! The big Crown lease had lapsed to the Crown owing to arrears in payments. As Shire rates had not been paid for a number of years, the forty acres and hut had to be sold. The 'mine' amounted to little more than a hole in the ground, following a reef with a dusting of gold in its quartz. The sheep, a tangled, ragged mob of rams, ewes, lambs and double and treble-fleecers, were a distinct problem, running wild in a fifteen-hundred-foot-deep gorge. The unhappy student realised that, 'He who waits for dead men's shoes, oft gets a pair he cannot use'.

The only person who got a real thrill out of Bill's demise was one of Bill's enemies, who had made an immediate search of Bill's outfit. Hut and mine were ransacked for treasure and information. No gold was discovered, but maps and charts of the reef turned up. But they only dealt with predictions of the possible behaviour of the reef, which could only be verified by a lot of hard work. After going over the hut and the mine with a fine-tooth comb, in search of Bill's assumed golden cache, the searcher turned his attention to the mine's immediate surroundings. Scrambling round the

rough ridge, where the mine was located, he stumbled on a wild narrow gully running into the hill and ending in a cul-de-sac. And there, right at the end of the gully, was a steel box, bolted and cemented into the rock, with a strong padlock on the lid. It was large enough to hold a small fortune in gold, but could not be moved and so had to be broken into on the spot. The excited discoverer seized a stone and slammed it down on the lid, but the stone shattered. He pounded it with a larger stone, but the stout lid held. He grabbed a huge boulder and lifting it high, smashed it down on the stubborn box. The lid sprang open and there, shining up at him, were three dozen sticks of gelignite and nestling right beside where the rock had broken through, was a box of detonators. The intruder turned and walking on tiptoe and holding his breath, moved quietly down the gully and around the corner.

(James Henry Sturgiss, "The Man from the Misty Mountains", The Budawang Committee 1986).

Correction from November issue:

The feature article in issue No. 102 of the Argyle Bulletin, entitled "Goulburn and the Sudan War", was incorrectly credited. It should have read "Written and researched by Rod MacLean, edited by Bill Needham." We apologise to both gentlemen for the error.

The recent re-enactment of the first road trip from London to Melbourne by Francis Birtles in 1927 - 28 sparked recollections of an earlier Trans-Australia record attempt that nearly ended in disaster:

BIRTLE'S CAR IN FLAMES - SENSATIONAL ARRIVAL IN GOULBURN –

Seven Days Out From Darwin

Petrol Tank Nearly Exploded

Only seven days out from Darwin, Francis Birtles, the famous overland motorist, accompanied by E. Barlow, arrived in Goulburn in a sensational manner this morning. When passing through North Goulburn flames were seen to be leaping up from the back of his 14 horsepower Bean car to a height of 15 or 20 feet. Barlow was asleep with Birtles driving, never knew his car was a trailing mass of flame until a milkman and a man driving a motor lorry in North Goulburn yelled at him. Even then he did not look round, thinking they were cheering. Then several other people pointed, and he looked around.

To his amazement he saw a trail of fire like a comet's tail bursting from his petrol tank.

He was doing about 30 miles an hour at the time. Birtles jammed on the brakes. Barlow woke up, saw the fire, grabbed the Pyrene fire extinguisher and jumped out while the car was skidding to a standstill.

Fortunately the fire extinguisher put most of the flames out, but they had to throw sand and dirt from the road into it to get the fire properly under control.

The marvellous thing was that the petrol tank did not explode.

Some bullets in Barlow's kit were so hot that they could not be picked up.

"I have never had the wind up so badly before," said Birtles to a "Post" representative.

Birtles explained that Barlow's 'swag,' including a 15-guinea motor coat, was trailing over the exhaust pipe and the heat from the exhaust set the clothes on fire.

Pipes from the petrol tank were burnt and fifty gallons of petrol were squirting out in flames. It was amazing that the tank did not explode and wreck both the car and its occupants.

When the fire was put out the car was driven to Millingen's Service Station where temporary repairs were effected.

At 11 a.m. the intrepid overlanders started off again to complete the trip to Melbourne, having been delayed one hour in Goulburn.

Birtles ordered another Pyrene fire extinguisher at Millingen's before leaving. "I am taking no more chances," he declared.

Birtles and Barlow were both in an exhausted condition. "We have hardly slept at all during the whole seven days," said Birtles, "and we never feel like eating much."

Apart from only four punctures on the whole trip from Darwin, the sensational accident at Goulburn was the only untoward incident in the amazingly fast trip.

The car averaged 400 miles for each 24 hours of travelling time, and in some cases reached a speed of over 70 miles an hour.

They arrived in Sydney at 10 o'clock last night having put 2800 miles between them in the remarkable time of 6 days 18 hours. They left Sydney at 7 o'clock this morning and arrived in Goulburn – in flames – at 10 o'clock.



Cartoonist Warren Brown AM and newspaper editor Matthew Benns in Goulburn towards the end of the re-enactment. Refer to Goulburn Post 22nd January 2025, page 1.

Photo Roger Bayley

They left Darwin at 4 a.m. last Friday. "If it had not been for that fire extinguisher, we would have all been done for," said Barlow. The only damage was to Barlow's clothes, the two Dunlop tyres at the back, and portion of the petrol tank and fittings. A good deal of the iron work was badly scorched.

A few seconds more and the tank would probably have been sufficiently melted to explode.

(Goulburn Evening Penny Post, Friday 29 October 1926, page 4).

Birtles' original "Bean" can be seen at the Australian National Museum in Canberra. The scorched paintwork is still visible.

Tribute to Late Frederick 'Garry' White.

5th March 1935 - 14th January 2025

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Garry White at Goulburn Base Hospital on January 14th 2025. He was a few months short of his 90th birthday.

Garry was the President of our Society for almost 29 years and, together with his wife Robyne, contributed enormously to the fund of knowledge stored in our archives. He navigated the Society through turbulent times, and was instrumental in saving the spiritual home of the Society, St Clair Villa, when it was threatened with sale, lease, or demolition.

Garry was a humble man who was a friend and mentor to all of us, and his encyclopaedic knowledge of Goulburn's history was an asset that will be sorely missed. Hardly a day goes by when one of our researchers, stumped for an answer to a question, looks over their shoulder to ask Garry for advice, only to realise that he is no longer with us.



Garry White

Our deepest sympathies are extended to Robyne and her family.

Linda Cooper interviewed Garry and shared his biography with the Goulburn Post newspaper, which published a tribute on January 22nd. The article can be viewed online, or at the History Goulburn Archive.



Garry at the research centre.



Garry at the Bungonia Look Down pointing to the South Marulan Quarry 11th Nov 2007.



Robyn White, Helen Condylis and Garry White 29 Oct 2005.



Garry White and Jeff Coggan on a field trip 1st May 2011