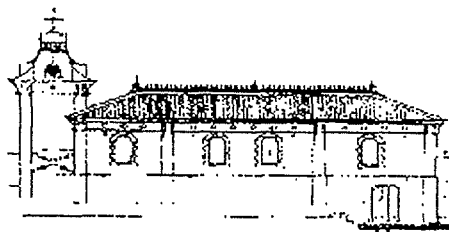


# Mt Wilson Historical Society



## New Research Reveals a Different Story of the Origins of the Turkish Bath

Prior to 1998 available evidence suggested that the Turkish Bath had been built c. 1892. However, in late 1998 the Society learnt from a source in Melbourne that in a February 1890 issue of *The Illustrated Sydney News*, an article appeared describing the Turkish Bath in Mt Wilson. This new evidence was confirmed as correct in January 1999 by some follow-up research at the Mitchell Library. The significant sentence from that article of 20 February, 1890 is as follows:

*The place was first discovered by Mr Wynne who has built himself a house there with a fine garden and sumptuous Turkish Bath.*

Therefore, the Turkish Bath must have been constructed prior to this. Further evidence from various other sources, as follows, supports this new finding.

### ...from the *Lithgow Mercury*



An article from the *Lithgow Mercury* December 27, 1911 was forwarded to the Society by member Jim Smith of Wentworth Falls. The article provides a description of a visit to Mt Wilson and the property of 'Wynstay', which was still called 'Yarrowa' in 1911:

*A few minutes walk along the well kept Avenue within the grounds and the visitor stands before a neat building surmounted by a dome. This is the famous Turkish-bath house which was erected about 20 years ago at a cost of nearly 3,000 pounds. The interior is replete in every respect, and is finished in a most elaborate style. Though it is over 15 years since the bath was used, it shows signs of having been well looked after. It is said that the late Mrs Wynne fell into ill health and her medical advisers ordered a continuous course of Turkish baths. Hence the existence of the establishment.*

This account confirms that the Turkish Bath was built for Mary Ann Wynne. According to her death certificate, Mary Ann died on July 21, 1889 from abdominal cancer. Therefore, in order for this Bath to have been of any assistance to her, it must have been built more than 20 years before 1911.

### ...from the Writings of Ethel Turner

[Thank you to Mary's daughter, Sue Reynolds, who discovered these references]

In Ethel Turner's 1921 novel *Jennifer J*, an episode appears in which the characters visit Mt Wilson and the Turkish Bath is mentioned. The chapter is called 'England in the Mountains'. While visiting Mt Wilson Jennifer, the novel's leading character, visits Yarrowa:

*[Jennifer] found lots of interest for herself in the fine old stables and coach house. And she demanded a Turkish bath.*

*To come all these miles, and be smothered with dust, and crushed flat with the intellectual pressure of the car conversations, to find in this Sahara of botanical specimens an oasis of bricks and mortar that looked like a private mausoleum or church, but was really that amazing thing a Turkish bath, and then not to be able to have one, was, she declared, a reproach to the neighbourhood.*

*"Couldn't you possibly fire it up for us if we gathered you lots of firewood and helped with the water," she said to the gardener after darting in and out of the different rooms of it in great excitement. [continued on page 11]*



# News, Requests and Notices



## News

☞ The good news! After an unavoidable break of about a year, the Turkish Bath Museum is again open to the public. Please see the enclosed flier for dates and times. In trial openings on Sundays in April and May we had about 50 paying visitors a day, generating a total of \$1,200. Obviously well worth the effort.

☞ There is a new entrance to the Turkish Bath just 25 metres to the left of the T-junction of The Avenue and Mt Irvine Road, and through the rustic iron gate. It's all well sign-boarded.

☞ The grounds of 'Wynstay' itself are now strictly private.

☞ The precinct leased to the Society for 50 years extends from the Turkish Bath down to Mt Irvine Road. Volunteers have now built a roadway from the entrance gate, a stairway up to the Museum itself, and a stage for public performances. The Project Officer gives a more detailed description of this process in his report [pp. 5-6].

☞ The precinct is now the Society's venue for public events. An account of the editor's experience at the first jazz concert in this new site appears on p.4.

☞ Membership of the Society is now more than 200. This figure exceeds the total number of people living in Mt Wilson, many of whom of course are members.

☞ The Finance Subcommittee has decided not to recommend any rise in annual membership fees as a result of GST. Due to the possibility that a rise in fees could lead to a falling off in membership it has been decided that, as a gesture of goodwill and gratitude to our existing members, the GST cost will be recouped from our fundraising activities, some of which are GST free. Similarly our admission charges to the Turkish Bath remain, for the present, at \$3 a head with no charge for children.

☞ The Society is currently applying for tax deductibility on donations.

☞ On the research front, new evidence suggests an earlier date for the construction of the Turkish Bath [pp. 1&11].

☞ The Turkish Bath is now substantially restored and is being prepared to receive archive material. A detailed description can be found in the Project Officer's Report [pp.5-6].

☞ After a trial year in 1999 the Society has adopted postal voting for the annual appointment of members of the Management Committee. Nomination papers and voting slips will be forwarded to members in time for the November AGM.



## Requests

We need you! The committee urgently requires the help of members on the opening days of the Turkish Bath. The Museum is open on the third Sunday of each month throughout the year plus additional openings in Spring and Autumn. The two jobs to be done at each Sunday opening are:

1. to set up **at the front gate** to greet visitors as they arrive (table and chair supplied), collect their entry fee and direct them to the Museum.
2. to greet visitors **in the Turkish Bath**, explain the layout of the exhibition and, if appropriate, conduct them through the building and answer questions. There will be some printed matter on aspects of the Turkish Bath available to you, and if necessary we can give you a briefing.

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE put your name down on the volunteer roster for opening days of the Turkish Bath. At least 2 people are required for each Sunday opening. Once a year each should be enough if all members take our need seriously and see the point of sharing in the work and the fellowship of the Society. Why not come with a

## Autumn as it Oughta'

The Society's fourth *Jazz on the Lawn* was held this year on 18<sup>th</sup> March in the Turkish Bath precinct. Tradition serves that I begin a description of this annual event with something like: "it was a glorious Autumn afternoon"... and it really was. The new setting was on the sloping hillside just down from the Turkish Bath, which I personally feel is rather like a faerie grotto. Over 240 people turned up to experience the music and new terrain.

The band, The Bloweys, turned out in fine form for what has become for them a regular gig. They were joined by another familiar figure at *Jazz on the Lawn*, Murray Child on keyboard and solo vocals, and debutante Jeannie Hope on trumpet and vocals. The Bloweys, led by Bill Boldiston, kicked off with a bang at 2:00pm with a song to prove what a truly international band they are. Dominated by an Irish tin whistle, the tune *Canadian Capers*, first brought to the silver screen by American Doris Day, was performed. And the first set ended with a song I'd spent my whole life believing was a Van Halen original: *I Ain't Got Nobody*.

Before Murray's first solo, Bill introduced the Society's president, Arthur Delbridge, to tell us what the "heck" was going on. Arthur told us that a "heck of a lot of work" had gone into the preparation of the new site for the concert. There wasn't a dry eye in the house by the time he'd finished his tale of the suffering endured by "mainly geriatric" volunteers, who had, amongst other labor-intensive activities, moved tonnes of coal ash down the hill from Wynstay, to form the new stage area. Arthur then made subtle reference to the fundraising nature of the day, appealing to the crowd: "we want money". Arthur was obviously taken seriously because the takings of the day were a record \$5,200. Mr Jim Angel, Mayor of the City of Blue Mountains Council, then spoke and offered his continuing support for our activities.

For Jeannie Hope's opening performance she joined the band on trumpet for *Basin Street Blues*, and boy did she let it linger. Jeannie later added to the performance by employing the use of her vocal cords. Bill Boldiston, the eternal showman, was unrelenting in his enthusiasm to inform the audience of the quirky history of each piece of music, interspersed by truly forgettable jokes. *Alcoholic Blues* was introduced as a song which the band had been consistently encouraged to play at one of their regular venues in Glebe by the publican because it "made people drink". The lyrics went something like "No more whiskey, used to make me frisky. No more gin, to get me in. No pink gin, used to lead me into sin. No more beer, sends me queer...". The song was enhanced by a great muted trumpet solo from Jeannie followed by Bill on the tenor clarinet (if my sources are correct), then to the penny whistle, a tuba, and all accompanied by Alan Saunders on washboard.

I would have loved to have eaten sausages and cakes, sipped on some tea or coffee or eaten homemade jam straight



from the jar while being entertained. However, I had to settle for champagne because I was too busy being prolific. The little girl in front of me gave me a sympathetic smile over the top of her steak sandwich.

I know I wasn't alone within the age-diverse and fairly eclectic audience in having a great time. I got the impression the musicians did too, because they're still doing it for nothing. The Bloweys, bless their hearts, somehow always manage to make me feel sentimental about

periods in history I didn't even live through. The afternoon breeze was light, so was the champagne (so was my head after the champagne). It was truly Autumn, it was just lovely. Thank you everyone involved in the whole thing, and special thanks to Wendy Smart for her generous support and for joining in the hard labour.

Elsbeth Callender - Editor



[Previous Page: Photograph of Isa and George Valder at 'Nooroo' picking hyacinths, September 1940. The remains of the apple orchard can also be seen in the background]

stunning double-page spread with colour photographs of each of the gardens which gave the project wonderful advanced publicity. It was a staggering success. The policemen from Mount Victoria were on hand to control the traffic, and an astonishing amount of money was raised and was distributed for local causes. It may have been the first time in NSW, or perhaps even Australia, that something like this was organised.

Ten years later, in October 1968, Isa derived much pleasure from her collaboration with Mariamne Wynne in the organising of an exhibition of antiques from Mt Wilson houses, together with flower arrangements. The exhibition was part of the celebrations marking the centenary of European settlement of the district. As a result of the cooperation of many residents a display of extraordinary quality and impact was created.



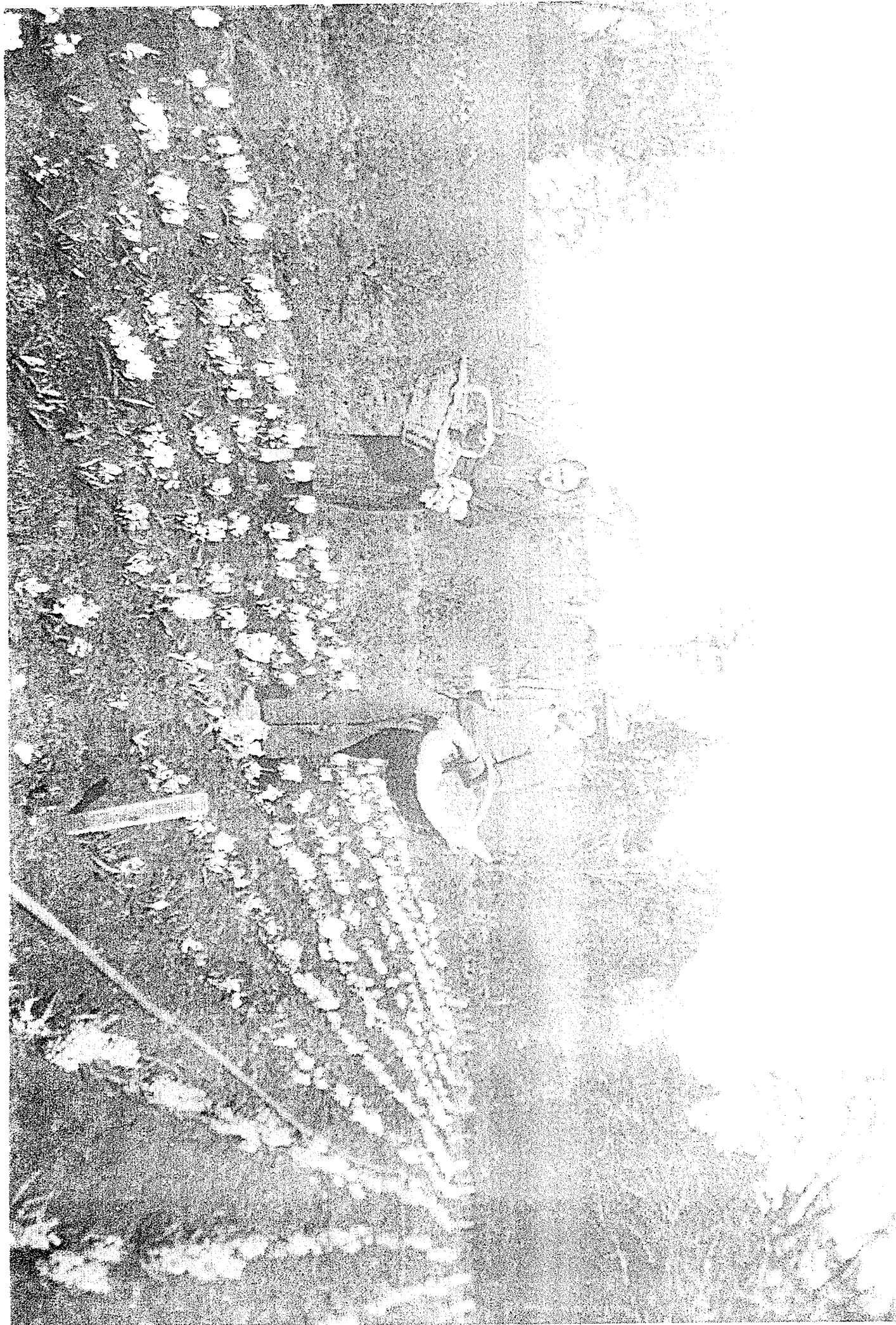
Isa with family and friends at 'Nooroo' on 14<sup>th</sup> November, 1956: [from left] Jane Smart with daughter Anne, Peter Valder, Mariamne Wynne (Jane's mother) and Isa Valder.

George Valder died in 1976 and Isa lived on at 'Nooroo' until the approach of her 90th birthday in 1989, still carrying out much work, overseeing employees and keeping financial records. However with the onset of health problems Isa felt it was time to move to Sydney and be cared for. She was fortunate to obtain a place at 'Lulworth House'. Lynne Allen Brown, the Director of Nursing, remembered Isa from a visit to the garden at 'Nooroo'. Lynne was most kind to Isa, which was especially important during her initial time at 'Lulworth House' as Isa strongly resented the loss of her independence and fought against the system. Thankfully, she was well cared for and in her mellower moments expressed her gratitude, however tiresome it must have been for her to spend nine years of her life in a nursing home.

During her remarkably long life the first flight took place, there were two world wars, the automobile replaced the horse, infectious disease was largely conquered with the use of vaccines and antibiotics, the structure of DNA was unravelled and the understanding of genetics expanded beyond anyone's wildest dreams, the electron microscope enabled viruses to be observed, space exploration commenced, man walked on the moon, satellites became commonplace, and the world adapted to the invention of computers and the microchip.

Having lived so long, her family came to see Isa as a permanent fixture, as though she was quite indestructible. Hence they saw her death as the end of an era, and she will be greatly missed by her sons Peter and John, her daughter-in-law Kay, her grandchildren Bronwyn, Caroline and Andrew and the girls' husbands David and Nicholas. And although they barely knew her, she was given much pleasure by the visits of her great grandsons Tom, Harry and Zachary.

Peter Valder



## Ace Bourke – Curating the Exhibition [continued from page 3]

Naturally, I found it extremely beautiful and wondered about its Europeanness. It is like what artists such as von Guerard did to the Australian landscape in their paintings. And I wondered how it had maintained such exclusivity.

My sister and I are descendants of E.C. Merewether who built 'Dennarque' here in about 1877, possibly the fourth house built in Mt Wilson. Mum's family, the Dockers, also came up to Leura each year where they had a house. In my visits to Mt Wilson I wondered about the social histories of the families here and the material that existed. No doubt there were many photographs, as I imagine the first families here would have used or taken advantage of the then new medium.

At 'The Three Sisters' Mum or Lindy noticed a photograph taken by a relative Ernest Docker in the 1880's, and I wondered if he'd ever visited here. As it is so beautiful here, I wondered if there ever was a painting 'school' of Mt Wilson? Did the early families get artists to paint their houses and the landscape? Was there an exhibition in it? I met Peter Todd and we discussed the possibility of an exhibition. I actually wanted to present it in Sydney and surprise people about Mt Wilson, perhaps as the state's best kept secret. From a few cursory checks at the Mitchell Library, there does not seem to be a lot of material there.

On top of my usual job, I am helping to organise a family reunion and accompanying exhibition at Old Government House. But my visit here today is a starting point to meet you all and begin to see what sort of material exists and what sort of exhibition I could propose to you sometime in the future, and find out what you have staged in the past.

I have worked as a curator in Aboriginal art for nearly 20 years, and I have been at the Hogarth Galleries for the last 10 years. Naturally, I am interested in what Aboriginal history is here and what documentation exists. Although Mum has been interested in family history, we never really talked about our own family as we grew up - or regarded it as particularly interesting or special. Perhaps I just wasn't interested. Oddly I'm still not especially interested, but I understand the importance of it. It was, in fact, through my Aboriginal friends and artists that I really began to understand the importance of family and oral histories, and that this connection is what has sustained them and helped them survive the last 200 odd years. They understand the necessity of documenting their stories and their relationship to the land. The success of their painting movement has given them plenty of opportunity to illustrate that. When I began researching my *Flesh and Blood* exhibition, it was my Aboriginal friends who were the most interested and encouraging, especially Tracey Moffatt, Hetti Perkins and Michael Riley.

One Friday night in 1966 I was invited to propose an exhibition at the Museum of Sydney. I immediately knew what I wanted to do, and rang the curator on Monday morning and said "I'm ready". What is extraordinary is that if I had not been given the invitation and opportunity, this exhibition would never have occurred to me. Furthermore, although two years of research and preparation lay ahead, the exhibition turned out to be almost exactly how I envisaged it over that weekend.

As it was to be at the Museum of Sydney I felt that it should relate to Sydney, (even though not all their exhibitions do). The Museum of Sydney is on the site of the first Government House, and as my sister and I are descended from two families who had lived on the site - Governor King on my mother's side and Governor Bourke on my father's - this was a starting point. I didn't know at that time that a third family branch was connected to the site, but in fact E.C. Merewether was aide-de-camp to Governor Gipps and oversaw the move out of the house to the present Government House. There were other interesting colonial relatives who had contributed to the development of Sydney. The exhibition illustrated just what an interconnected group they were. The population was only about 20,000 in 1830, and excluding the convict population, there was not a great deal of choice when it came to marriage.

To illustrate my own lifetime I chose images of Sydney by artists I had worked with, such as Martin Sharp and Peter Kingston, and utilised works such as Brett Whiteley's Sydney Harbour images and William Yang's photographic documentation of Sydney, in particular the gay community. As I'd also worked with Aboriginal artists, I chose Sydney images like Tracey Moffatt's photograph of David Gulpilil on Bondi Beach, and Gordon Bennett's comments on colonial history and the appropriation - or reclaiming - of some of the images.

I wanted to try and recreate the feeling I have when I'm walking around Sydney, when family-associated thoughts are triggered in my head, such as seeing Governor Bourke outside the Mitchell Library, or the sign for 'Bourke Street'. I don't just think "that is the same name as mine", I think "that is MY name". I wanted to convey how towns and cities grow and how individuals contribute in their many different ways. I also wanted to convey the role of artists in our society; how hard it is not to think about Martin Sharp in relation to Luna Park, or Brett Whiteley and Sydney harbour. When I walk in Hyde Park I think of Jeannie Baker's collage - a walk through Hyde Park. I

## **New Research Reveals a Different Story of the Origins of the**

### **Turkish Bath [continued from page 3]**

*"It all seems so sad to me," said Miss Firth in a low tone to Miss Munro, "all this great garden, and those big empty stables, and that empty house, and no children growing up to enjoy it, and its owner not seeing it for years".*

*"It is not an uncommon happening in England," said Miss Munro.*

*"I know," said Miss Firth. "But it is in Australia. Of course this isn't Australia."*

*"But why this bath?" Miss Munro asked.*

*"The owner's wife was very delicate, they say," answered Miss Firth, "and he spent thousands building and maintaining this bath in the garden for her".*

*"But why the deep sigh?" said Miss Munro.*

*"Did I sigh?" said Aunt Amy. She glanced hastily around - Jennifer's shouting checked coat was far away - only Miss Munro, of her own generation and own country, was near.*

*"Perhaps," she said, and sighed again, "I was thinking how nice it would be to matter so much to a man that he would build a Turkish bath in a garden for you" [p.129].*

Richard Wynne's wife, Mary Ann, died in July 1889. It seems likely, therefore, that the Turkish Bath was built well before that year.

After this significant passage was discovered, the Society checked A.T. Yarwood's biography of Ethel Turner, *A Chair in the Sun*. The biography revealed that Turner had visited Mt Wilson and, as recorded in her diary, the property of 'Yarrawa' (now called 'Wynstay') in 1919.

Ethel Turner's complete diaries are held by her granddaughter Philippa Poole, who resides in Wellington, NSW. The Society contacted Mrs Poole in the hope that references to the Turkish Bath at Wynstay might appear in these. Mrs Poole was kind enough to transcribe some passages and forward them to the Society:

*November 1919*

*Tuesday 4*

*To Mt Wilson, motored there by Lady and Mrs Fairfax. A green letter day for me... never enjoyed a day on the mountains more... t'was like being suddenly switched out of hot Australia into green wolds of England. Went over the Brown's garden*

*[later Withycombe] then Colonel Winn's [note the spelling] beautiful old place, then Mr Gregson... and looked at Mrs Holman's [Mr Holman was the Premier of NSW at that time] almost built [opposite Yengo]. Loved the avenue of walnuts and chestnuts.*

*April 1920*

*Sunday 4*

*By car all of us but H. [Herbert Curlewis, Ethel's husband] to Mt Wilson for a long and delightful day. Not so lovely as the spring visit. We glimpsed Holman on his verandah.*

These entries give us quite an insight into Mt Wilson at that time, but there is nothing said about the Turkish bath. However Philippa Poole also transcribed entries which related to Turner's writing of *Jennifer J*. On June 8, 1921 Ethel recorded in her diary that she felt "a sense of obstruction with story... can't get past Ch vi". Then on June 10 she writes; "story seems less obstructed in mind... Straightening of it & and idea came to me yesterday". Between June 11 to July 19, when Turner wrote chapters xi and xii, this idea had blossomed. Chapter xi was 'England on the Mountains'.

These extracts from Turner's novel and diary help to support the more concrete evidence relating to the building of the Turkish Bath for the purpose of Mary Ann Wynne's ailments prior to her death in 1889.

### **...from the Library of Richard Wynne**

[By courtesy of the Smart Family, 'Wynstay' Mt Wilson]

Sections of Richard Wynne's remarkable library survived, including these two titles which help to reinforce the belief in his dedication to the value of the Turkish Bath. The titles include:

*Hydropathy at Home: The Domestic Practice of the Water Cure*, which includes instructions for the treatment of diseases, afflictions and casualties. Written by Joseph Constantine, this book was published in 1881. Constantine also wrote an account of the benefits of Turkish baths in which he gave details of designs for their construction; and

*The Philosophy of the Bath or Air & Water in Health and Disease*. This work contains information on the history of hydro-therapeutics and the hot air bath from the earliest ages, with an introductory chapter by Durham Dunlop which provides insight into the medical profession at that time.

In view of all this foregoing evidence, an 1880's date for the construction of this private Turkish Bath seems certain.

Mary Reynolds & Bruce Wright



wanted people to think about their own families and stories and what images illustrated Sydney for them. I was lucky enough to have Joan Kerr write for the exhibition catalogue and she talked about her version of Sydney as much as mine!

### **Interpretations of history**

Museology – (a word which is not in the Macquarie Dictionary) is not my field and I naively walked into a minefield when I undertook this exhibition. It was even as nasty as Aboriginal art can be. There are irreconcilable differences, rather than interesting dialogues, between conservatives or traditionalists (as personified by James Broadbent or the Mitchell Library), post modernists or post colonialists, and the Museum of Sydney, who want to present history in a new way. They were definitely against the 'master narrative' as represented by my sort of family, and the Museum of Sydney had staged virtually no colonial exhibitions.

Recently I heard some of David Malouf's National Trust Heritage lectures on radio. When he spoke about the site of Homebush Bay it sounded as if it has been imaginatively reinterpreted. Over 30 years ago all that would have been regarded as worthy of retention was the Blaxland family's rather grand house 'Newington'. However, they have now retained traces of the salt pans that were there, the abattoirs, some federation buildings, and other things associated with what the site was *used* for. So our understanding of heritage has become more sophisticated, even if we still don't protect it the way we should. This was a depressing lesson from the exhibition - Sydney's urban planning is still ad hoc, corrupt and compromised - and that's why Governor Bourke planned Melbourne in a grid.

Jo Holder was one of the few people in the field who supported rather than resented me, and hence tried to educate me. She is particularly intelligent and a great curator. I benefited greatly from reading about *Mining the Museum*, an exhibition curated by African American/Native American Fred Wilson, which brilliantly subverted a very conservative museum in the southern states, where black history, even of slavery, had been virtually excluded. He pointed out that, literally, the only association blacks had with museums was as attendants or guards.

Elizabeth Ellis, the curator of pictures at the Mitchell Library and well known for her scholarship on Conrad Martens in particular, was the only person who really taught me anything. Initially, she had demanded that I read a long list of books. However, I escaped that chore, thanks to my uncanny resemblance to a particular portrait of Governor Bourke. As a result of this, I was immediately introduced to a number of the family treasures in the Mitchell Library, many of which I made use of. Elizabeth was frightened she had influenced me too much, but when she saw the exhibition she informed me that the installation had made her see many of the items afresh.

Elizabeth taught me that modern Sydney began to emerge in the 1830's, the Bourke period, yet that our sort of family had actually become a neglected area of social history. All my life I had never spoken about my family, as it had become politically incorrect to do so. Moreover, since the 1970's, people have become much more interested in retrieving histories of convicts, women, gays, Aborigines and so on, not of notable families. While discussing with one curator which early photograph of the Mitchell Library I would use, the reply was: "I couldn't give a damn about the Mitchell family - I'm much more interested in the stonemason that built the building". My response was: "well go and find his family and get his descendants to do an exhibition". I began to feel I did not have a 'voice', and that I had a history that needed to be retrieved and told.

I had a story to tell - a sort of narrative - and various family branches to differentiate. It threatened to be unclear or uninteresting to an outsider anyway, but if I was post-modern and juxtaposed all the material, it could be chaotic for those that cared to read it in a particular way. However, I did not want to appear old-fashioned either.

While the exhibition was reasonably successful, with good attendances and publicity, it provoked very different reactions. Some had predicted it would be full of dead white males. Journalists and critics I knew didn't touch it, while others I didn't know responded very well. Leo Schofield, who apes the colonial lifestyle more than I do, declared it "boring" months before it opened and refused to list it as a Festival of Sydney event. Another curator had pleasure in telling me that someone from a museum in Western Australia had said it reminded her of the exhibitions they had tried to discourage historical societies from having 25 years ago. Others found it new: the taboo of talking about personal family histories, or class, or these particular shared histories - particularly of the dispossessors and the dispossessed. In a review it was described as an exhibition that broke the mould. I felt that the soldier - convict relationship still had resentful echoes even now. Overall however, I was very grateful for the opportunity to talk about issues I find important.

David Scott Mitchell was my great-great uncle and he assembled the first and most extraordinary collection of Australiana. He left over 60,000 items - mostly books, but also 47 Conrad Martens paintings - and a legacy that still purchases works for the Mitchell Library. I enjoyed using the Library properly for the first time and looting it for the exhibition. It is the repository of so much social history, and I was spoilt by Elizabeth Ellis, who led me to

much of the material. Mitchell appreciated the importance of having the original records - not just interpretations of them. I relied on the *Australian Dictionary of Biography* or on historians like Henry Reynolds. It was the illustration of the interconnectedness between that particular group of people and the reuniting of items after a long separation that was reasonably original about the exhibition, not anything I researched or had to say.

Mum was the next major lender after the Mitchell library, and it was her eye-catching sewing companion handed down through 3 previous generations that nearly stole the show. Mum and my sister Lindy were totally supportive and helpful. We did not grow up with Conrad Marten's paintings on our walls - we had the prints. And how could one take seriously people with names like Hannibal Macarthur? He captured my imagination once I learnt more - The Vineyard was once the finest house in the colony, with peacocks on the lawn, and where the family entertained people like Charles Darwin. That house was demolished in the 1960's to become the Rheem car park - an event that galvanized the National Trust.

As a result of the exhibition everything at home took on new meaning and resonance. Where had it come from? Family likenesses over generations are fascinating, as are the origins of names - particularly middle names.

In my research for the exhibition I contacted family members I had never met. Many of them said to me: "oh, so-and-so got everything". I found that while women in general are the family custodians, it was the men who usually turned out to be the obsessed family historians. Another important lesson was the identification of photographs and the often irretrievable information that dies with people. We have one elderly relation left in Ireland but even he has been unable to identify several people and houses in my grandfather's photographs.

The making of this exhibition was a very good history lesson for me. I traced the fortunes and occasional bankruptcies of various family members, naturally often paralleling the Australian economy. It was interesting trying to assess what happens to families and money over several generations. And how do we describe ourselves now? Several aunts sternly described themselves as "upper middle class", while younger relatives used the term "professional". While King and Bourke came out here for a job, no-one very grand emigrated to Australia. Everyone was looking for new opportunities and some people proved to be very resourceful.

All the colonial material was in the main gallery of the Museum, and the contemporary material was in the foyer outside it, which was only just adequate. The Museum of Sydney makes exhibitions look beautiful, and everything fitted in like a miracle. There were even ledges around the gallery under paintings and between display cases which were used to provide a printed commentary, should visitors want to read a little more deeply. For I had asked the head of each family to write a summation of the family in Australia, and then I followed the families up to the present with anecdotes, quotes, maps or photographs, and so on.

It is obvious that our relations with Aborigines are as unresolved today as they were in colonial times. I tried, however, to look objectively at the actions of some of my relations. Governor King described Aborigines as "the true proprietors of the soil" yet as the settlement expanded he also said "settlers may fire on any natives they see". Governor Bourke annulled the only treaty signed with the Aborigines when John Batman in Victoria took 600,000 acres in return for some blankets, flour and axes. This was a spurious document, and no-one in Australia had the authority to make that treaty. Interestingly, not long after that, the British Government signed the Treaty of Waitangi with the Maoris in the 1840s.

When Mathew Flinders mapped the coastline of Australia, Bungaree, an Aborigine from Broken Bay, was on board. Although Bungaree was the first Australian Aborigine to circumnavigate Australia, Trim, Flinder's cat, is better known than Bungaree. When Governor King's son Phillip Parker King sailed in 1817 and 1818 to complete Flinder's work, Bungaree volunteered to come. Marsden Hordern has written a marvelous book about these voyages called *King of the Coast*. Phillip King was a good artist, and I included his sketch of Bungaree in the exhibition. This was a direct intersection with our family, and I used Bungaree, a fascinating person and a brilliant mediator, to symbolise the dispossessed Sydney tribes (or language groups as they prefer to be known). The famous portrait by Augustus Earle of Bungaree dressed in a jacket probably given to him by Governor Brisbane, became the signature and poster for the show. I used the word "annihilation" to emphasise what had happened, and this understandably offended some of the descendants of the Sydney Aborigines. During the show I was informed that new research had shown that two of Bungaree's grand children had been baptised. In comparison, I seemed to have so many relations and so much memorabilia. That is why I thought it was so important to bring Bungaree's club back from England - one of the few Aboriginal provenanced items from those early years.

Some Aborigines expressed astonishment at their inclusion in such a show, so accustomed as they are to exclusion. They appreciated it, despite what it also represented to them. I feel very privileged that I share a history with them, and I dedicated the exhibition to my family and my Aboriginal friends.

## Financial Statement for 01.07.99 – 16.04.00

Income	\$	Expenditure	\$
<i>Membership subscriptions</i>	2,715.00	<i>Administration</i>	1,186.80
<i>Donations</i>	1,626.00	<i>Architect's Fees</i>	1,690.00
<i>Bonfire at Wynstay</i>	550.00	<i>Builder's Fees</i>	5,344.00
<i>Street stall</i>	1,703.00	<i>Archival Research</i>	1,196.22
<i>Jazz concert in Turkish Bath precinct</i>	5,300.00	<i>Work on Turkish Bath precinct</i>	1,726.50
<i>Conducted visits to Turkish Bath</i>	298.00	<i>Street stall</i>	45.75
<i>Refund from BMCC on revised D/A</i>	100.00	<i>Bonfire night</i>	45.00
<i>Balance of RAHS Grant (Volunteer workshop participation)</i>	100.00	<i>Jazz concert in Turkish Bath precinct</i>	1,823.25
<i>Insurance claim on damaged electrical equipment</i>	545.00	<i>Rental of Village Hall for AGM (25/09/99)</i>	9.00
<i>Sale of publications</i>	66.00	<i>Transfer to Term Deposit</i>	300.00
<i>Refund of rental on Turkish Bath and precinct</i>	2.00	<i>Department of Fair Trading (lodgement of forms 6 &amp; 12)</i>	67.00
<i>Bank interest</i>	8.32	<i>Insurance on Turkish Bath (\$87.98/mth)</i>	527.88
		<i>RAHS affiliation for 2000</i>	80.00
		<i>Transfer to Petty Cash</i>	100.00
		<i>Electricity supplied for Turkish Bath</i>	67.52
		<i>Postage</i>	362.94
		<i>Phone calls/fax</i>	527.93
		<i>Flowers to President</i>	35.50
		<i>Tribute to Bill Smart</i>	50.00
		<i>Newsletter Number 5</i>	261.00
		<i>Rental on Turkish Bath and precinct</i>	2.00
		<i>Bank charges</i>	48.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>13,013.32</b>	<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>15,496.29</b>

### Reconciliation Statement for Period 01.07.99 – 16.04.00

<i>Income for period 01.07.99 – 16.04.00</i>	\$13,013.32
<i>Expenditure for period 01.07.99 – 16.04.00</i>	\$15,496.29
<i>(Debit Balance)</i>	\$2,482.97
<i>Plus balance of accounts as at 30.06.99</i>	\$9,069.13
<i>Balance of accounts as at 16.04.00</i>	\$6,586.16

### Term Deposit

The Term Deposit of \$5,601.34 fell due on 28.03.00, was reinvested for four months at 4.5%p.a. and fell due again on 28.07.00.

### Petty Cash Account

This account was established on 25.09.98 for the payment of small amounts (under \$30.00) with an opening balance of \$250.00. Further amounts of \$200.00 and \$100.00 were added on 06.04.99 and 20.03.00 respectively. The balance of the account as at 16.04.00 is \$191.58.

Ellis G Reynolds - Treasurer

## Visit to the Anglican Church of St Thomas, Enfield [continued from page 3]

As noted in Jackson's book, the Wynne family history is clouded with sadness. In 1861, Richard and Mary Ann's son Charles died at the age of 5 months. Only a few months later, Richard, aged 4 years, died from typhus fever. Eight years later, when the family was travelling in Italy, Albert, aged 6, and another son named Richard, aged 4, died from typhoid. Inscribed on the vault, though illegible in parts, are the words:

*Beloved children of Richard & Mary Wynne. Two Little Children on their... home to Australia... taken to Angels by their... to Heaven.*

Henry, born in 1859, survived until the age of 38 and was buried in the Anglican cemetery at Mt Victoria in 1898. We assume he was in residence at Mt Wilson at the time of his death.

A feature of St Thomas' church is the glorious Eastern stained glass window containing three panels of triple light, and pointed arched Gothic windows behind the altar, dedicated by Richard to his wife Mary Ann following her death in July, 1889. Under the first panel the words, written in Italian, are:

*In Affectionate Remembrance of Mary Wynne, Died July 21st 1889. The Beloved Wife of Richard Wynne.*

Near St Thomas' is a street named "Wynstay" after Richard Wynne, who was once a resident in the district. We also know that he was the first mayor of Burwood.

Following the book launch, we were taken on a tour of the cemetery to hear stories of some of those buried there. Jackson's book provides a brief but interesting account of a wide selection of these people, including Richard Wynne and his family. Also included are the founders of St Thomas', Thomas and Charlotte Hyndes. They had both been convicts, and they had provided the land, materials and labour for construction of the church. Reading their story provides a fascinating record of remarkable achievement from less than prosperous beginnings.

The Society is most grateful to the people of St Thomas' for providing the opportunity for us to participate in the launch and for the hospitality extended to us.

Mary Reynolds - Secretary

## Unveiling of a Plaque at Lithgow

On 24th April 2000 the Society was invited by the Lithgow and District Historical Society to attend the unveiling of a commemorative plaque on the site of the first steel furnace at Lithgow, on the edge of the Marjorie Jackson Sports Field. The Premier, Mr Bob Carr, Mrs P Steele and Mr Rutherford unveiled the bronze plaque set in sandstone. Mrs Steele is a descendant of William Sandford who was responsible for the establishment of the first four-ton steel furnace in Lithgow on 24 April, 1900. He along with James Rutherford, represented by a Mr Rutherford from Bathurst, led to the foundation of the iron and steel industry in Lithgow.

A short time later there was a more formal ceremony at the Lithgow Council Chambers where Mr Carr, Gerard Martin, the member for Lithgow, the Mayor of Lithgow, Mrs Steele and Mr Rutherford all spoke briefly. Peter Andren, the Federal member for Calare was represented by his sister, Patricia, a member of the Mt Wilson Historical Society. The whole affair was well organised by Ian Holt from the Lithgow and District Historical Society. In the Council Chambers was a fine exhibition of models, photographs, memorabilia, illuminated addresses, maps and plans related to the early days of the iron and steel industry in Lithgow.

Mary Reynolds - Secretary

## A Word From the Editor

I imagine the thought *I wonder when the next Mt Wilson Historical Society Newsletter is coming out?* has passed through many minds in recent months. All I can say in my defense is: "it's a certain greatness, my lateness".

Please feel free to forward comments, criticisms and/or articles to me at 22 Pitt Street, Concord, NSW, 2137 or by email at [ajandel@one.net.au](mailto:ajandel@one.net.au) or by telephone on (02) 9743 2910.

Elspeth Callender

