



Founders

NEWSLETTER OF FELLOWSHIP OF FIRST FLEETERS

'To live on in the hearts and minds of Descendants is never to die!'

PATRON: Her Excellency, Professor Marie Bashir, AC, Governor of New South Wales

President's report

The Annual General Meeting was held on Sunday, 24 November and a new Executive elected. Details are shown below.

2003 will be our thirty-fifth year of operation and fifteenth of Incorporation. It will also see the processing of Member No. 7000!

Fellowship of First Fleeters Fund Raising Raffle

The Raffle is up and running, and will be drawn at our Annual Luncheon.

- 1st Prize – Sydney Harbour Bridge Climb
- 2nd Prize – Framed Printed Edition of the 11 Ships of the First Fleet
- 3rd Prize – Tracing Your Family History in Australia by Nick Vine Hall
- 4th Prize – First Fleet Windcheater
- 5th Prize – First Fleet T Shirt
- 6th Prize – First Fleet Stationery

Tickets \$2 each, 3 for \$5, 8 for \$10, 18 for \$20

I had nine speaking engagements over the past three months including two in the Wollongong area – Albion Park Probus and the U3A in Wollongong. My thanks to Terry Mortimer and Bob Harvey for the lifts from the railway station to the venues. Jean Mortimer and the South Coast Chapter did a wonderful PR job at both talks. There were well over a hundred people at the U3A talk.

The James Squire Family Reunion at Kissing Point, organised by James Donohoe on 3rd November last, was well attended. Bottles of Squire's brew were available gratis which added to the camaraderie. I was also able to meet up with a few members of the Fellowship. I note that the day was well publicised on our web-site.

In October the Fellowship was the recipient of a legacy of \$1,000.00 from the estate of the late Doug Oakes.

The Svanen outing on the harbour in September seems to have been a successful event. Pity about the weather but all enjoyed the

fellowship of the day. The Executive, together with Pam Quick and the Daytime Fellowship, will be organising some six events throughout 2003.

Could any member enlighten us re the address of the following members whose Founders were returned recently: Pamela G Paul, Hazel V Johnson and Phyllis Maiklem?

Congratulations to Don and Julia Cornford of Queensland on the occasion of their fortieth wedding anniversary. Don and Julia were with us on our pilgrimage to Norfolk Island in March 2001. Julia is a proud descendant of John Palmer FF.

A member recently wrote to me about contacting a descendant of Joseph Wright. Would you please contact me again as alas I have misplaced your letter!

The annual election for officers resulted in the following being elected to the Executive of the Fellowship of First Fleeters:

President: Peter Christian

Vice-Presidents: Rod Best and Pam Quick

Treasurer: Roy Morris

Directors: Bruce Arnett, Elaine Bennett, Zona Maguire, Ron Maguire, Joy Pankhurst, Pamela Hempel, William Hempel, George Griffiths, Brian Harris.

Brian is a new member for the Executive and is a descendant of Joseph Wright FF.

May I share with you something of interest, especially as it touches on that widespread net of First Fleet descendants ... yes, it may be your next door neighbour!!!? Recently, Queen Geraldine of Albania died. Her daughter-in-law Queen Susan – Susan Cullen-Ward, is a First Fleet descendant of Ann Forbes!

May I wish you and yours a Happy and Holy Christmas and a Healthy, Prosperous, and, above all, Peaceful New Year.

In Fellowship
PETER

INSIDE

- 2 NEWS OF MEMBERS
- 2 POTTED BIOGRAPHY
- 3 A FAMOUS CHURCH AT THE ROCKS
- 4 SVANEN CRUISE
- 5 SOUTH COAST CHAPTER ACTIVITIES
- 6 RELIGIO LOCI
- 8 WHAT'S ON
- 8 FF GOODS FOR SALE

News of Members

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

FOR PERIOD 26 MAY 2002 TO
26 OCTOBER 2002.

We extend a warm welcome to new members joined during this period, 16 adults, 11 juniors and two spouse associates.

BENJAMIN CUSLEY: Ms Laurette Waddell Smith; Miss Gardenia Rose Pepworth; Mr Zacheriah Pepworth (jun); Miss Jasmine Jade Pepworth (jun).

WILLIAM EGGLETON-MARY DICKENSON+PHILIP DEVINE: Mrs Sally Emery.

ANDREW FISHBURN: Miss Sophie Cameron Espinoza (jun.); Mr Kenneth Vincent Finlay.

ANN FORBES: Mrs Robyn Lee Devonshire, Miss Madison Lee Devonshire (jun.); Mrs Kerry Ann Turner, Mr Joshua James Turner (jun.), Mr Nicholas Stanley Turner (jun.).

JANE LANGLEY: Miss Hannah Louise Quick (jun.).

JOHN McCARTHY-ANN BEADSLEY: Miss Glenda Dingwall.

SAMUEL PIGGOTT: Miss Suzanne Cattell; Miss Julia Deanne Wallace.

JOHN ROBERTS: Mr Anthony Charles Monck.

ANTHONY ROPE-ELIZABETH PULLEY: Ms Lynne Randell.

JOHN ROWE: Mrs Carole Leigh Schaeche.

DANIEL STANFIELD-ALICE HARMSWORTH: Mr Kieran William Stanfield (jun.), Miss Maddison Kate Stanfield (jun.).

WILLIAM TYRRELL+JAMES WILLIAMS: Mrs Avalon Narelle Hall.

THOMAS WILLIAMS: Mrs Antoinette Louise Pike (sp Mr Royce Jon Morrison Pike), Miss Lucy Maureen Pike (jun.), Mr Henry Jon Pike (jun.).

ELIZABETH YOUNGSON: The Venerable William Thomas Armstead (sp. Mrs Clarice Isabel Armstead).

BIRTHS

Welcome to additional First Fleeters:

KAITLYN ANN COOK (FF Patrick Burn/Ann Smith), 4 September 2002. Daughter of Julian and Natalie. Second granddaughter of Lynette (#2726) and Peter Russell. Eleventh great-grandchild of the late Jean Muriel Coulter (#2727). Ninth generation.

KATE ELIZABETH KINGHAM (FF James Sheers and Mary Smith), 1 July 2002. Daughter to Brett and Denise Kingham, sixth grandchild to Tonia and Norm Kingham (#2481).

DEATHS

Deepest sympathy is extended to the families of the following:

GWYNNITH MACLEAN (#4611) of 6 Squire Street, Ryde, passed away 20 January 2002. Twin sister of Margaret Corby (#4610). Descendant of First Fleeter Ann Forbes.

potted BIOGRAPHY

WILLIAM BROUGHTON.

William Broughton arrived on the *Charlotte*. He was appointed a storekeeper at Parramatta, and later at Norfolk Island as acting deputy commissary. In 1805 he was appointed Deputy Commissary in NSW. He had five children by Elizabeth Heathorn, alias Ann Glossop, who arrived on the *Pitt* in 1792.

In 1809 he was appointed a magistrate and later married Elizabeth Simpson, a widow, at Parramatta. He was promoted Acting Commissary General by Macquarie in 1814 and left for a stint at Hobart until 1818.

He held land in Macquarie Street, Sydney and 1000 acres at Appin. He died in 1821, reported

by Governor Macquarie as a 'faithful, honest and useful official for some 30 years'. His burial at Liverpool Cemetery was attended by the Governor and a retinue of officers.

Among his descendants are Major-General Sir William Throsby Bridges, who died of wounds at Gallipoli, our former Patron and Governor of New South Wales, Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair and a well known Australian icon of the 1950s Pauline Broughton Stafford, who popularised the Bikini in this country.

Member Margaret Carty has written an intensely interesting book *William Broughton and the Kennedy Connection* readily available for purchase from First Fleet House.

Closing date for
copy and pictures
Jan/Feb issue
January 31 2003

OFFICE HOURS
10.00am to 3.00pm
Monday to Friday

A famous CHURCH at The Rocks

And so the spot was declared for what was to be more popularly known as The Garrison Church which still stands at the southern end of Lower Fort Street, cornering Argyle Place in one of the most historically colourful of Sydney areas known as The Rocks.

Government men then cleared the site of rubbish and the contractor was allowed to use stone from the site as well as that along the Argyle Cut, so it can truly be said that the church was quarried out of its immediate surroundings.

The builder was Edward Flood and an accepted price list for materials is interesting to scan. Bricks were £2/15/0 a thousand. A labourer worked for 10 hours for 5/- a week while a bricklayer for the same period received 8/6. Henry Ginn, the architect of the basic structure, estimated that the church would house 250 adults and 50 children and, in his original design, his calculations were not far wrong.

Bishop Broughton decided to appoint the Rev. John Couch Grylls as Rector of the new Parish, and on 7 August 1843, the first services began. On 10 September 1843, the first baptism was

'I lay this as the foundation and corner stone of a church to be built in this place, to be named the Church of The Holy Trinity'.

The speaker was the first Bishop of Australia, William Grant Broughton, on a blustery Tuesday morning, 23 June 1840.

performed, while the first marriage took place on 23 October of that same year.

Perhaps the oldest document held in the Garrison Church is a letter, dated 17 March 1832, advising 'Archdeacon Broughton' that the allotment at the north end of Princes Street was to be intended for a school. Fourteen years later, a new school house was built next to the church. This building, with walls 2ft 6in thick is today the Parish Hall. One interesting feature – and there are many – about this school is that, at this opening a boy named Edmund

Barton, later to become Australia's first Prime Minister, was one of the pupils.

Built to contain comfortably a congregation of 600, the church recaptures much of the early days and extends silent account of the manners, customs and identities of those times.

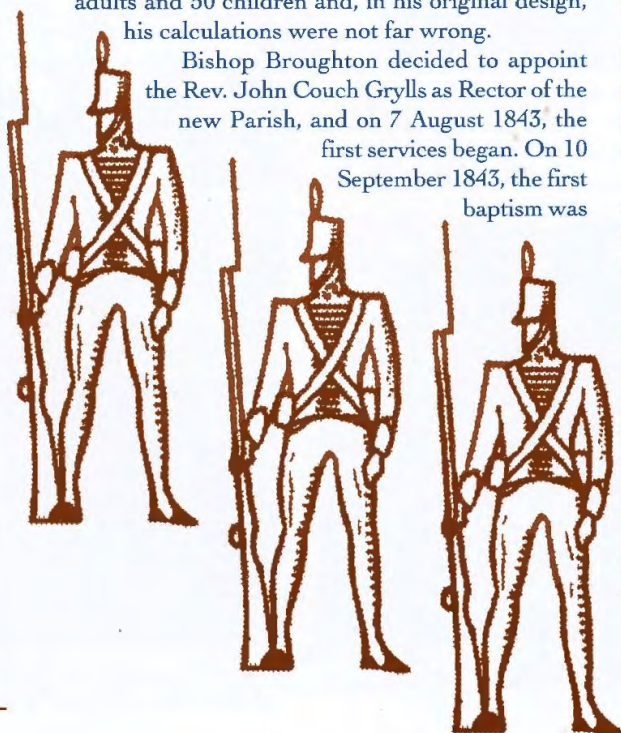
Although officially called the Church of the Holy Trinity, it had, almost from its foundation, been more popularly known as The Garrison Church, simply because the numerous regiments at the nearby Garrison worshipped there.

One can envisage the colourful display of the various uniforms dotted throughout the congregation; the black on grey, white on navy blue, red on white and gold trimming.

But if we are careful in contemplating all this we realise that this, and other buildings of historic beauty, are not the result of sheer skill alone but fierce concentration and determination in the work involved.

Courage, determination, love, loyalty and integrity – all those qualities built a church and a place in our history.

COURTESY LINKS 'N' CHAINS – LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY.



SVANEN

Cruise

First and foremost – congratulations to Pam Quick for organising the Svanen Cruise which was a great success. The feedback we received was that everyone had a great day with the food being delicious and plenty of it.

It was a pleasure to welcome on board the 98 people who attended and as each person boarded we handed them a numbered envelope with information about the raffle on the outside and information relative to the Fellowship of First Fleeters on the inside. This was done as a public relations exercise to thank people for attending the function and to also encourage them to attend more in the future. During the cruise we drew a number – 35 – held by Dr Ian Boyd of Turramurra. He is now the proud owner of a First Fleet Chart, which he was really happy about.

On board we sold tickets in our raffle which will be drawn at the Australia Day Luncheon. Almost everyone who bought tickets purchased three for \$5.00. I have counted the takings and we have \$132.00, which I feel is a great start.

It was pleasing to see Warren Luxford, President of New England Chapter, was on board.

I took him around and introduced him to different ones including Jean Mortimer from South Coast Chapter. Both of them enjoyed chatting. For those who haven't met Warren, he is an enthusiastic young person – a great guy.

Thanks again Pam and Elaine and we look forward to you both, as well as Bonnie and Phyllis, arranging a program for 2003.

Pam, may I say the date chosen was excellent as it was during the school and university holidays and enabled people to travel to Sydney to attend this function – great planning.

In fellowship

PAMELA HEMPEL



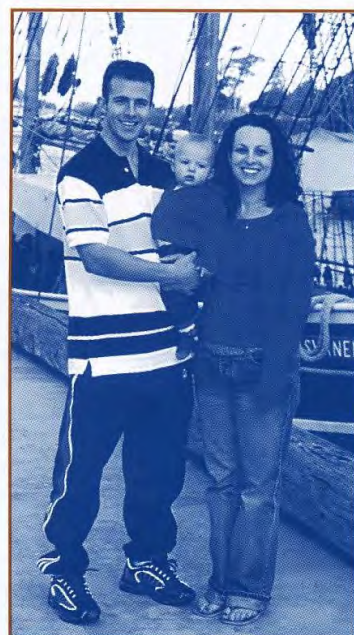
Warren Luxford and Jean Mortimer



Foreground: Ron Maguire, Pam Quick and Zona Maguire



Terry and Jean Mortimer, Betty Warn, Warren Luxford



The youngest passenger on board, Pamela Hempel's grandson, with his parents

South Coast Chapter Activities

The South Coast Chapter meets on the first Tuesday of February, April, June, August, October, December. It has regular outings. For further information, please phone Jean Mortimer on 4257 5575.

Six members from the South Coast Chapter were present at the reinterment of human remains at Andrew Lysaght Park, Wollongong

As we displayed the Fellowship of First Fleeters banner, WIN News filmed us and we appeared on the evening news for about two minutes. Bishop Ingham and members of various historical groups thanked us for our support. We also paid our respects to First Fleeter Jane (Jones) Rose and other early pioneers. Members in attendance were Warwick Grace, Betty Warn, Terry and Jean Mortimer and Ken and Norah Woollett.

A talk was given at the reinterment at Andrew Lysaght Park, Wollongong, on 28 August 2002, by Carol Herben, a member of the Illawarra Historical Society. Carol was one of a group of dedicated people who fought hard to have the oldest European cemetery in Wollongong to always remain as a pioneers' resting place. She said:

'On behalf of the descendants of those people, our people, buried in the Old Roman Catholic Cemetery, and those of you who joined us to become the Friends of Andrew Lysaght Park, today is the reinterment service of the human remains that have been away some eight months from their burial place. When State Parliament passed the legislation in 2001 it made provision for the exhumation of human remains which permitted the construction of the northern grandstand wraparound to go ahead.

'We sincerely appreciate the service by Bishop Ingham for our ancestors' reinterment in the consecrated land where they belong. Although we do not know whose remains we are burying today, we all agree they belong to us and are representative of those who are buried in the Old Roman Catholic cemetery.

'The Old Roman Catholic cemetery has undergone many changes and on the surface no longer resembles a cemetery which stood for over 130 years. Its appearance was first changed in 1969 when an Act decreed that the cemetery be converted into a rest park, namely Andrew Lysaght Park, then in 1998 we saw the creation of the Foreshore Plaza and it was during that time when we last all gathered here at the dedication ceremony and the unveiling of the memorial wall.

'It is not the name this site carries it is the cemetery beneath the surface that bonds each and every one of us to this land.

'The upheavals of the past 18 months have only strengthened our bond to our ancestors and this has drawn us closer together through the series of events that took place during that time.

'Some of us truly believed that for a while we would be presented with a new Lysaght Memorial Park. A park that was not any part of the old cemetery land. We have seen the changes, some we appreciate and others we don't.

'We have sat side by side in Parliament House, united as one, seeking the preservation of the remains of those whom we hold dear to us, our families. We still have a long way to go to see the

transformation of the Foreshore Plaza into the rest park the Acts decreed the site should be.

'Being the oldest European cemetery in Wollongong and the last resting place of this city's founders, our family history does not stand us apart from anyone else.

'Collate all these peoples' history and we all have links to the region from the earliest days of settlement of Illawarra. We know and feel how unique this place is in our hearts.

'This cemetery is linked to the First Fleet through Jane Rose who died in 1849. It is also the resting place of one of the last people to be buried here, Andrew Lysaght, a State Parliamentarian. It is also our families who are buried here, the founders in this area, and we beam with pride when we say they arrived as free settlers or convicts.

'Today we all sincerely hope that our families may rest peacefully and undisturbed eternally.'

DEAR ANCESTOR

Your tombstone stands among the rest;
Neglected and alone.
The name and date are chiselled out
On polished, marbled stone.
It reaches out to all who care
It is too late to mourn.
You did not know that I exist
You died and I was born.
Yet each of us are cells of you
In flesh, in blood, in bone.
Our blood contracts and beats a pulse
Entirely not our own.
Dear Ancestor, the place you filled
One hundred years ago
Spreads out among the ones you left
Who would have loved you so.
I wonder if you lived and loved,
I wonder if you knew
That some day I would find this spot,
And come to visit you.

Author unknown.

'Today we have come here to visit our ancestors for a reinterment service for some of them. On behalf of the descendants I would like to thank Bishop Ingham, the Catholic Church, the Catholic Cemetery Board and Wollongong City Council for providing this service.'



Ken, Norah, Bishop Ingham, Jean and Betty

**DR RUTH FRAPPEL PHD [FF HENRY KABLE AND SUSANNAH HOLMES],
IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
GAVE THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS AT THE SOUP AND DAMPER DAY AT FIRST FLEET HOUSE.**

We all know where Sydney Cove is, where its foreshore used to be – it is marked on particular Government buildings and pavements in the vicinity – where the Tank Stream used to run, where the first Government House used to stand. Until recently I was the President of the Royal Australian Historical Society, which decades ago marked that site with a plaque, since moved aside and around the corner. These are places dear to us all, because we do have a sense of place and its significance in Australian history. But are these places dear to very many else in the community?

I doubt if they are, because Australian history has been overtaken during the past few decades by political correctness and modernism. On the site of the first Government House, we have a collection of aboriginal totem poles and an expensive cafe. The graceful sweep of Circular Quay, where so many nineteenth century immigrants landed and whence our chief export, wool, was shipped to the old world, is now obscured by a railway and railway station. The colonial Customs House, through which goods and immigrants had to pass, is now surmounted by a ridiculous roofline and its internal structures have been entirely done away. Nowhere is exempt from

they were not the same; that I happened to be President of the Royal Australian Historical Society and that I had every intention of bringing her ignorance to the attention of her employer. And I did. But that is the sort of Australian history that is now being fed to the community.

My views are often described as conservative, as betraying my age and my background. But I would defend them as being part of my inheritance, passed on to me by my family and my schooling. They help me to find my place in the world. I have roots which go back to the First Fleet and so do all of you, and I want to suggest to you this afternoon that we all have a degree of ballast that is essential to keeping Australian society balanced and sane. Our ability to cope with wave upon wave of 'asylum seekers' owes much to the way in which the First Fleeters and their immediate offspring occupied the Colony and put its resources to good use. From them we have much more to learn that most Australians and most Australian politicians will readily admit.

Let me explain in personal terms. My knowledge of Australian history was stimulated first by my aunts, the custodians of the family legends, whose stories I later

Religio loci:

the sense of place in Australian history – has it been lost?

'redevelopment', except it is quite off the beaten track. Certainly nowhere near the water's edge is any longer sacrosanct: indeed, developers create waterfronts in order to manufacture 'waterviews'.

To my mind, this is a deplorable state of affairs. You cannot fully understand Australian history if the sites where it was enacted have been covered up completely or put to an alien use. We need 'concrete' sites, I mean real ones, not ones made of concrete, as well as written evidence for Australian history. And we want history that has some basis in fact, that is not a sociological dialogue or a political tract.

Last year I was part of a party from the University of Sydney Women's Group, which was taken on a tour of a newly formed exhibit at the Royal Botanic Gardens. The guide commissioned by the Gardens educational unit to show us around proved to be smitten with political correctness. She completely confused Captain James Cook and Governor Arthur Phillip, who were both depicted almost life size on a time line. When I corrected her publicly (I'd already had enough of her views on the maltreatment of Aborigines), she got annoyed at being pulled up and declared these two figures were the same anyway. They were white Anglo-Saxon Protestant men from the ruling classes. To which I replied that

discredited by doing my own research in the Colonial Secretary's papers. There I discovered the convict stain in our lineage. But it was family legends that made Australian history as a whole come alive for me, and I suggest that is true for most of you, too.

I have a vivid recollection of a family excursion about 1950 to the Hawkesbury River district, what was initially called the 'Green Hills', the granary of the new Colony. This was where my Kable and Teale ancestors lived, as emancipists and yeomen farmers, and where my grandfather had owned a farm, made out to be a landed estate, managed by one or two of his lesser brothers. To my aunts, the churchyards of the district, overgrown though they were (complete with stinging nettles), were sacred sites. We all stopped in front of St Matthew's Church at Windsor and my uncle carried me to that most sacred site, the grave of my ancestors, Henry and Susannah Kable and a good few other of their relatives besides. 'Let's have a photo of little Ruthie sitting on the bones of her forebears', was the cry. I was petrified. I didn't know what might emerge from under that stone slab.

Later in the afternoon, we all drove on to Wilberforce. Here my father's maiden sister (all good Victorian families had maiden aunts) grabbed my little brother, aged 3, my only

sibling, and sat him on a much smaller single grave, that of one of my otherwise unmentionable convict relatives. She proclaimed that the toddler, five years younger than I, must do all he could to revive the family fortunes. Why was I not good enough? I came slowly to realise that the male line had declined rather sadly in numbers and virility since my grandfather left the Hawkesbury district in the 1870s (all those who were my cousins were only children) and that my one male cousin would never produce heirs of either sex. But much more quickly I sensed the emphasis on THE MALE LINE and even in those unenlightened days, I resented it.

And why, I asked myself, had my grandfather left the district? What was wrong with the places my aunts viewed as sacred sites? It was my Australian history studies, not my aunts, that taught me later on that the Windsor district declined after the gold rushes and became a backwater. The wheat it grew was prone to rust, and its yeomen farmers were too conservative to try new strains. To use a colonial truism, their minds were as broad as their acres. The river flooded regularly. The railways passed the district by: to this day, Richmond is the end of the line. In the 1950s, Windsor was a dead and alive sort of a place, not an outer Sydney suburb – even an eight-year-old could see that – and the house at Wilberforce which bore the family surname of Teale was derelict. It has long since burned down. But on that day I had acquired a knowledge of where my family roots were, at least on my father's side, and what importance the pioneer families placed on their heritage and its physical remains – and on the male line.

The other significant influence which taught me a sense of place was my schooling. I attended primary school in the New South Wales country town of Bathurst. I used to have to spend many a lunch hour during the winter months indoors, keeping warm over an old slow combustion stove in the corner of a portable classroom. The playground outside was cold and miserable, swept by sleet and rain and biting winds. My mother always wrapped my school lunch in many layers of greaseproof paper. In those days, before photocopying and xerox machines, the only way to copy a map was to trace it on to greaseproof, scribble lavishly with lead pencil all over the back, then carefully trace off the outline on to a clean sheet. It was a detailed and time consuming task, but it was remarkably instructive. By the end of fourth class, I knew by heart the names of all Australia's coastal and inland rivers and their tributaries, the state boundaries and the names of the state capitals, the mountain ranges and their highest peaks, the oceans and seas that surround our island continent and the names of the straits and bights along our protracted coastline. I had never seen most of these places. I had never been further west than Orange and Dubbo, nor further east than Sydney, nor further north than Newcastle and Stroud, where my mother's people lived. (Remember, these were the days of postwar petrol rationing and tyres too were scarce, even if we were privileged enough to own a car). But I prided myself on full marks in geography and I used to think it was the greatest joke when other girls drew the Murray River in the middle of Central Australia, or made it flow in the wrong direction, or located Hobart somewhere near Mount Kosciusko. How could you be so stupid as to make a river rise in a desert or put a capital city on the top of our highest peak?

Being brought up in Bathurst, at a time when social distinctions were still consciously preserved, I learned a good deal about the way the inland of New South Wales had been

settled. My father was the librarian at the State high school, but his social position rested to a considerable extent on the fact that he held a diocesan licence as an Anglican lay reader. We would spend Sunday afternoons delivering boxes of books to outlying one teacher State schools – they were strapped to the running boards of our old 1926 Whippet tourer – and my father would then read evensong in some tiny church.

The one I loved to visit most was Holy Trinity, Kelso, on the 'right' and proper bank (the east bank) of the Macquarie River, where the largest estates had been granted or bought over a century earlier by Anglicans and Presbyterians. To the south and west of Bathurst there were still in those days a great many orchards and vegetable farms, on low-lying ground subject to flooding. They were owned largely by persons we never visited, because they were Roman Catholics and their children attended convent schools behind high walls.

Holy Trinity, Kelso, however, was a special place. On a Sunday afternoon, the sun streamed through its stained glass memorial windows and lit up its brass memorial plaques. It was clearly historic. Playing hide and seek with my little brother among the graves, I learned the family names of the pioneers. And that place also provided some entertainment beyond the oft repeated canticles. The great bible on the lectern was so old that it had 'f's where today we write 's's, and on one occasion that completely threw a newly ordained man of somewhat advanced years, whose education was incomplete. The organ then had bellows, which were sometimes worked by the archdeacon's scallywag of a son, later a well-known Anglican headmaster. The bachelor bishop would sometimes play that organ and the archdeacon's son would tease him by leaving him in the lurch, so to speak. It was at Holy Trinity that I first absorbed the history and geography of land settlement west of the Blue Mountains and the social prejudices it had entailed – and the personalities of the clergy. None is infallible, even the highest.

I have a great fear that the history taught in our schools today lacks the geographical perspective of the history I learned at school and absorbed from my childhood. It ignores 'the spirit of place' which only close study and some imagination can discern. As I can well testify, imagination is not a quality induced by hours at a microfilm reader or in the archives or the land titles office, and even less in front of a computer screen. We may be writing local history or family history or biography, or we may be excavating an archaeological or heritage site. But without some sense of urban geography and demography, without some appreciation of how a town or locality like The Rocks or Circular Quay or Bathurst fits into its regional and historical setting, the work can be almost meaningless, except to aficionados. It will certainly get lost in all manner of useless detail. And it will never be readable or memorable.

I know I have been preaching to the converted. But please remember that a sense of place, the '*religio loci*' of a site or region, is one of its most delightful attributes that can so often be overlooked. It needs imagination to conjure it up again. Where it is rediscovered, as on the site of the Conservatorium or the commandant's residence at Port Macquarie, it should be preserved. And we should try to ensure that it is. The politicians won't do that for us. We must do it ourselves.

COMING EVENTS FOR 2003

JANUARY 25TH

AUSTRALIA DAY LUNCHEON

Please note the event, date and venue in your diary.

DATE: Saturday, 25 January 2003

TIME: 12 noon (pre-lunch Drinks) for 1.00 o'clock
Lunch

COST: \$45.00 per person

VENUE: Cello's - The Castlereagh Inn, 169-171
Castlereagh Street, Sydney

DRESS: Lounge suit for gentlemen and smart casual
for ladies.

(All bookings **must** be paid for by THURSDAY,
17 JANUARY 2003-- money or cheques will **not** be
collected at the function).

MARCH 23

Walking Tour of the Rocks/Tour of Susannah Place and
Archaeological Dig

MAY 18

Private tour of: 'Camden Park', home of the Macarthur
family - picnic day

JULY

Soup and Damper Day at First Fleet House

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER

Tour of Central Railway (site of Devonshire St. Cemetery)
- tunnels, ghost platforms, parcels office, clock tower

SEPTEMBER

Bus Tour to Snowy Mountains.

NOVEMBER

Harbour sailing on board James Craig

Further information and details of bookings in coming
editions of *Founders*.

FIRST FLEETER GOODS FOR SALE

New Item: Book Mark (magnify insert) \$3.00, P&H 50c

1 Stationery

First Fleet Ships 'In the Beginning' Christmas & Note
Cards - plain or with verse - \$0.30 each or 10 for \$3.00,
P&H \$2.00

2 Charts and Prints

'Founders of a Nation' Chart - \$11.00, P&H \$5.00
Prints of First Fleet Ships - \$22.00, P&H \$5.00

3 Stickers, Badges and Magnets

Car Stickers and Fridge Magnets - \$1.00, P&H 50 cents
Cloth Badges (Flags, Koala, Kangaroo) - \$2.00,
P&H 50c
First Fleet Cloth Badges - \$5.00, P&H 50 cents
First Fleet Badges - \$5.00, P&H 50 cents
Personal First Fleet Name Badges - can be ordered through
First Fleet House

4 Books

Where First Fleeters Lie - \$22.00, P&H \$5.00
Memorial to a Marine (Tunks) - \$5.00, P&H \$2.00
A Rich Inheritance (Family Tree of Kezia Brown & William

Roberts) - \$20.00, P&H \$7.00

William Broughton & Kennedy - \$10.00, P&H \$5.00

Bellona (Settlers and Convicts 1793) - \$7.00, P&H \$3.00

5 First Fleet T Shirts

Adults (S,M,L - navy, white, or gold - state a second
colour preference) - \$15.00, P&H \$5.00

Children (Sizes 4-12 years - navy, white, or gold - state
a second preference) - \$11.00, P&H \$5.00

6 First Fleet Polo Shirts (New Line)

Adults only (S,M,L - navy, white - state a second colour
preference) - \$30.00, P&H \$5.00

7 First Fleet Windcheaters

Adults (S,M,L,XXL - navy or white - state a second
colour preference) - \$32.00, P&H \$6.00

Children (Sizes 6,8,10,12 - navy or white - state a second
colour preference) - \$19.00, P&H \$6.00

Goods available from:

First Fleet House

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