and assist in establishing guidelines for future action, particularly in regard to
the classification of buildings according to their priority for preservation.
(From the National Trust Bulletin, which adds that further particulars will be
given in a later issue.)

OUT OF THE DARK AGES:
(This brief paragraph, which appeared in the “Sydney Gazette” on 19th July,
1807, is one of the few gleams of light on the dark age of Illawarra history
between Bass’s voyage in 1797 and Evans’s journey in 1812. Probably the birds
were brought to Sydney by cedar-getters.)

Two birds, one of which is still living, were last week brought from the Five
Islands; and they appear to partake equally of the species of cockatoo and parrot.
Their plumage is light olive (sic) with little variation; and on the head, which is
bright red, is placed a crest of the same colour, which when erect assumes a
beautiful appearance. These are the first of the kind that have ever been taken.

CHARCOAL IN THE SIXTIES:

In those far-away days, the blacks were numerous on the South Coast.
Never will I forget their holding of a corroboree on a flat close by the present
railway platform at Unanderra. In England, down in Heartfordshire (sic), I had
been frightened by the gypsies, but those painted blacks, with their spears,
boomerangs, womera, and paddy-melon sticks, made me hide out. Afterwards I
became quite familiar with them and the King, with his half-moon brass token
of royalty. They initiated me in the art of throwing a spear and boomerang.
The spear was a serviceable weapon, which brought to hand many a big fish in
Mullet Creek . . .

Charcoal (now Unanderra - Ed.) was then a lively village about three miles
from Wollongong. A couple of schools, grocer and butcher’s shop, a busy tan
yard, and a public house, made it quite an important place. The name was
brought about by the fact that it was really the headquarters of the charcoal
industry. Charcoal was freely used in those days, and the heavy timber around
that part was just to the making. Those charcoal burners were a tough lot.
Hard workers and mostly hard drinkers. After knock-off time, a wash and
a good tea, it was their custom to assemble at the Charcoal Inn, then kept by
Mr. Woods. My first introduction to them was made one winter evening. The
“dad” was always inclined to have a “nip” in the evening. The night he took
me down I found them a nice lot of old chaps. They sang songs, smoked, and
thoroughly enjoyed their hot grog, with plenty of sugar in it.
— From “Early Illawarra — Reminiscences by Frank Wilkinson (‘Martindale’)”
(Illawarra Mercury, 8th February, 1935.)

HENRIETTA HEATHORNE’S “PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, 1843-44”:
(Continued from the April and May Bulletins, in the former of which a brief note
appeared on the author, a daughter of the manager of the Woodstock Mills at
Jamberoo.)

The heat in summer compelled us to rise early; I was dressed by five, often
earlier. For amusement I took charge of the dairy, hitherto managed by our
cook, Henry, a ticket-of-leave man. Twice a week, before breakfast, I churned
twelve pounds of butter. I also made all the bread for the household, the cook
heating the brick oven with wood, and when the oven was hot enough he swept
out the embers, then pushed in the loaves with a long-handled flat wooden spade.
I think I can still smell the scent of the hot baked bread.

On a Friday there was cake-making, when I would invent new combinations
of ingredients, and with curiosity await the result. How I wish I had written
out the recipes of those good cakes! I could have left both bread and cake-
making and butter-churning to our excellent though eccentric cook, but I, being
young and energetic, found time very dull, and welcomed employment for myself.

Henry the cook was an original. “How did you come to be in New South
Wales, Henry?” I asked of him one day. “All along of exploring, Miss.” Exploring,
I don’t understand.” “Well, this was the way of it, Miss. I was one of an exploring
party in a big park one night, and we came upon a house and wanted to see
what was inside of it. So in we went, but not by the front door. And whilst we
was looking over beautiful silver things there was a noise and a barkin’ of dogs
— and another exploring party comes in, but they wasn’t our friends, and I got