A GRANT AND A JOB

We are glad to say that the Society has received from Wollongong City Council a grant of $20,000.00. This will enable us to employ a professional part-time Museum curator for twelve months.

The curator’s duties will be primarily the conservation and cataloguing of our many exhibits, extending to display and exhibition work. Anyone interested should contact Mrs. McCarthy at (042)29 8225.

This will in no way affect our volunteer supervisors, whose dedication to manning the Museum during opening hours is very much appreciated, and will be needed as much as ever.

CANBERRA IS STILL ON

Although we have not enough starters to warrant the hiring of a full sized bus the Council decided that a 24 seater mini-bus should be chartered. This has been done, and there are still a few vacancies.

Because of the smaller numbers travelling, the cost per person will be greater. $95.00 per person instead of $85.00. In other ways the costs will be as stated in the April Bulletin. i.e. the $95.00 will include coach fare, dinner, bed and breakfast, but Sunday lunch and admission charges (if any) will be extra.

If you have already booked, please ring Mrs. McCarthy (29 8225) and confirm that you still wish to go on the excursion notwithstanding the increased cost.

RESTORATION OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

One of Wollongong’s oldest surviving buildings, the Congregational Church, built in 1857, has been undergoing restoration for the past nine months and is due for re-dedication on 14th August. For the past six months the Church has been attempting to keep the building open to the public between 11 a.m. and 1.00 p.m. on week-days and hopes to continue this policy.

SMALL COMMUNITIES

My mother used to tell a story to illustrate how people knew, or at least knew about, other people in early days, even as late as the years about World War II. This was when we lived on The Hill, as Smith’s Hill was usually called, but it must have been true of all other small communities.

She told how the bus was standing silently at the terminus in Cliff Road, with one passenger in desultory conversation with the driver, until the next passenger got in, bursting with glum news. “Did you hear about poor old Mr So-and-so?” “No! What happened?” The story came out: shaving, he was, when without a murmur he dropped stone dead. Commiserations followed, of course, until consolation was found in the old philosophical cliche: “Oh well, it’s a good way to go!” The bus gained many new passengers, all with the same topic of conversation, and moved off. And at each subsequent stop, as new passengers embarked, the conversation went on: “Terrible thing about poor old Mr So-and-so!” “Why, what happened?”, and so on through to “Well, it’s a good way to go!”