away and took a cold bath.' 'A cold bath!' I exclaimed in bewilderment. 'Yet Miss; a cold bath, and it was in a water-butt quite convenient, and the water was very deep and come up to my chin, and there the enemy found me. The enemy was in uniform, and dragged me out and put bracelets on my wrist and was very nasty altogether; and I made a voyage with friends of mine right out to this country, and here I am, a-cooking for your Pa and Ma and you, Miss and a-raisin' of ducks and fowls. It ain't such a bad life, after all; but it was a grim one, you bet, before I got my ticket-of-leave.'

This account, interpreted, was that Henry had been caught in England robbing a house at night, and had been sentenced to transportation to New South Wales for seven or fourteen years.

One day Henry was seen by a friend of ours at Kiama seven miles from the mills. 'What are you doing here?' said our friend. 'Ought not you to be cooking your master's dinner?' 'Well, that's it; but I just felt I wanted a doff, so I came here to get a taste of freedom. It'll do the old gentleman good to go without his dinner. He's been getting a deal too stout lately.'

IN THE GRAND MANNER:

Miss Grizel Gray, of Walmer, Kent, a grand-daughter of Lawrence Hargrave, has very kindly presented to the Society a number of photographs and other items connected with the Hargrave family. It is proposed to put these on display when they have been suitably arranged and mounted.

Miss Gray also forwarded a copy of the Annual Report of the Deal and Walmer Local History Society, of which she is a committee member. The report of the Society we have heard of before — none other than Sir Robert Menzies, K.T., etc., etc., Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, whose official residence is Walmer Castle. During the year the Society staged an exhibition which was opened by the Duke of Wellington (the great Duke having also been Lord Warden) and on a recent excursion followed the route taken by King Canute (1017-1035). This is local history in the grand manner — What chance have we got?

IT MUST BE TRUE — IT WAS IN THE PAPER:

'Wollongong Council and the city Chamber of Commerce are continuing to be frustrated in their efforts to produce an acceptable plan for the development of Puckey's Estate . . . Last Sunday afternoon while driving along Squires Road my husband . . . indicated to me the sandhill and surrounding area which he said the local 'hysterical' society wants retained in its natural state' . . . And no doubt it was the Natural History Society which commemorated the sesquicentenary of settlement in Illawarra by opening a historical museum. As for the witicism, don't sneer — you may be old, feeble and yourself some day.

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'Figtree received its name from a figtree planted 155 years ago near the road leading south . . .'

The planting was performed on Arbor Day, 1812, by Good King Hocks, who then drove off in a carriage drawn by four white kangaroos along a road lined with cheering crowds, while a band played patriotic airs on saw-mill didgeridoos. Then the Historiographer-Royal of the Durrawol tribe set up a bat tablet with a suitable inscription recording the event — and the date.

CALLING BARRY JONES:

Everyone knows Burelli Street, but who or what was Burelli? Was he an aboriginal, a mountain, a small species of wallyab, an exiled Italian Count or Wollongong's first fruiterer? (Answer next month.)