1. The Cape was named after Captain Washington Baily, Hydrographer, Royal Australian Navy.
2. The lighthouse was so named because it was erected at the Cape.
3. It was erected in 1950 and shone its first beacon on 21st December of that year.

BOTTLE COLLECTORS:

The Bottle Collectors’ Review: Six issues per year, is available from P.O. Box 35, Upper Mt. Gravat, Queensland 4122; 60 cents per issue.

MUSEUMS:

Museums have recently been opened at Murrumbah and Yass, whilst Braidwood Society is working to that end. That at Yass carries the title “Hamilton Hume Museum”.

BURNIE MUSEUM, TASMANIA:

The Burnie Folk Museum is a whole village street. Our Canberra contemporary recommends a visit to all who are going to Tasmania.

BEGA MUSEUM:

This Museum has now moved to the old Police Station in Gipps Street.

THE ILLAWARRA DISTRICT:

From Cassell’s Picturesque Australia, Volume 4, Edited by E. E. Morris (London, 1889):

In luxuriance of vegetation and richness of soil the Illawarra district stands first in the colony. It is exquisitely situated, and has pleasantly-varied climate. The district consists of a narrow strip of coast country, beginning a few miles to the south of Sydney, lying between the coast ranges, and extending southwards for a distance of about sixty miles. To show its importance from an agricultural point of view, it may be stated that on a low estimate over half a million cows are milked daily within its area. Many of the prosperous and clean-looking farms are the property of the farmers themselves, whilst others are rented from wealthy resident landlords. The native grasses are abundant in the paddocks, which in some instances have been rendered more valuable by the judicious sowing of English grasses. The farmers are thrifty and well-to-do; the farms and dairies are models of cleanliness, and present a pleasing picture; and so favourable are the conditions that during the summer Sydney dealers are able to buy their butter at from 3d. to 6d. per pound. The district has long been famous also for its coal-mining operations, but more especially the strike at Newcastle in 1888, which resulted in an enormous increase in the Illawarra output.
Now that the Illawarra railway section has been completed, communication is established between Sydney, Wollongong and Kiama. formerly, residents on the southern coast had to leave the train at Clifton and take the coach to Waterfall; and although this drive may now be avoided, it is so full of loveliness that no one who devotes the extra time to it can help feeling fully compensated.

Leaving Sydney by the early train, one passes through Eveleigh, Hurstville, and Marrickville, with their closely-packed workmen's cottages. Soon Arncliffe and Tempe are reached, where a charming country is traversed, flat at first, with clear, bright sand and a fair slope to the sea. The scenery soon changes from flats to gently sloping downs; or rises, as at Arncliffe, to a bold sandstone formation, rich in flowers and forest growth. At Como there is a glorious view of St. George's river, with its numerous creeks and bays. Past Sutherland, Loftus, and Heathcote, in less than an hour the train reaches Waterfall. Two five-horse coaches are here waiting for passengers. The village is not imposing. It apparently possesses but four houses — the Heathcote Hotel, a store, bakery, and refreshment rooms where "tea, coffee, cocoa, and summer drinks are provided, with first-rate cigars." The falls from which the village is named are two miles from the station. One has a descent of 110 feet; and a fine view can be had of the forest in the Valley Creek, extending beyond Port Hacking.

It was half an hour before the luggage and passengers were stowed away, and the coach only started when it was found impossible to cram anything else upon it. One passenger reckoned that there were over three tons on the vehicle and absolutely refused to take the trip, preferring a buggy to the discomforts and dangers of a stage-coach. I procured a fairly good seat on the roof, where we sat five a side, although the coach could not hold more than three on each side with any degree of comfort. The drive lasted exactly an hour, and presented a series of pictures which gave fair promise of the glorious scenery so abundant in the Illawarra district. At intervals the rocky fastnesses are broken by deep valleys, in which the cabbage-tree palms are seen in profusion. The abundance of these is one of the features of the district. The clematis and other creepers are entwined from tree to tree, and in the midst of the wealth of foliage the graceful fronds of large tree-ferns may be seen, while the nakedness of the trunks of the innumerable gum-trees is relieved by the staghorn or bird's-nest fern.

The road wound so much that it almost made one giddy; nor did one gain consolation from the remark of a fellow-traveller as we arrived at a very narrow portion of the road, having on either side a precipitous bank — "I guess this coach would sail down there if she once got a start". The bush-flowers were in all their beauty, a perfect blaze of colour being presented by a species of golden heather; bush-lilies were also abundant.
The "birdless bush" bore out its reputation, for not a feather of any sort could be seen during the drive. After leaving Waterfall the road rises to the summit of Mount Westmacott. Delicious shade is afforded by the trees, whose branches overhang the road. The Bulli and Wollongong road is left, and we turn sharply, catching sight of Camp Creek, where some little time ago an immense camp was formed for the navvies who were working on the railway.

The climax of beauty awaits us as we find ourselves at the top of Bald Hill. A fresh sea-breeze salutes us; at our feet the white-crested waves of the Pacific rush merrily by until they break on the sands. The coast-line stretches from Port Hacking Point on the north to Five Islands on the south. One can make out the positions of the Coal Cliff mine, the Bulli jetty, the sands of Wollongong, with its lighthouse; and not far to the south of Wollongong is the Tom Thumb Lagoon. Again, further south are Charcoal and Dapto, and Bong Bong and Saddleback, two well-known landmarks. A ripple of foam marks the edges of the Five Islands, which at one time were probably joined to the mainland. These islands, which are uninhabited, form a conspicuous mark south of Wollongong. It was at sunset that we saw this magnificent panorama, which will not soon be forgotten. It is all the more impressive as the road gives a sudden turn, and the whole scene is brought before one in an instant.

The driver was no lover of the picturesque, and drove on at a spanking trot past the late Judge Hargrave's house. A small navvies' camp next attracted attention — a few hurriedly-constructed tents, which a strong wind would bring down with a run (three or four were lying on the ground as we passed, the owners sitting outside smoking their pipes quite unconcernedly); then we saw the railway cutting and the entrance to the Bald Hill Tunnel, noticed the spot where a landslip took place, destroying the labour of months, and at last drew up at a temporary railway station. Here ended our journey by coach.

Having taken train, a five minutes' run through a tunnel and luxuriant glen brings us to Clifton. This village boasts of a church, a School of Arts, with library, a Public School, and an hotel; it is magnificently situated at the foot of the Illawarra Range, and has fine views over the coast. The population mostly consists of miners, of whom about one hundred and fifty find employment at the adjacent Coal Cliff mine. On visiting the mine, one realises the immense value of the property. The wages of the men are so high as to preclude any likelihood of strikes, such as have been prevalent in northern collieries, for they average from twelve to sixteen shillings a day. The pier for coal-trucks is much exposed to easterly gales. Since its construction it has been twice destroyed, and fears are entertained that it may be some day swept away by a strong wind from that quarter. Fortunately heavy easterly gales are rare.