boys' trousers. The next sister was a teacher of sewing in the Tech, prior to her marriage, and the last two girls were dressmakers.

Other simple pleasures they enjoyed would be a walk to the Lighthouse, to Lighthouse beach for a swim—and a long hot walk back home—a bike ride up one of the mountains and to visit with friends.

(To be continued)

JIGS ON THE GREEN

Mention in the July Bulletin of Wollongong's Green—the Showground—brought back to me a story I used to hear about this place where Wollongong's athletic contests were held, in the 1890s and thereabouts. Bar one, the local champion in those days was Dr. Timothy Lee's son, then a medical student who became well known, within living memory, as Dr. Harry. He was a great all-rounder at cricket, and as fast as a hare at running. But all his flexing of muscles, his rubbing in of liniments, his professional running shoes, silk running shorts (of respectable knee length) and other accoutrements and training could not topple the one person who could outdistance Harry Lee, on long runs, short runs, or middling ones. That person was young Bob Dodd. When it came to a race, Bob had no training or fancy equipment; he would remove whatever footwear he was wearing, and roll his trouser-legs up to his knees so that, bare-footed, he could show Harry Lee who was the better runner of the two. Harry could beat all other comers, but Bob could beat Harry, and he did so consistently for as long as they engaged in sports. The Green was the scene of many a victory and good-natured bantering.

Bob Dodd was quite a remarkable person who was very much a town identity. A coal-trimmer by occupation—today he would perhaps be classified as a waterside worker—and a man of not much schooling, he was nevertheless well read, and by his own efforts educated himself quite highly. The man you would see coming home from work had his face all blackened by coal-dust except for prominent whites of eyes standing out from the sooty visage; and he would have a sugar bag containing crib-tin and billycan thrown over one shoulder surmounted by a pointed shovel kept silvery by the black mineral he shovelled into the holds of collier ships. Next time you would see him he would be cleaned up a bit, but still be no fashion-plate as he talked to fishermen at the harbour. Indeed, I seem to recall that old Bob owned a launch or two. Most of the professional fishermen were Italians, so Bob taught himself Italian and could jabber away in Italian as fast as the best of them. In later years he travelled overseas, but enjoyed Italy most of all. Though he could make himself understood wherever he went, his was not classical Italian; but he came into his own when he visited the waterfronts and fishing ports of Italy, because he could talk the dialects of the men he met there. This was only one aspect of an extraordinarily
wide range of interests. Even as a boy I used to like talking to him, and there was never any doubt about the meaning of whatever he said, because he repeated nearly everything he uttered, "It's a lovely day," he would remark; "I say, it's a lovely day."

There came a time when presumably memories of past triumphs on the Green were a bit much for old Bob. This was about the beginning of Hitler's War, an occasion when sports were held for some fund-raising purpose. Bob must have been seventy or so by then. Amongst serious races there were some novelty events, and in due course the Old Buffer's race was called on, for people sixty-five and over. The contestants were just lining up their pot-bellies when a shout came from the side-lines. "Hey, I want to be in that!" It was Bob Dodd.

He shuffled onto the track, one hand greedily gripping his walking-stick for support, the other pressed into the small of his back to help him hobble along. Sniggering in the crowd did not deter him; the race was held up, to some rather evident signs of annoyance, while old Bob prepared himself. He was supported while his aching back bent to remove his sand-shoes and socks, and he rolled his pants to the knee as of old. Calling again for his walking stick, he lined up to start.

The runners were on their marks. They were ready and set—and just waiting for the starting-pistol when old Bob sent his walking-stick flying high into the air, and crouched quickly into a professional pose as the pistol went off; and he darted forward, seemingly as nimble as ever, his bare white feet positively flashing in the sunlight. His speed, and perhaps a sense of shock on the part of his opponents, left them almost standing at the starting-line as old Bob flew into the tape at the finishing line, just as if he had Dr. Harry pounding after him. The wily old boy enjoyed his little joke even more than his win.

—Edgar Beale.

OBITUARY

It is with great regret that we record the early death of Miss Beth Sciffer, one of our most regular and faithful Museum workers. Miss Sciffer held the position of Acting Principal of Coniston Public School, and was also a very active worker for St. Mark's Anglican Church, West Wollongong. In all these capacities she will be greatly missed.

The Society extends sincere sympathy to her family.

SUPERVISOR WANTED

As always, the Museum needs more supervisors. In particular, Mrs. McCarthy would be glad to hear from someone who would be willing to act as supervisor on the first Sunday of each month.

Supervisors are also reminded that the Museum will be open on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays during January.