

THE Cedar Log

Issue No 167 – March 2026

Richmond-Tweed Family History Society Inc.

Ballina NSW Australia



Three generations of teachers: (L to R) — Dominique ISAAC, Fiona PEREIRA, Colin SUMMERS. Colin won first prize in our *School Days* Writing Competition. Colin's and other entries are printed in this issue, and we thank and congratulate all the authors.

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We acknowledge the Bundjalung people as the Traditional Custodians of the land and rivers where this journal is produced. We pay respect to their elders past and present and honour their culture, history and tradition of storytelling.

Richmond-Tweed Family History Society Inc.

(Incorporated in New South Wales)

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Editorial - By Carmel Crosby

Welcome to 2026 and all it might bring in your family history discoveries. The *Marie Hart Library* is filled with wonderful resources, which are regularly added to, so come in and see what inspiration you might find. Having computer access to sites like *Ancestry*, *FindMyPast* and *Family Search Affiliate* can allow you to find records from all over the world, all for just the price of your membership.



This issue we have eight articles, which were entries in our **2025 Writing Competition on School Days**. Prize winners were announced in our December 2025 journal and are listed above their story in this journal. Many thanks to members and others, who entered the competition.

We have lots of **photos** inside from our 2025 Christmas lunch and also from the society's visit to the *Ballina Museum* at Pimlico. There will be more excursions organised this year, so keep an eye out for announcements.

The first two **fundraising BBQs** for 2026 will be held at Bunnings, Ballina, on Sundays 26 April and 21 June. We welcome any assistance on the day so please volunteer if possible.

The Editorial Team is Stepping Down - This will be the final issue of *The Cedar Log*, where I am the editor, and Liz **Marshall** and Judy **Cosgrove** are assistant editors. It has been a great experience over the past 5 years to learn how to edit a journal and to work with two wonderful assistants. My thanks go to them for always being there and to the many members who contributed articles for the journal, especially those who write regular features.

Deb Warren, who joined our society in 2025, has kindly agreed to step into the role of editor. She has been learning the ropes, so to speak, on this edition, and I will be her assistant for the coming issues. If anyone would like to volunteer for the role of assistant editor, please contact us on the editor's email. This role involves checking articles for errors and generally helping when needed.

I hope members continue to support the journal and our new editor in the future.

2025 RTFHS WRITING COMPETITION

FIRST PLACE

A Legacy in the Classroom: Four Generations of Teachers

By Colin Summers – Member 154

Some families pass down heirlooms: a recipe, a quilt, or a piece of jewellery. The Summers family has passed down something far less tangible, but infinitely more enduring — a love of Teaching. For almost a century, across four generations, they have stood at the front of classrooms, guiding students, building communities, and shaping lives. From country schools in the 1920s to the vibrant classrooms of today, their story is as much about family as it is about education.

Vida Summers (née Cottee) — The First Spark

Born in 1907 in Lismore, Vida **Cottee** was part of a generation of women who were beginning to step into professions that could reshape their futures. At just 19, she entered Sydney Teachers' College (1926 – 1927), a bold move for her time.

Vida's teaching career took her to Tweed Heads and Tenterfield, where she taught in small rural schools in the New South Wales (NSW) public school system. These were communities that relied on resourcefulness, resilience, and a deep sense of connection between teacher and student. In December 1935, Vida resigned to marry, as was the expectation for many women then.



Vida Cottee standing next to the pin oak trees in the playground of Tenterfield Public School on 6 February 1935

Although her professional life in teaching was brief, her passion for education didn't fade. The values she held — discipline, care, and service — would live on in her children and grandchildren, planting the seed for a teaching tradition that would last generations.

Colin Bruce Summers: A Craftsman at Heart

Vida's son, Colin, born in 1941, carried her legacy forward. After studying at Newcastle Teachers' College, NSW, (1959 – 1960), he began his career at West Wyalong Intermediate School in 1961. Just a year later, he was briefly at Orange High School before receiving urgent instructions to report to Bathurst High School “without delay.”

At Bathurst, Colin was handed a daunting mix of classes — science, general mathematics, and industrial arts. By 1963, he focused entirely on industrial arts, where his steady hands and practical mindset found their home. For 14 years, he guided students in woodwork, metalwork, and design, instilling skills that would serve them long after graduation.

In January 1978, Colin moved his young family to Ballina, NSW, where he taught at Ballina High School until 1995. His two daughters, Fiona and Maria, also attended the school, graduating in 1987 and 1989 respectively — a proud overlap of family and career. Even then, Colin wasn't finished. From 1996 to mid-1998, he taught at Southern Cross K-12 School, also in Ballina, covering industrial arts, home science, and even distance education.

Colin's career reflected adaptability, craftsmanship, and community. More than that, it demonstrated to his children — and later grandchildren — that teaching was not just a job, but a way of life.

Fiona Pereira (née Summers): Building Communities

Colin's elder daughter, Fiona, born in 1969, grew up steeped in her father's dedication to education. After graduating from Ballina High School in 1987, she chose her own path into teaching.

She studied a Bachelor of Education (Primary) with Honours, followed by a Master of Education at the University of Sydney. Her career began at Rozelle Public School, in Sydney, a tiny community of just four teachers and 82 students. After six

years there, she transferred to St Andrews Public School, at St Andrews, near Campbelltown in south western Sydney, where she remained for 20 years.

For Fiona, teaching and family blended beautifully — her three children walked the same school halls she taught in, creating a shared experience that strengthened her connection to the school community. Along the way, she continued her own studies, completing a Graduate Diploma of Modern Languages in Korean at the University of Queensland in 2013.

Now an Assistant Principal at Sarah Redfern Public School, Minto, (in south western Sydney, not far from St Andrews) for the past five years, Fiona's career reflects both dedication and growth. Like her father and grandmother before her, she embodies the belief that schools are not just places of learning, but places of belonging.

Dominique Isaac: The New Chapter

From Colin's younger daughter came the fourth generation of educators: Dominique **Isaac**, born in 1999. Inspired by the family's tradition, but determined to make her own mark, Dominique completed a Bachelor of Arts/Secondary Education in 2023. That same year, she began teaching PDHPE (Personal Development, Health and Physical Education) and Dance at Sefton High School, in western Sydney.

Her career represents the energy and diversity of modern teaching. While her great-grandmother taught in rural schools with chalk and slate, Dominique teaches with technology, creativity, and an emphasis on physical wellbeing and the arts. She is part of a generation of teachers who understand that education is about nurturing the whole person — mind, body, and spirit.

As she steps into her career, Dominique carries with her not just her own passions but the weight of a family tradition nearly 100 years strong.

More Than a Career: A Family Thread

Across four generations, the Summers family has devoted their lives to teaching. Each walked into classrooms that looked different from the last — small country schools, bustling regional high schools, inner-city primaries, and multicultural

modern campuses. Yet all shared the same mission: to guide, inspire, and support young people.

The thread that binds their stories is family influence. Vida lit the first spark. Colin carried it through with decades of craft and care. Fiona expanded it with community, raising her own children alongside her students. And Dominique now takes it forward, fresh, modern, and ready to inspire in her own way.

In the Summers family, teaching is not just a profession — it is a legacy. A legacy that proves influence doesn't stop at the classroom door but passes lovingly from one generation to the next and hopefully for generations to come.



Distribution of *The Cedar Log*

Due to increased postage costs, we will be distributing the paper copy of the journal to members in the local area (Lismore, Ballina, South Ballina, Lennox Head, Evans Head and Bangalow) as follows: -

- Journals will be available at the monthly meeting, in the Ballina Players Theatre, in the month the journal is published - March, June, September and December (at the Christmas party)
- Uncollected journals will be placed in the *Marie Hart Library* where they can be collected by members during opening hours in the month following this meeting
- Any journals still uncollected will be taken back to the following monthly meeting for possible collection by members. Remaining uncollected journals will be hand-delivered, where possible, or posted. The uncollected December journals will be posted in the week before Christmas

Please collect your journal if possible.



RTFHS WRITING COMPETITION 2025

SECOND PLACE

Perks of Schooling in the Days of Old

by Peter Pine

What words come to mind when you think of schooling in the 1950s? Globite, ink-well, tuck shop, homework, parsing, free milk!

Ah yes, the free milk. The Menzies government in 1951 introduced a free milk to schoolchildren program; all children in all states under the age of 13 received a one-third pint of milk in glass bottles sealed with a thin aluminium foil top. One twist of the top usually dislodged it. The glass bottles, incidentally, were returned to the crates, picked up by the supplier and recycled.



Free Milk for School Children, Australian Capital Territory – 1965. Photographer Mike Brown. Image courtesy of the National Archives of Australia. NAA: A1200, L52519

In an East Lismore boys' school known to the writer, the milk was dumped in the school yard earlier in the morning and students marched out to consume it at "playtime" in the yard. It was a common trick to leave the lid in place and prick it with a thorn on a rose bush nearby. Then, by blowing into the hole and increasing the pressure, a thin stream of milk would spurt out of the bottle when held up high and directed into the recipient's mouth. Ah, the tricks of school boys!

The lids also became very useful for creative school boys. The lids had either a single blue stripe across the top, or a series of red stripes. The lids, once removed, were placed on the cement and stamped upon to flatten them. The result was a flat, aluminium disc with coloured stripes one side and plain the other. "I'll play you five up mate!" was a common cry. Each player would supply five of their tops, one boy would throw them up against the wall and the thrower would call "tops" or "bottoms". So those that turned up the way of the call became the possession of the caller. Ah, small discs of aluminium were very valuable in the 1950s! Could this have been two-up DNA in the bones of the war-time children?

As explained, the milk was often delivered well ahead of the time of consumption and was often warm. Some school children claim to have been put off milk for life by being forced to consume warm milk. A not-so-fond memory was the school mate who brought up his milk in class on just the day it was delivered with green colouring. The odious puddle even flowed under the partition into the next classroom! That is an image burnt onto the memory banks!

Those who developed a love-hate relationship with the milk were relieved when the Whitlam government cancelled the free milk program in 1973. The Whitlam government cited the high cost, and the assertion that the nutritional benefits of milk are minimal beyond the age of seven years, as reasons for cancelling the program. Those of an opposite opinion cited cases of deprived children who gained weight and health under the program and performed better in school.

News flash; the debate goes on! A campaign has been commenced lately by some citizens to re-introduce free milk for school children. What would be your vote?

RootsTech March 2026

This conference, hosted by *FamilySearch*, is occurring again on 5 – 7 March 2026. It is free for online viewers and has a wide range of topics so follow the link to register <https://www.familysearch.org/en/rootstech/registration/online/>

If you can't wait until then, hundreds of recordings from past years are available on the site and can be accessed now at:-

<https://www.familysearch.org/en/rootstech/library>

RTFHS WRITING COMPETITION 2025

THIRD PLACE

School Days

by Jill McCann – Member 1010

I once wrote that I came from a long line of illiterate peasants, and this was certainly the case until the late 19th century. From the early 20th century, however, my tree contains more schoolteachers than members of any other trade or profession.

My father was one of them, and before him was his mother's cousin, known to him as "Liddy"

Liddy (Elizabeth) born in 1886, was the fifth of John and Esther **White's** seven children – all girls except for their brother Sonny, who was to die at the age of 37.

John White was a cedar cutter in the Boorie Creek area of the Big Scrub, near Lismore. Elizabeth was a bright child who attended the Lismore Public School and then seems to have been recruited when very young to be a pupil/teacher.

This was not long after Lismore became a "Superior School" – a primary school that was extended to provide general secondary education, and some vocational education, in communities where there was no secondary school.

Sydney Teachers' College opened in 1906 and before this there were two training colleges – Hurlstone Residential college for women and Fort Street High School for men. This was a long way from Lismore, and indeed from country NSW, where the pupil/teacher scheme continued to operate into the 1920s.

*"Pupil teachers received instruction from the head teacher before or after school and in some cases also on Saturdays. During the day they were responsible for instructing lower classes under the supervision of the teacher, although at times they assumed sole responsibility. They received a minimal salary, which was less than the average farm labourer's wage, and 5 to 6 weeks annual holiday"**

In 1903, the Lismore Superior School had an enrolment of 441 girls with a Principal, 4 teachers and 3 pupil teachers. #Liddy later recalled that class sizes sometimes reached 72, and that she was paid 9 shillings and 4 pence per week (that's about \$32 in today's money).

Clearly, while they were young and enthusiastic, they were shamefully exploited.

An examination of a School Prizes list from Lismore in 1892 gives an understanding of what was being taught. The boys' prizes were for "Plain writing, Mapping, Drawing (animal or figure) and Specimen of letter asking for employment". Girls' prizes were for "Plain Writing, Mapping, Drawing (landscape), Fancy Needlework, Plain Needlework, Six buttonholes, Darning a pair of cotton stockings and Specimen of a letter to a Friend."

In a short essay written in 1981, Liddy recalled that uniforms were not worn to school, but conventional dress, with lace up shoes or buttoned boots. Boys generally didn't wear shoes at all until they went to High School. In Lismore, that would have meant cold feet on very frosty mornings. She described the games that children played in the playground – "rounders, prisoner's base, cricket, hide and seek, hopscotch, marbles and jacks (made from pig's knuckles)". Some of these are familiar from my 1950s school days but I wonder how many of them are commonplace today?

Liddy was a teacher for 61 years. In the 1930s she was Mistress of the South Lismore Infants Department, and she was teaching in Bangalow in the 1950s. By this time, she was well past the official retirement age.

One of her pupils from those days remembers her well. She wrote:

"My kindergarten teacher and favourite teacher of all time was Miss White at Bangalow Public School. She used to arrive by Kirkland's bus, driven by Teddy **Spears** from Byron Bay every morning. I used to watch her preparing for class...she spent time drawing on the blackboard, practising songs on the piano, making work sheets on the hand driven copier and preparing paints for class."

This student later won a National Award for University Teaching, and she says that she "felt the love of teaching was what I learnt watching Miss White drawing the day, the date, birds and flowers on the blackboard."

Any of us who have been teachers would be thrilled to think that we had been so inspirational.

Liddy was more than inspirational for my father – he credited her with helping him to survive his first years of teaching.



*Norman John (known as Bill)
Gleeson, Principal, Dubbo High School
(1965 -1973)*

My father, Bill **Gleeson** (pictured left), won a Teachers' College Scholarship to the University of Sydney after doing his Leaving Certificate at Lismore High School in 1928. Such scholarships were highly prized – Dad would rather have been a lawyer, but for bright-but-poor country boys these scholarships were the only means to a tertiary education.

He graduated with a B.A. Dip Ed (Bachelor of Arts and Diploma of Education) in 1933, and awaited an appointment to a school, but it didn't happen. The Great Depression was at its height, and the Government, like every other employer in the country, was making staffing cuts. He returned home to Lismore and tried to earn some money. First, he painted his grandmother's fence. Then he went to his uncle's dairy farm – a job that gave

him a lifelong loathing of cows and milk.

Then the Education Department found him a job. With a degree in English and History, and a bit of Philosophy and Latin, he would have expected to teach High School. Instead, he was sent to The Channon, a small school in the hills about 12 miles from Lismore. He was one of two teachers responsible for about 60 children, divided into two age groups. He taught the 5 to 8 year-olds.

These were the children of farm labourers and dairy farmers. Many of them came to school having already risen at 4am to muster cows for milking before catching the bus or riding their bikes or horses to school. He recalled they sometimes fell asleep at their desks, and having so recently done those jobs himself, he let them sleep.

It is an irony that Bill, with his university education, came to rely heavily during his two years at The Channon, on his cousin Liddy, who was by this time Mistress

in charge of the Infants at Bill's old school, South Lismore Public. He would call and see her most evenings when he returned from The Channon and discuss his day, and his lesson plans for the next one.

From The Channon, Bill went next to Woodburn and Quirindi (both Central Schools with secondary students) and then into full High Schools for the remainder of his career. He became Principal of Dubbo High School in 1965 and retired from there in 1973.

Because we lived in country towns with only one school, both my older sister and I were in classes taught by my father. We were lucky – he was a great classroom teacher. He also became a wise and thoughtful administrator who was much loved by students and colleagues. The boy who hadn't really wanted to be a teacher enriched the profession by his 40 years of service.

References:

* Tania Aspland. *Changing Patterns of Teacher Education in Australia*. Education Research and Perspectives, Vol133, No. 2, 2006 The University of the Sunshine Coast.

Northern Star 23 September 1903

^Private correspondence



2026 MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

If you haven't already done so, please renew your membership as soon as possible. *The Cedar Log* is not sent to unfinancial members after March, and you will miss out on all the other benefits that membership brings.

Please complete a Membership Form, even if you have done so before. They were sent out in December and are also available when paying in person at the monthly meetings or at the *Marie Hart Library*. Payment can be made via bank direct debit or by cash or cheque at the *Marie Hart Library* or at the Saturday afternoon meeting.

Bank details. BSB: 637 000. Account No: 720036355
Name: Richmond -Tweed Family History Soc. Inc.
Reference: Enter "Subs", surname and member number

RTFHS WRITING COMPETITION 2025

HIGHLY COMMENDED

More Education is Better

by Hazel Davidson

I grew up in a coal mining family in the Hunter Valey. My parents, uncles and Aunts had little formal education and all the men were underground coal miners. My dad had had to leave school early and ‘go down the pit’ to support his parents and younger siblings because his father was ill and could no longer work.

I was aware from a very young age the relative powerlessness that comes from marginal literacy. By the time I was eight years old, my mother always got me to write any necessary notes to my teacher because she felt ashamed of her writing skills. She always said, ‘You write it. You can do it better than I can.’

Then as an adult my husband’s job as a metallurgist took us to remote mining towns of the Northern Territory (NT) and Western Australia (WA) and introduced me to the even greater literacy problems faced by many Aboriginal and NESB (Non-English-Speaking-Background) people. I was fired with the desire to do something to help but had no appropriate specialist training and no idea of where to start. (I was trained as a French and Latin teacher!)

Consequently, when my husband and I, with our three kids, left the Territory and moved to Melbourne, I took advantage of the city facilities and did my first TESOL training (Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages). This stood me and the community in good stead when we moved to another remote mining centre in the Pilbara region of WA. It was here that I became aware of the serious dearth of reading materials suitable for adults approaching English print from scratch. By the time we moved, first to a Central Queensland mining town and then to Brisbane, where I taught for decades in the college of Technical and Further Education (TAFE), my frustration at my inability to find suitable reading materials for my low-level ESL (English as a Second Language) students led me to the conclusion that the only solution was to write some myself. I teamed up with a similar-minded ESL colleague, Dorothy Court, who had the additional invaluable ability to illustrate in a meaningful way: not just to decorate the page but to convey meaning.

We wanted to introduce our students to information about Australia, which they could not readily access because of the limitations imposed by their English skills:

- their inability to understand spoken English was limited and allowed them to extract very little meaning from TV or radio and
- they couldn't read English, which cut them off from most information in books or on the internet.

Therefore, we wanted them to learn to read as proficiently as possible.

We decided to start with the early history of Europeans in Australia and produced *The Great South Land*. At this stage the project seemed to take on a life of its own. We had intended to produce one reader but finished up with three graded texts in a single volume, gradually increasing in information, vocabulary and complexity of the sentence structure. We also wrote a separate volume of worksheets at the three levels, plus an audio cassette.

After *The Great South Land*, we began to draw on the Davidson experiences in remote Australia. Our family had been fascinated by our contact with Aboriginal people in the Territory. I had spent countless hours in the bush and on the beach with the Aboriginal women when our kids were little, learning about the plants and animals, the skills and customs of the local people. This was one of the most intellectually stimulating periods of my life. The cultural differences between modern, urban Anglo-Celtic Australians and traditional Aborigines were immense – greater than I encountered in my decades of teaching immigrants. I also learnt that all groups of people included those who were friendly, thoughtful and considerate, and a small minority who were selfish and/or violent towards others.

The First Australians was born, using the Davidson family photo albums as a reference point. Dorothy and I set out to give our students reading practice and at the same time, information about the culture and skills of my Aboriginal friends. By this stage, we found Adult Literacy teachers were also interested, because the content fitted their syllabus and could be used by students whose reading and language skills did not cope easily with more traditional textbooks.



RTFHS WRITING COMPETITION 2025

How Fortunate Can One Be?

By John Fraser – Member 886



In 1938 my father sold his dairy farm at Mt Broughton near Moss Vale so that his children could attend the Public School. My brother David commenced school in 1939. I started school, in Miss **Lloyd's** Kindergarten class, the following year. She was a lovely, soft-hearted lady who made me feel very happy. I had four great mates with whom I spent much of my time. We played together at school, walked to and from school, visited each other's homes and attended Sunday School at weekends. Although I only knew them for a few years, I still remember them well, (Micky **Smith**, Ronny **Winch**, Billy **South** and Robert **Dawson**). From Kindergarten I moved to what was

called 'Lower Second' with my next teacher, Miss **Smith**, in 1941. She was a great friend of my mother and married Dad's good friend Dick **Fluke**, our butcher. I spent two years in Mrs Fluke's class where I progressed well before having one term in Third Class.

In 1943 I spent two terms at Leura Public School, while living with my mother's parents in their Guest House. My two brothers, Allan and David lived with other relatives and friends. Our parents had separated at that time, which was most disappointing. However, we did keep in contact as much as possible. My two terms at Leura were not ideal, however I was well looked after with many relatives and neighbours making me feel loved. After I left Leura many of my friends from there wrote to me regularly.

On leaving Leura in October 1943, I was sent to Carlingford Church of England Boys Home, as was my brother, David. My younger brother, Allan, joined us the following year. While living at the Boys Home we attended the local Carlingford

Public School until we graduated to High School. Beside the Church of England Boys Home with about 120 boys there were children from a Church of England Girls Home and Methodist Home attending the local public school.

My time at the school was most interesting as many of our teachers had been retired but re-employed to replace those called up to the services. Our teachers were very strict, demanding our best work. I had a friend called John **Levett**, also from the Church of England Boys Home who sat next to me all the time I was at the school. Our lunches were very simple (we called them 'three dried doorsteps') and we were not allowed to use the tuckshop. As result there were no fat boys amongst us. We enjoyed plenty of sport, did lots of gardening and generally enjoyed ourselves. Occasionally we'd buy a half loaf of newly cooked bread from the baker for 4 pence. We'd then pull the hot dough out of the middle and share the hot crunchy crust. Other times we'd catch the Arnott's biscuit truck and ask for any broken biscuits left in the tins. The most spectacular event I remember was 'The End of the War March' down Carlingford main street with the banging of tin cans and singing.

At the Boys Home we were encouraged to read books, write letters and do our homework each night, after tea, for at least an hour under the watchful eye our house matron. Washing our socks, underwear etc was expected plus helping keep the floors, beds and furniture clean. We spent most of our spare time playing games, climbing trees, collecting birds' eggs and getting into mischief.

Being a Church of England home there was much emphasis on religious matters. Grace was always said before meals, prayers were never missed before sleeping and Sunday School was regular. Singing in the church choir, before tea and before breakfast, was normal.

On one occasion a friend of mine and I planned to see our mothers, who we missed greatly, and hadn't seen for a long time. We decided to walk to Epping station and catch a train to Strathfield and then on to Leura for me, and to Bathurst for my mate. However, a station worker noticed us and reported to the station master, who reported us to the police and in turn we were taken back to our Boys Home where we received our due punishment (as an example to others). Even though there were a number of matters that weren't perfect it must be agreed that for that time was quite fair.

Although most boys rarely had visitors, we were fortunate that our Fraser grandparents came to see us once a fortnight taking us for a picnic while Dad came about twice a term. Mum did visit us when she could which was rarely. We were very lucky to be able to go home during school holidays although most boys had to

remain at the home. I remember one holiday that we caught chicken pox and stayed for an extra three weeks. While we were attending the Boys Home our father was discharged from the army in about early 1944, going back to farming and real estate. He was allocated three Italian prisoners-of-war to help him produce vegetables for the army, which he did until they were sent back to Italy after peace was declared. We met the Italians, Antonio, Ronaldo and Guedarno when we were on school holidays. They became very good friends, cooking Italian meals for us, playing card games and talking, as best they could, and Antonio even wrote me letters when I was back at the Boys Home.

In 1947 I was fortunate to be accepted to Hurlstone Agricultural High School where I attended for five years before winning a teachers' scholarship to study Agricultural Science at Armidale. The five years I spent at Hurlstone, as a boarder, were most enlightening and enjoyable, with time spent on Biology, Agriculture and Science. After three years at Carlingford Boys Home, it was much more enjoyable at Hurlstone as we could go home or visit friends and we were permitted to use shops and there were many sporting, social and agricultural activities (such as livestock, crops of fruit, vegetable and crops). As a boarder at Hurlstone, we were allocated work at the dairy, milking, feeding, separating milk etc, also at the poultry run, at the piggery and the stables as well in the orchards, vegetable gardens and the field crops. As we moved into higher classes we were given more responsible jobs. There were specialists in different areas both as teachers and experienced workers.

Looking back at my time at Hurlstone, a number of memories stand out. The most outstanding one being the playing of football for the school each year from when I played in the under six stone (38kg) team in 1947 and 1948 (I was only 5 stone 7 pound in 1947) until my last year in 1951. As a result, I continued playing either rugby league or rugby union until I was married in 1957. It was wonderful working with the farm animals, working in the orchards and vegie gardens. In later years I did wool classing and farm mechanics, even considering becoming a wool classer. Beside playing football, at high school, I competed in the school boxing tournament, the swimming carnival (at Granville pool) and joined the cadets where I learned to play the bugle (at Victoria Barracks) and became an officer.

As years go by, I can't stop thinking of my school days and how lucky I was to have experienced such a fortunate time in those years.



CHRISTMAS LUNCH

Our annual Christmas lunch was held at the Cherry Street Sports Club, Ballina, on 6 December 2025. Everyone enjoyed the festive get-together. The winners of the Christmas raffle were 1st Kristine Pryor, 2nd Glenda Saul-Manwarring, 3rd Dianne McCombe. The Christmas trivia quiz, conducted by Ross Glover, was won by Bonnie Bennett. (Photos named Left to Right)



*Left: Joy Morhaus,
Anne Marchment,
Marlene Lester*



*Right: Tanya Binning,
Dianne McCombe,
Kerry Walker*



*Left: Cheryl Gibbes,
Joy Conlon,
Meryl Broadley*

6 DECEMBER 2025

*Right: Val Dunn,
Kristine Pryor,
Judy Cosgrove*



*Left: Lindsay and Rachel
Wright, Trish Marron*

*Right: John Broadley,
Trevor and Ann Emery*





*Left: Margaret Evans,
Rhonda Denning,
Yvonne Randle*



*Right: Deb Warren and
Gail Knowland*



*Above – John and Shirley
McAnelly.
Right – Ross Glover and
Victoria Evans.*



RTFHS WRITING COMPETITION 2025
SCHOOL DAYS AT BARNSTAPLE MANOR
By Gail Knowland – Member 1028



Barnstaple Manor 1861. The separate building to the right of the main house was called the Sanctuary and was where the school was conducted.

Barnstaple Manor at Five Dock, New South Wales, was the home of my 2x great-grandfather, Brent Clements **Rodd**, and his wife Sarah Janet **Robertson**. There were 12 children born to the couple, 10 of whom survived into adulthood.

Barnstaple Manor was built in 1845 on 50 acres of land bordering onto Iron Cove on the Parramatta River. Brent and Sarah named their new home after the town of Barnstaple in Devonshire, England, which was where Brent and his father, John Rodd, and two brothers lived before coming to Sydney after the death of John's wife.

CHILDREN ATTENDING THE SCHOOL IN 1861-63: Clements Tremayne (my great-grandfather) 17; Burnell Brookfield 15; Clementina Flora 13; Janet Editha 12; Barnstaple Robertson 9; Savery Trebartha 7.

The school master was a Mr B. P. **Phillips**, who was an employee at Brent Rodd's city office. It was Mr Phillips' task to teach the children, who in 1861 ranged in age from 17 down to 6 years. Subjects to be taught were Latin, French, reading, mathematics, music, spelling, drawing and Shakespeare. We are fortunate to have today the school diary from that period, which has been handed down through three generations and which gives us good insight into the characters of the children and their academic progress. Mr Phillips' task was not an easy one, as the younger children were often playful and inattentive. Mr Phillips reported, via the diary, to Brent Rodd, on the academic progress and behaviour of the children and it was he who administered both corporal punishment and detention after school hours for bad behaviour and slow academic progress. Apart from the school subjects, Mr Phillips and later, the oldest son, Brent **Plashett**, were to give the children religious instruction on Sunday mornings, when the family gathered to hear readings from the Bible and the sermons of Blair and Kingsley, which were popular in their day. The children were involved by reading aloud from the Bible and the sermons of Blair and Kingsley. Some of the sermons included subjects such as — *Integrity as the Guide to Life; On the Motives to the Constancy of Virtue; On the Unchangeableness of Divine Nature; On the Happiness of a Future State; The Importance of Religious Knowledge to Mankind*. These subjects must have been hard for the younger children to comprehend and, as at school lessons, they were often playful and inattentive, but as they grew to maturity, the ethics propounded in these sermons would contribute to their overall characters. The subjects of the sermons and Bible readings, and the attendance of the children, were also recorded in the school diary.

The difficulty for Mr Phillips was to try and control the younger children and attempt to give them some basic lessons, while at the same time attending to the education of the three older children. The children were often late in arriving at the school house in the morning or after the lunch break. Brent Clements Rodd set high standards for the children's education and also high expectations for their behaviour in the classroom. Misbehaviour was to be punished either by being kept in after school hours or by corporal punishment given by their father with "Tommy Tickle Back", probably some sort of strap or stick.

Each week Mr Phillips was to award marks for the three older children, Clements, Burnell and Clementina, for the overall performance of their studies. These marks were recorded in the diary with comments and given to their father at the end of each week. He then added his remarks and if necessary, meted out punishment for misdemeanours



Brent Clements Rodd



Sarah Janet Rodd née Robinson

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY

Thursday 19th September 1861 From Mr Phillips:

Janet and Barney were very troublesome – playing in place of attending to their duties. Clementina and Barney annoyed me exceedingly by alternatively playing and quarrelling although I repeatedly told them to be quiet. They remained in school until 5 o'clock.

From B C Rodd, Sunday 22nd September 1861

It is painful to hear of the misconduct of Tina, Barney and Janet – as they were punished (very suitably). I have no more to say, for this time. But if I hear of Barneys misbehaving again in school and not paying you implicit attention in school it must be followed by CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

As to Tina I feel as hard. In future she must be punished in a different way. We cannot have her in confinement as she is our Parlour Maid.

And as to Editha she must be flogged however repugnant to my feelings. This diary to be sent in on day of next complaint which I hope will not be necessary.

At the beginning of January 1862, Mr Phillips wrote a lengthy report in the diary on the children's progress. I have abridged as follows:

Latin – Clement and Burnell progressing favourably and have nearly completed the 1st book of Caesar translating from Latin to English and vice versa. Clements

finds but little difficulty in Henrys 1st and 2nd books and his exercises have generally given me satisfaction.

French – Clementina has devoted her time to French vocabulary and translation and her accent is improving. Clements has progressed rapidly. Burnell finds great difficulty in French translations. Both Clements, Burnell and Clementina have acquired very fair accurate pronunciation.

Mathematics – Clements and Burnell have completed the 1st book of Euclid.

Arithmetic – Fractions, Decimals, simple and compound fractions. Burnell has a great natural talent for figures. Clements on the other hand must 'feel his way'. He must do it slowly as it would invariably prove incorrect. Clementina is at present engaged in simple repetition. I cannot say she over exerts herself, she has a great dislike for arithmetic.

History and Geography – progress has been favourable.

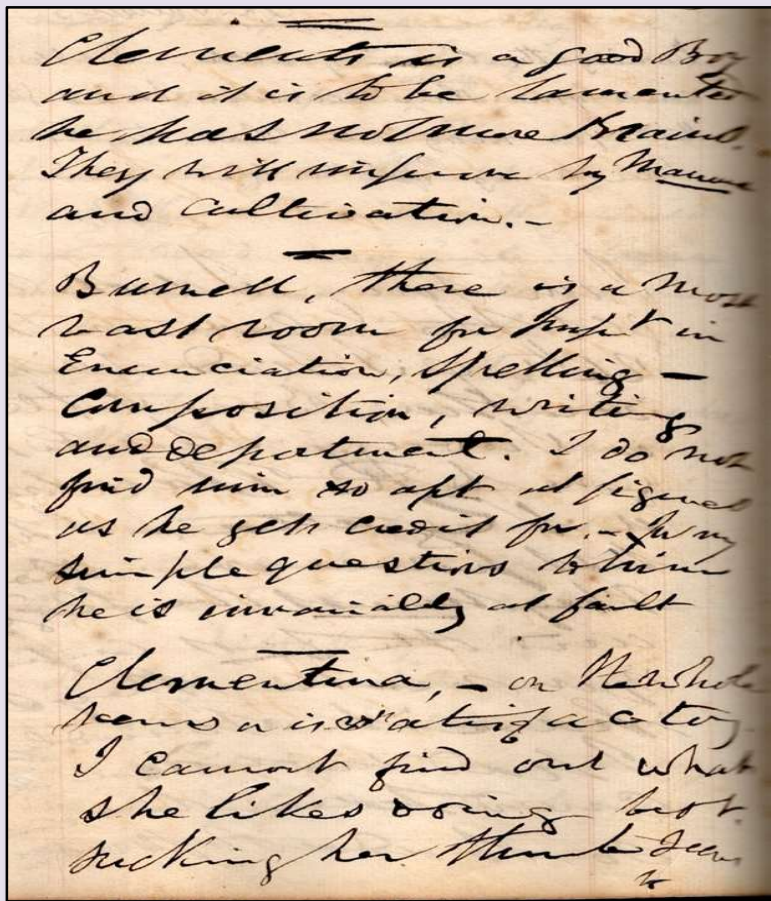
Reading – I have taken considerable pains to induce Clements, Burnell and Clementina to read their Mother Tongue with emphasis and sprightliness. Both prose and poetry have taken our attention and there has been great improvement. Janet and Barney have been doing Division and every other day they learn portions of their times tables. Savery is improving his reading and can do a difficult addition sum without a mistake.

With Janet, Barney and Savery, however, I am far from satisfied. I have the greatest difficulty to get them to work at all and they give their attention to school duties unwillingly. They are young now and these habits of idleness and carelessness will grow upon them. As it is they ought to know more for their age.

From B. C. Rodd: *I am sorry that I did not get the above on the 24th. If I had, neither Editha (Janet), Barnstaple and Savery should have gone to the pantomime and regatta. I have lost patience with them. They must be flogged, and the first complaint you make they shall have it soundly. I had no idea they could have been as bad as represented. However, they are young yet and may improve with fairness – they are too young for you. I foresaw the difficulty and they must be a nuisance.*

What a difficult task for Mr Phillips with children of such an age range. He appears to have been an employee in Brent's law firm and most likely had no experience for the task of teaching. The three older children, Clements, Burnell and Clementina seemed to be willing to learn and, on the whole, behave well but sometimes a little lazy. Janet, Barney and Savery seemed to be the bane of Mr Phillips life.

Author's note: I am grateful to my daughter, Jacki **Kennedy**, for her very painstaking transcribing of the 80 pages of the original diary. The writing style of all three contributors was very difficult to interpret.



An example of an entry to the diary by the children's father
Brent Clement Rodd

RTFHS WRITING COMPETITION 2025

JOAN FRASER'S EARLY MEMORIES

By Joan Fraser – Member 886



*Joan Bagshaw aged 3 in 1938 at
Beaury Creek, near Urbenville, NSW*

Our home was at Beaury Creek, New South Wales (NSW), very near the Queensland border. It was one of six timber cottages provided by the sawmill owner and had a single bedroom, a kitchen, a verandah, a water tank on the south side and a lean-to combined garage/laundry on the west. My father, James **Bagshaw**, worked at the sawmill but was also a bee-keeper and a sleeper-cutter for NSW Railways at weekends. Dad had a Willys Overland truck with no doors, but it had a large tray behind to transport his hives.

I was their first child, born 1934 to Janet née **McLintock**, whose father and family lived on a farm property ten miles away near Urbenville, the nearest town. We had to use the telephone at the boss's house when necessary.

Groceries and mail were delivered by the driver of the cream lorry as he collected the cream cans from the dairies nearby.

One morning the lorry overturned, spilling cream and groceries. All the children ran down to see. They scooped up apples and dipped them in the cream as it ran down the muddy road! The lorry driver used to call me 'Joan of Arc'.

Dad had three ferrets in a pen near the back door. He used to take me to watch him place them down a rabbit hole, so we could catch them. This didn't always work, so we had to dig the ferrets out as they feasted. We also had rabbit to eat – with the scraps being boiled on an outside fire, then fed to the chooks! I had a pet hen who allowed me to carry her about in my arms.

We had no bathroom, so Dad made a big metal circular tub that he brought into the kitchen at night and everyone took turns in it. On the nights when Dad had to move bees to an area where trees flowered (sometimes down the coast to Ballina), Mum cooked hot chips on the primus stove for us. This was special as, due to health problems, Dad couldn't eat fried foods.

Across the road from the house was a eucalypt tree, one bough of which was at right angles to the trunk. I would often sit there and watch Dad's bees gather honey.

One day a lorry driver stopped near our house and gave me a large parcel, nearly as tall as me. I called to Mum to help. It proved to be from my grandmother in Blackpool. To my astonishment it contained a big yellow fluffy teddy bear. With it was a lovely scarlet overcoat and leggings for me, copies of those worn by Princess Margaret!

Up the hill from our house lived a girl, Marie, of my age. We used to sit outside on the verandah and have tea parties with my china tea-set. One day Dad had been to Urbenville and he bought a lovely red box with coloured pencils. I was so excited until Dad said 'You can have this **ONLY** when you prove to me you use your **right** hand. You must do this before you begin school next year!'(1939)

I loved our little one-roomed, one-lady-teacher school. I think it only had about ten pupils. It had an arched, rose-entwined gateway. At the bottom of the playground the mill workers had dug a long trench in case of war! This was because the road the village surrounded was on 'The Brisbane Line'. Later trucks laden with troops passed through the village. Some of the mill workers joined the army and the Education Department closed the school.

Around that time my Mum went to Beaudesert for the birth of a son. Alas he lived only a few hours, was named and buried there before Mum came home, broken-hearted. She went to stay with friends on a nearby farm to recover. This farm was about three quarters of a mile (just over 1 km) from our home and for years I walked there to carry home a billy-can of milk. On the way I picked wild violets and buttercups to give to Mum.

Compared to later times, these years were without strangers in our midst. A neighbour had been supervising school lessons. Then everything changed. I had to walk two miles (about three km) to school alone. It was tiring but I loved it, soaking up nature on the way.



RTFHS WRITING COMPETITION 2025

An Australian Bush School and the Boy who Loved to Learn

By Tanya Binning – Member 680

There is always a beginning.

Who influenced the decisions made in your life. Were they family?

Here is a story of a person I knew. He has since passed. With his consent, taped interviews took place and a disclaimer signed for the story.

My name is Harry **Stibbard**. I grew up on a dairy farm and went to a bush school. I was the first born on our property, a son, and my family were proud of that. Being born in mid-1924, my school days were in the 1930's, on the north coast area of New South Wales.

My first teacher was my grandmother, Catherine Stibbard (née **Arnold**) born near Yass. After they married at Cowra, my grandparents, Henry and Catherine Stibbard, moved to the town of Coraki, then bought our property closer to the coast. When our father Charlie married, he built a second home on the property.

On our farm, I would visit our grandmother, and she taught me the basic skills I needed for school. Catherine was an educated woman. When I started school aged seven, I went straight into second class, then after six months I was in third class. I always loved to learn. She would say '*I never give up, and I never let anything beat me.*'

After a two kilometre walk home from school, Catherine was always waiting for me at our property's gate. My mother put shoes on me for school, but I did not like wearing shoes. I took them off and when I saw my grandmother waiting for me, I put them on.

Dungarubba Creek Primary School was across the river and down a few miles from the town of Broadwater in upper New South Wales. Ted **Levick** was my

teacher for the first two years. We had about forty children in the room. Next was Jack **Ferguson** (pictured right), who taught us to swim in the creek behind the school. He tied a thick rope that reached across an area of the embankment for us to hang on to, then he taught us to swim and we loved that.



Our farming family names, which were mainly dairy farms were, the **Barns, Brammah, Burns, Cannane, Clarke, Courte, Cuskelly, Dagg, Donnelley, Elliot, Flanagan, Garbutt, Giggins, Gollan, Grant, Hill, Hoare, Keever, Kennedy, Mason, McGregor, McElligott, McPherson, Milgate, Morgan, Nelson, Nugent, O'Farrell, O'Meara, Patch, Powell, Rippon, Prior, Robson, Riches, Sauer, Silkirk, Smith, Sneesby, Stibbard, Stein, Thompson, Thurgate, Towner, Warboys, Whipps, Woolley and Wunch**, some of these names were share farmers and some families were large.

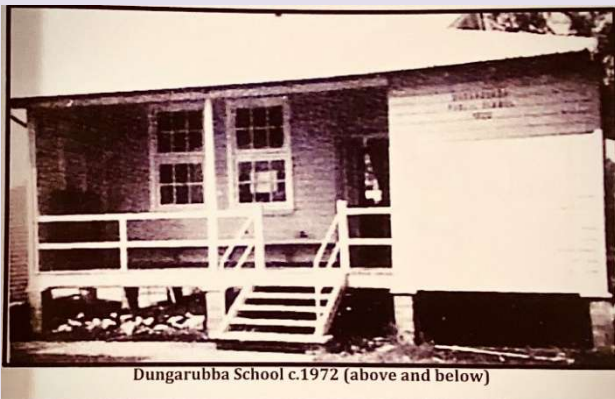
We were near a river and jetty, where building materials from the timber mill at Coraki were delivered. With low-lying land, the Tuckean Swamp was nearby, so the area was alive with wildlife. Migrating birds would set down on our waterways. Dungarubba in Aboriginal language means, the place 'where the Blue Crane sits down'.

As a boy with a small boat, I loved exploring our riverways. Knowing the area well, during our area's 1945 flood, I helped evacuate families and drop food to people isolated by the flood. My family were proud, when I was given a government bravery award.

At school, every two weeks Tommy **Gibson** from Woodburn came over in his wagonette, pulled by two horses, bringing home supplies. With my pocket money, I bought a piece of fruit or lollies (sweet treats) from his wagon. For school, my mother would often pack extra food in my school lunch and said it was so I could share with others. After a flood, most families found it hard to manage at home. What followed was a big clean up all around the area, including our school house.

We had two dirt lanes in our area. Hoares Lane led down to the school, but I needed to walk to a neighbour's property, down our lane, then across to Hoares Lane to school, which was about two kilometres walk. We then bought some ponies, and I rode one to school.

I passed children trotting along, with two or three riding on the horse's back. We had one girl, June **Clarke** from a share-milking family who was always running late for school. She was an experienced horse rider and took short cuts across people's properties. She would arrive at school with her horse in a lather of sweat. She put her horse in the school paddock to rest and graze through the day and then raced into class. After school was a comedy, trying to catch your horse to ride home.



Dungarubba School c.1972 (above and below)

As times changed, we started to ride pushbikes to school. I rode in the narrow tracks that the cattle made by walking. Sometimes the wheel went out of the track and

over I would go. We had funny times. Living on a farm with no roads, we still needed our horses to go everywhere across the fields, day or night.

As there was no bus service in our area, many children's school days were over once they had finished primary school. Roads were built by the Government after 1938. My grandmother wanted me to finish school, so she wrote away for a correspondence course to finish my high school level of learning. Both my teacher, Jack Ferguson, and my grandmother helped with my lessons.

I had learnt kindness from my mother and determination from my grandmother and that helped when I learnt to drive a car, aged ten years old. The O'Farrells next door

Dungarubba School as it was in the 1930s. Photo courtesy John Selwood from the book he compiled, 'Primary Schools of the Ballina, Coraki and Evans Head Districts' which is in the Marie Hart Library.

had a cream truck for sale, so my father let me learn to drive on the old four-cylinder Chevrolet truck. I could then drive my mother around and be her home help.

Our sports days at school were tennis and cricket, but like our father, I liked cricket best. In Dungarubba we had two clubs, 'The Cults', and the older boys, the 'Number 1's.' I was asked to play with the Number 1's, even though I was so young and won prizes for my skills.

When I was ten years old, our grandmother bought my first guitar, from the **Palings** store in Lismore. It was a Hawaiian guitar that you played lying across your lap, but I wanted to play country and western songs, like the ones I had heard on the radio, so I lowered the strings. I loved all the life stories that the songs told. I taught myself to play the guitar and I made it sing. As a teenager, I taught local teenagers to play the guitar, and one person became the mother of a world-famous guitarist.

Times of coming together to play music and sing was important to us after a hard day's work. We often visited our aunt's family farm next door to sing into the early hours, then it was straight into our early morning dairy work.

Our father learnt the piano and violin while at school at St Joseph's Catholic Convent in Coraki. Most homes had a piano and music nights in homes was our entertainment. Our father would turn his skills to playing various instruments. My voice was like my father's, mid-tone, but when we sang, we made it sound deeper and stronger.

I was often called in as a performer at local dances, held in country halls. When I sang my country and western songs I would yodel and the old folks enthusiastically clapped.

While at school in Coraki, our grandmother had made Aboriginal friends. Our father had one special friend his own age who was what they call a full blood. As a family friend, Harry **Wilson**, he would come down from Coraki and visit us to help on the farm. Harry wore a crescent neck plate, which showed his stated rank in Aboriginal society. He was a gentleman and a good friend to our family.

During winter, local families came to a bonfire night on a property, to play music and sing under the stars, on a crisp clear night our voices joined together with the

instruments played. As dairy farming children we knew what commitment and hard work was. Through our school days, we had no enemies, only friends. We loved our days in our bush school.



Harry Stibbard and Noeline Kyle in 2005, in the Richmond-Tweed Family History Society (RTFHS) Research Room, precursor to the Marie Hart Library, Ballina. Both were members of the RTFHS at the time. Noeline was an adjunct professor at Southern Cross University, Lismore, and a niece of Slim Dusty, one of Australia's most well-known country music singers. She was also the first facilitator of the RTFHS writer's group and a writer of many books on family history, some of which are in the Marie Hart Library (Photo courtesy Tanya Binning)

New Members

Let's welcome our new members:

1081	Rhonda Shepherd	Goonellabah
1082	Judy Madigan	Ballina
1083	Colin Unger	Ballina
1084	Kirralee & Tayla Unger	Codrington
1085	Tania Watson	Lennox Head

RTFHS on Paradise FM

Listen out for our segments on Paradise FM (101.9), airing on the second Wednesday of each month at 10.30 am.

Social Club

Cherry Street Sports Club

68 Cherry Street Ballina.

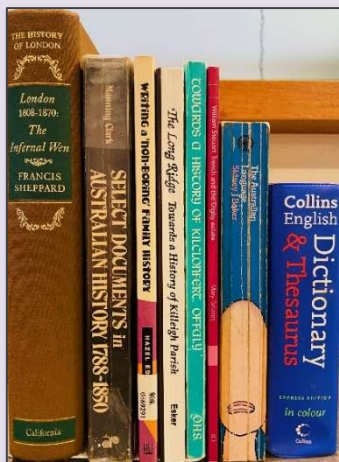
Following feedback received in our last member survey (2022) we have begun holding social get-togethers at the Cherry Street Sports Club.

Gatherings are held on the Wednesday following the monthly meeting at 4pm and all members and their friends and family are welcome. The next social club will be on Wednesday 11 March.



News from the Marie Hart Library

By Jill McCann – Library Officer



The Library Committee are hoping that more members will volunteer for duty at the Marie Hart Library (MHL) in the coming year.

With this in mind, we are introducing a “Buddy” system – new **Duty Officers** will have an experienced partner for their first few scheduled duty times.

We are also continuing with our **education sessions for duty officers** – these will commence in February – so if you haven’t done it yet, or if you would like to be a duty officer - please sign up on the sheet provided at the MHL or email the secretary.

The **stocktake** will also be completed in February.

A few new books were accessioned at the end of the year.

They include:

The Armidale Cemetery Register (1862 – 2022)

The Girl from the Mountains by Joan **Fraser** (Joan is a member and her husband John spoke about her book at our August meeting)

Arrivals in Australia from 1788 by Kerry **Farmer**

How to Get More Family Tree Time by Megan **Gibson**

The McAndrew Dossier by I. David **McAndrew** – revised edition 2025. As well as the author’s family history, the book has information about unrelated McAndrew families. It also includes background information about the colonisation of Australia, the timber industry in the colonial period and the early settlement of the Northern Rivers region of New South Wales.

SOCIETY and JOURNAL DETAILS

The Richmond-Tweed Family History Society Inc. was established in 1983 to serve the family history needs of researchers, initially with a special interest in North East New South Wales, Australia, in the area bounded by the Richmond and Tweed Rivers, often referred to as the Northern Rivers.

The Marie Hart Library (MHL) holds numerous local records including the Local Schools Admission Registers, Cemetery and Burial Records, and Honour and Memorial Rolls from many locations within the Northern Rivers, plus death and funeral notices and obituaries from The Northern Star (1876 – 2020).

Over the years, the library has expanded and now holds a wealth of information from across Australia including electoral rolls, historical and pioneer records, war records, shipping lists, probate records, landholder returns, Colonial Secretary papers and cemetery books. There are family history journals from within Australia and overseas countries, either as hard copies or in electronic form. The latter can be accessed on the computers in the MHL or from home.

Access is available to microfiche, CDs and computers connected to genealogical websites, to which we subscribe, including *FindmyPast*, *Ancestry* and the *Biographical Database of Australia*. We are also a *FamilySearch* affiliate, which gives access to more than the standard *FamilySearch* site. Ask the member on duty, during opening hours, if you need assistance with any of the library's resources.

Family History Research Requests can be done by the Society for a fee of \$15 per hour. Please include a 22x11 cm stamped, addressed envelope and research fees where applicable. Email the secretary or send details to our PO Box (addresses are on the inside front cover).

The Cedar Log – Journal of the Richmond-Tweed Family History Society Inc. Published March, June, September and December

The Editor would be pleased to accept articles for inclusion in this journal. Ideally, they should be sent by email to editorcedarlog@gmail.com but hard copy is also welcomed. Contribution deadline is 6 weeks before the month of publication. The format preferred is Times New Roman font; 11 point; single spacing. Please have any surnames in bold the first time they appear in your article after the heading. Add sources or references at the bottom of your article if possible. Please add your contact details as the Editor may need to discuss editing of material submitted for publication. It is your responsibility to ensure that your article does not infringe copyright and the views of authors are not those of the RTFHS. **Items remain the copyright of the Richmond-Tweed Family History Society and/or the author.** Members' input is important and makes for interesting and diverse reading and you might be lucky enough to connect with someone who has read your article, either in Australia or overseas. We would love to hear about how you broke down those brick walls or any interesting information you have found out about an ancestor or research sources or techniques that others may find helpful. **Material and articles in this journal may only be reproduced with written permission from the Society. Please contact the editor via email.**

Ballina Historical Museum Visit

18 November 2025

By Ross Glover – Member 1046

Have you ever been to the museum at Pimlico? If you have, you'll know what a great resource it is to discover more about the history of Ballina and the surrounding districts.

I know this because at 10 am on 18 November last year a small band of interested Society members gathered at the Marie Hart Library to carpool, to visit the *Ballina District Historical Museum* in Pimlico. Our visit was hosted by our own Jill **McCann** and Patricia **Wilson** who are on the Board of Management of the Museum.

Upon our arrival we were treated to an amazing high tea, served by Patricia and Jill in real teacups! After our tea and a quick talk from Patricia and Jill we were free to wander. One of the first things you notice is the amazing display of enlarged photographs of famous people, important places and buildings of the district.

Once you're through the photo gallery, you come to the 'artifact' section of the Museum. All of these are related to the history of the district. This is not a general history museum but a record of things and people of Ballina and surrounds. You soon realise that the artifacts and objects are in 'rooms'. For instance, all the bedroom items are gathered together to create the feel of an historic bedroom.

This is a well-planned and thought-out museum, giving you a real feel for yesteryear. There was so much for us to see in the relatively small space available. We spent a couple of hours wandering and examining the exhibits and I know I missed seeing it all. I'd plan to spend a longer time than we did or make a second visit.

Of course, it would be simpler if this valuable resource and attraction was in Ballina, where it should be, but apparently there is no appropriate building available. Is it time for a dedicated history and museum precinct in Ballina from which all the history related organisations could operate?

Cost is \$5 for adults (18+). Entry includes Tea/Coffee and a biscuit. It's open Friday & Sunday 10am – 2pm with free entry on the first Friday and Sunday of the month. You'll find it at 580 Pimlico Rd, Pimlico. It really is well worth a visit.



*Our happy group at the conclusion of the visit.
L to R: Victoria Evans, Ross Glover, Deb Warren, Ann Emery, Robyn Wright, Jan Ousby, Trevor Emery, Lyn Dendrinis, Trish Marron, Patricia Wilson, Jill McCann*



SOCIETY EVENTS

Society meetings are at the Players Theatre, 24 Swift Street, Ballina at 2pm on the first Saturday of each month. There is no meeting in January or December.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Contact the Secretary or the Co-ordinator if you would like to participate in one of the presentations listed below.

Saturday 7 March Meeting: Accidents, Near Misses and Survival – Co-ordinator Victoria Evans.

Saturday 11 April Meeting (note this is the second Saturday): Women in Wartime – Co-ordinator Deb Warren.

Sunday 26 April: Fundraising BBQ at Bunnings Ballina 9am-4pm.

Saturday 2 May Meeting: Creative Family Members – Co-ordinator Judy Cosgrove.

Saturday 6 June: Tombstones and Cemeteries (symbols and inscriptions) – Co-ordinator Ross Glover

Sunday 21 June: Fundraising BBQ at Bunnings Ballina 9am-4pm.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership fees for the year 1 January to 31 December are \$40 Individual or \$50 Joint Membership. Journals will be sent to financial members only.