



Braidwood & District Historical Society

PO Box 145 Braidwood NSW 2622

Newsletter

Number 19 December 2020

Presidents Message

We did it! We got the funding for the **Braidwood Heritage Centre**.

The \$2.5m announcement was made at the museum on Friday 30th October, by Local Member/Deputy Premier John Barilaro. NSW Senator Jim Molan and QPRC Mayor Tim Overall. The funding comes as part of the Bushfire Local Economic Recovery Fund as well as the NSW Federal government.

All we needed was the right grant or opportunity which we thought we may have found in co-operation with QPRC a few weeks ago, but then, as it turned out, the announcement came 'out of the blue'.

The long term benefits will flow into the Braidwood community and establish our State Heritage listed town as a heritage tourism destination for the benefit of all. It will enhance the opportunity to maintain the rural and heritage character of our unique town and create economic stimulus.



Over the past years we did the hard yards in seeking advocates and support for the project. It could have ended in disappointment, but our efforts have been rewarded. In the end we had a very marketable presentation with well-presented documents and costings, thanks to John Stahel and Roger James. We won the support of the Council, State Tourism and various State and Federal Ministers.

From the perspective of BDHS this is a wonderful addition to our assets and value to our members. Thanks to the founders of BDHS we own the museum, the land and the collection and by leveraging on our extensive assets we were able to provide the basis and place to create the Heritage Centre of 'our patch'. **That means BDHS will own all the assets of the Heritage Centre.**

The overall concept gives us security for the future. The concept is self-sustaining and each segment complements the overall sustainability. The artisans' studios will enable craftspersons to practice and demonstrate lost trades in a low cost and stimulating environment. The shop will create a market for their products. There will be accommodation units and a café providing creative space for socialising and lingering. These functions will provide a cash flow to have professional staff for the museum. The whole concept is self-sustaining and any profits will flow back into the museum.

We are advised that construction will be managed by Public Works but have no further details at this time. We are told to be patient. It's not easy but we are doing our best! In the meantime we are constructing an operational management plan. Members will be kept updated as more information becomes available.

Peter Smith
President

The Appley's of Bendoura

contributed by Helen Farley

In 2002 we purchased our 100 acre paddock, 861 Cooma Rd Bendoura from family. My father, Robert Austin Flack had purchased the land in 1952 from Aubrey Appley, whose late parents, Roy and Kate Appley had previously been the owners. (Aubrey moved to Newcastle and worked with the PMG)

Roughly a hundred years plus until the 1940's, his parents had the shop on the side of Cooma Rd not far from the Jembaicumbene Creek, 7 miles from Braidwood, being a great rest place travelling into town and on the return. Our family, Flacks', Gumm's, Bradley's and Smith's all would have stopped in at some point. It was always referred to as Mrs Applebys by everyone and we guess Mr

Appleby died first. (They were Mr and Mrs Joseph and Katherine Appleyby).

Mrs Appleyby sold most things: boots, clothes, food and supplies. She had the post office and later the telephone. Customers would have been on foot and horse and horse drawn vehicles. There was a house and then the shop. I remember going in the shop as a child. It had a shelf on the back and side wall. The floorboards had rotted, and Dad was not keen to let us children inside for fear of snakes etc. Apart from the shop and all of that she also ran a sly grog shop.



The sly grog shop was pulled down in 1969.

On one occasion the police called in on a cold bitter afternoon and they remarked how cold it was and she enquired if they would like a rum to warm up and they said they would. They got their money and said how much and what do we owe you?

By this time Mrs. Appleyby realized they were police and she said "I don't charge police".

This story was handed down from my grandfather to father and it was the cause of much amusement of the quick witted owner and her escaping being charged.

In the gold rush days 7 families lived on this property. We still have the amazing Chinese stone well with clear water and the water races.

There is also a circular velodrome where push bikes travelled to race here from Goulburn. The indent and slope in the land is evident after all these years.



Remains of Mrs Appleby's sly grog shop taken 1970's

We know the Fensom, Bell and Bilton families lived on Applebys, (Mrs Bell maiden name was Townsend and her family lived next door on the property now known as 'Lillywood', in the small house on the way into Andy McCarron's. Mr Jack Bilton's wife was a Minnie Townsend. Mr James Townsend had a long white beard and was known as Dapto.

Around 1950 Johnny Costello lived/squatted in the shop with a friend. They were Americans and were fossicking for gold. Johnny was a panel beater or fixed cars. Johnny later married Ollie Batty (nee McCarron from next door) and they moved to Moore Park in Sydney and lived in a little terrace house on a one way lane, where we would visit them as old family friends and neighbours, when we went to the Sydney show each year.

1969

The Ned Kelly movie producers scoured the district for weatherboard planks for the authenticity for the movie set and the remaining shop and building was dismantled and sold.

In the years that followed the red brick chimney remained standing. Nevin and Netta Ellis were renovating 'Bendoura' so they purchased the bricks as they needed them badly for they matched the house they had purchased from Tom Stokes at Bendoura.

The shop verandah flat rocks were stolen as stays for fencing posts. My father was told by Jim McGrath only a few remain after this situation was addressed.

We have the scales from the shop proudly on display in our kitchen.



Mrs Appleby's scales

The Kauri washstand and a kauri pine turned leg table get daily use at home and have been restored. The table is my office desk I am typing this at it and underneath in pencil is written 'Roy Appleby 1905'.



"Roy Appleby 1905"



Buggy wheel.



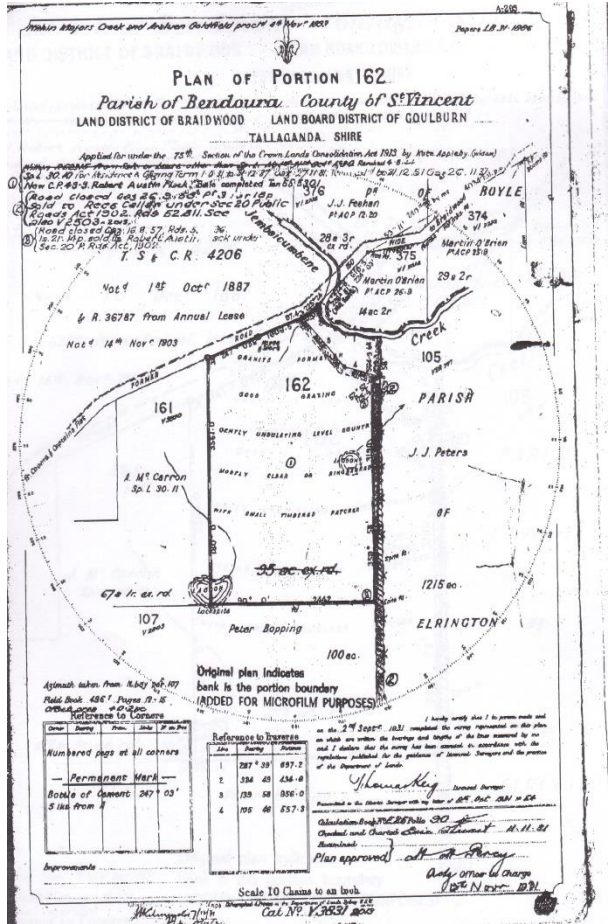
Aubrey's cot frame.

The iron cot frame from baby Aubrey is in our garden and various pieces of metal a turning wheel for a buggy and springs is also in the garden.



There is a Sluice box left behind from the gold days it is large and heavy, it would have been worked off by a horse separating the soil from the stones which would account for the rock piles looking for

gold. Although some on rises would be the remains of chimneys. My grandfather Austin Flack always said there was gold in the reserve across the road, but they just could not get to it. We do have the old deeds, but I could not put my hand to them unfortunately at present.



Appleby's Crown Lease

For many years my father ran fine wool merino hogget's. These he would usually bring across around 125 head, the change for the stock from the family farm at Farrington, would make them do well on the kangaroo grass in summer and they would return home a lot larger with a good fleece. Other times we may have cattle and would visit feeding them hay during winter. There used to be sheep yards under a giant Black Gum. The yards were close to the road and were made of timber and nails. Mum (Norma Flack nee Bradley) tread on one of the nails and it went deep into her foot. Our neighbour, Reece Callan, worked for the ambulance and advised a tetanus needle ASAP.

The loading ramp was made of old telephone poles. When the yards had had their day we thought we would burn them only to discover they were painted or soaked with creosote (to stop white ants as the telephone lines were all above ground) and we caused a hell of a smell outside the house bellowing from the wood heater. It made us sick, it wasn't good.

1960's 1970's

As children my sisters and brother and I, helped our parents drench the sheep, feed the cattle and repair fences and also playing, making up cubby houses out of the fallen branches and sticks, so coming to live on Appleby's was like coming home. Arthur Bilton and my brother Matthew Flack went metal detecting around the old shop. The detector went off and they dug up and discovered under a large long flat rock they assumed to be the fire place hearth, a lead box. When they got it open it had newspaper in it, which had most likely been used as a safe for money and takings from the shop. Arthur would have taken the box but it was an interesting discovery.

2002

When we were building our home, we used sand from the sand pit on the paddock, for under our concrete house slab to level it, we disturbed what we believe to be human bones which we carefully and hastily replaced in their resting place. No doubt there are more. Our son in law said he saw a ghost one night in our hallway, I am not surprised, but the ghost is friendly which is the main thing. We carted soil from the front of the paddock for the garden. It looked so black and rich only to discover it was full of beautiful old broken china and the soil was black because it was an old garbage tip that must have been burned over and over again and the soil was useless. It is a very wet paddock with the lagoon one side and in between Back Creek and Jembaicumbene Creek, and the River across the road on the back of the reserve. There is a lot of underground water.

At the back are gold diggings and it could be dangerous if you did not know where they are, as they are mainly filled with water now for the cattle to drink from.

I hope you have enjoyed our story on our paddock that locals know as Appleby's from the old shop days, I think of the families in their makeshift homes it must have been so cold as it is a cold area with the water so close by. They must have found it impossible to keep warm. It is a wonderful location we look across onto, with the Gurrock ranges and Nerrins Gap (another good story) and the other side out to the Clyde mountain. Beautiful views and so close to town on a tar road we feel most fortunate to call this our home.

Braidwood Heritage Week-end Postponed.

Owing to uncertainty regarding restrictions and regulations about COVID – 19 requirements in relation to large scale public events, the Braidwood Heritage Committee has reached the difficult decision to postpone the event planned for 27-28 March 2021 to a date to be advised when restrictions and regulations are more predictable.

The Braidwood Heritage Committee, supported by Braidwood & District Historical Society regrets the disappointment and any inconvenience the decision may cause. In view of the current circumstances the decision could not be delayed without incurring significant expense and commitment when there could be no guarantee that the event could be held in multiple locations both indoor and outdoor

By making the decision at this time it means the event can be re-scheduled rather than cancelled at short notice.

Roll Up, Roll Up Lloyds Circus – the Next Generation

contributed by Yasmin Brophy

I came across the June 2019 Newsletter and was delighted to see your article on Lloyd Sisters Circus, with pictures of my talented family gracing the pages. Braidwood was a regular part of the itinerary of the Lloyd's (and other circuses) as they undertook the mighty effort of travelling the vastness of Australia, bringing entertainment to town and city folk alike. It is my understanding the circus was always well patronised in Braidwood.

My grandmother was Daisy Lloyd – a daring trapeze artist and my grandfather was William Maynard, a wizard on the slack wire, both were multi skilled performers. However, it is their youngest son, Frederick (my dad) of whom I would like share a little about.

Now in his nineties, Dad fondly recalls growing up in the circus founded by his grandfather. They travelled by horses and wagons back then. Practicing their acts and being home schooled by their mother was the norm for my dad and his siblings. In Queensland, during the Great Depression, the circus set up open air (without the big top) and performed free of charge – patrons contributed only if they could afford to. Needless to say, it was a tough time but the Lloyd's survived.



Fred Maynard performing with Holden's circus in Braidwood 1930's

Like most children born into the sawdust ring, Dad performed a variety of acts, including juggling, tumbling, clowning and trick rope spinning. As a young man, he worked with several circuses including Perry Bros Circus, where he met and married my mum, Lorraine Perry (daughter of the owners).

During his long career, Dad trained elephants, lions, camels, horses, donkeys and dogs. He "retired" in his late 70's, having performed since the age of 3yrs. Retired from performing perhaps but not from teaching and sharing his invaluable knowledge of the circus industry with his children and grandchildren.

Truly a remarkable life, lived by a truly remarkable man.

Descendants of the Lloyd/ Perry family are still active in the Circus Industry, both operating and performing in their own circuses. (Unfortunately, not lately due to the COVID -19 pandemic). Hopefully, in the not too distant future, things will return

to normal and we can get back to doing what we've done for generations- entertain.



Fred Maynard preparing for the lion show

Please note, just a couple of corrections to your article:

Elizabeth Jane Perry was the daughter of William George Perry (founder of Eroni Bros. Circus) not Charles Henry Perry (his brother). The Charles Henry Perry who was killed at Blayney in 1923 was a son of the above mentioned William George Perry and brother of Elizabeth Jane.

My great grandfather, Frederick James Hobbs, founder of Lloyd's Circus (Lloyd was the professional name) was not born in Bathurst, the grandson of convicts. He was a musician, born in England. The name Lloyd was given to 3 of his descendants.

(Thank you Yasmin for your corrections)

Boyhood Recollections in Braidwood

by J. F Heazlett

from Braidwood Dispatch and Mining Journal 1951

continued from previous Newsletter 18

Braidwood has made practically no headway since I took up residence on Jew's Hill over 60 years ago. I was a small lad and joined the staff of the "Dispatch". Mrs Canvin, a widow with a large family took 2 or 3 boarders in the Oddfellows Hall building and I had a seat at their table.



Mrs Elizabeth Canvin nee Farrell

I felt a bit shy and awkward. Son Charlie was a perky character and a sporty type. His first greeting was "Hey, boy, give us a chew of your socks! Any rats in your garret? Any beetles in your aquarium?" Fred was younger and I soon became on friendly terms with him and I felt happier. The family had an undoubted flair for theatricals. They had a tent in one corner of the yard and after a visit from any itinerant would enact capably scenes from "East Lynne", "The Squatter's Daughter" or a circus thriller as "Dick Turpin's Ride to York". Many years later I admired the

younger girl Nellie, on the Sydney stage playing a part with the famous Brough-Fleming Dramatic Company. A bright career was closed by her death at an early age. The eldest of the Canvin girls, Ann, was married to the late James Rex.



Ann Canvin



James Rex

Another later, Lizzie, was Mrs Edmund Royds



Lizzie Ellen Canvin



Edmund Molyneux Royds

and another, Mary, Mrs Henry L Mater, who had his Stock Inspectors office in the street Jew's Hill was a busy corner then. It looks rather desolate today.



Mary Maud Canvin



Henry Mater

The Commercial Hotel was a pretentious building, run by the Gallagher's and the adjoining Oddfellows Hall was fairly new and attractive and was used as probably the first skating rink opened in Braidwood. Over opposite, Bill Lewis had a small store. He was married to a Miss Kate Dunsmore, a Majors Creek native. The Dunsmares moved on to Bega and the sons were prominent racing identities on the South Coast for generations.

The 'Dispatch office, James Styles' saddlery and James Mater's big store were on the same side, not forgetting John Musgrave's apple orchard.

Miss Lizzie Canvin had a dressmaking establishment at this end of the town, as did the daughters of Sergeant Hurley. Other residents were the Peters, Longs, Sheas and T C Musgrave's.

You must not forget the parish pump near the bridge. It was conducted by an old man with a prominent white ziff named McDonagh, and water carts made frequent journeys to and fro. It is strange how you can recall this history after all those buried years and your absence from the town for so long.

Fred Bell was a fellow boarder. His father owned Bendoura and the young man was clerk in the Bank of New South Wales. When you last heard of him he was in the Department of Education as an accountant. The chief landmark across the bridge was Her Majesty's Gaol. You remember the time a prisoner named Williams, with a companion, climbed out one bitter night with the assistance, rumour said, of a one time Jingera resident, one man was caught near Captains Flat by Constable Wren, but Williams had completely vanished.



Alfred Ernest Wren, Sergeant

He was afterwards the central figure in the most sensational robbery of all time. The Alameda sailed from Sydney for San Francisco. After leaving Honolulu she was relieved of boxes of gold worth hundreds of thousands. The gold was evidently lowered overboard into small boats cruising by. The detectives later caught up with Williams on other charges. He had a notable criminal record. A man named Hopkins was released from the gaol after serving a sentence early one morning. It was a Braidwood race day. He bought an old white horse and raced up and down Wallace Street greeting all and sundry effusively. He visited the racecourse and between events did several round of the track. He must have been very happy. It reminded you of the school yarn about the sailor who bought a cage of birds from a dealer. He released them as he knew what it was like to be confined for a lengthy term. The Willow Tree Inn was conducted by George Wilson. Charlie O'Loughlin had a blacksmith's shop and the Whitfields were established here also and there was a cordial factory where Arthur Marrin was manager or perhaps owner.



Arthur Charles George Marrin

And that ends the memories of John Heazlett as published in the Braidwood Dispatch. I hope you enjoyed them.

Our Society values the support of

Queanbeyan Palerang Council



And

Braidwood & Districts Community Bank

