

TIMELINES

In fifteen minutes

Number 18

Well, it's here – 2025!

Nearly a quarter of the 21st century gone. Nevertheless, the Murwillumbah Historical Society moves on with the times.

Last year closed with our Christmas party, ably organised by Betty Hamill. Bev Fairley, our President, along with Ian Batten and Lonnie Fletcher attended the Prospero Street 'Making Tracks Street Party' on 30 November, sitting at the 'Museum on Wheels', talking to the passing parade.

The first meeting of the year covered the usual agenda items. Henry James welcomed two new members, Robert and Trish Budd. (Robert was quick off the blocks, submitting an article about Frederick William Wulff's work as a publican in the Tweed Valley.) Joan Cuthel reported on research enquiries that were received over the holiday period. (Ian Batten has conducted in-depth research into an enquiry about the naming of Bullamakanka Park which will be published in the next *Timelines*; and Max Boyd, our Vice President, is interested in any information that can be provided by members and friends about the genesis of Murwillumbah's Sunnyside Mall.) Pauline Hibbard told us that book sales are steady, the result of setting affordable prices for the stock on hand. David Taylor, who manages our website and Facebook page, is available to fix any issues that arise on these communication channels. The Society's sound financial position, as reported by Belinda Neilson, allowed the committee to consider the assistance it can give the Tyalgum Community Hall in commemorative landscaping work. Finally, thanks to Natasha Green, the Society's Secretary, who records the information that gives this bulletin substance and meaning. (And check out our opening times (**in bold**) below!)

Once again, here's looking forward to a wonderful 2025!

Events



The Court House Hotel celebrates 125 years with a dress up event on Saturday, 1 February. The fashions of 125 years will be on display. The Society has booked a table and to share stories of this passing parade.

A foretaste - did you know that Dame Nellie Melba stayed at the Court House Hotel when she was on her 'Sentimental Tour' of Australia in 1909? When she disembarked from the *Booyung* 500 to 600 people met her. She walked to the hotel and that night, resting after her

journey, she was serenaded by the Federal Brass Band from the School of Arts balcony. So, come along to hear the soundtrack of what the 'packed audience' heard when 'the world's acknowledged queen of song' performed for them on Tuesday, 27 July 1909.

Our Next Meeting

The Society warmly welcomes new members. We meet on the third Monday of every month, except December.

**1:00 pm on Monday, 17 February 2025, at the Society's Tony Clark Research Room
at the Tweed Regional Museum.**

CONTACT US: Phone: (02) 6670 2273

At the Museum: Tuesday and Thursday from 10:00 am – 2:00 pm and Wednesday and Friday 10:00 am to 3:00 pm

Web: <http://www.murwillumbahhistoricalsociety.org.au>

FB: <http://www.facebook.com/murwillumbahhistory>

Email: editor@murwillumbahhistoricalsociety.org.au

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History in a Box

New Year in Murwillumbah, Tweed Heads and Lismore (!) in 1925

Did you have a happy New Year? According to the *Tweed Daily* and the *Northern Star*, the celebrations in 1925 were a bit like the curate's egg – good in parts. (Lismore seems to have had a preponderance of less than good.)

THE NEW YEAR WELCOMED.

The blasts of steam whistles at the power house and the railway station, the chimes of bells, blaring of motor-horns, and a bagpipe band ushered the New Year in at **Murwillumbah**. Otherwise the occasion passed off quietly. The main street was dotted with occasional groups of young men, who entered into the spirit of the occasion and noisily welcomed 1925. There was a complete absence, as far as could be seen, of any untoward incidents.

Meanwhile, at Tweed Heads ...

SEEING IT OUT

The Twin Towns Welcome the New Year with Great Enthusiasm.

What a jolly multitude, quite indifferent to worldly worries, as they marched the streets of the twin seaside towns, singing farewell to the old year. Thousands of men and women—all boys and girls for the occasion—free from bonds of harassing fashion of attire as from the cares that were thrown aside.

Marching up and down the streets, to the pulse beats of enjoyment. The band was there, of course; but what need for it when all made their own music.

Then there were the indoor crowds at pictures, jazz, and skating. The three picture shows were packed, as also was Bick's Jazzola and the Ozone skating rink.

The Ambulance carnival at Coolangatta held its quota and an open air concert (also for the ambulance) attracted a large gathering near the Queensland Hotel.

"Greenmount" boarding house was flooded with colored lights, where dancing was in full swing to the mellow strains of a jazz orchestra. And so enjoyment ran unconfined till the arrival of the mystic hour of high twelve.

Then the calm broke loose. First was heard the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," as thousands of voices took it up in the various places of amusement, each party starting at a different time.

Then cheer upon cheer rang out from all points of the towns, fireworks illuminated the sky and the open air singers took up the chorus of "The Great Red Dawn."

Hundreds of motor horns joined with "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

And **Tweed Heads and Coolangatta** never ushered in any previous year as they did 1925.

Sadly, in Lismore ...

1925

PASSING OF THE OLD YEAR

Nineteen-hundred-and-twenty-five. The old year has passed wearily and the new year has begun.

Good people make new resolutions. But few keep them, for most resolutions are only made to be broken.

A new year is like a fresh lease of life. It has a rejuvenation which is exhilarating. We tread lightly on January first like one with a burden cast off overnight. The past is forgotten and the future we look forward to optimistically. We are confident that the new year will not be like the last. The world lifts up its head heroically; its creatures smile and resolve to make it better to live in. It is as well.

A stranger sat back in his chair as the clock struck twelve. He was deep in thought. On the last stroke he moved slightly and swept the desk calendar off his desk.

"1925," he muttered.

He turned out the light and crept into bed.

Lismore was not excited.

The town was almost deserted. The stray dog that anchors in the centre of Molesworth-street slept on. He was not thinking of the new year nor the old. If his thoughts could have been interpreted, perhaps he would have said that to a dog's life one year was no more than another.

Three boys, two motor cars and half a dozen firecrackers outside the "Star" office were the only sign of the unusual that heralded the approach of 1925. The post office clock faltered in its spasmodic tolling of the hour.

There was no signal gun, no cheering, no bonfire, no gay crowd singing "Auld Lang Syne," not even a New Year's dance. Most of the residential lights were out. People had gone to bed and left the traditional Old Man Time to look after himself.