

LETTER FROM
MURIEL BROWN
AT NEVILLE

23
10
1981

Brownleigh
Neville

Dear Phyllis

Grace & I were very pleased to receive your letter, she came up last Saturday & took your questions to answer, & will write to you, while I was writing this letter; my granddaughter brought me your book I think it is wonderful you certainly must have taken years to compile that, I will try & answer what questions I can, your travelling must have been very interesting, I hope you enjoy your next trip too, you have told us interesting things we did not know. I only know of Robert cats. dying at Gaffneys creek he was in his teens & was working at the mines with Richard his father & brothers which was about 20 miles away from Gaffneys creek & where Harriet & small children lived, Robert got Pneumonia & died. there other young children may have died, that I do not know & of course I was not interested enough to ask, I only knew what my mother told me & I think Grandma Harriet had told her, one thing she told me Grandma Harriet told Grandpa to make a little Coffin while he was at home in case Catherine died as she thought she would not rear her, I expect she was delicate at that time, but she lived until she was 84 years & why Bob & Emily ^(EDGE) came to Grandpa's their father died & Kitty as she was called had two or 3 small children & had to earn some money as well, Em, was the oldest 13 or 14 I don't know but Bob was 12 years

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icate, at that time, but she lived until she was 84
years & why Bob & Emily ^(EDGE) came to Grandpa's
their father died & Kitty as she was called
had two or 3 small children & had to earn
some money as well, Em, was the oldest 13
or 14 I don't know but Bob was 12 years
they both ended their schooling at Neville
with Mr. Blackler which was said to be a very
bad tempered cruel man, Bob said he
used to play (the Way) as often as he could.

what terrible hardships the early settlers
 had? we have it easy now. do the young
 folk appreciate it, they strike, drink,
 take drugs & have no respect for other
 people's property & go out of their way
 to destroy things. Fred Bats died at
 the age of 21 years with consumption. he played
 the organ & was the first organist in the Methodist
 Church at Neville, he used to go & practice in the
 church he had a dog who always was with him
 so when he finished playing he could not see the
 dog anywhere, thinking he had gone ahead he
 closed the door & went home, but the dog was not
 at home, so he went back to the church & found
 him, he had bitten the wood of the door all up
 one side & it is all seared to this day but not badly
 noticed. the dog had gone to sleep under the seat.
 (Music) I think all the Bats family were very fond
 of music my father could play the violin very well
 & was self taught, my sister Eva & I could sing
 quite well, we had a good choir at Neville
 the Radburn Brothers were very good singers tenor,
 & Bass & there seemed always someone to conduct
 Bob edge was a good tenor singer, was in the choir
 & concerts which they had quite a few in those days
 Bob was noted for comic songs & sometimes my father
 sang with him, Emelie played the Organ in church
 for several years, Etta Bats played for several
 years also, I do not think they had any tuition
 so just self taught. (Etta was Richards daughter)
 Emma Scott had a picalo she played & she bought
 a Zither harp, & did quite well on that. I did not
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Emma Scott had a piano she played & she bought
a Zither harp. & did quite well on that. I did not
get taught the piano Eva & Elma had a little
tuition but Eva went into the post office & Elma
didn't find time to practice but played a bit by ear
I married young; went to live between Trunkley & Rockley
for a few years & I had three children then we came

(best of times read)

back to Neville where we are still, when the girls were going to school, the teacher's wife taught the piano, taught our girls very well & when Frances was taught a teacher came from Blayney & later she was taught in Blayney, she was in the Commonwealth Bank & lived with the Methodist minister of that time until she married Peter Noble, went to Bathurst - to leave she has 3 sons, they went to Bankersa & were in Jerusalem a few years until they started building Macgregor Peter bought a block of ground & had a house built on it, he bought Frances a very nice electric Organ, she had lessons on that & plays quite well she also sings & plays the guitar in church also in the choir, sings duets, belongs to women's fellowship, she drives old people to get their groceries & takes a blind lady to church every Sunday morning & is a very busy girl besides doing all her own sewing, her youngest son plays the Organ too. When we first used to visit there we used to go to Beaken nearly every day to post letters & get groceries, as we could walk there, but they are about 14 miles from there now. I suppose Jock is who we called Jack Bock yes everyone seemed to think a lot of him, he used to play the flute with my father & I knew he had a silver flute which he left in the train one time but he got it back.

Grace will tell you what she knows, but we do not know why Mandurama was mentioned unless they went there for a cemetery before Neville cemetery existed, my son Bob said Lynsey Scott said there were 3 graves on his property & I know of other graves in orchards or gardens, that were used before the cemetery came & of course the church of England.

Grace will tell you what she knows, but we do not know why Mandurama was mentioned unless they went there for a cemetery before Reville cemetery existed. My son Bob said Lynsey Scott said there were 3 graves on his property & I know of other graves in orchards or gardens, that were used before the cemetery came & of course the church of England & presbyterian & there was one grave in the methodist church ground. My daughter Winsome Hunt is typing out your book for us & I will pass the other one over to Grace they are all very interested in her son Mervyn has sent to London for documents

Speaking of Emma Scott she was a sweet little person & myself & sister Eva loved to go up there for a few days in our school holidays, she used to take us out for a walk through the bush to Scotts Creek & see the ferns growing all up the sides of the creek & we would get some to grow. My husband John Brown played a chello & my son Charlie (who died last february from Diabetes) had a Saxophone Winsome played the piano a piano tuner came, he had a chello & used to play in Sydney town hall in an orchestra, others came one had a flute & his wife played the piano very well so every now & again we had lots of music & at that time we had a very good choir in the Methodist church but we used to sing in the other churches if they asked us for special Occasions, in Reville 5 Cornish families settled in Saundries, Pascoes, Elleries, all related Bob & Bats & at the time that we went to school we had quite a few funny names, & some one made a piece of Poetry out of them I wouldnt be surprised if Bob Edge had a hand in it but it is marked poet unknown, & it wasnt the first poem that was made up of the names. The Bats family I fancy like playing practical jokes, are rather witty, but do not see the other persons view perhaps. Well Phyllis we are very pleased to hear from you & I hope you & your husband have a nice trip & a happy time away I will like to hear of you when you come back if I am still here.

yours very sincerely
 Muriel Brown
 & Elma Henon

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you might like to read the poem of names.

A poem of names.

I strouled into the fancy fair
one day at half past three,
& gazing leisurely around
a grand sight I did see

a Row of may's^{was} on one side
and then not very farr
a goodacre of Cots I saw
and onyons rich & Rare.

& as I leaned against the Wall
I saw a fowl pass by
and as I stooped to Pettit
alas the lock did fly.

& then I gazed upon the Green
facing the Southwell
a Sheppard came to water sheep
and one eye in it fell.

I sat there fanning my hot face
though death was very near

and one eye in it fell.

I sat there fanning my hot face
though death was very near
~~some biscuits~~
the perspiration on my hyde
Great Scott it made me queer.

(poem continued)

Some biscuits I began to chew
& asked the cooke if she,
had ever seen so many Brooks
in close proximity.

Some wonderous things I saw that night

Why Barry came to Reville

I saw a Hood some five feet long
& thought I saw the devil.

'tis only Tom Cook someone said

with coat as Red as fire

he tried to Knell upon me then

but was stopped by cleve the Crier.

So then I homeward sped at Once

& made for my Abode

I kicked the Edge of stinsons fence
& fell on to the Road.

poet unknown