FACES OF MANDURAMA

Introduced by John Thompson
FACES OF MANDURAMA
Some content in this online publication may be in copyright. You may only use in copyright material for permitted uses, please see http://www.nla.gov.au/copiedirect/help/copyright.html for further information. If in doubt about whether your use is permitted, seek permission from the copyright holder. In addition, please follow the links or otherwise contact the relevant institutional owners of images to seek permission if you wish to use their material.
CONTENTS

Map ................................................................. vi
Foreword ......................................................... vii
Acknowledgements ........................................... x
Faces of Mandurama .......................................... 1
Pioneers .......................................................... 7
Landed Gentry .................................................. 19
Carcoar ............................................................ 27
Mountains of Gold .............................................. 31
Facing the Camera .............................................. 41
Enchanted Childhood ......................................... 59
Home and Hearth .............................................. 75
Sun on the Stubble ............................................. 85
A Man's World? ................................................. 99
At Leisure ....................................................... 103
Greetings from Mandurama ................................ 109
Bibliography ..................................................... 118
The National Library of Australia is a rich repository of a range of documentary materials which constitute an important part of Australia's historical and cultural heritage. Important among these riches is a vast collection of visual images: paintings, drawings, prints and photographs. In different ways and in differing levels of detail, these materials provide a picture of Australia from its foundations as a European settlement in the eighteenth century to its diversity as a modern independent state in the last years of the twentieth century. That picture of Australia has been built up in many ways through depictions of pioneering life, through images of towns and cities at different stages from their foundation to their maturity, and through a large and diverse collection of portraits.

In their different ways, each one of these images contributes to a sense both of the past and of the patterns and rhythms of Australia's development. On their own, each image has a curiosity value, something old, which may appeal more to some than others. Collectively, these images coalesce to give us a picture of ourselves as individuals, as a community and, in their largest dimension, as a nation. The photographs selected for publication in this book are drawn from a single formed collection held in the National Library. They tell the story of a small, fairly self-contained community of people living in a scattering of little towns and villages in the central west of New South Wales during the 1890s and the early years of the new century. They are the Mandurama photographs of one E.A.J. Lumme.

Taken over a period of possibly 20 years or so, the photographs provide a detailed portrait of an Australian country community. They cover many
different aspects of town and country life: sporting events, picnics, the importance of the railway, the early years of the mechanisation of farming, mining, civic life, school-days, and the transition from the world of horses and buggies to the coming of the motor car. The photographs include many wonderful individual and group portraits which serve to give a sense of an Australian community at a crossroad in its history, looking back to its pioneering past and forward to the twentieth century and the arrival of the machine age. The picture they present of a Mandurama now vanished forever is a picture in miniature of an Australian rural community in the making.

The initiative for the preparation of this book came from Paul Hetherington who is responsible for the publishing program of the National Library of Australia. For many years, the Library had mused over the publishing potential of the so-called Mandurama photographs of E.A.J. Lumme but had never proceeded to develop the idea, probably because of the difficulties presented by a collection that, although rich in visual and historic interest, included many poorly identified photographs. I was aware however that the photographs had considerable appeal as part of the historical record and that the collection was frequently used by researchers keen to secure images depicting Australian life around the turn of the nineteenth century. Even allowing for the somewhat tenuous and uncertain identification of many of the photographs, I could see that they were appealing images and that there was value in making a selection of them available through publication, to reach a wider audience of Australians.

When I came to prepare this book, I realised immediately that I would need to visit Mandurama and its surrounding district in order to gain a better understanding of the physical and geographic context in which the photographs had been created. My knowledge of the photographs was limited to an appreciation of their research value and some facts about the provenance of the collection. I knew that the existence of the photographs had originally been brought to the attention of the National Library by Colin Fitzhardinge, a resident of Mandurama since the 1930s. In 1975, he had written to Alec Bolton, at that time in the early years of his term as the foundation Director of the National Library's publishing program. Alec Bolton and his wife, the poet Rosemary Dobson, were old friends of Colin Fitzhardinge and his wife, Joan Phipson (a noted writer of children's books), and were frequent visitors to the Fitzhardinge's property, Wongalong. Fitzhardinge's letter was concise. It announced that an interesting collection of negatives, taken by 'the late Mr Lumme', had come to light. He noted that Lumme 'appears to have been a competent and enthusiastic photographer' and suggested that the negatives seemed likely to provide an interesting record of the early days of Mandurama. On the basis of this letter, the Library pursued acquisition of the negatives which, through the generosity of the Lumme descendants and the support of some enthusiastic Mandurama residents, passed eventually into the national collection.

Over 20 years later, with the invitation to prepare a text to accompany the publication of a selection of the Mandurama photographs, I began to think about the best way of ‘reading’ this material and of interpreting it to those who might have no knowledge of the place or its history. Sadly, while I was turning over in my mind the challenges presented by the photographs, I was distressed to learn of the sudden death of Alec Bolton, my friend and former colleague to whom I had intended speaking about Mandurama. Alec’s advice, both as a distinguished
Australian publisher and as a person with an informed knowledge of Mandurama and its surrounding countryside, was no longer available to me.

In the event, when the time came for me to visit Mandurama in the summer of 1997, I was greatly assisted by Rosemary Dobson who contacted the Fitzhardinges to see if I might stay at Wongalong and, through Colin, gain some insight into the district. Since my earlier intention had merely been to drive across from Canberra and to potter around by myself for a day or two, Rosemary’s introduction proved to be invaluable. With Colin Fitzhardinge as a guide, I gained over several days an appreciation of Mandurama and its surrounding network of towns and villages which I could not have achieved on my own. This was a place and a community that Colin had known intimately for more than 60 years. We drove through countryside that Colin, with his young bride, had ridden on horseback many years before. Quite suddenly, but in a powerful and sometimes moving way, the photographs of E.A.J. Lumme which I carried with me began to acquire a meaning and intensity quite beyond their previous somewhat abstract status as historical documents sitting in a library research collection.

I began to see the photographs in the context of the land itself, the bare yellow-brown of late summer, the dark shadows of trees in the valleys and along the course of the river and its streams. In Lumme's black-and-white images of nearly a century before, the contours of the land—harsh, dusty, a settlement still in the making—come through strongly, and, although now softened with time, are immediately recognisable still. I came to understand something of the social dynamics at work in this rural district: the rivalries between little townships; the inexorable sense of decline as once thriving communities began to lose facilities such as banks, always taken for granted as a service and as a measure of local substance; the fading of an old social order as the big properties of the district frayed, disintegrated or passed into the hands of absentee owners; and the silence and emptiness of nearby Carcoar’s nineteenth-century hospital building, now closed, its deserted corridors a metaphor for the diminution of many Australian country towns.

By contrast, the photographs I carried with me teemed with life and energy. They provided a window on to the past when the opening up of the district to European settlement was still within living memory; when family life was abundant; when communities came together in pastime and in celebration; when pubs and banks proliferated and testified to local affluence and a buoyant economy; when the extraction of gold nourished a local industry; and when young men and women courted and wed; when the rail link connected these little communities to the bigger world of Sydney and beyond; and when wattle and daub and bricks and mortar testified to the triumph of the pioneering enterprise.

In looking at the faces of the Mandurama citizenry of a century ago, we are looking at the faces of people who contributed to the building of the Australian nation. These photographs tell the story of one community or a group of communities in the central west of New South Wales in the 1890s and 1900s. But, by extension, they tell a bigger Australian story. In looking at these photographs, I like to think that we are looking at ourselves, and that, in gathering a selection of them together in published form, we have the chance to connect the past to the present. That past, local and particular though it is, is our past. These photographs are part of the collective history of all Australians.
In addition to the help given to me by Rosemary Dobson, Colin Fitzhardinge and Joan Phipson, this book has been prepared with a special sense of gratitude to others who helped me along the way: to my editor Susan Shortridge and to the designer of the book, Andrew Rankine, who both responded to the charm of the faces of Mandurama; to Kate Fortune, formerly of the National Library, who first discussed with me the problems of interpreting the Lumme photographs; to Guy Fitzhardinge who talked to me about the history of European settlement and land usage in the central west; to Gael Newton, Curator of Photography at the National Gallery of Australia, who helped to give me a technical understanding of the Lumme photographs; to Marion Halligan who understands the power of photographs as a prompt to both memory and the imagination; and to my colleague and friend Barbara Perry, for many years the custodian of the Mandurama Collection in the National Library. The book has been prepared also in recognition of the role that the National Library of Australia plays in preserving the documentary heritage of this country. Finally, and most importantly, the book has been written in acknowledgement and celebration of the communities of people who worked to lay the foundations of the country we live in today.
Travel west from Sydney, across the divide of the Blue Mountains, once seemingly impassable to the European colonists of Australia, and you come to what we might call Mandurama country in the central west of New South Wales. The successful crossing of the mountain barrier opened the prospect of abundant land for settlement and development, vast acres, bathed in a golden light, the land west of the sunset.

Once, that journey west could only be taken on horseback or by coach or dray. Later came the railway, a veritable lifeline tethering Sydney to the distant reaches of colonial New South Wales, including the towns of the central west: Bathurst, Orange, Blayney, Carcoar and Cowra, some of the principal landmarks on the push west from Sydney. In turn, these places serve as points of reference for the smaller villages of Burraga, Mandurama, Lyndhurst, Neville and Gallymont, which provide the setting for most of the photographs that appear in this book.

If the railway was once the vital link between Sydney and the towns and villages beyond the mountains, today it is the Mid Western Highway that cuts a line across the central west of New South Wales. Once thriving country towns, if they are noticed at all, now serve as brief rest or refreshment points for jaded motorists, or as occasional destinations for the historically minded to browse for an hour or two among the picturesque remains of a proud colonial past. In the small villages of Mandurama, Lyndhurst and their kind, services such as banks, hospitals, post offices and even schools have closed, forcing local residents to travel longer distances and squeezing still further the tenuous economic vitality of communities that once teemed with activity.
A mandatory 60-kilometre speed limit, and perhaps the services of the local petrol bowser or pub, are the best that many small Australian towns have to offer as the means to capture the attention of the passing motorist. The sights are familiar. The name of a town, the road signs optimistically urging a brief slowing down, a few houses scattered left and right along the highway, and the odd bank or shopfront now closed, their windows shuttered or staring blankly. An air of neglect or of time suspended discourages the passing motorist—far better to press on to the next big town. And yet, what a wealth of history is present, both in the land itself and in the towns and villages that straddle the highways and motorways. If we care to reflect on it, these places are the markers and repositories of the history of the modern European occupation of Australia.

In 1936, sitting in her small flat in Kings Cross in Sydney, Mary Gilmore, a daughter of the Australian bush, wrote to the poet Hugh McCrae to encourage his interest in writing and illustrating a history of Camden, one of the oldest centres of European settlement in New South Wales and with important links to the Australian fine wool industry:

what folk-stuff there must still be about the area that is Camden, Picton, Cobbity and even farther out. Old chimneys, old houses, old broken orchards, old men, old women, old histories, old cups & saucers, old tables, stools & chairs!

Gilmore’s sense of Australia’s pioneering rural past was intense, remembered and revered from deep within her own life and experience. For her, all too vividly, the sight of an isolated chimney stack and perhaps a few surviving fruit trees gone wild, or briar roses straggling over old bricks, evoked the sense of a vanished past, not greatly distant in time, but remote as the ages. Her words to Hugh McCrae, although linked to a particular place, have a wider and more general application. They sound an elegy for the life that was lived, the hopes and fears of the pioneer settlers, the sense of place and of community and good fellowship. They take us from Camden and Cobbity to other parts, ‘farther out’, but in the case of Mandurama and the central west, the focal point of this book, not too far distant.

If Mary Gilmore’s remembrance of Australia’s pioneering past was given a sharp edge by those poignant reminders—chimneys, decayed orchards, old cups and saucers—how much more powerful and moving are the photographs that come down to us from the past? Memory is a strange and subtle force, paradoxically powerful but elusive and mysterious. That power of memory and of the imagination often lies dormant, but, with the right prompt or trigger, its force can be released and the past opened up like a landscape laid out before us. For Proust, in another country, that prompt came in the sweet subtle flavour of madeleines soaked in lime tea.

In the Australian context, the photographs presented in this book give us a window on to the past, a prompt to our collective memory and a stimulus to the imagination. The photographs are the work of Evan Antoni Johann Lumme (1865–1935) and, probably, also of his wife Alice Rosina (nee Vaughan), better known as Rose. Evan Lumme was an independent commercial photographer who built what appears to have been a thriving business serving a scattered rural community in the high country of the central west. The photographs he and his wife made tell the story of those ‘roaring days’ when the hopes of a newly
federated Australia rode strongly on rural prosperity, and when it seemed that the
hard years of pioneering struggle might at last return a reward to those who had
chanced their arm in opening up and settling new country, enduring isolation,
privation and uncertainty. Viewed individually, the photographs represent many
private and personal stories, the details of which we can never really know in full,
if at all. Gathered together, they offer a picture of a particular group of Australian
rural communities, for convenience and a certain pragmatism, identified here
under the name Mandurama.

But while the photographs can be linked confidently to a certain place and a
certain region, it is apparent, also, that they give us a sense of some of the
broader themes at work in the evolving history of Australia, as the nineteenth
century gave way to the new millennium. On one level, they may be viewed
simply as a collection of old photographs—quaint, charming, curious, but
strangely remote and distant from our own times. On another level, as we look
more closely, they begin to exert a magic of their own. Recognition dawns.
They are our own people. Australians, if not born so, many of them, Australians
by adoption and by dint of hard work in a variety of rural pursuits—timber-
going, chaff-cutting, shearing—or in the mining industry established to extract
gold from the famous Junction Reefs mines.

Through the parade of old settlers—quaint, bewhiskered, time-worn and
emphatically old-fashioned—we sense stories of displacement and of survival,
of a life experience that would have included the long journey, early in the
nineteenth century, from England, Ireland or Scotland to a hard, isolated and
sometimes difficult life of pioneering in Australia. Other portraits, fresh and
tender, suggest the spirit and optimism of youth, strong yet at the same time,
some of them, curiously vulnerable, the best giving us the face of that new being,
the modern Australian. Just as we can imagine a distant colonial past in the aged
figures in their Victorian dress, so too in the faces of children and the young
women and men of the Lumme portraits can we apprehend the possibility of an
Australian generation whose lives would be engulfed by the horrors and the
collective adventure of the First World War.

The value of the Lumme photographs, both individually and collectively, is in the
sense they give of time and place: how people looked, what they wore and how
fashions changed, how they aged, how they spent their leisure time, something of
the nature of daily work, the kinds of houses they built, their sense of family and
community solidarity. Through the photographs, we gain also some hint of social
hierarchy. Individually, each photograph carries its own personal and intimate
story, each has its particular emotional and sentimental associations. But in
anything other than an imaginary sense, we are not able to apprehend these
qualities with certainty. We can guess at them and wonder and muse. In the end,
though, the most certain value these photographs possess is their capacity to evoke
a sense of the past and, through a myriad of detail, to give an insight into the
particulars of the social history of a representative Australian rural community of a
century ago.

Today, these photographs are held in the collections of the National Library of
Australia where they form part of the documentary heritage of the Australian
people. With the agreement of the Lumme descendants, the photographs were
deposited in the National Library during the 1970s by Ron Hines, at that time a
resident of Lyndhurst and a keen amateur historian of his local community. The photographs, in total a collection of some 3500 glass-plate negatives, had been recovered from the property at Burnt Yards, near Mandurama, where Lumme and his family had lived for many years and which remains today in the ownership of a descendant.

Unfortunately, no records of any kind survived with the negatives and, although in some cases individual images carried rudimentary labelling, it has never been possible to give a precise date and identity to the majority of the photographs. Ron Hines did useful work in researching large numbers of the images, achieving in some cases fairly certain identification and in others, regrettably the majority, only some best guesses or approximations. It is unfortunate that many of the photographs now carry only generic identifications: portraits, wedding photographs, children and so on. Some are identified merely by first names, while other identifications are clearly speculative. Somewhat easier to deal with are those photographs that record aspects of local life—timber-getting, gold-mining and agricultural pursuits—or that record recognisable local landmarks such as the convent at Carcoar. But even in these cases, identification is far from certain. It is not always possible, given the changes that have taken place over almost a century, to tell whether specific photographs record scenes in Mandurama or Lyndhurst or any of the other places that Lumme is known to have visited.

But does any of this matter? Over the years many researchers and historians have responded to the period charm of the photographs and the details they provide of dress, of modes of transport, of primitive rural dwellings, of scenes of family life and of working life in rural and semi-rural Australia. The photographs offer a wealth of detail for the social historian. And although Lumme’s photographs lack polish and sophistication, both in the placing of his subjects and in execution, it is true that they frequently achieve a particular poignancy and an emotional intensity which is sometimes profoundly moving. For this reason alone, it seemed worth sharing the photographs with a wider audience.

A word must also be said about the precise link the title of this book gives between the photographs and the town of Mandurama. Because the photographs were discovered at Mandurama, and because so many of them are obviously linked to that place, they have been identified in the National Library as the Mandurama Collection. This link has been retained in the title of this publication. But it is important to stress that the photographs extend beyond one particular place to the network of towns and villages that lie around Mandurama and also further afield. The photographer Lumme was an Estonian, a rare being in nineteenth-century rural New South Wales, who arrived in Australia in 1889. Where he obtained his training and interest in photography is not known. From 1893 to 1897, he was established in business as a photographer in Liverpool Road, Ashfield. He then moved to Orange where he became the proprietor of the Orange Art Studios. In 1900, he moved to Lyndhurst where he carried on his profession, apparently a flourishing one judging by the quantity of photographs that have survived. In 1911, Lumme and his wife and family took up a small farming property at Burnt Yards on the northern edge of Mandurama, though it is obvious that he also continued to work as a photographer.

In the selection of 95 images presented in this book, it seems possible that some of them might date from the years of Lumme’s practice in Orange—the many portraits, for example, which show their subjects posed against the crude splendours of a
The collective name *Faces of Mandurama* given to this book should not obscure the fact that fierce loyalties and strong pride defined the commitment that local citizens had to their particular place of residence. Keen rivalries existed, and probably still do, between Mandurama and Lyndhurst in particular, but also between the other communities that make up this region. While the faces of Mandurama residents might predominate in this book, it is important to recognise that the photographs represent a wider region of New South Wales and several distinct and separate communities.

Although it has been customary to attribute the Mandurama photographs to E.A.J. Lumme alone, it is of interest to note that the Mandurama and District Early Settlers Memorial situated in the Mandurama War Memorial Park carries a dedication provided by Lumme family descendants that acknowledges, without qualification, the achievement of Mr and Mrs Lumme (Photographers). In the photographs of the Lumme family that appear in this book, the English-born Mrs Lumme is presented as the dedicated and supportive partner of her husband, a young mother of a brood of children—together the Lummes produced two boys and three girls. In one of the photographs, an early one, Rose Lumme is posed with her husband against the time-worn painted backdrop, perhaps in the studios at Orange, abundantly occupied with her young children. In another, we see Rose Lumme presiding at a family Christmas celebration, seated with her children at a decorated table in the garden. And many years later, handsomely matured, she is once more the centre of our attention, this time as a grandmother, nursing a young child on her knee and surrounded by her husband and her adult daughters. Judged by the...
evidence these photographs provide of a mother and wife, we might too easily overlook Rose Lumme’s other role as the partner with her husband in the running of a successful business.

In the end, it seemed best to approach the photographs on two levels at least. First, as far as possible, to treat them as a visual record of a particular place and time in the history of the settlement and development of New South Wales, recognising all the problems of uncertain chronology and physical location. And second, to make the effort to link the photographs to the larger Australian history of the period they represent and to see Lumme’s images as emblems of that larger history. It also seemed possible to use the photographs as a kind of vantage point, to see them representing an actual caught moment of time, but also as the means to look backward or forward, recalling aspects of Australia’s colonial past or anticipating events that lay some years ahead. And perhaps it was possible to approach the photographs on yet another level, this time as allegory in which they might suggest something of the decline of small rural communities, an issue that is of current concern in Australia but that has a universal dimension.

If it is allowed that these different levels of ‘reading’ and interpretation are possible, then the photographs of E.A.J. Lumme and his wife, Rose, have an appeal that extends beyond the geographical limits of the central west of New South Wales. Their focus of course is a local one, and their interest to those who live there and to those who have historical and family associations with that place will be profound. But I believe the photographs are part of a larger Australian story. They tell us something of Australian experience in a context that is framed by the early years of the nineteenth century and the coming of Federation at the beginning of the twentieth century. The stories they tell of pioneering, of loneliness and privation, of the small human tales of love and marriage, of children and family life, of growing up, of hard work, of failure and disappointment, are part of the fabric of Australian life during an important phase in the history of this country.

Inevitably, it has been possible to provide in this book only a selection of the Lumme photographs. But the selection has been made to ensure the representation of the full range of Lumme’s subjects. The survival of the negatives, stacked in the garden of the old Lumme property, is a minor miracle, with posterity the beneficiary. Just as the work of this energetic local photographer and his wife gave pleasure to the community in which they lived and worked, so this selection of their photographs—now superbly printed from the fragile negatives held in the National Library—will bring pleasure to later generations, and give some sense of a past and a time that has otherwise faded and vanished forever. The Lumme photographs hint at many individual and personal stories. They provide a collective portrait of a place and a region. But they give us, finally, a picture of Australian life during the great years of building a new country. Those faces of Mandurama are the faces of Australia. Their story is our story, their past is our past.
Among the faces of Mandurama in the last years of the nineteenth century and in the early 1900s were those of the early settlers, old now and veterans of the great nineteenth-century journeys of emigration to Australia and the building of lives and families in a new country. In the vigour of youth, before the days of the railway, the pioneers of the central west of New South Wales made their journey across the Blue Mountains to settle in the relative isolation of country that could be chillingly cold in winter and uncomfortably hot in summer. Men generally came first or alone, later seeking wives or reunification with womenfolk left behind. Those pioneering days have an epic quality not always readily appreciated in modern-day Australia. But traces of the original journey west remain in the survival of horse-drawn wagons and carriages in the silent outbuildings of old properties. History lives on, also, in the lingering of family memory passed down, by word of mouth, through the generations, but spoken today with the veracity of witness, a quiet but emphatic memorial of the past.

At the end of the century, Lumme’s camera captured some of these old folk—ancient and worn, relics of another age. Viewed today, they seem quaint, remote, strangely and picturesquely Dickensian in their whiskers and bonnets, their pith helmets and greatcoats. But, whether intended or not, these photographs have a commemorative quality. They record and celebrate survival, struggle, achievement, the stoicism of endurance. These faces knew the pain of separation, from loved ones left behind in distant places, and, in some cases, from children taken by death as babies or in infancy. These are heroic images, not in any obvious or spectacular sense, but in the understanding they give of the journey of men and women through life.
And there is a call to the emotion in small gestures—the linking of arms or the awkward turning in of feet—which brings to mind the writer Elizabeth Jolley’s sense ‘in the redness of ears or in the small movement of the wrist and hand or in the droop of an uneven hem’ of the vulnerability of people.

It is sad that so little should be known of so many strong and individual presences—a surname here or there, but more often the anonymity of the generic description ‘portrait’. In one or two cases there are names—Caroline Wells (p. 9), probably photographed in the Orange Art Studios in the 1890s, and Richard Stubbs of Lyndhurst with his unnamed wife (p. 10). Fortunately, more detail is available for George and Ann Lobley (p. 12), pioneers of the Neville district, some of whose descendants remain in the area. This couple emigrated to Australia from Yorkshire in 1848. He was 22 years old, his wife 24. While both could read, neither could write. In 1856, they took up a land grant and named it, optimistically, Crack Hardy. They were the parents of nine children, one dying in infancy, another in middle age and the others surviving, like their parents, to a great age. George Lobley died in 1909 at the age of 84, his wife the following year, aged 86.
With the opening up of the central west of New South Wales after the crossing of the Blue Mountains, the Mandurama–Carcoar district developed into an important rural centre with a reputation both for livestock breeding (horses, cattle and sheep) and for agricultural produce. Several large properties, some of them dating back to the 1820s and 1830s, assumed the style and character of English estates.

Two of the oldest and historically most important of the big properties were Coombing Park, near Carcoar, and Cliefden. The former has its origins in a 560-acre grant made to the Honourable Thomas Icely MLC in 1829. This holding was greatly extended by purchases and further grants, including 3440 acres received in 1831 and named Mandurama. Coombing became well known for the breeding of thoroughbred horses and cavalry mounts, and was for a time an important Shorthorn stud.

Coombing Park remained in the hands of the Icely family until 1881 when it was sold to Cobb & Co., the legendary coaching and mail delivery business which served large parts of eastern Australia until its eventual displacement by the railway. The site of the old Cobb & Co. office can still be seen at Coombing Park. In 1898, Cobb & Co. sold its interest in Coombing to William Franklin Whitney. The property, today somewhat faded, is now in the ownership of the Whitney Pastoral Co. While several of Coombing's original buildings still stand, an imposing Victorian house was built in 1900 to replace the old Icely homestead. The entrance gates to the garden of the new Coombing Park homestead are documented in Lumme's photograph of two of William Franklin Whitney's daughters, possibly Barbara and Evelyn, smartly mounted on horseback (p. 21). Another Coombing photograph, taken in the
early 1900s, depicts one of the reception rooms of the new Coombing Park house, apparently set for a wedding banquet (p. 23).

In 1832, Thomas Icely's brothers-in-law Frederick John Rothery and William Montagu Rothery received a grant of 2460 acres. They named their property Cliefden. The two final photographs in this group are taken at a cottage on the Cliefden estate, probably during the ownership of Henry Rothery who inherited the property in 1899. Most likely it is Henry Rothery and his wife and children who are posed here for Lumme's camera (p. 25). The original Cliefden homestead, situated some distance from this cottage, was built during the years 1832–1842. It remains today in the hands of surviving members of the Rothery family.

In the naming of the streets of Carcoar, acknowledgement is made of the families who took up the original Crown grants: Icely Street and Rothery Street commemorate two of the leading pioneer families, while Coombing Street pays tribute to the local eminence of the great Coombing Park. A little in the style of the English villages which grew up in the shadow of large estates and great houses, other symbols express deference to what must have seemed a fixed social order. In January 1845, the foundation-stone was laid for the Anglican Church of St Paul. The plain, solid building, designed by the colonial architect Edmund Blacket, was consecrated in December 1849. Prominently placed in front of the altar and parallel to the southern wall was the Icely family pew which continues to be used by the present owners of Coombing. For many years, a tradition was maintained of games of cricket played between teams representing Coombing Park on the one side and the townspeople of Carcoar on the other.
Carcoar, situated on the banks of the Belubula River near the foot of Mt Macquarie, is the third oldest town west of the Blue Mountains. Its importance was as a 'government town', the administrative centre for the district, and the local seat of justice.

Bushranging and the robbery of banks and gold escorts during the 1860s gave the town a colourful history, with Ben Hall and his gang achieving great notoriety. Their reign of terror in the Carcoar district included raids on nearby Coombing Park and on the Rothery family at Cliefden, near Mandurama, where, on 26 September 1863, Hall's gang called and persuaded their 'hosts' to serve them a hearty dinner washed down, so the story goes, with champagne and sherry. The gang topped this off by riding away on three of the best horses in the Rotherys' stables.

Carcoar has many fine colonial buildings and some charming streetscapes. Of the several towns and villages in which Lumme worked as a photographer, Carcoar is probably the best preserved. Notable landmarks include the Church of the Immaculate Conception (1870) and convent (1874) which housed a boarding school conducted by the Sisters of Mercy (p. 30). A number of the Lumme photographs were taken in Carcoar—in the main street, at the convent and school, and at the hospital which was built between 1861 and 1862 as the second oldest hospital west of the Blue Mountains. Today, the hospital stands empty and unused save for a small set of rooms in which the local doctor conducts his surgery.
n 1870, gold was discovered at Junction Reefs at the confluence of the Mandurama Ponds Creek and the Belubula River. The man responsible for this discovery was Martin Sheahan, a mining engineer who had graduated from Trinity College, Dublin. Sheahan had first found gold by traditional hand panning some 30 kilometres downstream. Putting geological theory into practice, he had worked his way back up the flow of the stream to establish the source of the gold. Initially, his efforts were richly rewarded. As time passed, however, the extraction and processing of the precious metal became more capital intensive, leading to the establishment of a number of gold-mining companies.

E.A.J. Lumme's photographs give a vivid picture of the local gold-mining industry at an important transition stage in its development. In 1895, the Lyndhurst Goldfields Co. was established by an English conglomerate. The new company consolidated all the major mines at Junction Reefs—The Cornishman's, The Frenchman's, The Belubula and The Mandurama Goldmine—and, with greater capital at its disposal, began the task of reclaiming gold using heavy industrial equipment and increasingly more scientific processes. A major initiative was the building of a large dam on the Belubula River to provide the hydro power necessary to operate on a much larger scale than had previously been possible. Prior to this, steam had been the principal source of energy. Huge boilers had to be fed with timber which was stripped in vast quantities from the surrounding countryside, permanently altering the appearance of the landscape and changing profoundly the local ecological balance.
The Lumme photographs provide a dramatic account of the importance of timber-getting in the late nineteenth-century economy of the Lyndhurst–Mandurama district. The photographs also record the change from individual and small company mining to the larger capital-intensive operation of the Lyndhurst Goldfields Co. In addition, this selection of images reveals a blending of the local gold-mining industry and the prevailing agricultural economy. At harvest time, for example, the 15-horsepower portable steam or traction engine would be pressed into service threshing and chaff-cutting before being returned to the mine to drive a 10-head battery crushing 20 tons of likely ore (p. 39). The transition to large company mining is evident in the group portrait of local miners employed at Lyndhurst as the first generation of ‘Cyaniders’, the men whose job it was to refine the extraction of gold from what was previously disposed of as waste (p. 40). Under this process, a weak solution of cyanide was used in a system of vats to dissolve gold from finely crushed ore. A further process of leaching and precipitation led, finally, to the recovery of usable gold. In this portrait, Lumme has created a powerful image of working men at an early period in the introduction to Australia of industrial processes which were to transform the experience of work in the twentieth century.
As part of their busy commercial practice, the Lummes were in heavy demand as portrait photographers. Their surviving work includes a good cross-section of their many portrait commissions. Some of these, with their painted studio backdrop and late Victorian fashions, seem certain to date from the years spent in Orange. Others, photographed more informally in outdoor settings—in domestic gardens or in the open countryside—probably date from the days of travelling in and around Lyndhurst and Mandurama and to outlying towns and villages.

Like the portrait studies of some of the surviving members of the district's pioneering generation, these photographs are among the most poignant in the Mandurama Collection. Inherently sentimental and personal, such photographs were intended as keepsakes and mementos, gifts for loved ones, and as the means to record and honour special occasions such as birthdays and comings of age, betrothals and weddings. Perhaps, too, they were intended to communicate good news to families across the sea. Especially moving in this sense is the 1890s portrait of a group of three young Chinese gold-miners from Burraga in New South Wales (p. 43). Posed in their best dress, with felt hats and watch-chains as signs of their material success, this group is representative of the many Chinese who came to Australia to try their luck on the gold-fields, industriously scouring the tailings left behind by other miners impatient to move on to the next opportunity. Some of the Chinese achieved success, sending money back to China before eventually returning themselves. But others remained. A number of Australian country cemeteries, including the burial-ground at Carcoar, give permanent exile to those Chinese who died on foreign soil.
What these portraits lack in their virtual anonymity is compensated for in the strong sense they give of a group of young men and women whose future is before them. Their images have been preserved fortuitously but at random. And yet, we have in these photographs a selection of representative portraits of a group of young Australians captured at a time of transition—from the Victorian age to the new Edwardian era, and from colonial to federated Australia. The faces we see before us in Lumme’s portraits are the distinctive faces of modern Australia, a native-born generation already owing a greater allegiance to their own young country than to the British Isles from which their parents or grandparents had come. A nostalgic sense of Britain as ‘Home’ might still exert its claim against Australian loyalties, but the scent of gum leaves and the yellow blaze of wattle in spring would define for this young generation an irrevocable connection with place.

Just as the portraits of Mandurama’s pioneer generation offer us a backwards glimpse, we can, with the advantage of hindsight, sense in these young faces a generation whose brave hopes would be overwhelmed by the huge losses Australia sustained on the battlefields of Gallipoli and France during the First World War. For all that it was a great adventure, this war robbed Australia of almost an entire generation and left in its wake a painful legacy: shattered engagements; premature widowhood; children left without their fathers; injury and mental suffering; and, in many of those who returned, a sense of dislocation and loss. In Mandurama and Carcoar and in the other towns and villages of this region, as elsewhere in Australia, memorials commemorate and acknowledge the sacrifices communities made in the fighting of a terrible war.

Lumme’s photographs of these young people possess other qualities. For the social historian they provide valuable visual evidence both of fashion as it was interpreted and understood by a group of young country men and women and of the conventions of the marriage portrait which give a sense of brides as the helpmates and consorts to their male partners who, usually in a seated position, already assume the confident air of the paterfamilias.

The best of these portraits succeed not as fine examples of photography but as documents that capture the timeless hope and confidence of youth. Childhood has slipped away, but the future, when all things are still possible, awaits. Again, too many of these subjects remain nameless, others identified only speculatively by a surname, sometimes embellished with an initial for the first given name. But, as in many of the other Lumme photographs, certain sitters have qualities that continue to exert a powerful charm and appeal down through the years. In the series of young women, particularly the portraits of L. Stanley (p. 49), her sister Alice (p. 50), M. Burton (p. 51), and Murphy (p. 54) and Anderson (p. 52), their names tantalisingly abbreviated, we are touched by the presence of living people. So too in the portrait of A. Reynolds (p. 48), a working man, his hands stained and calloused, his stance awkward but eager, dressed in unaccustomed formality, we see before us an Australian archetype. And in the face of G.A. Wigg (p. 58), square-jawed, resolute but tentative somehow, time and the specifics of history and location have been transcended in a portrait that gives us a modern Australian.
Childhood is a strange territory, a country once inhabited by all of us but which, when left behind, blurs and fades, sometimes beyond recall. When the effort is made to revisit that faraway place, its outlines are remembered only partially and in vague detail. When it has been left behind, childhood exists for us in memory, as in a dream-remote, for some a golden, precious world—a time of joy, adventure and discovery; for others, it is an experience remembered perhaps as a time of difficulty and uncertainty, of pain and loss.

While these photographs cannot take us with certainty inside that childhood experience as it was lived in the bush towns of New South Wales all those years ago, they do offer a collective and representative picture which is its own valuable window on to the past. We see the extravagance and fussiness of 'best dress' in the late Victorian mode: bonnets and ribbons, boaters and bretons, knickerbockers and starched collars, pinafores and smocks, boots and stockings. We see hints of childhood games and pastimes in tricycles and bicycles, in the presence of pet dogs and in the gathered bunches and posies of flowers. Photographic props or not, and symbols of gender stereotyping, they imply the existence of another more lively and energetic world beyond the reach of the camera's lens. If some of the portraits, particularly those posed more formally in the Lumme studio, have a touch of preciousness or contrivance, or a distant remoteness, several of those located out of doors have an immediate and enduring vivacity and charm which gives them a life beyond time and place.

Especially appealing are the two seated portraits of Amy Edna Hines (p. 68) and an unnamed girl (p. 69), both posed informally in garden settings.
With remarkable assurance and composure, these two young girls gaze directly at the camera, their pose comfortably informal and at ease. In these images, Lumme has broken free of the conventions of the day which sometimes give his studio portraits a stiff formality. Instead, we see two lively and appealing subjects and we sense in both of them the possibilities of their individual lives and personalities beyond the moment the camera has frozen in time.

But, it is in his candid and less formal photographs that Lumme comes into his own. His line-up of mothers and prams in a Mandurama street—a veritable battery of maternal pride—is a gem of a picture which communicates, without artifice or polish, a warmth and engagement with his subjects that speaks to us across the years (p. 71). And on a bush hillside, a gathering of local fathers has been encouraged to break the conventions of Edwardian fatherhood to pose informally with their infant offspring, anticipating the new age of male sensitivity by nearly 100 years (p. 72). In Lumme’s outdoor portrait of an unnamed mother with her baby in her arms, two barefooted toddlers and, perhaps, an Aboriginal servant girl or help, we establish, through the mother’s frank, warm smile, an immediate rapport with this young Australian family (p. 73).

If Lumme’s individual and small group portraits of children make their own modest contribution to the recording of the history of childhood in Australia, his group photographs of the staff and pupils of the Mandurama Public School exert a powerful nostalgia for the common traditions of school-days. Not the least of these traditions is the ritual of the annual photograph which, for the purposes of record, places each child into the context of his or her own generation (p. 74). Such photographs mark one of the most powerful formative experiences of growing up. But these photographs reveal, also, another aspect of the Mandurama community in its heyday—pride in local institutions. In 1898, the Blayney Advocate and Carcoar Herald noted that the Mandurama Public School was one of the best in its large district with ‘Mr King ... a high class scholar’ and ‘Miss Macdermott having passed all her degrees’.
By the 1890s, when Evan and Rose Lumme commenced their association with Lyndhurst and Mandurama and the surrounding districts, this high country of the central west of New South Wales had been under settlement by Europeans for barely 70 years. Those years had not been easy ones for the pioneering generation that led the push across the Blue Mountains to take up land. Their task—self-imposed but part of a larger pattern of land settlement in Australia—had been to bend and shape the bush to their will. Settlement was also a story of the displacement and increasing marginalisation of the indigenous inhabitants. Later again, the depredations of bushranging gangs added a further tension to the uncertainties of life in the bush.

Pioneering was a lonely business. Facilities and comforts were few. Life was rough and crude. Isolation was a central fact of life, and, initially at least, the central west was man's country. Living conditions were primitive. Home was a bush hut, rough, the most elementary of constructions, recalled here by a descendant of one of the early families:

Rough bush poles for the roof timbers and stringy bark for the covering, split posts side by side for the walls. The door was the hard part so it was sometimes omitted. At one end you had a camp fire. It had to have a stone surround laid in mud or you would burn the place down. There was no flue, just an opening to the sky. The snow and rain and the flies found easy access. The snakes and lizards slid in between the split posts ...

Gradually conditions improved as women were enticed over the mountains to marry or to join their menfolk who had gone on before. Towns and villages were established—Carcoar (1839), Blayney (1843), and Orange (1846)—
helping to break down the isolation of scattered bush settlements; but, even so, many of the more substantial amenities—windows, mantelshelves, cast-iron stoves and tin baths—had to be hauled across the mountains from Sydney.

By the end of the nineteenth century, life in the central west had assumed a more settled character, even if for many bush families housing retained the characteristics of the earliest pioneering years. And just as photography was called upon to record and commemorate other important milestones and achievements—engagements, marriages, the arrival of children—so too it came to play a part in the recording of the larger successes of families. There is a celebratory quality about many of Lumme’s photographs of family groups posed together in gatherings of two, three or more generations. And there is a pride in the achievement of home building and making, whether the materials be wattle and daub, stringy-bark and greenhide, neat-cut weatherboard, or the solidity of bricks and mortar. For later arrivals, canvas might also be called upon to provide a temporary home.

As in many of the other Lumme photographs, the images of family life presented here tell a story that is as personal, private and intimate as it is representative of the broader themes of local and national history. But, recognising the recurring difficulties presented by the almost complete lack of specific identification, those personal and private family histories can only be imagined or guessed at. What we do see is an expression of the kind of extended family life that was based on two or three generations living together under the one roof, and where older members had a special identity and standing within the family unit. In the McQueon family of a father and his six sons we can guess, perhaps, at the premature death of a wife and mother, a not uncommon occurrence in nineteenth-century Australia (p. 83).

Present in a number of these photographs is the sense that families recognised their success not merely in personal or individual terms but as a collective achievement, the triumph of human will and determination over what must sometimes have seemed impossible odds. Survival was an important element of the pioneering story. With the memory of that story still alive among the oldest members of families, and therefore present in the lives and consciousness of the second and third generation, it is not difficult to appreciate how profound the sense of achievement and progress must have been as the new millennium loomed and Australia embraced its political destiny as a federated nation.
he Lumme photographs spread before us a colourful tapestry of a thriving rural community. It is not surprising that a number of these images reflect something of the rhythm and pattern of the farming year in the Mandurama of a century ago.

While the mining of gold and other minerals made a contribution to the prosperity of Mandurama and its surrounding district, it was the production of fine wool, the breeding of horses and cattle, and the growing of wheat and other crops that gave the greatest consistency to the earning power of the central west during these years. With access to reliable supplies of water from the Belubula River and its creeks and tributaries, several large properties, including Coombing Park, Chiefden and Sunny Ridge, contributed to the high reputation of the district for fine wool and livestock production. The decision of the Whitney family at the end of the nineteenth century to construct a new 35-room homestead property symbolised the prosperity of the district in an era when Australia rode securely on the back of its fine merino sheep.

But Lumme’s photographs only hint at the sources of livelihood and substance of some of the bigger properties: an unidentified group posed with a merino (p. 87), a local shearing shed and a line-up of its team, including the cook! (p. 88), and the curiously random grouping of family members posed at their property near Cowra in 1909 (p. 89). Lumme’s interests, or perhaps his opportunities as a photographer, seem to have been strongly democratic and egalitarian. His portrait of an unidentified group of teamsters posed in the shadow of their heavily laden dray is a remarkably intimate study of bush mateship (p. 90), while his photographs of a gang of tank sinkers at Lyndhurst (p. 92) and a road construction gang (p. 91) working in the full glare of a
summer's day give a feel for the hard physical dimensions of rural life before the widespread application of mechanisation.

Some other photographs in this series, while not especially interesting in their own right, are valuable collectively for their sense of local colour. Bullock teams and horses provided the essential power both to transport goods and people and to assist in the hard work that was done on the land itself. These were the days when horses and bullocks were kings. Lumme's photographs pay tribute to that pre-eminence, soon to be challenged and eventually eclipsed with the arrival of the machine age. In Lumme's photograph of the stable yard at Mandurama's Red Lion Hotel, the group of figures is said to include, on the right, John Monger, one of the area's great identities (p. 93). Monger had come to the district in the 1870s to work as a gardener for Thomas Icely, the first owner of Coombing Park. His was an Australian success story. Monger invested his money carefully and eventually became the owner of the Red Lion and a force as a property owner in Mandurama. He was a man of remarkable physical strength and enjoyed a reputation as a local titan. He died in 1929 at the age of 88.

In the cycle of the farming year, one of the most important events was the annual haymaking. The tasks of chaff-cutting and stooking and the building of haystacks were as much about ritual—age old and time honoured—as they were an essential and workaday routine. Lumme's photographs hint at the onset of mechanisation but they also tell the story of teamwork, and family and community cooperation. Writing of a later period and another region, of his boyhood in the Barossa Valley, the author Colin Thiele remembers the physical gathering and carting of hay by 'figures bending and straightening like animated question marks ... The aura of poetry hung over them all—the consummation of a year-long bond between man and the earth.' His other memory of 'the sight of a hillside covered in stooks beautiful beyond description' is as applicable to Lumme's Mandurama as to the Barossa and to farming communities in so many other places: 'In the early morning the sun's rays touched [the stooks] with gold and threw their shadows across the slopes in marching patterns. As the sheaves dried out, the colours changed subtly to lighter shades of honey and straw until it was time to bring them in.'

The periodic flooding of creeks and rivers was, and remains, an occasional peril of Australian rural life. In the final photograph of this series, which depicts the flooding of the Grubbenbun Creek at Lyndhurst around 1900, Lumme captures not the drama of flood but, in the crouching blurred figure, something of the fun that young boys can extract from nature's calamities (p. 98). In the more stoic pose of the older figures, there is a resigned acceptance that flooding is part of the overall design of Australian country life.
In an almost classic sense, Lumme's Mandurama photographs build a collective portrait of the Australian social order in the last years of the nineteenth century and at the commencement of the twentieth century. The picture that comes through to us is of a world where women occupied a sure place in family life as mothers and helpmates, but where the menfolk claimed, as of right, the title of head of the family. By and large, the world women occupied was that of the home and family, though recollections of family life in the countryside around Mandurama provide a hint that the pioneering years had nurtured a certain robustness and self-sufficiency in the women who had ventured across the Blue Mountains, bringing with them their civilising influence.

But while some of these country women might, as widows or matriarchs, run country properties and crack the whip when called upon to do so, theirs was the enclosed but physically demanding world of the domestic sphere: the rearing of children, the sewing of clothes, the milking of cows, the feeding of pigs and poultry, the making of butter and cheese, the bottling of fruit and vegetables, the baking of bread, and much else besides. Lumme's photographs, by inference at least, sketch out the essential dimensions of the broad division of labour and influence between the sexes in rural Australia of a century ago. The evidence offered by his camera draws a clear line between the domestic environment and the public domain of local government and municipal affairs, the sonorities and rituals of freemasonry, the weighty purpose of committees of management, and the freedom of men to gather together in pubs. If in the home women at least paid lip-service to their husbands or fathers as head of the household, the exercise of male influence in public affairs apparently offered no concession the other way.
A.J. Lumme's photographs include a number of images documenting aspects of popular leisure and entertainment. Contemporary newspaper reports provide abundant detail of the many social and sporting events that were organised in places such as Carcoar, Mandurama, Gallymount, Neville and Lyndhurst. Horse-races, tennis and cricket matches, picnics, sports days, billiards tournaments, recitals by local brass bands, concerts, choirs, debates, performances by local dramatic societies, a variety of balls and dances, and sometimes fireworks displays all suggest the energy, vitality and self-sufficiency of a community, in the days before film and television, that was happy to entertain itself.

In the 1890s and 1900s, local cricketers were meeting in competition for the Barrat Cup, with matches a sure-fire stimulus to the keen rivalries that existed between the local towns and villages. Competition of another kind would be played out in matches occasionally organised between town dwellers and shearsers from local properties such as the great Coombing Park, or between opposing teams of shearsers representing neighbouring properties.

Band playing, even if the sounds produced were not always entirely musical, nevertheless provided opportunities for social mixing at the many picnics and excursions organised to give the bandsmen an outing. In 1898, the Blayney Advocate and Carcoar Herald noted that members of the Mandurama Brass Band had gone on a fishing excursion to the Abercrombie River, playing a selection of lively tunes on their departure and return. One of the Lumme photographs records the Burraga Brass Band in full force at a local celebration in the rough unmade streets looking down on the town (p. 107). Even the smallest of the local communities aspired to their own band.
At Galley Swamp in 1898, an announcement was made that a band would be
formed, reviving one that had faded out of existence some years before.
A program of musical offerings by the various local brass bands added a festive
air to many community events.

With the inauguration of the Commonwealth of Australia on 1 January 1901,
the local community set out with a will to mark this historic occasion. While the
focal point of the national celebration was planned for the new Centennial Park
in Sydney, there was ready agreement that local communities throughout
New South Wales should celebrate the event in appropriate style. And although
a large number of Mandurama residents set out for Sydney to see the
Commonwealth celebrations for themselves, those who remained joined together
in a torchlight procession on New Year’s Eve and a grand picnic on the following
day, when Australia formally became a single nation. It is possible that the local
photographer E.A.J. Lumme was present to mark this important local event.
Certainly his photographs record some of the large community gatherings and
picnics that took place in this local community at the turn of the century.
It was not until February 1888 that the adjacent towns of Carcoar, Mandurama and Lyndhurst were linked by rail to the main Blayney-Cowra line, which itself had only been opened the previous year. Prior to this, from the time the first European settlers had arrived in the area, transport was an arduous business. Much local movement would have been either on foot or horseback, while deliveries and longer journeys would have been by horse-drawn vehicles. From the 1860s, the famous coaching firm of Cobb & Co. offered a commercial service which linked the Mandurama area more effectively with the large central western towns of Bathurst and Orange and, of course, to the colonial capital of Sydney. But it was the coming of the railway that finally broke down the isolation of the central west.

In the heady days of Federation, when it seemed possible, briefly, that the Garland-Carcoar-Lyndhurst district might be selected as the site of the new national capital city, the rail link was greeted not only as a boon to local travellers but also as an asset that might consolidate the claim to this glittering prize. It is not surprising then that Lumme’s attentions as a photographer were directed to recording the stations of Lyndhurst and Mandurama. Viewed many years later, Lumme’s photographs of the local stations and of one of Mandurama’s main roads have a prosaic quality which belies the symbolic importance of these subjects at the end of the nineteenth century. The enterprising Lumme inscribed a number of his images with a salutation of greeting which seems to have been as much an effort to promote the area as it was to proclaim its achievements.
But, if these photographs are indicative of a certain local pride, they reveal also, perhaps unintentionally, the essential limits and isolation of many Australian country towns. A century later, towns like Mandurama and Lyndhurst have contracted, grown back within themselves, returned, it would seem, to the isolation that was a part of their beginnings. The railway exists no more. The station at Carcoar stands empty, the Mandurama station has been removed to form part of a railway exhibition at a motel in nearby Neville, and the station at Lyndhurst has been demolished, its bricks and timbers sold as second-hand building materials. And although a modern bitumen highway now provides the link to the bigger provincial towns of the region and on, over the mountains, to Sydney, towns like Mandurama and Lyndhurst have become sleepy, the once teeming life of the colonial frontier scattered and dispersed.

Lumme's Mandurama photographs embraced the coming of the machine age and marked one of the great points of transition in Australia—the change from the days of the horse-drawn vehicle to the arrival of the motor car. If the rail link had been welcomed both as a convenience and a community status symbol, how much more potent was the motor car? And yet, in Lumme's photographs, the motor car is presented in all its Edwardian splendour, a novelty still, quaint, a horseless carriage, not yet the ubiquitous and essential amenity it would become as the century advanced. It is an irony, perhaps, that the motor car, which became so much the means of liberation for Australians living in a country defined by distance, should also have become one of the forces that effectively destroyed small town and village life of the kind Lumme's photographs revealed and celebrated a century ago. The modern highway is a metaphor for the loss of role and purpose of Australia's small country towns. It is only incidentally the purpose of these roads to take visitors to these places. The road goes somewhere else, its purpose relentlessly and irresistibly indifferent to the history and endeavours that once flourished so energetically in so many separate communities.

It is in these photographs of a century ago, raw sometimes, unpolished but nearly always created with a touching warmth and insight, that we have the chance to see what went before, the opportunity to gain some sense of the life that was lived. These photographs from Mandurama and its district are a window on to a part of the Australian story. Made in the first place to serve the personal and sentimental needs of individuals and families, and, perhaps, to record the achievements of the district itself, these photographs give life to a vanished history. In doing so, they convey again, and with renewed force, a message of greeting from Mandurama.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


"They are alive again for us, for
a moment, as we gaze back in return,
and restore for the time of our
regarding their abundant life, captured
in delicate flat patterns of darkness
and light."

Marion Halligan, *Out of the Picture*

The images of commercial photographer
E.A.J. Lumme chronicle the life and
times of a small community of people
living in the central west of New South
Wales during the 1890s and early 1900s.
Accompanied by John Thompson's
insightful commentary, these images—
selected from a collection of some
3500 glass-plate negatives held in the
National Library of Australia—sound
a powerful and memorable elegy for
lives once lived.

**About the author:**

John Thompson is a graduate in history from
Monash University and the Australian
National University. For many years he has
worked as a librarian with a specialist
interest in Australiana. In 1979 he joined the
National Library of Australia where he has
worked in a number of positions including
Director, Australian Collections and Services
(1987-92). In 1993 he edited *The People's
Treasures: Collections in the National
Library of Australia*. He is also co-editor
with Brenda Niall of an anthology of
Australian letters.