

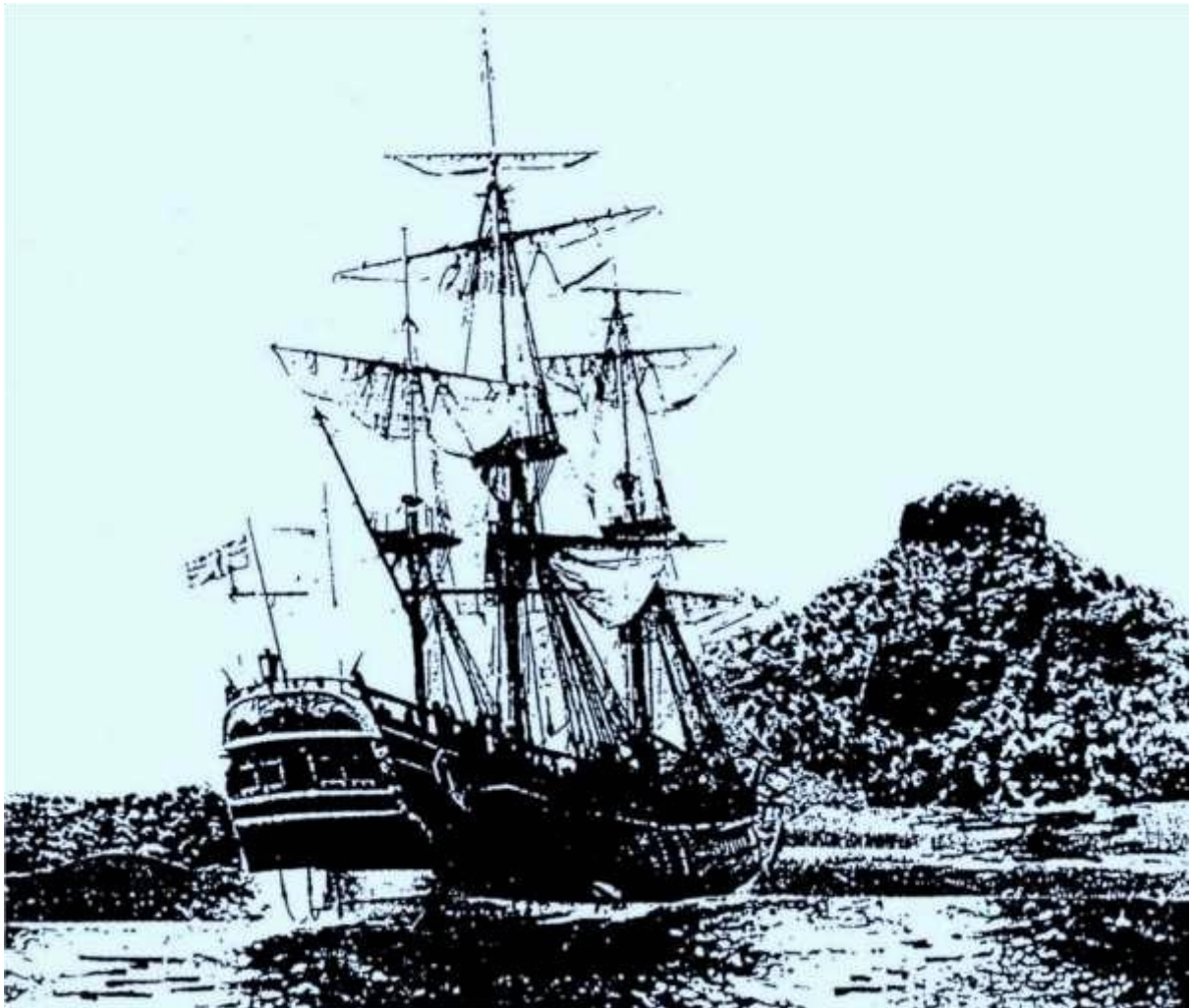
Milton-Ulladulla Family History Society Inc

NEWSLETTER

June 2020

Issue No 50

Pigeon House Tidings



Aims of Our Society are

To encourage research and friendship in genealogy.

*To promote the study and foster the knowledge of family history in the
local community.*

Our Journal is published in June and December each year.

Patron: Mrs. Shelley Elizabeth Hancock, BA, DipEd MP Member for South Coast, New South Wales
Speaker of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly.

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MEETING DATES

Meetings of the society are held on the second Wednesday of each month at the Family History Room, Ulladulla Civic Centre, Lower Floor, 81B Princes Highway, Ulladulla. Visitors and new members are very welcome. A small door fee is charged at each meeting to cover catering and other costs. The Society is also open for research and visitor enquiries every Monday and Wednesday between the hours of 10.00 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. and every Saturday between the hours of 9.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m.

Thanks to Shoalhaven City Council for their assistance

Disclaimer

The statements made and views expressed by the contributors in this publication are not necessarily those of the Editor or the Milton Ulladulla Family History Society Inc.

Cover: Representation of Pigeon House Mountain, South West of Ulladulla, New South Wales.

"...saw a remarkable peaked hill which resembles a square dovehouse with a dome on top and for that reason I named it Pigeon House." Lieutenant James Cook, April 21, 1770. © Milton Ulladulla Family History Society Inc., 2016



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Contributors - The following members contributed articles to this edition of Pigeon House Tidings. Should you wish to correspond with them, please contact our secretary and we will pass on your details to the contributor.

(14361) Julie Gullan

(14366) John Sparks

(10335) Margaret Magnusson

(5218) Christine Moss

(5225) Meg Hammond

(18462) Margaret Hamon

(16412) Wayne Murray

FIRST TIME IN HISTORY
WE CAN SAVE THE HUMAN RACE BY
SITTING IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN
AND DOING FAMILY RESEARCH
LET'S NOT MESS THIS UP



From the President's Desk...

Well what a remarkable start for the year!

The Society opened its doors for the commencement of the year on Monday, January 13th with the raging bushfires all around the district that kept many of our members concerned for their safety and property. It was with much consolation that none of our members suffered loss of life; however, several did have property damage. The tragedy saw several of our members displaced temporarily, but fortunately their homes were not damaged. Our sincere thanks go to the wonderful work of the local Rural Fire Services. The Society was proudly able to donate funds from our Christmas raffle along with generous support of our members to the value of \$500.

Fortunately, we were able to continue operating our facilities for the first three months till the corona virus pandemic struck! During that time, we were able to hold two members' days and have guest speakers at both.

Our first Members Day on 12th February had our Meg Hammond give a wonderful talk on her educational experiences as a child in England during the WW2 years with pictures of the places where she was located. Remembering back to this talk, made it more memorable in respect to the curfew of Anzac Day this year.

On March 11th we were most fortunate to have as our guest speaker Mr Mark Bundy, Operations General Manager of Rookwood Cemetery. Mark gave us an enlightening and sometimes humorous address on the history and features of this oldest working cemetery in Australia. The Society has plans for a trip to Rookwood when possible, later on. We were pleased to welcome our friends from Shoalhaven Family History and Milton Ulladulla Historical Societies to our meeting that day.

It was a very pleasant morning spent with several of our local members down at a picnic spot on Narrawallee Inlet park. It provided a "different" venue, and we were able to have nice coffee from the youngsters who operate the refreshment van there. Happily, some of the ladies also provided a variety of treats.

Sadly, upon Government orders the Society closed its rooms on the 23rd March because of the virus concerns. With six committee members present on that day we held an emergency Committee Meeting, where decisions were made for future on-going months. It is hoped we are able to re-open our room before the year is out. So, plans for the Annual General Meeting, usually scheduled for August, are on hold.

Disappointing was the double cancellation of our "Christmas Party Bash in the Bush" at the Magnusson's - an event that is always such a great society get together. But it is hoped when all in society is settled again, it will go ahead. I am sure that members, just like myself, miss not only the camaraderie of the room, coffee and chat mornings, and the other social functions we enjoy. But this has to be for the good of all.

A word of congratulations to our "temporary, not permanent, only acting secretary" who has done such a fantastic job keeping us all up to date with society matters. We all appreciate her work. You all know who I mean!!!

I hope you all are keeping safe and sane during these isolation times. With everyone's co-operation we will survive and see it through. Further, we have allowed members access to research internet sites at home, so all are able to continue their genealogical interest.

Wishing you all the best for the forthcoming months on behalf of the Committee and myself, John G Sparks.

A Note from the Editor

With less content for this journal and more time up my sleeve due to our current situation with this virus, I decided to add a little more colour throughout this edition.

I was very appreciative of all the articles, stories and snippets from those members who have contributed – Thank you.

We were very fortunate to have had the Rookwood talk scheduled for early March. Any later and we would have missed out. Our planned tour of Rookwood Cemetery will still go ahead but at a much later date than anticipated.

I would also like to add I have enjoyed putting this edition together. I have had plenty of time to read all the amazing stories submitted and edit with the approval of the authors.

I, like all of us, am looking forward to being allowed back to our room and catching up. I and many others have been able to catch up on many projects that had been put on the back burner. This self-isolating time has given us a whole new perspective on life. I for one, have enjoyed not rushing from here to there and being able to focus more on the projects I enjoy most – of course that is my family history.

This photo is for those of you who have forgotten what our room looks like

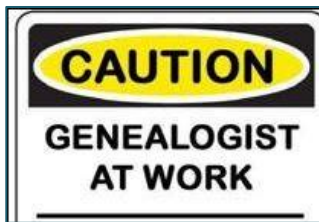


We would like to extend a very warm welcome to our new members who have joined us in the past 6 months – Peter Robert Wells, Faye Wells and Karen Hapgood.

We look forward to seeing you from time to time at our rooms and hope you will be able to join us on many of our social events when times return to some normality.

We would like to thank our volunteers and also our members who have helped throughout the year. All assistance whether it be small or large has been really appreciated. To all those who have attended our monthly meetings, we thank you as your input is so needed.

Thanks also go to our official photographers Christine Moss and Julie Gullan for their continued support and attendance of our various functions throughout the year.

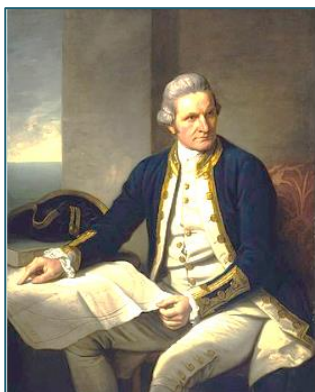


On this Day

June 1

1829 - Foundation Day for Western Australia

1850 - The first convicts arrive in Fremantle, Western Australia, to help populate the waning Swan River colony.



June 7

1770 - Lieutenant James Cook names Palm Island, off Australia's eastern coast.

1823 - Explorers Ovens, Currie and Wild begin their return journey from the expedition in which they discover the expansive Monaro Plains.

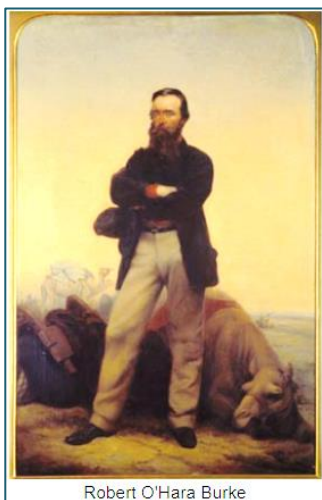
1825 - Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) officially separates from New South Wales.

June 15

1215 - King John of England puts his seal to the Magna Carta

1844 - Vulcanised rubber is patented by Charles Goodyear.

1862 - Australia's largest ever gold robbery is carried out by bushranger Frank Gardiner near Forbes, New South Wales.



June 30

1834 - A public meeting is held in Exeter Hall, London, to discuss plans for the new colony of South Australia.

1861 – Explorer Robert O'Hara Burke dies on the banks of Cooper Creek.

1861 - The worst of the Lambing Flat Riots occur, during which Chinese gold miners are massacred.

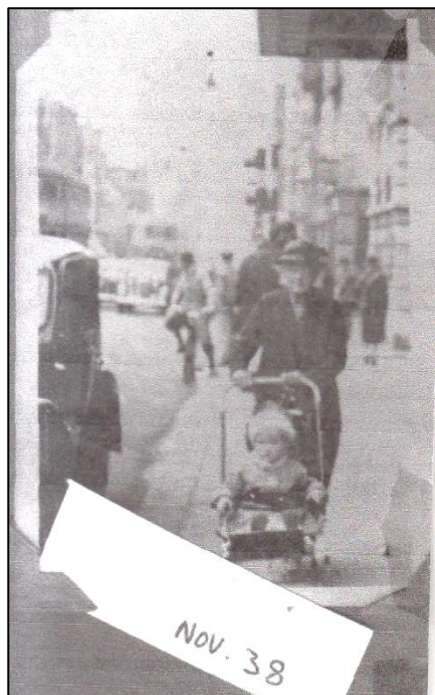
1908 - The first Australian south to north transcontinental motor car journey begins.

2010 - Mildura, Victoria becomes the first Australian city to switch over entirely to digital television.

My Childhood in World War II

Story by Meg Hammond Member No:5225

When War was declared on 1st September 1939, I was 2 years 8 months old and living with my Granny in London.



As the bombing increased in London Granny and I moved down to Southampton to be with my parents and baby brother Chris.

In other instances, families deemed to be in a safe area were forced to take a child from a family living in an unsafe area – often an unhappy arrangement all round.

Southampton became quite a target, with an airfield and large shipping port – also – particularly on moonlit nights after bombing central England and London the enemy flew due south to Southampton and turned left to follow the English Channel home, dropping any left-over bombs on us.

My father worked on airplanes on necessary war work so became an Air Raid Warden in his spare time. This meant when the siren sounded, he was off

patrolling the neighbourhood, checking that people had drawn their blackout curtains, that all cars had their headlight cover on top and that all street lamps did also.

Should any of the enemy land on English soil all road and town signs had been removed – all designed to make life as difficult as possible for the enemy.



Mum, brother Chris and I scrambled out of bed, often at 2 in the morning, downstairs around the corner to the shelter by torchlight. Granny was our calming influence in the shelter, sitting in her rocking chair and reading Psalm 46 – while we waited for the all-clear siren.

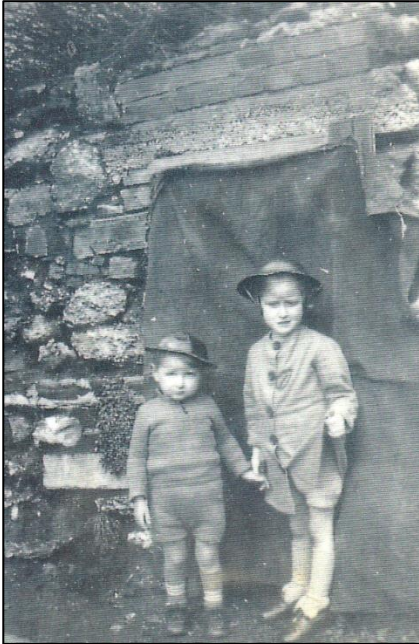


During one of his patrols Dad's steel helmet was dented by shrapnel hitting it.

When we had a family camping trip, we even had to cover our car with bracken to disguise it.

Dad had built an Air Raid Shelter in our side garden with quite substantial stones. So, when the siren sounded Granny,

Our 2 front bay windows were blown out by the blast of a nearby bomb and my job was to kneel on the carpet and pull out all the glass shards. A margarine factory was bombed and for 3 days we could see the enormous fires raging.



We had steel helmets issued to all, young and old.

Also, the terrifying gas masks which made you feel as though you'd never get a second breath in them – and it was regulation that even on our afternoon walk with Granny we had to carry the gas masks with us in Chris's pram.

It was around this time that Dads' younger brother Alf, in the Navy, was in a ship that was torpedoed and turned turtle before sinking with a massive loss of life. It took 3 months



before Uncle Alf's body was washed ashore on an Egyptian beach. I might add here that our family has lost a total of 6 men in the 2 World Wars.

Our small back garden had a very high-water table with a ditch at the bottom always filled with water. Then one morning after the all clear siren had sounded Dad and Mum tried to make light of the fact that a bomb had landed overnight in our garden – the hole in the ground had filled up with water overnight – and how lucky we were to now have a duck pond in our garden!

My father decided that enough was enough and asked for a transfer to a safer place. He was transferred to Leuchars Air field, just outside St Andrews in Scotland. In the same month that I turned 5 we moved to St Andrews, where there had been no air raids for a while – but guess what happened on our second night there! They were never as bad, though, as down south.



Memories of the Burgh School



I was five and a half before I could start school but only had a few days at the actual Burgh School Building because the education authorities deemed it too unsafe to have all the children meeting in a building that was so obviously a school from the air. So, we were split into small groups and on Friday afternoon were given the address to meet on Monday in someone's lounge room. It was daunting for me to find that new address each week, with no parental help, but I made it every time bar once.

During my year at West Infants School, I was very lucky to have my name drawn out of a hat to attend a Christmas Party put on by Norwegian Servicemen, I



West Infants School

saw bananas for the first time, rich food, bright decorations and a present for each child, in utter contrast to our everyday life.



Then on to East Infants School on Abbey Walk where we had regular practices of the whole school evacuating in under 2 minutes across the road to the crypt under the Cathedral. We only had to do it once for real when the siren sounded. A whole day cooped up virtually in the dark, no tables or chairs, I think the teachers all developed grey hair that day!

I was 4 months shy of reaching double figures when the war ended and we

moved down to Bracknell in Berkshire and Dad started working at Heathrow Airport.

It took a while for our class to settle in with children who'd remained local and us evacuees from England, Scotland and Wales with so many different experiences and education methods.

I still remember our daily issue of $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk in a small glass bottle and the revolting taste of the so-called orange juice.

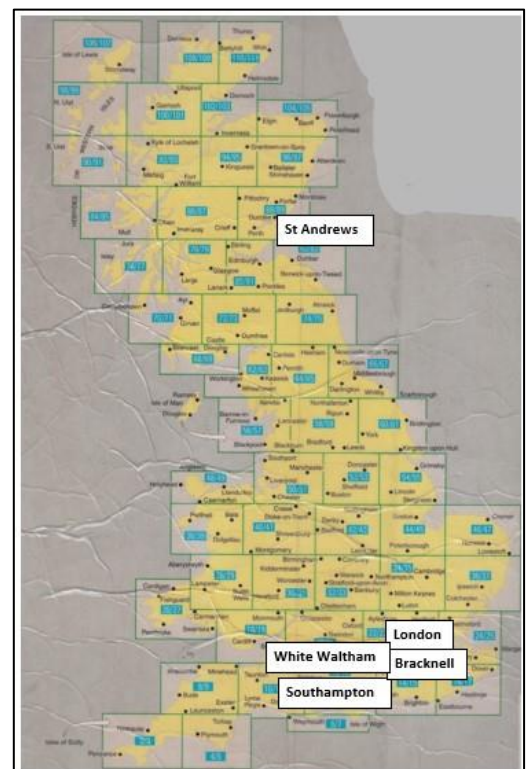
There were no supermarkets then so an inevitable queue at grocery, butcher, greengrocer clutching your ration book to hand over to the shopkeeper to count out your due ration coupon – my number was EEOG 285.3. It was quite a while before bananas, lollies and potatoes were available in the shops.

How wonderful it was when Dad's Uncle invited us over to pick up apples and pears that had been left after the harvesters had finished in White Waltham, Berkshire. My perspective as an always hungry young teenager was on all that unrationed food.

However, if we fast forward in to my seventies when the Family History Bug bit, my perspective changed greatly on learning that our family had owned the land and always been orchardists there since the late 1400s.

What a thrill that I had picked apples there and had linked into 500 years of my heritage.

So, a very big thank you to Family History!



**We are who we are because
they were who they were**

The Scandal

Story by Dr D Wayne Murray Member No:16413

I discovered the following story whilst researching the family history of my cousin. For reasons that will become obvious as the story unfolds, I shall refer to her as simply *my cousin*. Like most genealogical research, I embarked on this work with some trepidation, as there are few families that do not have at least a skeleton or two that is perhaps best left in the metaphorical cupboard.

Among those skeletons, an absent maternal grandfather, who was court martialled (twice) in World War I, for various offences, including being AWOL for extended periods. On one of these occasions he remained at large by living for nearly a year with a prostitute in a brothel in Alexandria, Egypt. But that is perhaps a story best left for another time, as is the death of the maternal great grandfather, who was murdered in Forbes as the result of an altercation with the jilted husband of the woman with whom he was caught *in flagrante delicto*.

The background of this story begins in the late 18th and early 19th century where we are mingling with the expatriate English landed gentry of Jamaica. John THARP IV was apparently born in 1744, having been listed as being aged 18 when admitted as a fellow commoner to Trinity College Cambridge on January 1761 (Venn, 1954). By the time he was ten, both his grandfather (also John) and his father (Joseph) were dead, leaving him the bulk of their estates (Pearsall, 2003). Such was his fortune, that he was sent to England to be educated at Eton and then on to Trinity College, Cambridge. He returned to Jamaica in 1766 and set about building a massive plantation empire. Indeed, John THARP IV went on to become one of the greatest sugar barons of Jamaica, at a time when a man's importance was measured by the size of his land holdings and the number of enslaved persons he owned. The epicentre of his holdings was the plantation of Good Hope. By the time John died in 1804, he owned 10 plantations, and nearly 3000 slaves. It was said that a man "could walk all day and not put a foot on anyone else's land". Hall *et.al.* (n.d.) quoted in Grubard (2018), deduced that there were 2,389 enslaved persons working (in 1815), on properties bequeathed to the heirs of John THARP IV.

The impact of the THARP family in English history, can perhaps be best illustrated by the fact that, over two hundred years after his death, he was the subject of a talk delivered at Lincoln College, Oxford University (April 30, 2019) by Elisabeth Grass titled "Land for parade and poverty: John Tharp of Jamaica as English landed gentleman". Ms Green is currently undertaking her D. Phil on the socio-cultural activities of West Indian absentee slaveholders in Britain.

John THARP IV had five surviving children with his first wife Elizabeth PARTRIDGE (4 sons, Joseph, John Jr, William Blake & Thomas Partridge; and one daughter Elizabeth Partridge). Elizabeth died at Good Hope plantation in Jamaica in 1780.

But the main subject relates to the goings on of *my cousin's* great great great grandfather's¹ second wife Ann GALLIMORE (née VIRGO) born 1774, Jamaica and died 1866 Devon, England) who was 30 years younger than her new husband. When John THARP IV married Ann GALLIMORE, in 1794 she was already a wealthy landed widow.

In 1795 John and Ann left Jamaica for England and split their time between John's Chippenham Parke estate (a 6000-acre estate, bought for £40,691 in 1791, the equivalent of over 11 million Australian dollars in 2018 terms) and his townhouse at 41 Portland Place, Marylebone, London. By 1801, Ann had embarked upon an illicit affair with a gentleman (?) called Richard Burton BURTON-PHILLIPSON². What elevated (or descended) this sordid affair to another level were the facts that (i) he was her step-son-in-law, (i.e. he was married to her step-daughter (Elizabeth Partridge BURTON-PHILLIPSON (née THARP) in 1797), and (ii) that he was the local ordained Anglican Minister. *My cousin's* great great great grandmother (Mary Ann Eliza THARP) is speculated to be the result of this liaison.

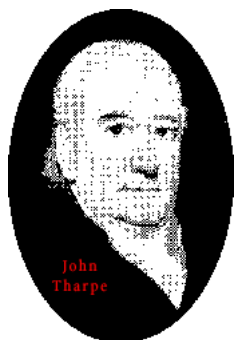
According to Pearsall (2003), John THARP IV initially blamed his wife, although BRISETT (John THARPS's cousin) laid the blame squarely on Richard, declaring that his character was so debased that his own mother, "if she had been handsome and desirable," would not have been safe with him.

Upon discovering the affair, John THARP IV obtained a legal separation from his wife, but allocated her a substantial income upon receiving a guarantee that she would have no further contact with the Reverend Richard Burton BURTON-PHILLIPSON. Whilst some have acknowledged John THARP's generosity, it should be remembered that she entered the marriage with some land holdings in her own right.

Less is known about the Reverend Richard Burton BURTON-PHILLIPSON, who studied at St John's College, Cambridge University. He graduated in 1790 with a B.A, and returned later to Cambridge to complete an M.A. in 1796. John THARP IV., never matriculated or graduated from Cambridge University.

What became of the major characters?

John THARP IV returned to Jamaica, and died three years later. Apart from being a major landowner and sugar trader, he was known for his benevolence in the way he treated his slaves. Over the years, Good Hope grew into a village with its own church, a 300-bed hospital used to treat his slaves, and a Free School that taught the slaves how to read and write. It is speculated that these acts of kindness were the primary reason that the great house of Good Hope escaped the ravishes of the slave uprising, when a great many of the great houses on other plantations were destroyed.



John THARP IV, unusually given his age and background, provided for the ongoing support for his wife and daughter. Having promised his only daughter and new husband, the sum of £10,000 upon their wedding, he paid out the owing moneys upon learning of the affair.

Ann THARP (née GALLIMORE, née VIRGO) separated from John THARP IV, remained in England, and lived to be 92. Pearnell (2008), speculated that Ann THARP remarried an Englishman, John Ratcliffe PARNELL, in 1805 "going on to live a rural domestic life, and giving birth to seven further children (seemingly never returning to Jamaica, although she bequeathed Jamaican estates to her sons)".

Richard Burton BURTON-PHILLIPSON was described by Pearson (2008) as an elusive figure, as none of his writings appear to survive. He died aged 64 in Southampton in 1826.

Elizabeth Partridge THARP, separated from the Reverend BURTON-PHILLIPSON. I think her father (John THARP IV) organised a "pre-nup" as detailed in the Marriage Settlement of 29 Apr 1797. 1773 - 1849

Mary Ann Elizabeth PEIRSE (née HIGHATT née THARP), the result of the liaison with the Reverend BURTON-PHILLIPSON – married twice. Her first husband John Stogdon HIGHATT, whom she married at 23, was from a wealthy Jamaican family. Unfortunately, she was widowed at 30, when her husband fell off a vessel and drowned off the island of Lundy, whilst returning to Jamaica. I imagine she would have been a significant

catch and she remarried within 6 months. She died aged 83 in England in 1885.

Internment of Mary Ann Elizabeth PEIRSE (née HIGHATT née THARP) at St Lawrence Churchyard, Hutton Bonville, Hambleton, North Yorkshire, England.



Footnotes:

1 I have identified John THARP IV as *my cousin's* great great great grandfather, however, whilst Mary Ann Eliza carried his surname, he did not acknowledge her as his daughter and she was not mentioned in his will. The widely held opinion of the day that her biological father was the Reverend Richard Burton BURTON-PHILLIPSON.

2 Richard's peculiar name comes from the fact of his mother's inheritance. For although she married Charles WRIGHT, becoming Susanna[h] WRIGHT, and giving birth to Richard Burton WRIGHT, an inheritance from a childless uncle, Richard Burton PHILLIPSON, caused her, her husband, and her family to adopt the surname of BURTON-PHILLIPSON. They had already named Richard "Richard Burton WRIGHT" as a homage to his rich great-uncle, but he now became Richard Burton BURTON-PHILLIPSON. Pearsall (2003) notes that these sorts of renamings were not uncommon among the 18th-century landed gentry.

Sources:

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MILTON, ULLADULLA.

THE weather is still very unsettled; scarcely two days in ducession without rain. Yesterday a very severe thunderstorm passed over this district, accompanied by heavy rain. During church-hour the storm raged with great violence; the lightning was extremely vivid; while the terrific noise of the thunder rendered it almost impossible to hear the clergyman. With such weather as we have had for so long a time, it is no wonder that grass is abundant, and butter plentiful. I have heard numbers of people say they never saw the district in such a luxuriant state—the grass is literally up to the cattle's knees. One good result from this superabundance is that the cattle are all getting very fat; horses are rolling fat, and everywhere the same wonderful abundance is to be seen.

I am sorry to notice that the oat crops do not look very well. Some people seem to think that it is the first appearance of rust: but I am more inclined to think that in many cases it is scald from the over-abundance of rain. However, the crops do not look very flourishing. A short time hence will prove whether rust is again going to devastate our crops.

The Kiama Independent, and Shoalhaven Advertiser (NSW: 1863-1947)
Thu 10 Nov 1870 Page 3

This weather report was written in November 1870. You can picture easily how well the country side looked through the descriptions given. It tells a little of how our district was doing at that time.



Shoalhaven's Summer of Hell by Christine Moss Member No: 5218

November 2019 began with very hot days and blasting winds which foreshadowed a dangerous hot summer. On televisions across Australia we started to see the horror of the bushfires in Victoria, Qld, the Central Coast as well as the Blue Mountains in NSW. To sit in front of the television and view this monster taking over everything was just another bit of news and you sympathise with the people and you talk about it. However, little did we know in the Shoalhaven Shire area we, ourselves, were going to be included in this terror.

It began in December, a bolt of lightning hit somewhere in the difficult terrain of ridges & gullies in the Currowan State Forest.

A decade of drought and dry conditions had sapped moisture from the land heightening fuel available to burn. The drying vegetation in the months, leading to the bushfires and since it started, worsened the odds for fire fighters trying to stop it. Trees had been dropping large amounts of leaves stressed by the drought.

A combination of low humidity, dry soil, high temperatures pushed the Currowan fire (Morton State Forest), which split into several fires from north west of Bateman's Bay to the Southern Highlands in less than six weeks. The Fire Service district manager said *"the fire made a run of 12.15 km distances which he had not seen in 30 years of firefighting."*

The winds, no matter what direction they were coming from, saw these fires run in fairly extreme behaviours from what would normally have been a mild condition day. During the life of the Currowan (Morton State Forest) fires conditions reached a catastrophic level and exceeded the forecast in a couple of days.

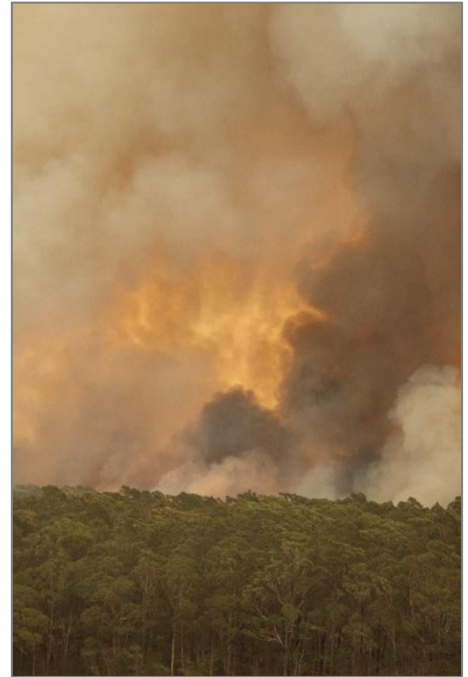
It took about a week for the fire, then as large as 11,500 hectares, to make its first dash across the Princes Highway and attack Coastal towns smashing East Lynne on 1st December and bearing down on Termeil. Evacuation centres opened in Ulladulla & Batemans Bay.

A long stretch of the Princes Highway was closed and showed black scars of fire damage as towns between Burrill Lake and Batemans Bay prepared for the fire on 5th December. In Bawley Point, fire fighters converged in the town's north after the Currowan (Morton State Forest) made its first major advance into the heart of a

Coastal Town after jumping Willinga Lake at around 2pm. It was on a North Westerly wind, darkening the sky and reducing visibility to metres.

Bawley Point was now cut off from Princes Highway. Some residents evacuated the town in a Marine Rescue boat which had been sent from Ulladulla, while others were sent onto the beach for safety.

A southerly wind change hit and swung the fire path away from Bawley Point



homes to the north through Meroo National Park and onto Lake Tabourie. Here it reached the back fences of homes and with another wind change turned and left those residences.

The Currowan fire ended the day about 55,000 hectares in size and kept pushing North and South inland. The Kings Highway, heading towards Canberra, caught 3 days later as bushfires reached the major artery between Canberra and the Coast.

The South Coast brought its own difficulties for the battle to contain the Currowan fires. The escarpment and hills combined with wind, encouraged bushfires to behave more unpredictably. These bushfires were in common with Gippsland Victoria, for both were prone when the air from drier, higher parts of the atmosphere arrive, moving over mountains, blocking and replacing lower air. As the dry air comes down, it compresses and warms, bringing strong, hot winds. This was the recipe for the unexpected and escalated fires rapidly. Lots of spot fires began and made intense runs up hills.

On 19th December another blaze north of Currowan fire around Tianjara flared up. This fire is presently under investigation.

On 21st December warnings of a catastrophic fire danger was given as it incinerated bush and threatened homes around Woodstock to the West of Ulladulla, with 60 metre flames. The fire storm darkened the area, about 30 evacuees, including some our members, sheltered in the towns Pub as the fire approached at 70 km/h. The experience was like the makings of a storm, but instead of rain they got fire. The wind came from every direction, it was an ember attack. The "Blow Up Days" of dry, hot windy conditions had formed at least three times in the region.

When School holidays started and Christmas drew near, the Holiday makers arrived at our Coastal towns. At the same time a high-pressure system over the Tasman Sea was dragging in a hot air mass.



On New Year's Eve fire raced back towards the coast. An alert was issued to every tourist and residents to evacuation and head home or to the designated centres. This too, involved some of our Family History group members to leave, however thankfully none lost their homes. For some towns it was too late to hit the road so they were told to head to the beach. Traffic was clogging the roads. It was bumper to bumper from Bateman's Bay through to Sydney or to their destinations as the panic began.

The author was talking to one evacuee that had decided to get out of the traffic jam and have a break. The couple had 2 children in the car and it was a hot 7-hour trip from Batemans Bay to Ulladulla which normally takes 40 minutes. Later speaking to a neighbour, they mentioned it took their family 23 hours to make it back home to North Sydney. What an exhausting journey.

The traffic was stopped as fire came toward the town of Milton and this had to be extinguished before traffic could get through. To combine with all of this, the fires burnt down power lines which cut off the electricity

supplies to shops and private homes and they were without power for up to 30 hours in some places and several days in others.

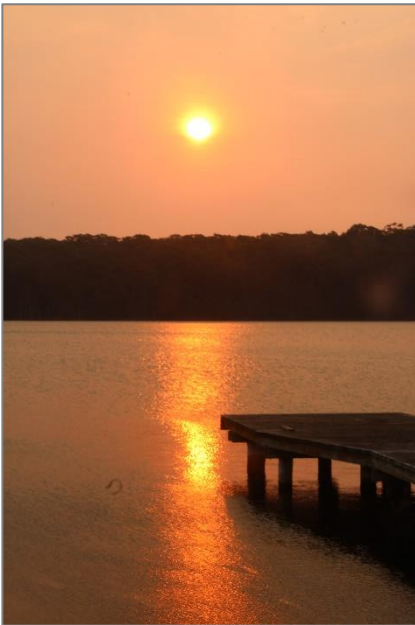
The flames reduced a large part of the town of Conjola Park to rubble. The surrounding towns watched the black sky take over, the red flames were seen through the smoke at various times, the sky was pink, red and black and the sun was a red rubber ball with the reflection of the sun shining on the shimmering water in all the horror. It was so pretty.

Helicopters were high in the sky with their water buckets dangling in the air, scooping up water to pour over the fires. A farmer from the town of Cowra, being in the far West of NSW donated the use of two of his crop dusting planes to help with the crisis. People watched as these pilots in the yellow planes scooped up the water from the nearby Lakes and took off to douse what flames they were able to fly over. It was an amazing sight to watch these crop-dusting planes taking part in helping to reduce this enemy.



It was also upsetting to hear of other firefighting pilots losing their lives in a different area, when their planes crashed. They were doing their part to help us when the rope holding the bucket of water got tangled in the trees below.

The Royal Fire Brigade control centre watched its weather station flick between north-easterly winds at about 26 degrees across to a north westerly winding straight up to 42% and then back 5 minutes to north easterly. This area was right on that volatile line of wind convergence.



Unfortunately, a few people left their escape too late and two were found dead in their cars at Yatte Yattah and another at Sussex Inlet.

There was really only one thing that would stop the Currowan fires completely. Rain was desperately needed. It just never came.

The author had to drive from her residence at Burrill Lake to Nowra for an appointment in middle of January. This trip proved a huge shock to her. In spite of her being so close to the fires and watching the black, red and orange skies and smoke almost taking the view of the backyard away with the thickness of it, she could not take in what she was viewing on that journey. She was actually shaking with the fact of seeing all the blackness. It really showed how close this fire had been around us.

What was once a thick mass of leaves on the trees was now an open space to see straight through. The ground was scorched and this went on for almost the whole trip. As she drove to Nowra, Christine could imagine seeing these areas as they would have been in mid-January where the firemen, wearing their hot clothes with the hoses trying to battle these fires, trying to save homes and the animals scampering in the bush trying to get away from the danger confronting them. A lot would not make it and the amount of dead birds was horrific.

Christine tells *"I have a friend who lives in Conjola Park so I took a drive there to see what was left. It reduced me to tears. I was talking to one resident who said he and his wife stayed to battle the fire until they ran out*

of water. They had to stand and watch their home consumed. His car was under all the rubble that was left. He said the fire came so fast they had no time to grab anything. He also mentioned that he and his wife had spent many thousands of hours building their dream home."

When told to be prepared to evacuate Christine related her personal thoughts. *"I know when I was told to prepare to evacuate my home, which thank goodness did not happen, I was told to take what I could. I stood in the house and looked around me and thought, what do you take, what can fit into the car and realising the majority has to be left behind."*



Even as time passes, what these people must still be going through with what they have lost and can never replace. It would be

very hard to come to terms with. Christine was viewing all the mess left behind of one home when she saw a man's boat which was partly melted. She made a comment on it and his reply made sense, *"You cannot live in a boat "*.



Christine's wish for these people who have lost their homes, possessions, family treasures and memories, that time will heal and hopefully our Govt will stick to their promise and speed up the clean up so they can start rebuilding their homes so they can get on with their lives once again.

Watching a programme on the Koala and how so many of them had been lost in the fires was devastating. Christine was told years ago, their cry sounded like a baby when they are hurt, this must have been distressing for those workers trying to rehabilitate them. *"These animals are a beautiful part of our Australian Heritage and I hope we can see them come back in numbers once again and not see them go to extinction"* Christine said.



"I would like to say a big 'THANK YOU' for all the brave people who fought these fire storms and to those also who lost their lives in this horrific battle. Without these volunteers who go on the front line we would not have what we have now. They deserve a medal for their bravery." *"Also, for the volunteers who worked to make food and keep these men fed during their hot fight against this monster. We appreciate the efforts that you have all put into this Summer of hell."* Christine Moss 26/3/2020



EARLY IRISH SETTLERS IN THE MILTON DISTRICT

Story by Margaret Hamon Member No:

Milton has never, to my mind, been particularly associated with Irish immigrants. It has a very English sound and feel to it. It seems that the Irish families that moved here were quick to Anglicise their names and generally assimilate as quickly as possible into the predominant culture. When I was growing up, I was only aware of a few families of Irish origin. One of these was the family of my grandmother, Alma Florence Hamon. Another was that of grandma's friend, Tom O'Donohoe.

A search through Joanne Ewin's book, *Meet the Pioneers*, revealed many more. Fortunately, towards the back of the book there is a list of places of origin of the early pioneers, where they are known, and a map. This is helpful, although there are some discrepancies between the map and list. From this I found about twenty-seven families which came to the district from Ireland before 1900. They came from places scattered throughout Ireland, at least 13 counties in all. Fermanagh, Tipperary and Tyrone were the most represented.

*See separate list of counties of origin and dates of arrival.

There are some fascinating stories to be found but I just want to mention the two I know best, The Brodies and the O'Donohoes.

The Brodies

My grandmother's great aunt, Margaret Brodie, her brother, Thomas, and sisters Bridget and Kate, came from the Ennistymon/Kilshanny area of Co. Clare. The Great Famine had a devastating impact on the west of Ireland, and I presume their parents died as a result. Margaret came first to Australia in the early 1850s. In



Tom Brodie (1869-1960) b. Woodstock, outside Trebarn's Cottages at Lake Conjola c.1930 on his 'Indian' motor bike with home-made sidecar.

1856 she married William Hunt, but how and where she met him, I do not know. William had been transported for horse stealing in 1830. He was assigned to Macleay at Ulladulla, and later became joint owner of land at Croobyar with David Munn and Daniel Pearman. When the land was later divided, William called his share 'Bristol Farm'. William died on this property in 1875 of

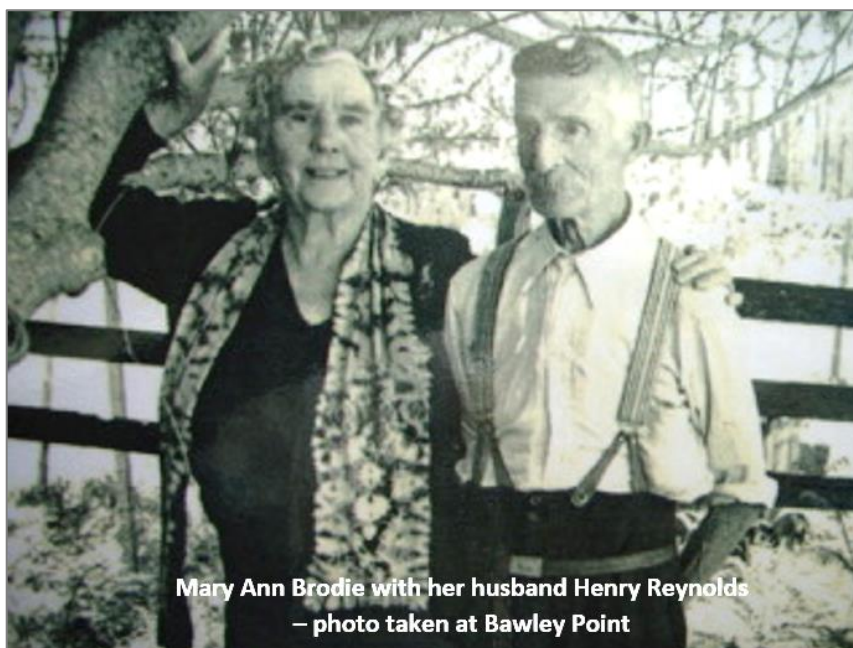
wounds inflicted by a boar.

Margaret Hunt sponsored her brother, Thomas, who would have been in his early twenties when he arrived in the colony in 1856. It appears he worked for his brother-in-law, William, on 'Bristol Farm' before taking up his own selection at Marlah Hill at the end of present-day Evans Lane. The name 'Marlah Hill' has now gone out of use. Thomas is my great, great grandfather. His wife, Mary Harty, had emigrated from Dublin, although the family was originally from Tipperary. She intended to travel to Australia with a friend, but the friend got on the wrong ship and sailed off to Canada. They never saw each other again.

William Hunt sponsored his sisters-in-law, Bridget and Kate, and Kate's husband John Guthrie, and John's four children. They arrived in 1859 on one of the Donegal Relief Fund ships.

What was life like for these early families? They did fairly well, it seems, although life would have been challenging at times. My grandmother described the house at Marlah Hill as having slab walls, covered in hessian and papered on the inside, except for the kitchen. The ceilings were calico. The floors were of hardwood, with linoleum in the lounge room. The linoleum would have been a real status symbol. In the room there was a settee and a table, with two books on it, a Bible and a 'History of Ireland'.

Treasured possessions, no doubt, of the illiterate Thomas. Thomas would almost certainly have had Irish as his first language, coming from Co. Clare, and I wish I had known enough when I was younger to ask my great-grandmother, Mary Ann (Broda) Reynolds about it when she was alive.



**Mary Ann Brodie with her husband Henry Reynolds
– photo taken at Bawley Point**

The O'Donohoe's

When my grandmother moved to Mollymook from Bawley Point in the 1950s, one of her friends was Tom O'Donohoe. Tom's grandfather, Patrick, from Co. Tipperary, arrived in 1860 and farmed 'Kilfeacle' at Little Forest. He married Bridget Egan, his neighbour's daughter, whose family also came from Co. Tipperary. Patrick, a farmer, was attracted by the good soil at Little Forest, especially good, I suspect, for growing potatoes. Aided by a young Irish priest, Father O'Doherty, Patrick felled the trees, squared the slabs and carried them to the site on his back. I remember visiting 'Kilfeacle' and being impressed by the solid slab construction and the beautiful baker's oven built separate to the house. It was devastating to learn it had been destroyed by fire in 1994.

Tom would venture down from Little Forest each Sunday to go to Mass, trying unsuccessfully to get my grandmother to go with him. In later years he owned a car, but really, Tom and the motor car were not very compatible. I remember an alarming incident when he accidentally put the car into reverse going down Golf Ave and did something horrible to the gearbox. He was a kindly gentleman though and gave me a pet rabbit one year.

There are many more stories to be shared of Irish settlers in the Milton district, but they will have to wait. Meanwhile, if you have information that is not in the main sources available to me, or if you have picked up any incorrect facts, please let me know.

References:

Ewin, Joanne: *Meet the Pioneers*, 1991

MUHS: *Nulladolla*, 1988

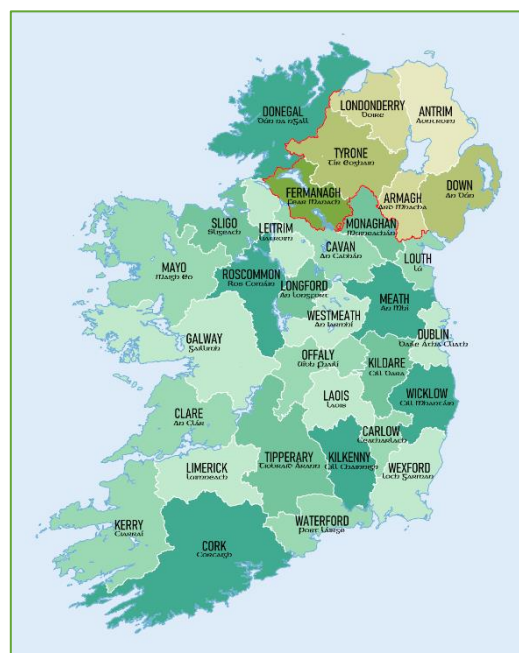
MUHSinc: *East of Pigeon House*, revised 2002

Hamon, B.V.: *Broda Reynolds, an Early Novelist and Writer*, 2008

FAMILIES AND COUNTIES OF ORIGIN OF EARLY IRISH SETTLERS IN THE MILTON DISTRICT

FAMILY NAME	COUNTY of ORIGIN	YEAR of ARRIVAL
McCauley	Donegal	1835
Alcorn	Tyrone	1857
Richardson	Tyrone	1868
Moore	Tyrone	Before 1859
Boyle	Fermanagh	1861 In Milton by 1874
Murray	Fermanagh	1839
Farleigh	Sligo	1865
Duffy	Fermanagh	By 1874
McGee	Fermanagh	Mid 1800s
Shields	Armagh/Down	1842
Curtis	?	By 1874
McMahon	Monaghan	1844
Maguire	Fermanagh	?
McDonald	Cavan	1874 or 75
Hession	Galway	~1834
McGuire	Westmeath	1829
Bourke	?	1864
Sheaffe	Dublin	1834 Sydney
Brodie, Margaret	Clare	Early1850S
Brodie, Thomas	Clare	1856
Brodie, Bridget	Clare	1859
Guthrie, John	Clare	1859
Egan	Tipperary	1858
O'Donohoe	Tipperary	1860
Ryan	Tipperary	1879
Shea	Wexford	1865

As well there were other families reported as coming from Ireland without specific mention of their counties of origin: Donovan, Johnston, Martin Ryan and Donnellan.

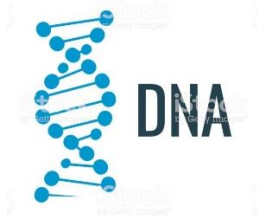
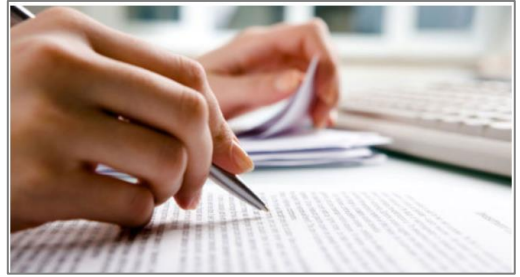


Uncovering Family Secrets

Story by Julie Gullan Member No: 14361

Researching your family history is always challenging. You've spent years checking the notes you took during conversations with grandparents. You know some of their stories are hearsay, yet they still give you leads to confirm. But have previous generations told you the truth? Have they hidden facts they think you don't need to know; are there things they couldn't talk about or perhaps they just think it really doesn't matter? Well,

no! Every detail does actually matter. If stories were passed down to them through hearsay, then so be it. However, when your source has themselves purposefully changed the details because they do not want to admit the truth or see the truth come to light, then that's another matter. Perhaps they think you wouldn't understand, or believe their coverup will never be revealed, but the truth has a way of coming out. New technology has new ways to bring out that truth. Your grandparents may have taken secrets to the grave, never imagining the future would catch them out. Now DNA has changed everything.



Jayne willingly did her DNA test to help her sister Alison's research through Ancestry. Their aunt Lorraine, their mother's sister, was also happy to have her DNA analysed. It took Alison ages to look at the results as her time was always busy, yet she was keen because a DNA expert had advised her that early generation results (immediate family) would be 100% accurate. It would be the generations going back to the 3rd, 4th and 5th level where results could be a little less reliable. (For example; if one sibling had a DNA match but the other didn't, then the unmatched result would be incorrect

– the unmatched sibling may not have had that part of the DNA passed down or it was a very small amount that did not show up in their results) So even though Alison knew this, when she finally found time to go through the results, her brain said "No, this can't be right!" She immediately organised a new DNA test with Ancestry for herself. The result was repeated; yes, Alison and Jayne were sisters, but Lorraine was not their full aunt.

Alison's brain whirled. She and Jayne had discovered new truths about their beloved grandmother. Their mother's mother had a fling with someone, resulting in a baby that was brought up in her marriage, with her husband treated as the father. Did this husband know? Did the child know? No, the sisters were positive that their mother never knew. Yet there were many stories from the past; statements, treatment and events from their mother's childhood that could now be better understood in this new light. They concluded their false grandfather did know he wasn't the father. But who was their paternal grandfather?

Alison felt some relief over her long-held regret of never sitting down with her grandfather to ask a lot of family questions – that had been wasted time worrying for nothing, as he was not her real grandfather. She also put aside the worry that she didn't have many photos of this grandfather. But there was disappointment for all the time spent on false research, even visits with cousins overseas and emails back and forth strengthening their relationship while they researched this family line together. Now knowing it was not her family, these cousins are reclassified as the best of friends.

Next a new research process had to begin. With no family anecdotes, no memories and no family member who could help with a clue, progress was challenging. Hours were poured into the task and months later, results were starting to build a picture.

A surname kept appearing in the DNA family tree matches that could not be ignored. This family name also appeared in the old family history research process Alison had done. Her new grandfather was married to a sibling of her grandmothers' husband. There were photos of this couple in the family album.

They were also known to Alison by name, although she'd been too young to now remember any outings together.

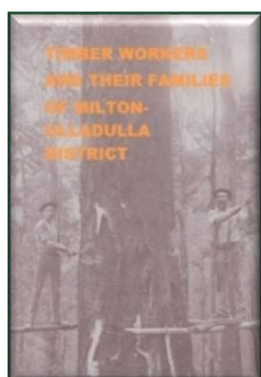
Alison followed the line from her true grandfather and finally gathered her courage to email one of the new second cousins. It turned out this cousin was very happy to accept Alison as new family and has been a great help in piecing together more of the story.



Our Society Books for Sale

TIMBER WORKERS AND THEIR FAMILIES OF MILTON-ULLADULLA DISTRICT

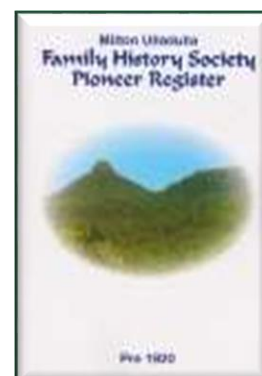
The cost per book is \$40.00 and is available for purchase from our room in the Ulladulla Civic Centre. You can also order by emailing. The Postage would be an extra charge – see below.



PIONEER REGISTER-PRE 1920

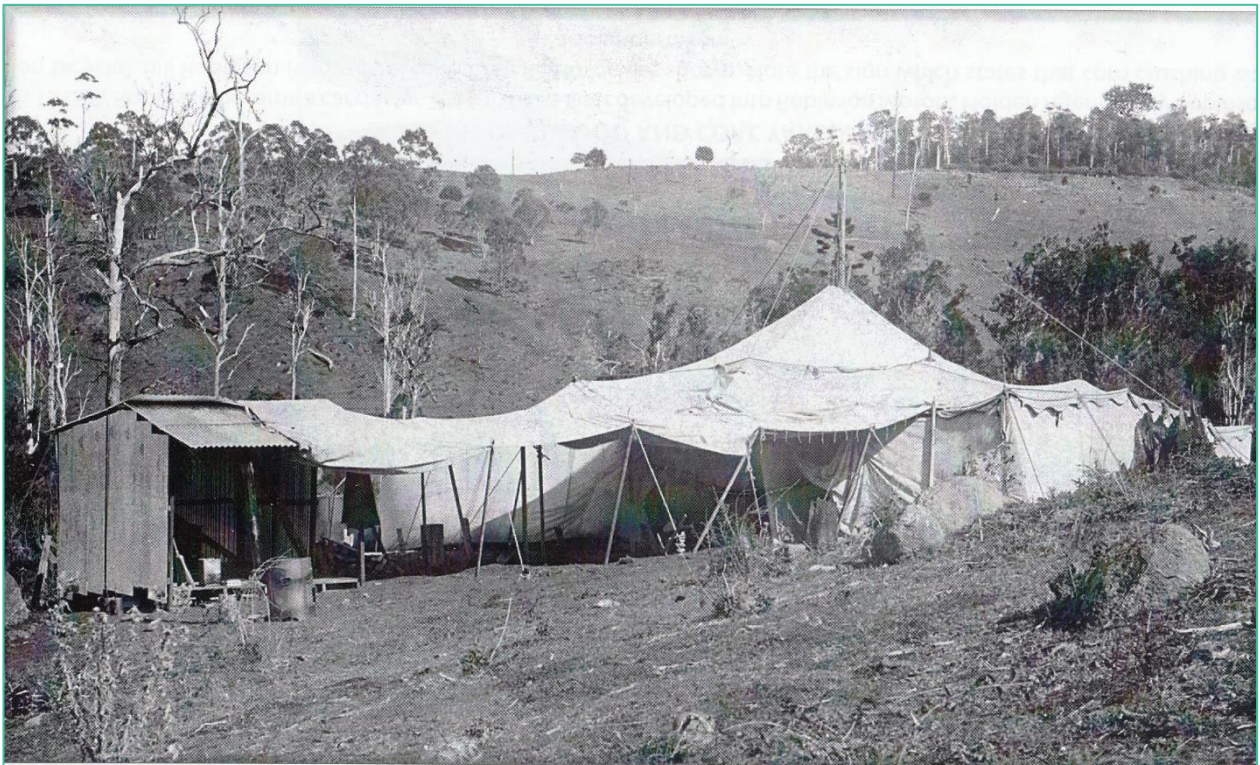
The cost per book is \$5. A postage charge would be extra if needed – see below.

\$15 cost for Postage and handling. Postage packs are able to take up to 3 copies for the \$15.00. The price includes GST where appropriate. For further details on how to purchase these books please contact our Secretary, by Email: secretary@mufhsi.org or look on our website.



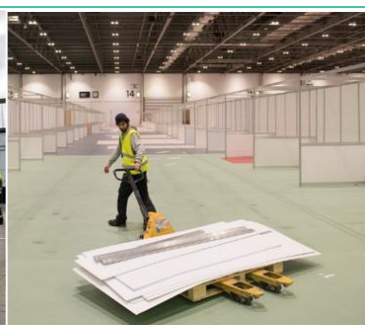
We welcome stories, articles, book reviews and other items of interest from our members for publication in Pigeon House Tidings. Articles for the next issue are required by the end of October 2020. Please email to our Secretary and she will forward to the Editor.

Temporary Hospitals, Then and Now.



LISMORE HOSPITAL ISOLATION WARD, MARCH, 1892

This was a temporary structure to house patients during a typhoid epidemic



England – one of the new buildings being constructed in preparation for extra space being required for further outbreaks of the Coronavirus pandemic. These temporary buildings took only weeks to be ready.

Recently I was searching through books and articles from the Lismore area for information on my Moss side of the family. When I came upon the above photo showing how the typhoid outbreak was handled one hundred and eighteen years ago in country NSW, I immediately thought of what the world was doing at this moment with the pandemic we are all living through.

What a contrast from those days in 1892. These photos are a few examples of what was achieved in a short space of time this year in various countries.



Australia—preparing to provide these mobile units as temporary hospitals



New York Central Park

Events as reported in the papers – The year being 1920

This article was written about having a train line running from Sydney through our area and finishing in Melbourne. It outlines all the advantages this would have given these country towns. One hundred years ago the people were wanting this – what hope have we got today!

EAST COAST RAILWAY - NOWRA TO ORBOST

MAKING AUSTRALIA SETTLED AND SAFE - A NEW LEAGUE WITH A DEFINITE OBJECT by E. J. Brady

If our first colonists had possessed a more accurate knowledge of the country between Sydney Cove and Port Phillip, an Australian East Coast Railway Construction League would probably not have proved necessary. Railway construction might have followed a coastal route, and the main trunk line would run to-day from Sydney through Wollongong, Kiama, Nowra, Milton, Ulladulla, Bateman's Bay, Moruya, Bega and Eden, and thence across the border, through Orbost, Sale, Bairnsdale, and other Gippsland towns to Melbourne. But Sydney was 25 years old before Blaxland crossed the Blue Mountains. Exploration and settlement to a great extent followed the line of least resistance. Advance was easier along open tablelands of New South Wales than through matted coastal jungles which walled the unknown richness of Illawarra and Shoalhaven. Settlement, and the vested interests of settlement, took the first railway line westward over the Dividing Range towards pastoral country, and west by south again towards Riverina. The South Coast, rich, sub-tropical, and most suitable for agriculture and small holdings, did not appeal to pastoralists, who are usually first occupants in Australia. The same may be said of Gippsland, which also is an agricultural and closer settlement rather than a pastoral proposition. For these reasons and others, these fertile eastern districts - forest country for the greater part - blessed with cool and healthy climates, enjoying an annual rainfall which renders them immune from losses and hard ships of recurring inland droughts - have remained without connecting railroads.

Line after line has directed into the arid west. A thousand miles of transcontinental or so-called desert railway was built at enormous expense to the Commonwealth. Victoria and New South Wales have been cob-webbed with lines in all directions - except one. For to-day, between Nowra and Orbost lie 350 miles of rich and beautiful coastland, productive and relatively populous without a length of rail! Before the grey wave of Hunnish invasion broke its impetus upon the Marne in 1914 there had dawned for Australia another day. Even if the great war had ended there and then, things could never again be the same. With the coining of peace in 1919 the work of nation-building begins in reality for Australians. In the forefront of effort there stand prominently forth several urgent necessities of Australian defence and development, which must receive attention. The construction of this east coast railway is the most important of these immediate national needs. From a strategic point of view alone it demands instant consideration. Not only is the safety of Sydney and Melbourne involved, but the safety of all European settlement on Australian soil is at issue.

It requires no military genius to perceive this. A glance at the map will be sufficient. Imagine what would be the position if some great naval power succeeded in establishing a base, say at Twofold Bay, which is almost mid-way between these two great over-populated coastal capitals, Melbourne and Sydney. How could troops, munitions, and all the heavy accessories of modern warfare be transported along the coast? Not by bullock wagons certainly, nor by airships or motor vehicles, useful and vital as they may have become in their separate spheres of function. The invader would have ample time to establish his forces and strengthen his defences before, he could be attacked. Apart from its value as a means of developing and settling great areas of excellent country, this proposed East Coast Railway from Nowra to Orbost is an urgent national necessity. It has protective as well as productive values. The increasing coastal settlement and population which would follow its construction will be a further insurance against the dangers of invasion or occupation by force of arms - a danger which can only threaten Australia from the sea board.

I belong to a small but growing body of optimists who believe that all, or nearly all Australia is good, but that some parts of it are better than others. The country through which this proposed second Sydney to 'Melbourne railway will pass is among the best in the Commonwealth. I have travelled it from end to end many times, and I am convinced that it will pay for the people of Victoria and New South Wales to build the line. Victoria has the shorter length to construct, the distance from Orbost to the border being by road only 98 miles. But the railroad on the Victorian side would be projected into country practically virgin to settlement; whereas on the New South Wales side it would run between Nowra and Eden through settled districts which, although prosperous enough, have, through the absence of railway communication, never yet come fully into their own. The real progress of these fine old districts will begin with railway communication.

There is sufficient evidence to show the taxpayer of the two States concerned that the East Coast line will be a payable investment. When "desert" railways like the Pinnaroo line in South Australia and the Victorian Mallee lines have not only paid but led to the establishment of prosperous population over a wide circle of districts once regarded as an arid useless waste, a railway through verdant dairy lands on the South Coast, and green, well-watered Gippsland cannot prove other than a profitable national undertaking.

Not only will the people along the whole line of route from Dandenong to Bulli be profited (with Melbourne and Sydney), but remoter districts will receive indirect benefits, and, ultimately, the linking up of this main trunk coast line with the central and western (N.S.W.) and Gippsland (Vic.) railway systems (by an extension of the Bombala line to Twofold Bay and the building of the Canberra Jervis Bay line), and the construction of feeder lines up the Cann River and Omeo Valley in Victoria would put a completely different aspect on the problems of settlement in Eastern Australia. All the undeveloped, unoccupied hinterland between Eden and Orbost, 130 miles, all East Gippsland in fact, would be given to civilization and progress. The pasture lands of the south would widen in area, South Coast villages would grow into towns, and South Coast town's in due course become cities, as has happened elsewhere. The tale of latent wealth is so general to Australia that it need hardly be stressed in this article. There is enough statistical information in hand, however, to prove that the cost of building this railway will rapidly be covered, and that an enormously increased production is certain to result.

The formation of the Australian East - Coast Railway Construction League at Eden has given to a widely scattered community between Shoalhaven and Snowy Rivers a definite objective. It Federalises their interests. As the organisation extends, it would bring under its banner groups of primary producers who, although hundreds of un-railroaded miles divide them, have one common requirement by transport. The only direct railway line 'between the capital of New South Wales, with its 750,000 inhabitants, and the Victorian capital with an almost equal number, runs through the wool and wheat belt nearly all the way. The proposed coastal connection will run all the way through dairy and garden country, settlement can never be as close, or in the end as productive, on larger pastoral and wheat areas as it must become where small holdings and intensive culture are possible. The East Coast railways are farmers railways. Those who are in any way concerned with farming interests will give the League their sympathetic support.

Nor is it likely in political circles that the task which the League has set itself will be made harder by any very serious opposition, while as far as the commercial community are concerned, they have never been opposed to improved transport, increased Settlement, extension of markets to buy and sell, and all that spells for national expansion.

The Shoalhaven News and South Coast Districts Advertiser (NSW: 1891-1937) Sat 2 Oct 1920 Page 3



The **WALTER HOOD** was constructed of Wood in 1852 and registered in Aberdeen Scotland. It had 2 decks, poop and fore castle, 3 masts, ship rigged, standing bowsprit, carvel built, imitation galleries and a male figurehead.

The owners were George Thompson Jnr (32 shares), James Buyers (4 shares), James Hain (4 shares), all shipowners in Aberdeen. Other shareholders of the Walter Hood were shipbuilder (4 shares), Alexander Mathew, shipowner (4 shares), Hugh Sprot, shipmaster, Kirkcudbright (16 shares).

The Walter Hood made the following sea voyages:

1853: Master H. Sproat; Voyage London-China

1856: Voyage London-Australia

1858: Master Donald

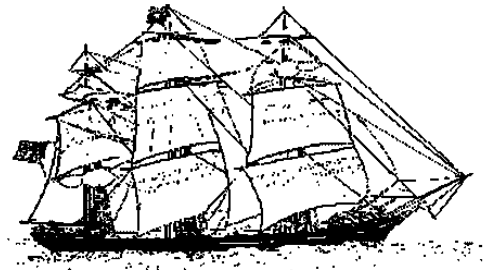
1859/62: Voyage London

1863: Master Donald; Voyage London

1865/66/67: Master S. J. Pirie; Voyage Aberdeen-Australia

1868/69: Master S. A. Latto

(Source: Aberdeen City Archives)



WALTER HOOD made dashing passage out to Sydney in 80 days. Her greatest distance within 24 hours was 320 miles and after passing meridian of Cape of Good Hope her daily average distance was 235 miles, aggregate for 78 days was 13,944, being nearly 179 miles per day since leaving the Downs. As punctuality and dispatch has even been the motto of her spirited commander Captain Sproat, she will leave this evening at the appointed time for Old England. His views in this respect are admirably seconded by Mr. Mitchell, the chief mate and the other officers.

Illustrated Sydney News, 8th October 1853

List of shipments of gold dust on board **WALTER HOOD** - total 26,775 oz.

Sydney Empire, 10th October 1853

WALTER HOOD from Sydney Oct. 13, off Portsmouth 1 Dec., we learn from a private letter **WALTER HOOD** made the Western Isles in 76 days and thence had to beat home against easterly winds. She was altogether 85 days on passage and will positively leave again for Sydney 20 Feb.

Cornwall Chronicle and Maitland Mercury, 25th March 1854

WALTER HOOD has made the passage from Sydney to London in 78 days.

Maitland Mercury, 14th April 1855

WALTER HOOD, bound from London to Sydney with emigrants, was run into going down the channel and put into Southampton for repair - sailed 1 January.

Cornwall Chronicle, 12th April 1856

Clipper ship **WALTER HOOD** has been appointed to carry the English mails of 6 June. She has got the whole of her deadweight on board; the remainder of her cargo is engaged and it is expected she will make a very creditable passage home.

Cornwall Chronicle, 11th June 1856

WALTER HOOD arrived London 6 Sept., after passage of 92 days.

Sydney Empire, 12th December 1856

WALTER HOOD, Capt. Latto, cleared 5 Oct., for London. 12 first class passengers and 1 steerage.

Sydney Morning Herald, 6th October 1868

WALTER HOOD arrived Gravesend 27 June from Sydney.

Melbourne Argus, 11th September 1860

To Capt. Pirie, the doctor and officers of ship **WALTER HOOD**, we, the undersigned passengers to Sydney by the Aberdeen clipper ship **WALTER HOOD** beg leave to express grateful acknowledgements for kindness and attention experienced on so satisfactory a passage.

Sydney Morning Herald, 3rd February 1864

WALTER HOOD was wrecked near Jervis Bay Lighthouse on 27th April 1870 when bound from London to Sydney with a general cargo. The captain and twelve men drowned.

Event as reported in the papers – The year being 1870

THE WRECK OF THE WALTER HOOD, FURTHER PARTICULARS. [FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT AT THE WRECK.]

Warrewellan Beach. 1st May, 1870

On the morning of the 29th, April, news was brought to Milton and Ulladulla, by Mr. Robinson, of the total wreck of the Walter Hood, from London, 21st January, bound for Sydney. Immediately the information was received, I started with a party for the scene of the wreck, the distance being by the road fourteen or fifteen miles. At twelve miles we came to Cougola. Here our progress was impeded by the flood waters, but at length one of our company stripped himself, and having crossed it we all followed. Three miles further we came to the scene of the wreck. I may mention that the road for six miles was covered with water, and that we found it almost impassable. When we arrived at the beach, there was a dreadful scene of disaster, destruction, and confusion. The beach was completely covered with wreck. Casks, cases, and bales of merchandise were strewn about in every direction; broken packages, blankets, clothing, and casks smashed to pieces showed the force of the gale at the time the ship had struck.

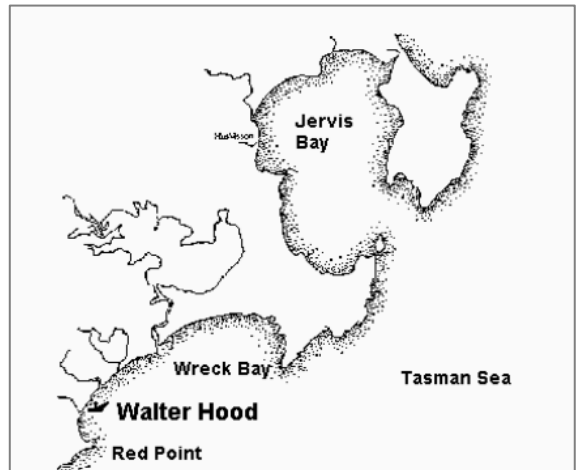
Further on, towards the wreck, we found five dead bodies washed ashore, and these we afterwards ascertained were the bodies of (1) Captain Latto; (2) Mr. Haynes, passenger; (3) John Julian, A.B; (4) Joseph Moyes, AB.; and (5) - Sinclair, boatswain.

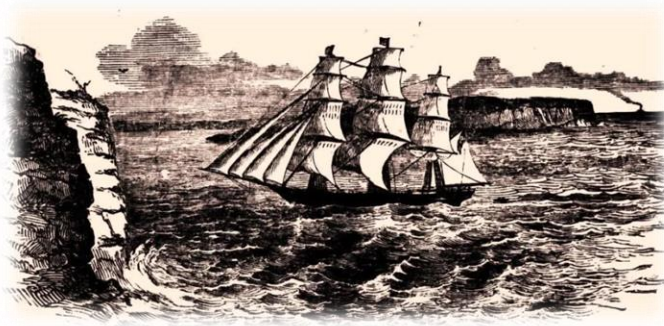
Still further on, lying about 300 yards from the shore, was the hull of the vessel, on her side, with her back broken. The fore-part of the vessel was covered with water, and the waves dashing over her-part of her stem being high out of water. The thirteen survivors had taken refuge there, and a most heartrending scene it was to see these poor fellows, who had been without either food or drink for three days and nights, waving their hats and handkerchiefs and showing by signals their joy at our arrival.

On the beach we met those of the survivors who had got on shore, and who seemed heartily glad we had come, as they had not seen anyone except two men since the wreck had taken place. We held a consultation as to what means could be taken to get the people from the wreck. The first suggestion was to launch a raft which the survivors on shore had made, but the heavy sea rolling in pre vented the possibility of our doing so. Another party of men carried a life-buoy, with a rope attached, to a point of rocks which ran out near the wreck, having been told that there was a strong current running from that point; but their efforts were fruitless, as they could not succeed in getting the line on board.

About the same time, Mr. William Harrison, son of Mr. Harrison, of the firm of Harrison and Attwood, of Sydney, and Mr. S. B. Bailey, son of Mr. William Bailey, of Newtown, undressed and swum to the ship, in the hope of being able to bring a line to the shore. The latter swam about two hundred yards and returned thoroughly exhausted, having as much as he could do to get back to the shore again. Mr. Harrison succeeded in getting as far as the vessel, but could not get close to her on account of the heavy sea breaking. He had to return in a very exhausted state. Having rested himself for the space of half an hour, he again made a most determined attempt to reach the wreck in another direction, and succeeded in getting so far as a raft that had been floated from the ship some time before, but was now stationary at about 100 yards distant from her. From the raft-having rested himself - he again made another attempt to get close to the wreck. He succeeded on this occasion, and the men on board threw him a line with a piece of wood attached, which he succeeded in getting hold of, and tying the line round his waist managed to get with it about half way to the shore, when it broke. Mr. Harrison was at this time very much exhausted, and was assisted on shore by the people, who went out into the water as far as they could, and succeeded in getting him safely on shore.

Having recovered from his exhaustion, Mr. Harrison desired to make another effort, but was at length persuaded by his friends not to do so as the case seemed hopeless, and he was much weakened. Such acts of bravery in attempting to save the lives of suffering fellow-creatures deserve the highest commendation, and it is to be hoped that Messrs. Harrison and Bailey will receive that recognition for their courageous actions which they undoubtedly deserve.





It was now dusk, and nothing more could be done to rescue the unfortunate survivors remaining on the wreck; so, we all went to work and made a big fire on the beach, and waited anxiously for the morning. During the night I received the following account of the disaster from the survivors: "Trying to weather Cape St. George, and not knowing the land, we found we could not do so; then wore ship, heading south-west, a furious gale blowing at the time, and most of the sails having been carried away, the ship became

unmanageable. We know then that we must go ashore, and that there was no escape.

The wheel was carried away by a heavy sea and almost immediately afterwards the ship struck. We then let go the port anchor, but all our efforts were of no avail, tremendous seas breaking over her and carrying everything before them.

We cut the mizenmast away, but could not get to the fore or main masts, on account of the heavy seas breaking over us. All hands were on deck on the time the ship struck, which was 7.30 p.m. on the 26th.

Having passed a dreadful night, on the following morning (27th) at daylight Mr. Haynes (passenger), John Julian, and - Ashton (seamen) attempted to swim ashore, but were washed out to sea, and disappeared. Moyes and the boatswain (Sinclair) then made the attempt, the latter with a life-buoy; but directly he jumped off the wreck he was carried under the stern and had his neck broken, while the former was carried out to sea, and seen no more. None of the others attempted to leave the vessel that day.

On the following morning Williams (a West Indian black) and Charles Branson (an American), made an attempt to reach the shore, the latter having a line and life belt. The former was washed about a mile out to sea, but being a first-rate swimmer, he ultimately managed to reach the shore, being the first man that did so alive.

Branson unfortunately got entangled with some calico that was floating about the wreck, and was drowned, the body still remaining entangled at the stern of the vessel.

The next to leave the ship was Charles Pritchard, a Sydney boy. He landed in safety. The next was Mr. Hewson (first mate), who got entangled among the weeds, but was rescued by Williams when in a thoroughly exhausted state. The next to start was the second mate, D. Cullen, who also landed safely.

Coombe tried the next, but was washed out to sea and drowned.

Turner followed, and landed in safety. Lemon then made an attempt, but was carried to sea and drowned.

The boy Gale was next. He succeeded in reaching land, but in a very much bruised and exhausted condition. Macpherson was next, and landed safely. On the morning of the 29th, the two passengers, Messrs. Smith (brothers), started and landed in safety. Croy followed, and also succeeded in reaching the shore.

During the night of the 29th a steamer's light was seen approaching the wreck, which proved to be the Illawong. It was now so dark we could not see the thirteen survivors on the wreck, but we heard them, cheering loudly when they saw the light.

At daylight a boat was despatched from the steamer, well manned, and after a good deal of manoeuvring succeeded in getting alongside, and taking the whole of the survivors off, in the following order-watching the surf to take advantage of every lull:- First opportunity, one man; second, one man; third, two men; fourth, one man; fifth, two men; sixth, three men; seventh, two men; eighth, one man-being the last of the thirteen. It must have been an awful moment of suspense for the last man, waiting for his chance of being rescued from death, but fortunately he was not long left alone after his companions had been saved ere he was released.

The boat was then pulled off to [to] the steamer, when cheers loud and long arose from the passengers and those on shore, who had watched the progress of affairs with the deepest anxiety. All of those who were drowned, with the exception of the captain and the cook, were lost in attempting to get to the shore. Alexander Wilkie had been washed overboard and drowned before the ship struck."

Mr. Robinson deserves great praise for his energy and humanity. He was first at the scene of the wreck, and was very attentive to the exhausted men. The chief officer said that he saved them from perishing. Mr. Goodsell and Mr. Whatman also deserve great credit for attending to the wants of the survivors. Mr David Warden, of Ulladulla, was very thoughtful in sending provisions, clothing, &c, &c. On the 38th an inquest on the bodies was held by Mr. Wareham, of Ulladulla, and a verdict of accidentally drowned was returned. The bodies were then interred together, in one large grave. Mr. Parsons, the Wesleyan minister, read the burial service, and afterwards delivered a very appropriate address.

Empire (Sydney, NSW: 1850-1875) Thu 5 May 1870 Page 2

A glimpse of the forthcoming project by our Society

SHOPS KEEPERS & THEIR FAMILIES OF EARLY MILTON, ULLADULLA & SURROUNDING AREAS

J M Faust, Newsagent & Confectionary Business Owners

Johann Michel Faust (1856-1945) came to the Milton area in 1883, joining his brother Dr. Nicholas Faust who had established a vineyard on the north side of Ulladulla Harbour. He married Sarah Jackson in Milton in 1886. Sarah was born at Hickory Farm in 1861.

Together Johann and Sarah opened a shop on the corner of Wason and Murramarang Streets, Milton. They also established a cordial factory in 1887, but it was not until 1890 that they started Milton's first newsagency.



To encourage night time shopping in Milton, Faust came up with the idea of installing lights on poles to light up the intersection nearby. Also, to encourage business his store stayed open till late at night where games such as euchre and darts were played. The Sydney newspapers would arrive on a Saturday night around 8pm. His Germanic family background created some difficult times during WW1. Some towns people took a considerable dislike to the family, and his bank accounts were frozen. He was even removed from the electoral roll. All this happened despite the fact he had been naturalised as an Australian citizen in 1892. His two sons served in the Australian Navy! It must have been heartening that there were still many friends in the locality that stood by him, and his business continued to flourish.



Johann and Sarah's children were:

Marguerita, 1887-1966; Adelina, 1889-1936; Conrad Philip, 1891-1919; Peter Nelson, 1893-1920; Hermann John, 1896-1979; Johann Friedrich 1899-1964; Waldemar, 1907-1949

Notes taken from: Meet the Pioneers: Early Families of Milton Ulladulla District [Joanne Ewin] Milton Ulladulla Historical Society Walking Guide & Ancestry.com.



Other interesting facts on the Faust Family



The Milton Auto Centre is the old workshop behind the IGA Petrol Station at Milton.

Hermann Faust purchased land at Jerrawangla for the sum of £2000 in 1926.

Mr. J. Boag last week sold the farm property at Jerrawangla purchased from the Walsh family some time ago by the late Mr. Norman Warden. The new owner is Mr. Hermann Faust; the price paid, £2000.

The Shoalhaven News and South Coast Districts Advertiser Sat 25 Sep 1926 Page 2

On Friday last, in the Methodist Church, Milton, Miss Wendelin Faust, daughter of Mr. J. M. Faust and the late Mrs. Faust, and Mr. Cecil George Backhouse, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Backhouse, of Carrowan Creek, Nelligen, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. P. Threlfall.

The Shoalhaven News and South Coast Districts Advertiser Sat 7 Nov 1936 Page 2

Johann Faust daughter Wendelin married Cecil George Backhouse at the Methodist Church Milton in 1936.

BANKRUPTCY.—Nicholas Faust, late of Milton, was examined before the Registrar in Sydney on Wednesday. He deposed that he had had a vineyard at Ulladulla and a chemist's shop. Both were sold during his absence and without his authority to Dr. Ryan, for about £45 for the shop and £290 for the vineyard. Bankrupt could not say who got the money. W. Miller had a bill of sale over the business. David Warden, the mortgagee, took £210 from the proceeds of the sale of the vineyard and shop, and H. C. Blackburn took the balance. The shop and vineyard were sold under a Supreme Court writ.—The hearing of a certificate application by P. J. Kenna was adjourned till Wednesday next.—A meeting of creditors in the estate of Thomas J. Sadler, solicitor, will be held at Kiama, on 10th August.—In the matter of Alexander Pollock v. John Brown, publican, of Cambewarra, it was stated before the Sydney Registrar on Thursday last that a settlement was pending, and the hearing of the petition was therefore adjourned till the 26th October.

The Shoalhaven News and South Coast Districts Advertiser
Sat 29 Jul 1893 Page 2

In October 1893 Nicholas Faust owned a vineyard at Ulladulla as well as a Chemist shop. In the article we see he was bankrupt.

MUDGE



John Mudge (1806-1878).



Rachel Mudge (née Hamon, formerly Le Moine, 1824-1905). Note the Salvation Army Badge. All the Mudges were fervent Salvationists.

Milton Cordial Factory. "Mudge's Corner"

This was located on the corner of Wason Street and Croobyar Road in Milton.

It seems that Wason Street, Milton has still many of the original workers cottages that were constructed in the late 1870s. At the end of Wason Street where Turnbull's Antiques are today, was once the old original cordial factory. While there are still buildings of a bygone age, the old shed on the property, which was used for the undertaker's services was demolished as it was

considered too dangerous. It was the shed located closest to the road. Along this street were other businesses such as blacksmiths and builders.

In 1859 after John Mudge's wife died he left England onboard the ship Orwell and headed to Australia where he joined his two sons Robert and Nicholas. John remarried in 1891 to a widower, Rachel Le Moine. Rachel had come to Australia in 1859 with two children. The Mudge family lived at Berryvale corner, East Milton.

John and Rachel Mudge's descendants operated an undertakers service there until about the middle of the 1960s.





THE LIBRARIAN'S CORNER

From Marg Magnusson

This year has started out strangely. We opened in mid-January and by mid-March we like many other places were closed again but we were still busy.

Christine Moss, Maureen Delmonte have been a big help in rearranging our Local books into their new places. This has helped to coincide with our new Database on Local people and places. Thank you very much ladies, luckily that was finished before we closed our door.

While looking around the markets at Milton In December I came across a very interesting book.

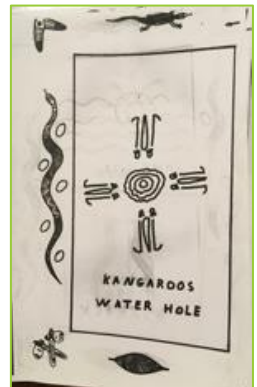
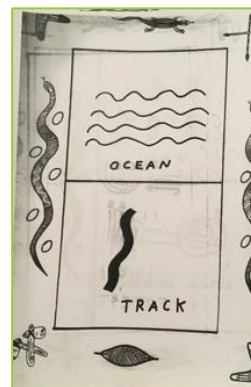
Tom Butler is from the Murramarang tribe at

Bawley Point and he has put together a booklet on some Dhurga language used in the area. He explains in drawings what some of the signs mean. Very interesting.

We have had many books over the last few months.

Heather Sedgwick donated -

Batemans Bay Story of a Town - This book is about the people and industry of Bateman's Bay. It has some interesting stories and pictures.



The Coffs Harbour Story; Interesting to see how the town grew over time.



The story of the Edwin Fox; The story of a ship and her days on the sea

Historic Kiandra

Bill Ferrier donated -

The Man from Misty Mountain by James Sturgess. His poems and stories are set around Sassafras near Nowra.

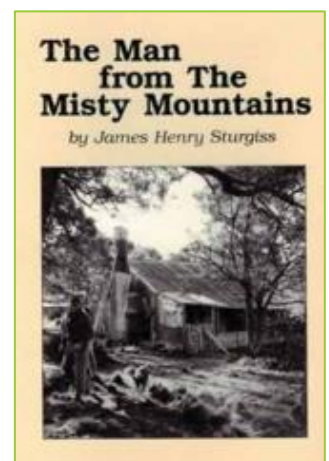
Fitzroy Falls and beyond

Marrickville-75 Years of progress

Pigeon House and Beyond, Meet the Pioneers.

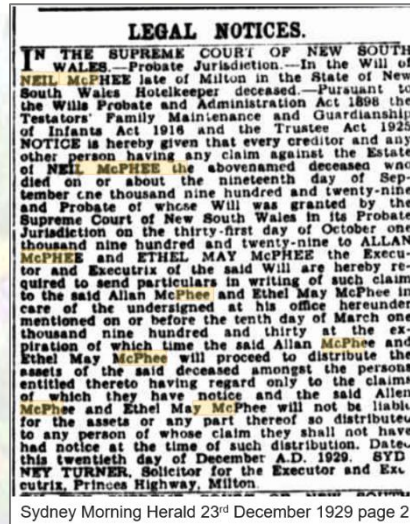
Margaret Hamon donated -

The Reminiscences of Ann Rees Jones - The diary was provided to Bruce Hamon - It is part of a diary that Ann wrote on her life and where she travelled with her husband. She stayed at Brooman near Milton for a short time. She arrived with her parents and siblings in Australia in 1834. Ann goes into detail about what it was like in the bush and Sydney.

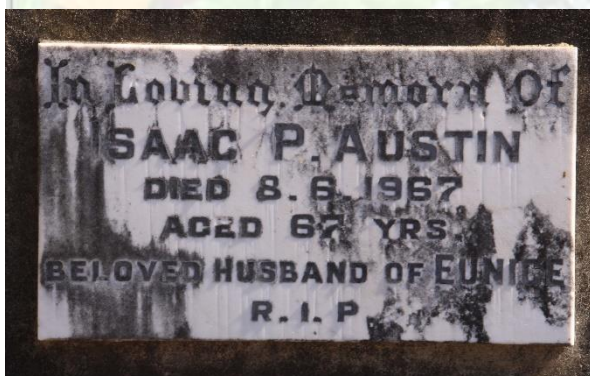


RESIDENTS OF MILTON ULLADULLA - These headstones are located in the Sandridge Cemetery at Mollymook Beach.

Photographs by Christine Moss



Archibald Wendon Sams NSW Registration No:4512/1945 with parents stated as Alfred George and Emily Maude. The death was registered at Nowra.



Isaac Paul Austin NSW Registration No:23548/1967 with parents stated as Jerimiah Paul and Catherine. The death was registered in Nowra.

*In the Will of Elizabeth Mary Backhouse of Bomaderry in the State of New South Wales
The Sydney Morning Herald Monday, September 29, 1969 Page: 20*

Mary Elizabeth Backhouse NSW Registration No:26239/1969 with parents stated as John Edward and Catherine. The death was registered in Nowra.





George Henry Betwell NSW Registration No:23547/1967 with parents stated as Louis Leom and Christina. The death was registered at Nowra.



Also, Joan and Peter were buried with George.

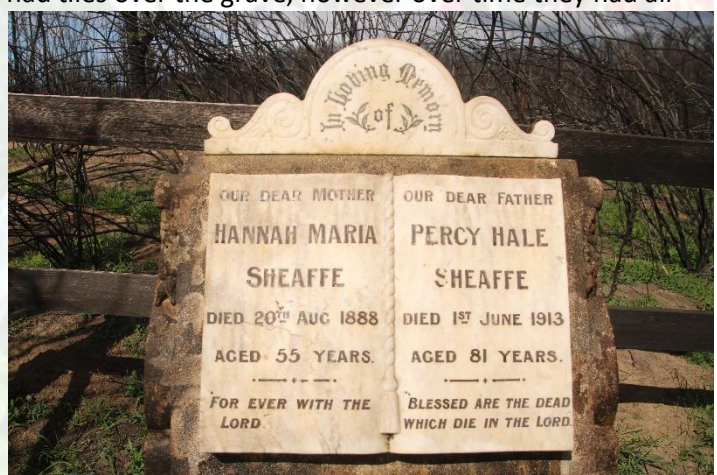
Minnie May Lilley NSW Registration No: 201765/1989 with mother stated as Eliza.

Minnie Edith Magnusson NSW Registration No: 202979/1987 with parents stated as George Joseph and Minnie May



BRENNAN. -In loving memory, of my dear husband, Martin Brennan, who passed away (suddenly) May 6, 1936, at Boolgatta, South Coast. Gone, but not forgotten. Sadly missed. Inserted by his fond wife. Alice Brennan
The Sydney Morning Herald Thu 6 May 1937 Page 10

In the bush-fire season earlier this year this fenced grave was encircled by the fire located in the bush on a property at Yatte Yattah. It was blackened and the bottom rail of one section of the fence had started to burn through the wood. The fire fighters saved it. It is a wonderful monument that has survived. It has been lovingly cleaned up by volunteers. It once had tiles over the grave, however over time they had all been broken.



New Library Books

New Library Addition.....

UNLOCKING LAND: A GUIDE TO CROWN LAND RECORDS HELD AT

STATE ARCHIVES NSW BY Dr. TERRY KASS

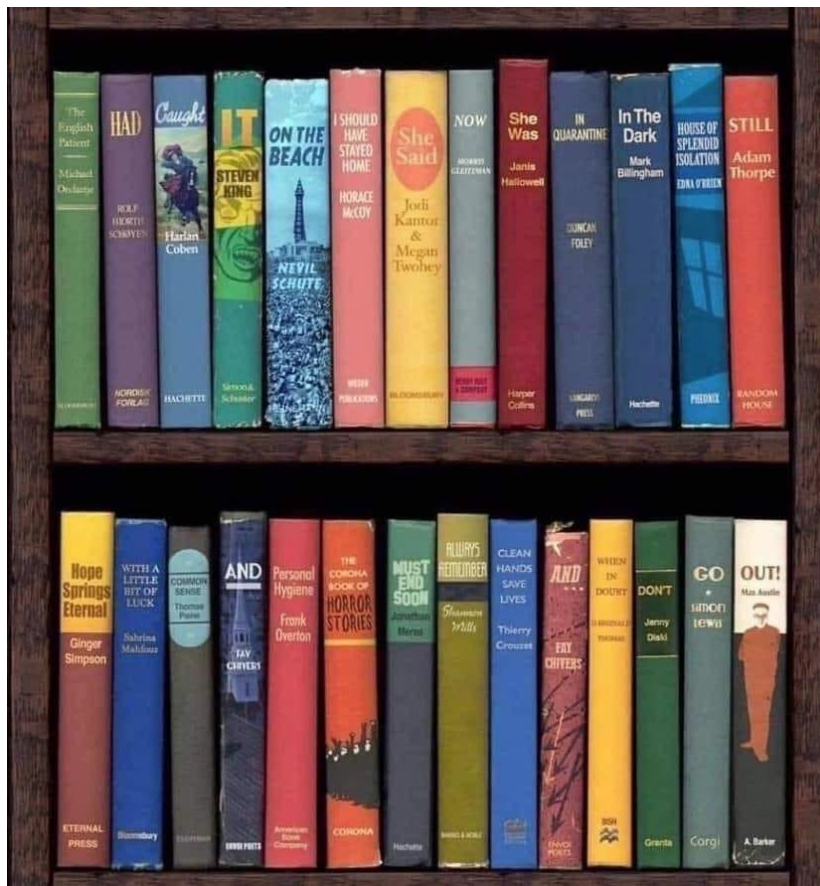
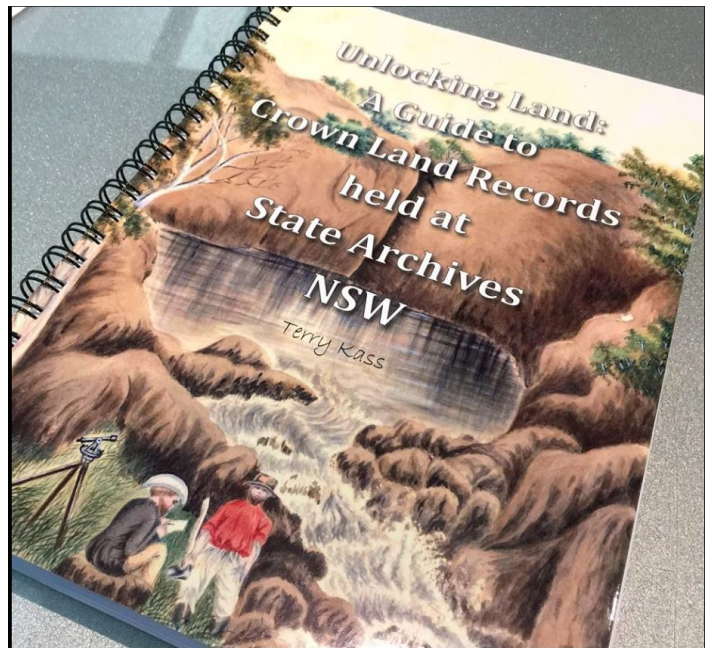
"This the guide we have all been waiting for! Land records are some of the most complex in the State Archives Collection with many researchers finding them baffling and difficult to use. This guide demystifies those records..."

"An easy to read introduction and overview of land legislation and administration in NSW leads into chapter for each type of land holding or tenure."

"Colour illustrations are included to demonstrate how and where to find references or numbers on maps or in registers and records which are required for research purposes."

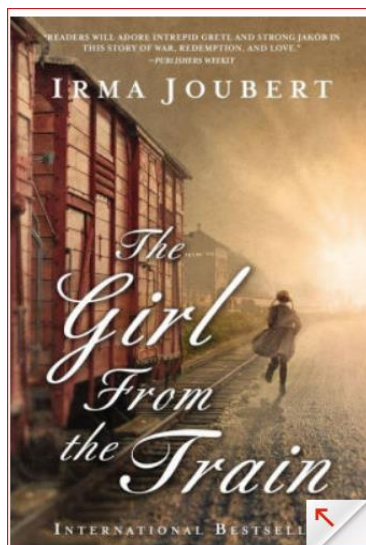
"A wonderfully useful inclusion in the guide is a recording sheet for researchers to use."

The work consists of 238 pages.....a great addition to our resource material.



Did you read any of these books during our self-isolating time at home?

BOOK REVIEWS



Set during the harrowing, final moments of World War II, Polish resistance fighter Jakób Kowalski is planting a bomb on the tracks intending to destroy a German troop transport, but six-year-old Gretl Schmidt's unscheduled train bound for Auschwitz reaches the bomb first. Gretl is the only survivor.

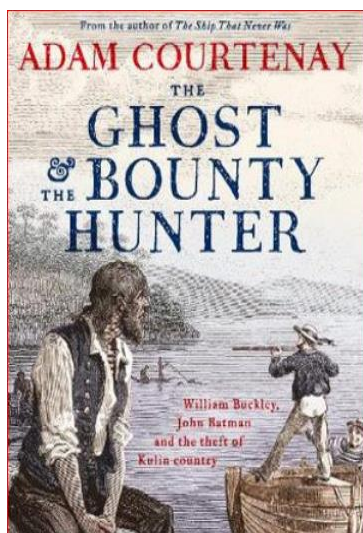
Though spared from the concentration camp, the orphaned German Jew finds herself now lost in a hostile country. When Jakób discovers her, guilt and compassion prompt him to hide and protect Gretl in his home concealed from his Catholic family. For years, the young man and little girl formed a bond over the secrets they must hide from the world. But she can't stay with him forever. Jakób makes the difficult choice to send Gretl to South Africa, where German war orphans are promised bright futures with adoptive Protestant families—so long as Gretl's Jewish roots, Catholic education, and connections to communist Poland are never discovered. Separated by continents, politics, religion, language, and years, Jakób and Gretl will likely

never see each other again. But the events they have both survived and their belief in the human spirit forge an unbreakable bond of love.

About Irma Joubert

Irma Joubert, international bestselling author, was a history teacher for 35 years before she began writing. Her stories are known for their deep insight into personal relationships and rich historical detail. She's the author of eight novels and a regular fixture on bestseller lists in The Netherlands and in her native South Africa.

The following book is from Reading Group Choices



By the bestselling author of *"The Ship That Never Was"*. Just after Christmas 1803, a convict called William Buckley fled an embryonic settlement in the land of the Kulin nation (now the Port Phillip area), to take his chances in the wilderness.

A few months later, the local Aboriginal people found the six-foot-five former soldier cold and starving. Perhaps thinking he was a lost kinsman returned from the dead, they took him in, and for thirty-two years Buckley lived as a Wadawurrung man, learning his adopted tribe's language, skills and methods to survive.

Colonists finally caught up with Buckley in 1835, the same year the former bounty hunter John Batman arrived in the area, looking to acquire the rolling grasslands around the bay.

What happened next saw the Wadawurrung betrayed and Buckley eventually broken. The theft of Kulin country would end in the birth of a city.

The frontier wars had begun. *"The Ghost and the Bounty Hunter"* is a fascinating and poignant true story from Australian colonial history.

The son of Australia's best-loved storyteller, Adam Courtenay is a Sydney-based writer and journalist. He has had a long career in the UK and Australia, writing for papers such as the Financial Times, the Sunday Times, the Sydney Morning Herald, The Age and The Australian Financial Review. Adam has a love of Australian history and Australian stories and has written five books.

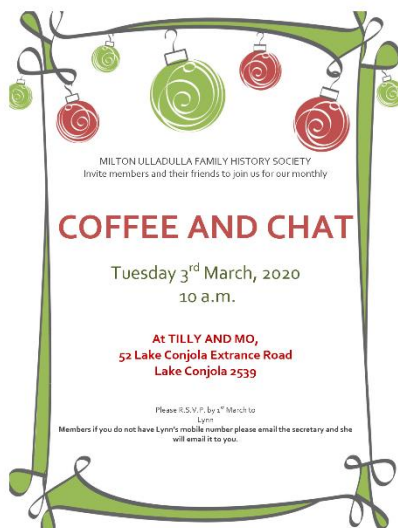
Remember these days? Coffee and Chat



On Thursday 6th February, on a warm summers day many of our members met at the park at Narrawallee for a morning of chatter. The local coffee van was ready for us and we basically had the park area to ourselves. A great relaxed venue enjoyed by all.



We all came prepared with chairs and even some with a few nibbles.



Another morning was enjoyed by many of our members.

This was a very special morning coffee get together. Our society had made a unanimous commitment to donate moneys raised from our Christmas raffle to the local Rural Fire Brigade.





The decision was taken back in December 2019, due to the bush fires around our area. At that

point of time we had no idea how extensive the fire devastation would become, nor the impact of our community and others around our state and Australia.



On the 3rd March, many of our members gathered together at the café Tilly and Mo at Lake Conjola for a morning coffee. Here, our President, John Sparks presented our \$500.00 cheque to the Conjola and Fisherman's Paradise Rural Fire Service, Captain Clyde Turner. June Turner, his wife and the Treasurer of the RFS Jan Hudson were also our guests for the morning. Clyde thanked the Society and told us the money would be put to good use. He also had many stories to tell. It was a very enjoyable morning.



Special Event Days



After our members meeting on 11th March 2020 we were entertained by Mark Bundy, Operations General Manager, Rookwood Cemetery.



Mark has worked at the cemetery for 25 years with a wealth of knowledge when it comes to its fascinating, sometimes quirky facts and unique stories.

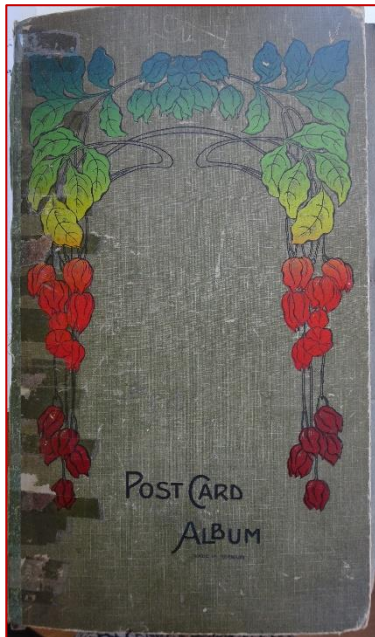
Rookwood is recognised as the oldest working cemetery in Australia established in 1867. The Presentation included the history over the past 150 years and the intrinsic link between the Mortuary and Rookwood Cemetery.

It was a talk enjoyed by many of our members who came along on the day and a few guests from other societies too. A follow-up to the talk is a tour to Rookwood cemetery. This was and still is in the pipeline to be organised.

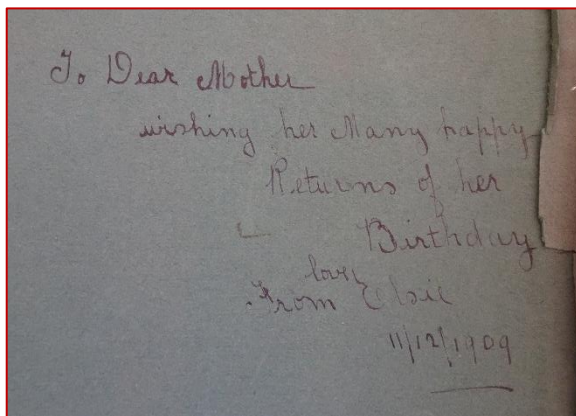
This was the last scheduled talk that was able to take place this half of the year. Unfortunately, all other scheduled events have been and still are on hold. Once times return to some sort of normality, please check our website for future event details.

A collection of Post Cards and Cards 1909

A few years back when we were moving my mum-in-law into a nursing home, I came across a brown



paper package marked fragile. I carefully opened it and to my surprise I found this album inside. I had never seen it before. I forgot I should be packing up as I sat there and went through page after page. What a fantastic find and how lucky was I, when told I could keep it. It is now with all my other treasures.



By Julie Gullan