

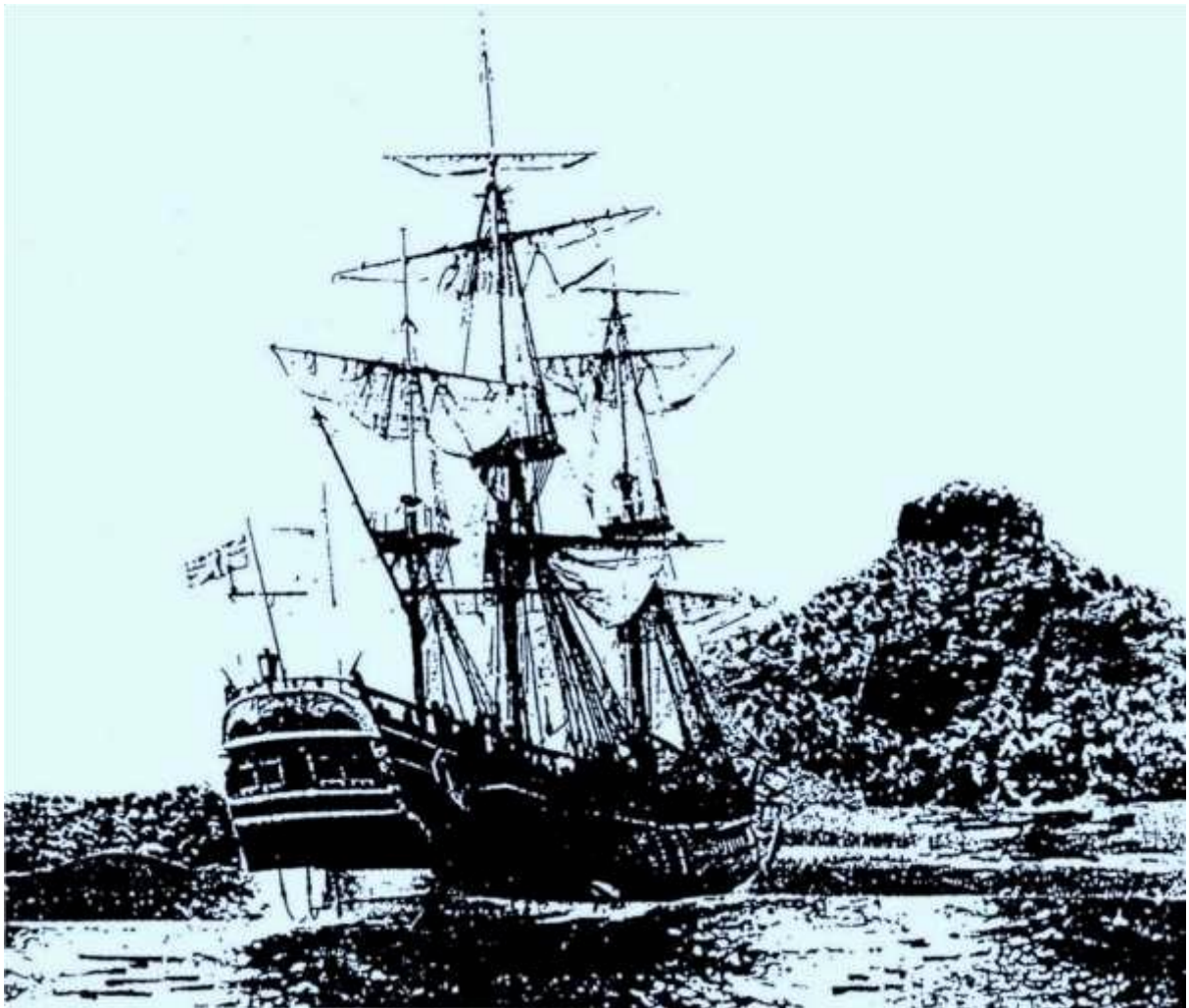
*Milton-Ulladulla Family History Society Inc*

## *NEWSLETTER*

*June 2021*

*Issue No 52*

# 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.

### Office Bearers for 2020-21

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Vice President	Ron Smith
Secretary	Linda Stewart
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L-R: Graham, Marg, Lynn, Rita, John, Cheryl, Julie,  
Christine and Ron.  
Absent: Linda

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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

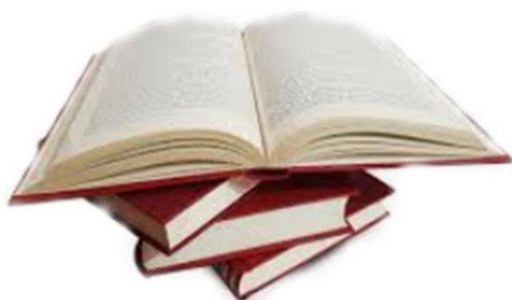
*Family History Society Inc., 2016*



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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; (14363) Ron Smith; (5225) Meg Hammond





### *From the President's Desk...*



From Lockdown to Semi-open, then limited access!

It has been a somewhat trying year for all of us. We began with registering through our Secretary to ensure only limited numbers were utilising the room and our equipment at any one time. While this worked successfully it was noticed that fewer members availed themselves of the opportunity to come in and work with our support and camaraderie. During this period your committee has constantly tried to encourage you all to join in our functions, where we have observed social distancing, sanitising and temperature checking on every occasion.

The restrictions, however, have not always been a disadvantage. What an opportunity it has provided to rummage through old photographs, letters and memorabilia. How so many little events in our childhood, teen years and later come to mind, and perhaps help fill in the gaps in our own family history. I am also hearing from members the value of TROVE and the wealth of information gained

from the newspaper items of the past. My experience has proved to be more than beneficial.

However, as things began to settle down in our region, we began to see more of our familiar faces at the various functions. We were delighted to restart our informal gatherings with the monthly Coffee and Chat in February at Mollymook Golf Club; then in March we gathered at Ocean Vibes in Ulladulla; April saw the members come together at Emerson's in South Ulladulla. Photos elsewhere will indicate these enjoyable times.

The Society organised a successful seminar day in April when a guest speaker, Ray Thorburn, came down from Nowra to give three talks. Ray spoke on Probationary Convicts 1838-1868; Genetics in Genealogy; and Pauper Migration from Britain. Suzanne Short, Linda Stewart and Committee ladies organised a superb lunch and Afternoon Tea. It was good to see past members and representatives from our sister society join us on that day. At our February meeting our Vice President, Ron Smith, gave the members an interesting talk on local shipwrecks, and in March Graham Ledwidge had some interesting facts and information to relate on free English websites, with a large focus on BDM.

How pleased the Society has been to greet five new members these last couple of months. Ron Smith, who gave a talk to the Probus Club earlier prompted interest with folk to come along and join. We hope all our new members will enjoy the benefits of our Society and join us whenever possible.

Dear Members, the Society hopes as things continue to improve, we will be able to offer more opportunities and see more of you in the future. Stay safe and well, especially over the Flu Season

Best Wishes

John Sparks, President



## A Note from the Editor

Your editor, Julie has been busy preparing the journal and attempting to keep the website information current. After approximately 12 months as Acting Secretary, I was very happy to hand the role back to Linda earlier this year. She had been travelling around Oz and when she returned home was happy to take the secretarial role back. She does a great job and we are all pleased to have her back on board.

Decided to add a few happy pics which I took at our April committee meeting – such fun times we have – always a laugh to be had from our tireless workers.



Even one handed you can't stop John from working and researching.



We would like to extend a very warm welcome to our new members who have joined us in the past 6 months Robert John Bowler, Kim Muller, Wayne Nicholas, Mick Timmings, Shaaron Williams, Lisa Spry and Chris Turner.

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 even when our room was closed. All assistance whether it be small or large has been really appreciated.

Thanks also go to our official photographers Christine Moss and Julie Gullan for their continued support.



## Various articles from the newspapers of times gone by, for the Ulladulla-Milton area. 100 years ago.

### MILTON.

Although there are supposed to be somewhere about 20,000 unemployed in Sydney the local silica industry has the greatest difficulty in securing sufficient labour. It is evidently considered better to loaf in the city than to work in the country.

Mr. R. Davis is about to erect a concrete silo on his farm at Merella. This we understand, will be the first silo in the district.

South Coast Times and Wollongong Argus Fri 14 Jan 1921 Page 20

There was to be plenty of work opportunities for labourers in the country towns of Milton and Ulladulla and surrounding area. They would be required for this Silica Industry.

### Bricklayers.

**WANTED, Bricklayers.**  
Apply, **MANAGER,**  
**Ulladulla Silica Fire Bricks Ltd.**  
**Port Kembla.**

### SOUTH COAST SILICA INDUSTRY.

The war taught Australia many things, among which necessity of exploiting its minerals and other resources, and so becoming self-reliant. Prior to 1911 the known deposits of silica in New South Wales were comparatively small and of poor quality. Consequently, large importations were made from Britain, America, and other countries, of firebricks and similar silica containing products. The situation became serious and we were forced to find some way of getting over the difficulty. The silica deposits at Marangroo not having given the best results, and those at Moruya and Bodalla being of poor quality, Mr. R. H. Cambage, Undersecretary for Mines, had investigations made at Milton, in the South Coast district. In some paddocks near the town and on a headland near Bannister Point, several miles eastward, fine specimens of silica rock or silicon (silica carbon) were discovered, which were proved to contain about 98 per cent pure silica. It was used in the manufacture of Firebricks, which were regarded as the equal of the imported article Mr. A. R. Newbold, who had previously experimented at Marangaroo, took up areas on the coast between Ulladulla and Milton, and later further north. Mr Spencer took up an adjoining area, to be followed by the Ulladulla Firebrick Company, Ltd, consisting principally of Queensland interests, who acquired mineral rights over a large area, mostly between Milton and Redhead.

The deposits outcrop here and there on different levels, but likely take no definite form, appearing sometimes in boulders, and sometimes in strata formation.

The rock is never found lower than 8ft, but the general depth varies from 3ft 6in to 6ft. As far as is known at present, the rock bearing area extends from Ulladulla to Redhead, a distance of 15 miles, and does not go far inland. The total silica bearing area comprises about 600 acres, containing over 2,000 000 tons, which is estimated to last from fifty to sixty years.

Most of the land is heavily timbered, but this does not affect operations to a great extent. Peculiarly enough, nearer the sea a higher quality obtains, some water washed spawls being particularly rich. The dark blue stone found in boulders is regarded as the best, but black, yellow, white, and other colours also contain high values. Before their value was known, these stones were used on the roads, but owing to their intense hardness they did not make a good binding surface.

The NSW Firebrick Co. Ltd, controlled by Sydney business men, is carrying out extensive developmental work, including a mile and a half of tram line from the quarries to Bannister Point, where a large double armed crane and storage bin have been completed.

Soundings at this point show three fathoms of water at low tide, and ships should be able to load without trouble. The quarry output of the company is 200 tons per week, all of which is shipped to the Broken Hill Proprietary's steel works at Newcastle. With the erection of additional plant the output will be considerably increased. The Ulladulla Firebrick Company is still doing prospecting work, and contemplates the expenditure of a large amount of capital, including £5000 for light railways and tramway. A factory site at Port Kembla has been progressed, and manufacture on a large scale is intended. Lack of shipping is seriously taxing the capacity of the wharf at Ulladulla, where over 1200 tons of stone are sometimes packed awaiting shipment. Only small coasting vessels are available, and they can handle 200 tons only at a time. The possibilities of this industry are immense, and when operations are in full swing the number of men at present employed will be considerably increased.

The Sydney Morning Herald Thu 27 Jan 1921 Page 9

#### **Milton Court News.**

Before Messrs. R. A. Warden. H. C. Blackburn and A. Warden, J's. P. A  
Allan Hapgood and George Henry Creamer were charged with riotous behaviour on the night of Thursday, fifth January. Sergeant Coleman deposed that on the evening of 6th January he was at the Police Station and heard the noise of someone shouting and making a noise in the direction of Church Street. The noise eased and next, day information was laid against, defendants. Solomon Hyam deposed that he lived about 30 yards from Mrs. Russell in Myrtle Street; at about 11 p.m. he was disturbed by a noise in the direction of Church Street; he went out and saw both defendants on horseback making a noise and disturbing Mrs. Russell; he said. "What are you doing? This is a nice way to treat an old lady ": one of the defendants replied "What in ..... hell has it got to do with you, any- way" they wanted to fight and got off their horses; Smith came on the scene and defendants left. Have heard these noises several times within the past few months. Smith gave corroborative evidence. Mrs. Russell, a widow, living in Myrtle Street, deposed that she heard the noise of someone coming along the street and was afraid, so went to the front of the house; defendants went past on horseback, then stopped, spoke together a while, and came back and threw a large piece of timber on the house; am afraid of these men and fear they will do me some injury; similar occurrences have happened several times lately. Defendants denied being disorderly or wishing to fight, and denied throwing timber or using language. Fined £5, with costs £1/5/7 in de fault two months imprisonment. Defendants were ordered to enter into recognizance for good behaviour in the sum of £20 with sureties for the period of six months, or in default of entering into recognizance two months imprisonment.  
Roy Bartlett was charged with using bad language and, was fined 10s with 8s costs. - "Times."

**The Nowra Leader Fri 28 Jan 1921 Page 1**

The old Portuguese known as Domingo Tischer, a resident of Ulladulla for about thirty years, was brought before the court on the 30th ult., and was ordered to the reception house, Darlinghurst, where he was taken the same afternoon. He is 78 years of age. He used to keep a good garden at Ulladulla, was fond of stock and was a good fisherman.

**The Nowra Leader Fri 14 Jan 1921 Page 8**

Writing of the death of the **late Ralph Johnston** which occurred last week at Bomaderry, the Milton "Times" says:- An Irishman by birth and in sentiment, and a staunch adherent to the R. C. Church, yet he was broadminded enough to see good in other nationalities. He lived through several reigns, saw the battered soldiers come from the Crimea, had a son, Mr. Christie Johnston of Yatta, go through the Boer War, and helped and wished God's Speed to many in the last and greatest war of all. One of those early and hardy pioneers he carved out of the virgin bush at Conjola a home for himself and though losing his partner early in life, he made good with a family of ten children, educated them under difficulties, and lived to see them take their places as honored citizens of the state. About 60 years of his life he spent at his home at Conjola, where and throughout the Ulladulla district he was recognised as a man of sterling character and was highly esteemed.

**The Nowra Leader Fri 27 May 1921 Page 4**

VERSE. — The verse you enquire about is from "After Many Years," by Henry Kendall, and runs—

"The song that once I dreamed about,  
The tender touching thing,  
As radiant as the rose without,  
The love of wind and wing:  
The perfect verses, to the tune  
Of woodland music set,  
As beautiful as afternoon,  
Remain unwritten yet."

Kendall was born near Ulladulla, on the South Coast. Only this week a man who worked with him in the Lands Department was telling me that Kendall once informed him that his mother taught him his letters in the sand. Perhaps that helps explain his love of the open—the sea, and the streams and the hills and the wild flowers. He has sung of beautiful things beautifully.

**The Sydney Stock and Station Journal Tue 18 Jan 1921 Page 5**

The article above shows us there is no need to have pen and paper – a day at the beach could easily still be a great place to take the kids and teach them how to write.

The other articles tell a little of life in our area.

**IS WALTER OAKES ALIVE? (Contributed by E. G. Wilkinson, Condobolin).**

In "Pleasant valley" Louis Bromfield has written about an old man; over 70, who ran a farm - of 90 acres all by himself. When this man, Walter, was young he had married a pretty young woman named Nellie, who taught in the village school "the only woman I ever met who was as smart as she was pretty."

The young couple were devoted to each other, and to their farm which Walter always referred to as "My Ninety and bring up the boys, took on the whole job himself. To Walter, however, Nellie was still there. She was his inspiration and his companion.

Bromfield was a playmate of these boys and saw a lot of their father. I often wondered (he writes) at how often he would say, "Nellie wanted me to put this field into pasture but we couldn't afford not to use it for new crops" or "Nellie was smart about such things, or it's funny how many good ideas a woman can have about farming. Now Nellie always said ..."

The three boys went away to college at about the -same time and did not see one another again. Robert, Walter's elder-son, became a millionaire' and tried to coax his old father to live with him in the city, but the old man didn't think that Nellie would have liked him' to leave "My Ninety Acres" and he stayed on the farm. After 25 years Bromfield went back to the farm on which he had grown up, and the first question he asked was: "Is Walter Oakes still alive?" "Alive?" was the answer. Alive/ in says he's alive, me livest old man in the country." You ought to see his farm. He raises as much on it as most fellows raise on five times that much land and he does it all himself."

In the afternoon of Sunday Brom field walked over to "My Ninety Acres" and this is how he sets down what he saw: "As I came down the long hill above the farm, I saw that it hadn't changed much. The house was still well painted and neat with its white walls and green shutters and "the farm was a bright prosperous red. It was a day in June and as I walked down the hill the herd of fat Hereford cattle stood knee, deep in lucerne watching me.

In an adjoining field the corn stood, waist-high and green and vigorous, the oats thick and strong, the wheat already turning a golden yellow. In the meadows the bumble bees were working on clover that rose almost as high as a man's thighs. In all that, plenty there was something almost extravagant and volutuous. The rich fields were like one of the opulent wo men painted by Reubens, like a woman well-loved whose beauty thrives and increases by love-making. He found the old man looking for a quail's nest in a hedge row.

I know, the old man said, holding out his hand. "You're Charlie Bromfield's boy. I heard you were coming back ... I was just snooping round, my ninety acres. I like to see what goes on everywhere, and I didn't get time during the week ... Nellie always said that a farm could teach you more than you could teach it, if you just kept your eyes open ... Nellie ... that was my wife."

"Of course," Bromfield said, "I remember."

Quickly the old man spoke: "Come with me and I'll show you something." They walked along the fence row and presently the old man "knelt and parted the bushes. "Look!" he said, his voice growing suddenly warm. "Look at the little devils!" It was a nest of seven tiny quail. The birds sat absolutely still, not even flickering an eyelid.

"Smart!" the old man said. "They know! The don't move! They used to laugh at me round about here for letting the, bushes grow up in my fence rows, but they don't any more. When the corn beetles come 'along all ready to eat up my corn, these little fellows will take care of "em." he chuckled. "There's nothing a quail likes better than a corn beetle. Last year Henry Talbot, down the road, lost ten acres of corn all eaten by the beetles. Henry's a nut for clean fence rows. He thinks they're good farming - the old fool."

They walked towards the house and the old man went on talking "that fence row beside you," he said "is just full of birds- quail and song I sparrows and thrushes - the farmer's best protection. It was Nellie who had the idea about letting the fence rows grow up. I didn't believe her at first. I was just as dumb as other farmers. But I always found that Nellie was pretty right about farming. She was hardly ever wrong I guess never. They went into the house and had a glass of cool butter milk. "Nellie always said," the old man continued, "that nature and the land itself were the best answer to all these questions. If it wasn't natural, it wasn't right, Nellie would say, and I never found she was wrong. She used to say there were two kinds of farms, the "live" ones and the "dead" farms and you could tell the difference by looking at them.

A "live" farm was the most beautiful place in the world and a "dead" farm the saddest. It depended on the man who worked them - whether he loved the place and saw what was going on, or whether he just went on pushing implements thru the, ground to make money. Nellie was awful smart about a lot of things." Bromfield says: "Was he alive? He was indeed. Was he lonely? He was not. Nellie was always there looking after him. She was in the garden and in his famous fence rows. Last time I saw him she was with him husking corn.

**Lachlander and Condobolin and Western Districts Recorder Mon 21 Feb 1949 Page 3**



**Uncle Robert Catchpole married Emmie (Emily Langfield) – mother's eldest sister in 1898**

**"The most remarkable character I have met"**

**Written by Great Aunt Margaret c1970 and shared by Meg Hammond**

These memories were written by my Aunt Margaret recalling her life experiences of a decade after 1917. It clearly demonstrates how vastly different lives were 100 years ago.

After a long life, lived in many parts of this diverse world – after teaching, and professionally nursing all sorts and conditions of people, of various nationalities – the choice comes back to my Uncle Robert. From earliest childhood, the stately visits for Sunday afternoon tea, when with mother staying in London with Grandma, this was always a must. This dignified little man was undisputed Lord of his domain. His benevolent generosity with half-crowns – a small fortune in those days, added to his aura – no doubt. He and Aunt Emmie, whose straight-backed carriage, high piled white hair, high necked, lacy collared black frocks, matched his dignity, took a pride in loading the tea-table with good things. There was scarcely room for the Crown Derby cups and saucers among the plates of cakes, buns, sandwiches, bread and butter, jam, honey, savouries. They catered for all tastes.



And all this in their book lined living room on the ground floor, the tall windows giving a clear view of Aunt Emmie's rock garden, in which she took such pride. Beyond the enclosing laurel hedge, the tall trees of Ravenscourt Park gave a small child the impression of living in an ancestral Hall.

Book cases filled three walls. The books were the result of a life time's collection – a very learned assortment, all well-read too.

Before the wide windows, three microscopes stood on a table, with drawer's underneath. These held hundreds of slides, Uncle had collected, and had made for microscopical study. His chief interest in this line, was the diatoms that make up the chalk cliffs of our England – and the microscopic pond life. A tall glass container with appropriate ferns, reeds, snails and all, stood always on the centre of the table, with the microscopes.

It was his pleasure, on a pleasant summer day to put on a broad brimmed panama hat, a grey linen coat, with his magnifying glass hanging by a ribbon around his neck – with glass specimen jars, nets on the end of bamboo poles in his hands – and to spend all the day at Penn Ponds in Richmond Park, collecting fresh specimens for his little Pond Life Aquarium.

His unusual appearance drew attention, and ridicule to his small, undoubtedly odd personality to which he was supremely indifferent. He was interested in collecting for the next winter's long dark evenings – when the unseen wonders of nature living in ponds, were displayed on his meticulously made slides. For this small child, he once placed a drop of water from the window jar, on a slide, and adjusted the microscope. The various little creatures that moved, living, in that drop, made an unforgettable impression. A sense of awe and wonder was born – an appreciation of this marvellous world (lost or submerged from time to time as manmade troubles gain an upper hand).

Uncle Robert and Aunt Emmie married late in life and were childless. This made it the more remarkable that they invited me later to live with them – a displaced sixteen-year-old, from a broken, embittered home. I went to London, to Grandma's house, looking for work. They heard of this, and sent a card inviting me over. Patiently they listened. My only experience was two years as a dressmaker's apprentice – after completing my education before I was fourteen.

It was January 1917. Uncle offered me a job in his wholesale stationers' business in the City of London, and Aunt offered me a home. They then lived in Richmond.

Vaguely I knew Uncle owned a very old established firm – left him by an Uncle. He employed some seventy men and women who worked on the two upper floors, binding special books by hand – beautifully leather bound, hand tooled, in gold.

The first floor was a store room, the contents of which I was to learn – and did. The ground floor comprised glassed-in offices for himself, and his partners – and a counter for customers and clients.

Uncle was eighty. I – sixteen. With utmost patience he explained the mysteries of the stock in that vast first floor – and the secret marking of the prices. “I fear my God” – which covers the numbers from 1 to 0. I soon learnt at 18/- was 18/-.

Then, he led me down rickety wooden stairs to the basement. Here, the enormous stone floored space under the ground floor, extended under the pavement and it was filled with wooden racks, assembled in orderly rows. These were filled with papers of all sizes and qualities – from the pure white, handmade, he supplied to the diamond merchants, on which they sorted their precious stones – to the very fine, semi-transparent India paper.

Here he taught me the sizes – demi, semi-demi, down to quarto-octavo – as well as qualities. He expected me to recognise paper by the texture – the “feel” as well as by water marks and to line each up to the manufacturer. It was a new, wide, world!

Uncle looked a unique little figure. He wore a tall hat – not a top hat – more like a Homburg with its crease knocked up and out. His frock coat reached his knees – and he wore knee high boots specially made for him by a city boot maker, in a Blackfriars Alley, who was as old as himself.

Uncle was born in the city. In 1834, there was a row of villas, with gardens running down to the Fleet River, on the left side of what is now the busy Farringdon Road. They were between Ludgate Circus and Blackfriars Bridge.



With his brothers and sisters, he fished for minnows and paddled in this little murmuring stream, shaded by trees. He took me to Blackfriars Bridge, and leaning over the murky embankment wall, pointed out a volume of water, pouring through a large draining pipe- into the Thames. His river!

On the way back, through Warwick Place, he showed me the Dame School to which he was sent. It still stands. It is part of a warehouse under the shadow of St. Paul's.

Ave Maria Lane – his address was No. 5 – the last turning on the left before reaching St. Paul's Churchyard was fantastic to a sixteen-year-old, from the country.

Almost opposite was Amen Corner, and those quiet houses for St Paul's clergy. As a boy, Uncle said it always felt like a pleasant reminder that the end of the world was not to be dreaded.

Behind No 5, was Paternoster Row, a narrow alley lined with bookshops – all second-hand – a haven for the bookworm city men – which led into Cheapside.

All that was eliminated in the bombing of the last war but during 1917 and 1918 while Uncle was teaching the rudiments of his trade, and showing me the city that he loved – it all stood in mellow serenity.

After Dame School, Uncle went to the Blue Coat School when it occupied the site now covered by a modern post office – sky scraper set of offices. He still kept the yellow stockings, and little round hat – still part of that schools' uniform. Newgate Prison, that infamous prison was next door, Uncle was full of tales of those days – forgotten now, alas.

Uncle had his philanthropies too! He was on the Board of the Foundling School – also a member of the Bow Board of Guardians. In those days, it was their duty to mete out half-crowns to the destitute – and to make a condescending round of the Workhouse. He would describe the pathetic old things, the young barefooted with clinging babes – the servile gratitude of those applying for help – while we ate the hot meal Aunt had prepared for us on our return home. And Aunt would explode with wrath – at his unwitting self-satisfaction.



The Foundling Hospital, Holborn, London...

He took me to the Foundling School's Christmas party. The Welfare State has swept these well-meaning institutions away – but then – in 1917, it occupied a handsome building in Holborn.

Together with other Board Members, we entered a tessellated Hall – dark with oak panelling, and small diamond-paned windows. There, the matron and her staff met us, conducting us to a large dining room, with three long tables, flanked by wooden forms. The flickering light of candles in wall sconces, cast an eerie light on the plain white washed walls. Thick white plates with mugs to match were laid on either side, with plates of small

cakes, thick bread and “butter” – down the centre of each long table. It looked pretty bare.

Then, a door at the far end opened, and the Foundlings all dressed alike in longish grey robes, tightened in at the waist – wearing bonnets – and clomping along in heavy shoes, appeared. They sang as they came in – a tidy procession of twos. As they sang for their supper they gazed greedily at the tables. Obviously, it really was a feast to them. In orderly, disciplined rows they lined up either side of the tables – then chanted a ‘Grace’ – waiting for a given sign before sitting.

Uncle also belonged to a City Guild – The Barber's Company. His father was a Barber, and had introduced him to his own ancient Order. Uncle took me to their Hall. Like the other famous Guilds, it was handsomely ornate, with its own priceless treasures in its vaults.

Interesting as life was in the city, with all its variations, its unfolding history and mystery – life was also full at home, in Richmond. Uncle Robert lost no time in filling in the gaps of my scant education. He gave me freedom of his library of at least 5,000 books – although setting out a course for reading. The hour in the train to and from the city was precious reading time – as well as the lunch hour sitting in St Paul's Churchyard, when weather allowed. So many classics proved absorbing.

His evening soirees with members of his aquatic associations, round his microscopes, were revealing – they were all so keen – so knowledgeable – so absorbed in those minute pond creatures.

And last, but not least, were his church interests. Twice every Sunday, we went to the Vineyard Congregational Church. After the morning service, we walked the lower Richmond Road, and up through the Terrace Gardens, pausing frequently to enjoy the view over the valley to Windsor Castle on a clear day – back to a cold lunch.

Every Sunday afternoon, Uncle presided over the “Men's Own” meeting. He was always looking for good Speakers – and seldom failed to find one. These, he usually brought home to tea – with off-siders. Sunday afternoon tea was an institution at 32 Mount Ararat Road, prepared for with a groaning table, and all the Crown Derby flanked by the ancestral silver tea-pot – with kettle of water to match, kept hot by the tiny spirit flame underneath.

The conversation over this tea table, by famous men of very diverse interests and character, was a revelation, and an education in itself. At them all, my frail little Uncle, with his watery blue eyes, his ragged little moustache – his thin grey hair worm long over his collar – dominated. His curious and unusual personality unconsciously asserted itself – and was given a respect by us all. He retained his faculties until 87 – he died peacefully in his sleep.





### Benjamin Mott

December 30, 1796 – April 1, 1874

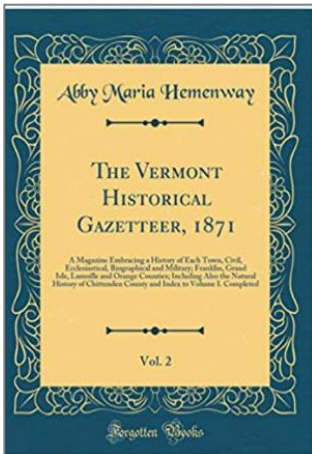
Submitted from the Fenton Family History

**Benjamin Mott.** Born on December 30, 1796, in Alburgh, Vermont. Benjamin was the third great grandfather of Thomas Dudley Fenton and the grandfather of Leonard Bernard Mott

**Oral history** passed down from the Fenton family, and recounted by Carrie Yates Fenton regarding a tool chest and a corner cabinet built by Benjamin Mott.

**The Tool Chest.** The family story said that Benjamin was captured in a conflict in Canada with the British and was sent off to prison in Australia where he built the tool chest. It was built from a wood called Lignum Vitae ("1. any of several related tropical American trees and shrubs with leathery leaves, small purple flowers, and very hard, heavy, greenish-brown wood. 2. the wood of these trees.").

**The Corner Cabinet.** The family story says that the upper half of the cabinet was lost or destroyed when Leonard Bernard Mott (b1850 - d1930) and Elovorette Elvira Holcomb (b1852 - d1930), maternal grandparents of Norman Edward Fenton, Sr. moved to Newport News, Virginia, in 1894. Leonard B. Mott supposedly built the newer upper half after arriving in Newport News. The cabinet, in more recent years, was used on an enclosed porch and had many coats of paint on it. Pop (Norman Edward Fenton, Sr.) inherited the cabinet upon the death of his oldest brother, Cyrus Fenton (1901-1966), and stripped the paint and refinished the exterior of the cabinet.

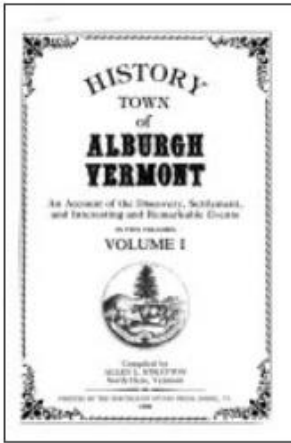


### Published History

The following is quoted from **The Vermont Historical Gazetteer: A Magazine**. The article is from Volume II, 1871, pages 509-510, and was therefore written while Benjamin Mott was still alive.

*Mr. Benjamin Mott, now of Alburgh (1863) was, on the morning of the battle of Lacole at Rouse's Point. Mott felt like others, the spirit of patriotism, but differed from hundreds of other patriots inasmuch as he had the courage to carry his patriotism into practice. As he learned that a battle was to be fought, he repaired to the Patriot camp. About that time the British troops made their assault. He assisted in working a small cannon during the battle, in the face of a murderous fire, and when the last of the Patriot force took to his heels, he left Mott endeavoring to give the enemy one more shot, by touching off the gun with a lighted straw. Mott was taken prisoner, tried by a court-martial at*

*Montreal and condemned. He was sentenced to be executed, but, after much suffering, sentence was commuted for banishment for life and he was sent to Van Dieman's Land [Tasmania, Australia]. After an absence of 7 years, in penal colonies and on prison ships, he returned to his family and friends in Alburgh, and what is a little strange, with his constitution and general health much improved, and had been around the world, as he went out by the cape of Good Hope, and returned by the way of Cape Horn, and in doing so, during the time, lived one day more than we, the people of Vermont. He is a man of observation and good intellect; while gone, he managed to see much of the country and describes his trials, his travels and objects of interest in the countries of his voyage in a manner both amusing and instructive.*



The following is quoted from **History, Town of Alburgh, Vermont, Volume I**, 1986, Allen L. Stratton, North Hero, Vermont. The article is from pages 125-126, Patriots War.

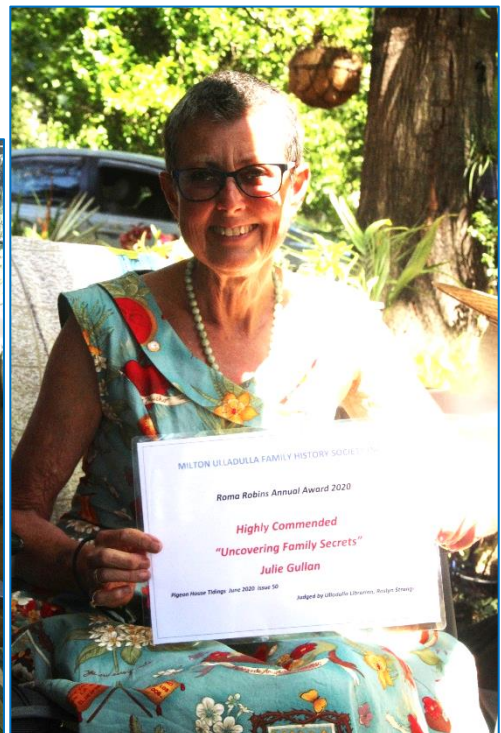
**BENJAMIN MOTT** who lived in the northwest part of Alburgh Town, on 6 Nov. 1838, set off across the lake to Rouses Point. His wife had asked him to get her a pound of tea at NATHAN WEBB'S store. He inadvertently became involved with a band of the Patriots and was then arrested by the British and taken to Montreal, where he was tried and condemned to death. With great efforts on the part of friends, his sentence was softened down to banishment to Van Diemen's Land. After remaining in jail for about a year, he with others were transported in the ship "Buffalo", nearly suffering a wreck on the voyage, arriving at Sidney, New South Wales, in March 1840. Here he soon obtained privilege and liberty in the employ of the U.S. Consul who treated him kindly. Finally, he was permitted to take a ship for home, arriving back in Alburgh after an absence of seven years. His voyage meant circumventing the globe, finding himself on touching Valparaiso enjoying a double Sabbath. On arriving home, he purchased the pound of tea and conveyed it to his wife. Tradition tells that she, thinking him dead, had remarried. What did she do with two husbands? (St. Albans, Vt., "Weekly Messenger", 17 April 1874.)

## Roma Robbin Award

This was announced at our Christmas 2020 dress-up BBQ. Roslyn Strange, Librarian from Ulladulla Library judged all the stories that appeared in the June and December 2020 issues of our PHT journal. Pamela Johnson won the best story "Elizabeth's Grave"; Christine was highly commended for two of her stories – "White Cats of Sydney Harbour Pylon" and "Shoalhaven's Summer of Hell" and Julie for one of hers – "Uncovering Family Secrets".



Pam was not at the BBQ. She was delighted to hear she had won the Roma Robbin Award and was congratulated for her excellent story writing.





## **A Day of Remembrance**

### **Story by Julie Gullan Member No: 14361**

On 25<sup>th</sup> April we remember all the young boys, men and women who gave up part and, for some, their lives to protect our country. Thinking of all these brave and courageous people brought back to mind my memories of stories my Dad told us occasionally when we were kids.



I always wear my father's Air Force Jacket on Anzac Days. It reminds me how young he would have been as the jacket is small and it is close to being the correct size for me (I am a size 8!).

Every year after the war ended and once he'd left his parents' home, he would always visit them on Anzac Day. It was a ritual. Following this Dad would then head into the city to march with his mates.

His mother always had his uniform dusted off for its annual airing. In a way I am still carrying on this routine, by wearing his jacket.

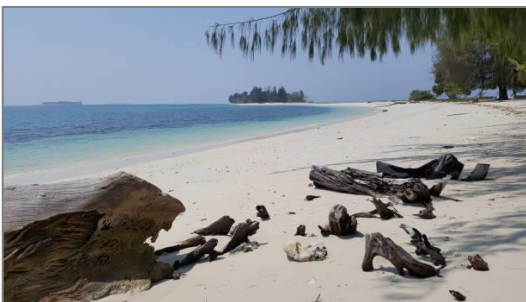
William John Boyde enlisted in the Australian Air Force on 10<sup>th</sup> November 1943. A month earlier he had reached the age of 18 years.

Bill, the eldest brother of identical twins felt a strong need to join up. George and he were not only identical in looks but also in thoughts. However, on this occasion it was only Bill who went to war. Who knows, they may have had an agreement between themselves because up until then they were always together in everything they did.

Bill became a navigator and was the youngest person in his Liberator Bomber squadron. He was given the responsibility for giving the order to release the bombs.



Of the few stories he would recount to us, this is one of them.



"His squadron had landed on an Island. It was Moratai, which is one of Indonesia's northern most islands. The squadron had set up their tents for the night and prepared camp. Young Bill had finished and decided he would check out the area, as the beaches looked enticing and peaceful. He must have decided to put the dangerous situation out of his mind and have an adventure. He was gone for a fair length of time.

His mates back at camp had noticed he was missing and concerns were growing by the minute. Finally, he casually wandered back to camp where he was greeted by his relieved squadron. He recalled being reprimanded for putting himself at risk as the island was full of Japanese soldiers. Anyone who had known Bill throughout his entire life would know how he always liked to take the unknown dirt road to see where it went!

That night the men retired to their tents which had been set up in straight rows.



At this point he would interrupt his story and take us back to his brother George who was still living at home with their parents and sister.



George got up that exact next morning and went straight to their mother and said "It's OK, Bill is safe".

He then returned to the story of that night back on the Island.

All the tents prior to his in the line had been visited quietly by Japanese soldiers. Every single person in those tents had been murdered. What stopped them from entering his tent or continuing down the line no one will ever know. An amazing lucky escape for those remaining men, however an unimaginably sad way to start out their day. They would never forget their mates.

This also shows the deep connection of identical twins. Many a time during the war his parents knew Bill was still living as George would keep them informed.

Luckily my Dad had a personality that allowed him to get on with life and not let this war take over. He was very fortunate.

### **Background on World War II**

In World War II, Australian air and ground crews fought in Europe, North Africa and the Middle East; over the North Atlantic, the Indian and Pacific Oceans and the Mediterranean; India, Burma, Malaya, Singapore, Thailand, China, the Netherland East Indies, New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, the Philippines and Borneo. They also fought over Australia, its territories, and its approaches.

In late 1944, the RAAF peaked at over 182,000 personnel and 6,200 aircraft in 61 squadrons. In 1945, Australia had the fourth-largest air force in the world (after the USA, USSR and UK).

Over 215,000 men and women served between 1939-45, and 9,870 Air Force personnel lost their lives. Over 55 per cent of these deaths occurred in the air war against Germany over Europe.



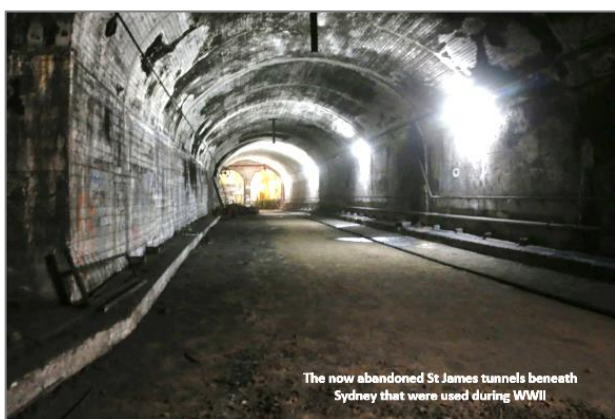
## War time Volunteers

### Story by Julie Gullan Member No:14361

It does not matter how often you sit with the older generation or how many questions you ask, there will always be that one subject that was never mentioned to you, whether you didn't think to ask or they just forgot to recall it at those times.

During WWII there were many volunteers helping out in Australia. For those who were unable to join the Army, Navy or Air force there was still much to be done to help these forces. Most people were involved in supporting the war effort in some way as well as keeping themselves busy. I knew this was the case but really hadn't thought much about it.

I was putting together memories of my mum-in-law, Mavis, as she had passed away in November 2020. We were having a "Celebration of her Life" gathering. Chatting to my sister-in-law on the phone she told me "Mum had mentioned, many times, her experience in the war years of working down in the tunnels". My goodness I knew nothing of this and was so disappointed that it had never cropped up in our chats about the past. It sounded so interesting - what and where were these tunnels?



After lots of research I discovered they were in the train tunnels in Sydney City. Back in the 1940s they were not being used for trains but as offices for both American and Australian Air force personnel. The tunnels were prepared as air raid shelters for the local citizens if needed. St James Station tunnel is believed to have been General MacArthur's war time headquarters and the Fighter Sector in WWII.

At that time the St James tunnel ended directly under the Mitchell Library where there was a rock face and a pilot tunnel at the roof level. That area was highly likely to have been the command centre. The centre was connected to radar stations, weather signals, movement from airports, army and Volunteer Air Observer Corps reporting posts, air raid sirens and blackout control. A large table had a map of the New South Wales coast and adjoining areas on which movements of aircraft and shipping were plotted.



The staff at the centre, not the volunteers, were billeted in the nearby Metropole Hotel, occupying three of its floors. Entrance to the tunnel was by a set of wooden zig zag steps leading down from the middle of a road opposite the State Library. The staircase and a pillbox above it have long since been removed but a manhole above the stairwell still exists in the roadway on Shakespeare Place.

Speaking with two remaining long-time friends of Mavis, Joyce now 99 years old and Elva 97, they said how everyone at that time, meaning the war years, did all they could to help. Packing parcels one night a week and then on another night each week Joyce remembered that they made camouflage netting by threading wire







Elva joined an Air Force women's brigade of some kind and wore a uniform and did volunteer work.

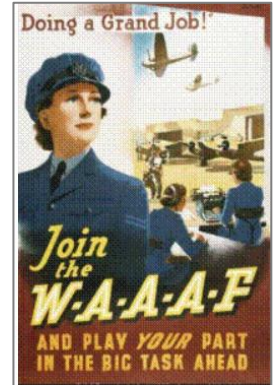
They also said that Mavis didn't say much about her volunteer work as she had been sworn to secrecy. This was very common in those days and adhered to by all.

Mavis' work involved being in these tunnels of Sydney at night. After she had finished her regular days' work in the city she would go directly to St James. If her shift did not start immediately the girls were able to have a sleep on stretchers set aside for them or if the shifts finished in the early hours of the morning again the girls would stay and sleep there. It's likely she worked one night every week. She mentioned many times she was working on the switchboard and she would have been involved with sending signals.

Mavis particularly recalled the event of when Japanese submarines entered Sydney Harbour. A was a little disappointed and also thankful she had not been on duty that night. Her volunteer friends had told her a little of what went on mentioning it was chaotic for a while when a number of personnel became jumpy. It was feared the Fighter Sector would be targeted by the Japanese as

through bagging. This work was an important contribution to the country's war effort. The various uses of the nets included for personal concealment, for motor transport and for gun positions.

As well as this work she also knitted socks or anything they were asked to make.



the orders to depth charge the subs would have been given by the Fighter Sector. The records state that one of the guards on duty at the time actually shot an Army official through the leg as he was approaching the Fighter Sector.

Due to poor ventilation in the city tunnel, the headquarters were moved to Bankstown in 1943.

Mavis was unable to continue this work because of transport issues.



## Elusive Identities

### Story by John Sparks Member No: (10335)



Two sisters travelled from Plymouth to Adelaide Australia on the ship Earl Dalhousie in 1884 arriving on 23<sup>rd</sup> February 1885. The passenger list indicates them as Domestic Servants, Annie Richardson and Eliza Louise Richardson, of which another 30 were listed as Domestics. According to the shipping records of the Earl Dalhousie there were 308 Government emigrants whose names were listed by the Surgeon-Superintendent, Dr. John Hudson R.N.

The Earl Dalhousie is a full-



rigged sailing ship, built in 1862, that transported British settlers in the 1870s to Australia. [taken from Wikipedia]

From the publications, *'Servants Depots in Colonial South Australia'* the author states... that South Australia "saw 'excessive female immigration' in the colony of South Australia, with shiploads of single women from the British Isles travelling as assisted migrants in search of employment and husbands"...

"The vast majority of these girls were Irish Catholic and single, one as young as 15 years. Two-thirds of all so-called domestics had a farming background and were totally ignorant of the duties of what was expected of a domestic servant."

My great Grandfather, Harold Sparks married both of the girls.

First Annie Richardson at Beltana Station, South Australia on 6<sup>th</sup> January 1877 when she was 22 years of age.



Beltana Station was first taken up by Robert Barr Smith in 1862 when he bought it from John Haimes including its 17,705 sheep and some cattle. It derived its name from an Aboriginal word meaning 'running water'. In the early years, because of its enormous size, many of the local people were either directly or indirectly employed on the station. Jobs such as fencers, boundary riders, bookkeeper, well sinkers, blacksmith, saddler, cook, teamster, dogger, shearer or cameleer were in great and constant demand. In 1878 for instance, ninety shearers were employed at the station. [Wikipedia]

Annie and her twin sister, Eliza Louise were the daughters of Joseph Richardson, a farmer in the small hamlet town of Gortavoy, County Tyrone – Northern Ireland. Joseph's wife was Bride Goode.

Annie was to die on the 18<sup>th</sup> May, 1889 after the couple had moved to Victoria. Annie gave birth to three sons; the second child dying at about 10 months of age. The family living at that time at Glenmore, Black Rock, Victoria on the eastern sea shore from Melbourne. My grandfather, Glenmore Charles was born there on 9<sup>th</sup> March 1885.



It seems Annie was not of a strong constitution, but a very beautiful woman. She found the new country difficult to adapt to, and with her husband so involved in business ventures in Melbourne, that created severe worry through council and legal matters, her early death was not to be expected.

After Annie's death it seems that Harold moved to Preston, where Annie's sister Eliza Louise was able to look after the two young boys.

In 1890, on the 9<sup>th</sup> June, Harold married Eliza at their home in Preston, Melbourne.

Records show the family moved to Sydney NSW in 1890. After Harold's death, Eliza Louise moved to Brisbane, Qld to stay with her stepson, Harold Overton...her sister's first-born son.

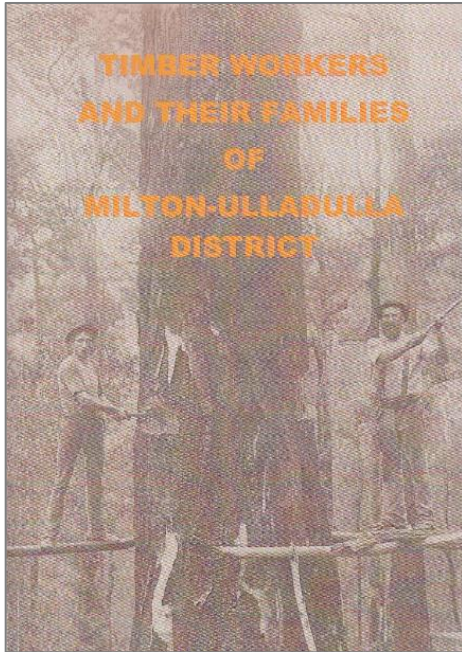
Eliza Louise Sparks died on the 8<sup>th</sup> August, 1935 and was buried at Grovely Church of England Cemetery at the age of 80 years.



Sadly, little else has been discovered regarding these two women.



## Our Society Books for Sale



### TIMBER WORKERS AND THEIR FAMILIES OF MILTON-ULLADULLA DISTRICT

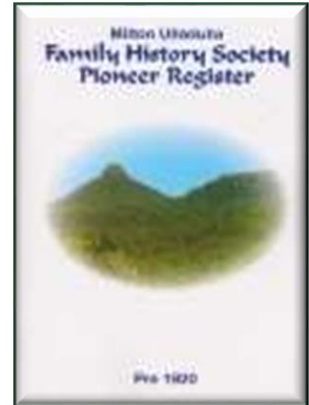
The cost per book is \$40.00 and is available for purchase from our room in the Ulladulla Civic Centre. You can also order by emailing. The Postage would be an extra charge – see below.

### 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](mailto:secretary@mufhsi.org) or look on our website.



Some interesting photos from one of our members, Ron, while on an outing.

The sign is on the bar at The Loaded Dog Hotel Tallong NSW. The other photos are the pub and the stables for travellers.



4 pence a night for bed; 6 pence with pot luck; 2 pence for horse keeping; No more than five to sleep in one bed; No boots worn in bed; No razor grinders or tinkers taken in; No dogs allowed in the kitchen; Organ grinders to sleep in the wash house.



**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 2021. Please email to our Secretary and she will forward to the Editor.**





## THE LIBRARIAN'S CORNER

From Marg Magnusson

We had a lovely donation from Dianne Badman. She donated many books and CDs from Family Tree.

There are several wall charts on some of the battles in Europe in WWI and WWII.



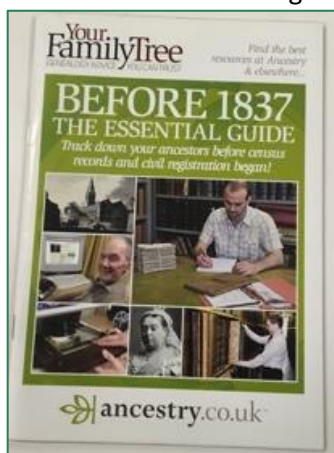
One is Your Family Tree Battlefield Tour Guide. It is the history behind the major theatres of World War One and Two. It shows how you can visit them. Another Battlefield chart shows the main battles and another chart shows English war medals.



There are also booklets by Your Family Tree covering the two world wars.

A Commemorative Book on the 90<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the battle of the Somme was also included in the donation.

There are two booklets on The Complete guide to England's Military Records. 100 pages of tips on researching Army, Navy and RAF ancestors in England



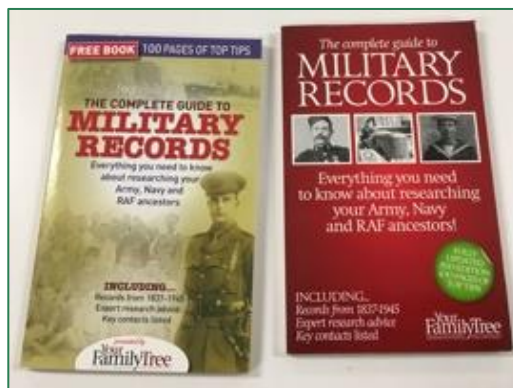
Other Family Tree booklets are:

- Before 1837. The essential guide tracking your ancestors before census records and civil registration began.
- 101 Family History Tips stating the best research advice.

Family History Directory  
with over 350 locations  
listed.

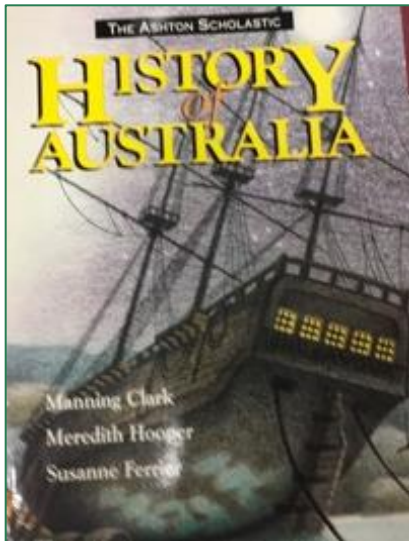
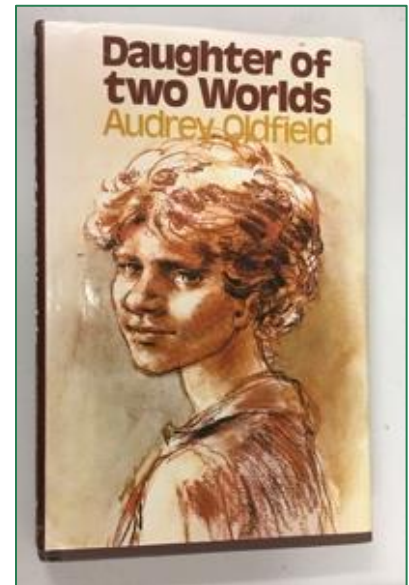
Post Office London Street  
Directory for 1899. You  
will be able to discover

addresses and Occupants of thousands of homes in the capital.





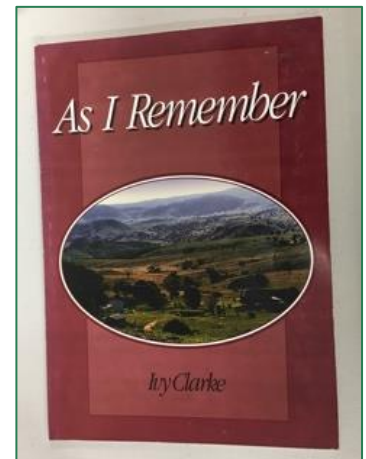
Marilyn Boyd donated the story of Melalla, ***Daughter of two worlds*** by Audrey Oldfield. It is a very interesting read. Her mother was an Aboriginal and her father was Anglo. He established a cattle station on tribal land in WA. She was sent to a mission school by the “big boss”. Melalla was later sent to a High school in Perth where she found vicious discrimination.



Cheryl Stokes donated ***The Ashton Scholastic Australian History***. A lively lucid account of Australia and its people. We hear the voices of Aborigines, of people from the First Fleet, of pioneers, gold diggers, Anzacs of victims of the Great Depression and much more. It is a collaboration between Manning Clarke and Meredith Hooper with Illustrations by Susanne Ferrier.

#### *As I Remember*

This book is about the memoirs of Ivy Clarke. It gives a fascinating glimpse of the way of life all but gone from Australia today. How she and others battled fires, floods, and the depression of the 1930s. It contains a description of events, it's moral values and attitudes with lovely photographs from Ivy's collections.



**All these and more are there for our members to borrow and enjoy.**





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

Photographs by Christine Moss



**LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.**  
—O—  
Mr. Harry Goodsell, aged 85, an old resident of Milton, died on Friday.  
The Kiama Independent, and Shoalhaven Advertiser Wed 9 Sep 1914 Page 2

Was he a resident of Milton or Ulladulla  
— who do we believe?

**MILTON.**  
Mr. H. Goodsell, an old resident of Ulladulla, died on Friday, aged 85.  
The Shoalhaven Telegraph Wed 9 Sep 1914 Page 11

**Harold Ernest Glading** was born in 1889 in Balmain NSW. He enlisted in the Australian Army to fight in WWI. He served time in France and England.

He married **Alice Felecia L'Homme** in 1938.



**Archibald Wendon Sams** was the son of Alfred George and Emily Maude Sams. He married Jess in 1928 in Sydney. He was a Master Mariner.





**Alphonse Joseph L'Homme** was born in England on 19<sup>th</sup> July 1872. He married Mary Ann Sophia Knapp in 1899 in Milton. Joseph was the father of Alice Felecia who married Harold Glading (above)

**Neil McPhee**, son of Agnus and Margaret McPhee died 19<sup>th</sup> September 1929. He was a Hotel Keeper at Milton.





## Deaths and Burials

### Extract from “*To Trace or Not to Trace*” by Carol Baxter

There were once only two certainties in life – death and taxes. These days, there’s shipping and handling as well.

Admittedly, it’s hard to imagine that a funeral home would specifically list those two charges in its bill for a loved one.

Also, we have two types of records that document an individual’s demise – religious records and civil records.

Most religious records take the form of burial registers, although the frugal Scots tended instead to keep registers of mort-cloth dues – the fees for the cloth in which a body was draped. Whatever the register, very little identifying information tended to be included. Often, the date of death was not even recorded. One can assume that it was probably only a day or two before the burial because of that minor matter of the lack of refrigeration facilities.

Civil records take the form of death certificates and serve as the other book-end on a person’s life. They always include the date of death but often omit burial details. Some contain a biographical bonanza, Australian death certificates among them. Others are so lacking in useful information that they are not worth the expense. English death certificates in the mid-1800s being a perfect example. However, it’s important to remember that the biographical information is often inaccurate for obvious reasons – death certificates are rarely filled in by the person who died.

Death certificates also include the cause of death. Most are unremarkable – cancer, heart disease, stroke, old age – and are only helpful for family medicos or government statisticians. Some causes of death, however are more amusing for the reader than useful for the statistician – unintentionally so in most instances:

*Died suddenly at the age of 102*  
*Went to bed feeling well but woke up dead*  
*Died of (i) heart disease (ii) Cutting of throat*  
*Shot in the lower paddock*  
*Died of asphyxia (after being hanged)*

Sometimes the grim reaper must have had a laugh as he crept up on a person unawares –

Defence attorney Clement Vallandigham shot himself dead while trying to prove in court that a murder victim could have shot himself dead.  
He made his point. The defendant was acquitted.

Swedish chemist Carl Scheele died from effects of tasting the poisons he discovered.  
One of them was cyanide.

General John Sedgwick was killed by a sniper during the American Civil War after famously uttering the words –  
“They couldn’t hit an elephant at this distance.”

Cause of death are not the only source of “gallows” humour for genealogists. The deceased themselves, or perhaps their family members or friends, clearly had a laugh when they prepared the following gravestone inscriptions.

Margaret Daniel’s noted -

*Sacred to the memory of Major James Brush  
Who was killed by the  
Accidental discharge of a pistol by his orderly.  
Well done, good and faithful servant.*

*She always said her feet were killing her  
But nobody believed her*

The officer seemed to have had it coming

The widower was no doubt responsible for the this

*The children of Israel wanted bread  
And the Lord sent them manna,  
Old clerk Wallace wanted a wife,  
And the Devil sent him Anna.*

This six-word epitaph leaves little  
to the imagination

*He called Bill Smith a liar*

Meanwhile, a common tombstone  
poem in the past  
was

*Remember man, as you walk by,  
As you are now, so once was I,  
As I am now, so shall you be,  
Remember this and follow me.*

To which  
someone  
scrawled

*To follow you I'm not content  
Until I know which way you went.  
Finally, as a lesson in life,  
it's worth remembering -  
Nothing is written in stone until you are dead.*





# Trove - one of our Best Free Resources



Trove was launched in December 2009, the bright idea of National Library of Australia staff.

It was always seen as a way to bring together collections of wonderful things. Initially, this was a wide range of collaborative library services, which included The Australian Newspapers Beta Service.

Trove's first name was the Single Business Discovery Service (catchy, isn't it?). Perhaps due to this name not exactly rolling off the tongue, staff briefly bestowed the nickname Girt. As in, "our home is girt by sea" Shortly before the launch, the name Trove was suggested by a clever Library staff member. It brought to mind a treasure trove, as well as the French verb *trouver* meaning "to discover", and was immediately popular. And that is how the story began.

Trove provides access to over 6 billion records about Australia or of interest to the Australian community. Trove focuses on freely available digital content created by Australians and held in the collections of Australian Libraries, Archives, Museums, Galleries, University, Research and community organisations.

**It has full-text online copies of Australian Newspapers and Government Gazettes.** These digitised newspapers date back to 1803 and have generally been digitised up to 1954, with select newspapers and gazettes contributed up to present day (rights and funding permitting). This digitisation has been a collaborative effort of more than 900 organisations and individuals, with the bulk of funding and coordination from principle partners the National Library of Australia and the State Library of New South Wales. Trove's 'Newspapers & Gazettes' category is entirely made up of freely available online material.

**Full-text online copies of magazines and newsletters from Australia and the Pacific.** These articles range in date from 1762 up to present day publications that are contributed through National e-deposit (rights permitting). Trove's 'Magazines & Newsletters' category is entirely made up of freely available online material.

**Online images, maps and artefacts from more than 430 Australian organisations depicting special events and everyday life.** The descriptions of photographs and other visual collections that have yet to be digitised are also included in the 'Images, Maps & Artefacts' category.

**Manuscript or unpublished collections from Libraries and Archives including diaries, sketches, photographs, scrapbooks and more.** Of particular interest is the Australian Joint Copying Project (AJCP), 100,000+ UK and Australian Government documents covering pre-Colonial to 1980s Australia. Trove's 'Diaries, Letters & Archives' category is a mix of freely available online material as well as the descriptions of offline material.

**Biographies and lists of resources about people, families and organisations of relevance to Australia.** These have been brought together from a range of sources, including specialist Australian biographical services.

This is only a little of what Trove offer. It is an amazing free resource and us family history researchers should have it highlighted and book marked to use when searching for information on our families.

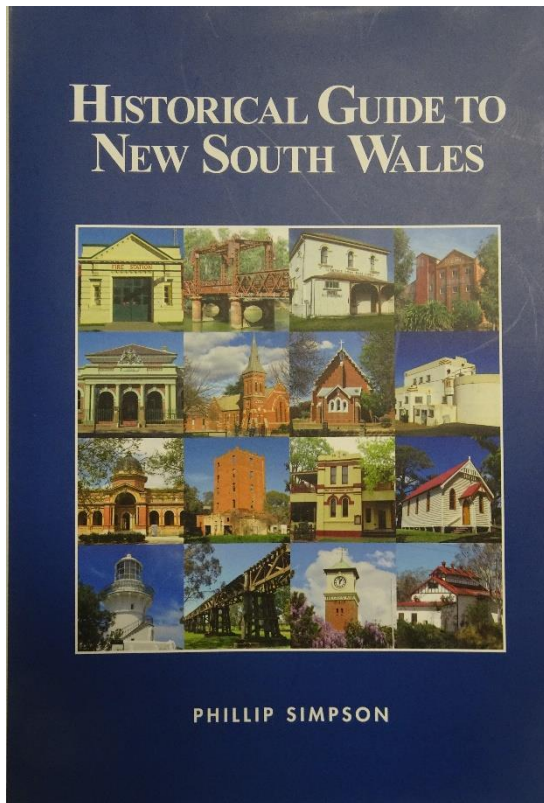
Search for digital copies of newspapers, Government Gazettes, maps, magazines and newsletters. Or books, pictures, photographs, etc. Even information about famous Australians, including copies of letters, diaries and personal archives. All this and more is available to view on Trove or Trove Partner websites.



## Book Review

### Historical Guide of New South Wales by Phillip Simpson

*The Historical Guide to NSW* is a unique reference work. Never before has there been an attempt to succinctly record the location, history, industry, buildings, calamities and the population of over 9700 cities, towns, villages outside of Sydney.



This book attempts to collate the significant details of each place from 1788 to 2020. More specifically it indicates when a place was settled, surveyed, gazetted and established; local produce of the district: The public services available and when they were provided; the natural disasters, accidents, epidemics and infestations that affected the inhabitants; the churches where they were baptised and married; the factories, mills and mines in which they worked; and the graveyards and cemeteries where they were buried. In addition, it gives details of many thousands of churches, industrial structures, public buildings, public works and utilities etc. and in many cases, who designed them, when they were built and by whom.

Phillip Simpson had several years' experience in heritage and government in NSW. Post graduate degrees in both Historical Archaeology and Public Administration at Sydney University.

An extract of two towns from this book –

**Mollymook (County of St Vincent)** 3 km north of Ulladulla, on Tasman Sea; (includes Mollymook Beach and Narrawallee; formerly East Milton); Was known as Mollymoke till 1931; settled 1859 by Uriah Coller and Henry Mitchell; silica mining c.1925+, tourism 1945+, Baptist Church (Milton-Ulladulla) 1988; bridge 1958, over Blackwater Creek: cemetery (Sandridge), laid out 1863, dedicated 1869, rededicated 1893; PO 1961-77; 2 quarries; reservoir; Salvation Army Church began 1900 by W. Garrad; 2 sawmills (include Frank Higgins); sea wall; Telephone exchange; wharf 1921-61; population - 55 in 1954, 142 in 1961, 550 in 1971, 1,373 in 1976 and 4526 in 2011.

**Tirrannaville (County Argyle)** 8 kms SW Goulburn, on Mulwaree River; Terranna till 1926; gold and iron; Anglican Church (St Andrew's) 1860, closed and disused; cemetery; flood 1860; flour mill (horse powered) established by Andrew Gibson; PO 1927-60; quarry (A.I. & S. Co Ltd) 1941-42 and 1945; 1906-41; school (Tirranna) 1869, new one built 1889 by James Searle, closed 1906; reopened 1957; storm 1933; telephone 1960; population – 93 in 1901, 66 in 1911, 49 in 1933 and 59 in 1947.



## Coffee and Chat

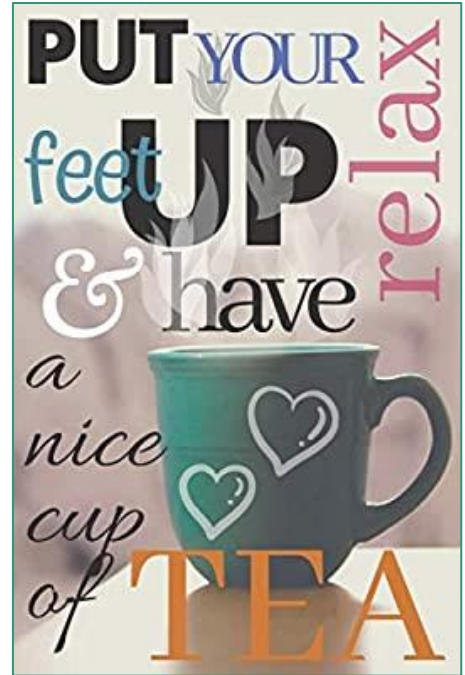
Once Covid restrictions started to relax the number restrictions our members were keen for our social get togethers to start up again.

Prior to this some members took the opportunity to phone a few other members so they could meet in small numbers at various cafes in the local area. These often were at the Civic Centre Café as it offers great coffee and is a very central location for many.



Our first official coffee and chat for many months was held on February 2021 at the Mollymook Golf Club. A great venue and a good turn up.

Our second one for the year was on 5<sup>th</sup> March. This get together was at Ocean Vibes in Ulladulla. We all helped celebrate Susanne's birthday. After all the coffees, teas and cakes were enjoyed out came a creamy rich birthday cake – it was gone in no time and enjoyed by all.



Unfortunately, the photographer (me) had a lapse in memory and also got too carried away with chatting before realising she should have taken some pics while everyone was present. It was a good turn up and a lovely day with at around 12 to 14 of us attending.



Our April coffee and chat was held at Emerson's. Another good turnout for the morning. One of our members (not mentioning names!) had the date written in the diary as CC Emerson's. He looked at that many times and still no recollection came to mind of what on earth was this all about – Days later after the event, he realised he had missed the Coffee and Chat morning



All who went had a fun and chatty time.





## Special Event Days



It seems a long time ago now, however our end of year Christmas Party BBQ was a great success. We were very fortunate to be able to have this function, as at the time Covid rules had been slightly adjusted for us to run it under the current rules of the day.



Good weather, great company and perfect location made for

a very fun Christmas gathering at Marg and Colin's. It was lovely to see how

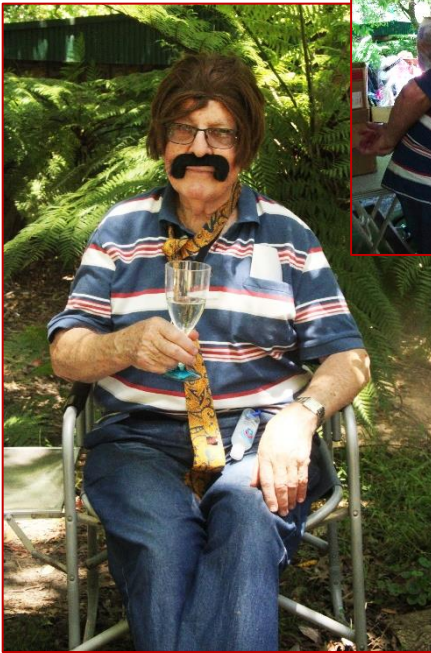
the bush had recovered from the fires of a couple of years ago. Our theme for the day was the 60s/70s and some great get-ups were worn.



The food was again first class and thanks to all those who added to the variety.







A colourful day



It was a very cheery day

It was a perfect day for sitting, chatting and of course eating.

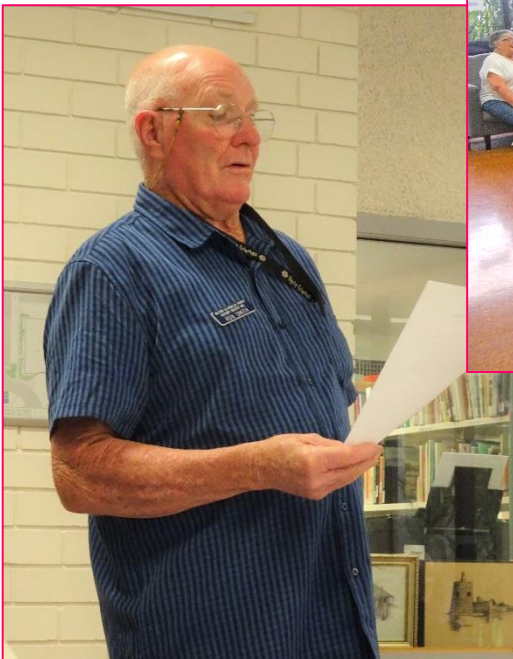




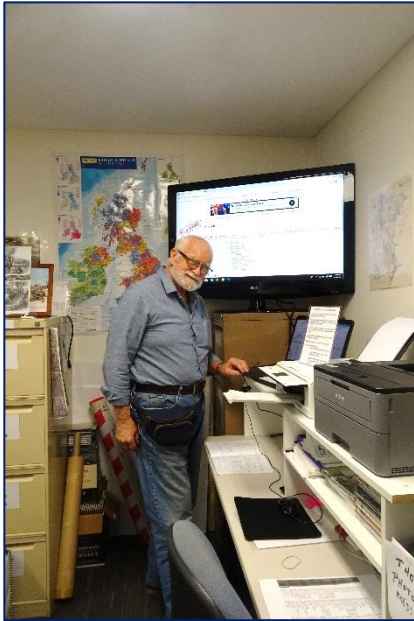
**Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> February** – our first members meeting for many months. A fantastic turn up as it seems everyone just wanted to get some normality back into their lives after so many months of isolation.



Ron, with everyone's attention focused on his story.







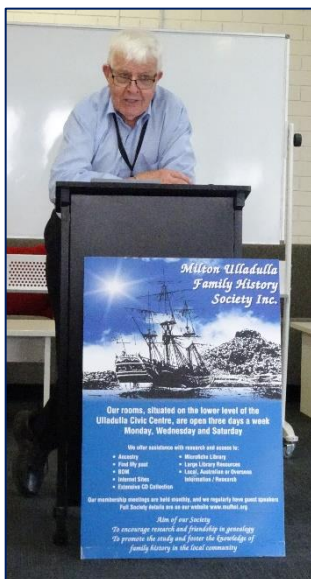
**Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> March**, our next Members Meeting was when Graham took centre stage. His talk at the end of the meeting was excellent. He told us all about English sites for births, deaths and marriages as well as other points to help all who are researching those records.



All were very interested and learnt lots.



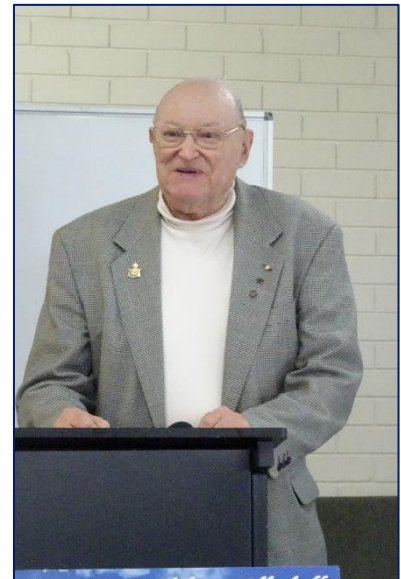
Another good attendance day from our members.



At our April Members Meeting day a guest speaker was organised and booked.

**Mr Ray Thorburn – FGAA, MAAGRA.** His special interests are UK Social History, Convicts, European Emigration, Adoption, Genetics and the Encouragement of Genealogy in Schools as a Social History Tool.

Ray was the Founding director of the Australian Genealogical Education Centre [1988-2006]. Now known as the Kiama Family History Centre [KFHC] it is a local government operation well known for its work in the practical extensions of family history,





including school education and genetic research. An experienced communicator, Ray has spoken to various organisations, both in Australia and overseas. Still a member of KFHC volunteer staff, Ray has been awarded the OAM for Services to History. He is an advocate of genealogy being expanded into social history and geography exercise for the benefit and understanding of society.

Ray presented 3 talks on the day for our group - Probationary Convicts 1838-1868; Genetics in Genealogy; Pauper Migration from Britain.



There was a good attendance number with 5 guests coming from the Nowra area.

Ray received many thanks for his effort in coming down to our region along with thanks at the time and also after via email.

A couple of those comments were -

*"I thoroughly enjoyed the day, Ray made me think of my ancestors and their lives in a totally new way. I will endeavour to familiarise myself with life as it was for them, before they made the long journey to our shores."* And

*"I really enjoyed all talks by Ray as I'm sure most participants did."*

And further comments -" and the refreshments were excellent" AND "the catering was excellent"

For those of you who were at the day, you will understand this comment – AND THAT COFFEE. It brought forth a lot of discussion and many laughs.





## *A colourful collection of computer and keyboard covers for our family history room.*



*We are very fortunate to have very talented members in our society. Not only are they great researchers, sources of magical information and other valuable traits relating to Family History, but many have other hidden talents.*



*We now know Christine not only has her family history talent, story writing, photography, and wildlife rescue, but she can sew and create. During our covid isolation with our keep clean and sanitised focus; Christine decided all our computers needed covers.*



*They are bright and colourful and have made such a difference when walking into our room.*

*We all love them – thank you*

