

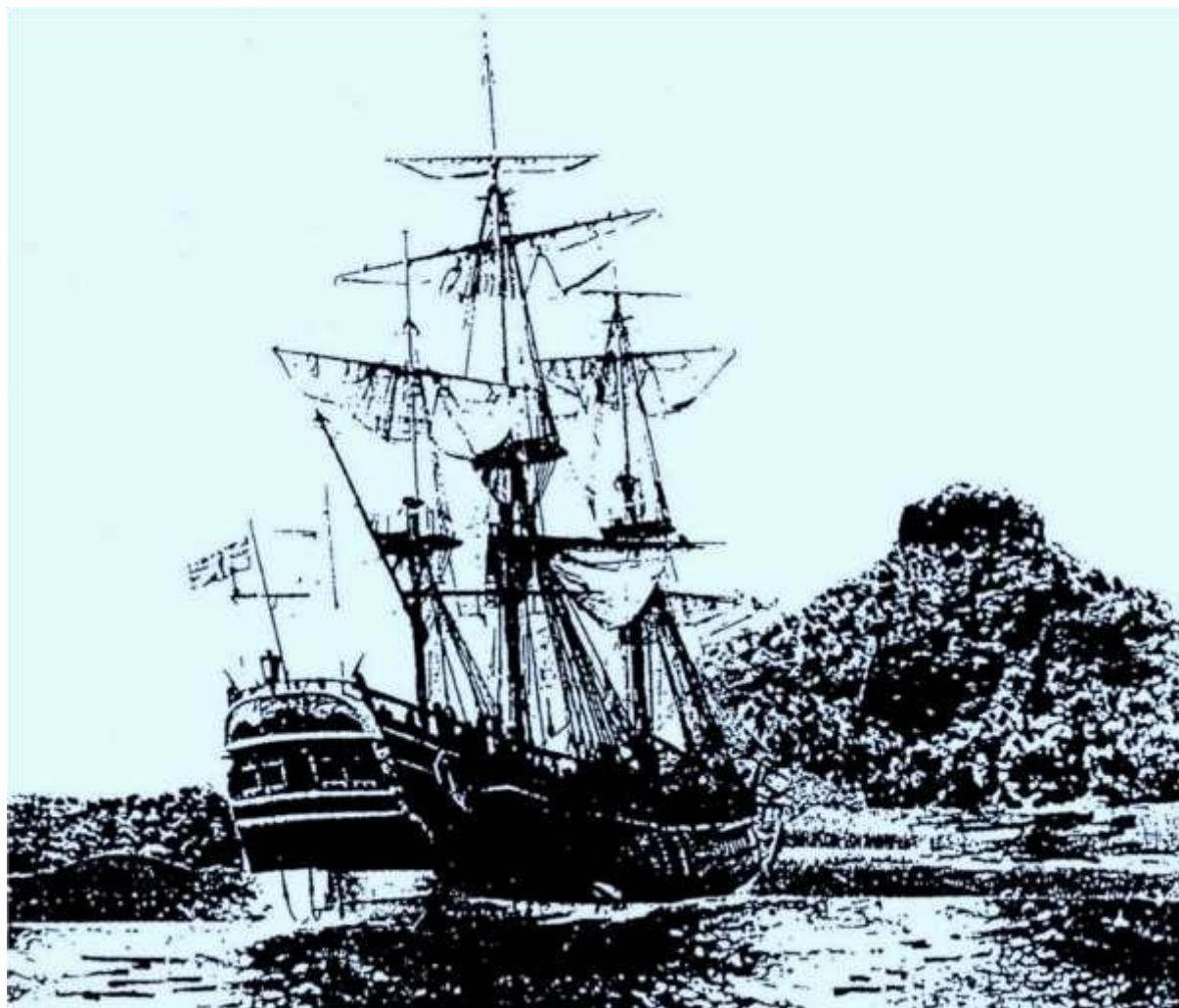
oMilton-Ulladulla Family History Society Inc

NEWSLETTER

June 2022

Issue No 54

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.

Thanks to Shoalhaven City Council for all their assistance

Office Bearers for 2022-22



Two attempts to have all the committee together for a photo proved difficult. Still two members missing!



President	Gerard Taniane	Research Officer	Graham Ledwidge
Vice President	Ron Smith	Activities Officer	Bev Evans
Secretary	Vacant	Publicity Officer	Julie Gullan
Librarian	Marg Magnusson	Journal Editor	Julie Gullan
Assist. Librarian	Christine Moss	Welfare Officer	Cheryl Baker
Treasurer	Rita Newman	Public Officer	Graham Ledwidge



Sub-Committee Groups Teams:

Website: Julie and Dennis Gullan

Data Base Entry: John Evans and Ron Smith

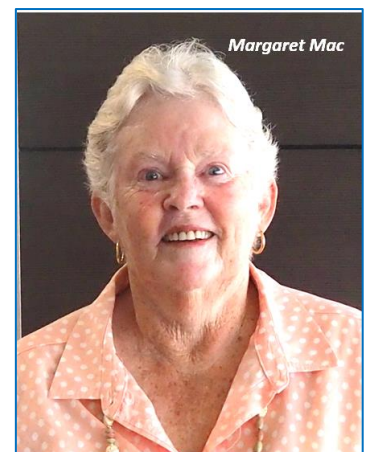
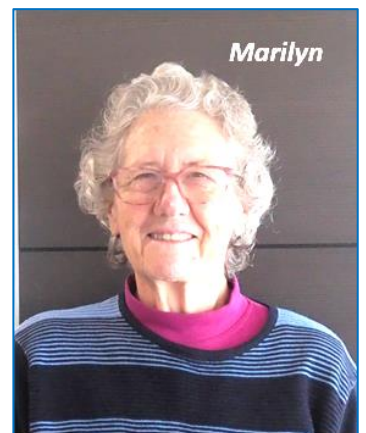
Family History Indexing: Meg Hammond

Archivist: Margaret McIntosh

CD Library Analyst: Peter Taylor

Catering: Bev Evans and Susanne Short

Proof Reading Team: Meg Hammond and Marilyn Boyd



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MEETING DATES

Members Meetings of the society are held on the second Wednesday of each month at our 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.

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



We would like to extend a very warm welcome to our new members who have joined us in the past 6 months

Barbara Lawson, Anthony Flint, Peter Michael Fitze, Fran McArdle, Judie Rose, Joseph Szota, Gerard Taniane, Bruce Ian White, Sue Crotta, Ivan Johnson and Roger Parris. 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.

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.

The following group have reached 10 years as members of this society. I have also added member who also reached 10 years in 2020 and 2021 as they missed being mentioned in previous issues.

Congratulation to

Margaret Magnusson – member since June 2010

Cheryl Stokes – member since June 2010

Marilyn Boyd – member since July 2010

Rita Newman – member since October 2010

Lindsay Bishell - member since July 2011

Pamela Johnson - member since September 2012

They have all contributed so much to our Society over many years – thank you



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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; (10335); Margaret Magnusson; (14363) Ron Smith; (5218) Christine Moss
(22514) Barbara Lawson; Lola Davis (16414)

May I be allowed to present some further memoirs of the family history: they are neither romantic, sentimental, nor worldly, but, like most other commonplace topics, have their points of interest; for things which we all see, feel, and observe, come home to the heart with the force of truth, rest is given to the mind that has probably been disgusted by the vices, or wearied by the heroics of fictitious life.

The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser Tue 10 Oct 1837 Page 4

Family History.

*'Can' and 'Will' are cousins, dear,
Who never trust to luck;
'Can' in the child of 'Energy,'
And 'Will' the child of 'Pluck.'
"Can't" and 'Won't' are cousins, too,
They are always out of work
For 'Can't' is son of 'Never Try'
And 'Won't' is son of 'Shirk.'
In choosing your companions, dear,
Select both 'Will' and 'Can,'
But turn aside from 'Can't and 'Won't'
If you would be a man.*

Emu Bay Times and North West and West Coast
Advocate Tasmania Sat 10 Jun 1899 Page 4

FAMILY HISTORY

A WELL-known Brisbane man, member of an old Brisbane family, has shown us a letter received from London from the editor of Burke's Landed Gentry, informing him that his name and family history has been selected as a distinguished collateral branch of one of the ancient lineages for inclusion in Burke's Centenary Year Issue, the great Coronation edition. This Coronation edition is being extended to include, for the first time, distinguished collateral families overseas. Burke's have, during the last seven years' research, traced back many lineages to the eighth and ninth centuries, and attention is now being devoted to recording the achievements of individual collateral branches.

We should be glad to hear of any others who have received a similar notification.

Telegraph Brisbane, Sat 29 Jan 1938 Page 12

A Note from the Editor



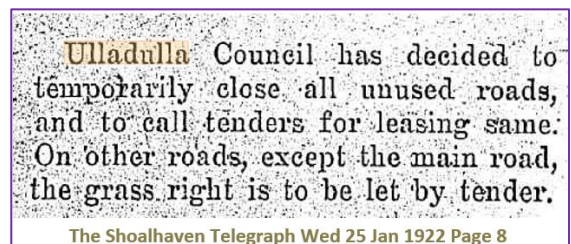
Life is slowly returning to a somewhat normality. On a positive note, our room opened in February on all our scheduled days. Activities have been slowly introduced back on the agenda. Social gatherings too have also been welcomed by many members.

Summer has been and gone, not that it was the greatest summer on record – lots of rain and many cooler days. Again, on a positive note, I guess this gave some of us time to be inside and research without feeling we should be out in the garden or walking, swimming or whatever.

The shopkeeper's book is coming along nicely. Our team of researchers have and are, putting in a massive amount of time and effort. It is now time the Editor (me) started putting in more time to collate and pull it together. With my temporary position as acting secretary, appearing to be nearing to an end, time will be easily allocated.

I had been pondering for weeks, on what I could possibly put into this journal? Once again, as I started work, I became totally immersed. New articles and a few minor changes, more stories from our members all made it enjoyable and I loved doing it. It is amazing how much I have learnt from researching newspapers etc for various articles.

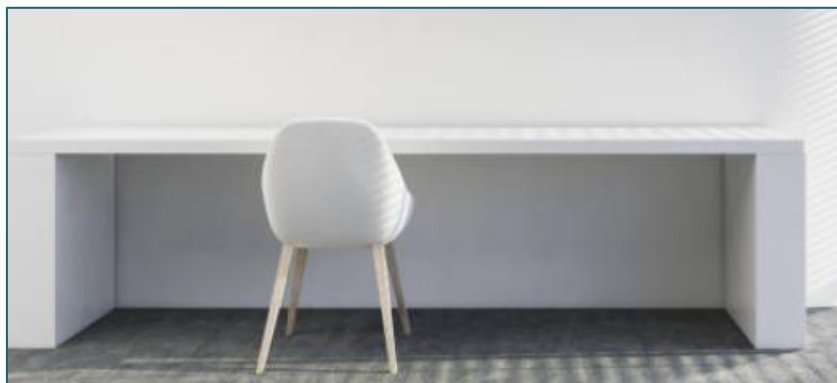
Here is an interesting article from one hundred years ago. Today, 2022, after all the bad weather we have suffered, our current roads are in urgent need of repairs – pot holes and road sides crumbling – thank goodness the council haven't decided to close them instead!



I would like to thank all the members who gave me articles and stories for this edition. So very much appreciated. Lots of interesting reading will be found in the coming pages.

From the President's Desk...

Unfortunately, our new president has been unable to attend meetings or functions. Other commitments have had to take precedence for him. On a positive side, at least his desk is clean and tidy!



FROM OUR RESOURCES AT OUR FAMILY HISTORY ROOM – submitted by Ron Smith

When helping to trace Family History, we often raise more questions than answers. These are some of the requests which have been asked of our Research Team recently. The family which was being sought was amongst the earliest Europeans to settle at Durras which is where the Shoalhaven ends, and the Eurobodalla begins. As the threads of this story begin to weave its cloth the question raised is, “why did this family consider Ulladulla/Milton as their nearest town when they were much closer to Batemans Bay”. A similar question was raised by another researcher who said their family story, as related by their ancestor stated “I was carried ashore at Ulladulla Harbour. Why would this be true?”

By researching our library collection and cross-matching diaries of early settlers, we were able to draw the following conclusions -

Our settler at Durras arrived in Australia aboard the ship “*HEBER*” in 1839. His wife and four children were all deposited at Circular Quay, Sydney Town. An earlier prominent citizen, of the time, was Sydney Stephen, Barrister at Law, who in 1828 acquired 3,140 acres of land, two horses and 105 head of horned cattle. His selection was recorded as 2,560 acres at Murramarang. Sydney Stephen, (or his agent), hired our settler as a “stores man”. The new arrivals were promptly sent by ship to Boat Harbour south of Cape St. George and known, by the Koori People, as “Nulladolla”. The Boat Harbour consisted of a mooring chain out from the beach and behind a natural reef, the only barrier to incoming seas along this coastline. In 1840, Ulladulla referred to the whole district, Milton was not set out until 1860, it was then known as The Settlement of Boat Harbour. No town, a few buildings, no roads, and a very large forest behind the coastal scrub. Tracks cut through the bush led to the settlement some six miles (about 11kms.) walk away.

The new arrivals were lowered into the ship’s boat and rowed to the beach where the crew would carry them ashore plus deposit all their possessions out in the open. We hope that the staff at Murramarang Farm were there to greet them. The journey south would take days, not hours as there were no roads. Nor were there any bridges to cross the many creeks, rivulets, and lakes. Sydney Stephen’s farm produce was stored at the harbour to await transport, for sale in Sydney Town. We suspect that this would be the place where our settler and family were employed to protect and account for the produce and stores arriving and leaving from The Harbour.

Sydney Stephen sold the Murramarang Farm in 1847. Our settler, his family, now numbering fourteen children, took possession of land at Durras South to start their new life of self-sufficiency, farming, timber felling and supply, to earn their cashflow. Batemans Bay was geographically much closer across unprotected ocean but with no roads to the northern shores. It was much safer to go through the bush.

These are some of the stories which can be found on the shelves in our Family History Room.

Ann Rees Jones, travelled in this area in the late 1840’s to 1850’s. it is a factual glimpse into our past and is a fascinating tale of the conditions of the time. Ann was born into upper society and married the brother of David Jones of retail fame. When she arrived in Sassafras, with her infant son, she was accompanied by a manservant and personal maid. Hers is a very compelling tale of survival in a harsh environment and speaks of Brooman, Murramarang, Durras Mountain, Sassafras, Gerringong and much more. **Well worth a read.**

Right: This is the main street of Milton taken from the IGA Service Station corner in the 1880s and looking west.



Left: The main street of Ulladulla looking south from the Rotary Park taken after 1880. The Princes Highway was then known as Murramarang Street which was prepared, as a road, after the first bridge at Burrill Lake was completed in the 1880s. The handrail supports were destroyed by a tidal wave in May 1910 when a ship, loading timber, was deposited on the beach.

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

SURFING FATALITY.

MILTON, Tuesday.

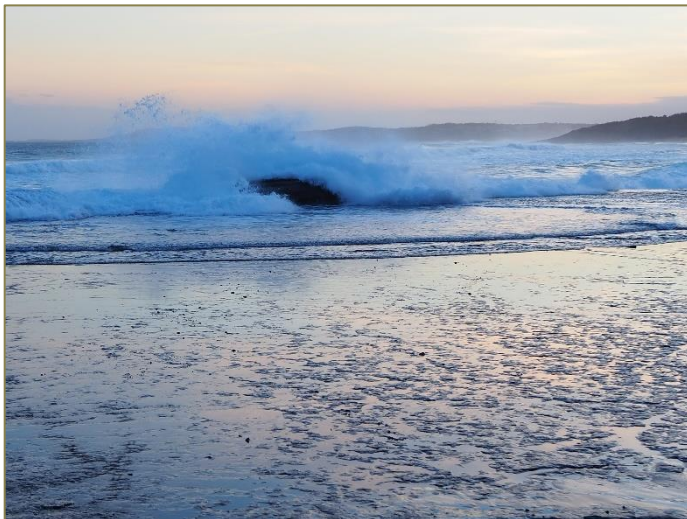
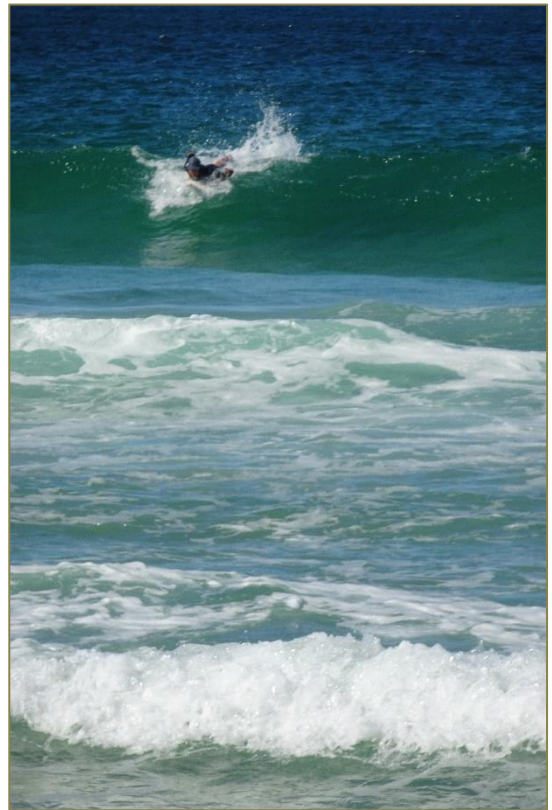
A fatality occurred here on Sunday afternoon, when Milton Millard, aged 28 years, a son of Mr. Eade Millard, of Five Dock, and nephew of the late Captain Millard, M.L.A., was drowned at Mollymoke Beach, Ulladulla.

It appears that a party left Milton for a dip in the surf early on Sunday afternoon, and that deceased had scarcely entered the water when he was caught in the undertow and swept out to sea, and, not being a good swimmer, was drowned. A young lady visitor to the district in the surf at the same time also got into difficulties through being caught by the hand by Millard as he was taken out to sea. It was with great difficulty that she managed to free herself and get ashore.

The Sydney Morning Herald Wed 1 Feb 1922 Page 14

A drowning fatality occurred at Milton on Sunday. Milton Mallard, aged 28, was surfing at Mollymoke Beach with others, when he was suddenly carried out by the undertow. He disappeared before any attempt at rescue was possible. Mallard was for 15-years in the employ of Messrs Blackburn and Sons, store keepers at Milton.

Singleton Argus Thu 2 Feb 1922 Page 1



MILTON.

Mr. C. J. Lorenz is establishing a parcels delivery between Ulladulla, Milton and Nowra. Mr. Lorenz proposes to run from Ulladulla to Nowra and return twice weekly.

South Coast Times and Wollongong Argus Fri 7 Apr 1922 Page 22

RESCUE ON ULLADULLA BEACH

MILTON, Thursday, A pluck rescue from drowning, was effected by Reg Millard a youth at **Racecourse Beach Ulladulla** on Boxing Day. He plunged into the breakers while a stiff current was running and saved a boy named Langford aged 12 years. Millard had his clothes on but he is a strong swimmer.

**The Sydney Morning Herald Fri 29 Dec 1922
Page 8**



Heavy Rain

Many heavy rainfalls have been reported over the Western Division of N.S.W. during the past 24 hours. The southern half of the State also participated in the beneficial falls.

Goulburn Evening Penny Post Thu 27 Apr 1922 Page 4

Heavy rain fell on Sunday and Monday. 507 points were recorded to yesterday morning at the Nowra P.O.

The Shoalhaven Telegraph Wed 26 Jul 1922 Page 2

DISTRICT NOTES - Down the coast, towns were cut off from mail communication for several days during last week, owing to the **heavy rains**.

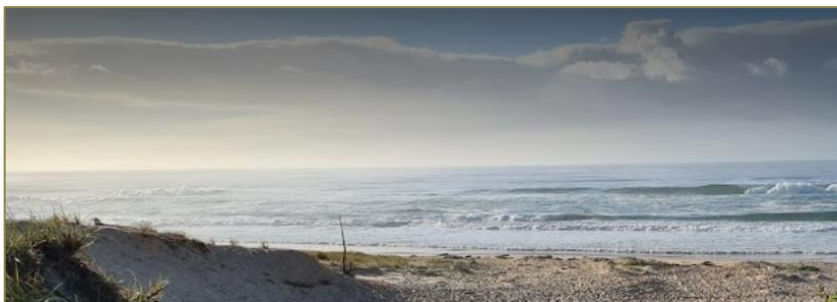
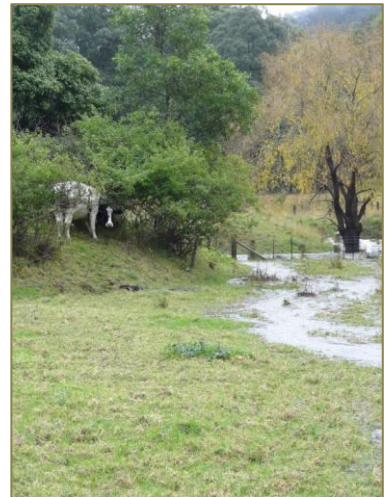
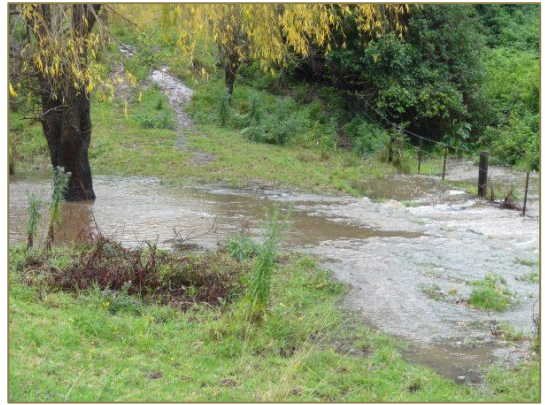
The Shoalhaven Telegraph Wed 2 Aug 1922 Page 2

"RAIN, RAIN."

After the terribly droughty weather in the West, and following the beautiful rain, a grazier in the back blocks writes thus: -

"All the tanks are full but one, and that is half "shick." The horses are snorting, pigs grunting sheep running their legs off looking for some green grass, and the cows get a more kindly look on their faces each day." And let us hope the man on the land looks just as kindly.

The Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate Parramatta, Sat 16 Dec 1922 Page 6



Mokau Wrecked

The coaster Makau, a former Tweed River trader, which sprang a leak, and was beached on January 19 at Sussex Inlet (near Ulladulla), was driven further ashore toward the shore by the heavy seas of last Monday's gale. As the vessel was

also badly damaged, it has been decided to abandon her. The under writers will probably sell the wreck after removing the cargo of 160 tons of silica.

Tweed Daily Wed 1 Feb 1922 Page 4



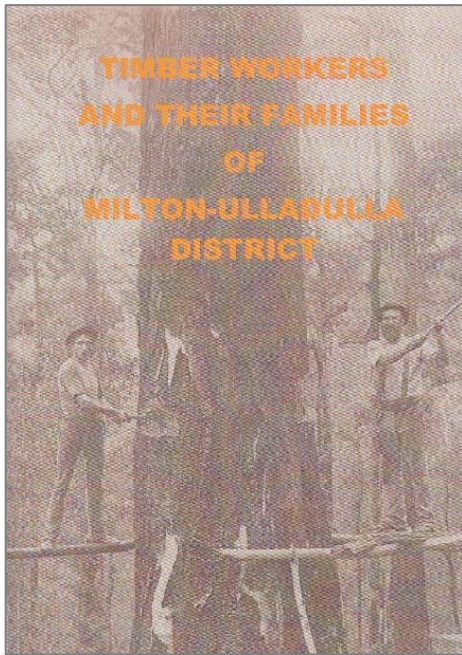
Boating Accident.

On Thursday morning Messrs A. Holt and Thomas Brown, of Ulladulla, were going down the coast in a launch and when off Brush Island were capsized, on striking a Bom borra (or sunken rock), about 11 o'clock. Holt swam ashore and managed to walk to Bawley Point, whence he 'phoned to police at Milton about 1 o'clock, and Sgt. Archer immediately went to Ulladulla. Search parties set out in launches

but so far, no traces of the missing man or boat have been found. Brown is a young married man with a wife and four children. - Times."

The Nowra Leader Fri 10 Nov 1922 Page 2

Our Society Books for Sale



TIMBER WORKERS AND THEIR FAMILIES OF MILTON-ULLADULLA DISTRICT

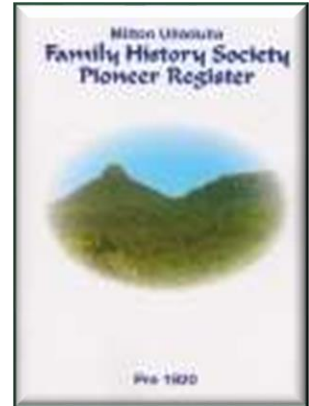
The cost per book is \$40.00 and is available for purchase from our room in the Ulladulla Civic Centre. You can also order by emailing. The Postage would be an extra charge – see below.

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.



Following is an excerpt from **Shop Keeper's book** which is being researched and prepared for printing. We are hopeful this will be ready for sale by the end of 2023. If anyone has information, they would like to share with us please contact us via our secretary.

BUTTER AND CHEESE FACTORIES

CONJOLA BUTTER FACTORY

The factory opened in 1892 and closed around 1907. It was the first factory to open in the district and was very successful. There were more factories that opened later.

The Ulladulla and Milton Times reported that –

Butter Factory for Conjola A Company Formed

After several unsuccessful attempts to form a butter factory company at Conjola, the movement has at last been brought to a satisfactory stage, and all being well operations should be commenced within a couple of months. This matter was first mooted several years ago, but after a deal of discussion it was allowed to drop, nothing practical having been done. And this was the fate of the movement on several occasions, the farmers interested not being fully alive to the importance of the project, prices for butter at the time being high. But now the bottom has fallen out of the butter market, and prices are lower than is pleasant to small dairymen. That being so, and it being impossible to make a satisfactory article to sell at the best of even low prices, the benefits of co-operative production and uniformity of quality have impressed themselves forcibly upon the dairy farmers in that locality. In addition to several of the local farmers, who all along have been favorable to a butter factory being established at Conjola, Captain Millard, M.P., and Mr. W. J. Bryce have taken an active part in pushing the present movement forward, attending several preliminary meetings to get initial matters into ship-shape. At these meetings, held quietly and without publicity, the movement was so far advanced that a committee of five (with Mr. C. M. Murray as secretary) was appointed to obtain all necessary information and take steps for the flotation of the company. This the committee did, and a public meeting was held at Mr. J. Connolly's, Conjola, on Saturday afternoon, to hear the committee's report and accept or reject their recommendations. Those present included Messrs. C. M. Murray, J. Connolly, P. Egan, F. Boyle, D. Calloway, A. Duffy, J. Duffy, J. Moore, W. Martin, F. Schmidt, J. McMahon, M. Carroll, M. Walsh, J. Moore, and J. Johnson, besides Messrs. G. H. Mason (solicitor), and H. Rauch (Times office). Mr. Bryce sent an apology, but enclosed a cheque to cover the application money for 20 shares, also cheque from Mr. S. Pickering for application money for 25 shares.....

The Ulladulla and Milton Times Sat 16 Feb 1895 Page 8

YATTA YATTAH COPERATIVE CHEESE FACTORY LTD also called YATTA YATTAH SEPARATING STATION

Interested people met in late June 1907 to form a Cheese factory at Yattah. It was to be called the Yatta Yattah Cheese Factory Ltd.

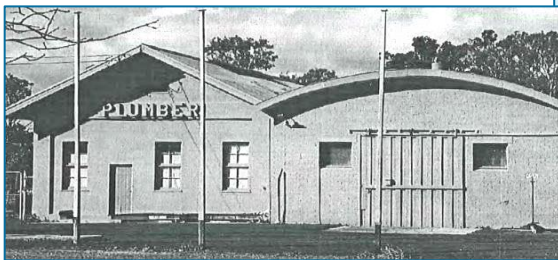
Mr. A. Cork donated the land which was located on Boolgatta Flat opposite Kendalldale Farm.

Mr Snell, who had learned his profession at the famous Bodalla factory was appointed as cheese maker in 1907.

The factory paid the dairy farmers 6d per gallon net from agent's advance upon their September cheese. By December the factory topped the market with its first consignment of cheese, getting 9 pence per lb for the lot.

The Yatta Yattah Factory is in full swing with cheese manufacture, under Mr Snell. They are turning out 15lb cheddars. The other day we (Times") had a look through and find that the old skimming station has been altered and added to as to make a fine commodious cheese factory. The making-up room is large and well-ventilated and will afford accommodation for manipulating a big milk supply. At present the vat accommodation is limited (about 1000gal), but that, together with the "press" accommodation can be enlarged at will. The curing room is an entirely new structure with steel ceiling and lining, the ventilation under control, and storage for about 3,000 cheeses. The milk supply at present is only 300 gallons daily.

Southcoast Times, Wollongong Argus 28 Sept 1907



When it closed down it became a plumber's work shed and home.

Woodstock Cheese Factory

It was built and opened around 1908 and was reported to have commenced operations on 23 November. The water supply was magnificent and was able to be used by using a windmill and pump from Woodstock creek. On the day it commenced operations the factory produced 300 gallons of milk.

The Woodstock cheese factory commences operations on Monday. A magnificent water supply is forced by windmill and pump from the Woodstock creek.

The Shoalhaven Telegraph Wed 18 Nov 1908 Page 13



Milton Butter Factory

It opened in 1896 and was first called the Ulladulla Butter Factory.

After the butter factory closed the building, it had many businesses operating in it including a fish cannery, ice works, a storage for vegetables and fruit, steel works manufacturer, and is now a private home.

The new butter factory directors visited the Berry central factory last week, and were so pleased with the working of the plant that they think they cannot do better than 'follow suit' throughout. In fact, the present Berry refrigerating machinery is under offer to them, Dr. Hay having decided to replace his plant by a similar one of larger capacity. The plant would be well ahead of this district's requirements, and the terms are very favorable. The plans of the Berry factory, with improvements suggested by experience, will be made available for the local factory, which when erected, will be ahead of the best of kindred institutions in Victoria.

The Ulladulla and Milton Times Sat 30 Nov 1895 Page 4



Prior to commencement, the directors of the Ulladulla Central Butter Factory Company inspected the Berry Central Factory. They wanted to obtain information that might assist them in their undertaking at Milton.

THE LIBRARIAN'S CORNER

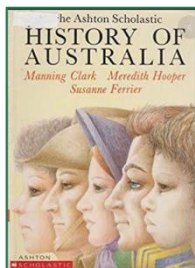
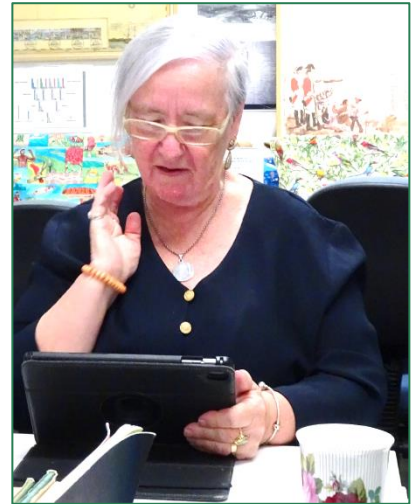
From Marg Magnusson

Things have started to improve this last six months with our room opened again from February. I, unfortunately have been away from our room for many weeks. I missed not being there, the friends and of course keeping the books in order. Christine, my assistant has been a great help with this. We could not do without her.

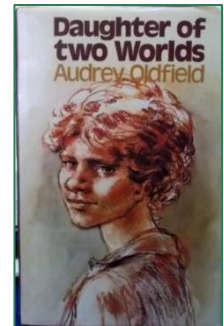
Many donations of books and CDs have been received from our generous members. Thank you to all who have donated as these books help many of our members and visitors.

Dianne Badman donated many magazines from 'Your Family Tree' and two books on English Military Records. These have many tips on how to research Army, RAF and Navy ancestors. Also, there was a book on the 90th Anniversary of the Battle of the Somme. Two booklets of military records on both WWI, WWII. There were three large charts one showing the medals, another chart on the battle on the battle fields of WWI and II. 'Before 1837' is a guide to tracking your ancestors before the census and civil registrations began. She also donated 'Post office London Street Directory' covering addresses and occupants of thousands of homes in London.

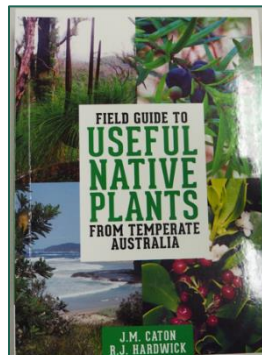
Marilyn Boyd donated a wonderful book. 'Daughter of Two Worlds' by Audrey Oldfields. It is about Melalla whose mother was a First Nation person and her father was English. Her father established a cattle station on tribal land in Western Australia. Melalla was sent to a mission school and later a high school in Perth. It tells of how she battles vicious discrimination.



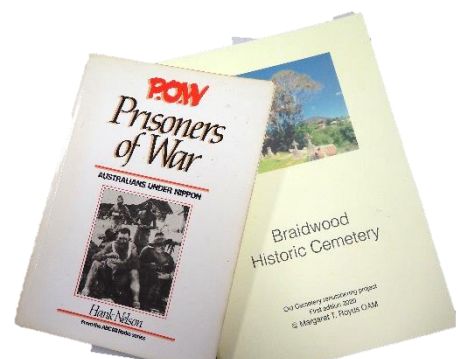
Cheryl Stokes donated 'The Ashton Scholastic Australian History' written by Manning Clarke and Meredith Hooper. It covers an account of Australia and its people. There are stories from the first nation people, gold diggers, first fleet pioneers, Anzacs, and the great depression. 'As I Remember'. This book is about Ivy Clarke and others and how they battled the depression of 1930s, bushfires and floods. A very interesting book.



Maggie Hope donated 'Convict Lives at the Ross Female Factory, Launceston Female Factory; Convict Places, A Guide to Tasmanian Sites; White Rag Burning, Irish Woman committing Arson to be transported



Meg Hammond donated 'Useful Native Plants'



Marg Magnusson donated 'Prisoners of War' and 'Braidwood Historic Cemetery'

Our new purchase of a stand alone scanner has been a great help as it has been used to scan pages from large size newspapers. We have started scanning our collection of local newspapers too. These scanned pages are going on a memory stick. They will also be able to be accessed on our computers. So much easier to look up information.

I would like to thank all who donated this year. I would also like to thank Christine Moss my great assistant for her wonderful help. She has always gone out of her way to help me with library duty. I could not have done it without her.

Christine, along with Meg and many others are also heavily into research for our next book – Shopkeepers in the Milton Ulladulla District. With all they are doing it should make this book a well worth read when finished.



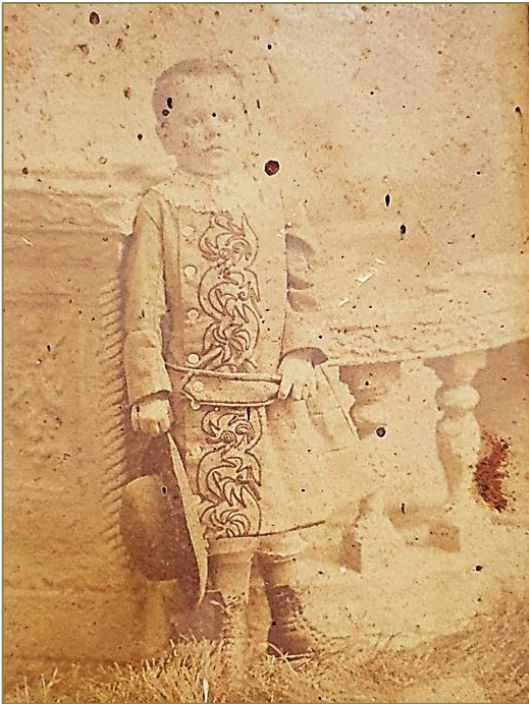
Bev taking advantage of our library. Even though we have well stocked shelves, technology also is a necessary research tool. We can see in the above photo, Graham is using one of these tools.



HUGH CHARLES MACMILLAN
Story by Barbara Lawson Member No: 22514

Hugh Charles MacMillan, born June 1885, was the son and only child of Rev. Hugh Logan MacMillan and Theodosia Elizabeth (nee MacDermot).

He had 2 older half sisters, Margaret Thomson MacMillan & Helen Watson MacMillan whose mother, Hugh Logan's first wife, had died in childbirth in Scotland.



He was born in Trelawney Jamaica where his father was a Uniting Presbyterian minister (as was his maternal grandfather Rev Hugh Charles Plunkett MacDermot). His parents were aged 38 and 18 respectively at the time of their marriage in 1883. Margaret was 5 and Helen 4 years old, so Theodosia had to assume a maternal role from the beginning before giving birth to Hugh Charles 2 years later after losing another son.

At the age of 9 he was sent to Edinburgh to commence boarding at George Watson's College, a Merchant school (originally a hospital school) with a reputation for excellence across the British Empire.

It must have been quite a culture shock for a small boy to go from the relatively relaxed lifestyle and climate of Jamaica to the noise and chill of a city like Edinburgh and the routine of boarding school.

In December 1898 when he was 13 his father died at another ministry in Calabar, Nigeria. This occurred a month before his 54th birthday, so no doubt the years of toil in tropical heat contributed to his early demise.

What a hard Christmas that must have been for the family.

At the age of 17, probably in his final school year, he was awarded a prize for General Excellence 1902-3.

On completion of his school studies, he embarked on a 5 year apprenticeship in Electrical Engineering at the Hyde Park Locomotive Works in Glasgow.

He was awarded equal first place in Mechanics 1908-9.

In 1910 he emigrated to NSW, Australia (possibly with his widowed mother who was certainly a resident in subsequent years but may have travelled later).

In the age of steam locomotives, he was employed by the NSW government, being posted to various country depots which must have been another huge adjustment as these were dry, remote townships such as Narrabri.

He continually rose in responsibility until in 1915 at the age of 27.5 (when he enlisted in AIF) he was in charge of a staff of 200.



He shipped out of Sydney July 1915, had an eventful trip ultimately reaching Cairo where he enjoyed a visit to the Pyramids a month later.

His war diaries paint a grimly vivid picture of life in the November cold and snow at Anzac Cove, Gallipoli before further training and preparation in Egypt.

Being shipped across the Mediterranean to Toulon was the start of a prolonged march North through France in 1916.

Near Armentieres he endured nausea from gas attacks, trenches full of waist-high mud and water, lice, heavy bombardments, standing to all night, marching in heavy rain, wearing respirators.... however, these days were occasionally enlivened by rum rations, parcels from home and sports days.



He attained the rank of Lance Corporal and passed as a 1st Class Machine Gunner with 1st Machine Gun Corps, 1st Battalion, continuing his affinity with machinery.

In Albert, France near the border with Belgium he recovered from a leg wound & returned to duty only to be once again seriously injured in November by a shell blast along with a colleague at midnight.

Their arms and shoulders were hit, with Hugh also having his thumb blown off.

They were forced to walk several kilometres to the nearest dressing station in appalling weather in the small hours despite their shock & injuries.

This nightmare continued for several days due to chaotic conditions until he reached Calais where he embarked on a hospital ship to Dover, then to a hospital in Brighton which was staffed by Australians. His injuries healed successfully & he was visited by his sisters, then living in London, over Christmas. He was able to obtain leave December 30th and they enjoyed an illustrated lecture on Captain Scott's Antarctic exploration before a 3 course meal at a ritzy restaurant.

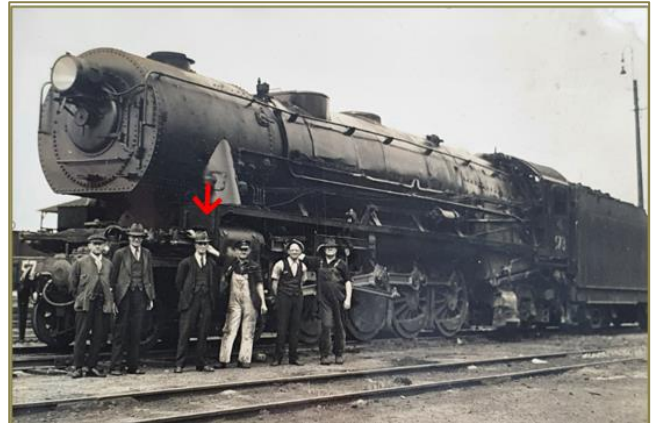
Being discharged medically unfit in 1917 he returned to Australia where he was able to resume his pre-war occupation.

In 1918 he married an Australian of Irish descent, Vida Gladys Hogan. Vida's family were Roman Catholic. Theodosia, being the daughter and wife of Protestant ministers followed that faith. Over the years Vida and her mother-in-law established a democratic routine of taking the family to either church on alternating Sundays.



Hugh and Vida had 2 daughters, Dorothy Joyce and Marjorie Joan and a son Kenneth Charles who trained as an ophthalmic surgeon.

When the children were young the family lived in a government supplied house at Thirroul while Hugh was responsible



for managing coal transportation on the busy Illawarra rail routes to Sydney and Wollongong ports.

Later they were a close knit tennis-playing family who lived in Roseville, a leafy suburb in the northern part of Sydney when Hugh's career became based in the city.

The game of chess was one of Hugh's passions and in 1935 he won 2nd place in the NSW Minor Tournament. He played against Gregory Koshnitsky, a Russian immigrant who was an Australian champion and did a great deal to popularise the game in the years between the wars. He also regularly swam, cycled, enjoyed motorcycles and was an avid stamp collector.

At his retirement Hugh MacMillan was the Superintendent of the largest rail depot in Enmore, Sydney.



He was awarded the Imperial Service Medal for his services to the State in 1951.

He and Vida retired to a Kirribilli apartment overlooking Sydney Harbour at a time when the Harbour Bridge was still under construction and the Opera House was yet to be built.

He was known as a gentle, humorous and modest man who was seldom without his hat.

His soft Scots brogue with a slight Jamaican lilt will always be remembered with affection by work colleagues, friends and family.

Hugh Charles MacMillan died peacefully in Sydney in 1974. He was my paternal grandfather always known as Mac (or Mr Mac to employees)

WHY DID I START RESEARCHING MY FAMILY

Story by Christine Moss Member No: 5218

Everyone has a reason why they started to be a detective and delve into our ancestors. What did they look like, how did they live. Were they poor and so the list goes on.

I suppose my reason was curiosity.

When I was a teenager my dad's 1st cousin, who lived in Bathurst, NSW went to England to visit her brother in a suburb of Liverpool called Birkenhead. She encouraged me to write to her brother's daughters, whose names were Christine and Hazel.

In 1971 I had saved enough money to go by ship to England with my dad's cousin to meet his family. Dad had always wanted to meet Harry whom I called Uncle Harry but, paying off a home, he was unable to do so. It was great meeting up with the family and finally meeting up with my cousin of the same name. Uncle Harry took me to Stanley Street, Tranmere where my father was born. The houses were then deserted and were going to be pulled down. I expect after the war, they were trying to build better homes. Being a typical young person, they were just old houses and I did not photograph them and the surrounding area. How sorry I am now that I did not take further interest in it. It would have given me a better idea in my later years of research to how they had lived.



I was told that we have 1st Class Romany Gypsies in our Family, however I have never been able to prove it. The family did have a Gypsy type of Caravan that they used to spend weekends at Morten, near Liverpool. Since going into the history of this caravan I have found it is a work caravan NOT a Romany Gypsy Caravan.

It was in the 1980's, my uncle had to go on Jury Duty for the court case which was for the Toecutter Gang murders. It was a dangerous murder case and members of the Jury had to be collected each day by a special car and at different times.

Names were read out and my uncle asked who was the person called Pitty for he was told anyone with that name was related to our family. This started off a torrid of questions at every break and eventually a visit to our home.

Keith Pitty had hit a brick wall with our side of the family and now he was able to put it together.

I was drawn into this excitement and I was asked on my trip back to England if I would go by train to Duxford near Cambridge and find out about the Pitty's there, which I did.

It was a wet miserable day I had picked to go and it was also my birthday. I had to change trains at one point and found I was on the train going back to London instead of Whittlesford where I was supposed to be heading. Therefore, I had an hours wait for the next train to Whittlesford.

I found out no taxis or buses go into the village of Duxford and I had to walk in the pouring rain from the Station.

About half way I saw two men talking outside what appeared to be a factory and I enquired if I was going the right way to Duxford. This ended out in a very special friendship for my now friend Mr Leonard Shirling-Rooke drove me to the village. My feet and trousers were very wet and he didn't mind getting water in his car. I wanted to try and get the key to the Church so I could get a copy of some records that were kept there.

Unfortunately, the Minster was on holidays and we were unable to gain entrance into the Church. My new friend promised me that he would get me a copy of what I required. By getting these records they enabled me to close that part of the research.

When I got home, I began looking through the couple of photos belonging to my dad's family. I had never heard my father speak much about them, for he was 4 when he came to Australia. Upon looking at the photographs I wanted to know more about my dad's side and it was then that I regretted not asking more information from Uncle Harry about the family.

My Grandmother Moss died when Dad was 18 and she was so attractive from her photograph and Lavinia, Dad's sister was also attractive. I felt sad that I never knew about them or ever heard much about them. Albert, my father died in 1968, so I had lost any knowledge about them, through him. I only had some things my mother could tell me.



There was a photo of my grandfather with his brother plus there were two girls in the photo. I eventually found out the name of one of the girls. The other one is still a mystery.



This is going to be easy I thought, I will take myself to SAG's in Sydney and will look up the card system (no computers then) and see what I can find.

I also found a Funeral notice in my grandmother's bible and upon reading the clipping, it was about my Great Grandmother in England.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen Moss, widow of the late Mr. Samuel Moss, of Cox's Buildings, Broad Street, whose death occurred on Sunday last, took place at the Newlands Cemetery on Thursday afternoon. Deceased, who had attained the ripe old age of 78 years, had been associated with the Brethren, Waterloo Rooms for over 40 years. She leaves a family of six daughters and two sons, the younger son, Fred, being now in Australia. The mourners were Nurse Davies, Cardiff (sister), Mr. and Mrs. Crompton, Cheltenham (son-in-law and daughter), Mrs. Harding, Cheltenham (daughter), Mr. and Mrs. S. Moss, Birkenhead (son and daughter-in-law), Mrs. J. Jones, Birmingham (daughter), Mr. and Mrs. F. Jones, Broad Street, Leominster (son-in-law and daughter), Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Merthyr (son-in-law and daughter), Mrs. Evans, Malvern (daughter) and Mr. H. Moss, Knighton (brother-in-law). Others present at the service included Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Hinton, Mrs. E. H. Davies, Mrs. Morgan (The Broad), Mr. and Miss Foster (West Street), Mr. G. Foster (Ivy Bank), Mr. and Mrs. George Bowen, Mrs. Mommington, Miss Holmes (Corn Square), Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Powell, Mr. P. Buckland, Mr. and Mrs. G. Davies (Knapperton) and other friends. The bearers were Messrs. G. F. Hinton, H. Foster, Geo. Bowen and Geo. Davies. Mr. H. Foster gave out the opening hymn "For Ever With the Lord," and afterwards engaged in prayer. Mr. George Foster then read a portion of Scripture from John v. and gave an address on the subject of death and the resurrection, quoting a passage from Job that "if a man die, shall he live again?" This he answered in the words of Christ as given in the chapter of St. John, which he had previously read. Mr. Foster also referred to the long and consistent life of the deceased as a Christian and to her faith and trust in the Lord Jesus as exemplified in her last words "Absent from the body and present with the Lord." The hymn "When the mist has rolled in splendour," having been sung the coffin was borne to the grave where another hymn, "When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound," was sung, Mr. Foster closing the solemn service with a prayer for the mourners and friends. The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr. John Holmes, of Corn Square.

April 1916

It mentioned all these names who attended the funeral and her family with no Christian names and just surnames and where they came from. It mentioned 5 girls and 2 boys, one being in Australia who was my grandfather.

SAG's were fantastic to me and helped me with this funeral notice, it was beginning to be not as easy as I thought, the problem began with trying to find the names of all the girls.

The words, curiosity kills a cat, is so true. This started out to be a massive search but such a rewarding one.

I had another trip to England several years ago after finally finding the last of my grandfather's sisters' family with more than 10 years of researching. Hazel and I travelled from Penzance, Cornwall to Ironbridge where we stayed two night and met up with our cousin Bridget, who was a granddaughter of our grandfather's sister Edith.

No information was able to be obtained about her until the last census. This ended up with Hazel's brother Derek, and their sister Doreen's daughter coming down for the day from Liverpool to Ironbridge. We had a luncheon together at the Cafe and then afternoon tea together hearing stories and it was such a rewarding union of cousins meeting for the first time.

I knew so much about Mum's family and very little about my father's side. If I had started a lot earlier and taken more interest in what Uncle Harry was telling me, I would have more information. However, through my start with SAG'S and then ending up with Family History here in Ulladulla I have achieved a lot. I have photographs to satisfy some of my queries, but I am still hungry for more.

What started you searching
for your family history?



A TIMBER WORKER AND HIS LIFE
Story by Margaret Magnusson Member No: 10335



Bob Heycox

My dad Robert (Bob) James Heycox was born at Bulli hospital on 9th September 1930 to William (Bill), and Henrietta (Hettie) (Wales) Heycox. Dad was the youngest of 14 children. Twelve survived, with twins dying in infancy.

Like his dad and grandfather, Bill was a timber worker who cut down trees in the area around Bulli. He worked with two of his brothers in the district for many years. He and his brothers had horses and a dray to cart the timber to the mills, and the mines. They also had small ponies which were called pit ponies. These ponies were hitched up with the logs once the logs were at the mine and taken into the mines for shoring up the walls and roof.

By the time Dad was five years old Bill decided to pack up his family and move back down the coast to Nelligen where his parents lived and where he grew up. The trip from Bulli was a very wet trip. Dad and his Mum were in the car with a couple of sisters and a brother driving with all their belongings. His dad and two brothers were on horses.

They made a couple of night stops on the way. The road in 1935 would have been very basic.

Dad went to school at Shallow Crossing when Bill got a job at Brooman sawmill. Dad was the youngest, so he was the last one to get on the horse to ride to school. Being on the tail end, if the horse got a canter up, dad said he often fell off and had to run after them and his sisters would hurry the horse along. After a while he went to Brooman school. He finished school when he was about 10 years old and went to work with his father and brothers. They supplied Brooman sawmill with logs.



Bill and Betty Heycox

Brooman is on the Clyde River about halfway between Milton and Nelligen.

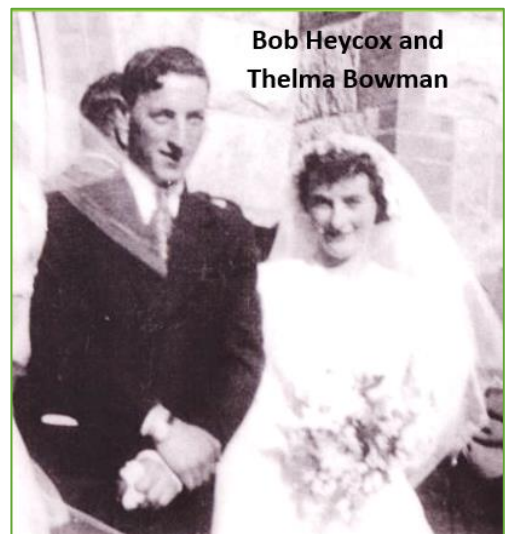
Many times, they had to cross the Clyde River with the bullocks and a dray with the timber.

One time they were working on the western side of the river and Grandpop Bill asked dad to swim across the river and bring back the forgotten lunch in a boat. There had been a lot of rain and the river was up. Dad wasn't a good swimmer so he said he couldn't do it. He was then told "if you don't do it, you can leave home". So, he moved down to stay with his brother Sid and family at Nelligen where he learnt to make cheese. Those cheeses were then sent to Sydney markets.

But the call of the bush must have been strong as his next move was to Braidwood where he worked in the mill at Monga with other brothers.

Some weekends Dad would go to Braidwood and stay at the pub for the night. He was too young to get a car at the time being about 16 years old.

He met my mum, Thelma Bowman at a dance at Braidwood. They both loved dancing and won many trophies at Goulburn and Braidwood over the years.



**Bob Heycox and
Thelma Bowman**

Mum was born at Braidwood 20th September 1931 to Andrew Bowman and Mary Tew. They were married at St Andrews church Braidwood on 25th September 1950.

When I was born dad decided on a change of jobs and worked for Forbs Gordon at Manar, just east of Braidwood. It was a sheep station and he was their gardener. Maybe it was the death of his brother Alex, from a falling limb, days before I was born, that made him change his job working with timber.

My sister and brother were born at Braidwood and when I was about 4 years old we moved down the coast and dad went back into the timber industry. First at Ulladulla sawmill. My youngest sister was born at Milton Hospital. Dad was only at Mitchell's sawmill for a little while. We lived at Burrill Lake at the time.

While we were at Burrill Lake, Dad had an operation on his back and he had to wear a full back brace after the operation for 9 months. It went from under his arms to his waist, and he wore it most of the time, day and night. It may have been an accident at the mill, that caused him to have that operation. I don't know how they managed while dad was recuperating.

We next went to Narooma to live and dad went back to the bush and cut trees again. It was very hard work but dad never said anything about his back. It was only much later in life that he said he had back pain most days, but he just kept going.

He worked around Narooma for a few years cutting logs for a few people. One of them was Peter Smith from Ulladulla. One day dad came home from work with a work mate a bit earlier than usual. When we asked him what had happened to our car, as he didn't drive it home, he answered *"I had a slight accident with it - a tree fell on it"*.

Dad's workday would start at six or maybe a little later sometimes. He would get out to the work area and look at the trees that were marked out by the forestry man to be cut. Sometimes it might be a mile between trees. He gave himself a quota of what had to be cut for the day. He always had a dump site where the logs would be brought to with a tractor to be barked and cut to the right length. They would then be stacked in groups and later they would be picked up by the trucks and sent to the mills.



Dad would stand and look up at the tree that he was going to fall to see where the branches were. He would also look if there were any dead branches or see if the tree had a lean and which way. However, he would not ponder on it too long. He said if you did that you might see more than you thought. He always cleared around the tree and looked for an escape path if needed.

Around 9-10am it was Joe time (morning tea). He would boil the billy for a cup of tea and a sandwich or some of my nan's scones, take a little rest then it would be up and bark what logs he brought in that morning or get more trees cut. By about 12-12.30 he would be back to the dump site light a fire again and boil the billy. Sometimes mum would give him a meal to heat up for lunch but most of the time it would be a sandwich she made for him wrapped in grease proof paper, then wrapped in a towel. After lunch he would get more trees to the site and bark them and finish about 5pm. He would get home and then sharpen his saw and axes ready for the next day. He had a tractor most of the time to carry the logs. There were times when he didn't have a tractor, so he would carry the logs out of the bush on his shoulder. Years later when I looked at his right shoulder, I could see a depression in it from carrying the logs.

When the trucks came to pick up the logs at the dump site Dad would help get the logs onto the truck. Sometimes this was done by hand.

If Dad worked Saturday, we all went out with him. We were told NEVER to leave the dump site for anything, absolutely no wondering off into the bush. Mum kept an eagle eye on us but if dad said something you listened. We loved going out and helping him bark the logs while our little sister kept an eye out for snakes. She never saw one.

Mmmmmm don't know if we helped much. Learnt how to light a fire and boil the billy in the bush safely, dad said it was the best cuppa he would have all week.

Dad had many areas to work in and not always close to home, so he did a lot of traveling and staying away for a week at a time. Most of the time he worked by himself. Not a very safe thing to do working in the bush alone. We also had many places we moved to.

My Nan Bowman lived with us for most of my growing up years. She was able to help move house so many times. Three adults and four kids must have been a big job.

Timber workers were tough men who worked long hours and without a big pay. I remember Dad, many times taking his pay slip to the boss to get reimbursed for his work, only to be told the boss wasn't in and to come back. I remember him saying to mum "sorry Thelma you will have to wait another day to do the shopping".

In the 20 years that Mum and Dad were together they lived in 11 different houses that I can remember. Mum passed away in 1976. Dad married again to Audrey McDermott and was still working in the bush. He tried a few different jobs over the years but always went back to the timber.

He had a few close calls over the years of trees coming back at him, sliding off the stump or limbs falling. Once, he doesn't know how the log didn't do more damage to him, but after falling, it hit another tree and came back at him and he jumped in between two logs he had just fallen. The log he had just cut, fell across the two logs and him that he was between, only grazing his back. He said that will be enough for the day and packed up and went home. He was back at work a few days later.

He started work at the age of 10 and worked till he was in his 60's and most of that time doing hard work with timber and a crook back.



Dad said one of his highlights was a trip we did with him and Audrey to Western Australia in 1978. We went down to Pemberton and had a look at the Tingle trees. Dad just walked around the forest rolling his smoke and looking up and saying, how many logs could I get out of that tree,

and my hubby Col was saying how great to have big trees like that still around. They had different ideas about what to do with the trees but still respected each other.

Bob Heycox died in 2004 at Ulladulla.

He is greatly missed.



A Flood Story Experience
Story by Lola Davis Member No: 16414

Recently I was reading a copy of a letter sent to my mother Olga Hockaday nee Levido from a cousin Alan Wright about his adventure travelling back from Townsville in Queensland to Sydney. He had been looking after his daughter's six children whilst she was in hospital with "deep pneumonia". Her husband was unable to take leave from his position in a local firm. The letter is dated 6th September but no year. It must have been 1964 as there were severe floods in Queensland and northern New South Wales at that time. This was the year my husband and I were married and experienced flooding on our way home from our honeymoon in Queensland.

Alan, who wrote this letter died in 1972.

"..... Well, the weather there was wonderful until the week I was to come home, and then it started raining. Well, I was booked to leave on the Friday, but when I arrived at the Bus Depot, I was informed the bus from Townsville was cancelled. Between Townsville and Bowan it was under water. So, they flew me to Mackay and I joined the coach there. All went well until we were forty miles out of Sarina (which is 60 miles from Mackay) when we got bogged on the side of the road. It was midnight and the coach was on an angle. As there were only 10 passengers aboard, we all had two seats each and we slept until 4am. At that time a coach going to Mackay came along and pulled us out. Off we set out again and all went well again. When we arrived in Maryborough we were told that we would most likely get through to Gympie as most of the flood has subsided a little and only 3 foot of water was over the road in places.

Well, we went on and had to ford four streams about a quarter of a mile wide and about 2 - 3 foot deep. We succeeded as the coach is pretty high and it did not worry it. We came to Gympie and there they said the Mary River was 12 foot over the bridge but going down.

This time I bought my suitcase up into the coach proper.

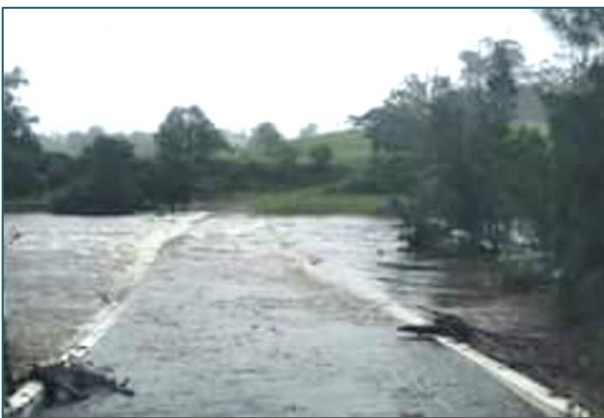
We set off again and when we arrived at the Mary River Bridge it was about 4 foot 6 inches over, so our driver decided to go on, as we had connections to make in Brisbane and we were now three and a half hours late.

Well, we managed to cross alright, but the ones who left their cases in the luggage compartment got them all wet. I was lucky!! Well after a couple of detours to dodge other flooded bridges we arrived in Brisbane to find the Sydney coach had left half an hour before, after waiting an hour and half for us. So, I stayed the night in Brisbane.

I caught the coach on Sunday for Sydney via the New England Highway, even then we had to ford four more creeks about 2 foot deep before reaching Ipswich!!

After that it was plain sailing to Sydney. The coach that left the same time as we did to do the Prince's Highway Coastal Road had to turn back and follow us as the Prince's Highway was under water on the Tweed and the Clarence Rivers.

The Sunday we left Brisbane 11 inches of rain fell between 1pm and 6pm in Brisbane, so we were lucky we left when we did or we would have been marooned in Brisbane and come by train or plane"



**Is this another example of why health and safety
regulations have been legislated
But not always put into practice!!!!**

Lola has edited the letter for this article.

Bushrangers
Story by Julie Gullan Member No: 14361

Living in New South Wales had some serious problems in the early days of settlement. Escaped convicts and/or even free men who had committed a crime were vigorously hunted by the police. To escape capture, they headed for the bush! Therefore, the isolation of bush properties in country areas and travelling these regions were starting to make those early pioneers stay alert. The Roberts family, living somewhat remote also had their fair share of dealings with these bandits.

On a fine day in late October 1836, Joseph Roberts was out riding near Bargo Brush, enjoying the day and some fresh air when from nowhere three bushrangers fired their guns at him. Their aim was way off course, so no harm came to Joseph. The three men had been waiting in the bush hoping to gain money or even an extra horse. Only one of them had a horse at that stage. Trying to chase Joseph was not easy as the ruffian did not have a saddle for his horse, so Joseph was able to get away and inform the mounted police. Another young lad, about an hour later, also had an encounter with these men, however he too was able to spur his horse on and escape.

In November 1837, another of the Roberts family, Charles, brother to Joseph, was held up in broad daylight, while travelling the Western Road, by two armed bushrangers. The road for three or four miles around the area was bordered by thick brush, which was of great assistance to these daring robbers. The fellows had their faces covered with shirts, with two holes cut for the eyes. (Many years later in 1854, balaclavas replaced these disguises).



One of the men was armed with a brace of pistols, and the other with a shotgun. Upon stopping Charles, they presented their pieces to his head, and swore that if he attempted to resist, they would blow his brains out. Calmly, Charles handed over cash and coins which amounted to approximately £6 and upwards, in bank notes and silver. The armed men made their escape and were feeling smug with the booty they had achieved. Charles too was happy he had been let go and about two miles on he was fortunate to find the overseer of a road gang. The gang was mustered immediately and it was found four men were missing. Two of the four men returned soon after. Charles strongly suspected them as being the fellows who robbed him, but, of course, in consequence of their faces being covered he was unable to swear it.

More robberies took place by three armed bushrangers in the neighbourhood of Cabramatta and Cecil Hills. Their targets were not as lucky as Charles. One man was shot at and another was severely beaten.



Later two men were apprehended under circumstances that warranted suspicion that they were indeed the same parties in the robbery of Charles. He was called to give evidence before the Police at Penrith Court.

In mid to late September 1838, Joseph Roberts' team was stopped within a short distance of his homestead, Currawong station by a gang of marauders. Joseph's men were able to disarm the men however, they were unable to apprehend them. These bushrangers were angry and disappointed they had lost their guns. They were determined to get back at Roberts and his workers, so they started making plans of action.



These three bushrangers made their way to Joseph Roberts' station at Currawong Creek on the night of Monday 24th September 1838. It was getting dark as it neared seven o'clock when four workers, including Patrick Smith, were sitting at the dinner table about to eat their tea. The hut they were in was about twenty rods (approx 100 metres) from the main house. As they started to tuck in to their food, they all heard noises outside which was the three armed bushrangers riding up to the hut with muskets and pistols drawn. As soon as these three men entered

the hut, one of the bandits ordered the workers to stand up. Edward Hall immediately overrode that order and told the workers not to stir from the table, but to continue their supper, and make themselves comfortable. They were also told not to be frightened as they would not be harmed as they were only interested in finding firearms and money.

It was decided that Edward Hall and the other man, whose name has never been revealed, would leave James Mayne to stand guard over the hut men. Hall and Gansta (*the name unknown will be called throughout this story*) headed to the main house via the side of the stockyard. Before they left the hut Hall told Gansta to give Mayne one of his pistols. Before handing it over he questioned why Mayne would want a pistol, and Hall answered, "In case of coming too close quarters". Now they all had fire arms. There were two double barrellled fowling pieces, one single barrellled and three pistols among them.

Mayne decided it would be worthwhile getting some tea and sugar before they left. As there was none in the hut, he then got one of the workers to take off his shirt and wrap up bread and meat.

Hall headed toward the front of the house and Gansta went through the gate with a gun on his shoulder towards the rear of the house. Peter Moreham, the cook, was sitting outside at the time. Peter called out to him that there was no one inside the house. Moreham got up and ran towards the house after Gansta, who told him to stand back, or he would blow his brains out. Moreham wasted no time in obeying the request.

Gansta looked to his rear and saw all the people rushing out of the kitchen. They had heard a lot of commotion outside and thought it safer to head outside. Upon seeing them, Gansta called "You mean fighting, do you?" and retreated a yard or two and fired his piece just as all the workers were endeavouring now to get back inside via the open kitchen doorway. Mr. Jacob Marks the superintendent, George Jennings a groom also known as Charley, Patrick Fitzpatrick a jockey, who was a lad about seventeen years of age, a shepherd Billy Wally, and Joey a black boy, were all fired at.



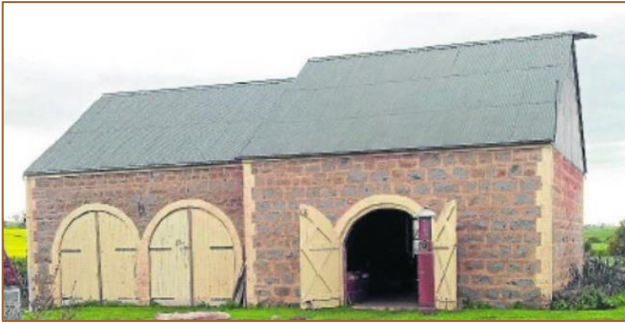
The guns were very heavily charged, for Paddy Fitzpatrick received five or six slugs in his head, and a bullet struck his upper teeth, went through the roof of his mouth, and out at the top of his skull.

Jacob Marks received a ball which broke his jaw. Jennings received a slug in his neck and two shots in his breast, Joey received two shots which later deprived him of the use of one of his eyes and Billy received eleven small gunshot wounds. Paddy survived for an agonizing hour. Jennings retreated from the door towards the bush and crossed over a creek and sat down on the bank. After remaining about a quarter of an hour he crawled upon his hands and knees towards the hut and heard someone enquire if there were any horses in the stables.

Edward Hall (elder brother of Ben Hall), had been at the front of the house during the shooting. On hearing gun shots, he immediately went round to the back. Shocked at what he saw he exploded shouting "See what

you have done, and without occasion." Edward Hall afterwards ordered Peter Moreham the cook, as he was the only person not injured, to assist him to convey the injured into the kitchen and attend to them.

Back at the hut the workers and James Mayer heard shot guns being fired as well as muffled screams and crying. Mayer asked if there were any woman on the station and the answer given was yes, they believed the mistress was there. Mayer expressed concern that he was afraid there was someone hurt, for he did not like to hear a woman cry. Later it became known that the cry they had heard had been made by Joey. It is not known if Joseph's wife and three young children were in the home at the time. If they were, they had hidden themselves well.



After Hall had helped with the injured, he headed toward the stables. With two fresh horses he returned to the hut. He then ordered Patrick Smith, one of the four workers, who had been assigned to take care of their original 3 horses to take the saddles and bridles off the horses they had brought with them, and to put them on Mr. Robert's horses.

Hall, upset that this robbery had taken a wrong turn, told Mayne that Gansta had fired amongst a parcel of people, and had killed two or three, and wounded two or three of them and a black fellow. The conversation between them was concerning if the men over at the house were free or convicts with someone answering there were both free men and prisoners.

Mayne and Hall's companion, came running down to them at the hut, crying out, "Stand to your arms, here's the Police coming" Hall asked how many there were, and the other answered, "he believed there were three of them. The alarm about the Police was occasioned by the return of Mr. Roberts and his companion who were riding towards the house.

Next the bandits marched the hut men up to the kitchen of Mr. Roberts house and ordered them to stand in a corner. As they went, they passed four men lying wounded.

Hall did a quick search of the house, but finding neither arms nor money, took nothing. Hall took control of the horses and the three rode off with the horses, those which they had brought with them as well as Mr. Robert's.

Joseph Roberts had been in Sydney for a few days and was on his way home at the time of the hold-up. He and his companion arrived soon after the shooting. There was a lot of noise coming from outside which had alarmed the bushrangers. They were terrified it was the Mounted Police. Their first thoughts were to make a determined resistance, for one of them said "Stand to your arms, and make sure of your marks." They had second thoughts on that idea and ran off.

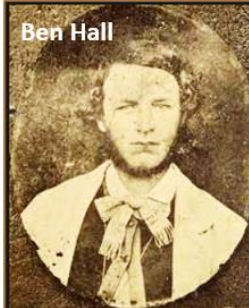
Joseph was determined to spare neither trouble nor expense for the apprehension of the parties concerned in the outrage.

15th May 1839 - James Mayne and Edward Hall were indicted for being present, aiding, and assisting in the murder of Patrick Fitzpatrick, who was shot by some person to the Attorney-General unknown, at Currawong Creek, on the 24th September 1838.

HALL AND MAYNE, two notorious bushrangers were tried in the Supreme Court, before the Chief Justice and a military Jury, for the murder. His Honor passed upon both prisoners the sentence of death, which he did in a very affecting manner, apparent on every person except the hardened criminals at the bar. As soon as the sentence was pronounced, Mayne turned round and embraced Hall, but the latter immediately shook him off, and sprang to the front of the bar, saying

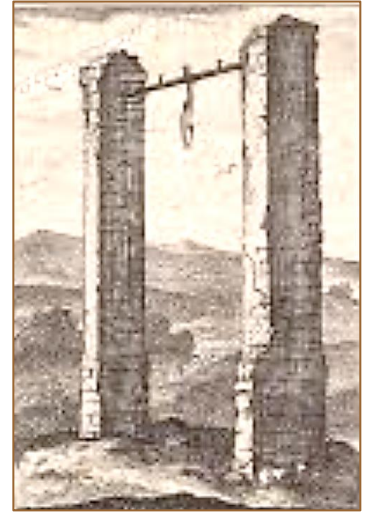
"I have been all through the Colony and have never taken away a life, and now I am only sorry that I did not shoot every b_____ tyrant in it." He was then forcibly removed from the dock, and the Court was adjourned.

The two were taken to the scaffold and launched into eternity at 9.15am Sunday 9th June 1839.



Two years later on the 16th June, 1863, Ben Hall's gang of bushrangers stole two racehorses from the Currawong property.

It had certainly been an eventful couple of years for the Roberts family.



A Vale to Ray Thorburn A True Historian

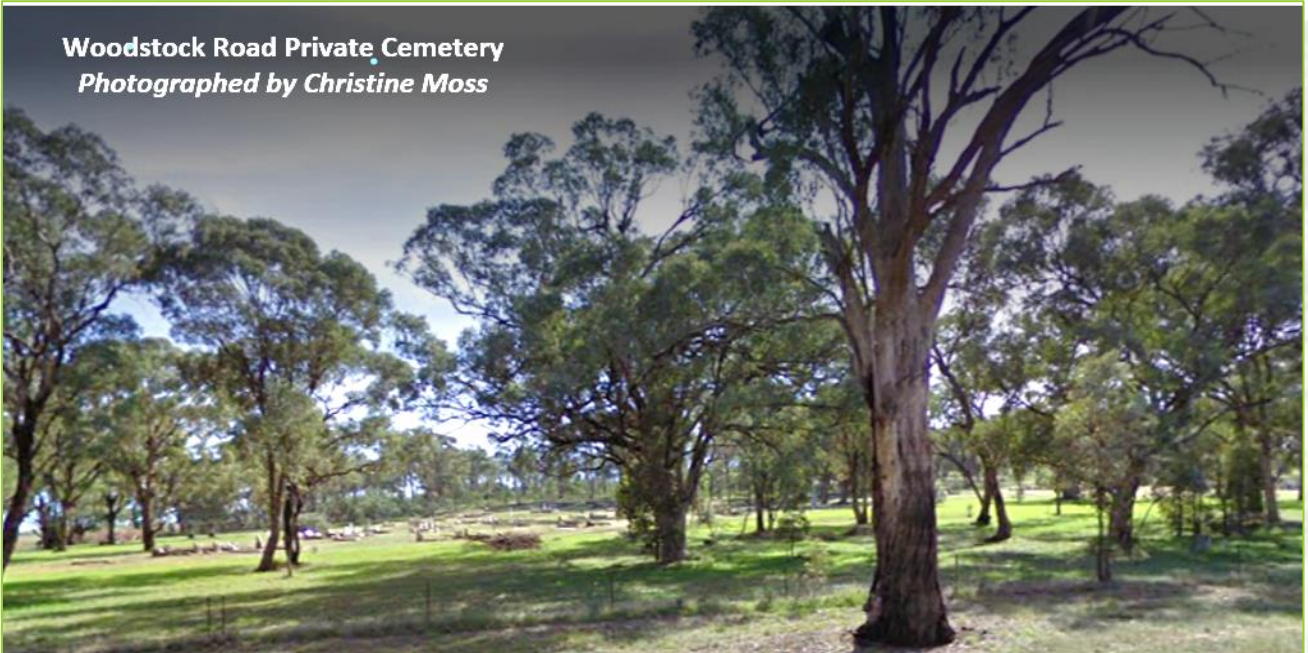
Ray departed this world on 22nd April this year. He was a founding member of the Australian Genealogical Education Centre, now known as the Kiama Family History Centre.



Our Society was fortunate to have Ray visit us and give a presentation. His knowledge was extensive.

He will be deeply missed in the history and genealogy world. On behalf of all Milton Ulladulla Family History Society members, we pass on our condolences to his family and friends.

Woodstock Road Private Cemetery
Photographed by Christine Moss



*In Loving Remembrance
 Of*

James

Died 30th July 1877

Aged 2 weeks

Also

Robert

Who died 22nd Aug 1886

Aged 2 years 9 months

Also

Charlie

Who died 17th Feb 1888

Also

Thomas

Who died 9th Jan 1892

Aged 13 years 6 months

All children of

Thomas & Anne Jackson

Go little pilgrims to thy home

On yonder blissful shore

We miss them but we hope to come

Where ye have come before

An accident, which has since proved fatal, happened at Milton to a son of Mr. Thomas Jackson, 13 years of age, on Saturday week. While playing, he ran a nail into his foot. He, however, seemed alright till last Saturday morning, when he became worse, and died in the evening of lockjaw. Evening News Sydney, Mon 11 Jan 1892



*In Loving Memory of
 Ivy Beatrice Berry*

Died September 23rd 1887

Aged 1 month 11 days

Also

Stella Muriel Berry

Died October 4th 1890

Aged 7 years 2 months 10 days

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade

Death came with friendly care

The little buds to heaven conveyed

And bid them blossom there

[J Dudgeon Nowra]

They were the daughters of William Berry and Clara Jane Organ.

*William and Clara had six children –
 Frederik William Watson 1881-1934;*

Stella Muriel 1883-1890;

Nellie May 1885-1968;

Ivy Beatrice 1887-1887;

Norman Cecil C. 1888-1960;

Ruby Pearl Camelia 1894-1990



In Memory of
Mary
Beloved wife of
Robert Baxter
Who departed this life
August 12th 1891
Aged 76 Years
Life's labor done, as sinks the clay.
Light from its load the spirit flies
While heaven and earth combine, to say
How blest the righteous when she dies.
Also
Robert Baxter
Who Departed this life
20th December 1898
Aged 76 Years
Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord



MILTON, Tuesday.
A very old resident of the district, Mr. Baxter,
died today, aged 75.
The Daily Telegraph Sydney, Thu 22 Dec 1898
Page 6



AARON
Infant son of
Robert J. & Mary A.
Cooper
Born and Died 27th June
1876

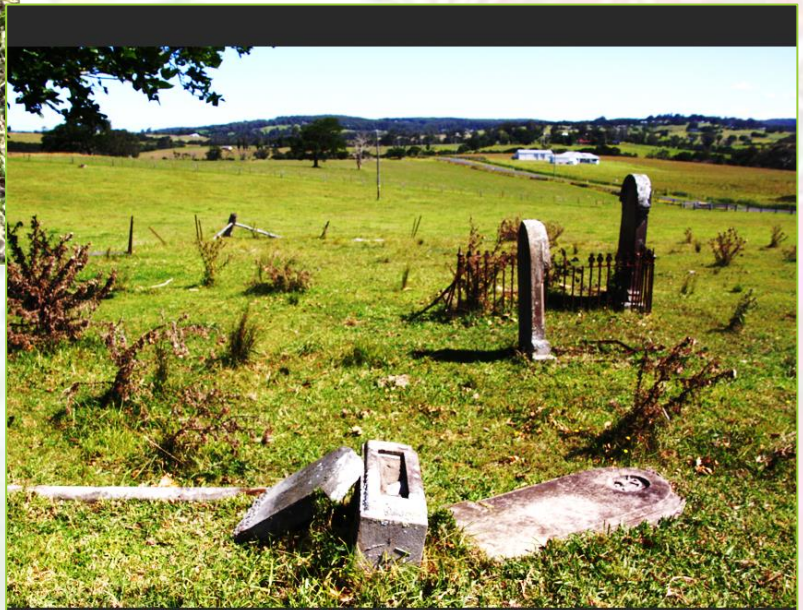


Robert James Cooper married
Mary Ann Ilett in 1871 -

On the 2nd instant, at Milton, by the Rev.
A. Parsons, **ROBERT J. COOPER**, of
Ulladulla, to **MARY A. ILETT**, only
daughter of Mr. Thomas Ilett, farmer, of
Ulladulla.

The Sydney Morning Herald Sat 16 Sep
1871 Page 1

More headstones from this
cemetery will be posted in our next
journal – December 2022





Gravestone cleaning can turn back the wheels of time to make your ancestor's final resting place nearly as beautiful as the day their family members gathered there to wish them farewell.

Time has been hard on gravestones that were originally considered nearly permanent. Weathering, erosion, neglect, and vandalism have all taken their toll.

While some of this damage cannot be reversed, in other cases, preservation and prevention can make all the difference. And as more people become

interested in genealogical research, there is a greater desire to preserve what is left of our ancestor's legacies in stone.

By cleaning and caring for historic resting places you can provide an opportunity for future generations to glimpse the past. Then burial grounds will become treasures of information that would otherwise have been forgotten or lost.

Why Should You Clean a Gravestone?

There are two main reasons to clean a gravestone. First, it may need to be cleaned to preserve its structural integrity. For example, plant roots can creep into the stone and cause cracking that may split the stone. Lichen can eat away at the surface causing it to crumble.



And second, plant growth or darkening can obscure names, dates, and other data. Correct and careful cleaning procedures, as used by professional conservationists, can keep the stone readable and prevent future deterioration.

When Should You NOT Clean a Gravestone?

Consider the effect that cleaning solutions and methods will have on the stone. Then weigh the benefits against the potential risk of possibly damaging the surface. Cleaning may only make damage worse if the gravestone is already flaking or peeling. Finally, assess the stability of the monument. Sometimes after careful consideration, it may be best to decide to leave the gravestone in its current state.



Understand Laws and Regulations

In some places, cleaning any stone, no matter how safe the product, would be considered vandalism and subject you to large fines. It is 100% important to ask permission before doing any modification to a stone."

Biological growth in the cemetery is just what it sounds like – living things growing on the gravestones such as moss, lichen, algae, fungi, mould, and other plant life. And while a headstone covered with ivy or fringed

with moss and lichen may give a sense of antiquity and nostalgia to the cemetery, it is also extremely damaging. If left untreated, biological growth can cause headstones to crack, crumble, and split over time.

Algae, fungi, and lichen

Algae, fungi, and lichen may be green, grey, black, red, orange, yellow, blue, or brown. These organisms can damage headstones by trapping moisture on the stone and beneath the surface of the stone. Then as temperatures change, the moisture freezes and thaws. Consequently, thermal expansion and contraction cause cracking and flaking.



Plants

Plants, like grass, ivy, moss, and ferns that grow on or under gravestones can be damaging because their roots penetrate the stone and cause splitting. And like algae, fungi, and lichen, they also trap moisture.

Acids

Plants, lichen, moss, algae and other natural growths can contain acid. Acidic substances can be damaging to some types of stone and it can become more severe over time. For example, marble is composed primarily of calcium carbonate. Lichen secretes an acid that can dissolve the calcite. This can cause a loss of carving details, erosion to

the surface, and even damage the structural integrity of the headstone.

Flat grave markers are particularly susceptible to damage from dirt, soil, and mud. Dirt that penetrates into the pores of the stone can cause a dingy appearance. It can also lead to staining.

If a headstone sinks into the ground over time and is later raised and reset, an obvious line of soiling can be visible.

Even upright headstones can be damaged and eroded by airborne dirt in windstorms. This is a particular concern in deserts where cemetery ground is frequently left bare.

For cemeteries located near factories or in large cities with lots of traffic, air pollution can be a problem. Pollutants can interact with the stone, changing the appearance and etching the surface.

Headstone Cleaning Tips

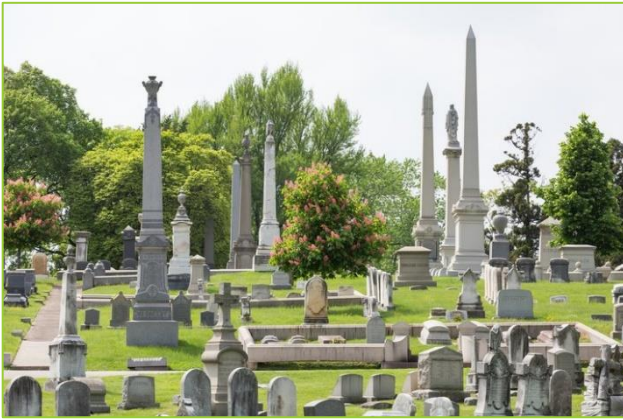
DON'T

- Don't do anything that will damage the surface of the headstone
- Don't use common household cleaners or strong bases or acids or bleach or cleaners with salt in them
- Don't use power tools, such as sanders or drills with wire brushes or power washers or pressure
- Don't rub the gravestone surface with hard-bristled brushes
- Don't scrape the gravestone surface with anything harder than the stone

DO

- Choose the gentlest cleaning method possible
- Do test small areas before cleaning the entire headstone
- Do keep the stone wet as you work





Water

First and most important is water. Water will not damage the stone and should be used first to gently wash away dirt, soil, and dried grass clippings. Before you use chemical cleaners, wet the surface of the stone. Then as you are working, continually keep rewetting the stone to avoid letting the cleaner dry on the surface.

Use a soft plastic scraper to gently remove overgrowth, such as moss or lichen. Scrapers should be softer than the stone itself and may be made of pliable plastic or silicone.

Brushes

When it comes to using brushes for gravestone cleaning, think of the surface as being like the enamel on your teeth. The bristles need to be soft enough to do no damage but firm enough to get the job done. The brush may be made of natural fibres or soft nylon.



Wooden Pick

A wooden pick can be useful to remove lichen or algae, especially if it is growing in indentations or etched lettering.

Soak with Water

When you are ready to clean the headstone, wet the entire surface with water. Stone is very porous and absorbent, so, spraying with water liberally will keep the cleaner on the surface and out of the pores to reduce the effects of the cleaner.

Cleaning the Gravestone

Start cleaning from the bottom of the stone and work your way up. This will minimize the effects of streaking if the cleaner runs down the surface.

Scrape off any large clumps of growth with a plastic or wood scraper. Rinse.

It is better to scrub gently several times over the same area than to try to scrub too hard on the first attempt. Watch carefully for any damage to the stone your pressure may cause and if you see flaking, stop and reassess your methods.

The below pictures - when in England and after finding my (*Julie Gullan*) ggg grandparents and family tomb, Dennis and I spent a day bringing it back to its former glory. The Boyden's tomb at Beccles North Cove.



Another Headstone Tip Provided by Julie Gullan

A trip to Canberra also resulted in a stop each way at Braidwood Cemetery. How many times we had driven to or through Braidwood over the past 30 years or so and never been to that cemetery! In those days I had not realised Dennis, my husband had relatives buried there. His mother did not know either, so no information on that side of the family had been told to us.

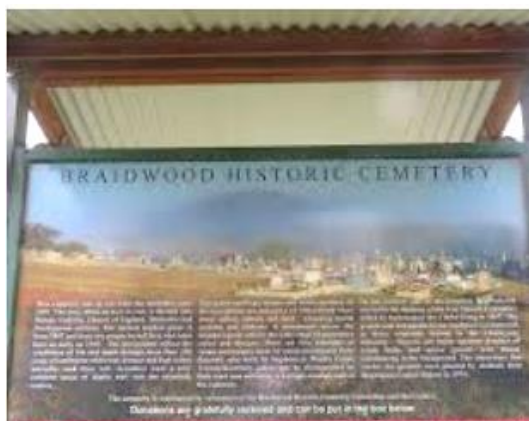


The weather was overcast, however for the short time we were there the rain held off. The ground was soggy and muddy but that never stops a true genealogist.

My camera didn't seem to get a rest. There were so many headstones that were his ancestors.

Also, on that first day we visited there were two workers who enjoyed a chat with us. They were professional headstone restoration workers. The gentleman, whose name was Paul helped me find a couple of

headstones I was having difficulty in locating. When we came across the one pictured above, I was disappointed I could not read it. However, through experience, I started to take photos from various angles as that always helps decipher the words once you download the pictures to a computer. Paul left me for a few minutes and when he returned, he had a can of shave cream foam and a rag. He sprayed the complete headstone with the foam and with the rag wiped it off. This was the end result (pictured right). He explained it would not harm the stone and water would wash it completely off. We didn't need to worry about washing it off because as we were leaving the heavens opened and the rain did the work for us.



An extract from The Narrawallee Story Retold by Alex McAndrew 1995 – a book from our library
The Romance of the Railway

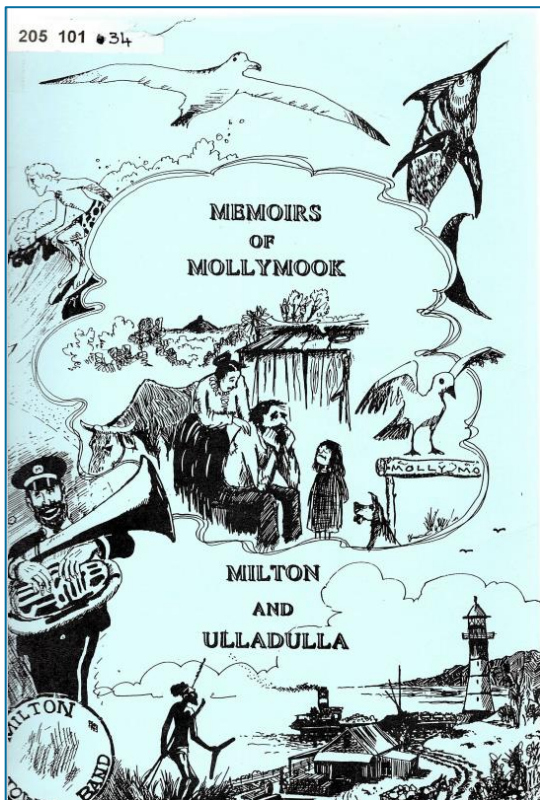
It was a most romantic era for the local community. The Narrawallee rail was a lot more than a technical means of transporting silica from the quarries in Conjola to the wharf head at Bannisters head. For locals it was a new plus for the district, something unique on the whole coastline. It symbolised progress, employment and a boost to the economy. It also had a decided romantic appeal. Ever since the State Railway line came as far south as Bomaderry in 1891, people of Milton had been campaigning, with their duly formed Railway League, for an extension of the line to Jervis Bay, Milton and Ulladulla. It was not to be. It seems that crossing the Shoalhaven River was in the too hard basket at the time and later governments preferred to encourage road transport rather than expend on railways. Had the railway been extended as was desired by the Railway League, we may be sure that this district would not be the same as we know it now. In a sense, however, the railway for which the district had yearned for decades had arrived, though it was not intended for passengers.

The only passengers other than workers were those youngsters who sneaked onto the last empty truck on Saturdays for a ride from the Narrawallee Inlet to Bannister Wharf. On Sundays and holidays when the site was abandoned, they would have a ride under their own steam in the empty trucks. Bernie Bourke (born Milton 1922) recalls times of his boyhood: *"As kids we used to haunt Narrawallee. We would walk down to the bridge along Garrads Lane and through the Garrad farm. In school holidays we would swim in the Lake, mostly in the nuddy, and, of course, we would love to walk along the bridge. The sleepers were about four foot apart, so that it was quite a step for ten-year olds like Jack Eaton, Eric Lawless and myself. We would often crouch down and put our ear to the rail to hear if the train was coming. When it came into site, we would dive off into the inlet. There were two small platforms about four foot by four foot on the lake side that were intended for workers maintaining the track on the bridge to step back onto if the loco came. We could have used these, but we would have been seen. It was more fun for us to dive off anyhow. Narrawallee was a great place for entertainment. Every Sunday afternoon families would go down with their horse and buggy and park them near the railway bridge, and there were the fishermen who would fish off the bridge for blackfish which were plentiful there. The bridge also served as an easy crossing to fish at Buckley's Beach. When it was dismantled during the Pacific War, it was sorely missed by lots of people, not only by the many who fished, but also by those who went down for a walk and by visitors who were intrigued with the history of the silica industry."*

The mere sound of locomotive and its whistle was of great appeal to the locals. All in all, it is said, there were four different kinds of locomotives used over the years. Just to go and see one at the wharf and sit on a pile of silica was exciting fun for the people of the district. Aside from the sight of the silica operation, the view north from Bannister Point across Narrawallee, Buckley's Beach and Wreck Bay right up to the Beecroft Peninsula was worth the trip from town at any time. Even-to-day, belonging to a world of untold sophisticated technology, newcomers and visitors are fascinated to view old photos and learn about the old rail that ran along Narrawallee Beach and over the inlet deep in to Conjola.



In 1925, when the railway was a great curiosity, local women Edith Mison, Adelina Faust, Stella Backhouse and Wendolin Faust line up before the loco to have a snapshot with workers, Tommy Wise and Peter Casey. The photo was taken at the southern end of Narrawallee Beach not far from the present concrete steps leading from Surfers Avenue. Photo supplied by Warwick Faust.



Leisure – An extract from Memoirs of Mollymook, Milton and Ulladulla – a book from our library - page 135

“A day off in the period of school holidays was often a walk through the Seccombe and Garrad paddocks to Narrawallee, in the company of the Chinns, the Bishops, the Wilsons, The Applebys, or Rileys or other local children armed with packed lunches, and bottles of lemonade, orange, champagne, ginger beer etc. I must add that when we went to Narrawallee and Mollymook it was through the bush and across the paddocks. There was no road. When we went down to Narrawallee Lake, we would cut through Garrad’s farm. Farmer Garrad was a good farmer and a good bloke noted for his charity and contribution to community progress. He was so charitable that he would ignore the theft of some of his water melons by hungry lads like us returning from a swim via his melon patch. His sons would even kindly advise us not to bother cutting through the melon patch if the melons were not quite ripe. Those were truly our salad days! We swam there in the lake, we often wrangled, and sometimes ate oysters from the public lease at the entrance. They were delicious rock oysters. We often opened them and

filled a jar for those at home. If not to Narrawallee, we would perhaps go to Lake Conjola where Jack Wilson, the sole fisherman on the southern side, would lend us a flat-bottomed boat for a few hours. Here the shores and the islets were rich in oysters, staghorn and bush orchids hung in the she-oaks and other trees, while the mountainous north shore of the lake was, in season, draped with rock lilies in full bloom, their honeyed perfume prevailing far out over the waters. Sometimes it was a group on our push-bikes off to Collers Beach, to enjoy sheltered bathing among the rock pools, or to Ulladulla to see the coastal steamer arrive. Sometimes to Racecourse Beach, south of Ulladulla to surf. Mollymook Beach was much closer, but being alongside the Cemetery it was considered infra dig to bathe so close to deceased relatives in those days. On special annual holidays and at Easter local stores would often lend a waggonette and pair of horses to one of their drivers, and he would arrange a drag picnic, when up to a dozen of us would pile on. My two older sisters, the Sinclair girls with Alice and Eunice Bishop would supervise the picnic luncheon arrangements. Others rode their bikes close to the waggonette and accompanied the accordion player there. Community singing was the order of the day on such outings. They were days of swimming, good food, and games such as 'Kiss in the Ring', 'Drop the Handkerchief', and all the favourites. We used to toss conversation lollies and Cupid Whispers, all extolling unflinching adoration for various members of the party.

[Conversation lollies are small flat pieces of confectionery of various shapes with interesting sentences printed on them e.g., “IXL in Kisses. Do you?” They were ideal to stimulate communication among shy boys and girls.]



Coffee and Chat



John thought he would try and get a snap of me!



A fun group at Ocean Vibes Ulladulla on Friday 18th March. The sun was shining and everyone was happy. All pleased to have some social chatter.





perfect weather, good venue,
happy group
and lots of
posing



Mask on, mask off -
Now we can recognise Barbara





Peter contemplating if he will eat his cake or just keep an eye on it



I had this space here available and thought I would go to TROVE and search 'coffee and chat' – this is what I found. It was amusing so have added. Something different for a filler



BY THE WAY - By Mattie.

I met an old school-mate of mine the other day, and as I was suffering a parch through too much smoking on the previous evening (and, you know, smoking does give you a parch, especially if you are not used to it and smoke Swiss cigars) we went into the nearest restaurant and had a cup of **coffee and a chat** over old times. Ha told me he had travelled a good deal since I had seen him last, and also the following anecdote regarding himself: - 'I made the awful mistake of making love to my own wife one day,' he said. 'I had been to Sandhurst on a business trip and took the night train for Melbourne, where I reside. The coach was chock-a-block, with the exception of one double seat, which was occupied by a stylish-looking woman, who sat by the window and had her veil down. I received permission to occupy the seat with her, and we were soon chatting pleasantly. 'I thought her voice sounded familiar, but fate had ordained that I should make an ass of myself. I tried to get her to put up her veil, but she objected that the cinders got into her eyes. To make a long story short, I struck up a desperate flirtation with her. She admitted that she was married, but said her husband was a graceless scamp who was always flirting with other women and neglecting her. Of course, I sympathised with her and told her that a man who would neglect so charming a woman ought to be kicked to death by a blind mule. Was I married? Certainly not. Well, we finally reached Melbourne, and I handed her into a cab. Then she lifted her veil. It was my wife! I needn't tell you anymore. What? Have another. Don't mind if I do!'

Northern Argus Clare, SA Fri 16 Dec 1892 Page 2

Special Event Days

Our Christmas BBQ was held at Burrill Lakes Monday 13th December 2021. It seems like we had this a century ago. My how time passes us by.



Considering all that was going on around us at the time – covid, being aware of social distancing and all the other rules and regulations, we had a great turn up.



It was a fabulous summer day. Plenty of food, good company and the spoken language had a good bashing.



A totally relaxed atmosphere.



Above – Peter waiting for his turn to grab a plate.

The BBQ and catering team did a great job. The food was laid on in style. There was more than enough, so no-one went hungry.



These ladies enjoyed their spot for lunch.

Ron was up early that morning so he could reserve the area for our group.



After lunch, John thanked everyone for coming and the raffle was also drawn. Lindsay and Peter were the lucky winners.

Roma Robbin Award and AGM – 9th February 2022



The Roma Robbin Award is given to the person who writes the best story which appeared in one of our two journals, Pigeon House Tidings, for the year.

The award for 2021 was revealed at the Christmas BBQ at the end of last year. The awards were then presented at our AGM which was held in February.



Roslyn Strange, Ulladulla Library Customer & Community Resources Manager judged the stories for our society. She commented on her judgement *"I must admit the standout for me was, 'The Ulster Connection – Irish Settlers in the Milton Ulladulla District' Part 4 – Pioneering in the Shoalhaven'. I really enjoyed the local content, the use of resources and the writing style too. I also enjoyed The Ulster Connection – Irish Settlers in the Milton Ulladulla District' Part 3 – Pioneering in the Shoalhaven'. I possibly enjoyed part 4 more because I had read part 3 first."* These 2 stories were written by **Margaret Hamon** pictured above left with John Sparks presenting her with a certificate and trophy.

She went on and said *"Runner up was the story titled, 'An Advantage of Being a Twin'. It was written well, and the content was a good reminder of the difficult decisions parents had to make and how insensitive the bureaucratic decisions were. It was also uplifting to read that they were reunited and very likely had good marriages."* This story was written by **Julie Gullan** pictured above right with John Sparks presenting her with a certificate.

Further comments were *"The third favourite was definitely the 'War Time Volunteers'. I had no idea the Sydney train tunnels were used as offices in WWII. The images chosen to illustrate the story are terrific and every now and then I'd stop reading and look at the images again. It is a great story and well told. I hope the writer provides several copies for members of her extended family so they know the participation their Mum, Aunty, Cousin and her friends made to War effort."* This story was written by **Julie Gullan**

Her fourth selection and comment was *"Another story I'd like to mention was, 'Hunting for Grandfather'. I really enjoyed reading and learning about the complications of DNA searching."* This story was written by **Elizabeth Nowosad**, an interstate member.

Many thanks again, Roslyn for your willingness to assist our society in this way. It was very much appreciated.

On the same day John also presented Margaret McIntosh with a 'Certificate of Appreciation' for all her work, effort and dedication she has been doing over the years, and is still doing.



Well done to all

EASTER HAT PARADE MEMBERS MEETING APRIL 13
 Dress hats for gentlemen & chapeau for ladies
 Happy hats, small & large hats, bright hats, outlandish & outrageous hats invited - NO SAD hats allowed
 ALSO, Ron will give a talk about using
 Ancestry - tricks of the trade!
 (usefull as we're all a little rusty)



So many different ideas. A fabulous effort by the ladies for this Easter parade.



The men did at least try!

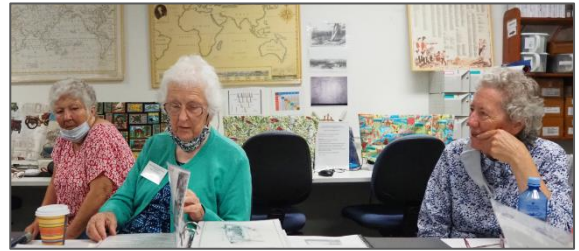






Meg, Christine, Marilyn and Noel collecting information about our local area for an app she is developing.

On the 25th January a small group of members, along with Noel Turnbull met at our room. We had been approached by Sandra Pires Founder/CEO at Yesterday Stories. One aspect she specialises in, is Community History Stories for awareness and educational campaigns.



She spoke with

11th May Members Meeting followed by a DNA Presentation by Ross Wade

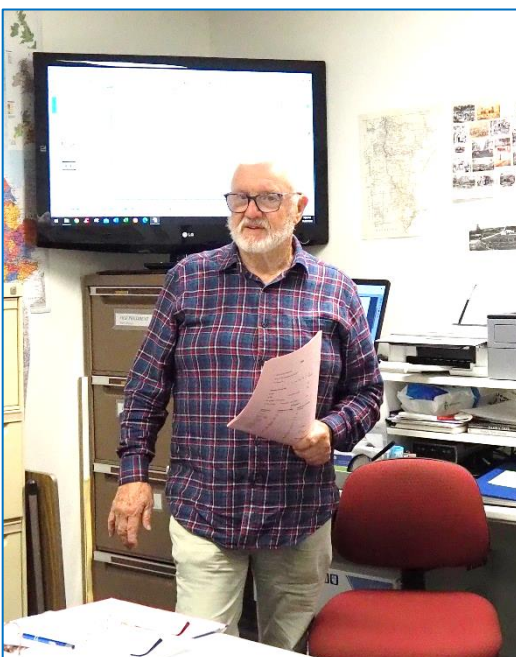
Members did us proud this day. It was also great to see some of our newest members attending. Our room was full, which brought back memories of times gone by.



John sitting on guard by the door directing members.



Lots of discussions taking place.



The talk by Ross was very informative and helped us to have a better understanding of DNA.





The handout was useful as it enabled us to make notes.



There were many questions from our members and Ross answered them all.



Afternoon tea followed. Our catering team put on a splendid turnout.



Lots of healthy and yummy food.



Cheryl and Meg enjoying a cuppa and a scone





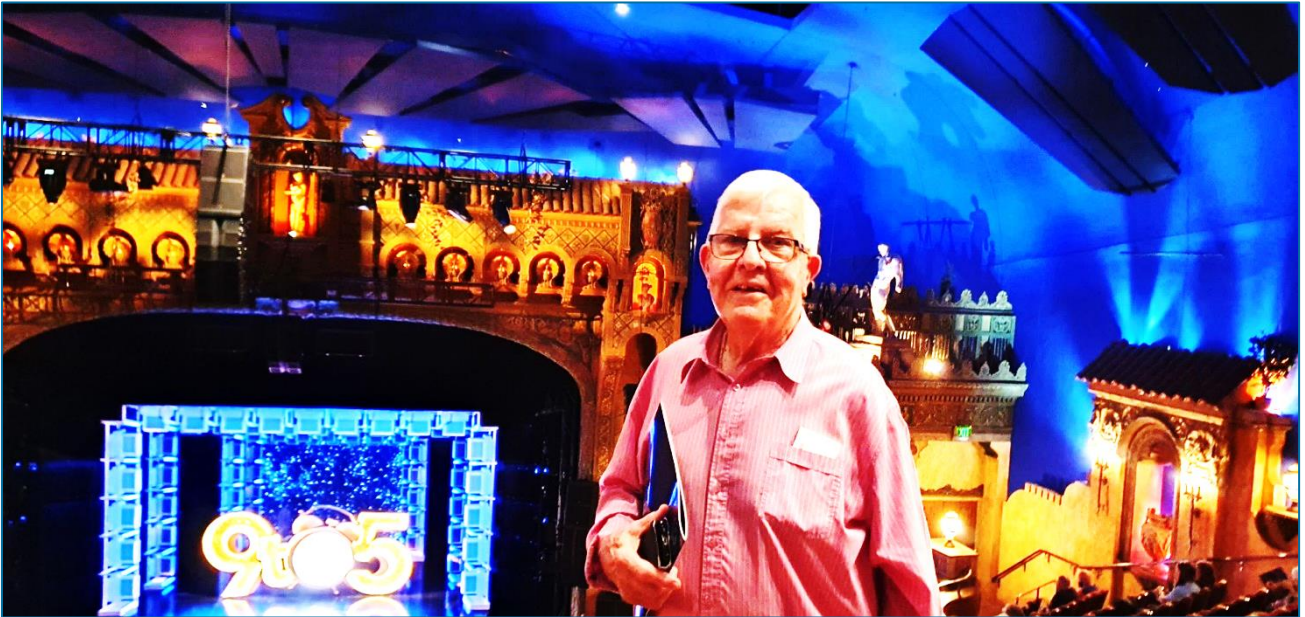
One of our caterers taking a well earned rest and time out to have a chat.



Joe needed to head off home as he had a drive ahead of him. Ron had finally got everything under control and was heading for a cuppa.



Since John has retired from being our president in August, he has found more time for other things. He now is back enjoying the theatre stage plays and musicals. One of these stage plays was “9 to 5”. It was at the Capital Theatre and prior to it commencing, he is seen below with his programme under his arm, with the stage as the background to this photo.



We were all very sad to lose John as our president, as he did a marvellous job for seven years. He introduced coffee and chat and he had outings put back on the agenda. He was a very dedicated leader, making sure we were all looked after. He would be seen at our room, even if it was only for a short stop in and chat, practically every day we were open. The committee team worked well together with his involvement.

We all wish him well for his future and look forward to receiving his snippets. We also look forward to seeing him from time to time and keeping up with all he is doing.

John all you did was so appreciated. Yours will be a hard act to follow. Thank you from us all.



Our treasurer, Rita, hard at work after successful fun days at “The Office”

