

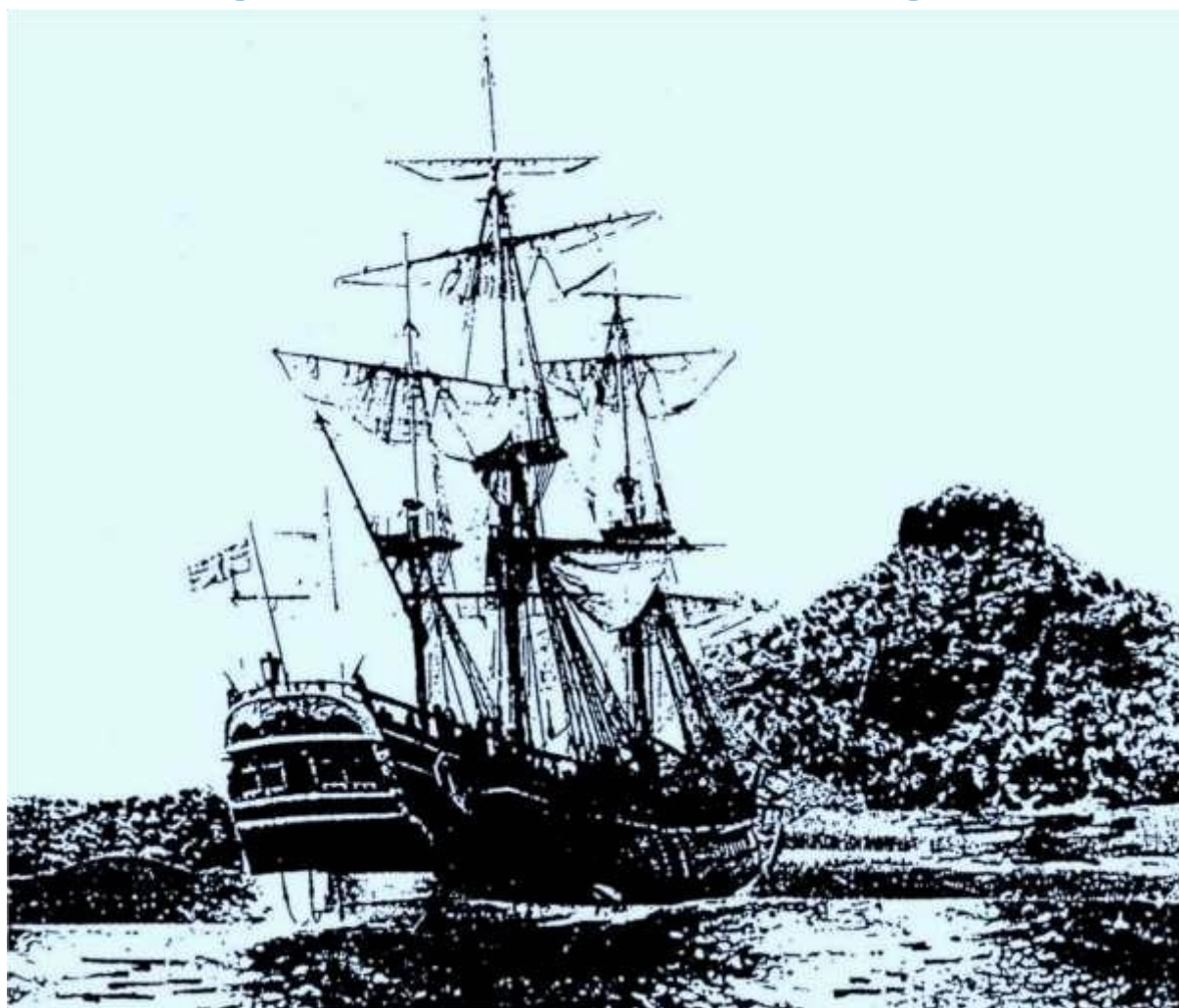
*Milton-Ulladulla Family History Society Inc*

*NEWSLETTER*

*December 2022*

*Issue No 55*

## *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*

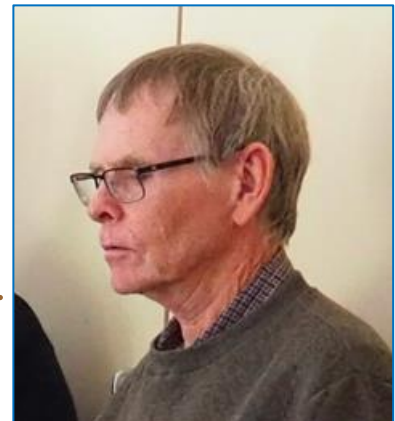
## Office Bearers for 2022-23 – Meet the Team



<b>President</b>	Ron Smith
<b>Research Officer</b>	Graham Ledwidge
<b>Vice President</b>	John Evans
<b>Secretary</b>	Sue Crotty
<b>Treasurer</b>	Rita Newman
<b>Librarian</b>	Marg Magnusson
<b>Assist. Librarian</b>	Christine Moss
<b>Publicity Officer</b>	Julie Gullan
<b>Journal Editor</b>	Julie Gullan
<b>Grants Officer</b>	Judie Rose
<b>Activities Officer</b>	Bev Evans
<b>Welfare Officer</b>	Cheryl Baker
<b>Public Officer</b>	Graham Ledwidge

### Sub-Committee Groups Teams:

**Website:** Julie and Dennis Gullan  
**Data Base Entry:** John Evans and Ron Smith  
**Information & Computer Technology:** John Olle  
**Family History Indexing:** Meg Hammond  
**Archivist:** Margaret McIntosh  
**CD Library Analyst:** Peter Taylor  
**Catering:** Bev Evans and Susanne Short  
**Public Relations Officer:** Barbara Lawson  
**Proof Reading Team:** Meg Hammond and Marilyn Boyd





## Our Contact Details

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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 -

Mandy Baker, Leon Bower, Pam Bower, Annette Fitzgerald, Kim Gregory, Adrian Jones, Graeme Keast, Elaine Leach, Molly McDonald and Helen McFarland.

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.



**Thank You!**

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.



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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; (16414) Lola Davis; (22523) John Olle

## Thinking of Contributing a story or article for our June edition?

That would be fantastic. You have heaps of time to get it ready. Close date will be around the end of April 2023. Start writing and/or researching. I look forward to receiving it.

## Thinking of Volunteering

That would also be fantastic. Our volunteers are a very diverse group of people bound together with an interest in family history and a wiliness to help others. They all are happy to share their knowledge as well as learn more from others. Our room is filled with smiles. Come join us. We would love your help and input. Start with one day a month or even a day once in two months – it doesn't matter as every little bit helps so much.

*Give it a go*







## A Note from the Editor

*Julie Gullan*

This is my 16<sup>th</sup> issue of this journal as editor. I remember when I first offered to take on the role. I was very hesitant as I had only been a member of the society for a few months. It has been a very rewarding time; however, I am nearing the end of this position.

At our last AGM many of the committee members were re-elected, with a few new faces added. These new people will bring more talents and knowledge to help grow our society. Our new secretary, Sue Crotty has been doing a fantastic job and is settling in nicely to her new role. It was fantastic for me to be able to hand over as I had been acting secretary off and on over the last couple of years. So, a big thank you from me. John Evans has come on board too as Vice President. He is also settling in well to this role and he continues to contribute and support our team. John loves getting his photo taken (not) by me when I am wearing my publicity hat. Graham our researcher has been a great help with DNA and he and I often have good discussions on this subject. The other members of our team are all really appreciated and great to have onboard. We all get on so well together.

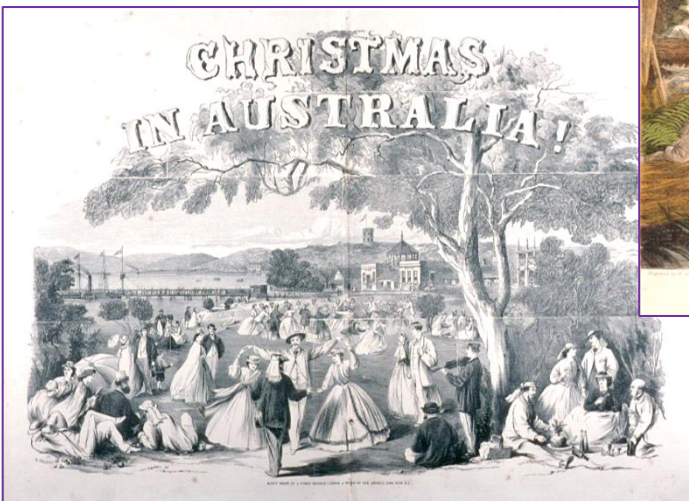
The shopkeeper's book is tracking on schedule. Our researchers are doing amazing work. I have started to collate the research as I am its editor. After completing the editing of the Timber Workers book, I thought I could once again tackle another publication.

When I began working on this edition, I had only the bare structures, no stories and not many articles. I decided I needed to write a story and look for some interesting articles. Not long after, many members started to send their stories and clippings.

I would like to thank all the members who have contributed to this edition. So very much appreciated. Enjoy this issue.

As we head towards Christmas, I would like to wish all our members and others a very happy time. It would be great if we could have some enjoyable summer weather – time will tell. So, from me

***Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year***



*Above - Picnickers 1865*

*Engraving from the Illustrated Sydney News, 16 December 1865 titled CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA - Left - Manly Beach on a public holiday*

## From the President's Desk

Ron Smith



Hello fellow researchers. At the time of writing, we have 63 people in our TEAM. All of us with skills in many areas. All of us willing to help others in search of their heritage. All of us with more of our own questions to ask of others in the never-ending searches of all our Families.

The excitement of demolishing “Brick Walls”. The peering into “Family Closets”. The digging up of “Buried Secrets” or “Long Forgotten” truths is our great motivation. I thank each and every one of you for your support and encouragement of all of the TEAM RESEARCHERS at Milton Ulladulla Family History Society.

The Annual General Meeting was well attended with 29 present. All positions on the Committee were filled in advance. Sub-committee volunteers were forthcoming to help expand our data resources. An especial thanks to John Olle who has offered to help streamline the various data sets on which we now rely. Our founding members would be well pleased to see how we have come of age digitally, retained our spirit of friendship and help all who are seeking families here and overseas. Julie Gullan, editor, has been a tower of strength during the trials of the Fires, Floods and Pandemic. Julie has been wearing many hats, I thank you from the bottom of my heart on behalf of us all.

Aunty Lorraine, elder of the Murramarang clan, has been very helpful with advice. I would like to pay respects to elders past and present of the Koori clans of this area, who are the traditional custodians of the lands which we know as The Shoalhaven and part of The Eurobodalla. Not all knowledge is in European Records.

Improvements to our internet were enabled by the willing staff of Council and Centre management. The municipal librarians are of great help and direct family researchers to us as a willing support group. Dennis Gullan keeps our website active and is a great asset to Julie.

A big welcome to the newer members as well as former members returning. The computers are running full tilt every week with our keen sleuths on the hunt. Marg, Christine and Meg are keeping the library up to date making local histories and data books available on request. All is held financially viable under the able watch of Rita. A big thanks from me. Susanne and Bev are keeping us well fed and are appreciated supporters. Not the least, I must thank the Duty staff who make every visitor feel so welcome.

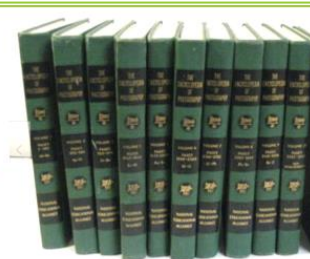
Looking at our Australian Coat of Arms I am reminded that the Emu and the Kangaroo can only move forward so with your help and ongoing support let us all take MUFHInc. into the future. Happy hunting.

### Riddle

There are 10 volumes of an encyclopedia, numbered 1 to 10, correctly placed on a bookshelf, in normal order. A worm can eat through one encyclopedia per day from cover to cover inclusive. How long does it take the worm to eat from the front cover of volume 1 through to the back cover of volume 10?

**Answer** - 8 days

**Explanation** - The worm only eats volumes 2 to 9 inclusive, to complete the task above. Look closely at 10 adjacent books in a bookshelf to verify this.



*We actually mangle the page order when we put encyclopedias from left to right. - If we put them from right to left, all of the pages would be in order. That is, if we notionally stuck the covers of adjacent volumes together, we could read them sequentially as one book.*



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



Water safety and knowing how to swimming have always been a concern around our beaches. Articles of instructions and lessons always on offer. Still drownings occurred with some people fortunate to be rescued.

*The cases of drownings reported during this summer seem quite up to the average. There is regular swimming instruction in the schools' curriculum where possible, but, often, being able to swim a little. only prolongs the agony. The art which is the most likely to do most for life preservation from a watery doom and that of floating; by practice, a comfortable pose in the water can be acquired; instead of exhausting himself in futile struggle or swimming, the floating one has the chance to recover his wits and either await rescue or wait opportunity for a swim he can do.*

**South Coast Times and Wollongong Argus Fri 10 Feb 1922 Page 3**

*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**



Photos of Racecourse Beach Ulladulla

### **RESCUE ON ULLADULLA BEACH - MILTON, Thursday,**

*A pluck rescue from drowning, was effected by Reg Millard a youth it **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**

### **LAUNCH CAPSIZES MAN DROWNED - swim through shark-infested waters - MILTON. Monday.**

*Further details have been received concerning the drowning on Thursday of Thomas Brown, a young married man with a wife and four children.*

*Brown, accompanied by Anthony Hault, put to sea at about 8 a.m. in a launch, for the purpose of fishing. When off Brush Island the launch got on a bombora and capsized. The two men attempted to swim to the Island, but Brown began to tire, and when 80 yards from the island he was held up by Hault. Brown, however, was washed away. After a big struggle for the last 80 yards, Hault got ashore in an exhausted condition, where he lay for several hours. He then swam to the mainland, a distance of half a mile, through shark-infested waters.*

*After recovering, he made for Bawley Point a few miles distant, clad only in a bag which he found on the beach. At Bawley Point he was cared for by Mr and Mrs. L. Hamon who telephoned the Milton police.*

*A search party in launches was organised but no trace of the missing man has been found. The launch has been located, sunken near the spot where it capsized.*

**The Daily Telegraph Sydney, Tue 7 Nov 1922 Page 5**

**LOST IN THE BUSH.**—We have received the following from a correspondent at Wallaroo:—"On Thursday afternoon as Mr E. A. Levido, fruiterer, of Wallaroo, and Mr Clark were sitting down by the roadside about midway from Clinton and Kadina with a fire, and had been refreshing themselves, they were very much startled by a man rushing in upon them in a most deplorable condition; he had no coat or hat on, his eyes starting out of his head, cheeks sunken in, hands all scars, and with altogether the appearance of a madman, and such they thought him to be; but immediately he asked for drink, water, which unfortunately they were out of, having used the last for the tea they had just finished; they, however, tried their kegs and drained a few drops, which was feverishly consumed, and the stranger then seized upon the tealeaves and sucked the moisture out of them. Mr Levido tried to ascertain who the man was, and where he came from, but was unable to do so from the utter state of prostration in which the poor fellow was. They humanely lifted him on to one of the carts, and, putting their blankets about him and a handkerchief on his head, made him as comfortable as they possibly could. On the journey to Kadina, Mr Levido ascertained the man's name to be Hellar or Hellard, and a German. He was utterly unable to recollect where he came from, but stated he had been six days lost in the bush without anything to eat or drink, and that the scars on his hands were made by his teeth to suck his own blood to save his life, and some other scars over one of the large veins of his arm was made with a needle for the same sad purpose. He was conveyed to Mr Moyle's Exchange Hotel, where Mrs Moyle immediately afforded him refreshment and every accommodation that his perilous situation required. After being rested and refreshed, he was still unable to say where he came from, but appeared to have had companions at the outstart, as he broke out into frequent accusations against someone having left him in the bush. There is little doubt of judicious management leading to his complete recovery, though the poor fellow is now in a very exhausted and deplorable condition. This man I saw, and heard from his own lips the statements made,—*Register*, Apr. 8.

**Lost in the Bush.** - We have received the following from a correspondent at Wallaroo: — 'On Thursday afternoon as Mr E. A. Levido, fruiterer, of Wallaroo, and Mr Clark were sitting down by the roadside about midway from Clinton and Kadina with a fire, and had been refreshing themselves, they were very much startled by a man rushing in upon them in a most deplorable condition; he had no coat or hat on, his eyes starting out of his head, cheeks sunken in, hands all scars, and with altogether the appearance of a madman, and such they thought him to be; but immediately he asked for drink, water, which unfortunately they were out of, having used the last for the tea they had just finished; they, however, tried their kegs and drained a few drops, which was feverishly consumed, and then the stranger then seized upon the tealeaves and sucked the moisture out of them. Mr Levido tried to ascertain who the man was, and where he came from, but was unable to do so from the utter state of prostration in which the poor fellow was. They humanely lifted him on to one of the carts, and, putting their blankets about him and a handkerchief on his head, made him as comfortable as they possibly could. On the journey, to Kadina, Mr Levido ascertained the man's name to be Hellar or Hellard, and a German. He was utterly unable to recollect where he came from, but stated he had been six days lost in the bush without anything to eat or drink, and that the scars on his hands were made by his teeth to suck his own blood to save his life, and some other scars over one of the large veins of his arm was made with a needle for the same sad purpose. He was conveyed to Mr Moyle's Exchange Hotel, where Mrs Moyle immediately afforded him refreshment and every accommodation that his

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The Age Melbourne, Mon 13 Apr 1863 Page 6

The Mr Edward Nicholas Levido, shown in this article as Mr E.A. Levido was my Great Grandfather, who himself has remained a mystery to many people as to where he really originated.

Submitted by Lola Davis Member No:16414





## AIR RAID SHELTERS

Researched by Members Lindsay Bischell and Julie Gullan

What are those zig-zag lines we see in areal maps of New South Wales after c1940?

Lindsay and I looked at some of these maps as he had printed them when doing his family research. It was a puzzle. We thought of many things they could possibly be, but really nothing made sense. So, online I went and to our amazement we discovered they were air raid shelters. They had been gazetted for public schools, parks and public areas, preparation in case of an attack on our shores by the Japanese in WWII.

From the history of West Epping Public School, I found the following -

Trenches were dug after it was decided all public schools should be ready in case of an air raid.

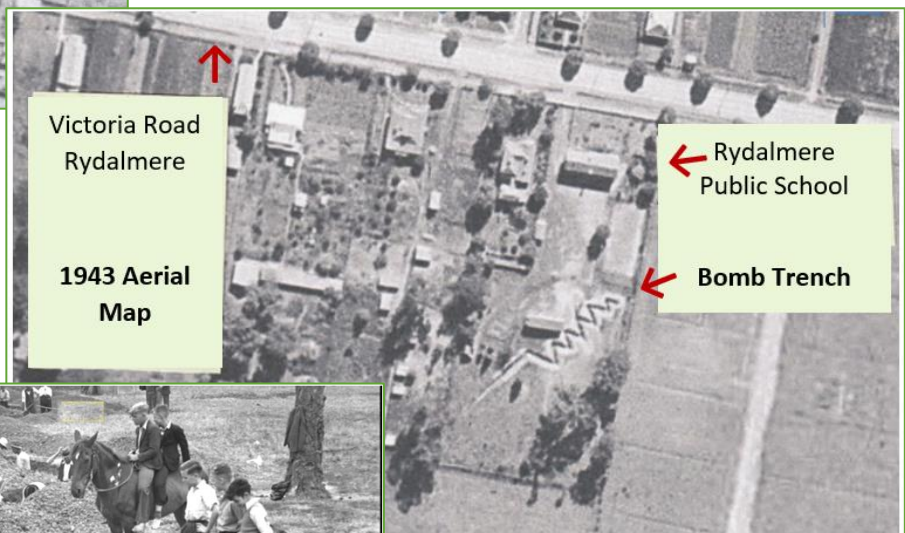
*'These were probably dug after the Japanese had bombed Darwin and the Japanese submarine had entered Sydney Harbour.'*

*The 'zig-zag' trenches were about six feet deep and wide enough for children to sit in, on either side facing each other with their knees under their chins.*

*After some heavy rain the trenches filled with water (right to the top) so Mr Mooney joined some hoses together to drain them. The hoses stretched from the Air-raid trenches, which were constructed near the eastern boundary of the school through the Girls' playground to the Infants' playground. The water took a few days to drain away and the water ran into the creek at the lower end of the Infants playground through Dengate's property.'*



In 1942, children watch on as local men pitch in digging slit trenches in Erskineville to shelter in as a precaution against an air raid attack from Japanese planes. The trenches



were designed in a zig zag fashion in order to mitigate blast effect of a direct hit. Many of these slit trenches were situated on the grounds of schools, shopping centres, local parks and were retained for the duration of WWII.

**The history of the O'Mara family from Holycross, Tipperary, Ireland to Sandringham in Victoria.  
It is an epic tale of tremendous human endeavour, resilience and courage through years of  
turmoil.**

Provided by John Olle, Member No: 22523

**Author** - Rosemary Reddick, President of Friends of Cheltenham Regional Cemeteries  
Cheltenham, Melbourne - [www.focr.orginfo@focr.org](mailto:www.focr.orginfo@focr.org)

One of our new members, John Olle has recently rekindled his interest in family history. While still at school, John would conduct family history research at the La Trobe Library in Melbourne, mainly about his Olle family.

John developed a family tree, handwritten on paper, based on an earlier tree by Ernest Olle, and then he produced another. A later tree became somewhat automated, using database software on a Commodore 64. Over time, other priorities got in the way, but John was always interested in his ancestors and their descendants.

After retiring for the second time, more recently as a volunteer fire fighter in the NSW Rural Fire Service, John checked out our Family History Society. He was made very welcome and immediately some magic started. He also received some key family research from his cousin, Barbara.

John started focusing less on the Olle family and more on all of his ancestors, and this began his exponential journey into ancestor family history. He also discovered a key article, that is the basis for the following article. It was written and researched by Rosemary Reddick and featured in the Friends of Cheltenham Regional Cemeteries newsletter titled Raves from the Graves, volume 2, issue 8, March 2018, as a research article titled The O'Mara Family.

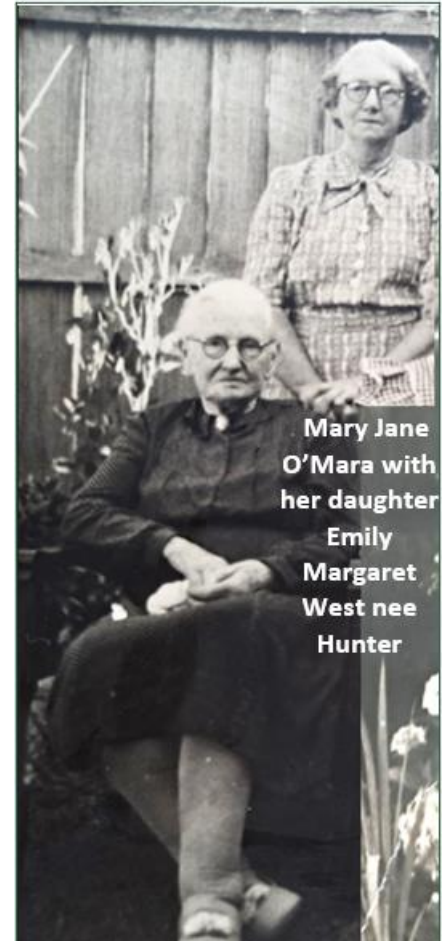
This brought back a lot of memories, as told by his mother Berice Mary West, and her mother Emily Margaret Hunter. Emily's mother was Mary Jane O'Mara, first child of John O'Mara (both Mary Jane and John are mentioned in the article). John O'Mara's grave is shown in the article, as is the grave of Mary Jane's first husband, Frederick Hunter.

John Olle remembers Mary Jane as nanna who died when he was five. Nanna used to vie with another lady for the title of first white baby born in Sandringham, Victoria.

Three of Mary Jane's brothers and at least one other family member drowned in Victoria. This may have had some influence on two of Mary Jane's great grandchildren, who became volunteer life savers at Mordialloc (now Surf) Life Saving Club, one of whom became Club Captain and was a special guest at the club's centenary celebrations in November 2021.

John is very grateful to Rosemary Reddick and the Friends of Cheltenham Regional Cemeteries (that he has now joined) for permission to republish the article. He is also very grateful to Julie Gullan who has customised this into the following article

John believes that family history and local history can help many of us make important and enduring connections, some of which may otherwise have been lost to the world.



Mary Jane  
O'Mara with  
her daughter  
Emily  
Margaret  
West nee  
Hunter



In 1827 Mara (O'Mara) brothers, Philip, Thomas and Daniel were hard working small land holders-cum-tradesmen and were employed to build the Police Barracks at Rathcannon, Tipperary. On 30 June 1828 Philip Mara saw two ruffians shoot dead and rob the Land Agent, Richard Chadwick. Philip reported this to the police and named the murderer, Patrick Grace, who was convicted on the strength of Philip's testimony. Patrick was sentenced to death; however, his family swore revenge for their Patrick and vowed to exterminate all the Maras. Some days later an armed gang was ready to ambush and 'finish off' Daniel and Philip, however due to driving wind and rain Philip Mara was able to escape his attackers. But Daniel was not so lucky, he took shelter in a neighbour's property but was tracked down and wildly beaten with gun butts. Then one of the attackers shot Daniel in the chest with a rifle. Unfortunately, the police were unable to gather enough evidence to arrest the culprits, it seems everyone was scared of them – for good reason. After this the Mara family had to be relocated under police escort for their own protection.

Some weeks later a man named Fitzgerald was caught stealing, and in an attempt to escape gaol he admitted being involved in the killing of Daniel Mara. As a consequence, he handed over the names of all the other accomplices. Sixteen men in all were rounded up, arrested and charged, with six eventually hanging for Daniel's murder and six transported for life. After this it was believed that the Mara family would never again be able to live in peace in Ireland, so negotiations with the Irish Government were held and it was decided they could immigrate to Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) and take up land grants promised by the Irish Government.

Their passages were paid for by the Irish Government, and they arrived in Hobart Town with much eagerness for a new start, but sadly the land grants were not honoured by the Irish Government. Once again, the Mara family found themselves left to stand alone and cope with a massive upheaval in their lives. Their son and brother torn from them, now transported over half way round the world, and in a place that was as foreign to them as being on the moon.

This synopsis of events in the lives of the Mara's to this point does not do justice to their story of courage and forbearance, but it does contribute to the understanding of the descendants who settled in Victoria c1840, and their capacity for genuine hard work, resilience and the ability to overcome adversity when it struck them.

In 1840 James O'Mara born in Holycross, c1825, left Van Diemen's Land and made his way to Victoria. This James was the son of Thomas, brother of Daniel. At the age of 16, James married Bridget Hickey in Melbourne in 1841, in fact they married twice, on 11<sup>th</sup> February at St. James Cathedral, then 21<sup>st</sup> February at St. Francis Church, Melbourne. James, who was a bricklayer, was only 32 when he died of General Debility and Rheumatism, on 16<sup>th</sup> January 1857. He lived at Picnic Point (Jetty Road), a very picturesque part of the area, then known as Gypsy Village (current day Sandringham). At the time of his death, he and Bridget had eight children aged from 3 to 15, with one infant not surviving. Their children were Thomas 15, John 13, James 9, Bridget 7, Michael 5, George 4 and Mary 3.

In 1866, the second eldest of James' children, John, a fisherman who lived in Brighton, married Margaret Taylor, who was from Scotland. They were both 23 at the time, and married at the Scots Church in Melbourne. They had two daughters and five sons, three of whom would drown in Port Phillip Bay, whilst pursuing their occupations as professional fishermen. John O'Mara died aged 42 of Phthisis (pulmonary TB), in 1884. At the time of his death, they had seven children – Mary Jane 17, James 15, Thomas 13, Lily 11, John 8, William 5 & George 3.

James, the second eldest child of John and Margaret, was born 19<sup>th</sup> January 1869 at Picnic Point and William, the second youngest, was born 19<sup>th</sup> February 1879, also at Picnic Point. The O'Mara family home was built at the top of the cliff, just north of the area now known as Trey Bit Reserve. Along with their brothers and sisters James and William grew up in this coastal bushland setting, which was home to many families who pursued their livelihood in fishing or market gardening. John O'Mara was a professional fisherman, so it was

natural for his sons to learn the skills required to sail the changeable and sometimes dangerous waters of Port Phillip Bay.

On Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> March 1901, three O'Mara brothers, James aged 32, John aged 24 and William aged 22, left Sandringham in fishing boats to sail across to the bay to fish at Sheoaks near present day Point Cook. It is believed that James was on the boat called Helene, with a 10 foot dingy in tow, and John O'Mara was on his boat Waterwitch. It is not clear who William was sailing with. They enjoyed a successful fishing expedition at Sheoaks during the afternoon and evening, then James and William decided to take Helene and



### **Sandringham**

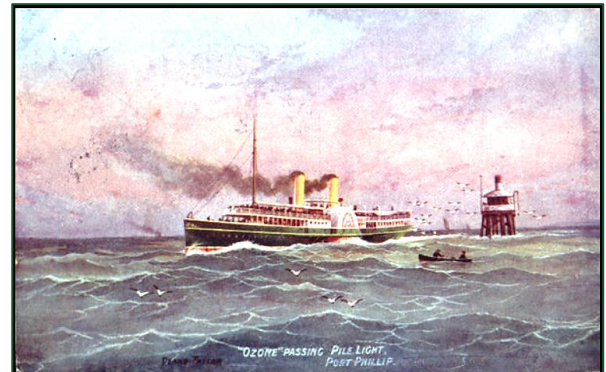
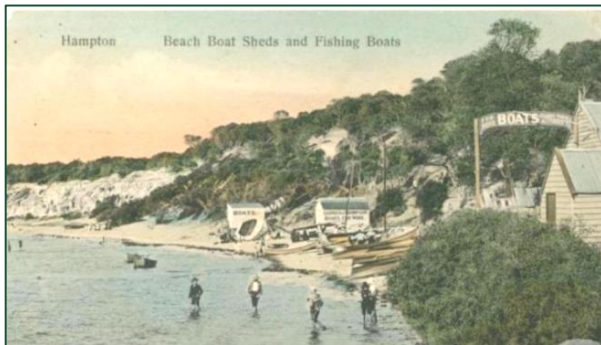
*Very severe weather prevailed during the latter end of last week, a gale of phenomenal strength being experienced on Thursday. The local yachts and boats at anchor at their moorings from Brighton to Mordialloc were nearly all sunk or washed ashore, having been torn from their anchorage. At Sandringham a feeling of gloom has been cast over residents by the deaths of two local fishermen, James and William O'Mara, who were caught in the storm while out fishing. The brothers (32 and 21 respectively) were well known and respected locally, together with other members of the family. The eldest is a married man with six children. John O'Mara, aged 24 years, stated that on Wednesday he accompanied his brother on a fishing expedition to Point Cook on what was formerly Mr. J.W. Allee's yacht Helene, having a 10 foot dinghy in tow, J O'Mara was in, his fishing-boat, the Water-witch. They fished off the She-oaks during the afternoon and evening, and in the morning, he left them in a dinghy to take back the fish which they had caught and obtain more provisions, as the fishing was very successful. The two brothers, however, did not return. Whilst the fishermen were attending to their boats about 6 o'clock, and trying to save them, they saw the p.s. Ozone coming up the bay from her usual trip. When she was about four miles S.W. of Sandringham the men on shore saw a fishing boat with her mast up, but no sail set, driving before the gale, and dead in the Ozone's course. The boat was seen until the Ozone blotted out the view, but when she had passed, though they strained their eyes, they could not see the fishing boat. The captain and chief officer of the Ozone, when questioned by the Port Melbourne police, denied having seen or heard anything of the boat or its occupants. They added, moreover, that as the decks of the Ozone are usually crowded with passengers an accident of that nature could scarcely pass unnoticed. On Saturday John and George O'Mara and Joseph Bertolto went over in the Water-witch to Point Cook, and searched the foreshore with no success. While they were away one of the fishermen, named Jensen, who had been over at Point Cook, and returned to Williamstown on Thursday, told the Sandringham residents that he had seen the O'Maras just before he left Point Cook. They were then putting the net into their dinghy, and preparing to return to Sandringham. He was the last to see them. He had the utmost difficulty in reaching Williamstown, and said he could never have got to Sandringham. Late on Saturday evening Constable Mills received word that a rudder and two paddles had been found at Black Rock on Friday morning by Mr. Medley, and though it was dark the two brothers identified them as belonging to the Helene. One of the paddles had " Helene " on it. It was reported at Sandringham that a dinghy had come ashore near Rickett's Point, Beaumaris. It had been found by a "Peri winker" named Toy, and it was identified by him as belonging to the Helene. Mr. Bertolto and other local fishermen have been out looking for evidences of the wreck, but have not been successful. A meeting for the purpose of devising means for the relief of the almost destitute family of James O'Mara was held on Monday evening in the Parochial-hall. The meeting was hurriedly called by Rev. H. J. Howell, and a good number were present. The object of the meeting was explained by the reverend gentlemen, and a strong committee elected to canvass the district and neighbourhood for subscriptions. In the meantime, kind and loving hands are seeing that the bereaved are provided for. During the evening over £16 was subscribed in the hall. The committee appointed met on Tuesday evening, when an executive committee, as follows, was appointed to carry out the full details: - Cr. de Henzell Storey (chairman), Rev. H. J. Howell (secretary), Messrs. Thomas, J.P. (treasurer), Foster, Ferdinando, Small, and Hutchinson. Messrs. Crooke and Murray and Cr. Small will assist Mr. Williams with the concert he will give in aid of the relief fund. This is a very deserving case. The father was a hard-working, struggling man, and the fishing business has not for some years past been what it used to be, last year especially being a very poor season. Regarding the measures for the relief of the widow and children, Mrs. Rogers, of Sandringham House, will be pleased to receive clothing, and any donations in cash we will be pleased to acknowledge, as requested by the hon. secretary.*

**Brighton Southern Cross Vic Sat 30 Mar 1901 Page 2**



its load of fish back to Sandringham the next morning, pick up provisions and return to Sheoaks. During Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> March 1901, the weather deteriorated into what was described by the newspapers of the day, as 'a gale of phenomenal strength which raised the heaviest sea known for many years. James and William were caught out on the bay during the worst part of the storm.

Fishermen at Sandringham saw Helene at approximately 6pm, when she was four miles offshore, her mast was up, but no sail set. The Helene was running before the gale, being taken by the wind and sea. At the same time fishermen saw the paddle steamer Ozone, known as the greyhound of Port Phillip Bay, steaming northwards on a course that would cut across the path of Helene.



The Helene was seen until the Ozone blotted her from view, but when she had passed, Helene could not be seen. She had disappeared from sight. Their boat had capsized, and James and William O'Mara were never seen again, even though their boat, Helene was retrieved four weeks later.

**FISHING BOAT OVERDUE. THREE MEN ON BOARD. Fears for Safety.**

*The gravest fears are entertained for the safety of three men who left Cowes, in Westernport Bay, for Sandringham in a fishing boat on Tuesday November 26, and of whom no tidings have since been received. The party comprised George O'Mara, a resident of Sandringham, Humphrey Jones a retired English civil servant, whose residence is at Hampton, and P Callaghan, who, it is reported a painter in the employ of the Railway department and whose home is at Sandringham. The three men left Cowes in Mr. O'Mara's boat Mavis at 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning of last week, and in ordinary circumstances should have reached their destination at about 8 o'clock the same evening. Sea faring men however, state that a strong wind arose at about 10 o'clock in the morning causing a rough sea and as the boat is only 26ft long with an 8ft beam it is feared that she may have been swamped when approaching the Heads. The party is now nine days overdue and though the Ports and Harbours authorities have with the co-operation of the telegraph offices notified fishermen from Cowes to the Heads, and the authorities at his Inverloch and Waratah Bay, of the missing boat no trace of it or its occupants has been seen. A sharp lookout for a wreckage is being kept although it is said that with the heavy ballast she usually carried - together with the weight of the motor engine with which she is fitted - the boat would sink like a stone if capsizes.*

*Mr O'Mara had had the Mavis at Cowes for the oyster fishing season but as the season had finished, he intended to bring the boat home for the ordinary summer fishing in Port Phillip Bay and it was in their desire to help him on the voyage that Messrs Jones and Callaghan had joined him at Cowes. Mr O'Mara is regarded as one of the most skilful sailing men in Victoria and those who knew him intimately placed the greatest confidence in his ability to weather the fiercest storms. He is a married man with a wife and six children whose ages range from 16 years down to 2 years. He is about 38 years of age. Mr Jones and Mr Callaghan are said to be each about 50 years of age. They are both married, with grown up families Mr O'Mara's two brothers were drowned in similar circumstances in Port Phillip Bay about 18 years ago.*

**The Argus Melbourne, Thu 5 Dec 1918 Page 6**

The wreck of the Helene was discovered in about eight fathoms on Saturday, 6<sup>th</sup> April 1901. Local residents were saddened when they heard the news of the tragedy. They were also indignant at the neglect of the Ports and Harbours Department, as they did not immediately send out a steamer to raise the Helene, in case the brothers were trapped inside.

When the Helene was eventually raised there was no sign of the two brothers and no signs of impact from the Ozone. Did this mean that the captain and crew of the Ozone were not to blame? Or did the large

paddles of the Ozone create a massive turbulence that added to the already heavy swells from the storm? The reports of the fishermen and newspapers of the time implied that the Ozone played a key role in the tragic episode.

James' wife was pregnant with their seventh child when he disappeared. William was born on 14 July 1901. His family was now left bereft and in great despair. James's brother, William, was not married. The O'Mara brothers were well respected in the community, so the tragedy caused much grief. The Rev. Howell of All Saints Church formed a committee who arranged a fund raising concert to aid the widow and her children. The Hon. T. Bent MLA presided at the function.

In November 1918, the O'Mara family suffered further tragedy when another son of John and Margaret, George, disappeared along with his crew and his boat the Mavis. George was born in May 1881 and followed in his father's, and older brothers' footsteps, becoming a professional fisherman.

In the spring of 1918, George had been oyster fishing in the Cowes area, but intended to head home to the Sandringham area for the ordinary summer fishing season. Two friends, Humphrey Jones and P Callaghan joined him in Cowes to assist in the journey back. The Mavis, with the three men aboard, left Cowes at 6am on Tuesday 26 November, but by 10am a strong wind arose. The Mavis and her crew were never seen again. Seafaring men feared that she may have been swamped when approaching the Heads. She was 26 feet long, with an 8 foot beam, and carrying heavy ballast and engine. It was thought she could 'sink like a stone' if capsized. The actual circumstances relating to the disappearance of the Mavis were never determined, and after a week or so, the community believed that the boat and her crew had been lost at sea.

George was survived by his wife Isabel Brennan and six children, whose ages ranged between 17 and 5 years of age. He was 37 when he died, and his two friends were believed to be in their 50s. George, like his family, was well known and had over the years saved the lives of many people in difficulties on the bay. Therefore, shortly after his disappearance on the Mavis, the Mayor of Sandringham, Cr. Champion, held a public meeting to consider what action could be taken to assist George's widow and their young children. Over 130 residents attended. The community raised enough funds to complete the purchase of their family home, and established Mrs. O'Mara in a business so that their future would be ensured.

#### **SANDRINGHAM**

*We understand £300 has been raised for the O'Mara relief fund. The executive committee have convened a meeting of subscribers to be held in All Saints' Schoolroom, Sandringham, on Monday 27th instant, at 8 p.m., to secure their approval or otherwise to the purchase of a selected and approved house for Mrs. O'Mara and her family, appointment of a trust to hold same, disposition of remains of balance as per suggestion of the committee.*

**Brighton Southern Cross Vic. Sat 25 May 1901 Page 3**



Loving Memory  
Of  
Our Dear Father  
John O'Mara  
Died July 26<sup>th</sup> 1884  
Aged 42  
Margaret O'Mara  
Died May 2<sup>nd</sup> 1901  
Aged 58  
Also our Dear Brothers  
James O'Mara  
Died March 21<sup>st</sup> 1901  
Aged 32  
William O'Mara  
Died March 21<sup>st</sup> 1901  
Aged 22  
Eileen O'Mara  
Died 13<sup>th</sup> May 1923

In Memory of  
Frederick Hunter  
Died 4.8.1913  
Aged 58  
George O'Mara  
Died 26.11.1918  
Aged 38  
Thomas O'Mara  
Died 28 Nov 1921  
Aged 49  
Mavis Lillian O'Mara  
Died 7.10.1922  
Aged 45

The death of George O'Mara was a cruel repeat of the family's earlier tragedy, when his brothers James and William lost their lives. The O'Mara family had suffered much over the years but they are remembered in the area, as the Sandringham Historical Society has many stories and images relating to them.

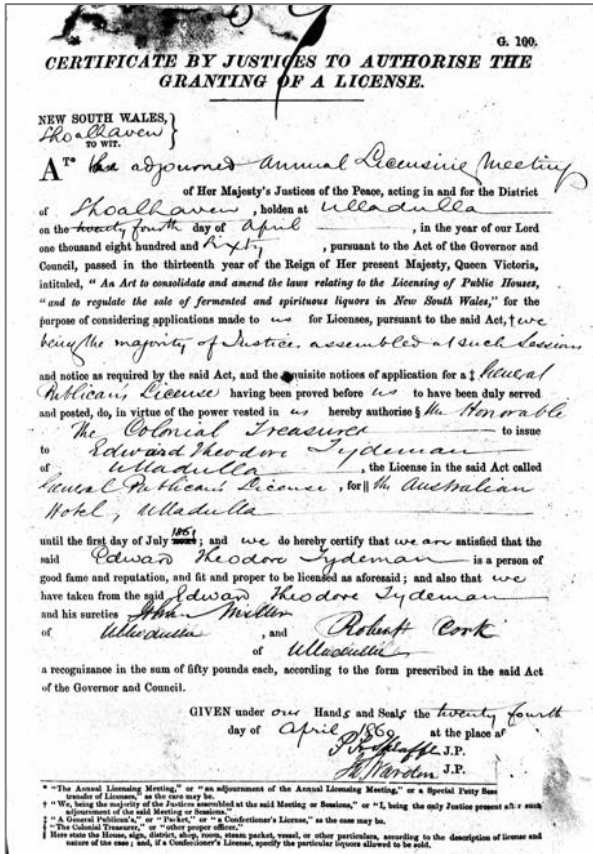
The family grave at Cheltenham Pioneer also pays tribute to many of them, including the three brothers who were lost at sea.

**Sources:** Shirley Joy: Eminent Sandringham local historian  
The Friends of Cheltenham Regional Cemeteries Inc.  
BDM's Victoria  
State Library – Image of P.S. Ozone  
The Brighton Southern Cross Newspaper; The Argus



## The First Public Houses of Greater Ulladulla Researched by Ron Smith

The first licensed publican in the Ulladulla district was Edward Theodore Tydeman who was born c1819 in England. He arrived in Australia via Adelaide and Victoria on board the *Prince Regent* in 1852. He was accompanied by his wife Charlotte who was the daughter of Roger Seccombe and Charity Palmer. Charlotte was born 31<sup>st</sup> May 1815 in Germansweek Devon England.



The couple set up a Slab Walled building on the left of the current highway as you approach Milton from Croobyar Creek. It was at the foot of a steep climb known as "The Devil's Pinch". Some called it the Slab Inn, but State Records named it, The "Australian Hotel" at Ulladulla in 1857. The sureties were William Seccombe of Ulladulla and Lachlan McTaggart of The Dry Run.

The next year, 1858, when the licence was renewed, the location was given as "Hinchley" near Ulladulla. In 1861, the licence was again renewed as the "Australian Hotel" with sureties by John Miller and Robert Cork. Edward died 22<sup>nd</sup> May 1865 and was laid to rest in the Church of England cemetery at The Settlement.

Charlotte Tydeman was granted a publican's licence in 1866 for "The Star Hotel" and held it until 1870. The location was stated as Ulladulla. Charlotte married Adam McArthur in 1871 at Ulladulla. She died 19<sup>th</sup> April 1890 and her death was registered in Sydney. Her husband

died the next year.

Mr. Adam McArthur, an old resident of Milton, died suddenly this morning.  
Evening News Sydney, Thu 5 Mar 1891 Page 5

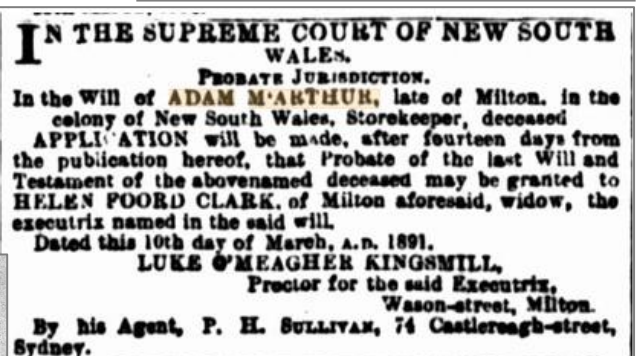
### OLD TIME NOTES .....

There were nearly 40 participants at the banquet — some of Ulladulla's best sons; their superiors have not come to the front yet. Who can forget that old tree on the brow of the hill near where Tydeman's Hotel stood. Old Mr. Tydeman has since died, and the old lady who was then a venerable ago, married Mr. Adam McArthur, a brother of the late Mr. John. McArthur of this district. They opened a store at West Milton, and remained there until death.

The Nowra Leader Fri 12 May 1911 Page 4



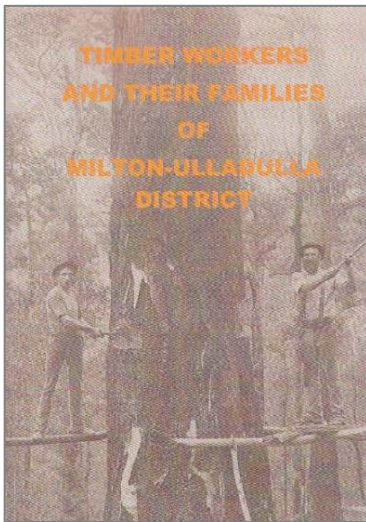
This is the original Gundaroo Wine Bar. Peter Murphys Commercial Hotel c1890. Provided by Gundaroo Historic Society. The Ulladulla Australian Hotel would have been similar to this building. We do not have a photograph or painting of the Australian Hotel.



The Sydney Morning Herald Fri 13 Mar 1891 Page 1

State Records NSW show that a Public House Licence was issued to John Booth (*Developer of Milton town*) in 1858 for premises listed as "The Travellers Home Inn at Bushy Park near Ulladulla". This is on the corner of Croobyar and Woodstock Roads.

## Our Society Books for Sale



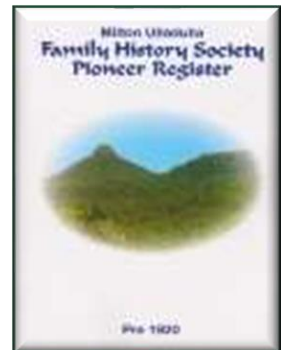
### TIMBER WORKERS AND THEIR FAMILIES OF MILTON-ULLADULLA DISTRICT

The cost per book is \$40 and are available for purchase from our room in the Ulladulla Civic Centre. You can also order by emailing. The Postage would be an extra charge – see below.

### PIONEER REGISTER-PRE 1920

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

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



*Our Public Relations Officer, Barbara Lawson is asking for relevant and suitably (small-medium) sized items to be loaned to our society so she can display in cabinets in our room and the Dunn Lewis Centre.*

*Items may include printed materials, artefacts, photos, militaria, decorative objects, ephemera etc from both European and Indigenous cultures.*

*It is envisaged that the date, item and owner's name will be recorded in a dedicated notebook to ensure items do not go astray.*

*Duration of the loan will be 4-6 weeks unless the owner requires it to be returned earlier.*

*If you need to contact Barbara, please email via [secretary@mufhsi.org](mailto:secretary@mufhsi.org)  
With thanks in anticipation from Barbara*



Doing your family history on your own



### A few benefits of moving into the digital world

There are many benefits of digitizing documents, especially for efficient and streamlined document storage and sharing.

Using digital technology can increase data quality, even when resources are limited.

How much time is wasted when trying to find specific documents you have filed away in that perfect place so you would not lose it!!!! - **A lot**

A computer filing system makes it simpler to find these files without many complications.

If this was my room, I am not sure where I would start to organise all these books and papers - **A NIGHTMARE**

**Computers - the way to go**





## WHO WERE THE KINGS OF KINGS POINT?

Story by Ron Smith Member No: 14363

The King Family of Kings Point started with James King who was born at Capal C Boydell, Oxfordshire England March 1809 to John and Susanna King. James arrived as a convict in 1830 on the ship "Burrell" as an unpaid labourer. He could read and write and was sent to the Hunter region where he worked in the fertile lands west of Raymond Terrace. Back in England was his new wife and daughter left to survive without his help.


Whilst in the Hunter, he met his life's partner, Harriet Bayley. They had a son, David, born 1841 and their second child, Harriet, came along in 1844. Next was Susan in 1847.

The marriage was solemnised 14<sup>th</sup> June 1847 at St James Church, Morpeth according to the rites of the Church of England. Harriet Bayley was the daughter of William Bayley and Mary Ann Simmons. Mary Ann had arrived on the ship "Neptune" in the year 1839 with her mother, three brothers and a sister. Harriet was 14 years of age and was shown to be a children's housemaid. Mary Ann was a dairy woman, aged 36 at the time.

James received his Ticket of Leave in 1840 and his conditional pardon in 1844. In the same region was another James King, Superintendent of Convicts, and the father of winegrowing in the Colony. He was not a relative, as he was Scottish. He must have been an influence on the King family who introduced grape vines to the Shoalhaven.

											James King b. c1808 - d. 1892	Harriet Bayley b. c1824 - d. 1904
David King b. 1841	Harriet King b. 1844	Susan King b. 1847	James King b. 1849	Ellen King b. 1852	John King b. 1855	Henry King b. 1857	George Wyndham King b. 1859	Thomas V. King b. 1863	Emond King b. 1865	Edwin King b. 1865		

1877. MARRIAGES Solemnized in the District of					in the Colony of New South Wales. Registered by				
No.	When and Where Married.	Names and Residences of the Parties.	Conditions of the Parties. (Bachelor or Spinster? Widower or Widow.)	Birth Place.	Rank or Profession.	Age.	Usual place of Residence.	Parents.	
								Father's Christian Name and Surname, Mother's Christian Name and Bachelors Surname.	Father's Rank or Profession.
77	25 April 1877	John William King Macdonaldtown	Bachelor	Newcastle	Farmer	36	Macdonaldtown	James King Margaret Kaizer	Farmer
		David Hogg Sydney	Spinster	Sydney		24	Macdonaldtown	David Hogg Martha Bell	Mariner
<p>Married in the Church of Holy Trinity</p> <p>According to the Ceremonies of Church of England</p>									
<p>This Marriage was solemnized between us</p> <p>By (or before) us</p>									



GOVERNMENT OF NEW SOUTH WALES  
REGISTRY OF BIRTHS, DEATHS & MARRIAGES

# NEW SOUTH WALES

REGISTRATION NUMBER

1892/008285


BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES REGISTRATION ACT 1955

## DEATH CERTIFICATE

Date and place of death	Name and occupation	Sex and age	Cause of Death Duration of last illness; medical attendant; when he last saw deceased	Name and occupation of father Name and maiden surname of mother	Informant
1892. St Andrew's Sydney.	Kennedy, Mrs. Mary Gardener	Female 88 years	1) Influenza of 24 hours. 2) A. H. White 3) J. H. Brown 4) St. Andrew's 1892.	1) John King 2) St. Andrew's 3) St. Andrew's 4) St. Andrew's 5) St. Andrew's 6) St. Andrew's	Certified by J. H. Brown St. Andrew's Sydney.

Particulars of registration	When and where buried: name of undertaker	Name and religion of Minister and names of witnesses of burial	Where born and how long in the Colonies or Australia	Place of marriage, age, and to whom	Children of marriage
1) John King 2) St. Andrew's 3) St. Andrew's	St. Andrew's Sydney.	1) Rev. C. C. Kennedy 2) Rev. C. C. Kennedy 3) Rev. C. C. Kennedy 4) Rev. C. C. Kennedy 5) Rev. C. C. Kennedy 6) Rev. C. C. Kennedy	1) Born in 2) Born in 3) Born in 4) Born in 5) Born in 6) Born in	1) Born in 2) Born in 3) Born in 4) Born in 5) Born in 6) Born in	1) Born in 2) Born in 3) Born in 4) Born in 5) Born in 6) Born in

Before accepting copies, sight unaltered original. The original has a coloured background.



REGISTRY OF BIRTHS  
DEATHS AND MARRIAGES

SYDNEY 27 Apr 2005

I hereby certify that this is a true copy of particulars recorded in a Register in the State of New South Wales, in the Commonwealth of Australia

Greg Curry

Registrar

James Alonzo Harris King died in 1892. The death was registered at Milton by his “adopted son”. He was actually his son-in-law, John Bollingmore. Harriet King passed away in 1904 with John Bollingmore and Thomas Bell as witness to the burial on the farm property. The location of the farm is unknown, and it is said there are four graves on the property at what is now known as **KINGS POINT**.

Sarah Jane Horne  
m. 1889

Wyndham MJ King  
b. 1905

The below photo c1907 was taken in their boat along with their terrier dog. George's wife Sarah had died in 1905. Rose the only daughter was now responsible for raising her young siblings.

L-R: Wyndham, Rose, George Wyndham King, Edward, John Ernest, Sydney and Fred.





## A Tragic Ending

Story by Julie Gullan Member No: 14361

William Roberts, a convict from the second fleet ship Neptune, had arrived in the colony in 1790. After regaining his health, he was determined to make something of his life. He met and married Jane Longhurst, also a convict, who had arrived onboard the Glatton in 1803. William, became a wealthy property owner, licensee and road builder for the government which enabled them to live very comfortably. William and Jane had eight children, six sons, two of whom were twins and two daughters.



Elizabeth Roberts was their sixth child and second daughter who was born on Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> June 1812 in Sydney. She was baptised at St Phillips Church Sydney on Friday 24th July 1812. Elizabeth spent her early years living with her family in their Sydney home on the corner of Castlereagh Street. The family also occasionally spent time at their farm in Windsor.

Elizabeth was a very fashionable young lady and had her portrait painted by Richard Read junior when she was 18 years of age. Richard was a well-known miniature portrait painter during this time. He was living at 59 Pitt Street and advertised his services as a teacher and artist. He was also commissioned to create a full-length

transparency of Governor Lauchlan Macquarie. Elizabeth's portrait now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in Canberra.

Prior to turning 19 years of age, Elizabeth married **John Farmer** on Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> February 1831 at St James Church of England Sydney. John was about 4 years her senior. He was a soldier in the 39th Regiment of Foot which had been stationed in the colony since late 1825. John, an officer had been in a serious accident in early 1829. There had been an explosion of a powder flask which he had in his hand while priming his gun. The spring of the flask came in contact with the hammer, and caused an immediate combustion of the powder. Surgical aid was immediately called in, and it was found necessary that the thumb of his right hand should be forthwith amputated, to which he patiently submitted. The happy couple were married in the presence of William Hutchinson, John J Jackson, Hannah Roberts and Martha Hutchinson, who were relatives and friends of the family.

Being married to a military person meant being posted in various towns. John and Elizabeth were living in the Mount Victoria region at the end of 1831 for a few months.

**MARRIAGE LICENSE.**  
Church of England.

No. — 316  
Date — 26<sup>th</sup> February 1831

Bridegroom's  
Name — John Farmer  
Residence — Sydney  
Designation — Soldier

Bride's  
Name — Elizabeth Roberts  
Residence — Sydney  
Designation — Apprentice

Place, viz.  
Church — St James' Sydney  
Parish — St James  
County — Cumberland

Minister,  
Rev. Richard Hill

and 23<sup>rd</sup> & 24<sup>th</sup> M. 39<sup>th</sup> Regt  
No. 288 John Farmer — of the Parish of St James & St Nicholas and  
Elizabeth Roberts and 18<sup>th</sup> of the Parish of St James, a Spinster were  
married in this Church by License with consent of  
this twelfth day of March in the year 1831  
By me Richard Hill Chaplain.

This Marriage was solemnized between us { John Farmer  
Elizabeth Roberts  
In the Presence of { William Hutchinson, John J Jackson  
Hannah Roberts of  
Martha Hutchinson

John appeared in the Supreme Court in July 1832 giving evidence about receiving two boxes containing the sum of £500 in British sterling silver, packed in bags of £100 each, which were forwarded in a cart, under a military escort, to Parramatta on the 20<sup>th</sup> January. The boxes had been well secured with nails and screws. From Parramatta they were transported to Bathurst. During this passage they passed through Mount Victoria where John Farmer was stationed. He gave evidence on how he received the boxes.

*"I was an officer in the 39<sup>th</sup> regiment in January last, and stationed at Mount Victoria; I remember some boxes coming there; a memorandum was sent with them to me, from captain Wright, stating that one of them had received some injury; I examined the boxes very minutely, and saw that a seal on one of them had been broken, and the bottom chipped; I gave a receipt for the boxes, stating also the condition in which I received them, and afterwards forwarded them by corporal Dickens to the next station, at Cox's River."*

By the end of the journey, it was discovered part of the money had been stolen. The person who was responsible was caught and sentenced.

On Monday 2<sup>nd</sup> July 1832, the 39th Regiment had a field day, in Hyde Park Race-course, preparatory to the regiment embarking for India. The morning started out at around 8°C and by the afternoon reached a top of 15°C. At half-past ten, the regiment marched to the course, which was crowded with spectators. Among the people were the ladies, mostly in carriages, of the heads of the Colony. Half an hour later, His Excellency the Governor, attended by the Brigade Major, and attended by his Aides de Camps, came to the ground, and were saluted by the regiment as they rode up. It was a fun day and was enjoyed by all who attended.

In August 1832 John was promoted from Ensign to that of Lieutenant.

On 11<sup>th</sup> August 1832, Elizabeth and John had their first child,

Child 8 <sup>th</sup>	Augt	William	John	Farmer	Elizbeth	Lieut	Richard Hill
No. 607	11 <sup>th</sup>	John	Elizabeth	✓	Street	39 <sup>th</sup> Regt	

William John Farmer. He was baptised at St James Church of England in Sydney.



John's regiment was transferred to Madras India and his family were permitted to accompany him onboard the ship *Roslyn Castle*. They arrived in India on 20<sup>th</sup> May 1833.

The family didn't stay long in Madras. They had decided to leave and were to return to Tasmania onboard the ship *Lady Munro*.

On the 27<sup>th</sup> June, 1833, the barque *Lady Munro*, sailed from Calcutta towards Van Diemen's Land, via Madras and the Isle of France. The *Lady Munro*, after becoming crowded with passengers at Madras, and completing her cargo afterwards with sugar at Port Louis, sailed direct for Hobart Town. John, Elizabeth and William settled in, knowing what life would be like in the next couple of months as their memories of the trip over were still strong.

By the 7<sup>th</sup> October, they had sailed far to the south and, having got the steady westerly winds, had hoped for the completion of the voyage in a fortnight's time. They were beginning to compliment one another on the improvement of their health and appearance, and congratulating themselves on the enjoyment of such a delightful temperature, compared with the sultry, feverish atmosphere, from which they had so lately escaped.

Their surrounds were breathless wonders; dolphins, flying fish, albatross, cape pigeons, all came and went, the skies a picture of constant changes including the sunsets and the moonlit nights all kept the crew and passengers engaged. At noon, on the 11<sup>th</sup> October, their latitude was 37° 29' S., longitude 75° 40' E., making their direct distance from the islands of Amsterdam and St. Paul's about 110 miles. These two lonely islands



formed the chief part of the evening conversation. The crowds of children on board, overcome with the noise, and restlessness, lay fast asleep which allowed the adults to limited portion of peace and quietness, as they sat happily assembled round the cuddy table, enjoying tumblers of hot whisky-toddy. The evening passed away in the usual pleasant manner and they retired to their cabins all happy and had resolved to be on deck next morning by sunrise hoping to see the mountains astern. The captain had decided to pass about thirteen miles to the northward of the northern island of the two, and expected to be up on deck at about two in the morning. At about half-past twelve that night, one of the passengers sent a servant to awaken John McCosh, the Assistant Surgeon as a joke, saying land was in sight. He immediately went on deck, and asked the boat swain if he had seen land. But his answer was "No, sir, but we are looking out for it." It was a cold, dark, foggy night, with drizzling rain, and a stiff breeze, and the ship was dashing along, nine knots an hour. There was no moonlight shining upon the waters, no starlight glistened upon the sky; a dense cloud of



mist enveloped the ship, and nothing but the snow-white crest of the following wave, and the phosphoric balls of light that rolled upon the galaxy of luminous animalcule in our wake, lit our path through the deep.

Not much relishing the joke played upon him, McCosh

went below, and went back to his bed. The many poor fellows on deck remained on watch. They were unused to such a cold temperature, so many stood shivering, drenched with rain, thinly and poorly clothed against such inclement weather. Everyone else was fast asleep.

Within 15 minutes of John McCosh returning to his cabin, there were shouts and confusion on deck and then Immediately after, the ship struck rock with such violence that many of those asleep would have been thrown out of their beds. An awful pause ensued, as if the ship was stunned with the concussion, and incapable of motion. A few seconds after, she struck a second time, and with increased violence, till every plank in her frame trembled, and every iron bolt rang aloud.

McCosh rushed up the ladder and succeeded in getting to the poop deck. The bold, black, well-defined shore was within forty or fifty yards of the ship, with a tremendous surge dashing upon the rocks. The ship now lay with her side to the sea, with her deck sometimes inclined to one side, sometimes to another; the waves tumbled in immense volumes over her, sweeping everything fore-and-aft to destruction, and pouring down the hatchways in torrents.

The ship staggered about from rock to rock, groaning and labouring, writhing from side to side, like a dying thing in its last agony; the sails and rigging were torn to tatters; the masts and yards went crashing over board piecemeal, one after another, and fell sea ward. Cries and shrieks of despair were now heard in the cuddy, and the mother's cries of " Save my children! oh, save my children!" pierced the air.

Within minutes all the cries of the drowning had ceased, and nothing was heard but the rending of the wreck, and the thunder of the devouring elements. Indeed, the destruction of the ship was so awfully rapid, that most of the passengers must have been drowned in their cots, or before they had time to get out of their cabins. The captain and the chief mate had made it on deck and tried giving orders to try and give time for more passengers and crew to make if off the ship, however the orders went unheard. Seeing no hope of the ship surviving many seconds, the captain's whole attention was devoted to his wife and child. He stood at the foot of the poop ladder, calling on Mrs. Aiken to come to him, and was about to hand his child up to McCosh who was on the poop deck, when the vessel went to pieces. He was seen no more. His last words were, " Come here, Mary! Mary, come here!"

John, Elizabeth and William were among those who lost their lives in tragic circumstances during the early hours of the morning on 12<sup>th</sup> October 1833.

The Indian boatswain was one of the crew saved and when thinking back about the night he recalled that he did see land, but, thinking it only a squally cloud, was ordering sail to be taken in, when the ship struck rock. There were 21 survivors in all. They had searched the shore for miles together. It was strewn with planks, and spars, and fragments of casks and boxes; shreds of canvas, empty sugar bags, and clothes of all descriptions. Every piece of cloth was torn to rags, fretted, and cut to pieces by the stones, or rolled round and between them.

The distressed survivors remained on the desolate island for fourteen days before they were observed and rescued from their miserable situation by the American schooner, *General Jackson of Boston*. The captain treated them with the greatest kindness and humanity until they were transferred to the schooner *Eagle* on 4<sup>th</sup> November bound for Sydney.

A little over two months later, the families back in Australia heard the news. It was reported in the local Sydney Gazette and newspapers, *the total wreck of the ship Lady Munro, accompanied by melancholy loss of life, on her passage from Calcutta to the Australian colony. It was detailed that on the 27<sup>th</sup> June, the Lady Munro sailed from Calcutta, bound for Van Diemen's Land, via Madras and Mauritius. Several passengers boarded at Madras, and completing her cargo of sugar at the Isle of France, the Lady Munro proceeded on her voyage to Hobart Town. On the night of the 11<sup>th</sup> of October, the vessel ran ashore on the rocks of the island of Amsterdam. There in less than a quarter of an hour she was totally wrecked. Seventy-six souls were lost with only twenty-one being saved.*



*Amsterdam Island*



**Note:** The Gazette recorded the shipwreck had taken place on the night of 11<sup>th</sup> October. It actually occurred in the early hours of 12<sup>th</sup> October around 1am.

#### **References:**

Narrative of the Wreck of the Lady Munro. On the Desolate Island of Amsterdam, October MDCCCXXXIII By: J McCosh  
Sydney Gazette



## MEMORIES OF BUNGALOW CAMPING GROUND

Story by Christine Moss Member No: 5218

To drive into Bungalow Park, you would drive through an archway that welcomed you in. Under the arch there was a wooden grate you drove over that vibrated the car.

On the left hand side, was a path with a turnstile for pedestrians. I just loved walking there and going through the turnstile. It was also fun stepping onto the wooden timber grate and not falling through the gap.

There was a tennis court where the Putt Putt golf course is now and then to your right there were a couple of cabins. To your left before you entered the camping area was the Office where you booked in, a laundry and in front of that, there were two swings and a sand pit for the children. The homestead was close to the Office. At the lake frontage there were two jetties. The long jetty was close to the swimming area where we used to camp.



**BUNGALOW PARK**  
LAKE BURRILL, SOUTH COAST, N.S.W. 575

RECEIVED FROM *Mrs Thompson* 481 1959

THE SUM OF *Five* POUNDS

BEING FOR CAMPING/TENNIS SHILLINGS *one* PENCE

FROM *3.1.59* TO *10.1.59*

PER *J. Huthnance* £ *1:5:0*

Children from the camping area as well as locals learnt to swim there.



The children were told to use the jetty post as a guide to how far we were allowed to swim in the shallow part of the water. Each year, as we grew older, we were enticed to swim to the next post and so on until we were strong enough to swim to the deep part of the water.

In the camping ground there was a man called Gordon Huthnance from GyMEA, who taught children how to swim. Gordon would line the children on the jetty at the deep end and teach us how to dive without doing a belly flop. It was a good time for us all.

The swimming area would grow weeds through the year. All the boat owners would come together with their boat motors running so they could churn up the weeds. In the end, this resulted in a lovely sandy swimming area for the kids. The children from the houses close to the camping ground were welcomed to use the swimming area.



In those early years Lakeview Drive was fence free. The park was forced to fence it as people began wandering in and stealing from the campers. It is a shame that some people spoil it for others.

On the other side of the Jetty from where we swam, was very weedy plus there was a sunken boat. It made me curious because we were told it was too dangerous to go swimming on that side of the jetty. I found out recently from Lloyd Butson, a large octopus lived in the boat and when it was caught, it fitted into a large kerosene tin.

At night we would get the kerosene lanterns and go prawning off the jetty, which was a battle with the nets to catch the prawns.

Alongside this swimming area was a bungalow with a veranda, for those people who could afford to rent it. The veranda came out over the sand and the water lapped under the house when the tide was very high. Further down on the waterfront was another jetty alongside a wooden boat shed where we could fish.



For several years a sea plane would fly into the camping ground and land about half way between the two jetties and the bungalow on the water's edge. The owner offered flights in the sea plane. I was only small at the time when my father paid for us to go for a ride. Unfortunately, I barely remember it.

One year I remember the pilot brought a penguin into the park that had been attacked by a shark. It was an exciting time for us kids to see this tiny little bird. I am assuming it was taken to Taronga Park Zoo to be cared for.

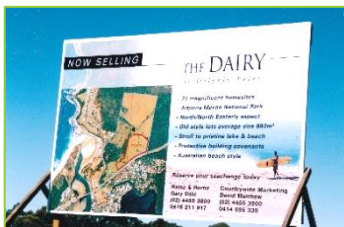
There were other cabins in the park which were close to the office area. They were corrugated tin and the window was just a push out of the corrugated tin with a stick balanced on the rim of the window and the window ledge. We stayed in this cabin one Easter and I thought it was great.

There were showers further down, closer to the campers and it was sixpence (5c) to have a hot shower for a couple of minutes before it went cold. This was a luxury as we mostly had a dish wash in the tent.

There were several taps in the park. One was boiled water and the other was fresh water. Dad used to fill his small camping tank with the fresh water and my job was to go and get the boiled water in the bucket and bring it back to the tent.

To get the fresh water you used a hand lever that you pushed up and down to get the water to flow. It was not easy as the more you pumbed your energy disappeared.

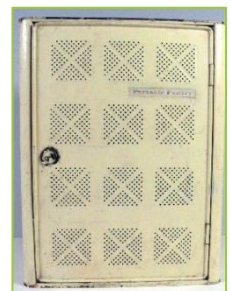
Our milk was delivered by Mrs Dingley and her son Malcolm who owned the dairy on the opposite side of the road. She had a small truck with containers of milk. She used a long metal handle tap to turn on for the milk to pour from. They would beep the horn as they made their way around the camping ground and another job of mine was to get the billy can full of milk.



Mrs Dingley never looked any different. She would dress in men's trousers and coat and an old chewed hat. She was always smiling. Malcolm would have his turn at times to serve the milk.

I felt sad when I saw the Dairy being separated and sold off. Another part of my memories gone. This was in 2002.

The ice came from a large building in Ulladulla and we had Terry come around to sell the ice for our eskies where we kept the food. In later years, Terry had iceboxes for rent which were much better as the ice did not melt as quickly. Some of our food was kept in a meat safe which was a rectangular tin box full of air holes and was hung from a tree.





In those early days there was no television, and the radio crackled with little reception, so my uncle managed to connect a wire to the car radio and throw it over a branch in the tree to try and get better reception. Through lots of crackles and interferences, he finally managed to find out what was happening on the news. He loved going to Milton to Faust Newsagents to get his Sydney Morning Herald which was always a day late with the news. He was also baling up the owner, Hans Faust for a chat and listen to any historical information he might like to share.

Our little family groups always camped close together, so my dad decided that we were going to elect a Mayor of Burrill Lake. The mayor was elected and he played his part very well with our little group. His name was Walter Laird.

Dad had different people pretending to do different jobs in the park. He made chains and wooden medals to hang around the neck of these people, which added to the fun of being part of this family. My Dad loved being the Sanitary Inspector.

The toilets in Bungalow Park were just holes in the ground with a corrugated shed built around them and a tin toilet with a seat over it. There were many spiders in the corners of the walls and as you sat there you would hope that none would come near you.

We had an elderly couple, maybe in their 70s, who were with our crowd. When they were leaving to go home, my dad would decorate the back of their trailer with toilet paper, tin cans and a sign 'Just Married'. They would all be pinned to the trailer. The mayor would then come out with his medal on the chain that my dad had made, grab his broomstick as his banner and march them out of the park with all us kids marching behind him. It was so much fun.

Most of the men were fishermen and so each person had a particular fishing spot where they would go for their choice of fish. My Dad loved Blackfish and would go almost to the top of the lake near Milton to fish for them. Others went for Bream, Leatherjackets and so on.



Os and Bess Kelly from Quandialla used to fish for flathead. They caught the largest flathead in the Lake. Another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hayes, who came from Figtree also went for flathead. They also caught some rather large fish.

One time when fishing, Dad saw a red belly snake coming up the rope of the boat, he somehow managed to kill the snake and brought it back to the camp, where he hung it over a branch in the trees. Next morning it was gone, the kookaburra's must have had a good feast.

Camping under the trees was a little dangerous in those days, for I remember one of our friends in the group, Lois Ewer had been to the shops taking her baby daughter Mandy in the stroller. She took the baby into the tent when she returned. A few moments later she heard a mighty crash. Upon inspection, they found a large branch had fallen from the gum tree and smashed the stroller. Thank goodness the baby was not in it.

At the office in Bungalow Park they had a loudspeaker attached to the trees to announce to the campers if any mail had come in for them. One year my father, Albert Moss, who was not able to spend Christmas with us, as he had to go home to Botany for work. He decided to collect some Botany Bay seaweed and post it to our group so they could use it for fishing. It was supposed to be the best weed for the fish. An announcement came over the loudspeaker saying *"would Mrs Moss **PLEASE** come to the office and collect her mail as it was stinking out the office."*

At times my father would ask permission from the farmers to shoot the rabbits on their property and he would share what he caught amongst the campers.



It was a great time, for we were allowed to wander around the camping grounds and also over to the surf side of Burrill. Our parents always knew where we were. There was a lovely big sand hill on the other side of the Lake and it was fun climbing up and looking over at the view, then rolling down the sand at full speed.

My cousin Cecily and I decided to go swimming near the Bridge where the Lions Park is today. A big mistake. That night we were tearing ourselves to bits with pelican lice. We had Calamine Lotion to start with, but this proved not much good, so Mum spent a fortune at the chemist with this tiny tube of cream which eventually fixed our itches.

My mother later heard the story that was going around “two kids were walking around the camping area with the measles”. Not measles, Lice bites!



We often had day trips around the Shoalhaven - climbing up the ladder at the old fire lookout at Redhead and watching the Blessing of the fleet at Ulladulla. In those early days it was held on New Year's Day, the purpose being that the fishermen were given a good year of fishing ahead.

I have seen sharks hanging from ropes on the fishermen's ships and was amazed at the size of them. One year they also had a large live turtle attached to a boat. How sad for the turtle.

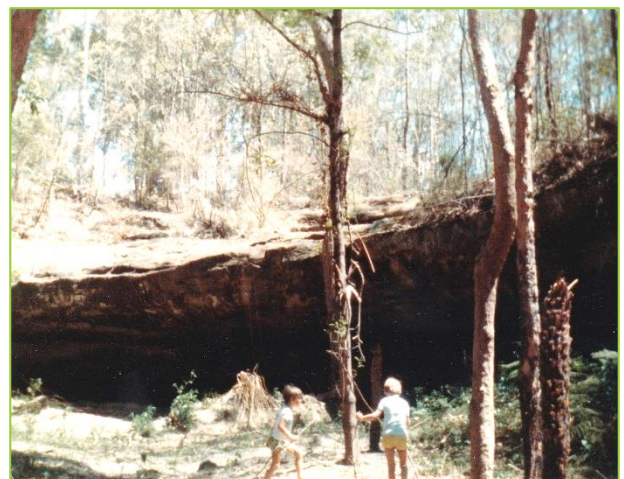
A drive to Batemans Bay was a day's trip. There weren't any bridges to cross the Clyde River and you had to wait your turn in a long queue to drive onto the Punt. As kids, we loved travelling back and forth on the punt, watching the cars drive onto and away from it and spotting the Man O War jelly fish in the water.



Aboriginal Cave which was very primitive at that time. It was fantastic walking under this huge rock shelter and my dad would sprinkle pennies around and we kids thought it was a gold mine.

The Aboriginal cave at Burrill has a lot of history behind it, and is known as the oldest aboriginal cave in NSW. In 1980 the large cave at Wallaroy Drive was recognised by anthropologists as containing artefacts

In those early days of camping in the 1950s, there were not many homes around, so Dad took us kids on an adventure through the bush, which also belonged to Bungalow Park. We saw a red belly black snake wriggling away from us and another time a big goanna walking through the bush. We eventually came to the





covering 20,000 years of Aboriginal history in the district. Officers from the Department of Wildlife Services, Council Engineers and a member of the Juringa tribe of Aborigines inspected the cave.

The anthropologists claim that the cave is of extreme importance in the study of Aborigines and they expressed concern that neglect and vandalism had taken place in the cave over the years. An urgent appeal carried out work which assisted in the preservation of the cave for historical studies.

One of our local's nephew was studying to be an anthropologist and his first assignment was the Burrill Lake Aboriginal Cave. He told her that where she is living now, overlooking Barker's Park Reserve, Lakeview Drive, lots of middens were found and that the lake has not changed much from all those many years ago.

In September, 1963 the family of Tom and Margaret Priestley, with their two children also of the same names brought Bungalow Park and many changes took place.

The entrance sign where you drive through had to be removed as the trucks with equipment could not drive through it. Trees began to be trimmed of dangerous limbs and power poles were put into the park. The boat shed which was on the lake edge was removed and transferred onto a vehicle and moved to the top of the Caravan Park. It still remains there where the maintenance equipment is stored.

The family rented a shop at the end of Lakeview Drive for approx 18 months when the owner decided to sell the property. After this, one of the houses on the top of the hill in Bungalow Park was turned into a shop where they sold supplies for the campers.

In the early times of camping the lorikeet birds were not around, although we heard the many birds and often had a kangaroo come around the campsite. We even had possums and sugar glider possums visit.

When the late Tom Priestley noticed a few lorikeets hanging around near the home, he fed them and then decided to go to Currumbin on the Gold Coast, Queensland to study the procedure of attracting them to the park. After managing to capture two lorikeets, Tom Snr was able to walk outside with the two lorikeets on his shoulder. The birds would go for a fly and return back home.



Young Tom Priestley told me they had bread delivered to the Caravan Park from Kell's Bakery of Ulladulla and they would sprinkle some of the bread around for the birds to eat. It was not long before other birds came in from the bush.

It is now a major tourist attraction and they come in the hundreds to be fed. No need to keep an eye on the time, the birds are like an alarm clock. They are still a delight for young and old today when you visit Bungalow Park.



I have wonderful memories of those early years to be remembered forever.

In February 1971 Bungalow Park was sold to the Australian Navy.

Bungalow Park changed owners December 2021 and its name changed to 'Discovery Park'.

**Reference:**

From the book "Beautiful Burrill" Page 103

And thanks to Lloyd Butson and Tom Priestley jnr.

## THE STORY OF PTE/SGT GEORGE HENRY THOMAS BARKER'S WWII WAR HISTORY AND HIS STRUGGLE TO RECEIVE HIS MEDALS

Story by Margaret Magnusson Member No: 10335

While babysitting for a dear friend for a couple of days we got talking about his family and his grandfather, especially his war record. So having a little time on my hands I thought I would look up his grandfather's war history. What a surprise we had.

George, son of George Barker and Emily Lloyd was born at London 9<sup>th</sup> December 1917. The year of George's arrival into Australia is unknown however, we do know he was here by 1938 as he married Laurel Jeris at Manly 10<sup>th</sup> December 1938.

Ten months later 10<sup>th</sup> October 1939 George enlisted at North Sydney. They were living in Manly at that time and his occupation was recorded as a seaman. He was enlisted in the Headquarters 1st Corps.

George sailed on *The Alexandria* for Greece on the 13<sup>th</sup> March 1941 and was reported missing in Greece on 8<sup>th</sup> June.



Later he was reported as a POW in Germany at Stalag 18 on the 29<sup>th</sup> August 1941 where he spent three years. He escaped in 1944 to Yugoslavia.

A cable was sent from  
Australian Army Starr, Australia House, Strand London W.C.2 on  
14 April 1945  
EX 4122 Driver Barker G.H.T  
To  
Headquarters, Allied Land Forces, Victoria Barracks, Melbourne: -



1. Advice has been received from MI 9 The War Office that the abovenamed soldier, who was captured in Greece during the month of April 1941 subsequently interned in Camp SXIIIA, has recently escaped in 1944 and is now located In Yugoslavia.
2. Barker has indicated that he is prepared to participate in combined operations with partisans.
3. A signal received by the War Office from Yugoslavia requests that the following telegram be dispatched on behalf of Driver Barker-  
Mrs. G.H. Barker  
Berinda Red Cross Home  
Bowral. N.S.W.  
quote. "Have escaped and am fit and well. Love George" unquote.
4. Driver Barker has also indicated that he desires monthly telegrams to be forwarded to his wife. War Office has agreed to make the necessary texts available for transmission to you.
5. HQ 10 Corps Yugoslavia ISLD are appointing this soldier a local Sergeant with the pay of 40 pounds per month.
6. ISLD have requested that approval be obtained from LHQ for Barker to be promoted to the rank of Sergeant.
7. It is strongly recommended that Barker be permitted to continue his associations with the Partisans, be promoted to the rank of Sergeant and ISLD be requested to pay the difference between the sum of a Sergeant's rank of pay and 40 pounds sterling per month.



8. Please advise concurrence by cable.  
Lieu-General. Australian Defence Force

Laurel would have been so happy to receive the telegraph finally to know after three years that George was alive and well.

He arrived back in Australia on the ship *EX Mauretania* on the 8<sup>th</sup> August 1945. He had asked to be discharged on compassionate grounds, and on 27<sup>th</sup> September 1945 he was discharged.  
What a home coming that would have been.

There seemed to be a discrepancy about whether he was a private or a Sergeant (a promotion given to him by the Yugoslavian Military and agreed to by the British War Office).

Over the years he sent many letters to the Department of Defence. The last being 1987.  
It seemed that because he helped the Yugoslavia Military and MI5 it complicated things.  
A letter from George when he arrived back to Australia explained his time overseas to the Department of Defence

I, Sgt G.H.T. Barker. NX 4122

*"Do solemnly and sincerely declare.*

*That I escaped from Germany on the 20<sup>th</sup> October 1944 and made my way to Yugoslavia, where I came in contact with a Yugoslav Partisan which helped me to get to Chosme, where an English Patrol picked me up. As the route in which I had escaped was new to the I.U. Section I was asked if I would volunteer to go back again into Germany with a wireless set, and send info back to our people. The English Officer in charge of the party was Major Ennals. During the time, I was working in Yugoslavia ferrying guns and ammunition to the Partisans. I was taught by Major Ennals a L.M.T. code.*

*Then my wireless operator came into Yugoslavia and I was ready to leave for Germany by March 1945. Just before I left to do this work, I was made to the rank of Sgt by Colonel English who said that the rank had come from the British War Office London on March 20<sup>th</sup> 1945. The work I was doing behind the German Lines was finding out gun positions, and ammunition dumps, German troops in the area and their Commanders names, hidden factories and their output, Prisoners of war camps and their positions and foreign workers camps and positions and results of British bombing. Most of this work was done in civilian clothes, by May the 12<sup>th</sup> I found myself outside Zagreb with the Partisans fighting troops. There we captured Zagreb and my work was finished. I was called out of the field on May 14<sup>th</sup> and flown to Bari in Italy and reported to English 1 (I.U.) section on May 15<sup>th</sup>. There I was flown to England and given all my maps and papers into Australia House London to an Australian Lt Col of the Intelligence Dept. There I was told to report to Eastbourne and came home as an ex POW."*

George wrote this on the 6<sup>th</sup> September 1945 at Sydney.

He wrote many letters to the department mid to late 1970s and another letter in 1987 much the same as the letter in 1945 with a bit more detail and George was asking about other medals while he was living at 2/60 Osborne Parade Warilla to the officer in charge of Army Medals Department.

*"I am enquiring whether I am entitled to the Pacific, French and German Star. Because of sabotage work which I carried out in Germany while attached to the British Army Intelligence M.I.5.*

*My Army record is very confusing, as I was an escaped P.O.W, from Germany, and after being interviewed by the British Intelligence in the Middle East. I was asked by them would I be prepared to volunteer to return to Germany, and work with the underground. This I did and was attached to the First Partisan Yugoslavia Army. He said again about being promoted by an officer in the department of MI5."*

He goes on to say that he was doing sabotage work on the border of Yugoslavia and Germany.

*"When the First Russian Army broke through on the Hungarian Frontier into Yugoslavia, I and the First Partisan Army was attached to them which was the first Russian Army on the capture of Zagreb. I was wounded and flown to New Zealand base hospital in Italy. On my discharge from hospital, I was flown to*

England and was attached to the Australian P.O.Ws. In Brighton England, I returned home via Liverpool England with New Zealand and Australian P.O.Ws. I carried out duties on this troop ship for the journey back either being Sergeant of the guard or Orderly Sergeant. Our route back was through the Panama Canal to Pearl Harbour. I was given Shore Duties with the American Military Police until we sailed for New Zealand, arriving back in Sydney on the 9<sup>th</sup> August.

I have been informed that I was entitled to the Pacific, French and German Star, as I had served in these Areas. All I have stated to you I can prove with records issued to me by the Yugoslavian Army Headquarters. Hoping you will look into this matter and put the record straight."

He did receive letters back from.

J.M. Egan, For Commanding Officer

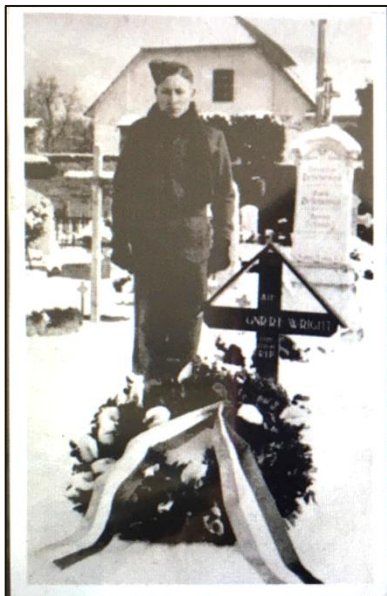
Stating that

1. To enable this office to investigate your eligibility for the awards of the French and German Star, would you please advise your movement within Germany (names of towns etc) on your return to that country.
2. In regard to the Pacific Star, service on the passage through the qualifying area was not qualifying service. The award of this campaign star for voyage through the relevant area was restricted to army personnel who were permanent ship staff. I therefore advise that you are not eligible for the award of the Pacific Star.

George didn't get the French or German Star but he did get the 1939/45 Star, Africa Star, War Medal, Australian service Medal and the Defence Medal.

George did spend 4 years in Stalag 18 reported to be one of the better P.O.W. camps. He escaped to Yugoslavia looking at the records not many escaped and most that did were caught and sent back to camp or shot, so George was one of the lucky ones.

P.	Darken	DVI	RASC	37601	
George	Barker	Pte	H.Q. 6 Div. AASC	960	Australia; 18A Activities Organiser; esc'd to Yugoslavia
G.L.	Barker	Tpr	NZ Div. Cav.	118	New Zealand; <a href="#">1203/L</a>



(George in picture at the grave of a friend that died at Stalag 18.)

George did get a letter on 13<sup>th</sup> December 1976

That as a result of a determination made on 27<sup>th</sup> Jan 1976 that George has been classified totally and Permanently Incapacitated.

George did get some of the medals but not all that he thought he was entitled to.



George and Laurel and their children lived mainly in the Wollongong area.

George died at Wollongong 1997 and Laurel died in 2008

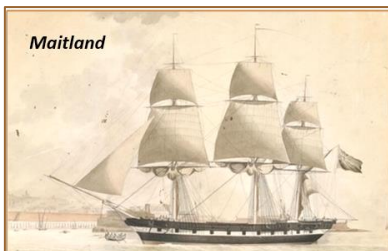


## **Thomas Swift**

**Story by Barbara Lawson Member No: 22514**

Thomas Swift, the youngest child of John and Elizabeth, nee Evans, was born September 1824 in Staffordshire England. The family lived in Bilston in the West Midlands, the heart of the United Kingdom area referred to as 'Black Country' for its extensive coal seams and consequent industrialisation. It was an era of huge social changes, poverty and unrest. In 1843 as a 19 year old he was living in Wolverhampton, a larger city. Although illiterate he trained as a blacksmith, then boilermaker and eventually became an engineer.

On the night of March 11<sup>th</sup> 1843 he, John Bloor and James Davies were apprehended in a second counting house in the parish of Sedgley with goods stolen earlier from another counting house. As employees noticed a light on, they investigated. Bloor and Davies fled while Swift resisting being held after hitting one person on the head with a crowbar. Bloor and Davies were recovered and all three stood trial, with Swift being the only one not represented in court, perhaps unable to afford a lawyer. He was convicted of assault and theft of copperplate engravings and other goods along with Davies although Bloor was acquitted. They both received two 10 year sentences for burglary, although they were fortunate to escape life as both had prior jail terms and transportation to Norfolk Island.

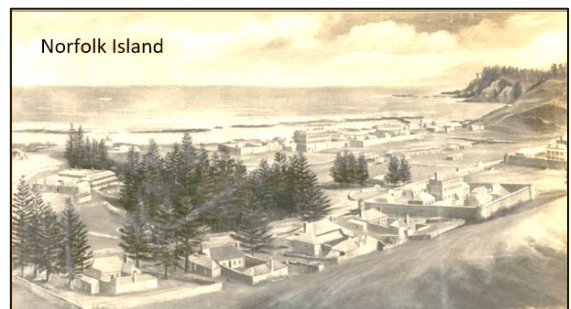


It is likely he spent time on one of the prison hulks moored in either Plymouth or Portsmouth harbours between sentencing and sailing. This experience along with hard drudgery on the dockyards would have served as an introduction to the hell his life would be for many years. Twice yearly sailing of convict ships were timed to avoid southern winter seas and so on 26<sup>th</sup> August 1843 his ship the 'Maitland' set sail. On board were 200 convicts of whom 67 had received life sentences, with the remainder like Thomas having 20 year sentences. They could not have foreseen what

lay ahead with fear, isolation, hunger and inhuman treatment added to already desperate lives and very little hope of seeing their families or homeland again. The voyage took 4.5 months to Port Jackson. On board was the new Governor of Norfolk Island, Joseph Childs, who was to replace Alexander Maconachie, an enlightened reformer. Also on board was a well-educated convict, John Mortlock, who wrote a riveting account of his experiences.

Thomas was 5'6", had light brown curly hair, brown eyes and olive skin. He had several tattoos including a crucifix on his left arm; a sailor and anchor; a girl and bee; and E. Watkins 1843 (presumably his sweetheart).

The 'Maitland' arrived in Sydney 12<sup>th</sup> January 1844 where supplies were replaced and the guard changed before leaving for Norfolk Island on 25<sup>th</sup>. Adverse weather pushed the ship towards New Zealand, prolonging this stage of the journey. They arrived at the penal colony 7<sup>th</sup> February 1844. In September of that year the administrative control of the island passed from New South Wales to Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania). From then the colony regained its reputation for brutality which it retained until closure as a penal settlement in 1853. Personal accounts by convicts and visitors attest to the sadistic punishments inflicted upon 1400 convicts who were either New or Old Hands ... the hardened men formed an armed gang known as The Ring. In Australia the name for Norfolk Island was The Ocean Hell and many considered death preferable to a sentence there. The system as a deterrent to crime or as an opportunity for reform was ineffective. Similar to slavery, a convict's usefulness to authorities was what determined their future more than their crimes.



In January 1846 a riot resulted in Child's prohibition of the continued use of some prisoner's allotments on which they were able to grow sweet potatoes to supplement the meagre rations of salt beef and maize

meal. Starvation rations mean dysentery and many other diseases were rife. The participants were executed and buried in a mass grave with others including Thomas sentenced to a year's hard labour in chains.

He does not seem to have submitted to the brutality of the system or the despised convict police ... frequently receiving punishment for offences such as insubordination, disobedience, absent from the hospital without leave, trespass, smoking a pipe, violent and insolent manner. There were dire consequences. Among his many punishments were 86 lashes, 3 months bread and water, 75 lashes, 14 days solitary confinement. For blockading his hut door and resisting officers he got 100 lashes. On 20<sup>th</sup> September aged 21 he was found guilty of theft and sentenced to 1 year hard labour in gaol.

Having served 3 years penal probation on Norfolk Island he was transferred to Port Arthur in Tasmania, sailing on the 'Pestongee Bomanjee' April 1847. Port Arthur shared a fearsome reputation with Norfolk Island.

At some point in Tasmania, he must have realised the futility of fighting the system and directed his energies in a more productive way. By October 1849 he was earning £39/2/6 for 3 months.... (Well above the average £9/2/6 for 6 months) in the indentured employ of W.P. Kay, Government architect, surveyor and director of public works.

Despite this he absconded in July 1851, was found in Victoria and sentenced to 18 months hard labour in chains. He may have crossed Bass Strait with sealers or whalers who were often ex-convicts.

He was granted a ticket of leave 9<sup>th</sup> June 1857 and a conditional pardon August 31<sup>st</sup> 1858, having served 15 years of his life.

On 30<sup>th</sup> October 1862, at the age of 40, he married a 25 year old free woman, Emma Dickinson in Hobart.

Number.	When married, and where.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Rank.	Signature and Description of Parties.	Name of Clergyman, Officiating Minister, or Deputy Registrar.	When registered.	Signature of Deputy Registrar or Officiating Minister.
244	Oct 30 <sup>th</sup> in the Church of St. James' Free Church	Thomas Swift Emma Dickinson	40 25	Boiler Maker Shedder	Thomas Swift with Emma Dickinson Single	William Nicolson	Oct 30	William Nicolson Officiating Minister

Married in the Manse of St. James' Free Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Free Presbyterian Church by 23 Nov 1862 by  
This Marriage was solemnized between us  
Thomas Swift & Emma Dickinson  
In the Presence of us  
Edwin Best  
Edy Best & Edward  
Wm Nicolson Minister.

Thomas and Emma had three children -

**George Lionel** born 1864 in Hobart. **Emma Elizabeth** born 1866 at Fingal in the north-east (where gold, coal and tungsten had been discovered ... a possible reason for the family's move). **Thomas** born 1868 in Hobart.

In 1869 Thomas died aged 47 at their home 103 Argyle St Hobart (on the corner of Melville St) from a degenerative kidney disease but probably equally from exhaustion. The children were then 1, 3 and 5 years old.

**SWIFT.** -On the 17th April at his late residence, corner of Argyle and Melville-streets, **Thomas Swift**, aged 47. The funeral will take place to-morrow, at half past 2 o'clock Friends are invited. 19a

1869 DEATHS in the DISTRICT of Hobart									
Number	When Died	Name and Surname	Sex	Age	Rank or Profession	Cause of Death	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant	When Registered	Signature of Deputy Registrar
7529	17 <sup>th</sup> April	Thomas Swift (born Argyle Street) (born England)	Male	47 years	Engineer	Granular degeneration of kidney	W. H. Stodd Uncertain Parkman Street	20 April	A. H. McClelland

them. Emma and the children appear to have survived by her remarriage the following year to Joseph Rose, also of Hobart

Thomas Swift was my great great grandfather.

A man who has been all his life fighting against law, who has been always controlled but never tamed by law, is interesting, though inconvenient – as is a tiger.  
Anthony Trollope, Australia, 1873



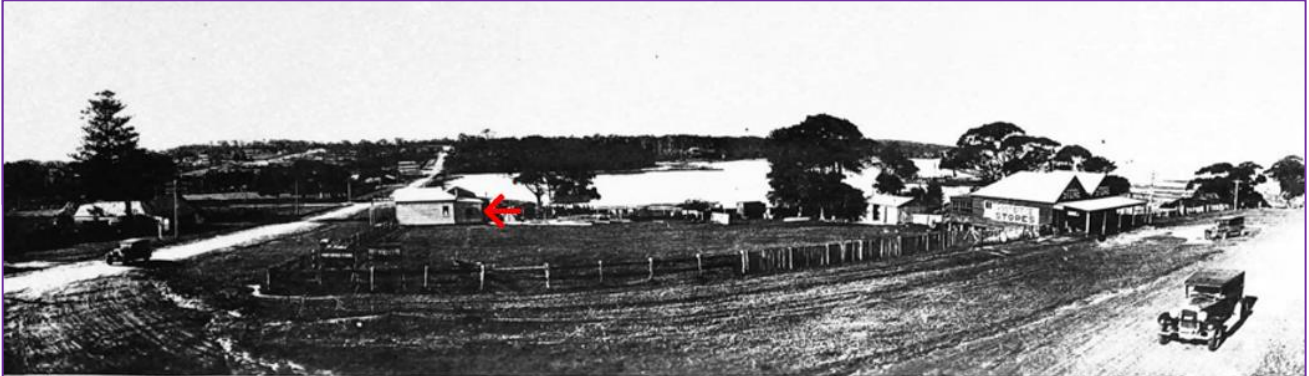


## PEOPLE ASSOCIATED WITH THE EARLY COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS OF GREATER ULLADULLA



The arrow is pointing to the first post office in Ulladulla. You can also see the telegraph lines along the road side to the building.

Below - another view looking north from the corner of Wason Street



*A View of Ulladulla at Fitch's Store*

**1873-1875** William Rutter Hindmarsh was the owner of the property which became The Telegraph Station. It was facing the harbour slightly south of where the Ulladulla Post Office stands today and north of Wason Street.

**1875** Samuel Millard was an Assistant Telegraph Operator.

**1875-1877** Edric Thetis Mulligan is the first Telegraph Station Master and in **1878** Edric was also the new postmaster. He held both positions until **1882**.

**1877-1882** Lucy Ethel Gamble is a telegraph operator.

**1883-1889** Ronald Seton was the Telegraph Operator and Postmaster.

**1883-1885** William James Francis was an Assistant Telegraph Operator.

**1890-1900** John Thomas Hackett was the Post and Telegraph Master.

**1883-1885** Frederick Ahrens was a Telegraph Messenger.

**1886** Frederick Ahrens was a Post and Telegraph Messenger.

**1887-1892** Frederick Ahrens was a Telegraph Operator

**1887-1895** Telegraph Line Repairers were John McGrane and Cornelius Gallagher



Post and Telegraph Station circa 1905. IT was opposite the Westpac Bank.

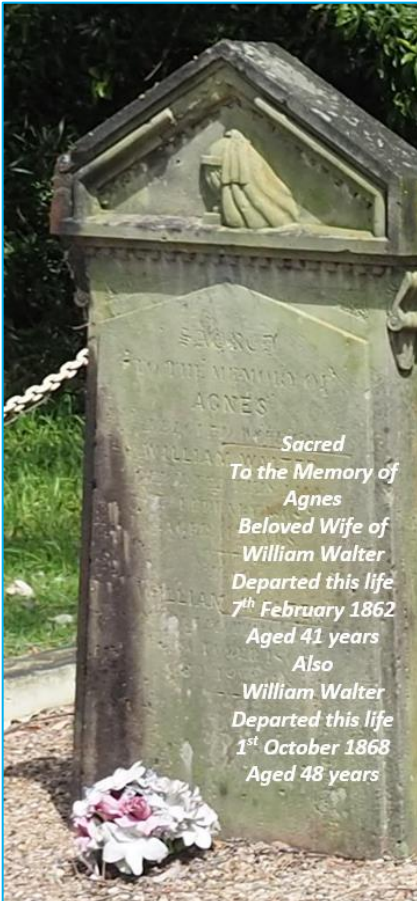


## Old Ulladulla General Cemetery

1856 – 1900



This cemetery was situated on the Princes Highway at Ulladulla a few metres south from Deering Street. The graves in the enclosed chain section on the footway are the resting places for some of the Mallards and also William and Agnes Walter, the parents of Mary Millard. The site was originally in an area of 273 acres which was gazetted on 16<sup>th</sup> July 1863 as a racecourse and recreational area.



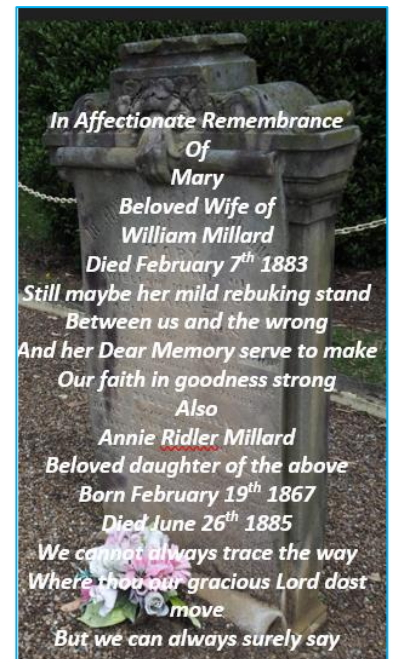
*Sacred  
To the Memory of  
Agnes  
Beloved Wife of  
William Walter  
Departed this life  
7<sup>th</sup> February 1862  
Aged 41 years  
Also  
William Walter  
Departed this life  
1<sup>st</sup> October 1868  
Aged 48 years*



*Sacred  
To the Memory of  
Mary Millard  
Died August 12<sup>th</sup> 1875  
Aged seven months  
Helen May Millard  
Died March 7<sup>th</sup> 1876  
Aged four years  
Beloved children of  
William and Mary Millard  
But Jesus said, Suffer little  
children and forbid them not to  
Come unto me for of such is the  
Kingdom of Heaven*

From 1856 burials were continuous at this cemetery until 1896. There was one other burial later in 1900.

By 1996 there was no records of these graves. Investigations of the



*In Affectionate Remembrance  
Of  
Mary  
Beloved Wife of  
William Millard  
Died February 7<sup>th</sup> 1883  
Still maybe her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong  
And her Dear Memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong  
Also  
Annie Ridler Millard  
Beloved daughter of the above  
Born February 19<sup>th</sup> 1867  
Died June 26<sup>th</sup> 1885  
We cannot always trace the way  
Where thou our gracious Lord dost  
move  
But we can always surely say*

### Dear Ancestor

"Your tombstone stands among the rest  
Neglected and alone.  
The name and date are chiseled out  
On polished marble stone.  
It reaches out to all who care  
It is too late to mourn.

You did not know that I exist  
You died and I was born.  
Yet each of us are cells of you  
In flesh and blood and bone.  
Our blood contracts and beats a pulse  
Entirely not our own.

Dear Ancestor, the place you filled  
One hundred years ago.  
Spreads out among the ones you left  
Who would have loved you so.  
I wonder how you lived and loved  
I wonder if you knew.  
That someday I would find this spot  
And come to visit you."

-Walter Butler Palmer

cemetery showed that two thirds of the original cemetery were under the Princes Highway.

This headstone is in the bush area behind the enclosure. It was placed for Annie Mackay by her husband. She was 49 years of age.







## Vale

*Remembering Elaine Holloway, a past member.*

*She joined the society and took on the role of activities office. Soon after she became the president for many years. She had left the Ulladulla area a couple of years ago.*

*Elaine passed away earlier this year.*



### English Naming Patterns

1 <sup>st</sup> Son	Father's Father
2 <sup>nd</sup> Son	Mother's Father
3 <sup>rd</sup> Son	Father
4 <sup>th</sup> Son	Father's Eldest Brother
1 <sup>st</sup> Daughter	Mother's Mother
2 <sup>nd</sup> Daughter	Father's Mother
3 <sup>rd</sup> Daughter	Mother's Eldest Sister

And so forth

Below are a few archaic medical terms that may assist when transcribing various documents.

**Ague** – fever or chills

**Ataxia** – lack of muscle co-ordination

**Beri Beri** – deficiency of thiamine (vitamin B1)

**Blue Cough** – Whooping cough

**Decrepita Aetas** – old age

**Famine Fever** – Typhus

**Frog Belly** – seen in children with rickets (vitamin D deficiency)

**Grippe** – Influenza

**Hansen's disease** – Leprosy

**Jungle Fever** – malaria

**Kile** – Ulcer

**Morbus Magnus** – Epilepsy

**Ondontalgia** – Toothache

**Paroxysm** – convulsion

**Rachitis** – Rickets – lack of calcium

**Trimus** – tetanus

When trying to fathom family names, this chart may come in handy.

### FAMILY TREE OF VINCENT VAN GOGH

His dizzy aunt ----- Verti Gogh  
 The brother who ate prunes ----- Gotta Gogh  
 The brother who worked at a convenience store ----- Stop N Gogh  
 The grandfather from Yugoslavia ----- U Gogh  
 His magician uncle ----- Where-diddy Gogh  
 His Mexican cousin ----- A Mee Gogh  
 The Mexican cousin's American half-brother ----- Gring Gogh  
 The nephew who drove a stage coach ----- Wells-far Gogh  
 The constipated uncle ----- Can't Gogh  
 The ballroom dancing aunt ----- Tang Gogh  
 The bird lover uncle ----- Flamin Gogh  
 An aunt who taught positive thinking ----- Way-to-Gogh  
 The little bouncy nephew ----- Poe Gogh  
 A sister who loved disco ----- Go Gogh

The brother with low back pain ----- Lum Bay Gogh

And his niece who travels the country in an RV --- Winnie Bay Gogh

I saw you smiling . . . there ya Gogh







Our members, partners and friends have enjoyed attending the coffee and chat mornings throughout the past months.

The 24<sup>th</sup> June chat was held at the Oceanview Café in Ulladulla. A great venue with plenty of seating for us all.

Mollymook Golf Club on Thursday 29<sup>th</sup> September. This was a very wet and cold day allowing only 4 people to brave the day. Marg McIntosh, Meg, John and Bev were the brave ones to enjoy a cuppa and a chat.



Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> November at Mollymook Golf Club. A fantastic turn up for this one. Lots of chatter on many subjects.



And it appears 'Blue' the colour for the day!!





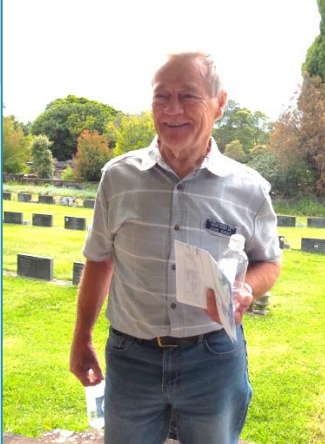
## Special Event Days

### Rookwood Cemetery Tour

Our group gathered together at the South Chapel for the 9.30am tour. Our exceptional guide was Mark Bundy who first off presented films about Rookwood and gave an enlightening and amusing commentary.

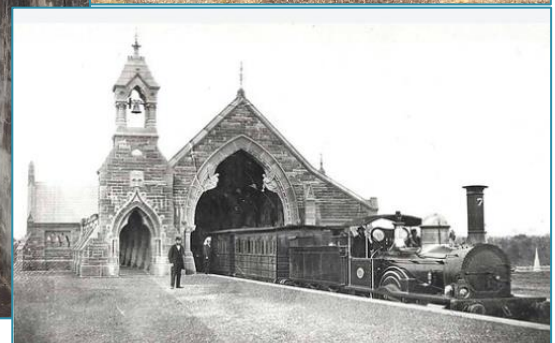


After leaving the chapel we visited various areas of the 765 acre cemetery –



The American Area from WWII;

Then to where the Mortuary Railway Station once stood;

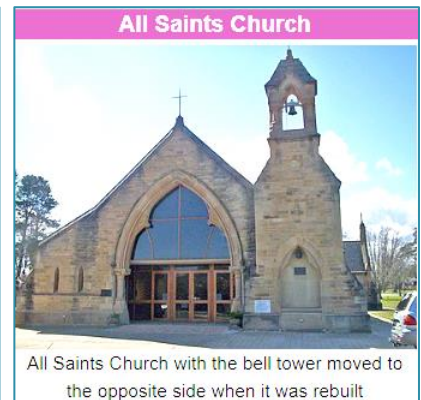


The picture to the far right was the original Mortuary Station at Rookwood. It was



dismantled stone by stone and taken to Canberra. There it was rebuilt and is now the All Saints Church of England.

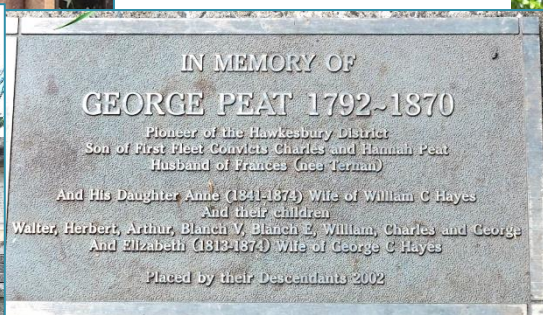
Seems like this would be another date to put in the diary for a visit.



Rookwood represents many religious denominations. Here we saw the memorial to the six million Jewish people killed in WWII.



Rookwood is full of history. Well known Australian are buried here. Anthony Horden and family, James Mitchell founder of the Mitchell Library, the Penfold's, George Peat (Peats Ridge)

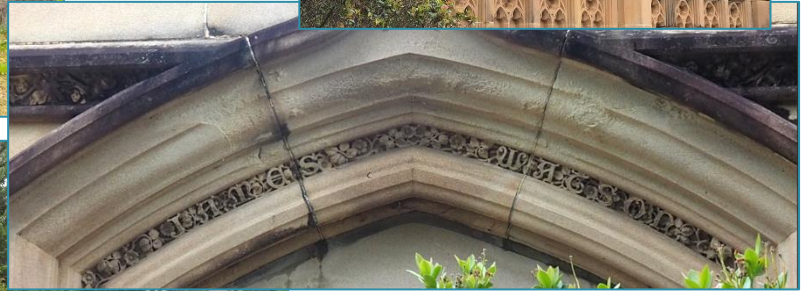


Left: In memory of the late Robert Hancock who died 26<sup>th</sup> February 1876 aged 69 years. His is a very interesting story for another time.





Time for a rest and then onto James Watson's hand carved resting place.



Everyone looking up at the family vault of the Watson's. It was designed by William Wardell who also designed St. Mary's Cathedral in Sydney.



The unmarked graves of babies and children have been remembered by erecting a plaque. It is placed where you look across a large grass area of unmarked graves. They will never be forgotten.



One of the many special areas at Rookwood Cemetery is the Circle of Love. This is a garden and dedication area where you can place a star in memory of a dearly departed baby.



Our final destination for the morning.

A wonderful morning was had by all with perfect weather



## AGM – 10<sup>th</sup> August 2022

This day brought a great turn out of our members. A few thought they would start the morning with some research, however it mainly ended with a lot of chatter and catch up.



A fun day



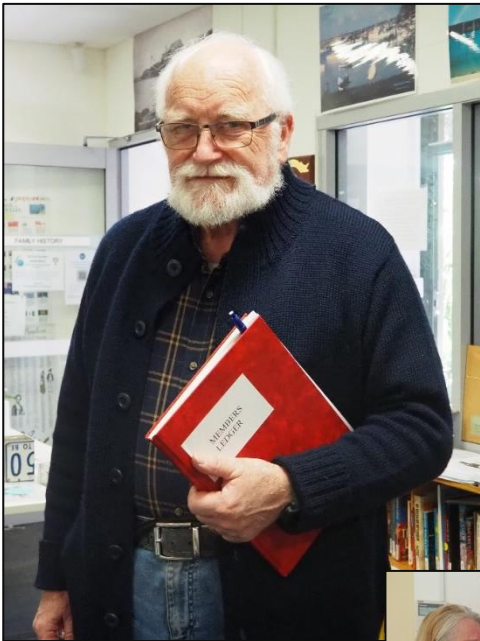
Smiles everywhere



A raffle was drawn at the end of the meeting by our guest Ross Wade. Bruce White received first prize and Pam Johnson, second.







Keeping a close hold of the Members Ledger, ready for the meeting.



Afternoon tea, as normal, a splendid selection of scrumptious food.



And a place to catch up on all the local gossip.



Camera away; time to have a scone.

