



# Relative Thoughts

Volume 27 No. 4

October 2023

**Quarterly Journal of the  
Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group Inc.**

## Genealogy Trivia:

If you figure there's 25 years  
between each generation,  
500 years ago there were  
1,048,576 people involved  
in creating YOU!

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FPFHG Facebook  
Group



View of Witton Bluff on Facebook and websites

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Hi everyone, my bones are starting to feel a little more warmth in them. I must admit just seeing the sunshine puts a smile on my face. I hope you have all had some wins in your research and we look forward to you sharing them with us at some time. Thank you to all the members who have been attending our general meetings, resource room openings, workshops and special interest groups. Our numbers to all of our regular events are creeping up to pre-Covid times and it is encouraging to see many of our newer members getting involved in the special interest groups. In fact one member has only been able to attend the evening UK/US interest group due to his work commitments, and is enjoying being able to do his research with some guidance at hand if required. To those of you that we haven't seen lately you are missed, so please don't be a stranger.

Once again we've had some superb speakers, in the past three months, which I will leave for Elizabeth to elaborate on later in the Journal. But I would like to thank the members who pass on speaker suggestions and their details for Elizabeth to follow up on, and thank you to Elizabeth in coordinating our speaker program. September's speaker Max Anderson commented to me on what a large brilliant group we were, and he liked the energy of the group, so he was in agreement with his wife. Laine had mentioned this when she had spoken to our group last year. This is not the first time we have had this feedback from either Speakers or visitors, so hopefully we are doing something right.

Wednesday 20 September we closed the Resource Room so all members could have the opportunity to attend the Cyber Crime Scam talk by SAPOL. Police Officers Casey and Lauren from this Squad gave a very interesting and informative talk. We invited the public and members of the Noarlunga Uniting Church congregation to join us and we had approximately 55 attendees. Entry was via a donation to the Church's food relief program, and the church kindly donated the use of the hall for this event.

Membership renewals started to roll out at the September meeting. If you have not received your renewal form (or have misplaced it) please advise us and we will send you another one. AGM nomination forms for Executive committee were also available from the September meeting. Positions of Vice President, Secretary and four committee members are vacant. We urge you to consider nominating for the committee, as I think it is vital to have new people to keep it fresh. Maybe you were on it some time ago and we could use your help again.

I advised the membership at the meeting in September that I have a year to go on my Presidency and will not be standing again next year. I have previously done two x two year terms. I resigned my Vice Presidency at the last minute last year as we did not have a nomination for President, and Joy had already done her four years plus Special meeting arrangement of two years, more due to Covid. Since our committee meeting Ian has advised he is not taking his one year extra option as he would like to devote his time as the Resource Room Coordinator. Let's keep this group fresh and vibrant, and keep our wheels turning.

We pass on our condolences to members who have lost a loved family member and wish those of you who have been ill or in hospital a speedy recovery. We've seen many milestone

birthdays of not only our members but also their family members, and the number of your grandchildren and great grandchildren seem to grow like topsy. So the circle of life continues and we as family historians have the privilege of recording it all for future generations. Happy recording and researching!

**Sharon Green**  
**President**

# MEMBERSHIP

**Membership Fees Are Due**

Members are reminded that the Group’s financial year ends on 31 October. Members must be financial before the AGM, Saturday, 18 November. Non-financial members may not vote, nominate or stand for committee positions, **and are NOT covered by FPFHG Insurance.**

Please ensure your membership subscription is paid before the AGM.

**Reminder:** There is a \$5.00 rejoining fee payable for any membership not paid by 28 February.

**Renewal membership forms were given out at the September Meeting and posted out to those not in attendance.**

**New Membership Fees from 2024, as voted and passed at the July Meeting**

- Single Emailed Journal \$35.00
- Family Emailed Journal \$40.00
- Single Printed Journal \$45.00
- Family Printed Journal \$50.00
- Visitors Fee (includes afternoon tea) \$5.00
  
- General Meeting Fee \$2.00/person (includes Afternoon Tea)

\* This replaces the voluntary donation at meetings. Members can opt to pay in advance for the full year (\$18.00). This will be highlighted on the membership list.

## **VALE KEITH HARVEY JONES**



11 May 1934 – 18 July 2023

In our last Journal we advised of Joan Jones passing, and sadly this Journal we report of her husband Keith's passing. Keith had been unwell for some time and passed away peacefully. Keith and Joan joined the Group in 2004 and received their 10 year certificates in 2014. Involvement in the Group was a joint project for them – the English Interest Group and the Resource Room. Keith was President for the years 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, there are many members who remember them. Keith's other passion was Freemasonry. He was actively involved in several chapters.

Keith and Joan's family of Daryl and Julie and their families were sadly coping with their losses, when their younger sister Heather also passed away in the days prior to Keith's funeral, this was after a short illness. Sharon and I attended Keith's funeral. where we were advised their special dog Bryn (mentioned in Joan's note last month) had also passed away. An extremely sad time for their family/families.

We passed on the Group's condolences to the family. Rest peacefully Keith, Joan and Heather.

**Joy Nieass**

## **CORRECTIONS TO CERTIFICATES by Kerry Edwards**

Do you have a South Australian birth, death or marriage certificate in your family records with incorrect information? If so, you may be able to get the record corrected. There are some things that can't be changed. For example the causes of death, which can only be changed by the doctor who signed the original medical certificate, or by the coroner in a coronial case.

Consumer and Business Services have a very helpful page at <https://www.sa.gov.au/topics/family-and-community/births-deaths-and-marriages/certificates/corrections-to-certificates>.

This has the steps set out on how to apply, the application form which needs to be signed and sent in with a copy of the applicant's identification and supporting evidence of why the record is incorrect. The incorrect certificate must be returned and if it's corrected a new certificate will be sent out. Lodgement is in person or by post.

I recently researched a friend's family history and found his brother's death certificate had very little information. This was because at the time of the man's illness he wasn't in contact with his family and due to his illness, gave scant information to the institution where he was in care. Therefore they had little to go on when completing the legal details for his death.

My own birth was registered by my father with my mother's incorrect place of birth. My son's birth record had our marriage date with the wrong month (possibly their error).

All of these records were corrected at no fee and new certificates issued.

Consumer and Business Services told me every application will be investigated by the assessing team and may be changed, depending on what is wrong and what proof is provided as they don't really cross reference with their records.

Other states or countries may have a similar process.

**Kerry Edwards**

## **WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS**

We would like to welcome new members:

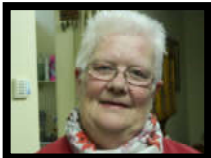
**Judith Deane-Freeman**

**Jenny Muddle**

**Trevor Rashleigh**

**Nola Clisby**

## LOOK WHAT YOU MISSED!!! by Elizabeth Grocke



**July 2023, Richard Venus, Overland Telegraph.** Richard spoke about the Overland Telegraph and the many events that happened during the establishment of our communication with the rest of the world. The Sesquicentenary of the Overland Telegraph was in 2022. The Australian Overland Telegraph Line was a 3,200 km (2,000 mi) telegraph line that connected Port Darwin, Northern Territory to Port Augusta, South Australia. Completed in 1872, the line super-charged communication between Australia and the rest of the world. It was one of the great engineering feats of 19th-century Australia and was a significant milestone in the history of the development of Australia. Based on *Australian Overland Telegraph Line. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 29 Dec. 2021. Web. 4 Jan. 2022* This website will grow as more content is added through the year. OT-150 is committed to not only work with existing materials but to undertake further research and writing to leave a legacy. We welcome your suggestions and interest in helping to create that material. [www.ot150.net/library](http://www.ot150.net/library).

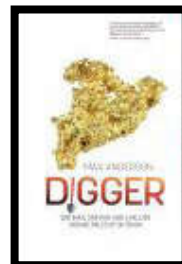


**August 2023, Victoria Purman, The Nurses War.** Victoria spoke about her book *The Nurses War*, and how she researched her material, what inspired the book and how due to Covid it was our friend Trove that helped to achieve the outcome she needed. She gave all budding family historians some points to achieve our interesting story lines for our books. A most enjoyable afternoon and please check out your local library to borrow

her books. I can assure you all, very captivating page by page. Good reads.



**September 2023, Max Anderson, Digger.** Max came and entertained us in the true Aussie story telling, of his experiences as an experienced journalist but a new Australian to other Aussie ways of life, in a small town north of Kalgoorlie, Western Australia. He had a flash 4WD, his loveable dog, and a tent by a windmill, and for six months lived in this town (population 13). What an enjoyable afternoon we all had. You can check your library for his book *Digger*.





## FINDING MY 5TH COUSIN by Kerry Edwards

After more than 30 years of family history research and finding over 14,000 family members, I thought there was nothing and no one left for my mother Marcelle and I to find, until we did our genealogical DNA tests with Ancestry. I did my test in October 2016 and my mother did her test in December 2017. I manage both our results. This means I can check Ancestry records to see if any other family matches my mother or myself. Ancestry gives an option of sending a message to the matched family member (it's family because our DNA matches!) or the person who is managing their results.

When checking for DNA matches, I found two relatives Lynne and Simon who are managed by the same person, Brigitte. Lynne and Simon matched my mother Marcelle and I in the range of 4th to 6th cousins (Ancestry predicts how closely family are related based on the DNA test result). I sent a message asking if we can exchange information but I didn't expect we'd find our common relative considering we are so distantly related, but it was worth a try.

I quickly had a reply from Brigitte from Nottingham England. Simon is her husband and Lynne is his mother (Brigitte's mother-in-law). Brigitte had also compiled a lot of research, finding over 10,000 family members so between us we easily found our connection and ancestral line.



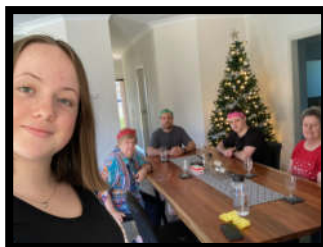
*Morgan*

Simon is my 5th cousin and Lynne is my mother Marcelle's 4th cousin. Our first living relative of this distance and the first living relatives in another country. Simon and Brigitte met and married in America. They had their first child Morgan there in 2005 before returning to Nottingham England and having three more children Ethan, Scarlett and Sabrina. This means these four children are 6th cousins to my son Max. Max has two children Devin and Taya, and they are 6th cousins once removed to Simon and Brigitte's children. Not only that but their eldest daughter Morgan and my granddaughter Taya were born on exactly the same date and both turned 18 years old in August 2023.

Brigitte and I became Facebook friends and have video chatted through Messenger. We had a long talk about our family history research and DNA results. Brigitte is African American and because of DNA testing she has been able to trace her ancestral line back to find she was descendant from a slave and a slave owner! There was always a family story but this gave her proof!

Our common Ancestors are John Baldwin born 1785 and Maria Langford born 1791 in Nottingham England. My mother Marcelle and I are descendants of their daughter Mary who immigrated to Adelaide in 1849. Lynne and Simon are descendants of their son John who remained in Nottingham England.

**Kerry Edwards**



*Taya and Family*

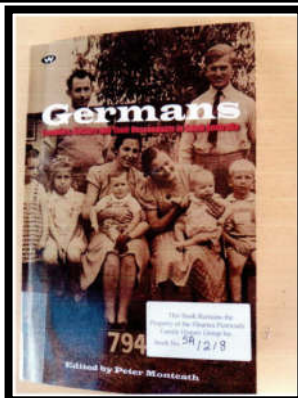
## BOOK REVIEW by Lynette Gibson

*Germans: Travellers, Settlers and their Descendants in South Australia.* Edited by Peter Monteath.

This book contains 20 individual stories of early Germans in South Australia. They have been researched by local modern academics and cover a variety of subjects including contact with First Nations People, legal and political themes as well as art. Also women's involvement in the wine industry and the attempted establishment of a hospital have been covered.

An interesting read covering a wide variety of subjects.

Lynette Gibson



## PLACES WE HAVE LOST by Shirley Frost

As I have an interest in the local history of Willunga and surrounding areas I decided to visit the recent art exhibition at Waverly Park Homestead at Willunga, an historic building in the grounds of the Willunga Golf Club.

The exhibition, entitled *Places we have lost* displays the work of several artists who provide a glimpse of the past through their depiction of buildings and landscapes which were once part of the landscape of Willunga and surrounding areas. Some paintings depict the old Butterworth flour mill, the ruins of the Port Willunga jetty while another captured an early streetscape of High Street in Willunga with its exquisite view of the sea. These are only a few examples of the subjects of the paintings.

The exhibition evoked in me a renewed interest in this area and led me to find out more about the first owner of the Waverly Park Homestead.

This property was first owned by Thomas Smith Kell (1802-1877) who arrived in South Australia on the *Rajasthan* in 1838 with his wife Dorothy and seven children. Kell was formerly a farmer from Sussex England. By the mid 1840s the Kells were settled in Willunga. Over the following years he became a prominent and well-respected citizen of Willunga – a Council member as well as having the role as chairman of the Willunga Council; a Justice of the Peace presiding over hearings in the Willunga Court; a churchwarden for St Stephens Anglican Church in Willunga. Kell was involved in local affairs such as the establishment of the road through the town from Port Elliot, and involvement in the Willunga Agricultural Show. For a time he was a slate merchant in Willunga, and also experimented in flax growing and milling,

and while involved in all these activities he was a farmer on the property he named Waverly Park. He was a significant person in Willunga and in the development of the town.

It is wonderful that this historic building situated in Willunga has not been lost to the ravages of time but has been well preserved in Willunga in a beautiful setting overlooking some magnificent Red River Gums.

Kell and his wife moved from the property in 1871, much to the dismay of the residents of the district as he was a well-loved and respected member of the town. They relocated to Unley Park where they lived until his death in 1877. A portion of the original grounds is now part of the Willunga Golf Course while the homestead is now used as an Art Gallery by the Willunga National Trust.

The art exhibition in the Waverly Park Homestead is open on Friday to Sunday each week until the middle of October. It is free and worth a visit – revisit the past through these beautiful paintings.



***Derelict School, Willunga, S.A. (now demolished) by Kenneth Jack (1924-2006). Watercolour 1970 (on loan from a Private Collection), (<https://www.nationaltrust.org.au/event/the-art-gallery-at-waverly-park-homestead/>)***

#### ***References:***

*Adelaide Observer*, 8 December 1860, p2.

*Evening Journal*, 20 November 1877, p2.

SA Genealogy & Heraldry Society, *Biographical Index of South Australian 1836-1885*, 1986.

*Waverly Park Homestead*, <https://www.nationaltrust.org.au/event/the-art-gallery-at-waverly-park-homestead/>

*Willunga District Heritage Survey*, McDougall & Vines, Norwood, 1997.

**Shirley Frost**

# THE STORY OF BATTUNGA

## **The Story of Battunga – Called the Meadows (Written in 1933)**

I am not going to comment on the folly of the founder of The Meadows in preferring that designation to the native Battunga. I am content to leave you to judge for yourself.

If I have any quarrel with the late Charles Flaxman on the subject, it is not on the ground of the unsuitability of the name as the Meadows was faithfully descriptive of this rich piece of South Australian territory, and, for that matter, still is. But so was Bill-jims (sic) nomenclature – the place of big trees.

### **Charles Flaxman**

The beginning of the Meadows is the story of Charles Flaxman who, on January 21 1839, acquired a special survey of this country for £4,000 – £2,320 paid in cash and the balance in 21 land orders, each for 80 acres. In return for this outlay Flaxman got 15,000 acres of country surveyed, and received priority in the selection of 4,000 acres (23 square miles).

In case you do not know it, I might tell you that Flaxman was the confidential clerk of George Fife Angas in London. He was an accomplished German scholar, and when Angas decided to offer the hospitality of South Australia to the persecuted Lutherans of Prussia in the late thirties, Flaxman, owing to his reputed knowledge of the language was the man selected by the founder of South Australia to conduct the negotiations.

Finally, toward the end of 1838, when the German settlers came over the sea in search of the new Land of Promise, where they could practice their religion without fear of the persecution to which they were subjected at home, Flaxman accompanied them to Adelaide as the recognized agent of Angas. He settled his charges on one of Angas's sections.

### **Angas Nearly Ruined**

Now I will tell you how Flaxman nearly ruined George Fife Angas. When he left London the confidential Clerk was given a power of attorney to act as agent for Angas. The document did not authorise him to acquire land. Nevertheless, Flaxman on his arrival, saw the opportunities which then existed for making money by speculating in the real estate of the young province. He acquired large tracts of good country, and paid for them by bills drawn on the English merchant. Angas, suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by a succession of heavy demands for cash, was seriously embarrassed, and, but for his remarkable standing in the city, and his high reputation as a man of business, would inevitably have crashed. As it was he met the obligations with difficulty – but he met them.

But, according to the Angas papers now in the Archives, there was one curious feature about these land transactions.

While the bills which paid for the properties were drawn on the merchant, the grants were made out in the name of Flaxman. I do not know if the Meadows estate was one of these properties, but I know that Angas gave the ex-clerk particular "beans" for this action, and that a bitter correspondence between the two men followed. In 1839 Flaxman returned to

England. He had been a worshipper here in the Wesleyan Chapel in Gawler Place – unless I was mistaken the old establishment of Simpson and Sons covers the site – and on the eve of his departure was presented by the congregation with a set of Silverplate. On that occasion he promised to donate £500 to a fund being raised for a college in the new province.

### **Flaxman Insolvent**

The next record about this interesting early personality is dated 1841. That year we find him as chairman of South Australian Statistical Society. This was a body in London formed to collect information about the colony for the use of capitalists and emigrants. Towards the end of the forties he must have returned to Adelaide, for we find him mentioned as a trustee of the Savings Bank in 1848. He was at that period living in Tavistock Buildings, Rundle Street – then an aristocratic quarter of the city.

By this time however, Flaxman's star was waning. He had sunk a lot of money in the Wheal Gawler Mines Association of which he was director. It remained sunk. In 1851 he filed a petition in bankruptcy, setting out his liabilities at £23,913 and his assets at £7,363.

Such, in brief was the history of the man who pioneered Meadows.

### **Dispute over Survey**

When Flaxman in 1839 applied for the survey of his 15,000 acres, there was no Government surveyor available to do the job. So a private man named Cross was employed to do the work for a fee of £200. The survey was finished on December 23rd 1839. The allotment were soon after taken up chiefly by agriculturalists.

While this survey was in progress a serious dispute broke out between Flaxman and John Barton Hack who held the adjoining section known as "The Three Brothers", over the boundary between the two properties, Flaxman contended that Hack had  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile too much country on the south side of the (Brothers).

I do not know how the affair ended, but I know, from the big pile of correspondence on the subject, that it gave the Surveyor General of the day many a bad headache. I have an idea that Hack lost the disputed land.

### **Bull's Creek Discovered by a Thief**

Most histories will tell you that Bull's Creek, a wonderfully rich valley four to five miles south of Meadows, was discovered by J W Bull, pastoralist, historian and pioneer. But it wasn't.

It was discovered by a cattle and horse thief named Stone. It was Stone who told Bull where to find it. The story is an interesting one.

Mr Stone was one of those romantic gentry who left his country for his country's good, with various companions of whom one might write (ditto) in one of her Majesty's transports bound for Sydney. In the course of time Stone eluded the sleepy warders of Post Jackman and taking to the bush, made his way overland to South Australia. Here he spent his time in the Tiers country – the early name for the Mount Lofty Range, and what time he was not hiding in the bush from too inquisitive travelling policeman, he was helping himself to cattle, and an occasional horse or two, the property of the pioneer pastoralists. The Tiers those days were full of such gentry.

Now it happened that about the same time as Mr Stone was endeavouring to elude a squad of police who were anxious to meet him about a certain larcenous transaction, John Wrathall Bull was roaming the same wild country on a more legitimate mission – searching for a run midway between the Murray and the city, where he could fatten a large herd of cattle, which were coming overland.

Bull had been out for some time without coming across any country suitable for his purpose. He was just on the point of returning to the city when he met with a strange adventure, the sequel to which was the discovery and occupation of Bull's Creek.

### **Slept with a Convict**

In the wide scrub bordering the River Angas – and you have no idea how wild it was those days – near where the town of Strathalbyn subsequently came into being, Bull was casting about for a place to camp for the night, for dusk was falling, and it was impossible to reach Adelaide that day. Suddenly he found himself staring a man leaning against a tree covering him with a gun. It was Stone.

Bull recognised the man, and walked towards him boldly, "Well, Stone", he said, "I am out hunting for a piece of country for a cattle run. I do not come to disturb you. Have you any tucker?" After a moment's hesitation Stone put down the gun. "No", he answered, "only a small piece of Kangaroo". "Well, I've got some German sausage, ships' biscuits, tea and sugar" said Bull. "Suppose we share it?"

The thief was agreeable. He helped Bull to carry saddle and equipment to Stone's camp, and built a fire while Bull went to the creek for water. Over the meal Stone told his companion that he was on the point of shifting camp. He was waiting for some blacks to row him across the river in a bark canoe, after which he intended to strike out for Victoria. Bull promised to keep the secret of his direction, and not to mention the encounter to the police until he was satisfied that Stone had got clean away.

When night fell Stone built a wurley of boughs, and laid down a bed of thick fern leaves, on which the two men slept together side by side. In the morning they bade each other adieu. It was then that Stone told Bull how to find the valley now called Bull's Creek. Bull followed the directions and soon came on one of the most fertile patches of country in the province. He promptly "squatted" there, but was subsequently evicted. But that is another story.

Stone was subsequently captured, lodged in the flimsy Adelaide gaol, and promptly escaped.

### **The Gengle Hart Murderer**

One of the joys of living those days was that one never knew who was who. It was all right in the city where everybody knew everybody else, and called them by their Christian names, just as they do now in small country towns. But in the "country" which in those days included what are now the suburbs of Adelaide, things were different. The high Kangaroo grass was over one's head, the timber was thick, and the scrub was dense. It hid all sorts of sins. More especially it concealed the sinners.

Well, Bull had only been on his newly acquired "run" a few days when the expected cattle arrived. He had not even completed the fences for the stockyards. Among the overlanders

who had tended the beasts en route was a man named Hart, whose general demeanor, respectful attitude, and obvious gentleness, greatly impressed the pastoralist. So, when Hart applied for a job on the “run” Bull readily agreed. And a more model employee there never was.

Yes, Hart was a murderer with a price on his head! But Bull didn’t know this. He came to have such confidence in Hart that he would leave the station in his charge for days at a time, and sometimes Mrs Bull would be left there alone, except for this trusted servant.

Hart would never take any wages. He asked Bull to bank them for him – in Bull’s own name. It was a strange request. But subsequent events proved there was a reason for it. He asked Bull for a first class gun, and it was procured for him. Nothing was too good for this exceptional “find”, who could run the property just as well, and perhaps better, than the owner himself.

### **Murderer’s Escape**

Then one day Hart came to his employer and asked for permission to leave. In those days labourers of all kinds were under contract, and Hart’s term had by no means expired. His master was disconsolate, but was eventually prevailed upon to agree to the cancellation of the balance of Hart’s services. Hart represented that a wealthy uncle in South Africa had sent for him and, as there was a boat sailing in a few days, he wanted to take this rare opportunity to travel by her. Bull considered it would be a poor recompense for Hart’s faithful service to refuse to meet his wishes. So Hart went to the city, got a passage in the ship as a steward, and was known no more in South Australia.

The boat was scarcely out of the gulf before another overland party arrived at the station, accompanied by a policeman with a warrant for the arrest of Hart on a charge of murdering his previous employer. Hart, it appeared, was a ticket of leave man. He had been hired out to a pastoralist, and after serving for some time, applied for permission to leave. His master refused, and threatened to hand him back to the authorities in Sydney. Thereupon Hart picked up a gun and shot him dead, while he was at breakfast.

It then became obvious why Hart had refused to take his wages, from Bull. He had foreseen this trouble, and intended to steal a horse and gun when it came time to make his escape, knowing that the money held to his credit by Bull would more than compensate his employer for the loss of the horse and gun. But the departure of the ship made his planned mode of escape unnecessary, and Hart was able to leave the colony with his earnings of £80 in gold, safely in his pocket – that is another little known piece of Meadows history.

Candidly, I was surprised at the mass of historic stories I garnered in Meadows. You see, I talked in the district council office with Messrs J Nicol (Chairman), F Nottage (District Clerk), S Bottrill, Henry Wade, James Masters, W Moore, M Hogben, S Ellis, O Olsson, S Smith and A Ellis – and they all had some good story to tell of the days that were.

The John Bull I am writing about was the old fashioned portly chap in the bell topper, with the Union Jack as a waistcoat, which cartoonists have made so famous in our eyes. He was a man with a high forehead and kindly eyes, and a mass of white hair, which, in his young days might have been a golden brown. Anyway, you can see him for yourself on this page. John Wrathall Bull was the son of a clergyman. He happened into this world in Kent in 1804.

He was 34 when he arrived in this country with a wife and family. There is a coincidence about his coming to is part of South Australia. Before he left England he wanted experience in dairying, and he got it at a place called Macclesfield, in Cheshire. When he took up the Bull's Creek property he found himself a close neighbour of a property in the hills which also became Macclesfield – but Bull had nothing to do with the naming. I am not going to tell you the story of Macclesfield here, because some day I hope to give it an article of its own, but I don't mind letting you into the secret that it was named by the Davenport brothers – George, Robert and Sam, after the Earl of Macclesfield, who had nothing to do with South Australia, and possibly didn't care a continental what became of the "beastly colony". Anyway, we can't blame the earl for the nomenclatural indiscretions of the Davenports.

### **Lost in the Bush**

Here is the tale of a tragedy, I cannot trace the date, but my impression is that it was some time in the forties. It concerns Miss Harg. The name might have been McHarg. It was given to me both ways, but time has obliterated definite evidence on the point.

You must visualise the thickly timbered country about which I have already told you, for if you tried to set it in the atmosphere of the Meadows we know today, you would spoil the effect. You couldn't lose yourself in Meadows now if you tried for a hundred years, but at the time of the Harg affair every tree looked like every other tree, and you had to be wonderfully versed in the art of bushcraft to find your way from place to place with scarcely a landmark to guide you. The Hargs were local landholders. One morning Miss Harg rode off to the home of a neighbour some miles distant to spend a few days there. She never came back. She reached her friends safely enough, and spent several days with them. Then she started for home, and got bushed on the way. No one worried about her, for the reason that her people though she was still with her friends, and her friends though she was safely back home. There were no telephones and telegraphs for quick communication between homesteads – merely a messenger on horseback in urgent cases, or perhaps a blackfellow with a "Yabber stick".

So Miss Harg wandered about the bush for days until she could wander no longer. There were lots of things she might have done, but did not do. In the end she just lay down, from sheer exhaustion and starvation, and so perished miserably. Eventually, her people became anxious over her prolonged stay, and communicated with her friends. It was only then that a tragedy was sensed. Both families combined to comb the bush for the lost woman. They found her body on the Black Swamp, and a note pencilled on the fly-leaf of her prayer book giving the details of her death. The name of this family is commemorated in Mt Harg and Harg's Creek.

### **Story of John Lewis**

I suppose everybody who is interested in pioneer times has read the Hon John Lewis's "Fought and Won".

You will remember that this grand old man relates how he ran away from home, and tramped the hills in search of work and adventure.

Well, it was at Meadows that he found it. The Hon John tells that he ran away, leaving his horses in the field. He was ploughing at the time., Well, he reached Meadows by way of Clarendon with sixpence in his pocket. There he apprenticed himself to a local blacksmith, named



Simpson, with whom he lived. You will find a picture of Simpson's cottage in the supplement, but the smithy, which was alongside the house, has disappeared this many a year. It was in this house that those two amusing incidents occurred of which Lewis tells us – that of the iron in the boot and that of the scalding soup. I made no apology for summarising them here. The one was the sequel of the other.

Simpson was a good hearted Yorkshireman with a weakness – he loved a practical joke. One day when Lewis was fashioning a horseshoe he cut off a red hot piece of metal which fell into his boot. The boy danced around with pain but Simpson only saw the funny side – putting his hands on his hips he roared with laughter, crying between spasms. “Why don't you spit on it? Why don't you spit on it?”

Lewis was nettled, but the soon had his revenge. A few days later there was soup for dinner, and young Lewis, made wiser by experience, detected that Simpson had prepared another joke. For a while Simpson's soup was lukewarm, that of Lewis's was scalding hot. Now, it was the custom of Simpson to bustle the boy through the meal with remarks such as “Quick boy, sup; time is money”. However, Simpson went into his bedroom to wash his hands. While he was absent Lewis changed the plates. When the boss returned he found the apprentice vigorously blowing at the lukewarm soup as though to cool it. “Come boy, hurry” cried Simpson with a merry twinkle in his eye, “time is money”. At the same moment he picked up the substituted plate of soup, and, putting it to his mouth, took a long drink. Next instant he sputtered the burning pottage over the table. There was every sign of agony on his face. “What's the weather?” enquired Lewis, quietly supping his own liquid. The soup is hot”, complained the boss. “You'd better spit on it” Lewis observed dryly.

### **Who was Commander Servante?**

There was one question I put to the little meeting in the council chamber, and nobody could answer it. “Who was Commander Servante?” Some of my friends looked at me in a curious way, as if they suspected that the mantle of the joke-loving Simpson had fallen on me. They had never heard of such a name in their lives. They didn't believe, there was no such person. Yet, from where we sat, I could have tossed a stone easily on to an old weatherbeaten slab in the tiny Anglican Churchyard erected to the Memory of Commander Frederick Servante R.N. March 19<sup>th</sup> 1798, died April 30<sup>th</sup> 1872, aged 74.

It was an old story – the newcomer seeing more of the town than the life-long residents. Most of my friends had never heard the name. Some few of them had a hazy recollection of the stone, but they knew nothing of the man who lay beneath it. That stone has been intriguing to me ever since. I am certain it hides a story of some kind. I have an uncanny instinct for sniffing out such things. On my return to town I made a beeline for the Archives feeling certain my constant mentor, Mr Pitt, who has elucidated so many of my pressing problems, could enlighten me on the point. But he couldn't. I am still asking “Who was Commander Servante?”. If anyone can tell me I should like to know.

### **Captain Dashwood R.N.**

Sleeping almost beside Commander Servante is another old naval officer, Captain Dashwood, who gave his name to Dashwood's Gully, and his distinguished son Charles, former Crown Solicitor, about whom I have told you in my Clarendon outburst. Captain Dashwood's chief claim to fame is his membership of the first Legislative Council, whose main job it was to

register the decrees of the Governors. He was an early collector of Customs, this old sailor, and when he grew tired of extracting cash from the importing public, he left for England to act as Emigration Officer. On his return he became a police magistrate.

Last week I dealt chiefly with the Meadows district in the days when there was no town – when legitimate pastoralists, land jobbers and speculators were fighting each other to get possession of some of this choice country. The present article will show Meadows in the early days of settlement, when the shops and other conveniences of civilisation came, and the place began to take on an aspect of a small urban centre. The municipal history of Meadows goes back over seventy years, back to those benighted times when there were no coaches, and travellers made their journeys to and from the city perched precariously on the backless seat of a Spring dray. As there was no road before 1864, these drays just climbed over the hills the best way they could and when the grade got too steep – well, the passengers slid more or less gracefully to the ground, in obedience to the inexorable law of gravitation. But, of course, that was a kind of payment for the privilege of being allowed to ride. For the general custom, when a long steep patch was reached, was for the patrons of the dray to get out and walk. They paid their fares in Adelaide and when it came to the worst grades, and the hardest hills, they had to “hoof it” up those heights with the perspiration pouring down their faces, or the rain turning the steep faces of the gullies into unexpected toboggans, down which the voyagers slid with a reckless disregard for the sanctity of their vestments. It wasn't their fault. They couldn't help it. You see, even our hills have become staid and respectable with the passage of the years. You can climb about them now with a reasonable amount of safety. You tell yourself that they are in the state of Nature and they always were – but you are deceiving yourself. At the time I am writing about they were covered with all kinds of boulders, and the smallest were the worst. You only had to slip on one, and you went clattering down the descent with an utter lack of dignity, carrying a stream of rattling quartz with you which might at any minute attempt to dash out your brains, while you clutched frantically at every bush you passed in the hope of arresting your downward course.

You don't believe it?

Very well, let me give you the actual experience of a party of police who were stealing secretly, and with the utmost caution, on the camp of a gang of cattle thieves in these very tiers of which we write.

### **Raid on a Rustlers' Camp**

Reports had reached Adelaide that various stockowners between Mt Lofty and Meadows were losing cattle and that it was believed that the gang responsible had its headquarters in a certain gully some miles east of Mount Lofty. At this particular period the Tiers were thickly timbered, and had an evil reputation as the haunt of various wild spirits who made their way overland from the convict settlements of the east. Some were legitimately employed in sawing timber to supply the city with its wood, but others again were less than bush-rangers. In any case all were rough powerful fellows who could, and would if the occasion demanded, put up a stubborn fight against the representatives of Authority. Moreover, most of those Tiersmen, if they were not actually engaged in stealing cattle, were at least not adverse to eating the purloined meat, and the thieves saw to it that they were well supplied. Incidentally there is reason to believe that many an honest citizen of Adelaide unconsciously consumed this stolen meat, for it found its way to market in the capital, and many of the early butchers could

have told some interesting tales about it, but didn't. However, a strong squad of police was mustered, and given instructions to search the suspected gully. On account of the bad reputation of the cattle thieves, they were told to exercise the utmost caution in approaching the haunt of the gang. So they set off over the hills on their mission. When they reached the hill overlooking the suspected valley at night, they stood for some time looking down. There sure enough, were the fires of the rustlers – the fierce, indispensable fires in which the hides were burnt the moment the slaughtered beast was skinned.

Two or three officers were detached from the squad, and ordered to descent the hill very silently to observe the “duffers” at work at close quarters. But as I told you just now those boulder strewn descents were as treacherous as a Crown Prosecutor's questions. No sooner had the men began to move down than the first one, and then another, trod on a stone and went sliding and slipping down the hillside, absolutely helpless to stay their descent. They rolled and tumbled, and took a mass of clattering debris with them to such purpose that when they reached the bottom the thieves had disappeared. But there was evidence enough of their illegal industry. They were subsequently arrested.

### **First Main Road**

I told you that story to show I was not exaggerating the difficulty of negotiating these hills in the days before the roads when through. It was in 1864 that the first main road was constructed to Meadows. The route was via Happy Valley and Clarendon. The labourers who built it were paid 4/Od. a day. Some of the bridges were erected by a man named Prewett, and still stand. You may if you know where to look, see his name on them. When I say they built a road in '64 I do not want you to get an erroneous impression. I don't want you to imagine the smooth bitumen surfaces we know in 1933. I do not want you even to think of macadam. The first road was not metalled at all. It merely comprised cuttings through certain hills and scrub, cut from the contiguous bush, laid over the sandy patches. When the builders were in timber country they merely cut down the trees, and left the stumps in the road. In short, it was little better than a blazed track. But our grandfathers and our great grandfathers, thought it was a wonderful step forward on the march of Progress, as undoubtedly it was, even though they knocked the skin off their bullocks against the stumps, and smashed their drays in trying to dodge the obstacles. Incidentally, Meadows hasn't got bitumen yet, but they will have it this year. It has reached Kangarilla, seven miles away and men are working on the stretch to Meadows.

### **Driving the Pigs to Market**

How many people, I wonder, have seen pigs being driven along the road to market. Very few, I'll bet – and I'll tell you why, it is illegal to drive pigs along the roads. But it wasn't always so.

In the early days of Meadows pigs were a profitable proposition, according to the standards of those days, when people did not expect to become rich overnight.

Practically the only market was Adelaide. The drover would set out in the early morning with his mob of pigs, just as the drovers of today with their flocks of sheep, bound for the capital. He would have more excitement on the way than any man who has only handled mutton. “pigs is pigs” observed a humorous writer on one historic occasion. And so they are – that is to say, there is more good natured devilment in a pig than in any other four footed thing the Creator ever made.

You all know that story of Paddy being encountered on the road driving his pigs towards home, when he was supposed to be taking them to the fair. Being questioned on the point, he whispered gleefully “Whist, th’ devils think I want to take them home, so they’re going th’ other way”. That is no great exaggeration and it shows that Paddy knew the idiosyncrasies of the pig. Well, those Meadows pigs were like that. So I suppose, were all the other pigs in South Australia, but I didn’t get their histories. I was told that it took days to get those porkers to the city, and the man who could do the job without arriving there looking like a cross between a corpse and a bad case of delirium tremens was accounted a wonder. The bug-bear of the journey was the creek at Kangarilla. Once the pork got in there it was like getting them out. But it was not the difficulty of getting these playful pet to market that worried the authorities. Illimitable patience and a copious flow of language could accomplish that. The trouble was the industrious snouts of the bacon made the road look as though a 40 furrow stream plough had passed over it. Eventually the Government got tired of patching up the highways and the byways every time a mob of prime feeds passed over it, and decreed that henceforth the Berkshires and the Yorkshires and all the other sleek gentry of the counties should go to their death like gentlemen – in a carriage.

That is why you see pigs going to market in a cart, but never in a mob being driven along the roads.

If a man told you today that he had shot his cats because they killed the rabbits, in the fields you’d probably hand him the address of the nearest mental specialist, and accord posthumous honours to the felines. But in the early days of Meadows – and other places – they preferred bunnies to pussies. There was at one time, as I have reminded you before, a law on the statute book decreeing a close season for rabbits and policemen used to receive reminders in the due season to see that the law was observed. Owing to our playful habit of passing legislation and then forgetting all about it, it would not surprise me to discover that piece of foolishness was still law, I know we commit an illegal act about once every day in trying to observe some other law. That is the sort of practical joke we pay our politicians £360 a year and perks to perpetrate. But to return to the cats. Mr John Bottrill, one of the early settlers in this district, actually shot his cats because they killed the rabbits. This John Bottrill was a typical case of the settlers of the period. He lived in a slab hut which he built of timber cut on the property, and there he locked up his wife and children while he went about his daily tasks. That was to keep them safe, for Billijim and Mrs Billijim those days evinced an overpowering curiosity in regard to the whites, and were not above clearing the huts of provisions if an opportunity occurred. The blacks used to cheer Mrs Bottrill up during these periods of imprisonment, by peering through the cracks of the timber, and telling her they had killed her husband. Those days settlers had to cut their own tracks through the bush and Bottrill Senior opened one over at Dashwood’s Hill.

Many of these old tracks made by the pioneers still exist. The road to Adelaide crossed the Onkaparinga and to get their teams across the settlers used to fell trees, lop off the branches, and roll the trunks into the bed of the creek to make a crossing. That was when the river was in a meditative mood. But when it came down turbulent and angry there was nothing for it but to camp on the banks, sometimes for a week, until the wagons could cross. Sometimes the more venturesome spirits would swim their bullocks across, dray and all. Pedestrians used to be taken over the river in normal times by a man in an old boat which he had holloed out of a tree. The cost of transit was 6d.

From the earliest times Meadows has been noted for its potatoes. It still is. But nowadays they go to market in a respectable way, are handled by an agent, and the grower has nothing more to do about them until he gets his return from the agent telling him how much he is to the bad on the sale, and requesting a remittance. In the dark ages, however, he did his own retailing. He grew his crop, harvested it, then took it to the city and hawked it about like a greengrocer. I was told of one case where a load of potatoes was held up in Hindley Street until a suspicious housewife had cooked her dinner. Then being satisfied with the quality of the spuds, she paid for them. You see, Hindley Street at that time was almost exclusively a little patch of Ireland. It was there that the emigrants from Cork, from Kerry and Munster, and Tipperary fore-gathered at their front doors to discuss the wrongs of the little emerald patch over the seas – and they reckoned they knew all about potatoes. However, the grower lost nothing by his long wait, because on the satisfactory report of the cook, every Irish housewife in the street got after those spuds, and he sold the load without moving from the spot where he was waiting.

Meadows those days all grew wheat. It doesn't grow much now. How long ago it is since it gave up being a grain centre will be apparent from the following story. I was talking to a young sheep farmer of Meadows. I happened to mention the old mill. "What old mill?" he asked, "Why, the Meadows mill of course". "Never heard of it", he said. Yet we were standing within a hundred yards of the site of the former grindery, which gave up the ghost some 63 years ago. It was a vital thing in the life of the young community in the days when William Burley established it to handle the crops of the district. The Meadows mill was in full swing in 1866 when the photograph here given was taken. It subsequently became a sawmill under a new proprietor named Vicary and turned out a lot of sleepers for the railways, and timbers for the buildings in the city. Meadows was an ideal place for timber. There were thick forests, and saw pits flourished over the face of the country. The old mill boiler is still there.

The fifties and sixties were the days of romance, of love sick swains and sighing maidens, of valentines, and faintings, and poetry. Despite its simplicity, life was full of humbug and affection. You know the sort – young lady who went to a party, and couldn't eat a morsel, because she desired to be deemed in love, and then went home, let out her stays, with a happy sigh of relief, and sat down to a good square meal. And the young man who strewed poetry by the ream and scattered it about by the square yard in the form of quotations, because he wanted to be known as a man of learning and refinement, which he wasn't. Poetry was especially strong those days. Few really cared about it, but it was fashionable, particularly verse making. Men had the bug so badly that they used it even in their business dealings. Here is one sample which was shown to me regarding an order for peas and a proposed sale of wheat. -

"Dear friend and brother of the plough,  
I know that thou art busy now.  
So just let me know, when you're at ease,  
Whether I am to have those peas.  
And while you write in terms quite neat,  
Just tell me if you'll have the wheat."

"I'll get plenty more if you want it" said the man who showed me this curious letter. "No thanks," I replied, "I'll just take this one as a horrible example of the unbridled cruelty of the

period”.

Possibly one of the most interesting buildings in Meadows is the little country store reproduced on this page. It isn't much to look at perhaps, but it is part of the history of the town. In addition to being the first store, it was the first Post Office, then a private school under a master called Pryor, and later the first public school, before the Government erected a building of their own. The first school in Meadows, as far as memory goes, was a private affair, run by a master named Davey. Pryor was the next, and then J S Jones, who took over on behalf of the Government.

Jones in his grey bell topper and long coat, was typical of the dominies of the day. The old gentleman was teaching there in 1866 and earlier, but I can give you no more definite date. Other old residents of the sixties or before were Decimus Woodgate (who surveyed Meadows township), William Burley (founder of the mill), George Vicary (who turned the mill into a saw pit), Peter Murrie (who was a storekeeper, and died at Georgetown a few years ago), William Ellis (a storekeeper who used to walk to Macclesfield for stores and yeast for his bread), H Catt 1<sup>st</sup>, Walters, Goble and Coleman (successive keepers of the sole hotel), W Beally and W Gibbs (early boot makers, the latter tanning his own leather), Jessie Catt (butcher), David Simpson (blacksmith to whom John Lewis apprenticed himself when he ran away from home) and “Yankee” Rogers, Dick, George, Kingsland, George Coe, B Ellis, Struson and Chilton (coach drivers).

Other early settlers were James Brown, Robert Cragie, George Dashwood, John Hall, George Marshall, M Potter, W Perkins, Stamford and McHarg. Their period was about 1842. Then there were these following, some of whom were contemporary with those I have just mentioned, while others were later, but for whom no certain dates can be given – John and Samuel Stucky (the well known pastoralists), George Ellis, W and G Hall, Hogben, Hollands, J Wheeler, John Hill, Scown, White, Bakewell, Treloar, Potter, Earl, Seamen, Bevis, Hickmott, Michaelmore, Crouch, J and W Carter, Bindless, Moore, Lang, C Nottage, Bishop, Jamieson, Purling, Pearson, Attwell, Brooks, Watson, Masters and Townshend. Mr C Nottage mentioned was district clerk for 50 years of the Kondoparinga District Council. He was succeeded by his son (F Nottage) who has carried on for 20 years, and is still going strong.

I suppose one of the most picturesque figures of early day Churchmen was the Rev William Longbottom, the first Wesleyan parson in SA. I am rather surprised that in my quest for material for these articles I have not rubbed shoulders with him before, for I have passed from town to town through much country where he carried on his good work. It was not until I got to Meadows, that his name came up. He used to ride over from Willunga to conduct service in the homes of the settlers about the little township, until such time as they erected the first church, a slab building without any pretension to architecture, at Mt Ephraim. I have not the remotest idea where this mountain called after the second son of Joseph, is located, beyond the vague feeling that it is somewhere about Meadows. The story of the Reverend William is unusual.

Mr Longbottom had no intention of working in South Australia. He had no idea of coming here at all. It was in the middle of 1838 that the little Wesleyan community in Perth wanted a leader and they sent to Hobart for one. Mr Longbottom was chosen, early in June of the year mentioned he, with his wife and family set out for West Australia in a tiny vessel called the Fanny.

Those were the days of strong denominationalism. Adelaide also had a small Wesleyan community without a pastor. So they used to meet, first in a small reed hut on the banks of the Torrens, and later in a tiny church they erected near the site of the present Theatre Royal in Hindley Street, where under the guidance of a local preacher they prayed that Providence would provide them with a Minister.

Not one of them, I'll warrant, dreamt in what an extraordinary manner that prayer would be answered. The Longbottom family as I said started from Hobart for Western Australia. Off Kangaroo Island a succession of gales developed. The little vessel was driven ashore in a storm off the Coorong, and the captain had to swim to land with a line. Passengers and crew were landed safely in the sandhills. There they were taken care of by the natives, those same blacks who, two years later, committed the most cold-blooded massacre in the history of the State – the murder of the shipwrecked passengers and crew of the Brig Maria. Why the natives should have cared for one lot of castaways and slaughtered another within the space of two years, need not be discussed here.

The Longbottoms lived some time with the blacks before they were taken to Encounter Bay, where they were joined by the stranded crew of another vessel, and got a ship to Port Adelaide. Here again they were the subjects of adventure, for their vessel went aground at the mouth of the river, and broke it's back. By this time I suppose the pastor and his wife had had enough of the sea. At all events, the tiny Wesleyan community welcomed them with open arms, and offered Mr Longbottom the care of the pastorate. That is how the Methodist ministry began in South Australia. I suppose I ought to make mention of the fine church, dedicated to St George, which the Anglican community erected in Meadows in 1870. Here is housed an old Bible and prayer book which were under water in a wreck for several months. That sounds like an interesting story I know, but as no one could tell me the particulars I cannot pass the information on. In one of my Clarendon articles I mentioned my bewilderment as to how the settlers negotiated these steep hills when there were no roads. Meadows let me into the secret. They used sledges and they still do! That I suppose, will be news to most people. It was to me. A lot of carting is done by these wheelless vehicles which, drawn either by horse or by bullocks, will go up a steep hill where a dray would be impossible. They are still widely employed in this part of the country in taking loads up and down those miniature Mt Everests.

**Article submitted by Jim Usher**

**Editor Note:** Cheryl Williss undertook some sleuth work and found that the preceding article can be found on various websites as below, and was originally published in the *Chronicle* in August 1933. Cheryl's article (and a more accurate account) of the disappearance of Sarah McHarg was published in *Relative Thoughts*, Vol 26, No 3.

[https://localwiki.org/adelaide-hills/Meadows\\_-\\_Things\\_We\\_Ought\\_to\\_Know\\_%28part\\_1\\_of\\_2%29#:~:text=The%20beginning%20of%20the%20Meadows,orders%20each%20for%2080%20acres.](https://localwiki.org/adelaide-hills/Meadows_-_Things_We_Ought_to_Know_%28part_1_of_2%29#:~:text=The%20beginning%20of%20the%20Meadows,orders%20each%20for%2080%20acres.)

[https://localwiki.org/adelaide-hills/Meadows\\_-\\_Things\\_We\\_Ought\\_to\\_Know\\_%28part\\_2\\_of\\_2%29](https://localwiki.org/adelaide-hills/Meadows_-_Things_We_Ought_to_Know_%28part_2_of_2%29)

<https://sites.google.com/site/sahistoryarticles/sa-history-articles/home/no-58-meadows>

## UPCOMING SPEAKERS & EVENTS



All meetings are held at 1.15pm, Uniting Church Hall, 23 William Road, Christies Beach. If you have a suggestion for a suitable speaker please contact Elizabeth Grocke with details by phone on 0421 102 868 or by email on [philiz@esc.net.au](mailto:philiz@esc.net.au).

21 October—Ian Smith, For Love of Country

18 November—AGM; Tony Elliott, Elliott Funeral Homes—Somerton Beach Body Mystery

20 January 2024—Nick Solomon, FamilySearch.org software, tools and database

Up to date details of speakers can be found on the webpage at <http://fleurieufamilyhistory.org>

## RESOURCE ROOM OPENING TIMES



The Resource Room is available to members for research. During the opening time before the Saturday general meetings, Resource Room volunteers will not be available to give assistance with 'Family Research', but books, newsletters and magazines can be borrowed from 12.00pm to 1.15pm, and during the afternoon tea break.

Other opening times for the Resource Room will be the 1st and 3rd Wednesday afternoons during February to October, and the 1st Wednesday in November, from 1.00pm—3.30pm.

Members wishing to access *findmypast* during resource room openings, are now requested to contact Chris Grivell and book a specific time. Chris's contact details may be found at the front of the journal.

The Resource Room will be **closed on 1 November** to undergoing Electrical Tagging. Should members wish to have their laptops tagged, more information will be provided at the October general meeting.

Opening dates for this quarter are: 4 October, 18 October, 21 October, 16 November, 18 November (returns only). The Resource Room is closed in January.



## EVENING COMPUTER GROUP



The evening computer class is held in the Uniting Church Hall, 23 William Street, Christies Beach. A \$5.00 donation is requested to help cover the cost of the hire of the hall. The Group meet monthly on the second Monday night of the month at 7.30pm.

The program consists of a presentation on a specific topic followed by a question and answer session. Bring a tagged laptop from home but if you cannot you will be seated with someone

who has a similar operating system to you.

Contact Heather Boyce on [haboyce@adam.com.au](mailto:haboyce@adam.com.au) if you are interested.

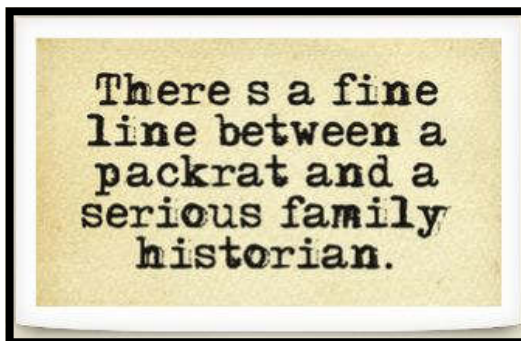
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## VOLUNTEER RESEARCH

Research can be undertaken for anyone seeking information on ancestors in our local area. Please forward requests to Volunteer Research, PO Box 1078, Christies Beach North SA 5165.

## EDITOR'S NOTE by Christine Keen



This is my final edition as Journal Editor for the Group— a total of nine years and 36 editions since I took on the role.

I would like to express my thanks to all the members who have contributed their stories, poems, research tips and other useful information or history relevant to the Fleurieu Peninsula. I have always maintained that the Journal belongs to the members, and without your contributions it doesn't exist.

I would also like to express my gratitude to those who have acted as proof readers over the last nine years. Your help has been much appreciated, and has certainly made the task easier. I'd also like to say thank you to Jeanette Bell, who has collected, labelled and posted the journals to our members every quarter.

As I step aside and move onto other things, I encourage members to continue providing stories and other contributions to Cheryl Williss for future editions. I look forward to seeing where Cheryl takes the journal.

It has been an honour to be your Editor—a role I have very much enjoyed.

**Christine Keen**

## WHEN & WHERE

### MEETINGS

The monthly Meetings are held on the 3rd Saturday of each month from January—October at 1.15pm, Uniting Church Hall, 23 William Street, Christies Beach. The Resource Room is open from 12.00pm each meeting day.

Annual General Meeting is held on the 3rd Saturday in November commencing at 1.30pm. Committee elections are held at this time.

### SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS

**Aussie Interest Group**—meets at 1.00pm on the 2nd Saturday of each month. For information contact Ros Dunstall, phone 0419 851 761.

**United Kingdom and USA Interest Group**—usually meets at 7.30pm on the 3rd Tuesday of each month but may vary. For information contact Sharon Green, phone 0419 760 496.

**Evening Computer Group**—meets at 7.30pm on the 2nd Monday of each month. For information contact Heather Boyce, email *haboyce@adam.com.au*.

**DNA Evening Group**—usually meets at 7.30pm on the 1st Tuesday of each month but may vary. For information contact Sharon Green, phone 0419 760 496.

**Up to date details of special group meetings can be found on the webpage at <http://fleurieufamilyhistory.org>**

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

#### **Membership with Electronic Journal:**

Family (2 people) - \$40.00

Single—\$35.00

#### **Membership with Printed Journal:**

Family (2 people) - \$50.00

Single—\$45.00

A \$5.00 joining fee applies to all new and lapsed memberships.

Fees should be paid to the Treasurer prior to the November AGM each year.

**PUBLISHING** This journal is issued quarterly to members. Items for inclusion should be submitted to the Editor by March, June, September and December. FPFHG shall not be held responsible for statements made or opinions expressed by the authors of submitted materials, or shall FPFHG vouch for the accuracy of any genealogical data, offers, services or goods that appear herein. The Editor reserves the right to edit any articles proffered for publication.

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