

progenitor



Genealogical Society of the Northern Territory Inc.

The Family History Place



JUNE 2023

GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF THE NORTHERN TERRITORY INC

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PROGENITOR

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FRONT COVER: June Tomlinson, Patricia Roberts and Tracey Phillips

PATRICIA MARY ROBERTS

12 June 1940 – 26 November 2022

Some of our members who joined the Society a long time ago will remember Patricia Roberts. We called her Paddy. She was very proud of her Irish Ancestry. Tracey Phillips and June Tomlinson are sharing the writing of this Eulogy because Paddy was our much loved friend. To put this in another perspective Paddy was a very proud Member No. 8 of our Library. Paddy was our Treasurer at one stage when no one wanted the job, there was never much money in our bank because we were building membership and to do that you needed resources for people to use. As fast as we made NT Indexes we sold them and recycled the money to buy research aids like microfiche. Hence there were some years we paid our membership in advance so we would not be in the red.

Patricia Mary Roberts nee O'Rourke

Patricia (Paddy) was born on 12 June 1940 in Bundaberg, Queensland. Her parents were Stephen John and Greta O'Rourke and Paddy was the eldest of four children, Terence John, Robyn Ann and Michael Gerard.

Paddy's father Steven worked for the Commercial Bank of Australia in Bundaberg and during WWII the family moved back to Brisbane where they first lived in Indooroopilly. After the war ended the family bought a house in Herston where they lived for many years.

Paddy completed her primary school years at St Joan of Arc Catholic School in Herston and then attended All Hallows' School where she completed years 9, 10 and commercial. Her first employ-

ment was at a Brewery in Ann Street, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane. During that time she took up Fencing as a sport which she really enjoyed.

Paddy suffered from Asthma throughout her life and was hospitalised many times as a child and adult. When she was a young adult a doctor suggested she move to North Queensland where the hot weather would suit her health better. At this time she was working for the Army as a stenographer at Victoria Barracks in Brisbane. Taking the doctor's advice, she transferred to Townsville and then Darwin when she was about 20 years old and worked at the Magistrate Court.

Paddy lived at the Mitchell Street Hostel with other girls in Darwin, and one day they were invited to a cricket match, which was played at Qantas. Paddy's future husband Brian worked there at the time and this is how they met. Brian taught Paddy to drive on the old WW2 airstrips beside the Stuart Highway, out of town. They were fun times and eventually Brian would take the barbeque and they would have dinner by the highway. They married in 1962. Patricia and Brian had four children, Linda (deceased), Susie and then the twins Stephen and Peter. They lived at Beswick, in the Katherine region at first where Brian was working. After they left Beswick, Patricia and her husband Brian lived at Howard Springs with their family, Sue, Stephen and Peter. Brian was the Superintendent of Gunn Point Prison Farm and later of Beatrice Hill Prison Farm. They also lived in Bleaser Street in Fannie Bay and at the time of Cyclone Tracy (1974). They had made friends with others in the street, this was the start of lifelong friendships. Patricia recalled that the residents of Bleaser Street were close before, but the devastation of the cyclone brought them closer together. The attitude was basically batten down and see it out.

Eventually they moved to Anula in the northern suburbs of Darwin and it was from Anula on Brian's retirement that they moved to Glasshouse Mountains in Qld.

After having her children, Patricia worked at a local doctor's surgery and later worked for the Commonwealth Health Department where she met June and later, Tracey.

Family and friends were very important to Patricia & Brian. They were both devoted to their children and grandchildren and would often travel to visit them after they moved to Queensland from Darwin. Patricia was nicknamed Dee Dee by her first grandchild Naomi, Susie's first child, and the name stuck, so Patricia will be forever known as Dee Dee by all of her nine grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Pat and Brian retired and moved to the Glasshouse Mountains in Queensland in about 1995. Pat joined the Bromeliad and Orchid Societies there and collected hundreds of plants which she nurtured. Brian built her a greenhouse for her plants and they thrived.

After the death of Brian, Patricia moved to Bargo, NSW in 2011 to be closer to family, where she continued with her plant hobby and joined the Bromeliad Society and would attend their shows.

Patricia was also very passionate and interested in community issues and would often write letters to the local Member of Parliament about her concerns. She was an avid reader and also loved to travel and made a few overseas trips including a Genealogical Tour of Ireland which she loved and kept in touch over the years with some of those who went of the Tour. Another trip she really enjoyed was a cruise with her beloved Auntie Audrey, Cousin Stephen and his wife Sue.

From June

My reason in joining our Library was, I had been introduced to Paddy at work. We both worked in the Health Department, Paddy in the executive area as a Secretary – a real Secretary one who took shorthand and could manage all sorts of goings on in a busy work environment with profes-

sional staff. It was the time when Dr Charles Gurd K.St.J; C.M.G; O.B.E; was departmental head.

Paddy told me about a meeting she was going to attend for the newly formed Genealogical Society at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. We had been speaking about our family history, my mother's side of the family were from Ireland. We exchanged stories and it wasn't long before I was heading off to Genie meetings at the church. The first meeting I attended I landed a job, there were only about 5 at the meeting.

Paddy had no sense of direction, we learnt this early and through experience. One night meeting at the Church, the place was in disarray because building works were happening, Paddy wanted to go to the ladies room and being dark we asked if she would be right. Not a problem she was OK. After a while I said I think I should go and see what has happened to Paddy she had fallen down into one of the trenches because she did not follow the path back and decided to take a short cut. On many occasions when we looked back on this we did have a big laugh.

Paddy and I went walking together after work along the Esplanade solving the political problems of the NT and Australia in general. There were various issues that were up for discussions and we often wondered why politicians didn't cast a wider net in their Department and the community in general to gauge what the public thought.

Over the years before Paddy and Brian moved to the Glasshouse Mountains we saw or spoke on the phone to one another often and when Brian & Paddy moved to Anula we lived two blocks away on the same road and would go for a walk on some nights. We continued our friendship whilst they lived in Queensland and visited them on a couple of occasions. This friendship of course continued when Paddy moved to Bargo and lastly the Nursing Home.

We decided to let other family history groups know we were up and running in the NT. We didn't have a clue of some things like producing a quarterly journal, but once we caught onto that other family history groups were amazed at the depth of information available from the NT.

We started going to the Australasian Genealogy Congresses to give our Society a presence in the family history world. Our first one was in Canberra, which was an eye opener to other organizations because they realized living in the Territory didn't exclude us from the family history environment. We had valuable info about their families. We took microfiche to sell and sold the lot, Paddy enjoyed counting the money and I enjoyed going around to the stalls and buying resources. We would come back with a bag full of receipts and no money..

On the success of that we attended other Congresses like 1988 in Sydney at Darling Harbour, which was the year Tracey Phillips joined our Library. We had accommodation down the railway end of Pitt Street, so each morning we would get the light rail to Darling Harbour. We both enjoyed our visit to Sydney, I lost Paddy once in the food court, then I spotted her watching someone make chocolate fudge. She couldn't resist it. At night it was cold so we each got into our beds to stay warm and as I looked over at Paddy I said what are you eating, yep it was chocolate fudge, that went on every night we were in Sydney. The three of us went to the Tasmanian Congress in Launceston. Tracey and Paddy returned to Darwin in 2006 to help with our Congress. They were a formidable team.

Paddy was an enormous help to our Library with typing and other administrative type functions. In our early days we decided to get involved with the National Archives of Australia by indexing many of the Northern Territory documents eg shipping, pastoral information, mining, land grants, census records and this is only a sample of the work we did. We would turn up to the Archives after work and index for about 2 to 3 hours depending when the Director was available to baby sit

us. It was good fun. The late Peter Dalglish (recently deceased) played a big role in the indexing, Len Cossons (dec) was another big player in our group. He didn't stop at the Archives he produced amazing records on Probate and Police & NT Births Deaths and Marriages. We knew what we were doing would help others because our indexes were impressive.

Then came the next stage of typing lists, we knew nothing about databases then, so we published on microfiche and sold what we had achieved.

Paddy was a tireless worker for our Library and continued to support us even when she moved to Queensland and later when she moved to Bargo in NSW to be near daughter Sue and her family

From Tracey

I first met Paddy when the NT Government Department I worked for was amalgamated with NT Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, in about 1987. I was a secretary and would often have to go up to the top floor to deliver documents to the Executive area which was where Paddy worked. She was secretary to Peter Plummer, who was Deputy Head of the Department then.

If the bosses were out of their office we would have time for a chat, so we got to know each other and clicked. Paddy was always professional and friendly to everyone, and was a valued and hard working employee.

She always amused me with her wealth of knowledge about everyone in the department. Of course, only being new to Darwin at that stage I was quickly picking up that if you knew people who were known as 'old locals' in Darwin, or people who'd been there before Cyclone Tracy, they could tell some really interesting stories. Paddy was someone who knew lots of stories.

When Paddy found out I was going out with someone called Mark Phillips from Fannie Bay, she had a lot of stories about Mark's parents, my future in-laws. I'd been told when I arrived in Darwin in 1984 that everyone knew everyone, and when I met Paddy I realised how true that was. Paddy knew my mother-in-law Gwen quite well and all the children knew each other growing up, Paddy's twins Stephen and Peter are the same age as Mark's younger brother. Paddy told me how a group of mothers and their children drove down to Darwin River in school holidays to where Mark's family have a big block of land there. Paddy said the children camped in tents and the mothers stayed in the house that was there. It wasn't anything flash, in fact it was an old house from the old Navy base that had been moved down there. Basic, but better than camping Paddy said, because she hated camping.

So, Paddy convinced me to join the Genie Society when we started talking about our families one day. I wasn't sure what to expect, but loved it. Everyone was friendly and I would go every Saturday. June would give us jobs to do, and we'd do them. Mark used to call us the CGS, which stood for the Cake Gobbling Society, because if he ever dropped in, he would always catch us having a cuppa and biscuits or cake.

At that stage Mark and I were living at Anula, not far from where Paddy and Brian lived. One or two afternoons a week, after work Paddy and I would walk over to her daughter Susie's place. We were supposed to be exercising, but it was really a social chat while we walked, solving the world's problems on the way.

The Genies was obviously the glue that held our friendship together, because June, Paddy and I have remained friends since then. I loved my first genie conference trip to Tassie with June and Paddy. We would walk down a huge hill every day in Launceston in the middle of winter from where we were staying, to the conference. I remember the three of us saying we couldn't feel our toes, it was so cold for us northerners.

While we were at the conference, one lunch break, Paddy and I decided we would walk to the Mall and have a look at the shops while June attended a meeting. June warned me that Paddy had no sense of direction and I needed to keep a close eye on her. I must admit I didn't quite believe that someone couldn't have a sense of direction. However, Paddy and I walked to the mall and I went into Myers while Paddy waited outside. When I came out of Myers Paddy wasn't there, and I was thinking to myself, what will I tell June if I go back without her. So, luckily the Launceston mall wasn't that big then and I just walked around until I found Paddy again. She told me she'd walked into another entrance of Myers and come out on a different street. We had a good laugh about that.

Then when the NT Genies were running the 2006 Congress we had moved back to Queensland by then. Paddy rang me and told me she was going back to help and would I come too. I remember saying to her, 'what will we do there', and Paddy said, 'whatever job June gives us'. Of course I did, and we had a great time, the three of us back together again, catching up with old friends and meeting new members. We started early, got to bed late and worked hard, but had a ball, it was great fun.

When I moved back to Brisbane, even though I missed Darwin, it was a positive that I could visit Paddy and Brian at Glasshouse Mountains sometimes. We kept in touch regularly over the phone and would always swap stories about our families.

We sure miss you Paddy and our phone conversations solving the political problems for the NT and we didn't stop there. Rest in peace our dear friend.

VALE: ELLA STACK 1929 – 2023

Ellen Mary (Ella) Stack, remembered in the Northern Territory for her work in helping Darwin recover from Cyclone Tracy and much more, died in Canberra on 19 May 2023.

Ellen was a medical doctor when she arrived in the NT in 1961 with husband Tom Lawler, an agricultural scientist. She is remembered as having delivered over 2, 500 Territory babies. Later at her Peel St Clinic, many of her patients were people she had delivered.

Following Cyclone Tracy when her house and practice were destroyed, she was responsible for the health of 11, 000 survivors in makeshift conditions. In 1975 Stack was elected Lord Mayor of Darwin (the first female Lord Mayor in Australia) and oversaw its redevelopment. She completed further studies in Public Health in 1981 leading to her accepting the position of the Northern Territory's Chief Medical Officer in 1987.

On her retirement in 1989 Stack could reflect on her contributions to improvements in Aboriginal health services and the establishment with others of the Menzies School of Health as well as publishing many articles on health topics.

People who knew her remember a person who always 'walked with purpose' and as a 'no – nonsense' person.

She is mourned by three sons and several grandchildren. Her husband pre-deceased her.

References

Northern Territory dictionary of biography /ed. Carment, David.



PETER ROBERT DALGLEISH

06 December 1943 – 28 May 2023

*Joy Dalglish gave permission for Peter's Eulogy to be printed in the
Genealogical Society of the Northern Territory Progenitor journal*

Peter Robert Dalglish was born on the 6 December 1943 in Coffs Harbour NSW to parents Bob & Madge, only brother of Stuart and brother-in-law of Jenny. Loving father of Susan & Megan and stepfather of David & Peter Gower and much loved grandfather to 8 and great grandfather of 6.

Peter was educated in Coffs Harbour before attending boarding school in Tamworth NSW. At age 16 in January 1960, Pete decided to enlist in the RAAF as an Aircraft Engineer, he was in the 14th intake of Apprentices in Wagga NSW (known as the Tulips).

In 1965 he deployed to Vietnam with the RAAF Transport Flight Vietnam (RTFV) with the Caribous, an aircraft Peter always held dear to his heart. On his return he was posted to Richmond before being posted to 11 Squadron Edinburgh South Australia.

In 1967- 1968 Peter was attached to the American Navy (VP-31) at Moffett Field, California USA to train on the newly purchased Orions for the RAAF returning to 11 Squadron Edinburgh South

Australia where remained until 1972 when he was sent to Amberley QLD as an Instructor for the F-111s. He opted to take his discharge in Darwin in 1974 and because of Cyclone Tracy couldn't get his discharge until 1975.

Peter initially went to work for Parks and Wildlife in Darwin until the smell of Avgas got the better of him. In 1982 he went back to aviation, freelancing as an engineer with Aerial Medical Works NT, Hawker Pacific, Airnorth and many other companies.

In 1994 he joined CASA as their Senior Airworthiness Inspector responsible for the Top End and the Northern Part of Western Australia, where he continued to work until he retired in 2004.

Marrying Joy on the 22 May 1982, and being heavily involved in Family History would see them both travel overseas on leave many times. It was a standing joke that all they saw in Scotland, Cornwall and Wales were cemeteries looking for that long-lost ancestor. When they weren't doing this, they would hook up their caravan and chuff off to all parts of Australia. Because Joy's Asthma was worsening in the Darwin humidity, on medical advice, they decided they would leave their beloved Darwin.

In 2002 they spent 3 months travelling looking for somewhere to retire and Busselton won the race. Purchasing a home here they rented it out until they returned from Darwin permanently in 2004. They continued to caravan as often as they could until Peter's ill health forced them to stop. But the smell of engine grease still played a big part in Peter's life.

Joining the Veteran Car Club would see Peter restore his beloved 1962 Morris Major Elite and purchase a few others to add to the multitude of parts and other "junk" taking over, much to Joy's disgust. They enjoyed getting out and about in their "old cars" and his favourite, which he used on a daily basis was a 1967 Chrysler Galant, which became quite a hit around Busselton as people would often stop and ask what it was.

They were both heavily involved in the RSL Busselton. Peter was a Warden and Flag bearer for ANZAC Day, Remembrance & Vietnam Veterans Day Services and was extremely proud to do this until he was no longer capable much to his disgust. Unable to march on ANZAC for the last 3 years, he still participated by riding in a jeep.

Along with Jack Evans they represent the Busselton RSL at the Sandakan Service in Boyup Brook every year. These achievements were recognized when Peter was awarded Life Membership of the RSL WA – Busselton Branch on 13 March 2023.

Peter fought a 6-year long battle with cancer but it didn't stop him from still being involved as much as was possible.

Acknowledgement of Peter's contribution to the Genealogical Society (Northern Territory)

Peter was a significant member of our Library; Peter and Joy joined in 1985. There was no task that Peter wouldn't offer to do. He was Mr Fix It, if something broke you didn't throw it away it could be fixed.

A few members of our group got together and approached the Director of the National Australian Archives in Darwin. We were very keen to index some of the Territory records. This came about because we were trying to help researchers find information about their past and present fami-

lies. We worked in a couple of teams all doing different work, eg census, shipping, land records etc.

This was early computer days for us we did not know much about databases and those available to us at the time, none of us knew how to set them up. We decided that we would record what we found on 5 x 3 cards. There were shoe boxes full of them. The cards ended up in no order. Peter came to our rescue. He was an extremely organized person and to this day even though the information on the cards have been transferred to our database, they remain just as Peter had sorted them. We still use the cards at times to check dates or see if there is slightly more information available than we have on our computer.

We found the NT Administrator's yearly reports full of information. Peter spent many hours that turned into days at the Archives photocopying these reports. They are a mine of information.

Peter served on our Committee in various positions, and at one stage was President. He called himself El Presidento. This reflected his 'larger than life' personality. He was always friendly to everyone and had a great sense of humour. Peter was also a great story teller and the Society had a lively atmosphere whenever Joy and Peter arrived.

In 2006 when our Society held the Australasian Congress on Genealogy and Heraldry, Peter was one of the first to put his hand up to drive up from Busselton to help with the daily organizing and jobs to be done. It was a complete success.

This reflected Peter's energy and enthusiasm in life, helping and contributing where he could. Those of us in the Society who knew and remember Peter will think of him with great fondness.

“ADVICE” TO MARRIAGEABLE YOUNG MEN BACK IN 1909.

Warwick Examiner and Times. Saturday, 26 June 1909.

TO MARRIAGEABLE YOUNG MEN.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR A WEDDING.

The bridegroom has a series of obligations to fill connected with the bridal ceremony. He presents each bridesmaid with an article of jewellery chosen by himself and the bride some days previous to the wedding.

He sends them their bouquets on the morning of the marriage; he also presents the bride with hers. He has to produce the wedding ring at the moment in the service at which it is required. He has to provide the bridal conveyance, whether carriage or motorcar, to convey himself and his bride from the church to the reception, if the marriage takes place in the city. In the country the father of the bride usually does this.

He pays the fees connected with the ceremony, to the vicar of the church and the organist, etc. If a full choral service takes place the expense is usually defrayed by the bride's father. The same may be said with regard to floral decorations. These also are paid for by the father, unless by special arrangement with the bridegroom.

All that relates to the home of the bridal pair is provided by the bridegroom - furniture, plates, household linen, etc. The part relatives take in this is quite optional, and is not to be counted upon, the custom being for the bridegroom to provide all the necessities here mentioned.



“Muskeen”: Outback memorials (B. 18/3/53)?

There is a little cemetery at the abandoned Daly River coppermine; the headstones are variously-shaped slabs taken from the mine, with a cross cut near the top of each stone; the inscriptions are as easily decipherable today as they were when first cut. One that sticks in my memory is that of “T. Schollert, Mured by Blacks, Sept. 26, 1884.” From the same mine one Nuttenius, making his way to Adelaide River, also fell to the blackman’s spears at a billabong which now bears his name. At Roper Bar, H. Johnston was also the victim of spears. His memorial is a 6ft. lopped tree-trunk, split vertically to within 1ft. from the earth. The inscription was but on the bare flat surface left standing. It was still legible a few years ago – he died on June 2, 1875 – but the trunk was disintegrating, and it will probably go with the next floods.

From Facebook as written.

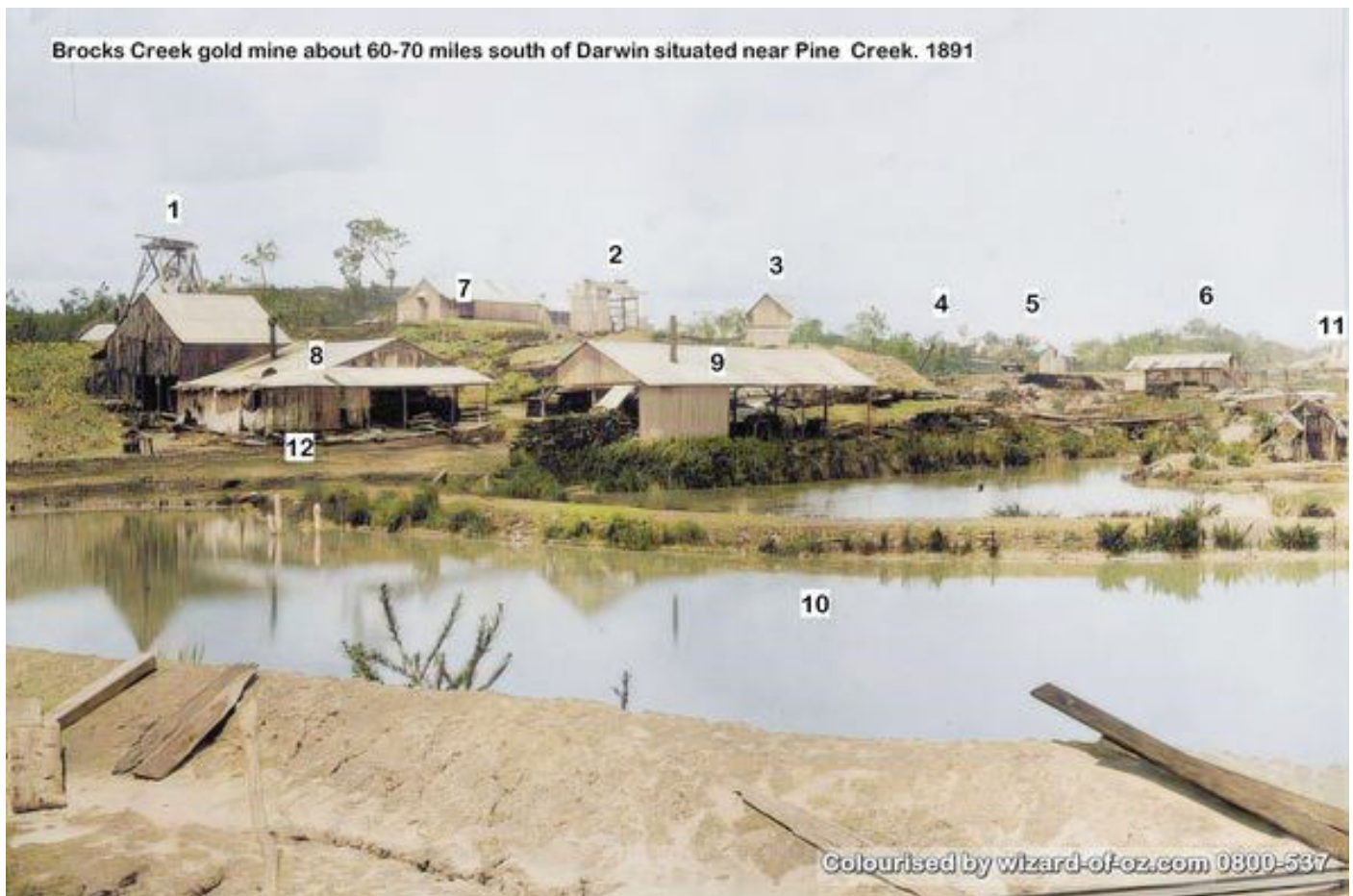
Noltenius Billagong grave - a heritage listed gravesite

Johannes Lebrecht Noltenius, a prospector, who was fatally speared at the Daly Mine on 7 September 1884.

ELECTORAL PROSECUTION *National Library of Australia <http://nla.gov.au/>*

Western Champion (Parkes, NSW : 1898-1934) Thursday 18 June 1914, page 19

The first case under the compulsory enrolment provisions of the Commonwealth Electoral Act to be heard in Parkes came before the Police Court on Wednesday when, for what the Police Magistrate in his choicest satirical vein, described as ‘the heinous offence of neglecting and refusing to take steps to have his name place on the Federal Electoral roll’ Alexander Lochrin, who pleaded guilty was fined 1/- and costs. Mrs Lochrin for also ‘neglecting and refusing, etc.,’ was mulcted in a similar penalty. The names had been enrolled for Calare, but not in the sub-division of which defendants are now resident. In imposing a minimum penalty Mr Holcombe mentioned that he had narrowly escaped rendering himself liable to a similar charge.



BROCKS CREEK GOLD MINE ABOUT 60-70 MILES SOUTH OF DARWIN SITUATED NEAR PINE CREEK. 1891

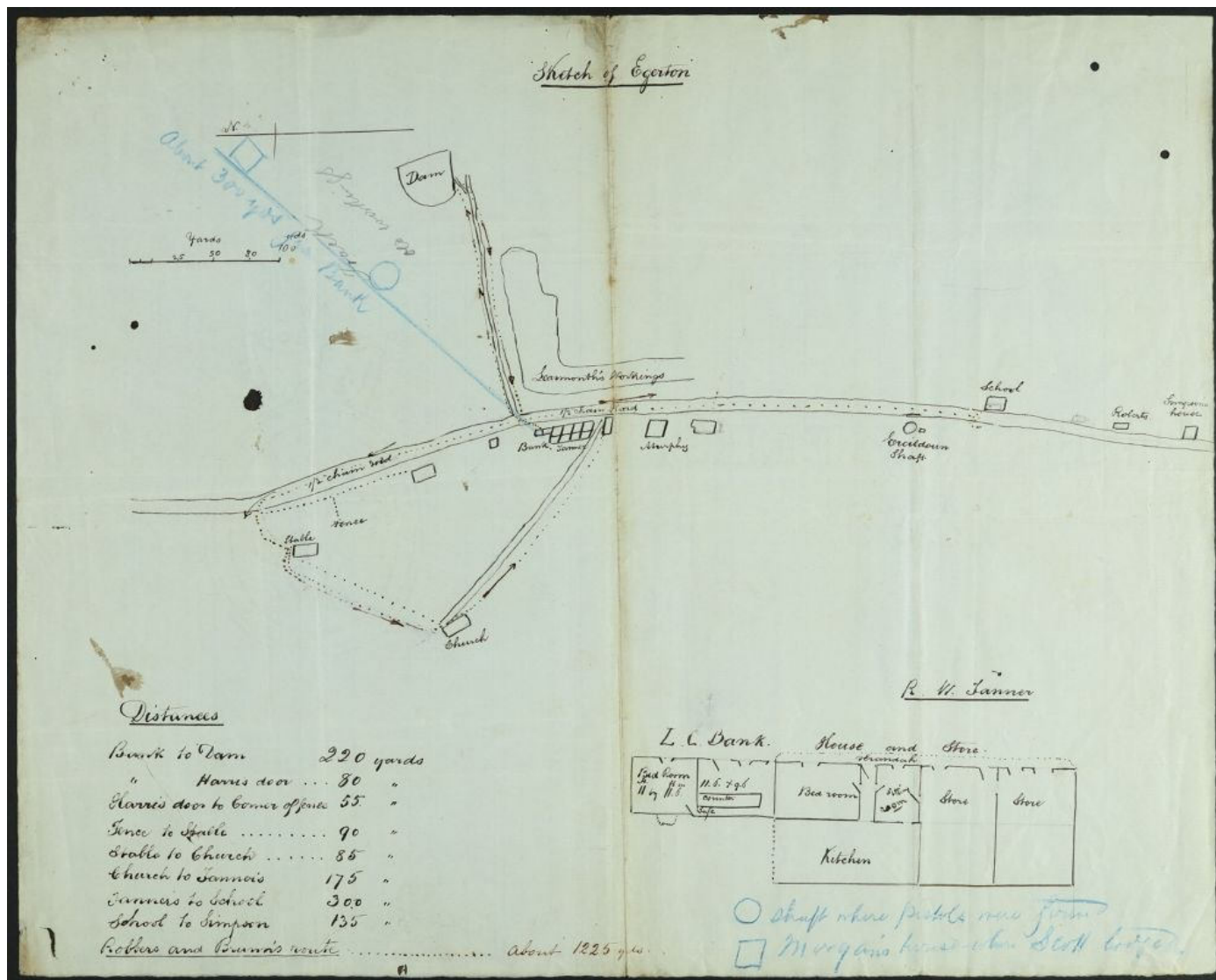
Image Source description: <https://collections.slsa.sa.gov.au/resource/B+9760>

Gold was discovered there in 1872. Various buildings are numbered on this photograph and the details on the back are:

1) Old chemical pump shaft. 2) No. 1 whip shaft. 3) No. 2 whip shaft. 4) No. 3 whip shaft. 5) new shaft and tramway to battery. 6) timber shacks. 7) manager's house and office. 8) old pumping engine. 9) saw mill. 10) dam. 11) huts for Europeans. 12) tramline to railway.

Brocks Creek is a small town located in the Northern Territory of Australia. It is situated about 200 kilometers south of Darwin and is located in the Litchfield Shire. The town is named after a nearby creek that was discovered by William Brock in 1870. The area is known for its gold mining history and was a significant gold rush town in the late 1800s.

Today, Brocks Creek is a ghost town and is mostly abandoned, although there are still a few people living in the area. The town was largely abandoned after the gold rush ended, and many of the buildings were left to decay. However, the area is still popular with tourists who come to explore the ruins of the old gold rush town and learn about its history.



PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE OF VICTORIA

A recent PROV discovery has sparked calls to set up a trail in historic gold mining town Mount Egerton, detailing sites in the elaborate bank robbery where Andrew Scott first adopted the name Captain Moonlite in 1869.

Buildings associated with the theft have long since vanished - but last week a map attached to an original police statement by 19-year-old bank clerk Ludwig Brunn came to light, thanks to a search at PROV by Federation University's Dr David Waldron.

"These sites linked to Captain Moonlite are all within walking distance of each other in Mount Egerton and I think we should mark them with some long-lasting quality signposts and information boards," the senior history lecturer said.

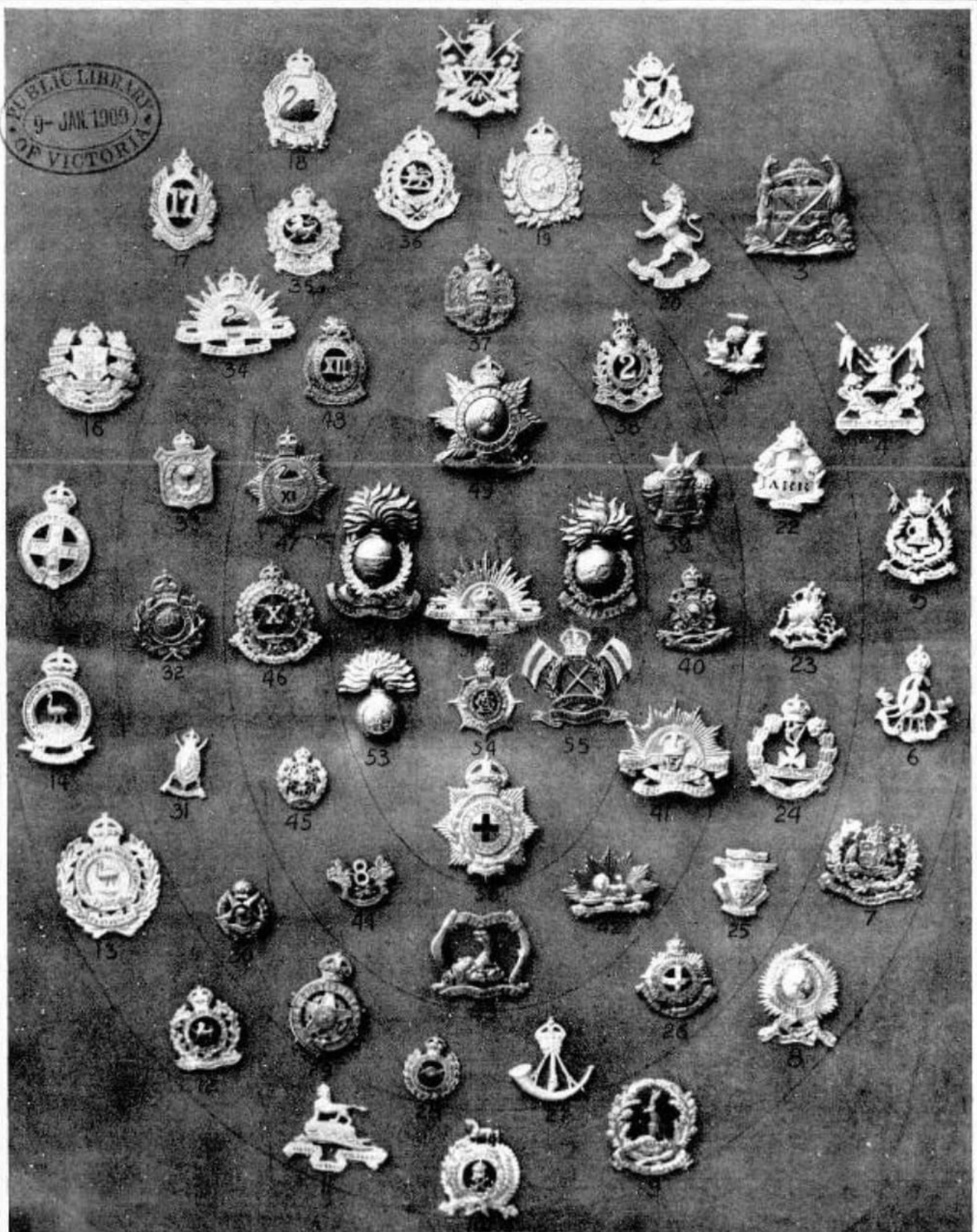
A network of local community groups has been established to develop a Heritage Activation (including interpretative signage and a QR based walking trail with AV digital content) telling the story of Moonlight and other heritage features of the town.

The Moonlite story has been dramatised by Dr Waldron in his podcast series 'Tales from Rat City' in a three-part episode recreating the dramatic rise and fall of the infamous bushranger.

Listen to Tales from Rat City <http://talesfromratcity.com>

View the full PROV record <https://prov.vic.gov.au/.../0933A331-F4CE-11E9-AE98...>

REGIMENTAL BADGES.



REGIMENTAL BADGES. (1909, January 9). Leader (Melbourne, Vic. : 1862 - 1918, 1935), p. 23. Retrieved September 12, 2023, from <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article196902845>

1909 AUSTRALIAN REGIMENTAL BADGES.

Regimental badges are adopted by the various regiments or corps of the Commonwealth. They are worn on the collar of the jacket or tunic, and on the helmet, hat and cap.

The outer ring contains the badges of the eighteen Australian Light Horse Regiments;

the next, those of the various Volunteer Regiments;

next, the twelve Militia Infantry Regiments;

and the centre, regiments and corps having a universal badge.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. 1st Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 30. The Wide Bay Infantry Regiment. |
| 2. 2nd Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 31. Queensland Rifles. |
| 3. 3rd Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 32. South Australian Infantry Regiment. |
| 4. 4th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 33. The Western Australian Infantry Regiment. |
| 5. 5th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 34. The Gold Fields Infantry Regiment of WA |
| 6. 6th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 35. The Derwent Regiment. |
| 7. 7th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 36. The Tasmanian Rangers. |
| 8. 8th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 37. 1st Australian Infantry Regiment. |
| 9. 9th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 38. 2nd Australian Infantry Regiment |
| 10. 10th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 39. 3rd Australian Infantry Regiment |
| 11. 11th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 40. 4th Australian Infantry Regiment |
| 12. 12th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 41. 5th Australian Infantry Regiment |
| 13. 13th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 42. 6th Australian Regiment |
| 14. 14th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 43. 7th Australian Infantry Regiment |
| 15. 15th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 44. 8th Australian Infantry Regiment |
| 16. 16th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 45. 9th Australian infantry Regiment |
| 17. 17th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 46. 10th Australian Infantry Regiment |
| 18. 18th Australian Light Horse Regiment. | 47. 11th Australian Infantry Regiment |
| 19. New South Wales Scottish Rifles. | 48. 12th Australian Infantry Regiment. |
| 20. Victorian Scottish Regiment. | 49. The Corps of Australian Engineers. |
| 21. South Australian Scottish Infantry. | 50. Australian Garrison Artillery |
| 22. Australian Rifle Regiment. | 51. Commonwealth Military Badge |
| 23. The St. George's English Rifle Regiment. | 51. Commonwealth Military Badge |
| 24. The New South Wales Irish Rifle Regiment. | 52. Australian Field Artillery. |
| 25. Sydney University Scouts. | 53. Royal Australian Artillery. |
| 26. Victorian Rangers. | 54. Australian Army Service Corps. |
| 27. The Victorian Rifles | 55. Australian Corps of Signallers. |
| 28. The Kennedy Infantry Regiment | 56. Australian Army Medical Corps. |
| 29. The Port Curtis Infantry | |

SUNBEAM SOCIETY of SOUTH AUSTRALIA

When looking through the contents of my great grandmother's bible I found the obituary for her sister published in the *Blyth Agriculturist* Friday 23 January 1942, page 3. Mrs Emma Penelope Stacy (nee Smith) was praised for taking up the work of 'supervisor of the Sunbeam Society' following the death of its organiser. The article mentioned her work with a number of charitable institutions. The Sunbeam Society was not one that was familiar to me so I sought out some details.

I found that David Hughes Bottrill, philanthropist and journalist, had begun the Sunbeam Society of South Australia in 1894. It was a children's club to teach 'the blessedness of helping others ... loving kindness and self-denial.' The children were organised in groups of six, meeting once a month for activities and fund raising. They raised considerable sums for the Adelaide Children's Hospital and other local and overseas children's charities.

Children wrote to 'Uncle Harry' and had their letters published in The Adelaide Observer. Uncle Harry's letters would exhort Sunbeams to recruit more followers or educate them on topics. For example, in 1908 Uncle Harry wrote: *Dear Nieces and Nephews— I said something in last week's Letter offering "some inducement" to members of our "Sunbeam" Society to try their best to get others to enter its ranks, so that it may be possible for us to record the proud fact at the end of the society's fourteenth year (August 31) that we have enrolled FOURTEEN THOUSAND members.*

In their letters, the children were encouraged to share their lives with readers. Prizes were awarded every month for the best letter. An example is an excerpt published in *The Register* in 1907 from Norma Withers:

Boxgrove, August 29. My Dear Uncle Harry—1 am sending 6d. for the Sunbeam Cots' Fund. My brothers, sister, and I often go for rides together. My little brother Arthur got first prize for an exercise book at the Wentworth show.

The newspapers reported on reunions of Sunbeams and various activities undertaken. One reunion confirms Mrs E. P. Stacy's connections with the society. *Following the re-union of Uncle Harry's" Sunbeams at the Children's Hospital, Adelaide, on Sept. 1st., several members of the "Alfred Austin" (No. 255) circle, Clare, met together at the leader's house (Mrs. E. P. Stacy) and had a very pleasant time talking, over all the work done in past years with the pennies and little sales to help raise funds for the cots in the Children's Hospital. The creche— which was built by the Sunbeam Society—Queen's Home, Christmas dinner for thousands of poor children in London, etc.*

David Hughes Bottrill died 22 December 1941. Emma Penelope Stacy died 19 January 1942.

Further Reading

David Hughes Bottrill

Australian Dictionary of Biography <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/bottrill-david-hughes-5301>
Chronicle (Adelaide, SA : 1895 - 1954), Thursday 25 December 1941, page 25

Emma Penelope Stacy (nee Smith)

Northern Argus (Clare, SA), Friday 23 January 1942, page 5

The Chronicle, Thursday 5 February 1942, page 2

Riverine Grazier (Hay, NSW: 1873 - 1954), Friday 13 February 1942, page 2

BOOK REVIEW – Eddie Webber

SHEER HARD WORK AND PLENTY OF GUTS

The Farrar family of the Northern Territory

compiled by Lynette Derrick from her mother's notes.

Lynette and her husband Phillip travelled to other Australian states to complete this story.

The book is in two sections, the first being of the Farrar family, pioneers in the Roper River and Limmen Bight region of the Gulf of Carpentaria. It fills in a number of gaps in the history of the Gulf Region of the Northern Territory during the period 1883-1890 when John Costello sought to establish the "Valley of The Springs Station" to a later period with the Farrar family's establishment of pastoral properties, Nutwood Downs, Maryfield, Mainoru and later Ban Ban Springs. The family were pastoralists in the region for over 70 years and certainly did it pretty tough during this time.

The second section deals with the life of the Farrar family from the perspective of Phyllis the mother of the author. It deals with life in Darwin prior to and after WW 11 and life on Ban Ban Springs Station during this period. While the book can be a little repetitious, it contains a veritable treasure trove of photographs, some never seen before in publications. For those interested in the history of the NT and in particular the Gulf Region this is a welcome addition. However do not expect a romantic saga of the great Australian outback in the finest Ernestine Hill tradition.

The books depicts the hardship, loneliness, suffering and isolation in one of the most remote areas of Australia as just part of day to day living in the family's struggle to survive.

The title of the book "*Sheer hard work and plenty of guts*" probably says it all.

A BIG FAMILY FATHER OF 35 CHILDREN

Copied from Darling Downs Gazette, 29 Jan 1919 Page 5 Col 3 4

If anyone should mention race suicide to John Ward, a negro of Goldsboro, N.C. (say the New York Herald), he would laugh right out loud-maybe perhaps he would weep, but nobody knows what he would do, because nobody has ever had the nerve to talk to him on the subject.

Ward has thirty five children. Thirteen of his eighteen sons are in the ninth and tenth United States Cavalry while his seventeen daughters are busy with war work.

Having the record for quadruplets, Ward is expecting that his present wife may someday make him prouder than ever with another batch. Twins are a matter of course in the Ward family triplets are important of course, but to talk about, and quantities (sic) are nothing so very astonishing.

One of these days the world may learn that Mr. Ward has shattered his own record, and has become the father of a dusky little quintet. Who knows? Who can say what a man can do if he puts

his whole mind to the matter? Practice makes perfect and after all a sextet is only two more than quadruplets and Ward is only 62 years old.

The facts are vouched for by Sherriff R.H. Edwards of Wayne County of which Goldsboro is a county seat.

Sherriff Edwards gives the records thus – Ward was born 21 April 1956 at Goldsboro. He was married three times. His first wife bore him fifteen children, four at one time once, three at one time twice, and five at one time. His second wife bore him two at one time twice, three at one time once, and five one at a time. His present wife has borne him eight one after the other. His first wife lived six years and three weeks after marriage. His second wife eight years and six months.

Brother Ward is one of the best men the world has ever produced, and with a few more like him it would be hard to tell anyone was killed off in the world war.

A LITTLE BRAGGING GOES A LONG WAY.

Let's all give the poor wives, a cheer, for WITHOUT A DOUBT they had a VERY BIG HAND in producing this brood.

Submitted by Joy Davis

DELISSAVILLE BLACK WATCH BYNOE HARBOUR RESCUE – as related to Melbourne Herald war correspondent Douglas Lockwood.

Early in 1942 Jack Murray was superintendent of Delissaville Aboriginal settlement, across the bay from Darwin. Part of his honorary activities when American and Australian airmen were dog-fighting with the Japanese was to attempt to rescue anyone who bailed out or were shot down.

Delissaville was equipped with a wireless transceiver and messages giving approximate localities were flashed to him immediately an airman said he was ditching or was reported missing in his area.

Late one day he picked up a message from Darwin that an American flying a Kittyhawk had been shot down at a point 20 miles south-west of Delissaville, and was thought to have bailed out.

Murray and two locals, Mosaic and Willy-Woodie, set out at once to make a search by sea. A few minutes after Murray's launch was over the horizon, his assistant rushed out to the landing, yelling frantically, "Jack! Jack! It's not south-west; it's north-east. There's been a correction".

But Murray was well out of sound range and with his two helpers was off on a wild goose chase. The assistant superintendent radioed Command Headquarters and another launch was sent out and the pilot, afloat in his rubber dinghy, was rescued.

Meanwhile, Murray took his launch around the southern tip of Indian Island in Bynoe Harbour until they were at a point about 18 miles from Delissaville. Standing less than a half a mile from shore they could make out the mouth of a small creek – one of hundreds of such tidal estuaries emptying into the harbour.

Then Mosaic, a beautifully built Wargaitj dancer, said, "Funny thing, Jack; I dream about that creek last night. That same one." "Yeah?" Murray said, "What you dream about him?" "Aw, nuthin' much," Mosaic said, "I just bin dream we see that creek and we bin go up him in the boat."

Murray's directions to the scene of a crash which didn't exist had been vague indeed, but he reasoned that he was somewhere in vicinity of 20 miles south-west and should begin looking for clues. His intentions had been to make a landing and search the country on foot, anticipating that if the American had any chance he would have ditched over land. But Murray had played hunches before and Mosaic's dream was as good a solution as any to his problem.

"All right, Mosaic," he said, "We'll go up that creek for two miles. Then we'll land on the right bank and do a footwalk, see if we can find this pilot feller. Blast him for getting shot down in the mangroves; the place will be crawling with mosquitoes and leeches."

In the narrow tree-lined creek the pop-popping of their two-stroke motor was amplified and became deafening, but the going was easy, although one crocodile made things momentarily uncomfortable with a violent bow-wave as it headed for the bank.

They had gone about a mile upstream when, for no reason he has been able to explain, Willy-Woodie pushed the tiller hard to starboard. He was an expert waterman, yet here, in a confined creek, he deliberately hazarded the safety of the launch. The small craft veered crazily, heading straight for mangrove roots and the rocks along the shore.

Murray turned to curse Willy-Woodie and to correct the heading, but he saw that it was Jack Murray's launch in the mangroves too late to change course again without scraping the bottom on some rocks ahead, so he cut the motor. And in that instant, as the noise died, they heard a faint, hoarse voice. "Help!" it said. "Help!" Mosaic's hair stood on end. "Debil-debil there," he said, his eyes wide. "Yeah, debil-debil," Willy-Woodie agreed, for this was completely uninhabited country. "No," Murray said. "That's a white man; that's the bloke we've come to find. We've got him without having to walk far."

They stepped ashore and began wading through knee-deep mangrove slime. Crocodile tracks were everywhere. Then they heard the call again, closer. "Help! Help!" "All right," Jack shouted, "We've got you, mate; who are you, and where are you?". "Keep coming for God's sake. I'm here, up this tree. Can't you see me, I'm an American airman,"

They found him in the fork of a mangrove, about eight feet from the ground. He was near collapse, bootless and hatless, bearded, scarred, and bitten by every known pest. Murray and Mosaic had to lift him out of the tree, for he was incapable of much movement. His speech became incoherent as he dared to believe he had escaped from the death he had seen sliming beneath him. When they carried him to the launch he cried; and when they laid him on his back in the stern he rolled over and kissed the gunwale.

Murray gave him rum and waited for him to recover. The black men seemed embarrassed by this show of masculine white-fella weakness. They boiled the billy and gave him a drink of tea. In 10 minutes the American grinned, began brushing dried mud from his flying suit, and spoke. Lucky to be alive ... the remote search area (oval black line) where Lt Johnston was found.

"Name of Johnston," he said. "USAAF pursuit group. I was shot down here five days ago. This is the sixth day. I parachuted, lost my boots when the chute opened. Maps in my boots, couldn't find them. No idea where I was, or track to nearest emergency food dump. I wandered around in the mangroves, barefoot, through the mud. It was horrible!

"No idea this creek was here; I had walked from the other direction and didn't get this far. But that explains the crocodiles. They were grunting everywhere. At night I had to climb trees to get away from them, and had to stay awake so I didn't fall. This morning I was too weak; I couldn't get myself out of that fork in the tree. Had nothing to eat."

Jack looked at Mosaic and Willy-Woodie and wondered if they had understood. He knew the natives had an abiding fear of madmen, and it was obvious that Johnston was mad. The awful experience of having been shot down early that morning, and then found himself lost in a mangrove swamp had been too much for his brain. Now he imagined he had been there for five days and nights.

"But they only sent me out this morning," Murray said. "They said you were shot down a few minutes earlier. I came at once."

"Those office-wallahs back at base always take days to get around to doing anything," Johnston complained. "Leave a man for dead, doesn't it worry the chair-borne division." "You sure it wasn't this morning you were shot down?" Murray suggested.

"Hell, man! Don't you believe me? Here, look at the handle of this pistol. See that – five long notches. I kept a track of the days to see how long I could last. 'I'd had it, and I was going to give myself one at sundown today. I couldn't take another night of that horror in there, listening to the scratching and sliming at the foot of the tree. God, I'm thankful I had enough strength left to make you hear me from the boat."

Murray met Johnston's eyes. "We didn't hear you, mate," Jack said. "Couldn't hear a thing beside that two-stroke motor."

"That's silly!" Johnston said. "I heard you when were going out to sea and I began shouting, then you turned into what I realised was a creek and your engine noise was getting louder all the time. I thought you must of heard me. I fired a couple of bullets to make sure. When you were opposite me, you cut the motor and I knew you had heard and that I was saved."

"We didn't hear you and we didn't heard the bullets," Murray said. "We were sitting right on top of the engine, and anyway, a revolver bullet in the mangroves wouldn't make much more than a pop."

"But you cut the engine when you were exactly opposite me. Why, if you hadn't heard, did you cut the engine just there? "Ask Willy-Woodie that one," Jack said. Willy-Woodie, still ashamed of himself, hung his head. He could not explain why he had pushed the tiller over, a thing he would never do even on the open sea unless ordered to do so by the boss.

They returned to Delissaville late that night. Jack was completely mystified when he was told the original message was incorrect, that another airman had been picked up.

"Who is this bloke?" Jack's assistant wanted to know. "Johnston's the name; Kittyhawk pilot," said Johnston.

They wirelessly through to base. "Johnston. Johnston!" the operations officer said.

"He's dead. We abandoned him five days ago. Poor devil, probably eaten by a crocodile.

What's that? You say he's turned up there? Good boy Johnston; he must've walked a long, long way. Here, let me talk to that guy!"

Willy-Woodie had no explanation. "I just bin do him," he told Lockwood.

Mosaic was the same. Asked about his dream, he said, "I never been past that creek before; I don't know why I dreamt about him, but I did; I saw him all right."