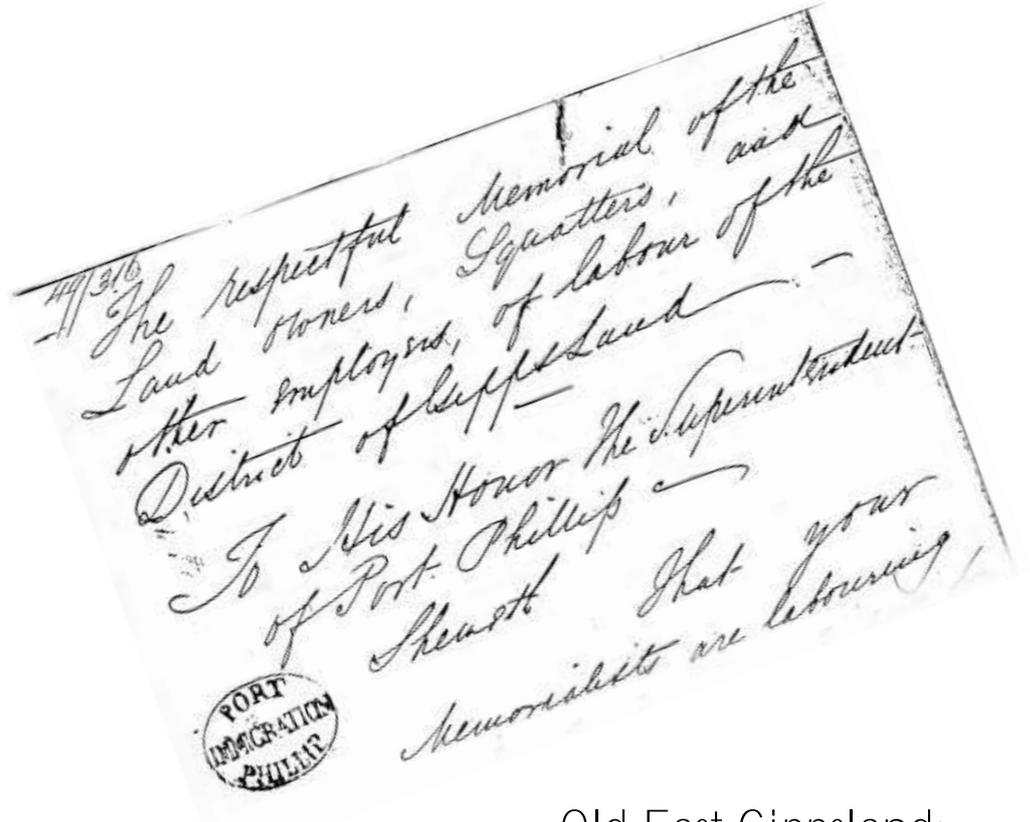


the Black Sheep

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The respectful
memorial of the
Land Owners,
Squatters and oth-
er employers
1849



Old East Gippsland:
Recalling her early
Pioneers

*St Mary's Church Centenary
did you marry at St Mary's?*



East Gippsland Family History Group Inc.

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 (up to 7.00pm when volunteers available)
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Subscriptions due on 1 July in each year

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The *Black Sheep* is the official journal of the East Gippsland Family History Group Inc. and the East Gippsland Historical Society Inc., who are both members of the East Gippsland Heritage Network. It may be mailed to non-members anywhere in Australia for receipt of \$20 per annum. The opinions expressed in this journal are not necessarily those of the respective committees, but of the author [of any article] only. The contents of the *Black Sheep* are copyright. Copyright remains with the author, or where no author is attributed, the EGFGH Inc. All enquiries regarding articles and information should be directed to the editor at egfhg@bigpond.com ISSN 1035-6363

Cover:

The opening lines of the 1849 petition for labour for the District of Gippsland. Public Records Office VPRS 115/116

Christmas Closures:

Before visiting either research facility over the Christmas period it would be wise to ring ahead as our volunteers like to have a holiday too and the doors may not be open between 20 December and 8 January 2013.

bethink

We have a rather wordy edition of *Black Sheep* this time around and I make no apologies for it!

I have included a long (a very long) piece written by William Campbell (we are not sure when) which has not seen the light of day for some years which was located in one of the storage boxes at the museum. I had this listed to print in the last issue of *black sheep* but it got kicked to this issue which ended up being a good thing when the other copies came to light. I did consider breaking it into two (or three) sections over the next few issues but concluded that this would destroy the metre and the **sentiments contained in Campbell's writing**. I also considered that you may be a bit annoyed about having to wait for the next instalment! So **you have got it all in one issue** ... and I hope you find it a worthwhile read. It reads a little like a **who's who of Gippsland history**

Most readers would be aware of my attitude to "reprinting" articles from other journals willy-nilly. **I just don't like doing it. Many items have already "done the rounds", so to speak, and become a little like Chinese whispers.** It is my belief that if a newsletter is worthwhile it should have a life of its own and should not need to rely on "reprinting" - it should have enough fresh, new, original **contributions from its members'** and readers to survive without reprints. However, there is always an exception to the rule and it is on **page 10 in this issue (and what's more it has already been printed twice!)** .

There have been great strides in the computing power at the Family History rooms. Martin has installed a wonderful screen in conjunction with the computer and scanner in the corner. For anyone brave enough to use it you should find it a much more rewarding experience. We have excellent resources at both the Family History Rooms and at the Historical Society - resources that are greatly under utilised and



undervalued (I believe) in our community. I am sure that many believe that you can just push a button and get the answers on **anything without doing "decent" research.** So give yourself some time out in the new year and explore some aspect of the collections that you are not **familiar with ... you may be surprised what you find.**

And for all those who warned me about starting the **Honour Roll project I should have listened! I've opened a can of worms for an update on the project see page 15.**

Now I know there are some of you who are going to hate me for raising this and reminding you, but **Santa Claus is coming to town and he isn't very far away!** Christmas break up this year for the Historical Society is 6.00pm on 16 Dec. at Delvine for a BBQ evening (similar to last year). Contact Ian for details on what to bring: the society is providing the BBQ facilities and asks that those coming bring either a sweet or salad to share. Hopefully **we won't end up having salad for desert or pavlova with our snags!!!** And if you got your copy of *Black Sheep* quickly you can get to the Family History Group Christmas luncheon at the RSL at midday Saturday 8 December.

While on the subject of Christmas **can we please say a big thank you to Cheryl Brooks, Pauline Stewart, Margie Kavanagh, Liz Wright, Peter Robinson, Ann Faulkner, Keryn Mounsey, Helen Clothier, Lorna Macfarlane, Tony Meade, Glenys Hunt, Kay Fiddis, Marion Gullickson and Andrea Bush** who over the space of eleven days convinced people to buy tickets in the Christmas raffle and helped the finances of the Family History Group dramatically. The Christmas raffle is our major fundraiser every year and these members did a **fantastic job in the "rain, sleet, snow and heat". So thank you one and all for your persistence and, in some cases, driving some distance to come and assist the group.**

Have a wonderful Christmas everyone **I hope 2013 is a year of discovery for you.**

Debbie

We speak figuratively of the one black sheep that is the cause of sorrow in a family; but in its reality it is regarded by the Sussex shepherd as an omen of good luck to his flock.

The Folk-Lore Record, 1878

Old East Gippsland: Recalling some of her early Pioneers 1838-1951

BY WILLIAM CAMPBELL



William Campbell was born at Boggy Creek in May 1869. He was the third child in a family of eight. His parents were James and Margaret Campbell who he had married in Scotland in 1860 before sailing from Liverpool on the “**Shackamaxon**” arriving in Melbourne on 29 January 1861. Isabella and John were born at Carlton before they moved to Boggy Creek where William was born in 1869. His siblings Angus, Margaret, Mary and James were also born there. In 1879 the family moved to Glenaladale where James selected 175 acres on the Dargo Road. It was here that the last of the children, Thomas was born. By now William was attending school at Glenaladale where he was taught by Henry Morrison. Ten years later, in 1889 his father, James, died aged 49 years and his mother remarried George Sidders. It was about this time that William lived with relatives at Lucknow and received part of his education at

that school. In his early working life he belonged to a party of surveyors working under Henry Edmund Robinson. They surveyed country from Stratford to Glen Wills and possibly beyond. They also worked on the survey for the Mitchell River Weir. William recalled that 700 men prospected along the river after the bursting of the land boom in the 1890s. After his marriage to Lillian Beck in 1899, William bought a portion of “**Bon Accord**” estate at Lindenow where he farmed, chiefly growing maize. He died in a Melbourne private hospital on 2 December 1960 leaving two sons, Archibald (of Melbourne) and Thomas (of Bairnsdale and formerly of Lindenow), and one daughter, Mrs Albert Penglase (of Fernbank).

The document at the museum states that the poem was originally duplicated in 1951 with only four copies being made and

that they were then duplicated and distributed through the Lakes Entrance Primary School in 1971 through the kindness of Thomas Campbell and his daughter, Mrs Mavis Swan of Lakes Entrance. However **Neil Cox produced a copy** that Jean Hardwidge had given him which was a straight photocopy of the *Bairnsdale Advertiser* (9 December 1949) of the complete poem as published in the paper! Other copies then came to light, including a photocopy of a typed transcript (that looks strangely familiar — did I type this up about thirty years ago?) from Ray Dumaresq via Judy Richardson and one from Tim Gibson. But the interesting thing about all of the versions (five so far) is that no two copies are the same with omissions and inclusions at the start and end.

Three quarters of the second stanza (**commencing from “along with the roughies” through to the “racing after gains” line**) was omitted from the newspaper version of the poem. I also found that the lines surrounding **Valhalla’s great hall toward the end** were omitted from a couple of the copies and that the last eighteen lines were omitted from the newspaper version and one of the typed copies.

So here, for the first time in a long time, I suspect, is a complete, all inclusive, unabridged and **possibly “as originally penned” version of Campbell’s recollections**, though when I compare them word for word small discrepancies arise and I suspect most of the bracketed pieces were added later (by Campbell?) and were of a notational value and not in the original poem. As for the inclusion **and exclusion of lines perhaps the author, like most “poets”** reworked his rhyme over a period of time and what we now see is

So they live! So they die! I can only sigh,
for the ken of man is a very short span.
Before the grim reaper sends me to my keeper
I mind the time is the theme of my rhyme.

I remember, I remember the day that I was born,
the year "Warrior" won the Cup (1869).
Much whisky's flowed beneath the bridge since I was first a pup,
from the Genoa in the East to the Macalister past Sale,
I've met the many fine folk who go to make this tale,
along with the roughies and toughies hail fellows well met
the wasters, the spielers, the urgers and gamblers who bet
and thousands of others, too many to tell,
some are in heaven. Some are.....Ah Well!
So while there's life with all the joy it brings
we'll talk of men and mines, of girls and gold, of wins and inns and many other things
come back with me to the roaring days ... to me it seems but just a week.
Since a Government prospecting party under McDiarmid struck gold at Boggy Creek (1866)
and all the Chinese from China swarmed upon the field,
that rare elusive metal all intent to seek
with others there toiled Ah Let, Ah Hock, Ah Poy, Hong Yung, Ah Long, Wong Pealed,
gold fever in their veins ... racing after gains.

To the diggings my father came just ninety years ago
on windjammer "Shackamaxon" (1861) depending on the blow
she wallowed oft becalmed, in the gales she flew.
Many months had vanished to see that journey through
and there at Boggy Creek those 'stout hearts' swung the pick,
hoping for the colour that would bring them riches quick.
When they sold their hard earned gleanings for two pound two and six,
some struck rich pockets right beside their tent
others worked like niggers and never made a cent.
There by the curling campfire when the day's work was done
they smoked their old clay pipes, swopped yarns for fun.
For "weed" they did not lack, "Two Seas" plug a zac
"Barrats Twist", "Lucy Hinton", "Havelock", "Derby Mabel", "Ruby Curl"
gave solace to the diggers as they puddle in the murl.
Old Mat Taylor would drive a bullock up and kill it on the spot
and for threepence a pound you could buy the blinkin' lot!
Close by was Mrs Daley's where he used to leave his knives
when he went for another beast, for the miners and their wives.

There lived John Campbell, Angus Shaw, Jim Hood (mailman),
Will Dooley, Pat McArty, James Sullivan, Tom Killiard, Tom Fraser,
Robert Kenworthy patternmaker and sturdy pioneer,
who tripped it to Vancouver and back within a year.
Old Adam Johnston and Jimmy Young blacksmiths who would point the diggers pick,
Jeff Mason who kept the local store and gave the miners tick.
And now it comes to me, Jeff's son later kept the B.R.C.,
built for Johnny Whitbourne at the spot where the Bairnsdale-Dargo road takes a turn
and stranger should you have happened to pass
Mrs O'Loughlin or Ned Saunders may have passed across your glass.

At Lucknow School we played and we found
friends like Pollard and Hippolite Bishoff, Jack Jennings,
Jim Martin, Harry Florance, Harry Simpson, Henry Crane,
they tramp through my memory again and again.
Bill and Mat Loorham, James Slater, Jack Harris, Dave and Will Morgan
Dave Sutherland, Bill Watson, Bill Campbell, Sam Musselwhite,
good young Australians all cheerful and bright.

Fred Connolly, Mortimer Timpson, Jack Ralston, Jim Stewart and teachers so sprite in James McAlister, Murphy and Box, who moulded our characters as firmly as rocks.

At Glenaladale the school shines brightly in my mind
James, Mary, Adela McFarland; Walter, Mary, Georgina, Alex Poore;
Jack, Jim, Charlie, Charlotte, Roseanne Houghton; Frank, Louie Caughey;
Henry, Charlie Smith; Arthur, Fred, Bessie, Emily Warren;
Angus, Jim, Tom, Will, Mary, Maggie Campbell,
bring memories of the days I have long, long left behind
and teachers Harry Morrison, Saddler, Miss Webb, Chenhall, Jack Barclay
I mind their mannerisms unto this very day.
Around there lived Grays, Morrisons, Stemingers, Sylvesters, Sidders, Schumanns, Jeffers,
Dumaresq, Marshalls, Mortons, Alexanders, Lees.
Tom Morrison who knew the mountains as a sailor knows the seas,
Tom Campbell who later ranged the shire collecting stock agistment fees.

Along the grassy valleys the horses hobbled and belled,
along the timbered ridges the sleeper cutters felled.
Dick, Frank, Harry, Arthur Appleton, Allan McDermett (Dub)
Jack Callaghan, Fish and Bob Tucker his mate,
brought many a forest giant toppling to an untimely fate.
Native cats, the grey and white, the black and white and an old tiger too
abounded with the wild dog, possum, platypus, koala, phalanger,
lyre-bird, salamander, wombat, emu, echidna, wallaby and 'roo.
The rabbit hadn't made it and the fox we never knew,
until 1889 when we made acquaintance with the two.
We cooked in the "camp oven", ate damper after dark
for many weeks when out on jobs the fare was bread and jam,
we took life as we found it and didn't give a damn.
Under District Surveyors Robinson, Campbell, Boyd and Wood
we surveyed many claims bad, indifferent, good.
With Bill Campbell, Jack Griffin, Angus McDonald, J. Waite
we toiled in many weathers, made many a sturdy mate.
We surveyed the site of the famous "Yellow Girl" and "Maud" (past Omeo)
no bridge across the Mitta then only the old ford.
"The Pinnacle", "The Homeward Bound" on the banks of Wills's Creek,
in every crack and crevice men were there to seek
Joe Evans kept the "Golden Age", James Kitson the pub below
and with the yellow metal the place began to grow.
Sam Gill kept the "Hilltop" then Graeber then Jack McGrath (Omeo Jack)
and came many thirsty miners with saddle horse and pack.
At Glen Wills Andrew Hadden kept the store while Bromley ran Hinnomunjie Station
and McNamara of Monaro bred horses at Cobungra
sturdy, rugged pioneers-founders of a nation.
Sam Tetu kept the wine vaults and Fred Hickerman, Le Blanc Fred and Nap
with Bob and Arthur Gilbert searched Dame Fortune's lap.

At Swift's Creek, S.N. McLarty, at Cassilis Joe and Harry Roberts (Butchers) and
Heritage the baker,
victualled the miners as they fossicked many an acre or searched the glistening pools.
Dunning the blacksmith and Dawson packing quartz to the water driven batteries with mules.
The "Sons of Freedom", north of Waite's pub at Bullumwaal worked zealous
as did the mines around the pub at Mt St Bernard kept by William Boasted then Ellis.
The big sluicing claim on the Livingstone, "The Morning Star" mine (Walhalla)
where my father worked a time,
the "Uncle Tom" (Grant), the rich "Long Tunnel" mine (Walhalla)
and dozens of others not worth a dime.
In the valley of the swiftly flowing Suggan Buggan above where it and the Snowy wed
Edward O'Rourke settled (1838) and of cattle mustered many a head,
and right well his son Ned, Ben Boyd, Norm Cameron, his son Harry,
Jack Jamieson and Billy Richardson knew the surrounding country where the wide-eyed cattle fed.

Around Gelantipy, from the Snowy to the Brodribb icily flowing in their beds near where Mt Deddick and the Black Mountains rear their shaggy heads. In that wild rough snow country and for miles around Croajingolong we herded brumbies in the trap-yards, broke them, then sold them for a song (20-30 shillings). Jim and Jack Glen, Tom McNamara, Tom Phelan, Jack Kennedy, Joe Chandler, Fred Bryant also broke wild horses with Woodhouse Jimmy and Charles. Aborigine runner Harry Whittaker trod the bushland where the wild dog snarls.

The places we went and the chaps we met - few there are living yet.

Old Tom Curran who kept the "Swan" (Stratford), Harry Sellars, "The Rose of Denmark" (close Dargo-Harrietville track) kept by Jorgenson, "The Stump" at Cobbanah (big stump for bar), "The Lucknow" kept by Barney Phillips, "The Broadlands" opposite kept by E.J. Crane, Phillip Finnigan, Charlie Bartlett (Sale), Jack Walker (Anarchy Jack), Glen Wills, "The Happy Home" mine (head Dargo River), The Desaillys on Tabberabbera Station grazing horse and kine and many another - but what's in a name.

Since the gold has petered out and the old hands have passed along nothing seems the same.

At Dargo, the home of the Phelans, Connollys, Reeves, Jenkins, Hurleys, Lees, Scotts, Treasures and Traills.

I'll tell of the "Old Timers" - ere memory fails.

Coloe kept the Dargo pub, on Castleburn was Long, with sons Denny and Jerome and I would not be wrong.

As those far times I sift to say Louie DeJarlais (Omeo) and Frank Lamsu (King River) won the Omeo Gift

Dick Gee, later Hardy kept the pub on the old "Insolvent Track" and right throughout the district Jack Robertson (Jack the Packer) was there when there were things to pack.

We worked the vast district of which Bairnsdale is the hub at Bendoc, John Nicholas in the P.O., Charles Dudley in the pub, **the "Club Terrace" on the Bemm, Jack and Tom Donald in the store** Bulgarey, in the pub at Delegate if we want more.

At Lindenow, they grew at first wheat, then maize that golden grain yielding a hundred bushels or more depending on the rain.

Till from up among the many arose a mighty sere and finally they decided to build the Mitchell Weir (never completed).

Surveyor Henry Edmund Robinson and men surveyed the site of the quarry for the stone and under Shire Secretary McKenzie (and sons) the weir was going up, we were working on that, on the day Carbine won the Cup (1890).

After the land boom and burst of the nineties, seven hundred men earned their board prospecting the Mitchell from Wuk Wuk to Waterford, and at a low level bridge the first named place Gippsland perch swam over without altering their pace.

At Coongulmerang, Charlie McGregor had charge of the punt and for devil a fee landed you safely over, until she was washed away in the big flood of 1893.

Along the rivers men from China, men from India, men from Siam, Kee Poy, Ali, Man Dean, Singh, Abdullah; men from the land of Omar Khayyam and whether you read Homer or simply work a sum-back to the font of learning humbly you must come.

Porteous who won International fame, Sweetman at the university the same.

Teachers in Costello, Miss Pemberton, Miss Downey, Lavery, Dickenson, Miss Phillips, Cumings, Vizard, Daly and scores of others came and went.

Men from Scotland, men from Ireland, men from Blighty and old Jimmy Cowell (Dis Good God Almighty),

home of McIntosh, Lowe, Webb, Waller, Whitbourne, Williamson, Evans, Ferguson, Lockhart, Dennis, Murphy, Luby, Hall, Kerton, Varney, Nolan, Butright, Mahoney, Young, Fraser, Ross, Scott, Saunders, Breen, Locarnini, Holloway, Carey, Shaw, Perry, McGregor, Callaghan, Garlick, Johnston, Dwyer, Norton, Slattery, Prout, Hewat, Doran, Baynham, Smith, Butters, Robinson, Castelanni, Campbell, Kohte, Holt, Jones, Reeves, Roderick, Alexander, Bouker, Willhelme, Telfer, Cox, Beck

and those good horses “Parramatta”, “Botany Bay”, “Volley”, “Swiveller” and “Loyal Charge” who broke his neck
“Daimio” (13.3) who won the Grand National Steeple and man alive!
Davey Hill’s “Woolamai” and Sheet “Archer” who won the Melbourne Cups in 1875 and 1885.

Johnny Whitbourne at the “Farmers Home Hotel”, Sullivan, ‘Cash’ McDonald as well
and when you were dry and hot Louie Dixon would pass across a pot.
The Lindenow South Hotel built for E.J. (Jimboy) Scott,
there the double storey brick that went up in smoke and flame so hot.
There Frenchman builder Burt; McGavin of Eurobin fame,
Fawkner proprietor, no novice at the game
Bustorff who built the Mutual Store and if memory does not lie
Minnie Bustorff kept the first “telegraph office” on the corner nearby.
And while we are delving in the past we must take a peek
at Watty Ives’ shanty up past Lucas’s Creek.
And just between you and me, we’ll not forget Old Harry Gee
or the Woods on whose place was the local racecourse
or S.M.’s Thomas Mitchell, Southern, Thomas O’Brien, Halliday in the force.
And then of course Ferrier, Swale at the bank till,
Adam Johnston, Quiggin, Davey Munro, Sullivan, Little at the saw-mill.

Along the dusty highways the bullockies slow-plied
And as they urged along the heavy laden patient plodding beast
the vocabulary of some, at times, was picturesque to say the least!
Paddy Wilson, Con Connley, Sandy Gillies, West Waller, Bill and Bob Wallace, Bill Campbell,
Farquhar Morrison, Pat Mahoney, Jack Southern, James Stuart, Jack Hammond, Fred Maylock,
James Worsley, Bill Doyne, applied
their long handled whips of hide and delivered the goods
along with Bill Woods who drowned in the sheep wash at Hillside
with a great load of bark, dog DeWit by his side and a “magpie” aloft
with Jingle and Java, Wonga and Pidgeon, Bergin and Baldy West made the trip oft
in the days when Kee Poy grew tobacco, McGregor grew the hops
and Champagne Charlie (Bartley) searched for alluvial where now they grow the crops.

Men who followed the threshers there and back (for 6d per hour)
Kleinitz’s, Jack Bull’s, Fred Tullidge’s, Cox Brothers, Bill Farrow’s (Go Ahead)
and Dennis’ Bill and Jack
Doug Andrews, Roy Bryant, Walter Burley, Charlie Burley and son, Will Campbell, Frank Snowden,
Sam Sexton, Talbot, George and James Kohte, Herb Carmody, Len Rule,
Herb Stewart (Old Tassy), Henry James (Old Taff) Hill (Nugget), Ben Church, Bob Lindsay,
Tom Cowell, Bill Bellchambers, John Ryan, John Ford, Andy Buchanan
all did their part from daylight to dark right down to the Heart (Sale).
The pitcher, the turner, the band cutter, the stacker, the sewer, the bagger
for Gray, Pruden, Killeen, McIntyre, Ned Kelly, Jack O’Brien, Mitchell, Rose and Haggar.
At Fernbank, the home of Chettle, Jones, Jorgenson, Penglase, Dennis, Davidson, Edwards,
Harper, Cronin, Hempel, Steward, Connell, Christie, Banks, Richardson, Caughey
A wilderness of trees when I was just a boy
when the railway was coming through, men working on we knew
from Stratford to Fernbank, Bill Morrison and Farquhar too
from Fernbank to past Lindenow, Bill, Bob, Charlie Dennis worked in wind rain and sun
till finally the job was done and in 1888 the trains began to run.

Come back with me to the coaching days
when Tom McKenzie, Jim Digby and Bob O’Reilly cracked the whip
(Bob later kept Hotel in Bruthen, Jim still lives in Melbourne 1951)
and Bairnsdale’s trade was done by ship.
When my uncle John Phillips had charge of the punt (drawbridge built later)
and large mobs of cattle from Monaro came down
and were punted across, en route on hoof to the markets in town (Melbourne).
When Main Street was just a wide earthen road where marbles were played by the boys of those
days and wild horses were broken where the fountain now plays.
And the district was peopled by a fine lot of folk
hard working and honest and kindly bespoke.

Tom Allison, J. Burt, C. Petersen, C. Neville, H. Payne, B. Johnston, W. Armstrong, Fitzgerald, R. and J. Patterson, C. Swan and son, Wigney, G. Cole, McGraths, Burt mingled with stockmen, boxers, fishermen, runners and drovers,
 Jim Long, Bob Clark, Jimmy Rice, Jack Deery, A. Orr, Wally Williams, Alec Potter, Biggs, Bill Moxom, Jack Honeyford, Jack McDowell, Bob Todd, Bob Burley, Rod McLeod, Charlie Rivers, Charlie Cross, Jim Fogarty, Kenny Cameron, Weston Bros, Alf Tucker, Doug Blay, Watson, Barton, Casement, Bowran, and hundreds of diggers, teamsters, farmers and rovers.
 Home of McArthurs, McLeans, Yeates, Vogt, Dahlsen, King, Goodman, Bailey, Kyle, Foard, Lloyds, Heath, Clarey, Bulmer, Fraser, Humphries, Marriott, Haylock, Jackson, Salter, Grose, Beckley, Armstrong, Cook, Potter, Williams, Moon, Greed, Winter, Drevermann, Lowe.
 I mind the time when the township itself was just beginning to grow.
 There Davey and William Potter in business most seventy years ago
 Sergeant Goodenough, Anderson, Will Jennings, Mullaney, Drummond, Mossop,
 Phillips took care of the lads amok in their cups.
 Duncan, Bainbridge, Bennet, Morrison, Alsop, Robertson, Glassford
 saw many a patient through a difficult pass and fully restored.
 Andrew Macarthur auctioned the stock sound in wind-sound in hock.
 Tom Harris (Tom the Duck) often would pose
 with a threepence held tight between his chin and his nose.
 In the livery stable Jimmy Wilson (Yes me boy, no me boy),
on the Mitchell, the “Tanjil”, “Tommy Norton”, “Dargo”, “Wyrallah”, “Omeo”, “J.C.D.”, “Gippsland”.
 Ship ahoy!
 And with them I weigh anchor and pass into the night
for I have led you far “Old Timer” back along the bridle track
 past many an ill-kept shanty, past many a rough hewn track
 where the horseshoe held the sliprails and there was shelter from the gales.
Where there was always a bushman’s welcome - a welcome that never fails.

Now I am old “Father Time”, yet in this little rhyme

with pen running riot, and memory still keen

I’ve told of the folk I’ve met and I’ve seen,

and the thousands not mentioned, have not fallen from grace

they are simply omitted by the pressure of space.

But, it’s good to recall the few who still last

and the many who’ve passed to Valhalla’s Great Hall

.... Ere I answer the “Call”..... I dips me lid to them all.

You can have your trams and buses, you can have your city square

give me the High Plains of Dargo where the dingo has his lair.

I’ve galloped the thoroughbred stallions across the grassy plains,

soliloquizing wildly as I fingered their glossy manes.

the stock whip singing above me, the cattle stampeding ahead

alone, with the snow gums around me, in a world of wild quadruped.

You can have your suburban villa with its trim hedge and lawn

give me the lush flats of the Mitchell with their fields of Indian corn.

The snow capped hills in the distance with their majestic panoramic views

the glorious sunsets of Autumn with the clouds tinted a thousand hues.

I’ve tilled the rich earth in the springtime with the magpies lining the furrow,

encompassed by the age-old sand-hills where the rabbit has his burrow.

You can have your stone flagged pavements with the rip, the rush and the tear.

Give me the green timbered hills of Gippsland and God’s own sweet pure air.

Wafting the wattle fragrance or the honey scent of the box

I’ve wandered those virgin forests, the haunt of tree fern, lyre-bird, fox.

Where the crystal clear streams from the mountains meander along to the sea

Gippsland, East Gippsland wherever the warm earth I wander my heart is forever of thee.



Identity Theft : Yes, it could happen to you

Original Text by Lorrie Barzdo for *The Caloundra Clipper* newsletter, November 2010 and reprinted in *Victorian GUM Inc. News*, August 2012.

As I wrote in my Editorial, I am not into reprinting articles, however I am making an exception in this instance for a couple of reasons. Identity theft was raised at a recent committee meeting and it was considered we should raise it in *Black Sheep* after the following article was seen in one of our reciprocal newsletters. Then, in recent weeks, I had the experience of having my bank contacting me to replace my **credit card. A credit card that I rarely use. From what the bank told me “somewhere” in the past weeks (or months) I had used or given my number to a machine/company that had a “security glitch”, this was** subsequently reported to the Police and then back to the bank. They are unable to tell me if it was a skimming machine or which company but it certainly made me think about security. Some aspects of our day to day life are becoming more and more susceptible to corruption yet other areas become harder and harder to prove your identity (tried finding 100 points of identification lately?). As family historians some of us are making it easier than we should. Here is Lorrie’s original article:

Perhaps identity theft has not happened to anyone you know, but fraudulent use of information such as names, dates and places of births is a very sensitive issue nowadays.

At a recent meeting of our Family History Society, a representative of the Police Fraud Squad gave us all a shake-up when explaining that the current wave of **crooks don’t break into your house** these days to steal your plasma TV but to grab a few bills off the fridge or office desk in order to get your bank details, names and addresses and other identity information. He also gave severe warnings of posting full details of your family on the Internet on one of the many commercial family history sites.

Names and birth details can often be used to apply for a birth **certificate, then a driver’s licence**, bank account, and then to full identity information. Suddenly, you have lost your identity!

I don’t have any problems with people submitting perhaps the **“bare bones” of present day family**, for example, just your first and last name, country of birth and year, same for your parents and grandparents, and then maybe having extra information for far older generations.

However, beware if you make a GEDCOM (or .GED file) from our genealogy software program and send it straight to a web page or to a friend or distant family member, who ignores your request to not



share it with the entire world. It could easily be added to their tree on *Ancestry*, *Findmypast*, *Genes Reunited* or one of many other sites in the blink of an eye. When **it’s gone** - it has gone.

Here are some tips on how to add some protection: If you want to transmit data from your computer program, first **temporarily “privatise” your tree** (always read the Help section of any of these programs), select the part or branch that you want to share and then create a GEDCOM or .GED file. After you have saved this type of file, you can go back to **your main file and “un-privatise”** to go back to normal. Privatising means that names and data for those who could still be alive will not be shown. For example, if your Aunt Jane was born in 1928 and you haven’t included a death date in your data because she is either still alive or you don’t know when she died, she will only be **shown as a “living individual”** attached to her parents. The same protection will apply to your children and grand children.

An option: If you don’t wish to go to the full extent of sending someone a GEDCOM file, which I rarely do for anyone these days because it can be easily and **simply added to another person’s tree**, then do the following: You can just share small parts of your tree or information in a Word Document as a text file that you can copy easily from most genealogy software programs. Copy a text report of part of your tree into *MS Word* or text **program, then “prune” the tree** and take out the twigs and side **branches that you don’t want to send**. If they want to put some of that data into their tree, then they will have to type it in themselves, and hopefully check that theirs matches correctly when doing so.

Remember that in many countries now, it is illegal for you to give out personal details about anyone unless you have their **written permission. This doesn’t mean you can’t share your information**, just a warning to be vigilant about what and with whom you share. Only pass information along knowing how and where it will be used.

So, with all this in mind, the last time you set up an account online and the security **question “mother’s maiden name”** was put to you - did you consider how much of that is already out there in cyberspace just waiting for the baddies to get to it?

Research Enquiries

Enquiries continue to pour in faster than our volunteers can handle them. Do you know anything about **the following if so, please** contact the group or enquirer direct.

EGFHG 516 WILLIAMS
Owen and Margaret *nee* Ellis arrived Melbourne 1857 and to Bairnsdale by 1860.
Gaylene Falconer
gaylenef@gmail.com

EGFHG 517 LONG
Ernest William Long, son of William Henry and Mary Jane *nee* Smith, married Beatrice Ann Scott in 1913. Looking for their children.
Sandra Rickards
11 Cropley Road
Mirboo North
rickards@dcsi.net.au

EGFHG 518 KELLY
Family from the Bendoc area— Henry Kelly and Eliza Jackson their son Thomas George.
Belinda Baker
8 Putty Road
Wilberforce NSW 2756
bimbaker@bigpond.com

EGFHG 519 MARRIOTT
Robert Marriott and Harriett *nee* Burren had a son Robert who married Emma Maria Simpson at Delegate and settled at Bonang.
Sue Shiel
18 Wallan Road
Whittlesea 3757

EGFHG 520 BALFOUR
James Miller Balfour usually known as John Robertson Balfour married Emma Volkmann with all children being born between 1886 and 1905.
Sheilagh Brigg
1498 Mount View Road
Millfield 2325
injasuti@aapt.net.au

EGFHG 521 ROSS
George Neil Ross married Beryl Winifred Lalor in 1944. He was born in Geelong to Violet May Ross

nee Oliver and a brother Keith lived at Paynesville until about 2008.

Susan Ross
58 Stanley Street
Orbost
sueles@westnet.com.au

EGFHG 522 CORNELSON
William and Catherine *nee* Aheir were at Grant and Cobbannah Creek in the 1860s. and later Tumut in NSW.
Elaine Ruddick
15 Graham Street
Kurri Kurri 2327
muddy@hunterlink.net.au

EGFHG 523
SWAN, BRITNELL and QUAIL
Caroline Britnell married Charles Swan and family mostly born in NZ. They then came to Bairnsdale where most died. Daughter Emily married Robert Ray Quail.
Gloria Turner
48 Homebush Drive
Junortoun 3351
rnu89855@bigpond.net.au

EGFHG 524 SMITH
George William Norris Smith married 1908 to Adeline Victoria Mathieson and had four sons all born NSW. Is there any connection to the Smith family of Nicholson?
Doreen Coster
56/1 Riverbend Drive
Ballina 2478

EGFHG 531 SMITH/BREWER
Thomas Smith married Eliza Brewer in 1844, nine children all born Hobart. Daughter Sarah married John Morphet and lived at Maffra and another daughter married William Richard Hembrow Lee.
Kerry Cory
RSD 1208
Millicent 5280
kerrycory8@gmail.com

EGFHG 532 HACK
Johannes (John) Hack arrived Dec 1882 from Hamburg, Germany settled East Gippsland by 1905. Married Eliza Jane

Nicholls and she was the daughter of Francis and Eliza *nee* Hobbs. Eliza was widowed and remarried to George Edward Adams. At one stage there was a partnership between Nicholls and Adams as grain merchants in Bairnsdale in the late 1880s.

Sandra Galvin
217E Croudace Street
Walcha 2354
sandy.galv@hotmail.com

EGFHG 533 IRVINE
James Hamilton Irvine, second son of the 19th Laird of Drum, Scotland, was friends with Charles Hamilton McKnight and William Campbell and all three arrived in Melbourne 1841. Campbell returned to Scotland as did Irvine but Irvine subsequently returned to Australia in 1861. Went into partnership with McKnight Hamilton and finally came to Gippsland. His death at Omeo in 1895 is registered but the death **certificate is "missing" at BDM. He** is buried at Ensay with Nora and Edith Hamilton of Ensay Station.
Susan Hately
32 Redfern Crescent
Mulgrave 3170
hately1@bigpond.net.au

EGFHG 535 LAVELL
Richard McCole/McColl married Lillian Theresa Lavell in 1905 and lived at Bairnsdale for a few years. Family now includes Keneley surname as well over the whole region.
Rae McColl
2 Riversdale Crescent
Bacchus Marsh 3340
rae.mccoll@optusnet.com.au

EGFHG 537 HARLEY
Thomas Edward Harley married Euphemia Doris Leitch, children born Bairnsdale late 1890s - early 1900s. Any information of the family most welcome.
Mrs Margaret Azemat
PO Box 203
Blairgowrie 3942
azematjp@bigpond.com

The respectful memorial of the Land Owners, Squatters, and other employers, of labour of the District of Gippsland [1849]

Another treasure from Jean Hardwidge that was given to Neil Cox for transcription some years ago, the original being held at the Public Records Office VPRS 115/116.
This petition for labour reads like a veritable “Who’s Who” of early Gippsland “colonial gentry”.

[18]49/316

The respectful Memorial of the Land owners,
Squatters, and other employers of labour of
the District of Gippsland –

To his Honour The Superintendent of Port
Phillip –

Sheweth

That your Memorialists are labouring under
serious inconvenience from a deficiency of
labour, and are at the same time placed
under great and peculiar disadvantages as
compared with other parts of the province for
procuring the requisite supply from
Melbourne.

The overland route opened by the
Government, at considerable expense being
next to impassable at this the settlers
busiest season, the commencement of
shearing, and the heavy charge for passage
money by water deters many from
introducing emigrants into the district on
their own account.

That your Memorialists have been daily
expecting the arrival of the long promised
batch of emigrants, to be forwarded to Port
Albert by the Government, the Barracks for
their reception having been completed.

That the erection of these barracks and the
nonfulfillment of this promise, on the part of
the Government, has had a most vexatious
and unanticipated effect upon the price of
labour in this District – the majority of the
old hands having quitted Gippsland
immediately on their being aware of the
Government’s intention of despatching
emigrants to this part, and the remainder
seeing their places are not likely to be
supplied by the introduction of emigrants, as
they would have expected are now
demanding most ruinous and exorbitant
wages.

Your Memorialists therefore do pray that
Your Honour will be pleased to take their
Memorial into Your Most favourable
consideration and afford them such relief as
Your Honour may seem meet.

D.P. Okeden J.P.	[Rosedale 1846]
W. Odell Raymond J.P.	[Stratford 1846 / 1856]
Maurice Meyrick	[1846]
A.D. McIntosh	[Flooding Creek 1846 / Sale 1856]
Robt Cunninghame J.P.	[Clydebank 1846 / 1856]
F. Taylor	[Deighton 1856]
B.A. Cunninghame	[Bundi 1846 / Fulton, Sale 1856]
J.N. Wilkinson	
Wm. Pearson	[Kilmany Crk 1846 / 1856]
F. Scott	
A. McMillan	[Bushy Park 1846 / 1856]
Wm. H. Disher	[Tarraville 1849]
D. Rickard	
John Wilkinson	
Patrick C. Buckley	[Coady Vale 1846 / 1856]
James Davis	[Alberton 1846/Woodside 1849, 1856]
Henry H. Thrupp	
E.T. Newton	[Tarraville 1849]
John D. Smith	[Lindenow 1856]
Wm Howden	[Tarraville 1849]
D. Duncan	[Tarraville 1849]
Thos. Smith	[Boisdale 1856]
James Neilson	[Tarraville 1849]
Thomas Smith	
James Macfarlane J.P.	[Hayfield 1856]
William Montgomery	[The Heart 1856]
John Buckland	
Jno. W. Lovell	[Newstead, superintendent 1856]
Arthur S. King	[The Ridge, manager 1856]
Edward Crooke	[Holey Plain 1846 / 1856]
E.W. Bayliss	[Merton 1846 / 1856]
O.B. Sparks	[Swan Reach 1846]
Mathew Scott	

[] Bracketed entries refer to this name subsequently
appearing in either the 1846 Port Phillip Directory;
the 1849 Electoral Roll or the 1856 Electoral Roll.

Accession Register

The library continues to expand and grow with more group purchases and donations, many donations. Thank you. Here is a taste of some of the **latest acquisitions....**

Data Disc (CD and DVD)

The Roffensian School Register 1835-1920

Eton School Register 1893-1899

Eton College Register 1441-1698

Familiae Minorum Gentium Vols 1-4

Hunter's Pedigrees

Carlisle Grammar School Memorial Registers 1264-1924

Register of the Duke's School Alnwick 1811-1911

The Sherborne Register 1823-1892

Clifton College Register 1862-1912

Haileybury Register 1862-1900

Charterhouse Register 1872-1900

Shrewbury School Register 1798-1898

Epsom College Register 1855-1905

Blundell's Register 1770-1882

The Derby School Register 1570-1901

Repton School Register 1546-1905

Sedbergh School Register 1546-1909

Giggleswick School Register 1499-1921

Dulwich College Register 1619-1926

Horncastle Lincolnshire Grammar School

Merchant Taylors School Register 1871-1900

The Rossall Register Lanes 1844-1894

St Laurence College Register 1879-1924

The History of Wakefield Grammar School

Parliamentary Papers for Colony of Victoria Index Vols 1 and 2 1852-1869

Parliamentary Papers for Colony of Victoria Index Vol 3 1870-1879

Northern Territory Census Electoral Rolls and Directories 1881-1940

Australian Pastoral Directory Compendiums 3 (various years)

Northern Territory Deaths 1824-2004

New Zealand Directory 1866-1867

Tasmania Post Office Directory 1890-1900

All Australia Memorial, Victoria

Australian Men of Mark 1889

South Australian Newspaper Obituaries 1836-1900

Victorian Directory 1921-1925

Nominal Roll Queensland Deaths WWII

*Bairnsdale Advertiser 1882-1894, 1895-1905,
1906-1913, 1914-1922, 1922-1931*

Queenslanders Pioneer Families 1859-1901

Passenger Arrivals at Port Phillip etc. 1846

Index to Historical Records of Australia 1788-1848

Mitta Mitta Cemetery Transcriptions and Photographs

Harrietville Cemetery 1866-1999

Myrtleford History and Cemeteries

Cemetery Transcriptions from 258 cemeteries

Publications

Tracing your Rural Ancestors

Lands Guide to finding records of Crown Land at PROV

The Pentonvillians

Monumental Inscriptions and Burials: Gundagai Cemeteries

The Heart of Gippsland

Anglican Clergymen in South Australia

St Mary's Church Centenary

Nearly every resident of Bairnsdale knows that an out of work pea picker **painted the ceiling of St Mary's** Catholic Church in Main Street but those Tanner girls want to know **more much more!**

Shirley and Marie Tanner are **members of the St Mary's Centenary** of the existing building committee. **St Mary's was completed in 1913** and next year in October is the centenary. It is hoped to publish a book to cover the last thirty years since the last history was written with particular emphasis on the use of the building (particularly marriages) since it was erected. It is hoped that the history will also revisit some of the material currently available as more images and additional information comes to hand.

They are currently seeking help with photographs of any **weddings held at St Mary's and the** priests from 1913. They would also welcome images of the church and ancillary buildings as well. Basically **.... anything St Mary's !! and if possible named and dated.** If you are able to help please contact either of them

Shirley 03 5157 1439 or

Marie 03 5156 5557 or

by post through the group

PO Box 1104, Bairnsdale



In Memorium

Bruce James Evans

21 January 1925 - 8 November 2012



Bruce Evans was the fourth child of Joseph and Daisy Evans of Walpa. He was educated locally before starting work at the Union bank in Bairnsdale in 1942 and was recruited into the RAAF the following year. So began his wartime service in Egypt and the Middle East. After he was discharged from the RAAF Bruce was almost immediately embedded in community organisations. While in hospital having his tonsils removed he met nurse Elaine Nethercote who he married in 1948. Bruce and Elaine went on to have six children. While running the family farm he became more and more involved in community activities and as a result of a chance meeting with Sir Albert Lind on the train home from Melbourne, Bruce joined the Country Party. He eventually succeeded Sir Albert into state parliament in 1961. He was Deputy Leader and later on party whip. For 31 years he was **East Gippsland's voice**.

Bruce embraced technology, history and research with the same passion that he embraced his electorate., so once retired he spent much more time developing ideas and exploring the internet. When Elaine fell ill he dedicated his time and energy to her until her death earlier this year. After Elaine died Bruce continued to visit family and friends in Melbourne and just ten weeks before his death, drove to Queensland to visit his daughter. Bruce had settled into a routine of research and writing his memoirs and maintaining his own website where much of the his personal life and family history is recorded. He joined the family history group in May 1998 and contributed several articles to *Black Sheep* - a contribution that will be missed. It was on his last visit to Melbourne that Bruce fell ill and the seriousness of his illness was only realised at the end. His contribution to, and passion for, East Gippsland will be missed.

Oh dear, what have I done?

When I suggested to a few members of the Historical Society and Family Group that we should try and compile a biography on each of the names on the Honour Roll why **didn't someone stop me? What have I done?** Since placing the article and sample sheet in the last issue of *Black Sheep* there have been phone calls, emails, snail mail, **"drop-offs" to my box at the rooms**, photocopies and photographs that have come to light and, thankfully, offers of help and people wanting to be involved in the project.

Because of all this interest I am going to do a press release about the project for the paper in the new year inviting all interested parties to a planning and, hopefully, orientation meeting probably an evening. I envisage that much of the research for this will be able to done at home on **individuals' own computers and intend to allocate the names "out"** for researching. I am working on the presumption that many small bits by many people will complete one daunting project.

After seeing a copy of Ross **Coulthart's amazing publication** *The Lost Diggers* I have become more determined to try and locate images of each of the East Gippsland diggers listed. (And if **you haven't seen this incredible publication**, in the words of Molly **Meldrum "Do yourself a favour"** and check it out. It is almost unbelievable to think that over 4,000 images of WW1 soldiers could lay untouched in trunks in an attic in France for so long.)

And while on the subject of **WW1 history, if you didn't hear** the Radio National broadcast on Remembrance Day called *Guilty Landscape* presented by the Hindsight program and you have the opportunity to go online and listen to the archived copy of the **program do so. This quote** from *Guilty Landscape* has stayed with me.

This used to be battlefields, the massacre and the senselessness of the attacks - its flabbergasting when you think about it. Why? It's half a million people who

died, or were wounded or disappeared for five miles of dirt, and that's about it. It's really sad. That's why it's so important to at least do the best that we can to commemorate these people. I think it was Harry Patch, one of the last veterans who was saying about Bayemwald, the frontier park, they asked the question "Harry what do you feel about having a frontier park on the battlefields?" And he answered with something that will remain in my mind forever, he said, "What would you prefer the screaming of playing children or the screaming of dying men? This is what we fought for."*

Those who know my research history know that I have never been one for war history. My visit to Anzac Cove and serendipitous happenings since then have only strengthened by belief that the names on the Honour Roll deserve to be more than just gold leaf on a board - we should at least be able to give them a face.

** When you have time, Google Harry Patch, he was the last surviving WW1 British veteran and died aged 111yrs.*

the Black Sheep Journal

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