

ON TRACK

Newsletter of the Mid Gippsland Family History Society Incorporated

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P.O. Box No 767
Morwell 3840

Issue # 129 November 2005 – January 2006

Website: <http://home.vicnet.net.au/~mgfhs>

25th ANNIVERSARY

27th November 2005, Heritage Park at Moe

In the grounds near the Old Narracan Hall, (all weather venue)

11 AM to 5 PM \$5 Entry for Adults, pay to MGFHS

B.Y.O. Picnic or B.B.Q. lunch & chair.

Afternoon tea provided.

Meetings:

Meetings are held on the fourth Thursday of each Month, except December, at the Meeting Room, entrance at the rear door of the Moe Library, Kirk Street Moe. Our Library will be open at 7pm with meetings commencing at approximately 7.30pm.

Membership fees 2005/2006: Single \$25; Family \$30 payable in July.

Library Hours:

Our Library is open to the public on *Wednesday Afternoons between 1pm and 4pm*. Volunteers from our group are available to assist with research at this time. The Library is also available to members at all times that the Meeting room has not been booked by other organizations. (Check with the Public Library Staff) The library is available to members on the first Saturday of each month.

Library Fees: Gold Coin donation per visit for non – members.

Research:

There is a research fee, minimum of \$10 plus a stamped addressed envelope for any enquiries requiring research, with additional charges for large amounts of photocopying and/or postage. Enquires should be clear and concise.

Please direct all enquiries to The Secretary, P.O. Box 767, Morwell, 3840 and mark the envelope "Research Enquiry".

In This Issue:

Local History: The early settlement of the Morwell area. Part 5
Jericho Cemetery (Gippsland)
Hazelwood Cemetery, Pausing Amongst the Commas,,

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Please include a S.A.E. together with a check or money order for \$10

HARKING BACK

by Llew Vary.

Remembrances of a local man on the early settlement of Morwell and the surrounding district as printed in the Morwell Advertiser and Gazette
Beginning Thursday July 30, 1942
Transcribed by *Kaye O'Reilly*
Part 6

A few scattered buildings were along Hazelwood Road. Dobie's Cordial Factory and some dwelling houses. Ann Street, as it is now called was known as Old Maid Street, owing to the number of spinsters residing there. When the street was officially named this was thought to be too harsh, and accordingly changed. The R. C. School and Church was first built in George Street, on the site where McLean's sale yards are. This building was removed when the present church was erected.

It is interesting to note the number of sale yards that have been built in this town. The first was behind the Railway Station on the corner of Collins and Station Street. Next was in Hazelwood Road, between Campbell's Café and Les Hare's residence. Still another was erected on the south side of George Street, and later one was on the site of Mr Ern Nadenbousch's residence in Hazelwood Road, and the two yards, one in George one in Buckley Street, which are occupied at the present time.

I must not forget one man whom I remember in my school days, and who was one of those characters which small boys got a good deal of amusement from, especially if he had been partaking too freely of the Beveridge that maketh glad the heart of man. His name was Tommy Hill. Tom was a well educated man who used to supplement his remittance by doing the local storekeeper's books at the end of each month. This done and his pocket lined he would adjourn to the nearest tavern and make merry. Like every other resident, Tom owned a pony, which he called the Goat, and on one of these occasions was fondling the pony and expounding its good qualities in front of the Club Hotel, during the busy period. Some youths began to tease him, and he became a little more cantankerous than usual, when the local arm of the law came on the scene. After remonstrating with him, which only made him worse, the officer bundled him on the pony and began leading it down to the lock-up. After proceeding some distance Tom began to suspect where he was going so he leaned forward and slipped the bridle off and set the pony at a hard gallop, leaving the astonished policeman with the empty bridle in his hand. His freedom was short lived as on reaching the corner the pony turned sharply and Tom slid into the dust. Before he could regain his equilibrium he found himself again in the hands of the law, and on his way to a free night's lodging at the governments expense.

October 1

Billy Dodd was another of those men whose deeds should be recorded. He and two other men whose names I forget started from Moe with the object of blazing a track through to Stockyard Creek. They estimated it would take a week to get through and consequently took seven days rations with them. After they had proceeded

about three days they came to rough country covered with prickly moses scrub which made travelling very difficult. Thinking each day would get them through this obstacle, they pushed on until they had gone too far to turn back if they had been inclined to do so. After seven or eight days the supplies ran out, or as they put it, the nose bags were empty. Not to be out done by this slight inconvenience they snared possums at night which provided them with meat, and for vegetables they used the hearts of tree ferns. This substance is quite edible when the snarling wolf is looking in the open door. It is very sweet and possums and wombats and such animals are very fond of it. Of course I don't recommend it as a tasty dish for a party. Still these tough, wiry men existed on this frugal diet and reached their destination three weeks after they had commenced their journey.

I have received a letter from a lady living in Dandenong, whose father was an early settler in Jeeralang, stating that she is interested in these articles and wishes me to write something about this district.

Jeeralang is situated in the mountainous country to the south east of Morwell and was settled in the late seventies and early eighties. Like it's neighbouring parish Jumbuk, it was a land of tall timber, spring boards, pack tracks and side cuttings. Perhaps I had better explain what the spring boards are. The mountain ash commonly know as black-butt are, I think, the largest trees in the world. They have a diameter of 16 to 20 feet about 6 ft. from the ground. The best method of destroying these trees is to cut them down and as the trunk was so large it was necessary for the axemen to climb up the tree, sometimes 50 ft. to 70 ft., where the barrel is smaller and in order to do this, slabs about 4 ft. long were driven into a mortice every four feet working zig zag up the trunk. These slabs were called spring boards and the man stood on the top board and swung his axe, sometimes taking two or three hours to cut the tree down. This was very dangerous work especially in windy weather and as soon as the tree started to crack the men would scurry down those boards like monkey bears. While I am on this subject it may be interesting to note that the destroying of these mountain ass was the greatest mistake the pioneers made. The government of the day should never have thrown this land open for selection as millions of pounds worth of valuable timber was completely lost. One man who is living in this town at the present time, Mr James Nuttall, was for eighteen months falling trees in this manner, and was considered one of the best men on the spring boards in his day, so it will be easy to imagine how many millions of super feet of this most valuable timber this gentleman alone destroyed.

Billy Dodd, who I have mentioned previously, blazed a track through this country to Yarram and this track the early selectors followed. The first of whom was James Jarvie who cleared a few acres and built a log cabin, then returned to Ballarat and bought his wife and five children. John Beale, selected one of the highest points which is still known as Beale's Hill. Another I must give special mention is Mrs Loder who came out from England with son and daughter for health reasons and selected some miles behind this hill. They were very cultured and educated people and Miss Loder, the

daughter was a brilliant pianist. It was wonderful how she adapted herself to the rough conditions, driving her buggy to the foot hills where they had a shed built, she parked it, re-harnessed her horse to a sledge and drove for miles up a six foot track around side cuttings where many men would have shuddered at the thought of doing such a trip. As there was no school in the district she invited the neighbours children to her home once or twice a week and taught them reading, writing and arithmetic, thereby giving them a good grounding for the time when a school did open. Is it any wonder that we are proud of the race from which we sprang.

Then we have William Ready whose family are still on his selection; James Nuttall, James Summerfield, James Tulloch. Jim must have been a very common name in those days. Alan Jacjung, Sam Young, father of Mr W. A. Young of this town; W. Gourd, John Koenig, E. Ham, Neil McFarlane, Jim Dobbin, Jack Duff and many others, all of whom proved their grit and determination in battling with that heavily scrubbed country where only the stoutest hearts could prevail. And now to give some idea of the dangers of timber cutting in this rough country, I will describe an accident that happened over 30 years ago to one who is still living in the district in the person of Albert Drayton. Albert at this time was a strapping young man and while felling timber had the misfortune to get pinned under a big tree. His legs and hip were badly smashed but he had to stay put until the tree was removed, then with an improvised stretcher made with bags and saplings his mates carried him over a mile to his home, where he was attended to by Dr. McLean, of Morwell, and Dr. McLean, of Traralgon in consultation. After three days the medical men began to think there was a slight hope of pulling Albert through if they could only get him to Morwell where he could get special attention. A stretcher was procured from the local railway station and volunteers were called for and about thirty men undertook to carry him the 20 miles journey to Morwell, and under the General-ship of W. A. Young this was done. Six men at a time carried him in relays of 10 minutes. The doctors would not allow him to be placed in a vehicle, so the whole of the hazardous trip over mountains and through scrub and along muddy sledge tracks had to be accomplished on foot. What an undertaking and what mates. I cannot remember the names of all these men but amongst them were W. A. Young, Christie Kleine, Jim Duff, Geo. Firth and W. Gow. He was taken to Miss Townsend's hospital, then situated in Commercial Road, where he spent many months and now Albert, though not the powerful man he was, is like Johnnie Walker, "Still going strong."

As I have been requested to remember the governance of the shire I will endeavour to relate something of the happenings during these proceedings.

The Morwell river was the boundary between the Traralgon and Narracan Shires, therefore the township of Morwell, previous to the severance, was in the Traralgon municipality. This, of course, did not suit Morwell people, so an agitation was started to form a separate shire, and my father, who was at this time a Councillor in the Narracan shire was deputed to endeavour to bring this about. After a number of meetings and several trips to the city interviewing members of Parliament it was

accomplished by severing portion from both Traralgon and Narracan.

The shire being formed and as the candidates exceeded the number of vacancies an election was necessary and six councillors were to be elected. Then the fun started, plumping was allowed and each little community who desired to have a representative plumped for their particular man. My father stood at this campaign, but as it was beneath his dignity to canvas for votes, and he openly protested that there should be no plumping, when the numbers went up he was one of the also ran.

This seems dry reading so I had better quote one of the funny stories of this election campaign held in August 1892. A certain gentleman who came from the Emerald Isle, but whose name I must refrain from mentioning, was a very enthusiastic supporter of one of the candidates, and he had been indulging in a few extra noggings during the day. When the poll was declared (as was the custom in those days on the Club Hotel balcony) he learned that his man had been elected. Pat, (as we will call him) was overjoyed and climbed on to an empty beer barrel in front of the hotel to make a speech pretending he was a candidate for municipal honors. Now just at this period cream separators were coming into vogue and there was a good deal of controversy about feeding the calves on skim milk and when Pat was in the middle of his speech a smart Alex whose name also I will not mention, interjected saying, "is the candidate in favour of feeding poodles on skim milk?" As quick as lightning Pat's reply came with a definite brogue, "I'm in favour of feeding poodles in my own paddock and not on the roads and other people's." This was a very cutting reply as a smart Alex referred to was noted for stocking the road and any other piece of ground that was not very securely fenced.

October 8

The names of the first councillors elected were Messrs Donald Shaw, M. Mulcare, John English, Bert Turnley, E. Kelleher and W. Murphy. This council was short lived, for in less than two years all resigned except Shaw and Mulcare. But no election took place to fill these vacancies. Samuel Vary, Geo. Firmin, Donald McMillan, and another whose name I cannot at present recall, offered their services and were elected unopposed. At this time the council met in the Mechanics' Institute in Tarwin Street, a most unsuitable place, and some of the Councillors began to look for more suitable premises where they could hold their meetings undisturbed, and finally selected an old wooden shop and dwelling on the site where the sewerage authority's office is now situated. The purchasing of this old building caused a good deal of comment, and was used as an election dodge to endeavour to out some of the councillors at the following election. But those ratepayers who could see further than their nose were sure it was a sound investment. The facts were £200 cash was paid for this building and the money was borrowed at 4 per cent, which meant £8 per year interest had to be paid. Against this was the saving of £26 per year rent for the mechanics, so one will readily understand that any opposition to the purchase of this building was by no means justified. About this time John Hall and Geo. Roy were elected and proved to be excellent councillors and

townsmen. Later the Shire was divided into four ridings, with three representatives in each, and the people apparently became more sedate. All the keenness and humor of the elections seemed to die out.

I will now take you back to Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887. This was a real Gala day for Morwell. Special trains were run from Narracan, Moe, Trafalgar and Mirboo North, bring the school children and others. The children were all lined up in the main street, each school separate under their respective teachers, and marched with banners and flags fluttering in the breeze, headed by the Morwell Brass Band, to the Show Grounds in Hazelwood Road. A floral arch decorated the gateway. A great carnival was held and every child was presented with a medal that had been struck to commemorate the occasion. To celebrate the event and make it important. Mr MacMillan of Hazelwood gave a bullock which was roasted whole on what is known as a spit. Several men were detailed to work in shifts keeping the fire up to this huge carcass at night. Owing to heavy rain great difficulty was experienced in keeping the fire going, with the result that the ox was only partly cooked. The children were each given a slice of this underdone meat between two slices of blood soaked bread. I well remember my sister Alice throwing hers away and making me do likewise. It was afterwards ascertained that the men whose job it was to keep the fire going had adjourned to the Cricketers Arms to get something to keep out the cold and did not notice the time going, and when they returned the fire had got down so low that they did not get it started again till after daylight.

Going back to the council elections, I will relate a further amusing incident. Just prior to an election a writer who signed himself "Cripples," wrote a number of disparaging letters to the local paper. After several of these letters had appeared, some other person writing in a lighter vein settled the epistles of "Cripples" for all time with the following verse:

When the world was first created
there was useless stuff left over,
The King of Mischief found it out
and thought himself in clover,
He made a line of toads and frogs
to live in sluggish ripples,
Then punched the refuse into shape
and laughed and called it "Cripples."

One personality of later years we must not forget was John Barton Hoyle, familiarly known to everyone as "J.B." He took a very active interest in all matters pertaining to matters of the town and held office in almost every committee. It was owing to his untiring efforts that the soldiers' monument was erected in 1921. Strange to say he died the day it was unveiled.

There are some things which I think should be recorded, if only to bring back old memories to those who can remember them. I am afraid new arrivals, when they hear them, will say we have slipped back in some directions, while progress has been made in others.

Morwell up to the year 1893 boasted of a full dress Agricultural Show, held every autumn, and an annual sports meeting with a £20 Sheffield Handicap.

Race meetings were held twice or sometimes thrice a year, when horses came from all over Gippsland to compete. These functions are all defunct and the grounds where they were held have long since passed into other hands, and I'm afraid never to be redeemed.

I wonder how many can remember the railway gates at the Mirboo crossing at the west end of Commercial Road. The keeper was Mrs Noy (Mrs R. Noy's mother) and Bryden's gates near the Soldiers Monument. And would you believe it the Mirboo train which was stationed at Mirboo puffed and grunted along the line arriving in Morwell at 8.45 a.m. leaving at 12.10 p.m. returning to Morwell again at 5.45 p.m. and making the return journey to Mirboo after the passenger train from Melbourne arrived at 9 p.m. The popular and genial Pat Murray was the driver.

And with this I will end my story.

If I have given my readers any pleasure, however small, I am well repaid, for I have always held kind memories of those stout hearted men and women who blazed the trail, and I will now conclude by suggesting to the younger generation, who have sprung from the same stock, although, by altered circumstances, have lived more sheltered lives, that they should realise the magnificent heritage left to them by those splendid specimens of humanity

THE PIONEERS.

I am indebted to Messrs Cabourn Cox of Yinnar, Percy Gilbert and C. H. Howlett of Morwell, who have sent me valuable information, which greatly assisted me in compiling these reminiscences. Llew Vary.

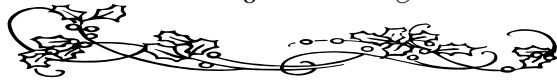
While I have tried to keep the spelling, capitalization and punctuation true to the original, I apologise for any errors. *Kaye O'Reilly*



The grave of Samuel Wesley Vary
& Mary Jane Vary,
looking towards Driffield,



Mid Gippsland Family History Society
 Would like to wish all our
 Members and Friends
 "A Very Happy Christmas
 And a Bright New Year"



Center for Gippsland Studies

Sat 26th November:
 Annual conference, 10am to 4pm
 At Monash University, Churchill.
 This year's theme is
 "Gippsland, War and Community."

Quoting from the brochure:
 Speakers will discuss the experiences of servicemen and women from Gippsland; the impact of war service on families; the ways communities commemorate and remember people who enlisted; war heritage and memorabilia; and sites of remembrance on our landscape.

As well there will be photographic displays and a bookshop selling publications on Gippsland history, and participants will be able to exchange information about sources, research methods and granting bodies.

For more information, contact Meredith Fletcher at the Center for Gippsland Studies, Monash University, Churchill, 3842
 Meredith.fletcher@arts.monash.edu.au
 Or phone 5122 6356 fax 5122 6359

**REMEMBER to keep collecting the
 Pauls Milk Bottle Tops**



Welcome New Member
 Kaye TANG

ON FIRST ENTERING PORT PHILIP HEADS

Bright and clear the sun-beam's shine
 Upon you lovely land,
 Like a floating gem on an azure sea
 Lies the fair Australian strand!
 We have roamed a long and weary way
 O'er oceans trackless path;
 And felt the might of the billows foam,
 And the tempest in its wrath.
 And now you beauteous land appears
 Before our wave worn barque;
 As welcome as the white winged dove
 To the dwellers of the Ark.
 Wondrous tales are told to us
 Of the wealth of the golden streams,
 But oh! the land looks beautiful!
 Be they false as fairy dreams!
 Its skies to us seem sapphire blue,
 Its grass as emerald green,
 And radiant as the diamond flash
 Its crystal waters sheen;
 And tho' we have left our childhood's stars,
 And the homes of those we love;
 Earth's fairest forms around us smile,
 And the southern cross above.

Emily E. Beavan.

Transcribed from The Examiner, January 25, 1856
 Kilmore, Victoria, Australia by Lyn Nunn

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GENEALOGY.

Where you confuse the dead
 And irritate the living



Hazelwood Cemetery, Pausing Amongst the Commas, , ,

The following essay, is by local poet *John Kyd*.

"I, born of flesh and ghost, was neither a ghost nor man, but mortal ghost, and I was struck down by death's feather." Dylan Thomas (1914 - 1953)

In this age of perverted archaeology where we're digging our own graves with missile-silos and fallout-shelters, and where we're playing ecological roulette with ozone-depleting pollution and deforestation. I come here to escape from the madness of it all and to commune with silence - the sepulchral silence of the tomb.

While everyone else is frantically scurrying about to buy their last minute quick-picks for Saturday night's record jackpot, I go to a Tattsлото draw of a different kind, where, if your number comes up you lose, here where the slow mosses weave across the headstones and the old-fashioned cast-iron lace grave-railings rust in peace...

Like giant chess pieces with which Christians try to play death at his own game, Hazelwood's towering crucifixes and sooty-winged angels give this picturesque cemetery a quaint Old-World charm blent of time and history, its weather-worn monuments bleached by uncounted summer suns and stained by more than a century of Gippsland winters.

I wander pensive as a pallbearer amongst the obelisks and pedestalled urns that overlook the older, hilltop section, the long forsaken grave-beds haggard and overgrown, and out of which trumpet daffodils sprout like heralds of the Last Judgement. Here and there I pause, and bend down to make out a barely readable epitaph - that long-distance granite telegram of our forefathers that invariably bespoke of a rustic resignation, the rock-of-ages faith of persons who went confidently, if not willingly, to their Maker. I strut along, withdrawn and Hamlet-like, muttering brooding soliloquies to myself, the mid-summer air fizzing with the death-drone of hatching cicadas - broken only by the occasional weekend speed-boat zooming across the waters of the nearby Hazelwood Pondage.

And here, too, in this demilitarized zone of worldly immunity, one comes to escape from the fast-food-queues, the traffic-jams, and the dizzying St. Vitus dance of an ever accelerating rat race. Here one comes to get away from the deadlines and the timetables and to see through the vanity of it all. For here, in this country graveyard, amongst these sad souvenirs of yesteryear, these tiny punctuation marks - shall we call them commas? - amid the centuries, there is only nothingness, nothing but the quiet passing of time...

Time, that thief who steals the gold coinage of our youth and leaves us with the miserly short-change of old age. To be sure. just when we're starting to get the hang of life, it's all over bar the burying. The world might have been a stage for Shakespeare, but to me it's a kitchen: where people come and go and cannot stay long enough to work out the rhyme or reason of it all. The fact is, no one really, in spite of all progress knows any better what lies behind the dream of life than did people in the days of Job or in the days of the Pharaohs.

All we can be sure of is that on a certain day all days become certain - that, sooner or later, it all ends in some grave in some cemetery. From the high-chair to the wheel-chair, from the basket to the casket, we cannot escape from the awful curse of our own mortality. Still over our heads and under our feet stretches the incredible monstrosity of boundless space. Still before us and between us stretches the incredible monstrosity of boundless time. Still when we sink into our minds we find the movements of consciousness itself turning eternally in one and the same fatal circle. Life goes on; the mourners become the mourned; the cycle repeats itself over and over ad infinitum ... - and that's all about it!

Places like Stonehenge and The Great Pyramid of King Cheops accentuate this transience and insignificance of a human life. One is so dwarfed by the magnitude and age of ancient Egypt that it crushes your individuality - while generation after generation come and go, the 5000-year-old pyramid has kept its Sphinx-like silence. On a smaller scale, the 100-year-old monuments in the Hazelwood Cemetery teach the same timeless moral.

And now as I was nearing the exit-gates, dusk was creeping across the sky like a closing eyelid as peace, soft as a lace curtain, fell over the graveyard. And in the trees the cicadas were singing their sad-sweet requiem, and with hardly a hint of their early deaths. It seemed as if to give voice to the unspeakable pathos of everything; it was a song beyond human comprehension or solution - tragic, and yet, paradoxically, at the same time so strangely beautiful.

Just like life.

John Kyd is the author of four books of poetry: *Diary* (1976); *Proud Words on a Dusty Shelf* (1977); *The Blade of Damocles* (1979); and *The Black Art* (1980). For a copy of any one of his books, write to:

John Kyd C/- 25 Cove Place, Morwell, Vic. 3840.)



JERICHO CEMETERY (Gippsland)

Jericho is located on an unmade side road off from the Woods Point to Matlock to Abelfeldy road, that keeps going through Walhalla to Moe. On this side road you have the old mining townships of Jericho and Red Jacket. The cemetery is found on a hillside about 400 metres from the picnic area at the Jordan River crossing. Amongst the undergrowth and bracken you can still locate a few pieces of evidence that this was once a cemetery. These include a headstone, pieces of a headstone, some fancy posts as well as some pieces of ornate wire fencing.

The area was originally the site of the Jericho-Jordan River alluvial mine workings. Of the township of Jericho, very little remains. Most of the area has been heavily sluiced by hydraulic water pressure which has changed the site greatly from its original outlook.

The Jericho Cemetery was gazetted in 1870 and officially closed in 1983. It is known that there were earlier burials before 1870. The burial records for the cemetery, were believed to be destroyed, in the 1939 bushfires in the Gippsland area. In July, 1983 the Health Commission of Victoria was advised by the MMBW (Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works) that the entire Red Jacket and Jericho Cemeteries as well as a portion of the Aberfeldy Cemetery were located in the Board's Thomson River Dam Catchment Area and requested that these three cemeteries be closed in order to preserve and maintain the water quality of the streams in the Region. This request was refused and the status of these cemetery reserves, were retained.

Following negotiations the MMBW accepted the trusteeship of the Red Jacket and Jericho Cemeteries for maintenance purposes and the Health Commission agreed to close these two cemeteries to all further burials and limit burials at the Aberfeldy Cemetery to that portion of the cemetery reserves that lies outside the Catchment area.

The one remaining headstone left intact in the Jericho Cemetery is that of Charles Ferguson. "In memory of Charles Ferguson died 24th Feb 1868 aged 42 years". Research into burials in the cemetery via death certificates and other records has identified the following, but these are only a small number of the total burials; the actual total number being unknown.

McBRIEN, Patrick: Miner B.B. Creek, Jordan, aged 32 years. Died: 21st July, 1865, Buried: 23rd July, 1865.

BEIRNE, James: aged 22 days, son of Francis Beirne and Mary (Maloney). Died: 19th August, 1865 at Jericho, Buried: 19th August, 1865

RYAN, Patrick: Labourer, aged 25 years of Jericho,. Died: 29th August, 1865, Buried: 30th August, 1865.

McELLIGOTT, unnamed female, daughter of Johanna McElligott (servant). Died: 3rd Jan, 1868 at Jericho, Buried: 5th Jan, 1868.

FERGUSON, Charles: Labourer, aged 43 years of Jolly's Track between Black River and Aberfeldy. Died: 24th February, 1868, Buried: 26th February, 1868. He died after falling off his horse and being dragged along when his foot was caught in a pack strap or stirrup

McCULLA, Lawrence: aged 53 years, miner of Jericho. Died: 28th February, 1888, Buried: 29th February, 1888.

GAFFNEY, Thomas Terence: Hotelkeeper, aged 51 years of Jericho. Died: 2nd Feb. 1889, Buried: 4th February, 1889.

There were fragments of his gravestone found, but a new memorial is now found at Gaffney's Creek.

Finally following diphtheria in the area in 1885, four children of the Dilworth family passed away at Jericho from the 4th of June to the 12th June, 1885. All were children of John Dilworth, Miner, and Johanna McElligott.

DILWORTH, Helena: aged 6 years, died of bronchitis on the 4th June, 1885, Buried: 6th June, 1885

DILWORTH, Johanna, aged 11 years, diphtheria, Died: 11th June, 1885, Buried: 13th June, 1885.

DILWORTH, Margaret, aged 14 years, diphtheria, Died: 13th June, 1885, Buried: 13th June, 1885.

DILWORTH, Theresa Catherine, aged 4 years, diphtheria, Died: 12th June, 1885, Buried: 13th June, 1885.

A sad ending for the family.

Information supplied by David Weatherill. He would appreciate hearing from anyone who might have further information on this cemetery and the burials within it.

Contact details: 86 Moreton Crescent, Bundoora Victoria 3083 Australia. Email: dww@tpg.com.au

