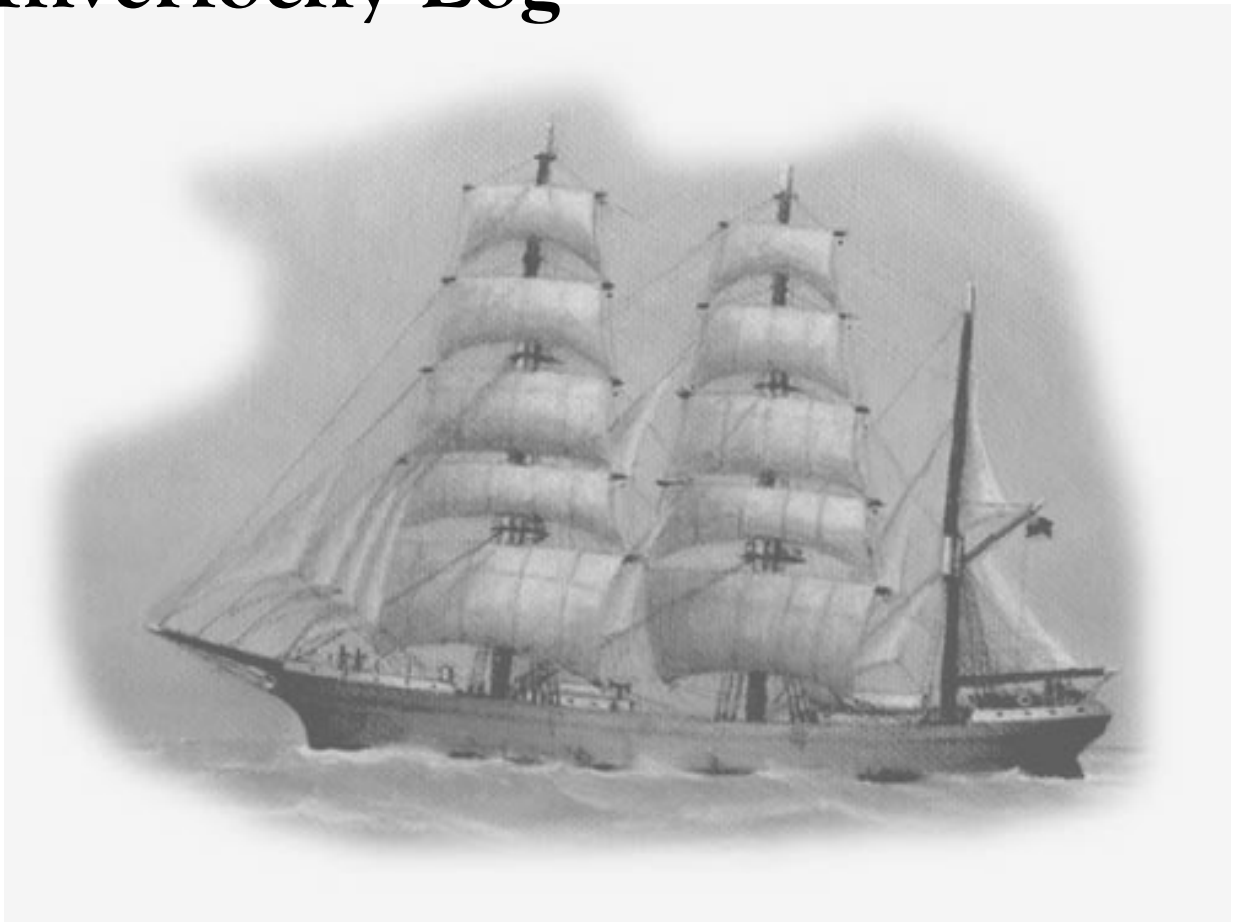


The Surf Coast Family History Group

Vol. 49, Spring, Sept 2013 edition

(Sub group of the Anglesea and District Historical Society Inc.)

Inverlochy Log



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Quarterly Journal of The Surf Coast Family History Group

The Surf Coast Family History Group

c/o P. O. Box 98 Anglesea 3230

The Society is housed in the Anglesea Historical Society Museum
McMillan Street Anglesea 3230

Library and Research Facilities

Tuesday 10.30am - 1.00pm

Wednesday by appointment

Saturday 10.30am - 1.00pm

Meetings held on

The 2nd Thursday of the month

commencing at 10am at the

Historical Society Museum

McMillan Street Anglesea 3230

Visitors Welcome

Enquiries:

Pat Hughes Phone 5289 6686

Peter Matthews Phone 5263 1686

Aug 8th Meeting: Pat Hughes

“Who do you think you are”
Emily King

—

Sept 12th Norma Morrison
“A murder in the family”

—

Oct 10th AGM

Please put forward your nominations
Guest Speaker to be announced

—

We are aiming to have
Interesting guest speakers

to talk on all matters of research
Please submit topics of interest

—

Newsletter by email
Please forward your address if interested

Committee Members 2012 - 2013

Chairperson
Vice Chairperson
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarian

Committee Member
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Committee Member
Committee Member

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articles published in this magazine

Private Ray Sullivan, 'A' company, 7th Battalion, Australian Imperial Force

Gallipoli April 25th 1915

Private Ray Sullivan is sitting quietly in the bows of a landing barge. There are hundreds jammed in with him. It is still dark and the men are silent. Dawn is beginning to creep in over the unfamiliar Gallipoli landscape and throwing dim light on a rugged Turkish coastline.

We don't know much Private Sullivan understands about the task ahead of him. Does he realise this campaign is designed by Allied command as the first blow in their long term goal to take back control of far off Constantinople? Does he realise he is one of a 100,000 strong allied force

landing on five fronts that cold morning in the Turkish Dardanelles? Most likely all he knows is that his battalion is a part of the second wave and frighteningly, as the light reveals, that he is about to land in the wrong place. Instead of the expected tiny white beach later to be named Anzac Cove in memory of Ray and his comrades, he is facing the Sphinx: a sheer cliff face almost 200 feet straight out of the sea. It's a climb so physically taxing it exhausts fit, pack free young 20 year old climbers today. Ray, however, is carrying a huge pack on his back and in his hands: 200 rounds of .303 ammunition, a rifle with fixed bayonet, and an entrenching tool wrapped in two empty sand bags. His rifle is unloaded. The command has decided there will be no shooting before dawn. If he meets the enemy before the sun comes up, he will have to rely on his bayonet. In his heavy backpack he has two white bags holding two days' extra rations: a can of bully beef, biscuits, tea and sugar. Tucked away safely are his few treasured possessions: 5 books, a belt, a brush, a safety razor in its case, 2 pipe bowls, some Middle East souvenirs, a letter home he will never send and a set of rosary beads.

The men alongside him, if they steal a glance away from their own thoughts of home and the battle ahead, will see a slim young man of 25. Tall for the time, at 5 foot 10 inches (177cm), Ray has the signature Sullivan blue eyes, fair hair and a clear complexion. He is not married and describes himself as a butcher in his father's shop in Sydney Road Brunswick. But today in this landing barge, he is a long way from home. He is in another world, another life. He is a soldier in the AIF about to fight and die in the most famous battle in Australian war history. It isn't easy for us to look back and understand why Ray was in that landing boat.

Australia nearly 100 years ago was a very different place. We had a much stronger culture of devotion to England, (we were the first in the Commonwealth to offer unconditional support of the First World War effort). There was an as yet undeveloped sense of nationhood. In the next few hours Ray and his fellow soldiers will do much to change that. Gallipoli, with all of its mistakes and terrible cost in life, marks the commencement of a new sense of identity for Australia and New Zealand. In the next few moments Ray will land in water over his head, swim a few strokes and stagger ashore alongside a small creek that runs off the Sphinx headland. As well as the shock of the cold water, and the weight of his sodden uniform and pack, Ray will be staggered by the rain of machine gun fire. The Turks are expecting him! The surprise attack is obviously not a surprise. What Ray couldn't know was that the
Cont.....

invasion was such a poorly kept secret, shop owners in Constantinople were preparing welcoming window displays for the Allies! From now on Ray will fight his own battle. His battalion is scattered in the confusion. The impossible terrain and the fierce fighting, well positioned Turk combine to create an almost undefeatable foe. Yet Ray, the butcher's son from Brunswick, does not give up. Somehow he climbs that heart breaking cliff. As the Aussies and Kiwis around him are hit by bullets that sound like birds flying through the air, Ray tops the ridge and sees a spur that leads over a series of hills to his target, the Mount Sari Blair.

The next report we have of Ray is ten hours later. It is 3 pm and Private Smith (288) of the same company finds him lying in a pile of wounded just below a ridge about one mile from the beach. He is shot through both legs. Private Smith gives him a drink and a pack of cigarettes. How he got there, what horrors he experienced, we will never know. Later the ground on which he is lying is overrun by the Turks and Private Ray Sullivan is never seen again.

For Ray this ultimate sacrifice was a natural choice. His connection with the 'mother country' England was close and recent. His father John had migrated here and made a great life for himself and his children. The Sullivan boys were well educated, intelligent and well spoken. Their letters and records show a family that, in one generation, had gone from London poverty to the comfort of a stable Australian life. The sacrifice Ray Sullivan and his grieving family made at Gallipoli has ensured that we, their descendants, continue to prosper in our beautiful homeland.



Private Ray Sullivan

Northamptonshire witch trials

COME Halloween there will be plenty of people in Northampton ready to don their black hats and dress up as witches. But a few centuries ago, few would have been so ready to identify themselves as such, because being

labelled a witch could lead to a grisly fate. It is now 400 years since The 1612 Northampton Witch Trials, which saw six accused of the "crime", which was then punishable by death, and these were not the only "witches" to be hunted down in the county.

Back in 1612, a full eight decades before anyone had ever heard of a little New England town called Salem, a group of people were tried and executed in England for witchcraft. This was a significant event, not because of the accusations themselves, but because it was one of the earlier documented cases in which the "dunking" method was used in Britain. It was also a case in which more than one person was singled out; rather, an entire group was accused. Four women and a man were executed, and several others charged with crimes involving a variety of "witchcrafts", including the bewitching of a pig. They were hanged at Abington Gallows, Northampton, on July 1612.

Those executed at Northampton were: Arthur Bill of Raunds, Mary Barber of Stanwick, Agnes Browne of Guilsborough, Joan Browne/Vaughan (daughter of Agnes) of Guilsborough, Helen Jenkinson of Thrapston

The trials may also refer to two women: Elinor Shaw and Mary Philips, who were burned at Northampton in 1705 for witchcraft. They reputedly made a jailor dance naked in the courtyard for a full hour.



What's new in Genealogy

Family Tree to replace New FamilySearch

At RootsTech presenter Ron Tanner, Product Manager for New FamilySearch introduced an almost completely fully functional Family Tree program.

The program, as outlined, fulfils all of the requirements for a useful program, unlike the presently online New.FamilySearch.org.

There are several online programs that could and may have been used as basic models for the Family Tree program, such as WeRelate.org, WikiTree.com and a few others.

But the main interface for the Family Tree program appears to be pedigree chart based after the Family Tree view in New FamilySearch. It is apparent that the Family Tree program is more than a simple update or revision of the existing New.FamilySearch.org program, but is an almost completely new program.

Free

Find a Grave: Looking for a tombstone?

Find a Grave is a completely free, volunteer run website

where you can search millions of grave sites from around the world, or request a search for relatives you cannot find in their database.

Free

Trove

Trove, developed and managed by the National Library of Australia, is a free search engine with access to collections across Australia; also overseas collections that are relevant to Australia. Whether you are tracing your family history, researching a topic, reading for pleasure, teaching or studying, Trove will help you.

FOR SALE

Microfiche readers \$25 each

Contact: Pat Hughes 52896686

We have guest speakers every second Thursday of the month at 10.00am

Why don't you join us for morning tea and chat about your family history.

All Welcome