

Moama Cemetery

The Moama Cemetery Working Group is still looking for information about burials at the Moama Cemetery. Of special interest is any information about those who are buried in unmarked graves in the Cemetery. If you can provide any help about anyone who is buried at Moama, please contact:-

Anita Bartlett, PO Box 1343 Echuca 3564. or 0439992767

Research Dec 19 – Feb 20

OWEN Ellen	WA Death Certificate	Ken Owen
BARTON & COOK	Info in Echuca	Abbi Bryant
BONES Victor	Info	Mandy Blam
HAWES	Moama Cemetery	
McKECHNIE, CARROLL & MONTGOMERY	Samanatha Montgomery	All in Echuca
MARSH FAMILY	Jane	Marsh Book
WALTON Christopher	Deonne Lilley	Walton's Bakery
TOLHURST, MOONEY, BOURKE	Echuca, Torrumbarry & Trundle	James Treacy

HON PETER WALSH MP

Member for Murray Plains

496 High Street
ECHUCA 3564

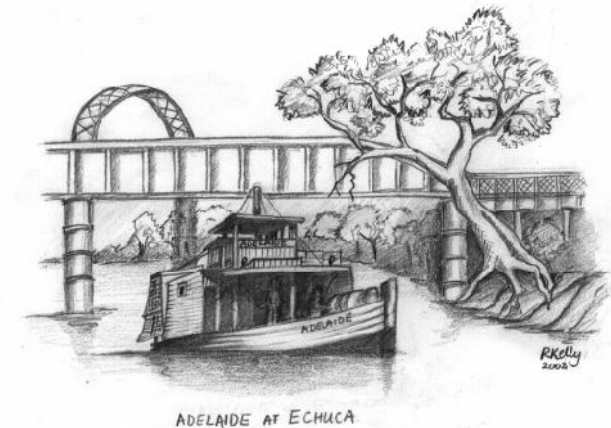
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Authorised by Peter Walsh, 496 High St. Echuca, 3564

Bridges & Branches

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Quarterly Newsletter
of the
ECHUCA-MOAMA FAMILY HISTORY
GROUP INC.

Echuca-Moama Family History Group Inc

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The Monthly Group Meeting is held in the Research Room, in Murray Esplanade - the second Tuesday of each month, except January, at 1.30pm. **The Monthly Group Activity Session** is held from October to March, on the third Thursday at 7.30 pm, and April to September on the third Saturday at 1.30 pm. **At St James Parish Centre, Maiden St. Moama.**

Excursions can replace the Group Activity Sessions.

The **Research Room** at 9 Murray Esplanade, Echuca, is open and manned every Monday and Friday between 11.00am -3.00pm, except on Public Holidays. At other times contact Barbara (03) 5480 1501

Towns /areas covered by the EMFHG Inc

In Victoria: Ballendella, Bamawm, Barmah, Echuca, Echuca Village, Kanyapella, Kotta, Koyuga, Lockington, McEvoy's, Millewa, Nanneella, Patho, Piavella, Pine Grove, Restdown, Rochester, Roslynmede, Strathallan, Tennyson, Tongala, Torrumbarry and Wyuna

In NSW Bunnaloo, Caldwell, Mathoura, Moama, Thyra and Womboota

The Editors welcomes articles, notes, queries, book reviews, comments and any items of interest. Contributions to Bridges & Branches are accepted in good faith but the Echuca-Moama Family History Group Inc. or the Editors, do not accept responsibility for the accuracy of information nor for the opinions expressed. Items can be emailed to:-
ksdurrant1@bigpond.com or judysupercool@gmail.com

Fanny Isabella NICOL



Fanny Isabella NICOL was born 1884 the second youngest of the children of John Nicol and Flora Macfarlane who had married in 1872.

All of their known children were born at Ballarat or Bungaree. Their first child, Jean Knight was born in 1873, followed by Margaret-Ann McCallam, 1875; Charles Robert 1876, James, 1877; Jeanette Flora, 1882; Fanny Isabella 1884; and Alison Husband, in 1885.

Later John and Flora with the family moved to the land they held, Tower Farm, at Ballendella, north west of Rochester. Fanny was living at Tower Farm when she was accepted for service in August 1917.

Fanny had trained as a nurse at Sale passing her exams in 1915.

She embarked in Melbourne 31st August 1917 on the *Wiltshire* for Suez serving at the General Hospital Alexandria and the General Hospital Abbassia.

Fanny returned Melbourne, embarking at Suez on *HT Kildonian Castle* on the 8th April 1919, returning as duty nurse.

Fanny Isabella Nicol died at Sale 1956. It is not known if there is any connection between the fact that Fanny trained as a nurse at Sale, and it was where she died 41 years later.

Shirley Durrant

Scott's Epitaph and its Origin

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the January "Life," is an explanation of the origin of the epitaph written for the memorial cross to Captain Scott and his fellow heroes. When Captain Scott was leaving for the South Pole, Dr Alexander Leeper, Warden of Trinity College, Melbourne, gave him as a memento a little volume of Browning, in which he wrote the concluding lines from Tennyson's *Ulysses*: "To strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield." The little volume was discovered in the tent with Captain Scott, and the members of the search party, considering the lines a most appropriate epitaph, had them caved on the cross which stands on Observation Hill

Riverine Herald 1913

Does anyone have any information further about this family

Rollo	David	71	Rollo David	Turpie Janet		c1824	18.06.1895
Rollo	Sarah A	Unk	Frazer James	unk	Rollo Unk		08.04.1894
Rollo	William	44	Rollo James	Beardow Ellen	Fife Jane Ann	26.10.1840	02.09.1884
Rollo	William Muir	1yr	Rollo John	Muir Catherine Constance		19.07.1852	03.09.1854

I shall soon be able to sit up I think...

Writing from the 4th London General Hospital, England on October 20 to his mother, Mrs. Peter Sinclair, Mathoura, Lance-Corporal Colin Sinclair says:-

“No doubt you are anxiously awaiting news of me. Well I am getting on real well and expect to be up in five or six weeks time. I am receiving the best of attention here, having the wound dressed twice a day, and getting the best of food and plenty of good milk. It is a great treat to get a bit of poultry and some milk puddings again after tasting none for 14 months.

We left where we were bivouaced at 8.30 pm on the 11th, having a distance of five miles to go and get formed up on the jumping-off line. It was very dark and showery. Our artillery was quiet, but Fritz [the Germans] was very active, sending over a lot of gas shells too. All the country is one mass of shell holes. We reached the jumping-off line at 2.30 am on the 12th and could take no shelter, as the shell holes were full of water. For three hours almost, we had to sit there while shells fell around about and bullets whizzed overhead. At 5.25am our barrage opened and we were off. Hadn't gone 20 yards before one of my section fell, and after going 100 yards I partly turned to see a fellow behind me, when

down I went in an almost helpless heap. I lay there for half an hour when two fellows carried me to the shelter of a German pill-box. I lay there with several others until 4 pm when we were carried to another pill-box where we lay in the rain until midday of the 13th. Of eight of us, three died during the night. We were cramped and cold. A drink of hot coffee was brought to us by the A.M.C. While a chap was giving me mine a German shell landed close. I swallowed one mouthful – the rest he poured down the neck of my tunic.

After lying for 30 hours the stretcher bearers arrived to carry us out. It was an awful journey – three miles on a stretcher, then two miles on a rough road in a motor transport, then from the dressing station at Ypres to the casualty clearing station at Poperinghe in a motor ambulance, then on to Boulogne by train.

I was there two days and operated on and then came to London and was absolutely tired out. I am feeling better every day and should soon be right. I was lucky to pull through. I shall soon be able to sit up I think.”

Pastoral Times, January 26, 1918

Lightning last week melted seven strands of barbed wire in a fence at Moama. Following the storm, Mr W.L.Hay of Gilgia, Moama, noticed that some of the sheep were missing, and on inspection discovered that a seven strand wire fence had been clearly melted, leaving a big gap. The only explanation he can give is that the

grass beneath the fence was wet when the lightning struck it. Mr Hay brought in several pieces of the metal, formally the wire fence, which were found nearby. The posts on the panel were unscathed he said.

The Riverine Herald Thursday 9 December 1954

President's Report

Welcome to another year of family history research. Perhaps this is the year that you will write some family history stories for our magazine. It is a wonderful opportunity to share your research with other members, particularly if you are writing about local families.

Once again it has been a quiet start to the year in the research rooms and while this may be due to the hot weather over summer, it is also a reality that more and more family history resources are available on line now. While this provides easier access to resources, it can also be a trap with genealogy websites offering hints about possible ancestors that may be inaccurate, and lead you literally down 'the garden path'. Every hint you receive requires confirming from at least three different sources to confirm that it is valid. This on line genealogy resource has generated the copy and paste era, where there is acceptance of someone else's research, and family trees are put together from many other family trees that contain invalid information. Beware of family trees with little or no documentation, and with no analytical thinking in the construction of those trees.

Since 2018 we have been involved with the Shire over a leasing agreement. Late last year we were presented with a 24 page License agreement on the building. We have responded that we would prefer a less formal agreement such as the one we have had for the last twelve years. It was explained to us that a license is more flexible for a short term of occupation, and it gives us the right to occupy and is more desirable

for the Port Area. As you know from the December Monthly Minutes we found a number of issues with the document, which prompted a series of meetings to discuss these issues. The Building section of the Shire is considering our questions at the moment.

We ended last year with a very profitable Bunnings sausage sizzle. These sausage sizzles have been the main source of our fund raising in the last few years, so I would encourage members who wish to contribute, that a few hours at a sizzle is a very easy way to do this. It also provides a respite for those who are there all day.

Our Monthly activities are worth considering this year, particularly the excursions that we have arranged. It is also our Fortieth Anniversary in June this year and we will have a special celebration. Vicki Montgomery from GSV will be our guest speaker. Vicki was the speaker for our Thirty fifth too, and she will provide a very interesting presentation, so stay tuned to the newsletter for details.

We are bringing to a close the writing of World War I stories for Bridges & Branches, so if you want to write a story to be included in the book we are going to compile please think of doing it very soon. The writing piece can include what was happening on the Home Front and include women's contribution to the war effort. We are after a variety of stories to reflect the times.

News from the National Library of Australia is that one of Australia's most valuable record collections for local

and family historians, the **Australian Joint Copying Project** (better known as the AJCP), is about to get a whole lot easier to access. The collection contains 7.5 million records, and is held on 10,419 microfilm reels and only a few libraries around the country hold these films. This is a project began back in 1945 as a collaborative project to copy historical records that relate to Australia and the Pacific, that were held in archives in the United Kingdom and Ireland. Microfilming started in 1948 and continued through until 1993. The records contained on the microfilms date from 1560 to 1984. The project to digitize the content of the AJCP has already begun, and the National Library of

Australia has announced that it will be completed by 30 June 2020. But you don't have to wait until then to check it out, as they are releasing updates every month! You can head over to the NLA website to search what's already there <https://www.nla.gov.au/content/australian-joint-copying-project>

Finally more family history trivia for your amusement; some unusual occupations from the 1881 British Census: 'Fifty-two years an imbecile, 'Knocker-up of workpeople 'and 'Turnip Shepherd'

Here's to a great year in family history research.

Judy McCleary

Coming Activities

MARCH

Thursday 19 @ 7 30 pm EXCURSION – John Forbes Sports Museum Rochester

APRIL

Saturday 18 @ 1 30 pm GUEST SPEAKER – Hue Hoang – life story from Vietnam to Australia

MAY

Saturday 16 @ 1 30 pm Moama Cemetery Walk –

JUNE

Saturday 20 40th ANNIVERSARY – G/S Vicki Montgomery

JULY

Saturday 18 @ 1 30 pm LUNCHEON AGM

Genealogy begins as an interest, becomes a hobby, continues as a vocation, takes over as an obsession, and in its last stages is an incurable disease. But such a fun disease. *Anon*

hot winds came. The whole country lay, as it were, prepared for ignition-ready for the match, and there it was! The various fires on the mountains and in the bush received the kindling impulse-the flames shot forward with the wind, and the whole country was speedily one huge conflagration! Lighted at so many points, the forest blazed and roared in a manner so startling and terrible, that the population, scattered thinly through the bush, were struck with consternation. Some rushed with green boughs, as in ordinary bush-fires, to beat out the flames, but in most cases without success. The terrible element came roaring forward, presenting an awful front of miles in extent, which devoured the forest trees as so many reeds, and sent before it clouds of smoke which darkened the atmosphere, and a heat consuming as the breath of a furnace heated to whiteness.

Soon the people had to flee before the remorseless enemy in all directions, and in every quarter, even over an extent of many hundreds of square miles. The women and children fled from their blazing huts; the shepherds left their flocks to perish, unable to drive them to any conceivable place of refuge. Cattle in vast herds were seen careering madly before the fires, which not only leaped from tree to tree like lightning, but travelled at once with its velocity and deadliness. Troops of horses, wild from the bush, with flying tails and manes, and neighing wildly,

galloped across the ground with the fury of despair. Flocks of kangaroos, and of smaller animals, leaped desperately along, to escape the horrible conflagration, and hosts of birds swept blindly on, many falling suffocated headlong into the flames, and the rest raising the most lamentable cries. Horsemen, seeing the raging sea of fire advancing with whirlwind speed from almost every quarter, galloped madly and for scores of miles, till their horses fell under them. Drivers conducting mobs of cattle and horses, as they are called, by turns to market, were compelled to leave them to shift for themselves, and fled away at the highest speed of their horses for their own lives. The destruction, not only of farms, crops, shepherds' huts, cattle, horses, and sheep, was immense, but the destruction of the wild creatures of the woods, which were roasted alive in their holes and haunts, was something fearful to contemplate. People, as it will be seen, who rushed into water-holes and creeks- happy were they who had any near them- and sunk themselves to the very mouths in them, were yet in some instances so scorched and broiled as to perish from the effects.

By William Howitt 1851

[This is only a small part of a graphic description of the devastating fires which raged across East Australia in the summer of 1851.

Reading the account you are struck by the similarities with this last summer.]

New Members

Lyn Briggs

Sue Dunn

Welcome to you both

Black Thursday is one of the most remarkable days in the annals of Australia. It is a day as frequently referred to by the people in this colony as that of the Revolution of 1688 in England, of the first Revolution in France, or of the establishment of Independence in the United States of America. Great political events have, as yet, had a rare recurrence in this colony; national ones are but two—the discovery of gold and the occurrence of the Great Bush Fire, par excellence, of Thursday the 6th of February, 1851. That is a day memorable in the popular mind for its terrible and unexampled devastation, and which will no doubt continue to remain so for long years to come.

All these fires, therefore, were ready to receive that great and universal stimulant, which came. Consumed with drought as is the Australian bush during the summer months of all ordinary years, the country was this year visited with an *extraordinary* and intense and long-continued drought. The grass was dried up to a state of tinder. The leaves of the trees were so dry that they ought, as I have observed, be powdered in the hand. The water-courses were in many cases completely exhausted, and in all reduced very low. Water-holes and creeks, which had never been known before, since the white man came into the colony, to fail, were now hollows parched and cracked with heat. We find complaints sent to the newspapers from the squatters in different parts, complaining that if the drought continued the flocks and herds would perish together. We hear, indeed, of whole flocks of sheep and vast numbers of cattle actually dying of thirst and

starvation.

In this state of things, came one of those hot winds from the north which sweep over the whole country like a typhoon, burn-ing and stifling you in their course, like the breath of a furnace. These winds bear directly on the surface of the earth, rushing on with torrid violence, and scooping up and bearing with them clouds of dust and fine sand, so dense that you cannot see your hand before you. They howl round the houses like the most stormy nights of our December, sending fine dust through every crevice of door and window, and covering everything in the rooms. Such inflictions, which I have known to occur in Melbourne every few days, would drive our ladies and housemaids mad; but here they are become so *habituated* to them, as eels to skinning, that when the wind is over, they coolly wipe up the dust, shake out their carpets, curtains, and counterpanes, and care no more about it.

But it is only when they are over that they can do anything coolly; for the heat is, during their prevalence, perfectly prostrating. These winds, known in Sydney as "Brickfielders," are still more terrible, owing to the greater heat of the climate and the more sandy nature of the soil. During their continuance the thermometer will rise, not to 110 degrees, as colonial writers admit, but to 140 degrees. The foliage of the forest shrivels up before the fiery blast, and corn crops are sometimes actually reduced to cinder in the ear.

It was after the long, severe drought and the tinder condition of the grass and foliage in the summer of 1850-1, which we have just spoken of, that one of these

Colin Sinclair was born at Deniliquin in 1893, the son of Peter Sinclair and Sarah Alice Tomlinson who had married at Deniliquin in 1879. Colin was the seventh of their ten children.

The first three children, Duncan born 1880, (died 1881); Ann 1882; and Sarah 1882; and the last two, Archibald 1897 and Duncan 1899; were all born at Echuca. The middle five, John 1884; Margaret 1889c; Alice 1891; Colin 1893 and Mary 1895 were registered at Deniliquin.

When Colin enlisted on the 30th May 1916 he gave his occupation as farmer at Mathoura. He sailed from Melbourne on the *Shropshire* on the 25th September 1916.

While serving in France in 1917, Colin was promoted to Lance Corporal. Then, on the 12th October 1917, he was severely wounded by gun shot fire and evacuated to the Fourth London General Hospital at Denmark Hill. It was during his time at this hospital, that his letter which is printed on page 14, was written.

On the 12th November 1917, Colin's father, wrote to Victoria Barracks in Melbourne inquiring for information about his son's health. He wrote that he had received a cable from his son Colin Sinclair, stating that he was "doing well". But the cable did not indicate if he was ill or if he had been

wounded. Peter said that he would be grateful for more information.

On the 24th January 1918 Colin left England for home on the *Dunluce Castle*, and then at Cape Town he was transferred to the *Karoola* to return to Melbourne.

Colin arrived home at Mathoura on the 15th March 1918 for 14 days leave before returning to the Melbourne Base Hospital for further surgery. In May it was noted that Colin was walking "fairly well".

On the 7th June 1922 Colin married Jessie Alice Glenn at Echuca and they made their home at Woorooma West at Moulamein. The couple had three children.

In 1973, Colin Sinclair died at Deniliquin and was buried at the Deniliquin Cemetery. Jessie died in 1978 and was buried at Deniliquin with Colin.

Peter Sinclair, Colin's father had died aged 78 in 1928 and was buried at the Moama Cemetery. His mother, Sarah Alice died aged 80 in 1939 and was also buried at Moama. The couples five unmarried children, Duncan who died in 1881, Mary 1908, Archibald 1927, Margaret 1968; and Duncan 1972 were also buried in the family grave at Moama.

Shirley Durrant

Do it now, sometime later becomes never. You can have results or excuses not both. *Seen on poster in Madrid, Spain*

Presentation to Mr R. Sabeston

On Saturday last, the parents of the scholars attending State School, 1430, Wharparilla, met at Doran's Echuca Hotel, to present Mr R. Sabeston, the late teacher of the school with a valuable gold watch, purchased from Mr Tulloch, jeweller, as a slight token of the good feeling existing between him and the parents.

Mr M'Fadyen, who made the presentation, stated that while it gave him very great pleasure to present Mr Sabeston with the proof of the parents' feeling towards him, yet it was a source of regret to him to know that the gift marked the recipients departure from their district. Not only as the teacher of their children, but as a friend and adviser to themselves, they had found Mr Sabeston's services invaluable, and always most willingly given. Mr M'Fadyen then presented Mr Sabeston with a gold watch, accompanied by the following address :—

Wharparilla, April 9, 1890.—Mr R. Sabeston,—Dear Sir,

We, the undersigned, parents of children attending State School 1430, Wharparilla, in recognition of the interest you have always taken in their advancement, and the success, which has attended your efforts during the last fourteen years desire you to accept the accompanying gift, as a slight token of our esteem and goodwill towards you, and whilst regretting your departure from amongst us, wish long life to Mrs Sabeston and yourself, and continued success and prosperity in your new sphere of labour. Signed on behalf of the subscribers—Daniel Kelly, David

M'Fadyen, Richard Casey, George Pitty, H. Muller, Lewis Braund.

Mr Sabeston in thanking the parents for their very valuable present, said he felt it impossible to sufficiently thank them for their very kind expression of feeling towards himself and Mrs Sabeston. In his opinion it was rather his duty to endeavour to show his gratitude to the residents, than to be the recipient of such a costly gift, which he would always treasure, not for its intrinsic value only, but as a proof that during his fourteen years residence at Wharparilla his work had given satisfaction. He would never forget his kind friends at Wharparilla, nor the place where he had spent so many happy years. Though he had to a certain extent severed his connection with their district, yet his attachment to the old place would always cause him to revisit it with pleasure..

Mr O'Dwyer said it afforded him very great pleasure to express in some slight way his satisfaction with the work done by Mr Sabeston, whom he had always found a most willing and obliging neighbour.

Mr Pitty fully endorsed the previous speaker's remarks, and said that the regret of the parents at Mr Sabeston's departure was also shared by the children.

Mr D. Kelly stated that Mr Sabeston had educated all his family, so that he was in a good position to judge the work done at the school. His presence at the meeting was sufficient proof that he was highly satisfied with the children's progress, and must congratulate the parents at Echuca East on having got a patient and attentive teacher for their children.

So in 1908 the family left Forbes and moved to Sydney, and by then all were capable of self support and things started to improve.

William states “My mother, who I must proclaim, was of stout character, had her mate, who had been given all advantages, been one half as staunch, one half courageous had half the initiative, the family history would be a different story”. He goes on to say “My mother took in a couple of boarders and somehow managed to hold things together while maintaining her independence and dignity”. Kate died in 1943 aged 82 years and is buried in the Catholic Mortuary at Rookwood Cemetery.

William made the pistol he used to

commit suicide. In a note he left he apologised to the person who found him. He said he didn't want to be a burden to anyone. He left instructions for a certain nephew he didn't think much of, to identify his body. He had requested that a certain niece organise his cremation, and that she take his ashes to Forbes to be put with his Father. This she did not do but instead she placed his ashes in the Rookwood Cemetery. There is a plaque of remembrance for him on the monument at Forbes cemetery.

Thanks to William's 8 pages that he jotted down about his family history we have a clearer picture of how things were and why.

K & H Hastie.

Tales about my Uncles

Some of my Mothers stories about the mischief her brothers used to get up to as young lads growing up in Ballarat. (No names mentioned).

Apparently, there were 2 groups of lads, the “South” lads and the “North” lads.

My Uncles belonged to the “North”. The time would be early 1900's as they were born 1897 and 1898 respectively. The old trick with a penny – tie a string to the penny, hide behind a bush and when someone walked along the footpath and went to pick it up, pull it away. (I saw a 20 cent piece recently stuck to the ground at the entrance to a shop, I almost bent

down to pick it up!). They would knock on the door of a house and when they were opened let a bird go in the doorway, then run for it. Stoning peoples roofs with quinces. Back in those days it was horse & cart and the dunny out the back – the poor old “Night man” while delivering a can to the house next door the Uncles made the horse bolt, around the corner it went on to the main road and tipped the cart of cans over what a mess! In 1916 one enlisted for war service and the other married in 1921 and had 5 daughters. (Maybe they got their just deserts).

Helena Hastie

A Story from both sides of a family

OUR STORY:

James Hastie was born in 1861 to a Scottish father and an Irish mother who were both staunch Presbyterian's. James was the youngest of their 9 children, and known to be "The Black Sheep" of the family by his great nephews. So I decided to research the missing link.

James married his wife Kate at Cobar NSW in 1887. At the time of their marriage he was a grazier and she was a domestic servant.

In 1888 we found James & Kate living at home with his parents with 6 month old twins, a boy and a girl. Five months later, when the twins were 11 months old, they had left his family home and moved to Forbes where Kate's family were living. I found James had many different jobs during his short life. He was a farmer, worked in a saw mill, a flour miller, labourer and stock dealer. In 1906 James died aged 45 years. The cause of death was Ischiorectal Abscess (Fistula). At the time of his death, it was reported in the Forbes Times that the firm he was working for, "Looked upon him as being one of its most trusted employees". In Forbes Gazette it stated "the deceased had been ailing for some time and had been operated upon but without effect, the complaint being too deep-seated". James was buried in the Presbyterian section of the Forbes cemetery. In 1908 when Kate moved the family to Sydney, the twins were 20 years old and the youngest of the 5 children was William aged 12. All made good of their lives. The 3 boys all enlisted in the 1st Australian Light Horse. All three were wounded at least once

while serving. They all returned to civilian life after the war effort and two eventually married. The girl twin died aged 41 unmarried and the fourth child, also a girl, married. William never married. He was a fitter and turner by trade. His death in 1974 was suicide. The cause of death on the death certificate, "He died from a bullet wound to the head, self inflicted then and there with the intension of taking his own life". He was 80 years of age. The deed was done in the Sydney Botanical Gardens.

So we decided to find the living descendants of this family to let them know we care, and would be pleased to be of acquaintance. This we did and as we had hoped, they precipitated and we now share a loving friendship.

THEIR STORY:

We were given an 8 page story of their family history, written in 1972 by the youngest son William.

James along with two of his brothers were farming near Cobar and when the farming venture folded in 1888 James took his wife and babies home to the family farm in Victoria. His three unmarried sister's gave Kate a hard time, because she was a catholic and had been a barmaid. The "old people" as quoted by William, showed charity and compassion but as tradition had it, they also wanted to adopt the boy twin, but were unsuccessful. So the young family moved to Forbes. James apparently had a weakness for the "grog" and times were very hard. When James died his family went away leaving Kate to make out the best she could.

Mr T. Forge, J.P , said he could endorse all that had been said by the previous speaker regarding Mr Sabeston as a teacher and friend, although circumstances had placed him in such a position that his children did not attend Mr Sabeston's school. It was a pleasure for him to add a few remarks that afternoon, and the fact of Mr. Sabeston having had charge of the Wharparilla school for 14 years spoke for itself, and during that time he had met his wife who was a resident of the parish of Wharparilla - a fact he thought all should be proud of. It was gratifying to parents whose children had attended Mr.Sabeston's school, to know that they had received at the hands of the departing teacher an education, which had fitted them to occupy the highest positions in Society. Mr Sabeston would be a loss to the district, he at all times being willing to assist and throw in his lot with the farmers who resided in his locality. He was ascending the ladder of fame, and he (the speaker) hoped yet to see Mr Sabeston an inspector under the Education Department.

Mr Harmer, relieving teaching, remarked that he was a comparative stranger to the parents of Wharparilla, but he would like to state that he had

been relieving in many districts before he came to Wharparilla, and had never been in a school where the work and discipline was equal to the school taught by Mr Sabeston. He had to thank Mr Sabeston for the kind treatment he had received from him during his connection with the school at Wharparilla.

Mr D. Kelly informed those present that he took an active part in getting up the presentation to Mr Sabeston, and had not met with any refusals, which was evidence of the esteem in which Mr Sabeston was held. There, however, might be some persons who would say there was as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, but so far as Mr Sabeston was concerned he was quite satisfied with the fish they had in the net.

After the company had honored the recipient, and Mrs Sabeston by drinking success to them, the proceedings terminated.

Riverine Herald, Tuesday 13 May 1890,

Born in 1855, at Geelong, Victoria, Robert Sabeston was my great grandmother's brother.

Catherine Murnane



Robert and Annie Rosina Sabeston

GAMALIEL BARTLETT

My father was William Gamaliel Bartlett. His Grandfather was Gamaliel Bartlett.

When researching Gamaliel Bartlett I was surprised to find there are two distinct families - one in the UK and one in the USA.

There was a Gamaliel Bartlett who immigrated from the UK to New Orleans in 1837. He went with his parents Samuel and Jane and 6 other children. He was 8 months old.

The earliest USA Gamaliel Bartletts I found were listed in the late 1760's. Whether any of these are linked to our family requires further investigation.

Earliest find: An unnamed child of Gamaliel Bartlett was buried on 06.01.1684 in Wells Somerset UK.

Other early finds—there were two Gamaliel Bartletts baptised in UK within a month of each other in 1709...one in Buckland Brewer, Devon and the other in Glastonbury, St John, Somerset, England. Maybe Gamaliel was a fashionable name back then. As Gamaliel was an archangel in the Bible perhaps these people were religious folk. Whether or not either of these are the ancestors of my family is yet to be determined.

Our family's first known Gamaliel Bartlett was born and baptised in 1777 at St Keverne, on the bottom tip of Cornwall. In 1807 at age of 30 he married Suky Bishop. They had 2 boys—John and Gamaliel and 2 daughters Harriet and Louisa together. Suky died in 1853 in Cornwall at age of 75 years.

In 15 Oct 1874 at the age of 27 years

Gamaliel (Jr) married Elizabeth Tyacke who was 23 years old. Elizabeth passed away 3 years later after having a daughter and then a son who was my grand father John. John was 2 months old when his

mother passed away. The daughter of this union Margaret Tyacke Bartlett was left in England when Gamaliel immigrated to Australia with his new wife Margaret Ann Paull in 1883. There are two versions of why this 7 year old remained in England. One was she was poorly in health. The other that she did not get on with her step mother.

The Margaret Tyacke Bartlett married into another branch of our family in Cornwall, where some now still reside on Boscawn farm, where it all began. Some of the family currently live as Quakers.

Gamaliel and Margaret had 4 daughters. One was born in the UK, one on the journey to Australia and two Australian daughters. John remained the only son. He married Stella Elizabeth Sutton and they had a family of 5 sons and 2 daughters, my father being the fourth son.

Obituary in the Bendigo Advertiser 1905

Mr. Gamaliel Bartlett, a highly respected resident of McIntyre Street, Long Gully, died on Saturday, at the age of 67 years, after an illness of



Gamaliel Bartlett

broccoli pneumonia. The deceased, who resided in the State for 22 years, leaves a widow, five daughters- one of whom is married, and living, in

England, and one son. The funeral is announced to take place to the Bendigo Cemetery today.

Anita Bartlett

1430 Private William Park Scott,

William was born at Torrumbarry, Victoria, Australia, to William Scott (1845 – 1904) and Margaret Chidlow Scott, (nee Gould, 1851 –1925) in 1891.

He enlisted at Lithgow, New South Wales, Australia on the 15th of September 1915, joining the 33rd Battalion. His next of Kin was listed as his mother Mrs. Margaret Scott of Kangaroo Flat, Bendigo, Victoria. William, who was a painter, was single, aged 25 years and 7 months, and a member of the Rochester Light Horse at the time of enlistment.

William embarked onboard the *A72 Beltara* on the 13th of May 1916, from Sydney NSW, and disembarked in Devonport, UK on the 9th of July 1916. He was sent to France on the 22nd of November 1916. Later he was transferred to the 35th Battalion on the 30th April 1918, and taken on strength to the field. William was taken to hospital sick, on the 17th of August 1918, and returned to his unit on the 3rd of September 1918. On 22nd of September 1918, he was transferred to the 33rd Battalion and taken on strength, to the field.

After the war finished he re-joined his unit in the field following leave in the

UK, on the 15th of February 1919. On 15th of March 1919, William returned to base camp in Codford, France. In preparation for his return to Australia, he was sent to Weymouth, England, on the 27th March 1919 and finally returned to Australia onboard the *HT Borda*, from England on the 28th of June 1919. William was discharged on the 12th of August 1919.

He was awarded the 1914 – 15 Star Medal, The British War Medal and The Victory Medal.

William married Eleanor Victoria Record Harper (1897 – 1971), who was the daughter of Henry Harper and Emily Harper (Nee Wilkins) in 1919 at New Lamberton, NSW. His siblings were: Mary Scott 1871 – 1893, Catherine Scott 1873 – 1941, Thomas James Scott 1875 – 1884, Ellen (Helen) Scott 1877 – 1946, Robert Miller Scott 1880 – 1957, Margaret Gould Scott 1881 – 1944, William Lewis Scott 1882 – 1883, Annie Chidlow Scott 1884 -, Thomas James Scott 1887 – 1951, Christina Scott 1888 –

William Park Scott, died in Newcastle NSW, Australia in 1967.

Sue Shaw

Sending an e-mail is not a thank-you note, it is simply an electronic chore completed.