

E-MUSTER

Central Coast Family History Society Inc.



August 2022

Issue 33



Ettalong Hall, Ettalong, before the Rip Bridge was constructed.

***THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CENTRAL COAST
FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY INC.***

CENTRAL COAST FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY INC.

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Open: Tues to Fri 9.30am-2.00pm;

Thursday evening 6.00pm-9.30pm

First Saturday of the month 9.30am-12noon

Research Centre Closed on Mondays for Administration

MEETINGS

First Saturday of each month from February to November

Commencing at 1.00pm – doors open 12.00 noon

Research Centre opens from 9.30am

Venue: Gosford Lions Community Hall

Rear of 8 Russell Drysdale Street, EAST GOSFORD NSW

THE E-MUSTER

August 2022 – No: 33

The **E- MUSTER** is the Official Journal of the Central Coast Family History Society Inc. **THE MUSTER** it was first published in April 1983.

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The Society does not hold itself responsible for statements made or opinions expressed by advertisers or authors of articles appearing in **E- MUSTER**.

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All articles to:
admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au

E- MUSTER deadlines are
March 20th
July 20th
November 20th

Cover photo: Gwen Dundon posted this photo along with the following information: The photographer was standing on the shore at Daley's Point, looking across to the mansion Ettalong Hall on far right (demolished to make way for the bridge).

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to the August 2022 *e-Muster*.

For this issue I was given information by a member about a letter sent from her Grandfather serving in WWI to his family and also about “Bill the Bastard” a Waler horse, a hardy type of horse bred under the extreme climate and challenging working conditions of Australia, sent with our servicemen along with the Lighthorse Brigade. I also have family members who trained these horses before their enlistment; I hope you enjoy these articles.

As a result of the Covid pandemic many online resources continue to be available to assist in your research, some of which are outlined in this journal.

Thank you so much to the contributors who have provided articles in this latest issue of the *e-Muster* for our enjoyment and interest.

Heather Yates- Editor

Member 675

PRESIDENTS REPORT

The time has flown and it's already time for another edition of the *E-Muster*. Next month it is spring and hopefully we'll experience some warmer and drier weather. We've certainly been dealt a few blows in the last few years with the dreaded Covid which is constantly lurking in the shadows, and then flooding rains which turned the ground sodden, and the mould which has adhered to nearly every surface.

It seems that if we go outside we're at risk and if we stay inside we're at risk there as well. Perhaps it's best to play it safe and do both in moderation so, if you are able, try and find a quiet and sunny corner and enjoy this edition of the *E-Muster*.

There's been plenty of things going on at the “Cottage” and the members have been quite busy now that meetings have resumed as normal and we're open four days a week. We have had a great range of guest speakers at the meetings ranging from authors, grave diggers, family historians and bushrangers. We've run a Bunnings sausage sizzle and in September we'll have an on-line conference with the NSW-ACT Family History Societies and then we're off to a Trade Day in Maitland.

Then on 12th November we've a big day in the Lions Hall for a one day convention with the Royal Australian Historical Society. So many things to do and see in the next few months.

Here's a very big welcome to all of our new members. We hope you find your ancestors and unlock the road blocks which have been put in place. There are plenty of research assistants willing to assist you in your search for information so call into the cottage if you require any assistance. And don't forget to preserve your memories in writing and share them in the coming editions of the *E-Muster*.

Rod Horton1280J
President CCFHS.

LATEST NEWS

MEMBERSHIP

The Management Committee is entrusted with the appropriate operation of the Society and this includes the health and wellbeing/safety of the members while on the premises and during activities. By law we are required to comply with the directives of the Gov. Medical Authorities.

<https://www.nsw.gov.au/covid-19/business/rules-guidance/nsw-rules>

We are also required to comply with any directives applied by our landlord, Central Coast Council/Properties. We have to consider the general age and health of our members and it is with these facts we would prefer members be double vaccinated. If members wish they can wear a mask inside and distancing is suggested.



We run an extensive program of lectures, workshops, tours and group meetings which are open to everyone. We also hold member-only webinars and members receive a discount on our events.

ONLINE DELIVERY: ALL OF OUR EVENTS ARE CURRENTLY BEING DELIVERED ONLINE USING ZOOM.

Online **bookings can close** early to support administrative requirements, however, late bookings may be made by calling the office during office hours on (02) 9247 3953 or sending an email to admin[at]sag.org.au.

With the exception of some DNA events where there may be privacy issues, **most of our online sessions are recorded**, so even if you cannot attend at the scheduled time you can still book and receive the recording. The event listing will specify if the event is not being recorded.

Most of our events are open to **non-members** as well as members. However, non-members will pay a bit more and season tickets remain available only to members.

Registration types: The member category is used by members of the Society. **Members must be logged in to make a booking.** Everyone else should book using the non-member category.

Multiple event registrations: Please see [this link](#) for how to **register for two or more events and pay once online.**

Details of the **Friday Hang Out with the SAG** and other member-only events can be found at: www.sag.org.au/Member-Area.



Discover SLM: talk series

Unrealised Sydney presents a fascinating insight into the future of our city as it was imagined in the past.

The imagined city precedes the built city. Ideas for new buildings and precincts can reveal much about the time of their conception: economic drivers, politics, technological change, and prevailing views on society, environment and design. Cities evolve as a dialogue between the possible and the actual, with change often contested. Many visions are left behind, unrealised, ghostly reminders of the city that might have been.

Guest curated by **Robert Freestone**, *Unrealised Sydney* explores the genesis of, and community responses to, bold and sometimes misguided design proposals by governments and the private sector for redeveloping some strategic sites in and around the CBD in the second half of the 20th century. Though never realised, these schemes – shown through a range of plans, designs, models, sketches and documentary footage – form a rich part of the story that is Sydney.

These decades saw shifting ideas about architectural and urban design, heritage, and democratic governance. Controversial urban renewal projects raised stark questions about global versus local priorities and private versus public interests.

The processes of reimagination and renewal continue apace. As we continually refashion our cities for the future, what can we learn from past unrealised visions?

Accompanying the exhibition is *Realise*, an interactive experience developed in collaboration with media producers Junior Major. Visitors modify precincts in Tallawoladah / The Rocks, considering factors such as environmental sustainability, liveability and productivity – then see them brought to life in the gallery.

6 AUGUST 2022 - 13 NOVEMBER 2022

BOOK TICKETS

ENTRY

Adult | Free
Concession | Free
Child (5-15 years) | Free
Family* | Free
Members | Free
Children under 5 years | Free

*1 adult & 2 children, 1 adult & 3 children, 2 adults & 1 child, 2 adults & 2 children

Museum of Sydney

Corner Phillip and Bridge Streets, Sydney, NSW 2000



<https://www.rahs.org.au/rahs-news/>

The RAHS website link above will enable you to have many hours of interesting reading and a huge amount of information where there will be sure to be something to grab your attention.

Give it a go!!

NEW MEMBERS

We wish to extend a very warm welcome to our new and returned members. We hope they have many happy researching and social hours with us. Please remember to lodge your Members' Interest form with Brian Davies for inclusion on the Website.

2165	Linda Wiggins	2171	Vivian Bailey
2166	Lyn Pickering	2172	Shan Middleton
2167	Allen Trainer	2173	Julie Anne Wallace
2168	Rowan Pope	2174	Fran Jones
2169	Lyn Ridout	2175	Brian Norton
2170	Kristin Fidge	2176	Helen Williamson

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION



A Gold coin donation is gratefully received when attending the Research Centre to assist in offsetting the cost of online subscription sites. A Day Research fee for Non-Members is \$10.

All Saturday workshops will incur a fee of \$10 for members unless otherwise stipulated and must be paid for prior to the day.

OUR MEMBERSHIP FORM is available to download from the website. From the front page click on the ...read more information Tab under Membership on the banner and all will be revealed. Remember the website is www.centralcoastfhs.org.au

Please read the two additional questions on your membership form regarding the Rotary Raffle to the value of \$10.00 and/or a once per year donation of \$10.00 to the Equipment Maintenance Fund. You can choose to collect the Tickets from the Centre or send in a stamped addressed envelope and we will post them to you.

Next Issue

No. 34 December 2022 E-MUSTER

Deadline for articles for the next edition of the e-Muster
20th Nov, 2022.

A GLORIOUS FAILURE

Early morning- pale light beginning to creep over the horizon, the ghostly shapes of warships well off the rocky coast and further in, dim lines show destroyers racing about.

Smaller boats put off from the naval vessels and the first troops are away. The landing has begun.

The morning is April 25th 1915, the rocky coast that of the Gallipoli Peninsula, the warships and cruisers part of the formidable British Navy and the troops the men who live forever as the A.N.Z.A.C.'s, "the Australian and New Zealand Army Corp."

I was not among the first to land but land we did and followed our gallant comrades up the little goat track which led to the high plateau on which the Turks were entrenched. Contrary to many stories we came upon only nine of the enemy here, all dead. They had occupied two small trenches on either side of the track and one had attempted to crawl away but was dead about 50 yards up what later became Shrapnel Gully.

We went along the Gully and diverged from it up numerous was to our main line on Anzac Ridge where our 3rd Brigade had dug in with the 2nd Brigade in support. We crossed over both and six of us walked on and at 3 o'clock we looked down on the fort and town of Anafala, nestling on the waters that led to Constantinople. We were out of ammunition and so returned picking up three's and four's of various battalions and brigades on the way.

If sufficient support had been given -Turkey would have left the war that day.

Returning to the main line we set to and gave a hand digging our trenches, bringing up supplies and ammunition and wondering about our water supply.



The trenches started as a little mound behind where each man lay but ended up becoming almost luxurious About 15 feet wide and of varying depth we made our dugouts in the sides and were comparatively comfortable.

A few days later a when the men of the Light Horse arrived we found them bathing in the only waterhole on the peninsula. This started a little private war.

However, soon we were firmly entrenched and when the Turkish counter-attack of the 18th May came, we were ready for it. A man on a beautiful white horse rode up and down before us leading the Turkish Army. No one fired as we were ordered not to do so. They told us he was a Hoji or something preaching a Holy War.

Every Turk killed in the battle would go to Allah. One chap remarked that Allah would get a writer's cramp recording his new lodgers. He did.

The attack eventuated and we did not have to aim. As fast as you worked a bolt so you accounted for Turks. We lost a few but compared to the thousands the Turks lost our losses were negligible. The Holy War certainly solved any overcrowding problems the Turkish General Staff may have had. So great were their casualties that a truce was called and a line drawn. Along this line both sides had sentries. All on our side of the line we buried, those on the other they buried. This was necessary to ensure that our water supply did not become polluted.

For a time now, things were quiet. They would have a little skirmish with us and we had a skirmish with them. A Turk held a shovel and we fired at it. He recorded a hit or a miss. We likewise for him.

A young officer came up and gave us a lecture on "the inadvisability of fraternizing with the enemy" and then unaccountably fell flat in the mud at the bottom of his soapbox. "Did he fall or was he pushed?" was the appropriate comment from one wag. I tripped him.

Military honours went unreported. The officer who sent all his men excepting one back, and held a sap against bombing Turks by jumping away from a bomb as it exploded, of the gallant company who fought Turkish bombs by falling on them with half-filled sandbags (all this force were wounded) and of Nash, whose fervent prayers for bombs went unheeded, and who was never heard of again.

When we had occupied part of these trenches an interesting incident occurred. We were separated from the enemy by a big sheet of mesh and iron, over which, each side heaved bombs. Ours were very amateurish and consisted of a jam tin, stuffed with powder, nails, shrapnel and any odds and ends of steel we could find. When Johnny Turk got wary and dodged our bombs we resorted to strategy. A tin of bully beef went over, a tin of beans next and then a couple of biscuits.

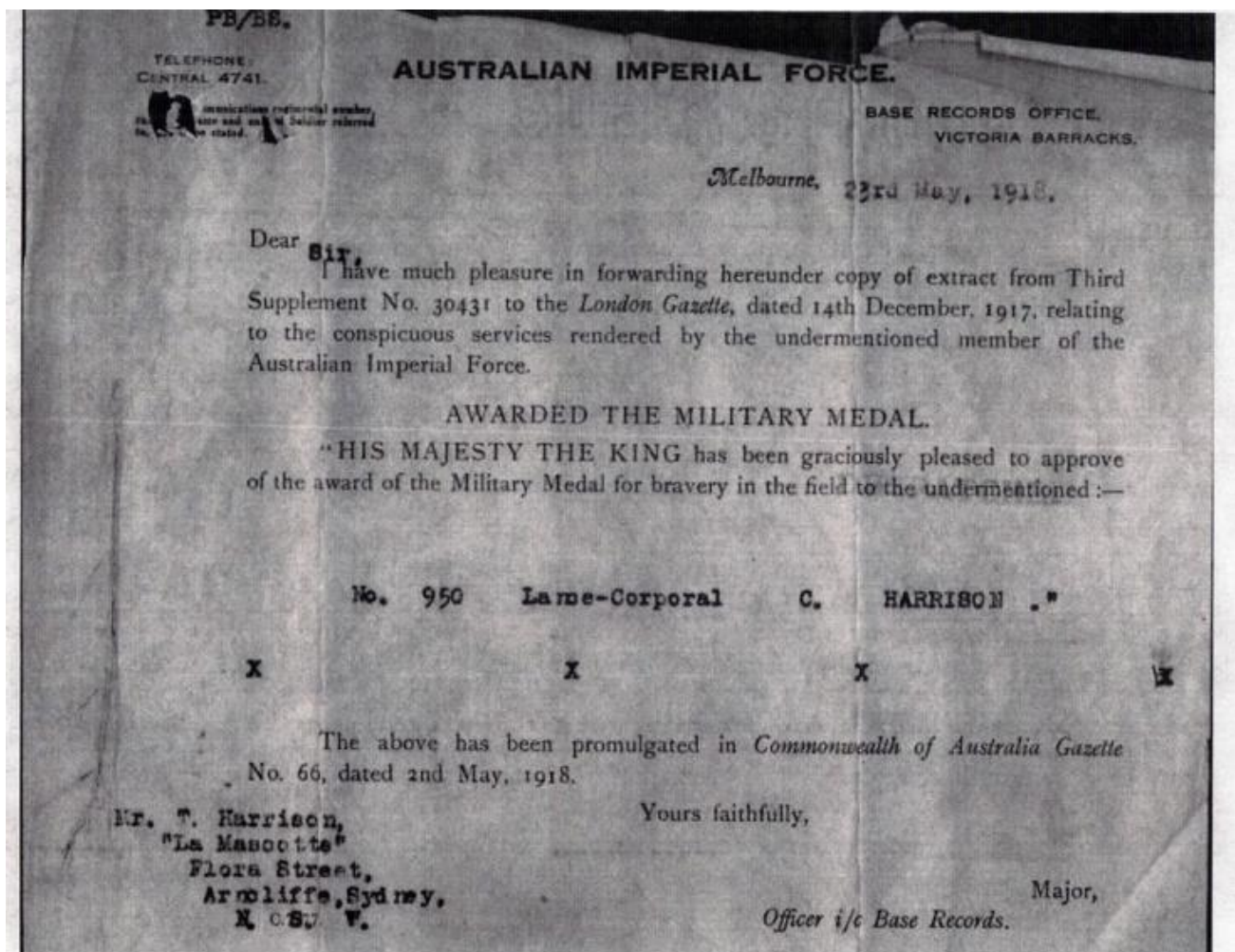
He was wary of the first; suspicious of the second but came readily to number three. Then a jam tin bomb went over, he rushed it thinking it to be more food-then "bingo"- Allah wrote again.

Many incidents of this nature occurred during the campaign.


Soon, unfortunately, we were told to evacuate the Peninsula. Many were the oaths and questions as to why. We were doing all right but the heads were bossing us so we left. A masterpiece of military strategy not comparable with any before or since, but nevertheless an admission of retreat, the evacuation was the final phase in a campaign which had been marked by the tactical ideas of decades before, the faults of bad co-operations between units and commanders.

So we left the Peninsula and went to France but behind us we also left a badly broken Turkish Army and the reputation of the toughest fighting men anyone had seen.

The old hands will tell you that anyone who missed the Gallipoli Campaign missed the fun of the war and they often ask, "Will they repeat Gallipoli?"

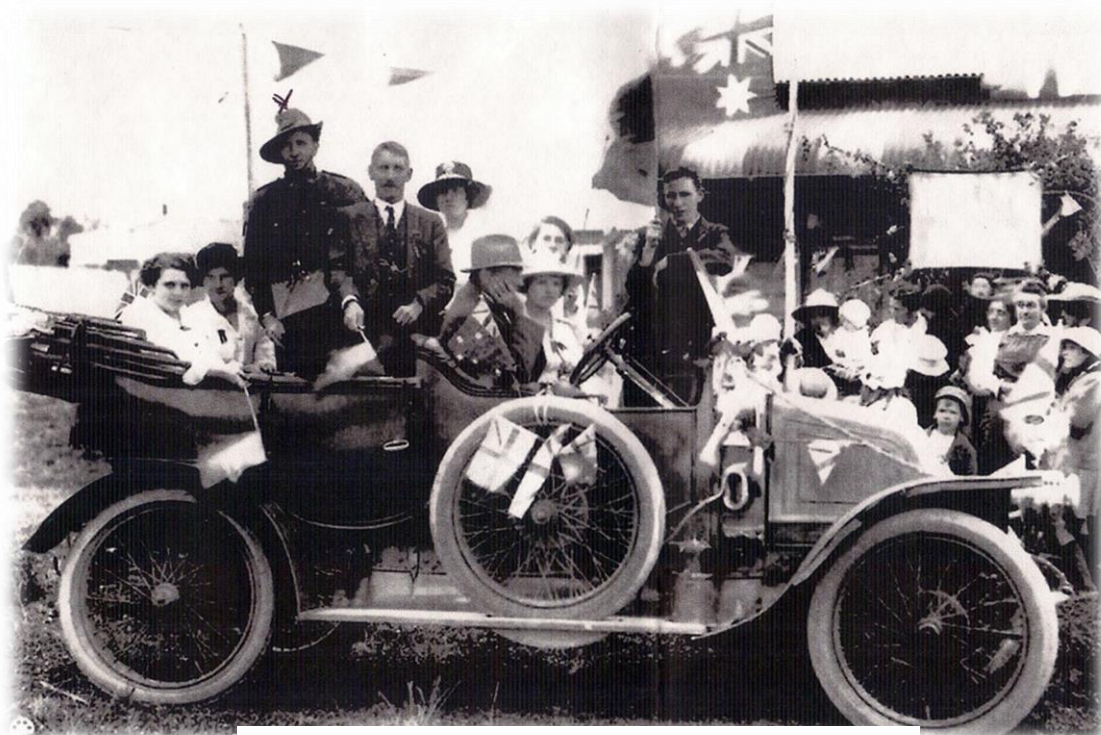


Many thanks to
 Member 1582
 Leonie PINSON for sharing
 these memoirs with us.



Carlyle HARRISON

Regimental No	950
Religion	Methodist
Occupation	Linesman
Address	Flora Street, Arncliffe, Sydney, New South Wales
Marital Status	Single
Age at embarkation	25
Next of Kin	Father, T Harrison, Flora Street, Arncliffe, Sydney, New South Wales
Enlistment Date	19 August 1914
Rank on Enlistment	Private
Unit Name	1st Battalion, H Company
AWM Embarkation Roll No.	23/18/1
Embarkation details	Unit embarked at Sydney per TRANSPORT A19 'Afric' on 18 October 1914
Miscellaneous	Full name: Carlyle Alfred HARRISON
Recommendations (Medals and Awards)	Military Medal (awarded) 11 October 1917. 'Conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty under heavy fire in attending to wounded. (East of Ypres 4-6 October 1917)'
Awards (Nominal Roll)	Military Medal
Medals	Military Medal For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during operations East of YPRES, 4th to 6th October, 1917. He followed closely behind the attacking troops dressing the wounded as they fell. When the Regimental Aid Post was established he continued his work in the open under heavy shell fire. Throughout the operations he showed a splendid example to those near him by his coolness and courage. 'Commonwealth Gazette' No. 31 (7 March 1918)
Rank(s) from Nominal Roll	Private
Unit(s) from Nominal Roll	1st Battalion



Carlyle Harrison returning home from the war,

WW1 Australian Light Horse

The Light Horse were seen as the “national arm of Australia’s defence” and young men, most from the country, flocked to join. Many brought their own horses and some even brought their dogs. It all seemed like a great adventure.

The recruits took a riding test which varied from place to place. At one camp they had to take a bareback army horse over a water jump and a sod wall. In another, they had to jump a log fence.

Recruits had to pass a very strict medical test before they were accepted.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

A03315

They were then sworn in and issued with their uniforms – the normal AIF jacket, handsome cord riding breeches, and leather “puttee” laggings bound by a spiral strap. They wore the famous Australian slouch hat and a distinctive leather bandolier that carried 90 rounds of ammunition.

If a man’s horse met army standards, it was bought by the Commonwealth for about £30 (\$60). Many men were given remounts – army horses bought by Commonwealth purchasing officers from graziers and breeders.

These were called “walers” because they were a New South Wales stockhorse type – strong, great-hearted animals with the strains of the thoroughbred and semi-draught to give them speed, strength and stamina.

Each horse was branded with the Government broad arrow and initials of the purchasing officer, and an army number on one hoof.

In camp, the horses were tethered by head and heel ropes between long ropes called picket lines.

In front of each horse was placed its saddle and equipment. The men slept close by in bell tents – eight men to a tent, feet to the centre like the spokes of a wheel.

At the start of each day, the lighthorsemen watered, fed and groomed their horses and cleaned the horse lines before breakfast. Then they did their training. Most were already expert horsemen and riflemen. The rest was drill and mastery of the mounted infantry fighting technique.

Taken from the series “Australians at War”

Credit: ALHA

The following post has one of the most unforgettable photographs that captures the incredible bond between soldiers and their horses. The loyal and courageous horses of two fallen Australian light horsemen stand behind their graves.




Both men were killed when they were ambushed by Turkish soldiers on the 29th of September 1918.

The fallen light horsemen were Sergeant Louis Shannon Brook MM, of Pimpinio, Victoria, and Trooper Clarence William Radburn, of Neville, New South Wales, both of the 1st Australian Light Horse Regiment.

Despite detailed notes and maps on the location of the graves on Trooper Radburn's service record, they were never found by grave registration units in 1922.

Item copyright: Copyright expired - public domain

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The Australian Light Horse holds a proud and revered place in the hearts and minds of Australians.

The Waler horses carried their men to victory during WW1 and were regarded as amongst the finest cavalry horses in the world.

The Australian light horse regiments were devastated to learn that their beloved horses would not be coming home with them at the end of the war.

Horses of the Desert Mounted Corps Memorial have these words...

‘They suffered wounds, thirst, hunger and weariness almost beyond endurance. But never failed. They did not come home. We will never forget them’.

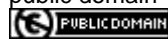
The memorial is located on the South West external wall of the Royal Botanic Gardens Sydney.

Lest We Forget.

Some information and photographs come from the Australian War Memorial.

Group portrait of soldiers of the 6th Light Horse Regiment, Citizen Military Forces (CMF), on horseback during a parade.

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Bill the Bastard

Australia's greatest war horse was Bill, but he was given the title of **Bill the Bastard** because he was fierce and difficult to handle and refused to be beaten by anyone or anything into submission.

Bill was a massive 17.1 hands high, weighed approximately 730 kg and had strength and intelligence unmatched by any others of his breed. Bill showed legendary courage, endurance and strength. He had only one problem – he was the most cantankerous horse that had ever been encountered by the Lighthorsemen.

Bill was much bigger than the average Waler. His eyes were cool and yet at the same time alert and nothing seemed to ruffle him. Instead he ruffled others, especially potential riders.



There was something in his independent nature that would not allow him to be dominated. Bill had never been fully broken-in, like many of the horses sent to war.

Bill travelled over to the Middle East on a troopship under the watchful eye of his minder, Australian writer, poet and journalist A.B. 'Banjo' Paterson, who despite all of Bill's bad habits and behaviour became very fond of the chestnut stallion.

Bill's bulk strength and endurance and the fact that no-one could ride him meant he would be allotted to duties as a Gallipoli pack horse. Bill worked tirelessly carrying loads up and wounded or fallen soldiers down the steep and twisting tracks.

The Anzac field ambulance men and animals showed as much courage as any of the combatants as they moved up the valley retrieving the fallen. Everyone noticed Bill in particular, along with a gritty yet always cheery Englishman John Simpson and his small donkey. Bill would be the one who would carry the limp body of John Simpson back down the valley the day Simpson's luck ran out as he was hit by a spray of shrapnel.

Bill met his match when he met Major Michael Shanahan, a 46 year old builder from Roma in Queensland. Major Shanahan won the horse's respect and trust with gentleness, perseverance and a large quantity of liquorice allsorts. Major Shanahan and Bill fought together, depending on each other for their survival.

Bill's instincts in battle and heroic efforts saved the lives of his rider and four other troopers at the Battle of Romani. He carried the 4 Tasmanian troopers over 3km to safety from the Turkish Soldiers. Later in the battle of Romani, Shanahan was shot in the leg and passed out.

Bill, sensing that his rider was unconscious, carried Shanahan three kilometres to medical aid.

Shanahan was now out of the war and Bill continued to serve as a packhorse, including an impressive effort at the Battle of Beersheba where he carried machine guns. The end of the desert conflict triggered considerable disharmony when the Anzac force learned the official word was that most of the horses were to be sold wherever the British Government wished.

Officers, including Paterson, turned a blind eye as many troopers took their mounts into the desert and shot them to stop them from being sold into Middle Eastern markets where they potentially would lead a life of abuse. Bill, on the other hand, had the best possible ending. He was smuggled back to Gallipoli as part of the group of packhorses used on an artefact-gathering trip. There he was left, together with his best mate, a grey mare called Penny, with some villagers who remembered seeing him during battle. It was made clear to the village elder that Bill was only to be used as a packhorse and stud, never to be ridden.

Credits: Nigel Allsopp ANZAC of the year 2017-18, Australia Day Citizen of the year 2019, President AWAMO

A Different Type of Tree.

I am a tree lover, both my genealogical family tree and also the horticultural variety. I often gaze upon particularly beautiful specimens around the Central Coast.

This e-Muster I have included a Moreton Bay Fig located at Terrigal, nearby to the Marine Biology Centre on Terrigal Drive.



As well as this stunning Eucalypt in Wamberal.



I am inviting you to share a tree with us in each issue of the *E-muster*, one that has enraptured you or one that is your favourite. Please email details and a photograph to our email address and we will feature them in our Journal.

GRANDMA CLIMBED THE FAMILY TREE

There's been a change in Grandma, we've noticed as of late,
She's always reading history, or jotting down some date.
She's tracing back the family, we'll all have pedigrees,
Grandma's got a hobby, she's Climbing Family Trees....

Poor Grandpa does the cooking, and now, or so he states
He even has to wash the cups and the dinner plates.
Well, Grandma can't be bothered, she's busy as a bee-
Compiling genealogy for the Family Tree.

She has no time to baby-sit, the curtains are a fright-
No buttons left on Grandpa's shirts, the flower bed's a sight-
She's given up her club work, the serials on TV;
The only thing she does nowadays is climb that Family Tree.

The mail is all for Grandma, it comes from near and far-
Last week she got the proof she needs to join the DAR.
A monumental project - on that we all agree,
A worthwhile avocation - to climb the Family Tree.

She wanders through the graveyard in search of date and name-
The rich, the poor, the in-between, all sleeping there the same.
She pauses now and then to rest, fanned by a gentle breeze
That blows above from the Father of all our Family Trees.

Now some folks came from Scotland, some from Galway Bay-
Some were French as pastry, some German all the way.
Some went West to stake their claims, some stayed there by the sea, Grandma
hopes to find them all as she climbs the Family Tree.

There were pioneers and patriots mixed with our kith and kin-
Who blazed the paths through wilderness and fought through thick and thin.
But none more staunch than Grandma - whose eyes light up with glee
Each time she finds a missing branch for that Family Tree.

Their skills were wide and varied from carpenter to cook-
And one - alas- the records show, was hopelessly a crook.
Blacksmith, farmer, weaver, judge, - some tutored for a fee,
Once lost in time, now all recorded on the Family Tree.

To some it's just a hobby, to Grandma it's much more -
She learns the joys and heartaches of those who went before.
They loved, they lost, they laughed, they wept - and now for you and me
They live again in spirit around the Family Tree.

At last she's nearly finished, and each of us are exposed -
Life will be the same again - this we all suppose.

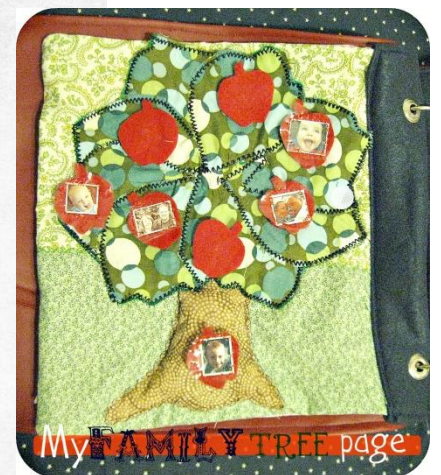
Grandma will cook and sew, serve crullers with our tea,
We'll have her back, just as before that wretched Family Tree.

Sad to relate, the Preacher called and visited for a spell -
We talked about the Gospel and other things as well.
The heathen folk, the poor, and then--'twas fate it had to be
Somehow the conversation turned to Grandma - and the Family Tree.

We tried to change the subject we talked of everything-
But then in Grandma's voice we heard that old familiar ring.
She told him all about the past, and soon 'twas plain to see
The preacher, too, was neatly snared by Grandma and the Family Tree.

He never knew his Granddad, his mother's name was --- Clark?
He and Grandma talked and talked, while outside it grew quite dark.
We'd hoped our fears were groundless, but just like some disease, Grandma's
become an addict - she's hooked on Family Trees.

Our spirits filled with sorrow, our hearts sank with dismay,
Our ears could scarcely believe the words we heard our Grandma say,
"It surely is a lucky thing that you have come to me,
I know exactly how it's done, I'll climb your Family Tree!"



Message in a Bottle.

Newcastle Sun. Sat 20 March 1943

TRAGIC NOTE FOUND AT AVOCA BEACH; LOST LAUNCH SEQUEL

TRAGIC NOTE FOUND AT AVOCA BEACH; LOST LAUNCH SEQUEL GOSFORD. — While walking along the sand at Avoca Beach yesterday afternoon Gordon Davidson (56), of Bulwer Street, West Maitland, and Daniel Hopkins (40), of Mareden Street, Parramatta, both on holidays, found a sealed jam jar on the water's edge.

On removing the screw-top, Davidson found a letter from a man believed to have been a member of the crew of a launch swept out to sea at Wollongong in September.

The following is a copy of the letter:

'Should this note be found, please forward to my dear wife, Christina Vera Douglas, Commercial Hotel. Port Kembla, or care of 39 Woolsley Street, Point Piper.

'My darling wife and dear little girls: No doubt you are wondering what has become of me. I got blown out to sea on Sunday; had engine trouble.

Well, my darlings, it would only give you grief and pain for me to see you all- Have had no water to drink, no food to eat and it is now five days out. We have been expecting someone to pick us up. Surely they are looking for us. I am writing this note, dears, before I go mad.

Daddy loves you all, and. you, my dear wife, you have always been good and faithful to me.

Don't grieve, my darling. God had thought best to take me home.

Always play straight, darling, and you will never go wrong.

All my love to you. Your ever loving husband. H. F. Douglas.'

Will On Cheque Form

'At sea, I, Harold Francis Douglas last manager of Commercial Hotel, Port Kembla. hereby give and bequeath all my possessions and belongings to my wife, Christina Vera Douglas; dated this Friday, 4th day of September, 1942.

H. Douglas, Manager, Commercial Hotel. Port Kembla.

Witness, G.S. Broadley. Witness. A. J. Bell.'

The will was written on a cheque form of the National Bank of Australasia, Wollongong.

Mr. Davidson to-day handed over the original letter and will, badly mutilated, to the police.

It was apparent that water had got in underneath the screw top of the Jam Jar.

Gave Up Hope SYDNEY.— Mrs. Douglas, who is still carrying on at the Commercial Hotel. Port Kembla, received a shock when news was conveyed to her over the telephone.

'Yes. it is true. That letter would be from my husband. I had given up hope long ago,' she said.

The 28ft. launch, which was reported missing on Sunday August 30. 1942, after leaving La Perouse for Port Kembla, was owned by Mr. Douglas.

With him were John Bell, single, a boarder at the hotel, and George H. Broadley. married, a master builder, of Campbell Street, Wollongong.

Police and others who searched for the launch without success feared that it had been driven to sea by a gale which swept the coast during the afternoon.

Carburettor Trouble

Mr. Douglas bought the launch in Sydney and it was taken to La Perouse a few days before sailing for Port Kembla. He left the launch at the wharf of C. H. Fisher and Sons, boat proprietors, telling Mr. Fisher that carburettor trouble had developed during the trip.

Mr. Fisher said that he did not know whether the carburettor had been overhauled by a mechanic that Mr. Douglas had been expecting.

He said that the launch was watertight and could have weathered heavy seas and would have been in Port Kembla before the gale struck.

Intensive Search

An intensive search by the RAAF, the Navy, commercial shipping and the police failed to find any traces of the launch or survivors and hope was abandoned on September 7.

Mr. C. H. Fisher said to-day that discovery of the letter was a remarkable coincidence for him.

'I remember the launch and party clearly,' he said. 'Only on Wednesday I filled in a form for the solicitor in Wollongong who is handling Mr. Broadley's affairs.

'He wanted my signature to a statement that the launch actually left from here in order to apply for probate of Mr. Broadley's will.

'From my recollection on the day the launch left, a south westerly was blowing and they must have been driven miles back from their course.' Mr. Fisher said.

Marlene DAVIDSON Member 327L

Tracing my Family Tree via Family Search

I have been tracing some of my history using Family Search. If you commence your tree on Family Search they will send emails to you with suggestions that they may have an ancestor that matches or is connected to you.

I received an email from them giving me a link to someone who travelled with his family from St. Breward in Cornwall, England to California, U.S.A. They travelled down to Salt Lake City by horses and wagons.

They were of the Mormon faith and travelled there to settle with the Mormon community in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The information that I received was very comprehensive- providing the story of their travels from England to the U.S.A., family trees, including photographs of many members of this family.

Lyn PICKERING. Member 2166.

Irish History

OF THE KELLY FAMILY

Kelly' is the anglicised version of the Irish-Gaelic Ó Ceallaigh, or O'Kelly, and related names include Kelley, Kellie, Kilkelly, MacKillely, Gilkelly, O'Cadhla, and MacGoila.

'Ceallaigh', 'Ceallach', or 'Callach', is reputed to have been an early tenth century Irish warrior, and the name itself is said to signify 'strife', 'war', or 'contention', although one source also gives 'bright-headed.'

Not all Kellys, in all the rich variety of spellings of the name, can be traced back to the same source, and septs of the name flourished for centuries throughout the length and breadth of the island.

These main septs were the O'Kellys of Ú Máine, the O'Kellys of Breagh, the O'Kellys of Ulster, the O'Kellys of Cork, the O'Kellys of Sligo, the O'Kellys of Co. Down, the O'Kellys of Laois, and the O'Kellys of Wexford.



The Irish Kelly tartans

By far the most powerful were the O'Kellys of Úi Máine, who traced a descent back to the mighty warrior chief Maine Mor.

'Úi Máine' (also known as Hy Many) means 'Maine's territory', and this was a vast territory that comprised the bulk of the province of Connacht in

addition to large areas of what are the modern-day counties of Roscommon and Galway.

Maine Mor and his kinsfolk are believed to have originally hailed from the north of Ireland, and when they arrived in what would become their new homeland in about 457 A.D. it was the territory of the mysterious tribe known as the Fir Bolg.

Thought to have migrated to Ireland from foreign shores at the very dawn of history, they were also known as the Euerni, or Erainn, a name that gradually evolved over the centuries to become the name of the island itself – Eire, or Ireland.

The leader of the Fir Bolg at the time of Maine Mor's arrival was Cian, who agreed to allow him and his kinsfolk to settle, but only after important hostages had been exchanged.

These hostages included one of Maine Mor's sons, who was lodged in the home of the Fir Bolg's brehon, or lawmaker.

After the brehon's wife fell in love with the dashing young son of Maine Mor, the furious brehon managed to persuade Cian to have him killed.

Realising his rash action could have dire consequences for his people, a contrite Cian invited Maine Mor and his warriors to a grand feast – where matters appear to have been resolved to the satisfaction of both sides.

It was this Maine Mor who was the ancestor of Ceallach, from whom the Kelly name derives.

Some Kellys, however, trace a descent from the fourth century King Colla da Crioich, while the O'Kellys of Ulster trace a descent back to Eoghan, a son of the fabled Niall of the Nine Hostages.

The O'Kellys of Cork are said to derive their name from 'na coille', meaning 'from the forests.'

The O'Kellys of Breagh, of present day Co. Meath, had the distinction of being – along with the Connollys, O'Regans, and O'Harts – among what were known as the Four Royal Tribes of Tara.

This 'dates' the O'Kellys of Breagh back to at least 200 A.D. when Tara was established by the Tuatha De Danann as the inauguration site and seat of the Irish Ard-Rí, or High Kings.

SOCIETIES MAILING LIST

The email address for our Society is admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au

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The following is a list of who does what to keep the society running as smoothly as it does.

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Bus Trips and Tours: -

Event Coordinator

Facebook Administrator: -

Grant Applications

Grant Application Proofreader

Guest Speakers

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