



Relative Thoughts

Volume 12 Number 4

October 2008

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- My Life at Reynella
- A Memory
- Horse Racing at Morphett Vale
- Men in Our Lives

FLEURIEU PENINSULA FAMILY HISTORY GROUP INC.

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The ship Yatala off Port Noarlunga jetty c. 1855

Read the story of our cover picture on page 10

CONTACT US !!

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M E E T I N G S

Monthly Meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month from January–October at 1:30 p.m.

The Annual General Meeting is held on the third Saturday in November commencing at 1:30 p.m. Committee elections are held annually at this time.

Special Interest Group Meetings are held monthly. Contact the conveners for dates and venues:-

Aussie Group—Meets at 1:30 pm on Saturdays monthly—convener Ros Dunstall.

English Interest Group—Meets at 2:00 pm on Thursdays monthly—convener Keith Jones.

Irish Interest Group—convener Tim Wing 8382 3406.

Scottish Interest Group—Meets Tuesdays—convener Ann Dow.

Daytime Computer Group—Monthly on Wednesdays at 12:30 pm—convener David Boyce.

Evening Computer Group—Monthly on Mondays at 7:30 pm—convener David Boyce.

Brick Walls Group—to start in the new year—contact Tim Wing on 8326 3406 for specifics.

S U B S C R I P T I O N S

Family Membership—\$25.00

Single Membership—\$20.00

Joining Fee—\$5.00

This fee applies to both types of membership.

Fees and subscriptions should be paid to the Treasurer prior to the Annual General Meeting each year.

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P U B L I S H I N G

This Journal—'Relative Thoughts'—is issued quarterly to members. Items for inclusion should be submitted to the Editor by the end of March, June, September and December.

FPFHG shall not be held responsible for statements made or opinions expressed by the authors of submitted materials, nor shall FPFHG vouch for the accuracy of any genealogical data, offers, services or goods that appear herein.

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P R E S I D E N T ' S R E P O R T

This is my last President's Report before our AGM for 2008 next month.

I believe we have achieved a lot this year. We did have a shaky start but I believe we have come through with flying colours.

We have over 145 members of which we usually have 60 to 70 members attending our general meeting on the third Saturday of the month.

We have culled a lot of books in our library and also renewed some. Our Resource Room has been open from 12 noon on the Saturday of our general meetings. We have also had the Resource Room open on a few occasions and members have come in to do some research.

To celebrate Fathers Day in September we have had members write about "The Men In Our Lives" generally talking of male relatives or acquaintances in their lives that have inspired them, or they admire. It has proved a huge success and many of the articles will be published in our future journals. Thank you to all those who sent in articles of the special men in their lives, it was greatly appreciated.

We have been fortunate to acquire a video camera from a grant through the Council and we will be putting it to good use this month to celebrate "Every Generation - Onkaparinga" celebrating seniors. We will be video taping members and the community on "Why I Live Where I Live".

In July we celebrated "An Evening with Lady Teviot" from England who spoke on family history and where to find English resources. It was certainly an enjoyable evening.

Several of the committee and members of the group are putting together an index of information and families in the Fleurieu Peninsula. It will be on-going and will take at least twelve months to complete so it will be a lot easier for people to research our area in the

future.

We had a successful Quiz Night in August and also a visit to the ABC in early October. We have had some very interesting speakers during the year talking on many areas of history including cemeteries and also the clipper ship "The City of Adelaide".

I would like to thank all the committee for their hard work this year. I appreciate everything that has been done. We have survived with a lot of hard work and I'm sure everyone is pleased with the outcome.

Thank you also to the members for their help and assistance during this year.

Thank you to Carlien and Ron Jared for their endless work on the trading table at our general meetings. Thank you also to Joan Jones for her tireless work in the library and to Jeanette Bell for her wonderful afternoon teas.

Thank you to everyone for all the support and help. It is so very much appreciated.

Hope to see you all again in the New Year.

May everyone have a safe and fruitful journey through to next year.

With Best Wishes

Di Roberts

Acting President



TOP ARMY SURGEON WAS ACTUALLY A WOMAN!

Daily Telegraph, London, 05/03/2008

The mystery of the pioneering British Army surgeon who successfully fooled Victorian society into thinking she was a man throughout her extraordinary life has finally been solved.

Historians have been kept guessing over claims Dr James Barry, Inspector General of Military Hospitals, was in fact a woman for more than 140 years.

Now previously unknown letters, highlighted in this week's *New Scientist*, have proved the diminutive physician who fought for better conditions for troops, shot a man in a duel and reached the top of "his" profession began life as the daughter of a grocer from Cork.

The scandal that shook the Victorian military establishment began when Dr Barry fell victim to the dysentery epidemic that swept London in the summer of 1865.

Only after Dr Barry's remains lay in Kensal Green Cemetery did Sophia Bishop, a maid at his lodgings who prepared the body for burial, make the startling claim he was in fact a she.

If Bishop was telling the truth, a woman had posed as a man to become the first female medical graduate in Britain, fooled the army into employing her and then kept her sex secret for half a century.

Appalled by the idea, army officials locked away Dr Barry's service records for almost a hundred years and hoped the story would go away.

With only the maid's word to go on and no post mortem, the story caused endless speculation, with some contemporaries claiming to have known all along, and others arguing Dr Barry was a hermaphrodite.

In the 1950s historian Isobel Rae gained access to army records and concluded Dr Barry was a niece of James Barry, the celebrated Irish artist and professor of painting at London's Royal Academy.

However, with no proof the debate has refused to

go away. South African urologist Dr Michael du Preez first heard the story as a boy in Cape Town, where Dr Barry had introduced sweeping health reforms while he was as assistant surgeon to the garrison there.

He had fought for better food, sanitation and proper medical care for prisoners and lepers, as well as soldiers and their families, as well as becoming the first British surgeon to perform a successful Caesarean section in 1826.

He also earned notoriety for his outspoken views which provoked a duel with pistols, and for his intimate relationship with the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, which resulted in a libel action after the pair were accused of homosexuality.

When Dr du Preez retired in 2001, he set about gathering evidence to solve the mystery of Dr Barry once and for all. Hidden in a large collection of papers relating to James Barry he discovered documents that leave no doubt that Dr Barry began life in Ireland as Margaret Ann Bulkley, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary-Ann, sister of the famous Irish artist.

They reveal a conspiracy between Margaret's mother and some of her uncle's influential, liberal-minded friends to get her through medical school.

Key evidence came from around two dozen letters, some written by Margaret as a teenager and others by Barry the student doctor.

Alison Reboul, a document analysis expert with the Forensic Science Service, has concluded they were written by the same person. Another newly-discovered letter was written by Barry to the family solicitor Daniel Reardon on "his" arrival in Edinburgh to study medicine in 1809.

Although the letter was signed 'James Barry', Reardon had written on the outside 'Miss Bulkley, 14th December'. "Reardon was a meticulous man," said du Preez.

"On the outside of all the letters he received he wrote the date and the name of the sender. You can't get much more conclusive than that."

FAREWELL TO MOLLIE HEFFERNAN OAM

On Friday 1st August 2008 family and close friends of Mollie (Mary Mildred) Heffernan, O.A.M., late of Christies Beach, gathered on the foreshore, near the boat ramp following a heavy downpour of rain, sleet and hail for the unveiling of a memorial plaque to commemorate the late Mrs. Heffernan. It seemed to all gathered that Mollie might have had a hand in affairs as the elements co-operated with the appearance of an amazing rainbow stretching from the reef off of Christies Beach to Port Noarlunga jetty; an area where Mollie had found happiness during her earthly life.

The plaque is located adjacent to a similar plaque for Mollie's late husband, Luke Heffernan, O.A.M. and special thanks are due to Kevin McMahon of Onkaparinga Council for ensuring its appropriate placement. Mollie Heffernan was a founder member and President of the Southern Area Blind Club Inc. She was involved in club, state and national athletics, the Caring for Carers group at Noarlunga and a staunch supporter of the Australian Labor Party.

In attendance were: Mollie's daughter Maureen Williamson, Betty Heffernan, sister-in-law, Jim Heffernan, brother-in-law, Shirley Boyce, Jimmie and Rita Irvine, Kevin Smith, Shona and Rodney Morgan, Pat and Geoff Peters, Leanne McLennan, Ray and Edith Gilbert, Sylvia and Mike Swift, and, taking time out of their very busy schedules Amanda Rishworth, Federal Member for Kingston, and her staffer, and also John Hill, State Member for Kaurana with support from Debbie who is based at the Christies Beach Labor Party Office.

NEW MEMBERS

This issue we would like to extend a very warm welcome to the following new members:-

- Mary Ellis
- Frances & Glenn Snook
- Florence Stopps
- Jacky Smith

QUIZ NIGHT

Our annual Quiz Night was held on 23rd August at the Church Hall and was a great success. With approximately 60 members and friends present, a fun evening was had by all.

Vanessa Catterall's table won the evening by the slimmest of margins from Ros Dunstall's table, with Maureen Elikin's table third and the wooden spoon went to Barbara Talbot's table.

The raffle was drawn by the only person in the room who didn't have a ticket—7 ½ month old Phoebe Stokes, granddaughter of Julie.

The Committee would like to thank all those who attended and all those who donated items to the prize pool.

UPCOMING SPEAKERS

October 18: *Why We Live Where We Live*. Video recordings of locals telling their stories—part of the Every Generation program. There will be no speaker.

November: 15 AGM—Elections—Marie Maddocks - a "royal tour" of Britain.

2009

January: 17 Elspeth Grant—The Barwell Boys

February 21: Patrick Guilfoyle—Shipping in the Industrial Age (held over from July)

March 14: LDS Family History Centre trip—all welcome.

March 21: Andrew Peake—SA Government Gazettes

April 18: Mark Staniforth—inconstant girls

May 16: [to be announced](#)

May 23-31: History Week Seminar—multiple speakers to be announced at a later date.

June 20: [to be announced](#)

July 18: [to be announced](#)

If you have a suggestion for a suitable speaker, please contact Vanessa Catterall with details.

THE MEN IN OUR LIVES

We had an overwhelming number of Men In Our Lives stories sent in by members. It has been decided by the Committee that we will publish those stories as and when space in the journal permits. We will also be making them available in a folder which will be kept in our Resource Library.

A Man In My Life, My Dad

Joseph McLeod 1914–1990

By Liz Coulthard

Nanna Liz's Precious Photos

By Eric Shackle, in Sydney, Australia

"Gather round, and I'll tell you a true story about those two photos sitting there on the cabinet," Liz Coulthard told her grandchildren in Christie Downs, South Australia, as she settled back into her comfortable armchair. This is her story...

It all began a long, long time ago, during the second World War, when I was a little three-year-old girl living in a place called Bootle, near Liverpool, in the northwest of England, (no, love, nothing to do with the Beatles. They came later, but they too lived in Liverpool).

My dad—your great-granddad—was away fighting with the British forces in Italy. I missed him so much that I kept his picture under my pillow until he finally came home, then I let my Mum put it on the mantelpiece for everyone to see.

It was only by a great stroke of luck that we ever got hold of that photo in first place.

In January 1944 my Mum went to the pictures. That's what we called the local picture-palace or cinema. There was no TV in those days. They screened a newsreel called "Snow in Italy", that showed "Tommies" (that was what the British soldiers were called) helping to clear snowdrifts around Italy—and in one scene there was a clear shot of my Dad!

What happened next is told in this old clipping from one of the local newspapers. I'm not sure which newspaper it came from, but it would have been the *Bootle Times*, the *Bootle Herald* or the *Liverpool Echo*.



The print from the film of Liz's dad

Sees Husband on News Film

Mrs. McLeod, of Hood Street, Bootle, was in the audience at the Gainsborough Cinema recently, to see "Five Graves to Cairo". She arrived just in time to see the news-reel, and watched the show showing our soldiers in Italy with particular interest, for somewhere out there Signalman Joseph McLeod, her 30-year-old husband, was fighting. On to the screen flashed a picture of soldiers drinking cocoa and others digging in the snow. Mrs. McLeod looked at it for a few seconds and then thrilled with excitement, for she recognized her husband as one of the men. Mrs. McLeod knew many other women who had thought erroneously that they recognized husbands, brothers or fiancées in news-reels, but her belief was confirmed when she saw her mother-in-law, who had seen the shots at the Princess Cinema, and was convinced that she had seen her son.

A letter which removed any doubt arrived the following morning from Signalman McLeod. He told his wife and mother to "look out for him on the pictures," and described the scene in which he appeared.

Mrs. McLeod, Jr., went to the Princess Cinema, Kirkdale, so that she could see the scene again. After the show was over she explained to the manager her interest in the film, and he gave her a cutting of the strip. Unfortunately, this could not be reproduced.

Signalman McLeod has been in the Army for three years, and was posted overseas twelve months ago. He has one child, a girl aged three.

That little girl was me! What really happened was the cinema manager kindly agreed to re-run the film for a private viewing, and gave my mum a single frame from it, and she later persuaded someone to turn it into a print. And that's the photo I've just shown you—still one of my proudest possessions.

MEN IN OUR LIVES (CONT.)

[Nanna Liz's Precious Photos—cont.]

But that's not the end of the story. After leaving Commercial College in Liverpool, I became a shorthand typist for two years—just waiting until I was old enough to join the Bootle Police Force, where I was employed as a Police Woman for four years.

Then I married your Pops, and retired from the police when I was expecting our first baby. Next, we migrated to Australia, where I've worked as a sewing machinist, presser, store detective, and a pattern maker for a wet suit manufacturer.

About 18 months ago I had tried and tried to find out where I could get a copy of that wartime film, or at least SEE IT. I knew the name of the clip, and one evening at home, whilst using the internet, I decided to look at ITN's Archive site, for clips of the old serials like Coronation Street, that I'd watched in England.

I noticed that ITN also had some old wartime newsreels, including wartime clips from Pathe News. I forgot about Coronation Street, and after typing in WW2 Snow in Italy it came up with several possibilities, and I finally found it! I was so delighted I burst into tears. I had been trying to find it for more than 60 years!

We first read the shorter version of this delightful story in a newsletter published by LOST COUSINS, one of Britain's best genealogical websites, which helps thousands of virtual visitors locate their cousins and other relatives. Its founder, Peter Calver, kindly asked Liz Coulthard to contact us, and she was happy to recount the details.

Thank you Liz for sharing this amazing story with us—Ed.

More **Men in Our Lives** stories will be printed in coming editions of *Relative Thoughts* as space permits. They will also be placed in a folder in the Resource Room for members to read at their leisure.

The Committee would like to thank all those people who took the time to submit their own **Men in Our Lives** stories.

And finally—better late than never—we hope that all the Fathers, Grandfathers and Great Grandfathers out there had a wonderful Fathers Day in September.

PITFALLS OF INTERNET BASED RESEARCH

It has come to my attention recently through another of the Genealogical interests that I have, that a number of highly questionable and unethical practices are going on out there in Internet-land with regard to Genealogical data.

A chap wrote a distressing letter to one of the mailing lists to which I belong, complaining about a person (who by profession ought to know better!) in another state, who seems to be undertaking some shifty business when it comes to other people's research.

This person, according to the disgruntled chap, buys or obtains books written by others on genealogical subjects, and then creates gedcom files of the people mentioned in those books and posts them to internet sites hosted by Rootsweb!

The fellow concerned had written a book for a family reunion that contained some 1800 or so names. A short time after the publication of his book, and while he was undertaking further research, he received some emails from other people directing him to this person's site—with the advice that she would have all the information he needed! One person even went so far as to send this poor fellow his own information taken from this woman's site!

Despite his having contacted the person and asking for the removal of his data, the woman has only removed a couple of items relating to living individuals.

Rootsweb, when it was owned by Rootsweb, would not have put up with this sort of behaviour. But since Rootweb has been purchased by Ancestry.com, anything is possible it seems. I have personally had several discussions with Rootsweb/Ancestry about what they do and don't allow people to put on their hosted sites, and it appears to me that it depends who you are and how much money (or free data) you want to chuck their way, as to what they will let you do.

Don't get me wrong. Rootsweb provides a fantastic service—free mailing lists, free website hosting, and heaps of other stuff, but their mother company likes you to pay and pay and pay for information that they deem to be theirs once it is housed on their servers.

Unfortunately, what this person has done with people's data is not illegal. Nor is it a breach of copyright. Unethical though it most certainly seems to be, she will continue to get away with what most of us would see as pure theft.

Be careful of where you put your data is all we can say to this, but it seems that now even the printed word is not safe from unethical misuse.

MY LIFE AT REYNELLA (PART 2)

Old Roads, Old Buildings

The other magical place for all of us was Dingley Dell. It was a wooded area between the railway station and the winery, dark and mysterious. I think the older children used to tell the younger ones scary stories about the Dell, for I can think of no other reason why even now the hair on the back of my neck tends to creep when I think of that place. On the northern side stood the Dove Cote as it still does, and further along Reynell Road, where it intersects Panalatinga Road, was the corner known as Olive Tree corner. There were only a few houses dotted along Reynell Road, and none of the roads were sealed.

The Main South Road bisected the town. It was narrow and as traffic increased after the war, the traffic jams on public holidays afforded us another area of entertainment. We would spend hours watching the old cars, their radiators boiling and their occupants unreasonably patient as they waited to move just a few yards towards their destination.

I accepted without question the old buildings in Reynella. The former school building, which became Reynella Hall, was where all the entertainment took place. Dances were held regularly, even during the war years. I remember the Fancy Dress competitions, the school concerts and the Strawberry Fete with a mixture of pathos and humour, but as a small child they were part of the centre of my world.

I couldn't wait to become a pupil at the Reynella Primary School. I loved without waver my years in that place. Mr. Tom Dyster was headmaster when I started school in 1945. Lois Collins took grades 1–3 and Mr. Dyster taught the other classes. Although I already knew a lot of the children attending the school, others from farther afield became my friends. My very best friend was a little girl I called "Patty O My Sullivan" who walked to school from O'Halloran Hill with her two older brothers and the other children from the settlement. There was no public transport in those days so the children had quite a long walk to and from school. Occasionally one of the teachers would let them ride in the back of her horse-drawn sulky, but this would only take three children at the most and she never waited for them—if they happened to be there when she left, they could have a ride.

On school half-day holidays, the boys would announce that they were "going up the swimming hole" and that the girls had to all stay away. Apparently they swam nude, and females were not welcome. My friend Patty would be told to "start running for home Patty, and don't stop 'til you get there." The thought of sending a child of barely five years of age to run a couple of miles home on her own, now horrifies me, but at the time it was an accepted practice. It also irks me that we never queried the boys' right to sole use of the swimming hole. These days it would be all in together or a big fight to sort out who had the rights to the only place where one could cool off on a hot day.

The days after the war were times of progress. Apart from the limitations set by rationing of building materials, new homes were built and for we children a new phenomenon occurred—we had our first migrant family move into the area, a family that spoke very little English and wore clothing strange to us.

Although we had a few Italian men (perhaps prisoners of war, but I'm not sure about that) living on a property on the outskirts of town, we had not been faced with a world that contained different nationalities. Our first family of Polish migrants had two children of primary school age and we all wanted to get to know Miatek and Jadwiga. Michael as we called him, was a shy young fellow, possibly older than most of the lads at the school. War experiences had made him reluctant to be forthcoming about his former life. Jadwiga was just the opposite, she was a jolly person with bright sparkly eyes, a ready laugh and a willingness to learn all she could about her new country. We were fortunate that this was our introduction to the wider world, for all of us remember with joy the arrival of this family in our midst.

Wendy White 2008

NOTE:- This is the conclusion of Wendy's wonderful story. Thank you for sharing it with us...Editor

COPYRIGHT—This story is protected under Australian Copyright Law to Wendy Chenoweth White (nee Howells) 2008 and may not be reprinted without her written consent.

FAMILY REUNIONS

Mt Barker High School Reunion has events running throughout October. If you went to the school, there will be a picnic day on 5th October for all old scholars and friends to attend.

Note—If you are planning a family reunion, please let us know—we are happy to include your details here.

AGM CHANGES

As most members are aware, the AGM is coming up in November. There have been some changes instigated by the Committee since the elections of the last AGM.

By the time that you receive this edition of the journal, members should have received, either by email or post, a copy of the official nomination form. This form will be the only approved manner by which a member can be nominated for election to the Committee. If you wish to nominate yourself or some other person, then please complete the form, have a witness sign it, and the person that you are nominating (as proof that they wish to stand for the position) and return it to the Acting Secretary by close of business on 31st October 2008. Nominations received after that time will be discarded.

Members will be notified by email or post no later than the 7th November of the names of those members who have been nominated and the positions for which they are nominated.

If you are unable to attend the AGM but wish to have your vote counted, the Committee has prepared a Proxy Voting Form for members to use. A member choosing to use this form of voting, must complete the Proxy Voting Form with the name of the person to whom they have given their proxy, and both members must have signed the form. The Proxy Vote form should be returned

to the Acting Secretary or to the Returning Officer by no later than close of business on Friday 14th November. The member taking up this form of vote, should have made their Proxy aware of their selection for each position in writing.

Nominations will not be accepted from the floor or by any other means than those delineated here. Voting will be by show of hands—for or against— where there is only one candidate nominated for a position. In the case of two or more persons being nominated for a position, the vote shall be taken by secret ballot.

It should be noted that the length of tenure for a Committee member has also changed. For this coming AGM only, all positions will be declared vacant. The positions of Vice President and Secretary will be elected to their respective positions for a period of 1 year only. All other positions will be for a 2 year period. This is to facilitate the introduction of a rotational election system, whereby half of the four major positions on the Executive Committee are elected in alternate years.

The Committee will appoint a Returning Officer on the day.

We trust that as many members as possible will attend the AGM this year. Remember, if you can't attend, you can always send in a postal vote—just ask the Acting Secretary for a form.

RESOURCES & JOURNALS

New Journals since July 2008:-

- A Little Flour & A Few Blankets
- Southern Eyre Peninsula Family & Local History Group
- Newcastle Family Historical Society
- Kensington & Norwood Historical Society
- South East Family History Group
- The South Australian Genealogist
- Momento
- Hack Family Diary
- Pestonjee Bomanjee Passengers



DID YOU KNOW ?

That the men who guard the tomb of the unknown soldier at Arlington Cemetery in the US have to meet some pretty strict requirements. They must -

- Be between 5' 10" and 6'2" tall
- Their waist measurement cannot exceed 30inches.
- They must live under the tomb for 2 years
- They must not drink alcohol whilst on or off duty for the rest of their lives
- They must not swear in public for the rest of their lives
- They must not disgrace their uniform or the tomb in any way (ie fighting) for the rest of their lives
- For the first six months of service they must not speak to anyone or watch television
- In those first few months they must memorize the names and burial locations of 175 notable people who are interred in the cemetery—these include former President Taft, Joe Lewis the boxer, and Audie Murphy, the most decorated soldier in US history.

[Note—I have a larger article on this subject which may be included at a later date.]

WHAT'S ON THE COVER THIS ISSUE

The ship *Yatala* was a Government owned schooner that operated under various masters along the coast of South Australia. Built at Port Adelaide in 1848, the *Yatala* was used to carry cargo, and sometimes passengers, from the main port to outlying areas along the coast, such as Encounter Bay, Port Noarlunga, Port Augusta, Port Lincoln and other places.

Her original master was Captain Thomas Lipson, after whom Lipson Street in Port Adelaide is named. Later masters included Captain O. Dowsett and Captain John Carson.

In 1850 under Captain Lipson, the *Yatala* was used to carry out a survey of the southern coast of Kangaroo Island. Two years later, under Captain Dowsett, she was used in the surveying and naming of Port Augusta and several other

ports in the area.

Between 1862 and 1864 the *Yatala* was employed in the survey of the northern coast of Australia, around Darwin with the *Beatrice*. During this time, the busy little ship ran aground near Escape Cliffs, and after being pulled safely off, was sent on a cargo expedition to Timor. Unfortunately, while in Timor, she was condemned and sold as a wreck.

In the 1850's the *Yatala* was a common sight off the coast of the Fleurieu. The picture on our front cover this month shows her moored just inside the reef at the end of the Port Noarlunga jetty.

[Log of Logs, Vol. 2., Ian Nicholson, Roebuck Society, 1993]

**PAGES IN TIME
SPORTING EVENTS**

Horse Racing at Morphett Vale

Many local residents know where Wheatsheaf Road is but many are not aware that it is named after the Hotel that was built on land where the Morphett Vale bowling greens are today on the corner of South Road. William Barnes Hooper was the first publican of the Wheatsheaf Inn. The Inn was licensed from 1850 until 1862 and horse racing took place on the racecourse adjacent to the public house.

Morphett Vale Races at the Wheatsheaf Inn racecourse were mentioned in the *South Australian Register* on May 1 1854. "These races came off (were run) according to advertisement on Wednesday last. First race – Saddle and Bridle won by Mr Hooper's (horse) 'Who would have thought it'. Second race – Wheatsheaf Cup won by Mr Kenny's 'Vengeance'. Third race – Hurdle won by Mr Sprigg's 'Prince'. Fourth Race - Morphett Vale Purse, won by Mr Oakley's 'Grey'. Fifth Race – Ponies. Four ponies started for this, which caused much amusement, as the boys who rode them could not keep them on the course. Won by Mr Garrick's pony. The party then retired to the Wheatsheaf Inn where a most excellent dinner was provided in Mrs Hooper's usual style and where ample justice was done to it. The party broke up at a late hour, all well pleased with the day's amusement."

The South Australian Register - Morphett Vale Races October 4 1854 – "These races came off (were run) in a paddock adjoining the Wheatsheaf Inn. The day was very fine, and a large company was present, including not only the sporting gentlemen, but most of the ladies of the district. Fourth Race – Hurdle race – Mile and a half heats, over four five-foot fences. Second heat. The accidents in this heat threw a cloud over the pleasures of the day. Oakley (a jockey) lay senseless for a quarter of an hour, having a severe, though not dangerous cut upon the head. Powning's fall was frightful – horse and rider came upon their heads, and the horse tumbled over the man, making a complete summersault. The unfortunate jock (ey) was carried to the inn by six men, and remained for some time insensible. Dr Myles who was on the course at the time of the accident rendered every assistance and we shall hope to hear shortly a better account of the patient than our last intelligence justifies us doing." The next day the *South Australian Register* reported, "We are glad to hear that Powning, the rider of Peter Simple is doing well, and likely to suffer no permanent injury."

The *South Australian Register* newspaper again

reported the races at the Wheatsheaf Inn on April 18 1860. "Morphett Vale Races. The annual races at Morphett Vale took place on Friday last on the racecourse near the Wheatsheaf Inn. The first race was for a hog skin saddle and a bridle value eight guineas (£8-8-0). Mile and a half heats. There were three entries – Mr Varcoe's bay horse 'Waterloo', Mr W Giles black horse 'Black Jack', Mr A Anderson's horse 'Jack'. This race was won by 'Waterloo' with ease. The second race was for a whip and spurs value five guineas (£5-5-0). Three horses were entered - Mr W Giles 'Black Jack', Mr Robert's chestnut mare 'Beeswing', Mr Dungey's black mare 'Quiz the Wind'. This race was won by 'Black Jack'. A footrace took place afterwards, which was run (organised) by Mr W Giles, and a day's sport was wound up with supper in the evening provided by Mr Edwards at the Wheatsheaf (Inn). The attendance during the day was good and the amusements were enlivened by the music and performance of Klar's troupe."

The annual Morphett Vale Races were reported in the *South Australian Register* newspaper on March 10 1862. "The annual races took place yesterday in the sections adjoining the Wheatsheaf Inn. The weather was fine and the attendance rather numerous. Many of the spectators were desirous of seeing the kangaroo hunt which was to follow the racing... But the event did not come off."

The *South Australian Register* reported the annual races on February 7 1863. "The annual races of this district took place yesterday in the paddock of the Wheatsheaf Inn which was well prepared for the occasion. A booth of Mr Edward's was erected on the ground, which seemed to prove a sine qua non (a vital necessity) to the numerous spectators the weather being such as to induce many of both sexes to enjoy the luxury of outdoor exercises. Mr John Myles acted as judge, and Mr Pierce as Starter. A dinner was very amply provided by Mr Edwards and served up in his best style after which the usual accompaniments concluded the business of the day."

On 4 April 1863 the *South Australian Register* reported the sale of the effects of Mr W Edwards of the Wheatsheaf Inn, Morphett Vale. The Wheatsheaf Inn was no more.

In 1863 the hotel license was refused and the buildings and the land became a part of land holdings leased by Alexander Stewart. A winery and a housing estate was later built on the land and an area was purchased for the Morphett Vale Recreation ground but that's another story.

Thanks to Vanessa Catterall for this story.

A MEMORY — [PART FOUR] H. OSBORN

This is the final extract from the memorial of Hannah Osborn, Great-Great-Great-Grandmother of member Heather Boyce. I would like to thank Heather for allowing us to share in her ancestor's memories.

Grandpapa gave away much of the fruit that grew in his Paradise; he loved nothing so well as the idea of making people happy, and of his charities to the unfortunate people there was no end; and he found out such people in a wonderful way. Coming home from chapel on Sunday morning he refused to sit down to dinner until a hamper of food had been sent to some friends who, he feared, had no good meal prepared for them. They were his equals, but had fallen on evil days, and during service it had been impressed upon him that they were actually in want. Some of the dinner was packed and other things added, including a bottle of good wine and a packet of tea—just what an empty table and larder would rejoice over. When the hamper arrived at its destination, not far off, it was treated as a God-sent answer to a sad prayer that morning. After that his city influence procured an appointment under the Corporation for his friend, which placed him in comparative comfort.

One of his favourite forms of doing good was to try and care for young men coming to London to earn a living, and being practically alone. If such a one appeared at chapel once or twice by himself, Grandpapa was sure to find him out, ask him to dinner on Sundays, and do all he could to keep him from falling into the snares of the wicked world. Another long-standing charity to the undeserving was to Samuel Wesley, the son of Charles, of whose musical gifts such a charming account is given in *Jackson's Life*. He grew up to be a great musician, but an unworthy man. He married, had a son and daughters, but left his wife and ran away with his cook. The first of this union was Samuel Sebastian Wesley, a wonderful boy, who came with his father to the house in Spital Square and became dear to the family, bringing a delightful musical element which added greatly to the joys of life. Men out of the choir of Westminster Abbey sometimes came with him and made lovely music, with the old organ to accompany them. As he grew older Samuel Sebastian was thankful for sympathy in what he endured in his father's unworthy old age. Both father and son were church organists, the father in the City and the son at the West End, and when a night's debauch had made the father unable to play, his son, with a fly on a swift horse, used to do both services, as his own began half-an-hour later than his father's, and he could often find a pupil who could be trusted to play an opening voluntary. But it was hard, anxious work, and the boy used to complain sadly to his friends at Spital Square. Samuel Wesley, senior, kept up a decent outside, and his second family were unaware of the existence of the first until his funeral day. When S.S. Wesley came forward to take his place as chief mourner, thinking himself the eldest son, he was put aside as having no right to be at the funeral at all. And thus he learned his illegitimacy for the first time. It was to Mr. and Mrs. Chubb that he poured out his passion of rage

and grief when the funeral was over. When we lived in Lloyd Street, Pentonville, Eliza Newenham, the youngest of the real family, was an artist's widow, and used to give music lessons to my younger sisters, and she once told me of the suspicions they had when they met their father at Broadwood's for lessons, and he would send away a sweet-looking little boy, who had evidently taken his lesson first. It is worth remembering that Wesley, senior, first made Bach known in England. I have a pamphlet of his letters, printed by Mrs. Newenham that proves this.

Whoever heard Grandpapa sing remembered his beautiful bass voice, and how he enjoyed singing hymns and other sacred music, especially when he sang with my mother, whose sweet voice and perfect ear were early developed. There was a little musical society meeting at his house, and two or three times had a performance of "The Messiah" on Christmas Day. And the musical friends, especially young Wesley, bought many a first-rated concert ticket, thus helping to educate my mother musically, so that she hears all the best singers and players of the day, and of her musical knowledge and taste all her family inherit the benefits, and have had an incalculable stream of joy.

Grandfather Chubb died in December 1852, after a short illness. I only remember one thing about it—after his last Communion he did not want to answer any questions about his affairs. Mamma told me he said he had drawn a curtain between him and earth, and asked more than once to have "Depth of Mercy" (Hymn 168, Wesley's Hymns, old edition) read to him. He was buried at Highgate Cemetery.)

Footnotes:-

Samuel Wesley, senior (1766-1837), mentioned herein was the son of Methodist hymn writer, Charles Wesley (1707-1788), and nephew of John Wesley (1703-1791), the founder of the Methodist Church. He married (legally) Charlotte Louise Martin in 1793 and had three children with her. He left her for his servant Sarah Suter, with whom he had another seven children (all illegitimate). He was a talented violinist, organist, conductor and teacher; and was referred to in some texts as the 'Mozart of England'.

His son, Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876), also mentioned herein, was also a gifted musician. He sang in the choir of the Chapel Royal as a boy, and was organist in most of the finest Cathedrals in England during his life time. He was also something of a composer, although his anthems and hymns were composed mostly for the Church of England, rather than for the Methodist faith as his father's were. In fact, he became one of the foremost composers in Britain in the 19th Century.

BEACHES, BATHERS & BIKE RACES

For many years, the Aldinga and Sellicks Beach areas have been synonymous with all manner of summer fun. As a child, I have many fond memories of spending my holidays in a shack at Aldinga with my great grandmother. No doubt I am but one of thousands of kids who have similar memories. But the beaches weren't just about having holidays with Gran. There were dozens of things to do.

In her book *McLaren Vale: Sea and Vines*, Barbara Santich mentions the reminiscences of Nancy Weisbrodt, a long time resident of the area:-

"A regular summer highlight was the annual Sellicks Beach speed trials, motorcycle races on the wide band of hard, level sand that extended for three kilometres or more along Aldinga and Sellicks Beaches. The beach was firm enough to serve as a runway, and in the 1930's visitors could even take joyflights, the planes taking off and land on the beach."

The motorcycle event began in the early 1900's as a hill climb up Sellicks Hill, but in 1913 when the Council decided against closing Main South Road on a holiday weekend, the race was moved to the beach instead. For somewhere around 40 years, these races were held on the Australia Day Weekend, and sometimes around Christmas, but it didn't matter what weekend it was really—there were always riders around on the beaches testing their machines or just hanging out at Harley Davidson Club House up on the Esplanade.

At Port Noarlunga in the 1950's and 60's a scramble track was etched out down along the road to Moana. The track was the scene of many a great clash between early scrambles riders in the state. Locals who rode in these events included Alan Thompson, Don Blewett, Laurie Wilson, Reg Symonds and Bill



Pt Noarlunga Scrambles—1953/54 Handicap Sidecar Event

Butler. Their weapons of choice were AJS 500's and Ariel Red Hunters among others. *[Photos and information courtesy of Mr. Doug Ware, Webmaster, Fleurieu Peninsula Ulysses Motorcycle Club]*

But Sellicks Beach, Sellicks Hill and Port Noarlunga weren't the only Fleurieu places with an interest in the



Hill Climbers at Sellicks in the 1930's

motorcycling craze.

In April 1935, the first official Hill Climb in South Australia was held at Waitpinga on an unsealed road. It was the longest hill climb in Australia at the time and attracted 5000 spectators to the event!

Sheidow Park was the venue for the Australian Hill Climb Titles in 1954.

In the 1960's and 70's motorcycle scrambles and motocross races were held at Blewett Springs before they moved to the home of motocross in South Australia Accusa Park, just outside Nairne.

If you are interested in the history of motorcycling in SA or in the Ulysses Club (for the over 40's), please contact Suzy Terry, Secretary, Ulysses Club, PO Box 409 Morphett Vale, 5162 or visit their website at

<http://hosting.optcom.net.au/~ulysses/index.htm>

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Note from the Editor:-

The following anonymous letter appeared taped to my front door a couple of days after the September General Meeting, and I thought it should be shared with you all. There was no signature or name attached but we would like the author to make him/herself known to the Committee please -

“To the Committee

Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group

Dear Committee and Members,

I have been following with pride the efforts of the present Committee of the FPFHG for the past year almost. After the disastrous events of the last AGM, I was not certain that the group could survive without its former leadership. But I was wrong. I would like to make it known that the whole of the present Committee should be justifiably proud of their efforts and successes over the past year. They had undertaken their respective duties at a very difficult time in our history, without question. They have faced every challenge that has been placed before them with a united front. So many things that the members of our group have come to take for granted, have been upgraded and improved out of sight this year. In particular the quality and variation of speakers; our journal and website are second to none; and the efforts of the ladies in the Library is beyond reproach. I would suggest to other members that they consider very carefully whom they choose to succeed this band of excellent and tireless workers at the AGM elections. I would further suggest that we don't change our current committee at all—their work is exemplary. Thank you ladies and gentlemen, one and all, for a job well done.

A Turn Coat Member”



CAN YOU HELP

Are there any members who are already or who are seeking to undertake research into family history in New Zealand? If so, you will be pleased to know that the Committee has purchased some New Zealand based resources for our library.

Fishing at Milang

Harold Scott [Email harold.scott1@ntlworld.com] is seeking information on his SMITH and JONES ancestors who were fishermen at Milang:-

William Potter Smith & wife Elizabeth, along with two daughters Rachel & Harriett, arrived in SA in 1853.

The two daughters married brothers Joshua and Jonah Jones.

Harriet Smith and Jonah Jones lived at Milang, where Jonah was a fisherman. Their first child, Joseph William Potter Jones, was born there in 1863.

Harold is seeking some information on the fishing families of Milang, the sorts of fish that they may have fished for, and the types of boats used in their endeavours. Any help at all for Harold, would be appreciated. Please email Harold direct with any information you may have that will help.

[Editor's Note:- *In the near future, Harold Scott will be sending me a copy of his research to date, which I will put in the resource room for use by anyone else who may be researching the same families.*



St Phillip & St James Church c. 1880