

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SA PUBLICATIONS

Journal

The *Journal of the Historical Society of South Australia* has appeared annually since 1975, with the exception of 1978 and 1980 when there were two issues. Back issues of all numbers except 1, 4, 9 and 10 are available at \$12.00 each (postage included). *An index to numbers 1-20 appeared in No. 21 (1993).*

The contents of each journal are listed in the 'South Australian History in Journals' guidesheets included in Newsletters No's 77 (July 1988) and 79 (November 1988).

Newsletter

Back issues of more recent years' issues are available at \$1.00 each.

Guidesheets

These leaflets are made available gratis by the Society as a community service to promote history beyond its membership. They are issued as supplements to its Newsletters and additional copies are normally available in the Mortlock Library, the History Trust head office and the State History Centre.

- No. 1 South Australian Local History 1. Guides, Indexes & Bibliographies (1978, out of print)
- No. 2 Good Reading in South Australian History (Revised edition 1987)
- No. 3 South Australian History in Journals—A Select List of Articles (1981)
- No. 4 Making History (1988, out of print)
- No. 5 South Australian History in Journals—2. A Select List of Articles (1988)
- No. 6 More Good Reading in South Australian History (1992)

Occasional Paper

E.J. & J.R. Robbins *A Glossary of Local Government Areas in South Australia 1840-1985* (1987) \$3.00 + \$1.00 postage

Joint Publications

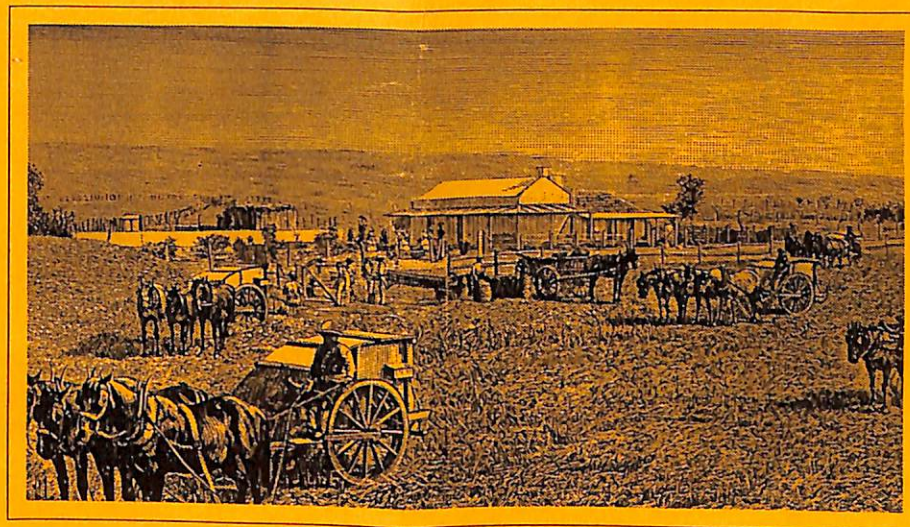
- S. Marsden & R. Nicol (eds) *The Politics of Heritage* (1990) [with the History Trust of S.A.] \$7.50 + \$1 postage. (out of print)
- various *South Australian Gazette and Colonial Register* A facsimile reproduction of volume 1, 18 June 1836 to 29 December 1838. (1988) [in association with the S.A. Government Printer] \$35 (limp) or \$75 (hard back). Available direct from the Government Printer and selected Adelaide bookshops.

'Insights' Series

- R. Nicol & B. Samuels (eds) *Insights into South Australian History volume one: Selected articles from the Journal of the Historical Society of South Australia* (1992) \$14 postage paid. \$12 for orders of 5 or more.
- Ian A. Harmstorf *Insights into South Australian History volume two: South Australia's German History and Heritage* (1994) \$12 postage paid. \$10 for orders of 5 or more.

The Historical Society of South Australia Inc.

Newsletter No. 114 September 1994



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THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA INC.

Institute Building, 122 Kintore Avenue, Adelaide 5000

(Mailing address only)

OBJECTS

- (a) to arouse interest in and to promote the study and discussion of history, especially South Australian and Australian history
- (b) to promote the collection, preservation and classification of source material of all kinds relating to South Australian and Australian history
- (c) to publish historical records and articles
- (d) to promote the interchange of information among members of the Society by lectures, readings, discussions, field trips and exhibitions
- (e) to co-operate with similar societies throughout Australia
- (f) to do all such things as are conducive or incidental to the attainment of any of the above objects

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FOUNDED IN 1974

Cover Illustration: Osmington Farm

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Lectures

VENUE: Prince Phillip Theatre, Prince Alfred College

Friday 7 October 1994, 8.00p.m.

Beth M. Robertson

Orphaned in South Australia: oral histories about growing up at Goodwood Orphanage and being Barwell Boys

Over the last two years two series of interviews have been added to the State Library's Oral history Collection on topics that are related both in theme and the level of controversy they can arouse. Fifteen former residents (and two religious) who lived at the Goodwood Orphanage at different times from the 1920s to 1975 have been interviewed by the Oral history Collection. Nine former Barwell Boys and little Brothers who came to South Australia as farm labourers in the 1920s under government sponsored immigration schemes have been interviewed by interested retiree Tony Evans. The memories of disrupted childhoods and youths that the two groups of interviewees recount add a very valuable dimension to the historical records of the Orphanage and the Barwell scheme. In their own words these 'orphans' describe realities that are always more complex and often more mundane than those of the stereotypical 'victims' presented in some historical accounts and most media representations of these topics. The interviews have revealed many photographs that fill gaps in the Library's pictorial collection as well.

VENUE: Prince Phillip Theatre, Prince Alfred College

Friday 4 November 1994, 8.00p.m.

Dennis Harrison

The Romance of the Road

In 1905 there were only 120 self-propelled vehicles in South Australia. Dennis Harrison will tell of the advent of the motor car in our state; of the people who sold them, the people who drove them for work and for pleasure and to explore, and of those who tried to produce cars, 'Made in South Australia'. He outlines the growing 'love affair' with the car up to the 1930s by which time it was a sophisticated form of comfortable personal transport. So much so, that the young men and women of Adelaide started a movement designed to recapture the early, heady days of motoring. The result was the Sporting Car Club of South Australia which led to the first Australian Grand Prix to be held in this State.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Field Trip

Tour of Urrbrae house

23 October 1994

Time 2.00p.m.

Urrbrae House was built in 1891 for Peter Waite, a noted philanthropist associated with the firm Elder Smith & Co. The home is in the grounds of the Waite Institute and the tour will include the rose garden and arboretum. Enter from the Fullarton Road entrance and follow the driveway all the way to Urrbrae house. (ignore the no through road sign).

Cost \$5 Include afternoon tea

Bookings with the treasurer Avis Huckel
277 2953

Bookings close October 18

SOCIETY NEWS



The Premier, Mr Brown, and author Dr Robert Nicol among the graves at Centennial Park yesterday.

Digging deep to unearth tales from our past

By GREG KELTON

Adelaide author and historian Dr Robert Nicol has managed to dig up some interesting tales about the State's cemeteries.

While researching his latest book he discovered both the sad and humorous sides of this grave matter.

Dr Nicol, a senior lecturer in history at the University of Adelaide, has spent almost three years writing *At the End Of The Road*. It was launched yesterday by the Premier, Mr Brown, whose father designed the Centennial Park cemetery.

"It was quite common for undertakers to be drunk and to cut corners and save time and costs," Dr Nicol said. "At one cemetery, the undertakers saved time by ignoring the entry road and passing coffins over the fence."

Dr Nicol said his studies had found destitutes were particularly harshly treated by undertakers. In the 1860s, the drunken son of an undertaker had literally squeezed the body of a young boy into a coffin that was far too small.

"When the mother complained the coffin was not big enough, he asked if she wanted one big enough for her dead son to jump

around in," Dr Nicol said. "Finally he loaded the coffin on to the hearse and whipped the horses so they galloped to the cemetery. The poor mother was unable to keep up and when she arrived at the grave her son had already been buried."

Dr Nicol said that one country cemetery had a road leading to it which was so steep that someone had to walk behind the hearse to stop the coffin falling out.

There was also a scandal in the West Terrace Cemetery when a drainage problem arose. The man responsible for digging the drain, Mr John Monek, "decided to kill two birds with one stone and used it as a burial site for destitutes".

Dr Nicol said it was important to preserve cemeteries, which represented some of the most important historical areas in the State.

"Sadly, cemeteries have been subject to neglect for many years," he said.

Dr Nicol said the state of the West Terrace Cemetery was a disgrace, yet it typified the condition of many cemeteries throughout the State.

For example, the Angaston Public Cemetery had only about 10 headstones remaining, yet hundreds of people were buried there.

From *The Advertiser*
16 July 1994

STOP PRESS



DO YOU HAVE AN UNRECORDED AUSTRALIAN NEWSPAPER?

Much of Australia's history is only recorded in its newspapers, yet many early, small or local papers have not survived in our libraries, or only a handful of issues exist.

For example, only four issues of *The English and Chinese Advertiser* are known to have survived. This fascinating newspaper was printed during the early gold rushes in Ballarat. There might be other unrecorded issues out in the community.

Australia's libraries are working to locate newspapers like this that may be missing from their collections. You may have information which could lead to the discovery of some of these newspapers.

NATIONAL PLAN FOR AUSTRALIAN NEWSPAPERS (NPLAN)

AUSTRALIA'S MOST WANTED® newspapers

These are some of the newspapers for which state libraries would like to locate missing issues.

Bendigo Advertiser
1853 - 1856 (Vic)

Bulung Bulletin and Mining Register
1890s (WA)

Catholic Standard (Hobart)
1937-1940 (Tas)

Daily Commercial Advertiser and Shipping List
1891 (NSW)

The English and Chinese Advertiser, Ballarat
1856-1858? (Vic)

Huon Times
1913-1916 (Tas)

Illustrated Adelaide Post
Any after 1874 (SA)

Nord Australische Zeitung
1875-1939 (Qld)

Northern Standard
1934 (NT)

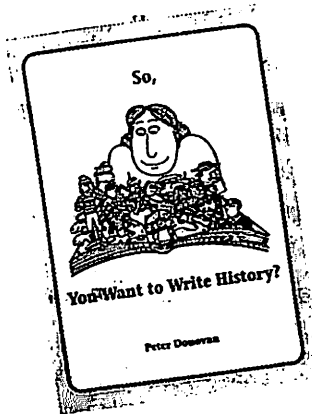
Palmer Chronicle
1870s (Qld)

Swan River Guardian
1836 (WA)

Truth (Adelaide edition)
Any before 1941 (SA)

Uralla Times
1880, 1901-1903, 1907-1956 (NSW)

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Also Available

So, You want to write History?

By Peter Donovan

ISBN 0 646 12754 3, Softback, 150mm x 210mm,
pp 96, illustrated in black and white, RRP \$14.95

This book seeks to promote better popular history, by encouraging aspiring historians to consider careers in those areas of history which most interest people in the community and also by encouraging those who want to write history to do so in a manner that is informed and imaginative.

Part 1 of the booklet is primarily concerned with highlighting the opportunities and challenges for historians in the wider community. It looks at History and Historians in general and canvasses such issues as: What is History? • Who is a Historian?
• Historians and Business • Historians and Heritage.

Part 2 is more practical and provides suggestions designed to help writers to produce better history. It concentrates on Doing History and explores such practical matters as: Appreciating the Task • The Primacy of Research • Oral History • Writing History • Using Illustrations • Written History • Getting a Manuscript into Print.

The book is published by Donovan & Associates, PO Box 436, Blackwood, South Australia, 5051.

It is distributed nationally by Hyland House Publishing, 387-389 Clarendon Street, South Melbourne, Victoria, 3205.

DOCUMENTS

The Memoirs of J.A.V. Smith Continued...

Then the winnowers took over. That was usually a contract job for men who worked at so much per 100 bags. Carting of bags of wheat into barns, or delivering it to Railway yards was the next job and I can remember the first load I took to Yongala. Fifty bags in a waggon with 5 horses. I was scared stiff. I didn't know much about Railways and engines. Anyhow, I got there alright but had great difficulty in upending a bag of wheat and the lumpers there were remarking about it. Bags of wheat were heavier then than now. They contained 260 lbs. but today they only hold 180 lbs. I had to turn them over two or three times from the front of the waggon to the back end where the weighing scales were placed. I delivered it, got my receipt, and got myself some apples to eat on the way home. It was eight miles to Yongala from our farm and took about 2 hours to go there and 1½ hours to come home. I carted all of the wheat that season and untill we sold out.

Haymaking was also rather a strenuous job but the twine-binder made it a much lighter one. I cut all of our own hay and also did some work with the binder for Keoughs, our next door neighbors. I remember sleeping at Keoughs one or two nights in a very long room that used to be their first living room. I have just remembered the long room and being called about daylight on that Summer morning. Keoughs were a large family - about seven sons and two daughters. I am hazy about that - there were nine children altogether but I'm not sure of the distribution!

We had three serious accidents during our farming days. The first happened to Joe who was about nine or 10 years old at the time. We had an old, unused chaff cutter standing at the wall of the chaff shed on the inside close to the wall. Out on the North West side the spindle, or end of the main shaft, which operated the cutting knives, was protruding through the wall and a large handle was fixed on that end outside of the shed. We were all playing about inside the shed and came upon the old chaff cutter and decided we would give it a turn. I, being the biggest and oldest, went outside to turn the handle. I started it going and worked it up to as fast as it would go, whilst the others, Joe, Mary, Jack and Alice stayed inside to watch the phenomena. After I had made it as fast as I could I came inside, the shed and we all stood looking at the wheels going around. When the machine had nearly stopped we all turned to go away when Joe called to us to look at some small cogs that were revolving at the end of the machine, saying "Look at those little wheels running around" at the same time placing his fingers on the top of the biggest one of the three, and letting them slide over the cogs as they moved around. He must have pressed a bit heavily on them and caught his fingers in them and they passed right through between the two cogs crushing them and very nearly severing them from

his hand. There was a great lot of anxiety about it and Joe had to be taken to the Jamestown Hospital- 14 miles away. The two middle fingers of his right hand had to be amputated at the second joint and he was kept in bed for a couple of weeks but it was a very long time before he could use his hand which has always been minus the two fingers.

Joe was the unfortunate one of the family. He was involved in another accident about a year later. We (Joe and I) were playing at breaking bottles. We had two or three bottles standing on top of fence posts and we were throwing stones at them. We were not meeting with much success. So we tried another scheme. I found a piece of an old auger about a foot long, the top part with the hole for the handle. We arranged that I should go on one side of the fence and Joe would throw it back to me from the other side. So we started aiming at the bottle on the post. After two or three unsuccessful tries we decided that we would move in a few yards in order to be able to take better aim. I was in the paddock and Joe in the yard. We thought it would be safer not to stand in the open within range of the missile so when Joe had his throw towards me I ducked behind some outhouses, and when I had my throw Joe stood inside of a doorway in the barn. So that went along alright for a few throws, the bottle still intact, standing firmly on the post. It was my turn to throw and, for some reason, I was a bit slower than usual and Joe, thinking there was something amiss, put his head out of the doorway just at the time the missile was arriving, Father wide of the mark, but straight for the doorway. The ring end of the old auger hit him right on the temple and made a deep cut there- the shape of the ring- and down he went. I called out for assistance which came quickly. Joe was taken up to the house quite unconscious. The Doctor was sent for and he came about 8 p.m. Joe was still unconscious and remained so for about ten hours. He recovered in about two weeks and resumed normal operations in about a month. I was scared stiff and expected to get a good trouncing out, as often happens, a big, serious mishap, is ~~fairly~~ often passed over more lightly than more inconsequential affairs, like not feeding the pigs properly, etc. I kept my distance because everybody was upset and the evening meal was later than usual and I was brought in and told not to mind and given a meal to my agreeable surprise.

The next one was a most serious affair but I, having reached the status of a farm worker, was not involved. Joe himself was the unfortunate doer of the deed and the victim was a boy who was attending school at our house. His name was Mick (or Pat) Fox

After school had finished for that day, the children went, instead of going home, to the tool house or workshop, and were playing around inside. High up on a beam was kept the gun Father used for killing cattle. Joe got up and reached for the gun from its resting place. They were playing around with it when something caught the trigger and bang it went. It was loaded with shot and the full charge entered the shoulder of Mick Fox. Fortunately, it was too high up to harm a lung which probably would have killed him. He was wounded severely and was in bed for months but eventually recovered completely. That was a very severe lesson to us and, incidentally, of the danger of leaving a loaded gun within the reach of children. Needless to say, it ended Mick Fox's school days at our place. I think it was really about the end of school days at any farmhouse and children in future went to the Mennanarie Public School.

The year in which, as I have recorded earlier, I was operating the binder was the last harvesting of hay on our farm. The wheat was stripped and winnowed and carted to Yongala as usual and sold to Farmers' Union buyers and that ended our farming days at Mennanarie. After the harvest the farm was to be sold to the highest bidder. My Father was not the successful farmer that many of the farmers in the district were. Owing to the unfortunate venture in taking over the work of the extra farm at Yatina, which over the period of his ownership, never returned a profitable harvest, and other extravagances in management, he had got himself into the hands of the Banks and Bankers who were not prepared to make any further advances in money. He was forced to call a sale two years previously when all of the best of the stock and some of the implements had to be sold to meet expenses.

The sale, the first one, was held in March, the usual time when farmers have a little surplus cash after the harvest and are willing to spend some of it. There was much preparation for the event. Cataloguing of stock and implements to be offered and a supply of liquid refreshments was on hand to loosen the purse strings of the bidders. But I don't think it was a success despite all the encouragement given the buyers. Farmers are a canny lot and most are rather hard dealers in money matters. However, everything that was offered was sold and we had a free hand for a further year or two. Having been denuded of our best teams, and only myself to do the farm work, except the sowing of the seed wheat which my Father had always done, we didn't get as much land under crop as we could have done in other circumstances.

So, after the second harvest, a sale of the Farm and all accoutrements was called. That was in March of the year 1893. Scarifiers, harrows, mower, binders, reapers, winnowers, carts, tuggies, harness, saddles, bridles, blinkers, and all tools, waggons

and bits and pieces and everything that went to make up a home. Furniture, pictures and all the rest. We were a family without a home.

When we left the farm my father set out with a party of other farmers in search of land. He arranged with the Clark family to board our family at their home, situate about 1½ miles from our farm. The farm boundaries adjoined but the homesteads were apart 1½ miles as the crow flies and about 3 miles by road. So we all migrated to Clerk's farm. I was the farm hand working "for the good of the cause" and, incidentally, for the board of the family. I was their only asset in that respect. That was a lovely holiday, a "working holiday" but I enjoyed it immensely. Mrs. Owen Clark was a lovely, large hearted Irish lady, a most generous soul, who looked after our comfort in every respect. I worked on the farm with Jim and Mat Clark and, for the first time in my life, I felt free man. I had a horse to ride when I wanted one and could get to the town or go to parties with other lads about my own age. One was Jim Frost who worked at Keough's place and was a close friend and very popular with the Catholic families of the district, he being related to some of them. We were living on Clark's farm from about the beginning of April until about July when my father returned from his farm-finding expedition, having decided on a place. New land and undeveloped and situated at Cape Thevenard, or Murat Bay, on the West Coast of South Australia. He rented a house in Yongalis township and we were all moved to that locality in order to make preparations for our cross country journey to take possession of the new farm.

The most exciting event during our stay at Clark's farm was the marriage of their eldest daughter Maggie to Mr. Dan Mc Keough, a nearby farmer's son. That was a great occasion, festivities lasting from after the wedding, which was performed at Yatins St. Virgilius Church at about 10 a.m. Then home to the wedding breakfast, sports and gaiety during the day, dancing during the night until daylight and the departure of the young couple about 4 p.m. the following day. Everybody was worn out and I am sure the newlyweds were glad to get away on their honeymoon. Maggie Clark was one of the most popular young women in the district. During our stay with the family we were induced to learn dancing i.e. Nan and myself, who were the only ones old enough to be allowed that privilege. A Social Club had started a class at the Mannanarie Institute, a small but new building opened in the town. On the Saturday evening on which the big social event was commenced we, who were the eligibles, were taken in Clark's waggonette, drawn by two horses, arriving at the Hall or Institute, as it was called, about a quarter to eight. There was a good gathering of the young people of the district all eager for excitement of the dance, which

was a new diversion for the people. Most of them had previously been initiated in the art, having learnt to "trip the light fantastic" at the homes of the various farmers where on occasion they gathered. There was music-accordion, concertina, fiddle, and songs and dances, and courting, and always a very enjoyable evening was spent by everyone, even until the early hours of the morning. They would meet again after Mass on Sunday morning outside the Church and boys and girls would be invited to one farm on one Sunday and another on the next Sunday. Some would arrive during the afternoon and enjoy sporting events- football, cricket, hurley, races, running, jumping and leap frogging. Then ^{we} would be served, regardless of the number of visitors, invited or uninvited, who ever happened to call on the family. After everybody had been fed sufficiently, and the girls had done the washing up, the floor would be cleared and all furniture, except chairs and sofas, were either placed outside or in some other rooms and everyone would assemble for fun to begin. Everybody would have to sing a song or recite a poem, no matter whether the performance was on the top, medium or bottom level. This always provided much hilarity. Then the musicians would be called on and the hilarity would begin again with dancing. Those who didn't want to dance would find a quiet corner somewhere and amuse themselves as only the young and gay country youths and maidens know how. About 2 a.m. the lads and lassies would depart for home to prepare for the work of the day. Nan and I were only just amongst the budding teenagers and not yet as accomplished as our older brothers and sisters were. Our time was just coming. We were on the threshold of ~~the~~ the great things of life but we were about to be transported to another environment which was not so enlivening.

We commenced our dancing careers in the Mannanarie Institute on that particular evening of which I wrote. I was dreadfully shy of all girls and was in fear and trembling when the M. C. called the first dance and didn't attempt to choose a partner. Most girls were complete strangers so some other lads, who were beginners, and myself just stood around at the back end of the hall. Some of them got a start at the second or third dance but I was too terrified to move. Eventually, as was customary at all country dances anyhow, about the fourth dance called was a Lady's Choice. Up until then I had remained immobile. It was Miss Maggie Clark who took pity on me and came down to the back end of the hall and literally dragged me out onto the floor for the quadrilles. We got into our stations amongst great hilarity and soon the dance was in full swing. "Full swing" is right for those country dances, no time was lost and my partner most efficiently steered me through the "First Set". I was a bit clumsy at first but with good handling and instruction, got through the rest of the evening without incident. Nan had Mat Clark to initiate her which he did before the evening at the Institute to some extent. He did that at home in the evenings so she got away to a better start than I.

We attended those Saturday dances during the rest of our sojourn at Mannanarie. One highlight, however, was the first Mannanarie Ball that was held in the Institute. I had progressed in the matter of dancing and was no longer so very shy, regarding the young ladies. To this dance I was escorting Miss Morgan, who was the daughter of the proprietor of the Mannanarie Hotel, and, in accordance with my duty and pleasure, had to proceed arm-in-arm with her across the open space-about 200 yards- between the Hotel and Hall. The night was dark and rain had fallen during the day. There was a narrow track, or worn path, through a grass "small" paddock which we had to traverse on the way to the hall. She was dressed in a lovely white evening dress with very neat white evening shoes to match the frock. I had my new suit which was made to order at Yongala township. Coat rather short behind in accordance with the local mode and a nice bellbottom pair of pants, tight at the knee and opening at the shoes for 22 inches in diameter. In spots throughout the small town acre there were bare patches of clay soil upon which any form of herbage failed to take root. They were hard and dry and whitish in the night starlight. The path across the field led through some of these small patches and as we crossed over everything seemed serene and lovely. We hopped daintily over one or two, thinking they were pools of water and, as we approached another that had the same clear solid appearance, we made our third hop but this time it wasn't a dry patch as we had believed it to be. This time I hopped over but my partner being fooled on previous occasions, hopped only half-heartedly and didn't succeed in clearing the outer rim of what was a small pool of water. She landed in her two pretty shoes right into the muddy pool. That was a supreme disaster right at the beginning of such an important evening. My partner was greatly distressed and had to give some attention to her wearing apparel, which, with the help of some of the other ladies present, was arranged satisfactorily. I must relate that I shed some of my popularity which wasn't very great probably.

The Ball was a great success which continued until 5 a.m. and everybody was home in time to take up their daily round of common tasks. I would have loved to have slept for hours but Mat Clark was a true son of the soil and many unavoidable jobs awaited. Horses to be fed and watered ready for their day's plowing and cows had to be milked. That was all part of the normal day's work on the farm. The girls also had men's breakfasts to prepare but there were no beds to be made so that was a relief no doubt.

Among other jobs, I had to spend some time working on the farm of Mr. Jim Clark. He had two small farms, one bordering the old homestead which his parents gave him when he married Miss Mary Keough. They lived there for some years and then bought a nearby property which was sold by the Naylor Brothers. That farm was situated about one mile from our place in a North Westerly direction.

It consisted of about 500 acres or less. This being the larger of the two properties, he went to live on it. There was a four-roomed house with stables and shed complete. He could ride or drive around to the smaller place in about half an hour. He came around one day soon after we had settled in with Mrs. Owen Clark and family and said he was going to burn the stubble which was still on the paddock of the adjoining Section. I was detailed to give him a hand.

When turning stubble it is necessary to prepare for the job which is done by plowing about half a dozen furrows right between the fence and the crop. That was done either before the reaping or the stripping of the crop. When it is done before the reaping a strip is cut with the mower right around the paddock. The mown crop, or hay as it is called, when dried is carted to the haystack and stored for the stock to eat when needed. After it is gathered the plowing is done-also right around the paddock. This plowing is called a firebreak intended to protect the ripening crop in case of fire being started on the outside of the field. Sometimes, however, this is not done, for various reasons, and the farmer must trust to the providence of God, because in the first place there might not be a fire outside his fence and if a fire did start it would probably jump the narrow plowed strip anyhow. If he had his crop insured, having no firebreak, he would get no compensation. Having it not insured, he wouldn't get any compensation either! So he just risks it!

This particular paddock was not done before the reaping time but it was done after the reaping, which is not so good because after the harvest the ground is dry and in some places set hard and the plow just skims over it leaving bits of straw and grass amongst its scratching. So that was the position regarding this field. To prepare for the actual burning off of the stubble, you would start along the South side or end of a paddock if the wind was blowing from the North. The fire would then burn back against the wind, but you have to be careful that no fire is allowed to cross the firebreak. If it does you are in serious difficulties. On this occasion, the wind was blowing steadily from the South and we had to burn a break at the Northern end, also secure the Western and Eastern ones. Mr. Jim Clark harnessed a big draught horse to a harrow and set out to burn the break first along the Northern end. It was about 2 p.m., a warm sunny day, and everything was set for a good clean burn. Jim started off with his horse with harrow dragging behind. When the harrow had gathered some straw around its tines I struck a match and lit the straw. Jim was on the back of the horse with the harrow full of lighted straw behind. I was to follow, having a wet browbeat bag in my hand, and watch along the firebreak and beat out any dangerous spots. We got away to a good start and I was performing faithfully. We came to one of those dry patches where the break was not sufficient. A gust of wind took

some of the fire over the plowed place so I banged it with my bag and got it out successfully. Jim was sailing merrily on with his instrument. I had lost some time and observed another place where the fire had gotten across and started to deal with that one. I was soon in difficulties. I shouted to Jim Clark; he had his head to the Wind and didn't hear. In about two ticks of a clock the fire had swept through the fence into a grass paddock alongside. In three minutes the fire was raging across amongst the grass, bushes, and undergrowth. I was teltling along the side of it but had no hope of stopping it. When Jim looked around, after he had gone about 200 yards, the fire had jumped over the meagre firebreak at another spot and was already on its way through the fence and into the trees and bushes on the other side. He had to get rid of his harrow by leaving it in some spot already burnt out and tying up his horse to prevent it getting away. By that time the blaze was well under way. Jim and I were absolutely useless in stopping its onrush. All we could do was to keep it from spreading so we ranged along the side beating out the fire as we went along. I think Mat Clarke and Hugh Campbell (the farahand who worked there) came along with a cart with a cask of water and cans of water to drink. They put new courage and hope into our hearts and we pushed along the sides, confining the fire to as small an area as we could.

In the meantime, farmers in the vicinity, being alive to their danger, arrived on the scene. Some started burning a break at the head of the fire and that had the effect of cutting it off without doing much damage to other than dry grass, trees and brush. We were just about run to a standstill when someone from the head of the fire rode around on horseback to tell us that the fire had been put out but a watch would have to be kept in case sparks should start it off again. It never got another start, however, and with some of the help that had arrived the burn-off of the stubble was successfully completed. When we returned to the homestead about 6 p.m. Mrs. Owen Clark brought out a bottle of brandy saying that she was sure we were nearly all dead and that it would help to restore everybody to normal. Everybody, even myself, had a taste except Mat, who was a teetotaler and had never tasted alcohol.

We left Clark's farm at about the end of August. I think I have said July but I think August is correct. We had taken rooms with an old bachelor, Jugour by name (caretaker and gravedigger at the local cemetery by profession). The house had six rooms of which we occupied three for bedrooms and had use of diningroom, kitchen and other conveniences. So we all settled down to the work of preparing for the journey to the West Coast. Murat Bay was the exact locality, a distance of approximately 500 miles through mostly virgin country with only cart tracks for roads.

A waggon had to be procured and converted into a caravan by fixing iron supports shaped like inverted U to support canvass covering intended for protection from sun and rain and storm. Horses had to be bought, also harness. The only remaining relic of our former greatness was a buggy horse whom we called "Old Johnny". He was allowed to remain with the family because of the affection we all had for him and not for any great usefulness he would be to us. So he was the nucleus around which we were to form the new team which was to haul us to our new destination. Four other horses had to be bought which supplied our need so far as livestock was concerned. No cows, or goats, or pigs were to accompany us. Our equipment consisted of bedding, cooking utensils, camp oven, billycans, water bags and a 100-gallon tank. This tank was placed on the back end of the waggon. Seating arrangements along each side and all other gear fixed up under the covering in the body of the vehicle. While all of the necessary arrangements were being made, Mr. Jagueur became ill, not seriously but somewhat indisposed. He being the only gravedigger in the vicinity, had been asked to prepare a grave for a local resident who had died. Being indisposed, he asked me if I would do the job for him. He came along with me to the cemetery and showed me the place intended. The grave was partly dug to a depth of about 2 ft. and he wanted it excavated to a depth of 6 ft. So I said "O.K." I commenced to dig at about 10 a.m. and finished late afternoon to the satisfaction of my employer and for which he paid me 10/- and I thought I had been amply rewarded. I don't know the name of the person who was buried there. It would be interesting to know!

We were about 5 weeks preparing for the expedition and were ready to depart about the second week in September and commenced putting our goods and chattels into the Van and arranging other details. We had a team of five horses- two shafters, three leaders- and "Old Johnny" as an outsider or utility horse. There were eight of us to be accommodated - four women, two boys, and two men. In the daytime, all could be seated if desired in the waggon. I was to be the driver of the team therefore I had a seat on the front seat which was fixed across the front of the waggon; there was room for two others also on that seat, the remainder sat along the seats arranged at the sides. "Old Johnny" was to walk behind, being tied to the tail of the van. That was the order in which we commenced our long trek. I am not clear in my memory as to the exact date of our departure. I have mentioned middle September and I believe that is near enough to the time. The idea of starting about that time was to take advantage of the water supply that would be available in the rainwater tanks immediately after the winter rains which would not be available at a later date because they were usually dry during the summer months.

The day set for our departure turned out to be a fine Spring, sunshiny morning and everything was in readiness at about 1 p.m. We started out in the order mentioned and, as far as I can remember, had no one wave us goodbye or throw the lucky boot after us. We had only a short journey that day. We were to stay that night at Uncle Tom's place at Minvalera, a small Railway siding about four miles North of Yatina and about ten miles from Yongala. We arrived about Sundown and we had a warm welcome from Uncle Tom and Aunt Julia and the family, who were all young children at that time. We had a merry evening and a good bed, the last really civilised rest we were to have for a long time. We left Uncle Tom's farm at about 10 o'clock the next morning and we were really on our way, the first stage being the town of Orroroo which was, or is, about 20 miles distant. We camped outside the town, our first night in the open air and the first real taste of camp life. We pitched our tent alongside the waggon and the first meal was prepared and served in due course. Our midday meal was taken when we stopped to feed and rest the horses at noon by the roadside. I don't remember what these first meals consisted of - it is too long ago. We pitched our tent and it was arranged that Father and Mother with two small children sleep in the waggon. Nan and Mary used the tent and Joe and myself made our beds under the waggon. We were all awake at an early hour and had breakfast prepared and eaten around the camp fire and in due time started on our next stage which was a small town, Willowie, situated on the Willowie Plains. The same programme follows from day to day. Feeding and watering horses, preparing our own meals, and repacking and moving on to the next town, which in this instance, was Wilmington. We arrived there about Sundown and camped near a reserve just past the town about 1/2 of a mile. You could see Mt. Remarkable a little to the left as the sun was setting. The next day we moved on through the Pass to Stirling North, situated just on the North side of the Flinders Ranges on a flat piece of country covered thickly with clover. On the evening of our arrival we parked the waggon in the Hotel yard. The sky was overcast and it looked like a storm. We had our evening meal at the Hotel and in the evening a dance was held in the dining room. A heavy thunderstorm came over at about 8 p.m. and we all slept in the Hotel. I remember sleeping on a couch in one of the reception rooms. The dance was a great affair but I was too shy to take part in it. The people who owned the Hotel were named Stacey. A large family of their own and one dark, pretty girl about 20, was one of the great attractions for the local boys.

We moved off again early next day which was fine and all signs of storms had vanished and the Spring sun shone brightly. We had a long stage that day; we had to go right around the head of Spencer's Gulf. On our way we passed alongside of the Ostrich Farm where there were thousands of birds bred and reared. We saw quite a

large number of them as we passed along the road. The going was heavy because of a lot of patches of dry, loose sand which we had to traverse. We crossed to the West side of the Gulf after proceeding about 13 miles and came back to the little town of Port Augusta West consisting of a Hotel, a Store, and a few other buildings. It was a Saturday night, the night of our arrival. After our meal, we all got into a ferry boat and were rowed across to the real Port Augusta. The shops were all open and we had the impression this was a very important place indeed. That was the first time I had, or any of us, had seen an electric light. It was burning over the door of the Town Hall and at intervals large sparks were falling to the ground under it. It was one of those carbon filament contraptions. Gave a very bright, flickering light and, to us, it was a wonderful sight. We walked around the Street - only one Street, Main Street-like most country towns of that period. When the shops closed for the night we caught our ferry back to the West side of the Gulf again. The next day was Sunday so we "stayed put". I don't remember going to Mass. It was in Port Augusta West that I saw my first ship of any kind, large or small that float upon the sea. I could never imagine the sea and I used to wonder in my younger days if it had a lid on it. So the head of the Gulf at Port Augusta was an enormous stretch of water. The Ship, a sailing ship, three masted barque, was a wonderful sight to me. She was lying at the jetty on the West side waiting to load wool.

On Sunday about 5.30 p.m. I had an urge to take a stroll along the waterfront and along the wharf to have a look at the ship berthed alongside. It was a peaceful afternoon, the water was smooth with not a ripple on its surface. A perfectly calm evening just about sunset as I neared the vessel. Within about 200 yards of my objective I paused to get a better view, I had donned my best suit and no doubt I looked rather an imposing figure standing there alone taking in all the beauty of my surroundings and gazing intently at the tall masts and general appearance of the ship. Suddenly, I heard a rather raucous voice saying "You had better have a good look at it; you wont see any like that where you are going." I was startled out of my reverie and felt a fierce slap to my ego. I suppose I was suffering from what is now known as a very severe inferiority complex. However, my sense of superiority intervened and I said "What do you think you know about what I will see where I am going?" It would suit him better to mind his own business..or something to that effect. His ego must have been stirred in the same way as mine. He replied "You cheeky ???? If you come along here I'll punch your ???? head for you." I kept up my end of the wordy battle with the retort that if he was game to come along here to me he would get his???? head punched too. He didn't come along and I didn't go along. I just demonstrated that I was as fluent in the use of the Australian adjective as he was and we seemed to be quite content to leave it at that.

to be continued...

KITH & KIN

SOURCES FOR FAMILY HISTORY

KITH AND KIN: SOURCES FOR FAMILY HISTORY
Adelaide, The Libraries Board of South Australia, 1994

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COMMUNITY HISTORY CALENDAR

Prepared by Penny Kollosche and Susan Marsden, State History Centre, Old Parliament House

On-Going Events

- Every Sunday** 10.00–3.30
Adelaide Gaol: Guided tours available Port Road, Adelaide. Weekday and night time tours by appointment. Further information Ph. 231 4062.
- 1st Thursday** of the month 7.30
Aurora Heritage Action Inc. Meetings, Metropolitan Hotel, Grote Street
- 3rd Sunday** of each month 2.00–4.00
Glen Osmond Mines Tours: tours are conducted by members of the Burnside Historical Society. Bookings on 366 4200 (ask for Angela).
- Last Wednesday** of the month
Artlab Australia. Clinic Day for advice on preservation, restoration and repair of historical and artistic works. Ph. (08) 207 7520
- Every Sunday** 2.00–4.30
Historic Cummins: The Cummins Society conducts Open Days with guided tours. Sheoak Ave., Novar Gardens.
- Saturdays** 2.00–4.00
Sundays 12.00–2.30
National Trust of South Australia. Burra Burra Branch: Market Square Museum. Adult \$1.00, Child \$0.50, Family \$2.50
- Wed/Sat/Sun** 1.30–4.00
National Trust of SA. **Moonta Branch** Museum.
- Sundays** 11.00–4.00
National Trust of SA. **Victor Harbor Branch.** The Old Customs and Station Master's House.
- Thursdays** 10.00
South Australian Cricket Association Inc. Adelaide Oval Tours. Conducted tours from the South Gate. Approx. 2hr duration.
- Tuesdays** 2.00–4.00
Yorke Peninsula Family History Group's library is housed within the N.Y.P. Public Library and is available to members during library opening hours. Volunteers are available Tuesday afternoons to assist the public or members. Fees apply to non-members.
- Sundays & Public Holidays** 12.30–5.00 p.m.
Old Government House, National Park Belair Former Vice-regal summer residence 1860-1880, with servants' quarters and Victorian garden.
- Saturdays, Sundays & Public Holidays** 1.00–5 p.m.
The Police Museum was opened on 28 April 1988, the 150th anniversary of the founding of the South Australian Police Force—the first centrally based police service in Australia. Exhibits will change on a regular basis so that the public will be able to view displays on different themes. This unique social history museum is a tribute to the men and women who have served and continue to serve in the South Australian Police Department. Entry is Free.