

Camden Calling



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RESEARCH FEES

Non-members use of Resources-\$10.00 per session. Written enquires \$30.00 — provides up to fifteen printed or photocopied pages. A4 size stamped addressed envelope to be included with your enquiry.

RESEARCH CENTRE

Family History Room Camden Library/Museum Complex.
John Street. Camden. NSW 2570

Thursday & Friday 10:00am — 3.00pm

Saturday 9:30am — 12 noon
(Closed late December to late January)

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Camden Area Family History Society Inc. is held on the first Tuesday of August each year, immediately following the general meeting.

The Society meets on the first Tuesday of each month (except January) at 7.30pm in the Community Meeting Room of the Camden Library/Museum Complex

40 JOHN STREET CAMDEN.

MEMBERS AND NON-MEMBERS ALL WELCOME

~ Camden Calling ~

Contents

Presidents Report	Page 4
Membership	Page 4
Captured!- James Frances dwyer (1874-1952) Submitted by Cathey Shepherd	Page 5
‘An Enterprising Man of a Mechanical Turn’ Submitted by Colin Neal	Page 8
Don’t Change it, Save it! An article by Mark Latham	Page 19
Lest We Forget: The McNairs at War – Geoff Howe	Page 20
New edition of “They Worked at Camden Park” Launched by Frances Warner	Page 23
Carrington Celebrates its 100 th anniversary	Page 24
Extract from The National Trust’s FROG Newsletter - Editor	Page 25
‘The Life of An Army Greatcoat’ submitted by Fred Gibson	Page 26
“ <i>Come into the Garden Maud</i> ” - Jo O’Brien	Page 27
Workhouse to Whitehouse - Janet Howe	Page 31
My Grandfather’s WWI Memories - Jo O’Brien	Page 35

Camden Calling is the Journal of the Camden Area Family History Society Inc published twice a year in May and November, it is free to members and \$2.00 for non-members.

Articles for inclusion are to be handed to the Editor no later than the meetings of April and October. Unless an article is marked copyright, Family History Organisations have permission to reprint from this Journal, providing that the source is acknowledged and it is used only for the purpose of family history research. Copyright remains the property of the submitter. This Society does not accept responsibility for information contained or opinions expressed by authors in this Journal

Presidents Report.

I would like to say thank you to the members of the Society for electing me to the position of President at our August General Meeting and I would like to also extend my congratulations those members who were elected to assist on the committee and look forward to working with you for the next 12 months.

Since taking over as President at the AGM this August, I have moved to get a few events started with the group. The Committee has discussed and decided to hold a 2 day Seminar in the middle of next year 2019, at this time the tentative days are Saturday the 15th & Sunday 16th of June and we are hoping to be able to use the Civic Centre Undercroft if available. The Seminar will consist of an open day on the Saturday with short 'How to Do' talks and Trade Tables and then on Sunday will be a series of more in depth talks at a charge yet to be decided.

We will be starting on Cemetery transcriptions again next year with Fred & Rosemary Gibson co-ordinating. The first cemetery being considered will be Cawdor which is proposed for some time in mid-March.

A number of members attended the State Conference at Batemans Bay, quite a good weekend with plenty of Networking and some very good talks. We sold about \$700.00 of our publication and second hand books.

We also have a tentative date for our next Bunnings BBQ, Saturday 19th January 2019. I am just waiting for final confirmation from Bunnings.

Tony Jackson

President

MEMBERSHIP

C.A.F.H.S. Inc. Membership falls due on the **1st July each year.** and the prompt renewal of your membership is appreciated. To ensure all your details are current, e.g. telephone number and email addresses, please complete a Members Information Update form if your details have changed or notify the Membership Officer.

Normal Membership: Single \$30.00 Couple \$35.00

Pensioners/Concession Membership: Single \$25.00 Couple \$30.00

We welcome new members from Australia and Overseas.

Captured! - James Francis Dwyer (1874 - 1952)

Still trying to find that elusive ancestor? Why not take a look at 'Captured: Portraits of Crime 1870 - 1930'. This exhibition produced by State Archives and Records NSW is available online from **8 September 2017 - 28 April 2018** and explores the stories of men, women and children incarcerated in NSW goals. You will find it at...

www.records.nsw.gov.au/archives/exhibitions

One story is of a person, born in Camden (Camden Park), who was imprisoned in Goulburn goal for 3 years, and eventually left Australia to become a well-known author and poet.

James **DWYER** was photographed at Darlinghurst goal on 17 June 1899, the day after he was convicted of forgery and uttering.



Picture from NSW State Archives Online Exhibition. Photo No.7753

At the time 25 year old Dwyer was the assistant postmaster at Oxford Street (Sydney) Post Office. He was convicted with two others, Frederick Peter **CRAIG** (63) and Joseph **MILLER** (29), of forging a postal order for £10 with intent to defraud.

They were tried by Chief Justice Sir Frederick **DARLEY**, at Central Criminal Court on 15 and 16 June 1899. Miller had been caught with twenty-two £10 postal orders, and confessed to his involvement in the plan, naming Dwyer as the instigator.

Peter Craig was sentenced to one-year hard labour; Joseph Miller was given two years and James Dwyer seven years penal servitude. The Judge stating that Dwyer's punishment would act as a deterrent to others. At this time all sentences longer than three years, fell into the class of prisoners considered most dangerous and difficult.

James Francis Dwyer (1874 – 1952) was born on 22 April 1874 at Camden Park, the fifth son of Michael Dwyer, a farm labourer and his wife Margaret, both from Cork, Ireland. The family were living in Menangle in 1883 and by 1884 they had moved to Campbelltown. James was educated in local schools until aged 14 years when he was sent to live with relatives in Sydney. He worked as a publisher's clerk, letter carrier and finally a postal assistant.

James was sent to Goulburn goal after sentencing, and his journey to Goulburn was well described in his autobiography, titled Leg Irons on Wings (Macmillan, 1949). The prisoners, shackled, were put on the train at Sydney Central Station, in front of crowds of people, and then the train journey, stopping at his hometown, Campbelltown.

“Out of the clamour on the platform (Campbelltown Station) came the shrill voice of Mr Cole, who sold apples, oranges, cigarettes and cigars. Other remembered voices of long ago came to my ears. I recognised the shouts of boys that I had grown up with.”

But what was worse happened next when a person began rapping on the locked carriage door.

“... A person in authority was ordering the intruder away from the door of our compartment. Then a great flood of terror passed over me. A protesting voice answered the order. A voice that I hadn't heard for years. An angry voice now. It bit into my soul.”

“But I only want to see who is in the compartment” it cried loudly. It was the voice of my father! He continued to follow the train as it left the platform.”

From “Leg Irons on Wings” by James Dwyer (page 57)

James had always wanted to write, but it wasn't until he was imprisoned, that one of his poems was sent to the Bulletin (Sydney) and published. When he was released from Goulburn prison in 1902, after three years in goal, he travelled to Sydney and continued to write whilst serving out his ticket of leave working as a salesman, pigeon buyer and sign writer. After seven years he became a free man and left for overseas, initially to London, then America and France, where he pursued a career in writing. He travelled in America and Europe getting material for his novels and magazine articles. Thereafter his stories were published in many popular magazines, which proved very profitable. He became a prolific and successful writer, with ten novels and hundreds of magazine articles. Some of his novels can be read on 'Project Gutenberg'.

Despite never living in Australia again, James Dwyer always affirmed his Australian nationality. James sensitivity about his imprisonment whilst a young man saw him develop a determination to succeed and achieve public recognition . He said in his autobiography, *Leg-Irons on Wings* (Macmillan 1949):

“Yes, a proud Australian. I was born one and I will die one. I proclaim Australia’s beauty and its strength. I speak of its opportunities and the fine hospitable hearts of its people. I sing the ballads of its poets, Lawson, Brady and Paterson. I quote them to friends. I think we are a great people.” (p. 282)

Dwyer settled in the French Pyrenees at Pau, and when France fell in 1940, he escaped through Spain and settled in the United States. He returned to Pau in September 1945 and died in Pau on 11 November 1952.

This is just one story in the Captured Exhibition. Although the online exhibition finishes on 28 April, the exhibition will be on tour in the following places in 2018.

Charles Sturt University Regional Archives, Wagga Wagga ... 14 May – 8 June

University of Wollongong Library... 3 July – 3 August

UNE and Regional Archives, Armidale... 3 September – 27 October.

If you wanted to do further research on James Francis DWYER, it is indicated that he was supposedly married in 1893 to Selina Cassandra STEWART in 1893. This couple went on to have two children Eric F. DWYER (38505/1895) and Celia M DWYER (33221/1914). Some articles also indicate that the couple were divorced in December 1919 in Reno, Nevada. However, the role of the family historian is to prove and/or disprove this information. In his autobiography there is no mention of a wife and children. This research needs to be followed up.

The research already done will be filed in the family history room under DWYER. If anyone feels like doing further research , have a look at this file and we will add PROVEN facts to the file.

Cathey Shepherd



AN ENTERPRISING MAN OF A MECHANICAL TURN

Submitted by Colin Neal from Melbourne

An enterprising man of a mechanical turn. This was how Thomas Neale was described by the Camden correspondent in an article in the Empire newspaper on the 11th September 1862

Thomas Neal/e was my great-great grandfather. He was born on the 22nd January 1813, the second youngest of seven children born to William and Sarah Neal of Goudhurst, Kent in England. On the 18th December 1836 Thomas married Mary Ann Pierce and their first child, Sarah, was born at Goudhurst on the 24th December 1838. Thomas, Mary Ann with their baby daughter Sarah departed Plymouth as bounty immigrants on the 20th November 1840 on the barque "Berkshire"¹, bound for Sydney, Australia. The ship departed with 243 passengers (137 males and 106 females), under the command of Captain M Norris, while the surgeon superintendent on board was Bernard Kenny.

Mary Ann was 7 months pregnant with her second child. The religious mix on the Berkshire was recorded as 90 Protestants and 153 Catholics, emanating from England, Scotland and Ireland. The persons on board were generally family groups with young and fit parents, numerous children and single males and females in their early adult years. Their backgrounds were largely rural (farm labourers, servants and dairy maids) and general labourers, nurse maids, kitchen maids and house servants.

Most of the passengers on board were assisted 'bounty'² migrants, being brought out to Australia to meet the labour demands of the expanding colony. In the case of the Neal family, the importing agent was Nicholas James & Co.

As noted above, Mary Ann Neal was pregnant with her second child prior to leaving Plymouth. A son arrived during the voyage and although we do not

¹ The Berkshire sailing ship was a barque weighing 582 tonnes. It was built in Sunderland UK and commissioned in 1836. Her final voyage from London was on 2 October 1849, under the command of Captain John White. She ran aground at Nelson (N.Z.) on 1 December 1850.

² Bounty immigrants were assisted immigrants, mainly from Britain, whose passage to Australia was financed by a government bounty. This was a means of encouraging immigrants, particularly of young married couples and single women, who would satisfy the demand for labour. This approach followed Wakefield's theory of systematic colonisation. In 1835 Governor Bourke proposed that the NSW Government pay a bounty to private shipping agents, who met requests for labourers from private settlers or companies, for each suitable immigrant they landed.

know his exact birth date, he is shown on the Immigration Records as being 7 weeks old on arrival, which would make his birth date late January 1841. The baby was given a number of Christian names after the name of the importing agents, ship and ship's crew, and the full name recorded on the immigration records is an elaborate 'James Bernard Berkshire Norris Neale'. Other versions of these names were to appear over the succeeding years and we have chosen to remember him as 'James Norris Berkshire Kenny Neal' in accordance with his marriage certificate.

The individual reports by Bernard Kenny on Thomas and Mary Ann show their religion as 'Protestant'. Thomas was able to read and write while Mary Ann could read only. Thomas' occupation was shown as a "farm labourer", while Mary Ann's was shown as a "farm servant". Thomas' state of 'bodily health, strength and probable usefulness' was shown as 'very good', while Mary Ann's was 'good'. There were 'no complaints' regarding either of them.

In the case of the Neal family, a bounty of 43 pounds was paid, made up by 19 pounds each for Thomas and Mary Ann and 5 pounds for Sarah. James was deemed to be under age and not subject to the bounty.

After 113 days at sea, the Berkshire arrived in Port Jackson Australia on the 13th March 1841.

Thomas and Mary Ann were brought out to Australia to help work the farms in the Camden area. After arriving in Sydney, it is likely that they would have been transported together with young Sarah and the baby James on a bullock-drawn dray for the 2 to 3-day trip to Camden.

The new family settled in the Camden area. We do not know for certain for whom Thomas initially worked, but it would appear from the records of the birthplaces of the children that the Neal family resided at least between 1847 and 1854 at 'Brownlow Hill'³. Thomas most likely worked at this time in his calling as a farm labourer.

An amalgamation of records shows that Thomas and Mary Ann had a total of eight offspring as follows:

³ Brownlow Hill was a stately Georgian house built in the 1820s on land granted to Alexander Macleay (Colonial Secretary 1825-1826). The property was inherited by his son George in 1848 and rented to Jeremiah Downes in 1858. A community of self-sufficient farmers rented parts of this property, laboring, buying and selling among each other.

- Sarah (born 24 December 1838 in England);
- James Norris Berkshire Kenny (born January 1841 en route to Australia);
- Edward (born on 3 February 1843, baptized at St Johns C of E Camden);
- Thomas (born circa 1845, birth not registered);
- John (born 20 January 1847 at 'Brownlow Hill' Camden, birth not registered);
- George (born 29 May 1849 at 'Brownlow Hill' Camden, birth not registered);
- Annie (born circa 1854 at 'Brownlow Hill' Camden, birth not registered);
- Mary Ann (born 'near Camden' on 4 December 1858);

The registration of births, deaths and marriages did not become compulsory in the colony of New South Wales until March 1856. The only births formally registered by Thomas and Mary Ann were those of Edward and Mary Ann (junior). The birth dates of the other offspring have been deduced from the dates and ages shown on subsequent marriage and death certificates.

The Immigration Records and early certificates show Thomas' surname as 'Neale'. This was clearly a spelling error as the earlier records of his parents in England did not include the 'e' and subsequent records omitted the 'e'. This is no doubt a reflection of the illiteracy of the times, further demonstrated by the fact that the death certificates of Thomas and Mary Ann are spelt 'Neil', while Sarah's maiden name as informant on Thomas' death certificate is spelt 'Neill'!

In February 1860, a major flood swept through the Camden area and surrounding districts. This was followed by a major national drought in 1862 and between 1864 and 1866, when successive wheat crops were lost. Following the years of floods and then droughts in the 1860's and 1870's, many of the local families and labour began to leave the Camden district, heading for the suburbs around Sydney or to the goldfields in such places as Bathurst and Goulburn. Others travelled further afield. Mary Ann together with 6 of her children left the Camden area circa 1868/69⁴ and moved interstate to west of Rockhampton in the new colony of Queensland. Thomas (Snr) remained in the Camden area.

Sarah and James stayed behind in New South Wales, Sarah having married for the second time and moved to Picton, while James had married and taken up employment as a blacksmith with the NSW Government Railways in Sydney.

Thomas' occupation shown on the various birth, marriage and death certificates of his family indicate that he was a 'Labourer' up until the late

⁴ The death certificates of Edward and George indicate that the family relocated to Queensland circa 1868/69.

1860's and a 'Farmer' thereafter. There is one odd reference on Edward's death certificate in 1899 to Thomas as having been a 'Blacksmith' that appears to be an error, although it is apparent that he had developed high levels of blacksmithing and wood-working skills.

The starting point in my research into Thomas' life was three pieces of family folklore, handed down through the family line by my father Keith. They were:

- He had seen "Fisher's Ghost"⁵
- He had at one time been a 'gentleman farmer'⁶;
- He had 'put it (his money?) down his throat'.

My research stalled at this point. Thomas after all was "only a farm labourer", and a search of the Brownlow Hill records and Macarthur Papers had failed to come up with any reference to him. I had however been able to locate his Death Certificate, under the surname of "Neil"!

It was some years later that I learnt about the National Library of Australia's digitization of the old colonial newspapers and the "Trove" website. With little expectation, I entered key words "Thomas, Neal and Camden" into the Trove search engine. To my astonishment, I began to uncover numerous references to a Thomas Neal/e and after various cross-checks, realized that this was indeed my great-great grandfather!

The references that I have been able to find cover the period between September 1862 and September 1865.

They are found mostly in the Empire⁷ newspaper, but also in the Sydney Morning Herald and Queanbeyan Age and General Advertiser. They reveal an

⁵ Frederick George James Fisher was a ticket-of-leave man who settled in Campbelltown and was murdered in 1826 at the age of 35 by a neighbour, George Worrall. The investigating constable, George Luland, gave evidence

at Worrall's trial that he had found stains of blood 'on several rails of a fence at the corner of the deceased's paddock adjoining the fence of Mr. Bradbury and about 50 rods from the prisoner's house'. It was reputed that following the murder, Fisher's Ghost was 'seen sitting on a rail (of a fence) not far from the old bridge at the bottom of the Hill'. The Ghost story appeared in various publications locally and in London between 1835 and 1859.

⁶ This term was handed down identically through the descendants of both James and John.

⁷ The Empire was a newspaper published in Sydney. It was published from 28 December 1850 to 14 February 1875, except for the period from 28 August 1858 to 23 May 1859, when publication was suspended. It was later absorbed by The Evening News. Henry Parkes founded the Empire and was its editor/ proprietor until the business failed in August 1858. He made it 'a newspaper destined to be the chief organ of mid-century liberalism and to serve as the rallying and reconciliation point for the sharpest radical and liberal minds of the day'.

“enterprising man” who had turned his hand to heavy woodworking, blacksmithing, cattle, remedies for diseased cattle, collecting wildlife and even building bonfires for ceremonial occasions!

The articles in the Empire were generally written in a narrative style by the “Camden Correspondent”. The first reference appears on the 4th September 1862, page 9, referring to the construction of a monster dray and reading as follows:

“MONSTER DRAY – A short time since – a novelty in the above line was to be seen in our street – a dray loaded with nine tons of wheat, drawn by fourteen oxen. It is the property and manufacture of a settler in the Racecourse Paddock, on the Camden Estate, Mr Thomas Neale, an enterprising man of a mechanical turn. Those who know him well believe that having completed his dray, he is sure to have some other scheme in hand. There is abundance of scope for all his powers. We wish him all success, “Advance Australia.””

Two weeks later on the 19th September 1862, page 3, the correspondent writes further:

“CAMDEN DRAY – In my notice of a monster dray last week, it would seem I unwittingly did an injustice which I now have much pleasure in setting right – and the more so, as it reflects credit on two young natives. The machine in question was built under the direction of Thomas Neale (who is a Kentish Man), after the model of one he had used at his native place in the old country, by his two sons, Edward and James Neale. During the past week I have seen it in a new character. The body having been removed, it has been converted into a first-class timber carriage, in which capacity it is capable of being lengthened considerably. Loaded with two immense logs, it was drawn with ease by eight small bullocks – by no means a strong team, doing double work. The workmanship, too, especially considering that it is non-professional, is very creditable, and would not suffer in comparison with much that is done by professional tradesmen. If our agricultural settlers generally were of an enterprising character, it is certain that as the results of their own industry, they would enjoy many advantages of which, at present, they know but little. By the way, it is worth noting, that Neale prepared a rod of fencing (posts and rails), bullock yoke specimens of ironbark, and other things, for the Exhibition, affording the gude folks at home the opportunity of studying in the great National School at Kensington, the manners and customs of Australian bushmen.”

Then a month later on the 17th October 1862, page 2 the correspondent writes an article concerning a reservoir constructed by Thomas providing a water supply through the drought:

“Knowing the danger to which we are exposed, it is time to adopt measures, not to prevent their recurrence, which is of course beyond our power, but to mitigate their severity. We had an opportunity of witnessing, a few days ago, what can be done in this way, and strongly recommend all who now suffer so severely to see for themselves the reservoir constructed by Thomas Neale, in the racecourse paddock, near Camden, where still the supply holds out, and the cattle are supplied. Certainly, if the hired servant of a tenant farmer can construct such works, it is within the power of persons in more favourable positions, - freehold and leasehold farmers. The time lost, and expense incurred this fearful season in driving cattle to water, to say nothing of the losses which cannot be calculated, would suffice to construct all that is required; or indeed, the losses of the season would have more than paid all the necessary expenses. At any rate, Neale’s farm is worthy of a careful inspection; and it will be certainly one good result of the present drought if it lead to earnest effort to provide for such emergencies”

The next reference to Thomas appears in the Empire on the 23rd January 1863, page 5. It refers to a horse-trough constructed by Thomas and reads as follows:

“LOCAL IMPROVEMENT: Although Camden has been so many years an established township, and situated on one of the great lines of road, still it has never apparently been able to boast a horse-trough at any of its inns until last week. Mr. John Galvin has been the first to provide so useful and usual a piece of roadside inn garniture. It is worthy of notice also as a sample of Australian trees, considering that our forests have been described to the gude folks at home as containing no timber of sufficient size to furnish the aborigines a canoe. It is thirty feet long, and about thirty inches in diameter, and was very nearly solid. It was made by Thomas Neale and his sons, of whom their father, with real paternal pride boasts “as fine young natives for work as any one under the sun”. What a blessing it would be, if the father of every young native could make a similar boast. Now, provision has been made for the quadruped, who will provide for the biped? Certainly, one of those useful drinking fountains, so highly appreciated both at home and in Sydney, would be a great boon in a shady but central position in Camden. If any kind friend should erect the so much needed accommodation, we shall be most happy to make it publicly known.”

On Thursday the 11th of June 1863, the Camden township and surrounding district came out en masse to celebrate the marriage of the Prince of Wales, for which Thomas supervised the construction of a monster bonfire. The Sydney Morning Herald reported on the event in their publication on the 16th June 1863 as follows:

“DEMONSTRATION IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES – Camden, on Thursday, assumed an appearance of unusual gaiety. It was a general holiday, not only with the inhabitants but also with the whole of the surrounding neighbourhood. From an early hour numbers of persons might be seen coming into town in vehicles of every description, to join in the festivities of the day. It

was computed that not fewer than 2000 persons were present of all ages. The greatest harmony prevailed and everyone appeared thoroughly to enjoy himself. A fat beast was roasted, together with a sheep and another, might be seen roasting whole anxiously watched by an admiring crowd, besides liberal donations of provisions. Indeed, everyone responded liberally to the call made on them, even the settlers from a distance sending in loads of wood, for a bonfire at night, to the extent of some fifty tons. The day was exceedingly fine – in fact all that could be desired. The scholars of all the Day and Sunday schools, besides the children brought from a distance by their parents, numbering in all nearly 1000, commenced their sports about ten o'clock in the morning, consisting of footracing, bag-racing, and various other games; the price varying from five to ten shillings in each instance. They were kept up with great spirit until about twelve o'clock, when dinner was announced. A procession was then formed of all the children, who were made to walk past the tent where the provisions were kept, and were each liberally provided with bread and meat, after which they were ranged in the paddock and supplied with plum pudding, gingerbeer, and sweetmeats. The children were then addressed by Messrs. Ollis and Reeves in appropriate terms, who called upon them to sing "God save the Queen;" after which three hearty cheers were given for the Queen and three for the Prince and Princess of Wales. The young people then resumed their sports, whilst the adults dined. The serving of the mass of persons assembled was no sinecure to those engaged. Bullock, sheep, hundred weights of plum pudding disappeared as if by magic. About two p.m., the sports were resumed, consisting of foot racing, running in sacks, wheelbarrow blindfolded, and several other old English games, in which much amusement was afforded to those engaged as well as the spectators. It being now dark, the bonfire was lit, and blazed up rapidly. It was built under the superintendence of Mr. T Neal, and was really a monster fire, and might be seen for miles around. Many of the townspeople illuminated their houses with appropriate devices. A display of fireworks, including fire balloons closed the proceedings of a day which will long be remembered in Camden."

In August 1863, the prospects of a good wheat crop had improved, however a pleuropneumonia disease had broken out in the local cattle herds. The Camden Correspondent writes of a remedy for the disease developed by Thomas, as covered in *The Empire* on the 14th August 1863, page 2:

"Very encouraging reports are given of the present appearance and future prospect of the wheat crop. In all directions the settlers express very sanguine hopes. It is to be hoped they may reap the reward of their industry. As a set-off, however, pleuropneumonia continues its ravages among the cattle, many fatal results of which are happening in all directions; inoculation is being pretty freely tried, but not in all cases successfully. Our old friend, Thomas Neale, of the racecourse, announces that he has found a remedy, and has been successful in every case in which his remedy has been resorted to. No one would suppose, from the evident relish with which the cattle so treated eat their feed of wheat straw, that there is any disease about them now. Neale has announced his intention of exhibiting his cattle (a team of five bullocks) in the streets of Camden, on Saturday next. All interested in the matter will do well to inspect them, and Neale will be present to give any information. It is barely to be expected that he will publish to all the recipe, but if there is anything good in it

(and Neale evidently desires nothing better than be allowed to test its merits, so that any one whose cattle are diseased can soon satisfy themselves), a key could be found which would discover the secret. It will not be the first time that a poor and unlettered but practical man has had the honour of discovering what many of his superiors in position and education have failed to find. At any rate, it will cost nothing to see the cattle and hear what Neale has to say about them, and the testing is a very simple matter.”

On the 22nd December 1863, page 2, the Camden Correspondent writes in The Empire of an exhibition by Thomas of his famous dray and bullock team:

“CHRISTMAS EXHIBITION – Our old friend Thomas Neale is about to astonish the natives in reality with an exhibition which has never been equalled, and he selects Thursday next, the day preceding Christmas Day, for this purpose, weather permitting. He engages to bring in from the racecourse in one load on his famous wagon ten tons of billet wood, to be drawn by an ordinary bullock team. The wagon is the property of, and was manufactured by, Neale and his sons.”

The next time we hear of Thomas is in The Empire on the 4th March 1864, page 2. Here we learn of Thomas’ love for the native wildlife:

“LOCAL MENAGERIE: - We were not aware that such an establishment was in existence until a few days ago, when riding along the Menangle Road, we observed a board posted at the entrance, on which was painted “Camden Racecourse Menagerie, Thomas Neal, late of Gouldhurst, Kent”. On inspection, it turned out that Neal has been collecting for the Museum, Aviary, or Acclimatisation Society. He has some fine snakes, one especially, a carpet snake nearly five feet long, two large black ones, two lace lizards or iguanas, one four and a half foot long, two fine specimens of bearded lizards, and a large collection of tamed opossums, all alive and healthy, which Neal seems to attend to as a father almost. He means to enlighten you Sydney people as to what is to be found in the bush. Unless the establishment be removed forthwith, it will need his big wagon to convey them to Sydney.”

On the 19th January 1865 page 1, the Sydney Morning Herald reported as follows:

“MENAGERIE – May be seen at T NEAL’S, Camden Racecourse, in a revolving house, a variety of parrots, goatsuckers, black and brown snakes; one monster carpet snake, 8 feet 2 inches long, 11 inches in girth; jew lizards, iguanas, guinea pigs, squirrels, opossum with three legs, all alive and healthy. Admission, 1s. T NEAL, Camden racecourse.”

Subsequent articles in The Empire and the Sydney Morning Herald between April 1864 and September 1865 refer to donations of wildlife made by Thomas

to the Australian Museum and Public Aviary. These included diamond and black snakes, lace, jew and bearded lizards, owls, magpies, iguanas and opossums.

In the Sydney Morning Herald on the 18th May 1865, the following advertisement appeared:

“FOR SALE, six magnificent quiet Working BULLOCKS, bows, yokes, and chains together, with a waggon adapted for carrying timber. Apply to THOMAS NEAL, Camden.”

The public coverage of Thomas finishes in late 1865, as quickly as it started in late 1862. He comes out of and then returns to obscurity. As noted earlier in this article, Thomas’ wife Maryann and her young family (with the exception of the two older siblings Sarah and James) moved to the Rockhampton District in the late 1860s. Why and how they moved is likely to remain a mystery forever; was the move a consequence of the cycle of droughts and floods in the Camden district and a desire to find a better and more secure life for the family? Was it due to Thomas’ drinking habits? Did they travel overland in a bullock-hauled dray (perhaps one built by Thomas and his sons James and Edward), or did they travel by one of the steamships owned by the Australasian Steam Navigation Company that had commenced operating between Sydney and Rockhampton in 1861?

By 1863 James had married an Elizabeth Butler, moved into Sydney and secured employment as a blacksmith with the NSW Government Railways. Sarah had married in 1868 for the second time to William York, her first husband John Parker having died on the Bathurst goldfields in 1862. Sarah and William settled in the Picton area and it is most likely that Thomas went to live with them after the family split.

Thomas passed away on 3 January 1886 at Picton, New South Wales. His death was recorded as ‘Thomas Neil’ and the cause shown as “cold and old age”. The informant was his daughter Sarah. Although his age at the time was shown on the death certificate as 83, it is more likely that he was in fact 72. Thomas was buried at Picton on 4 January 1886, following a service conducted by Rev. Frank Elder of the Church of England. Witnesses to the burial were a John Bateuze and a John Warters.

An obituary to Thomas appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald on the 24th April 1886, reading as follows:

“NEAL - In fond remembrance of Thomas Neal, youngest son to Captain William Neal, of Goudhurst, Kent, England, father of Mr. James Neal, and brother of Mrs. John Standen, both of Newtown, N. S. Wales, who died suddenly at the residence of his daughter, Sarah York, Picton, January 4, 1886. He was a resident of Camden, New South Wales, since 1841. Kent papers please copy”.

So there we have the story of my great great grandfather Thomas Neal, born in Kent England in January 1813, migrated to Australia and the Camden district in 1841, and died at Picton from “cold and old age” in January 1886. I am proud of my rural heritage, but I am particularly proud of the achievements of the “enterprising Kentish man of a mechanical turn”, the “poor and unlettered but practical man”, who braved the move from England to the unknown in Australia in those early years and who obviously played a significant role in the early development of the Camden area. I am equally proud of his wife Maryann (my great great grandmother), who was similarly brave in leaving the known, enduring the trip by sea to Australia in primitive conditions and venturing into the unknown with her baby daughter and unborn son.

References & Acknowledgements

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- Camden Historical Society
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- National Library of Australia www.trove.nla.gov.au

REFERENCES TO CAMDEN RACECOURSE

- ❖ “the reservoir constructed by Thomas Neale, in the racecourse paddock, near Camden” (Empire Sydney, NSW 1850 - 1875, Friday 17 October 1862, page 2)
- ❖ “It is the property and manufacture of a settler in the Racecourse Paddock, on the Camden estate, Mr. Thomas Neale” (Queanbeyan Age and General Advertiser (NSW 1860 - 1867), Thursday 11 September 1862, page 3; also Empire Sydney, NSW 1850 - 1875, Thursday 4 September 1862, page 9)
- ❖ “MENAGERIE – May be seen at T. NEAL'S, Camden Racecourse, in a revolving house” (The Sydney Morning Herald (NSW 1842 - 1954), Thursday 19 January 1865, page 1)
- ❖ “Our old friend, Thomas Neale, of the racecourse” (The Empire Newspaper Sydney, NSW, Friday 14 August 1863, page 2)
- ❖ “He engages to bring in from the racecourse in one load on his famous waggon ten tons of billet wood, to be drawn by an ordinary bullock team” (The Empire Newspaper Sydney, NSW, Tuesday 22 December 1863, page 2)
- ❖ “We were not aware that such an establishment was in existence until a few days ago, when riding along the Menangle Road, we observed a board posted at the entrance, on which was painted “Camden Racecourse Menagerie, Thomas Neal, late of Gouldhurst, Kent” (The Empire Newspaper Sydney, NSW, Friday 4 March 1864, page 2)

Don't change it, save it

Now is the time for Australians to come together and say to those who would obliterate our past, 'no more'

Whenever I see singing and dancing in Parliament House, Canberra, there's one guarantee.

Whatever they are singing and dancing about, hardly anyone in the audience will join in.

Since Thursday, that's the way it's been with same-sex marriage.

At kids' sporting events, a friend's BBQ and talking to people on the main street of Camden, nobody seems to give two hoots about this legislative change.

The normal conversations of life march on: about our children's education, the coming festive season and Sydney's balmy weather.

In Camden's main street, the next big event will be a celebration of a different kind.

On January 26 we will be enjoying the dancing, singing and pagantry of the annual Australia Day parade.

This highlights the disconnect between life in Canberra and the outer suburbs.

Last week in the Senate, the Greens moved a motion for changing the date of Australia Day.

After the success of marriage equality, they argued, it was time to change January 26.

The Greens whip Rachel Siewert told the chamber: "We know the date will change. It's a question of when."

Not where I come from.

The only question in Camden is how big the crowds will be in six weeks' time as we celebrate our national day.

They have been building year by year.

Eleven months ago, people were



MARK LATHAM



The green-left want to wipe out our history and diminish our national pride

live and sit deep on the footpath watching the parade, with some even standing on the median strip.

In a world dominated by uncertainty, Australia Day has become a point of belief, a chance to unashamedly express pride in our nation and the wonder of the Australian story.

The green-left detests the waving of the Australian flag and singing of the national anthem.

In Camden we can't get enough of both.

The PC-impulse is that celebrating January 26 obscures indigenous Australians.

In Camden we see no such link.

A defining feature of the Western civilisation that arrived here in 1788 is its belief in progress — the hope that all people can enjoy a better life.

Today, for every dollar of welfare spending on a non-indigenous Australian, our governments spend two dollars on Aboriginal welfare — not the work of a heartless nation.

While mistakes were made in the 19th and early 20th centuries, Australians are now united in wanting equal opportunities for the first peoples of this continent.

As the inspiring Alice Springs indigenous leader Jacinta Price has said: "We cannot afford a culture of perpetual mourning. We need to be proactive in solving today's problems."

When young indigenous people go through school and, in growing numbers, university, this is only possible because of the Western commitment to education and self-improvement.

The same can be said for advanced technologies and opportunities in health, housing, transport and the economy.

While we love our indigenous brothers and sisters and their ancient custodianship of this land, truthfully, pre-1788, their society had not developed any of the material advantages of the West.

Their engineering skills were limited and they had not yet invented the wheel.

The rest of the world had left them behind.

There is no shame and disrespect in saying that Australia is a better country because of European settlement.

It's a basic reality.

The green-left want to wipe out our history and diminish our national pride because they believe in a world without borders, a world of fluid identities.

They say they support multiculturalism, but they disparage the First Fleet's landing at Sydney Cove — what many now, diverse cultures arrived for the first time.

They say they support Medicare and public education, but these community services wouldn't be possible without the link to Western knowledge that was established on January 26, 1788.

People are always saying to me: why isn't there any organised rejection of the left's madness?

Who's fighting back against the ABC, Fairfax, GetUp and the Greens as they try to reshape our national institutions in their own image?

Why isn't anyone campaigning on our behalf, advancing the common

sense views of suburban and regional Australia?

That's why I'm organising a Save Australia Day campaign through Mark Latham's Outsiders.

The "Change the Date" movement is gathering pace, with the support of left-wing councils around the country.

The Greens and Labor left say the change is inevitable.

This is the big one, a chance to say: "No more."

If the left are able to move or abolish Australia Day, nothing about our country will be safe from their agenda.

Not our history, our monuments, our culture, our values.

It's vital to Save Australia Day.

Jacinta Price has agreed to lead the campaign — a tremendous honour for those of us working with her.

We have professional TV and radio advertising in production.

But it's not inexpensive.

With their now-famous support from big corporations, the left are flush with money.

In the fight for Australia Day, they are bound to outspend us.

I've launched a crowd-funding appeal to ensure our side of the argument is heard.

The details are on my Mark Latham's Outsiders Facebook page.

To donate, please go to: support.marklathamoutsiders.com and click on the Save Australia Day icon.

Every dollar raised will be spent on the campaign.

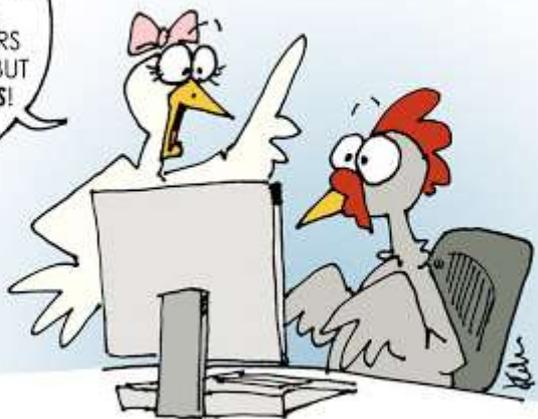
In saving Australia Day, I believe we can save our country in many other important respects.

It's a fight we can't afford to lose.

JOIN THE DEBATE

letters@dailylegraph.com.au facebook.com/dailylegraph dailylegraph.com.au/yoursay PO Box 2808, GPO Sydney, NSW 2001 TXT name & suburb to 0421 269 010

DESCENDED FROM T-REX MY EYE! YOUR ANCESTORS WERE NOTHING BUT STEGOSAURUSES!



ONE DAY AT THE GENEALOGY LIBRARY



Pte John "Jack" McNair, 8th Battalion
(Janet Howe's paternal grandfather)

Lest we Forget: The McNairs at War By Geoff Howe

They were four young country boys, though Jack McNair, the eldest, had moved to Sydney by the time the bullet assassinating Archduke Ferdinand rang out, plunging the world into a maelstrom of blood-letting and destruction. They were four cousins – two died on the battlefields of Europe, two came back. Jack was nearly 25 when he enlisted at the temporary army camp at the Showgrounds on October 30, 1916. He returned, suffering from the effects of being gassed and carrying a shell fragment in his shoulder until the day he died. Samuel Hay McNair was 21 when he signed up at the camp at Rosebery Park on September 16, 1914. He was killed in action at Gallipoli. His brother Henry Willis McNair was also 21 when he enlisted at Cootamundra on March 2, 1916. He died of wounds received in action on the Western Front.

A third brother Frank Harold McNair was the youngest, enlisting at Liverpool Army Camp aged 19 on January 4, 1915. He returned home after being wounded in action on the Western Front.

With a few more years under his belt, Jack McNair was more practical than his cousins. Before he went to sign up, he insisted that he would be the only one in his family who went to war. His younger brothers Blue and Little Billy were to stay at home to look after their mother and sisters. As a country boy, he knew how to handle a rifle and look after himself, but apart from being outfitted and equipped there was scant time to be turned into a soldier.

Jack, who described himself as a storeman on his enlistment papers, left Sydney on the *HMAT Port Napier* on November 17, a little more than two weeks after he signed up. His two-week stint in the Citizen's Military Force previously would not have helped much. More than two and a half months passed before Jack and the other members of the 22nd Reinforcements for the 8th Battalion – originally a Victorian formation – were disembarked at Devonport, England.

More training was in store in England with the 2nd Training Battalion before Jack embarked for France from Folkestone on April 19, 1917. A month on the strength of the Australian General Base Depot at Étapes followed before he joined B Company, 8th Battalion (part of the Second Australian Brigade) on May 10 in time for the last week of the Second Battle of Bullecourt. He was in the line for six weeks before being invalided to hospital at Le Havre in early July.

This may have been when Jack was gassed with both sides using the terrible weapon during the prolonged battle. For the next few months, he was in and out of hospital including a spell on light duties as a general duty orderly. In July 1918, Jack rejoined his battalion which was engaged in skirmishing near Merris in Flanders. He was wounded in action four weeks later. More stints in hospital followed. Towards the end of September 1918, he rejoined his battalion again which was fighting on the Hindenburg Line and then a month later spent five weeks at the 2nd Brigade Infantry

School of Instruction, near Point Rémy on the Somme. It was there that he celebrated the end of the war. Jack became mates at the school with a Marrickville man, W.H. Dobbs who in 1920 wrote to the Base Records Office in Melbourne for Jack's whereabouts. The Army replied, surprisingly promptly, with his 44 Formosa Street, Drummoyne address.

Three weeks well-deserved leave in Britain followed the German surrender. Just before Christmas, he rejoined his battalion in France and then in March 1919, he was admitted to hospital with bronchitis. Within a week, he was transferred back to England, to the King George Hospital in Stamford Street, London. A month later, he was discharged and then on May 20 sailed from Liverpool on the *HT Nestor*. Jack was welcomed home in Sydney on July 4, 1919 and was discharged from the Army on August 12.



McNair Brothers with mother Martha (nee Ball) and friends Lilly and Sylvia Carberry, Sydney, c. September 1914 (1st cousins of Jack McNair)

Left: Samuel Hay McNair Jnr (1893-1915), 651 Pte 13th Battalion, killed in a charge at Quinn's Post, Gallipoli, 3 May 1915

Centre back: Francis Harold McNair (1899-1976); 783 Pte 53rd Battalion, returned to Australia, married and lived a long life.

Right: Henry Willis McNair (1895-1917); 1943 Pte 56th Battalion, killed in Belgium, no known grave, commemorated on the Menin Gate.

Hindenburg Line, in the Second Battle of Bullecourt and then in September, the bitter fighting for Polygon Wood. Henry died on September 26. His name is remembered on the Menin Gate Memorial.

Frank Harold McNair survived both Gallipoli and the Western Front. After a month's training, he embarked for the Middle East with the 3rd Reinforcements, 7th Light Horse Regiment on *HMAT Hymettus*. For the next Five months, he managed to elude Army paperwork until August 4, 1915 when he was admitted sick to the General Hospital at Alexandria. The demounted 7th Light Horse had during this period seen action at Gallipoli – at Rylie's Post and Lone Pine. He left for England six weeks later in *HMAT Karoola*. But his illness stayed with him. Frank was admitted to the 3rd Western General Hospital in Cardiff in October 1915, staying there nearly a year.

After finally arriving in France on October 1, 1916, he joined the 53rd Battalion, also part of the 14th Brigade. He saw out the winter in action, but for much of 1917, he was in hospital in France and

Henry Willis McNair had more time to become a soldier. He enjoyed more than three months' training before embarking at Sydney on the *HMAT Barambah* on June 23, 1916. It was not until the end of August that he and the other members of the 3rd Reinforcements, 56th Battalion disembarked at Plymouth. More training followed in England with Henry finally embarking for France in February 1917. He joined the 56th Battalion (part of the 14th Brigade) at the front at the end of the month. The Battalion was engaged in heavy fighting that year – on the

England and then further training, including six weeks at the Brigade Signalling School in August-September. Frank rejoined his unit, again saw out the winter, but was hospitalised and evacuated to England in April 1918, spending a month in Southwark Military Hospital. He rejoined his unit in July and then was wounded in action on the Hindenburg Line on September 30. That was the last of the war for him, with hospital in France, evacuation to England and the return home on the *HT Ceramic* on January 25, 1919. Landing at Melbourne in March, he was discharged in Sydney on May 23. Frank was awarded the 1914/15 Star, the British War Medal and the Victory Medal.

Samuel Hay McNair, a baker, had nearly three months training before embarking for the Middle East with F Company, 13th Battalion just before Christmas, 1914, on *HMAT Ulysses*. He left Alexandria on April 12, 1915 for Gallipoli where his battalion landed on April 26. Samuel survived for little more than a week, killed in action on May 3. His battalion was in action in the Monash Valley at that time. In the administrative chaos of Gallipoli, he was reported wounded initially and then wounded and missing. His family was advised accordingly and several letters were received by the Army from his mother, Martha asking for details. By October 1915, she was described as “very anxious”. A Court of Inquiry was held at Serapeum in April 1916 which ruled that Samuel had been killed action Letters then followed from the family about Samuel’s personal effects. His father Sam was sent a Memorial Scroll and Plaque in 1922. His name is remembered on the Lone Pine Memorial.

Postscript: Another cousin, Frank Horace Myers (1898-1915), 1730 Pte 12th Battalion, Died of Wounds received at the Battle of Lone Pine.



“I GUESS GRAMPA IS PRETTY IMPORTANT. HE SAYS IF HE HADN'T BEEN BORN... NEITHER WOULD I.”

New edition of *They Worked at Camden Park*

This month a new and expanded fifth edition of this book was printed and is available for sale. First published in 1993, the fourth edition was printed five years ago and has been unavailable for some time. This fifth edition has additions and corrections made by Janice Johnson before her untimely death in 2017. Janice Johnson was a tireless researcher and the Camden Historical Society pays tribute to her work.



The book lists hundreds of employees, leaseholders and tenant farmers known to have worked on the Camden Park Estate. The book concentrates on the hundreds of hard workers who helped establish the Camden Park estate in the nineteenth and twentieth century and beyond. This is the best list that years of inquiry and consultation have been able to produce. It replaces earlier editions of the booklet published by the Society.

The publication is regarded by the Society as a continuing investigation. It is hoped that its publication will stimulate families to come forward with new information on the many people who "worked at Camden Park".

This new book was launched at an afternoon tea at the Camden Museum on Saturday 19 May by the well-known Mrs Frances Warner, the present housekeeper at Camden Park House who has worked there for several decades. Her talk was both interesting and entertaining

The book is available for sale at the Camden Museum for \$25. The Museum, at 40 John Street Camden, is open from Thursdays to Sundays from 11 am to 4 pm.

LIBRARY – FEATURED ACQUISITIONS

Indexes to State Archives records from Teapot Genealogy:



- Index to Miscellaneous Records Relating to the Gold Fields, Volumes 1-5
- Register of Prospecting Grants, Department of Mines NSW, 1888-1932
- Register of Leases of Auriferous Lands NSW Mining Districts, 1874-1953
- Admissions Mater Dei Narellan Boys and Girls Orphanages, 1910-1925
- Index to Convict Road Gangs, Road Parties and Iron'd Gangs, 1827-1830

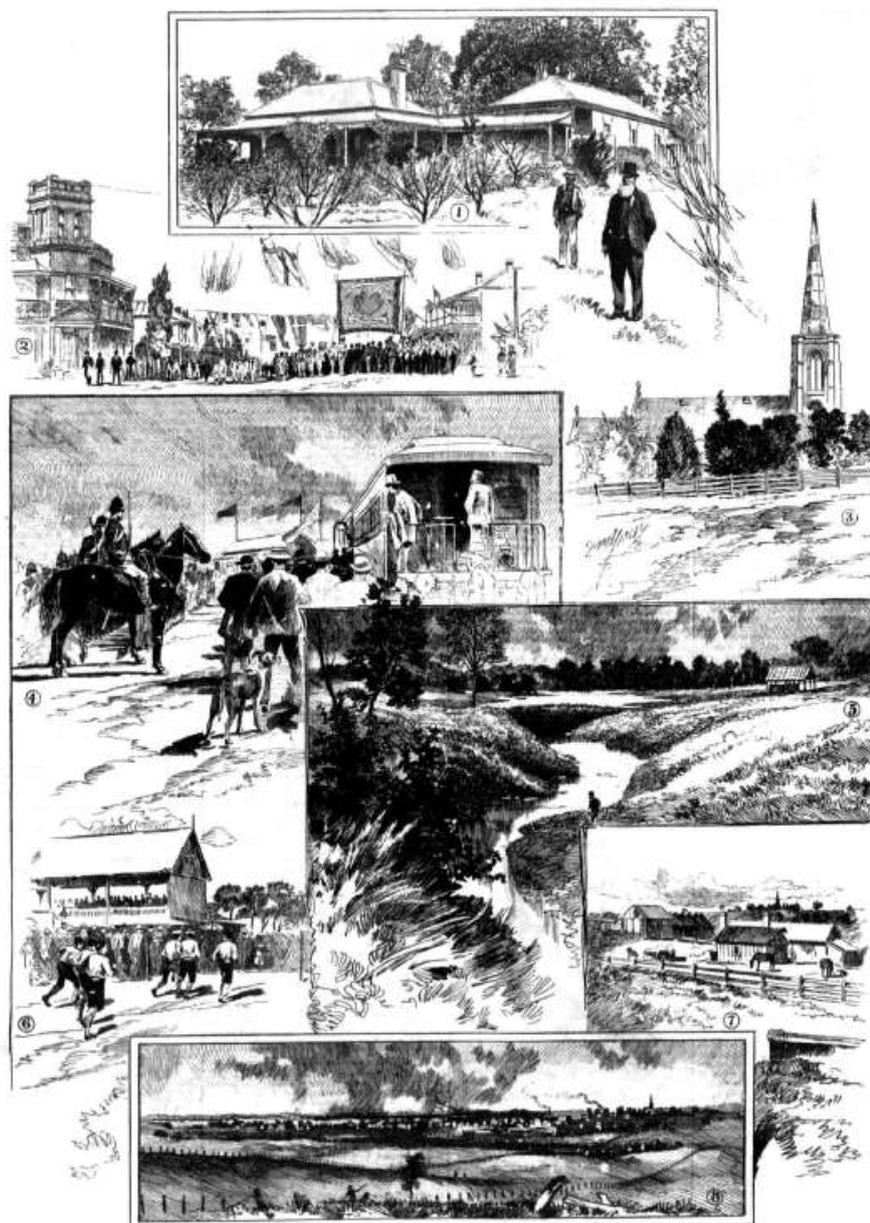
All indexes can be searched by name as well as subject and are well worth investigating, but you will still need to make a trip to State Archives!

Carrington Celebrated its 100th Anniversary This Year

May 8, 1888.

TOWN AND COUNTRY JOURNAL.

911



MR. W. H. PALING'S GIFT TO NEW SOUTH WALES—TRANSFER OF THE GRASMERE ESTATE, CAMDEN, FOR A HOSPITAL.

(See continuation on page 912)

1. Mr. Paling's house.
2. The procession passing through the town.
3. The Anglican Church, Camden.
4. The arrival of the Governor's train.
5. The dam or lake on the farm.
6. Sports at the recreation grounds.
7. Cottages to be used as a temporary hospital.
8. View from the Grasmere Estate.

This short piece of Humour was found in www.nationaltrust.org.au/places/gulf-station/ in their FROG Newsletter of February 2018.

It is New Year's Eve 1852 and Henry sits at his desk by candle light. He dips his pen in ink and begins to write his New Year's Resolutions:

1. No man is truly well educated unless he learns to spell his name at least three different ways within the same document. I resolve to give the appearance of being extremely well educated in the coming year.
2. I resolve to see that all of my children will have the same given names that my ancestors have used for six generations in a row.
3. My age is no-one's business but my own. I hereby resolve never to list the same age or birth year twice on any document.
4. I resolve to have each of my children baptised in a different church either in a different faith or in a different parish. Every third child will not be baptised at all or will be baptised by an itinerant minister who keeps no records.
5. I resolve to move to a new address, a new town or new state at least once every 10 years – just before those pesky census enumerators come around asking silly questions.
6. When the census enumerator does come to my door, I'll loan him my pen which has been dipped in rapidly fading ink.
7. I will make every attempt to reside in towns where no vital records are maintained or where the courthouse burns down every few years.
8. I resolve to join an obscure religious cult that does not believe in record keeping or in participating in military service.
9. I resolve that if my beloved wife Mary should die I will marry another Mary.
10. I resolve not to make a will. Who needs to spend money on a lawyer?

The life of an Army Great Coat.

Submitted by Fred Gibson

My first cousin Maxwell Martin Murchie enlisted in the C.M.F.(Citizens Military Force) in May 1941 and was attached to the 60th Australian Anti-Aircraft Search Light Company near Newcastle N.S.W. In October 1942 he was transferred to the 70th Australian Anti-Aircraft Search Light Battery. He was then later enlisted to the A.I.F (Aust Infantry Force). In March 1943 he was Transferred to Darwin N.T. and served there for 2 years.

After being discharged he returned to the Southern Highlands N.S.W. and bought with him a Khaki woolen Army Great Coat. He gave the coat to his father in law Charles (a Gallipoli veteran) who wore it during the winters on his farm. It hung on the back of the laundry door for 42 years. In 1987 at the age of 92 he passed the coat onto his Granddaughter Merrian who had it cleaned and treated to preserve the wool. It was then stored in a cupboard for the next 15 years and when she moved interstate to Queensland she passed it on to her Sister Sharon who had it in her possession for the next 10 years

Knowing that it was not their father's coat, and after substantial consideration, the sisters decided to find the owner of the coat. They always knew there was a faded name and number on the label and after further close inspection they discovered there was a name and service number inside one of the pockets along with a drawing, which they couldn't make out. This then led them to research Stephen Comino's war records.

They started off by contacting Comino families in the district and interstate but were unable to find any connection. The sisters then decided to contact the local R.S.L Clubs and also wrote to some of the Comino families but without any success, they then followed up with a notice in the Veteran Affairs Magazine and the same day the Autumn edition was distributed, Sharon was contacted by phone by Stephen's sister-in-law. Stephen had passed away in 2001, so they were given a contact number for his son, Peter.

At this stage Sharon was not sure if the family would be interested to know about the coat, but she felt it was rightfully theirs. After communicating with the Comino family they made arrangements to meet up, which meant they had to fly to N.S.W. The Comino family were overwhelmed and emotional to find out the history of the coat and that it had been in their possession for 67 years and also that they were willing to pass it on. While they were inspecting the coat, they recognized that the drawing inside the pocket of the coat was of a Search Light. Maxwell and Stephen had both served in the Anti-Aircraft Battery Unit which combined both Search Light and Artillery and this was most likely where they met. They all agreed that the most believable scenario was that their fathers must have known each other during the war in Darwin. Stephen had passed his coat onto Maxwell knowing he was returning to a cold area. No one will ever know the true course of events that led to this Army Great Coat to change hands.

“Come into the Garden Maud”

The talented Newland family

Jo O'Brien

One of the things my mother Enid remembered particularly about her paternal grandmother, Maud, was her singing the first few lines of a couple of songs: “*Come into the garden Maud*”, and “*Father, dear father, come home with me now*”. She attributed no particular significance to this, until I found something most unexpected about Maud while searching on Trove.

Searching through the newspapers for “Maud Newland” (my great-grandmother’s maiden name), hoping for family notices, I instead found articles about concerts given by ‘the talented Newland family’. This was a complete surprise! Although she had heard her singing, Mum had no idea that either Maud or her parents had ever performed on stage.



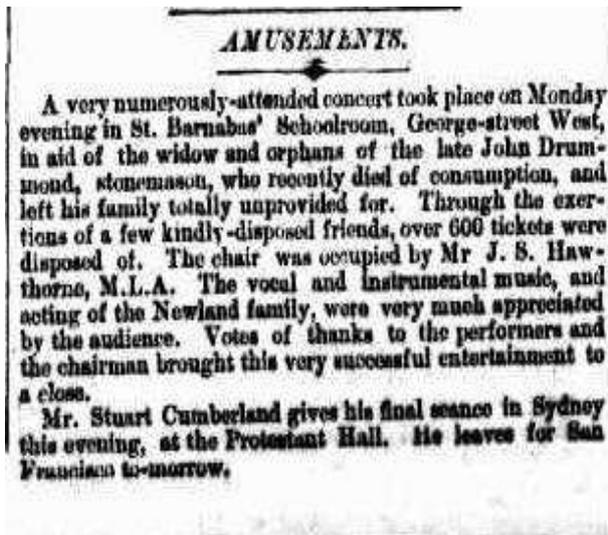
Maud Newland (Family photo)

The articles were reviews of a number of charity concerts, for organisations including the Oddfellows (I.O.O.F.) and the Foresters. Others were for the benefit of audiences such as the inmates of the Liverpool Asylum, the Lithgow Colliery Disaster Relief Fund, and for “our toilers of the sea” (sailors) at the Bethel Union Concert Room. The entire family - Mr. and Mrs. Newland (Maud’s parents), her older sisters Miss Carrie and Miss Alice, and Miss Maud Newland, as well as other performers - were listed with the songs they had sung, and reviews of their performances.

More searches on Trove produced many more references to the Newland family and their shows between 1886 and 1894, most frequently in 1887 and 1888. Some of the family’s performances were for the Good Templars (I.O.G.T.), an organisation similar

to the Freemasons, but with membership open to women as well as men. They were part of the temperance movement, and many of the songs reflect this: - "*Fight the demon drink*" and "*Templar's Pledge*".

The performances were entertaining and full of fun though, and included comic songs and skits, particularly by Maud's parents William and Jane, and singing, piano and violin performances by the girls.



Trove: Sydney Morning Herald, Wednesday 9 June 1886, page 10



→ Trove: Nepean Times, Saturday 12 May 1888, page 5

A worrying moment was one report which said that "*Miss Maud Newland sang pathetically*", until I realised they meant she sang emotionally - with pathos! In fact Maud was said to be a very good young singer, the reviews were written when she was between the ages of 10 and 18.

The following review is from a "Good Templar Concert at Rooty Hill" - Maud was aged just 12 years old:

"A ballad "Only a pansy blossom," by Miss Maude Newland was splendidly rendered, this young lady has a sweet voice..."

(Nepean Times, Saturday 22 September 1888)

Another reference to Maud's singing is from a review of the "Good Templar Celebrations at St Mary's":

"Pretty white lillies," by Miss Maud Newland, was splendidly rendered, and she had to respond to an encore. This young lady possesses a very nice voice, and doubtless she will soon make a name for herself in the musical world."

(Nepean Times, Saturday 28 April 1888)

Despite this there is no trace of any professional performances by Maud Newland. She married at the age of 18 in 1894 to my great grandfather David Wilmot, and there is no mention of Maud performing again. However both of her older sisters did teach music, and hold performances for their pupils. Miss Carrie Newland continued teaching music after she married William Clarke in 1889; while Miss Alice Newland went on to run a musical school in Sydney. After she married in her 40s, she was still teaching piano for many years as Madame Parsonage.

The fascinating coincidence of this unexpected find was that my Mum had performed on stage herself, and was quite a good singer. She had always loved performing, making a range of theatrical faces for the camera even as a small child. Her father (my grandfather Bill) had also been an entertainer, occasionally on stage, but mostly at family gatherings - telling jokes, messed up nursery rhymes and doing magic tricks. We will never know why Maud didn't mention about her time singing and entertaining on stage, but clearly the ability passed on to her son and granddaughter.

And what about the two songs my Mum heard her grandmother Maud sing?

"Come Home Father" is a temperance song by Henry Clay Work, warning of the consequences of staying too long at the pub:

*Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;.....*

"Come into the garden Maud" is a Victorian parlor song - a poem by Tennyson set to music for the Victorian audience. Searching on the internet I was able to find both the sheet music, and a recording of it being performed. Finding this music and the story of the talented Newland family for my Mum has been one of my favourite moments in my family history research.

"COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD"

CAVATINA.

POETRY BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

COMPOSED BY M.W. BALFE.

PIANO.

mf

p

dim.

pp

molce.

Come into the gar - den Maud, For the black bat, night, has
 flown; Come into the gar - den Maud, I am

"Come into the garden Maud."

Balfe, Michael William. "Come into the Garden, Maud." London: Boosey & Sons, 1857. Courtesy of the British Library.

<http://www.songsofthevictorians.com/balfe/archive.html>

Workhouse to White House

Janet Howe

The general motivation behind our pursuit of family history is to know more about our ancestors and for the most part, those stories are of ordinary folks, but occasionally we find an ancestor or three whose lives were far from ordinary.

When Henry Lewis Howe married Caroline Durban (Geoffrey's 2nd Great Grandparents) in 1839, he aligned himself with a family that we can trace back to 1490 in Ripple, Kent and that contains diverse life experiences stretching from the Workhouse to the White House.

The Durban story starts with John Durban (11th great-grandfather), born around 1490, who died in Ripple, Kent in 1545 at the age of 55. We know little about the next few generations apart from the family's connection to the neighbouring Kentish parish of Eastry.

Eastry's most significant claim to fame is that in Anglo-Saxon times, the kings of Kent had a palace there where they occasionally held court, but after the consolidation of several independent kingdoms into one monarchy under Egbert in AD827, Eastry gradually ceased to be the residence of royalty and in AD979 the reigning sovereign bestowed his palace at Eastry, and the manor pertaining to it, upon the monks of Christ Church ... its population diminished and its prosperity and renown decreased.⁸ Eastry again figured in history when it was briefly the refuge of Thomas a'Becket, 'hither he came in his flight from Northampton, in AD1164 and here he remained concealed for eight days, until, on the 10th November, he embarked in a fishing boat at Sandwich ... In this house ... tradition affirms that there was a small secret chamber, communicating with the parish church, in such a way that the archbishop was able to attend the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and to give the final benediction at the conclusion of the liturgy, unknown to the congregation, or at least unrecognised by them.'⁹ Since those heady days, the population of Eastry which in 1086 was around 300 had increased to only 656 by 1774 and to 852 in 1801.

6th Great-grandfather: Ingram Durban III (1686-1763)

Ingram Durban III is the first of the Durbans about whom we have some information beyond the vital facts. He married Elizabeth White (1686-1759) at Eastry in 1709 and the couple had at least eight children. Whatever he may have done earlier in life, by 1725 he had sufficient means to take on management of The Bull Inn in Eastry which has been described as a 500 year-old Inn and which according to the vicar at the time 'has probably been the name and site of the village inn for some centuries. As early as AD1573 it is mentioned'.¹⁰

Ingram remained the host at The Bull until his death in 1763 at the age of 77 years, after which his son-in-law William Collar took over the management and on Collar's death a few years later in 1766, his widow Elizabeth (nee Durban) took on the task. Elizabeth died in 1772 having given up management of The Bull the previous year after 46 years under Durban family management. The Bull still survives, but has been closed for some time and is sadly dilapidated. Externally it bears little resemblance to what it would have looked like in Ingram Durban's time.

5th Great-grandfather: John Durban I (1713-1772)

John Durban I, was apprenticed at the age of 17 to Robert Pott, a carpenter from Sandwich in Kent. Sandwich is now about two miles from the sea, but the River Stour used to be large enough for large ships to sail to and from the quay. Sandwich was and still is a principle Cinque port. Originally, the Cinque Ports were a confederation of five harbours, Sandwich, Romney, Dover, Hythe, and Hastings. They supplied the Crown with ships and men for over 300 years. In return they received freedom from tolls and customs duties, freedom to trade and to hold their own judicial courts plus many other privileges. Today, these towns are still known as the Cinque Ports, but the coastline has changed considerably over the centuries and only Dover retains its major port status. Former Australian Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies was invested as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1966; the first to come from anywhere other than England.

Whether it was lack of work in Sandwich or some other reason, widower John and his son John Jnr

⁸ William Francis Shaw, *Memorials of the Royal Ville and Parish of Eastry*, Google Book

⁹ William Shaw

¹⁰ William Shaw

moved to New Brentford, Surrey where his arrival was recorded on 13 January 1745. The following year he married Elizabeth Freeman at St Andrews, Holborn and the couple's first child Thomas was born in 1747 at Westminster. It was possibly around this time that he met the mason and aspiring architect Thomas Hardwick also from New Brentford. Hardwick was responsible for rebuilding the church in neighbouring Hanwell and in 1760 he was able to persuade the renowned English Architects Robert and John Adam to make him Master Mason on the internal remodelling of Syon House, the official London home of the Duke of Northumberland. There is no evidence that John Durban worked on either Hanwell church (demolished in 1841 to make way for a larger church) or Syon House, but what is not in doubt is that he established a home in New Brentford around this time, which is where his other three children were born, and that he became a lifelong friend of the Hardwick family. John's wife Elizabeth died between 1752 and 1755 which is the year he re-married Hannah Thomas at St George's Westminster.

In 1764 Thomas Hardwick built the body of St Lawrence's church, New Brentford, adding to the original section of the church, the Great West Tower which had been built in the 15th century. Given the close relationship between Hardwick and John Durban, it is a strong possibility that they worked on the building together.

John Durban I died in 1772 at the age of 59 and was buried in the graveyard at St Lawrence. In his will, which had been witnessed by Thomas Hardwick, he left five books of geography and architecture to his son John Jnr (II) and all his 'tools and implements in trade to carry on my said trade' to his son Thomas who like his father was a carpenter. Thomas Hardwick continued his association with the family acting as executor of the will of John's widow Hannah in 1774; he lived until 1798, and in the eyes of at least one historian, 'was the founder of one of the greatest architectural dynasties of the 19th century, especially renowned for his son Thomas Hardwick Junior (died 1829) who is buried, like his father, at St Lawrence, and his grandson Philip Hardwick (died 1870).'

3rd Great-grandparents: Thomas Durban Jnr (c.1788-1853) & Susannah Over

At the baptism of his daughters Caroline and Mary in 1823 Thomas described himself as a labourer but by the 1841 Census he was a 'soda water manufacturer'. At this time, Thomas, Susannah and their daughter Mary were living in Finsbury, not too far from where Susannah had grown up in Bermondsey. Mary was an 'artificial florist' and with their children now independent, Susannah was working as a Stay Maker.

It was not until well into the 1800s that towns began creating supplies of safe piped drinking water and for centuries ordinary people had brewed their own beer and made their own soft drinks. The Reverend Joseph Priestley, also known for discovering oxygen, invented artificial soda water in 1768 but commercial exploitation of the discovery was left to Jacob Schweppe who perfected manufacture in Geneva in the 1780s and as a result of the popularity of his products in Britain, he moved to London in 1792. Unfortunately, unlike Schweppe, Thomas was unable to make a success of his venture and in 1851 now a widower, he was living at 5 Beech Lane in the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate as a Pauper on Parish Relief.

1st Cousin 3x removed

A grandson of Thomas and Susannah, William Durban (1842-1912) was born at Paddington in London son of Charles Durban a schoolmaster. In 1861 he was living with the family at Greenwich, and working as a Ship Builder's Clerk. William married Mary Lang at Mile End Old Town in London in 1866 and despite working, he must also have been studying as by the next census in 1871, he had been awarded a Bachelor of Arts and was a Professor of Languages. At this time he was living at Carisbrooke on the outskirts of Newport on the Isle of Wight, so the places he could have been teaching languages would have been limited. By 1881, William had taken religious vows and accepted a post as a Baptist Minister at Chester St Mary on the Hill in Cheshire.

After his stint in Chester, William moved his family back to Fulham in London. The reason behind the move may have been William's reassessment of his religious outlook, as his next post was as an 'Undenominational' Minister. William was strongly influenced by what has come to be described as

the 'Restoration Movement'. Simplistically, this was a Christian movement that began in America in the early 19th century which sought to restore the church and the unification of all Christians in a single body patterned after the church of the New Testament. The founders of the movement wanted to abandon all denomination labels. These beliefs were brought across the Atlantic to a church at Fulham on the corner of Raleigh and Wightman roads where William Durban was pastor and in 1893 the Hornsey Tabernacle, Wightman Road, was registered for non-denominational worship on behalf of the 'Disciples of Christ'. Extra land was purchased and a new building started in the summer of 1910 with one of the corner stone's being laid by 'Mr. W. Durban, Minister from 1891 to 1901, in memory of Dr Kirton the founder and first Minister of the Church.'¹¹

On the 1911 census return, William described himself as a Baptist Minister, and also as the Editor of the *Homiletic Review*.¹² In 1908 William and Mary travelled to the United States, probably to visit their daughter Lillian but perhaps the trip was too taxing for Mary who died at Chester within months of their return that same year. William died at the family home in Catford on 7 December 1912 and was described by his friend Sir John Alexander Hammerton as 'one of the quietest and least pretentious of literary men, endowed with great gifts, which, owing to his utter lack of ambition, were never pressed to full issue. With all his stores of learning he was accounted worthy of one line and a half of small type in the *Times*. Yet sometimes noisy nobodies, by the simple act of dying, attain to half a column or more in the Valhalla of its obituary columns'.

2nd Cousin 2x removed

William's daughter Lillian Durban (1875-1952) was born in Cheshire and became an Assistant Photographic Artist. In 1896, she married Hudson Maxim (1853-1927), an American divorcee who was twenty-two years her senior.

Called by Thomas Edison 'the most versatile man in America', Hudson Maxim was an inventor, scientist, author and chemist who invented a variety of explosives, including smokeless gunpowder. He started his career in 1881 as the publisher of *Real Pen Work: Self Instructor in Penmanship*, a book addressing the arts of calligraphy and penmanship, and the sale of special inks, pens and other supplies related to penmanship. Later he joined his brother Hiram Stevens Maxim's workshop in Britain, where they both worked on the improvement of smokeless gunpowder.



Lilian and Hudson Maxim

After some disputes, Hudson returned to the United States around the turn of the century and developed a number of stable high explosives, the rights to which were sold to the DuPont Company. His military inventions included propellants, shells and torpedoes. During his experimental career, he lost his left hand in a mercury fulminate explosion in 1912.

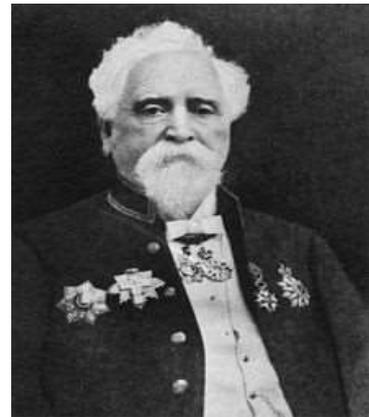
¹¹ 'Centenary of Hornsey Tabernacle; 40 years of The Gospel Centre'

¹² An international Monthly Magazine of current religious thought, sermonic literature and discussion of practical issues.



Hudson Maxim in his 1910 Model H Franklin. The inscription reads: 'Love to dear Aunt Caroline from Lillie and Hudson'. Aunt Caroline would have been Lillian's Great Aunt and Geoffrey's 2nd Great-grandmother.

The Maxims settled in New York State and spent part of the year at a town house in Brooklyn, New York and part of the year at an estate on Lake Hopatcong, called initially 'Maximhurst' and then simply 'Maxim Park'. 'Maxim Park' included a Venetian style boat house with three floors and stone fireplaces, a laboratory, tennis courts, combination observatory/ice house and several guest houses. In the first decades of the twentieth century Hudson Maxim's name was known to most Americans and he was a confidant of presidents, having spent time with at least three.



Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim

Hudson's brother Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim (1840-1916) was the inventor of the Maxim gun and uncle of Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim Silencer. Hiram became a naturalised British subject in 1900 and was knighted the following year.

My Grandfather's WW1 Memories

Jo O'Brien

Extract from "The Road We Travel" by Bill Wilmot



My grandfather Bill Wilmot, was born in 1896, and turned 18 just before the outbreak of WW1. He enlisted in the A.I.F. 2 days after his 21st birthday, and served in France in the 19th and 18th Battalions in the last months of the war. He was there when the war ended on the 11th of November, 1918.

The following extracts are from a memoir that my grandfather wrote when aged in his seventies, in which he recalls the significant events of his life. It was typewritten, (with some corrections by my mother which I have included in the text), and I recently re-discovered it in an old suitcase of my grandfather's belongings.

Bill Wilmot in Salisbury 1917 (author's collection)

These are some of his memories of the war ...

War drums were sounding louder and then on August the 4th, 1914, Britain declared WAR on Germany. Of course I wanted to enlist right away but my mother would not give her consent. Looking back now I do not blame her one bit. To rear a child up to young manhood and to see him go away, perhaps never to return, is too much to expect of any mother.

The urge to enlist was always with me but my mother would not give her consent. The war was in its third year when I reached my majority. The very first thing I did was enlist. It was heartbreak to my mother. My father was very proud indeed and I am sure my Mother was too, as she later proudly wore a brooch given by the Government stating that she had a son serving in the A.I.F.

I felt terribly proud and courageous when I enlisted, but now that I was leaving I did not feel so brave. I can now just imagine what my dear parents went through.

After training in Australia Bill sailed to England on the *Nestor* in 1918, and was sent to Salisbury for further training...

I had some hard training to do back on Salisbury Plains..... and then came the day when I sailed for France. At last I was really going to war. I was thrilled to be in a foreign country especially as the people were welcoming you as deliverers. I did not see much of French civilian life as went straight to camp and boarded a train for the

front line. We travelled in cattle trucks with straw for bedding..... We eventually arrived as near to the front line as the train could go. After disembarking we had to march the remaining distance. We rested until nightfall so that the enemy would not discover our movements. In the far distance we could see flashes of gunfire. It all seemed like a dream and was very awe-inspiring. As we got closer the sound of gunfire could be plainly heard. About midnight a guide led us to our positions in the front line trench. When dawn came the noise was deafening with gunfire, bombs and bullets. It all sounded so strange. I could not imagine we were in a place where sudden death surrounded me.

“MY FIRST HOP OVER” - For those who do not understand, a hop over means creeping out of the trench at dawn and following a barrage of shell fire toward the enemy trench and when near enough, charge with fixed bayonets. Many know it is going to their last walk but not once did I see a man falter.

In the months that followed I was to see death in many ugly forms and at times would not have cared if my time had come. Wet, cold and hungry was the order of the day.

I shall never forget the first GAS attack. The smell of Mustard gas is not unpleasant, but when one realises what it does it becomes very frightening I don't think gas warfare was as bad as shell fire, however, neither was a picnic. Cold, weary, unwashed for weeks at a time, we were also crawling with body lice. It seemed incredible that human beings could sink so low, but that is war.



'Cpl Stewart and me (Somewhere in France)' (author's collection – Bill on the left)

After weeks of misery in the front line we received news that we were being taken out for a long spell well behind the lines. After having a good bath, clean clothes and good food, we felt like human beings again. Our spell soon passed and once again we were warned that we [were] going to return to the front line. The following morning the bugle sounded the general fall in and we all expected a lecture on what was expected of us when we again took up our positions opposite the enemy.

Imagine our surprise and excitement when it was announced that at eleven o'clock that morning the cease fire would be given and an armistice signed. Yes, the date - 11th November, 1918.

What a wonderful day that was. The poor French people went mad with excitement and we were just as bad. They hailed us as saviours and greeted us as such. We danced in the streets all night, laughing and crying. All the pent-up emotions were let loose at last. Then came the march of occupation into Germany. I had come through without a scratch, although many times I was as close to death as I ever shall be.

I was to remain in Belgium for six months after the Armistice, and was very glad as I saw many interesting things and customs of the people, which then, differed from anything I had been used to.

The days passed quickly and the time soon came when I had to return to my homeland. I was very sorry to leave but the big ties at home made me very glad. The train trip in carriages through Belgium and France was a lot better than when I came across in cattle trucks.

On the voyage, no one seemed cheerful although we should be. I suppose it was because of the mates we had left behind.

We had a wonderful welcome home and both my Father and Mother were very proud indeed. Of course all the family were there including of course my future wife. It was soon after my return that I became engaged to be married.

I will always be thankful that my great-grandmother didn't sign those forms. The lady Bill married was my grandmother. I wonder if my grandfather would have survived the war if he had been able to enlist when he wanted to in 1914. Although outwardly a happy and jovial man, I know that the experience of those few months in France stayed with him all his life.

Bill, aged 43, re-enlisted at the beginning of WW2, serving as a prison guard in Australia throughout the war, and escorting Italian prisoners-of-war back home at the end of the war. And in 1942 he signed the form that allowed my mother to join the WAAAF – when she was 18 years old.



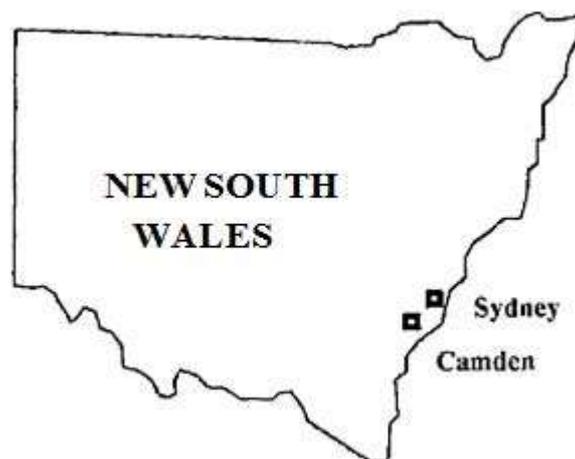
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