



Relative Thoughts

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Quarterly Journal of the Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group Inc.



Views of McLaren Vale and Willunga as you descend Willunga Hill

Photos courtesy of Tara Keen



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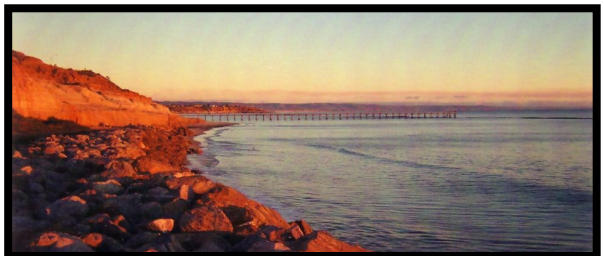
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FPFHG Facebook
Group



View of Witton Bluff on Facebook and websites

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Hi to All,

When our last Journal was printed we were still unable to meet, but as you are aware we were able to resume our meetings in August. This was the third meeting for 2020 – it was a welcome return for our Members and a welcome to New Members. There was much planning to get the meeting up and going: signs needed to be organised, afternoon tea to meet the COVID conditions, the tables and chairs to clean before and after the meeting. In a short time conditions for the Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group had quickly changed!

The meeting was well attended and although social distancing was a condition, there were many smiles and lots of talking happening. 'Rellie Bingo' – (sadly Sharon was unable to attend); it was left to Peter Tuck and myself to organise the game. I am sure we didn't get the rules correct or if any 'rellie' connections were made, but there were lots of laughs and hands waving in the air. All the Group Convenors advised of the restarting/or reported on how they had managed to hold meetings.

While still remembering the success of our first meeting, we had another requirement put to us to be able to meet our COVID Safe Plan – COVID Marshals are now required to run a function. After a plea was sent out to the Membership to take the on-line test to become one, several members advised me they had taken the course and had their certificate. Thank you. Once again we now meet all conditions required to hold our meetings. Newsletters from other History Groups indicate they are also working in similar conditions and holding Zoom meetings.

Our September meeting was more orderly with Cheryl Williss sharing her research into the wreck of the *Nashwauk* and the involvement and history of Andrew Harriot. Cheryl also launched her new publication *Betty's Memories*, the special story of her Mum. Two copies have been donated to the Resource Room for the Members to enjoy. Thank you Cheryl.

The October meeting will be a demonstration/information session on the *New Trove* website with Michael Smith (Bring your note book and pencil for notes).

September saw the return of the Resource Room openings on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays. Kath Fisher and Judy Dowling now assisted by Jenny Chapman continue to work on the Pioneer Register. If you are looking for a project please contact Kath or Judy and they will assist you. These opening days are a good chance to use the resources and meet other members who are there to help you. There continue to be many new websites available for research. DNA assistance is available with Sharon Green and Peter Tuck who organise meetings in their

homes. The UK Group also meets with Sharon and the Aussie Group with Ros Dunstall. Both groups are being well supported. To attend these sessions a booking is required as there are restrictions on numbers who can attend. If interested check the calendar or the Journal for contacts and days of meetings. The 7, 21 October and 4 November will be the last opening days for 2020 in the Resource Room – the opening for 2021 will be February. The January meeting will be an information session by the Resource Room assistants to update us on the resources now available to all members. This supports the information which is available on our Website.

We have applied for the Community Lottery which is organised by The People's Choice Credit Union to assist groups like us to fund raise. Sadly, this year ticket sales will only be on-line purchase. When the confirmation comes with the link we will advise you. Any donations will assist our fundraising as this year we have been unable to hold our trading table.

We have reached the time of the year when the Annual General Meeting is fast approaching – the date of the AGM is 21 November. Positions for re-election are – President, Treasurer and six Committee members. Nomination forms and Proxy Voting forms will be available at the October meeting and nominations are due before the 7th November. No nominations will be accepted after this date. The format of the day will be arranged to meet the COVID conditions and we will advise you of times, activities (a Show'n'Tell will be held) etc. A huge thank you to the current members whose positions are for re-election and for the continuing members, thank you and I wish you well for the coming year.

Thank you to all for the support during this 'exceptional year', we have managed to keep in touch and to restart with an enthusiastic reopening. These conditions will continue for some time, but with continued support from you we will enjoy our times together.

Its hard to believe this is the last Journal for the year of 2020, (a year with many memories for us all) and the chance to wish you all a very happy and safe Christmas and we are all looking forward to a promising 2021 for all.

Kindest Regards,

Joy Nieass

President

WILLIAM TILLER—AXE MAN AND CAMEL TEAMSTER

by Jan Lamont

I was born in Blackwood in 1886 and worked at several places before coming to Waikerie. I did all sorts of jobs and worked on a bakers' van before I came up here with a survey team. There were six of us and I was the axe man and (camel) teamster. We had to cut straight lines through the mallee scrub so that the boss could use his theodolite¹. It was hard axe work cutting the yard²-wide strips which were pegged about every chain³.

The cook stayed with the main camp on the river so when we were away surveying we all shared the cooking duties. Working from sun-up to sun-down Monday to Friday, I received seven pounds⁴ a month and my food. For breakfast we had chops or bacon and eggs and we had meat again at lunch time. We needed good meals to keep going while we were working during the hot weather.

We had double saddles on the camels and rode one behind the other, with a pack on one of them. I liked riding the camels as they were easy to ride once you got into their rhythm. When they were getting up we had to be careful or we'd go straight over their heads.

The river water was good then and we were always glad to get back to the river as we couldn't wash from Monday morning to Friday night when we were out working. Once or twice the river was very low and I walked across at Waikerie and also at Ramco. Now and again I'd miss a sand bar and go down into a hole.

In the early days dances were held on alternate Saturday nights in the old halls at Waikerie and Ramco. The music was mostly a button accordion – no piano. Everyone had to walk to the dances unless they were lucky enough to have a horse and buggy. The dances were a lot of fun, especially here at the Waikerie hall. It was very funny one night on the way to the dance when three of us were riding camels; two on one and one on the other. My mate said, "Hell! My leg's getting wet!" He was carrying the bottle of whisky and it had tipped over and run down his leg. We laughed so much we nearly fell off our camels.

There was no doctor or hospital in the early days and the nearest doctor was at Kapunda. When I first came to Waikerie there was only one wood and iron shop which I think was run by Bert Francis. There were no churches so church meetings were held in the hall, with the minister from the *Etona*⁵ coming here for christenings. There were no police here then. A few of the men would get drunk; but no-one worried about them.

Most of the things we needed came on the paddle steamers. We made our own bread with potato-peel yeast and considered ourselves lucky if we had butter. We had a bit of cheese and didn't worry about milk as there were very few cows. Fruit and vegetables were brought up on the river boats and our meat was from the local butcher.

Beer was brought up on the river boats and we could only get the beer while the river boats were moving on the water. We couldn't get it when they were tied up. We had to row out to get the beer.

I was at Waikerie until about 1912 and then I returned to Adelaide where I delivered bread and groceries from a horse-drawn cart. I married Olive Jones from Waikerie and as I didn't like city life, we came back to Waikerie. I then worked on Fred Virgo's mixed fruit and vine block for a couple of years. Later I went road contracting and building roads around Waikerie. The first bit of bitumen in this area was in McCoy Street, right in the centre of the town. When the road making money ran out I drove my truck to Whyalla and worked on carting jobs there transporting men to and from work. Whyalla was only a small town in those days. I found I was getting too old to do much work so I came back to Waikerie, where I eventually retired.

NOTES

1. Theodolite – A surveying instrument with a small rotatable telescope that measures horizontal and vertical planes.
2. One yard = 0.914 metres
3. One chain = 0.201168 kms
4. Seven Pounds = Fourteen Dollars
5. *Etona* – Designed by the Anglican Diocese of Adelaide and fitted with a small chapel where marriages, christenings and confirmations were held on board. Built at Milang, SA in 1899, the *PS Etona* ended its service as a missionary boat along the Murray River in 1912.

Story as told to

Jan Chew (Lamont)

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome new members:

Jasmin and Glen Phillips, Lorraine Lovell, Diana Watson,

Brian and Dianne Evans, Helena and Mark Holman

And welcome back returning member:

Marie Noble

Nola Clisby

ANDREW HARRIOT and the WRECK OF THE NASHWAUK

By Cheryl Williss



On 19 September 1838, the barque *Pero* arrived at Port Adelaide from the port of Sydney, bringing valuable cargo and eight paying passengers, including 'Mr. and Mrs. Harriot, two children and man-servant'.

Immigrating from Scotland in October 1833, Andrew Harriot (also Harriott, Heriot and Herriot) and Margaret, née Halliday, had settled first in Hobart, Van Diemen's Land. The domestic situation was complicated by the inclusion of Margaret's husband, James Buchannan, who had worked on the high seas for the East India Company. By this time Margaret was also the mother of a baby girl.

Twelve years earlier, Andrew had married Margaret's sister, Janet. If there were any children at all, it seems that none survived. In the great majority of Andrew Harriot family trees, mystery shrouds the death of his wife, but according to parish records of the day, Janet died of consumption in September 1832. It appears that Margaret had been living in the same household at this time.

Not long after arriving in Hobart, Andrew opened a general store in the centre of the town. But it wasn't long before he took over as landlord of a tavern nearby.

In the meantime, Margaret had given birth to another child, son Francis. But Margaret's marriage was not in good shape. Between baby Francis's birth in March 1834 and his baptism five months later, James was committed to gaol time 'for constantly beating and ill-treating his wife'. After his release, court notes report he was 'warned to stay away from his wife'.

By 1836, Andrew and Margaret had moved to Sydney, where Andrew obtained employment at another tavern. In April 1836 Margaret gave birth to daughter Janet. Two months later, Andrew was granted the licence for the Burns Head Hotel, near the King's Wharf at the Rocks. The proliferation of hotels in the area was heavily policed, and in early 1837 Andrew was fined for 'permitting persons to drink-in on Sunday last'. Fortunately for Andrew his licence was renewed.

In November 1837, daughter Janet fell ill and died. Only one month later, Margaret gave birth to a son whom they named for his father. But baby Andrew lived just two weeks.

One night in January 1838, the Burns Head was robbed. It was time to move. With favourable reports coming in on the new colony in South Australia, Andrew saw a promising opportunity. The family packed up their belongings and left for Adelaide.

In April 1839, Andrew took over the licence of Guthrie's Hotel. Opened in May 1837, it was situated on the corner of Currie and Gray streets, and was the first South Australian hotel to hold a 'Licence for the retail sale of wine, ale, beer, and all other malt liquors'. Andrew renamed it 'The Edinburgh Castle'. Here, on 29 August 1839, daughter Mary was born.

When the southern coastal area of Moana was opened for settlement, Andrew was among the first to take up land. Dalkeith Farm – named after Andrew’s childhood home – stood at what is now the suburb of Seaford Rise. The 640-acre property was bordered by a rivulet which became known as ‘Harriott’s Creek’, later to be renamed ‘Pedler’s Creek’. Known to locals as Farmer Harriott, Andrew bred horses, cattle, sheep and pigs. Another daughter, interestingly named Young Catherine, was born here in June 1841. Despite the colony being in the grip of economic recession, Andrew managed to do remarkably well – and in a very short time.



Dalkeith House c. 1929, courtesy Noarlunga Library

In March 1842, Margaret gave birth to another son, whom they again named Andrew. In the same month, another Scot, one James Mackenzie, was charged with obtaining money from Andrew by means of forgery. Margaret was summonsed to appear in court as a witness for the prosecution. The press noted her responses under cross-examination and the attempts to discredit her as a reliable witness, including her response ‘I am no relation to Mr Harriot’s’. This seems to imply Mackenzie was aware Margaret was in fact Andrew’s sister-in-law. At that time marriage between in-laws was forbidden. In addition:

I am his wife; Mr Harriot did not marry my sister; he did not give her £200 to go away; I have no sister.

No doubt to Andrew and Margaret’s relief, the accused was found guilty and packed off to Van Diemen’s Land.

During 1842, Andrew acquired two more properties: at McLaren Vale, and on the River Bremer at Langhorne Creek. Records of the time note that Andrew ran a mixed farm on both properties. He also leased a large sheep run at Salt Creek near the southern tip of the Coorong.

On 12 February 1845, Margaret gave birth to another daughter, whom they named after the baby’s mother. Eleven months later, on 14 January 1846, Margaret officially became Mrs ‘Harriott’ when she and Andrew quietly wed at St John’s in the Wilderness in the south-east corner of town.

The following May, Andrew took up another licence and established the Golden Fleece Inn, on the corner of Currie and Rosina streets. But he was never destined to have a child survive

in his namesake. In September 1846, tragedy struck at the Golden Fleece Inn when little Andrew fell down a staircase. Dr Woodforde was called for, but the boy could not be saved.

In early March 1847, a fourth son was born – the third to be named Andrew – but he too died soon after. In June 1849, Margaret gave birth to daughter Agnes. Two years later, daughter Caroline was born.

Andrew is remembered rather infamously for Dalkeith Farm. Its grand house sat at the top of a hill allowing commanding views of the gulf, and legend linked Andrew to the smuggling of tobacco and spirits into the colony. It was said that Andrew used a team of horses to cart smuggled goods to the house, where they were stored for onward movement. A light which burned in the attic window each night could be seen for quite a distance out to sea and was supposedly used to signal ships carrying contraband up and down the gulf. This light may have been unwittingly involved in the wrecking of the ship *Tigress* on 26 September 1848. The crew had managed to mistake a light on shore for the lightship from Port Adelaide.



W.A. Cawthorne, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

File #: FL1033264

Title: '52. Port "Onkaparinga" showing reef at low water - Self, Harry, & Gus in our trap (horse "bob")' Jany 1 - 1877, Wind S.E.'

But what of the *Nashwauk* which, on 13 May 1855, ran aground directly opposite Dalkeith? Under the command of one Captain MacIntyre, the *Nashwauk* carried nearly 300 immigrants, including 130 Irish girls who planned to enter domestic service. Now, as it sailed up the gulf in the early hours of that fateful Sunday morning, could the light of Dalkeith be seen? At 4.00 am when the ship's watch changed, heavy cloud obscured the coastline. Within an hour the ship was aground off the mouth of Harriott's Creek.

After a coastal gale on Saturday 26 May, the *Nashwauk* finally broke up. A few days later, the cargo was auctioned off on the beach, with Andrew, shrewd Scot that he was, paying £65 for 'the cargo that had come on shore, the cargo that might come on shore, or any portion that might be recovered' – which he clearly did recover, perhaps in the ship's hull which he had paid £70 for as well. And in July, under Andrew's instructions 'immense quantities of goods' were sold at another auction held at Dalkeith.

A Board of Enquiry investigated the incident on 1 June 1855. The enquiry had stalled at first because the ship's captain was, unfortunately, unavailable. Captain MacIntyre lay seriously ill at Andrew's Golden Fleece Inn. But after deciding it couldn't wait for the captain to get better, the enquiry went ahead without him.

The *Nashwauk* had left Liverpool on 13 February. It first made South Australian land mid-morning on Friday 11 May, with the sighting of Neptune Island. It reached the coast of Kangaroo Island just before dark, when it was eight to ten miles off Cape Borda. At 6.00 pm, Point Marsden could be seen about 11 miles in the distance. Two hours later the ship rounded to the north-east.

The Chief Officer had the middle-watch, so he was on deck from midnight to 4.00 am. The night was 'fine and clear with star-light'. He said he could see land for the whole of the middle watch, and he 'observed a light on shore'. At that stage though, the ship was still further south. And it seems that by 4.00 am when the second officer took over the watch, it was not so clear at all, but now, 'cloudy towards the land'. At about ten minutes to five, young Jacob Wilson who was up in the lookout shouted out 'breakers!'. Someone sent for the Captain, and just as he came on deck, the ship struck.

Under examination, Jacob said he had not seen land until then. He saw, in his words, a black cloud rising, but did not know that it was land. The person he'd taken over from at 4 o'clock told him to watch out for vessels – but didn't tell him to watch out for land!

It seems then that although the night was clear, the early morning was hazy, and the black cloud was actually land. Another crewmember, who relieved the helm at 4.00 am, had not seen land either. He said there was a heavy cloud in the direction of the land and the moon shone very little.

On 3 June, the captain died, 'from the effects of anxiety and exposure while attending to his duties after the wreck of his vessel'. As a mark of respect all ships in the Port Adelaide harbour hung their flags at half-mast.

But the tale of the *Nashwauk* took on a life of its own. Seventy years later, newspapers revisited the story, suggesting the light from Dalkeith lured the ship to its doom. But the enquiry had cast a different light. Or rather, no light at all. Not one witness mentioned seeing a light in the area. In fact, at the time it seems it had been very difficult to see anything.

On Saturday 24 August 1867, Andrew died at the Edinburgh Castle, according to his obituary, 'after a long and painful illness borne with Christian fortitude', and according to his death certificate, 'heart disease'. At the time of Andrew's death, as well as the Noarlunga property he owned land at Hindmarsh and Alberton and on the Mornington Peninsula in Victoria. He owned the house adjoining the Golden Fleece Inn and two houses opposite. Despite the rumours surrounding Dalkeith and Andrew's apparently seamless accumulation of wealth, or perhaps because of it – even in tough economic times – it seems that Andrew was regarded as an astute businessman and a respected member of the South Australian community.

During his widow's lifetime Dalkeith Farm was leased out. When Margaret died at the Edinburgh Castle in February 1871, of the few deceased women leaving an estate worth going to probate that year, the value of Margaret's was the highest at £900. The farm passed to daughter Mary and her husband, Thomas Dodd. In 1919, all of Farmer Harriott's land was

sold, and by the 1930s the farmhouse was a ruin. In the 1980s, most of the land was redeveloped and became the suburb of Seaford Rise. And the right of way through Farmer Harriott's land is now Dalkeith Road.

Over the years, the Golden Fleece Inn, at 114 Currie Street, went through at least one renovation and several name changes. In 1987, it was purchased by the State government and reopened as the 'College Arms' in conjunction with Adelaide TAFE and became Australia's first training hotel.

As for The Edinburgh Castle hotel, when it finally closed its doors in September 2018, it was the holder of South Australia's longest continuous trading license – and its name was still The Edinburgh Castle.

Andrew's will was a complicated affair. It seems he did not approve of daughter Margaret's marriage which he did not attend. In contrast to her sisters, Margaret received no property. However, the will did provide for a trust to be established which, during her lifetime, accorded some entitlement to any income from sections 347 and 350.

Section 350 is now Moana Sands Conservation Park. The park is considered of significant cultural heritage to the Kurna people who made their summer camp in the dunes next to Harriott's Creek. Many archaeological artefacts, including burial sites, hearths and shell middens, survived those years of farming, some of which date back over 6000 years.

Section 347 is now the home of the Moana Caravan Park. Standing near its entrance, the anchor of the *Nashwauk* is a lasting reminder of the legend of Dalkeith Farm and, more importantly, the rescue of 300 immigrants who could well have perished within sight of the shore.

Cheryl Williss

Also see:

Williss, Cheryl, *Then Tina Met Will*, Adelaide, Wakefield Press, 2020, pp 12-30.

Williss, Cheryl, 'The Legend of Andrew Harriot', *The Pioneer*, No. 251, Spring 2019, Journal of the Pioneers Association of South Australia, pp 2-5.

POST COVID-19 HUGS by Florence Stopps

POST COVID-19 HUGS

I have a hug that's big and warm

Just waiting for a home.

The person it is looking for

May be sad and feel alone.

Hugs will make you feel better

No matter who you are.

They will always come to you for free

And can travel near or far.

So if you ever need a hug,

Learn to always give one away.

When we are free, just offer one:

You could make somebody's day.

Florence Stopps

©16 September 2020

TREASURE TROVE IN TROVE (Part 1) by Kerry Edwards

My grandmother Jean Winifred MILLER was born 11 December 1906 in Watervale (near Clare) South Australia. In searching *Trove* for newspaper articles, I found several letters she wrote to a children's column, which tell the story of her life from seven to 15 years old.

Chronicle (Adelaide, SA: 1895 - 1954), Saturday 28 March 1914, page 57

AUNT DOROTHY'S LETTER.

'Burton Cottage,' Clare. Dear Aunt Dorothy - I have never written to you before. Please accept me for a new niece. I was 7 years old last December, the 11th. I go to school now and passed into the upper Juniors after six months in the lowers. I have two miles to walk: it seems a long way in the summer by myself. Will you send me a card, and I will try to collect a little for Minda. With love to yourself and Uncle George— I remain, your loving niece. JEAN MILLER.

You wrote this letter to me a month ago, Jean, and now you have sent in a nice little sum collected in that time for Minda. You have done well indeed to get 15/6 in less than a month; but do you know that you have not returned your card, and so I am not able to print the names of all those who helped you? You have a long walk every day by yourself for such a little girl. I think you must love your teacher and your work, or you would not have done so well as to be in the upper juniors so soon after first going to school.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Monday 25 September 1916, page 8

THE LETTER-BOX

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottage, Clare:-

Dear Remus - We are all home from school with measles, so have time to write or knit. We live out of town in a beautiful country spot, and our house is surrounded with lovely golden wattles. We have five school teachers. The head teacher is Mr Johncock. Miss Bettit takes the girls for sewing. Australia Day was spoilt here by the rain. We had lovely rain lately. But the days are becoming warm now. I will be 10 next December 11. I am in the fourth grade at school. We have many nice places where we can play. We have a big house, but we only live in half of it. I enclose 1/- in stamps for the Needy Children's Fund.

I hope that you are all quite well again, Jean. I thank you for the money you enclose for the needy children, and which has already been acknowledged. I am glad to hear that your home is so delightfully situated. How lovely it is to have beautiful wattles blooming all around.

Note: Before World War II 26 January was Foundation Day and Australia Day referred to the day funds were raised for the Great War (World War 1).

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Saturday 23 December 1916, page 11

THE LETTER-BOX.

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottage, Clare:—

Dear Remus — Being near Christmas I thought I would write you a little letter to wish you and your daughter a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I passed into the fifth grade. There were only two left behind in the fourth grade. My two little sisters passed into higher grades. I have four soldier uncles — two of mother's brothers and two of father's. One has been in the firing line for 12 months, and we are still hearing good news from him. He is in

the artillery. Wouldn't it be lovely if this awful war was over and peace was declared? I wish that Ron could have a scamper on the beach with Baby Jack. I hope you feel much better for your holiday at the seaside.

Thank you, Jean, for your kind wishes, which I heartily reciprocate. I am delighted to hear that both you and your little sisters were successful at the recent exams. I hope that your uncles may be spared to return home safely. I am sure that Jack would be delighted if Ron could go fishing with him (for jellyfish).

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Monday 26 February 1917, page 8
LETTER BOX.

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottage, Clare:—

Dear Remus - I am writing this letter as it is the last week in the holidays. It is nice that so many remembered you for Christmas and your birthday. I also wish you many happy returns of the day. Thank you very much for the nice Christmas card you sent me. We have had a very enjoyable Christmas holiday. We spent a week each at our grandma's, and then we had a little schoolmate staying out with us for a while. We have spent a good lot of our time up the mulberry tree. Then for a change we play shop. Our money is apricot stones. The big size are two shillings and the smaller ones are one shilling. Peach stones, being scarce, are five shillings; cherry stones are threepence, small plum stones sixpence, and bigger ones are pennies. Of course, we have our work to do before we go out to play. With love to you and your daughter.

I am sorry that you have had to wait so long for a reply to your pretty little letter, Jean. I think it was very good of so many of my correspondents to send me Christmas and birthday greetings, and I thank you for your kind message. I am glad that you told me how delightfully you spent your holidays. I think that most children love to stay, 'at grandma's, and they invariably have a happy time there, and I can imagine you all playing shop, and climbing the mulberry tree. What a lovely time you would have, and you would enjoy your play all the more because you had helped mother first. Write again soon.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Monday 28 May 1917, page 3
THE LETTER BOX.

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottage, Clare :

Dear Remus-I suppose you think I have forgotten the Page altogether, but I have not. I haven't been able to write as we have all had the whooping cough since I last wrote. I was away from school for eight weeks. Mother had the whooping cough as well. We have had some nice sunny days lately, but to-day it is very wet. Mushrooms are very scarce this year. We have had very few. There are such a lot of mice about now. They are such horrid things. They are eating all the dried currants and all the seed wheat, and many other things. I did not go away for Easter, but had a nice time at home. My auntie came out for a few days. We have a new teacher at school Miss Cuddy. We also have two new monitors. All the leaves in the gardens are looking very nice. They are all changing colour. We have had letters from our uncles in France just lately. Uncle Charley and Jack, father's brothers, are in the firing line. Uncle Harvey Hordacre is motor driving in France. He was in the motor service in the Tramways Trust before he left South Australia. He is not 21 till June. He was rejected twice, but was so anxious to go that in the end he passed. Uncle Leslie is in the Light Horse, and has gone to Egypt. Ron has a great time during grape-picking. He has plenty of rides in the dray. All the men who come here to pick currants make a pet of him. He will be four years old in

August. I will enclose sixpence in stamps for the Needy Children's Fund. With love to your self, daughter, and little Jack.

I am sorry to hear that you have all been ill with whooping cough, Jean. I hope that you are quite well again now, and that your mother has also recovered. I think the recent heavy rains will destroy most of the mice, but they have done a great deal of damage. I am glad that you spent your holidays happily at home. I thank you for the money you enclose, which will be acknowledged next week. I am sure that you must look anxiously for mail days with so many uncles at the front. I hope that they all return safely. I suppose the grape pickers enjoy Ron's company as much as he enjoys the fun he has with them.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Monday 24 September 1917, page 8

THE LETTER-BOX

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottage, Clare:—

Dear Remus—I thought I would write and tell you about our Australia Day, which was on the 29th of August. It was a great success. The takings were £1500. The procession was splendid, many traps and motors being decorated very nicely. There were numerous other fancy costumes. Musical Teddy was just like a real Teddy Bear, and he wandered slowly down among every one with a box collecting. Tommy Walker had an old rickety dray, and there was Charlie Chaplin and also many Red Cross nurses, two wild Indians. The soldier boys on horse back accompanied by girls on horses in khaki looked nice. The procession was headed by the Burra Ladies' Brass Band, whose playing was appreciated by all. On the oval many nice stalls were doing a good business. The Cheap Jack always does well in Clare, everything being given. He took over £65 this year. We have received very sad news this week. Uncle Charlie Miller, who was in the Field Artillery, France, was killed on August 14. It was just two years since he went. It seems awful to think we will never see him again. One of his gun mates was killed a few months back. I must tell you about the snow we had a few weeks ago. It started just at day-break. The ground was soon covered. The poor old cows did not know what to make of it. We had fun on our way to school snowballing each other. The boys at school got a bag full of snow and hid it to have on hand. The girls found it, so there was some fun then. Our railway is nearly finished now; we can see the engine and trucks coming into the station from our school, and dinner hour we often go down to the station. I am afraid my letter is rather long, so I will close for this time. With love to little Jack, yourself, and daughter.

You have written a most interesting letter, Jean, and I am sure no one will think it too long. What a marvellous success your Australia Day demonstration was. Thank you very much for your excellent description of the proceedings. I am sure you must have enjoyed that splendid game of snow balling. Australian boys and girls seem to take quite as kindly to that sport as English children do. The boys must have had a little surprise when they found the girls had discovered their 'plant' of snow, and the cows seemed to be as much surprised as Elsie Frohlich's goats at being unable to find any grass. I am very sorry indeed to hear of the death of your uncle. What a weight of sadness this dreadful war is bringing to Australia. I sincerely hope that it is nearing the end.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Monday 17 December 1917, page 8

THE LETTER BOX

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottage, Clare:—

Dear Remus - I am writing again as we have just had our exam. Loris, Nelly, and I passed. It is my birthday on December 11. Mr. Tonge took the photo, of the school last week. The roll of

honor was taken. As well I knitted five pairs of socks for the soldiers. We have a new cow; it has a calf. We will be in Adelaide about December 29. Will you be home at Christmas? If not, please let us know your address and we will come to see you. We will be staying at Norwood so it will be near. I wish you a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year; also little Jack and your daughter. With love from Jean.

I am delighted to hear that you and Loris and Nelly have all been successful in passing your school examination, Jean. I am always pleased to hear that my young helpers are doing well at their school studies. I wish you very many happy returns of your birthday, and am pleased to know that you are so busily engaged in providing comforts for our brave soldier boys. I shall not be away from home during the Christmas holidays, and shall be glad to see you. Please let me know when you are coming. I very warmly reciprocate your kindly wishes.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Saturday 12 January 1918, page 7
FOR THE CHILDREN

By REMUS

During the holidays I have had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of "Burton Cottage," Clare, together with my good young helpers Jean and Loris, and their sisters Margaret and Nellie and little brother Ron. The visit was an extremely pleasant one, and I was much pleased to have the privilege of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Miller as well as my dear young correspondents. I might add that little Jack also thoroughly enjoyed the visit, and hopes that his little friends will come and play some other day.

Note: Jean, Loris, Helen and Ronald don't have a sister Margaret but they do have cousins Margaret Una MILLER born 13 Oct 1906 in Armagh, Clare and Margaret Catherine MILLER born 23 Dec 1892 in Clare.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Monday 22 April 1918, page 8
THE LETTER BOX.

Jean Miller also writes:—Dear Remus —Just a few lines hoping this will find you in the best of health. You have been getting very few letters this last two or three weeks. I am very sorry you can not get them. We are in the middle of our Easter holidays now. It seems a very short time since the Christmas holidays. One night about a month ago some girls gave a Band of Hope entertainment at Blyth. I was in it. We also gave two in Clare. The Kadina band was at Clare from Good Friday till Easter Monday night. The music was very good. With love to your daughter, little Jack, and yourself.

I hope that you spent your Easter vacation very happily, Jean, and that you enjoyed yourself as much as you did during the Christmas holidays. I am sure that you and your friends had a good time at the Band of Hope meetings. Write again as soon as you can, but I hope that you won't have to wait too long to see this letter in Our Page.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Saturday 9 November 1918, page 8
THE LETTER BOX

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottage, Clare:

Dear Remus-I thought I would like to write to you, as I have not written since Australia Day. It was a great success. The amount taken was £1739; that was a record. The procession was very nice. There were a lot of decorated vehicles. The Burra Brass Band was here. They can play very nicely. On November 6 the Clare school concert will be held. The same day as the showing of the Red Cross carnival. It will last nearly a fortnight. At Christmas time there will

be another Red Cross concert. We were sorry to see that Jack Schmidt has broken his leg and hope he will soon recover. I like the story "Green Jacket" very much. I am glad Jack has his dog back again. With love to your daughter, little Jack, and yourself.

You write such very nice letters, Jean, that I hope that you will soon write to me again. I am so glad that the Australia Day celebrations were successful. The Clare folk have certainly worked with willing hands and kindly hearts. I hope that the school concert and the Red Cross carnival will be equally successful. I thank you for your kind wishes for Jack Schmidt.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Monday 16 December 1918, page 8

THE LETTER BOX.

Jean Miller also writes:-

Dear Remus-I am writing to tell you about the Red Cross carnival. They took something between £500 and £900. We do not know the exact figures. We have a little cousin staying with us from Snowtown. She is only five years old, and she came by herself. She is so funny. Our exam is next Monday. The school concert was a great success. We took £34. We are going to repeat the concert because a great number of people could not get in. The war is over now, and I think the soldiers will be delighted to get back home. We marched. It was a lovely procession. The girls were all dressed as they were on Australia Day and on Peace Day demonstration. On the night peace was declared people could be heard for miles beating drums and kerosene tins. Ron said he wishes he was going to Adelaide again for Christmas. With success to the Children's Page.

Please thank your mother for her kind message, Jean. I am sorry that Ron and the rest of you cannot pay me another visit this Christmas-time: but I hope that you all have a very happy Christmas at home. What a very young traveller your cousin is. I am glad the procession was a success, but is it not glorious to know that the awful fighting has actually ceased. Everyone was overjoyed when the news came.

All communications for the Children's Page should be addressed to
"Remus" St Peters. 14 Flora street.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Thursday 15 May 1919, page 4

THE LETTER-BOX

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottages, Clare:—

Dear Remus—Since I last wrote to you there has been an outbreak of diphtheria so we have been away from school for three weeks, but I am pleased to say we are back at school and the diphtheria patients are nearly better. I must tell you about our picnic trip to the seaside on Friday, March 21. We had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to get to the station by ten to six. Our train was an express and carried 700 people. Then there was another train that stopped at every station as far as Riverton to pick up the people at those stations between. Altogether about 1400 people went. We arrived at the Semaphore about half-past nine. Then we had lunch and had a paddle in the water. After dinner we went out in the motor launch Defiance three miles round the lighthouse. After we had been playing in the water it was time to go home. The first train started at half-past five, and arrived at Clare at half-past nine. The second train started at 10 minutes past seven and arrived at Clare at half-past ten. With love to yourself, your daughter, and little Jack, also little Nancy.

I thank you for your interesting letter, Jean. I hope that you all enjoyed your outing to the seaside, but I am afraid that you would all be very tired after such a long and exciting day. I am glad to hear that the diphtheria patients are all doing well. Write again soon.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Monday 29 September 1919, page 1

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottage, Clare:

Dear Remus-We have had over two inches of rain lately. It has been much appreciated by everybody, as the country was very much in need of it. Saturday night we had a snow storm. Sunday morning it was white everywhere, but the rain came and soon melted it. I have a garden at school, and the flowers are growing nicely. I also have a garden at home, and the sweet peas are out. I am pleased to say I have passed the quarterly exam. I am glad to see that Bessie Smith has written to the Children's Page. She is a mate of mine at school. There are lots of soldiers coming home lately. My two uncles are home. I hope, the cold weather is not affecting you. I must close now with love to yourself, daughter, little Jack, and baby Nancy.

I am glad to hear that you have passed the quarterly exam, Jean, and I do hope that you were able to enjoy a game of snowballing before the snow melted. I am pleased to know that Bessie is your friend. I hope to hear from her again shortly, and perhaps some of your other school mates would like to become correspondents to our Page. What a good thing the showers came just when they were so badly needed. The rain will make a wonderful difference to the country.

Daily Herald (Adelaide, SA: 1910 - 1924), Monday 15 December 1919, page 1

THE LETTER BOX.

Jean Miller writes from Burton Cottage, Clare :—

Dear Remus —Our school is closed again on account of the 'flu. Such a lot of people have it. We had it, but are getting better now. I was sorry to see by your letter that you have had bronchitis, and hope you will soon be better. The exam for us to pass into the next grade will be soon if we go back to school in time. My birthday is on the 11th December. I will be 13 years old. I like the story written by Peggy very much. What a happy time the children must have had in getting ready for the bazaar. With love to your daughter, yourself, Jack, and wee Nancy.

I am sorry to hear that influenza is so prevalent in Clare, Jean, and I hope you have all quite recovered. I am much better, thank you. I wish you very many happy returns of your birthday, and I do hope that you have a thoroughly enjoyable time on that day. The children did have a lovely time, and the bazaar was a great success.

Kerry Edwards

EDITOR'S NOTE: Due to the length of this article, I have split it in two. The second instalment will appear in the January 2021 edition.

LIMA BEAN SALAD by Janet Southam

For those that have asked for the recipe for my Lima Bean Salad, here it is:

Tips:

- Preparation is what it's all about
- The best places to buy your beans are either delicatessens, or Suntralis, 61 O'Sullivan's Beach Rd, Lonsdale
- You can substitute other beans. e.g. chick peas, haricot beans, etc
- This recipe is for a party size serving.

Step 1:

Place in a bowl one cup of dried Lima Beans plus two and a half cups of water, plus one teaspoon of salt. (These quantities are reduced except for the salt it is always 1 teaspoon of salt, regardless of the amount of beans)

Placed in a bowl and leave in the fridge overnight. The following day, drain the beans and rinse, put beans into a saucepan and cover with one inch of water, (no extra salt, or the skins will harden) and simmer, checking the beans every 15 minutes, till the beans are to your liking. (By simmer, I mean slow simmer, not a hard boil). When cool, beans can be drained, you can rinse them, depending on how well they have handled the cooking. The beans can be kept in the fridge for a few days, before making up the salad.

My salad dressing. I prefer to use Malt Vinegar, with olive oil, and a small amount of sugar, add your own quantities to your own taste. To make up the salad add chopped tomatoes, chopped cucumber, diced capsicum, or preserved capsicum, bottled artichokes, chopped chives, olives, basically anything you would like to see. I wouldn't add preserved meats, or anchovies etc.

I hope this is enjoyed by any who make it, and if they say it didn't taste the same, it's probably the dressing, mine is sweet.

Mushroom Salad

500 g Button Mushrooms, good handful of flat leaf parsley, slice mushrooms thinly and separate into bowl, chop the parsley finely and toss into the mushrooms. If you're taking this salad to a party, do not add the dressing until the salad is about to be served. As usual, brown malt vinegar, sugar and a small amount of oil. This salad is really nice and one of my favourites.

Janet Southam

MEMORIES OF COUNTRY LIFE IN WWII ENGLAND

by Florence Stopps

I lived in a small country village, Wooburn Moor in rural England, five miles from High Wycombe and 25 miles from London. The main A40 road, divided our village from the mainly agricultural land, native woodlands and orchards that continued for approximately three miles to the well-known village of Penn, home of Lords Carrington and Curzon (William Penn, Mayflower, Pennsylvania), and the nearby Lord Howe estates (Lord Howe Island, etc). These are childhood memories of WWII and of the lingering results of displacement of people, poverty, and deprivation caused by Government rationing of food and clothing during two world wars and the lingering 1929 world-wide Great Depression.

Wooburn Moor was a quiet village surrounded by fields and woodlands, with the busy River Wye meandering through it, which since the 11th century had, at one time, on its 11 miles, 26 water mills. The now famous Tasmanian and New Zealand trout originated from eggs harvested from fish from a local tributary of the river. Numerous spring-fed clear streams, watercress beds and abundant bird life and fauna and flora kept the local children entertained when they had so few toys and other means of entertainment. We shared skipping ropes, hoops, balls, spinning tops and wrote hopscotch lines on the roadway. We stayed very fit with gymnastic exercises and by walking and running many miles because we had no bus fares. We made our own sledges from wood offcuts or discarded advertising tins and bending up one end to be used as a sledge down fields or dangerous wooded slopes. The village had two pubs but no shops after the bakery and tiny shops closed during the war. Children learned which berries, fruit and nuts were safe to eat. We collected, blackberries, crab apples, elderberries, sloes which mothers made into jam, and wine.

My particular memories are during WWII when all food, clothing and shoes were on strict government ration requiring coupons. This rationing continued for 15 years, nine years after war ended - until March 1954. Families used their gardens for growing vegetables and keeping chickens. We bought 1d or 2d worth of fallen fruit 'windfalls' from local neighbours with fruit trees. 2d or 3d would buy us a bag of broken biscuits from the corner shop or 'scrumpies' from the fish and chip shop. There were narrow canopied twisty lanes without footpaths or street lights. From aged four 1/2 the children walked approximately three kms to the tiny infants school in the next village before graduating at aged 7 years to the Church of England school a further three kms away. This was a challenge in the fog, snow and rain without adequate warm clothing and footwear, especially with cardboard filled holes in shoes. Neither school had electricity, gas or flushed toilets. While there were few facilities, many of the children obtained entry to scholarship-only college or High School. I was one of four students who passed at age 13 to a three year commercial course. We were all given 1/3rd pint of milk a day, which I loved. Free school dinners were provided to children with four or more children in the family. We were also given a bottle of concentrated orange juice and rosehip syrup made from the wild rose hips we collected.

There was a wide range of social classes living in the village, from the five story Georgian mansion, 'Clapton Revel' situated on a backwater of the river Wye with its old mill, many acres of lawns, a willow covered island, lake for boating and dance and sports hall. There

were farms, two pubs, some privately owned homes of local managers of businesses and rows of small terraced cottages with only two up and two down rooms, but with no electricity, gas, bathroom, inside running water. I lived in a small terraced cottage alongside the River Wye owned by a farmer which had only two up and two down rooms. We lived in the small kitchen with a black range used for cooking and heating water, which Mum cleaned and shone with black lead. There was a smaller scullery containing a copper for washing. A heavy iron mangle would be used to wring and flatten the washing. Ironing was done with a heavy metal iron heated on the range top. Three cottages shared one outside tap which, even though lagged with sacking and straw would freeze in winter. Some cottages had outside bucket toilets at the end of the garden which were emptied weekly at dusk by the soil man. Toilet paper was cut-up squares of newspaper hung on the back of the door with string. Candles and lamps filled with paraffin oil were the norm: the weekly bath was taken in front of the kitchen fire in a tin bath hung on the back of the toilet door. The three oldest girls would all use the same water, who were then served with a spoonful of cod liver oil and malt, followed by a spoonful of diluted concentrated orange juice. There was no toothpaste or brushes, instead we used salt on the finger to clean the teeth followed by a salty mouth wash. (Still have all my teeth at this great age!) The three oldest girls shared a double bed, with no room for wardrobe or cupboard. We listened to the news and comedy shows and music from an old battery powered radio which had to be taken to the nearest car garage to have charged. All windows had to be blacked out to ensure no lights shone to attract enemy aircraft. Although we had no books at home and no library, we were entertained by my parents who between them, played piano, organ, Jew's harp, piano accordion and mouth organ and sang a wide variety of songs. Dad had a beautiful tenor voice and would sing Italian opera learned from the shows when he lived in London. While many of us lived in abject poverty we never considered ourselves disadvantaged or were bored.

During the war children grew up learning the sound of the Early Alarm siren which warned us to find cover if we were outside and watch for enemy planes with a German swastika, and learned from a young age to obey instructions immediately for their own safety. If we were travelling between home and school we would try to hide in ditches or under trees, and at school we would hide under the desk. At home we had no air-raid shelter so the children were put in a coal cupboard under the stairs with a torch for safety. The lamps and candles would be extinguished in case of a fire. We had to stay there for hours sometimes until the 'All clear' siren sounded. While bombs were dropped around us in the fields near the railway line to London we were lucky to survive unscathed.

During WWII many evacuees, older children and mothers with young children were sent to the country for safety after being bombed out of London and Buckinghamshire's population increased by 35% during that time. This caused a housing situation to deteriorate because there was no government social housing built, and local councils were expected to pay and build stock. We welcomed many evacuees and I remain in touch with Maureen who emigrated to Adelaide in 1948.

During WWII the Government requisitioned many huge estates for military use and factory uses were changed to make war components for weapons: many properties were badly damaged on return to owners. While the advent of railways, cars and aircraft improved the quality of life for many, the lack of national free medical care caused much unnecessary suffering and death. Many of the local estates have since become popular tourist destina-

tions especially history lovers like myself. Cliveden, home of Lord Waldolf and Lady Nancy Astor, the first woman MP in England was one of many such luxury mansions within a three mile radius of my home. My two sons were born in the little hospital built in the grounds of Cliveden by Lady Astor for returned injured WWI Canadian military personnel. In the past, many royals were frequent visitors to these estates. Five miles away is the famous West Wycombe estate of Sir Francis Dashwood with its original 16th century village, infamous Hell Fire caves under the hill which is topped by an ancient church with a golden ball on top and mausoleum. During a school day outing I climbed and sat in the ball, followed by the scary visit to the caves carrying a candle which often blew out. We kids had fun rolling down the steep grass covered hillside outside.

On 8 May 1945, we learned that we had beaten the Germans and war would end on VE Day. Dad found an old Union Jack flag and rode his bike over the hills to the town of High Wycombe five miles away. Messages soon went around the villages and people began planning street parties and bonfires. The owners of 'Clapton Revel' invited all the Wooburn Moor villagers to a celebration fete with Punch and Judy show on one of their lawns. I treasure the photo taken of some of the villagers on the day, including my friends Anne and Maureen, a former evacuee friend and I were together and remain friends after 75 years.



In the evening men and boys of the village collected firewood and fireworks for a big bonfire on spare land. There were big bonfires and street parties throughout the country. The King, Queen and Princesses repeatedly responded to requests from the massive crowds outside Buckingham Palace to appear on the balcony. The two princesses secretly joined two military guardsmen and joined the crowds outside the Palace and joined in the celebrations.

I say to all those who are currently finding difficulty accepting the COVID-19 restrictions that many survived six years of tougher restrictions plus another nine years of rationing, but the celebrations are well worth it. I have always believed that this experience was character building and that we never know how strong we are until there is no alternative.

Florence Stopps



CRAY FISHING INDUSTRY AT KINGSTON SE SA

by John Edwards

My father Ern Edwards started buying crayfish in 1944-45 when he was working in the South East. He would bring back to Adelaide a few bags in the boot of his car and cook them in my mother's copper in the wash house.

Sometimes the cooking wasn't too good, as there was not much control over the cooking with a wood fire. Either they would boil too hard or not boil at all. I'm not sure when, but Dad opened a shop at Hindmarsh on the corner of Manton Street and South Road. He called it the 'Terminus Fish Shop' and sold fish and chips. I remember selling crays in the shop for one and ten pence halfpenny a pound.

When Dad could get them, he bought crayfish from Stewart Lockhead, the proprietor of Boat Fittings, a fish seller at the bottom end of Rundle Street, Adelaide. At times some fishermen, mainly Dick DeLongville and his brother Laurie, would send live crays, packed in seaweed in wooden crates, to us in Adelaide from Kingston SE on the train. I remember buying the crays from the fishermen for ten pence halfpenny a pound. The supply of crayfish was unreliable. Dad decided to buy a truck and travel to Kingston SE to buy his own crays, which he did for many years. He carted them back live and cooked them at the back of the shop. The first trucks that my father bought were second hand as you couldn't get new vehicles in those days. One was an ex-army International truck that broke down a lot. A few times he had to hire carriers to cart his crays. In 1948 he bought a new Austin truck.

Dad or my brother Don drove from Adelaide to Cape Jaffa to pick up Crays. As I recollect the Coorong road was dirt, corrugated and dusty and between Kingston and Cape Jaffa there were two or three gates to open on the way. On hot nights he often waited until 9 o'clock before loading crays, backing the truck right down to the water, as there was no jetty, where the fishermen would pack the crays from crates moored in the bay (usually held in them for a week). He would then pick up more at Kingston SE jetty before heading for Adelaide, covered only by a canopy on the truck. The journey often took hours and many crays were lost on hot nights. At Aldgate, he would stop and phone to say he would be there in an hour and for Dad or me to light up the coppers ready for cooking. A few times, when the crays were plentiful, Don would drive to the Melbourne Fish Market to sell them, leaving Kingston SE at 6pm and arriving at 6am when the Market opened. In those days there were no roadhouses on the way, so he had to carry enough fuel in 44-gallon drums.

After a while Dad started selling crays to other fish shops around Adelaide. He then rented a building at Bowden where he had several coppers to cook all the crayfish. 'The Terminus Fish shop' was eventually sold but he continued to sell crayfish, his main income. In 1950 he built a bait chiller in James Street, Kingston SE to supply bait for the fishermen that sold him crayfish. That was when I first went down to Kingston SE to live permanently.

He would weigh out the bait to the fishermen each morning. The bait mainly used was horse-meat. We used to buy horses and paddock them locally. It was my job to shoot them. My brother Don and I cut them up and hung them up in the chiller for bait. About that time, we

installed coppers at Kingston SE and it was my job to do all the cooking of the crayfish. There were a lot around at that time and I've cooked up to 100 bags in a day. They were mainly sold to fish shops in Adelaide. We would cart them weekly, covered with insulation and a tarpaulin. Occasionally, before Kingston SE had 'town supply' water, there wouldn't be enough water to fill the coppers for cooking the crays because we only had a windmill for water. Our storage tank was only about 500 gallons. I would start cooking, getting ready early afternoon, I remember at times climbing the windmill and turning the wheel to get enough water to fill the copper. As we all know, later in the afternoon there is always wind at Kingston SE so not a problem after that.(Our business name at that stage was Adelaide Cray Supply. Later we sold mainly to Cappo Brothers in Adelaide now located in the Central Market in Adelaide).

About 1956, A. A. Brooksby from Port MacDonnell bought the controlling share in our cray factory. I stayed on as manager. We put in a freezer and prepared crays for the export and local markets, registered name 'Jaffa Brand'. Mid-afternoon, when the first boats came in, I would start tailing, a quick and effective method of removing the raw tail. The tails were then packed in boxes according to weight and frozen, ready for export. I would then cook the bodies. That afternoon or the next morning employees would come in and 'pick' the cooked legs and bodies for the cray meat and pack the daily collection of crays. We also went to Robe quite often to buy crays.

About 1960 I left my job at the cray factory and put in a copper at the back of my house. I bought a few crays, which I cooked and took to Adelaide for my father. I did this for the next few years, until December 1965 when I bought the local dry Cleaners.

John Edwards (father of Kerry Edwards).



John Edwards in his father's 1948 Austin

Amount Paid 15-0-0 269252 SE 1-10

Received amount printed above. Register 100

THE SECOND SCHEDULE—ROAD TRAFFIC ACT—SOUTH AUSTRALIA
CERTIFICATE OF RENEWAL OF REGISTRATION OF MOTOR VEHICLE

This is to Certify that—
 Mr. Ernest Clarence EDWARDS,
 20 Orange St.,
 NEW EDMUNDESHAM, is the Registered Owner of the motor vehicle described hereunder.

The vehicle has been registered as from **1 OCT. 1948** to the **30 SEP. 1950**

Fish Merchant H. B. WALKER,
 Registrar of Motor Vehicles

DESCRIPTION OF VEHICLE		Number of cylinders	6	Max. Power	Petrol
Type of body	Tray Top	Diameter of cylinders	85 mm	300	300
Make of vehicle	Austin	Boiling capacity	2	Previous registered number	None
Engine number	132940	Colour of body	Green	Is vehicle new or second-hand?	Yes
Model		Twelve months fee	215-0-0	20-1-0	
Year of manufacture	1948				
No. of wheels, including spare	7				
Class of tyre	Pneumatic				
Load capacity	5 tons				
Measurement of vehicle	26-8				
Weight in ton	26-8				
P.W.	50				
MD					

See back for transfer of motor vehicles and change of address.

British Customs (to be added to country cheque)
 FEE - - - 1/6-0-0

IMPORTANT—PLEASE NOTE
 Should you dispose of this vehicle, the certificate should NOT be given to the purchaser.
 —FEE: (2/-) for use on the back and return in 14 DAYS is an offence.
 FAILURE TO NOTIFY CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP WITHIN 14 DAYS IS AN OFFENCE.
 S. W. HARRISON, REGISTRAR GENERAL, ADL.

Ern Edward's registration papers for the 1948 Austin

LEXIPHILES

- You can tune a piano, but you can't tuna fish
- I wondered why the baseball was getting bigger. Then it hit me
- To write with a broken pencil is pointless.
- When fish are in schools they sometimes take debate.
- A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.
- When the smog lifts in Los Angeles , U.C.L.A.
- The professor discovered that her theory of earthquakes was on shaky ground.
- The batteries were given out free of charge.
- A dentist and a manicurist married. They fought tooth and nail.
- A will is a dead giveaway.
- If you don't pay your exorcist you can get repossessed.
- With her marriage, she got a new name and a dress.
- Show me a piano falling down a mineshaft and I'll show you A-flat miner.
- You are stuck with your debt if you can't budge it.
- Local Area Network in Australia : The LAN down under.
- A boiled egg, is hard to beat.
- When you've seen one shopping centre you've seen a mall.
- Police were called to a day care where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.
- Did you hear about the fellow whose whole left side was cut off? He's all right now.
- If you take a laptop computer for a run you could jog your memory.
- A bicycle can't stand alone; it is two tired.
- In a democracy it's your vote that counts; in feudalism, it's your Count that votes.
- When a clock is hungry it goes back four seconds
- The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine was fully recovered.
- He had a photographic memory which was never developed.
- Those who get too big for their britches will be exposed in the end.
- When she saw her first strands of gray hair, she thought she'd dye.
- Acupuncture: a jab well done.

Author—Unknown

LOST WORDS FROM CHILDHOOD

Mergatroyd!. Do you remember that word? Would you believe the spell-checker did not recognise the word Mergatroyd? Heavens to Mergatroyd! The other day a not so elderly (I say 75) lady said something to her son about driving a Jalopy; and he looked at her quizzically and said "What the heck is a Jalopy?" He never heard of the word jalopy! She knew she was old. But not that old.

Well, I hope you are Hunky Dory after you read this and chuckle.

So let's illuminate some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. Phrases like: Don't touch that dial, Carbon copy, You sound like a broken record, and Hung out to dry. Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker, to straighten up and fly right. Heavens to Betsy! Gee whillikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley; and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China! Back in the olden days, life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and the D.A.; of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes, and pedal pushers. Oh, my aching back! Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore. We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!" Or, "This is a fine kettle of fish!" We discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent, as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards. Poof, go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone. Where have all those great phrases gone? Long gone: Pshaw, The milkman did it. Hey! It's your nickel. Don't forget to pull the chain. Knee high to a grasshopper. Well, Fiddlesticks! Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels. Wake up and smell the roses. It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter has little liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff! (Carter's Little Liver Pills are gone too!) We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeable times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We at the other end of the chronological arc have the advantage of remembering there are words that once did not exist and there were words that once strutted their hour upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory. It's one of the greatest advantages of aging. Leaves us to wonder.

Source: Facebook. Author: Unknown

UPCOMING SPEAKERS & EVENTS



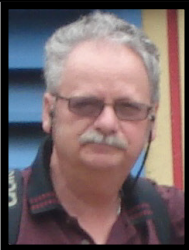
All meetings are held at 1.15pm, Uniting Church Hall, 23 William Road, Christies Beach. If you have a suggestion for a suitable speaker please contact Elizabeth Grocke.

17 October—Michael Smith, *The New Trove*

21 November—AGM—Show and Tell—**Please contact Elizabeth to register.**

16 January—Resource Room, Show and Tell

RESOURCE ROOM OPENING TIMES



The Resource Room is available to members for research. During the opening time before the Saturday general meetings, Resource Room volunteers will not be available to give assistance with 'Family Research', but books, newsletters and magazines can be borrowed from 12.00pm to 1.15pm, and during the afternoon tea break.

Other opening times for the Resource Room will be the 1st and 3rd Wednesday afternoons during February to October, and the 1st Wednesday in November, from 1.00pm—3.30pm.

Members wishing to access *findmypast* during resource room openings, are now requested to contact Chris Grivell and book a specific time. Chris's contact details may be found at the front of the journal.

Opening dates for this quarter are: 7 October, 21 October, 4 November.

EVENING COMPUTER GROUP



The evening computer class is held in the Uniting Church Hall, 23 William Street, Christies Beach. A \$5.00 donation is requested to help cover the cost of the hire of the hall. The Group meet monthly on the second Monday night of the month at 7.30pm.

The program consists of a presentation on a specific topic followed by a question and answer session. Bring a tagged laptop from home but if you cannot you will be seated with someone

who has a similar operating system to you.

Contact Heather Boyce if you are interested.

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MEMBERSHIP FEE REMINDER

Members are reminded that the financial year ends on 31 October. Members must be financial before the AGM, Saturday, 17 November. Non-financial members may not vote, nominate or stand for committee positions, **and are NOT covered by FPFHG Insurance.**

Please ensure your membership subscription is paid before the AGM.

Reminder: There is a \$5.00 rejoining fee payable for any membership not paid by 28 February.

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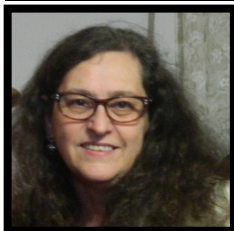


We are pleased to acknowledge allBIZ Supplies as the printers of our Journal and can thoroughly recommend their excellent service.

VOLUNTEER RESEARCH

Research can be undertaken for anyone seeking information on ancestors in our local area. Please forward requests to Volunteer Research, PO Box 1078, Christies Beach North SA 5165.

EDITOR'S NOTE by Christine Keen



Well what a year 2020 has been. I liked to say a huge thank you to all the members who have answered desperate pleas for articles so that we have been able to continue to stay in touch via the journal, during these very difficult times. A special thank you to Florence Stopps for sharing so many of her wonderful poems.

In addition to being the final journal for 2020, this will be my last journal in my current term as a member of the Executive Committee.

Due to a change in circumstances I will not be renominating for a position on the Committee, but it is hoped that with the blessing of the new Committee, I will be able to continue as Journal Editor.

I look forward to continuing to receive your contributions and assemble them in to the journal for the enjoyment of all our members.

Christine Keen

WHEN & WHERE

MEETINGS

The monthly Meetings are held on the 3rd Saturday of each month from January—October at 1.15pm, Uniting Church Hall, 23 William Street, Christies Beach. The Resource Room is open from 12.00pm each meeting day.

Annual General Meeting is held on the 3rd Saturday in November commencing at 1.30pm. Committee elections are held at this time.

SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS

Aussie Interest Group—meets at 1.00pm on the 2nd Saturday of each month. For information contact Ros Dunstall.

United Kingdom Interest Group—meets at 7.30pm on the 3rd Monday of each month. For information contact Sharon Green.

Evening Computer Group—meets at 7.30pm on the 2nd Monday of each month. For information contact Heather Boyce.

DNA Evening Group—meets at 7.30pm on the 1st Tuesday of each month. For information contact Sharon Green.

DNA Day Group—meets at 1.00pm on the 1st Monday of each month. For information contact Peter Tuck or Sharon Green.

***** PLACES FOR SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS ARE LIMITED DUE TO COVID 19 AND MUST BE BOOKED*****

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Membership with Electronic Journal:

Family (2 people) - \$30.00

Single—\$25.00

Membership with Printed Journal:

Family (2 people) - \$35.00

Single—\$30.00

A \$5.00 joining fee applies to all new and lapsed memberships.

Fees should be paid to the Treasurer prior to the November AGM each year.

PUBLISHING This journal is issued quarterly to members. Items for inclusion should be submitted to the Editor by March, June, September and December. FPFHG shall not be held responsible for statements made or opinions expressed by the authors of submitted materials, or shall FPFHG vouch for the accuracy of any genealogical data, offers, services or goods that appear herein. The Editor reserves the right to edit any articles proffered for publication.

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