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Picton and District Historical and Family History Society Inc.
All correspondence to: **PO Box 64, Picton NSW 2571**

President	Gail Hanger	02 46842179
Vice President	Elaine Callaway	02 46830464
Secretary	Vacant	
Treasurer	Ron Callaway	02 46830464
Editor	Vacant	

Journal contributions to:
The Editor
P.O. Box 64
Picton NSW 2571
or
pdhfs@bigpond.com

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The Editor,
P.O. Box 64 Picton NSW 2571
or emailed to
pdhfs@bigpond.com

Web: <http://www.stonequarry.com.au/pdhfs/index.html>

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The Stonequarry Journal
Journal of the Picton & District Historical and Family History Society Inc.

Contents

December 2004

Vincent Phippen Soldier of The Great War By Craig Phippen	3
Bargo Picture Show By Claire Bell.....	5
Pheasants Nest By Claire Bell.....	10
Members Birthdays.....	17
Old Recipe.....	18
Publications For Sale.....	19



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President's Report

I wish to thank everyone for their ongoing support as I start my term as President of the Society, we continue to grow in little ways and members are even making breakthrough in their research.

I was delight to be invited to present the annual 'John Ruffels History Prize' at Picton High School' there were two winners this year Alena Woznyl and Amy Fuller. It is wonderful to see the young ones interested in history. This is the second time that Amy Fuller has won the award.

The Society has been success with another grant, this time from the Royal Australian Historical Society. So now we are all learning how to use the new computer, scanner etc, not a easy ask for those who have never used one before.

It is with sadness that we farewell Debbie Hayes, our Secretary and Journal Editor, while Debbie has only been with us a short time, she has helped with some wonderful projects. Debbie is leaving the area and we wish her well. (But she is going to continue to help with the Journal long distance).

I Hope everyone has a wonderful Christmas and a delightful New Year with new finds for your family trees

Gail Hanger
President

Plea from the Editor

It is hard to get enough material to fill the journal, I'm asking please send anything big or small it doesn't have to be typed, I'll gladly include it if space permits. The idea of this journal is for our Members to enter their missing ancestors, also to include stories about them hoping, that someone else is connected to their family and that they may get in touch with them, as I'm finding in the next journal.

The Editor

PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE

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Marriage Transcripts:

Marriage Records of St Marks Vol. 1 \$15.00

Marriage Records of St Marks Vol. 2 \$15.00

Marriage Records of St Marks Vol. 3 \$20.00

Old Recipe

Banana Cake

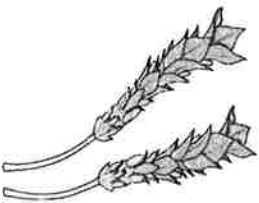
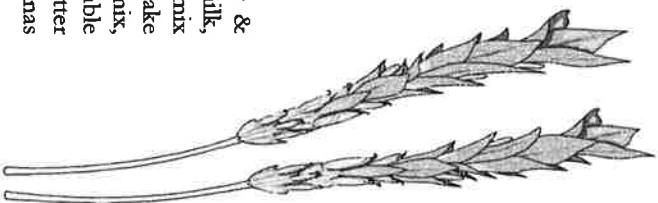
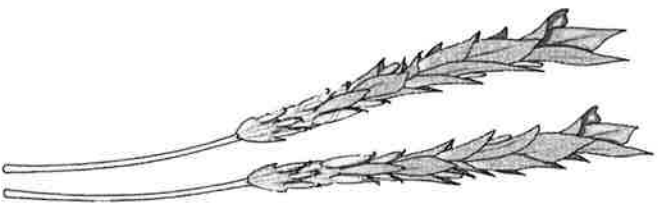
8 Bananas
4 eggs
1 cup sugar
4 cups s.r. flour
3 tablepoons margarine
2 cups milk
cinnamon

Crumble

12 heaped desertspoons S.R. flour
6 heaped desertspoons sugar
1 desertspoon cinnamon
5 desertspoons butter

Method:

seperate 4 eggs, add egg yokes, sugar & margarine, mix very well add 2 cups milk, beat egg whites, add to mixture and mix together very well pour into 2 round cake tins, place banana on top of cake mix, sprinkle cinnamon over banana crumble add S.R. flour, sugar, cinnamon and butter mix well by hand place on top of bananas place in oven 200 for 40 mins



Vincent Phippen

Soldier of The Great War

By Craig Phippen © 2004

Vincent Phippen was born c. 1895, probably in the New South Wales silver-mining town of Yerranderie where his father worked. Vincent's father was William Phippen, the first-born son of two immigrant parents, one from England and the other from Ireland.

It may have been the British connection that stirred him to enlist in The Great War in 1916. Australians still considered the British Isles to be "home", even beyond the mid 20th century. So when Britain went to war, Australia joined them with little hesitation. Public attitude to participating in the War was much more supportive than it tends to be today. Some of those who joined were so enthusiastic that they lied about their age so that they would be eligible. One WWI veteran has said that enlisting was regarded as "the thing to do."

At home in Australia, sectarian differences caused conflict as Vincent's family's religion (Catholicism) came under criticism for "disloyalty" due to their apparent opposition to conscription. However the conflict at the battlefield overshadowed this by far.

World War One is described by the Australian War Memorial website as "*the most costly conflict ever in terms of deaths and casualties*." The website states the war cost over 60,000 Australian lives.

Vincent Phippen joined at a time when the AMW website says the troops experienced some of the toughest conditions and most costly battles. It says they had to fight not only the enemy, but also lice and cold temperatures in muddy, rat-infested trenches scattered with bodies.

AIMM website records show that his cousin Oswald joined the 4th Machine Gun Battalion, and became a corporal. Comments from a Private William Windred, who was in the same battalion as Vincent (the 54th), state that Vincent trained in Bathurst, before serving as a Private at Bullecourt in France. His battalion was comprised predominantly of New South Welshman. Half were Gallipoli veterans and the other half were fresh recruits like Vincent.

The battalion moved into France in mid 1916 and fought their first large battle at Fromelles, where they suffered a casualty rate of over 50 percent. Those who remained then endured a very cold winter in the Somme Valley trenches. In early 1917, there was greater progress as they advanced following the German retreat at the Hindenburg Line. The battalion then went on to defend the achievements made in the second battle of Bullecourt. This second battle involved heavy losses for the AIF, with a French website totalling the Australian casualties at 10,000.

Vincent was also a casualty around this time. He is recorded as having been wounded on 15 May 1917, and having died 9 days later, aged 22. Statements regarding Vincent's injuries and death were taken from various people, some of which contradict each other. The AIM website records that a Private McInnes claims to have been nearby at the time Vincent was hit. He says they were in a trench when "a shell burst" killing McInnes' friend and wounding Vincent. Information from a chaplain notes that Vincent had "S.W. [severe wounds?] to] *Hand (L) Arm (R) and Abdomen.*" Windfred, cited above, states that he heard that Vincent later died in hospital in Boulogne.

According to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, Vincent Pippen was buried at Grevillers British Cemetery, in Pas de Calais, France, along with 2105 others of which only 1940 have been identified. Their website states that the village of Grevillers was occupied by Commonwealth troops, and that Australians were buried there until March 1918, when Germany overtook the village. The website adds that "*On the following 24 August, the New Zealand Division recaptured Grevillers*", and the cemetery thus became available again.

Unlike his lost cousin, Oswald Frances Pippen was fortunate enough to return to Australia in March 1919. If he went home to Yerranderie/Burraborang, he wouldn't have returned at the best of times though. Sonja den Hertog wrote that 1919 was also the year of a disastrous influenza epidemic, which she wrote took a "*heavy toll on Yerranderie's population.*"

Many of those who returned from the World Wars were too traumatised to ever speak of their experiences, even with their families. Vincent never suffered that difficulty though. He was amongst around 10 million soldiers who lost their lives in what became known as the *war to end all wars*.



MEMBERS BIRTHDAYS

A Very Happy Birthday to All from the Committee and Members
of the PDHFHS

DECEMBER

Beryl Michell

JANUARY

John Bollard
Yvonne Hamilton
Anne Pierce

FEBRUARY

Debbie Hayes
Kath Sheedy



Burials

A Pictorial View

REDBANK UNITING
CHURCH

(Formerly Wesleyan Chapel)
2004

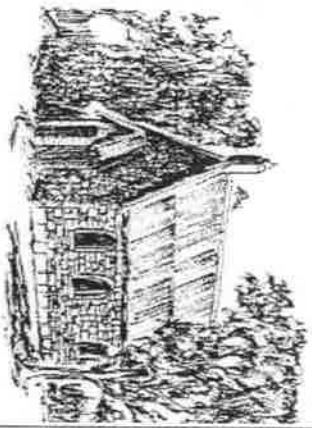


Illustration by Barry Saxton—Picton

**We have now
released our new updated
edition with photographs**

**The Redbank Uniting Church
Cemetery Transcripts
2004**

**This book has burials at
Redbank Uniting Church
Cemetery from 1853 until 2004**

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new book from the Society
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Please send me _____ Books @ \$25.00 each

Total payment enclosed: \$ _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Bargo Picture Show 1950's

By Clare Bell

Thwack, thump, wallop! Bullet shots ricochet off rocks fractions of an inch from a villainous bank-robbers head.

The fearless sheriff and his gang of straight-shooting deputies gallop into the badlands of Nevada in pursuit of the bad guys. The audience boo the outlaws and cheer the good guys. It is Saturday in the small village of Bargo and the maine is under way in an igloo (a remnant from World War 2) in Noongah Street. There is a small shop inside the door where you can buy drinks and sweets at interval. The first thing on Saturday afternoons is God Save the King, (the National Anthem), and then a cartoon serial which everyone looks forward to. Following on, the exciting bits of the films for the coming month are shown. Then a short feature and interval. Mum always buys a pound of sliced Devon at the grocers before we go to the movies and hands it out to us slice by slice at interval. Sometimes we swap it for Minties or Jaffas with our wealthier mates.

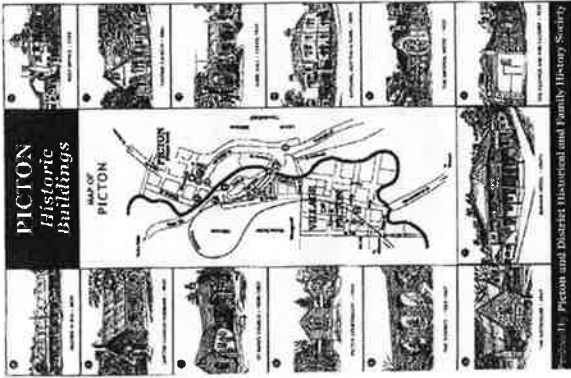
A thrilling Cowboy and Indian type film sees us on the edge of our wooden fold-up seats. Hopalong Cassidy, Gabby Hayes, Gary Cooper, The Lone Ranger and the Three Stooges are our favourite people for the day. In winter it is almost dark and we have to go straight home. It's a different matter in summer. We look around for bottles to take to the Bottle yard in Nooral Street and sell them for a penny or two pence each in order to get our fare in for next week.

Saturday night is the grown-ups time with soppy romances like *Gone With The Wind* with handsome Clarke Gable, beautiful Vivien Leigh and Oliver De Haviland. Dramas such as *For Whom the Bell Tolls* star sultry Ingrid Bergman and smouldering Gary Cooper. They keep all the seats full, especially the back rows.

The projectionist collects the movies from the steam train on Friday nights, shows the matinees, and at night the adult pictures, and returns all the films early Sunday morning on the train.

Sometimes when the power fails or a fault develops in the film, the kids stamp their feet on the board floor and call out "Put a penny in it, Boss" if the trouble is not rectified that day they retain their "pass-out" stub for free entry next time.

To be deprived of attending the matinee was a punishment too horrible for words. In some homes a bit of thump and thwack may be heard. Most of the time Bargo kids behaved well, especially on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturday mornings.



Tea towel

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Tea Towels \$10.00 each + postage and handling \$3.50

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Amount of Tea Towels

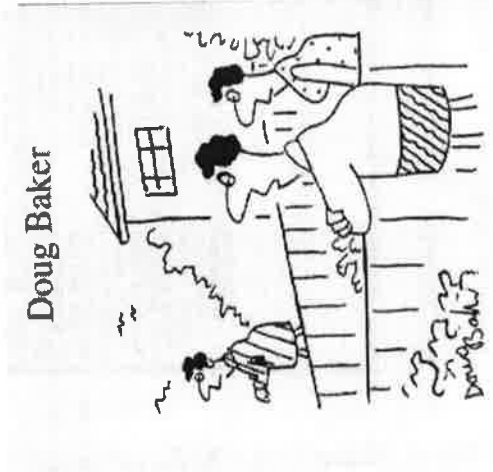
Total payment enclosed: \$ _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

starved and could not suckle their newborn lambs we reared the lambs on cow's milk. Even when the lambs grew and were put out to mingle with the flock they still came to me when I called them.

After our chores were done Kevin and I roamed the creeks and gullies around the farm. I've always felt privileged to have had such a peaceful childhood.



* WE
ALL HAD
2 PARENTS
4 GRANDPARENTS
8 GREAT-GRANDPARENTS
16 GREAT-GREAT-PARENTS
32 GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS
64 GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS
128 GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS
256 GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS
512 GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS
1,024 GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS
JUST IN THE COURSE OF EXACTLY 10 GENERATIONS

"I won't say she's nose-y, but locu's don't go to a genealogist, they go to her."

GRAND-

A rough track continued over a small flat creek about three kilometres to the next house, Troodes. They were very religious, said Grace before and after meals and they didn't eat meat. The girls had long wavy hair.

Lyn and Larry Shaefer has a stained glass window in their kitchen that I always admired. Larry carted charcoal in his old Buick car. They had no children.

The last family in Pheasants Nest in that decade were the O'Brien's, Mr O'Brien was deaf and played the fiddle beautifully. His wife died and he remarried. Mick, Lyle and Colleen were his adult children.

The population of Pheasants Nest in those days consisted of twenty-two adults, seven school age children, three little ones and eight young adults. The teen teenagers were unknown then. Of the adults three men worked away all week. Bob and Alex Davis joined the army. They later married and lived at Bargo. As I mentioned Arthur Knox enlisted and was "missing in action".

Five or six soldiers of the Citizens Military Force were stationed at Pheasants Nest Weir to protect the water supply. My older sister and brother often walked to the weir to play cards with them.

My father ran Merino sheep. His brand was a D in a half circle on the rump plus earmark. Mum's brand for her cattle was an X and two dots on the nearside shoulder. We grew corn, saccaline and oats for the Fresh Food and Ice Company Dairy Farm at Picton. Dad killed a sheep every week for home and a pig at Christmas time. My older brothers, Ambrose and Frank trapped rabbits to supplement the pig feed and sold the skins. We reared poddy calves to sell at Camden Saleyards. During droughts when the poor ewes

Members Research Enquiries
If you have any information on any of the following families please send information to
The Secretary, PDDHFS, P. O. Box 64, Picton, NSW, 2571
(please don't forget to quote the research number.)

Research S.Jones-1

Richard Carter b. abt 1813, Queen's County, Ireland, son of William Carter & Mary Carr, occupation listed as grazier, d.20.07.1881 at Bargo, m. **Elizabeth Moran** b. abt 1820, (daughter of Henry Moran & Ann Lowry) of Abbellace/Abbeyleix, Queen's County, Ireland, in 1840, she d.18.07.1891 at Bargo. Their first child was their daughter **Mary Anne** abt 1841, at 'Robin Hood', Campbelltown, m. James O'Donnell in 1859, other children **Catherine** b.1844, m. John Smith in 1877, of North Richmond, **Elizabeth (Betsy)** b.1846, m. James Mulholland in 1871 and later James Home in 1874, of Taralga, **Jane (twin to Betsy)** b.1846, m. William J. Risley, of Byron Bay, **Sarah** b.1848, m. Charles Swan in 1894, of Bargo, **Richard** b.1850, m. Christina Dietrich in 1885, **Harriet** b.1853, m. Alexander McNeilly in 1882, of Taralga, **Margaret** b.1854, m. William Carter 1882, of Penrith, **William Henry** b.1856, m. Hannah Russell in 1876, Parramatta, chief attendant at the hospital for insane at that place.

Both Richard and Elizabeth are buried at St.Mark's Picton. Death Certificate of Richard, indicates he had been in Australia for 40 years, occupation stated as 'Farmer'.

If anyone is researching the Carter family I would be interested in any information available in exchange for my branch of the family, namely the O'Donnell's and the Fitzpatrick's.

Research S.Jones-2

The O'Donnell's of Campbelltown, Bargo and later Coolac

Immigration Index 1844-59 indicates that in 1858 **James O'Donnell** (son of Patrick O'Donnell & Mary Kenny), aged 60; his sons **James O'Donnell**, aged 17 and a **Patrick J. O'Donnell** aged 22 travelled to Australia on the 'Castilian'. They were induced/sponsored by their Uncle **James Fitzpatrick**, to migrate from Ireland to the colony.

James O'Donnell died in 1861; aged 68, indicating his birth year was 1793. His Death Certificate states that he was married to **Mary Fitzpatrick** and had

seven children. This would verify his link to **James Fitzpatrick of Glenlee**. Children listed on his Death Certificate being **Ellen, Hugh, James, Honorah, Patrick, d. 07.08.1907, at Gundagai**, with a listing for 1 boy and 1 girl deceased. Birth place indicated as 'Killaly', **Limerick, Ireland** and he had been in NSW for 3 years. Parents listed as **Patrick O'Donnell and Mary Kenny**.

James O'Donnell, (son of James O'Donnell & Mary Fitzpatrick) b. Ashford, Abbeyfaile, County Limerick, Ireland, abt 1828, d. 08.01.1913 at Coolac. He was married in **Campbelltown**, to **Mary Anne Carter** (daughter of Richard Carter & Elizabeth Moran), b. abt 1841, d. 09.09.1909 at Coolac), in 1858, at Campbelltown, then moved to **Bargo** in 1861, where they lived till 1877. They then moved to **Coolac** in the same year. It would seem that James moved to **Mingay** at the request of **Patrick. Patrick**, verbally granted possession of a parcel of land to **James**. There was never anything in writing but the inference is that Patrick told James that he could have the land. With the death of Patrick, the ownership was challenged and the court agreed in 1911 and granted the land to James. This ruling was later reversed and James moved in with his daughter **Polly Freeman**, wife of **Benjamin Freeman** the local school teacher, where he stayed till his death in 1913. He is interred in the Catholic Portion of the Coolac Cemetery. Children of the marriage were: - **John James** b.1859, of Goodooga, **Patrick** b.1861, d.1865 **Elizabeth** (Polly) b.1862 m. Benjamin Freeman, school teacher for 25 years at Coolac Public School, **Ellen** b.1864 m. James Carroll of Glenlee, near Campbelltown, **James Francis** b.1866 (of Kilbride near Campbelltown) m. Mary Ann Fitzpatrick, daughter of the late James Fitzpatrick, owner of Glenlee estate, **Patrick J.** b.1868, **Hugh** b.1871 m. Rosanna Lockhart, they resided in the Upper Hunter later moving to Queensland, **Susan** b.1873, **Denis** b.1875, manager of Mundarlo, m. Ada Bootes, **Richard** b.1878, managed his father's property, **William** (twin to Richard) b.1878 m. Agnes Brady, occupied a position in the Callan Park Asylum, **Beatrice** b.1880, was a nurse in the Gladesville Hospital for the Insane, **Emmaline** b.1882 m. John Carroll of Menangle, **Lillian** b.1884 and **Elizabeth** b.1889.

Patrick James O'Donnell, (son of James O'Donnell & Mary Fitzpatrick) b. abt 1838, in Ireland, d. 07.08.1907, at Gundagai. He married Margaret Mary Hanley (daughter of Thomas Hanley & Susan Keane (nee Powell) in 1867, and later acquired 'Mingay' from his mother-in-law, Susan Hanley in 1875. He was later appointed guardian to the three children (all under the age of

bark house lined with hessian and pasted with newspapers. It was always tidy. Mum delivered Tony when the bush nurse got lost one stormy night. Mr Ford made his living chopping baker's wood on our property. Through the war my father, big brother Ambrose and Dick Love all cut bakers wood for "the war effort". Dick lived in a tent in Grahams Bush with Harold, his son, about Kevin's age.

Mackin Brothers took two truckloads of wood to Sydney Showground five days a week for years, while the soldiers were stationed there. About a mile further on lived Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Teddy, Bob, Alex and Edie. Mr. (Tiger) Davis worked at Warragamba Dam through the week and came home at weekends. Over a rise past the Davis' but not on the road George and Christy Vock lived. They worked at Warragamba also.

A dear old widow lady Mrs. Eather, who lost her husband and son in the First World War, had a house with a separate kitchen on the opposite side of the road to Davis's place. She had darkest brown eyes and hair on her face and always dressed in black from head to toe. She walked to Tahmoor every fortnight to get her war pension. When Kevin and I took messages to her she would sit us down at her kitchen table and give us tea with condensed milk. A real treat for us as we only had cows milk at home!

We were the only family to have a telephone in Pheasants Nest so urgent messages to neighbours were written out carefully by Mum in her beautiful copperplate writing for Kevin and I to deliver. Mum always wrote on the envelope "per favour Clare and Kevin" which made us feel very important. My father himself took drastic messages such as when Mr. Saddlethwaite died. Knox's got a party line a year or so later. Their call was one long ring followed by two short rings. Ours was two shorts and a long. That was the only time Mum answered the phone.

was a very rough log structure with cobwebs festooned underneath which shook alarmingly when you were looking for tadpoles in the water below. An old man, Mr. Saddlesthwaite who lived alone at the end of Lawson Road cut his throat and died at that bridge. It was something to do with the war, poor man. The horses would not cross that bridge again.

The Knox home was next on the corner of Lawson Road and Rockford Road. It was a small weatherboard house with three little dark rooms and a sleep out for Bruce. The wash house and bathroom were separate from the house. Bruce was a great local historian, leaving some of his work to our Picton and District Historical Society.

Bruce Knox and his mother Cecelia ran a poultry farm with the help of Bruce's younger brother Arthur until he enlisted in the army. He served as a stretcher-bearer in New Guinea. Sadly he was later listed as missing-in-action. Mum and I sometimes walked to Knox' on a cool Sunday evening when Bruce would show me the day old chickens in the brooder-house. Mum often took a dozen scones for afternoon tea and Mrs. Knox cooked a delicious light cake she called a Peach Blossom Cake. We usually sat under the grape arbor for tea. Bruce walked us as far as the bridge after each visit.

The rough log bridge just mentioned covered the dry Creek between our farm "Naringa" and Knox's.

"Naringa" a Federation style home, was built in 1900 of locally made brick. It had a long hallway with rooms opening off each side: a fireplace in each room, with a veranda going halfway front and side. A beautiful wrought iron fireze ran the length of the veranda. The property of 1,781 acres was split into several paddocks of 250 acres each with only the house paddock, sheep and cattle yards and feed shed etc. being smaller.

twelve) of James Fitzpatrick upon his death in 1882. James Fitzpatrick was the owner of several properties including Glenlee, Cowcumbra and Brawlin. P.J. was a very prominent figure in the Gundagai area.

Children of the marriage were: - James b.1868, d.1868, John H. 1868, Mary G. b.1869, m. Albert Stratton in 1897, James Patrick b.1872, m. Annie Elizabeth de Lisle Evans in 1891, Margaret Mary b.1874, m. Dr.J.Brennan, Patrick Joseph b.1876 d.1900, Susannah Theresa b.1878, m. George Flannery, Kathleen Agnes b.1880, Helena Aileen b.1882, m. Warwick Armstrong in 1913, and Thomas Hanley b.1884, m. Ada O'Keefe, Marleena C. b.1887, m. Francis B. Shaw in 1912.

Research 1937 Search

Were you born in 1937?

During November 1936—May 1937 a man working at Picton an district, including Bargo, boarded for all or some of that period at the home of a woman, possibly in walking distance of Picton railway station.

A child was born to these two people, possibly in the spring of 1937 (September—November).

It is not known where the child was born or if the woman continued living in the area; or if the child remained with her.

Research O'Connor

We would like to hear from anyone who remembers the O'Connor family who lived in Bargo and later Douglas Park during the depression years. Jack and Mary Ellen O'Connor had the Post Office and General Store in these towns. They had two sons, Desmond and Kevin

Ancestors

If you could see your ancestors all standing in a row
Would you be proud of them, or not, or don't you really know?
Some strange discoveries are made in climbing family trees
But some of them, perhaps, do not particularly please.

Pheasants Nest

By Claire Bell

Pheasants Nest in the decade between 1937 and 1947 was a locality roughly bounded by the Potholes Level crossing on the Bargo River east of Tahmoor, to the Pheasants Nest Weir near Wilton on the South Coast side of the Nepean River. My younger brother Kevin and I were taught to swim at the Potholes by our father Denis John Dwyer (John) during the summer of 1938. He placed three big logs in a U shape with the blank side to the bank of the river. The little kids entered the water from the side. We didn't venture out of this space until we could dog paddle really well, and the big kids could only splash us from outside of this area. While one small child was being coached in the art of swimming the others held onto one of the logs and kicked vigorously.

My older brothers Ambrose and Francis tied a heavy rope to a stout tree overhanging the river. Any one who could swim and was game, used to do "bombs" off this rope into a deep swimming hole away from the little kids area. After a flood the men and big boys waded to all the spots where branches or other debris had lodged and removed them. If this was not feasible they roped that portion of the water off until the next flood swept it all away. We didn't like sandbanks to move as they were such fun to play on.

Many family picnics took place on the clean sandy shore of the river under the shade of huge eucalypts and smaller sally-wattle and she-oak trees. Some folk drove a horse and sulky while others rode pushbikes or walked. We could always get clean water upstream from the swimming area to boil the billy. On the Tahmoor side of the crossing the men had constructed a fireplace and nature provided a large flat rock to place the food on. If the

Page 10

adults didn't want to get their feet wet they could use the four-plank foot bridge. The people who had cars washed them in the running water at the crossing every few months as no one had town water in those days. As we grew up we were allowed to ride our stock horses or pushbikes to the river to cool off. The boys sometimes camped in a large cave downstream from the crossing, burning wallaby droppings to ward off mosquitoes. About a kilometre south of the crossing, Dog Trap Bridge spanned Dog Trap Creek, a small tributary of Bargo River. It was the only plank bridge in the district. Rockford Road from the Tahmoor side of Pheasants Nest and Arina Road from Bargo met at the bridge although no signposts marked the spot.

The first dwelling was to the left of Arina Road about five kilometres on, at the end of a lane. It was a neat weatherboard house with a wide veranda "Sugarloaf". Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Gore ran sheep on about 400 acres of land. Too the left side of the house stood a giant hill with a huge scar high along the side of it where silica used to be mined. Kevin and I often climbed it, finding interesting mineral looking stones there. At the back of the hill was a huge chasm, the junction of the Nepean and Bargo Rivers. It was very rugged country indeed.

On the right hand side of the road but invisible through the trees was a poultry farm owned by Mr. Tarlton and his sister Miss Tarlton. In drought time they pumped water for the chooks from Eliza Creek near their southern boundary. Three Italian prisoners of war lived and worked for Tarlton's through the war. They wore orange overalls. Kevin and I were scared of them although all they ever did was to come over to the fence and try to talk to us as we rode our bikes along the road.

Arina Road curved along downhill to the Eliza Creek Bridge which

Page 11