



# Hill End & Tambaroora Gathering Group Newsletter

Issue 15, September 2014

## Dear Hill Endians and Tambaroorians,

Our 2014 Gathering resulted in more than 90 participants signing our Visitor's Book and all the following families were represented. The weather was "changeable" but despite the showers we were well covered in the shelter shed where happy researchers were able to access many of the original records that we were able to bring along. Others just enjoyed the family time together and it was wonderful to see the good turnout especially from

the Wardmans, ably led by Betty, who are now regular supporters of our gatherings.

Bill Maris joined us as well and whilst Betty was not able to come this time she sent her good wishes to all those in attendance.

Through our website we have been contacted by more than 40 new members this year and as a result we have been able to share quite a bit more information from our records.

The following families were represented:

Ackermann	Codner	Goodwin	Medaris	Swannell
Alder	Cook	Hawkins	Millett	Thomas
Bake	Cullen	Hayes	Northey	Totolas
Baskerville	Dagger	Herman	Pascoe	Trevena
Beard	Diener	Hocking	Petrie	Triffone
Bender	Drakeford	Jarman	Porter	Tucker
Bennett(s)	Eldridge	Jenkyns	Pullen	Vane
Brailey	English	Lang	Pymont	Wallace
Brett	Ensor	Lawler	Rapp,	Walpole
Brice	Ettinger	Lawson	Reynolds	Wardman
Bryant	Evans	Longmore	Roberts	Warry
Charters	Everett	MacKenzie	Ross	Wells
Christie	Fitzgerald	Maris	Sherring	Willard
Clark/e	Gardiner	Martin	Smith	Wilson
Clemons	Gaynon	McCarthy	Starr	Woolard
Cocks	Goninan	McPhillamy	Suttor	Wright



Photos: clockwise

Current Convener, Lorraine Purcell with Bill Maris, convener for more than 40 years .

The bookstall, a source of delight for many.

Our members, deep in the research.

The Wardman family connections

**Date for next year's diary:**  
**Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> March** will see us all back at Rhodes sharing family & stories.

Well time for another newsletter to keep you up to date on what is happening within the gathering group. I can't believe that we are into September already and that our next market in Hill End is coming around so quickly... it just seems as if it was only a few weeks since we were packing up the remnants of our stalls after Easter and I am now preparing publicity and planning the stalls for our October Long Weekend event.



Beyers Ave Daffodils in August

October is a beautiful time to visit. Not only are the spring flowers all bursting into bloom but the weather can be beautiful as well (but no guarantees...) Truly a photographer's paradise as well as a family historian's delight.

There is a range of accommodation options available to suit all tastes and budgets so book early to avoid disappointment if you plan to visit during the October Long Weekend.

This year, as well as the market there is also another special event in the town: The Hill End artists will be holding their **Open Studio Day** on Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> October. This will be a wonderful opportunity to see a totally different side of the town that was once home to your ancestors. Some say it is the light, others say it is the ambience while others say it is the unique lifestyle in a place that has so much history that constantly and artistically draws them to this place. Whatever it is, it certainly only adds to the atmosphere. There are more details about this event further on in the newsletter.

While you are in planning mode now is the time to start thinking about our next **Gathering in Hill End in 2015**. Run over the full weekend of 26<sup>th</sup> & 27<sup>th</sup> September, it will be a chance to once again walk in the footsteps of your ancestors when we gather there for a few days. Think of this as an opportunity to collect your family together and rekindle friendships made at previous gatherings as well as possibly meet new connected families.

We will be arranging for a coach from and to Sydney to transport those who require this service. More details will be forthcoming as arrangements are confirmed, but consider this as advance notice to put in your diary now!



## Condolences

We extend our condolences to the family and friends of the following Gathering Group members who passed away recently.

- Norm Rushton passed away 11 March 2014
- Winifred Mary Henderson (late of Berowra) passed away on 2 July 2014
- Edith Beatrix Arnold (nee Kerr) passed away 10 July 2014 aged 90 years.



Edith was born in Fremantle, both her parents had been married previously and she had a large extended family plus one sister from their marriage, Edith being the youngest. As a young woman she was apprenticed as a tailoress and when the war broke out she joined the Australian Women's Army Service. She was extremely proud of her war service and stayed in contact with her Army friends all her life. She was made a life member of their organisation some years ago. During that time she helped write and produce their Newsletter.

After the war she married Keith (Jack) Warland Arnold, formerly of Charters Towers, Queensland and together they built their own home in Dianella, a suburb not far from the city of Perth. She had a busy life with home & family but once her children, Sandra & Gary, had grown she started to look into other activities and enjoyed yoga, pottery, photography and began writer's classes. She started writing stories and poetry and then became involved in her family history, travelling across Australia several times for Hill End reunions.

Jack passed away in 1993 and for some years she was on her own working hard on her family histories. About 16 years ago she met up with a long-time friend, with whom she had been close friends and dancing partners in wartime. Together they shared the next 16 years, travelling again to Hill End and overseas to the UK. They enjoyed their life together, making jam, looking after the garden and sharing a quiet life. As they both approached their 90th year their health began to let them down and Edith moved into the RSL Homes, Menora Gardens in April this year. She was beginning to settle into the lifestyle but other health issues arose and on the 4th July she was admitted to Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital. In those last few days she was surrounded by her 'family' - children, grandchildren and great children, enjoying their company right to the end.

Edith passed away on the 10 July 2014, much loved by all.





## No Stone Unturned: a Furphy?

Karen Bates, one of our volunteers records the journey taken as the result of a chance enquiry... We thought you may enjoy travelling along with her. Can you add anything to the story? But it MUST be evidence based ...please!

Everyone who knows of the Hill End & Tambaroora Goldfields knows of Harry Hodge; long term resident of Hill End, Headmaster, Historian and a 1971 M.B.E. recipient. Well, grab a copy of his Hill End Story Book 1, turn to page 26 and get hooked on the mystery of Sergeant Jipp. Can't get a copy... well here's that sliver of information offered by Hodge:

*“By 1852 or, at latest, 1853, Tambaroora was a settled community proclaimed as a goldfield and fossickers ransacked the nearby creeks and gullies in search of gold. Gold started to flow away from the field under escort in the same year. Members of the serving British Regiment at the time acted as escort. Their camp was established about a kilometre due east of the present cemetery on what later became the Hill End Racecourse. It was here that Sergeant Jipp was killed in a camp brawl and buried on the spot. For many years his grave was marked by a blaze on a large stringybark tree (pictured) but time and white ants combined to destroy it, some years after the photograph was taken. The grave is now marked by a sandstone slab placed by the writer and inscribed simply: Sgt Jipp 1853.”*



Blazed tree at Sergeant Jipps' Grave - T. Ryan

I don't know about you, but I *love* a good mystery. Something about the thrill of the chase - fitting random pieces of information together to form a completed story. Bit like jigsaw puzzles really. There's an exhilaration with every piece you seek until the last, when only then can you return to a peaceful state. But what happens to the human condition when that expectation is never met. Have you ever experienced the frustration of buying a thousand piece jigsaw puzzle at your local opp shop for a bargain basement price of \$2.00, then spent every

waking moment putting it together only to find out the last piece is *missing!*

Should you admit defeat, concluding the story told by the puzzle will never be finished? In family history research we call that "hitting a brick wall." Well here's a brick wall that has been frustrating a few of our researchers for the past few months...

I first heard about the "cry" for finding Sgt Jipp when a researcher, Ken Medway, contacted Lorraine seeking information on the actual site of Sgt Jipp's grave. The only information that was known appeared in Hodge's book, and Jipp's death is immortalized on the National Police Honour Roll in Canberra for being killed on duty. Anyway, my recessive gene for gold fossicking became dominant and I took up the challenge to track him down. I tuned into phrases such as 'blue books' and 'Jipp St Penrith'. Blue Books. Darn! This meant driving up the M4 to Kingswood.

Hoping to save myself a trip to the State Records, I began searching for Sgt Jipp in cyber space with a wonderful innovative tool called Trove. The person behind this must be a genius. Just type in a key word, (in this case Jipp) and *voila*. How hard could it be to track down a member of the constabulary in the thick of the gold rush where news correspondents were as abundant as the gold itself?

So I typed in "Jipp". Yep, this looks promising; the name appears in South Australia, Tasmania, and Penrith. Unfortunately not Tambaroora. I decide to follow the 'Jipp St Penrith' clue. Just a hunch, but maybe our sergeant came from this area and they named the street after him. He was killed in the line of duty after all.

After linking the paper trail I discovered the street was named after a Mrs Jipp who donated her land for government housing. A quick family history search revealed no reference to a policeman in this Jipp family. Time to think outside the square; after all we are talking seventy two years since Sgt Jipp's name was blazed into the tree and Harry Hodge viewing it. Seventy two years of rain, snow and blazing sun, not to mention those pesky white ants. Who knows, maybe 'G' became a 'J'. So I typed in "Gipp", no. What about "Pipp", no. "Tipp!" "Kipp!" "Jopp!", "Japp!" This monosyllabic approach had to go. When you can't find gold on the surface you dig a little deeper. But how do you dig in cyber space? Back to Hodge's story.

I've got it! He mentions a camp. I wonder if this is the same camp Will Carter refers to in his reminisces: 'The Old Goldfields' Tambaroora No. 8, DEAD MAN'S FLAT, (published in the *Wellington Times* 3<sup>rd</sup> January 1938). The story begins with..."There was never any mining done at Dead Man's Flat, but there was a camp there of some size."

I reached for Harry's book again recalling a mention of a creek by that name. I flicked to page 125 and read...

“After receiving waters of Deadman’s Creek from the old racecourse - that creek is so named because of the fact that Sergeant Jipp was buried on its bank in 1853...” I felt hopeful after reading Will Carter’s story that a camp and a place called Deadman’s Creek actually existed behind the Tambaroora Cemetery. My fingers danced with excitement as I tapped out the following phrases: “Dead Man’s Creek Tambaroora”. No results! *What the fossick, Mr Fairfax*, every town has a Dead Man’s Creek. I proceeded to type my question in many different ways. “Sergeant buried on bank of creek”, “trooper murdered and buried on camp”, “Blazed tree on flat”, “engraved name!”, “Miners fight, Sergeant murdered!” “KAREN, SERGEANT JIPP IS BURIED HERE” Aaargh!

I found myself becoming a logologist, manipulating the English language in the hope of uncovering some secret code that spelt out Sergeant Jipp. Then finally a carrot from the *Sydney Morning Herald* February 1853: “Troopers armed with pointed bayonets take miners into custody at the Turon leaving children homeless.” My curiosity heightened and further searching led me to this article in the *Empire*, Friday 11 February 1853: “On the Meroo and at Tambaroora the spirit of resistance is said to be still stronger and more unanimous.” Resistance! If there was ever a time for a trooper to be murdered, this was it. I dug deeper. Several articles informed its readers that Captain Batty rode into the Turon to enforce the new act accompanied by at least sixty troopers, forty of which belonged to the 11<sup>th</sup> British Regiment.

Wow, ‘New Act’ ‘Resistance’. This is New South Wales’ very own Eureka Stockade. Was Sergeant Jipp a member of this Regiment? An email to Lorraine, together with input by two other Gathering Group volunteers, Verna and Bea, and the chase led me to the Mitchell Library.



The Gold Escort - Gill

On a grey morning I drove past St Mary’s Cathedral and turned into Domain Road. Remembering how difficult it is to park in Hospital Road I headed straight for the NSW Art Gallery. Bound to be parking this early. On approach my jaw dropped. My strategy worked. Not one, but five vacant car-spots. It started to rain. No problem, just a five minute stroll sheltered by fig trees sprawling across the Domain.

Opening my purse, I sifted through endless amounts of silver coins - no gold coins. Before my blood pressure rose I noticed the meter took credit cards. Don’t you just love Sydney! In goes the credit card. Up flashed “Bay 6 vacant”. Ah-yeh, that’s why I’m giving you my credit card. I tried again. “Bay 6 vacant”. I tried another number. “Bay 7 vacant”. “Bay 3 vacant”. Bay 5, 4. Clearly the meter was broken. That would explain the five vacant parking bays. If it’s too easy...

Returning to my car I chanted the words “breathe in, keep calm” while I drove down Hospital Road. All types and colours of parked cars flashed by, so did the Mitchell Library. Around the block I went, again and again, each time driven by the thrill of the chase and refusing the “Early Bird Special” offered by KKK Parking. After all I only intended to be a couple of hours so metered parking would be cheaper. On the fourth lap however I gave up ‘Existential Now’ and took the special. At least I wouldn’t have to worry about the meter running out.

I turned the wheel and took the plunge. In and around and down and around and down I drove into the depths of the basement where a gentleman in uniform approached my car. I’m impressed...Valet parking and all for \$20.00. Stepping out of my car I happily handed him the keys and said “I’ll only be a couple of hours.” He raised his eyebrows and said “you have to leave your car here all day, that’s the special.” I clenched my teeth, took back my keys and proceeded to wind my way back to the top cursing Sgt Jipp as I did two more laps of the block before spotting a car about to vacate a metered parking. I pulled up along-side and the driver wound down his window. Just my luck I thought, he’s going to tell me he’s not leaving. ‘There’s an hour left on the meter’, he said. Yahoo!! It’s a sign, I’m going to find Sergeant Jipp today.

Making myself known at the information desk, I was shown the shelf where reels containing British Regiment’s Wages Books were lined up like soldiers. Choosing a reel which covered the years 1852-53, I sat at a projector and scrolled through wages for the 11<sup>th</sup> Regiment. When Captain Ball’s name appeared I knew I had the right section. For I remembered a Trove article dated 4 June 1853 reporting on a Tambaroora Race Meeting being graced by the Tambaroora and Sofala Commissioners and Captain Ball of the 11<sup>th</sup> Regiment and afterwards a “Fine Dinner” at Wallace’s Inn. So on seeing the Captain’s name I continued searching... ‘Gipp, Jubb, Grubb and Hog. But no Jipp. I reached for another reel to follow these names. Alas all men accounted for...

Back at home on Trove and hours turned into days, knowing in the back of my mind a trip up the M4 may put my anxieties to rest. Off I went. Approaching the overpass I glanced at the traffic *flowing* up the M4. Feeling relieved I switched on the radio and

sang along as I circled around and down the on ramp, then...BRAKE! I read the flashing overhead sign: "Accident at old toll way, estimated time to Penrith...ONE HOUR!" I inched up the M4, wishing I had listened to my inner voice as I watched fellow travellers flick and swipe their iPhone, play air guitar and punch the steering wheel when the driver in front refused to play by the rules, by not closing the gap.

Finally past the hot spot I was on my way to finding Sgt Jipp. I arrived at my destination at 10.00am, eager to take a photograph of 'Australia's Most Wanted'. So with my trusty iPhone in hand and heart beating faster I ran upstairs allowing myself one hour to view the records, then back home to rest before driving to the other side of Sydney to start work at 4.00pm.

At the top of the stairs my eyes smiled as they scanned the vacant room. Brilliant! I marched on over to the information desk and asked to see the 'Blue Books'. Once shown the drawer where the microfiche containing the Blue Books were kept I selected NSW Civil Establishment, Returns of Police Reel 1721, 1850-1853[4/7406-08].

Sitting at the machine I positioned the film referring to 1853, clicked on the light, focussed the lens and zigzagged the plate excitedly. Names of Civil Civic Departments flashed past my eyes. I come to a halt at Native Police. "Rush O!" Let's get Jipp!

I scan down the ranks. Superintendent this... Captain that... Lieutenant what-ever... Sergeants... (15). Mmm. I shifted across to the next screen. Mounted Police: Sergeants (8)...what! Foot Police: Sergeant's (10)...ARE YOU KIDDING ME. With the realization that Sergeants weren't important enough to be listed individually, I dragged my deflated feet over to the information counter, where I was shown the Archives in Brief Number 20, a brochure which gave an overview of major resources that relate to Policeman in NSW.

Something caught my eye. I asked for the Gold Commissioner's letters for 1853. The assistant grimaced as she completed her search and said "Sorry we only have Gold Commissioner's letters for 1852." Of course you do....

After a twenty minute wait for my request and feeling very 'CSI: TAMBAROORA' with the official white gloves, I struggled to read the handwriting of Commissioners Green and Broughton's letters of 1852 to each other and to the Legislative Council. As I read on my hopes of finding Jipp elevated as names of sergeants not mentioned in Trove articles appeared. But alas, no Jipp. Next listed in Archives in Brief Number 20 was Police Salary Registers, 1835-1915.

A silent buzz filled the room. Now standing at the tail end of a long queue of family researchers, each with their own brick wall to hurdle, I listened as their inquiries fired like bullets. I waited anxiously smiling

through gritted teeth at the man in front whose eyes repeatedly dropped down onto an oversized document in his hand. To avoid getting into a discussion about the Spanish Inquisition I looked skyward and speculated about Sgt Jipp -the man.

Did he have his passage paid by the Government and in return swear to work for three years as a New South Wales Police officer? Was he a husband? A father? A hero? Was he gay, transgender, vegetarian, vegan, Aboriginal...Chinese...IRISH? I snapped out of my torturous state when the assistant said "Next Please."

Before long with the reel containing Police Salary Registers in hand, I returned to the projector only to find City Police listed. Who knows, maybe Jipp transferred from Sydney to Tambaroora? But that wasn't the case. However, donning a fresh pair of gloves I chose to view Gold Escort returns for 1851-56. What a relief to see Sergeants names listed. Edwards, Giles, Cassidy, Bagwell, Jett, Gates and Hipwell appeared for Tambaroora. Hipwell...I wondered. Hip? Jipp? The Mounted Police Registers were next, but at 3.00pm it was time re-join my eastern travellers on the M4.

The following day I sent an email to Lorraine about my disappointment at the State Records and her reply put me on the road of discovery again with names such as Malcolm Drinkwater (owner of *History Hill*) and Bill Y## (former resident of Hill End who now lives in Kandos).

Searching the White Pages I'm confronted with four people with the same surname who live in Kandos. Eenie Meenie Miney Mo...No that won't do. I apply my deductive reasoning and choose 'C W Y## after all most men inherited their father's or grandfather's middle name. "W" could stand for William... "Bill" short for William. I dialled C W Y## and to my delight, Bill answered. As Sherlock would say "Elementary Dear Watson!"

I introduced myself and then proceeded to interrogate Bill on his knowledge of Sgt Jipp. "Yep, I remember seeing the grave as a boy of about 12 or 13 years. My grandfather owned a property called *Silent Dale* and helping him strip bark one day I came across quartz rocks in a circle measuring 6ft by 3ft and at the head a stringy bark tree engraved with the name Sgt Jipp or Gipp but I thought it was about 1865-66." Bill later told me his grandfather's property was subdivided into two. The first remained known as *Silent Dale* and the second was called *Blacks Property*. It is the latter, continued Bill that was the site of the old Racecourse. I asked if he knew the story of Sgt Jipp and he said "Sergeant Jipp was running away with another man's wife. The husband caught, killed and buried him on the spot." No, that's not what I imagined the sort of man Jipp to be.

After my phone call to Bill, I did a quick family search in the NPWS files on the Y## family. What a rich family

history Bill has, a family who fought off aborigines, heard the cries of the Chinese at Lambing Flat, eventually returning to Tambaroora and settling down at the Paling Yards to raise a family of poets, folk singers, musicians and artists. I see Bill's place in the family tree... Clyde Wallace Y## born 1922. Wallace! So much for my deductive reasoning, or was it serendipity...

Feeling my conversation with Bill was more fate than just turning over another stone I called Lorraine to report on my pursuit of finding forensic evidence of Jipp. "Do you know who owns *Silent Dale*?" I asked Lorraine. She recalls a woman from *Silent Dale* having a stall at the Hill End markets. She thinks it's a sheep farm. Back to Google and Bingo! Caspar Crafts, Eric & Ann, *Silent Dale*. Ann told me she had not heard of Sgt Jipp as they'd only bought the property from Robert Anderson, a short time ago. He still lives in the area. After discussing the subdivision of *Silent Dale* we worked out that *Blacks Property* is now part of Malcolm Drinkwater's property "*History Hill*", appropriately named I thought. Ann couldn't help with finding Jipp however she did give me a copy of an original mining lease belonging to her property dated 1885 that she found tucked away in the house when they purchased it.

A call to Malcolm Drinkwater revealed his long time obsession with finding Sgt Jipp too. He remembers grading over quartz rocks when clearing the land as a teenager, thinking at the time the rocks were out of character for the area. Malcolm says he believes Sgt Jipp was... no Malcolm don't say it... "A bushranger!"

That night I returned home from work and checked my answering machine. "You have four new messages. Received 7<sup>th</sup> July at 10.00am... 'Sh#t!'" Second message received 12.55pm. "Ah Sh#t!" third message received at 2.00pm "Bast..d!" At first I thought it was an obscene caller, then I had a hunch. I rang Bill. He wanted to tell me about the article he found on Sgt Jipp. It turned out to be names listed on the National Police Honour Roll. We talked a bit about his ancestors and before he said goodbye he told me to get my phone fixed.

I had one more lead from Lorraine to follow. An email from Bev Hodge (Harry Hodge's daughter) on another matter, some time ago. Maybe had she heard something growing up. I waited for the message to bounce, but it didn't and within two days Bev replied. She wrote her dad planned to show her Sgt Jipp's burial site but couldn't find it again. Wouldn't you know it!

This quest to find Jipp became personal. I needed locate his resting place for myself to prove he existed. Off to Hill End I went dragging my partner along for the ride. Standing in the untamed bush at the back of cemetery we walked east into the unknown. Five hundred meters in and a barbed wire fence & a mention of CCTV stood in our way. Darn! We calculated our position to be at the back of *History Hill*. A call to Malcolm revealed that it would be best to come around to the front of his property

and he would show us the area to search. We trudged back through mud and straddled weathered fallen trees. With my head spinning in all directions from unidentified sounds I tripped on a sandstone rock - upturning it. My belief in superstitious signs took hold. Was this the memorial stone engraved by Harry Hodge? I examined the rock. When the disappointment hit me, so did the delayed deep pain which shot up my leg... ARRGH! #!+\*!+?! WHERE'S WALLY!!! We spent time searching Malcolm's property to no avail.

With my bruised and throbbing leg I left Tambaroora behind thinking of the next stone to upturn. If University taught me anything it was to always go to the primary source whenever possible. Jipp was nowhere to be found and Harry Hodge has long passed. However, notes regarding his manuscript of the Hill End Story Book 1 were stored in the Mitchell Library. Back I went.

Thirty minutes after handing in a request slip I was flicking through Harry Hodge's draft copies and notes for *The Hill End Story* book 1. After sometime I came across the writings on Sgt Jipp. Not much had changed in the editing process. However reading his chapter on "Crimes and Misdemeanours" one word rang bells in my ears. Harry writes "From 1852-1893 there are only five recorded murders in the district - those of Sgt Jipp of the gold escort (1853)... Recorded! RECORDED. This sounded official. Further searching failed to present any noted resources. I thought long and hard for places where Jipp's murder would have been recorded other than newspaper. Of course! Tambaroora Bench Books for 1852-53. An email to State Records revealed they only have the books covering 1862. Yet another brick wall...

Late at night and woken from a sound sleep, I lay there and thought about Sergeant Jipp. And ask myself these questions. "Did J Furphy & Sons know what they were starting when their mobile water tanks with the word 'FURPHY' written in red were parked outside WWI Trooper's latrines? A place where soldiers made up stories to fill in the missing gaps not told by their commanding officers to ease their anxieties. And so the concept of the 'Furphy' was born, along with the maxim:

Good, better, best, never let it rest,  
Till your good is better, and your better - best!

Sgt Jipp... have we been "jipped" [sic]? Does Absence of Evidence mean Evidence of Absence?

Sergeant Jipp... Will I ever rest in peace?

*[So far the journey has not been in vain. As a result of the above research we now know about the presence of at least 3 early racecourses in Tambaroora, as well as the location of 2 Troopers camps and the old Gold Escort track to Sofala. - Lorraine]*

## **Charles de Boos and Hill End – Tambaroora, 1857-1872**

Part 2 (Part 1 appears in Newsletter No 14)  
by Peter Crabb

Some five years later, journalist de Boos was back in Tambaroora and Hill End, providing three reports as part of another series of 'Random Notes by a Wandering Reporter'.

Tambaroora had changed. "Like all old diggings, it has a most unpromising look of decadence. From end to end of the valley, which forms the flood bed of the creek, nothing is to be seen but one uninterrupted line of worked-out ground".

Saplings have grown up amongst the deserted holes which line the course of the stream, and serve, to some extent, to veil the nakedness of the land; but still the inexorable barrenness of a broad belt of the centre of the valley is not to [be] concealed, and gives birth to that peculiarly depressing feeling which the sight of a worn-out gold-field is so calculated to inspire.

The number of miners had declined significantly, and "the town of Tambaroora, with its one long broken main street, its stores, and its public houses, [was] looking somewhat faded it is true – fallen from the high estate of former days of mad prosperity, but certainly with no signs of desertion about it". At the same time, however, the account gives the clear impression of continuing prosperity, in terms of the number of stores, and their goods, including a baker who goes in for the higher branches of the trade, and furnishes a daily supply of pastry to tempt stray pennies out of the pockets of the youthful Tambaroorans. The rugged denizens of these snowy, frosty, freezing heights are not above the little weaknesses of the more effete dwellers on the sunny seaboard; and their youthfulness [sic] are as ardent lovers of buns and parliament, gingerbread and brandysnaps, as are the Sydney schoolboys.

As another sign of well-being, plans were in hand for a new Episcopalian church building.

The second of the three articles was devoted to 'The Bald Hills' and especially Hawkins' Hill. de Boos writes at some length of the unusual geology, in terms of the presence of gold, the reef and vein mining, and the difficulties created by the terrain and the costs these impose, especially in terms of carting rock to the crushing machines. Nonetheless, here there were large



numbers of miners. He is highly critical of the Colonial Government at the lack of a government geologist to undertake the needed scientific work that would be of great benefit to the miners. This was in contrast to Victoria and Queensland.

Here, however, we are content to fumble along in the dark, lighted only every here and there by the beacons which public spirited writers have set up for guidance, and for which the Government is in no way to be thanked.

In the third article, de Boos turns his attention to the township of Hill End. The township "was not a very extensive one as yet, but showing unmistakable signs of increase". There were some fifty dwellings, as well as others closer to Hawkins' Hill.

In the township, there are four public-houses and five stores, but the number of both will shortly be increased. ... Of tradesmen, there are two butchers, one baker, two bootmakers, three blacksmiths, three carpenters, and one builder. There is also a chemist's shop, with the orthodox red lamp in front ... The public buildings consist of churches belonging to the Episcopalian and Wesleyan bodies, and of a Public school ... [with] 137 children on its roll. Altogether the number of souls located on this portion of the gold-field may be computed at about 1200. Of these it is reckoned that fully 700 are miners engaged in working the claims or prospecting.

The three member police force is small but "quite sufficient, owing to the settled and orderly character of the population".

The agricultural activities of the area receive some interesting comments:

The immense hills to be ascended and descended would have been an impediment in the way of taking produce to market and fetching back supplies to the farm, sufficient to deter agricultural enterprise in this direction. Now the produce finds a market by an easy road, supplies are readily obtainable at a reasonable rate in the township, and all the advantages of proximity to a settled town are offered by the presence within reach of the various tradesmen, the blacksmith, saddler, &c., whose services are so constantly in requisition in connection with an agricultural establishment.

As well as produce grown in the miners' gardens, which included vegetables and fruit trees, de Boos reported that some 526 acres were under cultivation, producing wheat, maize, barley, potatoes, and hay.

Charles de Boos was back in the Tambaroora-Hill End area again in 1871. He wrote about the Dirt Hole, Tambaroora and Hill End district, but most of the five articles, in another series of 'Random Notes by a Wandering Reporter', were devoted to Hawkins' Hill. Further accounts are given of the area's topography. He noted that Hill End was "the most important at the



present time”, but “as an alluvial field, Tambaroora is a thing of the past”. He gives detailed accounts of many of the mining operations, including the underground workings, a number of which he experienced first-hand. (That he did not go underground at others caused some “umbrage”.) His longest account was of the Northumberland Claim of Mr. James Brown, which had thus far produced gold to the value of £28,000. Such accounts clearly met the requirements of his task “deputed” by the Editor “of making a close and careful examination of the locality to which so much attention has lately been drawn”.

The last visit of Charles de Boos to Hill End, and one of his last visits to a goldfield as a Herald reporter, was at the beginning of 1872. It seems to have been a special trip, taking in no other places. His report has added interest as it was made only a few months before the visit of the photographer, Beaufoy Merlin, which resulted in the remarkable photographs that have become part of what is now known as ‘The Holtermann Collection’ and which complement the words of de Boos:



Hill End Panorama (Holtermann Collection)

Only some five months have passed since I made my last trip to this now famous locality, and the changes have been so great during that comparatively brief period that I hardly know where to commence in describing them. Beginning, however, with the township itself, the improvement in that interval has been very great. Several good brick buildings have been erected, or are in the course of erection, two fine roomy hotels have been constructed, and, as a set-off to these, two churches have been commenced. A brick cottage for the branch of the Joint Stock Bank is being rapidly pushed on, and a site has been selected for a branch of the Bank of N.S.Wales. Shops and stores of a more imposing character than those which previously graced the town have been put up wherever sites can be obtained in the regular business tracks, while residences of every kind are dotted about in all directions, spreading back over the pleasant undulating ground lying eastward of the town, for more than half a mile. Seen from the top of the Bald Hill, south-west of the town, and the highest point of the range, the picture is a most pleasing one, as almost every store, house, or hut is brought into view; whilst the sun,

shining upon the galvanized iron so plentifully used in roofing, remind one of some of those fabled cities of the East, where the houses were of silver and the streets paved with gold.

But all of this is nothing in comparison with the manner in which the actual mining work upon this field has been extended.

The expansion of gold mining came as no surprise to him. “From Red Hill on the north, the whole line of country is thickly taken up [and actively worked], right down Hawkins Hill to the Turon River”. “With regard to the rich claims on the western face of Hawkins Hill, these are gradually extending. One after another encounters the gold laden veins”. Mining was being undertaken everywhere, in spite of the difficult terrain; it was necessary to “have the feet of a mountain goat or a Hill End miner”. At one shaft on Bald Hill, the men very kindly showed me some of the stone from this vein, and I can assure that it made a very prettily [sic] little dishful of specimens. You may gather some notion of what the men themselves think of it from the fact that they asked £6000 for their claim.

The regular coach services between Hill End and Bathurst and Hill End and Pyramul (on the Mudgee railway line) were further indication of the wide interest in Hill End and its gold mining. And this was before the discovery of the massive ‘Holtermann’ nugget in the ‘Star of Hope’ later in the year.

Charles de Boos may not have written ‘A Visit to the Western Goldfields’, published in the Sydney Morning Herald in 1858-59, but over a period of sixteen years, from 1857 to 1872, he wrote a number of articles that provide valuable accounts of the mining operations and their communities in the Tambaroora-Hill End district, as well as providing an indication of the many changes that took place. For those with a special interest in this fascinating locality, Charles de Boos’s writings merit more detailed examination.

*[Whilst this comprehensive research by a family member has overtaken our theory that the “Special Correspondent” in “Golden Journeys” was deBoos we are thrilled that it has engendered family history research to such a complex level.-  
Bea Brooks & Lorraine Purcell]*



As a result of our "Sports Edition (Issue 14) we received the following yarn from Tony Barton, a descendant of boxer, Joe Goddard

### JOE GODDARD-THE BARRIER CHAMPION



Joe Goddard

Whilst I fully recognise that not every reader of this newsletter has an interest in boxing, I nevertheless thought it worthwhile to follow up Lorraine's entertaining articles - which I hadn't before seen - with some further snapshots of "Old Joe." That said, however, I am considering pulling together the collection of material that I do have into a short biography and would welcome any information at all that any readers of this newsletter might have.

A larger than life character familiar to many with connections to the Hill End - Tambaroora area, Pyramul-born Joe seemed to fall almost completely out of favour with sporting writers from the mid 1950's on, and thus out of public memory; the root cause of this as much as anything being research that was shallow or lazy at best, with use then reuse of regurgitated secondary material perpetuating the trend. However in his heyday Joe was regarded as the equal to any man in the world and for many years after his death was certainly a household name for those with an interest in sport.

Thanks to the power of the net, much old information is coming to light; in fact Joe is now arguably better known these days in America, where he died in 1903, than in his own country.

Joe's birth certificate shows that he was actually born in 1857, not 1861 as his fight record shows; he was apparently in the habit of putting his age back here by four years, and if enough is good more must be better, by another four when he went to the States.

At the time when Joe was just beginning to make his way into the Queensberry based fight game, as distinct to the bare-knuckle prize fighting he had engaged in during his earlier years, the Maitland-born Francis P. "Paddy" Slavin, British Empire Heavy-weight Champion, although four years younger, was well established as one

of the world's very best. There has been much argument as to whether the two ever met, with most historians deciding not, but the following item (plus another two from 1888 and 1916 not shown here) suggests that there was a meeting of sorts, if not a contest in the normal sense of the word.

**From the *West Australian* Tuesday July 11 1933  
*OLD TIME FIGHTERS.*  
*EPICS OF THE FANCY. Paddy Basto's Memories.***

Tall and gnarled and of the real old fighting mould, Paddy Basto, veteran referee of more than 3,000 encounters, is a veritable encyclopaedia of Australian boxing. He knew it in its golden age when its fighters were returning with the scalps of world champions and when men were fighting to a finish with bare knuckles and 4oz. gloves. He saw it languish and revive when H. D. McIntosh imported Jack Johnson, Tommy Burns, and a galaxy of other champions. He was the last man suggested after weeks of wrangling to referee at the Johnson v. Burns bout for the world heavyweight championship in Sydney. But Burns disagreed and it is now a matter of history that on the day of the fight H. D. McIntosh, promoter of the contest, stepped into the breach and acted as third man.

Later he refereed on troopships, kept the 'digger' spirit at war heat in Egypt and at the Mudros base and afterwards in France staged fights to the deep orchestration of not too distant artillery. Now at practically every charity tournament in Perth he makes a nimble and watchful third man — perhaps a forlorn quest for another champion. The Commissioner of Railways is now his chief and yesterday, in a quiet corner of the Mechanic's Institute, he gave his memory full rein. 'People have often wondered how I, belonging to a quiet studious family, drifted into the boxing game. Perhaps old diggers coming down to Melbourne from the gold rushes of the 'seventies, who stayed at my dad's hotel in Flinders-street, started the fascination. Carried high on the shoulders of great brawny miners I used to watch the great battles staged at Jockey Best's Hall, in Spring-street. Old Jack King and Buffalo Costello, both dandy fighters, taught me the game. I could use a fair pair of fists myself in those days of amateur scraps. One night I went to the old Apollo Hall where Jack Morris and Milky, two star liners, were fighting. They were stuck for a referee and Jack King, Costello's partner, asked me to officiate, and the fighters agreed. I was only 19 then, but seemed to give satisfaction. After that I was often called upon to referee bouts.

#### **Last of the Bare Knuckle Fights.**

'About that time I met Joe Goddard, the Barrier heavyweight champion and later Australian champion, who had just beaten Owen Sullivan at Broken Hill, and was with him when he was challenged by Ned Ryan for a fight with bare knuckles. They fought at the West Melbourne swamp, then being formed into the now

thriving docks. <sup>1</sup> It was a Homeric battle. They fought savagely for 17 rounds before Ryan cried 'Enough.' I thought Ryan would have had enough by three rounds, but the punishment they gave and received just showed what giants the men of those days were. The discovery of Goddard was most interesting. With hundreds of other navvies <sup>2</sup> he was working on the Watts River scheme for the supply of water for the Yanyean reservoir<sup>3</sup>. The famous Slavin brothers, Frank, Jack and Bill, had a boxing booth nearby and were taking on all-comers. To stand up to them for even four rounds was considered very good.

One night Goddard watched the show and was persuaded to put the gloves on with Jack Slavin, and to everyone's surprise he stopped him in a couple of rounds. The Slavin ire was raised and he was asked to box Bill the following night. A show down was expected, but Bill went the same way as his brother. Then the mighty Frank Slavin entered the fray to teach Joe a lesson. People came from far and wide and they saw Goddard stand up to six hard rounds. He was not beaten then, but his mates decided it had gone far enough. That led up to the contest between Ryan and Goddard. A brawl followed, and then they had the battle at the swamp.

*(Another report notes that Joe walked five miles from camp for the meetings with the brothers Slavin. Perhaps the following statement indicates the respect they subsequently developed for each other).*

### Champions of the Ring - 1908

'Surprise was often expressed that Goddard and Slavin were never matched; but these two giants agreed never to take notice of any attempt to bring them together in the boxing ring. "There are," remarked Slavin, "plenty of men in the world to out, and lots of dollars to be picked up, without our battering each other about."

Tony Barton [a.barton75@yahoo.com](mailto:a.barton75@yahoo.com) ((03) 5155 2765)



### Found during our Trove browsing:

**In Hill End cemetery an old public house sign is used as the head board of a grave. On one side is set forth that the deceased was born in 18— and died in 18—, and that in between these dates she was a loving wife and a good mother. In faded letters beneath this inscription there appears the legend: "Licensed to sell fermented and spirituous liquors."—Not in the next world, we hope.**

Riverina Recorder (Balranald, Moulamein, Wednesday 7 September 1892)

<sup>1</sup> Now the area known as Docklands where we also find Etihad Stadium

<sup>2</sup> Joe was actually a contractor employing others

<sup>3</sup> Melbourne's main water supply

## The Mailman's Time Machine

The Sydney Morning Herald Saturday 16 August 1947 p 9

(Another little gem from author GEORGE FARWELL)



The mail car was sheer Wild West

It appeared as though only faith on the part of the passengers, assorted wires and ropes and the driver's dexterity at the wheel held it on the road at all. When it ground up to the Sofala Post-office, piled with baggage, radiator already on the boil we wondered at the optimism of those intending to catch the ten o'clock train from Bathurst down to Sydney.

Bathurst, it is true, was only 30 miles away, and the sun just slipping behind the scrubby hills. But signposts take no account of steep gradients, hot engines and precipices lurking beneath the loose gravelled lip of mountain roads.

At the time we knew nothing of them either. "I'll get you there; don't worry" said our mail driver, jaunty and laconic. I believe he would have got us anywhere on three wheels, if need be; perhaps even on none at all. We heard later that he had been with the Commandos and wanted a quiet change.

A young fellow, slightly-built, with a lean jaw and an air as casual as though he were some lofty Constellation pilot, he wore a cowboy hat, with a red kerchief and buckled belt to set off the worn leather jerkin. His boots were cowboy boots, high heels giving him a polished swagger. His name was Tex.

"Okedoke!" Tex cried to his motley group of passengers. We dutifully climbed in. "All set?"

He pressed his foot on the starter, and for a moment the engine threatened to clatter in pieces through the floor. The sedan (vintage 1928) made somewhat vocal progress down Main Street. At any moment I expected to

see the lynx eyes of some six-gun sheriff at a saloon door, or hear a posse' of two-reeler desperadoes gallop up behind us. Sofala is that sort of town.

Its single street, deep in the Turon Valley, is lined with a forest of verandah posts; the whitewash on shanties and abandoned stores cannot disguise their age; the pubs resemble Wild West saloons; hitching posts, spring carts, and bearded old timers drowsing in the shade create the atmosphere of a different world. But for the chemist's single modern shop and a row of bowsers, the western fan might have believed himself in Texas or Colorado.

Actually, Sofala's personality is distinctively Australian; the Australia of a spacious and forgotten age. You need only to read "Robbery Under Arms" to recognise the town, for Rolf Boldrewood brought Starlight to the Turon diggings, basing several of his characters upon people in the district.

It was in this country, too, that the earliest rush took place. Edward Hammond Hargraves first discovered gold some forty miles north, where, on Summer Hill Creek a lonely township now bears his name.

No claims have been worked hereabouts for many years, but secretive fossickers hang on undaunted.

Talk among the mail car's passengers soon turned to gold. "I could tell you a few tales," said an ample old lady jammed up against me by the window. "The old dad was in the thick of it."

As yet we were too preoccupied to listen. Before we left Main Street, Tex had hailed a lounging figure beside a post, asking if he could detect any wobbling of his offside wheels. We rattled across a perilously loose-timbered bridge and, half-way up the steep hill, he hung out of the open door, trying to secure some baggage shaken loose.

At the top of the long hill we stopped to let a spade-bearded gentleman get out. It seemed a lonely spot, but he walked confidently into the scrub and vanished. Tex said he had a selection somewhere below the ridge.

Our next stop was to be Wattle Flat, where the ample old lady had lived since childhood and through which some bygone adventurer, a mate of her father's, had once galloped his horse shod with gold.

To-day it yields a reluctant living only to apple growers and sheep farmers. Rugged and thickly timbered, this country is still not far removed from pioneering times. For the traveller it is starkly picturesque.

Sofala, remote, half forgotten, has a beauty I have rarely seen equalled anywhere. Set in a narrow valley, among vividly green hills, its trim white-painted houses disguise the fact that it has fallen on hard times. On the outskirts are wattle and daub cottages, ageing old homes at peace in emerald paddocks. The Turon, one of the most swiftly-flowing rivers in Australia has carved deep

channels between the hills, lining them with pink clay beneath over-hanging rocks of a brilliant red.

Historically, this rich colour was significant, for it revealed the gold bearing nature of the river.

Back in Mudgee that same morning several people had been astonished at my resolve to make this cross-country trip to Bathurst. "Only a hundred miles," they said. "But it takes you all day. It's most uncomfortable, sitting in a dusty truck."

I would not have missed the journey for all the world. Few people appear to know its scenic possibilities, the grandeur of hidden valleys, the bush quiet of isolated hamlets and selections, the massive granite-topped hills. It was likewise a journey through history - as though on a Wellsian Time Machine.

Jack Bennett, mailman on the Mudgee - Hill End - Sofala run, promised that his three-ton truck would make good time to link up with Tex's miraculous sedan. It meant fast driving over dusty roads. But it still left enough in hand to deliver bread, mail, and stores to settlers along the track; to yarn with casual acquaintances; to pick up messages and orders to be returned to Mudgee, and load several thousand skins from rabbiters.

Bennett had an astonishing memory, for he wrote nothing down. Like all back country mailmen, he was the unacknowledged organiser of their lives; without him settlers would have no contact with the outside world.

We swept through Hargraves in a cloud of dust, and that was all that moved. No sign remained of its bygone vitality, no echo of the turbulent throngs who had won fabulous wealth from its barren soil; only a few weed-grown mullock piles among whipstick scrub.

All was as quiet in Tambaroora, where Chinese had once patiently worked over the tailings left by impetuous whites. On an open, grassy flat their joss-house still stands, an abandoned timber frame to match the gaunt shells of shacks along the road.

At Lambing Flat nearby, Chinese and Australians had fought bitterly in the famous riot of 1861 and here, too, the Chinese bushranger, San Poo, had terrorised prospectors, shooting several before the troopers put their bullets through him.

From Tambaroora to Hill End, three miles of level road, the country is pitted with diggings that twist and burrow like the trenches of some old battlefield. This is the region which broke world records for its gold strikes.

There was the 6301b nugget found by the Germans Byers and Holtermann, nearly five feet high and worth £29,000. The Star of Peace mine at one period yielded 500 ounces to the bucket, 7,000 ounces from a single ton of stone. At Hargraves, another German, Krohmann, dug up a solid cake of gold; 5,612 ounces, worth £12,000.



To-day, Hill End is a place that has everything except people. A mere handful remain to inhabit a solidly-built town, mainly of stone, that once housed ten thousand. We approached it down a mile-long avenue of trees. Named with suitable dignity, Alderman Avenue, [Can't always believe journalists – Ed.] its rich dark pines, walnut willow, and cypresses were planted by Alderman Byers [sic] before his fortune failed him.

There is a moral in the career of Byers, not an uncommon one on the diggings. For years, with Holtermann, he worked useless claims, eked out a living by repairing watches and jewellery. The great nugget lifted him to prosperity, a leading figure in Hill End. Yet he ended his days on Morgan's goldfield, Western Australia, broke to the wide, straining his old eyes for a bit of colour.

Hill End, Tambaroora, Hargraves, Sofala have entered much the same decline. The glory has gone from the stone courthouse at Hill End, its stores and houses are mostly shells. One evacuated, broken-windowed store bravely advertises. "Specialist in Ladies' Hairdressing. Attend At Your Home If Required " Another, boarded up, offers "Boxing Taught Privately ". Only the Royal Hotel recalls the days of its prime, for a magnificent old bench of polished cedar in the bar must be worth all the land rents put together.

In Sofala, once a rip-roaring 42 pub town, you seem to catch the lost echo of thriving times, of diggers in cabbage-tree hats and moleskins, bullock drays, red-coated troopers, gold escorts, the throng of adventurers, actresses, horse-thieves, stockmen and nouveaux riches who once presented John Dunmore Lang with a bag of nuggets.

Addressing them under an apple tree on Commissioner's Hill, the great patriot and militant cleric had once likened their camp to the fishermen's tents beside the Sea of Galilee, voicing his faith in the vigour of the Australian nation-to-be.

But it is quiet now in the hills behind Bathurst.

## What's in a name?



The original photo

With the zoomable facility now available on the Holtermann photographs at the State Library a small sign above the front of a Hill End house has led to some interesting research for our volunteers. One, Sharon Hoyer, picked up on the name and started the quest. Here is her story:



The sign on a house called 'Goudhurst Place' Hill End in a photograph from the Holtermann Collection in the January newsletter drew my attention. Goudhurst is one of the parishes in Kent, England where my early Willard ancestors originated in the 17th century. What is the connection between Goudhurst in Kent and Hill End & Tambaroora, thousands of miles apart? With help from the Pioneer Register and Alan Condie, a connection between Goudhurst and James Doust of Hill End was found. James Doust was born in Goudhurst in 1822, the son of Thomas & Mary Doust. He arrived in NSW in 1838 and by 1854 was living in Tambaroora. Moving around he had returned to Hill End by 1871 where, in 1872 he remarried to Charlotte Clarke. It may be possible that it is Charlotte, seated in front of 'Goudhurst Place' in the Holtermann photograph, showing off her new wedding ring? ..or does the fingerless glove on her right hand have some significance?



It is remarkable that both Alan's ancestor James Doust and my James Sydney Willard's ancestors had origins in the tiny village of Goudhurst, Kent and both settled in the gold mining towns of Hill End & Tambaroora. It has

## I suffer from ADGD

(Attention Deficit Genealogy Disorder)

It's when you start researching one ancestor, but get distracted by another ancestor, which causes you to bounce around to different ancestors only to end up doing a lot of work with very little to show for it!



Teach Me Genealogy



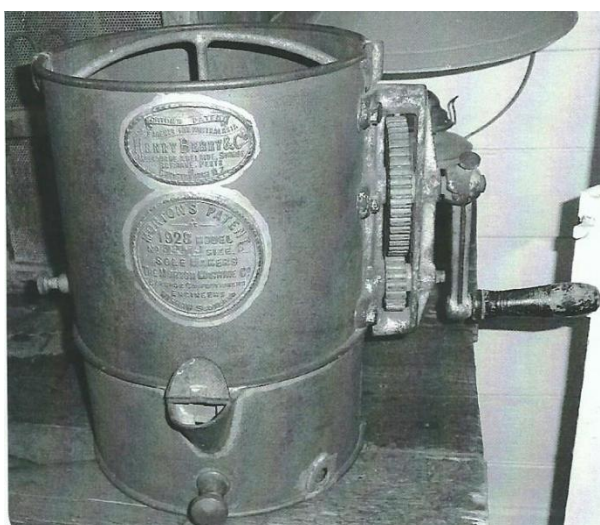
been great to correspond with Alan and to share with him photos of my trip to Goudhurst last year. Often connections between families and villages are found in unusual ways.

Since Sharon wrote to us about the above coincidence we have also been able to connect this home to Dr Fischer, who was in Hill End area from the early 1860s until he died there in 1915. In a small collection of documents and photos recently donated to the family history files, an original of this same photo (taken between 1872 and 1875) appears with a notation on the back, "The first home at Hill End - A J Fischer", [Dr Fischer's son]. So, the actual house, may have been located near Standen's Flat, and could possibly have originally belonged to Dr Fischer, who then later built a very impressive brick home on his property there. Further investigation by Sandra Thompson in Hill End has thrown up the possibility that the woman in the photo may have been Mrs Jane Eliza Standen who lived at Standen's Flat. She has comprehensively compared the features of an identified photo of Mrs Standen to the lady seated in the front of the house by again using the "zoomable image" function on the State Library website displaying the Holtermann photos. The Standens also came from Kent and a Google search revealed that there were Standens in Goudhurst in the early 1800s...

So, once again, in seeking answers we are now faced with so many more questions...the jury is out! Can you help?

### **OK, What is it?**

The following extract from an item in the Blue Mountains Historical Society newsletter is reproduced with the permission of the author, Lois Sabine, who recently visited the NPWS Discovery Centre in Hill End.



Opposite the Royal Hotel, our guide opened up a tiny old cottage which had been made into a museum displaying a selection of eclectic contents which had been collected from the area. One item on a bench was quite large and noticeable.

It was a metal drum, of the shape and size of a large and very heavy kitchen urn. The lid was missing so that it was possible to see inside the drum. Outside there were two big cog wheels turned manually by a hefty handle. It bore a large circular brass plate which gave details of the manufacturer, 'Morton's Patent, 1928 model, a stock number, Sole Makers, The Morton Machine Co. Bakers & Confectioners Engineers, Scotland'. Nowhere did it say what it did.

Not to be outdone, Henry Berry & Co, the agents who imported the item to Australia had added their own brass plaque above that of Morton's, stating that they were the agent for Mortons in five Australian capital cities plus New Zealand. Clearly this was a very important item, but what did it do?

For the first time our guide was unable to help, saying that she was frequently asked and had tried to find out the machines purpose, but to no avail...

I downloaded my pictures and looked carefully at the mystery item...I found that Morton Mixers & Blenders Limited were still in business in Scotland so sent them an email including the photo and giving details.

To my surprise I received a very nice email back from Christine Shanks, Administrator, who said that she had shown my photo around and regretted that nobody in the now very big company had any idea of its usage. I rechecked the internet and found another identical unit but made a year earlier in 1927 so I sent it on again to Christine to see if it would help. This time she replied that they actually had an archive out in their storage facility which was full of old documents which they would search ASAP and hoped to have some information for me soon. Two days later I received the following letter and attachments:

*We have been to the storage facility and found some lovely old drawings of the mixer. It was our first batter whisk built in the 1920s. The mixer sat on a pivot and after being hand beaten would be tipped and poured out just like a teapot...I hope you will find this information of interest. Thanks you for contacting Morton Mixers...*

So, a little bit of persistent detective work will often end in a positive result, and now when you visit the Discovery Centre you can impress other visitors with your newfound knowledge!

~~~~~

**Just a suggestion** from one of our members who does not have good internet access...

Please put a snail mail address or a telephone number when sending enquiries as there are still people around who may be able to assist you in your research who do not have access to the internet etc.

*[Good thought...will ensure this happens in future! Lorraine]*

## World War 1 research at the State Library of NSW

on display until 21 September 2014



### Life Interrupted: Personal Diaries from World War I

They were teachers, farmers, clerks and architects. Some were still at school. They came from cities, regional towns and the bush. From August 1914 Australian men and women kissed their loved ones goodbye and enlisted in a war they knew little about...and they wrote of their experiences in their diaries.

These diaries are now part of an exhibition which is well worth seeing if you had family who went off to the War. You can even check out the collection online at <http://ww1.sl.nsw.gov.au/explore/diarists> to see if one of your ancestors' diaries is included in the collection, or to add your own biographical information if you locate one.

### Portraits of War: The Crown Studios Project



In May 1918 the Mitchell Library Trustees embarked upon an ambitious project: to photograph NSW soldiers heading overseas to serve in World War I. Officers of the Australian

Imperial Force and Naval Forces were invited to the Crown Bromide Enlargement Company, the Crown Studios, in George Street Sydney to be photographed in person or their families sent photographs to be copied. However, due to a fire at Crown Studios in December 1918 the project was never completed. From this project, the Library holds over 1600 touching portraits.

There is a full list of the portraits in the Library Catalogue online at

<http://www.acmssearch.sl.nsw.gov.au/search/itemDetailPaged.cgi?itemID=430630>

and click on the "Collection hierarchy" tab. However it is in alphabetical order by first name so you will need to browse through the list to see if there is one of your ancestors. Then just click on the name and you will see a copy of the photograph and, if known, additional biographical information.

To see everything that the State Library has check out <http://ww1.sl.nsw.gov.au/>

## Hill End Family History

Daphne continues to work on the master database of Hill End families in preparation for inclusion in the NPWS Family History collection soon to be installed on a computer in the Visitors Centre.

She is also investigating the possibility of forming a Hill End Historical Society in an effort to encourage more local interest in the collection and is seeking additional local volunteer support. We will keep you posted as this project progresses.

### **The Hill End Family History research room**

Is located at the rear of the Royal Hall  
Next to the Royal Hotel  
and is open every Saturday  
**10am to 4pm.**

For enquiries contact Daphne

**Email:** [daph@hillendfamilyhistory.com](mailto:daph@hillendfamilyhistory.com)

Phone - 02-63378218 after 6:30pm

or try your luck on 0429335627

from 11am to 3pm.

For further information check out Daphne's website at

<http://www.hillendfamilyhistory.com>

### Notes from our members

#### Share your experiences!

We recently received a letter from Mavis Bibb, of Mudgee, filling us in on her family's news and telling us of Hill End's much loved midwife Glendora Lawson.

She writes: .

...I have just realized that someone should tell you about Mrs Lawson's "last baby". This baby was my sister, Gwen, born to Herb & Lillian (nee Judge) Warry. She was born at 2.30am on the morning of 26 March 1938 – 78 years ago. I was 12 years old and after I helped Mrs Lawson clear up she caught the bus – going to Sydney from Hill End for the last time. I think she deserves a plaque to remember all the good she did. My family is getting smaller, Ron gone, Valda (Cooke) gone, Enid (Docherty) gone & Beth (Beasley) is in a home. Her granddaughter, Angela Beasley, has just become a Doctor at Gosford. My only child Anthony and myself are still well. My sister Marge just turned 92 on 9th April.

Sincerely Mavis  
Bibb (nee Warry)

Glendora Lawson from  
Biddy Marshall's  
collection





## Sprechen Sie Deutsch?

Sometimes we get enquiries that really challenge us. Earlier this year we received one such request for information through our website that was compounded in that it was in German!

Now, my schoolgirl French will allow me to select a meal from a simple menu in Paris and my Latin will always help when looking for the root meaning of a word however my German is non-existent! So, when an enquiry about the Schneider & Glanz families arrived in my inbox in German I was initially at a loss to as to how to respond.

I then recalled that there was a facility on the net which would allow me to translate the request into English and conversely translate my response into passable German.

With the help of a free download from Babylon Translate (<http://translation.babylon.com/>) I was able to provide some basic information and also connect the enquirer to an Australian descendant who was willing to take over the assignment.

See, we can do almost anything, the impossible just takes a little longer!

## Missing the obvious?

Kevin Harradine ([harradine@bigpond.com](mailto:harradine@bigpond.com) Phone 0431900295) recently sent us an email outlining some “thinking outside the square” Sometimes you have to think about a situation rather than just look at the obvious research direction. – Maybe it will help you too.

Kevin writes: I had not been able to find out much about an ancestor Mary Byrne (or Burns) apart from the fact she had married a convict Francis Gudgeon. Their marriage was in 1843 at Paterson NSW and he died in 1859 at Tambaroora NSW. I couldn't find any death for a Mary Gudgeon, or any birth details or anything specific enough to point to her arrival in Australia.

While I was working on another ancestor who outlived three husbands (quite an achievement considering how many women died from childbirth and other health issues in the 1800s), I thought that Mary Gudgeon (nee Byrne) may have got remarried after 1859. A quick search on the NSW BDM site gave me the answer I was looking for. Yes she remarried in 1863 at Tambaroora to Stephen Hillier. Now I could find her death as Mary Hillier in 1882 again at Tambaroora and the later certificates gave me her age and birthplace, so I now know that she was born in Ireland around 1820.

I still have to locate her arrival in Australia but having an age it should be easier to find her amongst the Irish convicts or Irish girls that were sent out to Australia in the early 1840s.

For information my other family names at Tambaroora include Lew and Ellis, most of who seemed to move to Cobar to continue mining around 1890.

## New newspapers on Trove

Have you been waiting for a regional newspaper to come online through Trove? Check out the Trove website at <http://www.nla.gov.au/content/new-titles-coming> to see when it may be available. You can also suggest titles to be digitized here as well.

## Where do we get it?

### **Colonial Secretary's Correspondence Index (State Records)**

Thanks to Verna Little we have been reminded of another gateway into a source of primary research material at State Records. It is Joan Reese's *Index to Convicts and Others Extracted from the Colonial Secretary's In Letters at the Archives Office of New South Wales*. Microfiche. Balgowlah, NSW: W & F Pascoe, 1994-2009.

Don't be put off by the “Convicts” bit, these letters are worth their weight in gold.



This resource is well worth searching as the Colonial Secretary received all manner of correspondence from and about settlers as well as convicts. The index from 1788 to 1825 is online at the State Records NSW website ([index-to-the-colonial-secretarys-papers-1788-1825](http://www.records.nsw.gov.au/index-to-the-colonial-secretarys-papers-1788-1825)) .

After 1826 to 1894 there are indexes prepared by the late Joan Reese on microfiche. You do need to search each series in turn, 1826-1831, 1832-1837, 1838-1841, 1842-1847, and so on until the end. While the index is commonly called ‘Convicts and Others’ it is important to keep searching it even if your convict is no longer a convict. It is equally important to search it even if your ancestor wasn't a convict. These microfiche are available at many local family history groups and at the State Library of NSW.

It was in these indexes that we located a number of petitions that will eventually end up on our website. It has been a Pandora's box when it comes to following the names of people in local area who wrote to the Colonial Secretary on a variety of matters. Our volunteer, Verna has recently extracted a couple of listings relating to names associated with the Western Goldfields area and another one listing all the Chinese mentioned in dispatches (from 1848 to 1872) from the same area. She will also be extracting items from 1873 to 1894 in the near future. These will also be eventually on the website.

## NSW Births, Deaths & Marriages website.

If you've been on this site lately ([NSW BDMs](#)) you will notice quite a few changes, and a few glitches. These are being worked on and will no doubt result in improvements. In the meantime one of the new features will allow you to get a close date for a BDM registration on the NSW site, after you have found the actual year of the person's event, by playing with the dates:

|                    |    |    |  |
|--------------------|----|----|--|
| Date of Event From | 01 | 01 |  |
| Date of Event To   | 31 | 12 |  |

Insert the year in both spaces and then change the "Date of event to" month to 06. If it's not there do the second half, (ie From 07 to 12) etc ...then by quarter, then by month, then by week, etc. This will not give you the date of the actual event however it will give you a closer idea of the registration date. Better than nothing!

## Some light reading



A TURON WIDOW.

Good bye, my love, good bye  
My Cradle's on the dray,  
To rock out gold for thee, love;  
To the Turon I must away.

Poignant words taken from "What I Heard, Saw and Did at the Australian Gold Fields" by C. Rudston Read and published in 1853.

As more and more resources become available online it is quite a feat to keep up with them. Google Books is a good place to start and we found that a copy of this book can be downloaded and read on an eBook or even just on your computer.

Check it out through this link:

[What I heard, saw & did at the Australian Goldfields](#)

And by using keywords such as "Turon", "Tambaroora" etc you will find a selection of other publications relating to the topics.

## Hill End Happenings



Beyers Ave in Winter – not a leaf in sight

## HEATGG response to NPWS Interpretation Plan

Back in May this year the National Parks & Wildlife Service sought comments on their Interpretation Plan for the town.

The full Masterplan and Management Plans etc can be accessed on their website at:

<http://www.environment.nsw.gov.au/parkmanagement/HillEndMasterPlan.htm> and makes for interesting reading.

As Convener of the Gathering Group (and now sometime resident since the purchase of our small block in the town) I felt it was important that our voice be heard on a number of issues that were included in the plans and so I prepared and submitted what I felt was a balanced response to these ideas.

If anyone is interested in my response I am happy to send them a copy. Please contact me either by phone or email. Unfortunately I have not had any reply from NPWS regarding the submission so I am unable to report if any of the matters that were presented will be addressed.

## It's a Blitz!



Robert Anderson, proud "chief mechanic" and the team with the Hill End's volunteer fire brigade's restoration project, the old Blitz fire truck.

This has been a very long labour of love for many of the local blokes and the project is fast heading towards completion. These photos are on Karin Mainwaring's great blog. Click on the link to go to her page [Tambaroora Times](#) to see more of the story.

We hope to have the full story of this restoration in a forthcoming newsletter.



## October is a busy month in Hill End.

### Our Long Weekend Market in the Royal Hall 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> October

Our Easter Market was one of the “best ever”. The weather was beautiful and the population of the area swelled accordingly with all the tourists and campers in town to enjoy the chance to get away from the city for a few days.



The Easter Sale!

Once again the Market was well supported by the locals with their crafts and artworks and all the stallholders went home happy too. The success of our Sausage Sizzle will ensure the Newsletter will be available for the next year as well.

Our October Long Weekend Market will be on 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> October, from 10am – 3pm and our Sausage Sizzle will once again contribute to the culinary delights of the village on Saturday.

We rely on funds raised on our stall at the Markets are used to pay for resources used by Daphne at Hill End Family History and the Gathering Group to assist people in researching their ancestors. It has allowed us to purchase a subscription to Ancestry.com, books and copies of materials held by larger institutions such as the State Library of NSW and State Records and we use these resources to assist family historians in their searches.

### But wait...there's more!

## Hill End Arts Council Open Studio Day Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> October



Nine Hill End artists will open the doors of their very special creative spaces where you can see how they sculpt, paint, photograph, create ceramics and print on their vintage presses.

The artists will celebrate with an exhibition opening at the Jean Bellette Gallery at 4pm. Come along and meet the artists.

Entry is \$ 35.00 for a day pass and \$25.00 concession. Children under 12 free entry.

Tickets are available from 9.00am onwards at the Royal Hall, and the studio's close at 3.30 pm.

For more details contact [hillendartsCouncil@gmail.com](mailto:hillendartsCouncil@gmail.com)

## Hill End Historic Buildings Open Day Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> October



Hill End's Historic Buildings Open day provides a rare chance to view up to ten unique buildings, from humble miner's cottages and old churches to a grand residence.

Each building will have a guide as they are not usually open for viewing. They include the Royal Hall with pioneer photos on display, the grand Craigmoor (courtesy of National Parks & Wildlife Service, Hill End) miners' cottages, churches, the artists – Jean Belette's and Donald Friend's homes (courtesy of Hill End Artists in Residence Program) and La Paloma Pottery.

Experience the ambiance of these incredible gold rush buildings set in the isolated landscape of the Central Tablelands. Always bring a jumper or jacket to Hill End as weather can be cool in mornings and afternoons.

Adult \$25.00 Concession \$18.00 Bookings advisable by Phone: (02) 6337 8306 or (02) 6337 8333 or email: [pandr@antmail.com.au](mailto:pandr@antmail.com.au)



## **NPWS Family History Files Digitizing Project**

Happily, Stage 1 of this project is almost complete! Approximately two thousand three hundred files have been processed and rehoused and we are now working with NPWS to upload these to an especially dedicated computer in the Visitors Centre in Hill End.

## **Other Projects**

A number of our volunteers have been working on individual projects this year which we hope will help family historians in the future.

Sharon Hoyer has transcribed and indexed the Maris Oral History and once this has been processed and formatted we hope to make the sections relating to Hill End available.

John Tutty & Jenny Tomlinson have completed the scanning of the information on the backs of the Holtermann prints in the Mitchell Library and will be preparing a searchable document as a result.

Verna Little has been working hard on the Colonial Secretary's Correspondence as well as scanning and indexing some primary source petition material. Chinese research has become more popular of late and we have been seeking sources for this as well.

Maureen Clark has been proofreading other publications, Annette Sheen has been flat out indexing and Bea Brooks has compiled a listing of all the gold buyers in the Western Goldfields from 1851 – 1860. No mean feat!

..and if you have read her article we know what Karen Bates has been doing! – Don't mention Sgt Jipp!!!

Lorraine has been well occupied in co-ordinating all this as well as presenting her talk on Researching Goldfields Ancestors at the Society of Genealogists and to a well-attended event specially put on at Kogarah Library for Gathering Group members.

.... Where do we get the time???

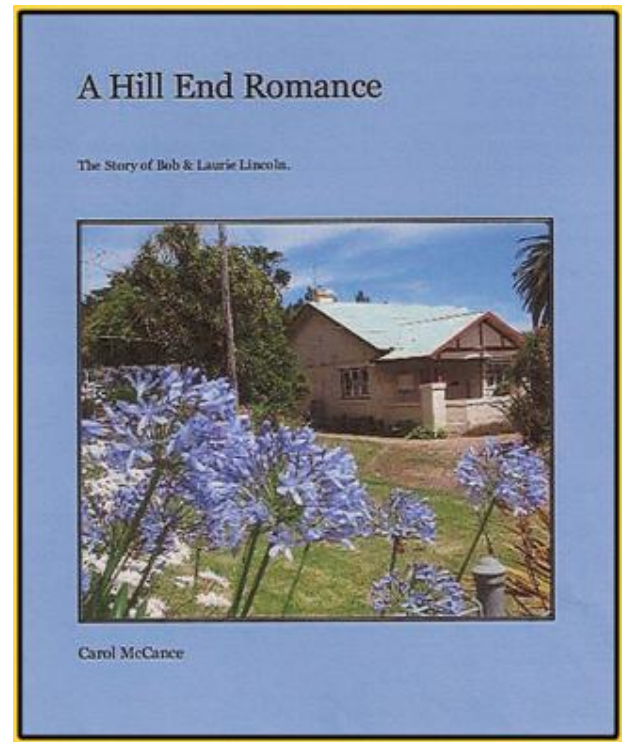
## **Golden Diggers.**

Helen is well under way with the Golden Diggers book, recording the local lives of those WW1 soldiers from Hill End district.

## **STOP PRESS**

We are happy to announce that we received notification last week from Bathurst Council that we have been awarded a \$2500 grant to assist in the production of this book. **Thank You Bathurst Council!**

## **A new book about Hill End**



“**A Hill End Romance**” a book about Hill End and her family written and compiled by Carol McCance (Lincoln).

Through 189 photos and well written text, this book of more than 150 colour pages reveals the romance between Carol's parents, Bob & Laurie (Goodwin) Lincoln. The story unfolds through letters from Bob to Laurie and diary entries written by Laurie during the year they met.

Carol also covers their ancestral history as well as their engagement, the building of the family home “Kirra” by Bob, their marriage and their lives in Hill End with their two young daughters, Carol & Wendy.

The book opens a window into life in Hill End especially in the 1930s and 1940s.

Easy online purchase is available through Blurb Books Click on this link ([A Hill End Romance](#)) to go directly to the page to order a copy.

Please contact Lorraine (02 95870352) to order a copy for you if you don't have internet access.

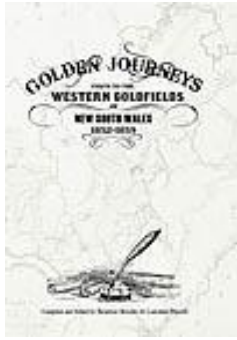
### **Contact details**

Lorraine Purcell  
Hill End & Tambaroora Gathering Group  
12 Grantham St, Carlton NSW 2218  
Ph: 02 95870352  
Mobile: 0408117784  
Email: [heatgg@yahoo.com.au](mailto:heatgg@yahoo.com.au)  
Website: [www.heatgg.org.au](http://www.heatgg.org.au)



## Our bookshop

### Golden Journeys – Visits to the Western Goldfields of NSW 1852 – 1858 compiled by Bea Brooks and Lorraine Purcell.



GOLD...just the word is enough to conjure up dreams and imaginary experiences in the most dispassionate of readers.

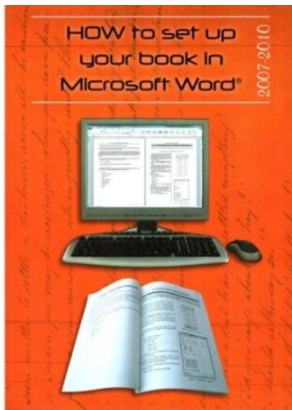
By absorbing these contemporary reports on the early gold discoveries and following the day-to-day travels of three journalists of the mid 1850s, the reader is exposed to the everyday living and working conditions of the earliest miners on the Western Goldfields of New South Wales,

covering the area from Ophir, along the Turon, the Meroo, the Macquarie and the Cudgegong rivers.

Included in this volume of approximately 300 pages is a large fold out map, printed in colour on both sides showing 2 very early versions of the goldfields in the 1850s.

### How to set up your book in Microsoft Word

2007/2010 – 2000/2003 by Dan Kelly & Karen Graham



84 Black & White pages  
Published by Boolarong Press

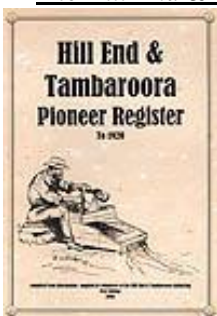
You've written your family history on the computer and used Word to capture all the research that you have accumulated over the years. Now it is time to produce "the book". This easy to follow publication will assist you in producing a professional looking document that you will be proud to share amongst your

family.

This "How to" book is in two halves. The first half of the book is set out for those that have 2007/2010 on their computers. If you turn the book over the back half of the book is set out for those that have 2000/2003. Microsoft® Word is not the best software to set up a book in, but it is the most cost effective way as most people have Word on their computer.

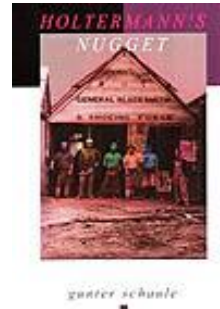
This book was written to answer the questions that have been asked of the authors over thirty years. Throughout the chapters of this book, they have given some guidelines that will hopefully show people how they can design a book of their own.

### The Hill End & Tambaroora Pioneer Register on CD



The bound edition, printed in a run of 500 copies, sold out within 12 months of publication so, to satisfy demand, the Register has now been produced on CD in acrobat format. Containing all the original material (plus a few corrections) it has the added advantage of being able to be searched by name or location and enables the researcher to quickly access related entries.

### Holtermann's Nugget by Gunter Schaule Profits from the sale of Holtermann's Nugget will go towards the Royal Hall Photo Project



This historical novel is based on the life of the successful 19<sup>th</sup> century miner, businessman, and photographer, Bernhardt Holtermann, who arrived in Sydney as a young man from Hamburg.

If you are looking for a good yarn and yet still interested in a slice of Australian history then this book is ideal for you. It has been well researched and the background information paints a vivid picture of what conditions existed

and what life was like in Hill End in the 1870s..

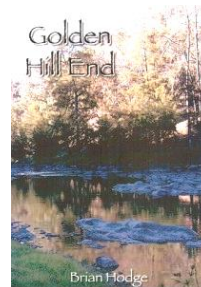
### Hill End Gold and Hill End Hearsay – Second editions by Malcolm Drinkwater



In March this year Malcolm Drinkwater from History Hill released second editions of his 2 popular books, *Hill End Gold* and *Hill End Hearsay*. In the introduction to *Hill End Hearsay*, Malcolm says: "Nothing stimulates the five senses more for memory than being there, and I was". *Hill End Gold*, first published in 1982, is the story of Australia's first gold finds. His second book, *Hill End Hearsay*, was written to tell the story of what happened after the gold and the hype had gone.

Malcolm said that his theme for writing these books was that "if you buy a book about history then you're sponsoring history and without books like these history will die.

### Golden Hill End by Brian Hodge



After many years of research Brian Hodge released his latest narrative work encompassing the history of the Hill End region from aboriginal times until 2009. It encompasses a number of issues which have not preciously been addressed.

The work contains 5 colour photographs and 18 B&W illustrations.

**All these books available for sale and the details are on the order form included with this newsletter. They can also be purchased via our website at <http://heatgg.org.au/he/publications/>**



## Publication Order Form

Please order your copies of the  
**Gathering Group publications on this form**

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|                                                                                                                                          | <b><i>Golden Journeys – Visits to the Western Goldfields of NSW 1852 – 1859 (includes large fold out maps)</i></b><br>compiled & edited by Bea Brooks and Lorraine Purcell                                                  | <b>\$49.95</b>                              |              |
|                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Postage \$14.00                             |              |
|                                                                                                                                          | <b><i>Golden Journeys Map –showing Gold Fields &amp; verso Official Map of Austn’ Gold Country (Hargraves)</i></b><br>can be purchased separately - double sided 80cm x 57cm – suitable for framing posted rolled or folded | <b>\$10 .00</b>                             |              |
|                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Postage<br>Folded \$2<br>Rolled in tube \$8 |              |
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|                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Postage \$14.00                             |              |
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|                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Postage \$14.00                             |              |
|                                                                                                                                          | <b><i>Golden Hill End</i></b> by Brian Hodge, (published 2010 )                                                                                                                                                             | <b>\$20.00</b>                              |              |
|                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Postage \$4.00                              |              |
|                                                                                                                                          | <b><i>Holtermann’s Nugget</i></b> by Gunther Schaule<br>A fictional account of Bernard Holtermann’s time in Hill End.                                                                                                       | <b>\$15.00</b>                              |              |
|                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Postage \$4.00                              |              |
|                                                                                                                                          | <b><i>Hill End &amp; Tambaroora Pioneer Register on CD</i></b><br>(Published 2006)                                                                                                                                          | <b>\$30.00</b>                              |              |
|                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Postage \$2.00                              |              |
|                                                                                                                                          | <b><i>How to set up your book in Microsoft Word 2000-2010</i></b><br>By Dan Kelly & Karen Brown                                                                                                                             | <b>\$20.00</b>                              |              |
|                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Postage \$4.00                              |              |
| <b>If you are purchasing more than one publication please contact me for a combined postage price, especially with the larger books.</b> |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                             | <b>TOTAL</b> |

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All enquiries to Lorraine on **02 9587 0352** or **0408 117 784**