



# A.N.D.F.H.G. Inc. News Sheet

## Issue 60 – Aug. 2014

### ELECTED COMMITTEE 2014-2015

PRESIDENT	Peter Applebee
VICE PRESIDENT	Ivan Randall
SECRETARY	Margaret Flaiban
TREASURER	Shirley Bulley

### APPOINTMENTS

LIBRARIAN	Gillian Swansson
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### GENERAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

MINUTE SECRETARY	Tammy Martin
	Helen Stein
	Jeff Cook
	Ian Cowley
FAMILY TREE MAKER CONVENER	Peter Applebee
LEGACY USERS GROUP CONVENER	Shirley Bulley

## From the Committee

Hello Members,

After another successful Annual General Meeting and Sausage Sizzle, our Committee hasn't changed too much. A couple of our last year's members have dropped out for various reasons. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking them and our very helpful volunteers who contributed their time and efforts during the last financial year. We cannot function as a Group without volunteers, so if you would like to help in a small way and you have a couple of hours to spare on a Thursday or a Saturday (when we are open), we would welcome your input.

We have now received the A3 Book Edge Scanner which is up and running and we will keep you informed as to where this scanner is going to be of most use to the Group.

You will see from this newsletter that we have a number of new books donated by Andrew Peake. Our Library is there for all of you to use and browse through, please feel free to use it at your leisure.

Our next Speaker is Richard Merry from the Guild of One Name Studies (GOONS) who, we are sure, will be entertaining and informative, so come along and meet Richard and hear what he has to say.

## National Family History Month

### August 2014

[www.familyhistorymonth.org.au](http://www.familyhistorymonth.org.au)

Past • Present • Future



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
31 <sup>st</sup> Aug.					1 <sup>st</sup> Aug.	
	4 <sup>th</sup> Aug. 			7 <sup>th</sup> Aug. Mid-Week Open Day 10 am – 4 pm		9 <sup>th</sup> Aug. Research and Networking Day 1 pm – 4 pm  Committee Meeting 2 pm
				14 <sup>th</sup> Aug. Mid-Week Open Day 10 am – 4 pm		16 <sup>th</sup> Aug. 
				21 <sup>st</sup> Aug. Mid-Week Open Day 10 am – 4 pm		23 <sup>st</sup> Aug. Research and Networking Day 1 pm – 4 pm  Guest Speaker Afternoon 1.30 pm
				28 <sup>th</sup> Aug. Mid-Week Open Day 10 am – 4 pm		

## AN OVERLAND NIGHTMARE JOURNEY

### A family's remarkable journey overland from Nhill to Mildura in 1901

The amazing story below was found while I was scouring through newspapers on Trove, researching the Geyer brothers (my Great Grand Uncles) for an Anzac Day blog. The character recognition listed the author as M. Ocyer rather than M. Geyer, which is why it had not been discovered previously. You can imagine my reaction when I started to read it, as I immediately recognised it as the story of my Great Great Grandmother, Edith Geyer, and her children. This is only part of Edith's story of adversity and courage. The article was written by my Great Grand Uncle, Melville Geyer, who would have been 6 (closer to 7) years of age at the time of the journey.

OVERLAND TO MILDURA  
Waggon Trip from Nhill 30 Years Ago  
THE PANGS OF THIRST.  
(By M. Geyer.)



Source: <http://trove.nla.gov.au> (click here to view article)

The Horsham Times, Tuesday 1st September 1931, page 6

NHILL (Victoria), June 17.  
Mr. Ted Geyer, a popular employe at Mr. W. Frayne's wheat and flour store, some time ago suffered from what he considered a bad cold. He was taken to the hospital, and in a day or two he was dead. His disease turned out to be typhoid fever of the most malignant type. He left entirely unprovided for a widow and six little children. The sports committee on Wednesday held a gathering on the recreation grounds, and a concert in the Masonic Hall at night, and the entire proceeds were handed over to Mrs. Geyer.

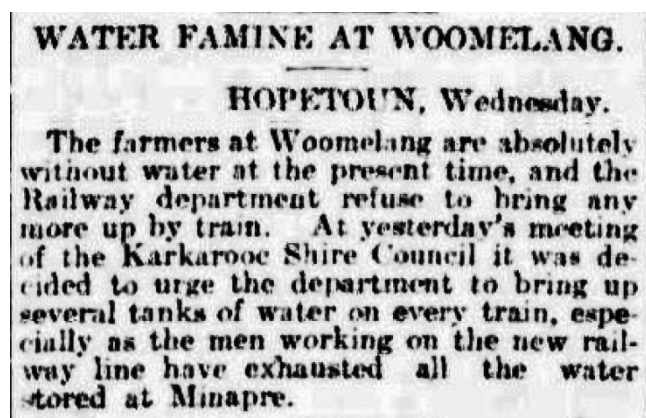
Source: <http://trove.nla.gov.au>  
Chronicle (Adelaide, SA : 1895 - 1954), Saturday 24 June 1899, page 26

The following is a description of a trip by wagon to Mildura from Nhill: It was in November, 1901, that Mrs. Smith (Edith Geyer), a widow with a young family of seven children - four boys and three girls - the eldest 13 (my Great Grandmother, Mabel) and the youngest two (Lily), decided to seek a living in Mildura, having heard that any child how ever small who could pick fruit off a tree, could earn 4/ or 5/ a day.

Being in very poor circumstances she looked about for means of cheap transportation and heard of a Mr. Brown going to Mildura with his 5-horse team and wagon to look for work on the Mildura railway line. He agreed to take Mrs. Smith and family and her delicate brother (Abel Bound, who was later declared insane) up for the sum of £5. The route we were to travel was marked out for us by a friend, who had gone a few weeks previously. We left Nhill on (Saturday) November 16 and made for Jeparit, Lake Hindmarsh and Hopetoun. Then Mr. Brown decided to slip the line to Mildura instead of the other way. We crossed from Hopetoun to Minapin, now Lascelles, at that time a wine shanty and tents. A beautiful

lot of pines grew where we camped overnight, but we did not have much sleep because of the noise of the drunks and the yelling of the woman who kept the shanty.

We never took provisions or horse feed for long trips, as we were told there was plenty on the way we should have gone. We started up the line next morning; there was no road, just a stretch of white drift sand, and we toiled on all day, finding no water and having only our water bags full, which were soon empty. We camped at Woomelang, where there were no houses, only another shanty and drunks. Mother went to the woman at the hotel to buy a drink of water for the baby, who was crying for a drink and she said, "No. I won't give you or sell you water. I pay to get it carted here. I'll sell you wine." But that was no good to baby. Next morning we moved on again, but we were still without water and it was beginning to tell on the horses.



Source: <http://trove.nla.gov.au>

The Argus (Melbourne, Vic. : 1848 - 1957),  
Thursday 5 December 1901, page 6

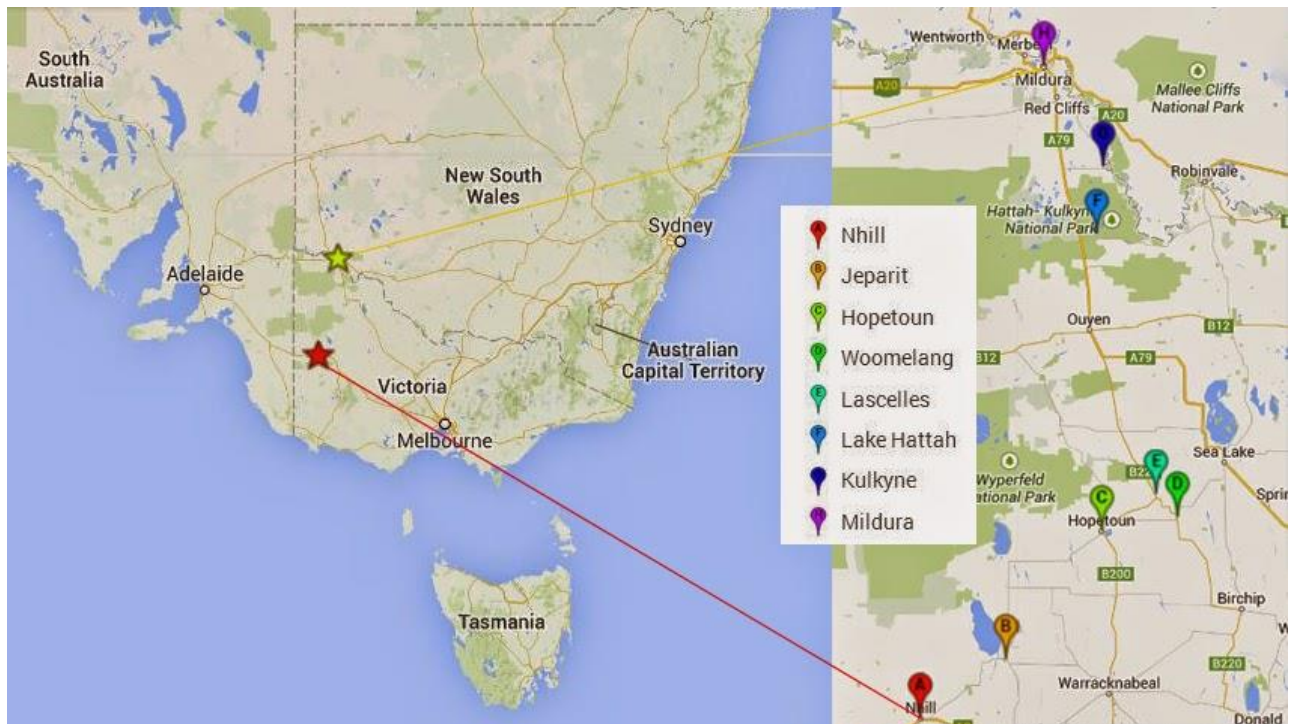
In the evening it was a joy to behold a large dam that had over flowed its banks. Just as we drew in and the men went to fill the water bags, 300 railway workers, with horses and drays, pulled in on the other side. They would not allow the men to fill the water-bags. Our driver and uncle told them they were going up the line to look for work, carting provisions from one camp to another or any other work they could find, but the men told them there was no room for them on the line. They told our driver there was a large tank about two and a half miles further on and grass up to the horses' knees. Mother and the children never showed themselves out of the waggon while at the dam. So off we went without

water, expecting to find it at the next tank. Mother and uncle walked, one each side of the track so as not to miss the tank. The children by this time had cried themselves to sleep for the want of a drink.

Although it was bright moonlight, there was no sign of any tank or water. Towards morning, however, a tank was sighted, and oh what a sigh of relief came from us. There was a wild rush to it, but what a disappointment when it was reached, for it only held about a cupful. The driver had first dip: then my uncle pushed him aside and dipped up what he could with a tea spoon and gave the children a few precious drops each; mother and he going without. (Perhaps it was just as well it was not full or we would have suffered from over drinking.)

Then we pushed on again, travelling all day without water. Men may have their fancies for pets, but give me a dog, for men have not half the sense of a dog when it comes to finding water. Our dog, Bruce, used to jump up in the wagon and look up into our faces, as much as to say, "Please do give me a drink," but when he was told there was no water, he would just jump down. One evening he was missing from behind the wagon. We had just started off again in the morning, when he came and jumped into the wagon, the first time he ever did it while we were on the move. Uncle said, "Look out, he's gone mad." But he was sopping wet; he jumped down again, ran back to the edge of the scrub and started to bark. The men grabbed the water-bags and followed him. The dog led them to the tank we were looking for. Then we took the horses out and gave them a well-needed and earned drink and a bit of a feed. We boiled the billy and had a longed-for cup of tea, thanks to Bruce. Had it not been for the dog finding the water, we could not have lasted the day out, nor could have the horses.





1901 Journey Route (approx 300kms over a week)  
 Less than 4 hours today.  
 Source: Google maps

By this time we had reached the drift sand; the horses were knee deep in it. (Could this have been what is now known as Wyperfeld National Park, which is renowned for pines and sand drifts?) The journey was telling on the horses, which were on short rations, as there was no place where we could buy feed of any sort for them. Our water-bag was the only thing we had to carry water in. Uncle by now could see how things were going, so he used to hide the bag and serve it out with a tablespoon. On we went, mother and uncle walking and keeping on the look-out for tanks; empty ones greeted us every 30 miles. I will never forget our approach to the Seven Sister Hills (the dread to motorists to-day). There was a fire raging on both sides of us; the heat and smoke were some thing unbearable. However those poor horses lived through it, God only knows. All the wild animals of the bush were fleeing along the track: dingoes, kangaroos, rabbits and even snakes going for their lives.

Day was closing in on us, but still we toiled on. There was no water for the horses which were up to their girth in drift sand, swaying and moaning as they hauled their load, with their tongues hanging out; it was pitiful to hear them. Mother put the children to bed and continued to walk, although her feet were sore and blistered. As we were going over the third hill the wagon struck a root and all but capsized. Then the king bolt struck a stump and held fast. The driver wanted to hook the horses on behind the waggon and pull it back but mother and uncle hung on to the horses heads and would not allow him to move them another step that night. The animals were unyoked, and all the feed the five horses had that night was a small dish of chaff and 25 [lb] of flour.

The men decided to walk on and see if there was any other track over the hills. Mother sat in the waggon ringing a bullock bell so as they would not wander away and get lost. Back they came towards morning. There was no other road. The men snatched a hasty meal and a few hours sleep. Then we were up at daylight. with hills in front of us and we stuck fast on a stump. The eldest boy (Arthur) had to crawl under and chop the stump off so as we could clear the axle of the waggon: this done, we tried cutting a fresh track around the hill, but this was impossible. There was only one thing left, go straight over the top. To do this everything had to be unloaded and carried up to the top of the sand-hill, then loaded in after the team reached

the top. Then down to the bottom, unload again and carry up to the top: this was done till the hills were crossed. It was as much as the horses could do to pull the empty waggon over the sand-hills.



An unlabelled photo from a family album is reminiscent of the Geyer's journey; the landscape, wagon, billy and the dog.

The Geyer's dog, Bruce, located water and saved the family's life.

Edith and the children, hid in their wagon whenever they neared groups of men (primarily railway workers).

Up till now we had been following along the track where the railway line was going to be put through. Mother and uncle decided not to follow this track any further. We met a man on horseback and he said, "If you see the[last]sign of a track leading off this one, follow it, but if you miss it, goodnight, because you will die of thirst." Mother walked one side of the track and uncle on the other. Mother noticed the track (only just a faint wheel-mark) so she waved to uncle and he rushed over, grabbed the leaders' heads and turned the outfit into it. Once in there was no hope of getting out for it was impossible to turn the team in the dense scrub. The driver swore and cursed, and threatened not to move another step. Mother and Uncle hurried on, leaving the driver to have his swear out.

On the way mother climbed a leaning tree and on looking out above the other trees she could see horses and the bank of a lake. She was so overcome with joy that she just slid down, lay on the ground and cried as if her heart would break. Uncle tried to comfort her, told her to try and keep up and not to give in just yet as we may find water any hour now. She couldn't speak, only pointed up the tree. He climbed up and saw the lake and ran back to the driver yelling, "Thank God we are saved. There is water ahead. We're saved. We're saved." We hurried on, or rather what we thought was hurrying, as the poor horses had no hurry left in them by now. We reached the lake. which we found was Lake Hattah. When we were nearing it we could see hundreds of men and horses camped on the bank. Our men took the water-bags to get them filled, mother and the kiddies hiding in the wagon. The men were met with the head ganger (and if this man is still alive to-day, or any of the other men that were there, they can bear me out as to the condition we and the horses were in). Mother's and uncle's



tongues were swollen to the roof of their mouths. The ganger said the man who passed us before had called in and told him that we were on the way and that we should be at the lake about 10 o'clock in the morning. If we were not there by that time, we would have missed the turn off and perhaps be dead by night. The ganger had just formed a search party to go out for us. We reached the lake about 5 o'clock. The ganger ordered the men away with the command not to touch the water. It was agony to see the lake full of water and not allowed to have a drink. The ganger had ordered the cook to boil the billy and make us a drink of tea. We had to shift our camp about half a mile away from the water. Later he brought over the tea and only gave us each half a cupful and it was over an hour before we got another half cup: then another half hour and so on till we had quenched our thirst.



Edith's "*delicate brother*"  
Abel Bound, who was  
instrumental in saving  
the family.

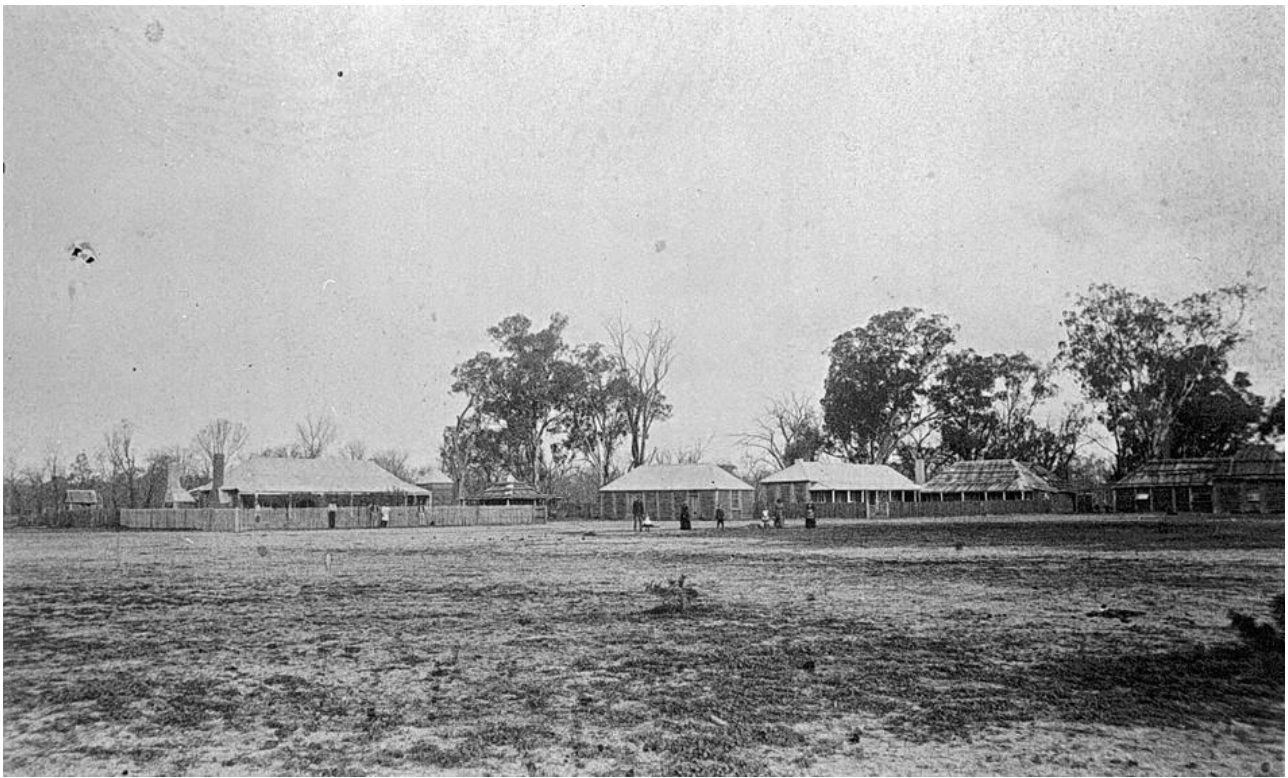
The horses were looked after by some of the other men of the camp. The poor beasts, they only got a quarter of a bucket of water at a time until their kidneys worked. The horses did not get any food for some time. Afterwards they received a well-earned feed of chaff, bran and oats.

He told us to camp for the night, but uncle told him he would rather push ahead on account of his sister and the kiddies. The ganger said. "Leave that to me. You can sleep in safety." He sat on a stump with a loaded revolver and said he would shoot to kill if any man moved towards the wagon. He sat there all night and kept guard. He told us that had we missed the turn-off and if we could have lasted out, we would have had to go through to Mildura before we got water.

We were on the move again at sun rise and we will never forget the beautiful sight we saw. There were thousands of birds of all colors feeding on the seeds under the pine trees. We went from Lake Hattah across to Culcairn Station and camped for the night on the river bank. There was nearly a drowning fatality there. My young brother (Ernest) walked in for a paddle, and only took one step, when down he went into the river; the peg-mark showed 16 feet above summer level. My sister (believe this was Mabel as I seem to remember this story being told by my grandmother) had the presence of mind to lay on the bank and grab him by the hair and hold on till my uncle and the driver came over and pulled him out.

We called at the manager's house and inquired the way. He told us not to attempt to cross the billabong near the station, but to go two miles further down stream, as there was a safer crossing. He and his daughter had been into Mildura the week before and the water was running through the bottom of the gig. Our driver was pig headed: he would not go back. The manager told him to take out a horse and ride across and try the stream, but, no, he could drive over all right.

Just before we came to the river, the whip came off; it was a God-send that it did. Uncle fixed the whip and got out on the shafts of the wagon to drive the leaders, so that the driver could keep the back pair up. In they went, with the water rushing over their backs. How those poor horses swam and pulled the load behind them will always remain a mystery. The water filled the waggon, everything getting sopping wet, also mother and us children. Uncle had his work cut out keeping the leaders going and balancing himself on the shafts. All you could see of the horses by the time we reached the middle of the stream were their heads. If anything had have happened we would have been all drowned in the swift-flowing stream. We got across safely and decided to camp there that day and dry our bedding, clothing, etc. as we could not make Mildura that day. When we came to have a look round, all our pots, pans, buckets and other things we had stored under the wagon were gone in the river.



Kulkyne Station c 1900

Source: <http://museumvictoria.com.au/>

Reg No: MM002690

I believe that Melville was referring to Kulkyne Station (written as Culcairn Station), near Hattah.



My Great Grandmother, Mabel Geyer (the eldest child of Edith Geyer), picking olives at Mildura  
circa 1902-1903 - aged 14 or 15

We spent the day roaming round watching the goannas, and they were there by the hundreds in all sizes from infants in arms to ones up to six feet in length. We started out next morning (Sunday) for Mildura, the land where milk and honey were supposed to be flowing. We arrived there in the afternoon in time for tea.

The heat and flies were something terrible all the way up; flies are bad in Egypt, but nothing like they were going up that track. When we left Nhili they told us that there were tanks every 30 miles apart; no doubt the tanks were there all right, but they were sunk down in the ground. The kangaroos, dingoes, rabbits and other animals, driven by the fire, plunged in to these and were drowned, so you can guess what the smell was like.

We saw Mildura at its worst. First came the heat wave and scorched everything; then the year following came the locust plague which stripped everything. Things were bad and we were advised to leave, and we did. They told us Mildura was going broke, so we took the train back to Lascelles, then on by a covered van and three horses on a much better track.



We have the pleasure of stating we were the first white family to travel over land from Nhill to Mildura.



They made it!

Edith Geyer with her children and first grandchild - 1911

Back: Arthur, Melville, Lloyd and Ernest

Front: Sophie, Edith Geyer (nee Bound), Lily and Mabel holding Eva Pilgrim (my grandmother)

It is more than 100 years since that remarkable journey. I am very thankful that my Great Grand Uncle, Melville Geyer, returned from the war and told the story for future generations to applaud and recognise their struggle and courage. I am in awe!

**This article has been kindly given by Sharon Fritz and Australian Genealogy Facebook Group.**

## **Penfield.**

South Australian Register (Adelaide, SA : 1839 - 1900) Monday 17 January 1876

January 6.

On Monday at this little township people gathered from all directions, preparatory to starting for St. Kilda Beach, where the employees of Messrs. Hastwell & Son held their annual picnic. The company in an hour and a half arrived at the shore, and while some enjoyed cricket, croquet, quoits, and dancing, others bathed or caught crabs, of which there was a fine supply. The whole arrangements were excellent and enjoyable. The provisions were ample, and cordiality prevailed.

The farmers are busy reaping, and some will soon be finished. Some settlers have reaped from 15 to 25 bushels per acre. The rough weather has done very little harm to the crops, except in some places where the grain has been shaken a little.

## Virginia.

South Australian Register (Adelaide, SA : 1839 - 1900) Thursday 30 December 1897

Tuesday.

A fire broke out yesterday on the farm of Mr. A. King. Fortunately Mr. James Nutt, who was reaping a quarter of a mile away, observed the smoke, and immediately jumped off his machine, and ran with all speed to the spot. The flames had then been in close contact with a large shed which contained Mr. King's farm implements, vehicles, &c., and his only stack of hay, all of which would have been destroyed if Mr. Nutt had been half a minute later. It appears the children had secured some lucifers, and had set fire to some dry rubbish and bark while their father was away with his team carting hay to the tram at Walkerville. The day was very hot, and nothing could have prevented the whole place being destroyed if help had not been at once at hand.

On Christmas Day the interment of Mr. John Taylor's daughter took place at the Zoar Cemetery, Penfield. She was fourteen years of age and a great favourite at the Virginia School.

St. Kilda beach was the rendezvous of most of the residents of this district who partook of a Christmas dinner. The day was warm but pleasant. Mr. Johnson, of Salisbury, had a publican's booth and did good business. Some foot racing for youngsters and a tug-of-war were improvised, and cricket and other games and pastimes were indulged in. Most, if not all, of the old identities of Salisbury, Smithfield, Dry Creek, Virginia, Angle Vale, and other places could be met with, and the usual Christmas greetings were exchanged. The Salisbury Brass Band discoursed music which was much enjoyed. The Salisbury trooper was present, but his official assistance was not required. Two or three incautious horsemen galloped their steeds into places which could not be called terra firma, and a somersault or two resulted, but nothing serious happened. Early in the evening a move was made for home.

## It was all her fault Y'Honour.

Original spellings.

The Parish Register of Winckeley ( Winkleigh) in the County of Devon November 24 1615.

"Forasmuch as upon Examination of the cause concerning the base child borne within the parishe of Winckeley on the bodie of one Margaret Clevedon of which she reputeth John Osement of Winckeley aforesaid to be the Father it appeareth unto us his Majesty's Justices of the peace whose names are subscribed being the next to the Lymetts of the said parishe Church of Winckeley that he the said John Osement is the father of the same Wee therefore order that in discharge of the said parishe of Winckeley she the said Margaret Clevedon shall cherish and maintaine the said base child in all thinges necessary and fitt until it shall accomlishe the age of two years and towards the relief thereof he the said John Osement shall paye unto the said Margaret Clevedon from the birth of the said Child until it shall accomlishe the full age of two yeres fower pence weeklie the same money to be paid her or to her assignes in the Church porch of the said parishe Church of Winckeley by sixteen pence every month. And we further order that as soone as the said base Childe shall accomplish the said age of two yeres he the said John Osement shall take awaye the same from the said Margaret Clevedon and from thenceforth shall maintaine the same in all thinges necessary and fitt to his owne proper costs and charges and shall before the next generall Sessions to be

holden within this Countie enter into bond with one sufficient suretie in the some of Twentie pounds to the Constables and Overseers of the poore of the said parishe of Winckeley or anie two of them to free discharge and keepe harmles the parishioners of the said parishe of Winckeley and everie of them for or concerninge anie charge that maye grow unto them for and concerninge the relief of the said base Child farther we order that the said Margaret Clevedon shal be openlie whipped in the Towne of Winckeley at some convenient tyme until her bodie be bloudie and that you the Constables of Winckeley do see the same performed accordinglie at your perills.

Given under our hande the xxij<sup>th</sup> day of November in xiiij<sup>th</sup> yere of the King's Majesty's raigne that nowe is. Ano Dili 1615."

Marcus Cottell. Humfry Bury. (These would have been the Parish Wardens)

" Yes that's right 4 pence a week for 2 years, and she get the lash until her body is bloodied and he gets the kid...fair justice ... what? This would make an interesting story if followed with the family tree, I might have a look at that myself and report back if interested, see what happened to the child. " Comments by Submitter, Colin Withall.

### **List of Books Donated by Andrew Peake**

1870-1970 – Glenside Hospital Centenary including Parkside,

The Birdwood Mill – an archaeological survey Study Guide 1, 2, 6, 7, 8.

“Not Just Ned” – a true history of the Irish in Australia

‘Roots and Branches’ Ancestry for Australians – How to trace your family tree by Errol Lea-Scarlett.

In Memoriam – the Victorian Era - Way of Death Flinders Uni 1985 (Helen Stein has this)

Gravestone Inscriptions NSW Volume 1 – Sydney Burial Ground.

Cemeteries in Australia – A Register of Transcripts (Faye M. Young).

3 x Hel Achau – The Journal of the Clwyd Family History Society Aug 1997, May 1997, Feb 1997.

2 x Hel Achau (book form) No. 1. 1980 – 85 1992 – 1996

Cornish Heritage – A Miners Story by Jim Faull. Life and times of Captain Christopher and early Moonta Mines life.

An Historical and Architectural Guide to the Pilgrim Church in Adelaide.

“Born a Rebel” by G. Edith Wells (A Biography of a remarkable woman – Matron Laphorne, covering the social history of Liverpool at the turn of the Century where Ann (nee Lennon) spent her earlier years.

(A Contact for anyone interested in book binding William Harley & Son Pty Ltd 28 Dew Street, Thebarton Tel : 8443 7515)



**1.30 pm Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> August**

# **The Guild of One- Name Studies**

**Presented by Richard Merry  
Australia South Regional**

**Guild**  
of One-Name Studies



[www.one-name.org](http://www.one-name.org)

**Representative.**

The Guild is a charitable organisation dedicated to promoting the public understanding of one-name studies and the preservation and accessibility of the resultant information. Founded in 1979 in Britain, the Guild has members all over the world, and is widely recognised as a centre of excellence in one-name studies.

***All Welcome.***



Adelaide Northern Districts Family History Group Inc.

Committed in Promoting Family History Research.