

LEAVES ON THE TREE

MOORE ANECDOTES

BY

WENDY BAKER

AN ANECDOTAL HISTORY

OF THE MOORE FAMILY

Dedicated to the memory of past people in my family
and to the future of our young ones.

Sincere thanks to my late parents Bill (Robert William) and Pearl Clark, my sister Lyndell, my aunt – Dad's sister - Clarice Lucy Masters and my cousin Ian Masters. Other family members' invaluable help: Margaret Yeates, Vin O'Brien and Alan Moore for anecdotal and research assistance. I wish to also thank Nancy Gemmell of Strathalbyn for pointing me in the right direction. Special thanks to the late Jim Formby and Suzanne Gerrard for showing me, and allowing photography of, the properties Rushmore Run and Highland Valley station.

- Wendy Baker, March 2022.

INTRODUCTION

This project began with a curiosity about just one family member from the past. The satisfaction of that curiosity whetted my appetite for more information, going back to my great-great grandfather.

Fortunately, older people in the family were willing and able to share their knowledge, memories, photographs, memorabilia and in some cases the results of their own excursions into the past.

“Moore Anecdotes” is the anecdotal story of my father’s mother. I have previously written the story of his father in “Bridging the Years”. Both have been a weaving together of knowledge, evidence and anecdote. These were originally written in 2003 but I have slightly updated them in 2022.

State Records and local history publications have yielded factual evidence. The story is as accurate as possible, but carries no guarantee – it has been a labour of love attempting to bring to life shadowy figures from the past for the sake of our family’s younger generation. I have tried to go beyond statistics to present an overview of personalities and of what day to day life must have been like for these people.

It is easy to become so immersed in personal details that the wider scene is forgotten –events that occurred during those times and which would have been relevant, in some way, for our ancestors.

In 1859, the year in which my great-grandfather Robert Moore was born, Darwin’s ‘Origin of Species’ was published. In Australia, the non-aboriginal population had reached one million in the previous year, and an 8-hour day had been achieved in the building trades. The River Murray was already the principal route for the wool trade, shared by Victoria and South Australia. Queensland was not yet a separate entity from New South Wales.

South Australia was in the stranglehold of a severe drought, gold had been discovered, and the Glenelg jetty was constructed. The South Australian Advertiser, a morning broadsheet (later the ‘Advertiser’) had been established for a year, and so had the Torrens System of land titles and registration. There was no old-age pension.

By 1881, the year my other great-grandfather, Robert William Clark(e), was married, the non-aboriginal population was counted in the first national census at 2.25 million. Nearly 40% were younger than fifteen years, and only 2.5% were sixty-five or over. Interstate, it was only two years after Ned Kelly had held up the Jerilderie post office. The first telephone exchange in Australia had opened only in the previous year. Butter was being successfully

shipped from Victoria to London; sugar and frozen meat was shipped to Britain via the Torres Strait. The 'Bulletin' had been in publication for a year.

South Australian wheat yields had declined. To find a solution, Professor J. D. Custance was brought out from the U.K. and as Director of Agriculture conducted experiments proving superphosphate a valuable fertiliser for cereal crops. Sir William Jervois, Governor of South Australia, reclaimed 2800 acres of land in the River Murray districts, and irrigated it with river water – forerunner of many such schemes.

Also in 1881, the Salvation Army Corps was established in Adelaide by locals, the Society of St Vincent de Paul was formed in Sydney, and South Australia imposed a ten pound tax on all Chinese immigrants crossing an imaginary line 1000 miles south of Darwin. There was no old-age pension.

In 1920, when my father Robert William Clark was born, the League of Nations was launched in London, and the last of the Australian troops in the U.K. after World War I were demobbed before coming home. In Australia, QANTAS began its first airline passenger service. Poitrel won the Melbourne Cup and a new home-building boom swept Australia. Six hundred pounds could buy a 'Californian Bungalow' style dream home on a quarter acre block, and the old-age pension was established.

Across these three generations and beyond, the changes in this wider scene have been rapid and exciting. Old ways are quickly discarded and unless recorded, are soon forgotten. Today's advertisements, newspapers and electronic gadgets will become tomorrow's junk.

If one statement alone could be aimed at today's young people, I would make it this: treasure your grandparents, encourage them to tell you about their youth – then listen and record it. You will never regret it.

Wendy Baker 31st March 2022

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MOORE ANECDOTES

The Story of the Moores

My paternal great-great-grandfather Robert Moore, it is said, jumped ship at Encounter Bay when a lad of only about fifteen, after being treated rather badly on board, and walked inland to the Meadows district, South Australia where he got a job working for a bullock-driver.

Another story is that he jumped ship at Adelaide, for the same reason, without as much as a hat to his name. He fashioned one from reeds in the swamps and walked inland to Meadows. The story goes that he was more frightened of the Aboriginals than he was of getting caught for jumping ship.

It is certainly tempting to believe this tale, given that one origin of the Moore name as shown in *A Dictionary of English Surnames* is 'Moore (1) Johannes filius More c. 1185 Templars (L) – residence in or near moor, marsh or fen.'

Although all this sounds quite dramatic and even romantic, it may not be strictly true, although he did work for a bullock-driver. One of his great-grandsons, Alan Moore, thought that he had tracked Robert down at one stage and had an entry made in the South Australian Biographical Index 1836-1885 (Volume 3) of the Genealogy Society. It was thought that Robert, born c1832 TYR NIR, had arrived in 1855 on the 506 ton barque *Lismoyne*, which would put him at 23 years old when he arrived – some years at variance with the above story. Robert's age on the manifest was given as 20, and his family name was shown as being either "Moore" or "Moor" However, as Alan wrote in a letter to me in 2002:

'Whether "our" Robert Moore was (the one on) the "Lismoyne" and whether he jumped ship as family legend has it, I still don't know. There is a register of people who jumped ship in Adelaide but it only begins in 1852 and does not mention a Robert Moore, which suggests that either he did not jump ship, or did it before 1852. The fact that Olsson, a neighbour with whom he seems to have been friendly (Robert's daughter Alice Mary Moore married the neighbour's son, August Olsson), is on the ship-jumping register suggests that that may have been one of the things they had in common.'

In spite of Alan's best efforts both here and abroad, Robert's trail has now come to a halt.

Robert's occupation is given as 'Labourer, Farmer' and his residence as Bulls Creek. Although few details have been able to be unearthed of his life prior to arriving in Australia, several aspects of his life here are well-authenticated, including his marriage, the children he fathered, and that one certain thing – death. He died on 5 April 1895 at Meadows, the cause of death being attributed to '*senile decay, dropsy, and heart disease*'. The informant was his friend William Ellis, jnr., of Meadows. Robert was buried in the graveyard of St Georges Church of England, Mawson Road, Meadows, in the Diocese of Strathalbyn, on 6th April, 1895.

His wife, Mary Ann, died on 30 September 1895 from a '*strangulated umbilical hernia*'. The informant was her brother Henry Hollamby of Meadows and she was buried on 2 October. The burials were numbers 34 and 35, site numbers 93 and 95 respectively. Unfortunately the

Copy of registry entry of death of Robert Moore

1895. District of *North Adelaide* 198

When Died.	Name and Surname.	Sex.	Age.	Rank or Profession.	Usual Residence.	Cause of Death.	Place where Death occurred.	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.	Signature of Registrar.
April 5 th 1895	Robert Moore	M	67	Farmer	Woodhouse	Senile Decay Dropsy Heart Disease	Woodhouse	William Ellis Friend Woodhouse	William Ellis Woodhouse

Entered at the District Registry Office, this 23rd day of April 1895

W. Spangston District Registrar.
Woodhouse


1000-1-1-91

I, Eric Douglas BYERLEE, Principal Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages for the State of South Australia, do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of an entry in a register kept in this Office. Given under my hand and seal of office this 24th day of December, 1980.

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR
ADELAIDE. S.A.

E. Byerlee
PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR

№ 418735



Robert Moore, died 5 April 1895

1895. District of *North Adelaide* 398

When Died.	Name and Surname.	Sex.	Age.	Rank or Profession.	Usual Residence.	Cause of Death.	Place where Death occurred.	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.	Signature of Registrar.
Sept 30 th 1895	Mary Ann Moore	F	49	Widow	Woodhouse	Strangulated Umbilical Hernia	Woodhouse	Henry Hollamby Brother Macclay St	<i>Henry Hollamby</i>

Entered at the District Registry Office, this 16 day of October 1895

W. Spangston District Registrar.
Woodhouse


1000-1-1-91

I, Eric Douglas BYERLEE, Principal Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages for the State of South Australia, do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of an entry in a register kept in this Office. Given under my hand and seal of office this 24th day of December, 1980.

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR
ADELAIDE. S.A.

E. Byerlee
PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR

№ 418734

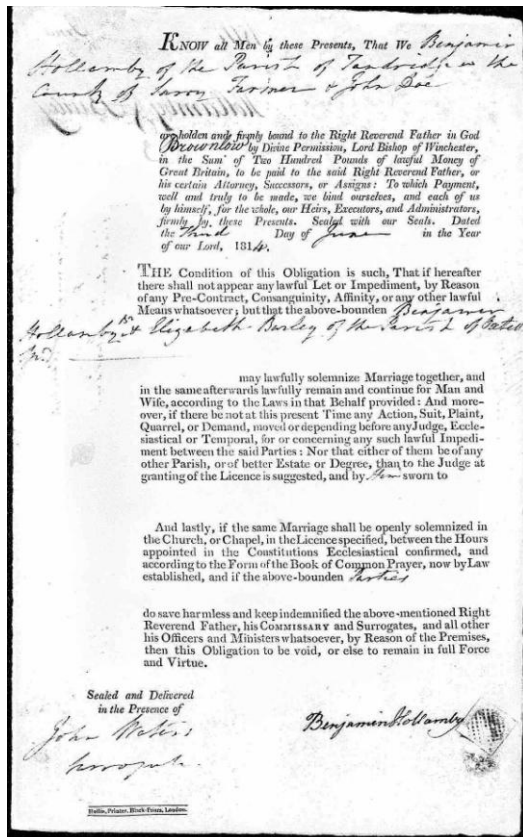


Mary Ann Moore (nee Hollamby) died 30 Sept. 1895

little cemetery has been neglected, with sunken graves and broken headstones, and no sign of the burials remain.



St Georges Church of England, Mawson St, Meadows SA. Burial place of Robert & Mary Ann Moore.



Marriage Bond of Benjamin Hollamby & Elizabeth Burley dated 3 June 1814.

Alan Moore was able to trace the family back a few generations on Robert's wife's side. On 8 March 1791, **John Burley (born 27 December 1773) married Sarah Palmer** (no recorded birth date) in the Parish of Tandridge, England. Their children were **Elizabeth (15 August 1791)**, Sally (26 December 1793), Ann (24 April 1796), Mary (5 July 1801), John (14 August 1803) and Robert (7 April 1805).

Elizabeth, the eldest child, married Benjamin Hollamby (no recorded birth date) on 4 June, 1814. Their children were Hannah (5 April 1815), Robert (18 December 1821), Jane (16 January 1825), Harriet (12 August 1827), **Mary Ann (12 July 1829)**, Esther (15 May 1831) and Henry (Ed) (23 May 1834). *Macclesfield, Reflections Along the Angas* ' edited by Jim Faull, published by Macclesfield Historical Book Committee in 1980, indicates that Mary Ann Hollamby and two of her brothers migrated to South Australia, although not together. A map of land ownership in the Macclesfield area in 1879 published in the same book shows land belonging to a Hollamby.



**The three daughters of Robert Moore (1831 - 4 Apr 1895)
and Mary Ann Hollamby (22 May 1829 – 39 Sep 1895)
Photograph taken at studio of Frank A. McNeill, Gawler Place, Adelaide**

These three rather formidable looking ladies were the sisters-in-law of Lucy Beatrice Moore (nee Adams).

On the left of the photo is Alice Mary Moore (13 Jun 1860 – 20 Jun 1921). She married August Olsson (31 Dec 1851 – 4 Feb 1912).

In the centre is Mary Ann Moore (19 Sep 1863 - ?) who married John Edwards (1 Dec 1864 - ?)

The lady on the right is Hannah Elizabeth (Annie) Moore (17 Nov 1870 – 22 Jul 1933). Her husband was Franz Evarrd Levitzke (6 Sep 1867 – 1 Jul 1933).

The late Alan Moore sent me this copy of an original portrait sent to him c.1993 by Anne Emmett, a Levitzke descendant.

Unfortunately I do not know of any photographs of Robert and Mary Ann's five sons – William, Melville, Robert, Alfred Benjamin and Samuel George.



In trying to find the burial place of the immigrant Robert Moore, William’s father, I searched the Meadows Public Cemetery and discovered the grave of a Robert Moore, but he turned out to actually be Robert Burley Moore, one of William’s brothers. On 6 July 1892 he married Mary Ellen (Nell) Stenson, born in 1869. Robert Burley Moore died 4 August 1936, and his wife Nell died 2 January 1939. They had two sons, Frank Clifford and Douglas Robert William, and a daughter Una Lilian M. Frank Clifford Moore

was born 6 May 1893 and died 19 January, 1968. Frank is also buried there, but in a different grave from his parents’.

As mentioned earlier, I eventually found that ‘the’ Robert Moore was buried in a church cemetery in Meadows.



It appears that his son William, my great-grandfather, never moved very far from that triangle of the Adelaide Hills which includes Meadows, Strathalbyn, and Woodchester. Many of his descendants are also, or have been residents of the southern Hills and upper Fleurieu area. I should like to think that my feeling almost of kinship with this country landscape stems in part from my ancestry.

Curiosity about a couple of faded family photographs, coupled with seeing an almost identical photo in Nancy Gemmell’s book *Old Strathalbyn and its People* encouraged me to find out as much as I can about the real people behind the few names occasionally mentioned my younger days by my own father.

Married in the District of <i>Strathalbyn</i>						
When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Trade or Calling.	Residence at Time of Marriage.	Name and Surname of Fathers of both Parties.
1886	<i>William Moore</i>	27	<i>Single</i>	<i>Labourer</i>	<i>Meadows</i>	<i>Robert Moore</i>
1886	<i>Lucy Adams</i>	23	<i>Spinster</i>	<i>Labourer</i>	<i>Meadows</i>	<i>Henry Adams</i>

Place in which celebrated. *Residence of the bridegroom & bride*

Maiden name of bride: *Lucy Adams*

Witnesses: *August Adam, Labourer, Meadows*; *Mary Ann Stone, Meadows*

The above-named *William Moore* and *Lucy Adams* were duly Married

Witness my hand this *6th* day of *May* 1886 *Arthur J. Burt*

I, Eric Douglas BYERLEE, Principal Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages for the State of South Australia, do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of an entry in a register kept in this Office. Given under my hand and seal of office this 26th day of November, 1960.

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR
ADELAIDE. S.A.

PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR

No 416383

On 6 May 1886 when William Moore was a 27 year old labourer living at Meadows, he married Henry Adam’s daughter **Lucy Adams**, a 23 year old local lass. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arthur J. Burt in the Meadows

Copy of Marriage Registration of my great-grandfather William Moore and Lucy Adams, 6 May, 1886.

residence of William's parents, Robert and Mary Ann Moore. One of the witnesses was August Olsson, also a labourer of Meadows. (August married Alice, one of William's sisters.) The second witness was William's mother, Mary Ann Moore.

One of William's grand-daughters, Clarice, of Littlehampton, told me that William's wife's name was actually Louisa, but she was always known as Lucy, even, eventually, on her headstone. This was undoubtedly because one of her sisters was named Louise – and that lady was always known as Lou. There has always been confusion caused by the similarity of the names.

I should include here a brief history of Lucy's family as researched by Alan Moore, as it is interesting in itself. **Henry and Mary Elizabeth (nee Brewer) Adams** were married in the parish church on 27 January 1855 by the vicar, R. William Lambert. Two children, Hannah Miriam and Mary Jane, were born in the parish of Fivehead, Somerset, near Taunton in England. Perhaps it was because of Mary Elizabeth's 'weak lungs' that they decided to migrate to Australia.

They came on the 949 ton *Utopia*, under Captain H. Keen, which left Liverpool on 28 March 1858 and arrived in Adelaide 103 days later on 9 July. The *South Australian Government Gazette of 14th October 1858* stated that the *Utopia's* provisions were "*abundant and good, and the people expressed themselves well satisfied.*" After two months at sea, a case of measles appeared on board; all children contracted the disease and sadly Henry and Mary's tiny baby Mary Jane succumbed to measles on 29 June 1858 and was buried at sea. What a tragedy for the young family - only a couple of weeks before their arrival in a new land, now with only their one year old toddler Hannah Miriam. The ship had been dogged by opposite winds for much of the voyage. Imagine the frustration of passengers when the *Utopia*, beaten by strong easterlies, was for the last sixteen days of the trip, within a mere three days' sail of the port of Adelaide.

South Australia
In the Supreme Court
Testamentary Causes Jurisdiction
THIS is the last will and testament of me Henry Adams of Meadows in the Province of South Australia Firstly I desire that all my just debts funeral and testamentary expenses be paid and satisfied by my executor hereinafter named as soon as conveniently may be after my decease and secondly I give devise and bequeath all my real property to my daughter Lucy Moore after my wifes decease the stock on the farm and all chattels to be sold after my wifes death The money thus obtained together with the money in the Savings Bank to be equally divided between George Henry Adams (son) Lucy Moore Elizabeth Stanger and Louisa Pound (daughters) all and every my household furniture linen and wearing apparel books plate pictures china horses carts and carriages and also all and every sum and sums of money which may be in my house or be about my person or due to me at the time of my decease and also all other my stocks funds and securities for money book debts money on bonds bills notes or other securities and all and every other my estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever both real and personal whether in possession reversion remainder or expectancy unto my wife Emily Ellen Adams during her life time for her use, after her death the above to be sold and equally divided between George Henry Adams Lucy Moore Elizabeth Stanger and Louisa Pound. My wife Emily Ellen Adams to receive all rents and to use them for her own benefit during her life to and for their own use and benefit absolutely And I nominate constitute and appoint William Moore to be executor of this my last will and hereby revoking all former or other wills and testaments by me at any time heretofore made I declare this to be my last will and testament In Witness whereof I the said Henry Adams have to this my last will and testament set my hand the fourth day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two signed by the testator – Henry Adams – and acknowledged by him to be his last will and testament in the presence of us present at the same time and subscribed by us as witnesses in the province of the said testator and of each other. Dennis W. Murphy. G.A. Hopkins.
The above Will of Henry Adams late of Meadows in the state of South Australia Retired farmer deceased who died at Meadows aforesaid on the thirtieth day of January 1903 was proved in the Supreme Court of South Australia on the sixteenth day of February 1903 by William Moore of Highland Valley near Woodchester in the said State Station-hand the sole executor therein named
Dated this 16th day of February 1903
Estate sworn not to exceed in value seventy pounds. Aug Stow Registrar
E.J. Tucker Solicitor

Henry brought tools with him in the false bottom of a trunk filled with clothes. This box, with 'ADELY' (Adelaide?) printed on the front, eventually came into the possession of their grand-daughter Lillian O'Brien, mother of Vinton O'Brien, my second cousin.

Five more children were born to Henry and Mary Elizabeth in South Australia; they were Bertha (born about 1861), **Louisa (Lucy) (17 June 1862 at Green Hills)**, Elizabeth (19 November 1864), Louise (Lou) (25 December 1867), and George Henry (5 October 1868). A copy of Henry's transcribed will, leaving all his estate (after his wife's demise) to be equally divided between his son George and daughters Lucy, Louisa and Elizabeth, is shown here.

The Highland Valley sheep station, north-east of Strathalbyn, had been established in the mid-1800's by Jamaican-born Edward Stirling who migrated from Scotland to South Australia in June 1839. In the 1840's, with money to invest in the new colony, he acquired six sections of the Angas Special Survey along the valley of the River Angas. He settled, married and had two sons in his home 'The Lodge' near the (then) new town of Strathalbyn.

Stirling purchased three sections of government land, where Rodwell Creek flows to the River Bremer, in 1851. In 1859 he purchased an additional three sections and named the whole property Highland Valley. Looking at the rugged country with its windswept hills, deep valleys and grey rocky outcrops, it is easy to understand the association with Scotland. Gold, silver and lead were discovered on a neighbouring section, and Messrs Stirling, Elder, Rankine and McLaren were lease holders and directors of the new Wheel Ellen mining venture. Stirling was something of an entrepreneur and helped found Elder Stirling and Co, the company being major investors in Wallaroo copper. As well as his many property leases and ownership in Adelaide, he extended his pastoral interests to include the several thousand acres of 'Nalpa' station on the shores of Lake Alexandrina close to the point south-west of Wellington.

Stirling was a member of the Legislative Council for some time. He and his sons Edward and Lancelot, later to be knighted, retained their interests in their properties here when they went to reside in England in 1865 to complete their education at Trinity College, Cambridge. Lancelot was elected member for Barker in 1881, for Gumeracha from 1885-1891, and was president of the Legislative Council from 1891 until he died in 1932. He was given a knighthood in 1902 and made K.C.M.G. in 1909, and O.B.E. in 1918.



Highland Valley station, Strathalbyn - William & Lucy Moore's home when he was overseer there.

After my great-grandfather William Moore married in 1886, he went to live and work on Highland Valley where he was employed as a bullock driver, station hand and overseer. This was when his ability to handle a bullock team, learned when he handled teams for his father Robert, stood him in good stead.

On the 8,170 acre Highland Valley sheep station, bullocks were used to cart the wood as well as the wool. Sheoak was the preferred wood to any other, but sheoak had

shallow roots that spread out like a fan when they were pulled up. After a year or two, they were dry, but the sheoak paddock was too rough and awkward for horses to work. Wool from the property was carted from the woolshed to the train by bullock team.

Margaret Yeates of Woodchester, near Strathalbyn, has a tape



Highland Valley bullock team pulling a load of wool bales

recording of an interview given by her mother, Lucy Mildred Abbott, who lived until her 101st year. I am indebted to Margaret for this valuable tape, because William's meticulous diaries of the daily running of Highland Valley have disappeared since his death. Lucy's voice as she talks about her parents William and Lucy Moore is strong and clear, and her memory sharp, although she was 93 years old at the time the tape was made.

She says 'Mr Semple was there, and he went ... Mr Bonnin was the manager at Nalpa and he knew Dad's value ... and he asked him if he would take it on. He said he didn't want to take it away from Mr Semple, and he (Mr Bonnin) said "Semple's going. You please yourself; I'd like you to take it. If you won't, I'll get somebody else, but I'd rather you took it," so Dad took it. He was there till he knocked up with overwork. He managed it very well. The place was a lot better when he was there ... he was a capable man. It was born in him.

'Where my mother and father was, when they were first married, was over the hill ... you crossed the creek in the Mine Paddock, and up there was Ryan's Paddock, and that was the house there. It was only three rooms when mother was first married. My father put another room on of course, because we had seven children. They were all born there, seven of (us).'

Lucy Mildred was born on 6 July 1888, Olive 10 August 1890, Ruby Gladys on 23 June 1893, Bertha 10 June, 1895; Lindsay 22 January, 1898, Walter on 3 January 1900. There was also Lillian.

Lucy says 'When he [William] was first married I think he got one pound a week, but then they got rations. They got a sheep a week, and they got the house. It wasn't worth much, not classy, just a house, you might say, no conveniences. I think they got a tank, but they could never get enough [water], so he put in for another tank, and he got that. He could grow his vegetables there, you see, in winter time, but in summer of course there was no water to water them. He had fowls, so we had plenty of eggs, a chook occasionally if you wanted. He had a cow; you had to buy your own cow but you got the run of paddocking for nothing. Then you got a bag of sugar every 2 or 3 months, a bag of flour, and so much tea, that was what they called the rations ...'

The Woodchester store, which was also the post office, was originally owned by Berris Smith and sited on the north-eastern corner of the main street. Once a week they went to Highland Valley with drapery and groceries. A Billy Robinson from Callington, who used to sell tablecloth material by the yard, also used to take his wares to Highland Valley.



Highland Valley trap remembered by Vin O'Brien(Photo: family archives)

Occasionally the family went in to Strathalbyn for supplies with the horse and cart, and later they acquired a trap. Vin O'Brien recalls taking the vehicle from Highland Valley to Strathalbyn one time when the Rodwell Creek was in flood. The water was almost touching the horses' bellies as they crossed the ford.

Flour was bought from Dowding and Drew, who in about 1911 had a big house and general store built, by tradesmen from Strathalbyn, on the south western corner of the main street.

Dowding lived at Langhorne Creek, but Drew had the Woodchester shop. When the Drews left the district the store was taken over by two couples, Mr and Mrs Clem Thornton and Mr and Mrs Syd Chapman, but the whole establishment was gutted by fire in September, 1930. The buildings remained in ruins until Ted and Margaret Yeates bought the place, and restored the building with the help of Herb Abbott, Ted's father-in-law. Margaret was one of the daughters of Mildred Lucy [always known as Lucy] Moore whose audiotape is recorded here.



Margaret Yeates in 2002 at her Woodchester home with the century old stool made by William Moore (Photo: Wendy Baker)

William was a self-taught carpenter, and he made his pieces of furniture to last. Lucy recalls a stool that her father made. *'I was about 15 when he made that for himself, that's how old it is. It's just as firm now as when he made it, and that's nearly 80 years ago. He painted it when he made it, a yellowy brown colour. I remember him bringing it up and he put it down [firmly] and said "That ought to hold my weight," and I said to him, "I think that'd hold an elephant." He said "An elephant's not sitting on it," and do you know, that stool's been used for all sorts of things, climbing up and down, cleaning windows, and never had a thing done to it apart from paint.'*

I can confirm that the little stool was solidly made, literally bolted together. Margaret Yeates of Woodchester has the stool and I photographed it in 2002. It is still being used 'for all sorts' at about 100 years old. William also made, among other items, a big wooden box in which his wife kept all the heavy household manchester such as spare blankets, while he always kept his working trousers, shirts etc. on top.

Highland Valley bred all their riding horses. Lucy says *'They never used to, [prior to William's time] but then when I was young, they always used to breed the horses that they rode. They used to run in the she-oak paddock. Every two years they had a horse breaker there to break in, perhaps half a dozen. Some might go to Nalpa, but mostly to the Valley and nearly all the ones that I remember in my young days were born and bred on Highland Valley. There were two men used to come, I think one was called Morris Moore, and Jim Wilson. One of them, after he left there, Jim I think, got thrown from a horse and killed. They had one good big horse there, he wasn't a "single", he was used for riding and he was good in the trolley, they used him in double harness. Well, they called him Morris [?Maurice], after Morris Moore. They used to call him the big brown colt, and there was one called All Fours, he was a bay with four white feet, and Oh-boy, different ones. Barney, Mack - Dad's [William's] horse was Mack - Stella, Rufus.*

'Gladys [Lucy's sister, actually christened Ruby Gladys] was good at it. I rode if I had to go somewhere. My father'd say when we had old Stella, "Why don't you get on Stella and ride up to Gemmells and post a letter"' – you see you could post a letter on the train then, there was always a postman on the train, if there was a letter that had to go to town in a hurry, some business affair, he'd tell me, so I'd have to go, but I never enjoyed it, though Stella was

a quiet old horse. Gladys loved riding, she'd ride anything. I don't say she'd ride a wild horse but she wasn't scared of it. She used to enjoy it. We could all ride to an extent ... I wouldn't say we'd rather walk, because it was a fair walk, it was 2-1/2 miles. I'd ride, but not that I'd think it was a lovely trip. I wouldn't say "Could I have a horse to go for a ride?" That wouldn't have appealed to me at all! 'He [William Moore] used to do all the shoeing of the horses, before that they used to have to take them to the blacksmith to be shod. He did all that; you know he was good at anything like that. They used to buy the shoes by the hundredweight. He could shoe any horse. One of the men would say "So and so's lost a shoe" and he'd say, "Well, bring him around." Then maybe the next week there'd be another one.'

Ruby Gladys, the little girl who loved riding and who was later to be my paternal grandmother, remained passionate about horses all her life and helped, I am certain, instil a love of them in me.

Although the seven children all grew up on Highland Valley, they did not do station work. There was enough work to employ permanent fencers, rabbit trappers, stockmen, and a team of thirteen shearers. Lucy describes the daily station household life in the 1890's. *'None of us [children] worked there [on station chores] ... the single ones had their own men's hut. It was a nice stone building with 4 beds in it, a table and a sofa, and a nice fireplace. They looked after themselves ...we looked after their meals. We had to make our own butter there, and bread, and they'd come up and have breakfast. If they were going to be in one of the paddocks too far away to come up for dinner, we had to cut their lunch, and then they'd have a hot tea at night. If they were working around the house, around the shed perhaps with the cattle, they'd come and have lunch at 10, dinner at 12, but they never came up for afternoon tea. They'd come at 6 o'clock for tea. Of course if they had a cold lunch they had to have a hot tea. My mother was a jolly good cook, I don't think there was a better cook in the district than what she was, for everything, but we always had to help her.'*

'Most of them took their washing home to their people. Some of them came from Bull's Creek, or different places. If they had to do their own they'd take our tubs and our copper and all that and have a go - they were supposed to ask, but they didn't always. But everything went along all right. Some of the slack time they didn't do very much, and then they used to work in the garden; the Blakes that used to come from Bull's Creek were great in the garden - real gardeners. George Blake used to do the bullocks.'

State Records indicate that there was a George Blake in the Lower Bull's Creek ward, District Council of Kondoparinga, occupying sections 1849 and 1907; perhaps he was the George spoken of by Lucy.

Lucy tells a story about a cantankerous bull on the station. *'There was George ... he was a very conscientious man, but he used to worry a lot. We had one old bull; he'd tackle the bullocks when they were yoked up, if there wasn't someone there to look after them. So if George wanted to come up for a cup of tea at 10 o'clock, someone would have to come with a bullock-whip to keep the bull away, he was a real pest.'*

'My father said one day "I've had enough of him!" George said, "What can you do? He won't go away."

'Soon as he saw the bullocks come in, he was roaring and pawing and scraping up the dirt. He seemed to hate them. "I'll yoke him up" my father says. George says "You can't do that"' My father said "Why can't I?"

'He ran him into the stockyard, big strong old stockyard that my father built, all timber he [had] cut to suit himself. Ran him into the crush pen, put the yoke on him, yoked him to one of the quiet big old bullocks and put him in the middle of the team. He worked all day, he really hated it. It was a real joke!

'When they let him out at night, they unyoked all the bullocks. They had to go out through the gate and across the creek, into what they called the Stamps paddock. (When) the bull got loose, he ... went up on the hill up by the old store, and he stood there, and when he saw the bullocks go away, he came down. [After that] whenever he saw the bullocks coming in any time you'd see him walking off very fast to the top of the hill! And he'd stay up on the hill all day and when he saw the bullocks go out into their paddock, he'd come down. It cured him! One day! I think it upset his dignity! It was a funny thing, but there was no more bother.'



The Merino sheep on Highland Valley had had an infusion of rams in 1872 from John Murray, of Mount Crawford, whose original stock came from the strain introduced into Australia by John Macarthur. This had greatly improved the average return, which was in the region of 14 ½ lbs for ewes. A family photo of six stud merino rams in full wool, taken at the Valley, shows them to be very woolly on the face and legs in comparison with what would be considered first class today. A note in the *Southern Argus* 8 November 1900 reads '*Nalpa and Highland Valley flock averages for year 1900, Messrs. E.C. and J.L. Stirling, owners, 703 flock ewes rearing 95% lambs, cut 11 lb. 15 oz. while their lambs averaged 4 lb 4 ½ oz. The Highland Valley flock was grazed on land where the disastrous fire took place last summer.*'

According to Lucy there were some thousands of sheep to shear. Ted Forest was William's best shearer. He was a ringer three years in succession – the one with the highest daily tally – and, says Lucy, '*They got paid so much a hundred ... it was hand blades, no machines in those days ... Ted used to get up to 104 a day, all good Merino sheep and pretty wrinkly some of them, not plain. They used to cut their tallies into the shed, and it was there to see, Ted Forest 104, 103, and so on.*'

The procedure was to shear at Nalpa Station first, on Lake Alexandrina, because there were not as many sheep. *'Nalpa went in more for cattle than sheep, because ... there was a lot of damp boggy stuff down there and the sheep got footrot,'* Lucy says. There was always a shearer's cook, who had to make the bread, and he had a mate, called a slushy by some, but who was really a rouseabout. Lucy quotes from a poem. *'One of Will Ogilvie's, I think ... "after the shearing, the shearer's mates with the rouseabout and the union man" The rouseabouts were paid so much a week wet or fine, but shearers only got paid for what they shored. If it was wet weather they were sometimes there for a week not shearing. They decided whether the sheep were dry enough, because it gave them rheumatism to shear wet sheep. My father said "We wouldn't want them to shear damp sheep because the wool wasn't safe; it was likely to have spontaneous combustion."*

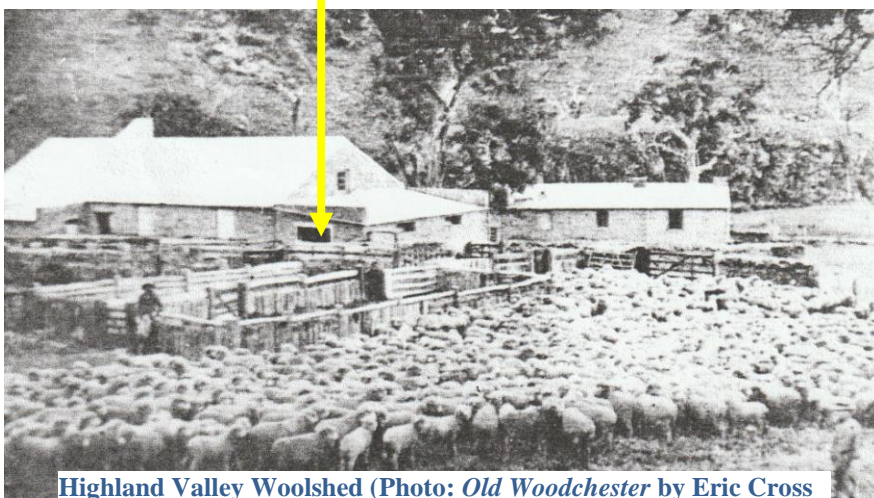


End of old shearing shed (with addition on right), Highland Valley (Photo: Wendy Baker 2002)

Shearing must have been then, as it is now on big stations, a very busy time. The floor of the shearing shed was timber lath, so that any rubbish would fall through. The shearer would go through a gate, and grab his sheep.

Lucy said that a good

shearer could tell just by looking at the sheep whether it was an easy sheep to shear or not. Because they were paid so much a hundred sheep, the easy ones were chosen first.



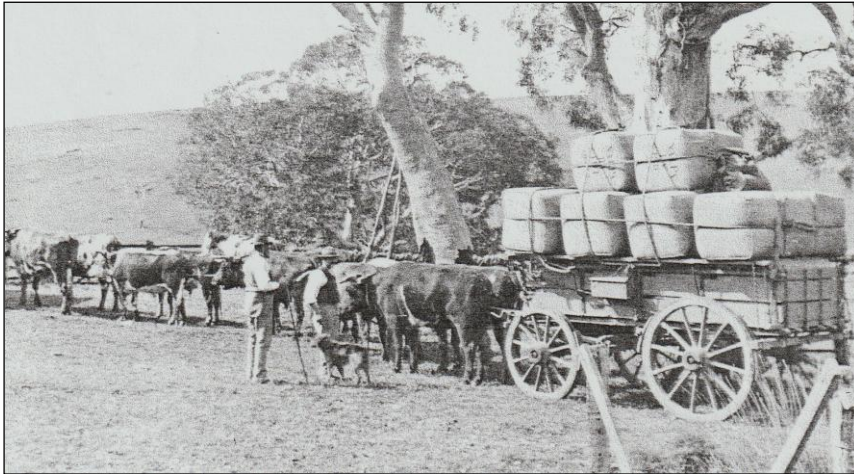
Highland Valley Woolshed (Photo: Old Woodchester by Eric Cross)

The worst sheep was left until last, because it took longer to shear, and was known as the 'cobbler'.

William Moore gained his wool-classing certificate from the School of Mines and Industries in Adelaide in 1912.

While the shearing was being done, the classed wool was put into *'a high thing, three tiers – they'd fill the bottom one, bring another over and fill that, put another on top, get the wool press and press right down until they got it all into the bottom one. Then the top was put on*

and they had to brand the bale. When they had enough pieces for a bale, they would fill that. They had all different markings, it was A1 skirtings, and pieces and all marked with stencils, run over with the black.'

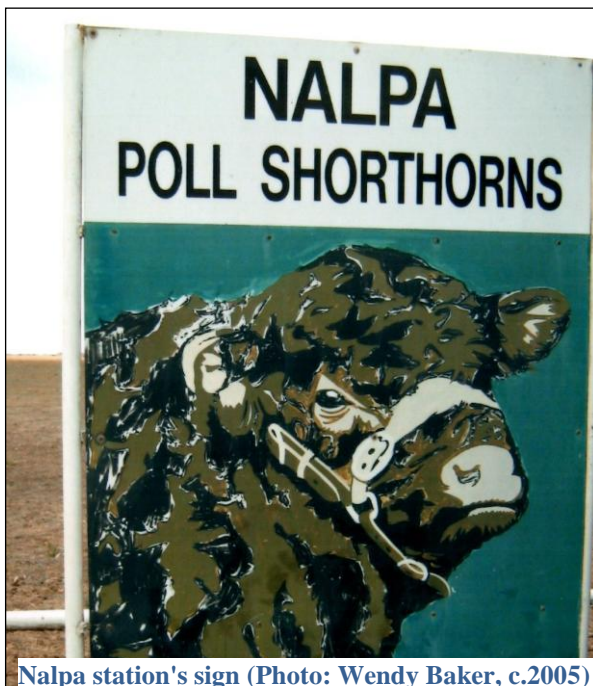


Bullock wagon loaded with Highland Valley wool (Photo: Old Woodchester by Eric Cross)

rough, they didn't put their best sheep there - the studs were in the smaller paddocks, like Abbott's, Bald Hills, Ryan's, different ones like that. The bigger paddocks like Sheoak and Lambing Paddock held what they called the flock, the ordinary sheep. They were good sheep, but not the very high class. Each paddock had their name, perhaps there'd be Two Tooth here, there were the Merinos, First Studs and all that, they each had their own paddock and then they'd move them about ... it was like book-keeping, you had to move this lot from here to there, and there to here. They did so much better if they were moved.'

Lucy explains the sheep paddocks and the system of separating stud from flock sheep. 'Sheoak was a big paddock. One half was called the South Sheoak and the other was the North Sheoak ... the North Sheoak went right across to the Mt Barker road. (It was) very

rough, they didn't put their best sheep there -



Nalpa station's sign (Photo: Wendy Baker, c.2005)

Nalpa station ran Shorthorn cattle, and although Highland Valley kept some, their importance was insignificant compared with the sheep. William Moore always used a bull from Nalpa to service the big, crossbred Shorthorns. Lucy says 'every now and then they'd sell some of them. Some of the cows weren't much - they were good Shorthorns to look at, but not good milkers - they'd be sold as beef cattle. There might be some odds and bods they bought at different times, but any bull calves were reared. They made steers of them, grew them up at Highland Valley and then walked them to the sales here [Strathalbyn].'

Cattle from Nalpa destined for Adelaide were driven overland down the old Mt Barker Road, via Highland Valley where they were

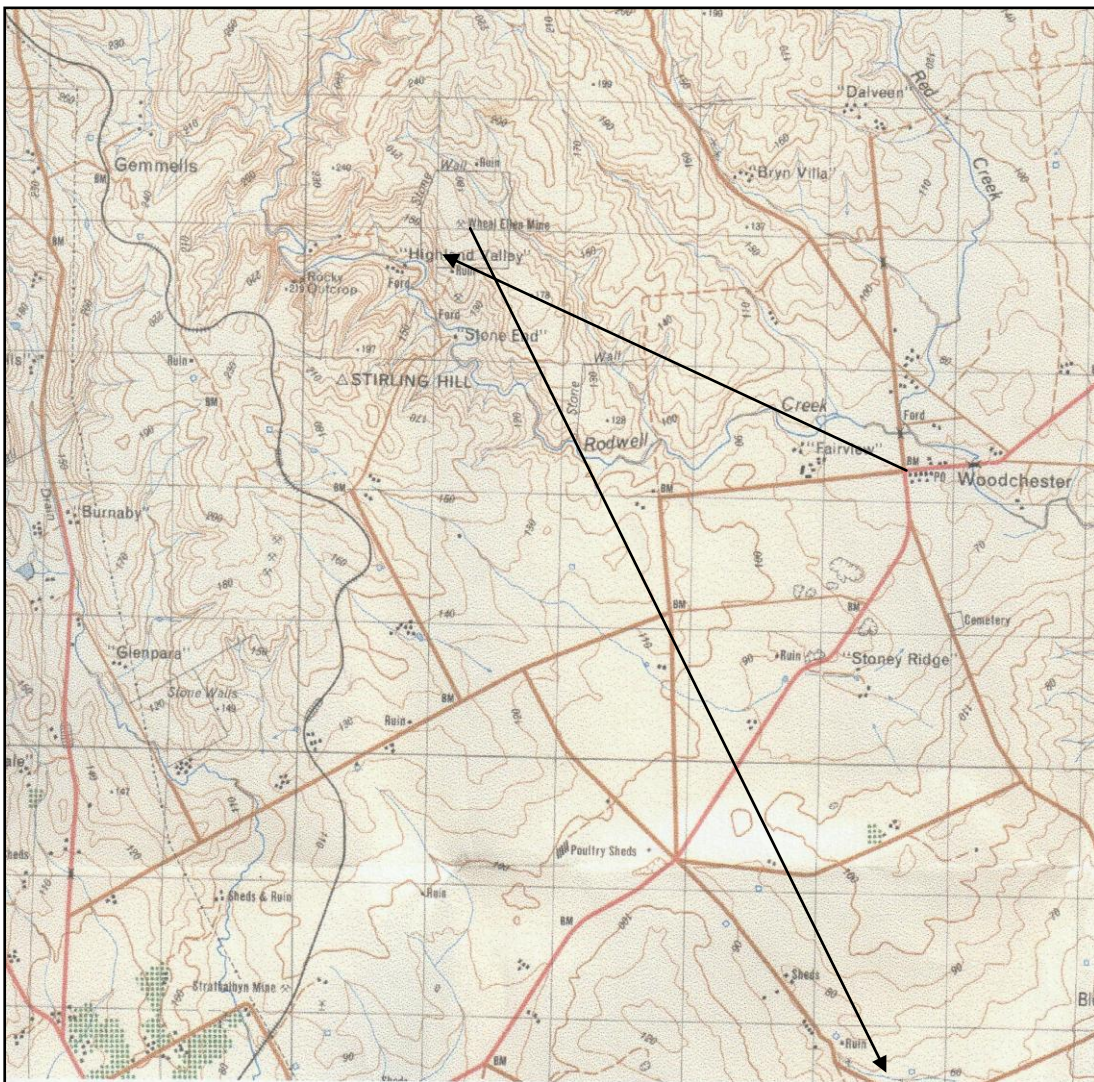
rested for a time before continuing their journey. There is a story that once a stockman rode back to Highland Valley to get William's help for a workman who had been gored by a steer on the road.

Cattle were used on Highland Valley in summer time 'when there was a lot of high grass especially up in the lambing paddock on the way to Mt Barker. They used to buy just anything at the sale, just young stuff, anything, to fatten up there, because the sheep wouldn't eat high

grass, they'd just look for the low stuff ... So they'd [the cattle] be there all summer eating that off, keeping it down because of fire [danger]. Then at the end of summer when ... the grass was getting short, then [they'd go] into the sale then, because they'd be in good order [by] then.

There were no near neighbours, so William and Lucy had to be resourceful. William, by all accounts, was 'pretty careful'. Before his time on Highland Valley, charcoal used to have to be purchased from town. But William had what he called his kiln. Whenever old fence posts were replaced on the station, he would bring them home, and they all went in a big heap. 'Every now and then, about every two years or so, he'd burn them until they were charcoal.'

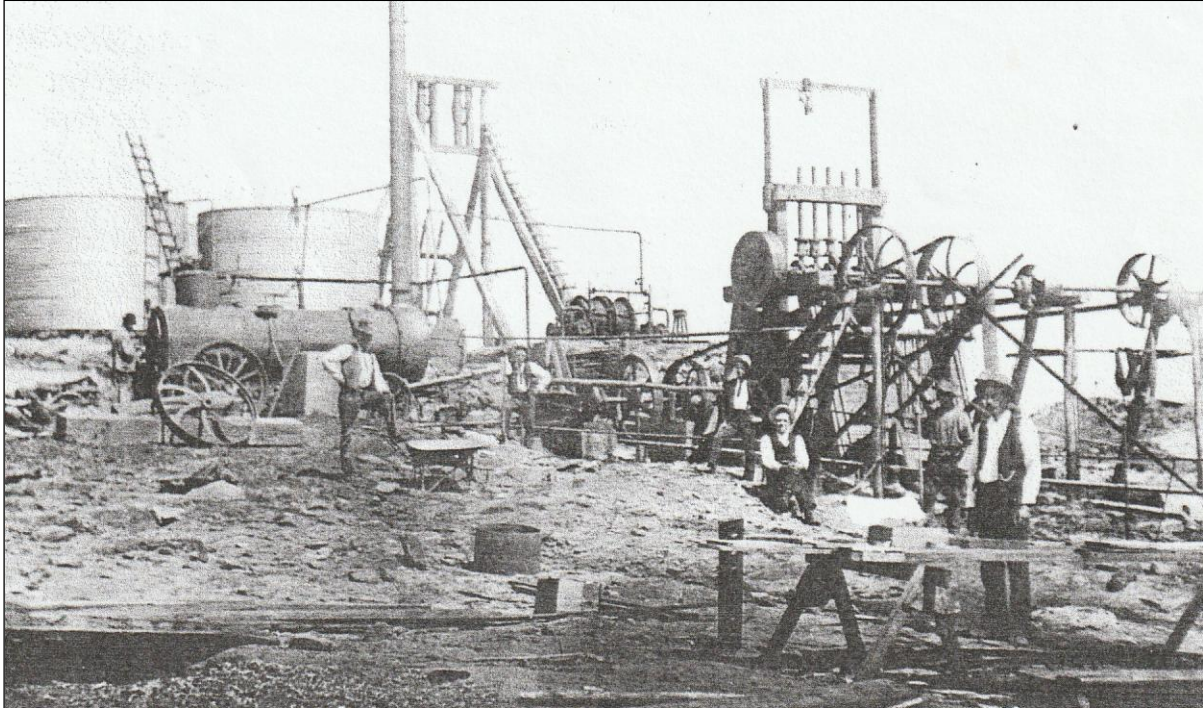
Lucy said that 'you couldn't see anybody, there was no sign of people around, it was just who we had there. On the way to Woodchester up on the hill there was what they called Hill Top I think, Dunns lived there, they'd be two and a half miles, and then old Bill Gemmell lived up at Gemmell's, nearer 3 miles.'



From Government Survey map of Highland Valley area, showing Wheel Ellen mine & Highland Valley, in relation to Woodchester. Margaret Yeates lives at the junction of the cross-roads in Woodchester.

In her tape, Lucy mentions 'the mine paddock' several times. This was where the Wheel Ellen mine operated, on the top of the ridge across the valley from the farmstead.

After its establishment in 1857, the mine on Section 2728 Hundred of Strathalbyn was operated by an English company, the Wheal Ellen (South Australia) Mining Co. Ltd. It had opened in a 'small way' with partners J.W. Bassett, who named the mine 'Wheal Ellen' after his wife Ellen, and N.V. Squarrey. Five shafts were sunk. The mine showed promise at first and had a steam-driven five head stamp battery. However it evidently suffered fluctuating prosperity, both with the minerals and with investment and management, and was closed and re-opened more than once in its life.



During some of the time the Moore children were growing up, Wheal Ellen was a thriving community within its own leasehold area on Highland Valley station, with at one time a population of about 300 and its own school, and ran night and day. Silver, gold, lead and copper were the main minerals. There were church meetings, Sunday schools and a general store and grog shop. The crumbling ruins of the old store can still be seen on the skyline.



Ruins of old store, and small chimney c. 1971



Same ruins, 2002 (Photo: W.Baker)

There were injuries at the mine from time to time. On one occasion

a man underground fell on a pick-axe, and was severely injured. The mine manager apparently carried him out of the mine on his back. He was put on a cart to be taken for help but died before they reached Wistow.

In about 1908 when D. C. Winterbottom was manager, pyrites was also being sold to sulphuric acid manufacturers in Adelaide. Ore was carted by bullock or horse wagon to the railway line at Gemmells railway siding. More silver, lead and gold were extracted from the tailings of the old workings. Eventually there was nothing left to exploit (the hills around had

been stripped of trees for firewood for four shillings a ton) and the mine closed in about 1911, with machinery, engines and plant being sold to Forwood Downs.

Today little evidence remains of the mining activities, apart from a network of gravelled roads bearing names like *Wheal Ellen* and *Mine Flat* roads. *Wheal Ellen* Road traverses very rocky country, with splendid views to Lake Alexandrina and an unbroken vista of the hills of Highland Valley. But the miners' cottages have disappeared and the seventy feet tall chimney stack, a local landmark for many years, finally blew down in a wind-storm in, I believe, the 1950's. The most graphic evidence is the lack of big timber and the eroded gullies created by removal of the natural timber for shoring, for firewood sales and for use in the steam-driven stamp battery and other mining engines.

Woodchester School, a stone building opened in July 1859 with twenty-nine pupils, was attended by most if not all of the Moore children. It was almost four miles from the homestead. I think of our families and children today and try to imagine how William and Lucy, as parents, felt about that long trek by their seven children, at one time or another, almost eight miles daily. I suppose it was accepted without question, although surely not without some concern. In these times of air-conditioned cars, such a trek would be almost unthinkable with its potential for heat-stroke, snake-bite or being saturated by rain. Lucy Abbott recalls matter-of-factly, *'Oh, it was nearly four miles, over the paddocks, across creeks. When the floods were on, [we were] hanging onto the fences across the creek, keeping our feet out of it as well as we could, but water still squelching out of our boots. Up over the hills and down the valleys. [When] we used to get to Paechs, well that was only a mile and a half to school from there. We used to go over two miles to there across the Valley – we'd go through the mine paddock and through the Sheoak paddock, and Sheoak was a big paddock.'*

Register Number	Date of Admission	NAME OF CHILD	Date of Birth	NAME OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN	OCCUPATION	RESIDENCE			LAST SCHOOL	
						Town, County, Township or Hundred	Street	No. of Sect.	Name	When Left
6216	13-7-00	Bell Flora May	12-96	Bell W. J.	Labourer	Woodchester	11	2	Goodwa	24-7-00
6217	13-7-00	Bell Isabella	12-96	Bell W. J.	Labourer	Woodchester	11	2	Goodwa	17-7-00
6218	6-9-00	Hefford Jessie	23-5-88	Hefford John	Farmer	Woodchester	2694	3	Woodchester	27-7-00
* 6219	10-10-00	Moore Gladys	22-5-92	Moore William	Station Hand	Highland Valley	2694	3	Not Any	
6220	7-10-00	Cakes Roy W.	13-7-91	Cakes Henry	Tramster	Woodchester	2694	5	Not Any	
6221	22-7-01	Strachan John	12-3-90	Birmingham Wm	Farmer	Woodchester	1327	2	Milang	17-6-01
6222	4-4-01	Hurvey George Stanley	5-1-85	Hurvey Charles	Farmer	Woodchester	1822	2	Woodchester	17-6-01
6223	3-12-01	Hill Frank M.	6-1-87	Hill Sydney	Farmer	Woodchester	1687	2	Woodchester	26-1-01
6224	7-4-01	Jones Olive B.	3-7-94	Jones Charles	Labourer	Woodchester	1900	2	Not Any	
* 6225	7-4-01	Moore Olive	10-8-90	Moore William	Station Hand	Highland Valley	2694	3	Meadows	10-1-01
6226	7-4-01	Brock Douglas	14-4-85	Brock Albert	Farmer	Woodchester	1240	2	Woodchester	24-1-01
* 6227	24-4-01	Moore Gladys	23-6-92	Moore William	Station Hand	Highland Valley	2694	3	Woodchester	17-6-01
6228	20-7-01	Dalton Ellen E.	6-10-92	Dalton Arthur	Station Hand	Highland Valley	2694	3	Loughmestree	17-6-01
6229	30-7-01	Paech Olga S.	17-2-95	Paech C. A.	Farmer	Woodchester	1025	2	Not Any	
6230	5-8-01	Hefford Jessie	22-5-88	Hefford John	Farmer	Woodchester	2694	3	Woodchester	17-6-01
6231	4-8-01	Hefford William	3-8-91	Hefford John	Farmer	Woodchester	2694	3	Not Any	
6232	6-8-01	Stein Elfrida	11-2-93	Stein Adolf	Farmer	Red Creek	1264	3	Not any	
6233	2-10-01	Hefford Ada S.	22-7-94	Hefford Jean	Farmer	Woodchester	2694	3	Not any	
* 6234	29-10-01	Moore Lucy	6-7-88	Moore William	Station Hand	Highland Valley	2694	3	Private	

Lucy said they were always in fear of being late. One day they heard the first bell ring, and, knowing they must be late, ran and walked alternately to hurry themselves along. They still arrived after the second bell and the teacher made them stand in the corner, although they

were distressed after their hurried trip. Lillian, who was prone to fainting spells as a result of some illness (possibly rheumatic fever), could not continue to stand, and passed out – this must have been a fright for the teacher!

Register Number	Date of Admission	Woodchester School		Date of Birth	NAME OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN	OCCUPATION	RESIDENCE			LAST SCHOOL	
		NAME OF CHILD					County	Street	Post Office	No. of Street	Name
B. 236	19-2-02	Dalton Arthur		16/7/94	Dalton Arthur	Laborer	Highland Valley	269	3	Langhous Beck	1901
B. 237	7-4-02	Bell Andrew		23-6-89	Cross James E.	Farmer	Woodchester	177	2	Blumberg	1902
S. 238	7-4-02	Ryan Mary		22-3-93	Ryan Michael	Laborer	Woodchester	1570	3	Strathallbyn	1902
F. 239	7-4-02	Forrest Annie		17-9-91	Pratt John E.	Farmer	Woodchester	1529	3	Hamley Bridge	1902
S. 240	02-10-02	Blake Margaret		20-1-95	Blake James	Farmer	St. Strathallbyn	1511	2	Not any	1902
B. 241	9-9-02	Hassam Oscar L.		20-1-95	Hassam William	Farmer	St. Strathallbyn	1513	2	Not any	1902
* B. 242	1-1-03	Moore Bertha		19/1/95	Moore William	Station Hand	St. Strathallbyn	269	3	Not any	1902
B. 243	29/1/03	Dalton Irene M.		16/5/96	Dalton Arthur	Laborer	Highland Valley	269	3	Not any	1902
B. 244	17/4/03	Harvey Winifred J.		11/2/96	Harvey Henry	Farmer	Woodchester	1515	2	Not any	1902
B. 245	7-5-03	Harvey Philip		22-11-95	Harvey Henry	Farmer	Woodchester	1528	2	Not any	1902
B. 246	16-10-04	Johnston James		22-1-94	Ryan Michael	Laborer	Woodchester	1570	3	Maifitgar	1902
B. 247	18-10-04	Harvey Esther		11/4/96	Harvey Henry	Farmer	Woodchester	1515	2	Not any	1902
B. 248	11-10-04	Knight Olive E.		21/6/92	Knight William	Farmer	Woodchester	266	3	Boors Plains	1902
B. 249	2-5-04	Stanton Esther		21/3/97	Stanton William	Blacksmith	Woodchester	177	2	Not any	1902
B. 250	2-5-04	Bone Humphrey		5/1/93	Bone Henry	Farmer	Woodchester	1529	2	Cocualpyn	1902
B. 251	17-5-04	Edwards Albert		15-5-97	Edwards Henry	Laborer	Woodchester	177	2	Not any	1902
B. 252	17-7-04	Stanton Dorothy		1/10/97	Stanton John	Farmer	Blatchley	200	3	Not any	1902
B. 253	17-7-04	Stanton Olive Annie		3/7/95	Stanton John	Farmer	Blatchley	200	3	Not any	1902
* B. 254	17-5-04	Moore Lindsay		21/1/98	Moore William	Station Hand	Highland Valley	269	3	Not any	1902
B. 255	12-1-04	Gardiner Harold		27-2-99	Gardiner John	Farmer	Blatchley	201	3	Varrocote	1902

Woodchester Primary School Admissions Register 1902-1904 for Bertha and Lindsay Moore

For all that, the exercise cannot have done young Lucy much harm, for she lived into her 101st year!

The Woodchester School closed in 1941. Lucy's daughter Margaret showed me newspaper cuttings from the *Southern Argus* of 1 November 1930 about the "Back to School" celebrations held on a scorching hot day. Margaret recalled that the catering was a nightmare. It must have been a satisfactory event in spite of the heat, for the programme went into the evening with a dance. Some of the other families' names, apart from the Moores, were Paechs, Cross's, Semples, Richardsons, Stantons, Dunns, Harveys, Edwards, Hassams and Heffords.

State Records (GRG 18/280/6) have yielded copies of the Woodchester School Attendance Register showing most of the Moore children's attendance.

Mildred Lucy Moore, date of birth 21 July 1888, listed as having come from private schooling, was enrolled on 29 October 1901. (age 13)

Olive Beatrice Moore, date of birth 10 August 1890, supposedly left Meadows school April 1901 and was admitted to Woodchester on 17 April 1901. (age 11).

Ruby Gladys Moore, date of birth 23 June 1893, started for the first time at Woodchester on 1 October 1900. (age 7)

Gladys Moore has another entry, 'previous school Woodchester' and date of admission 24 April 1901. That entry records that she left 'previous school' in December 1900. The intervening gap of about 4 months remains a mystery.

Bertha Mary Ann Moore, date of birth 10 June 1895, was first enrolled at Woodchester on 18 September 1902. (age 7)

William Lindsay Moore, date of birth 22 January 1898, was first enrolled at Woodchester on August, 1904. (age 6)

Register Number	Date of Admission	NAME OF CHILD	School	Date of Birth	NAME OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN	OCCUPATION	RESIDENCE			LAST SCHOOL	
							Town	Street	Lot or Block	Name	When Left
6276	1906	Wartsch Edith		1906	Wartsch Charles	Labourer	Woodchester			Strathalbyn	1907
B277	1906	Birmingham Leonard		1906	Birmingham M	Farmer	Woodchester	1329	2	Not any	
B275	27/10/06	Clark Frank		1906	Clark Percy G	Farmer	Woodchester	1329	2	Strathalbyn	1907
9277	9-10-07	Harvey Esther		1907	Harvey Harry	Labourer	Woodchester	1325	2	Strathalbyn	1907
9280	17-10-07	Hefford Jean		1907	Hefford John	Farmer	Woodchester	1279	3	Strathalbyn	1907
B281	17-10-07	Hefford Herbert		1907	Hefford John	Farmer	Woodchester	1279	3	Strathalbyn	1907
*A282	1-11-07	Moore Walter		1900	Moore William	Station Overseer	Highland	10/10/1890	3	Not any	
B283	1-11-07	Morrison Robbie		1900	Brook William	Farmer	Woodchester	1329	2	Nailsworth	1907

Woodchester Primary School Admissions Register 1906-1909, for Walter Moore

Walter Harry Moore, date of birth 3 July 1900, was first enrolled at Woodchester on 1 November 1907. (age 7) At this point, his ‘father’s occupation’ was given as station overseer, though prior to that it was shown as station hand.

There is no record of Lillian’s school enrolment at Woodchester, although as said previously Lucy remembers walking there with her sister. It is possible that she later went to Strathalbyn Primary School. The relevant State Records reference number for that school’s admission register is GRG 18/343.



The old wharf, Morgan (Photo:W.Baker, 2021)

The record of Lucy’s enrolment at age 13 having come from private schooling relates to an event in the Moore family that took place when she was about ten or eleven. During her taped interview, Lucy was asked why she had left the family home to go to Wentworth. ‘Well, dashed if I know. Well, Aunt Lou had no children and mother had six at the time. I think they thought it would be nice for me to go up there for a holiday. [Aunt Lou] was coming down in February and said she’d ... bring me back in October. [My sister] Lillian was asked first – she wouldn’t have it on her mind. They said to me, that I was going ... I think if they’d told me I was going to the moon I’d have been chatting on for it ... Mother made me a new dress, and we went to town and had lunch ... We caught the train to Morgan and had to get out. Instead of going by steamer [she had been going to go on the P.S. Gem] I had to go by coach, because the river was too low.

‘It was in 1898, 83 years ago. Caught the coach in the daytime, and we drove on and on and on, rough roads then, no decent roads. Travelled all night one night. We got to Renmark ... can’t remember if the driver was Plush and the coach belonged to McMahan, or the other way around! The driver from Renmark to

Wentworth was a big man with a red face, and very jolly. When we got to a place there'd be livery stables ... and they'd change horses – they'd bring the horses out and take the ones we had and put them away. While they were doing that there was a sort of an eating house. There'd be boiled mutton and some cabbage and potato and that was the meal, I couldn't eat because I was too tired and the coach made me feel sick all the time because it was you know, bump bump bump all the time. We came to this hill which was all sand, and we all had to get out and walk ... on that sandy ground, in the night, because it was too heavy for the horses to pull through the sand, and I was tired. I remember they had a bag of flour on top, on top of the coach, because they were getting short of flour at Wentworth. The boats used to bring the flour up and they hadn't run for so long that flour was getting short up there, so every coach brought one bag of flour on top to eke it out. That made it a lot heavier because they were 200 lb bags, they weren't the small ones.'



The old coach road Renmark to Wentworth (photo: W.Baker 2020). Young Lucy would maybe still recognise this landscape more than a century later with its sand and scrub.

One incident stuck in the ten year old child's mind. *'There was a honeymoon couple there going back ... he was quiet, but I remember her, "Oh give me my gloves dear," he used to put her gloves on, then she'd take them off. "Oh take my gloves dear," and he'd put them in his pocket.'*

Lucy's coach finally got to Wentworth at 4 o'clock in the dark on a Sunday morning. Her aunt and uncle, Lou and Peter Pound met her and took her home to sleep. Uncle Peter apparently had a jeweller's shop in Darling Street, Wentworth.

She attended the state school for a short time, where *'you had to pay threepence a week, every Monday morning'* but after a tragedy involving a schoolmaster who attempted suicide by cutting his throat in the school grounds (though fortunately not during school time) Lucy went to the convent instead. She had nothing but praise for the sisters who, she remembered, all had "Mary" in their names.



St. Ignatius Convent School, Wentworth, NSW, attended by Lucy Moore (in about 1898-99) while staying with her Aunt Lou and Uncle Peter Pound. Peter had a jeweller's shop in Darling St. (Photo: W. Baker 2014).

Lucy's few months' holiday to Wentworth extended to about two years before the homesick child was eventually able to return to Highland Valley. Apparently William had tried to recall her, because he wanted Lucy back home and knew she was homesick but the aunt did not respond. Lucy evidently wrote "*I want to come home*" on the back of the envelope – after her aunt had 'censored' the letter – just before it was posted, and so her father sent the money for her return trip. I can just imagine young Lucy's happy reunion with her parents, sisters and two brothers after such a long absence.

William Moore's daughters evidently learned to play the piano, and the children went to Sunday school. At least two of the girls that I know of, Lucy and Gladys, developed a passion for books and reading. I remember as a child in the 1950's visiting Gladys, my grandmother. As a treat for being a "good girl" she allowed me to read any book from her glass-fronted cupboard in one of the spare rooms at hers and Grandpa's house, Littlehampton Lodge, in the town of Littlehampton.. When I was about nine years old I tackled *We of the Never Never*, with frightfully small print on pages that had a delicious smell of age, and thereafter was quite certain that I would be a 'jackeroo' when I grew up – little knowing that my love of the land and animals was in genes inherited from my great and great-great grandfathers.

Perhaps the love of poetry which seems to have been inherited by anyone related to William and Lucy, has come 'down the line' from Lucy Moore, for her daughter at 93 could still remember the childhood poems recited so often by her mother.



Seated - Gladys Moore (the story's author Wendy Baker's grandmother). Standing - one of RubyGladys' sisters, Bertha Moore. (Photo: courtesy of Wendy's cousin Ian Masters)



The five daughters of William & Lucy Moore: Lillian, Lucy, Bertha, Olive & Gladys (2nd from right) -

The author of this somewhat didactic poem is given as “unknown”, but I have included it from Lucy’s tape because it, like the others she quoted from memory, is relevant to the period under discussion. Under the title “Christian Resources” at <http://silvertorch.com> I found the original of this poem, titled “The Parrot and the Crows – Bad Company”

*‘...flew about from tree to tree
as blithe and happy as could be,
one day the crows pulled up the wheat,
that Poll did help to pull and eat,
she chattered to the farmer’s foes
and did more damage than the crows,
the farmer got his gun and shot
alas poor Poll’s unhappy lot,
then more on high the ferret rose
but wounded lay amongst the crows
‘Bad company,’ the farmer said
as Poll was carried off to bed.
‘Had you not with the crows been found
you still would be all safe and sound,’
Poll soon got well and hopped about
but often when the children shout
she’d perch upon the nearest tree
and sadly say ‘Bad company’*

Then there was the rather grisly one which I have since tracked down as “Granny’s Tale” from a book costing Two Pence, published by the Education Department in 1909
<https://dro.deakin.edu.au/>

*‘As I sat on the little low stool at her knee,
this is the poem my grandma told me.,
Six frisky mouses, no, mice it should be,
and a fluffy brown owl in the old elm tree.
Six little mice they lived in the wood,
six little mice were pretty and good,
their tails were long and their eyes were bright,
and they loved to frisk in the clear moonlight.
Old miss mother mouse she shook her head
my dears you’re safer by far in bed
Now trust your mother she’s old and wise
and she fears the owl with the big brown eyes
and they promised they would but they forgot they did
and they stole out at night, what a game they had,
It was famous fun
in the moonlight clear to skip and run.
Little they guessed that the big brown owl
was flying that way on his midnight prowl.
He pounced on one and he pounced on two
and he carried them off, that owl so brown
with their poor little tails hung dangling down.
Away they scampered the frightened four,
but two little mice will come no more,
for the owl’s brown baby up in the tree
had mouse for dinner and mouse for tea.*

And Lucy also accurately remembered “The Pert Chicken” by Marian Douglas.:

*There was once a pretty chicken whose friends were very few,
he thought there was nothing in the world but what he knew,
‘Mrs Goose,’ he said, ‘I wonder that your goslings you should let
go paddling in the water, it’ll kill them if they get wet.
‘And I wish, my dear Aunt Dawkins,’ he began again one day,
‘that you wouldn’t sit the summer in your nest upon the hay.
Won’t you come out to the meadows where the grass with seeds is filled?’
‘If I did,’ said Mrs Dawkins, ‘Then my eggs would all be chilled.
‘No they won’t,’ replied the chicken, ‘and no matter if they do,
eggs are really good for nothing, what’s an egg to me and you?’,
‘What’s an egg?’ said Mrs Dawkins, ‘Can it be you really do not
know?
You yourself was in an eggshell just a month ago,
and if kind wings had not warmed you, you would not be here today,
telling hens and geese and turkeys what they ought to do and say.
To be very wise and show it, is a pleasant thing no doubt,
but when young folks talk to old folks they should mind what they’re
about!’*

Whether or not such wisdom was followed, all the Moore children grew up and married. Lucy Mildred married a builder, Herbert Clifton Abbott (Kenneth Lindsay, Margaret Lucy and Aileen Olive the children). Olive married Edward John Simmons. Ruby Gladys married a dairy farmer, Herbert Hinde Clark (Robert William and Clarice Lucy), Bertha married a Paltridge. Lindsay became a schoolmaster and Walter a bank manager. Lillian married James O'Brien from Bull's Creek and they had Vinton and Kathleen. My father Robert William Clark told me that he was named after both of his grandfathers – *Robert* from his paternal grandfather Robert William, and *William* not from that side of the family but from William Moore, as both men were highly respected.

Lucy recalled some of her parents' furniture in their Highland Valley home. *'The first bed Mother and Father had was an iron bed ... when we were just kids that was put into our room, and they got another one ... later on that went into another room and they got a very elaborate one, a silvery colour ... that was sold after father died. It was a prize of Mother's, she paid a lot for it - oh, it was a very flash bed!*

'I remember six chairs and a sofa. Mother had her chair in the kitchen, but the rest of us had forms, alongside the wall. They had a chest of drawers in the bedroom. They had a washstand, with a hole in the middle where you sat the basin, a bar across each side to hang your towel on, but not a marble top. Mother had – I suppose you'd call it a trunk – we called it the tin box. It had a sloping top and was painted mottled brown and could be locked, but it was never locked. That was where she kept all the house clothes, sheets, towels, pillowcases and underwear. You didn't have a lot of underwear. You always had a change set, but that's all you expected.'

William once went to a clearing sale at a farm. *'I think I'll go, might pick up something there,'* he said, according to Lucy Abbot. She went on *'Well he did pick up something ... a rocking chair, and Mum said "Whatever did you buy that for?" He said "How much do you think I gave for it? Sixpence!'"*

Considering that he paid three shillings for a clock at the same sale, it was no wonder he was pleased with his bargain. His daughter Lucy cleaned the dilapidated cane-seated chair for her mother and made cushions for it, painted it and loved it dearly, in fact coveted it but for some reason William never let her have it. *'He told me 'You'd only crack your ankles on it!'* His refusal to bow to her wishes was something that apparently rankled with Lucy all her life.

In her oral history Lucy remembers her mother keeping everything tidy, with never a thing out of place in the house. Her father once told his daughter Lillian *'Your mother could go into a room in the dark and pick up whatever she wanted, whether it was a handkerchief or a sheet or anything else. She's a tidy woman,'* to which Lillian replied *'Yes, but her daughter didn't take after her!'*

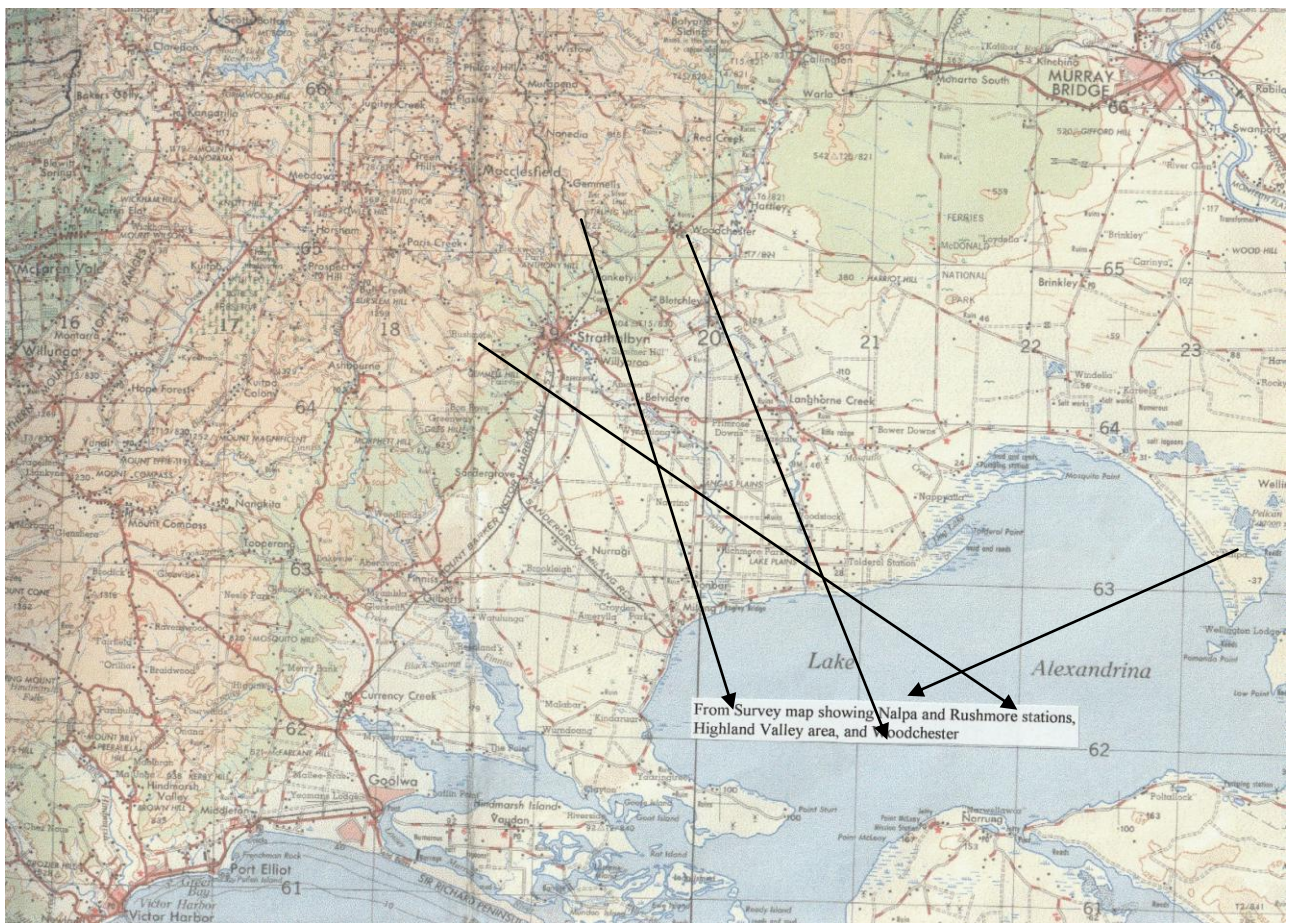
There were no fireplaces in the bedrooms at Highland Valley, but there was one in the sitting room and one in the kitchen. The big kitchen fireplace also held the A. Simpson & Sons colonial oven with the brick bread oven beside it.

William and Lucy took the table from the "front room" with them to become their kitchen table when they moved to Strathalbyn from Highland Valley.

As William's children grew older, they attended fortnightly dances at Woodchester School, dancing to the accordion. Later, the dances were held in the Council hall.

Nancy Gemmell, local and respected historian of note in Strathalbyn, put me in touch with James (Jim) Formby. She told me that Jim had virtually been William Moore's "last jackeroo" and was happy to tell me of those days.

William came to know one of the local doctors during a night-time call-out to Highland Valley. Dr Henry Formby was called to the property. Dr Formby's widowed son Jim, related the incident to me in February 2002 when he was 86 years old. *'The rain was coming down in buckets,'* Jim said. *'Leaving his early model car on top of the hill, my father walked down to where Bill Moore was living. Bill saddled his horse. "Don't touch the reins Doctor, let the horse do the work,"* Bill advised, *and the horse zigzagged over the creek that was down in flood - the patient the doctor had come to see lived on the other side of the creek.'*



Survey Map. Arrows show relationship of Highland Valley, Nalpa & Rushmore stations, & Woodchester.



Original stonework on single-men's quarters, Highland Valley station (Photo: W.Baker 2002)



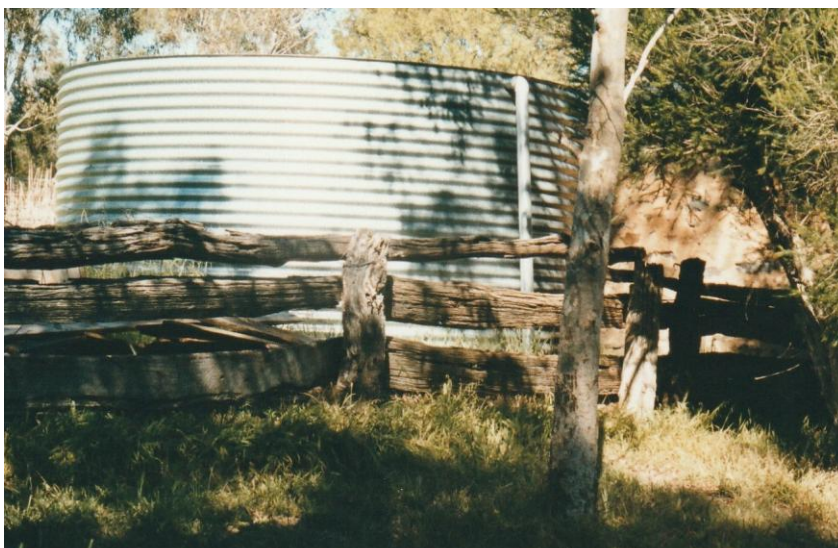
Stall in original stable block, Highland Valley (Photo: W.Baker 2002)

When I visited Highland Valley in 2002 I was very privileged to be shown over the whole property by the owner at that time.

I was able to photograph many aspects of the property, some of which have been reproduced in these pages.



The original farmhouse. It has had a few obvious additions and renovations but the basic structure remains as it was during William Moore's employment as station hand and overseer.



Original post & rail fencing, kept intact despite modern tank installation.



Interior of Highland Valley shearing shed.



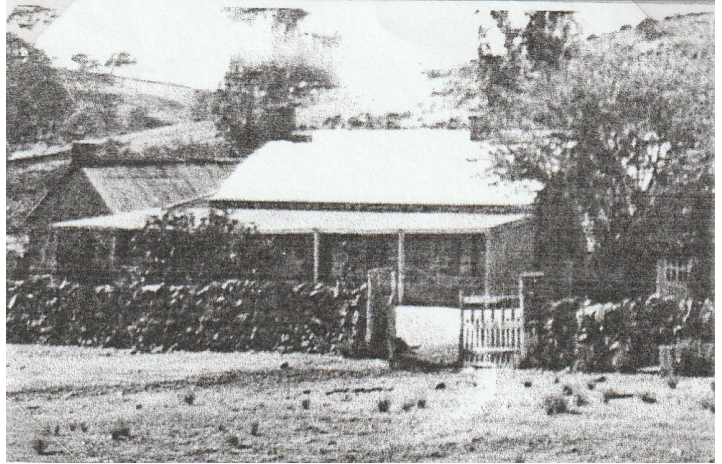
Showing lath floor of shearing shed



William became good friends with Dr Henry Harper Formby, a well-respected doctor in Strathalbyn who opened the first private hospital in the town. Dr Formby had four sons and a daughter. Two of the boys, Major Richard Formby, M.D. B.S, and George, were killed in the Second World War, but Henry and James (Jim) Formby ran sheep properties west of Strathalbyn. The daughter Margaret married a doctor, Roger Angove.

Henry Formby acquired 'Sweethome' in 1925. It was originally built by

David Kennedy and sold to Richard Law Smith in 1900. The original small house (Section 2676, Hundred of Strathalbyn) on the southern side of Paris Creek Road had been gradually added to over the years. James Formby had 'Rushmore Run', bought by his father in about 1914, (Section 2665, Hundred of Strathalbyn)



on Ashbourne Road. Jim and Henry married two local sisters.



Kilmarnock, the house in Strathalbyn to where William & Lucy Moore moved after retiring from Highland Valley c.1918. (Photographed in 2002 by W.Baker)

William and Lucy Moore had retired from Highland Valley in about 1918-19, and he and Lucy lived in a large old stone house, 'Kilmarnock', on Sandergrove Road, on a left-hand bend leaving Strathalbyn on the way to Goolwa. He owned the block next door where he grew lucerne for the three dairy cows which he kept on land adjacent to the Strathalbyn gasworks. The house is still there, though the name on the verandah is faded. Mr John Wilson owned the property in 2002 and when I photographed it was in the process of being renovated with a new addition in the old style.

Margaret Yeates remembers that she and the other grandchildren liked going to Grandmother Lucy Moore's house in Strathalbyn, every Sunday after Sunday school, because they were allowed to play on the piano there. The piano is still in the family.

William had a skewbald gelding known as 'Old Skewy'. He must have been a very strange horse with an irascible temperament. At least three of the people who remembered this animal gave opinions of him varying from 'vicious' and 'bad-tempered' to 'strange' and most remember William as being the only person able to really handle Skewy. My (late) Aunt Clarice, Gladys' daughter, remembered that when she and the other grandchildren visited their grandparents William and Lucy at 'Kilmarnock' as a child, they were always warned not to go near Skewy.

Jim Formby showed me a photo of the tall skewbald in harness. Jim said *'Somewhere there's a snap of Bill Moore on his old horse with a butt of feed on the front of the saddle, he was always carrying something there – that old man and that old horse, they were sure a good pair.'*

He said that Bill, when in his sixties, used to ride or drive Skewy out to Rushmore, turn him loose while he did the day's work, and then when he was ready to go home again all he had to do was whistle and the horse would come to him.



Nowadays via West Terrace and Ashbourne Road this is a round trip of about ten kilometres. It may have been less distance "as the crow flies" but the going was fairly steep, and the old man was still riding when close to 80 years old.

The feeling in the family was that William was not well after retiring from Highland Valley and prior to going to work for Dr Formby, but his good friend the doctor encouraged him to start on just three days a week, managing the 1000 acre 'Rushmore Run' from then on.

It is thought that Gem Rankine was the original manager, but he and the doctor had some falling out and William was given the job. *'Rankines had dairying and orange orchards and the sheep on Rushmore Run,'* Jim said. *'Gem Rankine took the orange trees and the dairying, Bill ran the rest of it at Rushmore.'* He got on well with Jim and his brother. Although in supposed 'retirement', William's employment grew into a full week as 'Sweethome' was



Rushmore Run in the 1920's

acquired in 1925. Jim said *'Sweethome' had only a crutching shed and a dip. We used to walk the sheep across the Bull Creek Road to Rushmore.'*



Jim Formby & the shearing shed built by William Moore on Rushmore Run in about 1920.

Jim Formby, the doctor's son, told me that William was very useful with his hands and was a skilled carpenter. He built the original shearing shed on Rushmore Run, at the bottom of a slope near Dawson Creek, with its permanent water, in about 1920.

In 2002 the shed was still in use, not for shearing, but for holding woolly sheep. Jim Formby had a new shed erected beside the old one in 1966 at a cost of four thousand pounds.

The day I spoke to Jim, he drove my husband and me out to Rushmore Run to see my great-grandfather's handiwork. Jim told us how another 100 acres had just been purchased, beyond the creek, adding to Rushmore's acreage. The old shed still held the pungent lanolin aroma of old wool and sheep, and the afternoon sun shone through the windows onto the lath (slatted) floor of the pens. The flooring was cut at a saw mill. Jim thinks that overall, the shearing shed probably cost a few hundred pounds, although the labour bill would not have been high. In



Interior of Rushmore Run's original shearing shed.

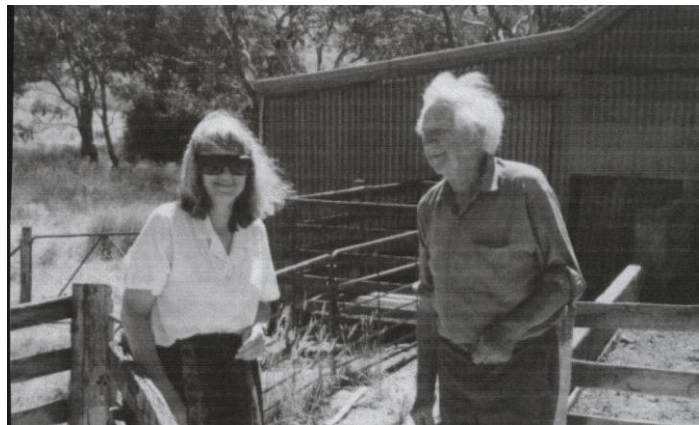
the still, warm summer day it was not difficult to visualise the activity there all those years ago. It was motorised at one stage but the engine had since been stripped and was being used for pumping water elsewhere on the station.

Jim told me that Rushmore's sheep early in the 21st Century were what was termed 'one and a halfers', that is, Merino crossed with

Border Leicester to produce a cleaner legged animal.



The sheep-dip (still in use in 2002) built by Jim Formby and his brother Henry



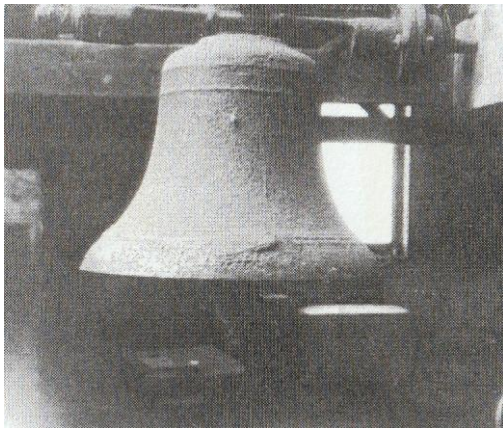
William Moore's great-granddaughter Wendy Baker & Jim Formby, in 2002

Outside the shed in the yards built by Jim Formby was the sheep dip, dug by hand by Jim and his brother Henry many years ago and still in use when I saw it. Henry's wife, it is said, often joked that the sheep dip was better plastered than their own house!

In about 1936, Jim's brother Henry left for Western Australia and Jim became William Moore's understudy. He says that he found him a really great fellow to learn under.

'How could he, at about 77, take on a rude young man?' Jim asked when I visited him at his home at 30 Ashbourne Road, Strathalbyn, in February, 2002. 'But he told me many things. He said 'The longer I am with sheep the more I realize what little I know'. That was the one thing that really stuck. I thought to myself, you have forgotten more than I will ever know, and those words of wisdom I will never forget – they are as good today as they were 60-odd years ago.'

Jim continued. *'I enjoyed the three-odd years under 'Old Bill' – mind you, he was always 'Mr Moore' to me – I really respected him and thought how lucky I was to be his understudy. I rode a horse and had a sheepdog. It was a pleasant life. Bill managed Rushmore Run. And Bill took all the responsibility – if I ever messed up, he fixed it up. Old Bill used to get on well with the workers - he was a working man's man, if you know what I mean.'* When I met Jim, his sons had Rushmore, but he took an active and practical interest in the property.



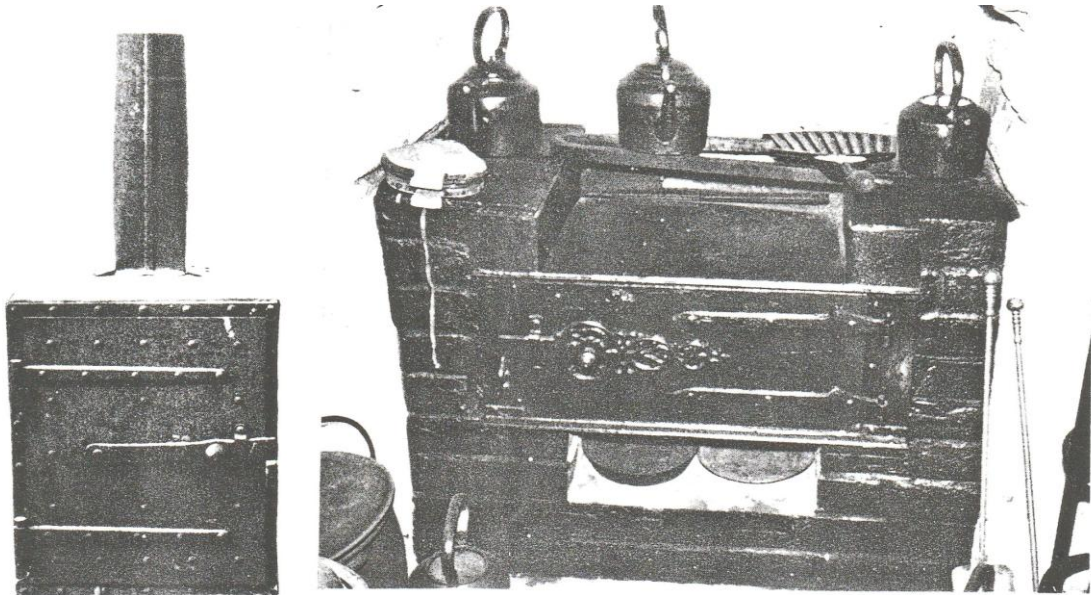
In 1900, with the unification of Methodists, the Hartley chapel and grounds had been sold to Mr Jacob Cross. The church bell was then used at the Highland Valley shearing shed as a time bell for some years. However, with the sale of Highland Valley, the bell was removed and is no longer in the district.

Highland Valley station was sold in 1933 to Barlow's, the shoe manufacturing people. A Mr Daniel Vaughan was the manager after William Moore retired in about 1919. Mr Fullarton, who was the manager when Barlows took ownership of the property, died in 1937 and Mr A H Wilkins (brother of Sir H. Wilkins, polar explorer) became manager. Jim Formby said that he and William Moore went out and bought some of the Highland Valley sheep that Wilkins wanted to sell. Jim never understood why Wilkins sold off most of the sheep. After Wilkins died he was succeeded by Ray Lang his son-in-law.

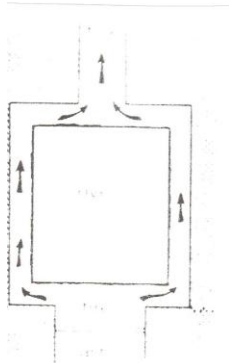
The huge acreage has, over the years, been subdivided into smaller properties. In 1949, 2000 acres towards Bugle Ranges was sold to Eric Bonython and run in conjunction with his property 'Trenance'. As the years went on, more of the original estate was sold so that now some belongs to small farmers, and some to recreational farmers. Where thousands of sheep once grazed, there is now a diversity of land use, houses and gardens.

In 2002 I visited Suzanne Gerrard, owner of the remnants of Highland Valley station. She and her husband Dr Gerrard had had the 300 acre property for about twenty years and were keen conservationists. Until late 2002 they ran about 150 stud Swiss Brown cattle when drought conditions forced the sale of most of their stock, and they kept only the very best breeding animals. The couple retained the buildings in the farmstead, and were proud of the original stone walling of which there are about 14 kilometres. The original homestead had been whitewashed and added to over the years and during ownership by several different people since Highland Valley was sold by the Stirlings.

Apparently most of the native pythons on the property became snakeskin for shoes and handbags, but Suzanne had implemented a breeding programme of these inoffensive creatures. Her breeding pythons were housed in the old single-men's quarters which although white-washed on three sides still showed the original stonework on the fourth.



The two-fire model – one fire was lit underneath and another on top of the oven to heat it for baking. Saucepans and kettles could be placed on iron bars over the top fire.



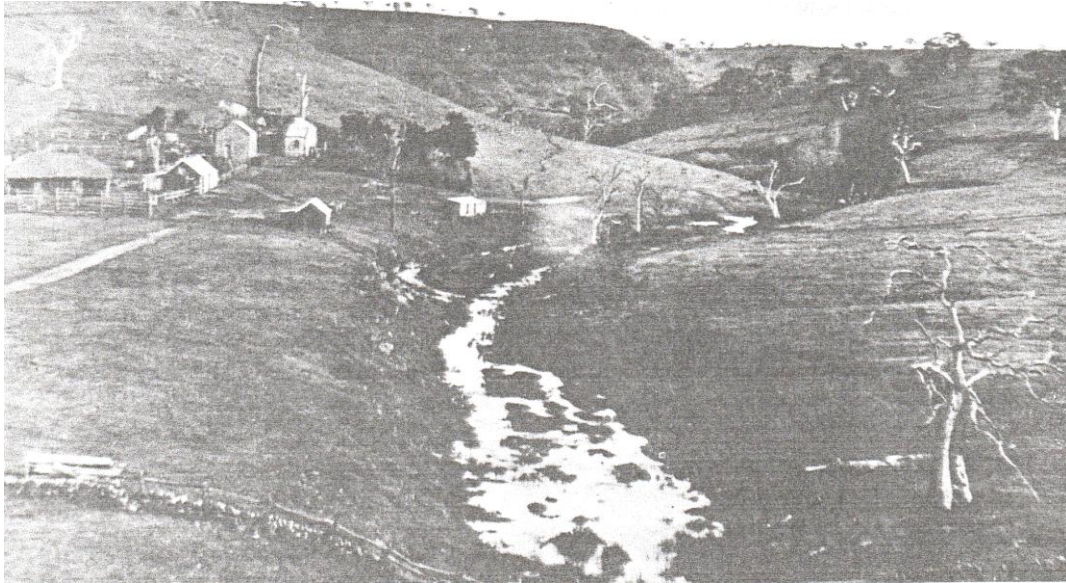
The double-walled Colonial Oven was an iron box bricked into a fireplace. When a fire was lit underneath, heat and smoke passed between the oven's double walls before escaping up the chimney

The original stables still stood, as did the old kennels, the woolshed – with its flag-stoned yards still intact – and the original shearers' quarters. The latter had been restored sympathetically by an architect and was a rental property. I was shown into the quiet cool of this old stone building and saw the boards on which some of the shearers had carved their names and tallies, as Lucy related in her tape. The old fireplace, the Simpson colonial oven and the flagged kitchen floor remembered by Vin O'Brien, was still there.

In a letter to me Alan Moore, son of Walter Moore, wrote: *'All his life my dad talked about going back to have a look at Highland Valley, but he never did, although it was so near. I think he was afraid he would find it changed out of all recognition from what it was like when he was a boy ... Dad never talked very much about his childhood, but one thing I recall him saying was that as kids they used to sneak into the shearers' quarters and tickle their feet while they were asleep. He said that a lot of the shearers were aborigines.'*

Walter need not have worried about the old place having changed too much; from an environmental aspect, it had probably changed for the better.

Suzanne Gerrard and her husband planted thousands of trees in the hope that they would rectify the land degradation caused by the old mining activities and rabbits. In 1900, the Onaunga District Council reported that 1,126 scalps were taken from Highland Valley in one month. Prices for best rabbit skins were six and a half pence. Rabbits plagued the area until the introduction of myxomatosis in the 1950's.



Highland Valley at the time of Wheal Ellen mining – note lack of trees – stables (with thatched roof) on left, Rodwell Creek and some of the stone wall fencing.

In the old photographs the land surrounding the woolshed, shearers' quarters, and stables etc. is almost completely bare of trees. When I visited in 2002 I had difficulty getting good photographs because of the profusion of trees! Highland Valley is an outstandingly beautiful property.



The entrance to Highland Valley station in 2002 (Photo: W.Baker)

Jim Formby commented that he wished he had kept a diary in those early days in the sheep business, for he knows now how valuable it would have been. Although Jim said his recollection of dates may not be spot on at his age of 86 years, he knew the facts were correct.



Left: Lucy Moore (nee Adams) & William Moore c.1887-1900. Above: William & Lucy (date and occasion unknown)

William's wife Lucy had suffered a serious stroke, which left her paralysed down one side, about eight years before her death in 1936. It was a personal tragedy that changed her character, and she apparently changed from being happy-go-lucky to irritable and "difficult". During this time William employed a housekeeper and nurse to look after her. Gladys and Bertha, and possibly the other daughters, also took it in turns to attend the old lady.




*Standing, L-R:
Lucy Abbott (nee Moore)
Walter Moore
Olive Simmons (nee Moore)
Gladys Clark (nee Moore)
Bertha Paltridge (nee Moore)
Sitting, L-R:
William Lindsay Moore
Louisa (Lucy) Beatrice Moore (nee Adams)
William Moore
Lillian O'Brien (nee Moore)*

William & Lucy Moore's Golden Anniversary, with their 7 children, 1936

From what has been related to me over time, William Moore must have worked at Highland Valley in various capacities as station hand, bullock driver and overseer, for some 33 years or more until his 'retirement' after which he moved to Strathalbyn and then worked for a further twenty years as manager of Rushmore Run, until his death. He was indeed a grand old man.

At Strathalbyn For 50 Years
 Mr. W. Moore, who has lived among sheep, horses, and cattle in the Strathalbyn district for 50 years, was found in the sheep pavilion discussing Merinos with Mr. R. L. Shepherd, of Harrogate.



He was in the late Sir Lancelot Stirling's service for nearly 40 years, and gained his early training with sheep under Mr. Josiah Bonnin at Highland Valley. Later he was foreman under Mr. A. Fullarton.

When nearly 74 years of age, Mr. Moore left Highland Valley because he "thought he had enough to live on," but when Dr. Formby told him he wanted somebody to look after his wife's flock, Mr. Moore concluded that work kept a man in good health and he undertook the job.

Mr. W. Moore



Alan Moore, William's grandson, in September 2003 (Father: Walter Moore – photo: courtesy Alan Moore. Alan sent me the snippet (possibly from the Southern Argus) on the left. Alan found it pasted in his mother's recipe book. Alan's father Walter was the younger of William & Lucy's two sons

William and Lucy (Louise) Moore celebrated fifty years of marriage on 6 May, 1936. Just two months later on 7 July, Lucy passed away. The causes of her death were noted as 'arteriosclerosis (many years), arterial hypertension 6 years, cerebral apoplexy 2 months, cerebral thrombosis 1 week'.

D. 55. 1936. District of Mount Barker

Place Died.	Name and Surname.	Sex.	Age.	Rank or Profession.	Usual Residence.	Birth-place, and Length of Residence in Commonwealth.	Age at Marriage or Re-marriage.	Number of Issue Living. M. F.	Number of Issue Deceased. M. F.	Cause of Death.	Place where Death occurred.	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.	Signature of Registrar and Date of Reg.
44	Lucy Moore	Female	73	Wife of William Moore	Strathalbyn South Australia	Strathalbyn South Australia	26 yrs	2	0	Arteriosclerosis arterial hypertension 16 years cerebral apoplexy 2 months cerebral thrombosis 1 week	Strathalbyn South Australia	John Caldwell Widow Strathalbyn July 1936	H. Exon 1936

Entered at the District Registry Office, this seventeenth day of July 1936

I, Eric Douglas BYRLEE, Principal Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages for the State of South Australia, do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of an entry in a register kept in this Office. Given under my hand and seal of office this 12th day of December, 1980.

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR
ADELAIDE, S.A.

PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR

No 417496

Copy of SA BDM Register entry of Lucy Moore's death, 7 July 1936

William survived his wife for only three years and died on 29 September, 1939. Jim Formby thought a lot of William, and visited him at 'Kilmarnock' when he was old and very ill.

The death registry entry indicates that William died at 80 years of age from 'carcinoma of the stomach and chronic nephritis.' John Caldwell, undertaker of Strathalbyn, was the informant of both William's and Lucy's deaths.

D. 155/201

19 39. No. 2 District of Mount Barker 90

Date of Death	Name and Surname	Sex and Con-jugal Status	Age	Rank or Profession	Usual Residence	Birthplace, and Length of Residence in Commonwealth	Age at Marriage or Re-marriage	Number of Issue			Cause of Death	Place where Death Occurred	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant	If Female, State whether or not Death occurred within Three Months after Birth of a Child	Signature of Registrar
								M.	F.	M. F.					
9th September 1939	William Moore	Male Widower	80 years	Overseer.	Strathalbyn, South Aust.	Leedows, South Aust. 60 years.	27 years	2	5		Carcinoma of stomach Chronic nephritis	Strathalbyn, South Aust.	John Caldwell, Undertaker, Strathalbyn, South Australia		J. Caldwell District Registrar. 12/10/39

Entered at the District Registry Office, this 17th day of October 1939.

446

I, Eric Douglas BYERLEE, Principal Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages for the State of South Australia, do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of an entry in a register kept in this Office. Given under my hand and seal of office this 12th day of December, 1980.

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR
ADELAIDE. S.A.

PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR

No 417493

Copy of SA BDM Register entry for William Moore's death, 9 October 1939

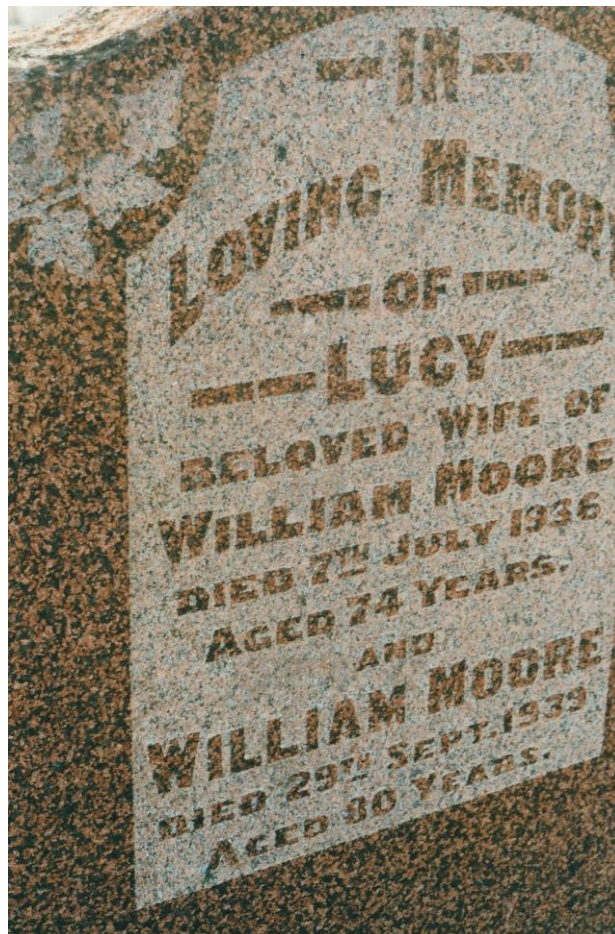
Fate seems to have dealt these hard-working, dignified old people a most unkind ending to their lives. It is to be hoped that in death they found the peace they deserved.



William & Lucy Moore's grave, photographed 2002 (W.Baker)



In the Strathalbyn Cemetery (Parker Road), Division 2, Path B, up on the hill with a view to the north of their town and beloved hills, a polished pink granite headstone marks the couple's grave with the simple weathered inscription – *'In Loving Memory of Lucy, beloved wife of William Moore, died 7th July 1936 aged 74 years and William Moore died 25th September, 1939 aged 80 years.'*



WILLIAM & LUCY'S DAUGHTER, RUBY GLADYS, WENDY'S "GRAN-IN-THE-COUNTRY"

When I grew up in the 1950's in Adelaide South Australia, I was lucky enough to have two grandmothers, but because they both wanted the label of "Gran" my parents had to devise a way of differentiating between the two. "Grandpa" was easy because only one was still alive by the time I understood what having grandparents meant.

Mum's mother, Gladys Gwendoline Carlton, lived in Melbourne – and had in fact left her toddler Pearl to be raised in Adelaide by Gladys's married sister Edrie – so that distant-dwelling Gran was "Gran-in-Melbourne".



My other Gran – my father's mother Ruby Gladys (rather confusingly also known as Gladys) lived with Grandpa at Littlehampton in the Adelaide Hills, so she was "Gran-in-the-country" when we talked about her – pronounced as though it was one word.

Gladys was the fourth of William and Lucy Moore's five daughters. I do not know how, where or when she met her future husband, but **Gladys** married **Herbert Hinde Clark** at the Anglican Christ Church, Strathalbyn South Australia on 2nd July 1919. Herb and Gladys' first child was my father Robert William Clark born 2nd April 1920, followed by his sister Clarice Lucy Clark five years later on 23rd September.

Those years, from 1920 until 1946, were spent at their Mypolonga dairy farm "Teesdale" opposite the old "Co-op" store. Prior to 1920 Herb had been "set up" by his father on a farm site close to the back channel where Herb built a corrugated iron house part of which was used for local church services and known as "Clarks' Hall". This stage of Gladys' life was mostly covered in my story "Bridging the Years".



In 1946 Herb and Gladys Clark retired to Littlehampton to a rambling old house "The Lodge" on about 40 acres adjacent to what is now West Terrace in the town. The Lodge had, I believe, been built originally for a doctor. Somehow all my three grandparents were remote. I have no memory of "Gran-in-Melbourne" until I was about 10 years old. Visits to Littlehampton without a car of our own were miserable for me (and undoubtedly my parents) as I suffered motion sickness in the wretched bus. Things improved after it was suggested that the train may be better for me, which it was, but the visits were still few and far between.

**The author Wendy with her Gran, Ruby Gladys Clark (nee Moore) in 1947.
(Photo: Wendy's dad Robert William (Bill) Clark.)**

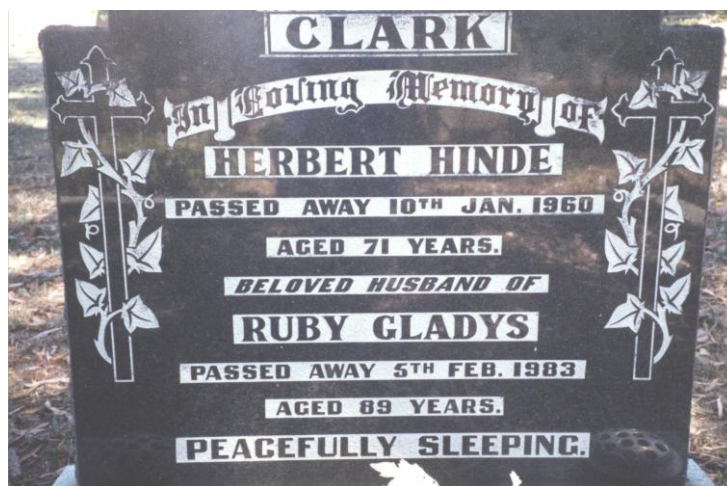
As I knew her, Ruby Gladys was a tall, straight-backed lady and I remember her always with snowy white hair. She told me once that it was white before she was forty years old. One eye turned in, the result of Gran rescuing her little girl from a horned, irate cow on the farm at Mypolonga. I was fascinated by Gran's voice; she rolled her r's so that when she spoke with my mother Pearl, she pronounced it almost as "Perrril". Similarly, her sister Bertha was "Berrrtha". I never saw Gran wear anything else but a dress, (with a cardigan in winter), stockings and "sensible" shoes.



Grandpa died when I was twelve, but I remember his gentle kindness, the few cows he milked and the twinkle in his eye as he slipped me the odd biscuit or two before breakfast, something my mum would never have allowed!

With William and Lucy having had seven children, including two boys, there will always be Moore stories and Moore names, but Ruby Gladys' part in this tale finished after the deaths of her ancestors, her parents, her husband, and their two children, Robert William Clark and Clarice Lucy Masters (nee Clark).

I and my sister, and our cousin Ian Masters and his two sisters, now carry forward our stories to our children and grandchildren.



Headstone at the Blakiston Cemetery

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APPENDIX 1

MEMORIES OF LUCY ABBOTT, (NEE MOORE), AT AGE 93 (Courtesy of Margaret Yates)

Start of Side 1: Highland Valley Tape

Note: Interviewers' comments in italics. Any words underlined, or question marks(...?) indicate words I could not pick up from the tape, mostly names.

I transcribed this directly onto the computer, as close to the tape as possible, and have not edited at all for grammar.

When they had the different ones, the merino A1's and the skirtings and pieces and that, they all had to be put into this, oh it was a high thing, three tiers, they'd fill the bottom one, then bring another one over and put that in, get another one and put it on top, and get the wool press and press right down until they got it all into the bottom one, and when that was done then they'd get all that stuff off, then put the top on and that'd be put away, and then they had to brand that, but of course that had to be classed, then the pieces when they got enough for a bale, they did that, and it had all different markings, it was A1 skirtings, and pieces and all marked with stencils, run over it with the black. The others were either bringing some sheep in, either what we called the old shearing paddock, and the little shearing paddock they'd go out into the races and then go back into the paddock, they'd come from, and others would be brought into the shed, the shed was all lath, not just a plain floor, so that any rubbish would go down, and that was against the shearing board, they'd go through a little gate, grab their sheep, a good shearer could tell by looking at the sheep whether it was an easy sheep to shear or not, the worse one was always left, that was the cobbler, have you ever heard that one? – *Never heard that one* - That's the last one, the cobbler, because no-one wanted him, the last one that was got in took longer to shear than a good one, they got paid so much a hundred, well Ted Forest that lived – married Annie, he was the best shearer there, he was a ringer, 3 years in succession, a ringer was one that got the highest tally, hand blades, no machines in those days, he used to get up to 104 a day. All good Merino sheep, not plain ones, pretty wrinkly some of them, not plain. It was cut into the shed there, Ted Forest 104, 103, he was the ringer, -

How many sheep did they have to shear? – well I don't know, I can't remember, good many thousands, see 13 shearers, they'd shear at Nalpa first, they'd all go down there, but not our men, the Nalpa men would be their rouseabouts, they always had a shearer's cook, they had to make the bread and do everything you see, then he had a mate, some called him a slushy, he was really a rouseabout, the shearers and the rouseabouts, there was a poem about it, there's a bit of a poem, I think one of Will Ogilvie's, "after the shearing, the shearer's mates with the rouseabout and the union man .." talking about the shearers and the rouseabouts, the rouseabouts were paid so much a week, wet or fine but the shearers only got paid for what they shored, if it was wet weather they were sometimes there for a week or some days anyway not shearing. They decided whether the sheep were dry enough, because it gave them rheumatism if they always had them, my father said 'We wouldn't want them to shear damp sheep because the wool wasn't safe, it was likely to have spontaneous combustion', anyway that's all I can tell you about –

What sort of cattle did they have? - only just had ordinary cattle up there, usually shorthorns, but see Nalpa, they went in more for cattle than sheep because see there was a lot

of damp boggy stuff down there and the sheep got footrot but it was real good cattle country for fattening, see our cows come from Nalpa, like, to start with, we always got a bull from Nalpa, most of the cows were big, they weren't pure Shorthorns they were practically, there might be some odds and bods they bought different times but any bull calves they reared, made steers of them, grown up at Highland Valley then walked them to the sale here but usually they didn't have a lot of cattle, they had sheep country, but when there was a lot of high grass especially up in the lambing paddock on the way to Mt Barker, they used to buy just anything at the sale, just young stuff, anything, to fatten up there, because the sheep wouldn't eat high grass, they liked it down low, the big stuff they'd go through and just look for the little stuff, so they'd be there all summer eating that off, keeping it down because of fires, it kept it safer too, then at the end of summer when that was running out, the grass was getting short, then into the sale then, because they'd be in good order then.

They never used to, but then when I was young, they always used to breed the horses that they rode, they used to run in the she-oak paddock, every two years they had a horse breaker there to break in perhaps half a dozen, some might go to Nalpa but mostly to the Valley and nearly all ones that I remember in my young days, they were all born and bred on Highland Valley, there were two men used to come, I think one was called Morris Moore and Jim Wilson one of them, after he left there, Jim I think, got thrown from a horse and killed. They had one there, a good big horse, he wasn't a single, he was used for riding and he was good in the trolley, not single, they used him in double harness. Well they called him Morris, after Morris Moore. They used to call him the big brown colt, and there was one called All Fours, he was a bay with four white feet, and O-boy different ones, Barney, Mack, Dad's horse was Mack, Stella, Rufus, various ones. –

Did you ride horses as children? – Gladys was good at it, I rode if I had to go somewhere. My father'd say when we had old Stella, 'Why don't you get on Stella and ride up to Gemmells and post a letter?' – you see you could post a letter on the train then, there was always a postman on the train, if there was a letter that had to go to town in a hurry, some business affair he'd tell me, so I'd have to go, but I never enjoyed it, though Stella was a quiet old horse, but Gladys loved riding, she'd ride anything, I don't say she'd ride a wild horse but she wasn't scared of it, she was quite good at it, and she used to enjoy it, we could all ride to an extent, I mean I wouldn't say we'd rather walk, because it was a fair walk, it was 2-1/2 miles, I'd ride, but not that I'd think it was a lovely trip, I wouldn't say 'Could I have a horse to go for a ride', that wouldn't have appealed to me at all –

I wondered if any of you worked on the station riding horses, rounding up cattle and that sort of thing? – no, none of us worked there, when I say that, the single ones had their own men's hut, it was a nice stone building with I think 4 beds in it, a table and a sofa, everything, and a nice fireplace, they looked after themselves, they always had their meals, we looked after their meals, we had to make our own butter there and bread, and they'd come up and have breakfast and if they were going to be in one of the paddocks too far away to come up for dinner we had to cut their lunch, and then they'd have a hot tea at night, and if they were working around the house, like around the shed perhaps with the cattle, they'd come and have lunch at 10, dinner at 12, but they never came up for afternoon tea, don't know why. They'd come at 6 o'clock for tea, of course if they had a cold lunch they had to have a hot tea, of course we always did. My mother was a jolly good cook, I don't think there was a better cook in the district than what she was for everything, but we always had to help her. Most of them took their washing home to their people, some of them, came from Bulls

Creek, different places, if they had to do their own they'd take our tubs and our copper and all that and have a go, they were supposed to ask but they didn't, but everything went all right, some of the slack time they didn't do very much, used to work in the garden, the Blakes that used to come from Bulls Creek, they were great in the garden, real gardeners, George Blake used to do the bullocks –

Was there another house for married people? – yes, where my mother and father was, when they were first married, was over the hill like the Mine Hill, the Valley was here, you crossed the creek in the mine paddock, and up there was Ryan's Paddock and that was the house there. It was only 4 rooms, I think it 3 rooms when mother was first married, my father put another room on of course, because we had 7 children. My father was a good all-round man, he could do anything, he could drive bullocks because his father had 3 teams when he was young and as soon as he was old enough he had to take a team. –

You had a bullock team at Highland Valley then? – Oh yes. They always carted the wood with the team, because they could go where the horses – now, we liked the sheoak wood better than any other, that was real good, they seemed to have shallow roots, they spread out like a fan, when they come up, then after a year or two they'd be dry, that'd be awkward for the horses, the horses couldn't get up there, they'd slip down and all sorts, but bullocks could get there, they'd have a team of bullocks, cart wood, that was one thing, and always carted the wool from the woolshed and take it off to the train, my father could do that when he was young, when he was first married, that was one of his jobs because he could do it.

There was a George L... he was a very conscientious man, but he used to worry a lot. We had one old bull, he'd tackle the bullocks when they were yoked up if there wasn't someone there to look after them, so if George wanted to come up for a cup of tea at 10 o'clock, someone would have to come with a bullock-whip keeping the bull away, he was a real pest, my father said one day 'I've had enough of him,' George said 'What can you do? He won't go away.' Soon as he saw the bullocks come in he was roaring and pawing and scraping up the dirt, he seemed to hate them, you know. 'I'll yoke him up' my father says. George says 'You can't do that!' He said 'Why can't I?' He ran him into the stockyard, big strong old stockyard that my father built, all timber he cut to suit himself, run him into the crush pen, put the yoke on him, yoked him to one of the quiet big old bullocks and put him in the middle of the team, he worked all day, he really hated it. It was a real joke! When they let him out at night, they unyoked all the bullocks, they had to go out through the gate there and across the creek and into what they called the Stamps paddock, the bull got loose, he set across, he went up on the hill up by the old store, and he stood there, and when he saw the bullocks go away, he come down, and whenever he saw the bullocks coming in any time you'd see him walking off very fast to the top of the hill! And he'd stay up on the hill all day and when he saw the bullocks go out into their paddock, he'd come down. It cured him! One day! I think it upset his dignity! It was a funny thing, but no more bother –

How many near neighbours did you have ? – None. There was a man lived across - over, that was a mile away, he had Ryan's, then the nearest one to the place was 2 miles away, up at Gemmells, nearer 3 miles, Gemmell lived up there, old Bill Gemmell. On the way to Woodchester up on the hill there was what they called Hill Top I think, Dunns lived there, they'd be 2 and a half miles I think, you couldn't see anybody, there was no sign of people around, it was just what we had there, –

How far did you have to walk to school? – Oh, nearly 4 miles, over the paddocks, across creeks, when the floods were on, hanging onto the fences across the creek, keeping our feet out of it as well as we could, water squelching out of our boots, up over the hills and down the valleys, we used to get to Paechs, that was only a mile and a half to school from there so we used to go over 2 miles to there across the valley, we'd go through the mine paddock and through the sheoak paddock and Sheoak was a big paddock, one half was called the South Sheoak and the other was the North Sheoak, well the North Sheoak went right across to the Mt Barker road, very rough, they didn't put their best sheep there, that was had the flock sheep they called that, the studs were in the smaller paddocks, like Abbots, Bald Hills, Ryans, different ones like that, but the bigger paddocks like Sheoak and Lambing Paddock, they were what they called the flock, the ordinary sheep, they were good sheep like, but not the very high class, but each paddock had their name, perhaps there'd be Two Tooth here, there were the Merinos, First Studs and all that, they each had their own paddock and then they'd move them about you see, it was like book-keeping, you had to move this lot from here to there, and there to here, they did so much better if they were moved, I don't know why. The cattle were of no importance at all, they were just there. Every now and then they'd sell some of them. Some of the cows weren't much, they were good Shorthorns to look at, but not good milkers, well they'd be sold as beef cattle but they came from Nalpa, most of the cattle, occasionally some of our men used to go down to Nalpa to do what they called breaching (britching?), then when they were done we'd perhaps have 2 or 3 come up from Nalpa and then we'd have to feed them, they'd do it there, perhaps a week or a fortnight if they had much to do –

How much a week did Grandpa get? – when he was first married I think he got one pound a week, but then they got rations, they got a sheep a week, and they got the house, it wasn't worth much, not worth much, not classy, just a house, you might say, no conveniences, I think they got a tank, they got a second tank after a while, but they could never get enough, so he put in for another tank, and he got that. He could grow his vegetables there you see, in winter time, but in summer of course there was no water to water them, and he had fowls, so we had plenty of eggs, a chook occasionally if you wanted, and he had a cow, you had to buy your own cow but you got the run of paddocking for nothing, you got so much, a bag of sugar every 2 or 3 months, a bag of flour, and so much tea, that was what they called the rations –

Where were you born? – Highland Valley over in the other place, they were all born there, 7 of them. Walter was I think about 6 or 7 months old when they come over to Highland Valley. Mr Semple was there and he went, of course Mr Bonnin was the manager at Nalpa and he knew Dad's value, I'll give that for him, and he asked him if he would take it on. and he said he didn't want to take it away from Mr Semple and he said 'Semple's going.' He said 'You please yourself, I'd like you to take it.' He said 'If you won't, I'll get somebody else, but I'd rather you took it,' so Dad took it, and he was there till he knocked up with overwork, he managed it very well, made the place was a lot better when he was there, he used to do all the shoeing of the horses, before that they used to have to take them to the blacksmith to be shod, he did all that, you know he was good at anything like that. Fencing, when they put new posts up, the old posts, he'd bring them home, and they all went in a big heap and every now and then, about every 2 years or so, he'd have what he called his kiln, he'd burn them until they were charcoal, before that they used to have to buy it from town, he used up all the posts for that, he was pretty careful, they used to buy the shoes by the cwt, he could shoe any horse, one of the men would say so and so's lost a shoe, he'd say well

bring him around, maybe the next week another one, he was a capable man, it was born in him –

Where did you used to go to dances? – Woodchester, at the school mostly, the old school was quite a good place for it but then floors began to go, it wasn't too safe, I think it was dry rot, then we used to go to the old council hall, it used to be what's now – it used to be the old council hall, when that amalgamated with Strath, that used to be Woodchester, Oanunga Council District. They had their own, there was a Mr Drew, Paul Murphy, Brooks, they were councillors, one for each ward I suppose they called it, everyone used to be separate, there was Milang, and Sandergrove, each had their own, one from each district went into Strath Council –

How long ago was that? – I was grown up, I can remember going .. Pause in tape ..Tom .. used to do the ... he was the clerk, I suppose you'd call him.

I'll tell you, Eric Cross out there, he had all those books and he brought them here into the museum, he had photos of all these people too, and they wanted me to go out there one day, one Saturday afternoon and tell them who was which you see, and I was the only one that was old enough that knew the first lot, and then I think Margaret came down, somebody did, and got me and they had them all down the hall there and Eric was there and I remember the book, photos of so-and-so's cow was in the pound, I could tell most of them, Henry Dunn, Bill Brooks, different ones, different books they had, Harveys –

What sort of music did you dance to? – Accordion, but occasionally when we had it at the school, Ritchies when they were there, they'd have a piano, and they'd bring it in for the dances, it was only once a fortnight, and Mrs Ritchie used to play for it, that was Annie's (Addie's?) mother, she could play anything in a rough and ready style but she could turn anything into a waltz or whatever, not what you'd call a high class player but she was a good dance player, and sometimes old Beavis Bunnett he used to bring his violin, my word it was wonderful, now there's a road going up to Mt Barker - they lived up that way, that's Bunnetts Road, - *Barbara's friendly with a Bunnet* - well this was Beavis. Bertha and I had they sent picture postcards in those days, we each had some from him, he used to write to us sometimes, he was quite friendly in a quiet sort of way, he was quite good, I don't say he was a top-notch player, but he could play dance music, that's what you wanted, the timing. It was the long night, they used to call it, it used to be a Friday night, they always had supper there, and they'd see if they could get Beavis to come down with his violin, on Saturday nights it was generally the accordion, and Chris Creek ? used to play that –

How many people used to come to the dances? – Oh, I don't know, I couldn't tell you, like I can tell you who they were but I couldn't tell you how many of them. The same ones didn't come every night, some used to come from Langhorne's Creek, a couple of Potts, somebody else, I forget their name - Duffield, I think, there was two or three Nolans from out Hartley way, there was Harold Cross, Ben Burings?..... Lance Ritchie, Arthur Blake, Tom Buring, two or three Hassells, that was all the men. The women, well there was two or three Hassells, some Stymes, a couple of boy Stymes, Paechs, Grace Cross,? and Ritchies, quite a few, Ad Shields?, Ellen Shields? Oh, I don't know how many there were, they weren't always there every time, but you could pretty well bet on some who were there always,? Chris. he used to play the ... It was funny, I remember he was busy playing away and his chair broke. Mother's first furniture – *Did they have iron beds?* – Oh of course, wooden beds had gone right out then. You see wooden beds came back. – *Yes. I mean iron*

ones are coming back now – Yes. I think - I can't remember - I think the first bed Mother had was an iron bed, but it was a square across, like a bar across and things coming down like that, but I can't remember it very well ... when we were just kids that was put into our room, and they got another one, and I think it was more an oval thing, later on that went into another room and they got a very elaborate one, a lot of silver in it - *Brass?* – No it wasn't brass, it was silvery colour, I suppose it was really brass I don't know, but that was sold after Grandpa died, but I don't know where it went or anything about it. But that was a prize of Mother's, oh it was a very flash bed, she paid quite a bit for that, but I can't remember too much about those things. –

Did you have a couch? – No, a sofa. – *What about easy chairs, any of those?* – Oh, didn't have easy chairs in those days! What I can remember was 6 chairs and a sofa, but I think in the kitchen, like Mother had her chair, like one of these, in the kitchen, the rest of us had forms, alongside the wall, that old stool out there in the kitchen, my stool there, I was about 15 when Grandpa made that for himself, that's how old it is. it's decently made because it's never had a thing done to it, it's just as firm ... now as when he made it, it must be over about 60 years ago, no 70 years ago – *80 nearly* – Yes, well, except for a coat of paint occasionally. He painted it when he made it, and it was a sort of a yellowy brown colour, it wasn't a light colour but it wasn't a real dark colour, that was what he painted it when he finished it, and I remember him bringing it up and he put it down, dump, like that, and he said 'That ought to hold my weight,' and I said to him, 'I think that'd hold an elephant's.' He said 'An elephant's not sitting on it,' and do you know that thing's been used for all sorts, climbing up and down, cleaning windows, and all that, and it's never had a thing done to it, but what he did, so they made good work, didn't they? – *Yes* - What he did was made to last –

Did you have a chest of drawers to keep your clothes in or what? – Yes, Mother had a chest of drawers. I think when she was married they had this bed, of course in those days it was part of life, you didn't take any notice, they'd been married 4 or 5 years, well no, only been married about 10 months when Lilly was born, I was born 18 months after, they hadn't been married 3 years when I was born, They had a wash stand, everyone had a washstand, with a hole in the middle where you sat the basin, a bar across each side, you hung your towel on that, - *Did it have a marble top?* – Oh no, not a marble top, a ledge at the bottom for the pots to sit on, that's all there was, and a bed and a chest of drawers. I think that's all there was in the room. Of course mother had - I suppose you'd call it a trunk – we used to call it the tin box, it stood about that high and a sloping top, it was mottled brown, it wasn't just a plain brown, it was painted, smooth, not like an ordinary paint, you lifted the lid up, but you could lock it, but it was never locked of course, well that was where she kept all the house clothes, sheets and towels and pillowcases and underwear, you didn't have a lot of underwear, but you always had a change set, that's all you expected. Then she had a wooden box that my father made, pretty solid, where you kept all the heavier things like a spare blanket, and on the top was always his working trousers, shirts and things you know.

How she kept everything so tidy I do not know, but there was never a thing out of place in that house. Grandpa used to say, he told Aunt Lily one time, 'Your mother could go into a room in the dark and pick up whatever she wanted, whether it was a handkerchief or a sheet or anything else.' He said, 'She's a tidy woman,' and Aunt Lily said 'I said "Yes, but her daughter didn't take after her" '. She did not, she was hopeless! She'd lose anything and tumble things upside down while she was looking for it. But anyway, we called it the front room, everybody called their living room the front room, there was a table with a cover over it, about the same size as my kitchen table – *What sort of cover was it? One of those heavy*

covers? - It was material, something like – well, the first one I can remember was a green one, with a fringe around it, like quilts used to have. It was green, with a design in it. It was heavy.

End of Side 1 of Tape

Start of Side 2 of Tape

If it faded, we dyed it, and put it back again. – *What did you dye it with, could you buy dyes?* – Yes, you bought it, I don't know what sort of dye it was, you had to dye it in the copper, so we used to do that, it'd come back like a new one. We used to make a good job of it, I can't remember any others there, see when we left the valley we brought that into Strath with us, that was our kitchen table, I think we just had a lino on that, not a floor lino, you've got other kinds, mother brought her table, I don't know if we had any chairs. You see when we came into Strath we had a dining room there, that was blackwood. You could take the middle out of it. While we were at the Valley they had a rocking chair, I can remember that, one of these old types, they weren't the platform types, they were the latest - *Grandma Abbott had one of those* -ours wasn't that, it was one of those old-timers that stuck out the back and you rocked and it had cane on the back and the seat was worn, it was a wooden seat, Dad must have put a wooden seat on it, it had a cushion on it, but I don't remember that. Dad went to a sale, some chap he knew well, Tom someone, you come on the Bremer side of the estate, I didn't know much about him but he got to know him pretty well, through sheep I suppose and anyway he decided to go to town to live, I suppose he retired and he had a sale and he said to Mother would he go and she said oh no, she didn't want to go. He said I think I'll go, might pick up something there, well he did pick up something there, he picked up a rocking chair, it was the same sort of stuff like those chairs there, bentwood, he brought it home, the back was cane and all ragged and the seat wasn't much, and mum said 'Whatever did you buy that for?' He said 'How much do you think I gave for it?' 'Oh I don't know' and he got a clock, I remember that, and he paid about 3/- for one of these old-time clocks. He said 'Sixpence!' For this thing, and it was black, well mother looked at it and she said whatever use will I have for that and I said well I reckon it's been cleaned over to make it look a bit better, and I said, if you get hold of it, your hands get dirty, it had just been black-leaded.

Well I got to work and I washed and washed it and it was back almost to that colour when I got it, but very shabby. After it dried out I said to mother if I had some paint I'd paint it black, so she got the paint, and I painted it black and the back here, there was a hole right in the middle, and I made a cushion and it fitted right over there, and we had a cushion on the seat, and it was mother's chair until she died. Over there at Strath she used to have her chair on one side of the fire, and father on the other and that's how they spent their evenings in the winter time, he in his chair and she in hers. They were sold for next to nothing, I think. And I wanted one of those rockers but do you know Dad wouldn't let me have it? I said 'I'd love that chair' and he said 'You'd only crack your ankles on it,' – you see they sort of stuck out the back - and he wouldn't have it on his mind. At the time I wasn't well, I was very poorly at the time, and I couldn't put up a fight, if I'd been well enough I think I'd have insisted on it, but when he said 'No', I just gave in, and I was that disappointed after that, and I longed for that rocking chair! . I wanted Mother's. Well I wouldn't have cared which one it was, but I'd have loved a rocking chair, and I never bothered after that. He said to me 'If you must have a rocking chair,' one time, because I think he felt sorry after that he wouldn't let me have it, he said well get one of those platform rockers, I said 'I don't want one,' I couldn't bear them. –

Grandma Abbott had one with a tapestry seat and back – yes, that was it, but I didn't like it, I forgot why I had a set on it, but people who came, who was working at Highland Valley, what was their name, Dolands, they had one, and Mrs. Doland had her mother living with them, my word she was an old fowl, she used to sit in this blooming rocker and talk and talk and tell tall yarns until she drove you mad and I had a set on that woman and I said 'No ,I'll go without now,' I said, 'I'd love to have had one of Mother's,' and he said 'Oh, I didn't think you wanted it that much,' he said 'You'd only have tripped over it,' and look I'd have loved it on the front verandah, especially when you kiddies were little to nurse you, but no I couldn't have it. But you see when we got older we had a chest of drawers, and I suppose it was really only pine but painted reddish, mother gave us those in our room, the washstand and chest of drawers and she bought new ones, hers was a yellowy colour, painted I think, light-coloured though, hers was a much higher chest of drawers, and she got a wardrobe to match the colour, I suppose you'd call it a single wardrobe now, like the usual, one shelf in it, one door, and two drawers at the bottom and this flash bed, so she had a nice bedroom there. –

Did you have fireplaces in the bedrooms out the Valley? – No, no fireplaces. We had a fireplace in the sitting room, and one in the kitchen, that's all, and in the kitchen there was a big fireplace, oh, like that, at the back of there was the fireplace and in the front was the oven and it wasn't a stove, it was an oven – *What did you cook on top of it?*– and in it – *but where did you put your saucepans?* - we had a – what you called a – of course you put the fire on top, you didn't put the fire in it, you had it on top, you had a, it was like a grating, it had 4 legs and 3 bars across, you put that over you see, and you put your saucepans on that and on the side was the fountain, that's hanging on a chain, it didn't sit on the stove, or fire, it hung there, you see, and underneath you had another fire under there, and my word it could cook food. Everyone used to say, no-one ever tasted food like ours, I remember Auntie Ivy came up to stay after we were engaged and she said 'I've never tasted meat taste like yours tastes here,' it was so brown, it never seemed to get dry or anything, because everyone else had stoves. – *Most people had stoves then did they?* – Most people had stoves. This one had been there for many years I think and of course raised there in the old ironwork, A Simpson & Sons. Well you put the fire on, when you finished cooking and you didn't want the oven any more, you just pushed it back into and you had the fire and you put a big log on, as round as that, over that, and had a real good fire of a night, and with the oven in the front, that didn't seem to make any difference, at the side, was the brick oven, - oh –

So you had two ovens? – yes. We only used that for bread. Well, mother used to use it when she made Christmas cakes because it was so even. It had a little door in the front of it like that, that come out into the room a bit, like that would do, and there was the door in front well in that door you had to put your wood and you put your wood, well we liked sheoak, it was about that long and about that round, we knew how much to put in, you get to know that by instinct, and get a shovelful of coals from the fire and put in under it and some part of it, well the smoke used to go out of that and into the chimney, and up that way. Well when it was burnt down, and you knew how long that should be, well you worked that out in your head, it came natural to you because you always did it, your bread was ready. You see you never lit your fire till you knew your bread was ready. Pause in tape

...flew about from tree to tree
as blithe and happy as could be,
one day the crows pulled up the wheat,
that Poll did help to pull and eat,
she chattered to the farmer's foes

and did more damage than the crows,
the farmer got his gun and shot
 alas poor Poll's unhappy lot,
 then more on high the ferret rose
but wounded lay amongst the crows
"Bad company," the farmer said
as Poll was carried off to bed.
"Had you not with the crows been found
you still would be all safe and sound,"
Poll soon got well - I forgot! – *you have to think of it!* –
Poll soon got well and hopped about
but often when the children shout
she'd perch upon the nearest tree
and sadly say "Bad company"

and you kids used to reckon that was – it made her head ache, the children shouting. – *What about another poem?* –

As I sat on the little low stool at her knee,
 this is the poem my grandma told me,
 six frisky mouses, no, mice it should be,
 and a fluffy brown owl in the old elm tree.
 six little mice they lived in the wood
 six little mice are pretty and good,
 the tails were long and their eyes were bright,
 and they loved to frisk in the clear moonlight.
 Old miss mother mouse she shook her head
 my dears you're safer by far in bed
 Now trust your mother she's old and wise
 and she fears the owl with the big brown eyes
 and they promised they would but they forgot they did
 and they stole out at night, what a game they had,
 It was famous fun
 in the moonlight clear to skip and run
 little they guessed that the big brown owl
 was flying that way on his midnight prowl
 he pounced on one and he pounced on two
 and he carried them off, that owl so brown
 with their poor little tails hung dangling down
 away they scampered the frightened four,
 but two little mice will come no more,
 for the owl's brown baby up in the tree
 had mouse for dinner and mouse for tea

My grandma told me as I sat on my little low stool, and do you know Ken didn't like that one, when he got to the poor little tails hung dangling down, he just about cried, he'd say 'Don't say any more Mum!' – *What other ones do you know?* –

There was once a pretty chicken whose friends were very few
he thought there was nothing in the world but what he knew,
Mrs Goose, he said, 'I wonder that your goslings you should let
go paddling in the water, it'll kill them if they get wet.
'And I wish, my dear Aunt Dawkins,' he began again one day,
'that you wouldn't sit the summer in your nest upon the hay.
Won't you come out to the meadows where the grass with seeds is filled?'
'If I did,' said Mrs Dawkins, 'Then my eggs would all be chilled.
'No they won't,' replied the chicken, 'and no matter if they do,

eggs are really good for nothing, what's an egg to me and you?',
'What's an egg?' said Mrs Dawkin, 'Can it be you really be you do not
know?

You yourself was in an eggshell just a month ago,
and if kind wings had not warmed you, you would not be here today,
telling hens and geese and turkeys what they ought to do and say.
To be very wise and show it, is a pleasant thing no doubt,
but when young folks talk to old folks they should mind what they're
about!

- How's that – that a good one– *Yes. That's a good one.* – I don't know any
more, do I? – *Surely you do!* Oh, I suppose I did, - Well I can't think of any more right now –
Well I'll turn it off until you think of some. -

Are you right? Now what'll I say - *Why did you go Wentworth?* - Well, dashed if
I know. I think you see, well, Aunt Lou had no children and mother had six at the time and I
think they thought it would be nice for me to go up there for a holiday for them. She was
coming down in February and said she'd come back in October and bring me back, or else it
was the other way about, she didn't care which one it was. Aunt Lily wouldn't have it on her
mind, well, they said to me, I was going, I don't believe I had much fight in me, I think if
they'd told me I was going to the moon I think I'd have been chatting on for it.

Anyway we set sail, mother made me a new dress and something else, I forget,
and we went to town and had lunch, went somewhere and had some dinner, and we caught
the train up to Morgan. Had to get out at Morgan. The river was very low so instead of going
by steamer I had to go by coach, it was like Cobb & Co's coaches you know, that style,
anyway we got out at Morgan and had to go up the steps to get onto the jetty, the landing as
they called it, the river was so low - *what year was this?* - I was ten, 83 years ago, 1898, we
caught the coach, I don't know what time, it was in the daytime sometime, and we drove on
and on and on, rough roads then, no decent roads you know, travelled all night one night, I
can't remember the start of it. Anyway we got to Renmark and ?? was there and there was
two stages a week that went to Wentworth from Morgan, what they called the Adelaide mail,
and we stayed there, left that one and caught the next one, - *To have a rest?* – yes, we had that
night, then we were there that next day and then that night, and then next day I think we
caught the coach and went on and on. Can't remember if the driver was Plush and the coach
belonged to MacMahon or the other way around, Mr McMahon was the driver and the coach
belonged to Plush. It was two names together. The driver from Wentworth to Renmark was a
big man with a red face, and very jolly, I think he must have been Mr MacMahon if you ask
me.

Travelled at night too, used to have livery stables, when we got to a place there'd
be horses there, and they'd change horses, there'd be men there, and they'd bring the horses
out and take the ones we had and put them away, while they were doing that there was a sort
of an eating house there, there'd be hot perhaps boiled mutton and some cabbage and
potato and that was the meal, I couldn't eat because I was too tired and the coach made me
sick, feel sick all the time because it was you know,, bump bump bump all the time, we
come to this hill, up this hill, which was all sand, and we all had to get out and walk, I think
that was at night, because it was too heavy for the horses to pull through the sand and they
had a bag of flour on top, on top of the coach, because they were getting short of flour at
Wentworth. You see the boats used to bring the flour up and they hadn't run for so long that
flour was getting short up there, so every coach brought one bag of flour to eke it out. so that

made it a lot heavier because they were 200 lb bags, they weren't the small ones, well we used to have to get out and walk on that sandy ground, in the night, and I was tired.

There was a honeymoon couple there going back, and there was a real palaver of them, he was quiet, but I remember her, 'Oh give me my gloves dear,' he used to put her gloves on, then she'd take them off. 'oh take my gloves dear,' and he'd put them in his pocket, and anyway we didn't know who they were, they weren't people from Wentworth, we got to Wentworth at 4 o'clock on a Sunday morning, it was still dark, and they went home and they put me to bed then, I suppose I slept, I don't know. Wentworth wasn't much of a place and I'd never been used to a town so it didn't make much difference to me.

After a while I went to what they called a state school, you had to pay 3d a week there, - *Was that the same idea as the schools here?* – it was very much the same idea as the schools here, it was run by the state, - *But you didn't pay here though in those days?* – No, but there it was 3d a week, everyone had to pay it - *That was all over New South Wales I suppose?* – I suppose so. You used to have to take your 3d every Monday morning for the week. I got on very well there but it was very awkward for me because a lot of the lessons were very different, now arithmetic they were taught different altogether, we didn't learn tables there like you did here, once one is one and once two is two and all that business, you just had to guess that I suppose, I don't know. I got on all right there but after a while there was a head teacher came and a lot of the girls left and went to the convent then, they didn't like him.

There was a Mr Colton, he was the second in command man, he was nice, but he cut his throat, - *Good heavens!* -don't know why, - *While he was teaching?* – it was in the school he did it, he wasn't in the school, but on the school grounds, he didn't die, they rescued him in time and saved him, but he went away and we never saw him again.. And there was a Miss Pivis?, there was quite a few children there you know, I think there were 4 teachers there, the head teacher and three others, anyway some of the girls, like I was in one of the head classes then.

I'd got on all right, and we went to the convent, the convent had what they call the high school for the girls and they had a sort of a primary, that was some distance away, near the church, boys and girls went there, but those had to pay 3d a week at that school, but we had to pay a guinea a quarter at the high school, the sisters were very nice, I liked them, they were so good to us, different sisters for each. Our class teacher was Sister Mary Joseph, she was jolly nice, she was a middle-aged woman, then the music teacher was Sister Mary Evangeline, one that taught sewing, I think it was, you know, fancywork, was Sister Mary Katherine, you know they all had something different, then the mother superior was Mother Mary Gertrude. Sister Mary Lucy, what was she – I never had anything to do with her, I think she had the little ones, sort of kindy, they were only little fellers that belonged to the Catholic church I think. I know they never tried to turn us, they had religious instruction but we never had anything like that there.

At 12 o'clock at the church, that was the primary school, the mixed lot, the church bell rang, I suppose the church bell, at 12 o'clock, and one of the catholic sisters used to say 'There's Angelus, sister,' and they'd drop everything they did and say their prayers, just for a little while, and then they'd go back –

How many were in that school? – I suppose 30, there was some there that came from up the river, the anabranche off the Darling, big station people, they'd come down for boarding school, I heard there were two girls there, twins, Macdonells or O'donnells or something, there was two of them, from the anabranche, quite a lot of sheep stations up that way, and another lot, a Louis Randall, her people came from up that way I think, well I suppose they went home for the holidays, when we finished school they never came out into the town or anything, they always stayed there.

Did you have to walk far to school? Across the flat, years ago when the river was flooded, this was before my time, Wentworth was flooded out, the Darling and the Murray came down together, came right over, the anabranche I think that was one of the troubles, see the Murray came down like that and the Darling like that, well the anabranche coming up there from the Darling and come down and went into the Murray there, so like Wentworth was really on an island but the anabranche was 90 miles, I think they said, long, so the anabranche and the Darling flooded together and Wentworth was flooded, they said they could row in the street in the boats, they put some sort fence, well not a fence, it looked like mud, there was no stone there, it was some sort of clay and it was about that high, for a square mile around the town, there wasn't any floods come in that way then you see, it come really from the anabranche and the Darling. Well Wentworth was on the Darling as well as the Murray but it was lower like, nearer the Murray than it was the Darling. See they were in the main street, Darling Street, and we had to go right across there across the plain, and the back of the convent faced the Murray, the front faced this way but the back of it faced the Murray, the backyards or the garden or whatever it was, went onto the Murray. I suppose it was nearly a mile across, we used to toddle across there.

By golly it used to be hot in the summer time, it'd be 110, 108, perhaps back to 100, then up to 107 for about a fortnight, never cool off, because there were no sea breezes or anything. But people stood up to it, like, they never seemed to notice it like, they'd say 'oh it's hot' and that, but they'd go on working and doing everything, we used to walk across the plain to school never strike us we were ill-used but the primary school was more up towards the Darling, so you didn't have to go across the plain to the primary school, but you had to, to go to the convent schools, they were very nice the sisters, I liked them, I never had any trouble with that part of it at all. It's funny thing how a little thing will come into your mind, and I've never forgotten it, they'd have catechism, these Catholic ones, and they'd have the Lord's prayer, they'd have the Catechism on that you see, and "forgive us our trespasses" – I remember that – "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us," and the sister would say 'that means that if you don't forget trespasses against you then you're asking God not to forgive you', and it does work out that way doesn't it, but it's funny how that particular thing has always set in my mind.

There were 4 hotels in Wentworth, there was the Crown, the Royal, the Commercial, and the Wentworth. – how's that? – *how many people were there in the town, have you got any idea?* - No – *Would it be as big as Strath?* – oh Lord no, it was more sprinkled over, it might have covered as much as Strath, Darling Street was the main street.

In Darling Street there were hotels on the corner, there was Bowerings shop, the general store, fairly good one they thought, and then there was Uncle Peter's little jewellery shop, which was quite a little affair, and then there was Martins, another one that supposed to be fairly good and then there was the bakers. There was a house that belonged to the people that managed Martins shop, and then there was the bakers – the baker's house, and then the baker's shop and then at the end there was a sort of - sometimes there was someone there

and sometimes there were others. Sometimes a greengrocer and sometimes, I suppose couldn't make a do of it, and then go. On the other side there was an hotel, that was the Royal, and then there was a – see that was before the Commonwealth, each state had their own, and you paid - what do you call it? – *Duty* - duty on things, I forget what they called him, you know I can see that man as plain as anything, Mr ..?. he was a Scotsman, he was the one that ran that, you see if you bought anything from Mildura you had to pay them some money, and if they bought anything from you, they had to pay duty on it, that was the place where they did it, it was a fairly big building.

Then there was a little shop, couldn't be much bigger than this, haircuts 6d, shave 3d, and then there was the newsagent, a shop where you bought your paper and I think they could buy a book if they happened to have any, and perhaps a cigarette or two, I don't know if people smoked cigarettes much then, I don't think they did. Then on the corner there was something, it had been a boarding house I think, but when I was there the people just lived there, then across the road there was the road going down to the wharf, down to the Darling, and on this side there was a hotel, across the street from there was the post office, and a solicitors, he always seemed to have his doors shut, and he was away somewhere, I suppose he used to come and go when they needed him, and then there was a little Chinese shop, Ah Moon, he had little lollies and licorice and things like that there and then there was the school.. There was nothing much there.

On the other side there was, oh I forget their name, but one used to teach music, a woman, there was a mother, but the man always used to be away, only come home for two or three nights, I don't know what he did. Two of the kids went to school there, they seemed to be quite, not to be sneezed at, the eldest one taught music, I don't know what age she was, then there was a boy did something, then a couple going to school, had something to do with the river I think, you know, the boats – they were called, oh I forget the name of those people, there was two, a boy and two girls, one with bright red hair with tight curls right down like corkscrews, and blue eyes, and her sister had hair just as black as this one was red, and she had brown eyes – two distinct, yet so much alike, just the colours were different. and they had this long hair, right down –

How did you wear your hair then? – Aunt Lou didn't believe in anything then, she was so snobby in her young days, everything had to be plain, no frilly anythings – *What about when you were at home at Woodchester, did you have any curls then?* – no, mine was only wavy hair, it never curled, when I was quite a kid, little feller, some man came I suppose my mother and father knew, Bob something I think it name was. Pause in tape no, it wasn't gingery at all, and Mother was the same colour as I am, rather a sallow skin and brown hair and she went grey early, like I did, - *and me!* – yes, and Margaret, you know Peter's not grey yet, Bronwyn (?) he's got quite a lot of black hair, you can see some grey here but it's wonderful isn't it? His father never had grey hair, old chap was over 80 and he had hardly any grey hair Well you know Jim O'Brien's mother was 80 and she never had grey hair, they said before she died, she was about 82, her hair began to grey then, but when she was up at Mypolonga I looked at her and she never had a grey hair. –

What was Uncle Peter's surname? - Pound, P – o – u – n – d – and his people lived at Norwood. - *do you know remember the old gaol at Wentworth?* - I never saw it - *We went to see it when we were up there* - I knew where it was but I never saw it.

End of Side 2 of tape

APPENDIX 2

CEMETERY REFERENCES

The following are references to authenticated cemetery sites. Photographs of most of these sites are contained within the text.

Robert Moore

Born ?1832 died 5 April 1895

St Georges Church of England, Meadows S.A.

Burial no. 34 on 6 April 1895

No physical evidence remains of internment

Mary Ann Moore (nee Hollamby) (wife of Robert)

Born 12 July 1829 died 30 September 1895

St Georges Church of England, Meadows S.A.

Burial no. 35 on 2 October 1895

No physical evidence remains of internment

William Moore (son of Robert)

born 25 April 1859 died 29 September 1939

Lucy Moore (nee Adams) (wife of William)

born 17 June 1862 died 7 July 1936

Strathalbyn Cemetery

Division 2 Path B Lot 80 (Shared grave)

Herbert Hinde Clark (son of Robert William Clark(e))

born 15 May 1888 died 25 January 1960

Ruby Gladys Clark (nee Moore) (wife of Herbert)

born 23 June 1893 died 5 February 1983

St James Anglican Cemetery, Blakiston, S.A.(shared grave)

I have photos of headstones and inscriptions for a few others of the Moore family. Enquiries please to wbaker5211@gmail.com

APPENDIX 3

Descendant Report for: George ADAMS
Prepared: 25 Aug 1995

- ADAMS, George, Born 1 Jun 1800 in IBR SOM ENG; bap. Also ADDAMS. Occ: agricultural labourer. F: James ADAMS; m: Lucy.
- SP TOLMAN, Hannah, Born ??? 1805 in FIV SOM ENG; Occ: glover. F: George TOLMAN, born 1770-73 in FIV SOM ENG, occ: agricultural labourer, parish clerk and sexton: m: Mary.
- 1 ADAMS, James, Born 17 Jun 1827 in FIV SOM ENG; bap. Died in infancy.
 - 2 ADAMS, Miriam, Born 23 Aug 1829 in FIV SOM ENG; bap. Died in infancy.
 - 3 ADAMS, Henry, Born 5 Aug 1832 in FIV SOM ENG, Died 30 Jan 1903 in Meadows SA AUS; bap. Occ: farm labourer. Migrated to SA with wife and two daughters on "Utopia", dep. Liverpool 28 Mar 1858, arr. Adelaide 9 Jul 1858.
 - SP WHELAN, Emily Ellen, Married 11 Feb 1879 in SA AUS; a widow, married twice before.
 - SP BREWER, Mary Elizabeth, Born ??? 1835? in FIV SOM ENG, Married 27 Jan 1855 in FIV SOM ENG, Died ??? 1876?; Married in parish church by vicar, R. William Lambert; witnesses: George Adams and Hannah Adams (presumably the bridegroom's parents). F: William BREWER; m: Jane, born 1807? in PUC SOM ENG.
 - . 1 ADAMS, Hannah Miriam, Born 23 Jan 1856 in FIV SOM ENG; bap. 17 Feb 1856.
 - . 2 ADAMS, Mary Jane, Born 18 Aug 1857 in FIV SOM ENG, Died 29 Jun 1858 in AUS; Died of measles on board ship and was buried at sea.
 - . 3 ADAMS, Bertha, Born ??? 1861? in SA AUS; Died young.
 - SP ?SERGERY, ?
 - . . 1 ADAMS (BLUE), Harry
 - SP Violet
 - . 4 ADAMS, Louisa (Lucy), Born 17 Jun 1862 in Green Hills SA AUS, Died 7 Jul 1936 in Strathalbyn SA AUS; bap. 8 Apr 1804 STO DEV ENG.
 - SP MOORE, William, Born 25 Apr 1859 in Bulls Creek SA AUS, Married 6 May 1886 in Meadows SA AUS, Died 29 Sep 1939 in Strathalbyn SA AUS
 - . 5 ADAMS, Elizabeth, Born 19 Nov 1864 in SA AUS
 - SP STANGER, William (Will), Born in SCT, Married Jun 1886, Died ??? 1939 in Wellington [Mills] WA; Occ: cook, restaurateur. Res: WA AUS.
 - . . 1 STANGER, Florence (Flo); Married twice.
 - SP HUMMERSTON, ?
 - . . . 1 HUMMERSTON, Eric
 - SP Margery (Marg); Divorced?
 - . . 2 STANGER, Elsie, Born 20 May 1887, Died ??? 1969
 - SP WHEELER, William T., Died ??? 1953 in Wellington WA AUS
 - . . . 1 WHEELER, W.B. (?Bernie); Was Sgt Pilot in RAAF during WWII. Res: Austral Parade, Bunbury WA AUS (1941).
 - . 6 ADAMS, Louise (Lou), Born 25 Dec 1867 in SA AUS, Died ??? 1945 in Swan Hill VIC AUS; Name may have been Louise Paulina Bertha. No children.
 - SP POUND, Peter; Occ: jeweller's shop. Res: ?Wentworth NSW AUS.
 - . 7 ADAMS, George Henry, Born 5 Oct 1868 in SA AUS; Not married. Occ: Prospected and farmed in WA. Res: ?Yalgoo WA AUS. Died in fall from horse after Aug 1902 and before 1906.
 - 4 ADAMS, James, Born 11 Jun 1835 in FIV SOM ENG; bap.
 - 5 ADAMS, Miriam, Born 13 Aug 1837 in FIV SOM ENG; bap.
 - 6 ADAMS, George Tolman, Born 26 Jan 1840 in FIV SOM ENG; bap.
 - SP Elizabeth, Born ??? 1837
 - . 1 ADAMS, Sarah, Born Feb 1861 in FIV SOM ENG
 - 7 ADAMS, Job, Born 7 Aug 1842 in FIV SOM ENG; bap.
 - 8 ADAMS, Frank, Born 24 Oct 1847 in FIV SOM ENG; bap.

The line of descent can be followed from (No.3) Henry Adams (b.1832) m. Mary E. Brewer. Their daughter (No.4) Louisa (Lucy) Adams m. William Moore (b.1859). Their progeny are on the more detailed descendant report of John Burley. Please email me at [wbaker5211@gmail.com](mailto:w baker5211@gmail.com) for further information.

APPENDIX 4

LETTER FROM ALAN MOORE RE LOUISA (LUCY) MOORE (nee ADAMS) AND LOUISE (LOU) POUND (nee ADAMS)

(Alan Moore is son of Walter Moore, one of William and Lucy's seven children)

Henry Adams and Mary Elizabeth Brewer came from the parish of Fivehead in Somerset, about seven miles east of Taunton.

Mary Elizabeth (often known as Elizabeth) was born in Fivehead, probably in 1855. Her father, William Brewer, was a labourer. Her mother Jane was born around 1807 in the parish of Puckington about three miles southeast of Fivehead. Both Elizabeth and her mother were glovers. Family legend has it that William went to America with the intention of sending for his wife and daughter once he was established there, but they never heard from him again. In the 1851 census Elizabeth was living with her mother in "Halls House" in the village of Fivehead. Jane is listed as married, but there is no sign of the elusive William, so perhaps the story was true. In 1861 Jane is listed as a widow, boarding with an Elizabeth Westlake.

Henry was born in Fivehead in 1832. His father was George Adams and his mother Hannah Tolman. George and Henry were both agricultural labourers. Hannah was a glover, so would have been acquainted with the Brewers. Henry appears to have been literate although both his parents were illiterate, as was his wife-to-be. An older brother and older sister both died in infancy but he had at least four younger brothers and a younger sister and they could have survived to adulthood. Nevertheless in 1851 only Henry and his brothers George and Frank were living with their parents in the village of Fivehead. Hannah's father, George Tolman, then aged 81, was also living with them. He had been an agricultural labourer and was listed as the parish clerk and sexton. A niece, Sarah Salway, aged 14, and also a glover, was visiting them. In 1861 Frank was still living with his parents. George was married, his wife Elizabeth coming from "Lower Southhollow". Their daughter Sarah was born in 1861.

Henry and Mary Elizabeth were married in the parish church on 27 January 1855 by the vicar, R. William Lambert, "according to the rites and ceremonies of the established church ... after banns". Henry's parents witnessed the marriage, which was registered at Langport, a town about five miles further east. Two daughters were born to them in England: Hannah Miriam (named after her grandmother and two aunts) born in 1856, and Mary Jane born in 1857.

Mary Elizabeth had "weak lungs" and this is supposedly why they decided to migrate to Australia. They travelled on the "Utopia", which departed from Liverpool 28 March 1858 and arrived in Adelaide 9 July, a journey of 103 days. We do not know where they joined the ship. On 29 June 1858, just a couple of weeks before their arrival, Mary Jane died

of measles and was buried at sea - a sad introduction to their new homeland. Henry brought tools with him in the false bottom of a trunk which was then filled with clothes and other chattels. This box, with "ADELY" or something similar printed on the front, eventually came into the possession of their granddaughter Lillian O'Brien.

Five more children were born after their arrival in South Australia: Bertha (born 1861?), Louisa (Lucy) (1862), Elizabeth (1864), Louise (Lou) (1867), and George Henry (named after his grandfather and father) (1868). Mary Elizabeth died in the mid-70s and Henry remarried in 1879. He married Mrs Emily Whelan, a widow who had been married twice before and was older than he was. Apparently she was very mean and the children (varying in age from 11 to 23) could not stand their stepmother, particularly as she expected them to pay for their board and lodging if they stayed at home.

In Boothby's Almanac Henry Adams was listed as a farmer in the Kondoparinga/Meadows area for the 40 years prior to his death in 1903, for 1865-71 specifically in Green Hills where Lucy was born.

We don't know anything about Hannah's life in Australia. Bertha went to Adelaide (to escape from her stepmother?). She is believed to have died quite young, after marrying (Sergery?) and having a son known as Harry Blue or Adams.

In any event, by the time Henry Adams made his will on 4 August 1902 it appears that all three elder daughters had died. Mentioned in his will as beneficiaries were his second wife, Emily Ellen Adams, and four children: George Henry Adams, Lucy Moore, Elizabeth Stanger, and Louisa Pound. He died the following year in Meadows, on 30 January 1903.

George Henry went prospecting in Western Australia, but when this proved unsuccessful he returned to farming in that state. He died in his 30s, between 1902 and 1906. On his way home one night he apparently fell off his horse and broke his neck. His body was found the next day by neighbours from an adjoining farm. We believe he died in Yalgoo. He was not married and his three surviving sisters each received a third of the proceeds from the farm.

Louisa, always known as Lucy, married William Moore in Meadows on 6 May 1886. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arthur J. Burt in the residence of the bridegroom's father.

Elizabeth married William (Will) Stanger in June 1886. He came from northern Scotland and had been a ship's cook. He followed this profession in Adelaide also and when they

moved to Western Australia he ran his own very successful restaurant. They had two daughters, Elsie (married name Wheeler) and Florence (married name Hummerston) who married twice. When Elizabeth and Will went to Scotland to visit his family, Flo stayed at "Highland Valley" with her Aunt Lucy and Elsie stayed in Swan Hill with her Aunt Lou. Will Stanger died in 1939 in Wellington [Mills], Western Australia.

Lou (there is confusion about her and her sister's names) married Peter Pound who ran a jeweller's shop in Wentworth, New South Wales. They had no children. She died in 1945, her death being registered in Swan Hill, Victoria.

Alan Moore
25 August 1995
