

DIRT POOR ~ SPIRIT RICH

A History of the Carrucan Family



Edited by Jim Martin, Tim Erickson and Frank Carrucan

Commemorating the Dispersion of Members of the
Carrucan Family from West Clare



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The Rev. James David Martin: 1927 – 2011

Dedicated to the memory of the late Jim Martin
who was the driving force behind the publication
of this book.

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Introduction

The story of the Carrucan Clan extends back to the tortured Atlantic coast of West Clare with its tempestuous history. It's a saga, worthy of remembering and recording.

Family members may recall the stories of or told by grandparents or great-grandparents, who were the children of those who left or of those who stayed at Fanore and Fisherstreet; many will not have heard of them and their deeds. In times to come many might look back, wondering what were the significant episodes in the story of this, our family.

This book seeks to record those past years by collecting many of those anecdotes about the early families - their homes, their struggles and experiences, their schooling and their jobs, their loves and friendships and their wartime experiences.

A family history is not only about the people, who they are, when they were born and died, whom they married and the work they did. History is also about where and how people lived, their interactions with others and their communities, their struggles, challenges and achievements and the effects of development and change in their lives.

This book is the result of many years of historical research and gathers together anecdotes, pictures and memories from many sources and contributors.

The Family is particularly indebted to the efforts of David Lodge, who initiated the original research into the Carrucan family. The highly probable link of the family of Denis Carrucan, explored by Brian Doube has further widened the horizons. In more recent years Mary Conheady, née Dempsey, and (Sister Bernadine) Maureen Kelly continued his work with family reunions at Benthleigh (1988) and Eltham (1992). They were joined by John and Jim Martin in planning for the reunion in Croydon (1998), culminating in 2004 with the celebration of the sesquicentenary of the dispersal of family members by emigration. Following this, thoughts turned to producing a book. A working group took on the task and seven years later the product stands before you.

Further thanks must be expressed to that considerable body of additional contributors of memories, work, mementoes, photographs and records – Michael Bourke, Dale Calnin, Maurice Calnin, Louise Carrucan-Wood, Helen and Frank Carrucan, Patsy and Anne Carrucan, Anthony Carrucan, Anna Carrucan, Matthew Carrucan, Naiose Cleary, Helen Collins, Peter Cuffley, Mary and Wal Dempsey, Laurie and Bernard Doube, Daniel Egan, Tim Erickson, Helen Fitzgerald, Lily Flanagan, Anne Ganly, Tony Ganly, Lee Ganly, Harry Gilham, Mick Gooch, Bernie Grimes, Pam Hayes, Mary Holden, Cherie Honey, Nancy Hunt, Frances James, Aileen James, Gina Lane, Joan Lane, Sylvester Lane, Fr Don Lane S.J., Francee Lanyon, Cheryl Laumer, the Lodge family, Margaret Lumsden, Frank Lynch, Liz Morrigan, Antoinette O'Brien, Mary Ellen Pollinger, Mary Perry, Peggine Ruthven, Moya Ryan, John Simpson, Fr Pat Smith, Mary Stackpole, Pat and Jack Sturge, Ellen Trotter, Ken Waller, Mick Woiwod, Shielagh Woodhams, The Clare Heritage Centre, The County Clare Library and The Eltham Historical Society.

Stories have been arranged to protect the privacy of living family members and selected to focus on the older members.

Also collected and available on the web are a range of associated family histories and extras, such as eulogies, that could not be included in the hardcopy book for lack of space.

Themes

The history of the Carrucan family illuminates many themes common to the history of post-settlement Australia.

The early days of farming at Eltham were followed by dispersal, with some descendants continuing to live on the land in surrounding districts such as Arthurs Creek and some, like the Lanes who followed the mining rush to Western Australia, venturing much further afield.

Poverty imposed by the bank crash and the Great Depression had impacts on descendants as frugal lifestyles and practices were handed down.

Many Carrucans went to war. Some enlisted to feed their family; others enlisted because a sibling had been killed and they felt obliged to be a replacement. Some, who did not want to miss out, put their age up to join. They suffered from the heat and damp, from hunger and heart break. If they became prisoners of war, they lived and worked in terrible and dangerous conditions. If, or when, they returned to Australia they were often almost skeletons, having lost so much weight from the terrible conditions. Some Carrucans coped well but others suffered a great deal. The impact of the war spread from the men and women at the front line and in the hospitals to the families – the horror, the grief and the nightmares all took a toll in the short and the long term.

Many Carrucans worked in the social services as nurses, farmers and warders or as lawyers, providing services to the poor and disadvantaged. Perhaps their Catholic faith directed them towards these caring roles.

The Collingwood Football Club also features throughout the family history. This may be because many members of the family formerly lived in or around Collingwood. It is known that the Club supported players and their families through the Depression. It is possible that Carrucans benefited from this support. As a consequence, barracking for Collingwood is considered an inheritance in some parts of the family.

The Wurundjeri in Eltham¹

Prior to European settlement,² the Wurundjeri-willam clan of the Wurundjeri people and Kulin nation were the occupiers and custodians of the land now comprising Eltham and surrounds. Their homeland extended from the upper reaches of *Birrarung*³ to the crude township of Melbourne on Port Phillip Bay.

To the incoming settlers, the occupants seemed to be primitive savages without agriculture or social structure. The land, it seemed, was theirs for the taking. It is only in recent times that historians have brought to our understanding an Australian history which views aboriginal life from the other side of the frontier, putting ourselves into the shoes of those who were invaded, be it from Britain or Fanore.

This theme was taken up in the historical novel *The Last Cry*⁴, setting the story in the 1840s as English, Irish and Scottish free settlers, soldiers and pardoned convicts arrived daily to begin life anew in the untamed bush spreading east into Eltham along *Birrarung*. The narrative is a stunning tale of intrigue and war, of friendship and hope - when Europeans forged a new life in a strange, harsh land and discovered others with stronger bonds to the land than they could have imagined.

Ngayuk was a proud Aboriginal Wurundjeri, totally at home in his *Birrarung* world of valleys and hilltops, planning to marry and raise his children in the ways of his Dreaming. But then came the destruction of his hunting grounds and the death of Jaga Jaga.⁵

Of particular interest is the account in *The Last Cry* of the relationship between Ngayuk and Thomas Sweeney,⁶ a former convict and one of the earliest settlers in Diamond Creek, as Eltham was then called. It was in the living room of Sweeney's home *Culla Hill* that Bridgid Carrucan and John Coleman were married in 1856. Two Sweeney grand daughters later married Carrucans, cementing the relationship between these two pioneering families.

The Carrucan Story⁷

Family Prayer

Creator God:

We are of or have been scattered from Erin's shores to lands under the Southern Cross, or fringing Altanta's Main. May we who are of, or are drawn to this line, re-forge our common bonds. In our rediscovered unity, may we know ourselves as women and men who have been made new. Inspire us to walk even as Christ walked, and go on our way in faith and gladness, care and compassion, healing and love.

Our Story

In November 1853, twenty year old Bridget Carrucan left the family village of Fanore in County Clare, bound for a new life in Australia. She arrived in the bustling port of Melbourne on Saturday 31st January 1854 on the sailing ship Truro, as an indentured housemaid. She eventually married a widower, John Coleman, in November 1856 at Culla Hill in Eltham.

Soon after her marriage, her two brothers Patrick and Peter joined her while their brother Michael remained on the family farm in Ireland. After their father's death, they were joined in Australia by their mother.

In 1866, a niece, Bridget Mary Carrucan, emigrated to South Australia and eventually married John Doube.

Two further nieces, Bridget and Ellen Carrucan, subsequently chose to migrate to the USA.

From these small beginnings a family numbering nearly five thousand has burgeoned.

The Burren

The family line stretches back to the villages of *Fanore Beg*⁸ and *Fisherstreet* (now called *Doolin*),⁹ some 9 miles apart and set on the shores of the rugged West Coast of County Clare in Ireland, located in the region known as *The Burren*.¹⁰



Fanore and Doolin, two coastal towns situated in the NW corner of County Clare

This area of Ireland is steeped in history. Evidence of a Neolithic civilisation in the Clare area can be seen in the form of ancient dolmen: single-chamber megalithic tombs, usually consisting of three or more upright stones. Clare is one of the richest places in Ireland for these tombs, the most noted being in the Burren area, dating back to circa 3,800 BC.

With the exception of the dune system and the rine saltmarsh, where the *Caher River* empties into the sea at *Fanore*, the Burren coastline is for the most part rocky, rising 196m to the Cliffs of Moher, lashed by Atlantic gales. At first glance, the land is barren and harsh.

Until the 17th Century, there were only some 80 or so isolated farm-forts in the Burren area, each supporting an extended family.

Oliver Cromwell's rampaging Roundheads banished many settlers to this

seeming desolation - in Cromwell's own words "*To Hell or Connaught*".

Yet there is more to the Burren than meets the eye. Cromwell's brother-in-law, General Ludlow, in 1650, wrote of it during his tour of Clare, describing it as follows:

This is a country where there is not enough water to drown a man, wood enough to hang him, nor earth enough to bury him, which is so scarce that the inhabitants steal it from one another and yet, their cattle are very fat, for the grass growing in tufts of earth of two or three feet square that lie between the rocks which are of limestone, is very sweet and nourishing.



The Burren coast road from Doolin to Ballyvaughan passes Fanore and Black Head and offers some of the most dramatic coastline in Co. Clare. It also showcases the sparse landscape of the Burren.

This influx of people marked the modern settlement of the Burren area. The coastal inhabitants survived by dint of subsistence farming mixed with fishing in their timber framed, hide bound currachs.

Nowadays the Burren has become an area of great interest to many visitors. It is an area of scenic attractions - wild and lonely but picturesque - where the clear light, reflected from the stone-grey hills, seems to radiate an air of timelessness,

made more realistic by the many pre-historic remains that dot the fields and the valleys beneath. The Burren is of particular interest to archeologists, botanists, speleologists, zoologists, ornithologists, etc. In particular, the cracks and crevices of the limestone pavements in the Burren nurture a host of beautiful and unusual wildflowers. In spring, a mass of colours dots the landscape to delight the discerning walker.

Even nowadays, Fanore and Doolin are small towns as the following picture shows.



The town of Doolin (formerly known as Fisherstreet) in 2008. Towns like Doolin and Fanore have little changed in their layout from times past.

The Carrucan Name

The origin of the Carrucan name is probably Gaelic, the vernacular of the Doolin - Fanore Beg area on the West Coast and in the nearby Aran Islands.

It and its other variants appear in early parish records from the late eighteenth century. Variants include:

- *Kierucan* (1787 in Limerick City)

- *Kerucan* (1819 in East Clare)
- *Carrucan* (the general spelling of the name today, which first appears in the 1820-1840 Applotment Books of lessees of land)
- *Carrucane* (which appears in the 1820-1840 Applotment Books of lessees of land) and
- *Carroocan* (1855 Griffith Valuation for Fanore Beg)

Other variants include

- *Carukan*, *Karucan* (death Registers of 1867 and 1919 respectively) and
- *Carokan* (1901 Census)

Some have suggested *Corrigan* as a likely source of the modern name Carrucan.¹¹

The County Clare Heritage Centre notes that the name Carrucan would appear to derive from *Ciarmhacan* meaning *small black son*.

However, the name Carrucan is rare in the history of County Clare so a question arises about its origins. Tulla in East Clare was the heartland of the McNamara Clan.¹² In the post Cromwellian land settlement of 1652 - 1658, a prominent section of the clan was transplanted from East Clare into the North Clare area of Ballyvaughan and Doolin. There is a record of the baptism of one John Kierucan, son of Denis Kierucan and Anne Halloran, in St Mary's Parish, Limerick City, on 3rd May 1787. There is little doubt that Anne Halloran was from East Clare; the Hallorans were a sub-set of the McNamaras. There is a further record of a Mary Kerucan being baptised in Tulla, daughter of Michael Kerucan and Catherine McNamara. Thus it is likely that the Carrucans came into the Fisherstreet - Fanore Beg area with the McNamaras.

The Master Index of Baptisms, held by the Clare Heritage Centre, lists just five families of the name in church records during the 19th century.

The Beginning of our Story

At the time our story commences, they were the only two men in Fisherstreet bearing the name *Carrucan*. Contemporary records list Patrick Carrucan and Denis Carroocan¹³ as *Occupation Fisherman, Tenant of Home in Fisberstreet, (Doolin)*

and *Farmer with a tenancy at Fanore Beg*.

As they were of a similar age, are we to presume that they were cousins or perhaps brothers?

In 1829, Patrick married Bridget Gorman in Ballyvaughan, their family eventually numbering seven: Michael, Patrick, Martha, Bridget, Peter, Mary and Denis.

In 1835, Denis married Mary Sexton in Corofin, their family eventually numbering five: Bridget, Thomas, Patrick, Michael and Marie.

Life was not easy for such poor Irish families. British control of Ireland through the 18th and 19th centuries had resulted in long-term conquest, confiscation, and colonisation of land, creating a class of English and Scottish landlords and leaving an Irish population impoverished with ever reducing tenants' rights. The vast majority of the Irish were Catholic who were prevented from acquiring land.

Slowly the British Parliament was brought to see the condition of the 'wretched tenantry' of Irish Catholics. This, combined with the ravages of Irish famine of the 1840s, focused attention on the occupation and ownership of land.

The blight that destroyed the potato harvest between 1845 and 1849 virtually wiped out an entire social class by hunger, disease and emigration. Help was slow, hesitant and insufficient, and between 1845 and 1851 the population fell by almost two million.

Both Patrick and Denis were subsistence farmers, liable for tithe tax of 10% of their income as well as for tenancy rent for both house and land.

Denis was shown in the Griffith Valuation of 1852 - 1855 as holding 1 acre of first quality land and 2 roods of second quality land at Fanore Beg, totalling 1 acre 2 roods of land.

In 1850, Patrick was noted as the tenant of one of 23 houses in Fisherstreet (Doolin), value 10/-, owned by a Capt Francis McNamara, and also as the tenant of 17 acres, 3 roods and 24 perches, value £4-10-0, in the Townland of Fanore Beg, 2 miles distant from Doolin. He held this tenancy from John McNamara¹⁴ and it was here that he subsisted as a tenant farmer while fishing in the waters of the Atlantic from his timber framed, hide bound curragh.

We do not know the fate of Denis' tenancies on his moving to the South of the County. However, on Patrick's death, his eldest son Michael took over the farm, passing it in turn to his son Denis. All liability for taxes and rents was also passed on.

The passage of the Land Act of 1881 was hailed as the "Magna Carta" of the Irish farmer. This Act provided a land commission to fix a fair rent. Supplementary acts established a loan fund of many millions of pounds to enable tenants to purchase their lands.

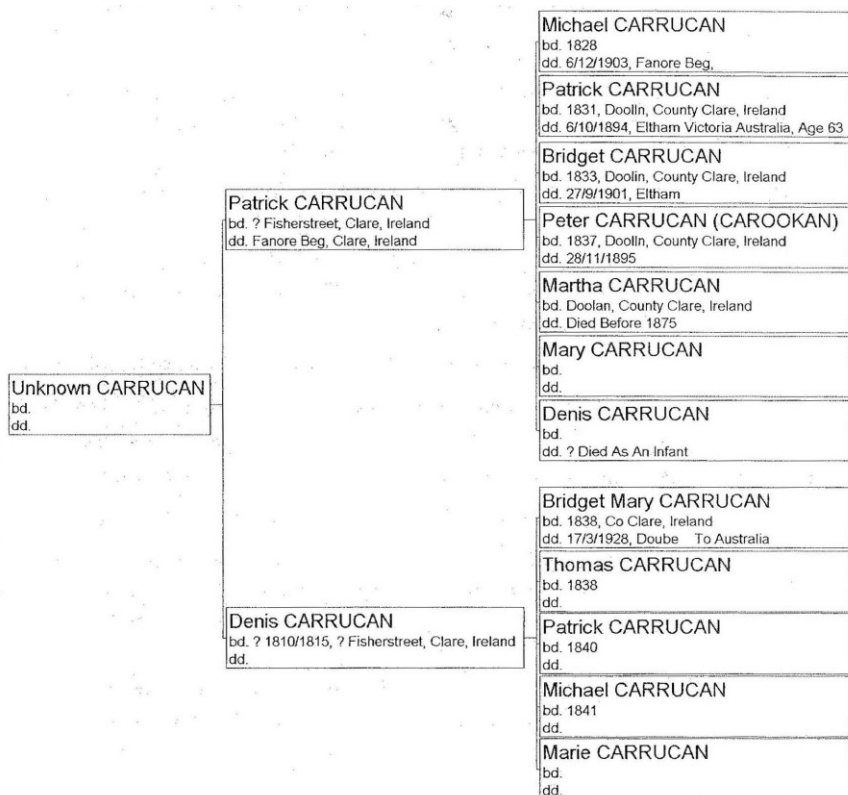
So the scene was set for the aggregation of the Carrucan lands as noted by Anna Carrucan¹⁵

- Following Denis Carrucan's death, his son Jimmy continued farming the land, eventually acquiring title absolute in 1975.
- Prior to that, legal titles were given to Michael Carrucan in 1896 and his son Denis in 1937.
- Other parcels of land were acquired in 1950 and 1968 respectively. The total then amounting to 142 acres in 1975, thirty six of which were bog land.

Today Patrick (Patsy), Denis' grandson, his wife Anne and their family occupy the property which has expanded some fivefold from when Patrick senior first husbanded it.

There is still much for us to discover about life in those days.¹⁶

If we assume that Patrick and Denis were brothers, the family tree for those early Carrucans would show as follows:



Carrucan Family Tree showing the first three generations

The Diaspora ~ Why did they leave County Clare?¹⁷

What were the circumstances underlying the harrowing decision for caring families to break up and for many young adults to leave the fold in the mid eighteen fifties?

By the time 20-year old Bridget left in 1853, the dreadful famine of 1845 and the years following was drawing to a close. But the aftermath was wreaking its harsh course. Food was scarce; people had felt that the potato on which they subsisted could never fail. Once, a family of six persons could be maintained on less than one acre of ground. Now, the harsh reality of famine had dispelled that thought forever.

The distress had been extreme and initial emigration resulting from the famine generally ended up on Merseyside, with Irish labourers building docks, waterways, public buildings and factories in Lancashire and beyond. It was not long however until English economists proclaimed that the swarming of Irish pauper workers, evicted from the land, into English factories at reduced wages, threatened the standard of living of British workers.¹⁸ So that tap was turned off and the Irish had to look further afield.

Emigration to Australia seemed an attractive proposition. Irish convicts sent in the earlier part of the century sent home word about the superior kind of life available in the colonies. Further, from the 1820s, quite a number of free settlers with capital were able to immigrate to Australia.

They were mostly the sons of landlords, of merchant and professional classes. Some commissioned officers at British Army outposts such as India sold their commissions and purchased ranches in Australia. For £1,000, one could purchase more than 2,000 acres of good land. They needed shepherds, stockmen, ploughmen, artisans, miners, and they in turn came from amongst evicted tenants and others as 'indentured' labourers, whose passages were mostly paid for.¹⁹

It seems inconceivable that the members of such a poor family as the Carrucans could scrape together the £18 per person necessary for a passage to Australia, considering that they had to meet an annual rental of a mere £5.

While we do not know, there are two possibilities.

Did a humane landlord offer free passage to them and their families to emigrate to Canada or Australia? This did happen to many families. John McNamara, who owned the land which the family farmed, had petitioned the Government in 1846 for funds to erect a National school at Fanore on land that he owned. But it is not known whether his largesse extended to fares for any of his tenants.

Alternatively, did the Carrucans benefit from the Poor Law or 'workhouse' system which the English Government established in response to the famine in Ireland. Naoise Cleary, founder of the Clare Heritage and Genealogical Research Centre, explains:

Poor laws were enacted in 1838 and the county was divided into Poor Law Unions each administered by a Board of Guardians. Originally, there were

only four unions in Clare - Ennis, Kilrush, Scariff and Ennistymon. Each had a workhouse, which at Ennis and Kilrush could accommodate 800 inmates while Scariff and Ennistymon were expected to cater for 600.

Perhaps there is a clue here as to what might have triggered the family's migration. Naoise Cleary points out that between 1850 and 1852 other workhouses were provided at Corofin, Ballyvaughan, Kildysart and Tulla, the inmates of which were evicted tenants and orphans and others left destitute by the Great Famine.

The Boards of Guardians discovered that it was cheaper to pay the passage to Australia for an able-bodied inmate than to maintain him in the workhouse. Many of those in receipt of Poor Law aid availed themselves of such offers.

At that time also there was an imbalance in the colony between males and females and the governors were clamouring for greater female immigration. The Boards of Guardians in the Poor Law Unions considered that they should lessen the burden on their finances by offering free passage to Australia to orphan girl inmates between the ages 14 and 18 years. The workhouses during the period 1840 -1862 were homes for the most destitute children in Ireland.

Emigration to South Australia began in the 1840s, being encouraged by land agents in Ireland who chartered boats to bring migrants as workers.

Before the gold rushes of the early 1850s, the NSW Government introduced a colonial bounty system in order to encourage the migration of agricultural labourers, shepherds, tradesmen, female domestics and farm servants from the UK, including Ireland. A bounty was paid to anyone who could recruit young married men, who could be indentured as labourers. A bounty of £38 was paid for each able bodied labourer and his wife who could be brought into the Colony, an additional bounty was paid for each child. In addition a sum of £19 was paid for every unmarried female domestic or farm servant, neither below 15 nor above 30 years, who could be engaged for domestic service in the Colony which, until 1850, included Victoria.

The granting of Statehood to Victoria in 1850 was accompanied by the discovery of gold. The Gold Rush brought thousands of emigrants almost overnight into Victoria. In the year 1856, 278 emigrants from Clare arrived on assisted passages into Victoria, many of them settling at Ballarat and Bendigo.

Naoise Cleary goes on to explain that the Irish peasant's knowledge of the life ahead of him was often fragmentary and fanciful.

The extent of emigration from Ireland to Australia was very high up to 1870. This is reflected today in the fact that one in every three Australians has Irish roots - over six million in a population of 20 million. Between 1st May 1851 and 31st March 1881, 100,496 Clare men and women left Ireland for foreign parts and remarkably males led females by exactly 100 souls. The highest year for emigration was 1851, the figure being 9,499 - 180 people on average left the county per week.

The Michael Carrucan – Mary Droney Line

The Michael Line represents those descendants of Michael Carrucan and Mary Droney; this line includes the family descended from Ellen, Michael and Mary's daughter who emigrated to America.

I liked nothing more than to go up into the hills, sit on a rock and daydream. It was such a beautiful, peaceful place to live and I could look across the bay or up to the heather clad hills with the huge rocks jutting out of them. I'd walk across the fields, covered with all colours of wild flowers stretching down to the beach with miles and miles of golden sand.

As I sat daydreaming, I imagined myself having to go away when I was old enough and the thought always filled me with sadness and I'd shed a few tears.

Agnes Clements' Memoir

By 1853, the rigours of the potato famine were but a memory, yet family disruption throughout Ireland swelled from a trickle to a flood. The population of the land had plummeted as the news of the success of emigrants permeated back from the Americas and from Terra Australis. Some two million Irishmen women and children sought their fortune overseas, in one decade.

It was with a deep sadness in their hearts that the little group of Carrucans returned to Fanore after their tearful farewells to nineteen year old Bridget out on the stony rises of the Burren that autumn morning. She first had to make her way to Southampton, an arduous journey in itself. Then she was to commence her 87 day journey on the barque *Truro* to Melbourne.

Bridget's mother Bridget would miss her trusty helper, the younger siblings Martha, Mary and Denis their confidant and support, and their father Patrick his companion as they settled down to their new family structure.

Michael, now aged 25 was gradually taking his father's load while Patrick, three years his junior and Peter now sixteen were almost superfluous in coping with the workload on the farm. There was little work to be had in the surrounding district so the ensuing peace was not to last for long. Barely four years later

Patrick, with his bride Mary, and brother Peter set off in the same journey as Bridget, this time via Liverpool, to embark on the *Guy Mannering* on a 90 day voyage to settle with Bridget and her new husband John Coleman in Australia. Hannah Woods, Peter's betrothed, had departed 3 months earlier.

By now Patrick senior's health was failing. Following his death in the late 1850's,²⁰ Michael assumed control of the farm and his widowed mother Bridget would sail to Australia to join her three emigrant children in the village of Eltham, close to Melbourne town.

In the coming years, Michael and his wife Mary née Droney also experienced the agony of parting as their daughters Ellen and Bridget and grandsons James and John Kerin set sail for America. But more of that later.

Generation 1: Michael Carrucan

Michael Carrucan, the eldest son of Patrick and Bridget, was born about 1829 and it was he who inherited the family holdings in County Clare upon his father's death in the late 1850s. By then he was married to Mary Droney and they were well underway with their eventual family of 10 children.

Michael and Mary²¹ resided in the Townland of Fanore Beg. Apart from the Carrucan families in Fanore Beg and in Doolin, there were no other families of that name in Co. Clare in the nineteenth century. Even today there are only two families of the name in the county, both being in the Ballyvaughan Parish, the family of the late James and Nancy Carrucan in Fanore Beg and James' brother Michael and his wife Christine in Ballyvaughan.

Michael's and Mary's family home would doubtless have been constructed from materials at hand but had to be sturdy as houses had to withstand the fearsome gales of the Atlantic. The walls would have been freestone to above head height, plugged with earth and grass to exclude the draughts, while the roof beams would most likely have been salvaged from the beach, with a roof of thatch.

My grand uncle would come for me to help him pull "bent", a tall wiry grass that grew in the sandhills and was used for thatching. There is a certain way to pull it, catching it as near the root as possible. It was painful on the hands and it took a lot of work to fill a cart full. (Agnes Kerin Memoir).

As was customary in one bedroom or single room dwellings, the large kitchen accommodated a settle bed (long box) and perhaps one or two press or cupboard style beds, which were attached to the wall during the day and lowered at bedtime.²² The floors were nothing other than earth.

The 1901 Census sheds valuable light on their small community. Only four families, including that of Michael and Mary Carrucan, were registered in the Townland of Fanore Beg. From the dry statistics, we can learn much.

The Linane Family - 58 year old John and his wife Margaret were parents of a Catholic farming family. Their two unmarried daughters were Kate aged 16 and Honora aged 6. Margaret was 10 years younger than John. Their eight sons ranged in age from 27 to 3 years. John, a seventeen year old, was blind. Patrick (27), Thomas (21) Michael and (15) all helped on the farm whilst Martin (13), Peter (11) Austin (9) were still students. Neither Patrick nor John could read. Apart from the youngest, James, all the rest were bilingual, with facility in both Irish and English.

The Coyne family - another Catholic family but small by comparison John Coyne, head of the family, was aged 40. He was an unmarried farmer and was literate. His older sister, Bridget, was housekeeper but could not read. John's and Bridget's aged aunt (86) also lived with them. She was noted as being bi-lingual.

The Gilligan family - John Gilligan, a 55 year old farmer, lived with his wife Bridget, fifteen years his senior. Their unmarried 32 year old son Martin lived with them and assisted John on the farm. To assist their income they had taken in a lodger aged 70. He could not read nor write, but was bilingual. There was no record of employment for him. Carrucan family lore has it that Denis Carrucan had possession of John Gilligan's gun, but for safety reasons had it immobilised. Mrs Gilligan conducted a small shop from which she sold trinkets.

The Carrucan family - Michael and Mary Carrucan's household was the next recorded. Michael was now about 70 and Mary 55. He was a farmer, able to read and write English and Irish while his wife Mary was unable to read and has limited English. Denis, now aged 35, was still unmarried and living at home. Denis was literate, unlike his younger sister Kate (30) or

brother James (26). Each resumably helped on the farm. It is notable that the children of Michael and Mary's daughter Mary Kerin were also living with the grandparents. Kate (aged 19) had finished school while Patrick (age 16) and John (age 12) were all recorded as literate, bilingual scholars.

Only 2 years after this census, on 6th December 1903, Michael died at Fanore Beg. His age was given as 72. The cause of death was noted as cancer of the Lips,²³ which he had for 2 years. His wife Mary, who signed her name with an X, was present at the time of the death.

Of Michael's and Mary's nine children, all were born in Fanore Beg:

Mary, born 1854, died in childhood some time before 1861.

Austin, born 1856, no further records.

Bridget, born 1857, migrated to America. Little is known with certainty of her subsequent life but we do know a 'Bridget Carrucan' married Joseph B. Ward on 3rd March 1892 in Delaware.²⁴ Further, a 'Bridget Carrucan' is recorded in the 1910 Census Report for Delaware as a widow. Was this our Bridget, having reverted to her maiden name?

Mary, born 1861, better known in the family as Madgie, married John Kerin around 1881. John and Mary occupied a property adjoining the Carrucan family farm. Their story is continued below.

Ellen, born 1863, joined the emigrants, America bound. She married John D. Sullivan on 24th Nov 1897 in Wilmington, Delaware. His parents were Dennis Sullivan, born in Ireland, and Anna, born in Delaware. The story of their family is continued below.

Denis, born 1865, still unmarried and living at home at the time of the 1901 Census, was to marry and inherit the farm as discussed below.

Of **Catherine**, born 1868, **Patrick**, born 1871 and **James**, born 1873, we know nothing.

Kate, born 1871, died in 1919 at Dorreen, aged 48 Years.

Second Generation – 3: Bridget Carrucan

Of the children of Michael Carrucan and Mary Droney, Bridget (born 1857) and Ellen (born 1863) are of special interest as they migrated to America.

Bridget, the third child, was born in 1857 in Fanore. At some time in the 1880s, she emigrated to America and settled in Delaware. There, she married Joseph P Ward on 3rd March 1892. Alas, we have not yet traced the particulars of their subsequent life. A 'Bridget Carrucan' was recorded in the 1910 Census Report for Delaware as a widow. Was this our Bridget? Did she have a family and do her descendants live still in America?

Second Generation – 4: Mary (Madgie) Carrucan

Mary (Madgie) Carrucan, born 1861, was the fourth child born to Michael Carrucan and Mary Droney. She married John Kerin around 1881 and they occupied a property adjoining the Carrucan family farm where they had 3 children Patrick, John (Johnny) and Kate.

Third Generation: Patrick Kerin

Patrick was the first of John and Madgie Kerin's children. Of him Agnes Clements writes:²⁵

Patrick was very restless and wanted to get away from working the land. Against his mother's wishes, he left the farm for Australia. For six months he wrote regularly about the great job he had and how well he doing but then the letters stopped coming and he was never heard from again, which caused great sorrow to his family in Ireland.

Of Patrick there is no further trace.

Third Generation: Kate Kerin

Kate was the youngest of the 3 Kerin children. Soon after her father died, Kate fell from a cart of hay, breaking her ankle. She did not receive proper medical care (probably the family could not afford medical attention) so the ankle never healed properly, leaving her partially crippled for the rest of her life. This

handicap doubtless accounted for her remaining single for, in those times, a physical disability virtually rendered a girl unmarriageable. She then lived with her grandparents Michael and Mary Carrucan.

Third Generation: John (Johnny) Kerin

Our story continues with Johnny Kerin, the middle child. While he was born into a good home and his mother had great plans for her family, he became a heavy drinker, causing his mother significant worry. She decided to let him emigrate to America, for in those days there was no work for the young people in Ireland.

Johnny left for America where he met Mary O'Brien, also from County Clare, and married her. They had never met before, although they lived only twenty miles apart. Their family soon grew. Sadly their firstborn John died at six months but he was followed in turn by Mary and then Margaret, better known in the family as Agnes or Aggie. Aggie's Memoir, written in her later years when her own children had 'flown the nest', was based upon the stories told by her mother and members of the family. While she reflects upon the privileged life of her own children's generation, she provides not only her own life story, and also that of the migrating Kerins, but, indeed, her writing serves as a mirror to living in Fanore, whence the family returned in the early years of the twentieth century.

Agnes speaks of her mother, Mary O'Brien, *as the most wonderful woman, and I will never know how she survived all the sorrow in her life*. And while she speaks of her father in such terms as *my father was a hard working man, very charming and good looking and popular with everyone*, a fatal flaw runs throughout his story. Johnny's battles with drink were never overcome - when Mary pleaded with him to give it up, he would make an effort for a while but he would eventually go back to the bottle.

Johnny kept in touch with his mother and his sister in Ireland. His mother's health was failing and the work on the land was becoming too much for her so she wanted him to come home and take over the farm. It was good land and, with hard work, a good living could be made. Johnny and Mary decided to return home and, when Aggie was about seven months old, they set sail for

Ireland. His mother told him it was time to settle down and take care of his family, which he did for a number of years.

When another son was born, he was named John after the baby they buried in America. Soon after, Johnny's mother Mary died. Johnny didn't have enough money to stock the land with cattle so he decided to lease it for grazing to a wealthy farmer, who had the reputation of being one of the meanest men who ever lived. Johnny and Mary herded and watered the cattle and made sure none of them got sick. It was a lovely farm, one that any man would be proud to own. There were big troughs with a pump to fill them with water, to make sure the cattle were never thirsty.

The family soon had yet another baby sister Bridget. There were no doctors or nurses to deliver a baby. Two women in the parish with large families of their own served as midwives and came when needed.

After Bridget was born, there was a lot of whispering and talking between the two parents as the rates were long overdue on the home farm. In order to clear the debts, Johnny sold several acres of open range land, a decision which caused much sorrow as no one liked to part with land. With the sale of the land, things were going to be different and every effort was to be made to keep the farm free of debt. Johnny worked hard and built a new well which was a big improvement to the farm. He also started laying the foundation for a wall to divide some of the land. The foundation is still standing but alas, the wall was never built.

A terrible curse had arrived on the scene, "Poteen", a home made whiskey which was distilled on the islands and shipped across to the mainland. Agents would come along the roads selling Poteen, and Johnny, who had always had a weakness for drink, was soon hooked. Agnes writes:

Poteen was still the curse of the parish. Most homes were affected by it and the men were neglecting their farms by their craving for the Poteen. For the first time ever, police or guards as they were called, were brought in to patrol all along the shore to try to stop the boats from the islands landing with the Poteen. There was one sergeant and three guards and they lived in a cottage that was empty at the time, until a barracks could be built for them. It was strange to see them riding about on their bicycles when the worst crime that

was committed was cows straying on the road. They were determined to stop the Poteen smuggling but they had their work cut out for them. I have seen my father act like a madman when drunk on Poteen and the terrible sadness in my mother's eyes. I wonder if the men who made and sold the Poteen knew the misery they caused in so many homes.

Mary most dreaded Market Days when all the men were off to Liscannor, a small market town, twenty four miles away. Johnny would always come home drunk which led Agnes to emphasise:

I look back now and wonder how a man, who was deeply religious and, when sober, was a wonderful father who played games with his children, could not control his drinking.

Agnes further records:

The only time my father left the drink alone was when the "Black and Tans"²⁶ came. Although I was very young I can remember them well. During the night, young rebels would block the roads with huge boulders or push stone walls onto the road to prevent their lorries from traveling through the area. Very early in the morning, a rebel would come to our door and warn my father to get away quickly, as the roads had been blocked. My father would dress hurriedly, grab some bread and a bottle of water and go way up in the hills to hide with the other men and boys who had been warned. The Black and Tans would go door to door and, at gun point, would round up any men they found to clear the roads for them. One time I remember seeing a Black and Tan coming in our gate and I was so afraid that I ran into the bedroom and jumped on the bed. The Tan came into the bedroom, grabbed my arm and wanted to know who I was hiding. He threw all the bedclothes on the floor and searched above and below the bed. My arm hurt where he grabbed me and turned black and blue. The Tans would not take my mother's word that my father was not home and searched all through the house and the long grass out in back.

It was time for Johnny to renew the lease on his land. He went off to sign the papers for another year's lease but as usual, got drunk, and when evening came there was no sign of him coming home. The rosary was said without him and the children were all sent off to bed, but tired as they were, they struggled to

stay awake, listening with dread for his returning steps. It was after ten O'clock when he finally came home, happily, singing and repeating, "*I have plenty of money to spend!*" but wouldn't tell my mother what had happened in town.

Next morning, two of Johnny's uncles arrived at the house saying that they had heard a rumour in town and had come to find out if it was true. Sadly the rumour was true. Instead of leasing the land on a yearly basis, he had sold it outright, not only the land but also the house leaving his family homeless.

Agnes gives further emphasis to this:

From that day on my father was a broken man. I will never forget that day, my grand uncles so angry, my father with his head in his hands crying, unable to believe he had done such a terrible deed, and my poor mother brokenhearted. Friends and neighbours were shocked and came by the house to ask, "What were we going to do and where would we live?"

The new owner called and gave the family a month's notice to move. He declared that he wanted the house for his son. Strangely, neither his son or any member of his family ever lived in the house, and it remained unoccupied from that time until now, standing in ruins as just an old abandoned house.

There was a small vacant cottage a few miles away, belonging to a very wealthy family. They agreed to let the family live in the cottage which was very small compared to their current farm house. A few small gardens went with the cottage and Johnny didn't waste any time getting vegetables planted. In the evening he would go fishing, but he had become very withdrawn.

Agnes highlights the following:

He had always been a wonderful dancer and we would beg him to teach us to dance but after a few minutes he would say he was tired and sit down and stare into the fire.

He couldn't leave the drink alone but the Poteen was scarce and there was a heavy fine if you were caught with it.

It was October, lovely sunny days and a keen frost at night. It was time to bring home the turf, now that the corn and hay had been saved. Johnny went every day to bring the turf home but he had lost a lot of weight and everyone said it was because of the worry and the strain of what he had done. It was clear that

he had a terrible thirst and Mary was concerned for she knew this wasn't normal. She begged him to see a doctor, but he laughed and said he was fine. You had to be very ill indeed before you saw a doctor.²⁷ On a Friday evening he went fishing but came home early saying he felt ill. Hearing that one of the local boys was going into town, Mary asked him to send the doctor out to see Johnny. The doctor came that afternoon but, after examining him, he said there wasn't much wrong with him that a good rest would not cure. Anyone going into town the next day should call at his surgery and he would have some medicine ready. He put on his gloves, received his guinea and left.

The news spread quickly that the doctor had been, an unheard of thing. There were many callers inquiring about Johnny's health. It was late when the last visitor left and the family was very tired and fell asleep quickly. At two O'clock in the morning Mary came and shook Mary and Agnes awake, whispered to them to get dressed quickly, and go as fast as they could to their grand-uncles house and tell him to go for the priest. She said, "*I think your father is dying!*" They didn't cry but did as they were asked. Their grand-uncle made the girls get the fire going and make him a cup of tea while he saddled his horse for it was almost ten miles to the priest's house. Agnes writes:

When we returned home, we were sent to fetch another neighbour, a very saintly old lady, who came back with us and started saying prayers for the dying. No one cried, as we really couldn't believe this was happening to our father, a young man not yet forty years old. I remember going over to his bed and looking down at him. He was rubbing his chest and he looked up at me and said, "Oh I am so sick!" These were his last words for, in a few minutes, he died. May he rest in peace. Then the tears came and we were still crying at dawn when the priest arrived.

What a sad house that morning and I marvel at the strength of my mother, no sobbing or screaming, just crying silently, and I wonder what was going through her head, a widow left with five children and no money coming in. At that time there was no widows' pension. She just said, "God will provide for us!" Word spread through the village that my father was dead and everyone was shocked. Everyone asked, "Didn't he just have the doctor examine him yesterday?" My grand uncle who had gone to get the priest was stunned and wasted no time in going into town to see the doctor. He

admitted that my father must have been diabetic for a long time and it had gone too long without being treated for anything to be done for him. Everyone loved my father and people came from miles around to pay their respects. The chapel was packed to the door for the memorial mass and the funeral was one of the biggest ever in the parish. It was a habit of my mother's, to walk out to the gate and meet him coming home at night. He was a great whistler and you could hear him coming from a distance. Long after he died, my mother still walked to the gate at night but sadly there was no one coming along the road whistling. Her thoughts and her sorrow must have been unbearable but she didn't let anyone know what she was going through.

Mary started taking in laundry for a wealthy farmer's wife, a huge pile of dirty clothes that had to be washed and ironed before they were sent back. Her payment for this backbreaking work was a half-pound of tea and a half bar of soap, which cost very little in those days.

A widowed woman, who had three grown sons, came to their house one day, having heard Johnny's death. She had heard that Mary, now fourteen, was ready to leave school. She invited her live with her and to work for her as a companion. She wouldn't have to do any hard work and she would be looked after. The grief stricken mother agreed to let her go and that night after they left, when she was saying her private prayers after the family rosary, the children could hear her crying.

The first spring after Johnny had died, Mary was worried about how she could afford to pay someone to cut the turf, even though the pay for a day's work wasn't much. One night a young man came to their house and said that he and five of his friends had arranged to spend a day cutting the turf. They came faithfully every spring until John was old enough to cut the turf.

Life went on with each of the children working where possible, helping neighbours save hay, feed calves and other odd jobs around the area.

Agnes further emphasises in her memoir:

By this time we were able to go to the bog and save our own turf for the winter fire. It was hard work and our fingers were raw and the flesh broken in places. I always loved coming down the mountain, seeing the smoke

drifting up from the chimneys and knowing my mother would have the spuds on the boil. At dusk I would go outside to see the lights twinkling in the farmhouse windows, in the distance the lights flashing off and on in the lighthouses, the gentle lapping off the waves as the tide came in and a dog barking in the distance. How peaceful it was and how contented we were. Inside the house, beside the fire was a small pot with porridge, made with real oatmeal and my mother would stir it now and again, between the clicking of her knitting needles. After we had our bowls of porridge and milk, it was time to say the rosary and then off to bed. After we were settled, my mother would come around, sprinkling holy water all over the house and asking God to protect us during the night.

The family settled down to a routine. It was fairly self sufficient growing its own vegetables and running a good many hens and some ducks. "The Egger", with his horse drawn covered wagon, was a weekly visitor to the village. He ran a traveling shop in which he carried all the necessities: needles, thread, shoe polish, candles and groceries of all kinds. He would trade any surplus eggs for these necessities of life - money seldom changed hands, it was a system of barter.

Mary would often go to the shore to pick carrageen moss, which was good for health. The rougher moss was spread out on the grass to bleach then dried and stored. Farmers liked to get this for their calves. Still no money was given for all this hard work, just a can of sour milk for bread making, and occasionally a kind farmer would add a pint of butter. Still the cottage was cozy and kept spotlessly clean. Every week there was a letter from Mary saying she was happy, that the family was good to her and the lady of the house was teaching her to knit and to sew.

And so the family survived and was happy, although they were what we would call 'dirt poor'.

The time came for each of the girls to leave home, for there was no work available nearby. In her memoir, Agnes records their joys and heartbreaks of employment, the considerate employer and the rogue, of experiences of friendships and social contacts.

The reader is referred to the Carrucan website for the full text of Agnes'

Memoir. These last few pages have been but a dip into the rich well of those memories.

Second Generation – 5: Ellen Carrucan

Ellen, the fifth child of Michael Carrucan and Mary Droney, was born in 1863. She also emigrated to America and she has left a much more visible trail. We are not sure how she came to live in Delaware, but we do know that she was a nanny to the children of a wealthy family in that State. She worked hard and earned her living caring for the children until she met her husband to be, John D. Sullivan, who worked for a leather company. They were married, settled in Wilmington, Delaware, and had three children. Their first child John died an infant at the age of 18 months. Their youngest daughter Ann died at the age of 19 years. Mary Elizabeth, born 28th June 28 1900, was their only child to reach adulthood and marry. Ellen died in 1940 aged 77



Ellen Sullivan nee Carrucan, aged in her late sixties, in Delaware

Third Generation: Mary Elizabeth Sullivan

In 1920, aged 19, Mary Elizabeth married Walter Mifflin Speakman II and they subsequently had five children, Walter (“Bud”), John (“Jack”), Anne (“Nanny”), Elizabeth (“Betty”) and James (“Jimmy”). The four eldest children married, had children of their own and resided in Delaware most, if not all of, their lives. Jimmy never married and moved to Washington, D.C., where he worked for a congressman.

Mary Ellen Pollinger takes up the story of her grand parents.

Mary and Walter Speakman lived in Wilmington, Delaware. Mary was a homemaker and Walter was a pipefitter. Mary had a great sense of humor and was a very good mother to her children. Her children were her pride and joy. As a young adult, Walter enjoyed playing basketball and was well-known around Wilmington and had his photo in the local paper often as a great basketball player. Mary and her mom Ellen were very close and spent much time together. Ellen played a very important part in raising the five children. She was always there to give them grandmotherly advice and her Irish humor.

As years went by, her children grown, Mary became involved in politics and the Mothers of World War II and the Veterans Hospital, volunteering her time to help raise money for the injured soldiers here in Delaware. Walter Speakman died in 1949. Mary continued her volunteer efforts with the Mothers of World War II and would travel to conventions with other “moms” of veterans to help spread the word of volunteering and raising money for the injured men and women. Eventually, Mary moved from her home in Claymont, Delaware to live with Betty and Jay in their home in Pinecrest. On two of the bus trips (Atlantic City, New Jersey and Washington, D.C.) sponsored by the Mothers of World War II, Mary invited her granddaughters, Nancy Paulman, Debbie Pollinger and Mary Ellen Pollinger to attend. These trips left us with great memories and stories for years to come!

Mary and Walter Speakman had 32 grandchildren. Walter Speakman died in 1949. Mary was fortunate to see all 32 grandchildren and some of her great-grandchildren. Each summer there were family gatherings at Betty and Jay

Pollinger's home where everyone came with children and covered dish in hand. The adults would sit around the table talking of old times while the grandchildren would go to the park behind the house and play. The holidays were a special time of celebrating as well.

Mary Elizabeth Speakman died November 28, 1975 of a massive heart attack. She celebrated her 75th birthday party in June with a big surprise party at a local restaurant. It was a night of laughter, song and memories!

Fourth Generation: John Daniel Speakman

John (known to his family as "Jack") was the second child born to Mary and Walter Speakman in 1924. When he came of age, he enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps and was assigned to the 701st Bomb Squadron, 445th Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division and assigned the position of tail gunner as part of a B-24 bomber crew.

He and his crew flew a number of bombing missions over German occupied Europe from late 1943 until 24th February 1944 when their target was the Messerschmidt aircraft plant at Gotha, Germany. Jack's plane was one of a number of B-24s shot down that day. The pilot, Sidney Swanson, managed to keep the plane steady until all possible members could parachute to safety. Of the 10 crew members, 5 survived the crash and were immediately captured and became POWs. The five, including Jack, survived the internment camp and, when released by the Allies, returned to the USA.

On 3rd February 1950, Jack wrote a letter to the mother of the pilot, explaining that if it wasn't for her son's actions, he would not be alive. This letter has been captured for posterity in a website honouring the pilot Sidney Swanson.²⁸

Jack's experiences in [World War II](#) had a huge impact on him.

After returning home, he started working for Amalgamated Leather Company as the overseas sales manager. In November 1946, he married Betty Lee Millman. Between 1947 and 1965, they had a family of 9 children, raising them all in the Catholic faith.

After the leather company folded, Jack went into several different enterprises to support his rapidly growing family. He operated Speakman Realty for a few

years before working for Household Finance in their collection department, a position he held for over 20 years. After working all day at Household Finance, he worked at the Holiday Inn as the Night Auditor. This left his wife Betty with the job of raising the children.



This photo, taken October 1943, shows Jack Speakman, front row, second from right.

Sourced from <http://www.dj1953.com/1944/sidney's%20story.htm>

But his work was not all consuming and he still found time for other activities. He was a Scoutmaster for Troop 68 at Corpus Christi Catholic Church for many years. He also supported and was a member of the Holy Name Society, the Church Council and many other church related endeavors.

After raising the children, Betty went to work for the Law firm of Young Conaway Stargatt and Taylor for many years.

Jack was well-known for his wit and sense of humor. He always had a joke to tell and card tricks for the young at heart. He had the pleasure to see all of his grandchildren born but he passed away on 29th September 1992, just short of seeing the first of his great grandchildren.

Fourth Generation: Elizabeth Patricia Speakman

We now move on to Elizabeth Patricia (Betty), the fourth child of Mary and Walter Speakman, who was born in 1928. In 1949, she married John (Jay) Pollinger and together they have brought up a family of 5 children, John Michael, Christopher James, Deborah Ann, Mary Ellen and Lisa Marie. Mary Ellen now talks about her parents.

Betty and John Pollinger met at a Valentine's Dance. Betty loved to dance and came to the dance with a few of her friends. John asked her to dance several times and at the end of the night asked if he could give her a ride home. Betty replied that she came on the bus with her friends and would be leaving with her friends so John offered to give all of them a ride home in his car. Betty checked with her girlfriends and they all agreed it would save them bus fare, plus get to ride in the car. In those days, not everyone owned a car. As they drove around, one by one they would get out and give directions to the next house. Betty jumped out and there was still one young woman in the car! John's mouthed dropped! She thanked him for the ride and he said he would like to call her. She gave him her telephone number and went inside.

A few days later, John called and Betty's mom told him she was not home and that Betty was at the University of Delaware with friends. John called several more times before he finally spoke with Betty on the telephone. He explained that he could not understand why she was not home when he called, and Betty replied, *"That's nice you said you were going to call, but I don't wait for everyone"*. Thus began the romance of Betty and John Pollinger. They dated for some time and eventually married 18th June 1949.

Betty worked as a secretary for Bancroft Mills in Wilmington, Delaware, at the time but she resigned from work to start her family. During the years when the five children were growing up, she became involved in the Democratic Party and was the Democratic Committee Woman for her local area, working on many campaigns, including presidential campaigns. She also was very busy driving the children to all their sporting events and school. She was the assistant girls' basketball coach for several years and many a day her station wagon was filled with team players as it pulled away from the school to go to an away game. As the children grew, Betty decided

she would return to work outside the home, taking up employment as the office manager for The Kahl Company (an engineering company) in Wilmington Delaware. She eventually retired after working there for 27 years.

John worked for the All American Stores (now known as Acme Food Stores). Later he was a supervisor for Electric Hose & Rubber Company and worked there until the company closed in 1975. John then worked as a car salesman for Van Chevrolet in New Castle, Delaware. He retired from there some years later and worked for his brother's roofing business for a few years.

Years ago, Betty and John joined the Irish Society of Delaware which holds many events throughout the year as well as a parade to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. They were part of the original group that formed the New Castle County Irish Society in Wilmington Delaware and served on the Board of Directors, holding dances and dance lessons monthly. They traveled to Ireland many years ago and during that trip, the tour bus stopped at O'Donohue's Pub in Fanore, Ireland. John inquired if anyone knew the name Carrucan. The bartender told him that there were many Carrucans in Fanore and directed him to Mick Carrucan's home. John and Betty took a cab to Mick's home and then to Jimmy Carrucan's home and there they sat and realized that Betty was the granddaughter of Ellen Carrucan, who had left Ireland in the 1800's. Betty and John visited Ireland many times after that initial trip and kept in contact with their new-found relatives. They laugh and smile about how great it was to make that trip to Ireland and to take that chance and ask "Does anyone know any Carrucans?"

Betty and John still live in their home in Pinecrest, outside of Wilmington, and enjoy many happy times with their five children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren.

Mary Ellen, a great great granddaughter of Michael Carrucan, and her husband John Manley spent 3 weeks in Ireland in 2006. They landed in Dublin and traveled all around the city seeing the sites. They rented a car and drove through the beautiful countryside and stayed at the Waterford Castle and in Kinsale, Killarney, Lisdoonvarna, Mayo and Sligo.

When we arrived in Fanore, Ballyvaughn, we stayed with Anna Carrucan. It was amazing to see the homestead right there on Galway Bay! What a sight! To think that Ellen Carrucan once walked on the very land that we walked on is just breathtaking! These are memories that we will hold forever and ever! During our stay with Anna, we attended a family wedding and met the youngest “Carrucan” to be born! Nonetheless, it was a very eventful trip!

In February 2009, they returned to Ireland and brought Mary Ellen’s son, John DiSabatino, and his girlfriend Holly Charles. They stayed in Dublin then drove to Fanore via Cork and Waterford, staying with Anna Carrucan for a week. John re-acquainted himself with his cousin Delia Ryan, since they had not seen each other since they were both young children, when Delia and her brother Daniel and their mother Anna Carrucan had visited with Betty and John Pollinger. Delia introduced John to his other cousin, Neil Toher, in Dublin and the three became as one! They spent the next days sharing stories of their lives and “exploring” Dublin as only young adults should! Many an enjoyable time was spent with our relatives in Fanore and Ballyvaughan once again.

In February 2011, John Di Sabatino returned to Dublin and stayed with his cousin Neil, the son of Noela and Tony Toher who live in England. John then rode the bus to Fanore and stayed with Anna Carrucan and Delia Carrucan Ryan for the remainder of his trip. John keeps in touch with his cousins Neil and Delia and enjoys the conversations and laughs and time spent with them! He plans to keep open the line of communication that his grandparents Betty and John Pollinger, Sr. started so many years ago!

Second Generation – 6: Denis Carrucan

The 1911 census had still showed the Carrucans at Fanore - Mary, the 80-year-old widowed head of the family, with her sons Denis (48) and James (38) and her niece Kate Kearns.

Soon after this, Denis married Mary Clair, a local girl from nearby Liscannor. They duly produced their own family

Bridget (1915)	James (1922)
Patrick (1917)	John (Jacko) (1925)
Michael (1919)	Mary (1924).



This Fanore photo shows two of the children of Denis Carrucan - Michael (born 1919) and Jimmy (1922). They are in the middle front with flat caps on. This photo must have been taken around 1932.

Until 1939, Denis and Mary lived with their children in the cramped space of the old Carrucan home.²⁹

As the family grew in size so did the need for extra accommodation. Fortunately, a "Breac Gaeltacht"³⁰ Government grant was made available, intended to improve living conditions of those in the rural west of Ireland, where farm incomes were low and where many native language speakers resided.

A new house was completed in 1939, affording more privacy for the now teenage family. It was roofed with overlapping slates instead of the usual straw thatch and the internal ceilings were wooden and vaulted except for one bedroom which had a flat ceiling. It comprised an entrance porch, kitchen, parlour and two bedrooms large enough to accommodate two doubles, while toilet facilities remained in the great outdoors.

The funds enabled completion of the new house and the needed replacement of the farm cart which was worn out carrying stone for the house from Doolin,

seven miles away.

Unfortunately Mary did not live long in her new home due to her untimely death from cancer in 1942. On the other hand, Denis lived for further 19 years, dying in 1961 when approaching his 97th year.

In the late 1950's the Gaeltacht house experienced the arrival of electricity and further modernization and extension followed in due course.

This house still stands now but has been empty for some years. It is currently being redeveloped.



The Carrucan family home in Fanore in 2008 – site being redeveloped in 2011

Anna Carrucan writes:

My main memories of Denis are that he was a thin wiry little man who always walked fast and carried a stick, smoked pipe tobacco and only spoke Gaelic to the friends who came in to visit during the long winter nights. His friends were Old Paddy Kenny, Patrick (Shlant) Cullinan, Cornelius (Corney) and Sean Cullinan (3 Brothers and 3 cousins,) Tom Doc Redden “The bumbler”, Michael Burns “The Pencil”, Martin Howley “The Dodd” and

Michael Fitzpatrick “The Miner”, some of whom he drank a pint of porter with on a Friday (Pension day) in O Donoghues pub.

Anna also writes of Fridays *as significant to us as children because he might buy us a few toffees or bulls eyes.*

We now follow the family of Denis Carrucan who inherited the family farm in Fanore. He and his wife Mary Clair had 6 children.

The Third Generation – Bridget Carrucan

Bridget, their eldest child, born in 1915, died aged 19 of meningitis while visiting the Clair family in Liscannor.

The Third Generation: Patrick Carrucan

Patrick, born in 1917, married Mary Minniter of Bally Elly in County Clare. He worked for his entire life in the building industry in Nottingham where Mary was a midwife. She retired to Ireland in 1989 and died in 2008.

The Third Generation: Michael Carrucan

Michael (Mick), the third child, was born in 1919 and married Christine Driscoll of Ballyvaughan eight miles to the northeast of Fanore. Mick, as a young man was short in height and slight of build but looks could be deceiving. He set out for his first job in the silver mines of Tipperary, which were noted for their primitive conditions, with pay on a piece work basis. When the boss came to present him with his pay cheque of 'One Pound' for the week, he declared it was the largest pay he had ever given out.

Mick moved to London and worked as a building contractor for some 26 years. About 1973, he and Christine returned to Ballyvaughan where he farmed until he retired. In his later years Mick has experienced a number of strokes but remains alert of mind and interested in all things family. He was the funster, the dancer, the initiator of social life.

Christine's and Mick's retirement home in Ballyvaughan has been a house of music and laughter, and even when there was just Michael left on his own, he

was happy to put chat on people. There are pictures of him and his friend and next-door neighbour Mick Carrucan with pints in their hands and glints in their eyes, like young bucks contemplating devilment. Pictures, too, of Michael with what was perhaps his fondest companion, the big old black Raleigh bike of which he had one of the last specimens in captivity



2009 – Michael Carrucan Senior, one of the 5 children of Denis Carrucan, with his wife Christine and his son Michael Jnr.

In Sarah Poyntz's book, Mick recalls the strong tradition of house dances in Ballyvaughan on Sundays.

There were four of us, the three brothers and myself. We always went to the dances together. No sooner would we arrive than someone would shout 'Clear the floor for the Carrucan brothers'.

Christine and Mick had three children. Their first child, Michael who was born in 1953 and who worked as a roofing contractor in central England for many

years, is preparing to become a Catholic Deacon. Michael and his wife Gillian nee Parker have two children, Paul and Laura.

Bernadette is Mick's and Christine's second child. She married Michael Conner, who works with the Regional Crime Unit of the Metropolitan Police London. They had three sons Liam, Matthew and Sean. They live in London

Mick and Christine's third child Christine is married to Mark McCauley. They live in London with their two children James and Joseph.

The Third Generation: James Carrucan

James (Jimmy), born 1922, was the fourth child of Mary and Denis Carrucan. He married Anne (Nancy) McNamara in 1949. Anna Carrucan writes of her parents.³¹

When Jimmy and Nancy were married in 1949 they had the combined use of the Carrucan and the McNamara farms. My maternal grandmother Mary Ann McNamara relinquished use of her farm and came to live with us in the Carrucan household.

The farmhouse was a hive of activity with every person having regular farm work. Farm families were large because it was necessary to have a labour force as there were few machines and every job was labour intensive: hand feeding of calves, pigs, poultry etc. 30 cows were hand milked morning and evening, and their offspring handfed.

The seasonal preparation of fields for planting, ploughing, harrowing, rolling, harvesting, hay making and turf cutting necessitated extra help in the form of a "meitheal" (a group of neighbours). Seed potatoes were cut in to "sciolláns" (pieces) and ploughed drills were fertilized with cow dung or seaweed. Several farmers had sea gardens because of the proximity to the sea.

Most of the fields and gardens had gaelic names "Garraí na trá" (sea garden), "Garraí Mór" (Big Garden, "Garraí Beag" (Small Garden), "An Bún" (The Bottom) , " Poll Doimhin" (Deep Hole) , "Poll a Smútán" (Smut Hole), "Leac an Uisce" (Water stone flags). Some of these places are still referred to in Gaelic: "Leac an Uisce" (Water stone flags). Some of these places are still

referred to in Gaelic.

Jimmy died on the 11th May 1998, at Fanore, aged 75.

Anna, born 1950 in Fanore, is the oldest of Jimmy and Nancy's children. She attended the All Irish Boarding School at Spanish Point for her secondary education. As the first of the family to undertake tertiary education she went into teacher training at Carysfort College Dublin, later University College Dublin, St Patricks College and later still the National College of Art and Design. Most of her teaching career was spent in the area of special needs. She married Donal Ryan of Drogedha, Co Louth, and they had two children, Daniel born in 1983 and Delia born in 1985. Today Anna lives in Fanore and continues teaching.

Jimmy and Nancy's second child Bridget, better known in the family as Breda, was born in 1951 in Fanore. Breda trained as a nurse and continues today as night manager at St John's and St Elizabeth's Hospital in London. In 1976 she married Vincent O'Leary, now a Professor in the Dublin Institute of Technology and their union produced three children, Colm born 1978, Gillian, born 1979 and Conal born 1980.

The third of Nancy and Jimmy's children is Noela who was born in 1953. Like Breda, she entered the nursing profession and nurses today in Ilford Essex. Noela married Tony Toher in Ballyvaughan in 1979. Their two children are Neil Anthony and Nigel.

Patrick, universally called Patsy in Fanore, is the fourth of Nancy and Jimmy's family. Born in 1956, in Fanore, Patsy continues to maintain the Fanore Carrucan farm whilst also working as an agricultural consultant. He married Anne McDonnell in Anne's home town at Killoe Longford in 1983. Anne and Patsy have three children Kevin, born in 1986, Lynn, born in 1989 and Niamh born in 1995.

Mary, born 1959, is the fifth of Nancy and Jimmy's family. Mary and Michael O'Toole married in 1988 at Ballyvaughan. Their two children are Hannah, born 1959, and Liam, born 1995. Mary continues to live at Fanore where her husband is Postmaster. Mary and her sister Eileen are Assistant Postmistresses.

Kathleen, born 1964, is the sixth of Nancy and Jimmy's tribe. Kathleen married

Ronan Dillon and they have three children, Kate, Rosin, and Jack.

Eileen completes the family of Nancy and Jimmy. She was born in 1965 and married Joseph McMahon from Manchester in 1988 at Ballyvaughan. They have one child Sarah, born in 1990.



Taken when Jim and Helen Martin were touring in 1996, this photo shows Jim with
Jim and Nancy Carrucan and their son Patsy.

Third Generation: John Carrucan

John (Jacko) Carrucan, born about 1925, was the youngest of Denis and Mary's children. He lived with his wife Barbara in Sussex England until his death in 2011. They had two children Garry and Nigel. For forty years Jacko worked as a postman.

Family, Community and Agricultural Life

The following snapshots of life in the twentieth century draw on the recollections of Agnes Kerin³² in the early twentieth century and Anna Carrucan³³ in more recent times.

After a day in the bog, the view coming down the mountain was unforgettable with the valley laying so peaceful below, the sea calm, boats out fishing and, from every chimney, smoke billowing up into the air. (Agnes Kerin Memoir)

Chores

One thing I dreaded every year was when the time came to go to the bogs and save the peat for the winter's fire. My father cut the peat out of the bog and my brother John and I did the rest. First we would spread it out to dry, then leave it for a few weeks, according to the weather. When it was dry enough, it was stacked.

Before it was time to cut the peat, my father would gather wild rushes, and pack them into any swampy spots he found that would be a danger to the donkeys. It sometimes happened that the donkeys would step into a swamp and sink down. John and I would have to call for help getting the donkeys out from men working in the nearby bogs. The peat could not be left too long in the bog because, if the weather broke, it would be impossible to get it out and the winter fire depended on the turf being brought home and reeked. It was brought down from the bog by horse and cart with a creel attached

Many an evening after a hard day's work gathering peat, we'd come home with our fingers nothing but raw flesh from handling the peat. My mother was always ready to bathe our aching fingers in hot water and I often cried with the pain. As much as he wanted to, John would never cry. Then mother would gently rub goose grease onto our hands. This was a cure for all ills used for sores, sprains and all types of aches and pains. It was used on both humans and animals and there wasn't a house that didn't have a jar of the wonder cure, goose grease.

It took nearly a week to stack the peat and it was then left to dry.

During the spring, we were awakened at 5am to go down to the shore, while the tide was out, to gather seaweed and move it up on the rocks, so that when the tide came in, it wouldn't wash it out to sea. This was to be used as manure for

the gardens. After hauling all we could, we'd go home, have a good wash, eat our breakfast and be off to school. After school, we'd get all our donkeys and baskets, go back to the shore, load the seaweed we had gathered that morning and take it to the gardens. We had other chores to do before our day was over and it was hard, tiring work for young children but I don't remember ever being tired.

After a storm there was always plenty of wood washed up on the shore. It was amazing the things that would be found: huge lengths of bamboo, big slabs of tallow and bunches of lovely coloured glass balls, wrapped inside strong nets that had broken away from fishing boats. The tallow was used for making candles. The bamboo was hollow and cut in one-foot lengths. Then the tallow was melted. A strong piece of string was placed in the bamboo and held firmly in place while the tallow was poured in. It didn't take long to set and then the bamboo was peeled off leaving a candle.

The flour came in an eight stone sack, white in colour, with the maker's name in big blue letters. The letters were hard to remove and my mother would wash the sacks, boil them in paraffin oil and washing soda, then bleach them by spreading them out in the fields. She would say the dew was good for bleaching. When this was done she would make pillowcases or petticoats from the flour sacks. These she would trim with lace bought for a penny a yard, from gypsies who passed through the area about twice a year. My mother was never idle. Nighttime would find her knitting socks by the turf fire. Wool was very cheap in those days and most people spun their own wool on big spinning wheels. You could always tell when someone was spinning wool by the smell of sheep in the air.

Rich and Poor

From up in the hills you could see the homes of the wealthy farmers with their well-stocked farms and the homes of small farmers struggling to make a living with one or two cows, a few pigs and some poultry. Then there were the labourers in cottages with maybe an acre of land, growing their own vegetables and depending on making a few shillings at harvest time, if they could get a few weeks work from the wealthy farmers. They could also get some work in the spring at the cutting of the peat. It was a hard way to make a living and it was no wonder that the young lads would try to go off to America for a chance at a

better life.

Self Sufficiency - Food and Cooking

We never went without food, although fresh meat was a rarity. On Sundays we would have a boiled chicken, boiled because it would be an old hen that had stopped laying eggs. There was never a shortage of potatoes and vegetables and, during the week, our main meal was often potatoes, fresh butter and a big mug of buttermilk. The potatoes were boiled in their jackets and my mother would say, “Look at them laughing!” because the skins would burst. Often we would have delicious meals of seafood. There was one I loved called “Slowcaun”, a green leafy vegetable that clung to the rocks. It was picked, washed carefully then stewed for hours in a skillet beside the turf fire. The juice from it had a special taste, which I can’t describe but we all loved it. There was also plenty of shellfish. None of us would ever dare say we didn’t like anything my mother cooked for us. It was either, eat it or go without. Bread was all home made.

Food

On long summer evenings, when the tide was out, mothers and children would go down to the shore, with buckets and spades and dig up the sand, to catch small fish the size of sardines. After the buckets were filled, we’d clean the fish, take them home and fry them in butter. It was a lovely treat and it was only during the summer months that you would find these little fish. Chep our dog loved to come to the shore with us and he would run out to meet the gentle waves then run back out onto the sand.

Some nights we’d have a surprise dinner of rabbit stew. Oh how wonderful it tasted after a long day of back breaking work, stacking peat in the bog.

Sundays

We loved Sundays as no work was done on that day and after mass a crowd would collect at what we called “Cuna Bawn” - the white stone. Young and old would gather and someone would have a fiddle or a flute and when the music began playing the dancing started on the road. When a tourist car would pass by, everyone would move into the field for a few minutes until the dust left in the wake of the car died down - otherwise your clothes would be ruined. I can still hear the peals of laughter on a beautiful Sunday evening coming from the ‘Cuna Bawn’. Afterwards, the men would go down to the sea and fish off the

rocks and the children would poke a stick under the rocks to catch small crabs for the men to use as bait. My father loved to fish.

Family Faith and practice

I can't remember a night being missed when we all knelt down and said the rosary together. He even built an altar in the bedroom with statues and decorated with fresh flowers when they were in bloom. The rosary was said in the big kitchen around the open fire; then before going to bed he would always kneel in front of his altar for a last prayer. In spite of a shortage of worldly goods, we were a very happy family.

The first Saturday of the month was confession day and the priest came from the next town where he lived. What a tiring day it must have been for him, starting at eleven in the morning and seldom finishing before four in the afternoon. Perhaps it would be a lovely warm day, which was very precious to the farmers, especially if they had hay to save, but it never stopped them coming to confessions and some had to travel a great distance.

Every Saturday night at six O'clock, my mother would light a candle in front of a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary and then she would kneel and thank the Blessed Virgin for taking care of us during the week. This practice was never missed all the years I was growing up. She had such wonderful faith.

Once we had a mission in the parish that lasted two weeks. The last night, at the blessing of the rosaries and the statues, we felt sad, but being children were happy that the mission was over. We were first home and had the kettle on for mother coming home. She was crying because the mission had ended and would have liked it to last longer. Another Saturday night ritual was getting everything ready and left out for mass on Sunday: clean clothes from the skin out and shoes polished and left in a row. My mother would say, "Fair outside and foul within!" meaning you never put a clean dress on unless the underwear was clean also. People came to mass in jaunting cars, pony and traps, bicycles and some on horseback. Many had to walk long distances from the farthest points of the village and down from the top of the mountains. If someone was missing it was always noticed and questions asked, "What was the matter? Are they ill?"

Emigration

Some had relatives in America who would send the fare for a family member and have a job for them when they arrived. It was a very sad occasion when someone left for America, almost like a death in the family, as everyone knew they would never return to Ireland. Any extra money they earned abroad was sent back to help their families at home. I often think of the fine young men and women who left our village for America and never returned. There was always a farewell party called an American Wake which would go on all night until the car prepared to leave around 5:30am. The boy or girl who was leaving would go around saying their farewells and it was heartbreaking to see the parents sobbing as they hugged their son or daughter for the last time.

I always knew the day would come when I would have to leave our village and I often wondered if I would ever go to America, the land of my birth. It didn't give me any joy because I knew that most young people who went to America never came back. Although they never returned, they never forgot their families back home and sent money to help out when they could.

Chalk Sunday

Another custom was the Sunday before Shrove Tuesday when the young folk would take a piece of chalk to mass and draw a chalk line down the backs of all the spinsters and bachelors. It made some of them so angry that they wouldn't come out on Chalk Sunday. Everyone looked forward to St. Stephen's day and the mummers as they were called. These were groups of young men with green, white and gold ribbons tied around them and two of them would be disguised. They would go from house to house collecting money - whatever you could afford to give them. All the young girls would run and hide as the two, who were disguised, would try to catch them and kiss them. As they approached a house one of the young men would blow a horn. There were always great dancers and musicians among them, usually a flute player, an accordionist and a fiddler. When the music started the dancers danced a jig and a reel and when they got their money they left with a blast of the horn. The louder the blast the more money they had collected. After the New Year, they used the money for a great dance and everyone looked forward to it and enjoyed it.

The straw boys showed up at all the weddings in different disguises and covered

in straw. No one knew who they were and, when they arrived at a wedding, the floor was always cleared for them to have their dance. One would always dance with the bride and if anyone tried to peep beneath the straw to find out who they were, a man with a long stick would tap them on the knuckles. The best man would then give them a drink to toast the bride and groom and they would leave, shouting good wishes to the newlyweds.

Sex Education, Courtship and Mating

We were all very innocent in those days and I never remember hearing the word sex. If I had, I wouldn't have known what it meant. My sister Bridget and I went to visit an aunt who had just had a new baby. We said we wished that we could have a new baby in our family and she laughed and said we wouldn't have to wait too long. On the way home we wondered how our aunt could know this, and when we asked our mother, she just smiled and shook her head. Sure enough less than a week later we had a baby brother named Patrick and we all loved him very much. There was no pram or fancy crib - just a home made wooden rocker passed down from family to family.

I used to wonder about matchmaking, at that time a common practice in Ireland. If a man had a comfortable home and some land and needed a wife everyone was on the look out for a suitable match for him. She would have to have a certain amount of money so that the man could pass it on to his sister and then she could find a husband. Sometimes the bride would scarcely have seen the man she was to marry until she arrived at the church for the wedding ceremony. If a young man fell in love with a girl who had no money and he wanted to marry her, his parents would make him leave the family farm and find work somewhere else. Often a match would be made between a very young girl and a much older man just because he had a nice house and a well-stocked farm. The marriages always seemed to be happy enough.

Coursing

Coursing day was one day in the year that everyone, young and old, looked forward to. There was greyhound racing, which the men enjoyed, and all kinds of sports and side shows.

Personal Care

My sisters and I had long curly hair and we dreaded Friday nights when my

mother would soak our hair in paraffin, send us out to play for an hour then call us in one at a time to have the paraffin washed out. No such things as shampoo just good old carbollic soap and thoroughly rinsed in rainwater. Never did any of us have a problem with lice - the paraffin took care of that.

A Tradition of Music

Anna Carrucan discusses the importance of music in their lives.

The Carrucan name has for a long time been synonymous with Traditional Music, Song and Dance. Grandfather Denis played the mouth harp, his wife Mary played the fiddle and his brother James played the melodian

My father Jimmy played the accordion; this instrument is still played by Lynn Carrucan, Patsy's daughter. Uncle Mick in Ballyvaughan played the concertina and there is archive footage of him playing and explaining the sources of his tunes.

Nowadays all their grandchildren play various musical instruments: concert flute, in whistle, violin, piano, guitar, accordion, etc. Patsy of course is a recorded singer and both Anne and Anna are still singing classical choral works with the Lismorahuan Singers. Presently Fanore Songnights feature a sizeable input from the Carrucans.

However, the Carrucan name in the past generations, that of Patrick, Jimmy, Mick and Jacko, was primarily in the area of dance. The four brothers had the reputation of being the best set dancers in North Clare and, when performing, they competed with each other at house dances or parish balls or even outside their home on the flagstones during the long summer nights. Their mother Mary frequently pleaded with them to stop dancing as the local parishioners made their way to Mass on a Sunday morning. One wishes one was around in the 1930s and 1940s to witness their dancing skills. Apparently Mick was the best of the four. He was an excellent dancer of reels, jigs and hornpipes and his style was mainly *Sean-nós* (old style). Most of the family members still have traditional set-dancing skills but nothing to compare with our parents' notoriety.

Agnes Kerin also reminisced about the musical influences when she was growing up in the thirties in Fanore.

Country dances were a regular Sunday night feature in our big kitchen. The children loved the music and watching the dancers. Weeknights we would dance on our own and, if we were short of a partner, “Chep”, our big sheep dog, loved to join in. Chep would go right through the figures of a set dance, on his hind legs while we held his paws. If he was sleeping when we started to dance, he would jump up and start barking, until we included him in the dance. No one in the parish had a radio and only the wealthy were lucky enough to have a gramophone. Every household had one or more musical instrument and the family members who played them were self-taught.



A tradition of music - This photo, taken around 1940, shows Denis Carrucan (in centre with flat cap) with his brother and some of his children.

Back right: his daughter Mary.

Front: Seamus (his brother) with his sons Jimmy (with accordion) and Michael (with violin).

Music still plays a big part of local life in Fanore today and song nights are regularly scheduled.³⁴

Nothing brings this to life more than hearing Patsy Carrucan singing “The Fields Above Fanore”, a song by Dr Bryan McMahon that captures the yearning of the emigrant for his old and familiar haunts in the Burren. Grab a coffee, sit back and point your web browser to the following link and enjoy:
<http://soundcloud.com/fanoremosaics/the-fields-above-fanore>

Portugal is beautiful and Teneriffe is grand
But the Burren with its beauty bare is all I understand.
Sixty golden years have passed since I left my father’s floor
And still I hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

She strikes a note of cheerfulness and borrows ancient glee
As the slope of gold I now behold beside the lovely sea.
I’ve lived in Chattanooga and again in Baltimore
But I’d rather be where the cuckoo calls from the Fields above Fanore.

Often times in retrospect, dear Galway Bay is seen
There then appears Old Creggah, there too is Sweet Derreen.
And as the fireball sun declines behind far Innismore
I hear in dream the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

There are times I hoped to cross the sea and seek my native place
But now perhaps it’s far too late such dreaming to embrace.
For if I did, promise you, my weary heart would soar
For again I’d hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

There stands the little schoolhouse I attended as a boy
The Pines of Connemara still penciled on the sky.
With tender flowers beneath my feet I’d hear the ocean roar
And I’d pause to hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore

In a gleaming cottage kitchen I’d have buttered scones and tay
And as the evening shadows fell we’d chat the night away.
I’d tell in song at Donohue’s how on a foreign shore
I hear the cuckoo calling from the Fields above Fanore.

The planes of modern Ireland leave vapour trails on high
Between me and the brilliant sun a skylark in the sky.
With song of songs on gallant wings above the Cliffs of Moher
Dear God, I hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

Out here in Philadelphia where now I have my home
Four thousand miles from Ireland across the Atlantic foam.
We have symphonies and operas and jazz anti trail galore
I'd rather hear the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

I did me bit for Uncle Sam who gave daily bread
In the shattered woods of Normandy midst the dying and the dead.
With nothing to protect my mind against the battle roar
But to think I heard the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore

My daughter Bridie home from Lourdes, brought back a cuckoo clock
She wound it up at suppertime and off it went tick-tock.
But when it struck the midnight hour I leapt out on the floor
I thought I heard the cuckoo call from the Fields above Fanore.

I've laboured long in foreign lands, I have the name of wealth
I've paid the debt in blood and sweat and havoc to my health.
My last request, take me to rest where my darling sleeps before
And where we'll hear the cuckoo call from the fields above Fanore.

A final word from Anna Carrucan

My life in Fanore is blissful as I gaze out on the beautiful Galway Bay where my family and friends surround me, by an unbelievably picturesque landscape and where I still seem to be constantly busy despite the notion of retirement. Although Fanore is no longer a designated Breac Gaeltacht, I still speak Gaelic well enough, as do my two children Delia and Daniel. Our native language is still alive and our local primary school has special status as a "Gaelscoil". So all is not lost.

By Áine Ní Charrúcháin / Anna Carrucan, Great Granddaughter of Michael Carrucan and Mary Droney.

The Emigrants

Sailing to Australia

Sailing ships played a vital part in Australia's settlement, bringing migrants, mail and cargo. The long and dangerous journey was dependant on wind and weather and an emigrant never knew exactly how long the voyage would take. While the average trip took 111 days, the shortest recorded was 83 days and the longest was 169 days.

The big clipper ships usually took the Great Circle Route, sailing down towards South America, then down into the roaring 40s and the dangers of Antarctic conditions (often freezing the rigging), then straight up to Bass Strait. This Great Circle was the shortest way, particularly if the clipper was capable of making the most of the fierce winds. The slower and less robust ships came down the African coast and called at Cape Town before heading toward Australia.

More often than not, the trip turned out to be a nightmare and the loss of life was appalling, in particular among women and children. At times the casualty rate was as high as ten per cent. Whole families on badly affected vessels were swept away by typhus fever, smallpox, scarlatina or measles, some died in falls, from scalding and from other accidents, and others were lost overboard. On several ships the splash of a body hitting the water in a sea burial became a familiar sound. While these people were no strangers to epidemics and death, there was no escape on board ship.

It is little wonder that in 1839, after fourteen weeks on the *William Metcalfe*, J. B. Were confessed to his diary: "*We are all tired of each other's company (with but few exceptions), tired of the ship, and of the voyage, and very nearly tired of ourselves*". Those in steerage, as assisted migrants, were far more confined and exposed than Were in his private cabin.

The long trip brought new challenges around how to stay amused and escape boredom. During the day the emigrants lolled about the ship, chatted, scanned

the horizon for passing ships to carry their letters home, fished, boated and swam in calm seas. Those with guns blasted at anything that moved and others snared albatrosses for their feathers or the fun of it. At night the voyagers read, held debates, sang and danced, played cards or caroused. Some drank and gambled excessively during the endless days of confinement on cramped ships under 1,000 tons.

After ten weeks on board, people grew restless, personalities were laid bare, tempers flared and fights erupted. Passengers assaulted each other or fought with stewards and outraged cooks who sought revenge with hot pokers. Before long, inevitable ethnic tensions surfaced as emigrants found themselves, often for the first time, rubbing shoulders with people from other parts of the United Kingdom. One mess group split over the heady issue of oatmeal cakes which the Scots preferred plain and the English liked cooked with sugar, butter and treacle. Surviving voyage diaries reveal rude comments which no doubt were voiced at the time. Edward Stamp called the Scots *dirty, filthy, wretched creatures, worse than all the countries put together* in a bad poem he wrote after watching a Scotswoman delouse her hair into her eating bowl. Trouble erupted on the *Maitland* after the English objected to the Irish using 'their' privy.

With inadequate means of judging longitude and with no lights to guide them before September 1848, the final hazard for ships arriving from England was found in navigating the passage to the fifty-mile entrance into Bass Strait.

As the long voyage neared its end, the emigrants strained their eyes for the first glimpse of their new home. As they crossed the Rip, sailed up Port Philip Bay and trudged through the tea-tree from Sandridge (Port Melbourne) to Melbourne, they were aware of a new and testing phase in their lives. The security of their shipboard community, however discordant, was now gone. Each immigrant reacted differently to what he or she found. Many were delighted by the wages offered and quickly signed on with an employer; others were disappointed.

The Carrucan Emigrants

In 1853, Bridget Carrucan emigrated from Ireland aboard the sailing ship *Truro*, departing Southampton on 6th November 1853 and arriving in Melbourne Town on 31st January 1854, the voyage of 86 days being described as remarkably swift.³⁵

This was only the second voyage for the *Truro* which had been christened in Sunderland in 1853 for the shipping firm of J. Laing. Her maiden voyage of 98 days had also been to Melbourne³⁶, departing Southampton on 9th May and arriving in Melbourne on 15th August, a journey of 98 days.



Sandridge Port in 1858 – the first landfall in Australia for new arrivals

The records show that Bridget, an assisted migrant, was indentured to work for Edward Fennessey, timber merchant of St Kilda, bonded for one month, wages 25 pounds per annum plus rations. The records also indicate that she could not read or write and was single, Roman Catholic and aged 21.

Fennessey died some time in 1854-55, probate to his will being granted on April 20th 1855. As this was soon after Bridget's arrival, it is likely that she may not

have been employed at St Kilda for long.

Nor do we know how a single Irish migrant girl, living and working in St Kilda, 5 kilometres south of Melbourne Town, could meet and marry a widowed settler from a bush settlement in the Diamond Valley, some 30 kilometres north of the burgeoning capital.

But that did occur and we next hear of Bridget in 1856 in the hamlet of Eltham, where she married widower John James Coleman at Culla Hill, the home of an even earlier settler, Thomas Sweeney.

It was not until after this wedding that Hannah Woods, the betrothed of Bridget's younger brother Peter, emigrated from Ireland on the 1000 ton ship *Echunga*, leaving Liverpool on the 30th May 1857 and arriving two months later in Geelong on the 19th August 1857. The manifest listed 355 passengers, made up of 97 adult males and 213 adult females. The cost per adult was 16 pounds 9 shillings and 6 pence, which we presume was paid for by the Colonial Government.

Some 3 months later, Peter Carrucan left Ireland, along with his older brother Patrick and his wife Mary, also bound for Australia, on the sailing ship *Guy Mannering*. The shipping records list the travellers, who were not Assisted Migrants, as follows:

... Patrick and Mary Carrocan, ages 30 and 23, married, farmer, Irish, and Peter Carrocan, 24, single, farmer, Irish, on the *Guy Mannering* in 1857 from Liverpool to Melbourne.

Their ship, the 3000 ton American clipper *Guy Mannering*, departed Liverpool on the 22nd August 1857 and arrived in Melbourne on 24th November 1857 - a journey of just over 90 days. There were 402 passengers in the Intermediate and Steerage. The *Argus* of Saturday 24th October 1857 carried an advertisement for the ship, under WHITE STAR LINE where it is described as *a mammoth three-decker clipper ship, constructed at New York and one of the strongest and fastest ships afloat*. The cabins and saloons would have been beautifully fitted out and decorated, but no doubt Patrick, Mary and Peter were in Steerage which would have been fairly sparse.

Apparently a seaman on the voyage, Charles Reynolds, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, USA, fell from the 'mizen topgallant-yard' and was drowned.³⁷

Once there, Peter and Patrick joined their sister Bridget and her husband John Coleman in Eltham.

Peter and Hannah were subsequently married on 2nd February 1859.

In 1862, presumably after Patrick Senior's death, Bridget Carrucan née Gorman, their mother, joined her children in Eltham, remaining there until her death in 1901. She is recorded as having departed from Liverpool on 21st December 1861, arriving in Melbourne on the *Shackamax*³⁸ on 16th March 1862, a journey of 84 days. The records list her as *unable to read or write*.

In 1866, Bridget Mary Carrucan, the daughter of Denis Carroocan and Mary Sexton, ventured to South Australia aboard the *Charlotte Gladstone*, leaving Plymouth 13th March 1866 arr. Adelaide, South Australia, 17th June 1866. She was described in the ship's manifest as *a Dairymaid, age 20*. Once in Adelaide, she married John Doube who had himself emigrated from the village of Dromother in the south of County Clare. John Doube's protestant family ancestors, known as Palatines, had emigrated to Ireland, under pressure of religious persecution, continued foreign occupation and adverse seasons, from an area of Germany between the Rhine and the Nechar rivers known as the Palatinate.

An examination of shipping records reveals three further Carrucans arriving in Adelaide, South Australia.³⁹

- Carrucan Denis⁴⁰, #65/6, #220, Labourer, County, Clare, Age 24 *Peeress* x Plymouth, 8 April 1865, arr. Adelaide SA 9 July 1865
- Carrucan Patrick⁴¹, #64/6 #771, Labourer, County Clare, Age 20, *Adamant* x Plymouth, 16 July 1864 arr. Adelaide SA 12 Oct 1864
- Caruken⁴² Peter, #58/3, Labourer, County Clare 26, NB (Emigrants list age 24) *Nugget* x, 20/7/1857, arr. Adelaide SA, 3 April 1858

No further traces have been found for these County Clare Carrucans. They were presumably further members of the same extended family.

In the 1880's, Bridget and Ellen, daughters of Michael Carrucan and Mary Droney left Fanore to migrate to America, settling in Delaware. There Ellen married John Sullivan to found another Carrucan line. We have no further trace of Bridget.

Today descendants are to be found in Ireland, the United Kingdom, America, New Zealand and Australia.

The Family Lines

We now identify six distinct family lines of descendants as follows

- The *Michael Line* represents the descendants of Michael Carrucan and Mary Droney; this line includes the family descended from Ellen, Michael and Mary's daughter, who emigrated to America.

And in order of emigration

- The *Bridget Line* comprises the descendants of Bridget Carrucan and John Coleman.
- The *Coleman Line* comprises the descendants of John Coleman, by his first marriage with Elizabeth Leonard (as John brought his youngest children into his new marriage with Bridget Carrucan).
- The *Patrick Line* comprises the descendants of Patrick Carrucan and Mary O'Brien.
- The *Peter Line* flows comprises the descendants of Peter Carrucan with Hannah Woods.
- The *Denis Line* derives from the parallel family of Denis Carrucan and Mary Sexton and the South Australian family of Bridget Mary Carrucan and John Doube.

Eltham in the 1850s⁴³

In 1852 when the gold rushes had begun in earnest, Melbourne's future as a great city was assured.

Bridget Carrucan, arriving in January 1854, would have seen a town that was a mixture of older structures, interspersed with newly erected stores and a rash of new hotels. Here and there, in stone and brick, were churches and public buildings. The fine Catholic Church, dedicated to St Francis, which replaced a crude wooden structure, was officially opened in October 1845. It was northwards in Elizabeth Street, the thoroughfare that had been a watercourse

and was still called 'The Creek' a century later. The headquarters of the Anglican Church was St James Cathedral, near the corner of William and Little Collins Streets. Melbourne gained a Public Library in 1854 and the present grand building was designed in 1856.

When the ship *Guy Mannering* arrived in Hobson's Bay in November 1857, Melbourne was a bustling town now more than twenty years removed from the first scattering of makeshift buildings on the north bank of the Yarra River. Patrick and Peter Carrucan and Patrick's wife Mary, would have been impressed with the wide streets and the grand new buildings.

Throughout the 1850s, the city's fortunes were dramatically affected by each new gold discovery. Gold seekers and hopeful immigrants were usually different kinds of people. The first generally arrived with the dream of a quick fortune and an escape back to the Old World; the second had heard of great opportunities and a chance to settle down to a new life. They might even fulfil the dream of owning a parcel of land, something that was beyond the reach of most ordinary people in the British Isles. Many diggers became settlers, either because they were not successful enough to sail home, or because they could see new opportunities.

To travel from Melbourne to Eltham in the 1850s, people took the road to Heidelberg, first gazetted in 1840. It was formed and improved during the next few years to give employment during a severe economic depression. Previously known as Warringal, the village of Heidelberg was laid out in 1845. From Heidelberg the road wound its way out to the bridge over the Plenty River then to on the Eltham Village Reserve, and beyond that, the 'Little Eltham' private subdivision. Created by Josiah Holloway from the square mile (640 acres) he purchased in 1850, this became the town centre. By March 1851, he was offering half acre lots at 35 shillings each. His first selling point was that the Diamond Creek ran through the whole township and would yield a never failing supply of the purest water.⁴⁴

Timothy Keary, brother of Eliza Bourke, wrote of his first visit his sister in August 1860:

On Wednesday morning I started to Eltham. It is 14 miles from Melbourne. I found the way quite easy – the country out to it is beautiful all a forest of

large trees – it is called the Bush - all the province is this way. There are some nice villages on the Way - Government townships. Eltham is a township and a large one too.

The first man he meets on entering Eltham is his brother-in-law, Laurence Bourke. Eliza is very glad to see him, having feared that his ship might have sunk. After mentioning fine little boys, John and Edward, he notes that,

Laurence is a quite decent fellow he has £2-5s a week. He goes into Melbourne twice a week with Leather to his masters store and spends the rest of the week tanning. I have never seen such happiness in my life as there is in this little family. Eliza looks very well – an excellent housekeeper. They have a hut of their own and an acre of land cleared off which they paid £53 for and £5 for title deeds so they pay neither rents or taxes.

Around the time that Peter, Patrick and Mary Carrucan arrived, Eltham boasted three stores, one of which was the Post Office; two hotels, the Eltham and The Fountain of Friendship; a National School, flour mill, brickworks and a tannery. In 1857 the combined population of Eltham and Little Eltham was 487. Included in the Electoral Roll of 1856/57, are 25 labourers, 18 farmers, 6 gardeners, 5 carriers, 2 shoemakers, along with a blacksmith, carpenter, stonemason, sawyer, gunmaker, cooper, bricklayer, butcher, teacher, clerk, and even a surgeon.

Being on the road to the Caledonia Diggings had given an additional impetus to the growth of Eltham. In 1852, the road from Eltham to Kangaroo Ground was proclaimed, but little was done in its formation or improvement. In early October 1857, there was a small rush to a spot some five or six miles beyond Eltham which attracted up to 300 diggers. A letter in *The Argus* of 28th October 1857, notes that, “*Two persons, resident at Eltham (one of them named Coleman) had brought to Eltham about ten ounces as the result of nine or ten days’ work.*” It is recorded that both John Coleman and Thomas Sweeney did well out of carting potatoes and other supplies to the various gold fields such as Bendigo, Mount Alexander, McIvor (Heathcote), and Beechworth.

Much of the land in the area that is now Eltham was fairly lean, and only the creek or river flats were likely to have a reasonable depth of soil.⁴⁵ Nevertheless, the early settlers were happy to own land, even if survival meant taking on

outside work. With a modest piece of land, a few animals could be kept and fruit and other foodstuffs could be grown. One means of survival, the cutting and carting of wood, was unfamiliar to those who had come from subsistence farms in Ireland. Settlers constructed the same sorts of fireplaces with their cranes and chains holding kettles and pots, but instead of a meagre supply of turf, the Eltham area offered plentiful supplies of wood. Writing in his diary in the 1880s, John Sweeney of *Culla Hill* records regular deliveries of firewood to Melbourne. Locally he was carting sand, stone, bricks and soil, usually for developments on properties owned by more affluent landholders.

By the late 19th century, Eltham was seen as a picturesque area. With the opening of the railway from Heidelberg to Eltham in 1902, the number of ‘day-trippers’ and ‘weekenders’ increased dramatically. Artists came for visits and some came to stay. The railway also meant that locals could seek employment in the city, and relatives could meet more regularly.

For most people it was a six-day working week, with church on Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon and evening were the times for visiting family and friends. Community events such as horse racing were popular. In 1856, a petition was sent to the colonial government for a race track and recreation ground to be surveyed. This was on part of the original Village Reserve and became Eltham Lower Park.

Dances, balls and socials were held around full moon, given that street lighting was either limited or non-existent. Tennis became very popular from the 1880s and the Eltham courts were a popular gathering place for the younger folk.

Eltham’s first school began in 1855, with David George Clark (1829-1911) in charge, assisted by his sister Catherine. In July 1856, it was officially approved by the National School Board. A stone schoolhouse was built on the Dalton Street site in 1857. Thomas Sweeney and John Wright Murray both supported the school from its beginning, and by 1858 had been joined on the Board of Patrons by John Coleman. Education was generally seen as important, though seasonal demands on farms could mean children were needed at home.

From an early date Eltham had at least one doctor. Tragically, young women often died in childbirth, while a number of men are recorded as having been killed by falling from carts or drowning.

Life in early Eltham was one of hard work, simple pleasures and the importance of family.

The Carrucans at the Eltham School⁴⁶

In 1853, the first school was opened in Eltham by Church of England authorities - a denominational school in Swan Street. In 1856, land was granted for a National School in Dalton Street, Little Eltham, and it was soon operational as National School Number 209 with David Clark as head teacher.

The families of the Carrucan immigrants quickly grew - Bridget and John Coleman had seven children between 1857 and 1867, Patrick and Mary Carrucan had ten children between 1858 and 1874 and Peter and Hannah Carrucan had ten children between 1860 and 1881 - so the number of Coleman and Carrucan children at the Little Eltham school grew quickly

By 1864, the Board of Education had introduced formal attendance rolls. The original registers, beautifully written in copperplate, have survived and give a wonderful insight into the way the school worked. The rolls number the children from number 1 upwards (student number 1 was William James Taylor whose father's occupation was listed as Farmer) and record the age and date of admission and the date of leaving. Just as importantly, they record the number of half-days attended each half year and the examinations passed.

During its early years, the school admitted some very young children indeed, the youngest being 2 years and 0 months and there were many between the ages of 2 and 4 years. Perhaps the school was regarded - to some extent at least - as a 'child minding centre' to which families could send their youngest children, thus freeing parents to get on with work.

By the mid 1860's, the school was bursting at the seams. A total of 77 students - 38 girls and 39 boys - were enrolled and taught in a room 20 feet by 16 feet; the other half of the building accommodated David Clark and his wife Elixabeth, his sister Catherine and Catherine's mother.

Amongst those 77 children were a significant number of the Coleman and Carrucan children.

Bridget Carrucan (student number 26), the oldest child of Patrick and Hannah,

was already there and 5 years old when the registry started in 1864. In 1865 she passed her class II, then she became a Class III student and then she became a class IV student. She was a regular attendee - in the first half of 1866 she appeared for 188 sessions (half days). In the second half of that year she appeared 220 times. During subsequent half years, her attendance remained steady - 169, 218, 162, 110, 200 134.

Register of the Common School											
1. Register Number.	2. NAME.	3 to 22. Standard at Examination held during									
		18.64		18.65		18.66		18.67		18.68	
		1st Half Year.	2nd Half Year.	1st Half Year.	2nd Half Year.	1st Half Year.	2nd Half Year.	1st Half Year.	2nd Half Year.	1st Half Year.	2nd Half Year.
35	Donald McBoyle	0	0	0	0	0	0			2	
36	John McDonnell Pearson	1	1	1	2	2	3	3			
37	Albert Edward Pearson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0			
38	Elizabeth Gockerill	0	1				3	3		+4	
39	Ann Sweeney	0	0	0	0	0	0				
40	Michael Carrucan		0	0	0	0	0	0		1	
41	Jane Brisbane		1	2	2	3	3	4		5	
42	Sarah Brisbane		0	1	1	2	2	3		4	
43	John Thomas West		0	0	0	0	0	+1		+2	
44	George Brew						1	1		+2	
45	Patrick Carrucan		0	0	0	0	0	1		2	

The Eltham School Roll – Michael Carrucan (student 40) and Patrick Carrucan (student 45) are shown

Michael Carrucan (student number 40), the second child of Patrick and Mary, started in 1864 at 3 years and 9 months of age and stayed until 1876, passing

Class IV.

Patrick Carrucan (student number 45), the eldest child of Peter and Hannah Carrucan, started school in September 1864 at 4 years and 3 months of age and left in August 1874. His progress was typical, passing his Class II examination in 1868 at 8 years of age. His attendance dropped in later years as presumably he was expected to do more around the farm – 209, 179, 196, 184, 168, 132, 165, 113, 114, 143, 126, 135, 121, 88, 136, 40 and 38 meetings.

John Carrucan, Peter and Hannah's third child, started in April 1867 at the age of 2 years and 8 months and left exactly 10 years later. He passed his Class V examination and remained a regular attendee during his 10 years.

Patrick Carrucan, the fourth child of Patrick and Mary Carrucan, started in June 1867, aged 2 years and 9 months.



This photo, from John Marshall's book 'Pioneers and Painters' shows experimental plots which the students maintained. The early schooling was general in nature and focused on rudimentary reading and writing as well as giving the students basic farming capabilities.

The class curriculum was rigid and narrow but well suited to the times. For instance, Class II was prescribed as follows

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Reading | To read the Second Book fluently or some book equivalent to it; and spell any word in it. |
| Writing | To write easy monosyllables from dictation. |
| Arithmetic | Easy addition and subtraction with multiplication and money tables. |
| Grammar | To know the article, noun, pronoun and verb. |
| Geography | The definitions of terms as represented on the map. |
| Girls to be able to sew a little. | |
| Average age of children about eight. | |

Attendance was seasonal. If it was time to pick the orchards, the children remained home. Fridays often saw them absent so they could pack the family cart to go to the Market on the Saturday. But they were able to receive a good free education, something that was unlikely in Ireland at that time.

The Bridget Carrucan – John Coleman Line

We take up the story of Bridget Carrucan in the Eltham district as two families converge.

John James Coleman,⁴⁷ widower, first appears in the Carrucan Story as bridegroom to Bridget Carrucan, on Monday 17th November, 1856.

The setting was the lounge room of *Culla Hill*, on the West Bank of the Yarra River some 25 km North East of Melbourne, the home of Thomas and Margaret Sweeney, founding settlers in the Eltham District.

Ramsbury, John Coleman's Birthplace

John Coleman was born 7th April, 1809 at Ramsbury in Wiltshire, the son of William Coleman and Hannah née Hollick. Little is known of William and Hannah apart from their birth and death dates. William is described in certificates as a brewer.

The Coleman family, occupation 'brewer', had lived in Ramsbury for six or more generations before first John and later John's brother William with his wife Jane and two toddlers, together and his sister Martha, migrated to Australia.⁴⁸

Situated in the picturesque Kennet valley, midway between Marlborough and Hungerford, Ramsbury itself dates from pre-medieval times and is steeped in history and tradition. It was still an important market town in the early nineteenth century. In 1801, the population was 19,603 – made up mostly of farmers and agricultural labourers. The chief crops were wheat, barley, oats and roots.

For most people, life revolved around the agricultural seasons - planting, cultivating, harvesting and processing the harvest. There was little change in the way of life from one generation to the next. Most sons followed their father's occupations and worked for the same farmer. A cottage was 'tied' to the job and an agreed amount of farm produce was available, but cash wages were poor.

Daughters became servants in the homes of the wealthier families or else worked with their brothers in the fields.

Ramsbury was strategically placed at the junction and staging post of the London-Bristol and London-Bath roads and was notably a stopping place on the Kennet and Avon canal.⁴⁹

However, a gradual decline started in the late 18th and early 19th centuries as roads were turnpiked (tolled) or diverted. Canals were in decline and expansion of railways changed the traditional means of transport.⁵⁰

It is against this background that John Coleman chose to migrate to Australia.⁵¹

John Coleman in Tasmania

John had come to Australia⁵² with several others, indentured to serve the Van Diemen's Land Company at Circular Head, being hired in England to come to Tasmania for £9 per annum.⁵³ They arrived in 1832, in the *Forth*.^{54,55} A *Northwest Post* obituary⁵⁶ to Mr David Hay, one of John's fellow indentees, records that after a short time at Circular Head they became discontented, first at the very low wages, second at the rough food given and third at the rough kind of work and general treatment. An *Examiner* Obituary to the same Mr Hay⁵⁷ records their discontent thus

After a few months, however, the company broke its engagement. After conferring with their wives, Mr Hay, with three fellow countrymen, started for Launceston for the purpose of obtaining legal redress ... leaving the women and children in the care of a settler Captain Robson and his wife.

The journey north to Launceston was hazardous and through inhospitable and often near impenetrable bush. They crossed rivers at the mouth at low tide or constructed rude rafts. At Round Hill, between the Emu and the Blyth, they had a most providential escape from the blacks. It appears the natives had watched them coming and were lying in ambush when one of the white men fortuitously fired an old ship's musket to bring down a black cockatoo. Hearing the report and seeing the bird fall, the natives immediately fled in terror over the hills. The brave band never knew imminent the danger had been until they heard the "Corroboree" made by them in their flight.⁵⁸

For them, however, the journey was to prove fruitless. As the *North West Post* describes

At Launceston they were doomed to disappointment, as after entering an action against the Van Diemen's Land Company, for breach of contract, retaining the only lawyer then in the town to conduct their case, the Company, so it is reported, immediately appointed him as standing counsel at a yearly salary, Mr. Hay and party being, in colonial parlance, 'Slipped up'. They then bought a craft and brought their wives and families away from Circular Head to Hobart.

The *Examiner* account concludes

I am sorry I am not able to give the names of the party, eight in number. But I know John Coleman, who, some three or four years ago, passed away at Eltham, Victoria, was one, and John Dowling, who died at Table Cape some years back, was another of the eight. John Neil, I believe, was a third.

John Coleman and Elizabeth Leonard⁵⁹

Elizabeth Leonard,⁶⁰ née Hellys (born c1808), arrived in Van Diemen's Land on the ship *Nautilus* on Wednesday 29th August 1838 as a convict. Her record in Tasmania says she committed a crime to be transported to join her husband Jeremiah who had already been transported for theft in 1835. Unfortunately her husband drowned before she arrived so she subsequently found herself a widowed convict in a strange land.

On the 16th August 1839, Elizabeth Leonard and John Coleman were granted permission to marry. One month later on the 16th September 1839, they were married in the Police Office in Westbury in the district of Launceston, according to the rites of the Church of England. John was listed as a shepherd aged 28, Elizabeth as a widow aged 29. They were married in the presence of Joseph Berry⁶¹ and Thomas Coleman.

Their marriage produced six children.

Some time in 1850 or 1851, John and Elizabeth and their family moved to Victoria and bought land at Eltham, setting on a small block later to be known

as *Coleman's Corner* in North Eltham. Bordering Diamond Creek, the block, some 1½ miles (2.3 km) north of the Eltham Township, was comprised largely of rich river flats but was prone to local flooding.

They erected a small timber dwelling, which still stood on this corner as recently as the 1990s. The Coleman block was to the west of Main Road.⁶² This house was identical in design to the house of Peter Carrucan and his wife Hannah, erected on the corner of Napoleon and Bible Streets in Eltham.

On 10th March 1854, John's life took an unexpected turn when his wife Elizabeth died. This left him with sole responsibility for a young family.

By this stage, he was well known in the local community and the Melbourne Argus of 1855 reported him as amongst a list of subscriptions towards repairing the road from the Plenty Bridge to the Kangaroo Ground.⁶³

List of subscriptions towards repairing the Road from the Plenty Bridge to the Kangaroo Ground. Thomas Sweeney – Eltham (3 pounds); J. Colman – Eltham (1 pound); John Murray – Eltham (1 pound); Richard Lane – Eltham (1 pound)

John Coleman and Bridget Carrucan

Thus it was that widower John Coleman, aged 44, met and subsequently married Bridget Carrucan, aged 24, on 17th November 1856 in Eltham.

John was able to sign the marriage certificate whereas Bridget (whose surname is spelt Carrokan on the certificate) gave her mark.⁶⁴ John is recorded as '*Brewer's Son*' and Bridget as '*Farmer's Daughter*'. Of John's first marriage, three children are noted as deceased and three living. The surviving children of his first marriage were Hannah aged 16, William aged 15 and Mary aged 7.

John and Bridget were married in the living room of Culla Hill, the property of Thomas Sweeney, one of the earliest settlers in Eltham. This home was regularly the setting for Mass for the local Catholic community, the priest coming from Heidelberg, some 8 miles distant.

A mystery, in terms of relationships was the co-incidence of the date of his daughter Hannah's marriage to William Jarrold, in Eltham, on the same day as

John's and Bridget's nuptials at Culla Hill.

As a widower, John brought into the union the two youngest children, William and Mary. In turn Bridget and John had seven children of their own:

John Patrick (1857)

Martha (1858)

Peter Vincent (1860)

Benjamin (1861)

Bridget (Bertha) (1864)

Margaret Kate (Maggie) (1865)

George Hollick (1867)

Note that for some of their children, the surname spelling changed to Colman and this spelling has continued in their subsequent lines. While we are not exactly sure why, Carmel Fitzgerald, a grandchild of Peter Vincent Coleman, explains that the 'e' was removed on the birth certificates of all Peter's children at the behest of his wife Mary Jane Cargill. The spelling without the 'e' was common in Northern England. Since Mary was born in Scotland, she may have been familiar with that spelling. The 'e' was present in Peter's and Mary's marriage certificate but it does not subsequently appear.

For the early settlers, rural living was a continuous battle against the elements and the country - subsistence farming at its most basic. Most families acquired a milking cow, grew their own vegetables and planted their own fruit trees.

Work was often difficult to come by. If available, it might comprise timber cutting, odd jobbing for established farmers or shopkeepers, or small scale orcharding and marketing of produce.

We know from the 1892 Launceston Examiner article, that John Coleman did well carrying goods to the gold fields. A letter to the Editor of the Argus⁶⁵ from E. G. A. of North-west Melbourne gives clear proof that he could also be successful as a gold digger. To quote from it:

It seems, however, that even now there is a large number of diggers spread over the New and Old Caledonian Diggings, most of whom are doing pretty well. About three weeks or a month ago some sailors on their way to these diggings were detained by accident at a spot about five or six miles beyond Eltham and determined to sink a hole where they were. They did so, and were so fortunate as to strike gold a few feet down. Since that time, and

within the last fortnight, as many as three hundred have been at work, and many of them, I understood, had done well. I inquired as to any particular instance of success, as the term "doing well" seems rather indefinite, and was informed that two persons, resident at Eltham (one of them named Coleman) had brought to Eltham about ten ounces as the result of nine or ten days' work. I made an attempt to reach the place myself, to obtain more certain particulars, but found the road so infamous (I speak of the road between Eltham and the Kangaroo Grounds) that no one, I should think, would venture on it without positive necessity; and, after struggling for some distance, I returned without accomplishing my object.

Few records remain of John Coleman's subsequent dealings so there is little further to add to this account of his life. However, Alan Marshall⁶⁶ includes the name Coleman in his list of the members of the Eltham Elementary School's Board of local patrons, noting him as denomination R.C.

He died at Eltham on Friday 30th October 1886 aged 75 years, having been paralysed for four years. His medical practitioner recorded that he had seen him one year before his death. An undated newspaper cutting, at the time of his death, states⁶⁷

He died at his residence on a Saturday morning. He was aged 71 at the time of his death and he had been a colonist for forty years. He was well respected in the district. His funeral, on the Sunday evening, was well attended and some churches cut out the Sunday evening service to allow attendance. Before his death, he had been bedridden for four years.

The occupation noted on his death certificate was 'gardener'.

Bridget lived in the family home until her death, 15 years after John, at the age of 68. Her cause of death was documented as '*senile decay*' and it was noted that she '*had senile decay for 8 years prior to death*' - a sad end for such a pioneer.

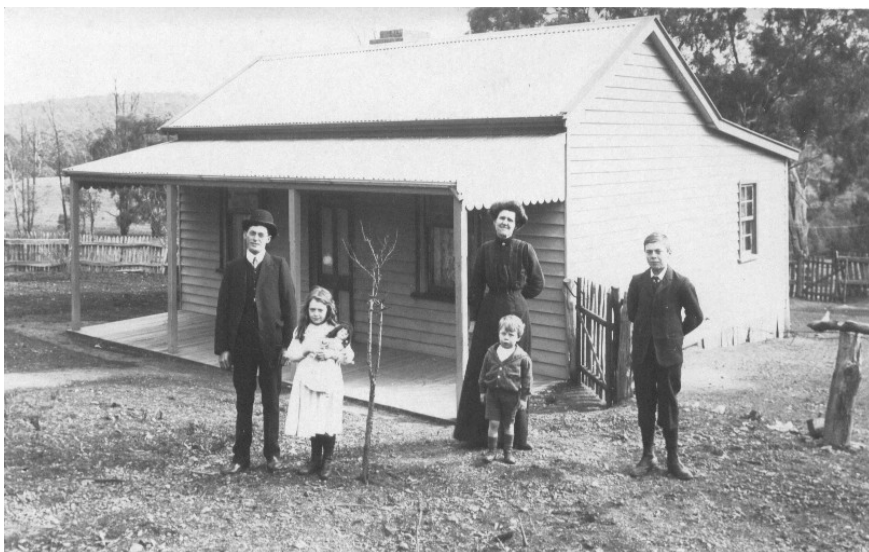
The property then passed to the eldest son John Patrick Coleman.

The house and property remained in the family until it was finally sold in 1992 by Bridget's granddaughter Maggie.

Unfortunately, in subsequent years, roadworks straightened the road and this corner and the house block no longer exist. A new street, Coleman Crescent, is

the only reminder to these early pioneers.

Fittingly there is still a farm within the grounds of the old farm, namely the Edendale Farm and Community Centre.



The Coleman farmhouse in Eltham circa 1910. It shows John Patrick Coleman (the eldest son of John Coleman and Bridget Carrucan) with his wife Mary Agnes (nee McHugh) and children John Francis, Agnes and Edward.

The final postscript to the story of the Colemans in Eltham appears in the 1992 notice of sale of the property which is reproduced in full below.

HOUSE OF THE WEEK

This Corner scheduled to go under the hammer soon is steeped in Eltham's History

ADDRESS: 1203 Main Road, Eltham.

DESCRIPTION: Corner block on Main Road, Eltham, adjacent to the Hurstbridge line. The triangular corner block faces north. It is bordered by Main Road and Wattletree

Road. All services are connected to a run down house on the property.

Due to its central position, the block would be ideal for units, subject to Eltham Council approval.

AUCTION: Saturday February 29 (1992), at 1 pm.

CONTACT: Denis Ring, of Barry Plant Real Estate (Vic) Pty Ltd
1022 Main Road Eltham 431 1222 or (AH)439-8373.

INSPECTIONS: By appointment with the agent. BIDS in excess of \$130,000 are expected by the agent.

COLEMAN'S corner, an Eltham landmark for more than a century, is to go under the hammer later this month:

Margaret Coleman, who has lived in the house with her eight cats and four dogs is, like Ray Charles, "Movin On". "It's about time I had a change. I've been here a long time," says Margaret.

The house is liveable, but needs a thorough spruce up. So, too, does the garden, which is partly overgrown. Two big cacti bushes, once the norm in domestic front gardens, are thriving.

The corner is steeped in Eltham's history For years it was a meeting place for newcomers to the Diamond Valley who ventured from the big city of Melbourne to Eltham, then the end of the line.

From what we could glean from Margaret, the family had extended the hand of welcome and friendship to all new citizens to the valley. Those happier days are recalled in sepia photographs, framed and now hanging on the walls in Margaret's big living room. In his "For Sale" sign on the Main Road boundary of the property, listing agent Denis Ring describes the property simply: "A valuable unit or development site, subject to council approval, of more than half an acre with superb views. It should attract \$130,000 plus buyers."

Margaret helped us with this story in these few words penned prior to our arrival.

The Colemans were farmers in Eltham for many years. They came here

around 1858. They were pioneers.

Household goods, furniture and clothing, from the city stores were delivered by train to the nearby Eltham station. "People would come from miles around to pick up the goods then stay for a cuppa and a chat." Margaret says she had many friends in Eltham Central. She visited the local shops regularly.

The city visits were far more infrequent, about every six months. "I would always visit St Francis and light a candle."

The final chapter in this historic piece of Eltham history will be written later this month when the property will be knocked down at auction on Saturday February 29th.

The Next Generations

Second Generation – 1: John Patrick Coleman

Bridget and John Coleman's first child, John Patrick, was born in 1857. In 1878 he married Mary Agnes McHugh and, in turn, they had five children Peter, Jessie, Daisy, Jack also known as John, and David. Our records are lacking any detail beyond this first generation.

Second Generation – 2: Martha West nee Coleman

Bridget and John Coleman's second child Martha was born on 1st January 1858. In 1878, aged 19, she married local Eltham boy William West (born 25th March 1856).

Her husband William became the proprietor of the Research Hotel in 1889 and they moved into residence there. Marth died in 1924, aged 66, and William died in 1935, aged 79. They are both buried in the Eltham Cemetery.



The Research Hotel circa 1900. The verandah carries the words
'Research Hotel William West'

The Wests had 13 children, the first 7 born in Eltham and the remaining 6 born at the Research Hotel where the couple lived for the remainder of their lives

Robert James (Bob) (1879)

John (Jack) (1880)

William (1882)

Ethel May (Polly) (1883)

George William (1885)

Margaret Francis (Maggie) (1886)

Elizabeth Martha (1888)

Mabel Alice (1889)

Lilian Blanche (Dot) (1890)

Alfred Ernest (1893)

Olive Myrtle (Tot) (1895)

Benjamin Francis (1895)

Evelyn Agnes (1896)

William is described variously in documents of the time as a miner, hotelier and farmer. It is said that he would sit on the back porch of the hotel with a pile of dirt clods next to him as his daughters worked in the field or garden. If one stopped working for any reason, he would throw a dirt clod at her!



This photo of Martha West nee Coleman feeding chooks in Research some time in the early 1920s was passed onto us by Martha's great granddaughter Cheryl Laumer

While it is impossible to discuss all the subsequent family lines in one book, we will follow the lives of John (Jack), the second child, Elizabeth Martha, the seventh child and Benjamin Francis, the twelfth child.

Third Generation: John (Jack) West

John (Jack) West, born in 1880, met Ada Catherine Dobbins around 1914. Ada had been married in Western Australia to a man by name of Dowd but he had deserted her. Jack and Ada moved to Brisbane, living in a common law marriage. Perhaps Ada was not able to obtain a divorce or perhaps, being Catholic, she could not marry again.

In any case, they had a family of 6 children, John Joseph in 1914, Bernard (Bern) in 1916, David and Francis in 1918, Ronald in 1920 and Beatrice Patricia (Pat) in 1921. There is some speculation that John, being born in 1914, may actually have been the son of Ada and her first husband.



John (Jack) West poses in front of his home in Pinkenba, Queensland, circa 1935

Bern spoke warmly of his mother Ada Dobbins *as an Irish woman* although she was actually born in Ashton-under-Lyne, near Manchester, England. He was

very close to her and was saddened at her death in 1936 when he was aged about 21. He described Ada as *a practising, though not attending, Catholic who loved being a mum and was concerned that her children got an education and with the welfare of her family. She loved listening to the radio and visits to the seaside.* The things that shadowed her happiness were man's inhumanity to man and a severely impaired heart valve. She was short and a little heavy set as she got older.

Bern described his father *as an honourable and compassionate person* who loved to dance and who *would always go to the local country dances*, apparently without Ada.

Jack had worked in the Western Australia gold fields for some 20 years which proved to deleterious to his health. It was said that he *coughed himself to death.* More likely, as his daughter Pat reported, he ... *went to the hospital because of a prostate problem and as he was leaving the house, he told her that he didn't expect to live much longer, and he died there.*⁶⁸ Whatever the cause, he died in 1948, aged 67 years.

Fourth Generation: Bernard (Bern) West

The story of the second oldest child Bernard, best known to the family as Bern, is retold by his daughter Cheryl Laumer.

Bern, like his father, loved to dance. Cheryl records: *I have very fond memories of attending dances at the Blind Institute with my Dad as a teenager.*

Bern said that the reason he did not have a middle name like the rest of his siblings was that Ada and a friend or relative, maybe a sister, went into Brisbane from Pinkenba to register his birth. On the way they stopped at a pub and got a little tipsy, so they did not remember to put down a middle name for him. Bern described his dad's occupation as a miner, but one wonders what kind of mining people lived in Pinkenba near the mouth of the Brisbane River. Perhaps he did sand dredging, which is something that Bern also did for a time.

Bern's daughter Cheryl describes herself

... as a Daddy's Girl. He would bounce me on his knee and call me his sweetie-pie or honey-bun. When he ran the sand dredging outfit on the Noosa River on the Sunshine Coast, he would help my brother Peter and me walk out on the long pipe to the dredge boat to fish. He often took the

children to the beach. As much as our Mum may have wanted him to be, he wasn't the disciplinarian, at least not toward me. When I was a teenager, I had such a fondness for him that I avoided a lot of pitfalls because I knew certain things would be disappointing to him.



This photo, taken around 1924, shows Bern West with his younger twin brothers Frank and Dave.

Iris, Bern's wife was born out of wed-lock in Newport, West, Monmouthshire, Wales, on 15th June 1921. Her father had died in a motorcycle accident before she was born and her mother died soon after so she was raised by her widowed maternal grandmother Julia Wilmott. When Iris was about 8, Julia died and Iris was passed around the village for a while until she was sent to an orphanage in Tredegar, Wales. This was the happiest time of her childhood. She rarely spoke of her earlier years and of the circumstances that led to her moving to Australia. Her aunt Alice had married an Australian soldier after WWI, moved there, and later sent for my mother. Iris travelled from Britain to Australia by herself when she was about 13 years old. She did not have good memories of living with her aunt Alice. In fact we didn't know her aunt's name. A woman she met on the ship helped her go to Brisbane to train as a nurse. She was a home health care nurse in Melbourne when Iris met Bern. They married in Darwin on 10th

December 1949, with Dave and Dot West as their attendants. They moved a lot; Bern said that Iris wanted security but he really wanted to follow his entrepreneurial dreams. This was very hard on Iris who had ulcers and other health problems and who eventually died of stomach cancer in 1966.



The wedding of Bernard West and Iris May Willmott on 10th December 1949 in Darwin. Their attendants are David West and his wife Dorothy (Dot) nee Helmes.

The Brisbane airstrip was near their home and Bern loved to watch the planes come in and out. At one time he aspired to be a pilot. He displayed a picture of the day that Kingsford Smith arrived there, and he would say, "I'm in that crowd somewhere!" He had been in the army, stationed outside of Darwin at the end of WWII, but saw no action in that conflict. He ran a supply barge from Darwin to northern Western Australian mining outposts. The miner/pro prospector blood was in him and he spent quite a bit of time pursuing minerals on mountains. He also tried to salvage the "Marietta Dell" which sank off the coast of Queensland some time earlier. At one time, he sold insurance and, in his later years, settled into the occupation of taxi driver. He noted his occupation as 'failed entrepreneur'.

Bern's children Peter and Cheryl were supportive of him. Peter paid for him to come to Cheryl's wedding with Robert Laumer in Hawaii in 1982, and he

also visited us in Japan when we lived there in 1993. Both Peter and Bern visited Cheryl and Robert in Ohio, USA, in 1996. Robert would always say: *Your Dad could offer us so much advice, but he never does until we ask him for it.*

A few years after Iris died, Dad was able to find a happy place to live in the home of Judith Sultmann, a divorced woman 25 years younger than him. She still had two children to raise and needed a man around the house. They became the best of friends. They enjoyed dancing together. In later years, Judith was his care-giver until his midnight wanderings as a result of dementia wore her down and she had to move him into an Alzheimer's residence. She visited him almost every day. He was on his daily walk around the property on 22nd May 2007 when he stumbled and fell. He was taken to the hospital and he died not too long after.

Generation 4: David Augustine West

We now zoom in on David Augustine West, born 1918, who was the third child of Jack and Ada West. When David was 22, he married Dorothy Helmes and they had six children. Their story is recounted by Shielagh, their youngest child.

My father's brothers Bernie, Joey, and Frank (Dad's twin) all remained in Brisbane, while my dad David moved to Darwin after he married. After many years together, Dorothy returned to Brisbane and David remarried. However, after 26 years apart, they got back together again (talk about your kids driving you nuts!) and are still sharing their old age together.

Ronnie, another of his brothers, lived for many years in Sydney with his wife Soma - they also had 6 children. Their only sister, Patricia (Aunty Patsy), lived in Beechworth and taught there with her cousin John Martin for many years. At the time, they did not even realize that they were related. She married Kevin Duffy and they had 5 children, Lorraine, Irene, Mary, Catherine and Kevin.

Dad's parents were quite poor. His father died from miner's phthisis and his mother had a heart condition and died when Dad was about 17. His father, John West, is described as a big raw-boned man and his mother an impoverished lady who was well educated, missed the genteel life, but instilled a great knowledge and love of the English language in her children -

hence a general family ability to talk ourselves into (and out of) just about anything. His mother and her mates were calling for world disarmament during the Depression (whilst Hitler was building one of the mightiest war machines the world had ever seen). She'd probably roll over in her grave. As Dad was a Rat of Tobruk in WWII and we are very proud of him, my attitudes are much more hard line. However, she had one philosophy that I admire greatly. When the boys were of working age, she made it clear to them that they had to get a job but a girl would be educated at any cost as she would "need it most".

We grew up in Darwin at a place called East Point which was an isthmus of land with some of the most spectacular sunsets in the world, with the front of our ex-army hut overlooking Fannie Bay and tropical rainforest behind us. There were loads of things to occupy small children and I thought it a wonderful life but my sister Dianne doesn't share this view. In fact, there seemed to be two separate families within one. There were 2 boys and a girl twice over with a 5 year gap between my sister and I which only really closed once I also became a mother (and probably less of an air-head!).

Our generation has had all the usual changes of abode due to work demands. Currently, David (the eldest) has a sizeable car dealership in Innisfail, Bob, John and Brian are all over the country inland, Dianne is in Townsville and I seem settled for the duration in the mining town of Moura. We are probably statistically a high risk in the marriage stakes as three of us have now separated from our partners - Bob, John and I. Brian got married at the age of 43 and only David and Dianne have stayed happily married 'for the long haul' as our polties call everything.

Until recently I managed a real estate agency. The "Irish" in us helped immensely here. I spend the weekends putting the house back into order, mowing the lawn and cleaning the car. Also, I like to study when I can and get on with projects stripping back old furniture and giving it a new lease of life. And then there's my partner's bookkeeping which is another nightmare altogether but has to be wrestled with constantly in order to keep up with the quarterly tax returns.

Third Generation: Elizabeth Martha West

Elizabeth Martha West was born in 1888 at Eltham but within a year, her family had moved to the Research Hotel where her father William West was proprietor. She then grew up with her many brothers and sisters in and around the hotel.

In 1908, she married Claude Hubert Wiltshire and they soon had two children Bertha Frances (b 1909) and Clive Gordon (b 1910).



Elizabeth Martha Wiltshire with her children Bertha and Clive

When her husband Claude enlisted in the Army Medical Corps in August 1915, she was left on her own with two small children, like many other young mothers of the time. She returned to live at her father's hotel in Research for the next 3 years until Claude returned in November 1918.

Claude eventually died in 1955 but Bertha lived on for many more years,

eventually dying in 1980 at 92 years of age.

Bertha and Clive grew up and married themselves and had their own families. From this small beginning, we now have a very strong family line including Smiths, Cloaks, Houghs, D'Agrumas, Davies, Ewarts and Arnolds.

Clive died in QLD in 1998. Bertha died in Sandringham in 2001.

Third Generation: Benjamin Francis West

Benjamin Francis (Frank) West was the twelfth of thirteen children born to Martha Colemam and William West. Born in 1895, he enlisted in the AIF November 1915, aged 19, and served in France in the 4 FAB, Field Artillery Brigade, as a shoeing smith.



Benjamin Francis West in 1915 while serving with the AIF

He never married, continued to live in Research for the rest of his life, eventually dying in 1970.

Second Generation – 3: Peter Vincent Colman

Peter Vincent Colman, born on 18th June 1860 in Eltham, was the third of John and Bridget Coleman's children. He married Mary Jane Cargill on 15th May 1887 when he was 26 years of age. They had two children:

Jessie Isabella (1890)

John Vincent (1892)

We will follow the fortunes of John, the younger of the two children.

John Vincent Colman was born on 28th April 1892 in Malvern and died on 2nd November 1970, aged 78. On 18 Oct 1917, when he was 25 years of age, he married Kate Jones (born 20 Feb 1896).

We take up the story from the December 1990 edition of the local Warrandyte paper.

Kate Colman, Dedicated Pioneer

The Warrandyte area lost a link with the past on December 11th 1990 when Kate Colman (née Jones) died at the age of 94. Fortunately Kate's story was written down by her granddaughter Jenny Fitzgerald after many hours of conversation in 1971. Bruce Bence pays tribute.⁶⁹

Kate was born on February 20th 1896 in her family's log cabin home in Yarra Street, Warrandyte. The simple family home had a bark roof. Clothes were washed in the river and cooking was done on a wood-fired stove. The site is where the squash courts now stand.

Kate's birth was just three weeks after the death of her father, John Jones, a Warrandyte miner. Kate's mother, Freda, had no choice but to send four of her eight children to an orphanage.

Two years after John's death, Freda married another miner, Edwin Holloway and the family moved to a cottage at the top of Webb Street. The four children were brought home from the orphanage and Freda and Edwin had another three children.

Kate walked two miles each day to attend Warrandyte School No 12 where she was taught arithmetic, spelling, dictation, geography and history. The girls also learned needlework, for which Kate won a prize.

Kate completed eighth grade at the age of 14 and began dressmaking in Ringwood, walking there and home each day, a distance of 6 miles (10 km) each way.



1895 - Freda Jones and children pose in front of their humble cottage in Warrandyte. From left: Mary, Freda, Tom, Ben, Bill and Rachel. Charlie and Winifred are not pictured. Freda was expecting Kate at the time.

After completing her training, she worked for Tom and Mavis Beavis in Doncaster. She looked after the children and helped Mrs Beavis, who was using crutches at the time. Kate lived with the family during the week and walked home on Saturday.

If Kate wanted to go anywhere it was usually by foot. She walked to dances at South Warrandyte Hall and it was a big event to go to Melbourne by coach.

Kate met her future husband, Jack Colman, at a cricket match when she was 18 years of age.

The Colman family owned land south of Hussey's Lane east of Anderson's Creek and up to the main road where they had an orchard. Jack helped his

father in the South Warrandyte orchard and in later years grew raspberries on the small flat in the corner of Hussey's Lane and Anderson's Creek.

Jack and Kate looked forward to the Fruit Growers' picnic each year. They travelled by boat from Melbourne to either Sorrento or Queenscliff, while the Box Hill band played for dances on board.

Kate worked as a waitress at one of the Warrandyte hotels for about a year before she and Jack were married, when Kate was twenty-two.

The couple had three daughters: Jessie, who married Bob Reid, Joyce who married Bill Hartley and Gwen who married Cashen Fitzgerald.

In 1926, Jack became a councillor for the Shire of Doncaster and Templestowe, a position he held from 1926 to 1936, and again from 1940 to 1953. He was Shire President on three occasions.

Life became very busy for Jack and Kate during that time. Jack was involved in everything that happened in the district.

He was President and a foundation member of the Warrandyte Cricket Club and was on the Hall Committee.

He was also a foundation member of both the Warrandyte Bush Fire Brigade, formed in 1938, and the South Warrandyte Fire Brigade, which became a separate identity in 1949.

In 1934 two quarry workers, William Shea and Walter Black were killed by a fall of gravel. Jack heard the fall at the Hussey's Lane quarry, went to find out what had happened and then ran to the post office for help.

He became a member of the Disaster Cottages Trust, which built, maintained and administered two houses for the workers' widows. It was a magnificent community effort at the height of the depression.

Kate's family found it hard to sell their peaches during the depression. Jack would take them to Ferntree Gully where many who were better off had holiday homes and could afford to buy the fruit. He sold peaches for as little as two shillings and sixpence a case.

Much of the fruit was given to orphanages. Fortunately the Colmans had a cow and fowls and were able to grow vegetables to help them through the

grim years of the depression.

But the Family lost everything on January 13th 1939, when bush fire swept through Warrandyte.

Jack helped neighbours to save their home but his and Kate's was lost to the flames.

Kate and her elder daughters Jessie and Joyce took refuge in the dam at the corner of their property and watched the inferno. Her youngest daughter Gwen was staying in Warrandyte and sheltered in the river.



Kate Colman, known as Kit, in her eighties

Ironically twenty-three years later, in January 1962, Kate joined grand-daughters Jenny and Helen Fitzgerald in the same dam, as again fire threatened her home. That time the house survived.

Kate kept the post office for 10 years until the General Store was built, ensuring that the post office remained open and the district wouldn't lose its mail service.

South Warrandyte has always had a history of self help. When a recreation

ground was needed, the community got together, raised the money and largely built it themselves. The ground was appropriately named Colman Park in recognition of the service that Jack and the Colman family had given to the area.

Kate and Jack's grandchildren and great grandchildren still live on part of the land that Peter Colman took up last century.

Kate and Jack celebrated their golden wedding in 1968, not long before Jack died in 1970.

Kate lived in her own home with the support of her family until she was 90, and spent her remaining years at Amaroo Nursing Home in Ringwood.

Kate leaves nine grandchildren, nineteen great grandchildren and three great-great grandchildren.

Much more of the story of John and Kate Colman and their family can be gleamed from the following extensive and wonderfully written anecdotes, penned by their grand daughter Helen Fitzgerald.

Colman Reminiscences

My name is Helen Fitzgerald and I was born in 1955 at the "The Pines" private Hospital in Ringwood. The land that the old building stood on is now under bricks and mortar. The Eastland Shopping Centre was built on top of it, next to the old Ringwood football ground. My mum was also born there, as were all my sisters and brother.

I am one of six children born to Gwendolyn (Penny Colman) and Cashen Fitzgerald between 1945 and 1962 - true baby boomers. The first five of us - Brian, Judith, Carmel, myself and Jennifer experienced life in "the old house". Michele, our youngest sister came along after we had moved into the new cream brick house, 100 yards along the road.

But back to the old house; it was a post - war construction made of the obligatory fibro cement sheeting. It wasn't beautiful to look at but its beauty lay in the fact that it was set on the corner of our grandparent's orchard - and it was home.

We grew up with a lovely extended family, living our history through our

parents and grandparents: the past and the present becoming interwoven. Not only is it my story but also it is the story of our family and what shaped us. It is a patchwork quilt of influences that have made us strong, resilient and able to "get over it and get on with life".

The land that became our shaping was situated on the corner of Hussey's Lane and Warrandyte Road at South Warrandyte, Victoria. It had been handed over to my grandfather, John Colman by his parents, Peter Colman and Mary Cargill. We grew up in that little community of South Warrandyte with a very strong sense of the pioneering spirit that had created the district and the knowledge that our family had made a major contribution to the district.

Our "backyard" playground was the orchard, the dams, Anderson's Creek, the neighbouring bush property that belonged to the Hussey's, and the common - the Fourth and Fifth Hills named by the miners who had scoured the land 100 years ago in search of the illusive gold. We lived and breathed the land and as adults we all still have a very strong connection to the bush. In fact whenever I come across that "gold" country, dry and impoverished, I always feel at home.

Before going any further, I need to clarify the spelling of the name "Colman". In other references it has appeared with an "e". Our family has it that when Peter Coleman married Mary Jane Cargill (known as Jenny), at South Melbourne on the 15th May 1880, the "e" was dropped. We can only speculate why this was. What we do know is that the "e" was there on Peter and Mary's marriage certificate but it doesn't appear again.

My grandfather, John Vincent Colman, was the eldest boy of seven children and was known as Jack. The eldest was Jessie then John, William, Dorothy, Peter (who died at aged 5 from Scarletina and Peritonitis), Marion and David. Jack was born at Caulfield on the 28th April 1892. We are not sure how the family ended up in the suburbs (as we'd always thought their connections were in the Eltham and Warrandyte districts). Something must have motivated them to move in to "town" for the 3 years when Peter Colman, Jack's father, was listed in the Post Office directory as being a Greengrocer in Dandenong Road, Malvern for the years of 1891, 1892 and 1893.

Soon after, they returned to the Eltham-Warrandyte district where Jack and his sister Jessie started school. In 1902 the family purchased a property at South

Warrandyte, or Parson's Gully as it was first named, after a local resident. Jack continued attending school at Warrandyte (then Anderson's Creek School, No 12) and walked a distance of several miles over the Fourth and Fifth hills to get there each day. The neighbouring Hussey kids - Ben, Bill, Arthur, Paddy, Stella and Jane, would walk with the Colmans.

The need to be educated closer to home must have prompted their mother, Mary Jane (Jenny) Colman (nee Cargill) to begin her own school in the front room of their home at South Warrandyte. The Education Department paid Mary the princely sum of 5/- (50c) a week and soon afterwards, residents petitioned for a permanent local school. Their strong sense of community and hard work paid off in 1904, when a school was established on Hall Road and named the South Warrandyte State School.

Moving the school to a permanent location in 1904 was no incentive for Jack to remain at school. That was the year he left, aged twelve, to learn the orcharding trade on the nearby Stiggant's property. Here he worked at ploughing and pruning.

Two years later, at fourteen, his father was involved in a mining accident and Pa had the responsibility of putting his work experience into practice by running the family orchard. This he did for a further 62 years, right up until his death in 1971 at the age of 76.

An article in "the Evelyn observer" on Friday November 2, 1906 recorded the mining accident that changed the family's future:

Peter Colman, a miner employed at the Caledonia mine, Warrandyte, met with a serious accident last Saturday. When working about the mine he fell down an incline shaft 260ft long. His head was badly battered, but, strangely enough, none of his bones were broken. He was taken to the Melbourne Hospital, where it was found that he was suffering from concussion of the brain and severe shock.

John Vincent Colman was a true pioneering spirit and a hard worker. He worked not only for himself and his family but also for the local community and as a shire councillor. People came to him for advice on legal and business matters. He was multi-skilled, many of these skills learned from the need to "make do". A classic family saying of ours, initiated by my older brother, Brian,

at the age of two, when he smashed his grandfathers' shaving mug:

"It doesn't matter cos Pa can fix it with a piece of wire!"

Mum remembers that her father always had a bit of wire hooked onto his belt for emergency repairs.

As a family, we grew up with a fear of bushfires, inherited from Mum and Nanna's tales of the 1939 fires when years of toil were lost in one day. On that Black Friday, the thermometer on Mr. Humphris' verandah burst at 120°
Flames and fireballs swept through a dark, eerie sky.

On that fateful day, Jack had ploughed the orchard with his horse-drawn plough to create a firebreak. Always the community worker, he was off helping to save the neighbour's property where old Mr. Hussey was bed-ridden and dying. Jack saved the Hussey's house but returned to find that the ploughed paddock was no defence against the ravenous flames that devoured everything in their path.

That day, Mum lost her home, her pet dog Bill (who could terrorise Hussey's mad bull, George, by swinging on his tail), all the family possessions and history and most devastating of all, the family's livelihood. My brother and sisters have lived with the memory of that destructive force, despite it happening before we were even born.

The Old House

Mum has often talked about the old house that was burnt down in the 1939 fires. There are no remaining photos of the house and garden but I have "sketched" a picture of it, as remembered by my Mum.

The house had been built for Peter and Mary Colman in the early 1900's. In keeping with our ties to the earth, Mary had begun to create a beautiful garden that our Nana, Kate Jones (Kitty) continued when she married Jack. The fires destroyed most of the garden, but Mum remembers the Iceland poppies that flourished in the spring of 1939 – a legacy of the massive dose of potash left after the fires had passed.

As you snaked along the driveway off Warrandyte Road, the cream double-fronted weatherboard cottage could be seen nestling amongst the garden. It was a welcome sight. Mum's cousin, Sybil remembers it as "a grand place".

The verandah wrapped round the southerly side of the house and was known as the sleep-out. Mum and her sister Joyce were relegated to this "room" complete with canvas blinds to keep out the weather, when extra space was needed inside for visitors. Mum recalls that being a big extended family with a collection of 16 blood-related aunties and uncles and over 100 cousins, meant there was always someone visiting; some staying on for years!

Mum fondly remembers that if she wasn't tucked up in the second bedroom in one of the double beds with her sisters and cousins, she was bedded down on the side verandah sleep-out. By dragging out camp beds and stretchers along the verandah, a very comfortable sleeping space could be created in a flash.

And if there wasn't enough space in the sleep out, there was always the shed where the Mullen boys would bed down when they came out to attend the dances.

To warm up the beds before they got in, Nana would get a brick or the hot plate off the stove, wrap it up in an old jumper or a bit of newspaper and shove it down into the bed. Then she'd tuck the girls up in heavy woollen blankets and eiderdowns and they'd peep out at clear starry skies on those frosty Melbourne winter nights. Mum said they were never sick and she felt sure that the cold air strengthened their resilience to infection. Mum still has a vivid recollection of listening to rain on the tin roof while tucked up in a warm bed with the smell of the fruit blossoms wafting in the air.

Apart from the orchard, there was a formal garden around the house. Clay pathways wended their way around masses of cheerful old favourites like cosmos, exhibition border, red geraniums, the resilient Iceland poppies and the inevitable archway of rambling roses with a little gate. Mum remembers her father, undertaking the ritual task of chipping away the grass tufts that popped up in the clay pathway. On the southern side of the house was a 'lawn' and Pa would occasionally take his scythe to it, in an effort to 'urbanise' the grass.

Even after the devastating fires, a few remnants of a bygone era remained to connect us with the pioneering side of the family. There was a perennial sweet pea that came up year after year and which we great grand daughters all have growing in our own gardens. There was a majestic old palm tree that lived on for another 40 years after the fires. But the plant that I remember most of all

was a little crimson pom-pom rose that Nana always drew me to and said: "*That belonged to Pa's mother. It's very old. She planted it*". And of course it helped me to make a connection with Mary Colman, even though she had died many years before, on 18th May, 1918, before Mum was born. I still hold the image of that special rose in reverence.

A large tree fern grew near the front door and as you left the bright sunny verandah you entered into a cool, dark passageway that ran through the middle of the house. A wooden plant stand complete with aspidistra and brass pot, adorned the entry. A maroon carpet runner led the way through the hallway to the kitchen at the back of the house. A set of heavy velvet curtains served a double purpose: a screen from the kitchen view and to keep out the cold. Mum remembers using the curtains for "concerts" when the cousins: Sybil, Islie, Rene and Sylvie came to stay.

To the left of the hallway was the lounge room. Mum reckons it might have been called "the dining room" but they rarely ate in there - perhaps on Sunday nights or when visitors came for a meal. It was mainly used as a sitting room after tea. Tastefully furnished, there was a leather lounge suite under the window with a pair of beautiful hand-painted black cushions made by Mrs. Simmons. One had a Kookaburra and the other, a lovely carnation. The mirror hanging over the fireplace had apple blossom painted around its edges; another legacy of Mrs. Simmons crafts. Local quartz had been used to finish off the fireplace. There was even a piano that Mum learned to play on. On the right hand side of the hallway were the two bedrooms, both rooms held double beds. In the practical style of Early Australian architecture, the old kitchen had been detached. There was a two-fold advantage in this measure. The heat from the old wood stove was unbearable in the summer and if the stove caught alight and burned the kitchen down, there was time to save the main body of the house.

A new kitchen had just been built before the fires. It was an extension to the existing home and was the hub of the household. A large pantry was always stocked with an array of jams and preserves and there was even a linen press. The old wood stove always had a kettle sizzling on the top and invariably a hot pot stewing away for the next meal.

During the fruit-picking season, workmen had their hot lunches prepared and served at the kitchen table. They would be summoned to the dinner table either

with a “Cooee” or she’d hang out a white tea towel in a prominent position.

In the summer when Pa was picking peaches down on the flat next to Anderson’s Creek, Nana would prepare a picnic lunch. A large plate of cold meat sitting on top of a bowl of salad (lettuce, tomato, cucumber and boiled egg) was secured with a tea towel tied over the top to hold it all together. One of the kids would then run it down the hill to the hungry pickers. A circle of stones would be built between the fruit trees and the billy boiled for the traditional cuppa.

A new washhouse and bathroom had also been built at the same time as the kitchen – just before the ’39 fires struck. Prior to this amazing piece of modern architecture, Mum remembers that personal hygiene involved dragging the tin bathtub into the middle of the kitchen floor next to the fire. Water was boiled up on the stove for the Sunday evening bath. An old washstand in each bedroom contained the elements necessary for a daily scrub, a lick and a promise by today’s standards. These “tools of trade” also included the famous “Melbourne Cup” (as my Auntie Joyce called it).

In every rural household, the dunny was always out the back: out of sight and out of mind. In the Colman household it was next to the shed and beside the fernery. There were spiders and treachery associated with that little outhouse.

I only remember Nana and Pa’s new dunny at a much closer 25 paces from the house and under the Cootamundra wattle tree. Next to it was a very large succulent bush with yellow flowers frequented by the orange harlequin beetles. As a small girl, I always found these beetles an interesting distraction from the drama of having to use Nanna’s toilet with its bits of cut up newspaper. Of course, when phone books were in wider circulation, they became a prized resource.

Prior to the acquisition of the wash house, our forebears who lived on the banks of the Yarra River, had the “luxury” of being able to scoop their washing water from the river into a 44 gallon drum placed on the riverbank. The task took the better part of every Monday and was a hot and heavy household chore.

Jack Colman’s Working Life

Following Peter Colman’s mining accident, an attempt was made to claim some compensation for his injuries. The Evelyn Observer, on October 18th 1907,

recorded his court case. A claim of £550 was sought but we don't know whether this was awarded. What we do know is that he never worked again and died on 28th September 1919. He was buried with his mother at Eltham.

There were no sickness benefits in those days; so the need to maintain the family property fell on to Pa's shoulders at the ripe old age of 14. At the same time, Pa's mother was establishing herself as the local midwife, rendering assistance to many of those pioneering families for whom professional medical treatment was not readily accessible.

We were often told about the time Pa chopped off his brother Bill's finger while mucking around with an axe and pieces of rag (as boys do!). Bill had been feeding the rag to Pa and the contest had been proceeding nicely until Bill left his finger there just a bit too long. Mary, the ever-capable mother, responded immediately by returning the chopped digit to its stump, then binding it up with a clean sheet. Amazingly it knitted back and microsurgery wasn't necessary!

Back in the early 1900s, the work of the orchardist was all manual and the only help came from Pa's two trusty draught horses – Punch and Larry.

Pa took pride in his work so that by 1939 he had spent nearly 25 years of his life building the orchard into a showpiece. His fruit was highly sought after by the fruiterers at the Victoria Market.

Trips to the Victoria Market

Religiously he would pack his wagon with quality fruit and leave home in the night to travel the twenty miles (32 km) into Melbourne. There he would take up his stand at Shed 24. Much later, the 1920's model Ford truck that needed to be cranked up to get the engine going, was the new mode of transport. The doors only went half way up and on a chilly winter morning it was only a slight improvement on the jinker.

When Mum was old enough, she was allowed to accompany Pa to market and this was a very special treat. She remembers the magic of getting up at 2.30 am and leaving South Warrandyte in the wagon. The market was always a hive of activity and colour. For a little girl from the bush, this was an experience. There was a strong presence from the Chinese, who Pa always said were the most honest of people to deal with. Many of them sold their own produce while others made purchases for their own fruit shops.

Mum remembers the Billy Lady, Mrs. Flynn who went around the market place taking orders for mugs of hot tea. If Pa had the time, she was treated to a pie and sauce at the end of the morning when the fruit had been sold. Usually he was in a hurry to get back home to the many jobs awaiting him. He would often stop off at Preston on his way home to pick up a load of poultry manure. This was a valuable fertiliser for the fruit trees.

A family story that has been recounted to us involved the market and Uncle Bill, Pa's brother. On one occasion when his horse was sick, Bill borrowed Larry, one of Pa's old draught horses and headed off to market with the horse and jinker. As was his custom he then settled back to catch forty winks while his horse delivered him to the market.

Unfortunately Larry wasn't in the habit of doing as Uncle Bill's horses did and when he finally woke up, it wasn't to the bustling strains of the Vic Market but to the warbling magpies of South Warrandyte!

Jack Colman – Tireless Community Worker

Running an orchard would have been a full time job in itself but for Jack there were other activities to pursue. Always the community worker, he became involved in Local Government. In 1926, at the age of 34, he was elected to serve on the Shire of Doncaster and Templestowe as a councillor. He continued in this role for ten years until 1936 and in 1940 he was elected again. He stayed on until 1953 - a total of 23 years. On three occasions he was elected mayor. Jack was never required to enlist in active service during the war years, as he was a primary producer who was providing an essential service.

Just before the bushfires, Jack had saved up enough money for a brand new cool store to be erected on his property. Prior to this, he had been transporting his fruit to the Blue Moon Coolstore in Ringwood; not the most efficient practice. The new coolstore was destined to improve operations.

Neighbouring builders, Jim and Tom Norwood had been contracted to carry out the work. Mum remembers that this construction was not without its teething problems. Sitting at the lunch table, Jack would be listening out for the motor, making sure it was still going. If there were any irregularity in the beat, he'd dash out to do some running repairs, often leaving his lunch sitting on the table.

The '39 Fires

The teething problems of the coolstore had all but been eliminated when the bushfires struck – the coolstore was wiped out. With it was lost the lovely house and the orchard – the family's livelihood. Jack, always the community player was out helping his neighbours save their house. The event is recorded in Bruce Bence's book: *The story of a Community's Fight against Fire* and reads:

In South Warrandyte, Jack Colman and Bill Knee left their homes to help Mr. and Mrs. Hussey in Hussey's Lane. Mr. Hussey lay dying in his home as the fire swept towards them. Mrs. Hussey had pulled down the blinds so that her husband could not see what was happening, then went outside to help in the fight to save the house.

Bill Knee pumped water from the well, while Jack Colman used his spray pump to spray the walls of the house. By the time Bill and Jack returned to their own homes, all had been destroyed. Jack's cool store which had just been built was also destroyed.

A fireball hit the roof of the Colman home and the rest became our history.

On that Black Friday, 13-year-old Mum was holidaying at her Auntie Rose's home in Webb Street, Warrandyte with her friend Glad Jones. The weather had been "stinking hot" for days leading up to the fires, so to combat the heat they would pack a picnic tea and take it down to the river. Other families had been doing the same. Smoke was everywhere around them and Mum still remembers Rose's husband, Bunny Reid's saying on Thursday evening, 12th January as they sat on the riverbank: "*A lot of poor buggers'll remember Friday 13th*".

Glad was a nervous type so when they woke to an eerie sky on Friday 13th January 1939, Auntie Rose sent young Glad down to her daughter Rene's place to help her with baby Terry.

Mum was sent to help Rose's neighbour, Jean Thomas, collect her cows from the paddock over the Fourth Hill towards Anderson's Creek. Climbing the hill behind Webb Street they could see that the fire had reached South Warrandyte. They gathered up the cows and headed back towards Rose's place in Webb Street. The smoke had become so thick they could hardly see. Safely back home, Auntie Rose sent Mum on another mission: to go down to Jack Moore's shop opposite the Grand Hotel and get a message out to the men that the fire was

approaching from the South. Mum dutifully headed off again, anxious about the burning leaves and thick smoke swirling around her head. Frightened that the fire was very close, she changed her mind and backtracked along Brackenbury Street to Selby store where she joined the women and children of Warrandyte who were already down at the river sheltering. This time there was no picnic.

Many homes and people were lost that day and the psychological impact was great. But in those days, there was no counselling and not much in the way of compensation. People just had to get on with it. Nana and Pa lived in a tent while they waited for their home to be rebuilt by Ray Wigley. Mum moved down to live with her Auntie Marion who ran the General Store opposite Stiggant's Reserve in the main Street of Warrandyte, until the house was rebuilt six months later. She was glad she didn't have to keep going back home to be reminded of the devastation.

Most of the fruit trees had been either badly damaged or destroyed. Many needed to be pruned back or grafted and didn't bear fruit for several years. Pa had to find work and was fortunate to be offered a position as a Fruit Inspector at the Apple and Pear Board in Doncaster. He supplemented the family income by growing raspberries down on the flats where the peach trees had been.

What tin that remained of Pa's 'State of the Art' coolstore was flattened by the steam roller and used to build an ordinary packing shed. Framework was cut from what stringy bark trees were still standing. The dream of having his own coolstore never resurfaced and Pa continued to take his fruit to the Blue Moon Coolstore in Ringwood for many years to come.

Community Projects

The little community of South Warrandyte lost so much in the fires of '39. Their most important buildings – the school and community hall had been burnt. Both community effort and money was needed to rebuild them. In 1920 Pa had been instrumental in forming a committee to raise money to replace the original and now too small hall that his parents had fund raised to erect in 1910. He had come up with the idea of selling debentures at one pound each to local residents. These bore no interest and were repaid with the proceeds from fund-raising.

Hardworking, humble and with the needs of the community in mind, Pa set out

to get the hall rebuilt. Fortunately there was insurance money to get it to lock up stage. Furniture vans came regularly from Ringwood to the Saturday night dances held to raise money to complete it.

These had always been an important social event in the small community: an opportunity to meet new people. Mum met Dad at one of these dances. The Ringwood boys usually travelled out for the evening after a big day of football.

There was also an urgency to localise the fire fighting efforts in South Warrandyte. Pa was a founding member of the Warrandyte Fire Brigade, formed in 1938. In 1949, he was instrumental in establishing the South Warrandyte Brigade as a separate entity.

The scars of fire began to heal and when the war was over, social life resumed. There was a community interest in creating South Warrandyte's own sporting complex and Pa's leadership shone through again.

Esmac Johnston, Journalist with *The Ringwood Mail* summed up my Grandfather in an article written on Thursday 13th November, 1958 about the opening of Colman Park Recreation Reserve:

South Warrandyte's just completed Recreation ground (for which an enthusiastic group of local people have worked untiringly for 18 months) was officially opened on Cup Day by the Doncaster and Templestowe Shire President, Cr M.T.McKenzie, who spoke of the naming of the ground...

"The Council had decided to honour someone who had done so much for the Shire. So the ground would be christened Colman Park. This is one of those things which do happen in a man's lifetime and Ex-Cr John Colman richly deserves it. Because of his untiring efforts, efforts backed by an excellent committee of workers who hopped in and put their hands to the plough, a cricket ground has been created which will in time be second to none. I now call for three cheers for John Colman."

Following a roar of cheering ex-Cr Colman stepped back to the microphone which was set up on the oval and obviously moved by the honour which had been done him, expressed his appreciation of it, but made it clear the credit for the achievement should be spread among those who had worked so hard for it.

Mum's Story – Growing up in Warrandyte in the 1920's

Life was constant on the orchard; we were up early and the first job was to light the fire. As a child, one of my jobs was gathering sticks from under the gum trees for 'morning wood'.

As we didn't have electricity, the wood stove was essential to heat the kitchen, boil the kettle, cook breakfast and make toast. In winter it was burning all day and there were always two big black kettles full of water so that we had plenty of hot water for cups of tea and washing up. There was no detergent for washing the dishes but I remember the velvet soap that was 'speared' with a fork before being added to the washing up water. That was before soap savers came into being.

After breakfast, animals had to be fed. Horses had their chaff with a handful of bran added. Chooks had wheat in summer but in winter all vegetable peelings were put into an old boiler and simmered on the edge of the stove. Pollard was added to the "Stew" and made a nice warm meal that the chooks loved.

After school our job was to let the chooks out of their fowl house for a run and a scratch in the orchard. Eggs were collected then and we usually got enough eggs for baking and breakfast.

Every now and again we found that one of the hens would go broody and we couldn't get her off the nest. These broody hens would be put in a comfortable nest of straw with a setting of fertile eggs (usually thirteen) and a warm spot found in the shed, away from the other chooks. It took three weeks for the chickens to hatch and it was so exciting when we found little heads popping up from under the mother hen's feathers and wings.

Sometimes the mother hens were very protective and would chase the dog, cat and us if we went too close to her babies. We had special chick feed when they were young but it wasn't long before they learned to scratch in the ground for insects.

Another daily job, usually done by adults, was milking. The cow was given a box of chaff to eat and would stand very quietly while the milking took place. Later in the morning a separator was used to get the cream out of the milk. This was a tiring job for the person who had to stand and turn the handle. The cream would run into a bowl on the left and the skimmed milk went into a bucket on

the right. The skimmed milk was fed to the calf, chooks or pig if you had one. The cream was used on sweets or cakes or made into butter. Butter making was another arm-aching job as we only had a whisk or rotary beater – no mix master in those days.

Life during the Depression

During the depression there were always cousins coming for holidays and the beds on the verandah were in constant use.

Pa would take his reject apples to his sister-in-law, Auntie Win in Richmond. She had a wood yard business and kept a keen eye on the welfare of the community. For those who were short of food, she would make apple tarts.

Pa often found it hard to sell his fruit at the market so would sell door to door in the holiday areas of Belgrave and Tecoma, where people had more money. Sometimes he would give some of the fruit to an orphanage in Kew, on his way home from the market.

We grew tomatoes, beans, cucumbers and pumpkins and Pa would swap a case of fruit for carrots, parsnips, potatoes and cabbages. Pa used to bury the carrots and parsnips just under the soil and they would stay fresh for weeks. Most people had a cow and chooks so we never really suffered in the depression – there was always enough food.

There were many ‘swaggies’ on the road, looking for work at this time and would come to the house asking for food. I can remember them coming on Christmas Day and being given a meal. They would always sit on the verandah and just move on when they had finished. I can’t remember anything being stolen.

The only entertainment in the evenings was the radio that was run on batteries about the size of a car battery. There were special shows we enjoyed listening to: Dad and Dave, Nicky and Nancy Lee, the Flying Axe-handles, Test Cricket and the news. Pa always insisted that we keep very quiet when the news was on.

When the battery got flat, we had to do without our precious radio until Pa was going to a garage and could get it recharged. The old gramophone was used a lot, and we seemed to play the same few records over and over again. Everyone enjoyed playing cards and we often had neighbours coming over for a game.

As well as the wood stove for cooking, there was an open fire in the lounge and in the winter all the women seemed to be knitting jumpers, gloves and socks. Kerosene lamps and candles were used for lighting the rooms but were not very good to read by.

Most people used flat irons. These were heated on the stove then wiped with a clean rag to remove the stove polish so that the clothes didn't get black marks on them. Later on, we got a petrol iron and this made ironing a lot easier.

Dances at the South Warrandyte Hall

The dances were a major social event for the little community of South Warrandyte. People would come from all around. Very few people had cars and many would arrive in horse drawn jinkers and buggies while others would walk and carry a hurricane lamp. Many wore gumboots and changed into their dancing shoes when they arrived at the hall.

The whole family would be there for the evening and two large cots had been built in the corner of the ladies cloakroom so that when the younger children dropped off to sleep, they were put down in the cot until the dance was over.

Older children loved to dance and joined in the Barn Dance with the adults. We learned many old time dances such as the Pride of Erin, Valetta, the Evening Three Step, Parma Waltz, Albert's (a type of square dance) Foxtrot and Modern Waltz. The kids also enjoyed sliding up and down the dance floor between dance brackets. There were always lucky spot prizes and Monte Carlo.

There was never a shortage of entertainment. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Humphris would sing a duet while other entertainers included Gert Robertson from Warrandyte, Mr. Walden, who was a comedian, and his wife and Mr. Jeffrey's who played the flute. By far the most popular group in the district was the entertainment from Ken Milne's band.

Suppertime was a very special event. As sliced bread was generally unavailable in those days, the delicatessen's bacon slicer came in handy to slice the bread for the sandwiches. Each of the women of the district brought a cake or slice of some description and there was always a delicious array of the best of homemade goodies.

A Trip to the Carrucans

Mum remembers that when she was about ten years old,⁷⁰ they went for a Sunday drive to visit Pa's cousin, Paddy Carrucan. Pa used to take eggs to old Mrs. Carrucan⁷¹ at her home in Eltham and Mum remembers of that visit that the family seemed very poor. She can recall Mrs. Carrucan putting the eggs in the bath before she took possession of them, to make sure they were all fresh.

Mum thinks she was the mother of Fanny Carrucan who had passed away some time previously and Mum and her sister Joyce were given some books to look at while they were there. They had Fanny Carrucan written in old ink on the inside page.

The house was a four-roomed cottage with a very small kitchen and a fire roaring inside. There was a very fat fox terrier dog lying next to the fire and it was covered with fleas. It was very unusual for people to have their pets inside in those days and Mum thought it might have been Fanny's dog. The heartbroken Mrs. Carrucan had perhaps allowed the dog to take her place.

Old Mrs. Carrucan offered them some cake, full of plump fruit but Mum refused – the bits of sultana looked too much like the fleas on the foxy's tummy and her appetite was ruined.

Second Generation – 4: Benjamin Colman

Benjamin Colman, born on 15th December 1861 at Eltham, was the fourth of John and Bridget Coleman's children.

In 1888, when he was 26, he married Sarah Stock, born in Greensborough. They had two children, George Patrick, born in 1889 in Clifton Hill and Lilian Ida born in 1893 in Chewton near Castlemaine, Victoria. We have no further trace of this family

Second Generation – 5: Bridget Martin nee Coleman⁷²

Bridget⁷³ (Bertha) Coleman (1864 – 1947), born at Eltham on 6th August 1864, was the fifth of John and Bridget Coleman's children. She grew up in the midst of a very lively, devout family at Eltham, attending the local national school, which became a state school after the 1872 Education Act.

Unfortunately little is known of her life as a child. Her grandson Ken Waller relates:

It seems that people did not talk about their family history in those times. When I started to research my family history, I remember my mother saying “But what would you want to know that for?” Many of the things that would be of fascinating interest these days have never been told and are now lost forever.

However grandma did tell us some stories about people of her time like Ned Kelly and how people were frightened of him and how she met an aboriginal called King Billy (this may have been in the Ballarat district as she used to nod toward the Canadian district south east of Lal Lal Street). She also told us the story of a very well to do man who put aside a large sum of money to pay for a 'first class' funeral but when he died his family buried him in a cheap pine box and keep the rest of the money. Also a song that she sang at school, “Where is the old grey goose I wonder – she has “floowwn” away”. These last two stories, which have stayed in my mind, would bring my sister Thelma and me to fits of laughter and I am sure that Grandma liked to repeat these stories.

It is not known how she and Gerald David Martin (born 10th July 1862) met. Gerald was a miner, a son of John Martin (1829 - 1907), also a miner and Rebecca Lacey (1832 - 1916)⁷⁴ who had married and settled in the Buninyong / Yendon district.

It is an intriguing question, considering the means of transport and geographic isolation – How did a Ballarat boy meet an Eltham girl?

They may have met in Melbourne for, at the time, Gerald was completing a course there. They were married by special licence on 28th December 1894 at the home of the celebrant, Alfred Henry Bryant, 32 Auburn Parade, Upper Hawthorn, Victoria, who gave his denomination as 'Christian' minister on the certificate of marriage. He is now known to have been a Pastor of the Churches of Christ.⁷⁵

This leaves one guessing as to why Bertha and Gerald chose this particular, out of the way, minister as their celebrant. Many in colonial Australia were not firmly denominationally based as a result of the uprooting and dislocation

caused by migration. However it remains a mystery as to why Bridget whose family held strong church links, was not married in a Catholic Church, nor, seemingly with any family member present. The witnesses were strangers! Nor do we know when, or how, she acquired the appellation *Bertha*.

Seeing no future in the mining industry, Gerald had come to Melbourne to train as a baker, presumably in his late '20s. At the time he received his qualifying certificate, the banks were closing their doors in the depression of the 1890s. He was forced by circumstances to return to Ballarat to take up mining again.

At first the young couple lived in various districts surrounding Ballarat, wherever work was to be found. Later they moved to 45 Lal Lal Street in Ballarat East, not far from the 'Canadian' Railway Station.

The Martins had five children, all born in the Ballarat district, all with either nicknames or abbreviations, as was common at the end of the Victorian Era.

Lilian (Lil) Bertha (1896-1984)	married George Stodden
Edwin (Ted) Gerald (1897-1978)	married Lillian Martin
John (Jack) Herbert (1899-1977)	married Eileen Grant
Constance (Connie) Mary (1902-1938)	died young - never married
Rebecca (Rita) Winifred (1905-1989)	married Ernest Waller

Gerald was an intelligent, thoughtful man, as can be seen from the few books that his son Jack inherited. He loved music and had a wind-up gramophone, as pictured on the old *His Master's Voice* records. He was a man of precision and order and went to bed regularly at 10.00 pm when not on night shift. He was sociable, his friends often coming to visit him and to chat for hours. One frequent visitor, who was called Jack, was willing to talk all night. At 10.00 pm Gerald would rise from his chair and say "*Jack, I'm going to bed now. You can stay as long as you like, but please wind the clock, put out the billy (for the milk) and the cat, and close the door.*"

He had a keen sense of humour and was not averse to playing practical jokes. Once, old Jack, who presumably lived some distance away, was on his way to a doctor's appointment. Gerald knew about it and, seeing Jack coming along the road, commented, "*I bet that I can make him forget his appointment.*" He greeted Jack as he passed and involved him in a deep conversation and, after an hour, Jack

suddenly remembered that he should have been at the doctor's.

A miner's life was not easy and often the men had to work on night shifts. This had a deep and lasting effect on his children who had to tiptoe around like mice, either because he was asleep or listening to his music.

Bertha was a totally different personality. She was light-hearted, jolly and full of fun. It was hard for her to be serious; she was so cheerful. It must have been a wrench to leave the warmth of her family circle at Eltham and move to far distant Ballarat. Gerald's family lived in the Ballarat area, and particularly the three youngest of his sisters, Florence, Liliás and Ada, who, it was said *gave themselves airs and thought that they were a cut above their sister-in-law*. One of them was the first telephone operator in Ballarat, which she perceived as being very prestigious. Consequently, there was minimal contact with them.



Bertha and Gerald in the late 1920s at Lal Lal St in Ballarat East

Life was not easy for a miner's wife, who had to subsist, raising a family on a meagre income but Bertha proved to be an excellent planner. To make ends

meet, as the children were growing up, Bertha fostered children who were wards of the State:

Leslie (Les) whom they later adopted. He later married Eileen Cockrane and they had one daughter, Barbara Joyce.

Florence (Flo) who later married Bert McKenzie. They had no children.

Harry - The black sheep of the family.

Ken Waller writes:

Harry was a vague character who was a merchant seaman and who turned up at Lal Lal Street occasionally and was not really welcome except by Grandma who doted on him and would not have anyone complain about his behaviour. My lifelong support for "Collingwood" was born from Harry telling me about Collingwood and joking that I must be a supporter of the Magpies.

As far as Bertha was concerned they were all her children.

Gerald died on 19th April 1930 at the age of 67.

Later when Flo and Les each married and she was freed of her final family commitments, Bertha left Lal Lal Street to spend the "winter" six months of the year with Lil and the "summer" six months with Rita. It proved a very happy arrangement all round because of her gentle nature and her grandchildren always looked forward to her coming, also she always made sure we had a few pennies when we went out.

She would wait until Mum wasn't looking and would hold out her closed hand with a coin or two. Grandma and Dad were great friends and had running jokes that they enjoyed. Grandma used to take a regular dose of Kruschen Salts which she would say made her feel "rosy" so dad used to ask if she felt "rosy" all over? This was a little bit risqué in those days, or in our house it was; they used to have a good laugh. If Grandma was knitting and dropped a stitch Dad would pretend to look around on the floor for it. Simple fun in more innocent times, but Grandma loved it.

A "motor" around Ballarat on Sunday afternoon would fill her with wonder at the changes and the things that were going on.

Bertha died at Lil's after a short illness in 1947, aged 83.

Jim Martin tells of his memories of his grandparents' house at 45 Lal Lal Street, Ballarat:

The house was of weatherboard construction with a galvanised iron roof and gutters feeding rainwater tanks. There was a verandah facing east toward the street. Entry through a front door opened into a modest living room. Two bedrooms opened into the living room. As was a common early Australian practice, the kitchen was a separate out-house with an additional bedroom to its rear. The large deal table was flanked by a bench with loose cushions. The kitchen was the focal point for the family, gathering around the gleaming, black polished, wood fired range. Memorable also, in later years were Sunday night "high tea" and other occasions when Melbourne visitors came, when the Ballarat families dined in the living room from a table groaning with delicious food.

An interesting feature of the house was a walk-in Coolgardie safe about 1.8 m cubed, which meant an ever ready supply of cool food and drinks.

Bertha and Gerald Martin's grandson Ken Waller adds:

To my memory it was a fairly large old house with the kitchen and bathroom in separate buildings behind the main house - not very good in a Ballarat winter.

Bertha and Gerald Martin's third child, Jack, wrote⁷⁶

The history of Ballarat has been well and adequately covered by many competent writers since gold was first found in the year of 1851.

I therefore do not intend to add to the list of authors but merely record a few impressions and recollections of my life in Ballarat, which commenced a few months before the turn of the century. My brother and three sisters had been born within the few years before and after the end of the 19th Century.

My father, for most of his working life had been associated with gold mining as was his father before him, so my first recollections of Ballarat included mining as part of the way of life.

My grandfather arrived in Portland soon after gold was discovered and was

married at Buninyong in the early eighteen fifties. He was in Ballarat at the time of the Eureka Riot. My grandmother recalled on many occasions how she hid behind a log protecting her first born child during the fighting which took place.

Unfortunately, my grandfather was not one of the lucky miners. He eventually settled in the small mining settlement of Durham Lead about twelve miles South of Ballarat. My father was raised in that district. After he was married, he settled in the portion of Ballarat East known as Canadian - overlooked in the deep lead mines spread across the low range of hills called the White Horse Range. To the South was the scene of much activity in the alluvial flats.

In the early days of mining, very few couples could afford to build a complete house before or soon after marriage. The usual procedure was to obtain a 'Miners Right' a legal document which entitled the holder to a block of land provided a dwelling was erected within a certain time. The dwellings of the early miners mostly consisted of two rooms, a living room and a bed room, which were largely built by the miners themselves. The structures were erected so that additional rooms could be added as the family increased.

A rented house in Clayton St, Ballarat East served as a home for my parents until they could arrange to erect a two roomed dwelling in Lal Lal St. This was added to as time progressed and was the family home for half a century.

Further memories of Bertha come from Leila Ammerman née Stodden:

My first memory of my grandparents was being taken every week by my mother, Lillian Stodden, (née Martin) along with my sister Eileen, by pram to Lal Lal St for mum to do the washing for Bertha, and we children would pick flowers and sit on grandad's knee and put them in the buttonholes on his coat and vest.

Ken Waller writes:

In the late 1930's my father, whose family were contractors, took on a road building contract in Melbourne because of the difficult times being experienced after the depression years. Mum used to walk over to Lal Lal Street every Tuesday, pushing Thelma in a stroller and I would ride my

tricycle but this became a bit too much and our family closed up our house in Ascot Street Ballarat and moved temporarily to Lal Lal Street.

I was enrolled at Golden Point State School in 1st class with my teacher a Miss Thomas who was a sister of my teacher Miss Thomas at Urquhart Street State School.

This was the start of my “wild year” - 'a little boy's dream'.

Further down Lal Lal Street was a family called Hocking whose son, about my age, was called Ron, - now his job each morning before school was to take a couple of cows to a paddock in Main Road and of course he needed me to help. It was an important job. This ended when we were hauled up before the School Inspector and informed that we had the worst late records in the whole school; I came a close second to Ron.

Not only was I late for school but late to come home after school. The family of another friend that I made lived at a dairy, which needed to be inspected after school almost every day. This made it necessary to go through one of my favourite areas and one that I visited often in my teenage years to use the swimming pool at the top of the hill. It was then an area of scrub and mullock heaps on which we made wild sledge tracks. This area is now the site of the famous Sovereign Hill Theme Park.

I still remember going through the front gate and trying to keep away from a large cypress hedge along the fence where Mum would be waiting with a switch - and it was clean up and off to bed without tea. But later either Grandma or Auntie Flo would appear with my dinner.

What a place for a boy to live! The area was alive with forbidden things: mullock heaps from the mines to slide down, paddocks, animals, bush and the land opposite Grandma's covered with low scrub and dotted with old mine shafts. At the bottom of this land a quartz crushing battery was still working, it was very noisy but “really” out of bounds because of the old mine shafts.

There were Chinese Joss Houses in Main Road that we would glance at and then hurry past with a little feeling of fear, the wonders of the shops in Main Road, Bridge Street and Sturt Street, the wonderful sights and smells in Mrs. Wright's Grocery store on the corner of Main Road and Lal Lal Street and

the smell of the large pine trees in Grandma's backyard in which lots of magpies lived and warbled and sang. Whenever I hear magpies to this day I immediately think of Grandma's.

We now follow the lives of the five children of Bertha and Gerald Martin.



Three of their five children - Ted, Lil and Jack with their respective partners circa 1950
From left to right: Ted, Nig, Lil, Jack, Eileen and George

Third Generation - Lilian Bertha (Lil) Stodden

Lil, born 1896, married George Stodden in 1922 and they had two daughters, Leila (b 1924) and Eileen (b 1926). George died in 1962 but Lil lived on until 1984.

Eileen married Gordon Pilgrim, a farmer from Winniam via Nhill, and they had two children Valerie and Donald. She tragically died in 1953.

Lil was had a permanent smile on her face and was very much like her mother by nature. All the grandchildren looked forward to going to visit Grandma at Auntie Lil's because she had a pianola and they were thrilled when allowed to play it.

George was a motor trimmer and his garage was lined with all sorts of tools and materials of his trade. This area was off limits unless George was working there.

Fourth Generation: Leila Stodden

Leila Jean Stodden was born on the 24th March 1924 and is the eldest of 2 children to George Arthur Stodden and Lillian Bertha Martin.

Leila grew up in a house next to a church on Grant Street Ballarat. She went to Ballarat State School for her primary school years before attending Ballarat East Girls School until she was 16 years old. When she finished school, Leila went to work as a Fancy Hand Worker on baby clothes for Gower's in Bridge Street Ballarat. At 18, she enlisted in the army and was sent to Melbourne and then Wagga to learn about searchlights. When her training was finished, she was sent to Seventeen Mile Rocks in Brisbane.

While stationed there, Leila met Frederick Bernard (Bernie) Ammerman, a ration supply officer. Bernie courted Leila throughout the war years. After the war, they were married at the York Street Church in Ballarat, and had a wedding reception at The Wattle Centre before leaving for their honeymoon along The Great Ocean road. Afterwards Bernie and Leila moved to Pinkenba, Brisbane where they started a family.

Bernie and Leila had 5 daughters, Glenda Margaret (1948), Eileen Frances (1950), Kathleen Lillian (1952), Leila Jean (1954) and Janice Maree (1955).

On the day that man walked on the moon, Leila returned to the workforce in the spare parts department for Rover Mowers. She worked there for 13 years before retiring. Leila still lives at Pinkenba Brisbane. Her husband Bernie has died.

Fifth Generation: Kathleen Ammerman

Kathleen Lillian Ammerman, the third daughter of Frederick Ammerman and Leila Stodden, was born in 1952.

Kathleen grew up in Pinkenba Brisbane and went to Pinkenba State School till year 7 before continuing her schooling at Kedron High School. After finishing

year 12 in November 1969, Kathleen joined the Navy on January 10th 1970. She signed up for four years and trained as a radio operator. She spent her first 6 months in Melbourne then 6 weeks in Canberra before returning to Melbourne till the end of 1972. At the end of 1972, Kathleen was sent to Darwin for the rest of her time. While there, Kathleen met Keith William Chay, a fellow navy officer, at a party. In 1973, they married at Clayfield, Brisbane.

At the end of 1973 Kathleen left the navy and started as a data process operator for a computer company in Darwin, working there until she and Keith moved to Sydney in early 1975. She did the same work in Sydney till her first child, Alicia, was born in 1979. Kathleen and Keith returned to Darwin before Keith retired from the Navy and the family moved back to Queensland.

Kathleen had another two children, Lachlan, born 1983 in Sydney, and Duncan, born 1985 at Darwin Hospital. When Duncan was starting pre-school, Kathleen returned to the workforce. She worked casually as a teacher's aide at Glasshouse Mountains State School for 10 years, was a traffic controller for 2 years, worked at Australia Zoo for 3 years, then at the local service station until Keith retired in 2007.

They still live at Glasshouse Mountains in Queensland and are enjoying the freedom of retirement and travel.

Third Generation: Edwin Gerald (Ted) Martin

Edwin Gerald (Ted) Martin was born in Ballarat, Victoria on 22nd August 1897, the second child of Gerald and Bertha Martin.

In 1912 he began a six year apprenticeship with Cowley's foundry as a boilermaker. That same year he joined the senior cadets at Ballarat 70B, later enrolling in the 21st Rfn Unit. On the 17th August, 1916, he enlisted as a private in the Australian Imperial Forces in Melbourne, at the age of 18 years 11 months, with his apprenticeship still to complete. He was assigned to the Eighth Battalion, of the Second Brigade.

Ted embarked for active service abroad on the *Nestor* in Melbourne on 2nd October 1916, disembarking in Plymouth on 16th November. After three months training in England, interspersed with three weeks in Parkhouse Hospital, Ted proceeded to France on 13th March 1917 and two weeks later

joined the Eighth Battalion in France. After two months in the trenches and involvement in the Second Battle of Bullecourt, he contracted trench fever and was sent to England, being admitted to Bath War Hospital on 18th June 1917. Five weeks later he was discharged and, after further training in England, embarked at Southampton for France on 20th September. There he rejoined the Eighth Battalion. Ted's second military involvement was in the Battle of Passchendaele, which had begun five days previously. As winter approached, his battalion was sent to the area of the Messines trenches, their aim to harass the enemy and to build up fortifications while things were quiet. Each battalion was to prepare and carry out one raid. Ted's comrades were at a post in "Green Wood", where they repulsed a German raid and captured two officers.

The end of January saw him taking three weeks' leave in England, things being quiet on the Western Front. He returned to active service from 16th February to 24th June 1918. During this time he took part in the Battle of the Lys. On 3rd May the Germans, under Ludendorff, pushed forward and were repulsed by the Allies. Then he contracted influenza for a week and was hospitalised. He appears to have recovered more quickly than expected. On 9th July 1918, he absconded from the camp hospital with some of the mates he had made there, went off to town for a wild time and was apprehended in a drunken state. He was charged for two offences, breaking out of camp and being drunk in town, and deprived of 21 days' pay by an irate Lieutenant-Colonel C. Myles.

On 28th July, Ted rejoined the Eighth Battalion. Just under a month later, on 25th August 1918, he was wounded and gassed and sent to England to recuperate. He was admitted to Beaufort War Hospital in Bristol five days later and then transferred to the Third Auxiliary Hospital at Dartford. On 10th October he was released from hospital and sent to the Command Depot at Weymouth. Here the lively young soldier could not be constrained and he was reported "absent without leave" for six days. For this offence he was docked 18 days' pay by Major A N Aitken. He was then sent to the Overseas Training Brigade at Longbridge Deverill while awaiting repatriation to Australia, embarking on the Ceramic on 25th January 1919 and arriving in Melbourne on 23rd March. He was met at the ship by some of his family and by a paternal uncle who conned him into buying a large allotment of land in Broadmeadows as had been his younger brother Jack. Both kept this land for over 25 years, unhappy that it was deemed useless and that they both had paid excessive

money to the council for rates and for clearing blackberries. After the Second World War they both sold their land, just before the massive post-war immigration began, and this land was subdivided for housing. Had they kept the land for a few more years, they would have died wealthy men! On 24th June 1919, Ted was discharged from the AIF at Melbourne as being medically unfit with the disability of having been gassed.

Ted returned to Ballarat as a local hero. The story goes that he and another local returned serviceman were invited to tea by an elegant Ballarat lady as a sign of her gratitude for their efforts overseas. When they sat down to tea at the table groaning with cakes and other good things, she pointed to various items and told them not to eat them because she was keeping them for Sunday tea. If they would like to have some, they were welcome to come back then.

Civilian life obviously did not sit well with Ted as, on 1st June 1920, he enlisted in the Royal Australian Navy, exactly one year after he had been discharged from the AIF. Not much has been recorded about his immediate post-war life but he must have recovered enough from his war injuries to be able to join the RAN. He started with a contract for seven years and was sent first to the Port Melbourne land base HMAS *Cerberus*. In the ensuing years he served on the *Cerberus* HMAS *Brisbane*, HMAS *Penguin*, HMAS *Marguerite* and then HMAS *Brisbane* and the *Cerberus* again. Ted was stationed at the London Depot and was there for eighteen months before returning to Australia.

In 1927 Ted married Lillian (Nig) Edith Martin (no blood relation) at St Peter's Church, Eastern Hill, Melbourne. Nig was ten years older than Ted, but he did not know this until after she died in 1975.

Since he was stationed in Sydney after his return, they made their home at Ford Street, Mona Vale where they grew glasshouse tomatoes as a sideline. On 3rd August 1927, Ted rejoined the *Australia* (overseas) for eight months and for the next twelve years served again on the *Australia* (twice), the *Adelaide*, the *Cerberus*, the *Penguin* (three times) the *Sydney*, the *Vendetta*, the *Waterben* and the *Sydney*.

During this time Ted had an impeccable record, his character rating being "very good". Between 1922 and 1925 he was granted the first, second and third good conduct badges. Moreover, he undertook various courses to improve his skills as an engineer. His naval records give him the highest rating for his ability,

Chief Engine Room Artificer. In June 1931 he completed the Advanced Engineering Certificate, gaining a result of 80%.



Ted Martin circa 1920

Just before the outbreak of the Second World War, the effects of the gassing in the First World War were beginning to weaken him and he retired, only to be recalled when war was declared in September 1939. From 1st September 1939 to 27th December 1941 he was on the *Australia*, serving through the Battle of Britain. On 26th March 1941 he was mentioned in dispatches for his “*skill, resource and devotion to duty*”. This was followed in his award, on 2nd July 1941, of the British Empire Medal.

Citation: Martin, Edward Gerald. Chief Engineroom Artificer 12460

For outstanding zeal and devotion to duty in HMAS AUSTRALIA. He has consistently set the highest example to his subordinates. He was in charge of the engine room when it was penetrated by a shell on 25 September, 1940 and displayed great coolness and presence of mind. (LS&G~M 1937)).

This was awarded by Rear Admiral Muirhead-Gould in Sydney on 27th May 1942.

Thereafter Ted served on various vessels until the end of the war, being discharged on 16th November 1945. At the end of the war he was suffering badly from shell shock, and it was the nursing care by Nig that brought him through. It was considered highly suitable for him to take on some part-time work as part of his rehabilitation. For some time he served as a watchman at the Garden Island Dockyard. Later he worked at the Ford Pill factory where his engineering skills greatly improved their output. Indeed, the delighted managers were keen for him to stay there as long as he wished.

However, Ted and Nig moved back to Victoria to be near Nig's ageing mother at Doncaster. Having lived in an idyllic setting at Mona Vale, they did not wish to live in an urban setting. Therefore, they bought a house in a rural setting in Burke Road, Upper Ferntree Gully, not far from the Dandenong Ranges. There they lived happily for three decades. Ted bought one of the first Holden cars, which he kept in excellent condition. When he felt that he was getting too old to drive, he asked his brother Jack whether his son, John, might be interested in it as a present. "*Thanks, but he already has a car!*" was the reply. Again a fortune was lost!

Unfortunately, their only child died. They were very popular with their nephews and nieces in Melbourne. Nig died on 29th October 1975 and Ted on 12th November 1978.

Third Generation: John Herbert (Jack) Martin

John Herbert (Jack) Martin, the third child of Gerald and Bertha Martin, was born in one of the outlying mining districts of the Ballarat region on 19th June 1899. His primary schooling was local. Not long before his death when visiting the Museum in Melbourne he saw a coach belonging to a firm called Aisbett, with Scarsdale-Scottsdale written on the side. He reminisced that it was on that coach he and some of his friends would hop on the back step, unseen by the coachman, and thus obtain a free ride to school if undiscovered. His secondary schooling was at the Ballarat School of Mines where he undertook study for a Diploma of Analytical Chemistry, graduating at the end of 1918.

Jack attended several local Sunday Schools concurrently with great regularity in order to win some books as prizes. Early in life he showed his father's sense of

order. It was his weekly task to clean out the family's chook house and run. He did an excellent job and was upset that the chooks soon messed up the yard, suggesting that he be given permission to insert corks to prevent this sacrilege. It must have been in the latter part of his schooling that the family moved to 45 Lal Lal Street in Ballarat East.

Jack was employed as an analytical chemist in 1919 by the Colonial Ammunition Factory in Footscray. This later became the Commonwealth Ammunition Factory. He worked there for his entire working life, attaining a position of great responsibility, especially during World War II and eventually retiring in 1964. It was a British company which was established in Australia for the manufacture of armaments during the First World War.

Within a few years, probably by 1921, this factory was taken over by the Commonwealth of Australia to form the basis of its small arms manufacture. Jack's work in the laboratory took him more and more into the field of non-ferrous metallurgy. He was concerned with the production of cartridges, which involved very complex metallurgy and highly refined machinery, requiring a skilled labour force. By the late 1930s, Jack's particular area had expanded to include the actual filling and final assembly of the cartridges with explosives. By this time he had been promoted as Assistant Manager.

Jack was deeply concerned with his parents' welfare, particularly his mother's when she became widowed. He dutifully wrote to her every Monday evening and before the war the Mont Albert Martins made regular trips to Ballarat on Sunday excursion tickets to visit her. After lunch he and his mother went off for a good talk. She looked to Jack for advice on most things. These trips were appreciated. Ken Waller notes:

...we would then go with Dad to take Uncle Jack back to the Railway station for his return trip to Melbourne. These visits were always looked forward to with pleasure and excitement and we felt that we played a part in his visit and his safe return to Melbourne.

On moving to Melbourne, Jack made contact with his aunt Martha Sloan at Warrandyte and often spent weekends at her home before he was married. He was fascinated with this family which boasted 16 surviving children. On the Carrucan side of his family, it was mainly the Sloans with whom he kept

contact, especially Paul who, during the Second World War, drove the bus between Box Hill and Warrandyte.

On 9th October 1926 he married Eileen Gladys Grant (born 1899) at the Presbyterian Church in Alma Road, St Kilda. Eileen, the daughter of James Grant, a blacksmith at Tallangatta, and Annie née Brady, had trained as a nurse at the Children's Hospital in Melbourne and before her marriage was working as a private nurse. They had met at dancing classes.

After the engagement, Jack and Eileen bought a block at 1 Rowland Street Mont Albert and, by the time of the marriage, the house was built. It may now seem strange that they settled so far from Jack's work at Footscray, but they were both of rural background and at that time Mont Albert was a semi-rural area. Indeed they set up a mini-farm. Soon two sons were born, James David in 1927 and John Stanley in 1933.

It was a stable, caring and supportive community which, whilst not intrusive, was able to rally to support families and individuals in emergencies. There were sufficient young of any age for there to be satisfying play groups. John Martin wrote

An effect of frugality inherited, and further engendered in our parents by the Depression, was the development of a spirit of self-sufficiency. Like many, our home had its 'veggie' plot within a rapidly developing garden.

The outbreak of the Second World War meant a drastic intensification of Jack's work with the plant at Footscray expanding 20-fold to 30-fold. He worked very long hours and often his family rarely saw him. By 1943 the war in the Pacific Theatre had accelerated so Australia became a major supplier to the armed forces in that conflict. The Footscray factory was pressed beyond its capacity and it was decided to build a duplicate factory at Finsbury in Adelaide. Jack was sent across to manage this operation. His original appointment was for six months and he commuted back to Melbourne every six to eight weeks. For that reason the family did not relocate to Adelaide. The South Australian factory was just coming into production at the end of the war in 1945 when it instantly became redundant. The ammunition section was immediately dismantled but the brass-rolling mill was retained for a period. This produced a high-quality product, desperately needed in the post-war industrial expansion. Thus the

government factory with its commercial production was the only government enterprise making a profit. Jack stayed on at Finsbury until the end of 1948 before returning to his old position at Footscray.

His wartime pressures were extreme, carrying a high level of responsibility. His working day had been from about 8am to 10pm six days a week. Throughout this period his health was good, but the cumulative effect was felt at the time of the Olympic Games in 1956 when he had a coronary thrombosis. It was difficult for such an energetic man suddenly to curtail his activities, but he accepted his limitations and soon returned to a nearly normal life. He retired on 19th July 1964.

His pride and joy was his garden, which he started from scratch on a bare suburban allotment with poor soil. The family lived as much from the soil as was possible, harking back to their rural ancestors in the British Isles and Ireland. Jack was in many ways a loner, not given to great socialising, unlike his gregarious wife and sons. But he had a small circle of friends to whom he was very loyal. He was not an outwardly emotional man, but he was always there for his family as a help and stay.

Growing up in a declining gold-mining town, of poor parents, and surviving the rigours of the Depression, Jack had benefited from the opportunities of education and he sought to provide such opportunities for his children. To achieve this, he and Eileen sacrificed many pleasures and opportunities.

Nor was he much of a joiner. In his earlier years he was a member of the Society of Chemical Industry of Victoria and attended the occasional meeting and excursion. In the 1920s he joined the Freemasons, but his interest in that organisation dwindled. In the mid 1930s he became involved in the Box Hill Horticultural Society. In the years after the War, time and again, Box Hill won the shield for the “Garden City”, largely possible through the inspiration of the society. The Martin family regularly attends monthly meetings and actively participated in the behind the scenes organisation of the Spring, Autumn, Iris and Chrysanthemum Shows and in the meticulous maintenance of the garden at No. 1 Rowland Street, entered in the annual Herald Garden competition.

Jack was not an overtly religious man, but was of a quiet, contemplative nature. After his illness in 1956, he became interested in St Andrew’s Presbyterian

Church in Box Hill, which his wife and sons attended. He was deeply influenced by the outstanding ministry of the Rev Stanley Ray. He became a dedicated member of the congregation and was soon ordained elder and used his skills as historical recorder of the congregation.

This activity was indicative of some of his characteristics. He was a meticulous man and would painstakingly undertake any task with great precision. Although he was not a great natural handyman, he trained himself to become one in the days of 'do it yourself' and 'sustainability'. This was exemplified by No 1 Rowland Street's empty garbage can.



1971 – Jack and Eileen Martin with grand children Catherine, Ann, Elizabeth and Richard

A highlight of Jack and Eileen's life was a trip to Europe in 1959. They toured the British Isles and made two trips to the Continent on organised tours, one covering France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany and the other around Scandinavia. Their son John was already over there and met up with them in several places. Eileen met some of her Scottish family and this gave Jack an interest in his own background, which he pursued upon return. They also enjoyed short tours around Victoria.

Jack died on 28th May 1977 and Eileen died on 19th April 1979.

Fourth Generation: James David (Jim) Martin

James David (Jim) Martin, the first born child to Jack and Eileen, was born 2nd December, 1927. The family extended in 1933 with the birth of his brother John.

The Depression engendered frugality and a spirit of self-sufficiency. They had their 'veggie' gardens. This also encouraged the development of recycling of garden and household waste as compost.

After Kindergarten, Jim attended Mont Albert Primary School and later Surrey Hills State. In each case, home was a quarter of an hour walk from the school. In 1940 Jim transferred to Scotch College for his secondary education. Those early days of WWII were to colour his remaining school years. The home was vitally affected as Jack Martin held an executive position in the nation's premier ammunition factory. This meant his absence from home from early morn till late at night. Many family chores fell to Jim, significantly increasing when, toward the end of the War, Jack was transferred to Adelaide to manage a new ammunition factory.

Entering the University of Melbourne in 1947, Jim commenced a science course, following his father's lead with a view to major in metallurgy. He soon reduced his studies to part time, accepting an appointment as a research assistant in the Bailieu Laboratory in the Metallurgy School researching the properties of titanium alloys as high strength materials. In 1952 he accepted an appointment as a metallurgist with Rola Company. Later, as a research assistant with Aeronautical Research Laboratories, he worked as a research assistant in the High Temperature Metals Group (1953 - 56).

Responding to the appeal of studies in the humanities, Jim transferred to the Faculty of Arts. With the change of direction in his studies, he affirmed his sense of calling into the Presbyterian Ministry. He was accepted into the Theological Hall at Ormond College, University of Melbourne, commencing theological studies in 1957, graduating in 1960.

During his university years Jim linked with the Student Christian Movement and the Choral Society, editing the Science Faculty Society's annual magazine, *Science*

Review and, in 1951, serving as Victorian State Treasurer of the SCM.

Jim's marriage with Helen Dallimore in November 1960 began a three-year sojourn at Apollo Bay, Victoria, as minister to the Joint Presbyterian-Methodist Parish. This appointment was an eventful period: Jim and Helen's first daughter, Catherine, was born, Jim became a volunteer Ambulance Officer and was appointed as an Honorary Probation Officer of the Childrens' Courts.

In January 1964, Jim moved to St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, East Geelong while Helen left Apollo Bay for Melbourne to return to Geelong with their newly born son, Richard to the their new Manse in Geelong.

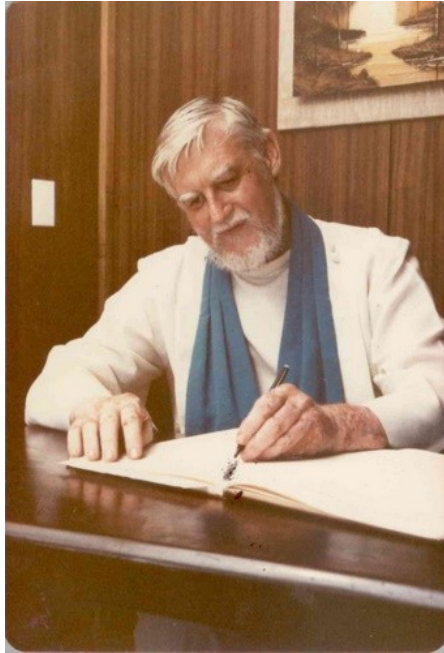
The following three years at St Andrew's saw both Helen and Jim involved in the local and wider community. For Jim, work with the various Councils of the Church increased and the link with the Ambulance Service changed as he became the representative of the Apollo Bay Volunteers on the Regional Council. In due course he was appointed as that Council's representative at the State level. This included membership of the State Training Committee and lecturing at the Ambulance Training School. Elizabeth, Jim and Helen's second daughter was born during this time

In 1967 Jim was appointed as to The Geelong College, a post he held until 1971. This necessitated the acquisition of a new home, moving from East Geelong to Newtown, Geelong. It was this new home that Ann Louise, Helen and Jim's third daughter was to enter. During these years, Jim served a term as Chaplain to the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, and he also served a two-year term as the Moderator of the Presbytery of Geelong.

Jim was next appointed as Principal of The John Flynn College, a co-residential College within James Cook University of North Queensland. The appointment involved the translocation of the family to Townsville, to live in a house yet to be constructed. The foundations were poured, auspiciously the day before Christmas Eve 1971, when Cyclone Althea devastated Townsville, including many of the University buildings. It was a rough and rude awakening to the new venture for Jim, newly arrived from the south. The rest of the family flew in on the first civil flight after the airport reopened, a week later.

As principal of a Church based Residential University College, Jim exercised diverse roles as pastor, administrator, tutor, counsellor, fund raiser, and

manager. The principal was automatically as member of the Faculty of Arts and opportunities presented in time to serve the university as history tutor, Chairman of the Board of Studies for the Social Work Department, and member of the University Ethics Committee.



Jim in his role as Principal of 'The John Flynn College', a co-residential College within James Cook University of North Queensland

As part of his graduate studies with the University of New England in 1980, Jim undertook a study of residence provided in universities in Britain, Europe, the USA and Canada visiting universities in each area. He extended this later, visiting New Zealand and Australian universities.

In 1978, the year following the union of the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, the Queensland Government sought to eject the church staff from the Aboriginal Communities of Arukun and Mornington Island. As Chairman of Presbytery, Jim took a leading role on the ground during the working out of this tense situation. Jim became the Secretary of Trustees and for several years acted as Director Fund Raising for a Joint Residential Colleges

Appeal. For nineteen years he was Chairman of the North Queensland Committee of the Queensland Marriage Guidance Council.

He retired in 1992, settling with Helen in Balwyn, a Melbourne suburb. With extra time now at his disposal, he threw himself into many initiatives, including the ongoing Carrucan genealogical research. He travelled to Fanore in 1996 and met his Irish cousins. Filled with enthusiasm, he worked as part of the planning committee for the highly successful 1998 reunion and then took the reins as the family worked towards the sesquicentenary celebrations of 2004. This culminated in a huge family reunion and the publication of *Dirt Poor Spirit Rich*, a comprehensive Carrucan genealogical listing.



2009 – Jim Martin (right) with cousin Michael Carrucan, brother John and cousin Mary Conheady

His thoughts then turned to a book and, for the next 5 years, he cajoled the wider family into contributing anecdotes and stories. Indeed, no one knew the extended family better than Jim.

With enough material now on hand, the book could become a reality and he gathered a small but enthusiastic group to push forwards. But Jim always

remained the driving force and it was his vision that guided everyone all towards a final product.

Jim had been struggling in his last years with a number of serious health issues but he was never one to complain or let increasing frailties get in his way. Indeed, it was probably the book that kept him going for as long as he did and he remained fully committed to it right to the end.

Jim died at home on the morning of Wednesday 13 April 2011, aged 83 years. This book is dedicated to his memory

Fourth Generation: John Stanley Martin

John Stanley Martin was born 9th July 1933 at St George's Hospital in Kew to Eileen and John Martin.

His childhood was very happy and secure in the wake of his elder brother Jim. Life was very simple, centred on school and church, and in the context of a close-knit and supportive neighbourhood community, of which many members had moved to the city from rural areas. It is now hard to realise that this occurred against a background of a world war raging in Europe and in the Asia-Pacific region.

John attended nearby Surrey Hills State School, and later Mont Albert Central School, and followed to Scotch College in Hawthorn. Each of these schools fostered a love of and respect for culture and learning. From 1950-53, John was granted a studentship from the Education Department which committed him to teach for three years at the conclusion of his course, This enabled him to enrol in arts, including modern languages (French and German) and history, at the University of Melbourne followed by a year in the Education Faculty to qualify as a secondary teacher.

In 1955 John was appointed to teach at the Nathalia Higher Elementary School and then for two years in Beechworth. He became enthralled by the history of Beechworth, having grown up with stories of his maternal grandparents' childhoods on the nearby Stanley and Yackandandah goldfields. John's mind had been set alight at the prospect of further study, but was prevented from

doing so by departmental rules. Encouraged by a perceptive lecturer in German, John attended the Saturday class in Old Norse (the ancient Viking tongue) at the home of Professor Lodewyckx, the retired professor of Germanic Languages. This encounter was the turning point in his life. The Old Norse class was like a secret society; once in, one was a member for life. John became an enthusiast about the Vikings and Iceland.

During these three years, he prepared for his trip abroad by making up with the honour's elements of the German course, studying for a Bachelor of Education by correspondence, including preparing a history of education in North East Victoria, and writing the centenary history of two churches and the history of a third.

Having become an ardent admirer of Iceland as a result of the contact with the Lodewyckx class in 1954, John could hardly wait to get there. Desperately keen to go to Europe as a post-graduate student and aware that he was not in the very top group in French and German, he realised that, as more a plodding tortoise than a brilliant hare, he had little hope of winning a scholarship against the strong competition. Therefore he proposed to research Viking society, its language and ancient mythology. This novel idea worked wonders.

In January 1958 John set sail for Naples on the *Sydney*. He was away for precisely two years, spending eight months in 1958 in Iceland and six months in Vienna researching for an M.A. thesis on ancient Scandinavian mythology, which the University of Melbourne required to be written in German. The rest of the time was given to travelling around Europe and North America.

On his return, John taught for a further year at Beechworth, now a high school, and for four years at Balwyn High School, while tutoring in German at the university and helping to write and produce German school programmes. At last the M.A. was written and he was offered a Ph.D. Scholarship. Therefore, much of 1965 and 1966 was spent in Copenhagen probing further into ancient Scandinavian mythology. When the thesis was completed, he spent 1968 doing post-doctoral research in Uppsala.

In 1969, John was appointed Lecturer in Charge of Swedish and Old Icelandic at the University of Melbourne, becoming a Senior Lecturer in 1979 and Associate Professor and Reader in 1988. The same year he was made a Knight of Royal Swedish Order of the Polar Star. The Swedish Section, founded in 1962, was a small operation. John worked hard to build it up to become a viable unit. In 1995 he retired from the University of Melbourne. During the 27 years at the university he wrote and edited books and produced articles on a range of topics, including mediæval Iceland, mythology, the mediæval church, Scandinavians and their communities in Australia and liturgical language.



John Martin (1933-2010)

On 29th May 1971 John married Helen Elizabeth Lawrence Tucker at St Mark's Anglican Church in Canterbury. Helen was born in Perth on 15th April 1930, to Basil Tucker and his wife Alice (née Kirkhope). Helen trained as a nurse at the Children's Hospital in Perth and the Alfred Hospital in Melbourne.

In 1974 John and Helen adopted Nigel Alasdair (born 1969) and in 1975 Robert

Daniel (born 1972).

John and Helen took a year's sabbatical leave in 1978 to live in Lund in southern Sweden. Thereafter, John took study leave at Monash University from which he was able to attend overseas conferences.

Helen and John were members of the foundation committee of the Adoptive Parents' Association of Victoria (APAV) and later joined the Association of Family and Friends of the Mentally and Emotionally Ill (ARAFEMI). To each organization, they made a significant contribution.

As ecumenically-minded Christians, Helen and John attended Presbyterian (later Uniting) and Anglican congregations and were guest-members of the Swedish and Danish congregations of Melbourne. Being a staff member of the University of Melbourne, John was able to study theology part time over a long period at the United Faculty of Theology. He was awarded a Bachelor of Theology and a Master of Theology (on the History of the Swedish Church in Melbourne as an ethnic congregation) from the Melbourne College of Divinity.

After a long illness, Helen died on 28th October 2007.

Following her death, John set forth on a tour of the WWI battlefields, then a further tour to Fanore to see the village from which his great great grandmother Bridget Carrucan had come. On a later trip, he became ill whilst in Rome, needing hospitalisation. He was evacuated home for therapy with an esophageal stomach cancer. John died on 19th January 2010.

Third Generation: Constance Mary (Connie) Martin

Constance Mary (Connie) Martin was Gerald and Bertha's second daughter. She was born in 1902 but died young, in 1938. Her nephew Ken Waller reminisces

Thelma and I remember being spoiled by Connie and playing games with her. Connie never married. Auntie Connie was our favourite when we were young but her early death was a blow even at our young age. She was the closest in the family to Mum.

Third Generation: Rebecca Winifred (Rita) Martin

Rebecca Winifred (Rita) was the fifth child born to Gerald and Bertha Martin, in 1905. In 1932, she married Ernest Arthur (Ernie) Waller who, with his brother, had established a contracting business. They began their family life at Ascot Street in Ballarat West and had two children, Kenneth David (1931) and Thelma Winifred (1933).

Like her mother, Rita was also a very gentle woman. She loved the closeness of her family and her companionship with Ernie, and they did everything together. She loved her letter writing and doing the crosswords in the newspaper.

Ernie collapsed and died in 1965 so Rita continued on in Ascot Street, living alone. For some time she carried on part of the business as owner of a concrete truck and part owner of the contracting business with George Waller. She made several holiday trips to Brisbane to see Lil and in her last years became quite frail. It was Les, one of her foster children, who on one of his regular visits in June 1989 found that she had passed away sitting in her lounge room.

Fourth Generation: Kenneth David (Ken) Waller

Kenneth David (Ken) Waller, the elder son of Ernie and Rita Waller, was born in Ballarat in 1931. Ken writes

... I wanted to work with Dad in the contracting business but he wanted me to study electrical engineering. I worked for him for a short while “in the stone quarry” but he kept forgetting to draw my wages and the “penny dropped”.

After a short period with the Victorian Railways in the electrical workshops, Ken returned to Ballarat and worked in the State Savings Bank until he was able to get into the engineering field as an engineering surveyor. He carried out small transmission line surveys in the Ballarat area that included areas within about a 25 mile radius of Ballarat. This involved investigation and preliminary design to set specifications, the pegging and detailed sketching for the preparation of the construction plan. This was work that Ken really enjoyed and it was a real challenge, also a thrill to watch the construction of your work.

Just before he left to go to Sydney to marry Zeita Coleman, he was given the

task of surveying and pegging the extension of the electricity network between Ercildoune and Beaufort plus the township reticulation of Beaufort, a job that would have normally been undertaken by head office survey teams.

In Sydney, Ken had employment as a survey draughtsman and then an engineering surveyor/manager with a contracting company. He started his own contracting company when the owner of this company retired. Zeita and Ken were in business for the next 25 years as “K.D.WALLER. PTY. LTD Road and Drainage and Civil Engineering Contractors”.

They have two sons: Richard, a financial accountant in the insurance field and David who married Judith Neiuwenhuis with whom he has three daughters, Helen, Susan and Kathryn. David is a senior lecturer at The University of Technology, Sydney.



Ken and Zeita Waller with Richard (left), David and Judith

And what of the foster children with whom the Martin children grew up? Ken Waller again comes to the fore.

Auntie Flo was a great favourite of mine and in later years I would go to her place for holidays and I boarded with them for a short time while working in Melbourne.

Mum and Auntie Flo were very close and corresponded for many years; we used to wait for Auntie FIO's letter each week. Uncle Bert was a Warder at

Pentridge Goal until his retirement. They had no children.

Uncle Les, I was told, was the only one of the three foster children who was eventually adopted because of his sensitivity of “not belonging”. I noticed this craving for acceptance in later life, but he need not have worried as he was a very good man and was always referred to as “Uncle Les” by us.

Uncle Les was also close to Mum, probably because she was the youngest of the natural children and closer to their ages. He would often call at our place and do “little jobs” for Mum, he was a very gifted handyman and could turn his hand to anything. I remember that it was Uncle Les who taught me to drive a horse and cart when we stayed at Grandma’s as a small boy.

Les married Eileen Cockrane and they had one daughter Barbara Joyce. The marriage ended around the early 50’s and many years later Les married another Eileen.

Barbara, Les’s daughter, is the only family member living in the Ballarat area today.

Second Generation – 6: Margaret (Maggie) Colman

Margaret Kate (Maggie), born in 1865 in Eltham, was the sixth child of Bridget and John Coleman. In 1888, aged 23, she married James Stephen Sloan in Eltham and they had 14 children

James Martin (1888)	Paul (1899)
John Patrick (Jack) (1889)	Lorna (1901)
George Henry (Harry) (1891)	Sylvester
Ruby May (1892)	Nora
Harold Leo (1893)	Nelly
Cornelius Albert (1895)	Lilian (1908)
Kevin Vincent (1898)	Kathleen (1912)

Sylvester died at 9 months of age but the others all continued on into adult life and nearly all married, thus generating many subsequent family lines.

Second Generation – 7: George Hollick Coleman

George Hollick, youngest of Bridget and John Coleman's children, was born on 14th September 1867 in Eltham.

He married Mary Anne Bourke on 8th September 1894 and they had three children, John Raymond (1895), George and Mary Agnes.

George was a carpenter by trade and he and Mary lived on the edge of Eltham, along the Research Road.

The Patrick Carrucan – Mary O’Brien Line

Patrick Carrucan was one of six children born to a poor farming couple, Patrick and Bridget Carrucan, in Doolan, County Clare in Ireland in 1831.

When Patrick married Mary O’Brien (born circa 1838 at Ennis, County Clare) in 1856 at Ennistimon, County Clare, she was 18 and and he was 26. Later in that same year, the young couple left Ireland, bound for Australia. Once there, they joined Patrick’s sister Bridget and her husband John Coleman in Eltham.

Initially they occupied a small Eltham farm of some 14 acres, bought from a farming family called Ball. For the first few years, Patrick and Mary lived in a hut on the farm but Mary’s father Sylvester O’Brien came out from Ireland and built them a house at the corner of Dalton St and Bible St.

Patrick’s grand daughter Kitty Bourke was one of the first to research the early Carrucans in Eltham. Her notes state

In 1856 Patrick Carrucan married Mary O’Brien and sailed for Australia on “Unassisted Passage” tickets, and on arrival settled in Eltham. Mary’s father, Sylvester O’Brien, came with them, saw them settled, (some say helped to build the house) and then returned to Ireland. They could read and write, but Mary only in Gaelic. She learned English from the children.

Patrick and Mary had ten children between 1858 and 1874

Bridget: 1858-1949	Mary Anne: 1868-1938
Michael (Mick): 1860-1943	Catherine (Kate): 1869-1940
Susan (Sue): 1862-1942	Theresa Margaret: 1871-1920
Patrick: 1864-1928	Frances: 1872-
Thomas: 1866-1867	Anne (Babe): 1874-1946.

Few stories have survived to tell us of those early days in Eltham. One records

When Patrick went to market, he left at 4:00pm and arrived at the market by midnight. Mary, who was said to be illiterate, would accost the first farmer returning from market and ask the price of cherries, etc., to determine know

how much he should be handing over.

Bridget married Patrick Lane in 1875, Susan married Edward Kent in 1881, Mary Anne married Jeremiah Lodge in 1895, Catherine married Laurence Foley in 1900, Theresa Margaret married Edward Bourke, Frances married Thomas Keane in 1896 and Annie married James Calnin in 1897. Thus in one generation, the direct descendant lines included Carrucans, Kents, Lodges, Foleys, Bourkes, Keanes and Calnins.



We think that this photo, taken in the late 1880s, shows Patrick and Mary Carrucan. If so, it is the only photo that we have of Patrick.

Others also came from Ireland. Mary Dempsey remembers Susan O'Brien whom we now assume was Mary O'Brien's sister. Susan O'Brien was a

psychiatric nurse and for a time lived in Ballarat with Babe (Anne Carrucan, youngest child of Patrick Carrucan and Mary O'Brien). It would appear that she had no children. Mary Dempsey recalls her as a woman in black clothes who taught her to play the card game Patience. She says Susan would play Patience for hours.

Patrick and Mary lived at Eltham for the rest of their lives. Patrick died on 6th October 1894 at the age of 63. Family folk law has it that he died from a broken back after being run over by his own bullock cart. Patrick's death certificate says he died from paraplegia arising from a fracture of the seventh vertebrae. This does seem to lend authenticity to that story.

Patrick died with an existing will that directed his widow Mary be made sole Executrix. This was granted and she would have then handed the material matters over to Cole and O'Heare, the family lawyers.

The Application for Probate listed his holdings as follows

- Land being lot 460 and part of lot 19 of Portion 12 section 4 at Eltham Parish of Nillumbik containing 5 acres 1 rood 24 perches. Shire Valuation £200.
- Land being lot 53 Portion 12 Section 4 Nillumbik containing 2 perches upon which is erected an old WB and slat house containing 6 rooms. Shire valuation £140.
- Land being Lot 2 Section 18 Nillumbik containing 61 acres upon part of which there is an orchard and part of grass land. Shire valuation £800.
- Land being part of Crown Portion 12 Section 4 at Eltham containing 3 acres 1 rood and 28 perches. Shire valuation £200.
- Land at corner of Dalton and Bible Streets Eltham containing 2 acres 2 roods 10 perches. Shire valuation £100.
- Land being lots 1 and 2 Section 12 at Eltham containing 2 acres. Shire valuation £100.
- Land being Allotment 5 Section 12 at Eltham Parish of Nillumbik containing one acre 2 roods 21 perches, upon which there is an orchard. Shire valuation £60.

The total land holdings were valued £1600 and his total assets at £1887. Thus

he died with significant assets to pass onto his surviving wife and children.

Mary lived on for a further 33 years, continuing to reside at the Dalton Street farm with her son Mick and his family, until she died in 1927 at the age of 90.

Patrick and Mary were buried together in the same plot in the Catholic section of the Eltham Cemetery, the headstone a reminder of those early Irish immigrants. In fact it is the only headstone still extant from these first Carrucans. The gravestone was in such disrepair that Betty Erickson (nee Carrucan) paid to have a new one erected in the late 1970s. Unfortunately, this gravestone, like the original, only honours Patrick and does not record the other family members buried there, including his wife Mary. It is a must-see on any tour of the Eltham cemetery.



Patrick Carrucan's family plot at the Eltham Cemetery

The original farm at Dalton St stayed in family hands for many years, being passed first to their son Mick and then to his son John Francis (Jack) Carrucan.

Up until the 1960s, the family farm in Dalton Steet remained a popular destination for the wider Carrucan family and Tim Erickson remembers the many family visits when he was growing up there in the 1950s.

Sadly, when Jack Carrucan died without heirs in 1976, what remained of the farm was subdivided and sold and the old farmhouse was demolished. Thus the last direct link to Eltham was severed after some 120 years.

Few photos have been found of these first pioneers but this one does show Mary Carrucan (nee O'Brien in her later years).



The rear of the old Dalton Street farm house circa 1910. On the left is Michael O'Heare, a well known local solicitor and Carrucan friend. Michael Carrucan is on the right and his mother Mary (nee O'Brien) is in the middle.

Second Generation – 1: Bridget Carrucan

Bridget Carrucan was born in December 1858 at Eltham, the first child born to Patrick and Mary Carrucan. We are indebted to Peggie Ruthven for the following marvellous exposition of her life.

Memories of my grandparents Bridget (nee Carrucan) and Patrick Lane⁷⁷

Bridget Carrucan, born in December 1858 at Eltham, Victoria, was the oldest of the children born to Patrick Carrucan and Mary nee O'Brien.

She was 17 years old when she married Patrick Richard (Paddy) Lane at St Patrick's Melbourne on 16th August 1875. Paddy was 24 years old and ran a

bakery next to the Melbourne Post Office.

Paddy was also of Irish stock, his father Richard Lane having migrated from Limerick to Melbourne in 1849. Richard had married Mary Carey soon after arriving and Paddy was born on 30th September 1851. Unfortunately his mother Mary died in 1852 and his father Richard was shot by a madman at his property in Eltham on 31st January 1861, an infamous piece of local history.⁷⁸ This left Paddy an orphan living with his stepmother and her sons and daughter.

Paddy's aunt Anne, who lived up the coast towards NSW with other members of Richard's wider family, heard that he was being treated unfairly and cruelly so she donned drovers' breeches, coat, and hat and rode alone to Melbourne. As he came out of school she stole him and took him back to rear him with his family and cousins.

At 21 years of age he returned to Melbourne and went to court to claim his inheritance, the bakehouse, flour mill and food store that his father had run in Melbourne town. It was at this time that he met Bridget Carrucan and they married.

Patrick settled in Eltham, starting a farm there and eventually donating the land to build the Catholic Church.

Bridget and Patrick had 12 children but lost a little girl of four and two boys. Of those who survived, Michael was born in 1877, John 1878, Bridget 1885, Richard 1887, Patrick 1891, Cornelius Joseph (my father) 1893, Thomas Philip 1895, Anthony Sylvester 1897 and Eileen 1902.

Bridget was a strong, religious woman. We all loved her. She didn't have much education but she travelled a few times with a Mrs Monaghan who couldn't even sign her name. Ireland seemed to call them every few years.

In 1895 Paddy with their two eldest sons, Michael (Mick) and John (Jack), left Bridget in Eltham (expecting her 11th baby) with the other 8 children. Bridget was to follow him to the Kalgurlie (the original name) goldfields in Western Australia in probably 12 months when he had arranged a house for the family.

When she left to come west it must have been hard. I think she would then have been about 30 years old. Bridget gave birth to her baby son Sylvester in February 1896 and arrived in Albany in June that same year. The ships then only

came as far as Albany as Fremantle Harbour was not completed. From Albany, Bridget and the children travelled by coach to Perth. The goldfields were approximately 375 miles (600 kilometres) from Perth. Bridget and her family probably travelled to the Swan River near Perth to catch the train. The train line went as far as Southern Cross and then they would have travelled by foot and cart. She then walked with nine children from Coolgardie to Boulder, a distance of 40 kilometres.



The photo shows Bridget with 4 of her children in 1896 - Syl (the baby), Tom (the small boy in black), Ellen (sitting at front) and Bridget (Dolly) who is standing back middle.

At first, Patrick had a shop where he sold water. Water was two and sixpence a half gallon. He purchased it wholesale from McDonald's condenser. The only accommodation options were tents and bush humpies so he opened a brickworks. He built a large brick house and a bake house on the corner of

Dwyer and Wilson Streets in Boulder. It had outhouses, stables and large paddocks. I lived there with them. I loved to go back for holidays once we moved to Perth. Every Sunday the nuns came for afternoon tea. The cook had cakes and scones for them to take home and their tea was set up in the sitting room as nobody was allowed to see them eat.

Patrick and the boys also had a business carting sandalwood for overseas markets. And they had contracts for the firewood and timber for the mines. They used camels to transport the wood and were away from home for long periods of time. Paddy along with a couple of cronies spent his time prospecting, only coming home for rations. With his son Sylvester, who was 12 at the time, he found alluvial gold at Broadarrow long before there was a mine there.

Bridget would visit Melbourne to see her mother. When Paddy came home I can remember him asking, "*Where's your mother?*" On being told she had gone to Melbourne, he replied, "*That old lady will see me out by many a day*".

The boys weren't saints and neither were their mates. Gran would order them to bed otherwise they were too tired to do their chores. They used to hide under the footpath bridges that hurdled the wide gullies. Gran would get the whip that Mick had for the horses and trotters and let it fly and the boys would cry, "*I'm not yours, Mrs Lane,*" and Gran would reply, "*Well go home and tell your mother.*" Not one mother ever complained; they knew which side was buttered.

Gran was a friend to everybody and fed whole families. You never knew who was going to be at the dinner table. They always had bakers, carters and anybody that came to the door, including the Aborigines. The Aborigines would gather under the trees near the bakehouse and Gran would make sure there was a loaf of bread for all of them. I remember once when some Aborigines came in for bread Michael made the black man chop wood, and we fed the female some toffees. She choked on them and was out to it and Gran came to the rescue and dragged it all out of her mouth. We were then banned from feeding the Aborigines. Michael once filled up a bran bag and there was a fight with the mob waiting outside. Michael then had to referee and divide the spoils. They were the good old days. The Aborigines never broke in and stole anything. They knew Gran never sent them away empty handed. Apart from food, she gave them clothes, cooking pots etc. I remember them as being filthy, with sore eyes

and festers on their legs.

Michael was more interested in his trotters, and sometimes after training, “Golden Harvest” would get home before Mick. Usually someone rang to tell them to open the big gates; if they didn’t, the spider would be smashed.

Gran had a cook and a house girl, a summer kitchen and a winter kitchen. The temperature was high; no such thing as a fan. She told my cousin Nell to take me up and get a nice hat for Mass. I liked a lilac taffeta and when I got home my Mother was horrified by the price. Gran never minded but Michael went off. We used to take six pence each and go to the shop and buy 12 halfpenny sticks of lolly.

Under the shade of a huge peppercorn tree was built a fully enclosed yard with chicken wire all over the top and sides. This was the cooler room and consisted of an open tank with three or four inches of water, pieces of flannel hanging so the water ran down the four sides and a big lock on the door. There was another lock on the outer gate. This was called a Coolgardie safe and worked very well so long as the water was changed continually, kept clean and the pieces of flannel washed well so the water would continue to flow freely. All the fruit trees were watered with the bath water.

Another incident I remember was when Gran got a big turkey and an axe and tried to behead it. It wasn’t a clean job and the turkey kept running around the backyard until it just flopped. We all had a great Christmas dinner with the big table loaded with hams and puddings and presents and money.

Life changed for Bridget once the Depression hit us. I don’t remember how many houses she owned but she sold them one by one and the bakehouse closed. My father (Cornelius) brought four of us to Perth and eventually the last three children were born in Perth. Dad built a house and Gran came down often.

I was back in Boulder when I was eight. It was a Saturday and we had gone to see a picture (a type of lantern slide). A storm came up without notice. We kids couldn’t get on the tram to South Boulder so we ran all the way home. Dolly had rung from her tearooms and said we were on our way. Gran checked us in and told us to go to the laundry and get changed. We did. But Gran had a houseful of old cronies there. So we cleared down to the creek which was

suddenly full. She came looking for us with a large switch to hit us with but by this time we could run faster than she could.

When she left the old home she came to live with my family and Eileen's family in turn. I went to the hospital to see her when she was dying and she asked who it was. *"Oh yes it is Peggeth"* she said, *"When I was born my mother put me in a cradle and now I'm leaving you they have put me in a cot"*. I have never forgotten that. It was a bed with the sides clamped on.

I have a large photo of Gran Carrucan with her eldest girl Bridget Lane and Bridget's eldest girl Bridget (Dolly) and Dolly's eldest girl Mary Honoria as a baby.



1905 approx – the photo in question

I can't remember the date of Great-Grandmother's death but I know I was about 11 or 12 years old. (Editor - Bridget died on 27th August 1949 in Perth. Patrick died on 10th February 1926 in Kalgoorlie. They were both laid to rest at the Kalgoorlie Cemetery).

The story now continues as we look at some of the children of Patrick and Bridget Lane.

Third Generation – 1: Michael (Mick) Lane

Michael (Mick) Lane, the eldest child of Patrick and Bridget Lane, was born in 1876 at Eltham. In 1895 he and his younger brother John (Jack) accompanied their father to Kalgoorlie in Western Australia as an advance party. As the family eventually all moved west, he lived the rest of his days in that State. In later years, Mick and Jack went farming at Burracoppin, a very dry area. Mick developed cancer and presumably died of this disease in Karrakatta in 1938.

Third Generation – 2: John Lane

Jack, born in 1877 at Eltham, was not destined to live to old bones. The story is told that one day when he was out riding a horse to get a tank of water, a kangaroo frightened the horse. The horse bolted and Jack fell and broke his neck, date of death 1926, age at death 48 years.

Third Generation – 3: Mary Lane

Mary Lane, the third of the Lane children, was born in 1879 in Eltham. She died as a 20 year-old in 1900 of bubonic plague when living in Kalgoorlie.

Her younger sisters, Susan and Ellen also died of bubonic plague. "The Plague" as it was known came to Australia in about 1900 and was spread by vermin.

On 12th May 1900, *The Mercury* (Hobart) reported that a case of bubonic plague had been reported at Kalgoorlie. On 16th April 1901, *The Argus* newspaper reported further cases of bubonic plague in Kalgoorlie. Hence we can surmise that she was amongst the first casualties of this dreaded disease.

Third Generation – 4: Susan Lane

Susan Lane, the fourth of the Lane children, was born in 1882 and died of the Plague in Melbourne in 1892. She would have been ten years of age. She was the first in the family to die of bubonic plague and her death was followed by those of Mary in 1900 and Ellen in 1904.

Third Generation – 5: Bridget (Dolly) McMahon

Bridget (Dolly), the fifth child of Patrick and Bridget Lane, was born in Eltham in 1885 and moved with her family to Western Australia in the last 1890's. She married John McMahon in 1909 and had a long life, eventually dying in 1968. Dolly and John had four children: Mary (Bonnie), Eileen, Bernadine and John



1909 - Richard and Bridget (nee Carrucan) Lane with family on the occasion of daughter Bridget's wedding to John McMahon. At that time, three of the daughters, Susan, Mary and Ellen have already died. Photo shows

Back L-R: Thomas Phillip (Tom), Patrick Francis (Pat), Bridget (Dolly), Richard Donal (Dick), John (Jack), Cornelius Joseph (Con)

Front L-R: Michael (Mick), Patrick (Father), Eileen Mary (Eileen), Timothy Anthony Silvester (Syl), Bridget Lane (nee Carrucan)

Their daughter Bernadine deserves particular mention. She was born in Boulder, WA, and served as a nurse in the Australian Army during World War 2. She enlisted on 26th October 1942 from Burracoppin, WA, and died on 3rd September 1945. Her posting at the time of her death is listed on her service record as 2/2 Australian General Hospital. Her title was Sister and her rank was Lieutenant.



Lieutenant Bernadine Theresa McMahon

The newspaper reported that she died at the Heidelberg Military Hospital from a tropical illness contracted while serving with the 2/7 AGH at Lae. She trained at Perth Hospital and the Women's Hospital, Melbourne. She spent some time nursing in the Eastern States before returning to WA to enlist in the AANS in 1942. After serving two years at Hollywood Military Hospital she gave the remainder of her service with the 2/7 AGH, Lae, New Guinea.

Third Generation – 6: Richard Donal Lane (Dick)

Richard ('Dick') Donal Lane, the sixth child of Patrick and Bridget Lane, was born on 26th September 1885. He married Anna Maria (Mary) Harrington in 1913 while studying in Ireland and together, they lived a long life. Dick eventually died in 1966 while Mary continued on until 1976.

Towards the end of his life, Dick wrote memoirs. Those parts of the memoir that have been located are transcribed below:

I am fast approaching the end of a comparatively long and chequered career. At the age of 12 years, I commenced to work for a plumber at 15/- a week. This was not the beginning of my labours. When eight years of age I was chased out by an anxious, careworn, honest and loveable grandmother at 5am to bring in those cows that supplied the daily milk and butter to what remained of my mother's family, to produce about 20 lbs of butter for the market each week, and skimmed milk for a half-dozen pigs. In fine and wet, in sleet and cold when the blizzards swept from the Dandenongs and the Blue mountains upon Melbourne, I was out of my bed at 5am for six years of my early childhood. At times the frost was in icicles on the grass and crackled beneath my feet as I walked. At other times the fogs were so intense that I could not see for twenty yards before me. The fogs were the worst because of their density I could not see and had to retrace my steps.

The journey from home to the paddock was one and a half miles, but this was nothing compared to the search through about 300 acres of paddocks for the cattle. Sometimes the job was easy and the cattle were near at hand; more often it meant an intense search which meant miles upon miles to scan two or three chains upon either side in search of these wayward beasts.

When I was nine years of age two of my aunts married. In the fuss and bustle of those weddings, I knew little of what the future held in store for me. From those events and from that age onwards, not alone had I to bring in the cattle, but I also had to milk them, leading them back to the paddock one and a half miles distant, and return to school at 9am.

Well I remember the severe and exacting headmaster, John Brown. He should have known, as the school was down the hill about one half-mile from our home, that super-task before me from before the early dawn. Whether or not he knew, if I were five minutes late for school I received six cuts with all the force of which he was capable on my cold and weary hands (which hurt tremendously). On my heart those cuts left a sting still greater, for which after sixty years, I have forgiven him in Christian charity, but not completely forgotten. It was the spirit of the age.

Not only had I to bring in my cows and milk them night and morning, but frequently in summertime as the sun was setting in the west I was obliged under orders from an austere grandmother to run three miles to drive those cattle that were not in milk, and the young heifers and steers, usually about 12 in number, from one paddock to another for water. This arrangement went on for years, and why it should have been (so) is still a mystery to me.

You may think that following this morning and evening routine there was some leisure time at some hour. There was. At all times we had one full hour for lunch. In summer one half of that hour was spent picking fruit – the other half was spent in a hurried lunch and the journey to and from my grandma's place about half a mile distant. Could you realise the pleasure that half-hour brought me in wintertime then there was no fruit to pick and no "drys" to be watered after hours.

The work of searching for cattle commenced when I was seven years of age. The work of search for them, watering and milking then commenced when I was nine, and continued until I was well nigh thirteen years. By the grace of God and the moderate prosperity of my parents, I was brought to Western Australia in May 1898.

My philosophy was work. I had seen nothing but work. Prior to that my only break from work had been one week in Melbourne at the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1896, when my mother (God rest her soul), then returned to Eltham, brought me to see the illuminations. It was, as far as I know, the first time that Melbourne was lighted with electricity.

When I think back upon those austere times following the bank smash of those years about 1890, I wonder why, according to the principles of evolution, I did not become a miser. This should be the natural consequence of such austerity. Our family history had been a history of generosity and self-sacrifice for neighbours. It was because of that sacrifice for neighbours that our father's people had to leave Ireland. A leopard cannot change its spots.

My children, I hope, will continue this policy of self-sacrifice. Upon the last day God will reward us.

You may think that the message received from my Dad that we were to take

a ship for WA was a relief from bondage. In the sense that I was no longer to be harassed and bullied by an anxious, care-worn grandma, it was.

Dear old grandma had suffered famine in Ireland owing to mis-government and nothing else, and now experienced the effects of the bank-smash. Dear old grandma, who had the capacity to see want on the one hand or hard work on the other can be excused, if not lauded, for chasing me, a mere baby, out of my bed at 5am, rather than see myself and others starve. That dear old business like grandma who had a true appreciation of the world she lived in at that age, was left alone to guide and control the family, her husband having died long before her.

On the 24th of May, 1898, my train brought me to a platform at Kalgoorlie Railway station. My father had been on the fields since February 1894, and my two elder brothers since 1896. I could not claim to have walked any part of the journey from Perth as they could. I mention this because any account I may give of happenings before that date is heresay.

Here, after ten days' travel by steam ship and train, I was at length in the heart of these wonderful goldfields, the news of the riches whereof had startled the world. Gold had been found almost anywhere and everywhere, from Norseman in the South to Kanalpi northward, a distance of over two hundred miles: from Southern Cross in the west to Leonera in the east again, more than two hundred miles. Throughout these vast fields new towns were coming into existence.

As we had approached Coolgardie, and gazed at what then remained of the old camp, my interest was intensified. Here had been the stage full of the long journey when made on foot. It was here that the early pioneers took delivery of their swag and gear from the carrier whose team they had followed two hundred miles on foot; it was here that the newcomer usually made up his mind as to which camp or direction he would go in his search for fortune, and here it was that he got his first glimpse of truly auriferous country.

Upon a panoramic view from this spot one could see fly-flat, where clouds of dust rose to the sky, as if by earthquake, (as) 1500 men worked with shakers; in the background could be seen the poppet legs and iron shanties

on Baily and Ford's claims.

Having had my first look at the place that had been so much talked about, and of which almost as much had been written, I was obliged to give way to others in the railway carriage who were equally if not more desirous that I to have a glance at the treasured place.

This vast land, where one crow could not live through lack of food and water, where rain had not fallen for about eighteen months, and scrub and undergrowth (had) completely died; there was no water for human consumption, no grass except the withered blades of *Spinifex* on the occasional plains. Dead branches of the occasional gum trees were strewn here and there on the ground: everywhere, on all sides seemed to speak of desolation and death.

Typhoid fever, which had broken out some time before, raged at its worst, and many a newcomer was stricken by that deadly disease within one week of his entry into the place.

But everyone was cheerful and buoyant. Scarcely a day passed without news of new discoveries, and possessed of a sonorous gaiety, everyone braced himself with courage and determination to join in the chase. Experienced miners both young and old, farmers, shopkeepers, bank-clerks, lawyers and doctors had come from all parts of the world. America was represented by black men and well as white.

More reminiscences are provided by Father Don Lane S.J.,⁷⁹ Dick's son.

These are recollections of things told me by my father, Richard Donal (Dick) Lane, son of Bridget and Pat Lane.

The earliest he recalls is when he was aged three, and decided to play at falling into the big brick well at the back of the bakery at Eltham, letting himself down by his hands and pulling himself up again, saying to himself 'nearly went that time'. Finally his muscles tired, and he could no longer pull himself up, and he began screaming. Grandma rushed out and panicked, rushing back inside to get one of the men. She could easily have pulled him out, and it is the only occasion he can remember her panicking. She sent him to school the next day.

During my father's Eltham schooldays one of his jobs was to be up before dawn and go to the back paddock and bring in the cows for milking. He would assist with the milking, then go to school at 8:00am. He remembered the schoolmaster as a harsh man, but a good teacher.

The next thing my father recalls was Grandma (Bridget) taking some of them into Melbourne to see the lights - whether these were the lights for the Coronation or the first time Melbourne was lit by electricity, I am uncertain, but I think it was the latter.

Dad says the reason Grandad (Patrick) chose Eltham was that the rail line had just been finished, and he thought that population would follow. Unfortunately the West Australian gold rush began, and the population of Victoria went down with the rush westwards. Eltham had changed little when I was in studies at Watsonia (1952 - 58).

When I joined the Jesuits in 1953, Jack Carrucan, Betty Erickson and her three boys, and their mother (who was a Sweeney) were all living in the rather tumbledown original house in Dalton St. I know that grandfather built the well mentioned above, and I was under the impression that he built the bakery as well, but I may be mistaken.

When the WA gold rush began, grandfather said, 'they will be needing two sorts of people - bakers and undertakers', so he and the two eldest set off.

Having acquired a property, he then sent for grandma, who packed up everything, including the rest of the family, took a ship to Esperance. There, she bought a wagon (maybe two), whether bullock or horse I don't know, loaded it with provisions and children, and set off to Boulder.

At Boulder my grandparents established the bakery, which flourished and became Lane Brothers Bread Factory - see photo, with my father leaning on the fence.

When the family bakery business in Boulder folded, my father went to Ireland to study law at Trinity College. He took every prize he was eligible for in his final year, doing his articles at the Inns of Court. During the final year of his training, Dick Lane and Mary Harrington married in the convent chapel of her hometown, Skibbereen, on 24 May 1913.

Almost immediately my parents set sail for Australia going to Boulder, where my father practised law. Within the next four years they had two sons: Pauric Denis Lane (20 March 1914-1978) and Mehaul Joseph ('Mick' or 'Mibs') Lane (6 February 1917- 1975), both born in Boulder. At some stage they moved to Goomalling, and then to Perth for the sake of the boys' schooling. I was born in Perth on 1 September 1935.



Richard Donal Lane – 'Dick of Dublin'

Grandma meantime, ended up on a farm with Jack at Burracoppin, and was still there when I was a toddler. Jack was killed when thrown from the dray while doing the milk round. Grandma tried for a short while to keep the farm running, but finally sold up and went to live with Eileen, where she stayed until old age moved her to hospital where she died.

Now we move onto the three children of Dick and Anna Marie (Mary) Lane, Pauric born 1914, Mehual born 1917 and Richard Donal (Don) born 1935.

Fourth Generation – 1: Pauric Lane

Don Lane takes up the story and discusses his eldest brother Pauric.

When the war began my brothers joined the Army, but Pauric was transferred to the Airforce because of his skills in mathematics and he became a navigator in bombing raids from England. There he met his future wife Doris Wildman (Jaci), who returned with him after the war. They went to the law practice in Narrogin, which my father had bought for him just before the outbreak of war, and which he kept running by spending one week in Perth and one week in Narrogin for the whole length of the war.

In 1945 Pauric married Doris Wildman and they had one daughter, Georgina. Georgina married Richard Allen and they had two children, Timothy and Imogen.

Pauric's daughter Georgina takes over the story, using memoirs probably written by her mother.

Pauric spent his first few years in Boulder but lived in Burt Street, North Perth for most of his growing years. He had many yarns regarding growing up amongst the market gardens in the area at the time. Pauric was educated at what has become known as Aquinas, but which was then located on St Georges Terrace. He was a precocious academic talent who matriculated at age 15 but, being too young, was not accepted into university so he returned to school to 'kill' another year. Although still only 16 years, Pauric was accepted into university the following year as he would be turning 17 on March 20th. I think Pauric was in the second intake of law at the University of Western Australia as the department was brand new.

After graduating, and being admitted as a barrister and solicitor, Pauric spent a short while prior to WWII practicing law in Narrogin. Here he found that he enjoyed the company of country people and the yarns of transient workers who would camp in the bush and walk from town to town with their few belongings on their back. He would often give them a ride and hear their stories as he visited clients who lived out of town. After his return from the war, he was sad to see that life had changed and that very few of these people were still around.

Pauric joined the Army to assist the war effort. However, he was sent with troops to the Dongarra region of Western Australia and spent his days surveying the area. As Pauric had enlisted to see active service he sought a transfer to the RAAF. When this transfer did not appear to be happening, Pauric's enquiries finally led back to his superior army officer who had been sitting on the transfer: Pauric's education and mathematical ability had simply made him an invaluable surveyor and they didn't want to lose him! Eventually his transfer to RAAF happened and Pauric, whose mathematical skills made him an ideal navigator, joined other Australians in 460 Squadron in Binbrook (Lincolnshire) after travelling across America to England. Here he teamed up with a crew who, with the exception of one rear tail gunner who was lost, remained intact for the duration of their raids over Germany which was quite a feat as the lifespan of a heavy bomber crew was very, very short. Pauric's flight training notebooks show his bombing flight records with destinations and loads. Pauric defended pilots facing court martial.

Pauric and Jaci (a WAF) married on 5 July 1945 in Luton, Bedfordshire. Pauric was being retrained for the war in the Pacific following Germany's loss to the Allies when Japan surrendered so he did not see service in the Pacific. On return to Australia, Pauric returned to practise law in Narrogin and was joined by Jaci who, in June 1946, arrived on the first available 'War Brides' ship. Apart from the first couple of years, they lived at 26 Jersey St up until 1979 whilst the business, known variously as RD Lane and Son, Lane Buck and Co, and Lane Buck and Higgins, was at 47 Federal Street.

Pauric was a humble person who was a great advocate for the Aboriginal people and did much unpaid work for many individuals for decades before he became the first lawyer for the Aboriginal Legal Services (South –West). He had a remarkable memory for detail and a great gift with words, which, with his easy manner, made him a formidable criminal barrister. He was regarded by his peers as being one of the best in summing up to the jury at the end of a trial.

Pauric was interested in all sports but knew everything there was to know about cricket. He played cricket and hockey and in later years, bowls took his interest.

Pauric and Jaci had one daughter, Georgina.

Fourth Generation – 2: Mehaul Lane

Don Lane continues the story, now talking about his other older brother Mehual.

Mehaul was discharged from the army as medically unfit because of kidney stones, and began working for Co-Operative Bulk Handling as a tally clerk on the wheat bins. He worked his way up to become General Manager.

Mehaul married May Leahy in 1942 and they had one son, Gerard in 1943. Gerard married Pauline Pratley in 1976 and they had three daughters, Felicity, Rosalind and Esther. Mehaul died of complications following kidney surgery in 1975.

Fourth Generation – 3: Richard (Don) Lane SJ

Richard Donal (Don), born in 1935, was the youngest of 3 boys born to Dick and Mary Lane.

From 1946 to 1952, he attended St Louis Jesuit School in the Perth suburb of Claremont. He achieved excellent academic results and participated in whatever was available in drama, music and debating. Even though he had won a Commonwealth Scholarship to attend university he decided to enter the Jesuit Novitiate in 1953 and moved to Loyola College at Watsonia in Victoria. Then in 1955 he entered the Juniorate, also at Watsonia. This pre-university year was considered an opportunity to broaden the base of his education. The between 1956 and 1958 Don continued studies in philosophy, which comprised a wide range of theoretical and practical subjects. In 1959 he enrolled in an Arts degree at the University of Melbourne and he took singing as an extra study at the Melbourne University conservatorium under Victor Harding, leading to the A.Mus.A diploma.

During his university studies, the 'Messenger Bookshop' was initiated and Don and another scholastic managed it. This venture was in conjunction with Messenger Publications, a significant Jesuit project at the period. The tertiary studies were interrupted by two years (1961-1962) spent teaching at Xavier College in Kew in Victoria. Completing his Arts degree in 1963, Don then went to Canisius College at Pymble in New South Wales, where from 1964 to 1967 he studied theology and at the same time successfully completed a Diploma of

Education by external study from the University of New England.

At the completion of his third year he was ordained on 6 December, 1966 and from then on at least one weekend in three was spent 'on supply' in various parishes around Sydney. From 1967 he published a monthly Liturgical Column in the majority of Catholic papers in Australia. This followed the Second Vatican Council's updating of the liturgy, and continued until Don left for Tertianship (study, usually overseas) in 1970.

From 1968 to 1978 Don taught at St Aloysius College at Milsons Point in Sydney. The subjects taught included Geography, Science, Latin, French and English. A major involvement during these years was with drama and music, based in the then newly built school hall. This included the production, direction, set design and staging of 78 one act plays presented to the public and the set design and staging of 11 Gilbert and Sullivan productions and well as a multitude of other involvements in drama. Don's involvement and reputation in dramatics led to an invitation to become a member of the Australian Association of Theatre Technicians, where for some time he was the only non-professional member. He served on the committee of the organisation for a year.

As well as teaching and organizing the school's dramatic activities, Don was deeply involved in its music. He was involved in the design and commission of the new pipe organ for the chapel, the formation and training of a brass and wind ensemble, principally for Chapel music but for important school occasions, and the arrangement of music for the ensemble and for the schools cadet band. He also sang on special occasions with the Singers of David, one of which was the papal visit to Sydney.

Another major involvement was with the school cadet corps, whose nominal strength ranged from 400 to 500 participants. This began informally in 1970, with help during the annual camp as chaplain. Formal involvement began the following year, leading to the position of 2IC with the rank of Major. In this position his duties were manifold.

During his teaching at St Aloysius College in Sydney Don was given leave to travel overseas from mid-1969 to mid-1970 to undertake his Tertianship studies at St Bueno's College at St Asaph in Wales.

Apart from the personal development component of the year, pastoral experiences included school retreats in the north east and in Kent, Easter talks and ceremonies in Kent, a total of six weeks at St Mary's approved school, at Bishopbriggs, Glasgow. This was a 'reform' school for boys between 12 and 16 under court order. At the end of this period the headmaster offered Don a permanent position there. This offer was declined in favour of returning to the educational field in Australia.

In early December 1978 Don underwent five months' hospitalisation and convalescence with varicose vein problems. The remainder of the year based at St Mary's parish, North Sydney, but with continuing work at St Aloysius with the drama and Cadets. In 1980 he moved to St Ignatius College at Athelstone in South Australia, where the principal subject he taught was Science in middle school, with English second language (year 12), French, Latin and English (year 8), English (year 9) and Geography (years 9 and 10). He also trained in computer instruction and added Computer Studies to his range of teaching subjects. In 1995 Don's teaching was interrupted by coronary by-pass surgery, but resumed in 1996.

In 1997, Don retired from school life and engaged in locum work for country parishes, enabling parish priests to take study or long service leave, or simply filling gaps. He continued to engage in same ministry, having been at Broken Hill (Wilcannia - Forbes), Coober Pedy (Port Pirie), Streaky Bay (P.Pirie), Ceduna (P.Pirie), Cleve as parish priest (P.Pirie), Leonora - Meekathara (Geraldton), Bordertown first as supply, then as Priest in Charge (Adelaide), Hillston as Administrator (W - Forbes), Ayr, then Julia Creek (Townsville), Hillston again, then Balranald (W-Forbes) until retirement in early 2002.

In retirement Don is at the Jesuit office and residence in NSW, engaged in the domestic support of the community.

Third Generation – 7: Ellen Lane

Ellen, the seventh of the Lane children, was born in Eltham in 1887 and died of the Plague in 1904 at St John of God Hospital. She would have been 17 years of age at the time.

Third Generation – 8: Patrick Lane

Patrick Francis Lane, the eighth of the Lane children, was born in Eltham in 1889. He married Eva Jones in 1914 in Boulder, West Australia, on the same day that his younger brother Cornelius married Lucy Woodward.



A double wedding in 1914 with Cornelius Joseph Lane marrying Lucy Woodward and Patrick Lane marrying Eva Jones.

Back Row: Eileen Outridge, Percy Woodward, Father Donohoe, Mick Lane, Tom Lane, Eileen Lane; Brides: Lucy Woodward, Eva Jones; Seated: Jessie Woodward, Cornelius Lane, Patrick Lane, Tot Jones; Flower Girl: Mary Honoria (Bonny) McMahon; Page Boy: Jack Woodward

Pat and Eva migrated to America in 1917 with two of Pat's brothers Tom and Syl. The brothers had gone there to take up boxing careers. After several years they decided to go to the East Coast but a letter came from their elder brothers asking them to come back to Boulder to help run the bake house. Although Syn and Tom returned to Australia, Pat and Eva stayed in America where they lived the rest of their lives. Pat died in 1974. As far as we know, they had no children.

Third Generation – 9: Cornelius (Con) Lane

Cornelius Joseph (Con) Lane, the ninth of the Lane Children, was born in 1891 in Coolgardie, Western Australia. He married Lucy Woodward in 1914 and they had seven children:

Alice Margaret (Peg) – 1915: married Keith Ruthven

Dorothy Ellen – 1916: married Sydney Stivey

Lucille Claire - 1918: married Sydney Smith

Ellen Patricia - 1921: married Allan Lee

Cornelius Joseph - 1923: married Veranica Smith

Shirley Antionette - 1927: married Ronald Gill

Kathleen Frances – 1930: married John Rigby



1914 - Cornelius Lane

Third Generation – 10: Thomas Lane

Thomas Phillip Lane, born 1893, married Elsie Palmer in 1920 in Perth, Western Australia, and they had one daughter, Joan Lane, born in 1921.

Joan remembers living around Elizabeth Bay and nearby beach suburbs as a child and youth. She recalls that the Carrucans lived in Eltham till the banks collapsed with the depression of 1893. When visiting Melbourne as children, her family stayed in Sue Kent's beautiful house in St.Kilda.

Joan also stayed as a child with the Lodge family (near Bernie Bourke's place in Mernda) where they kept sheep, pigs, and chooks. She particularly remembers their hearty breakfasts of strong bacon and eggs. Joan remembers one day when the family sat on the verandah. She was teasing a ram which chased and caught up to her at the verandah. It tripped her, lifted her in the backside and tossed her - to her great embarrassment.

Third Generation – 11: Timothy Anthony Silvester (Syl) Lane

Syl Lane was born in 1896 at Jumbunna, South Gippsland (near Korumburra). He married Ellen May Thompson in 1927 in Kalgoorlie and they had two children, Sylvester (1928) and John (1933).

Sylvester Lane married Mary Marsh and they had four children. John Lane married Mary Fewster and they had five children.

Syl's son Sylvester has contributed the following reminiscences.

I am the son of Timothy Anthony Silvester Lane (Syl) who was the son of Bridget Lane (nee Carrucan) and one of twelve children.

I remember our first visit to Bridget's farm at Burracoppin about 100 km out of Merredin. Everyone who came through the door of the house received a cup of tea as the kettle was on the fire all day. She was known as the midwife of Boulder and she had a soft spot for everyone.

When Bridget went to visit her sister in Eltham, she never had any luggage as it was all on her, about 3 or 4 changes of clothes. It must have been cold in Eltham.

Bridget lived with us for some time at Como when she was elderly. I came

home from school one day and here she was, about 90 years old, up the backyard with a shovel digging a vegie patch, so I took her inside and gave her the paper to read.

Patrick Lane was a hard worker; he sold water and ran a dairy and bakehouse with his sons. Boulder in the early days was like the Wild West. He walked from Coolgardie to Southern Cross with a pack on his back, pushing a wheel barrow and prospecting, a distance of 380km there and back. He and his son Sylvester, then aged 11 years, used to go to Broadarrow prospecting for gold with a pick and shovel before there was even a mine in the district.

When Syl was off to school one morning his big brother Tom said “I want you to go a message for me now”. He objected because he would be late for school. Tom said he would give him a note for his teacher. Nevertheless, when he fronted up for school he got the strap in spite of of the note. Consequently, he left school aged 12, never to return again. Despite this lack of education, Sylvester could add up pounds, shillings and pence at the same time.



Syl Lane dressed for the races circa 1920 (left) and in more formal pose (right)

Tom Lane was the first in Kalgoorlie to employ Afghans with their team of

camels to cut and sell sandalwood. People used to bring wild horses into him to tame; he could ride any horse.

Tom, Syl and Pat went to America in 1917 to take up boxing careers. Tom lost his condition on the boat but Syl was able to earn his living as a boxer in the West Coast of America. After several years they decided to go to the East Coast but a letter came from their elder brothers asking them to come back to Boulder to help run the bake house. Pat and his wife Eva stayed in America while the others returned home.

On returning to Boulder they found that Auntie Dolly's husband, Jack McMahon had died, leaving her with four young children who were then living with Bridget at the Boulder house. Syl resumed working with his brothers delivering bread. After a day's work he then went and fought in the evenings as a professional boxer. He also played Australian Rules football.

Syl married my mother Ellen Thompson who was working in a hotel owned by her Auntie. She also sang and played the piano at Broadarrow. They were married in Boulder and then moved to Broadway, Nedlands, and purchased a bakery there. We lived on the premises. The building still stands today, although no longer as a bakery.

Syl was the first to deliver bread by motorcycle and sidecar. Uncle Mick and Uncle Con worked in the bakehouse and Con helped out on odd days.

The depression arrived with devastating effects as bread couldn't be sold for a penny a loaf. The bakehouse closed down and we moved to Norseman on the Goldfields. Here Syl managed Cox Bros. Store. At first we lived with his sister who by now had a boarding house. After 12 months we moved into our own tin house and Mum started her own ladies drapery. Here we lived for 5 years during the war.

At 7 years of age, I was sent to a boarding school run by the Christian Brothers at St Georges Terrace in Perth. Every winter the Swan River broke its banks and flowed across the road right up to the back fence of the College. The next year I transferred to Aquinas College where I took my leaving exams and then qualified as a pharmacist.

On leaving Norseman, we lived in South Perth, then in Como, and Dad opened his own drapery store in East Victoria Park. Mum made evening

gowns at night, staying up to 3am, and next day Dad sold them in his shop. They worked very hard to send us to Aquinas Christian Brothers College.

I started my own Pharmacy in Brentwood after Mum died. Dad, having sold his shop, came and operated the post office and Commonwealth Savings Bank in the shop and worked for me until he was 80 years old. He eventually died 3 months short of his 89th birthday.

In between times, I married Mary (nee Marsh) and we have 4 children, 3 girls and 1 boy. They live in England, Darwin, Sydney and Perth.

My brother John has 5 children and lives in England now. One of his children lives in Melbourne and is married with 2 children.

Third Generation – 12: Eileen Mary Kathleen Lane

Eileen Lane, the twelfth child of Patrick and Bridget Lane, was born in 1902 in Boulder. She married Vincent Williams in the USA and they had 3 children, Alan, Phyllis and Elaine.

Second Generation – 2: Michael (Mick) Carrucan

Michael (old Mick) Carrucan, the second child of Patrick and Mary Carrucan, was born in 1860 in Eltham. He married Mary Frances Sweeney late in life in 1909 and they had 3 children, Patrick John (Pat), John Francis (Jack) and Elizabeth Agatha (Betty).

The story is taken up by Betty's son Tim Erickson.⁸⁰

The connection between the Carrucan and Sweeney families is longstanding and is closely linked with the Eltham area. To write any history of the Carrucan family, it is also necessary to include the Sweeney family.

Thomas Sweeney (1803 – 1867)⁸¹ has long been honoured as the pioneer settler of Eltham. From the record, the impression is of an enterprising, hardworking man with a keen sense of justice. He died a respected member of the community and left to his wife Margaret and their family 418 acres of land, including Culla Hill, a place of significance for Sweeney and Carrucan descendants.

The Sweeney and Carrucan families, when I was a child in the early 1950s, believed that 'Captain Sweeney' had migrated to Australia as a freehold settler and the title 'Captain' reflected the fact that he had been a captain of a coastal trader in New South Wales. The story went that he had sailed up the Yarra in 1838 in a rowing boat on which he had rigged a sail.

But Sweeney family historian Peter Cuffley had determined by 1968 that Thomas Sweeney had in fact been transported to Australia as a convict. This caused consternation in family circles when first mooted. Peter remembers Uncle Jack's (John Francis Carrucan's) reaction when he first broke the news to him – he was not prepared to accept the possibility that this might be true. Matters were made worse when Peter passed on his research to Alan Marshall who was putting together his book *Pioneers and Painters*.⁸² When this was published in 1971, all was out in the open and the matter was finally settled but the waters washed rough for some years further.

Yes, it was true. In an Ireland of poverty and discrimination, Thomas Sweeney and Michael Connors had in 1823 attempted to burn down the Guyder family home. The Guyders were well off landlords and owned several farms in different townlands but this was their home base. This particular incident was but many in a long guerrilla war in which the local farmers fought for social justice in the Irish countryside.

On Tuesday March 28, 1823 at the Clonmel Spring Assizes, Michael Connors and Thomas Sweeney were convicted under the Whiteboy Act, '*for a felonious assault on the house of Patrick Guyder, at Cullobhill, and with having set said house on fire.*' The list of sentences states that Michael Connors and Thomas Sweeney were to be hanged on the 26th of April. Thankfully, this was commuted to Life Transportation to New South Wales.

In an ironic twist, Thomas Sweeney subsequently named his family house in Eltham to 'Culla Hill'. Was this a final laugh at the authorities in Ireland who had condemned him to transportation? Peter Cuffley thinks that he probably lived in or near the township of Cullahill, parish of Bourney, Tipperary North. Brian Cuffley has visited Cullahill on a number of occasions and was shown the remains of a stone cabin close to the road down to the farm which was once occupied by a family called Sweeney.

He was a mere twenty years of age when condemned and we can hardly begin to imagine the experience of being imprisoned on the hulk *Surprise* in Cork harbour prior to being taken on board the convict transport *Isabella*. They were possibly on the hulk for as long as four months and we know from the surgeon's report that some of the convicts were in poor health.

Once in Sydney, he was selected to become an assigned servant to James Chandler, a young man of means and of good Christian character. After some years working on his property at Botany, he was reassigned to a John Brown of Liverpool and then passed onto George Brown at Dapto near Lake Illawarra.

Eventually in 1831, he received a 'Ticket of Leave', which described him as of height 5 feet 9 inches with dark ruddy complexion, brown hair and brown eyes – typical Irish stock.

He was soon operating a coastal trader between Illawarra and Sydney. During his visits to Sydney, he met Bridget Coleman and they were subsequently married in 1833 and had their first child in 1835. Somewhere between 1835 and 1837, Bridget was drowned and he subsequently married Margaret Meehan at St.Mary's Cathedral, Sydney on April 23rd 1838.

A Conditional Pardon was granted to Thomas on February 15th 1838 and by September of that year he and wife Margaret had arrived in the very new settlement on the Yarra at Port Phillip. Melbourne's population was only a few thousand and many of the buildings were still only temporary shelters.

Patrick Sweeney was born to Thomas and Margaret on December 6th 1838. When the first priest arrived in Melbourne he caught up on the backlog of children not yet baptised. The second Sunday mass was held on May 26th 1839. Patrick was the sixth child baptised on that day and is the seventh in the register.

Thomas gained a licence to pasture stock in the district of Melbourne on July 31st 1840. In April 1842, he wrote to Superintendent LaTrobe wanting to purchase land on the south bank of the Yarra with the £100 he had deposited in the Sub Treasury. He was referred to the Land Board and so began the process that led to the purchase of the 110 acres which became Culla Hill. While he was able to purchase that acreage in the Parish of Nillumbik, he was still a squatter on the south side of the Yarra River about seven miles from Melbourne in

January 1843 and actually had land under crops. His home base at this stage was a hut on a 146 acre leasehold in what later became North Kew. Even in May 1844, he was still uncertain about the 110 acres at what is now Eltham, and actually sent a petition to see if he could exchange it.

Thomas and Margaret Sweeney were the first freeholders to settle in what is now Eltham and they were soon followed by other settlers. Amongst that next wave came Bridget Carrucan in 1854. Soon afterwards, her brothers Patrick and Peter joined her in Eltham and the Carrucan settlement in that area was firmly in place.

The connection between the Sweeney and Carrucan families was quickly established when Bridget married widower John Coleman (no relation to Thomas Sweeney's first wife Bridget Coleman) at Culla Hill and then started to farm a nearby allotment.



Culla Hill circa 1900 - In the early 1900s, Mary Sweeney commissioned travelling painter Charles Bertei to paint the Culla Hill homestead. She took this painting with her when she married Michael Carrucan in 1910 and it hung in the Dalton St farmhouse for many years.

However, it was a further two generations before the two families intermarried and officially cemented their relationship.

John Francis Sweeney, born in 1844, was the second son of Thomas and Margaret Sweeney. When Thomas died in September 1867, John Sweeney and his mother inherited the Culla Hill property as well as a separate parcel of land (Margaret died in 1884). In 1868, John married Irish born Ellen Kenny and their marriage produced 10 children, 7 girls and 3 boys, including Mary, born 1876.

At the same time, the Carrucan families were also increasing in size and Patrick Carrucan, who had migrated to Australia with his wife Mary (O'Brien) in 1856 had also sired a large family of 10 children, including Michael, the second oldest.

These 2 families grew up on farms only 2 miles apart, they went to the same school, they attended Mass together (Mass was held in the front parlour at Culla Hill in the early days) and it was inevitable that they should intermarry. But more of that later.



John Sweeney with 5 of his daughters, Culla Hill, Eltham, circa 1900. Mary (the wife of Michael Carrucan) is the second girl from the left.

John Sweeney intermittently kept a personal diary (hand written in an old exercise book) between the years of 1881 and 1883 and the following extracts

show the sort of subsistence farming which framed the lives of the early Eltham settlers.

Monday July 2, 1883	Ploughing
Tuesday – Thursday	Cutting wood for Melbourne
Friday	Mary Murray here
Saturday	At home all day
Sunday	At home. Mary Benson here in evening.
Monday – Tuesday	Ploughing
Wednesday	Ploughing
Thursday	Working about farm
Friday	Ploughing for Mr Gordon
Saturday	Working at home. Annie and Agatha went up to Murrays in evening.
Sunday	At home all day
Monday	Ploughing in morning. Went to Mrs ? funeral in evening.
Tuesday	Ploughing for Mr Gordon
Wednesday	Mick (Carrucan) went to Melbourne with wood
Thursday	Ploughing for Mr Gordon

The diary went on with monotonous regularity. The diet was one of cutting wood, ploughing, planting or digging up potatoes, taking produce or wood to Melbourne to sell and the various special occasions when someone visited or the family visited someone.

The diary also lists the cost of labour in shillings.

1 Day Ploughing	15/-
1 Day cutting firewood	15/-
½ day carting soil	7/6
Carting wood to Melbourne	19/-

This was subsistence farming at its purest – nothing excess, everything done with a reason and to an end. With large families of up to 10 children, it was a continual struggle to make ends meet and put food on the table.

The local farmers had to supplement their incomes whenever possible, especially during the Great Depression of the late 1880's. At that time the able men travelled far and wide in an effort to bring in extra money. One of the

Depression initiatives was the building of the water canal at Research and surrounding areas. It is known that the Carrucan men, including Mick, worked on this project.

Strangely enough, the intermarriage between the Sweeney and the Carrucan families did not occur until after the death of John Sweeney on 24th May 1909. On 12th October 1910, Michael Carrucan, the oldest son of Patrick and Mary Carrucan, married Mary Sweeney, some 16 years his junior. Age differences meant little then and many marriages matched younger girls with older established men.

The marriage was celebrated at St John's Catholic Church in Heidelberg and the following photo shows the Bridal Party.



The wedding of Mary Sweeney and Michael Carrucan at St John's Church Heidelberg, celebrant Rev Fr. Parker. From left to right: Catherine Sweeney, Michael O'Heare, Michael and Mary Carrucan, Thomas Sweeney and Ellen Smith

Why wait so long? Was John Sweeney against the marriage? Mick Carrucan had inherited the family farm in Dalton Street at Eltham and he seemed an acceptable suitor from that perspective. Certainly the Sweeneys saw themselves as a bit special and a marriage to a Carrucan might have been deemed by John

Sweeney as unacceptable. Mary had been brought up in the upper echelons of Eltham society but Mick had only received the most basic education. In fact my mother Betty taught her father Mick to read and write in later life, an indication of the gulf that perhaps separated them socially.

Mary moved to the Carrucan farm in Dalton Street and joined in the tough farming life of the day. The horses were the most important pieces of machinery available and teams and drays were prized possessions. My uncle Jack kept two beautiful drays in his sheds long after the horses had gone. He could not bear to part with them.

By that time, the Carrucan farm had spread across 3 separate properties. The main farm was in Dalton Street and occupied some 20 acres in 3 main paddocks. A second property of some 15 acres was located on Main Road near Bridge Street and a third property of around 100 acres was found in Research.

As was the norm in those days, Mick and Mary Carrucan started their family quickly and soon had three young children to care for.

Patrick John (Pat): 1911-1991

John Francis (Jack): 1913-1976

Elizabeth Agatha (Betty): 1915-1990

Following Irish traditions, the children were named after older family members. Pat, as the first-born boy, was named after his paternal grandfather, Patrick Carrucan. Jack was named after John Francis Sweeney, his mother's younger brother and Betty was named after Elizabeth Agatha Sweeney, her mother's older sister

The 1911 Post Office Directory has under Eltham the names of Michael Carrucan (gardener), Denis Carrucan (carrier) and Thomas Sweeney (farmer).

In late 1915, Mary's youngest sister Kathleen married Frank Carrucan (a second marriage between the families) but tragedy struck when she died in childbirth. Mary and Mick took in the young baby, named Francis Kenny Carrucan (born 12th September 1916) and the family at the Dalton Street farm swelled from 3 to 4 children.



Mary Carrucan with baby John Francis (Jack) at Eltham in 1913

The Dalton Street farm and Culla Hill were the central points for the Carrucan and Sweeney families, now interconnected with children, grandchildren, uncles and aunts. There was a constant flood of visitors to the Dalton Street farm on weekends from the now far flung clans. The old aunts were especially formidable with their lilting Irish brogue and their strong personalities and independent ways. My uncle Jack used to delight in telling how, whenever they saw some young woman expecting a baby, the comment would quickly come: *“That poor gal. What brute of a man has done that!”*

But this must be seen in the context of the day. The families were typically large and women were tied to their families by the constant drudgery of cooking, washing, working around the farm and looking after the farm animals. It was a

tough life and not one that the old aunts saw in a very positive light.

The boys had to take the milking cows from the Dalton Street farm each morning up to the Bridge Road block and then bring them back each afternoon for milking. Uncle Jack told many stories of the adventures that this entailed. On one occasion the boys stopped at Burgoyne's shop for some lollies and the cows sauntered off up the road on the well-worn trail. Fitzsimmons, the proprietor of the Eltham Hotel nearly had a heart attack when he walked into the main bar and was confronted by a cow. On another occasion, some thunder sent the dog wild and it got into Burgoyne's shop and nearly wrecked it in its frenzied attempts to hide.

The following photo, taken around 1927, is at the side gate to the family house in Dalton St. and shows the old kitchen behind the fence. The picture shows Pat at the back and from left to right at front, Betty, Ken, Mary and Jack. The rigours of farming life are already telling on Mary who has lost her youthful look and is now looking all of her 50 years.



Pat (back) and from left to right at front, Betty, Ken, Mary and Jack

With the Depression of the late 1920's putting huge pressure on the working class families of Melbourne, any school related aspirations were put aside by the boys. Each had to finish his education after Grade 7 and move into the

workforce and earn a living to supplement the farm income.

Patrick worked the farm for a while before moving north to the Goulburn Valley seeking greener pastures. Jack worked as a moulder and eventually inherited the family farm. Ken worked on another dairy farm in Eltham before working as a storeman lumping wheat bags in Eltham and then working for a timber merchant in Heidelberg. He was tall and strong and could hold his own with anyone.

Only Betty was given the opportunity to continue her education. She was a gifted student who won a scholarship to Melbourne Girls' High School and from there won a senior government scholarship to Melbourne University. She was the first Eltham girl to go to University and was awarded a Newman College Exhibition. She gained a Bachelor of Arts with Honours and worked as a teacher in an illustrious career that spanned 40 years. She eventually retired in 1982 and died in 1990. She is buried at the Eltham Cemetery near Jack and Ken.

Mick would go afield on such jobs as hauling mining machinery up the wild Wood's Point road.

Catherine Cuffley, who stayed with her Carrucan relatives in the 1930s, relates that Uncle Mick was well known at the local hostelry. After an evening of steady imbibing, he would be carried out and dumped in his dray, the innkeeper would slap the horse on its rump and Mick would be delivered safely home; however, some of our more staid relatives thought that was impossible for a Carrucan!

Although Culla Hill had been lost to the Sweeneys in the Great Depression of the 1930s, the farm in Dalton Street continued in Carrucan hands with Mary and Jack continuing to work it after Mick's death.

On Mary's death 18 years later, the Diamond Valley News of November 28th 1961 carried the following obituary:

The death last week of Mrs Carrucan, the last surviving member of the Sweeney family, brought a long chapter of Eltham's history to a close.

It was in 1838 that her grandfather, Thomas Sweeney, made his home at Culla Hill, a homestead of stone and mudbrick that still overlooks the Yarra the end of Sweeney's Lane. Mrs Carrucan was born there in 1876, one of the ten children of John Sweeney.

When she married in 1909, she went to the house in Dalton Street, and apart from 4 years in Western Australia, lived there until her death. Her daughter Mrs. Erickson is a teacher at Eltham High School, her son Pat is living in the Goulburn Valley and her son Jack lived with his mother, caring for her with great devotion in her long illness.

Mrs. Carrucan was always shy of good works in the public eye, but throughout her long life, her character and courage, her kindness and gentleness, gave her a lasting place in the hearts of many friends.

Third Generation – 1: Patrick Carrucan

Patrick John (Pat) Carrucan, the oldest child of Mick and Mary Carrucan, was born in 1911 at Eltham.

With the Depression of the late 1920's putting huge pressure on the working class families of Melbourne, any school related aspirations were put aside by the boys. Each had to finish his education after Grade 7 and move into the workforce and earn a living to supplement the farm income.

Pat was apprenticed into the building industry but did not finish his time. He was then sent to the block in Research to milk cows and to make a go of it. Alas, the land was poor and better suited to mountain goats and he had little chance of success.

He married one of the local girls, Louise Norman, in 1938, while living at Research and the family remembers him still milking there in the early years of the Second World War.

In the early 1940s, he moved north to country Victoria and spent his subsequent life in the Goulburn Valley, never returning home except for the occasional visit. There he found better long term employment in the Railways and State Rivers and settled in Tatura.

He married again, to Lavinia Turner, and they had two children, Rosemary, born around 1960, and Patrick (Rick), born around 1962. The relationship broke up and he was left to bring the two children up on his own.

He died in 1991, aged 79, and is buried in Tatura.

Third Generation – 2: John (Jack) Carrucan

John Francis (Jack) Carrucan was born in 1913 in Eltham. He never married.

Like Pat, his schooling was curtailed and he was forced to leave at the completion of Grade 7 to help supplement the family income.

Jack was apprenticed as a pattern maker but found that the hours would be shorter if he worked on the foundry floor so he arranged for his papers to be transferred and he trained as a moulder. He then spent the rest of his working life in the foundry.

With Pat choosing to move to the country, the farm passed to Jack on the death of his father Mick in 1943. This came at considerable personal cost as he tried to juggle the necessary farm related work with his own paid work.

This came to a head in 1946 when, after working long hours in the foundry during the war years, he was close to exhaustion. He resigned from work, used the money he had saved to build a modern dairy at the Dalton Street farm and worked with his mother Mary in milking a herd of some 20 cows. But as luck would have it, 1946/1947 saw a dreadful drought. They were supplying milk to the Eltham Dairy, run by Hardings, but times were so tough that Hardings could not always guarantee to pay for the milk they supplied. This, combined with the high cost of feed for the cows, nearly ruined them and they were forced to sell the herd.

Jack traveled to Western Australia for a holiday and stayed with Tom Lane and his family. It was probably a necessary break to help him overcome the draining experiences of the previous few years.

Returning to Eltham in 1947, he rejoined the foundry and then worked there until 1957. He initially became President of the Moulders Union (an honorary position – he still worked on the floor) and eventually won the paid Trades Hall position of Secretary of the Moulders Union. But his mother Mary's health started to deteriorate so badly that he resigned from this position in 1957 and spent the next 4 years caring for her until she died in 1961.

From the early fifties onwards, the other farm blocks were gradually subdivided and sold off until the Dalton Street block was left as the one remaining section of the farm. Jack continued to live there after his mother's death and he dabbled

in cattle dealing. But during the intervening years until his death at 62 years of age, on 3rd May 1976, he was forced to subdivide the property even further and gradually sell off the remaining sections to make ends meet. Thus the area gradually changed from farming to housing as the suburbs encroached onto the farm.

On Jack's death, the remainder of the property was sold off and the historic home was demolished to make way for a modern brick dwelling. The house was riddled with white ant infestations and would have taken a lot of money and effort to save and this was obviously not a viable proposition.

Jack was a prodigious teller of family stories but, alas, his early death meant that many of the stories died with him.

Culla Hill now remains the only reminder of those early days. A unique opportunity was presented in 1997 when the property was auctioned so I made the pilgrimage to the old homestead that I had not visited since my childhood.



Jack Carrucan at the front gate of the Dalton Street farmhouse, circa 1970. When he died in 1976, the house was demolished and the property subdivided and sold. Now only the cypress tree behind Jack remains as a reminder of days past.

Third Generation – 3: Elizabeth (Betty) Carrucan⁸³

Elizabeth Agatha (Betty), born on December 28th 1915, was the youngest of three children born to Mick and Mary Carrucan. Following the tradition of the day, she was named after two of her aunts.

The farm in Dalton Street was mixed, having cattle, poultry and an orchard and everyone had their allotted tasks. As a girl, Betty had to look after the poultry. She looked upon this task with great distain and harboured a lasting dislike of chooks throughout her life. In her later years at Heidelberg, she duly took her grandchildren next door to see the ‘chookies’ but little did they realize her behind-the-scenes thoughts.

Betty was, even in those early days, a person of outstanding potential and personality and stood out as a pupil as she progressed through Eltham Elementary School.

The Advertiser of November 24, 1931 reported in length on the Eltham Higher Elementary School Prize night

Mr. Stewart presented The Rhodes Ideal Girls’ Prize, which was presented for the first time this year. This medal was donated by Mr. and Mrs. E. Smithers, to be awarded on the same basis as the medal which has been presented to the boys by Mr. A. Smithers for some years past. The winning of this medal demands not only scholastic attainment but also those other qualities that go towards making desirable citizens such as efficiency in sport, bearing and character. The announcement the award had been won by Betty Carrucan was a popular one.

A scholarship enabled her to continue her schooling at Melbourne Girls High School (later to become McRobertson’s Girls High School) but it was not a unanimous family decision. Many of the older aunts felt that education was unnecessary for a country girl and that she should have left school like her brothers after completing Elementary School. It was a credit to her father, himself an uneducated man, that he made his own decision and gave her his blessing.



MGHS Magazine Committee, 1933 – Betty is back left.

The following short essay, written by Betty, was published in the December 1933 edition of PALLAS, the MGHS magazine.

A TREATISE ON LOCKER ROOMS

Naturally, when the transference from Government House to our present location was actually effected, one absorbing topic of conversation was the locker rooms. The stalwart frame of those fortunates who had revelled in the possession of top lockers were shaken with apprehension, lest an undignified descent from Olympian heights to the lower regions should befall them. But hope stirred in the hearts of those who had been experiencing the doubtful pleasures attendant upon bottom lockers - grovelling on the floor, the recipient of innumerable jogs, blows and avalanches of books and so forth.

Ah me! Woeful reminiscences! Dashed hopes! Who will cease to recall without spinal convulsions that terrible week during which A and B forms

were confined to one locker room. Dear me! Can that struggling, seething mass of frenzied humanity be composed of the dignified maidens of A, the studious virgins of B. Well! Well! As Milton so wittily remarks (or was it the optimistic Shakespeare?) "How charming is divine philosophy." For after all, who would not prefer the solace, the tranquillity of a congested locker room, with the addition of such thrills as a narrow escape from impalement on coat-hooks, or headlong descent of the staircase, to carrying one's scholarly apparatus over the country side all day, in a portmanteau, or, worse still, clasped tenderly in the arms.

What fatal discrepancies do oft occur, separating the existing state of affairs from the ideal. Standing in the middle of that locker room, I was so rash as to close my eyes and cover my ears. Then did I conjure up a soothing vision of girls, standing at attention, in orderly lines, each awaiting her turn to approach her locker. No clamor! No disorder! All was politeness and patience. Smiling beatifically, I ventured to look around me once more, that charming image lingering in my mind. Ah me! Bedlam! And, horrid fact, numerous irate damsels gesticulating angrily, waving particles of food in a menacing manner, declaring that I was blocking the passage. Ah Milton! How charming is divine philosophy. What may have been the climax I dare not imagine, but that the awesome form of a prefect appeared. How her sonorous voice resounded through the vaulted arches, as she carolled, "Clear the locker-room, please!" The girls filed meekly out, quailing under the eagle eye of that minion of the law.

Let our conclusion be of the true lyrical type, permeated with hope, and calm serenity. I am now situated in an airy common room, the proud possessor of a top locker. The maidens about me are noted for their genteel deportment and impeccable manners. Liltng strains come floating over from the grand piano near by. Bliss! How truly delightful an environment.

B. Carrucan

After an outstanding school career, she was awarded the Newman College Exhibition and a Senior Government Scholarship to attend Melbourne University. Thus she became the first girl from Eltham Higher Elementary School (and perhaps from Eltham overall) to attend University.

While at University, she taught her father to read and write. It was not easy going for her by any means. She studied each night under the light of a hurricane lamp in the back room of the Eltham farmhouse and encountered considerable opposition to her studies from the old Irish relatives who saw no place in a girl's life for a higher education.

As the depression set in during the thirties, she was forced to leave university for a year and work as the infant mistress at the Gold Street Primary School in Clifton Hill to help the family finances.

She went back to university after a year and graduated in 1938 with a B.A. Honours degree. In her graduating year were such luminaries as Sir Zelman Cowan (later to become Governor General of Australia) and Bob Santamaria.

Career opportunities for women were few at that time and Betty embarked on a teaching career. As was the case in those days, her first teaching appointments were in the country regions. She spent a few years at each of Korrumburra, Leongatha, Wangaratta and Stawell.

While teaching at Stawell, she met a migrant Swedish miner, Gunnar Eric (Eric) Erickson, and they married in 1946. She soon gave up teaching to start a family and followed Eric as he moved with the mining to Captains Flat near Canberra and on to the Snowy Mountains Scheme, then in its early years. Her two oldest children, Michael and Terence, were born in the primitive and tough conditions of these mining towns.

She returned to Eltham in 1950, expecting a third child (Timothy) who was born in November. She then stayed on at the family farm at Dalton Street Eltham with her three young boys, relying on the good will of her family who were still relatively poor farmers.

Around this time her health started to deteriorate and bad circulation in her legs became a recurring problem. She spent most of one year in the Royal Melbourne Hospital and, at one stage, looked likely to lose both her legs. She would not give in and eventually got back on her feet, gathered her boys back as a family and went back to work.

In those days, married women were not allowed to teach but she was able to get a part-time teaching position at Eltham High School through the intervention of Harry Moody, the principal, who had taught with her in the country. Her legs

were still very bad and only her will to keep her family together kept her going.

In 1958 she took her boys to Queenstown in Tasmania where her husband Eric was working as an engineer with the Mt Lyell Copper Mines and she taught in the Queenstown School of Mines while there.



1958 in Queenstown – Terry, Tim, Mick and Betty

After a year, she returned to Eltham as her mother was very ill and the climate in Tasmania was too cold for her circulation. She taught at Heidelberg High School and stayed at Eltham until her mother died in 1961.

Her teaching continued until she retired in 1978 at age 62 to look after her brother Pat who was recovering from a very serious heart attack. She was still keen to contribute so worked for the next four years teaching HSC English in the night school at Coburg High School. She finally retired from teaching in 1982 after a career spanning 44 years.

Retirement for Betty meant the chance to do all the things previously denied to her by a tough family and work lifestyle. She entered into such activities as a film circle, a reading circle, membership of Heidelberg, membership of the Catholic Womens League (of which she became editor of their magazine *Horizon* and a life member), a more active role in St John's Parish, membership

in the Heidelberg branch of the Soroptimists and so on. The full list would be large indeed.

Finally freed of financial constraints, her generosity towards all charities and to anyone in need was given full reign. Her idea was to use money rather than amass it and she gave freely to all in need. She felt no need for worldly possessions. Indeed most presents given to her were recycled to others

Her list of friends was large indeed and all her friendships were lasting - a tribute to her warmth and personal charisma. When she died on 6th March 1990 after a battle with cancer, the funeral mass of over 300 people bore witness to her deep impact on many people.

Second Generation – 3: Susan Carrucan⁸⁴

Susan (Sue) Carrucan was born in 1862 at Eltham. She was the third eldest child of Patrick Carrucan and Mary O'Brien. She met and married Edward Shae Kent (Ned) at Eltham in 1881. Ned was born at Eltham circa 1858 and owned the Plenty Hotel, a pub in Diamond Creek, Christmas Hills and Bulleen and an orchard in Eltham.



Lower Plenty Hotel - Ned is seated on the horse and the woman seated on the verandah is probably Susan.

Sue and Ned had no children of their own but they reared or adopted John Thomas Flanagan who was orphaned by the age of 8 years, in 1887. He grew up with them and became a solicitor, working in Middle Brighton.

Ned died in 1907, aged 49 years, at Templestowe. At the time of his death, the Plenty Hotel in Heidelberg was the only hotel in his name. At that time, he also owned an orchard at Templestowe.

From 1910 to at least the 1920s, Sue owned a home at 143 Church St, Brighton, called "Rothwell".

At some stage Sue moved to a large double storey house in Black Street, Middle Brighton. It was a brick home with a tower, called "Wyuna" and still stands today.



Susan Kent nee Carrucan in later years

Members of the Carrucan family seemed to love Aunt Sue as she was bright, dressed well, cared for her herself as became a lady, and was very active. She visited, playing cards etc, and Carrucans stayed at her house and were taken to races and the like. She loved all things alive and kept goldfish. She is

remembered as living and having visitors at Youna before John was married and moved in with his wife.

When John Flanagan married Helen, the Carrucans seemed to lose touch with Sue. It seems that Helen had a strong personality and had taken over the house. The family only glimpsed Sue as a frail untidy old lady behind Helen.

Sue lived in her house with the Flanagan family till she died on 15th December, 1943, aged 81. She had lived a further 35 years after the death of her husband. A family story is that Sue left her money to the gardener. However, it is likely that John inherited the house as he stayed there till he died in 1944. John and Helen Flanagan are buried in the same grave with Sue.

Third Generation – 1: John Flanagan⁸⁵

John Flanagan was the adopted son of Susan and Ned Kent. John's biological family has an interesting history.

John's mother was Elizabeth Hegarty who arrived in Melbourne on the *Champion of the Seas*, in July 1863, single, age 20. His father was Timothy Flanagan who was born in County Clare, Ireland. Timothy had arrived in Hobart, Tasmania, on the 27th January 1857, aged 26 years, and single. He listed his trade as farm labourer and his parents as Michael Flanagan and Bridget Boyle. Timothy brought four people with the surname Flanagan, to Australia, either with him when he migrated or subsequently.

Timothy and Elizabeth were married on 9th February 1865 at Pentridge. Elizabeth was 22 years and Timothy was 34 years. They were married for 20 years, and had 10 children. John Flanagan was born circa 1887 in Alfredton, and his birth was registered in Ballarat.

The couple and their family lived at Pentridge (Preston and Coburg now), Northcote, Collingwood, and Sunbury. Elizabeth died at Sunbury on the 3rd September 1885, the cause of death being sanguineous apopoery (bleeding into a bodily organ). The inquest found that she fell and bruised her face on a fender and that she also had a brain bleed. At the time of Elizabeth's death, Timothy was working in Sunbury as a Storeman. Timothy died on 15th February, 1887, 15 months later, at Collingwood.

John was six when his mother died and eight when his father died. He was fostered out to Sue and Ned Kent. There are no formal adoption papers. John attended a Christian Brothers' school and in 1895 won dux of the class, aged 16.

When Ned died in 1907, John was aged 27 years and would have been out working. John studied to become a solicitor but it is believed this was later in his life.

In 1924 Hellene Bedsor arrived in Perth, aged 25. In 1927 she and John married; he was aged 48 and she was aged 28. At that time, his address was 4 Grey St, Brighton. In 1929, their first child, John Thomas Jr, was born.

At this time the depression started in Australia, made worse by drought. In July 1929, when John was working at the National Trustees in Queen Street Melbourne., he applied to the Dresdner bank, Hamburg, Germany for money held by Hellen, but there was nothing left as Germany had changed its currency. A letter from the bank stated it was out of their control.

By 1929, the Flanagan family was living at "Youna" in Black Street, Brighton with Susan Kent. They had already moved two or three times after their marriage.



John Thomas Flanagan.

In 1944 John died, leaving four children aged from 16 years down to 7 years. Susan lived for a further 22 years before she died in 1966.

Second Generation – 4: Patrick Carrucan⁸⁶

Patrick Carrucan, the fourth child of Patrick and Mary Carrucan, was born circa 1864.

On 5th April 1885, he married Ellen Carroll at Hawthorn. The witnesses at the wedding were Michael Carrucan and Bridget Byrne (possibly Ellen's aunt or cousin).

Ellen was the daughter of Christopher Carroll and Mary Byrne who were married in Ireland in 1857 and migrated to Australia in 1862. She was their fourth child and was born at Clifton Hill in 1862. She grew up in Eltham and may have met Patrick there. She worked as a nurse at the Yarra Bend Asylum where Patrick worked as a warder.

Patrick and Ellen had 13 children: John, Christopher, Mary, Patrick, William, Charles, Frances, Myles, Ann-Marie, Michael, Joseph, Leo and Ellen (Nell) between 1886 and 1907.

On 19th July 1915, Patrick enlisted in the army, joining the 8th Battalion. He had understated his age by eight years. He and Ellen lived at Vera St. Abbotsford at the time and he said he was 43 yrs old and a nurse and warder at the Kew Asylum. His army record states he was 5ft. 8ins tall, had blue eyes, fair hair and fresh complexion and weighed 18 stone. He was invalided out on 29th August 1915 with adiposity (obesity) and was discharged on 7th September 1915, weighing 19 stone. What happened in that 2 months that he put on a whole stone in weight?

Peg O'Brien remembers that Pat Carrucan used to worry about the boys' drinking so they would get in the windows so as to avoid him.

Mary Dempsey, one of Patrick's and Ellen's grandchildren, can recall visits to her grandma's house as a young child, but granddad was never around during these visits. Mary could not recall meeting her granddad at all.

One of their children set him up in a house in Melbourne and he eventually died on 22nd September 1928 in Prahran, aged 64. Patrick's daughter Mary (Girly)

cared for him at her home in Malvern in his last illness. He had diabetes and an enlarged prostate.

Patrick's life is characterised by an early marriage and many children and he was known for his drinking. His work life would have been difficult and involved moving the family several times. Three children (Pat, Charles and Leo) died young and one (William) died in the war. This must have impacted on the family and the marriage. On the other hand, he was known to love music and dancing. The World War I records of his children, William and Michael, state that Pat and Ellen were not living together when Michael enlisted, nor when William died. The army made a note to ensure both parents were informed separately of William's death and any other matters arising.

Ellen helped out at St Joseph's Church in Collingwood and she was known in her old age for attending many funerals. Her rationale was that if she didn't go to their funerals, they wouldn't come to hers. She was also known to enjoy the social life at events like New Years Eve at the Town Hall (possibly Collingwood).

Around 1935, when Mary Dempsey moved to Melbourne as a young woman to work, Ellen was living in Johnson Street, Clifton Hill and later Noon Street, Clifton Hill. Mary and her brothers, Ivan and Con, would often visit grandma when she was living in Melbourne. Ellen was a very kind and generous woman who always had a meal for visitors. The two youngest children, Joe and Nell (Ellen), were still at home and they enjoyed playing cards together for hours. In her later years Ellen went to all the card games in Collingwood.

She died 31st December 1937, aged 85 years.

We now move on to the various children of Patrick and Ellen Carrucan, starting with their eldest child Jack. This section has been contributed by Jack's daughter Mary Dempsey nee Carrucan along with granddaughter Helen Collins.

Third Generation – 1: John Francis (Jack) Carrucan

My father, John Francis Carrucan, generally known as 'Jack', was born in Peel St Kew on 10th October 1886 in Kew. He was the eldest of thirteen children. It must have been before Sacred Heart Church was built. They walked to Mass in Hawthorn, but I don't know where he went to school. He was a good father

and provider, but in his early days I have heard tell he was a bit of a lad! I doubt he went to school regularly as, although he could read and write, he wasn't too good at figures, as he called it. He knocked about with his brothers and a tale has been told that a group of young fellows engaged a horse cabbie to go home one night after a dance. As they neared their destination they dropped off one by one, leaving the poor old cabbie to drive on.

His father Patrick was a warder at the long time defunct Yarra Bend Mental Asylum so, after a time in odd jobs in market gardens, Dad applied for a job in that department. An appointment to Ararat followed and he worked on the farm. All the institutions had a farm for years, a herd of cows, quite a lot of pigs supplying the kitchen with milk, cream and some meat. Also an extensive cropping program with wheat and lucerne for feed. It was in Ararat where my mother and father met.

His wife Margaret nee Doherty, known as Mag which she hated, was a psychiatric nurse. The daughter of Cornelius Doherty and Honora Hurley, she was born in 1882 and grew up in Creswick. Jack and Mag were married on 10th July 1912 at St Augustine's church in Creswick. Dad was transferred to Ballarat where they lived in Howitt St, Wendouree. He was a good farmer, always teaching the other staff to plough straight furrows. They drove Clydesdale horses.

Dad was of a jovial nature, enjoying a joke, especially telling them. He was great fun, except sometimes after visiting the local watering place, the Blue Bell Hotel, when he incurred the wrath of mum. He could play the piano by ear, the mouth organ and the piano accordion. As mum was a very good singer, we had lots of musical evenings.

One day Auntie Bridget (Jack's aunt Bridget Carrucan who married Patrick Lane) came to visit from Western Australia. She had traveled by train from Perth to Melbourne and then to Ballarat with her youngest sister Auntie Babe (Jack's aunt, Annie Carrucan). Auntie Babe had gone over to Perth for a visit. They said the train ride had been long and cold. Bridget had used all her shawls and spare clothes to block the gaps around the doors and windows to prevent drafts in their compartment. Finally she covered her face and head with the last shawl. One of the other passengers asked Auntie Babe, "*Aren't you worried your mother might suffocate?*" Bridget was 17 years older than Annie. Auntie Babe was

horrified to be mistaken for her sister's daughter and declared, "*She's not my mother, she is my sister*", immediately correcting the misapprehensions of the fellow travellers.



Wedding of John Francis Carrucan and Margaret (nee Doherty) at Creswick

When Bridget and Annie arrived in Ballarat they went around to Jack and Maggie's house in Wendouree, only to discover that the children were still at Sunday school. Bridget was not to be dissuaded and walked down to the church to meet the children. There were about nine children in the Sunday school class and when Bridget came across them on their way home, she gave hugs and kisses not only to the Carrucan children, but also to all the other children. Some of the other boys were embarrassed and Mary Dempsey never lived it down with her class mate Harry Elliot.

In 1923 Maggie had a baby, Theodora, who took convulsions and died at six weeks of age. Mary Dempsey remembers the little white coffin on her parents' bed and her brother Con making cups of tea or cocoa for Mum when the midwife had gone.

In 1928, promotion meant a move to Beechworth. Our furniture was sent by rail and the caption on the load read, "*Mr Cooen can, Farm Bailiff, Hospital for the Insane, Beechworth*". We have advanced somewhat from these days. A great farewell was tendered and Dad received a gold watch. Mum was five months pregnant at the time (with Gregory), but still attended the ball in a formal ball gown (including corset which was standard even for pregnant women). Dad had to report for duty at Beechworth immediately so he left Mum with the children in Wendouree to follow him. The Wendouree house was sold and everything was packed into boxes for transport by train.

The family lived in a cottage on the Hospital property. The cottage has since been pulled down. The buildings and extensive gardens of the hospital are now owned and maintained by La Trobe University.

The children attended St Joseph's Convent School in Loch Street. Mary was 11 years old when the family moved. Shortly after commencing at the new school she was told off by a nun for running and jumping hurdles in the boy's part of the playground. One of the nuns was more relaxed than others and would take the students outside for some lessons; Mary learnt French verbs sitting on the edge of the Beechworth Gorge. She also had music lessons and practiced on the piano at the Convent, by special permission.

Con was quite a good cricketer and played with the Beechworth team (Mental Hospital). One day when Con had scored around 80 runs, his father, Jack (as umpire) had to give him "out". Maggie was very indignant – Ivan was scorer at this time (a family affair). Con was picked one year to play in Country Week. He received a green cap of which the family was very proud.

Con did his 'Leaving Certificate' (the equivalent of Year 11 today) at St Patrick's College as a boarder. Upon arrival, Con realised he was the only boy in short pants and sent home an urgent message for long pants.

The following year Ivan returned to Ballarat to complete his 'Leaving'. The Brothers gave him a ground floor bedroom and toilet. Con attempted Leaving

Honours (present day H.S.C.) in Beechworth with Taylors by correspondence, but without much success. The next year Con went back to St. Pat's in Ballarat and did so well in Honours that he won a free place at Melbourne University, and a Newman Exhibition. Con said later he would have done Medicine but Mum and Dad couldn't see their way to finance him through university. It was the middle of the great depression. Con chose to become a teacher.

In about 1933, Jim Calnin (Auntie Babe's husband) retired from his job as the farmer at Ballarat Asylum and the Calnins moved out to Burrumbeet. Dad applied to transfer to Ballarat and got Jim's job so the family left Beechworth after five years. At the farewell function, Dad received a silver tea service. I still have this tea service. We all enjoyed the five years in Beechworth, our parents being involved in community and church and sport. Since Dad was returning to Ballarat, some wit said he should return the watch! (*I now have this watch – Frank Carrucan – Ed.*).

The family moved back to Ballarat and lived in a large house provided for the farmer on the Ballarat Hospital property. The house is now gone.

After Ballarat, they spent a year in Sunbury and eventually Dad's dream came true - an appointment to Kew Asylum. In 1942 Dad and Mum moved to Kew and lived at the asylum in a large house. Dad then worked at the asylum as a farmer until he retired in 1950. The family then moved to a house in Uvadale Grove in Kew.

Dad died in 1956 around the time of the Melbourne Olympics. When he died, Maggie and Ivan moved into a flat in Mary Street, Kew.

Maggie lived into her eighties. She was fit and strong and would help other old women across the street. Maggie died on 16 June, 1969.

Fourth Generation – 1: Ivan Carrucan⁸⁷

Ivan, the first child born to John Francis and Margaret Carrucan, was born in 1913 at Wendouree, Ballarat. He started school at St Anne's, a small school attached to the Mary's Mount Convent. When he was in Grade 3 and Con in Grade 2, they moved to St Columba's, Ballarat North. Whilst there, he hurt his shoulder playing football but nothing was found wrong with it. He wasn't well and eventually his foot turned black. Mum and Dad took him to St. Vincent's

hospital in Melbourne where they diagnosed blood poisoning and amputated the leg.

He remained in hospital for four months and was sent home where he spent his days in a long bed. Mum put the bed outside the front gate in Howitt Street. Dad brought home a cow rug to keep him warm and, if it rained, Mum put up an umbrella! Everything happened around him – the Grammar College choir practised, Summer School rehearsed their plays and of course the local kids played cricket or football.



Taken in 1917, this photo shows Ivan and Con, the eldest children of Jack and Maggie Carrucan

The Wendouree State School was in the street and the head teacher there, Mr Boyd, was very good to Ivan, bringing him books and talking to him. I attended that school and was in grade four. One day he asked Ivan if there was anything

he wanted. Ivan said, "*I'd like to go to school*". So it was arranged. Mum padded a rocking chair and left it at my desk. Mum wheeled Ivan each morning and carried him to the chair. At dinner time Mum took Ivan's lunch over and attended to his needs.

Ivan had been in Grade 5. Mr Boyd taught Ivan ahead of the class and then later advised Mum to get him to High School. At this stage, Ivan had advanced to crutches and a wheel chair. A cousin, Ned Calnin, left the brothers and helped Ivan to Ballarat High.

Ivan completed Leaving and, when he finished school, he worked in various office jobs around Ballarat while the family was in Beechworth. When the family moved back to Ballarat, Ivan began accountancy studies with Hemmingway & Robertson by correspondence. Eventually he qualified and subsequently worked at CSIRO.

Mary Conheady, his niece, offers her own recollections

Ivan was an inspirational figure to all his family and a 'favourite' uncle to his numerous nieces and nephews.

Despite his disability he was extremely clever and worked extremely hard at night school to become a qualified accountant. Although, no doubt, he was frequently in pain, he was well known for his cheerful nature and his sense of humour. He had wonderful social skills.

Nieces and nephews recall their delight, after waiting impatiently for his arrival for a visit, at finally seeing his short, limping, smiling figure climb out of the driver's seat of his specially adapted car of the time. To us he was well off, with a great job, a cheerful disposition and had a trace of glamour. He reminded some of us of the war hero Douglas Bader, but instead of a spitfire he drove good cars - Ford Fairmont or Mercedes.

Ivan lived with his mother at Mary St, Kew, for many years. After he married Nell Kiniry, they moved to Canberra where Ivan continued working with the CSIRO. They moved to Burwood in 1973 and he started working at Marcellin College as an accountant and financial adviser. Also on a voluntary basis he helped many schools and parishes.

Later they moved to Bendigo and Ivan came out of retirement a second time

to work at the Catholic Education Office as an accountant and financial advisor to schools.

A colleague at the Bendigo office described him as follows:

He had a great sense of humour. I recall visiting when he informed me that he had made a real estate investment. *"What do you mean?"* says I. *"This place is too big - I need something that I won't have to look after,"* says he. *"But Ivan this is such a nice place,"* says I. *"Ah no, I always thought I'd only be here for a few years, I want to get into something more permanent,"* says he. *"Where's the block of land?"* says I. *"Out at Kangaroo Flat, a nice place, plenty of neighbours but they're very quiet, there'll be no wild parties,"* says he smiling.

This banter went on for another couple of minutes until he told me that his block of land was a 6' x 3' plot at the Kangaroo Flat cemetery'.

In spite of his physical disability, he often reflected on his long and happy life. *"I've had a good innings"* he'd often say.

His funeral was very well attended by his legion of friends as well as priests and religious from all over Victoria. This was a reflection of his personal magnetism as well as his tremendous contribution to the Diocese of Bendigo as a financial advisor. He overcame his disability by lifelong determination, intelligence and good humour. The outcome of all this striving was a unique, personable and memorable man. Ivan, we remember you and miss you.

Fourth Generation – 2: Cornelius (Con) Carrucan⁸⁸

Con Carrucan's children Frank and Helen now talk about their father Con and their mother Clare.

Our mother Clare was a keen family historian in her later years as was her sister Lil McArdle, who lived with her at our family home at 302A Doveton Street, North Ballarat.

Our father Con was drowned at Patho while duck shooting on 1st March 1949, (see below by Mary Dempsey and Helen Collins), and Mum returned to her family in Ballarat. Her father Edward was a successful collar maker (for draught horses) and had his own business in a double storey shed at the

back of 304 Doveton Street. He had built two houses as rental properties on part of his property, where he originally had a large vegetable garden. Mum was able to buy one of these houses from him eventually. On the deaths of her father and mother, Clare's sister, Lil, moved in with us to help with the two children as well as for companionship, and stayed there from then on, all except for the last few years which she spent in Nazareth House nursing home in Ballarat. She died in 2004.



The wedding of Cornelius Patrick Carrucan and Clare Elizabeth McArdle at St Patrick's Cathedral Ballarat in 1945.

Bridesmaid: Miss Lil McArdle b. 1915, Best Man: Ivan Carrucan 1913-1994

Mum was working as a secretary for her brother Dr. Frank McArdle, so Lil's presence was invaluable. The other rental property was inherited by another brother, Joe McArdle, while Eddie McArdle inherited the family home at 304. Therefore in our early childhood, we had three McArdle houses side by side.

Lil had served in the Army in Melbourne in World War 2, but came home to look after aged parents after the war. She eventually went on to become the

first woman librarian at the Ballarat Mechanics Institute, starting with part-time work as the household demands were reduced with the deaths of both of her parents, and as the children (Frank and Helen) grew older.

In 1988 Clare and Lil compiled photographs and text albums of both the McArdle and the Carrucan families and Clare wrote about her own experiences and the death of her husband Con.

When Con was discharged from the army about Christmas 1945 (the war ended 15th August 1945), he reported to the Education Department and was appointed temporarily to Macarthur St. State School here in Ballarat, close to where we were living with my parents who were elderly. He was then given a temporary posting to Eureka St. State School, as the returned soldiers had to be fitted to various schools. So we lived there for 1946, and during that time Helen was born in October.

At the beginning of 1947 Con had the chance to accept a posting to Patho, 20 miles from Echuca, which included a school house. It was the only one available, and he got that because we then had a child. We went up there at a fortnight's notice without a car, but before we left Ballarat, we put in an application for a Ford Prefect from Eclipse motors. It was necessary to get a permit from the Government to buy a car and you had to have a good reason. Anyway, we had to get together some furniture and provisions, and arrived per favour of my Ballarat relatives. Con's mother had advised me to buy a second hand Jacobean dining room setting after we were married, so we were very glad to have that. Because I had worked in Ballarat at a big store, I was able to buy some lino, a kitchen cabinet and a table, and we were more or less self sufficient. We were very happy up there and the people were very friendly.

We had no ice chest (no ice) or refrigerator, and no car. The Catholic Church at Torrumbarry, 5 miles towards Echuca, had a visiting priest from Echuca once a fortnight and we also had the chance to go to Gunbower, 5 miles along the Murray Valley Highway, where they had a visiting priest every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sunday of the month. We were on the edge of both parishes. For quite some time, we were dependant on our next door neighbours, the Mahers, for transport, as our permit did not eventuate. Con eventually wrote to the member for Bendigo, and I jazzed it up with some

pathos, and we finally learned from the Echuca Ford dealer that it had come through. The dealer was none too pleased as we got preference over his favourite customers.

In the meantime the local people heard that there was a car for sale, an old Dodge, and we were overjoyed to buy it. It was marvellous and we were able to travel to Ballarat and Melbourne for Christmas 1947.

When I became pregnant again I had to make regular visits to Echuca to see the doctor. I had to hire a pusher at Paterson P/L furniture store and of course had to take cushions etc. for baby Helen, but Mrs. Maher and Mick were very kind. Her daughter Chrissie lived in Echuca with her husband and family, but I liked to be independent, and went to a café for lunch. I used to feed Helen in the ladies room. I found country life very stimulating and was very happy there.

Because Con had his regular hours of teaching and was unable to visit Echuca, until he found a neighbour who was an amateur barber, he started to look like a musician- in that era they were the only ones with long hair. He had wavy hair so that was a plus. Con immediately involved himself in cricket, and there was also tennis, all ages participating. Sometimes the cricket team travelled about 75 miles to play; the area was sparsely populated. They thought nothing of it.

Our residence was about 70 years old, and once had been attached to the school, but at that time the house was fenced in, and the newer school was nearby. We had no electricity and of course no telephone, and had tank water. We had no ice chest (no ice) or refrigerator, and I remember that warm tomatoes were not nearly as palatable as those from the refrigerator. However we finally managed to buy a kerosene fridge probably in 1948. Great jubilation! We did not even manage to buy a radio for some time (television was not around then). We felt out of touch a bit, so when I was going into Echuca one day, Con asked me to get a radio. It was expensive, but the only one available, battery operated. We had tradesmen from Melbourne; the Education Department was getting the interior of the house painted, at Melbourne Cup time, and I asked them in to listen to the race. To my embarrassment the wretched battery began to go flat, and they had to get closer and closer to hear the final result. The next time I went in, I

bought another battery so that I had a spare. There was never a dull moment. The mailman brought out our meat every day and he would have brought goods out. Patho Post Office was on the outskirts of the school. A local girl came there for a few hours daily.

I had never lived in the country and the climate was hotter than Ballarat or Melbourne. My brother Frank and sister Lil drove Helen and me up to Patho in my father's car (young people could not afford cars) in January 1947, and Con went in the furniture van with the driver. Frank, who was on holidays from Melbourne University, helped Con to lay the lino and hang the curtains. I had bought the material and made them up before we left Ballarat. So we settled in. There was a heatwave at the time and the mosquitos drove me mad. A bit of new blood was just what they loved. It was not so bad the following year. The schoolhouse was well supplied with flywire doors and windows. Even the fireplace had flywire to keep them out, for which I was very thankful. They did not seem to worry Con as much; different blood groups perhaps.

However we all survived and the flocks of ibis and the bird life in the area were spectacular. We were all close to the Murray River and there were swamps and lagoons in the area. The following spring some of the paddocks used for grazing were a picture with wild flowers, the first time in ten years. The local people told us about the mice plagues and the dust storms in drought years, but the seasons were normal when we were there. Most of the people had dairy herds and the men and wives worked hard, but it seemed to be a good life, if you had irrigation.

Because it was 20 miles from Echuca, people had to make their own entertainment, and there were regular euchre nights in the school and school meetings there too. We met extra people of course because we were asked out to Sunday dinner for a visit by many of the parents, (the usual custom to get to know the teacher I would think), but then of course we had to return their hospitality- no mean feat for me with the disadvantages of an old wood stove- but I can remember no disasters.

One interesting family we visited included a timber cutter, his wife and child (or children), and his English mother-in-law. They made us very welcome. Their home was fairly inaccessible and built up high on stilts - sometimes

when the river Murray was in flood it must have been isolated - and everything, even the verandahs had flywire, as the mosquitos were really savage. They even made the cattle bleed. The meal was special and the mother-in-law confided she had worked on an estate.

When Christmas holidays came we were pleased to come south and we stayed for most of the school break.

When the war was over the last thing I expected was that Con would drown so tragically and it really rocked me. He went out early in the morning on foot - we had a lagoon winding partly round the school grounds. He had a new gun on approval which he bought from another school teacher and was undecided about keeping it as it was fairly expensive, but he was used to firearms, having being a soldier. I thought it a good idea to have a gun, so he decided to go out before school started and test it. The duck shooting always opened on March 1st at that time, irrespective of the day of the week.

When he did not return in time for school and the pupils had arrived, I sent word to the neighbours, the Russels, and later on they came to the house with the dreadful news that he had drowned. I was very shocked but because of the two young children I did not even cry. I have since thought that I did not have to cope with the grief of the children which would have been the case if they had been older. During the afternoon, I went in to see the priest, the doctor, the hospital to see Con and the undertaker to arrange the funeral. I decided to have Con buried in Ballarat and the next day travelled down to Ballarat by car with the children for the funeral on the following day.

The police came out in the morning to interview me, and the body was taken straight to Echuca to the hospital mortuary. I did not go back to the school for about a month until I had attended the inquest in Echuca. Everyone was very kind, I did not even have to be questioned; the police just read my statement. Jean McArdle, my sister-in-law helped me pack and I left Patho then for good. I must have been there a few days. The Patho people and our friends were kindness itself on the day Con died and when I was leaving, and because I was still so shocked, I am not even sure I thanked them properly - I sincerely hope so.

My family here in Ballarat were kindness itself and Mum and Dad made me

very welcome - my sister Lil also could not have helped more. Dad and Mum loved the children who brought a great deal of interest to their last days. Mum died after a short illness in 1951 and Dad died 10 months later in 1952. Mum was only in hospital for one night and Dad died at home. In those days St. John of God Hospital was only the original Bailey Mansion so hospital accommodation was in short supply. It was an exhausting time for Lil and me.

Looking back, once I heard Con was dead, I was like a robot. I did everything I was asked to do. I could not believe that Con was dead. People came up and spoke to me and I think I replied normally, but I was in a shocked trance - just as well I suppose.

I have never forgotten him but found it hard to talk about the tragedy or about him, perhaps until lately, about 40 years later. However I am very grateful to the Carrucan family over the years for their friendship, as it has meant a great deal to my two children, Helen and Frank, both now married and parents themselves - and also to me.

I have led a busy life supporting myself and the children. When my brother Frank finished his studies at Melbourne University as a Doctor of Medicine and was about to be married, he decided that Ballarat was a good place to practise medicine, and when he started in December 1952, I offered to be his receptionist, as I had experience in working in various offices. Lil made her home with me, and looked after the home for a few years, until she was able to start employment as a librarian. I worked for Frank for many years; he was loved by his patients and I worked with him until the business expanded to become a Medical Group and he left to go to the Queen Elizabeth Geriatric Centre as the chief doctor. At that stage I retired, after 18 years.

I was lucky to have superannuation, even though I remember I received only five shillings per week for each of the children and 3 pound 8 shillings per week for myself, but with that added to what I earned, I had a reasonable amount coming in. Fortunately I was blessed with good health, for which I thank God. I have not been unhappy, but have always regretted Con's death. We were so right for each other, both outgoing people, with the same backgrounds and values. No liberated women then! I am very proud of my

two children, they are both in caring professions, and every day of my life I ask God to bless them and their children.

I am sure I would have been a different person. All that I have endured made me a better Christian, closer to God and certainly a more caring person for others. I think I could have been smug Mrs. Carrucan – who knows?

Helen continues -

Clare worked for her brother though she had other job offers and as a result we had a very close association with the McArdle family. She returned to the Murray area with us, her children, a few times for holidays at Bill and Mollie O'Halloran's farm at Torrumbarry. She drove us up in the old Ford Prefect, which they did eventually buy, in the mid fifties, taking a full day to get there and suitably loaded with cut lunches and a thermos of tea, which we consumed at Bendigo, the nominated halfway point between Ballarat and Echuca. Mum was a very cautious driver and would pull to the side of the road to let faster traffic pass. This was fairly often for, although traffic was sparse by today's standards, most cars going in our direction were faster. Once she pulled over to let a house in halves on a transport go past. It became a family joke that Mum was such a slow driver we were passed by a house! Other later driving adventures in the Prefect included running out of traction half way up Wombat Hill in Daylesford! We had to pull over to a side road half way up for 30 minutes, while Mum recovered her nerve and, refreshed by helpings of tea from the thermos, we eventually made it to the top.

We learned to ride a bike at the Torrumbarry farm but only in the road leading up to the house. Mum was about to let us ride on the public road but was overruled by Mollie because there was too much traffic (one car on average a morning on the dirt road running by the river)! This was probably just as well as we had only one fixed wheel bike between the two of us and if we went too fast, there was no way to rest your legs. As city kids from the Ballarat big smoke, we were fascinated by the daily milking process and the milking machines, the outbuildings, the animals and the lights run by generators which also powered the radio. Mum insisted on the tank water being boiled, but Bill and Mollie carelessly downed glasses of water complete

with visible, wriggling aquatic life. It did them no harm as they both eventually retired to Echuca and lived a long life.

Mum dedicated her life to raising her children, with the essential help of her sister Lil, and was always intensely interested in grandchildren and in hosting family gatherings. She kept in close touch with the Carrucans and had a McArdle gathering at 302A every Christmas afternoon, from the fifties to the late eighties. She was always talking about family history, and must have twigged we were only listening with one ear, because she wrote it all down, for which we and our descendants are forever grateful.

She remained a woman of strong faith all her life and her driving over eighty years of age was limited almost to going to mass in Ballarat North of a Sunday morning. She was also very aware of the hardships suffered by our ancestors, as both the McArdle and Carrucan families came from Ireland. She wrote a message to her descendants in her McArdle history album:

They (the Irish) had a compulsion for education, which had been denied over the years in Ireland, and were well served by vast numbers of dedicated priests, nuns and missionaries whose driving force was to educate the young to take their place in all spheres of life here, but mainly to teach them to know, love and serve their God. Their lives (priests and nuns) must have been very lonely away from their own people in a hard, dry land, especially in the very early days. They did not have the comfort of wife and children, and deserve our heartfelt admiration and affection, and that includes the present generation. Our State school system does a wonderful job, but its omission of any Word of God is a disaster. Our hearts were made to love and serve the lord, and I hope you will give your children the chance to experience such an education. I wish you every happiness and prosperity in the years ahead in our wonderful Australia. I am grateful for our ancestors' courage and that they chose Australia.

Further reminiscences by Mary Dempsey and Helen Collins

Mary Dempsey recorded her fond memories of Con for Con's children. The following are extracts of those records.

The children (Mary, Con and siblings) attended Wendouree State Primary

School and went to Sunday school. One day when we, Eileen and I, came home from the little State School over the road (Wendouree S. S.) at lunch time, he (Con) wouldn't let us in at first. He had washed the kitchen floor and declared – "*You are not walking on my clean floor!*" – probably an echo of Mum.

I remember Con as a gentle caring person even from the early days. I have heard our mother say many times that Con didn't fight (as kids fight).

Con attended Teachers' College in Melbourne at his own expense – he saved for it.

What I remember most were the times just Con and I were in Melbourne. He was paid one week (State) and I the next (Commonwealth). We perpetually owed each other ten shillings. I don't think we ever worked out who owed whom. We used to meet often in the city on Sunday afternoon and "toss" to decide which relative we would visit for tea. Grandma Carrucan was very good to us, also Joe and Eileen Carrucan. The train fare to Ballarat for a weekend ticket cost 11/1 (11 shillings one pence) so had to be saved up. Con had a good sense of humour and was a lot of fun. He taught me dancing by taking me to Leggets – I think it was in the city. He would get me up a few times – then I was on my own, but he always took me home.

Con and I returned to Ballarat after living in Melbourne. We went out on Saturday nights to St. Pat's Hall but couldn't find people we knew. We eventually discovered that the Catholic dances were being held at the Masonic Hall, the church hall had been leased to some one or other. I would often stay at Maher's overnight. Connie Maher (later Mrs Frank Rice) was a close friend of mine so he was off the hook!

Con eventually got teaching, his first school was Gold Street, Clifton Hill, which was a pretty rugged assignment. One of the senior teachers told him that, "at three O'clock the 'Herald boys' are allowed to leave". So at three O'clock Con announced, "The Herald boys may go". He was standing with his back to the class writing on the blackboard – when he turned, every boy in the room had departed!

Con used to go to the football with friends – Collingwood, where else? The small boys collecting bottles used to bob up between the seats – "*Hullo, Mr Carrucan*", and "*Hello, Mr Bub*" (one of the other teachers). Con also taught at

Ballan and at other schools, Cape Clear and Wallinduc (week about there) and Beaufort – he boarded there with Mrs Cushing, an elderly lady.

As young adults, the children did their best to be home for Christmas. Probably the last time they were all together was the year of a polio scare. Maggie and Jack and the younger kids were living at Sunbury (Mental Asylum). Con was teaching at Beaufort – there was a polio scare and the teachers were supposed not to travel in the holidays. On Christmas Eve, Con arrived on his motorbike. He had to go back the next day, but he chanced the polio. The next year Jack joined the Air Force, Con went into the Army and I was married and went to Hobart the year after that.

Con taught in country schools around Victoria. Con joined the Army and was in New Guinea and had a nervous breakdown. He was hospitalised at Goulburn (NSW) when the armistice was signed and came home.

Con died on 1 March, 1949 at Patho. This was a significant family tragedy. Clare McArdle and Con married soon after and he was posted to Patho where he drowned after duck shooting alone. Either cramp or caught in reeds in the swamp. Clare reared Helen and Frank and worked as a receptionist for her brother Frank, a doctor. Clare's single sister, Lil, was a wonderful help.

Fiftieth Anniversary .. by Helen Carrucan

On the fiftieth anniversary of my father, Cornelius Patrick Carrucan's death, I visited, with my partner, Sandy, the area of the Murray River tributary at Patho where he had accidentally and tragically drowned when Frank and I were just babies. The day before our visit, on the last day in February 1999, we travelled to Echuca and stayed there the night. I had planned it for some time and had let my parents' former Patho neighbour, Mick Maher know of the plan. Unbeknown to me, he had spread the word around Patho.

In Echuca the night before, I felt closer to my father than I can ever remember. It was quite a deep spiritual feeling. That evening was the fiftieth anniversary of the last time my father and I saw each other and I keenly felt it that evening. The next morning, on the first of March, 1999, we travelled to Patho to be there at sunrise. Fifty years earlier Dad had left the house at dawn, was reported missing at 9am and his body was found at 11am the same day in the nearby tributary, where it is believed he tried to swim out to collect a bird he had shot. I

knew approximately where he had been found, so we set up on the river's edge with a large framed photo of dad that had hung in mum's lounge all our lives, red long stemmed roses, which I threw one at a time every fifteen minutes into the water, knowing one would be thrown close to the time of his death.

At about 9am, we had a visit from a former Patho neighbour of my parents, who introduced himself and told me he had been in the original search party. He showed us where dad's clothes had been found on the bank, where his body had been found and told me the story of the tragic day that changed the lives forever of mum, Frank and myself. I am very grateful that he made the time that day to pass on more information than I had previously. Others drove along the dirt road and waved in support.

It was a very emotional, spiritual and exhausting day, but one I will remember all my life.

Fourth Generation – 3: Mary Dempsey nee Carrucan⁸⁹

Mary Cecilia Carrucan, born on 2 June 1917, was John and Margaret Carrucan's third child.

She and her sister younger Eileen (Eily) attended Sacred Heart College in Ballarat East. When she finished school, she sat for the telephonist exam and worked in Melbourne and Ballarat exchanges as a telephonist. In Melbourne, Mary boarded at St Anne's Hostel for working girls in Carlton. It was opposite the church but the building has since been pulled down. She also lived at a boarding house in Queen's Parade run by Mrs Woods. At one stage Ivan, Con, Mary and Eileen were all in Melbourne at Mrs Woods' boarding house. Eileen and Mary returned to St Anne's Hostel when the boarding house owner's son "put his foot in the door".

Mary met Walter Dempsey when she was living in Melbourne. Wal was related to some of her cousins and also worked for the Post Office. Usually the men worked night shift and the women in the day, but sometimes the men worked day shift. So Wal and Mary occasionally met at work. Wal was pretty keen on Mary, but she didn't agree to marry him immediately. Mary returned to Ballarat after her stint in Melbourne.

One day when Wal was working at the Post Master General's office at Treasury

Gardens in Melbourne, his boss asked him to go to a meeting with Joe O'Kelly, the Squadron Leader at the St Kilda Barracks. Wal went along and was asked to join the newly formed Department of Civil Aviation as an air radio operator. The new department originated in the Post Master General's office and needed people with radio and morse code skills.

In 1939, Wal was posted to Oodnadatta in the South Australian outback. He worked there with a 'weather bloke' by the name of Costello. World War Two commenced in October 1939. Wal was moved from Oodnadatta to Daly Waters in the Northern Territory. There were three people running the station at Daly Waters. They slept on camp beds in a small office in the hanger. Air Force planes (both Australian and American) kept the airstrip busy. One day the Dutch were evacuated from Indonesia and all went through Daly Waters because Darwin was too dangerous.

Mary Carrucan married Walter Dempsey on 19 September, 1942. Wal was posted to Essendon airport because as a married man the department was less inclined to send him to the outback. Mary and Wal lived near the airport in Essendon. Their neighbour was Wal's boss who would occasionally call over the fence to see if Wal would agree to a posting away somewhere.

Mary kept in close contact with her brother Con who by this time had married Clare McArdle. Con and Clare were living in Patho in Northern Victoria (or Southern NSW – check). Mary wrote to Clare in 1986:

I always treasure that lovely holiday we had in Jean's and Eddie's house in Creswick Road Ballarat (Con and Clare had swapped homes, come down to Ballarat and the McArdles went to Patho, 20 miles past Echuca). Do you remember, Clare? You and Con and Helen, a young baby, and I think I had Peter and Mary. We went out three times a day I'm sure, or had people to visit, and then spent the last day getting the house back in order (it must have been Christmas holidays).

Eventually Wal agreed to go to Hobart to work at the airport at Cambridge in about 1946. Wal and Mary lived in Cambridge, Tasmania for five years. The first child, Peter was born in Melbourne, and then Mary and Margaret were born in Hobart.

The family returned to Melbourne. Wal worked at Essendon Airport and the

family lived at 568 Pascoe Vale Road, Pascoe Vale. They had five more children, Elizabeth, Eileen, Catherine, Carmel and Con.

One day Mary was on a tram in Melbourne with the three eldest daughters. A woman sitting opposite asked the children's names. The names were proudly announced and the woman replied, "Oh, isn't that nice, the royal family", referring to the then Queen Mary and princesses Elizabeth and Margaret. "Oh no, they are named after Mary the mother of Jesus, Saint Margaret, and Saint Elizabeth (St Mary's cousin)!" explained Mary to the astonished protestant.

Wal retired in 1975.⁹⁰ Mary and Wal moved with the youngest children, Carmel and Con to Marong, central Victoria. They bought a house and on a large block of land. Much of the block is native bushland and Bullock Creek (known to the family as Con's Creek) runs through the block. "Going down the paddock" was a popular pastime for the 27 grandchildren over the years.



The marriage in 1942 of Mary Carrucan and Wal Dempsey at Kew. The photo shows Eileen O'Sullivan nee Carrucan (bridesmaid), Wal Dempsey, Mary Dempsey nee Carrucan), John Carrucan (Mary's father) and John Kelly (best man)

Mary and Wal were always great travellers. Wal worked in the Northern Territory prior to and during World War Two and had been attracted to the area since. In 1963 Mary and Wal drove their station wagon from Melbourne to Alice Springs. After Wal retired, they purchased a campervan and spent many weeks away from home exploring Australia by road.

In 1981 Mary and Wal traveled to Europe and included Ireland in their travel. They didn't know of any remaining Carrucans then, but they went through Doolin and County Clare. They also traveled to Nairobi in Kenya and Israel.

Wal and Mary lived in Marong with their youngest son, Con, for many years. In 2002 they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. As they aged, they battled determinedly with their increasing disabilities. They assisted each other with showering, by scrubbing each others' back. Mary used her walker to balance as she delivered eye drops into Wal's eyes as he reclined on the couch.

As they became more housebound, the family held annual Christmas gatherings at Marong. Ultimately Mary and Wal moved into Bethlehem, a nursing home in Bendigo and subsequently the Pioneers' Village nursing home in Templestowe.

Mary died on 20 March, 2008. Wal died on 30 July, 2010, shortly after his 100th birthday. Mary and Wal are buried together at Yan Yean Cemetery – a fitting end to a long and loving romance.

See the Carrucan website for the eulogies delivered by their daughter Liz Morrigan at each of their funerals.

Fourth Generation – 4: Eileen O'Sullivan⁹¹

Eileen Carrucan was born in Ballarat in 1919. Her family was living in Howitt St and her father was working at the Ballarat Mental Asylum at the time. She attended Wendouree State School with her sister Mary and they attended Sunday School with the other Catholic children.

In 1928, the family moved to Beechworth and their school was St Joseph's. Eileen loved Beechworth and carried fond memories into her adult life. One memory that she shared with her children was that the inmates of the "Mental Asylum" would ferry them to school every day in a horse drawn jinker.

The family moved back to Ballarat in 1933 and Eileen and Mary went to Sacred Heart College in Ballarat East. In her senior years there, Eileen did secretarial subjects such as typing and short hand. Her mother had fought for her daughters' education and in this regard was ahead of her time. But it may have been "home duties" that made her late for school every morning in these years. Eileen solved the problem, though, by sneaking into the typing room that was at the back of the school and setting up ready to start work before the other girls, who had been at school assembly, arrived: thus avoiding trouble.



1944 - Siblings Eileen (1919), Greg (1929) and Ivan (1913) Carrucan, 3 of the 7 children of Jack and Maggie Carrucan.

Eileen like her sister Mary went to Melbourne for work. Initially she worked as a telephonist. She lived at a boarding house in Queen's Parade run by Mrs Woods. At one stage Ivan, Con, Mary and Eileen were all in Melbourne at Mrs Woods' boarding house. An unpleasant incident at Mrs Woods' sent Eileen and Mary back to St Anne's Hostel, where they had lived previously.

Eileen was always well dressed and in fashion. During the war nylon stockings

were unobtainable and Eily (like many others, no doubt) tanned their legs and drew the vertical line of the stocking seam on the back of their legs to make it seem they were fashionably dressed in nylon stockings.

By the end of the war, Eileen was a very experienced stenographer but had never been out of Australia. She took the opportunity to work on Manus Island as a stenographer taking transcript of the war crimes trials. She had a ball! There were few women and lots of men. They worked all day and partied all night or so the story goes. We don't know how the content of her work affected her. She fell in love with one of the men she met, and would have married him but he was a Presbyterian. In those days it was impossible for a Catholic to marry a Presbyterian so when they came back from Manus Island, she said goodbye to him at Spencer Street Station in Melbourne and he went home to Perth.

She was a very popular girl and had plenty of beaux. It wasn't until 1953 that Eileen met and married Jack O'Sullivan. They were both employed by the Department of the Army and that is where they met. After marriage, Eileen and Mary continued to be close. This story passed on to her children: Eileen was very keen to have her own children and sought out her older sister's advice. Mary reassured her that it will happen and not to worry. Tim, their first child was born in 1954 and Eileen again sought her older sister's advice: "Well I've got a baby now; how do I stop having another one straight away?" Mary said: "Give him a quid to go somewhere else!"

Unfortunately Eileen had a couple of miscarriages before the next baby. Carmel was born in 1957. Over the next few years Eileen had four more miscarriages. When Michael was born in 1963, it must have been a great relief to her and Jack. Her sister Mary had recently given birth to her and Wal's 8th child, Cornelius, who was diagnosed with "Down's Syndrome". This news was kept from Eileen until after Michael was born so Eileen wouldn't have that extra worry.

By this time they were living in Canberra where Eileen settled into the relatively relaxed community of a "country town" and she made many new friends. She took on part time paid employment. In fact she was the first part time employee in the Department of the Army, working hours that fitted in with school hours.

Eileen had a great capacity for friendship. When Eileen and Jack were newly

married and living in Easy Malvern, they went to Mass at Holy Eucharist Church their new local parish. On this occasion, they had two of Mary's little girls with them. This 'young family', new to the parish, caught the attention of Tess who recognised something else about Eileen (true): "This woman's got style!" Tess and her husband Jim introduced themselves to Eileen and Jack after Mass and Tess and Eileen became firm friends for life.

In their later years, after Jim died, and then Jack died, Tess and Eileen did "Meals on Wheels" together every week, taking meals to people in their community. Towards the end of their stint who were often older in years than their clients!

After Jack died in 1973, golf became Eileen's saving grace. Eileen had not played golf since she was a young woman and when a friend invited her she took to it like a duck to water and played regularly for the rest of her life. She excelled at golf, achieving a low handicap. She joined and actively participated in several golf clubs.

Eileen's age was unmentionable for most of her life. She may have adopted this sensibility about age when she married Jack who was a couple of years her junior and she may have kept it going until her death as a lasting joke and testament to her marvelous sense of humour. She "stayed young" looking after herself physically, being active and getting along with people of all ages and creeds.

Like others in the Carrucan tribe, she loved to tell a good story and loved to hear one too. Eileen's voice, especially her laughing voice, is remembered fondly by many. "Just hearing her voice, your spirits would lift." Eileen made you feel very special which was a lovely experience for Dempsey kids (Mary's children) who came to stay with Eileen and her much smaller family whenever another baby was on the way for Mary and Wal.

Caring was a feature of Eileen's life. Eileen cared for her children, including Tim through appendicitis and an incident when Tim checked out the contents of an empty paint tin with a lit match. She also cared for Jack, who lived with chronic health conditions most of their marriage. At one stage Jack was hospitalized in Sydney when the family was living in Canberra. Eileen organized carers for the children and would spend time spending time with Jack in Sydney. After Jack's

retirement, the family moved back to Melbourne. After Ivan's marriage to Nell Kiniry in 1969, Eileen's mother, Maggie Carrucan, came to live with Jack and Eileen.

In 2000 Eileen received a diagnosis of pancreatic cancer. She responded to this in true form; she booked herself into the hospital for the whole course of the treatment so that family members would not be inconvenienced by taking her in and out of hospital. She made her room very comfortable and homely. She accepted the situation. When it was clear that she was dying, she set about organizing her affairs and funeral in detail.

She died on 15 May, 2000. A close friend at her funeral was shocked to hear she was over 80.

Fourth Generation – 5: John (Jack) Carrucan

Jack was born on 13 February 1922 in Ballarat.

Jack attended the Christian Brothers' school in Drummond Street, Ballarat from July 1933 to December 1934, then St Patricks College, Sturt St, Ballarat from January 1935 to May 1937. He gained a Merit Certificate. He played sports including badminton, tennis, cricket and cycling.

He spent six months with the 'militia' (like cadets – he would have been 15 years of age at this time) in 1937 and left voluntarily.

He started work at the Ararat Mental Asylum and transferred to Sunbury on 2 February, 1941. He gave his trade at the time as 'office messenger' and said he had four years of experience working at the Ararat and Sunbury Mental Asylums. In his work, he 'attended to visitors, correspondence, local switchboard, public phone, conveying and receiving messages, telephone, arranging inquests, burials, etc.'

He applied for Air Crew in 1941, but was assessed as not suitable. He applied again to the Air Force and enlisted with the Royal Australian Air Force on 19 January, 1942 at Melbourne. His next of kin at that time was his father John Francis Carrucan, of the Mental Asylum, Kew. His address was the Mental Asylum, Sunbury.

Jack was assessed at enlistment as being, "an average type, fairly alert, respectful,

suitable". He joined to Trainee Group V. He failed the training and was assigned to storehand work.

He was reprimanded in 1944 for driving a service ambulance into a shop verandah post and fined.

He was discharged on 7 March, 1945 as medically unfit with 14 days' pay in lieu of recreational leave. His character was described as good.



This photo, taken around 1943, shows Jack and Maggie Carrucan with their son Jack, then aged 21, in military garb.

Jack had a hernia but would not have the operation. This must surely have had a bearing on his ability to continue hard physical work and to keep a job.

He married Joan Turner and they had one child, Catherine (Cathy).

Jack visited Mary Dempsey's family in Pascoe Vale. He is remembered as having the classic Carrucan sparkle and presence, telling stories and joining the family gathering and sing-a-long.

At some stage Jack became homeless and lost contact with the family. He died in Collingwood in 1987 and his funeral, in a church in the neighbouring suburb of Fitzroy, was attended by a large number of relatives after a notice in the paper by the group *The Way*. He is buried at Yan Yean cemetery.

Fourth Generation – 6: Gregory Gerard Carrucan

Based on the Eulogy delivered at St Francis of Assisi Church, Newton, by Anthony Carrucan at his father's funeral in 1991.

Dad was born in Beechworth, Victoria on the 25 January, 1929. He was the youngest of 7 children born to John and Margaret Carrucan.

He married Bernadette Hanley on 17 March, 1954 at the (tender) age of 24. Greg's mother had thought that Greg was always visiting his friend Brian Hanley, but the object of those visits was Bernadette of course. Greg and Bernadette lived in East Ringwood after their marriage; it was out in the bush then. They subsequently raised 4 sons, Anthony, Paul, Gerard and Michael. He was firm, but loving.



The 1954 wedding of Greg Carrucan and Bernadette Hanley at St Patrick's Cathedral in East Melbourne. Also shown in the photo are bridesmaid Mary Hanley and Greg's brother Jack (on the right).

Dad worked hard all his working-life. He was a retail salesman with the YCW Co-op store in Melbourne and Steele's. He used to say he stood behind the beds he sold.

In the latter years, through dint of hard work and determination, he reached the level of State Manager for Western Australia and then South Australia.

Dad had a strong sense of justice, and knew what was right and wrong - and throughout his life he never compromised those values. He was a man of integrity.

Dad also had a well developed sense of humour, and could always see the incongruous in the daily round of life. He was able to instruct us on recognizing the varying shades of subtlety in practically all facets of life - ranging from the political through to the pedestrian.

Dad had a marvellous facility for summing up people quickly. He recognised goodness and truth in people and saw straight through subterfuge and deception.

But I guess the most outstanding quality dad had was his inner strength - strength of character and strength of purpose. Through all the trials and tribulations life threw at him, dad never went down for the count. He may have faltered or stumbled, but it was only very temporary. Dad would attack the problem or issue with renewed vigour and sense of purpose.

Although we mourn his passing, we must remember that his death was a tremendous release from his distress and suffering. And throughout his life and especially during his illness, Dad's faith remained a great strength to him - strengthened through communion each week, for which dad was very grateful.

We his sons, are now challenged to follow the magnificent example he gave us.

On behalf of my brothers and myself, I want to pay a special tribute to our mother. Not only has she been a good mother to us, but her unswerving care of dad has been something very special.

Finally, over the last few days many people have reminded us of dad's deep love for Collingwood. Last year's premiership gave him immense pleasure, especially when he was told that in his old parish church at Collingwood, the Statue of St. Joseph was decorated in Collingwood colours and the Offering hymn they sang was "Good Old Collingwood Forever".

And this brings me to my last point. I am sure you can see dad's infectious grin!

(Greg died on 6 July, 1991. He is buried at Newton, South Australia. At his funeral, the recessional hymn at the end of Mass was, ‘Good Old Collingwood Forever’).

Third Generation – 2: Christopher Sylvester Carrucan⁹²

Named after his maternal grandfather, Christopher Sylvester Carrucan, who was also known as Christie or Chris, was born on 8th August 1887 in Kew. His godparents were Mick Carrucan and Sue Kent.

In 1913 he married Eileen Moloney from South Melbourne. In 1914 Christie and Eileen were living in Brunswick South, an inner Melbourne suburb.

They had four children. The first, Eileen, was born in Carlton in 1914, thereafter the family moved to NSW. Subsequent children Christopher Joseph (Joe), John (Jack) and Reginald William (Reg) were born in that State.

In the 1940s, the family lived in Kogarah and then Barton in NSW. In the 1943 census, Christie recorded that he was a tailor living in 29 Bellevue Pde, Hurstville with his family, his wife Eileen was occupied in home duties, his daughter Eileen was a typist, Christopher was an Engineer and John was an electrician. There is no mention of Reginald.

Eileen never married and died in 1971 of breast cancer.

Chris was the youngest ever apprentice boilermaker in the railways and worked his way up to the position of engineer. He served with the American Merchant Marines in WWII and then ran his own very successful boiler shop after the war. He married Paula Foord and they had one daughter, Wendy (b 1946).

Jack, who was an electrician with the Sydney Council, never married and lived at home with his mother. He was a champion dancer and won prizes over many years with his dancing partner Merle Wyfoon. He loved to teach his nephews and nieces how to dance. One of his nieces wrote to say “*I remember as a child not being able to make a noise in gran’s house as uncle was sleeping to rest up for competition.*”

Reg was a fitter and turner by trade. Like his brother Chris, he enlisted in WWII but in the RAAF, serving as a flight sergeant in New Guinea. He married Tasma Phyllis Leek in 1948 and had two daughters, Anne and Beth. He worked in the field of commercial re Fridgeration, then sales, and retired as Australian Sales

Manager for Pye Industries.

Third Generation – 3: Mary Jane (Girly) Ganly⁹³

Mary Jane Carrucan was born at Kew in Victoria on 1st July 1889 and baptized six days later on 7th August at Immaculate Conception Church, Hawthorn. She grew up in Collingwood and being the eldest daughter learnt to work and housekeep at an early age. Her family and friends called her ‘Girly’ probably because of her girlish face and because she was the first girl in the family.

As Mary Jane’s father was a Warder/Farm Bailiff at the Kew Mental Asylum, it was natural for her to become a psychiatric nurse there. The story goes that she had one long red plait and one day one of the patients grabbed hold of it and pulled her round the verandah of the main building! Was it Michael Ganly (1882-1955) who saved her? He was working there at the time and they started courting. They were married at St. Patrick’s Cathedral Melbourne on the 22nd February 1911.



The marriage of Mary Jane Carrucan and Michael Ganly at St Patricks Cathedral in Melbourne on 22nd February 1911. The photo shows (L to R) Ethel Caulfield, Jack Carrucan, Anne Maree (Duck) Carrucan, Patrick Carrucan, Michael Ganly (groom), Mary Jane "Girly" Carrucan (bride), Christopher Carrucan and Frances Carrucan.

They had eight children, John (Jack), Ellen (Topsy), Mary F. (Molly), Kathleen, Margaret (Peg), Michael (Mick), Malachi and Alicia.

Girly was talented, playing anything on the piano by ear. She also loved dancing and taught her family by partnering them. Then she played while they danced, one eye on the piano the other on them so she could encourage and instruct. We had wonderful times listening and singing to her music.

Girly was one of the first women taxi-drivers and instructors in Melbourne. On one occasion she drove two people to Sydney and took her son Jack for company. He was 15 years of age at the time. On the return trip she was tired or sick and asked Jack to drive. About an hour out of Sydney Jack was pulled over by the police and asked his age. After stretching the truth a little, they were told to drive on and Mary was soon able to take over.

One day Jack was driving, wearing his St. Kevin's cap while Girly was holding the baby. The policeman was not impressed, suggesting "*He can hold the baby while you drive.*"

One day when they were living at East Malvern, Girly had a headache and went to lie down saying, "*I hope Auntie..... .. does not come today!*" Young Mick was swinging on the front gate and looked up to see his aunt alighting from the tram. As she approached he exclaimed, "*You're the very one Mum doesn't want to see today!*"

She was a good businesswoman and helped Mick stretch the money to feed and clothe their large family. They grew vegetables, raised hens and kept bees but always made time to enjoy their family and teach them the tricks of the trade. One thing she passed on was her sense of humour and puns on words. They believed in real education and took the family to shows. They went to the Tivoli to see John McCormack and Nellie Melba. They attended community singing and auctions. They saved up to experience lunch at Russell on Collins. John McCormack was a friend of Pop's and often called in.

Girly often nursed sick relations. Molly remembers helping her mother nursing Auntie Doll (Alice Carroll) who was dying of cancer - Girly was expecting Alicia at the time. The older girls gave her their bedroom and Molly stayed home from school to help in rubbing her back and arms and doing exercises with her arms and legs to keep her going.

Girly loved to listen to the boxing broadcast on the wireless on a Friday evening. She became quite involved with her encouragement for the boxers! They may have been her brother Joe's protégés.

They went to Talbot one day to visit an uncle who was a returned soldier and found that the train was not returning so Girly arranged the trip in the front of a cattle-truck.

Michael Joseph Ganly or Pop as we knew him was born in Cappagh, Baylin, Athlone County Westmeath, Ireland on 6th April 1881. He was about 17 when he arrived in Australia. It is said that he returned home once before he married and was the engineer on the boat. He obtained a job at the Kew Mental-Home where he met Mary Carrucan.

Mick went to the Working Men's College⁹⁴ to study electrical engineering and worked for the Victorian Railways as an electrician for many years. He invented many parts and improved others but was only given recognition for some. He designed sliding doors and safety catches to supersede the doors that opened out on to the platform. It is thought that someone in the office used his ideas as their own. Peg remembers his office phone number as "central 11264".

Later when he worked for the SEC, as he was climbing a pole, he fell and landed on his back. His mates had told him that they had turned the electricity off but they had not.

After a few days he was back at work, having discharged himself from hospital. He made a box that gave a little shock when you held both wires, or a circle of people held it. This taught the grandchildren to be careful with electricity.

Mick and Girly also bought and sold houses after doing them up. Over the years they lived in Clifton Hill, Flemington, Collingwood, East Malvern and three addresses in Mentone. East Malvern was a lovely house on two blocks where relations often stayed but they lost it because of the depression.

Pop also stripped down cars and repaired them or invented new parts, e.g. "the petrol saver." His son Jack also learned to help at an early age and they worked together for years. There were always cars and parts all over the yard at the Mentone houses. Mick would tell Girly what to bid for a car at the Auction, then he would do it up.

Molly (or the others) often helped her Dad. One day he was trying to start a car and asked her to wind the crank. After many turns it spun quickly and broke her arm. (He had a smart saying about the cranks behind the wheel.)

Pop also took an interest in repairing typewriters. He had many on the lounge room table in various stages of repair and we were told “Don’t touch” as soon as we walked in.

One day, grandsons Bernard and Francis were looking at a typewriter that Pop was fixing; some of the letters were off the main pin and Pop had placed them in the right position. Bernard touched the return key and everything shot off!! Pop yelled, “*Don’t touch it and I’ll fix it.*” When they returned everything was in place. Pop put a feeder wire through the letter arms where the shaft had been and lined them all up again.

When the Ganlys lived at Clifton Hill, Pop had to go to the city one day to collect a typewriter for repair. He took the baby (Peggy) for a walk in the pram and returned home with only the typewriter – he quickly returned for the baby who was asleep in the pram outside the shop!

Pop would fix anything. He would go to the auctions to buy broken things cheaply to repair. He bought clocks, toasters and other electrical things and he stripped pianos and any sort of antiques. Once he hired a forklift to bring home a safe that he could mend. Clocks could not be bought during the war so Pop fixed hundreds.

At work one day, he saw two men who couldn’t get the differential into a railway bus. He crawled under and told them in his Irish accent to ‘move over’. He strained his heart as he lifted it up and pushed it in. He had several heart turns after that and was anointed by the Parish Priest. Often family and friends would enquire about his health in a day or two only to find that he was on the train to another auction. He was very determined and never stopped tinkering.

He became bedridden as his heart failed and he would bang on the floor of his bedroom to get attention. We would fight over who would go to see what he wanted. He usually wanted a cup of tea (the first one out of the pot) or a sandwich.



Mick Ganly (1881-1955), the husband of Mary Jane Carrucan, an electrician by trade, was always pottering on new projects. Even as his heart started to fail, he could still be found in the backyard working on bits and pieces. This photo, taken in the early 1950s, shows him tinkering while convalescing after a heart attack.

Ellen remembers that Girly was not allowed to clean the bottom of her big frying pan as the blacker it was the better it cooked the bacon that Pop loved so much. He had rooms lined with books (two rooms in Malvern) and often said, *“When you stop learning you stop living.”* He collected old books and magazines bound in leather, National Geographic and Old Squires magazines sent from England. He was a quiet man, a listener. He would be reading a book but would still chuckle at the story Toppy was telling her mum. He enjoyed putting his feet on the mantelpiece to help his varicose veins and did tatting with a hair-clip to make lace. It is thought that he learned that when he was engineer on the boat. Girly had a friend who used to come and talk for hours. Pop said, *“Nice lady but her stays are too long.”*

They were an interesting, loving couple, different in many ways but enjoying life to the full.

Girly's brother, Joe, loved to visit his older sister who must have resembled his mother very much. One day he visited with his second youngest, Michael, who was about two at the time (around 1944). When he came home he told us how the passage way was stacked with pianos and that Michael had held Uncle Mick's hand everywhere they went. He thought Mick (Ganly), with his long white beard was Father Christmas. Apparently Mick was slightly deaf and didn't know and no one told him.

Mick died in 1955. Girly died in 1961.

Fourth Generation – 1: John (Jack) Ganly

John Joseph (Jack) Ganly was the oldest in the family, born 7th January 1912.

He possibly went to St. Joseph's, Malvern, then St. Kevin's. He was very clever mechanically and had many very good jobs such as being in charge of the Kraft delivery vans. Pop taught him and together they invented things like the petrol saver for cars (my dad swore by them). They started a shop to make and sell them and other inventions. He had a wonderful sense of humour and lots of funny sayings.

When he was about 24 he married Aida Vance but the marriage did not last. He died 1st July 1981.

Fourth Generation – 2: Ellen Rose (Topsy) Ganly

Ellen Rose Ganly, born in Brunswick on 6th August 1914, was always known as Topsy.

She became a dressmaker in Chapel Street, Prahran. She knew all the Irish relations on the Ganly side and gave her cousin Maura a great time at her amazing parties while she was in Australia and delighted in all the news when she returned to Ireland. She kept up with her brothers' families, especially after the brothers died, and put herself out to help lots of people.

Ellen married Francis (Frank) Mulvogue. Frank was a bricklayer who built St. Patrick's Church at Mentone and the house at 109 Kingston Rd for Molly and Bernie Kelly. Topsy and Frank lived in Johnson Street, Mentone and Topsy worked at the Nylex Factory for many years.

They had 4 children, Kathleen (1936), Ellen (1939), Francis (1942) and Leo (1947).



1950s - Kathleen Margaret Mulvogue on her wedding day with parents Frank and Ellen Rose (Topsy) Mulvogue nee Ganly

Frank died in 1977 while Topsy retired to Swan Walk, Chelsea where she died of a heart attack in 1989.

Fourth Generation – 3: Mary (Molly) Frances Ganly⁹⁵

Mary (Molly) Ganly was born at Flemington on 25th June 1916 and lived in many different places, including Flemington, Collingwood, East Malvern, and Mentone. She helped her father Mick with his tinkering with cars and all sorts of machinery. She had the broken arm to prove it! She also helped her mum with cooking and housekeeping although her love for reading found her often in the only private place at home – in the loo!

She often spoke of leaving school to help her mum care for and nurse the older

relations who were convalescing.

She walked the length of Chapel Street, Prahran, till she found found her first job, starting as an apprentice milliner on 2/6 a week and worked her way up to be the forelady of that floor. She often brought hats home to finish urgent orders!

Molly married Bernard Thomas Kelly at St Patrick's, Mentone, on 9th August 1941. Her brother-in-law, Frank Mulvogue, built a two bedroom home for them at their market garden at 109 Kingston Road, Heatherton. All their seven children were born while they lived there. Bernie and Molly worked side by side even when the children were young. She was known to push the pram up the paddock to help, especially on market days. They were a wonderful team!



**The wedding of Molly Ganly and Bernie Kelly in 1941. They are shown on the right.
The photo also shows Joe Kelly and Peg Ganly.**

They made many sacrifices to raise their children in the Catholic Faith. The family attended Mass regularly and it was for them a social time. They were often still there talking to friends and relations till the next Mass came out - which was the cue to scatter! Sometimes if the car was broken down they had their own version of *Old Mass Shandrydan*⁹⁶ on the back of a well-used truck. The family experienced “the trimmin’s on the Rosary”, Dad always kneeling beside

his bed saying morning and evening prayers and attending the Holy Hour at St. Patrick's in the early hours on Saturday morning.

The Kelly children were blessed with very devoted parents - Dad even helped the children with Maths homework! He brought the quiet charm and tranquillity of one who worked close to creation and is close to the Creator. Mum was more outgoing – her friendly, cheerful nature was a delight and she would talk to anyone, friend or stranger. Though they discussed their problems and prayed about them, Dad was the head of the family and they never disagreed in front of us.

The day before Maureen was born, a terrible bushfire tore through the district. Dad climbed the Norfolk pine look out and then took off to help. Mum was the only woman at home in the area and had a very excited 18 month old son, Bernard. The fire burnt houses on each side and all the vegies in the ground were cooked or burnt.

During the summer holidays Bernie often brought boxes of fruit or jam melons home from market and it was all hands on deck around the kitchen table. You could only flick seeds if you were waiting on something or mum's back was turned. If the boys had their friends up, they could either help or go home! Picking blackberries with Dad was a treat in autumn and so were the pies or jam; purple faces were proof that more went into the mouth than into the buckets!

Molly always remained faithful to St. Patrick's and, after Bernie died, joined the choir and the Day Care Group to look after the elderly. She was also the chief backstop when we produced the Kelly History Book. Molly's cookies were always the highlight of meetings and gatherings. In fact she could feed anyone at short notice.

She always had time to spread love around her family and extended families, particularly her twenty two grandchildren. They could do anything with Molly, even paint her face black and white (Collingwood) or teach her new tricks in the "electric recliner chair". They loved to make creative things with her boxes or the many bits and pieces she saved for when the need arose.

She had a very keen sense of humour – even though it took some strange twists like having people on, playing on words or turning Irish jokes into Italian ones

for her only son-in-law Vincenzo! Dad would quietly laugh or encourage her.

Our parents worked from daylight to dark and bore trials with great strength, joy and courage. We all remember them with great affection.

Bernie died in 1980 and Molly died in 1992.

Fourth Generation – 4: Kathleen Ganly

Kathleen Veronica Ganly was born at Carlton in 1918.

She was a lovely little girl so cheerful, friendly and lovable; her father's delight-always by his side or on his lap. In 1924, when she was nearly seven years old and had just made her First Communion, she was killed in an accident when her sisters were crossing the road; she ran ahead across the road to the tram stop. A car drove speeding around the corner and she was knocked.

That put an end to their trip to Ireland. Pop put all his savings into her funeral. The driver of the speeding car attended the funeral and asked for forgiveness.

Fourth Generation – 5: Margaret (Peg) O'Brien nee Ganly

Margaret Ganly (Peg) was born in 1920. Aunty Duck (Anne Maree Latham nee Carrucan) looked after Peg from when she was born till 9 months of age as Peg's mother Girly was very sick.

She started school at St Joseph's Malvern then transferred to St. Roch's East Malvern when it opened. By the time she reached Grade 8, the family had moved to Mentone so Peg went to St. Patrick's. Maggie (Margaret Kelly who would later be her sister's sister-in-law) befriended her. Peg always had difficulty seeing the black-board as she was short-sighted so Maggie became her eyes and helped her to read it and kept her informed. She had no trouble doing homework and loved to hide away and read. Her teachers were not sure how she succeeded at home but not at school.

The Ganlys had a sense of humour and fun that we think may have come from the Carrucan side. Peg remembers having a dressmaking dummy which she and Mick dressed up and placed in the front entrance. They then told Jack there was a lady to see him! They later put it in the hedge to surprise Molly and Toppy when they arrived home late!

After funerals Peg loved to listen to the Carroll and Carrucan uncles talking, for example, about about how dreadfully the blacks were treated.

Peg remembers often going to the beach when they lived at Mentone or walking along the beach and seeing the native orchids around Beaumaris, an area that has now been built on. They also used to go on picnics in a furniture van to Healesville and the Dandenongs.

Her sister Molly helped her get a job at the milliners where she worked for a few years. She started as an apprentice putting trims on hats. They enjoyed the socials (in the house opposite Pat's shop) and dances in the Parish. Peg made her debut and her mother taught her to dance, even Irish dances. It was at one of these socials that the music stopped to announce that war was declared. Much later, on her way home from work, a friend said, "*Let's go into the War Office.*" Peg was the only one to come out with the papers signed!

She trained at Cooking School in Watsonia for months then cooked at the Army Postal Unit for the Officers and Recruits in a Toorak mansion. Her family always teased her that she was working for the enemy but her friends insisted that she was a good cook.



The 1998 Carrucan Reunion - Peg O'Brien nee Ganly, Sister Maureen Kelly, Leo Ryan and Alicia Ryan nee Ganly

The man next door had a brother, Bill, who used to visit and his visits became

more frequent until he eventually asked Peg to marry him in June 1943. The Army Officers gave them a guard of honour at the wedding. The happy couple lived at Smiths Gully, then Greensborough where they grew their own vegies. After Michael was born, they moved to Frankston where their remaining five children were born.

Bill died in 1973 but Peg lived on for many years, until she died in 2004. For many years, she worked as a volunteer in church groups and at the Blind Association where she would ring blind housebound people on a regular basis, bringing them good cheer.

Fourth Generation – 6: Michael (Mick) Ganly

Michael Patrick Ganly (Mick) was born in 1922 in Heidelberg. He went to school at St. Patrick's Mentone.

Mick was a terror as a child. On one occasion, he said to a Chinese man, "*You're a blink*", then ran for his life. On another occasion, he went into the grocer's and asked for one pence worth of broken biscuits. When told they had none broken, he climbed on to the stool and replied, "*I'll wait while you break some*".

It is also noted that he was a great singer and charming to ladies, full of fun and a real Carrucan who could compère any show or concert.

He put his age up to join the army (his Service Record below lists a birth year of 1917) and was posted to Timor. He was taken Prisoner of War by the Japanese and had to work on the Burma Railway. When he returned he was a skeleton of his former self but, after a few good feeds, used to flex his muscles and say, "*Look at this physique.*" He still had his sense of humour!

Nancy Hunt recalls that Mick had a bad heart and bayonet scars and holes in his back as a result of the war. We hear of how horrific it was for the POW's so can only imagine how Mick suffered.

He married Jean Garner and they had eight children, Patricia, Heather, Michael, Deidre, Peter, Beverley, Christopher and Mary. He worked with his brother Malachi for many years so Anne remembers him as a great friend. He died in 1962 at the age of 40.

Fourth Generation – 7: Malachi Ganly⁹⁷

Malachi Myles Ganly was born on 13th February 1926. He grew up in Mentone and went to school at St.Patrick's Mentone, and St Bede's.

As a youngster his nickname was "Huck", after Huckleberry Finn, and he was considered to be quite handsome. While young he had many different jobs. At one stage he took the train to Mildura and went fruit picking. He worked for the Kelly's in their market garden for a few years about 1948.

Lee swears that Mal told her his brother Mick once went to Queensland, and sent a telegram home asking for money "*No mon, no fun, your son*", and that his father sent back the message "*Too bad, so sad, your dad*".

He married Dulcie May Fyfe in St. Patrick's Church on 20th February 1948. Tragically, Dulcie died shortly after.

Mal then met Anne Cobden, who was then a student teacher at Burwood State School. When they met, he was working for a toolmaker in Burwood. He married Anne on 6th January 1951 at the Methodist church in Dandenong; she was seventeen and he was twenty-four. They lived at 30 Glenice Ave, Blackburn South (near Middleborough Rd), which was then surrounded by orchards. He built their house with help from his brother Mick and others.

Relations with Mal's parents were somewhat strained and Mal was probably stubborn about visiting them. However, Anne insisted on taking their new baby to see them and this apparently broke the ice.

At around this time he started working for Lance Smith who had been a pilot instructor during the war and was now building up a business in road works and excavations. He had worked together with Jack Ganly, Mal's older brother. Malachi worked with Lance for the rest of his life, as the business expanded into clay supplies for brickworks and later heavy haulage.

Mal was an expert excavator operator. Lance reported that he heard Mal being discussed once on a crossed line, in which call someone said Mal could "part your hair with the bucket". Some of the business' more interesting projects included haulage of huge heavy loads for power stations, the roadworks at Tanjil Bren and the excavations for the Tooronga Shopping Centre. "Uncle Lance" was a very close friend of the family for all those years and after Mal

passed away in 1973. Lance died in 1992.



This photo shows Malachi and his wife Anne with his niece and goddaughter Maureen Kelly on the occasion of her reception as a Brigidine nun in 1961.

Mal and Anne had two children, Tony born 1951 and Lee born 1955. Mal worked hard, often seven days a week. As a child Tony used to go to work with him and got to drive an excavator at Cathies Lane, and to spend the day riding with the tip trucks delivering clay. At one stage a number members of the extended families were all working at the brickworks in Middleborough Rd.

Tony went to Bennettswood State School, in the rural school section (all grades together), then he and Lee went to the new Warrawong State School. Anne was the founding president of the mothers' club at the school. Mal used to organise the fireworks for the school's annual cracker night.

From a fairly early age, Mal was not very religious and may have been a little out of step with his Irish Catholic family in this regard. Apparently the family used sometimes to walk along the beach to church. Mal would leave earlier to avoid church and would be swimming and used to stay in the water and try to keep out of view. He called himself a Calathumpian. In those days religious differences were more important than they are now and his family would not have felt able or allowed for example to attend his wedding in a Methodist

church. Despite being somewhat of an agnostic, his children were always sent to the nearest Sunday school (regardless of denomination), and the local Catholic priest (from St Scholastica's in Bennettswood) used to visit occasionally, much to the benefit of Catholic-Calathumpian relationships.

The family used to have a two-week holiday every year at Whitecliffs (near Rye), staying at Lance's terrific holiday house. The kids used to miss the first week of school every year but never complained about this. There were usually other relatives, friends and neighbours with them. Women and children would spend the day at the beach while Mal would come down on odd days and usually go fishing with friends.

In December 1962, the family moved to 7 Kingston St, Mt Waverley, to a two-storey house designed by Mal and Anne. The Kellys used to visit every New Year. Maureen remembers the kids sliding down the laundry chute from inside a kitchen cupboard, then sneaking back upstairs for another go. Mal had quite a wicked sense of humour. After one of these annual visits, he supposedly said that it was getting a bit bloody regular. Actually, we sometimes thought Dad (Mal) must have been the black sheep of the family as we didn't seem to have much contact, but in fact he and Anne got along very well with his brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces.

Mal used to work with explosives, and sometimes kept dynamite in boxes under the house. From his work with the school cracker night, he also happened to have a box of fireworks in the front hall cupboard at Mt Waverley. Early one morning, when Lee was about seven years old, she discovered the box of crackers and thought she would try a sparkler. The effect in daylight was disappointing, so she threw it back, setting off all the penny bangers etc. Of course this woke and scared everybody. Mal thought the dynamite had gone off and that the whole house (or even the neighbourhood) was going to blow up. Lee recalls having her first taste of alcohol as she shared a glass of port with Dad to calm them both down.

Mal died aged 47 on 23rd July 23 1973. He and Anne were staying for the weekend together in Mornington. He got up from the breakfast table, gave her a kiss, then died from a massive heart attack – far too young.

Fourth Generation – 8: Alicia Ganly

Alicia Ganly, born 1928, was very pretty, quiet and very shy. She contracted scarlet fever at a young age but recovered.

She married William Ryan but he died after an accident in the cow shed.

They had three children Theresa Jane, Leo and William.

Third Generation – 4: Patrick Joseph Carrucan

Pat was born in 1891. In 1903, when he was 11 years of age, he died at Prahran Hospital.

Third Generation – 5: William John (Bill) Carrucan⁹⁸

William, the fifth child of Patrick and Ellen Carrucan, was born at Kew in 1894. At some stage after leaving home, he found work as a farm labourer at Woodlands Station, Holbrook, NSW.

He joined the Australian Imperial Force on 20th February 1916 at Cootamundra, NSW. He gave his age as 22 years and two months. The records state that he was *5ft. 8ins tall, had blue eyes, fair hair and complexion and weighed 168 lbs.*

The documents also record that William's mother, Ellen, lived at 21 Johnson Street, Collingwood and his father Pat, a Warder at the Kew Asylum, lived at 189 Vere Street, Abbotsford.

Sadly he was killed in action in France on 2nd March 1917 and was buried in an isolated grave ½ mile East of Le Sars and 3 ½ miles S.W. of Bapaume. Later his body was exhumed and re-interred at Warlencourt British Cemetery at Plot 8 Row C Grave 49.

William was awarded the "Star Medal," the "British War Medal" and the "Victory Medal" posthumously. Ellen, his mother, was granted a pension of £1 per fortnight from 22 May, 1917.

William's effects were returned to his father in November 1917 and were listed in the records as, "Devotional book, Photos, Knife, Whistle, 2 Rosaries, Letter."

Mary Dempsey was only an infant at the time, but recalled that the family used

to say that her father, Jack, was seen crying as he walked home from work along the railway line that ran behind their house the day he heard of William's death.

Third Generation – 6: Charles Carrucan

Charles was born in 1895. Charles died as a child after being hit with a cricket bat.

Third Generation – 7: Frances Carrucan

Frances (Fran), who was born in 1896 in Kew, trained as a nurse and worked at the Hospital for the Insane. She married Arthur Henry Smith and they had three children, Myles Patrick (Pat), Margaret (Peg) and Mary Ann (Molly). She worked as a house keeper for various priests and would attend mass two or three times a day. Fran died in 1955.

Fourth Generation – Myles Patrick (Pat) Smith

Myles Patrick (Pat) Smith, the oldest child of Frances and Arthur Smith, was born in 1935. In 1949 he entered the Christian Brothers' Juniorate (aged 14) and subsequently taught in five of the six Australian States and in New Zealand, labouring in Primary, Secondary, Technical and Boarding Schools.

He began teaching Grade Three in Balmain NSW in 1953 and taught every class up to Year 12 in the years that followed. For the last 20 years of his teaching career, he taught Year 12 Religious Education and English Expression and Literature interspersed with holding administrative positions. He held every possible position in the school structure including Principal, Vice Principal, Curriculum Coordinator, Subject Coordinator, Sports Master, Choir Master, Senior Residential Master, Officer of Cadets with the rank of Major, and Liturgy Coordinator.

Due to his health he eventually moved north and worked as a pastoral associate at St Mary's Charleville, Queensland, from November 1994 to May 1997 and at Sacred Heart Texas from June 1997 until May 2003. While at Texas, he celebrated his Golden Jubilee in 1999. He was ordained a Catholic priest in May 2003 and has now retired to Toowoomba.



Fr Pat Smith, newly ordained in 2003, with his sisters Mary Ann and Margaret

Third Generation – 8: Myles Carrucan

Myles Carrucan was born in 1898 in Kew, Victoria. On 24th November 1917 he married Phyllis Alberta Kennedy. Their first child, Monica, was born in 1918.

On Saturday 28th July 1923, on page 15, The Argus newspaper reported that Phyllis had applied to the Divorce Court for a dissolution of the marriage. At the time Phyllis was living in Emerald Street, Collingwood and gave Myles' occupation as 'baker'. The decree nisi was granted on the basis that Myles had deserted Phyllis.

Myles and Phyllis reconciled and had two more children, Phyllis Nola (1928), Patrick Myles (1929) and Joseph William (1932). The family lived in Abbotsford during this time. Myles enlisted on 18th August 1941, served with the 3rd Garrison Brigade, rank sergeant, and was discharged on 29th August, 1944. His surname is spelt Carracun on the WWII Nominal Roll.

Phyllis died 26th May 1948 and is buried at Fawcner cemetery with her mother.

In 1949, the Electoral Roll showed Myles living in Ringwood.

In 1951, Myles married Ruby Rose Connell. Ruby Rose died in 1965, at which time they were living in Tatura. Myles died in Melbourne on 2nd May, 1969 from complications after surgery. At that time he had been living in Port Melbourne.

Monica married Wilfred Robert Simpson and they had two daughters Valerie and Edna. She died at Warragul in 1957.

Nola married Terrence Clarke and they lived in Ringwood. Their eldest son Phillip was a police officer. Peter died in a car accident. Myles died as a baby. Glenda married Ray Hall.

Patrick married Eileen Barrow (who is still be alive), but he died of tuberculosis or liver cancer at the age of fifty at Healesville.

Joseph William married Nancy Winifred Norris on 23rd Oct 1953 and they had three children, Lesley (at Maryborough), Dianne (at Warragul) and Shane. They moved around a lot (Kyabram, Ringwood, Albury and Melbourne) so Joe could get work. Nancy had TB when the children were small which would have been difficult for the family.

Third Generation – 9: Ann Marie (Duck) Carrucan

Ann Marie Carrucan was born on 18th June 1899. She married Frederick George Latham in 1917 and they had eight children: Ellen Mary (Molly), Peter Joseph, Frederick, Ann Marie (Nancy), Kevin Michael, James John, Lynette and Maureen.

Two of their children served in the Australian armed forces in the Second World War. Fred Latham signed up in the Royal Australian Navy in 1939 when he was 17, serving in the Middle East with the rank of Able Seaman. He died aboard the *Hobart* when it was sunk on 29th July 1943. Fred's brother Kevin signed up for war because his brother had been killed and he felt that he should replace him. Luckily he survived the experience and returned home, married and raised a family.

Frederick died in 1961 while Ann Marie died in 1981.

Some additional recollections were written in August 2002 by her daughter Nancy.

I remember my mother for so many things but I must place humour first; no matter what happened, she'd always look on the bright side.

Mum was a great communicator –I remember at a very early age standing with her, on a corner or in a shop, enjoying every minute of listening to her. Sometimes light chatter, other times offering support and help to others.

I remember when migrants started coming after the Second World War; we had many Italians in our immediate area. One family next door to us was a newly married couple who came out from Italy with the husband's parents. Soon they had two children. Mum noticed the young wife Marie often crying, homesick for her parents and family. Mum would bring her in for morning or afternoon tea and helped her with her English, doing her messages and booking the children into school. Soon after that Mum spoke to a young curate from the Cathedral and said, "*We mothers will have to learn Italian and help these women,*" so a class was started.

Mum's faith was outstanding. You couldn't help being influenced by her. One morning she was worried about an electric light bill to be paid so she said to us "*Say three Hail Mary's to Our Lady and keep your eyes on the ground, we might see some money.*" Sure enough, with a north wind blowing leaves down Victoria Parade, a ten shilling note appeared all screwed up. Thus the power of prayers I never forgot.

Third Generation – 10: Michael Joseph Carrucan

Michael was Patrick and Ellen's tenth child, born in 1901. He was a boot maker by trade.

He was still single when he enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force on 24th January 1918. He was 18 years old, 5ft 4in tall, had blue eyes, fair hair and complexion and weighed 130 lbs. He was living at 21 Johnson St, Collingwood, possibly with his mother.

He went to the Recruit Battalion at Broadmeadows on 1st February, 1918 and was posted overseas with the 10/58 Battalion as 'Private 3603', embarking on the *Ormonde* at Melbourne on 6th March 1918 and disembarking at the Australian Camp at Suez on 4th April.

He saw action when they proceeded to France via Kalkestone and Haire and marched out to the Unit on the 12th August 1918. He fought in France until WWI ended. He embarked on the *Argylshire* on 1st August 1919 and returned to Australia, arriving on 22nd September. He was discharged on 15th October after debriefing.

He married Agnes Elliott soon after his return from the war and they had three children, Michael Joseph, and Joseph William, both of whom died as babies, and John who died of tuberculosis in 1966 at the age of 38.

Michael also died of tuberculosis (possibly contracted from sleeping in wet clothes in the war) at Collingwood at the age of 34 in 1935. He held the crucifix when he was dying and said, "*You died at 33, give me another day or two to do things better*". The family story says that his mother asked what he wanted and his reply was 'apple pie and custard'. (See more about Mick in Joe's story below.)

Third Generation – 11: Joseph Thomas Carrucan⁹⁹

Joseph Thomas Carrucan, third youngest child of Patrick and Ellen Carrucan, was born in 1904. Joseph married Eileen Mary Farrelly in 1929 and they had six children: Helen, Ivan, Patricia, Kath, Michael and Maree. Joe was well liked by all. St John's Clifton Hill, his local church, was filled to overflowing with people from all walks of life for his funeral in September 1960.

Joe attended St Joseph's School, Collingwood until the age of fourteen. He then went to work as a clerk for James Moore and Sons Wire works, Clarendon Street South Melbourne. He stayed for four years. He walked there daily from Collingwood, returning home each day for lunch. He saved up for a bicycle, paying 2/6 a week and had visions of doing well in the sport of road cycling.

He went to night school and obtained his boiler attendant's ticket and his engine driver's ticket. He also studied for the town clerk's examination but failed the exam. He took flying lessons for a fee of 10/- and applied to join the Canadian Flying Force but was not accepted due to his eyesight.

With not much for the boys to do on Sundays (except window shop in Foy and Gibson's Store), Joe and three mates were 'doing the block' (the block encompassed Johnston, Smith, Gertrude, and Brunswick Streets) as usual when they were attacked by three members of the Young Lyrics gang. His mates fled

and Joe was left to fight it out. He escaped with cuts and bruises by throwing his coat at the leader and sprinting down Johnston Street, crossing in front of a cable tram and reaching home with seconds to spare. The same boys knifed another lad to death weeks later. Because of this, Joe decided to learn boxing so he could defend himself.

He trained under Alf Boyd in his gym among the hansom cabs over Fish's stables on the corner of William and Latrobe Streets Melbourne.

As the depression continued Joe went searching for work to help his mother who had separated from Patrick who had become addicted to drink after his return from the war. Joe boxed and worked in Broken Hill. On his return he found his mother had taken in boarders. One was the New Zealand boxer, Lochie McDonald who held the Australian Amateur Welterweight Title. Lochie later sent for Joe who sailed to New Zealand to train Lockie for two fights. Lochie won one and the second was a draw. Joe fought a man who had previously beaten Lochie and won.

Back home, Joe began working for the Collingwood Council. The men used to laugh at the various means of transport Joe would use to reach home in time for lunch, a truck or a horse and cart. They dared him to ride a Clydesdale so he did.

When an opportunity came up for a fight and work in Sydney, Joe took up the offer. He ended up in hospital having his tonsils removed and an operation on his nose. He was left with enough money to buy some badly needed boots and train fare for 100 miles. He walked the rest. He headed for Wagga for Sunday Mass and worked for a farmer on the way. After sleeping under a bridge on Saturday night in the pouring rain, he slipped into the back of the church feeling embarrassed by the state of his clothing.

From 1925 till 1939, Joe helped anyone who wanted to do a little boxing. He skipped to keep in good nick and could do 6000 in a half hour. Some days he would skip for 2 to 3 hours. He would also run the 8 miles from Clifton Hill, around the Kew Boulevard and back.

In 1939 he was given the chance to begin boxing training for the boys at St Vincent's Orphanage in Cecil Street South Melbourne. In 1940 he was asked by Brother O' Farrell to pick out boys for the amateur titles. Out of eight boys

over various divisions they won five titles. Joe was barred by Edgar Tanner from entering the ring with his boys because he had fought as a professional. This hurt Joe who felt he had let his boys down.

Joe became very busy with the St Vincent's Orphanage boys, training them twice a week and taking pairs to the Stadium on Wednesday and Saturday nights to fight exhibition bouts. People would throw in money which was collected and given to the Brothers. In 1941 he ran a boxing show in St Joseph's Hall, Collingwood and raised 37 pounds 10/-.



Joe was a very good boxer in his younger days and he passed this knowledge on via his boxing shows which were held until 1956. This photo was taken around 1950

In 1942 he moved his show to the Collingwood Town Hall. A friend, Arthur Moorcroft did all the printing of tickets and dodgers for nothing. Joe sold all the tickets and used to laugh that it was lucky he was a teetotaler because he would do a pub crawl every night handing out dodgers and tickets. Friends learned to put their hands in their pockets automatically and buy tickets when they saw him.

The show was a variety show as well as boxing. The O'Toole family chopped logs on the stage right next to Mrs Fleming, the church organist, who played for the artists. Ron Casey was M.C. for the show one year and then Arthur Lyster from 3AW did it every year after that. In between competition bouts with other boxing clubs, there would be wrestling. In between the entertainment, helpers sold raffle tickets. Supper was scones and sausage rolls cooked by Eileen. The Collingwood Town Hall was packed for the show.

One year when Joe was the referee, a woman climbed in the ring and proceeded to hit him and one of the wrestlers with an umbrella for hurting her husband (the other wrestler). It turns out Joe had roped Eileen's brother Tom, normally the mildest of uncles, into dressing up as a woman for the purpose of the show.

Each year the shows became bigger until the last filled Festival Stadium. By then Joe had committees in various suburbs helping sell tickets.

Marriage and family

In 1929 Joe married Eileen Farrelly, the only girl in a family of seven boys. Eileen Mary Farrelly was born in Footscray on 28th December 1905. Her father, John, was a baker and her mother, Mary Ann Toisbin, had worked as a lady's maid before marriage. Eileen had four older brothers, Owen, Jack, Fred and Jim, and three younger brothers, Wally, Tom and Frank. The family moved to Dight Street Collingwood and Eileen attended St Joseph's school to merit level then worked as a trouser machinist in a factory in Collingwood.

When Joe and Eileen were married, they lived in Gold Street Collingwood. Their first child was stillborn. Helen was then born in 1932, followed by Ivan in 1933. Patricia was born 1935, then Kathleen, 1937, Michael 1942 and Maree 1944. They all attended St John's school. The boys went to third grade then crossed the road to St Thomas' boy's school.

Ten days after Ivan's birth, the family moved to the quarry house at 110 Ramsden Street Clifton Hill because Joe, as an employee of Collingwood Council, had been made manager of the Collingwood Quarries. The family lived there until 1960.

The quarry was situated at the eastern end of Ramsden Street adjacent to the Merri Creek. At the western end, after crossing over the Heidelberg-Greensborough railway line, then Hoddle Street, past the Darling Gardens and

the convent and Gold Street, one finally reaches Wellington St. St John's Church stands on that corner.

With so many brothers it wasn't surprising that Eileen was expert at so many games which she taught her own children, like marbles, jacks (played with the knuckle bones from a leg of lamb or stones), or skippy. She made kites out of newspaper, sticks and a flour and water paste and footballs from rolled paper.

Eileen made many of their clothes including ball dresses each year for the school ball and when it was thought the children were to be evacuated to Healesville during the war, she made them haversacks and overalls. There was not much money and lots of hard work but she never raised her voice or her hand to the children. Eileen encouraged Joe in his work for the orphanage and for the nuns.

Joe was a prankster. He played practical jokes on everybody including short-sheeting the children's beds, and told tall stories about everything he did or pretended he did. To believe him he was the greatest hero in the army, navy and airforce although he didn't see service. He saw humour in everything and always had an audience for his version of the day. One of his part time jobs was helping to clean out a cargo hold in a ship. His description of standing in a hold that had been full of molasses, trying to clean it and the condition of his boots and clothes afterwards had his family in stitches.

Another famous story was the time the family had driven to Ballarat to visit Joe's favourite brother Jack Carrucan and his family, and the car broke down. Jack towed the car to town with Jack's children Mary, Con and Ivan, watching out the rear window reporting on progress. "He's still there," Mary cried every now and then, until she yelled, "He's gone!" The rope had broken as they were about to cross a bridge. Jack's car continued across while Joe's sailed down the embankment and up the other side ahead of them. Joe gave a cheeky wave and continued on his way.

Joe and Eileen's old council house in Clifton Hill was always full of people drawn there by their welcoming nature. One young priest who came from an entirely different class of family said he loved to visit because as soon as he entered he felt at home.

Life was pleasant. There were no supermarkets but milk was delivered early in

the morning by horse and cart (later replaced by a van) and poured into a billy can left hanging from a nail on the front window sill. Bread was also delivered daily. The baker usually timed his delivery for Joe's morning tea break and stopped in to chat as did the grocer. Joe took his tea breaks at the house because he worked close by. In summer the iceman carried in a huge block of ice which he placed in the top of a chest.

The grocer, Mick Considine, was an old friend from Gold Street and delivered both supplies and advice each week. One day when Joe was ill in bed with a bad case of lumbago, Mr Considine insisted that placing the wooden crate he had just brought the groceries in behind Joe's back would help. There was no stopping his old friend and Joe's face was a mixture of both laughter and agony. One day when Eileen was phoning her grocery order through to Mick's wife, Flo, she said, "Hang on a minute Flo there's a tiger snake in the garden." Eileen took the shovel, killed the snake then returned to the phone to find Flo had fainted!

Nearly every Sunday evening Joe's sister Nellie and her husband Norm came to play cards. Often Mary, Con and Ivan Carrucan, who were studying or working in the city, would come too. Eileen's brothers often joined in. The six children slept despite the roars of laughter or squeals of protest when Joe played one of his numerous tricks. One was to place new comers in front of the sideboard mirror where he could see their cards. Everyone waited for the unsuspecting visitor to realise what was happening.

Another night he dared Eileen's youngest brother, Frank, to bring his new girlfriend Mary back to meet them. About ten people were around the table playing cards when she entered. Joe had turned his collar backwards and pretended to be a minister. Holding a prayer book open in front of the couple he proceeded to 'marry them.' Mary survived that first evening and married Frank.

This was the kind of atmosphere Joe grew up in. It must have been a shock to Eileen coming from a family where they were encouraged to read quietly or tiptoe around so their father and brother, who were bakers and worked nights, could sleep.

During the depression, in about 1939, Eileen's mother lost her house. She still

had three adult sons living with her. They all came to live with Joe and Eileen. The parlour became a bedroom for the uncles, the three girls shared a bedroom and bed and Ivan had a tiny room to himself. Another bedroom became the kitchen and the old kitchen out back was made into a bedroom for Eileen's mother.

Joe would usually go to Mass on special feast days and First Fridays but, after becoming good friends with Father Dillon at St John's he began to go to Mass daily. When Mass times at St John's Clifton Hill changed he couldn't go before work, so Joe began riding to St Francis' in the city. He was once booked by a policeman for riding his bike on the Gertrude St tram tracks at 5am on his way to Mass and another time his bike was stolen from the church porch while he was inside the church. These incidents became family jokes.



Joe Carrucan in the early 1950s

About 1945 he wanted to visit his eldest son, Ivan, who was in training with the Christian Brothers near Sydney. They had no car at the time so when Joe suggested riding his bike Eileen said, "Why not." It was a Saturday afternoon and all the shops were closed so Eileen packed up all the food she could find in

the house. Joe rode off with a frying pan strapped across his back and a bag stuffed with the family's supply of sausages and a packet of self-addressed, stamped envelopes. He used the envelopes to write home each day. His letters to Eileen began 'Sweetheart' which the children found hilarious. The most memorable letter was from Yass. Unable to find a room in the town, Joe appealed to the local sergeant, a Catholic named Murphy, who provided Joe with a meal and a cell in the police station for the night.

In 1959 Joe had a heart attack. Unable to sit still and unused to being ill, he became frustrated. Eileen suggested he write his life story. When he had finished, with his usual enthusiasm restored, he set about finding a way of publishing it. Mick Ryan of the Age took on the task of writing them up into monthly installments for the YCW paper.

During a holiday at Seaford, the family bought land in Beach Grove and then built a home there using Joe's superannuation. The day after they moved in, Joe went to daily Mass as usual and on his return home collapsed and died of a heart attack in the kitchen. Joe and Eileen had planned to take a bus tour around Australia after Joe retired but he died before they could carry out their plan. Eileen died September 23, 1985.

Fourth Generation – 1: Helen Mathew nee Carrucan¹⁰⁰

Joseph and Eileen's first child was still born, so when their daughter Helen was born in 1932 in Collingwood when the family lived at 67a Gold St, she was highly prized. With her beautiful golden auburn hair and dark brown eyes and lashes she was doted on by everyone whether family or friends.

She developed a strong will which was evident when she began school at St John's Clifton Hill on the corner of Wellington St and North Terrace at the tender age of four. On her first day she had decided by lunchtime that school (or its discipline) was not for her so took herself off to her grandmother's house in Wellington St.

For my sister Kathleen and I, sharing a room with her as we grew up was not easy for she had very set ideas. One day I searched high and low for my doll until Mum investigated and Helen admitted putting it in the bottom drawer of our dresser because I hadn't played with it in the last hour.

As she grew older, Dad worried more and more about her because the boys hung around her like flies. He began sending me everywhere with her as chaperone. (I was three years younger.) Helen loved the Saturday afternoon pictures but I hated them because I was too emotional and cried but dad insisted I go.

I also played gooseberry when she began visiting friends. She hated my presence as much as I did. When a skating rink was built in Clifton Hill near the Royal Hotel, Helen was in her element. Ice skating and later ballroom dancing came naturally to her.

Because of all the work Dad did for them, the nuns at St John's arranged a parish scholarship for her to continue her studies at Catholic Ladies College in the city. After finishing her Intermediate (Year four), the sisters at the College arranged a job for her as nurses' aide at Caritas Christi the hospice for the dying. She lived in returning home at weekends. She was strong enough physically for the work of lifting the elderly patients but emotionally it was too much. The last straw was when a baby with water on the brain was admitted. After the baby died she found other work.

Back home she strained at the tight leash Dad tried to keep on her. One night she stood near the kitchen door dressed for dancing. Dad, in the doorway roared. "You're not going out again." "Yes I am."

Only the rest of the family could see our maternal grandmother behind the door whispering the song "You can't go out tonight." We were tittering because grandma was holding her skirt and miming a dance to the tune. Dad finally twigged what was happening and burst out laughing. Helen went dancing.

At one time, to Dad's horror, she had a slight accident not far from our house on the back of her boyfriend's motorbike. The family had been entertaining her old boyfriend and another hopeful fellow while we waited for her return so everyone got a taste of Dad's anger when he heard they had been doing thirty miles an hour when the bike skidded. That's when he made his declaration. "Find a good Catholic boyfriend and get married." Helen's reply was, "You find me one and I'll marry him." Dad didn't have to search far. Duncan Mathew's family lived a few blocks away. He was a good Catholic, played football with the CYMS, had a good job as builder/plasterer with his father's firm and was good

looking.

Duncan was a hard worker but also played hard on the football field. He would often get into fights and his brother Clem would join him from the opposite end of the field and his father from the boundary. When Helen began following his games she often had to be restrained from joining in. They married and lived in Thornbury and had five children: two boys and three girls. Later they moved to Heildeberg and Helen began to indulge in her love of animals. From there they moved to Kinglake where she began to breed horses. They had moved to a beautiful property at Buxton when she died in 1986 of cancer.

Fourth Generation – 2: Ivan Carrucan

Ivan spent many years in the Christian Brothers. On his return he taught in the State system specializing in visibly handicapped children. He still teaches three days a week in Warrnambool and is married with three children.

Fourth Generation – 3: Patricia Sturge nee Carrucan¹⁰¹

My name is Patricia (Pat) and I was born in 1935 in a private hospital in Napier St. Fitzroy, the third in a family of six children. My birth became the butt of a family joke when Mum mentioned that my doctor had committed suicide some time after I was born but it was a family tradition to find something to laugh at. We were always encouraged to make light of our troubles.

When my older brother, Ivan, born 1933, was ten days old and Helen, born 1932, was one, dad who worked for the Collingwood Council, accepted the job of quarry manager. With the job came a house so the family of four moved from 67a Gold Street Collingwood to 110 Ramsden Street Clifton Hill.

The quarry was situated at the eastern end of Ramsden Street on the border of the Merri Creek. At the western end, after crossing over the Heidelberg-Greensborough railway line, then Hoddle Street, past the Darling Gardens and nun's convent and Gold Street, one finally reaches Wellington St. St John's Church stands on that corner along with the girl's school. Boys left in grade three to attend the boys' college across the road, St Thomas'. It's quite a distance but we walked every day.

I can remember on Good Fridays we attended mass and stayed under the cover of the hall verandah to have our breakfast because it was too far to go home and return for school. I still recall how dreadful I felt when I dropped the flask containing our hot milk, breaking the inner glass lining. I think we had already emptied it! Our school uniform was a black wide pleated tunic over a white blouse, black stockings in winter and white socks in summer. There was also a black hat with a band of the school colours, a jumper and a blazer.



1948- Kathleen, Patricia and Michael Carrucan, three of the six children of Joe and Eileen Carrucan

Our house was high above the quarry not far from the buildings holding the crusher. In this the huge blue stones which were blasted from the quarry, were reduced to blue metal for the roads. Dad often came to tell us when they were about to blast so we could watch. There was another road which led underneath the crusher. This was where the trucks loaded up with crushed stone and bitumen from a big tank. We loved to play there with friends when dad wasn't around, even chewing the bitumen.

Although a good distance from other houses we were never lonely. In fact friends flocked to our place because of the wonderful areas surrounding, many of them were dangerous which made play even more interesting. My brother Ivan and his mates used to turn up the edge of sheets of iron and toboggan down the smaller slopes leading to the quarry. When dad discovered children in the quarry he would simply go to his office and turn on a huge siren which blared like an air-raid. He would then yell police and watch boys scamper from all directions.

Another of our play areas was the Merri Creek. In good weather the water was low enough to cross on stones. To the right we could go to the playgrounds near the Yarra Bend Golf Course across the swing bridge to the Studley Park boathouse. The Eastern Freeway cuts through that area now. Often on a Sunday morning after mass dad would take us across the creek and along a path to our left. This led us to Fairfield where we crossed the Yarra by the pipe bridge. A little further on brought to the Kew Mental Hospital where his older brother Jack and his Maggie managed the Hospital gardens. I always loved my uncle's deep gruff chuckle. If Aunt Maggie had been boiling the milk we often returned with mum's favourite dish, some scalded cream.

The best place of all where we spent every minute we could in Summer, was Deep Rock, a concrete swimming hole built onto the Yarra river opposite Dight's Falls Collingwood. If you were able to prove to an old character named Paddy who swam there daily that your swimming was good enough you were allowed out of the small pool to swim in the river. My sister Kath and I became known as the 'river rats' because we rarely emerged from the water until we had to go home. There were no restrictions set on our play areas as we were trusted to be home at certain times and to always travel in groups. We also learned to watch out for tiger snakes.

Life was pleasant. There were no supermarkets so we walked long distances to the shops but milk was delivered early in the morning by horse and cart (later replaced by a van) and poured into a billy can left hanging from a nail on the front window sill. Bread was also delivered daily but the baker usually timed his delivery for dad's morning tea break and stopped in to chat as did the grocer. In summer the iceman carried in a huge block of ice which he placed in the top of a chest. Below the ice we kept the perishables like butter and meat. Underneath

was a tray to catch the water as the ice melted.

During the depression about 1939, my maternal grandmother lost her house so she and her three adult sons moved in with us. We four children loved it. The parlour became a bedroom for my uncles, Helen, Kath and I shared a bedroom and bed while Ivan had a tiny room to himself. Another bedroom became the kitchen and the old kitchen out back was made into a bedroom for grandma so she would feel more independent from the rest of us.

Nearly every Sunday evening dad's sister Nellie and her husband Norm, came to play cards. Often our older cousins, Mary, Con and Ivan who were studying or working in the city, would come too. Mum's brothers often joined in. This was the kind of atmosphere dad grew up in. It must have been a shock to mum coming from a family where they were encouraged to read quietly or tiptoe around because their father and brother could sleep. They were bakers and worked nights. Dad and our visitors were a noisy crowd but we would go to sleep to the roars of laughter and cards slapped loudly onto the table.

Michael and Maree were born 1942 and 1944. Maree, like Helen had long curly auburn hair. Kath's was long and brown. Mine was short, straight and brown. One time our aunt stood in for mum when we were preparing for the school ball (probably about the time Michael was born). The other three had curly hair to go with the ball gowns mum had made when I reminded Nellie that mum always used hot tongs to curl my hair. She tried but being a left-hander couldn't handle the tongs so that year I went without curls.

We were very naïve in those days. When mum went to hospital dad said it was because of her sore leg. Told when she was due home that she had a new baby I was racing home to see it with a girlfriend whose father was also in hospital. "Maybe he'll bring one home too," she declared. (I would have been 8, my friend 10).

Mum's brother Tom stayed with us the longest. He was a salesman and very correct in appearance but loved dad's sense of humour. One night when my mother was having an early night (something unusual), Tom and dad caught a mouse in the laundry and paraded it up and down the passage with their weapons (broom and mop) over their shoulders followed by the six of us. The next day they set off to work, Tom to the men's clothing shop, dad to the Town

Hall where he was doing clerical work. Spotting a mouse in a lane they decided to use their skills to trap it. Tom lifted a garbage can up over his head ready to slam the mouse when dad chased it out. Unfortunately the bottom of the can fell out followed by the garbage all over Tom who didn't appreciate dad's roar of laughter.

The pair of them would exaggerate stories as we sat around the fire telling about their exploits in the navy, army and airforce although neither had seen service. One day after working for a farmer Dad was telling us about the holes he had dug for the fence posts. Uncle Tom, unused to physical work was too exhausted to speak when we asked what he had done so dad told us he has dug the holes to bury the dirt left over. Another time dad persuaded Tom to dress as a woman, the wife of one of the wrestlers on Dad's boxing show. To our delight and astonishment, our sedate Uncle Tom marched into the Collingwood Town Hall dressed in women's clothing wearing a bright red wig and brandishing an umbrella. He/she climbed into the ring and began berating dad for not looking after the wrestler. The crowd loved it.

One night, after years of enduring dad's teasing we finally got the better of him. First we short sheeted the bed knowing he would discover it easily after untying the knots in his pyjamas then waited for him to lie down. We waited, stifling our giggles for the enormous roar when his head touched the bristles of the brush we had put in his pillow.

I taught in the state system until I married then switched to Catholic schools. I retired in 1988. I am married with three children and live near Warragul.

More Childhood Memories, by Pat Sturge

My memories have been stirred due to reading all the family accounts which have come my way. By putting them to paper I hope to awaken similar accounts in other family members. Some of the following are actual memories while others are possibly mental pictures I have retained from stories I heard as a child.

My earliest recollection is of the huge, old bulldog Squizzy panting away on the verandah of the small terraced house belonging to my grandmother Farrelly in Dight or Vere Street Collingwood. I don't recall my Carrucan grandmother at all but I do remember hearing her hair was down to her waist and she brushed it

for a long time each night. Grandma Farrelly figures a lot because she taught me to tell the time and knit before I began school. I recall sitting in the sun on the north side of our quarry house with her and when I knew she was visiting would sit in the fork of a big peppercorn tree back of our house and watch up the road. This was also my favourite place to sit and read.

It must have been about 1939 when we three girls stayed for a while at Abbotsford Convent because Kathleen was in a highchair. The doctor had said mum was suffering from malnutrition and must have a break. Ivan was sent to Uncle Jack's farm. I remember the races the nuns set up for all the children (in those days I think the place was run for unwed mothers and possibly some like my mother, in need of relief). One game involved bobbing for apples in a bucket of water and another chewing apples hanging from a long string.

At home we three slept in one large bed. Ivan had his own tiny room. Our room was off the dining room and we could feel the heat of the fire through the wall. On cold nights Mum would wrap a brick from the fireplace first in newspaper then in a piece of blanket for us to put in our bed which was piled with thin blankets and all our coats. I recall the time the blanket began to smoulder.

Our old council house was always full of people drawn there by my parents' welcoming nature. The grocer, iceman and baker not only delivered but stayed to chat or have a cup of tea. In those early days our bread and milk were delivered by horse and cart. The milk was poured into a billycan hanging from a nail on our front window in the early hours of the morning. If more was needed we went to the dairy up the road. After a terrible polio epidemic when we saw young people being wheeled around in long beds on wheels because they had lost the use of the limbs, milk had to be pasteurised so bottles were introduced.

War erupted in the Pacific. Dad and his workers dug trenches in the gardens, Mum sewed backpacks from a heavy denim-like material and made overalls in preparation for our evacuation to Healesville. Meanwhile we had to present our ration books to the shopkeepers whenever we needed supplies.

We were told peace was imminent and we were hoping it would fall on the 16th August because we already had a holiday on the 15th for the Feast of the Assumption.

As a child the various church ceremonies were important to us. I remember the importance of my First Communion, my white dress and veil, the beautiful hymns ‘Sweet flower O’ the fairest’, the cold and the early breakfast in the hall afterwards. (We fasted in those days from midnight). The dress was used in processions later as we became flower strewers before the monstrance while the entire school followed singing.

We travelled long distances to school. First, we went by foot to primary school. From there a parish scholarship took Helen to CLC. Mine took both myself and Maree to Moonee Ponds to study for the Commonwealth Scholarship which gave us four years funding. (We could have gone to a closer scholarship grade in Fitzroy but the Charity nuns insisted we go to their fellow sisters in Moonee Ponds.) The scholarship wasn’t available for Kathleen so she went to Abbotsford convent for secretarial training. By this time Ivan had entered the Christian Brothers and was in Sydney.

In our early teens Kath and I, with friends, spent the cooler holidays walking all over the open sports area from our place near the Merri Creek to Studley Park or Fairfield. We often followed a path near the Yarra as it wended its way round the Boulevard. We did try cycling the same route but found the hills too demanding. Dad used this same route for his running and at one time took with him his Surrey Hills boys training for the Golden Gloves. They arrived back long after dad, the senior by many years, at various stages, exhausted.

Our proudest moments were when we attended dad’s boxing shows. These began in 1941 at St Joseph’s but moved to the Collingwood Town Hall from 1942 until 1956. For the last show with the help of a committee he filled the Festival Hall. He was able to fill the hall with people from many walks of life by varying the boxing and wrestling with singers and other variety acts.

Ron Casey compered one of the early shows and it was quite a compliment when a few years later, on his ‘TV show ‘World of Sport’, he used the O’Toole wood chopping as entertainment much the same as dad had done.

I had a wonderful childhood and cherish the memories, too many to write.

Fourth Generation – 4: Kathleen Lovis nee Carrucan

Kathleen was born in 1937. Kathleen took up secretarial work and became a

bookkeeper. She married Roy Lovis and they had four children: Stephen, Leanne, Paul and Ivan.

Fourth Generation – 5: Michael Carrucan

Michael was born in 1942. He was a police officer, only retiring recently. He lives with his wife Margaret in Beechworth.

Fourth Generation – 6: Maree Marks nee Carrucan¹⁰²

Maree had three children. She died of cancer in 1993

Madeline Maree Carrucan (28th July 1944 -26th July 1993) was the youngest of Eileen and Joseph's six children and right from the beginning she made an impact because of her golden, auburn curls. Sister Madeline at St Vincent's pleaded for her to be named after her. Mum and Dad agreed but she was always known as Maree because they were worried she would be called Maddy. She had a bubbly, slightly wacky sense of humour and took the family ribbing with a cheeky grin when at Catholic Ladies' College she was given the part of the village idiot in the class play.

That was not her first starring role in a class production. When she was in the 'babies' (now known as preps) she was the fairy queen at the annual school ball in the Collingwood Town Hall. Mum made us a ball gown every year and Maree's was a beautiful apple green ball gown. A silver crown and wand completed the picture. The dance began with all the tiny children entering in boy and pairs then the boys sat down and feigned sleep. As fairy queen Maree was to gently tap them on the head to wake them. Unfortunately, her own partner really fell asleep and it took two hard thumps on the head to wake him, which brought roars of laughter from the audience.

As a teenager when we went out driving, she would start us singing all the songs we knew, so journeys with her were always a joy.

She met her future husband Robert when he was at officer training school on the Peninsula for the army. He came for dinner and when she wasn't ready to sit down for the meal and he remained stiffly standing behind her chair so we kept calling her to hurry because his stiff manner was at odds with our casual

attitude. She raced out, still half ready, allowed him to push her chair in then as soon as he was seated she ran back to her room.

Maree's bubbly nature hid a deep-seated shyness so that when she moved to Puckapunyal as a newlywed, she found life very difficult among the class-conscious officers' wives. This continued when Robert left the army and moved to Springvale where he joined the police as he mixed with much the same crowd. They had three children, Catherine, Paul and David. They separated when David (later classed as schizophrenic) was two. Maree brought up the three children by herself. She kept in touch with them by working at their schools, St. Joseph's Springvale and Coomoora High School Springvale South.

Cathy has fond memories of her mother's laughter and great sense of fun and tells of the ribbing Cathy gave her when she discovered that her favourite singer at the time, Freddy Mercury was gay. She also tells of one time when Maree invited friends to a BBQ and as a joke pointed to a newly dug hole in the garden and convinced them into thinking that was where they were cooking.

Small problems amused her. When ants kept coming into the house through a power point in the wall and blowing the point she told everyone that the ants were having a BBQ.

When she was dying of cancer her entire workforce at Brambles had a social to raise money for her and as many as possible were at her funeral at St Joseph's Chelsea right next to the school where she had begun her working life as an aide. One day, there, she was supposed to help the children to make figures using a sock with dirt and seed in it. Unfortunately she forgot the seed so the children ended up swinging socks of dirt at each other.

Third Generation – 12: Leo Alphonsus Carrucan

Leo Alphonsus was born in 1905 in Kew, Victoria. Unfortunately he died of an infection of the ear the following year.

Third Generation – 13: Ellen Mary (Nell) Keele¹⁰³

Ellen Mary (Nell) Carrucan was born in Templestowe in 1907, the thirteenth (and youngest) child to Ellen and Patrick Carrucan. The family lived in

Collingwood where she attended St Joseph's school. In her teens she joined the St Joseph's tennis club.

At the age of seventeen she began keeping company with Norm Keele. He cared for a sick mother so it was not until she was thirty and he was thirty-seven that they married at St John's Clifton Hill on 12th April 1937. Her mother died that same year.

Their entertainment consisted of Friday card nights at her mother's house in Noone Street then later Wellington Street. The games later moved to her brother Joe's place on a Sunday night where Nell and Norm were always welcome visitors along with Con and Mary and Ivan who were boarding in Melbourne, along with some of Eileen's family, seated around the dining room table. The game was always accompanied by lots of noise and good-humoured chatter.

Norm had a wonderful sense of humour. Tears would pour down his face when listening to the English comics, *Ron and Eff* on the ABC. This often fascinated us as children because the radio pair hardly said a word other than each other's names. "*Ro—on. "Yes Eff?"*"

Joe's family loved the rare visits by train to Royal Parade, Parkville, where Nell and Norm lived as caretakers of an old Victorian mansion next to the railway line and within walking distance of the zoo. As their apartment was on the right of the front door, visitors always entered by way of the huge old side verandah outside Nell's kitchen, never by the front door that divided their flat from the rest of the house. As children we found the wonderful old house fascinating. I recall my brother being captivated by Norm's crystal wireless set.

Nell moved out after Norm's death to a flat near St Vincent's hospital where she worked in the office. She loved to tell humorous anecdotes about work such as how the doctors and nurses played tricks on her and hid her trolley of books and magazines - even the day they hid it in the morgue and she refused to retrieve it.

When Nell's niece Mollie was diagnosed with cancer after her eighth child, Nellie helped keep the family together.

One had to accept and see Nell as a whole person. She hid her age and passed herself off as his mum's sister rather than as her aunt! Although Nell was

Victorian in many ways and desired to mix socially with those closer to the Camberwell set, she was Florence Nightingale during family traumas of which there were many in the O'Farrell family. At these times Nell, in her own way, shone. When Paul's brother John contracted cancer in 1976, and subsequent to his death in 1978, Nell was in full flight. She moved in and did many things to make life easier. Again, after Paul's wife died of cancer in 1985 and during the 18 months that he stayed home with the children, Nell was there every weekend, taking charge and ordering him out to football. Nell's impact on the children was positive and Paul was very grateful for her help. After each crisis she would disappear.



Nell at her flat with Sister Maureen Kelly in her later years

The following were words spoken at Nell's funeral by her nephew Brother Pat Smith:

At a National Conference of Brothers at St Edmund's School for the Blind at Wahroonga, there were two large banners hanging in the main stairwell. The first said *"My life is God's gift to me"*. The second: *"How I lead my life is my gift to God"*.

As I reflected on the life and times of Aunty Nell, it struck me forcibly how appropriate those captions are to describe how Nell lived her life.

For as long as I can remember, Nell has always been there. She stood rock solid as life ebbed and flowed around her. Nell was a crisis person - show the slightest signs of illness and misfortune and Nell was there to lend a hand.

Nell could be charity itself; she could be incredibly insensitive with the questions she asked; she took hurt easily and felt hurts intensely.

As I grew older and had a chance to study psychology, I often asked myself why Nell, who was such a good person, could upset so many family members yet be so tenaciously loyal to the Carrucans no matter what. Rightly or wrongly, I felt she carried the cross of having no children herself. She must have felt that intensely. Hence, she upset so many by trying to smother them with her brand of kindness.

Nell's generation could be fearless in speaking up when the situation called for it. In 1961 I was stationed at St. Patrick's College, Ballarat. One day, out of the blue, the boss tapped me on the shoulder and told me to take a week off and go and spend it with my father who was very sick in Studley Park Private Hospital at the time. I could never work out what had caused this burst of humanity in my religious superior. It was only in the 1980's that Nell told me she and Duck had rung him up and told him what a disgrace it was that I wasn't down in Melbourne with my father.

This incident and many like it give us the key to Nell's personality. Beneath the imprudent questions, beneath the overpowering urge to organise people and their lives, there beat a heart of pure gold. Set aside the irritations that were so obvious and you found a person who could go to extraordinary lengths to help members of her extended family.

After an extremely long engagement, Nell married Norman Keele. Their life together could only be described as genteel, with extraordinary emphasis on manners. Norm was a wonderful man to whom Nell was totally devoted. They lived in Royal Parade, Parkville, while Nell worked in the office at the Children's Hospital. Norm's death shattered Nell.

As the years rolled on Nell recovered from her loss and resumed, in a major way, her role as surrogate Mother to the whole clan. However, there was one subject on which all semblance of charity evaporated. When anyone

tried to establish her age, World War III was declared.

At the first Carrucan reunion in 1988, Nell was introduced to Clare Carrucan, Con's widow, as Con's father's younger sister. Clare looked at her in stunned amazement. "*Are you really Con's father's younger sister?*" said Clare. A curt nod was all she received. With a look of even greater incredulity, Clare asked: "*How old are you?*" The reply was vintage Nell: "*I'm stone deaf, too!*"

The final very special period in Nell's life was spent at St. Raphael's, an adjunct of Gennazano Convent, where the love and care Nell received was simply superb.

Nell, matriarch of the Carrucan Clan, whatever your idiosyncrasies, you showed us through your practical charity the real meaning of Jesus' words: "*I have come that you may have life and have it to the full.*"

Second Generation – 5: Thomas Carrucan

Thomas was born in 1866 at Kew. We know nothing about him except that his birth registration number is 14532 and that he died young in 1867.

Second Generation – 6: Mary Anne Carrucan¹⁰⁴

Mary Anne Carrucan was born on 4th Feb 1868 in Eltham. She married Jeremiah Alipius Lodge, born 23rd January 1858 in Greensborough, at Heidelberg in 1895. Jeremiah was a farmer and orchardist and 10 years her senior. They had 5 children, William Francis, Patrick Carrucan, Joseph Bernard Alipius, Mary Frances and Jeremiah Sylvester.

Jeremiah died 11th May 1938 followed six months later by Mary who died on 30th October 1938.



Mary Anne Carrucan (1868-1938) married Jeremiah Alipius Lodge (1858-1938) at Heidelberg in 1895. This photo was taken towards the end of her life, in the late 1930s.

Third Generation – 1: William Francis (Bill) Lodge

William Francis (Bill) Lodge was born in 1897 in Fitzroy, one of five children born to Mary Anne and Jeremiah Lodge.

He married Catherine Byrne but their life together produced no children.

Bill was a farmer in Whittlesea and died of a heart attack in his sleep in 1936, aged only 39. He is remembered as a big man but a wonderful dancer, light on his feet as he glided across the floor.



This photo, taken around 1926, shows Bill Lodge, Mary Harwood nee Bourke and Kitty Sawyer nee Bourke

Third Generation – 2: Patrick Carrucan Lodge

Patrick, born 1898 in Fitzroy, Melbourne, married Eileen Giddens in 1937 and they had five children, David, Patricia, Gerald, Kevin and Shane. Patrick married at such a late age as he had been caring for his parents up till then.

Patrick and Eileen were a loving couple, participating in country life to the full. They played tennis together and she played the piano when he was MC for the local dances.

The whole family worked hard on the dairy farm in Arthur's Creek. The children attended school walking three miles each way, often after helping with milking or checking the rabbit traps. Trish and the boys could milk a cow from an early age and they fished for eels in the creek.

They sold that farm and moved to Strathewen for twelve months and, when Trish was about seven, they bought a market garden in Upper Plenty. They turned their hands to all sorts of produce, from flowers (jonquils, violets, lupins, roses, stocks, carnations and more) to vegetables (lettuces, beans, peas and, best of all, tomatoes). They also raised chickens, ducks and pigs. They stripped wattle bark for leather tanning and cutting small gum trees into six foot lengths for fruit boxes.

Eileen made pickles, sauce and jam, bread, butter, cakes, dressed roosters and helped stretch the food over the lean times. Trish won prizes in the local shows for light sponges made from their own eggs. Trish remembers having to whitewash the bricks at the back of the stove after she cleaned the inside and she could plough or harrow with the horse by herself. Water was pumped from a spring at the bottom of the paddock.

In 1954, when Trish was about 15, the family sold the Upper Plenty property and farm stock and moved to Whittlesea where Pat worked for the Board of Works till he died in 1961 on Gerald's 21st birthday.

When David left school he milked cows on a farm in Upper Plenty and rode his bike to square dancing. He was very generous and would give the others some money each pay day! They called him Steptoe because he would buy, fix and sell things. He also worked at Jack Lord's Timber Mill until he was old enough to join the fire brigade.

The Lodge family would visit Mary Carrucan (nee Sweeney) and her children, Jack (a lovely gentleman) and Betty (Erickson) with her three boys, helping them out at the Eltham farm. The Lodges brought Betty's boys home to Whittlesea to give her a break at one stage. Mary Carrucan nee Sweeney was remembered as little and lovable!

Doll Lane and possibly other Lanes from WA would correspond or visit.

Third Generation – 3: Joseph Bernard Alipous Lodge

Joe, born 1900, was a farmer/shearer and was very well liked and respected around the district as a great sportsman (all kinds). He was a loving son and brother, had a large circle of friends, and was always ready to do his share for the benefit of the community.

On 23rd June 1930, Joe had a pair of shears tied to his saddle and, in the process of mounting the horse, the shears severed the main artery in his leg. The doctor came immediately, but Joe died within an hour. He was only 30 years of age.

The coroner found, *“that death was caused from haemorrhage following on an accidental wound inflicted by sheep shears whilst attempting to mount a horse.”* The Advertiser newspaper reported that the funeral was the largest ever seen in the district with 200 sorrowing friends at the grave, amongst them many young people. The newspaper also reported that, *“The Lodge family are exemplary Catholics and citizens, highly respected by all, and the deceased was a worthy son of good parents, and a fine specimen of a healthy Australian.”*

Third Generation – 4: Mary Frances Lodge

Mary (Girlie) was born in 1902. She may have attended the Mercy Convent in Fitzroy as she learnt piano at the convent. Mary was also a runner-up in an art prize.

Mary married Claude Woolley at St Patrick’s Cathedral in Melbourne in 1928. They lived in Leongatha where Claude worked in the electricity industry. Peg O’Brien recalls that Claude was the Town Clerk of Warrigal.

Later they shifted to Benalla and would often call in on relatives (the Lodges or the Bourkes) on their way to Melbourne with gifts.

Mary and Claude had one daughter, Maureen, born in 1929. Maureen was a very accomplished sportswoman. She was riding very well at five years of age and was good at golf, dancing, tennis and horse-riding. Maureen won the Benalla Ensign Sportswoman of the Week award for her achievements in golf and tennis and other sports, as well as her assistance to sports events.

Sadly, Maureen died of bowel cancer in 1963 aged 34. Mary lived until 1987.

Third Generation – 5: Jeremiah Sylvester Lodge

Jeremiah was born at Greensborough and died at Arthurs Creek 2½ months later, on 26th May 1903.

Second Generation – 7: Catherine (Kate) Carrucan

Catherine (Kate) Carrucan was born on 28th August 1869 at Eltham. In 1891 she met and married Laurence Sylvester Foley at Eltham. Laurence was a Block and Signal Inspector with VicRail.

Kate and Laurence had one child, Maurice Sylvester Foley, born in Eltham in 1894.

Laurence died, possibly prior to Kate, before 1940. The family remembers Kate Foley then living in Grey Street, East Melbourne. She died of carcinoma of the uterus on 21st January 1940, aged 71 years.

Maurice was married at Ballarat, aged 34, to Eileen Walsh. He died on 26th January 1942 at Mount Street, Fitzroy, of a carcinoma of the stomach. He was aged 49 years.

Second Generation – 8: Theresa Margaret Carrucan

Theresa Margaret Carrucan, born in 1871, was the eighth child of Patrick Carrucan and Mary O'Brien.

In 1901 she met and married Edward Bourke (1876-1945). Edward Bourke was the youngest surviving son of Phillip Bourke, an Irish immigrant who emigrated in 1859 aboard the SS Argonaut, and Australian born Catherine Mahoney, who died in 1880 in child birth. Ed was reared by relatives in Eltham. From the age of twelve he earned his own living driving horses.

Theresa and Ed had three sons and two daughters:

Patrick Leo (1902-1961)
Philip Edward Michael (Mick) (1904-1971)
Francis James (Frank) (1906-1987)
Mary (1908-)
Kathleen (Kitty) (1914-1995)

Theresa Carrucan died in 1920. What a shock for the young family!



1915 - Edward and Thesesa Bourke (nee Carrucan) with their children from L to R: Phillip (Mick), Mary, Patrick, baby Kathleen (Kitty) and Francis (Frank).

Third Generation – 1: Patrick Leo Bourke

Patrick Leo Bourke, born 1902, suffered from many health problems, mostly asthma, and nearly died a couple of times.

He finished his apprenticeship as a fitter and turner in Melbourne and left at about 21 years of age, heading for the dry climate of Western Australia. There he did a country mail run for some time and also spent time with his cousin Dick (Richard) Lane. He returned to Melbourne for a short while but found the climate was still against him so he and a friend decided to try working through the country properties. It was during this early stay that he worked for Southern Cross Pumps. Because of his mechanical knowledge he had no trouble finding station work.

He made his way north to central Queensland where he became station manager at Oondooroo, a huge station. It was here he met his future wife May Neilson a teacher at the Winton Convent. When May returned to South Johnstone, Patrick followed and they were married in 1938.

They returned to Melbourne for a short time where their first son Frank was born in 1939 and then moved back to Winton where Margaret and John were born in 1943 and 1946 respectively.

The young family moved around North Queensland where Patrick worked in various sugar mills. In January 1954 the family decided to try going south so they started their journey, travelling at holiday pace through Queensland and NSW, Patrick working here and there. They were within a stone's throw of the Victorian border when the decision was made to return north. They settled in Bundaberg, where May was born, and Patrick worked in the Bundaberg Foundry until his death in 1951. The family remembers that Patrick and May had a very happy home filled with music and dancing.

Third Generation – 2: Phillip Michael Bourke

Phillip Michael Bourke was the second son of Edward Bourke and Theresa Carrucan.

He was born in 1904 in South Melbourne and educated at St Joseph's South Melbourne. After the death of his mother in 1920, when he was aged 16, he left Melbourne and found his way eventually to Quambatook where he secured work at Ryan's Blacksmith shop.

He worked at various jobs in the area before marrying Honora Keating of Quambatook. They raised a large family of 7 children, born between 1931 and 1943.

In 1937, the family moved to Bendigo and, from this base, he worked as a shearer and seasonal worker, employed mainly in the grain production industry.

In WWII, he enlisted in the AIF, and served overseas in the 2/2 Field Engineers attached to the 6th division AIF.

After the war he moved to Koroit as part of the Soldier Settlement programme and he farmed there successfully until his retirement in the mid-sixties. He then moved to Geelong.

Phillip died in 1979 and is buried in Quambatook. Honora died in 1979.

Third Generation – 3: Francis James Bourke

Francis James Bourke was born in South Melbourne in 1906, the third son of Edward and Theresa Carrucan. He was educated at St Joseph's Technical School South Melbourne.

After the death of his mother he moved to live with his aunt and uncle (the Lodges) at Arthurs Creek. He worked on the land mainly in the fruit growing industry which used to be strong in the area. In his youth he was an excellent sportsman, training with Carlton in the VFL and teaching Boxing and Jiu Jitsu to youth groups.

Frank married Cecelia Ryan of Mernda in 1935. At this time he was working with the Tramways at the Preston Maintenance Depot. They moved to Frankston in 1938 and Frank continued to work in Preston, eventually moving back to Mernda in 1948 and establishing a Poultry Farm there and working as a truck driver for Burnside Dairies at Yan Yean.

In early 1950, Frank established a welding and steel construction business in Mernda with his eldest son Bernie. The business was hit hard by the credit squeeze recession of the 1960's and Bernie was forced to find work elsewhere.

Frank retired in 1970, still living in Mernda. Frank and Cecelia then shifted to Lilydale and Mooroolbark. Cecelia died in 1978 and Frank died in 1987. They are survived by their five children, Bernard, Daniel, Marie, Michael and Patrick.

Third Generation – 4: Mary Bourke

Mary Bourke, the fourth child of Edward and Theresa Bourke, was born in 1908.

She was only twelve years old when her mother died in 1920 and her younger sister Kathleen was at this time only six years old. As the rest of the family were working, it was necessary for her to be very involved in the day to day care of Kathleen and sometime later, on the remarriage of her father and the subsequent birth of a half-sister, she was again involved in a nurturing role. During this time Mary trained as a tailor and was employed by a Melbourne department store.

Around 1935 she married Richard (Dick) Harwood with whom she had two daughters, Jean and Elsie; When it was eventually discovered that her husband had a wife and family elsewhere, Mary left Melbourne for the country and settled, first in Emu in central western Victoria, then in St Arnaud. There she met and married Les Irwin a local timber contractor. Mary lived in St Arnaud from the mid 1940s until her death in 1993.

Third Generation – 5: Kathleen (Kitty) Bourke

Kitty was the youngest of the family born to Edward and Theresa Bourke. She was born in 1914 and was only six years old when her mother died. She then spent much of her childhood with the Lodge family at Arthurs Creek. On completing her education, she trained as a primary school teacher.

Kitty married George Sawyer , a Victorian Railway stationmaster, and spent her married life moving around Victoria and southern NSW, living in railway accommodation.

While stationed at Mansfield, her husband George was diagnosed with cancer, dying about 1963. After George's death, Kitty regained employment as a bookkeeper, a job she retained until her retirement. After retirement, she lived in Keon Park and Reservoir.

In her retirement, she travelled widely around the world. It was on one of her trips which included a tour of Ireland that spurred her research of her family tree, this work being distributed among her many nieces and nephews. It was a huge job for a lady of increasing years; however her research was very thorough and laid the foundation for future generations to continue to build.

Second Generation – 9: Frances Carrucan

Frances Carrucan, the ninth child of Patrick and Mary Carrucan, was born on 1st October 1872.

She was aged 23 when she married Thomas Keane on 1 January 1896 at St John's, Heidelberg. Thomas Keane was a shunter, working for the railways, and aged 26 at the time of their marriage.

They had one son, Ivan Edward Joseph Keane, born on 17th August 1900,

when they were living at 114 George Street, Fitzroy. Their further family history is unknown; the family story is that Frances left for Africa with another man!

Second Generation – 10: Anne (Babe) Carrucan

Anne Carrucan, known as Annie or Auntie Babe to her many nieces and nephews, was born on 4th September 1874 in Eltham.

At the age of 23, she married James Nicholas (Jim) Calnin who was a farm bailiff, aged 29. They settled in Clifton Hill, a Melbourne suburb and soon started their large family of 13 children, of whom 10 lived

Maurice (1897)	Susan (1909)
Clarence Joseph (1899)	Thomas Joseph (1910)
James Thomas (1901)	Edward Michael (1912)
Mary (1904)	Margaret (1915)
John Michael (1905)	Kathleen (1919)

The children were all musically talented, having acquired their skills in music from their mother Babe. Maurice was a gifted tenor, Edward and Susan played the piano, Margaret taught the violin and Kathleen played piano in dance bands in Ballarat. This musical interest often included dance band sessions at the family home in Ballarat.

The family lived in Clifton Hill before moving to Ballarat where Jim worked as a farmer at the Asylum. In about 1933, Jim retired and the Calnins moved from the corner of Forrest and Gregory Streets (near Lake Wendouree) out to Burrumbeet.

Jim died on 28th December 1943. Annie died on 25th April 1946 at the age of 71 from acute pulmonary problems and is buried at Ballarat, Victoria.

The 10 children of Jim and Babe have gone on to produce a vibrant and large Carrucan branch. Although it is impossible to justice to the many men and women in this line, the following brief notes focus on some of them.

Generation 3: Maurice Calnin

Maurice, the eldest child, was born in 1897, married Norah Reidy in the late

1920s and had 3 children, Robert and John who were twins, and Margaret. Maurice, who was a Commissioner of Affidavits, had a lovely voice and often sang at Country Balls. He was on the Committee of and was a Life Member of the Ballan Jockey Club, a late President of the Retired Railwaymen's Association and Official Visitor at Lakeside Hospital. He died in 1982 and is buried in Ballarat.



Maurice Calnin (second from right) at the marriage of his younger brother James (seated) and Margarita Barry (on right) in 1926. Bridesmaid Sylvia Barry is on the left.

Maurice shared his family recollections in later years and they are captured here.

As the oldest in a large family, my early days were a delight. My mother was a remarkable person in bringing up this great family. My father worked as a warder at the Kew Asylum, where I think he met mum. Then he was transferred to Ballarat.

I was born in 1897 and went to the Christian Brothers at Abbotsford near Clifton Hill. At Ballarat I went to St.Patrick's.

When we came to Ballarat it was by train, leaving Spencer Street Station about 8am one day in December 1909. We did not have our whole family but they followed later. Our train ride took about 7 hours. I remember that train getting up the grade known as the cutting of the Great Dividing Range; that 29 miles took about one and a half hours. Sausages and potatoes were

served at 6 pence.

When we were all settled down in our new quarters, it was great. Of course the piano was in the container that had followed from Melbourne. My mother was a very good pianist.

There were no dull nights in large families. The whole family was musical, one sister was a very good pianist and a brother could play. In these days of long ago, Sunday night was terrific.

After a few years at St.Pat's Ballarat, I made out into the working world; jobs were just about the same as today, nothing doing in any respect. I was one of the lucky ones; my father was a man of good standing in this city of Ballarat and he was able to secure an apprenticeship for me to an engineering firm - 7 years at Rolandson and Tippet, Creswick Road. During the first year I received 2/6 per week.

As the years rolled on, the first big war started. Like other boys my age I wanted to be in the war for Australia. However boys from the trades, same as myself, enlisted at the camp, but it was not to be – we were returned to the workshop, *“Production of material for the war is important, boys”*. In this engineering trade, after completing my training as a mechanical engineer, I looked around for a lasting position. I was employed at Vic Railways in early 1919, then completing 43 years of work at the Ballarat workshop in Creswick Rd.

His equal eldest son Robert also shared his love of horses and is profiled below:

Generation 4: Robert Edward Calnin (1929-2010)

Robert Edward Calnin, better known as Bob, was born in Ballarat on the 30th June 1929 together with twin brother Jack - they were the eldest children of Nora and Maurice Calnin. Later a sister Margaret was born who survives both Bob and Jack.

He started riding horses from an early age, did gymnastics and was good at running - in later years he was asked to train for the Stawell Gift. Bob went to Ballarat East Christian Brothers School. He would travel 7 miles on a tram to get to school. He grew up during the depression and they were tough times.

At the age of 14, Bob tragically lost his mother so he got a job making milk deliveries with a local dairy. He had to get up at 2am each morning and ride his bike for an hour to get to work. His wage was 30 shillings a week.

He left school at the age of 16 and joined the Royal Australian Navy, travelling extensively. He would often say when giving career guidance “*Join the Navy and see the world through a port hole*”.

He subsequently joined the Police Mounted Branch where he became a very capable and gifted horseman. Keen to get more experience at police work, he was transferred to Orbost in 1954. It was there that he met his future wife Betty Warren. Two years later, in 1956, they were married in St Francis Church in Melbourne.

His skills as a horseman were recognised that same year when he was one of the group selected to break in and train the horses to be used in the Melbourne Olympic Games in the Pentathlon event.



Bob Calnin breaking in a 2 year old horse

In 1959 and 1962, Bob and Bet had their two children, Dale and Robyn. In 1964, Bob and the family moved to a one-man station at Buchan. It didn't take long for Bob to make his mark. *"Buchan was quite a wild place when I first got there - no one had really been locked up before. I soon put an end to that. I reckon I nearly filled the watch-house book in those first few months."*

Bob was not only the local Policeman; like most good country cops he was very involved in the community. He was instrumental in establishing the Orbest and Buchan Pony Clubs and the Buchan Rodeo Club, in which he became a life member.

In 1987, after nearly 39 years in the police force, Bob retired and threw his heart and soul into his 500 acre farm on the Timbarra Road, where he would often say *"It's a good life this, being your own boss"*.



This photo of Bob was taken when he was about to lead a procession through Buchan at the opening of a local festival. The year would be 1979 or 1980.

Bet and Bob both died within months of each other, Bet in July 2010 and Bob in September 2010. Their son Dale is the Parks Victoria Chief Ranger in Buchan and continues the long family association with that area. He and his wife Gail now have their own two children, Ben and Erin.

Third Generation: James Thomas Calnin

James, the third of the children born to Jim Calnin and Babe Carrucan, was born in 1901 in Clifton Hill, Melbourne. In the mid 1920s, when he was living with his family in the grounds of the Ballarat Insane Asylum in Ballarat, he met his future wife Margarita (Rita) Barry who was working as a secretary to a grain store merchant in Ballarat. They soon married and subsequently had two children, Gwendolyn and Ivan.

Gwen married John Morgan in 1956 and settled in Bairnsdale where they had 4 children Jenny, Roger, Gary and Jeffery. John died in 2005 but Gwen is still going strong.



Gwen (right) on her 80th birthday in 2007 with daughter Jenny Sperti nee Morgan, her sister-in-law Dawn Calnin nee Mitchell and her niece Meridy Amor nee Calnin

Ivan was a technical manager for Princes Theatre whilst it was operating as a live theatre under Garnet Carroll. He then went to J.C. Williamson at Her Majesty's Theatre and was technical manager including scenery builder. He then had his own business in these areas based in Melbourne until he retired. His niece Jenny Morgan remembers

Ivan married Janne Anderson during the Olympics in 1956. Mum said

she was a Ballerina and had beautiful red hair. She died in 1960 from cancer when her two children Meridy and Peter, were quite small.



This photo shows the 1956 wedding of Ivan Calnin and Janne Anderson. Also shown are Carol Martin (left) and Steve Anderson (second from right) Janne and Ivan had two children, Meridy and Peter, before Janne died of cancer in 1960.

Ivan subsequently married Dawn Mitchell and they had a son Timothy. Mum said she can remember him whipping up dresses for this wife Dawn, without needing a pattern, whenever the occasion came up, usually for theatre events. He was very clever with design. I remember the family coming to our place for Christmas holidays every year. Ivan died from heart problems in 1997 and his mother died a few months later.

Ivan and Dawn's son Tim worked as Artistic Administrator for Sydney Symphony Orchestra. He was involved in the Opening Ceremony of the Sydney Olympics 2000, the Sydney Olympic Festival and presented concerts during the Olympic Games in Sydney. He has now taken up the position of artistic Director with the Hong Kong Philharmonic Orchestra.

Third Generation: Mary Calnin

Mary went to the Loreto School in Ballarat and then trained as a teacher at

Loreto Teachers College in South Melbourne. She taught in State primary schools in the Mallee and in Melbourne before she married John Conway. They had one child, Margaret. Mary was a great cook and had many relations as guests on their way to appointments in Melbourne. John died in 1966 and she died in 1984.

Third Generation: Thomas Joseph Calnin

Thomas Joseph (Tom) married Marie Norton in the 1930's and they had 3 children, Carmel and Maureen (twins born in 1936) and John (b 1941). He enlisted in the Royal Australian Air Force on 29th April 1942 and was posted to Darwin. At one stage, he was injured while on active duty and sent to the Repatriation Hospital in Heidelberg, Melbourne. He was discharged on 6th December 1945 and returned to his previous secretarial/clerical job with the State Electricity Commission in Ballarat. He died in 1995 and Marie died in 2003.

Third Generation: Margaret Calnin

Margaret married George Willis, a policeman, and they had 4 children, Annette, Judith, Michael and Peter. She taught violin and also played with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra. She later trained as a Secondary Teacher. Her last school position was as Deputy Principal of Mandeville Hall in Melbourne.

Third Generation: Kathleen Calnin

Kathleen, the youngest daughter, married Matthew Michael O'Halloran in 1953. Alas, they were not to have a long life together. Matthew died at Camberwell on 3rd March 1961 from natural causes and Kathleen died at Melbourne on 14th December 1968 from natural causes. Both are buried at Box Hill Cemetery, Box Hill Victoria.

They were blessed with two children Anne (b 1954) and James (b 1956). James remembers that his mother enjoyed playing the piano with the family.



**Kathleen and Matthew O'Halloran on their wedding day in 1953. Also shown are
Susie Calnin and Thomas O'Halloran**

In turn, Anne and James have married and have their own families.

Anne married Graeme Crook in 1973 at St Anthony's Catholic Church, Glenhuntly, Victoria. They have 2 children, Matthew Thomas (1977) and Trevor Frederick (1979).

James married Mimi Cass nee Djordjevic in 1983 at St Anthony's Catholic Church, Glenhuntly, Victoria. They have 2 children, Benjamin Cass (1977) and Katherine O'Halloran (1988).

Thus the lines continue.

The Peter Carrucan – Hannah Woods Line

As discussed earlier in this book, Peter Carrucan's betrothed, Hannah Woods, emigrated from Ireland in mid 1857.

Some 3 months later, Peter left Ireland, along with his older brother Patrick and his wife Mary, also bound for Australia. Their ship, the 3000 ton American clipper, Guy Mannering, departed Liverpool on the 22nd August 1857 and arrived in Melbourne on 24th November 1857 - a journey of just over 90 days.

Once there, they joined Patrick's and Peter's sister Bridget and her husband John Coleman in Eltham.

Peter and Hannah were subsequently married on 2nd February 1859.

In 1862, presumably after Patrick Senior's death, Bridget Carrucan née Gorman, their mother, joined her children in Eltham where she remained, until her death in 1901. She is recorded as having *departed Liverpool 21st Dec 1861, arrived Melbourne on the Shackamaxon 16th March 1862, unable to read or write*. The journey was 84 days.

Peter and Hannah settled on a new farm block, adjacent to Patrick's farm. Their house was built on what is now the corner of Bible and Napoleon Streets. Tim Erickson comments

Peter Carrucan's block was adjacent to our Eltham farm. His house stood on the corner of Bible St and Napoleon Street and was still there in the 1950's. It had long since passed out of family hands and in those days it was occupied by an ex wharfie named Tom Hall. My bother Terry thinks it passed out of family hands a long time ago as he remembers mum saying that was already the case when she was a girl in the 1920's. Basically from the corner of Bible and Dalton St, go up the Bible Street hill. At the top of the hill is Napoleon St. The house was on the left side of Bible St and the block surrounded it on that same side of Bible St. The house is there even now.¹⁰⁵

Some snippets allow us a limited look into the life of these early Eltham settlers.

First to a scandal which was reported on page 6 of The Argus newspaper of Monday 19th October 1868

Peter Currucan of Eltham was acquitted in the Supreme Court of a charge of a criminal assault on Mrs. Emma Ardly of Footscray. It is noted, *'that Carrucan had been spoken well of by every witness that knew him, and he denied that there was any foundation for the charge against him.'*

Then to the Argus of Wednesday 7th August, 1867 which reported on page 5

NEW INSOLVENTS. Peter Carrucan, of Eltham, labourer. Causes of insolvency - Illness and want of employment. Liabilities 21 pounds 4 shillings and 11 pence; assets 12 pounds; deficiency, 9 pounds 4 shillings and 11 pence. Mr. Shaw, official assignee.

Insolvency was common in those days but it was not like a bankruptcy of modern times. The person in question was noted as owing money and this hung over his head until he could clear his debt, but nothing was taken from him and he could continue to work his land to pay the debt. Presumably 1867 had been a bad year from a farming perspective and Peter Carrucan had not been able to balance the books.

He soon bounced back because in 1872 he is noted in records as selecting an additional area of approximately 22 acres in the Eltham area, east of James Orford.¹⁰⁶ A licence was issued and he proceeded to enclose the area with a post and three rail fence. He and his large family were noted as living two miles away in their Bible Street freehold property, used for orchard as well as residence. At the end of the 3 year licence period, a Crown grant was issued for 'Peter Carrucan Eltham Laborer' and he was able to purchase the property for what was probably one pound per acre.

Peter and Hannah had ten children, all born in Eltham.

Patrick Joseph (1860-1920)	Francis (1872-1953)
Hannah Veronica (1862-1939)	Denis Joseph (1875-1913)
John (1864-1943)	James (1877-1877)
Michael Martin (1866-1954)	Margaret (1879-1925)
Peter William Paul (1868-1907)	Agnes Mary (1881-1917)

Hannah married William Sloan, Margaret married John McMahon in 1911 and

Agnes married Thomas Hayes in 1900. Thus direct descendant lines soon included Carrucans, Sloans, McMahons and Hayes.

Peter and Hannah lived at Eltham for the rest of their lives, Peter dying in 1895 aged 58 and Hannah eventually dying in 1920.

Alas, we have no photos of Peter but we do have one, taken around 1910, which includes his wife Hannah. It shows 4 generations of Carrucan women:

- Hannah Carrucan (nee Woods), the wife of Peter Carrucan
- Her eldest daughter Hannah Sloan (nee Carrucan)
- Her eldest daughter Hannah O'Bryan (nee Sloan)
- Her eldest daughter Mary O'Bryan (Sister Veronica)



Peter died intestate (without a will or without appointing executors), implying that his death was sudden and unexpected. The Probate Division of the

Supreme Court appointed his widow Hannah as administrator of what was by then a small holding. The Application for Probate lists his meagre assets as

30 acres of land situated at Eltham in Victoria, being part of Portion 12 Section 4 in the Parish of Nillumbik in the county of Evelyn with 4 roomed weatherboard home and out buildings therein. Shire valuation £200. Total land value £200

Total assets £205

His success as a farmer did not match that of his brother Patrick. At the time of his death, only his house block in Bible Street remained.

Kathleen Carrucan, one of Peter's and Hannah's grandchildren, remembered going to Eltham as a small child (she was born in 1906 so this would have been in the 1910's). Her daughter Mary Clements writes

My mother had a brilliant memory and, although she was the youngest of the six children of Margaret and Michael Carrucan, she had vivid memories of her grandmother Hannah and her aunts in Eltham. One incident she mentioned was a Christmas when they had gone to Eltham. Hannah had Parkinson's Disease but, nothing deterred, was able to tie her Christmas puddings by holding string in her teeth. When they arrived at the farm, Hannah was sitting under a tree saying her rosary. When she saw Madge (Marguerite Carrucan, child number 5) and my mother, she wanted to sprinkle them with holy water. Madge had a new dress on that she didn't want marked so she ran down the hill with Hannah trying to chase her and shouting "*the devil is after you*". Such was the strength of Irish Catholicism at that time.

The Probate Jurisdiction document lodged 25 years later (1920) upon Hannah's death is especially interesting as the document refers to Probate Jurisdiction for the Unadministered Estate of Peter Carrucan late of Eltham. This implies that even though Hannah had been granted Administration in 1895, the process had not been completed and legally the estate was still in Peter's name.

Whatever the real reason, the document details that £300 was to be paid to the State by Francis Carrucan of Eltham, Robert David Taylor of Eltham and Hannah Veronica Sloan of Warrandyte. This condition was placed on Francis Carrucan as Administrator.

This may explain why the Peter Carrucan farm was sold upon Hannah's death. Did they owe significant money that had to be repaid to the Crown?

Their humble house still stands today, refreshed and made new by successive owners but still in its original design and size.



Peter Carrucan's original homestead in Bible Street Eltham still stands today

Second Generation – 1: Patrick Joseph Carrucan

Patrick Joseph Carrucan, the eldest child of Peter and Hannah Carrucan, was born at Eltham in 1860, a year after his parents had married. In 1883, he married Agnes Mary Hardbottle (1864-1944) and they had a family of 5 children.

Kevin James O'Doherty (1885) – born in Pyalong in country Victoria

Eileen Bedelia (1886) – born in Talarook in country Victoria

Honora Agnes (1889) – born in Burwood, a Melbourne suburb

Ruby Mabel (1891) – born in Burwood, a Melbourne suburb

James Patrick (1894) – born in Burwood, a Melbourne suburb

Patrick was employed as a Constable in the police force in 1882. He was promoted to Senior Constable in 1901, Sergeant 2nd Class in 1907, Sergeant 1st

Class in 1911 and to Sub-Inspector on 29th March 1915. We believe he spent some time working at Pentridge Goal in Melbourne.



Patrick Joseph Carrucan 1860-1920

Their family line has now expanded to include Phelans, Tumneys, Macfarlanes, Zeleks, Schoens, Hourigans, Kemps, McDougals, Moulans, McManus, Hogans, O'Carrolls, McKennas, O'Malleys, Goochs, Cookes and Moores.

He died in 1920 and is buried at Eltham. Agnes died in 1944.

Third Generation – 1: Kevin James O'Doherty Carrucan

Kevin, the oldest child of five to Patrick Joseph Carrucan and Agnes Mary Hardbottle, was born in Pyalong, Victoria, on the 6th March 1885.

He arrived at Assumption College, Kilmore, Victoria, on the 15th August 1900 as the first boarder to board at that famous college. He was brought to the school from Lancefield by Fr. Farrelly, the then Parish Priest of Kilmore and the founder of Assumption. There were no more than five boarders at this point with about 50 day students. Kevin was Dux of the School in 1900.

In 1908 he passed lesson and drill for temporary employment as a teacher. His first appointment was at Quambatook East State School for a period of approximately two months. He then taught at Traralgon Creek State School for

two years. He later taught at Benwoden and Benwoden South State schools.



Kevin Carrucan, the first boarder,
arrived 15/8/1900.

Whilst appointed to Traralgon Creek State School, he met his future wife Rubina Beaton who lived in nearby Koornalla. They married on 22nd June 1910 at Traralgon. Kevin and Rubina had four children Patricia, Donald, Enid and John.

Kevin then went on to join the Commonwealth Public Service which was then developing in Melbourne because Canberra had not yet been founded. In the mid 1920's he went overseas to take up a position as the Secretary to the Australian Ambassador at Australia House in London. Rubina and the children lived in Brugge in Belgium whilst Kevin lived in London.

He returned to Australia in March 1931 and returned to work at Canberra in November 1931. After his return to Australia it was discovered he had cancer. Rather than let nature take its course he took his own life.

The family lived in Canberra in a house in Liversidge Street, Acton, for 44 years. The house was a weatherboard that had large grounds that sloped down to Lake Burley Griffin. It was owned by The Australian National University and was

eventually demolished to make way for the Molonglo Arterial road.



Enid, Donald, John & Patricia Carrucan

Fourth Generation – 1: Patricia Carrucan

Patricia, the eldest child of Kevin Carrucan and Agnes Harbottle, was born on 13th April 1911. As a child she lived in Brugge in Belgium whilst her father Kevin was based at Australia House, London. On several occasions she was fortunate enough to be invited to her father's official meeting of dignitaries. In particular, in July 1929 she was invited to an Afternoon Tea Party in the Gardens of Buckingham Palace.

Patricia completed Nursing training and initially started working in Canberra. She later nursed private patients during the war. When visiting her grandmother in Koornalla she met James Francis Phelan and they married on 6th May 1944 in Melbourne. They bought a dairy farm outside Traralgon and lived there until the State Electricity Commission acquired the property as a buffer zone for the Loy Yang Open Cut Mine. They had three children Andree, Patricia and Thomas.



Kevin James O'Doherty Carrucan and daughter Patricia Ann in July 1929 when attending an Afternoon Tea Party in the garden of Buckingham Palace.

Patricia was very active in the community and school events and always seemed to be helping someone less fortunate than herself. Christmas was always a huge day with many family members and extra people who would have been on their own for Christmas. She was a very creative person and loved to do craft, particularly sewing, smocking and crocheting, and always had a project on the go. She was well known for her cooking and loved having family over for a traditional cooked Sunday lunch.

In her older age she became very stubborn and refused to leave her home for an aged care facility. She was still driving her car when she was 70 even though she repeatedly came home with dents in her car. Patricia eventually had dementia and died in 1984, aged 79. She is buried in the Traralgon Lawn Cemetery.

Fourth Generation – 2: Donald Patrick Carrucan

Donald, their second child, was born in 1914 in Traralgon. He enlisted for the army on 21st June 1941 in Paddington, NSW. Prior to this he had been employed as a Tabulating Machine Mechanic. Whilst in the Army he was a Craftsman and served overseas in the Middle East from 1st September 1941 to 25th February 1943 and in New Guinea from 31st July 1943 to 21st February 1944. He was discharged in 1944, aged 30 years, being required for employment in an essential occupation. He returned to his work as a mechanic and worked in places such as the Woomera Rocket Range. Unfortunately on return from the war he did not marry.

He died 22nd April 1974 of throat cancer.

Fourth Generation – 3: Enid May Carrucan

Enid, their third child, married William Kemp (known as Tom) on 20th September 1947. William had come from England to work on the Snowy Mountain scheme. They had four children, Robert, Andrew, Geoffrey and Rodney (Timothy). When their second son Andrew was 20 years old, he was electrocuted in a freak accident. He had been washing his car and had a faulty electrical appliance (buffer) nearby which electrocuted him when it touched water.

They moved around NSW with Tom's job and eventually retired to Port Macquarie where Enid enjoyed walking her dogs on the beach and body surfing early in the morning. Enid had bowel cancer but died from a heart attack in 24th December 1999.

Fourth Generation – 4: John James Carrucan

John (Jack), born in 1921, was their youngest child. He joined the army at the tender age of 20 on 21st June 1941, the same day as his older brother Donald. He served overseas in the Middle East from 1st September 1941 to 25th February 1943, New Guinea from 31st July 1943 to 21st February 1944 and Tarakan, Borneo from 28th March 1945 to 24th February 1946. He was discharged as part of the demobilisation on 9th April 1946.

Jack went on to work as an accountant at the Canberra Hospital and did not subsequently marry. He loved fishing particularly on the South Coast of NSW. His family remembers him as a happy go lucky person who loved to have a beer. Whenever extended family came to visit, he loved to show everyone around Canberra and was always ready to help out. Jack lived with his mother Rubena until she died in 1984 and then he went into a nursing home. He died in 2004.

Third Generation – 4: Ruby Mabel Clare Carrucan

Ruby, born 1891, was the fourth child born to Patrick and Agnes Mary Carrucan. She was said to be always immaculately dressed with hat and gloves and took a lot of pride in her appearance.



**Back – Agnes Mary Carrucan nee Hardbottle
Middle - Ruby Mabel Clare Carrucan and Mary O'Carroll
Front - Patricia Therese and Theresa Bernadette O'Carroll**

Ruby married Joseph Patrick O'Carroll in 1921 and they had 4 children

Mary (b 1923)

Patricia Therese (b 1926)

Theresa Bernadette (b 1928)

William James (b 1932)

She was very kind hearted and when her great niece Andree Phelan broke her arm in a car accident and was in hospital in Melbourne to have it pinned she consistently came to visit her three times a week until she was sent home.

Joseph went on to become the Mayor of Heidelberg. He died in 1964 but Ruby lived on for many years, eventually dying 1979 in Kew, aged 88 years.

Second Generation – 2: Hannah Veronica Carrucan¹⁰⁷

Hannah Veronica Carrucan the second child of Peter Carrucan and Hannah Woods was born in 1862 at Eltham. In 1888 she married William Joshua Sloan who was born in Warrandyte in 1865. Bill was a master butcher who had his butcher shop and a haberdashery in Warrandyte close to their home.

Hannah and Bill Sloan had 8 children, 5 girls and 3 boys

Hannah Magdalene (1889)

Francis Peter (1898)

Margaret Mary (1891)

Agnes Mary (1900)

William James (1894)

Patrick Leo (1902)

Veronica (Vera) (1896)

Frances Mary (1907)

Hannah was a very strict Catholic but was good to people so everybody loved her. She was sadly missed when Bill died in 1921 and she retired to Box Hill to be with her daughter Vera Margaret. She died in 1939.

A family joke is often told

A calf which Hannah was feeding knocked the bucket and gave her an ulcer. Vera dressed her leg but she insisted on walking, with her stick, up to the church at Box Hill. When she came up breathing heavily, her son Paddy said "Your breath is coming in short pants today!"



1938 - Hannah Sloan nee Carrucan on her birthday, with her brothers Michael, John and Frank

These children lived varied and interesting lives, all marrying except for Veronica.

Hannah Magdalene married Michael O'Bryan and they had 3 children, two of whom became nuns.

Margaret Mary (Madge) married Francis J Nolan a grocer from Kew and they had 2 children. She looked after her mother Hannah at Box Hill in her later years after Bill died.

William James married Mary Catherine Nicol and they had 1 child. He was a Senior Detective at Geelong, one of the '3 terrors' catching criminals like Squizzy Taylor.

Veronica (Vera) was engaged to a doctor who was killed in a train accident and subsequently she never married. She nursed privately for Mr. Cato.

Francis Peter married Margaret E Cleary and they had 3 children. He was in the Mounted Police at Creswick and was renowned as a great wit.

Agnes Mary married David O'Regan who built the houses in Pendle St. Box Hill for the Sloans, the O'Regans, and the Simpsons. They had 5 children of whom two became Priests and one a Marist Brother.

Patrick Leo married Margaret Gertrude Tracy and they had 2 children.

Frances Mary married Joseph Brennan and they had 2 children. In one of those strange twists of history, their son Martin bought the Coleman house in Eltham.

We now follow two particular family lines, that of their eldest child Hannah Magdalene O'Bryan nee Sloan and that of Agnes Mary O'Regan nee Sloan, the sixth of their eight children.

Generation 3 – Hannah Magdalene Sloan

Their daughter Hannah Magdalene Sloan was born in Clunes on 13th April 1889. She managed the family haberdashery shop until she married Michael O'Bryan who had been a geologist in Bendigo and mine manager in Tasmania. After they married, Hannah ran a grocery store in Middle Park. They subsequently had 3 children

Mary Veronica (Molly) (1911-2001)

Agnes Josephine (Bonnie) (1915-2007)

Kevin Joseph (1919-1987)

After Bonnie was born, Michael commenced a 9 month accounting course at Hasset's College, completing it in 3 months and then setting up a chartered accountant's practice in Elizabeth St. They then moved to 213 Barclay St, Fitzroy.

This story was told at their daughter Bonnie's funeral.¹⁰⁸

Squizzly Taylor's¹⁰⁹ girlfriend lived just behind them. Dad would tell me that all the kids knew when Squizzly was around. Bonnie's uncle Bill was a detective and her mother told them never to tell anyone about this because Squizzly might find out. One day little Bonnie headed out the back lane to get milk from the shop. She closed the gate, turned around and bumped into a man. She looked up and was horrified to see Squizzly. "Where are you going, little girl?" "I am going to the shop." "Off you go", he said. "Be good

to your mother.”

Hannah was very determined even stubborn at times. She was strict but never held a misdemeanour against one. Up until her death, she enjoyed knitting and crocheting, making beautiful altar- cloths which are still in use at Rosanna and at Shepparton. When she made drawers for the girls, there was so much lace that *“dad said they could wear them on the outside”*!

They were lovely parents and very supportive, teaching their children to speak out and do what they thought was right.



Michael and Hannah O'Bryan with Mary Veronica (Mollie)

It was a very sad family occasion when Mick died suddenly in 1928, aged only in his early fifties. Hannah was left with 3 school aged children to raise. To her credit, she did just that with all three children profiled in the following pages.

Hannah died in 1956, aged 67.

Generation 4 – Mary Veronica O'Bryan (Sister Veronica)

Hannah's daughter Molly (Mary Veronica) went to school at The Academy, a school run by the Mercy Sisters in Fitzroy, then trained as an accountant and worked with her father Mick until he died in 1928. She then worked at Paynes¹¹⁰ and cared for her mother in a flat.

After her mother died, Molly entered the Little Sisters of the Poor at the age of 51 and went to their Novitiate in Northcote.



Sister Veronica O'Bryan

After her profession she worked for six months in Finance and trained as a Nurses aid. She did their accounting and was parish organist. Molly learned French at University, then went to New Zealand for 18 months before being put in charge of the Novices in NSW. She was very happy teaching singing and dancing – Irish, Scotch and Tap (she had medals from competitions in her youth).

She died on 21st January 2000 and is buried under the Crucifix in the Sisters' Community Cemetery at Northcote.

Generation 4 – Agnes Josephine O'Bryan (Sister Michelle)

Agnes Josephine, Bonnie to the family, also went to school at The Academy. After finishing school, she became an accountant and worked in the Office at

“Young and Jacksons” (a well known hotel in the heart of Melbourne) with 33 men and one lady (the cook). She was friendly with the boss, even going to dances with him.

But Bonnie decided to enter the Mercy Sisters after her 21st birthday on the 19th March 1936. She trained as a teacher at Ascot Vale and taught in Mercy secondary schools for 60 years as Sr. Michael. She changed her religious name to Sr. Michelle after the Second Vatican Council.



Sr Michelle, Monsignor Bernie O'Regan and Sr Veronica

Sr. Michelle taught Maths, Accounting, French, Geography, History and anything else that was needed. She had 98 pupils in Intermediate when she first started at the Academy College. In Shepparton her concerts were famous as she taught music, piano and organ, Irish, Scottish and Tap dancing after school and on Saturdays. When she had recovered from a stroke/ heart turn, she was moved to Seymour to tame the students with her love and care. She never used the cane even when faced with a challenge. When Bookkeeping classes changed to Accountancy Michelle went to Canberra to blaze the trail with her favourite subject. Kilmore and Tasmania also had the pleasure of her expertise.

She retired from teaching in 1972 and went to Canberra as Burser and Secretary to the newly elected and amalgamated Head house. While there she did a thirty day retreat and several Spiritual/Scriptural Courses which prepared her for

giving Home-Retreats when she returned to Nicholson St.

Sr. Michelle celebrated her Diamond Jubilee in 1997 and retired again to Rice Village retirement Village where her books were not far away. She died in 2007.

Generation 4 - Kevin Joseph O'Bryan

Kevin Joseph O'Bryan was born in 1919. He went to Our Lady's then to the Marist Brothers and then to the Christian Brothers at St. Thomas' Clifton Hill. He was an excellent student and, possibly, if his father had not died suddenly, he would also have been an accountant but he became a Maths teacher, teaching with the Marist Brothers.

He married Mary Edith Bolt and they had 4 children.

Denis John O'Bryan (1949)

Annette Mary O'Bryan (1951)

Patricia Joan O'Bryan (1953-

Valerie Carmel O'Bryan (1961)

The Brothers often came for Sunday lunch for some years after Kevin died suddenly in 1988, giving the family support and, in turn, experiencing a home away from home.

The following anecdote, from Kevin's school days, is worth repeating:

At school, Dad was not going too well at essays, and he asked Bonnie to help. So she wrote a brilliant piece for him. The teacher was not to be fooled however. "Come out here O'Bryan", he roared. "You didn't write this did you?" "No sir." So he grabbed his red hair and banged his head along the full length of the blackboard. Dad wrote his own essays after that.

Generation 3 – Agnes Mary Sloan

When Agnes Mary Sloan (1900-1952), the granddaughter of Peter Carrucan, married builder David Michael O'Regan (1900-1973) in Warrandyte in 1922, they could not have guessed the paths their children's lives would take. Of their five children, three would serve the Catholic Church directly – two as priests and one as a Marist Brother – while the other two would marry and continue the family line.

Their children were born in quick succession, as was the norm in those days.

Francis Joseph O'Regan (1923-1985)

Mary Margaret O'Regan (1925-)

Bernard David O'Regan (1926-2005)

Kevin John O'Regan (1928-1981)

John Desmond O'Regan (1930-1998)

At home, life was simple and well ordered. The family rosary was said every night. The children all went to Catholic schools and the family was heavily involved in parish life. Thus it was perhaps not surprising when in 1942, Kevin started pestering his parents for permission to join the Marist Brothers (he was at the time a student at St John's College in Hawthorn, run by the Marists). What was perhaps surprising was that he was only 14 years of age!

His parents eventually relented, allowing him to move later that same year to the Marist Brothers Juniorate¹¹¹ at Mittagong, NSW. John then joined one year later, also going to the Juniorate in Mittagong. The two youngest boys went through their years of religious training together and both took their First Profession as Marist Brothers in July 1948. At this stage, their religious names were conferred – Kevin became Br. Henry and John became Br. Raymund.

It was a great shock to the family when, only months later, Kevin decided to leave the brothers and return to the laity. It must have been hard for John to continue on with the loss of his brother from their shared life. But carry on he did, serving as a Marist Brother until his death in Perth in 1998, after 50 years of professed life.

When Kevin came home, he worked first for the Bank of NSW, then in the State Insurance Office. He married Margaret Byrth in the late 1950s and they had 5 children

Mary Kathleen (1960)

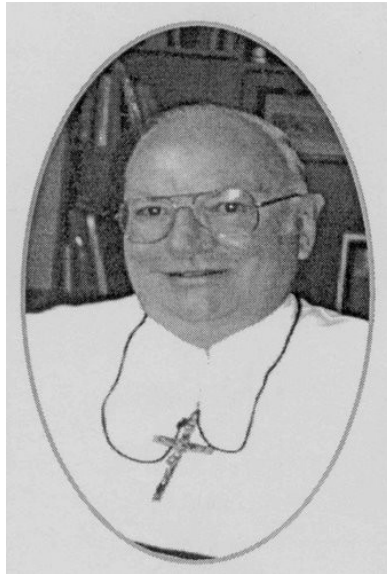
Michael John (1962)

David James (1963)

Geoffrey Kevin (1966)

Daniel Francis (1971)

Sadly he died in 1981 at only 52 years of age while playing in a social cricket match in Perth



Br Raymund O'Regan – 50 years of life as a Marist Brother

Just as the two youngest brothers chose the same religious order, so the two oldest chose the Priesthood. First Frank entered the seminary in Werribee in 1943 and then Bernie followed him in 1944. That means that in the space of 2 years, all four boys had chosen to enter consecrated life.

Frank had been a very good cricketer and footballer and had tried out with Richmond cricket club before entering the seminary. An article in the Melbourne paper at the time noted that budding young cricketer Francis O'Regan had opted to enter the Catholic priesthood, thus putting an end to a promising cricketing career.

While at the seminary, Frank decided to opt for the country and transferred to the Sale diocese. He was ordained in Sale Cathedral in July 1949 and then spent the rest of his life ministering in that area. He was initially posted as curate to Morwell and then followed postings to Yallourn, Bairnsdale, Orbost, Morwell East and Pakenham, where he celebrated his 25th anniversary as a priest. He died while serving as parish priest at Pakenham in 1985, only 62 years of age.



Fr. Frank O'Regan

Bernie was ordained two years later in July 1951 but chose the Melbourne archdiocese for his ministry. His life as a priest turned out to be anything but mundane as the following extensive profile shows.

And what of Mary, left at home as all her brothers chose to follow religious vocations, she got on with life, finished school and eventually married Harry Tippet in 1949, just after her brother Frank had been ordained. They went on to have three children

Mary Agnes (1955)

John Michael (1956)

Bernadette Frances (1963)

Unfortunately Harry died in 1986 at only 64 years of age. Mary still lives in Melbourne, surrounded by multiple generations of O'Regans, Tippetts, Nolans, Keasts and Butlers.

Generation 4 - Monsignor Bernie O'Regan

Bernie, born in 1926, was the third child of David O'Regan, a builder, and his wife Agnes. He was a fit young man and a keen sportsman in his own right, especially at football and cricket, although he never excelled at either. In Geelong, he played for St Mary's while he was an assistant priest at the cathedral. Once when he was 18, he cycled along the Princes Highway to Mittagong to visit his two youngest brothers who were in training to become Marist Brothers at the time.

Bernie was educated at St. Francis Xavier, Box Hill, the Marist Brothers at St. John's, Hawthorn, and St. Patrick's College, Sale.

His first job was as a telegraph boy in Sale for some months before he felt the call to the priesthood. He returned to school and finished his Leaving Certificate and Latin before entering the seminary at Werribee in 1944. Seven years later, he was ordained a priest for the Archdiocese of Melbourne by Archbishop Daniel Mannix on 22nd July, 1951.

Bernie was then appointed as assistant priest at St Patrick's Cathedral, East Melbourne and it was here that he had an emotion-charged beginning to his 56 year priesthood when, as a newly ordained priest, his first anointing of the sick was his mother Agnes who was gravely ill after two strokes. Bernie was visiting his mum at an East Melbourne nursing home in October 1951 when she had a second stroke (her first stroke had been some months before) and appeared to be gravely ill. Fearing the worst, he anointed her there and then, although she hung on for another seven months and died just before Bernie's 26th birthday.

His East Melbourne placement was followed by a six year stint at St Mary's, Geelong (during which time he served as chaplain to the Army Reserves), and then at Gardenvale parish near Elwood, before he was nominated as a full-time air force chaplain in 1958.

During the next nine years, Bernie served at Wagga Wagga (NSW), Laverton (VIC), Butterworth (Malaysia), Richmond (NSW) and in Vietnam. Former colleagues remember him in the RAAF as a well organised and orderly chaplain who expected things to be done properly. They recall a loyal, generous, caring, debonair, well-dressed man with a remarkable presence and a large circle of friends.

In 1966 he was appointed principal Catholic Air Chaplain and in 1970 he began full-time duty as secretary to the Board of Chaplains in the RAAF. He retired from duties with the RAAF Reserve in 1983 after 25 years distinguished service both as chaplain in the field and in the many executive positions he occupied.



Father Bernie O'Regan in 1965

He returned to the Archdiocese, taking up the position of Administrator of Mentone, then roles as parish priest of East Melbourne, Croydon, and Balaclava as well as taking on the task as Chaplain to the racing fraternity.

He retired in 1999 while serving at the Balaclava parish and, until his death, aged 79, on 20th September 2005, he lived in retirement at George Maher House, Clifton Hill. To the end, he remained non-judgmental and optimistic.

That account would be enough to fill any life but there is much more to say about Bernie. His honours were many and his associations were indeed broad.

Pope Paul VI honoured him as a Domestic Prelate (ie he was granted the title of Monsignor) in 1967 and five years later he was awarded an OBE for services to the RAAF as a chaplain.

For much of the 1960s and 1970s Bernie was known, at least by the Richmond Football Club, as the footballing priest. He was a familiar figure at the club's inner sanctum when its senior team was winning Grand Finals and was hardly ever out of the finals. Bernie was one of the club's original coterie members who paid far more than just the regular membership fee.

Before major games he was welcomed into the team's dressing room where he mingled with the likes of Royce Hart, Francis Bourke Kevin Bartlett, Kevin Sheedy, Rex Hunt and Billy Barrot. Bernie would sit with the players, perhaps patting them on the shoulder and whispering words of encouragement. Richmond won premierships in 1967, 1969, 1973, 1974 and 1980.

For two decades, he was the honorary chaplain to the horse racing fraternity. For some 20 years, a week before the annual racing mass, which was an important part of the spring racing calendar, Bernie would appear on Channel 7's *World of Sport* program to announce whether it would be celebrated at St. Francis's, Lonsdale St, or in St. John's, East Melbourne.

As a sign of the respect in which Bernie was held, he was granted a full military funeral, the first held at Melbourne General Cemetery for many many years. After Melbourne Archbishop Denis Hart led a service for him at St John's in Clifton Hill, mourners went to the cemetery where an RAAF honour guard lined the main avenue, 26 Steyr rifles raised. His many decorations and medals, including his OBE, his air-commodore rank as RAAF Chaplain General and his service medals from Vietnam and Malaysia were also carried as part of the service. The service concluded with a 26 gun salute and a live sounding of the Last Post.

Second Generation – 3: John Carrucan¹¹²

John, the third child of Peter Carrucan and Hannah Woods, born in Eltham in 1864, married Mary Jane Bregazzi Manley in the "Free Church of Victoria" in Moor Street, Fitzroy on 16th April 1888. As John was brought up Catholic and Mary Jane as Church of England, they probably married in this church because of differences of religion. John gave his address as Kew and Mary Jane as Cranbourne.

They had 6 children:

Agnes Georgia (1888-1890)

Charles Reginald (Reg), born 13 July 1890, married Lottie Thomas in 1922 and they had 2 children Eileen born 1923 and Thelma Jean born 1924. He is discussed further in a subsequent section.

Gladys (1892-1893)

Kathleen, born 1894, married Reginald Cook in 1923. They had one son John and lived in Ivanhoe in suburban Melbourne. John married Celestine Maloney.

Ellen, born 1896, married Ernest Walker in 1921. They had 3 children, Kathleen born 1923, Geoffrey born 1925 and Shirley born 1928. Kathy married Noel Tooth and they lived in East Bentleigh until Noel's retirement from Phillip Morris, when they moved to Gosford NSW. They had no children. Geoffrey joined the Navy in WW2, served in Corvettes. He married several times and worked as a private investigator. Geoff lived in Elwood and died in the 1990's. Shirley married Geoff Wright and they lived in East Melbourne. They had no children. She died in 1992.

John Alyousius, born 14 May 1906. Jack is discussed further in a subsequent section.

At the time of his wedding in 1888, John was listed as a labourer. He later worked as a dray and horse driver for his brother Michael who had a hay and corn store at 209 High Street, Kew.

John and Mary Jane were living at 123 Derby Street in Kew by 1893. During WW1 when John was about 52 years old, he put his age down to 44 to join the army on 25th March 1916. He is listed on his war records as being 6 feet tall, 173 lbs, of fresh complexion with blue eyes and auburn hair.

John embarked from Melbourne on the *Warilda* on 25th May 1916. On the 29th September 1916, he was taken into the 2nd Australian Tunneling Company which operated in the Neuville St Vaast/Vimy area of France on the Western Front. The tunneler's job was to mine under the German lines, place explosives and then blow the enemy up. The tunnelers also worked on digging subways, cable trenches and chambers for signal and medical services etc. In January 1917

the company relieved the Canadians at The Bluff near Ypres.



1916 approx – Ellen and Kathleen Carrucan

On the 27th July 1917, John was admitted to the 2/2 W/Lancs Field Ambulance. On the 8th August 1917, he was admitted to the 5th Southern General Hospital in Portsmouth with a strained shoulder, and transferred to the 3rd Auxiliary Hospital on the 14th August 1917. On the 14th September 1917 he was discharged to Weymouth for furlough and recuperation.

On the night of 13th October 1917 at 2230 hrs, John was found in Shipton, about 25kms west of Weymouth, without leave. He forfeited a day's pay for this particular adventure.

On the 19th October 1917 John left England to return to Australia and was discharged on the 15th December 1918.

His granddaughter, Aileen, remembers as a child looking at the gorgeous silk, lace and embroidered post cards that he had sent home from France and Belgium during the war.

After Mary Jane's death in 1926, John boarded with a Miss Healey, above the Raebolds Funeral Parlour in Cotham Road, Kew. His daughter Ellen and her family were also living above a Raebolds Funeral Parlour in Malvern, which Ellen was running. John died at Kew in 1943.

Generation 3 - Charles Reginald (Reg) Carrucan

Charles Reginald (Reg), the oldest surviving child of John and Mary Jane Carrucan, was born 13th July 1890 at the family home in Kew.

Reg enlisted for World War 1 in January 1916 at 25 years of age. He was appointed to the 3rd Division Signal Company and trained at Broadmeadows before shipping out for overseas in May 1916. He served in France in the 39th Battalion and in June 1917 was admitted to hospital for gas poisoning. He returned to Australia in June 1919 on the "*Kaiser i hind*". Whilst stationed in England, Reg was fined for drunkenness and being AWOL.

Reg married Lottie Thomas on 14th July 1922, initially living 188 Autumn Street Geelong West before moving to 13 Eureka Street.

Their first child, Eileen May was born in 1923 but died from gastroenteritis 29th March 1925 at 18 months. She is buried at Geelong East Cemetery. Their second child, Thelma Jean, was born 15th October, 1924.

They lived at Geelong for some 11 years and moved to Melbourne in 1935. Reg worked at the Post Offices in Geelong then Brighton, Prahran and Windsor.

Jean attended Brighton Road Primary School and Wilson St. Primary School Brighton, then went to Bradshaw and Everett Business College after winning a Scholarship.

In 1939, Jean got a job as a typist at Lennard Joel Auctioneers where she worked, with a 16 year break, until her retirement in 2000.

When Jean married Robert James Ferguson on 4th September 1948 at Williamstown, her father did not attend. According to her, Reg fell out with his family because of a clock of Mary Jane's (Reg's mother) which was left to his wife Lottie. Jean remembers her father as being a hard man prone to excessive drinking. Reg died in 1952 and is buried at Brighton Cemetery. Lottie continued to live in Brighton but eventually moved to live with Jean after a stroke. She

died 21st July 1971.

Jean has two boys, John Steele b 15th January 1951 and Anthony Mark b 25th December, 1954.



Charles Reginald Carrucan, born 1890, and his brother John Alyousios, born 1906

Generation 3 – John Alyousius (Jack) Carrucan¹¹³

John Alyousius (Jack) was the youngest child of John and Mary Jane Carrucan, born in 1906 while his family were living at 123 Derby Street, Kew, Victoria.

After leaving Sacred Heart College in Kew at the age of 14, Jack joined the post office as a postman. At some stage in the 1920s he joined the Citizens Forces (CMF), as a signaller. In 1927 he was in Canberra with the Citizens Forces for the opening of Parliament House.

In June 1926 Jack Married Rebecca Searle and they settled in Hawthorn. This was here that their first daughter Aileen was born in January 1928. Rebecca and Jack bought a house in Through Road in Burwood about the time that Jack

joined the Police force in 1928 and their second daughter Shirley was born there in March 1929. The family lived there until 1950.

In 1928 Jack joined the Police force (his Uncles, Bill and Frank Sloane, were Policeman and Bill persuaded Jack to join).

In about 1938 Jack was transferred to Burwood Police Station and remained there for 12 years until he was promoted to Sergeant and sent back to Camberwell.

In 1950, he transferred to Mentone and the family moved into the Mentone Police Station. Rebecca became ill while the family were living at Mentone, and in 1952 they moved to Auburn Police Station. Rebecca died soon after.



Jack Carrucan on his promotion to Chief Inspector in 1957

Jack was promoted to Inspector in 1957 and created a record when, after 5 days, he left to command the Mallee police district No.1 Division, Swan Hill. This was the first time he had lived outside of Melbourne. In 1960 he took charge of the Upper Murray Police Districts No. 2 Division, Wodonga. He had heard glowing reports of the North East from his Uncle, Superintendent Pat Carrucan, who had been stationed at Benalla for a number of years. While in

Wodonga he was elected as chairman and co-ordinator of the Regional Fire Co-ordinating Committee. He retired from the Police force in 1966.

Jack started his career on the beat in Fitroy - Squizzy Taylor's stamping ground. While there, he had several weeks patrol duty at the wharves during a bitter Depression strike. Not long after, it was his daily lot for a fortnight to protect timber truck drivers from irate strikers. Later he was again a "uniformed pacifist" when meatworkers went on strike. He then went to Camberwell Road Station.

One of the unforgettable characters he came accross was "Mr Tidy". Well educated, dark, dapper and hard hit by the Depression, he crossed the Bass Strait from Tasmania in early 1930 with the intention of robbing a bank. But as he put it, "*I just didn't have the guts*", so he went on a 9 day spree of housebreaking in Camberwell instead. It was quite profitable until the night he found Constable Carrucan waiting for him at the back door of his latest crib. In "Mr Tidy's" pocket was a loaded 22 pistol. He told Jack on the way to the station "*You're lucky I didn't shoot you*" (some years later, he shot and wounded an accomplice). He was called "Mr Tidy" because he never left a mess, neatly repacking the cupboards and drawers.

Two other housebreakers nabbed by Jack had less finesse. While "Mr Tidy" would gain entry by cutting a neat hole in a window pane and manipulating the catch, they would just jemmy the window. Patrolling one night, he spotted a shop's side door sagging on its hinges. Investigating, he found the two crooks, previously responsible for 15 "jobs" in the Camberwell Junction area, trying to crack the safe. They were unarmed, and he being over six feet and very wide in the shoulder, they meekly let him shepherd them to the station.

The family would often have camping holidays. Jack would often be sent to Frankston for a month in summer. The family would come down to Seaford for 2 weeks to camp, and Jack would commute up to Frankston. He loved to go fishing and would often come home with fresh flathead for breakfast. The family would also go to Tasmania to visit Rebecca's relatives, travelling over on the overnight ferry. On one trip Aileen was served Tripe for dinner which she ate with gusto. On another trip Shepherds Pie was for dinner, Aileen was later so sea sick on this voyage she could not stomach Shepherds Pie for years. Another year they went to Mt Gambier for a camping holiday, it rained

continuously. Luckily the camping ground at Mt Gambier had chalets, which the owner put them into instead of a tent. In later years the family would go down to Rosebud, and stay in a friend's caravan for the holidays, with Jack enjoying his fishing again. Jack would never go overseas, as he hated the idea of a needle. The furthest he got was New Zealand. He had always told Rebecca, that when he retired he would take her to England. He probably didn't realise that you needed an injection.

Rebecca's Aunt Becky also lived with the family. She had looked after Rebecca since she was a young girl. Nanny used to cook up Mutton birds, that had been sent over from Tasmania, in the laundry. The smell was supposed to be dreadful. She would make Rebecca drink Mutton bird oil when she was sick.

Rebecca contracted TB some time about 1929. She got over this but was still sick for many years and had to have treatment/checkups every month. She eventually contracted Breast Cancer, and in 1950 had a mastectomy. In August 1952 a doctor said she had fibrocitis in the back, probably caused from the house being damp. The family moved back to Auburn. Here the family doctor sent Rebecca immediately into St Vincent's, for 3 months. She had cancer of the spine. Jack bought her back home in December, as she was very near to dying. She died on the 10th December 1952 at home, before the cancer had completely collapsed her lungs.

After Rebecca's death, Jack met and married Dorothy Wellington in 1953. Dorothy was a spinster with no children. Dorothy died in Wodonga in 1962. In 1969 he married Eileen Lennard, a widower with several children. They were both very keen on Lawn Bowls. They lived in Wodonga until Jack's death in 1978 and Eileens in the 1980's

Jack and Rebecca are buried in the Kew Cemetery, Melbourne.

Generation 4 - Aileen Mary Carrucan¹¹⁴

Aileen Carrucan, the elder daughter of Jack and Mary Jane Carrucan, was born in Melbourne in 1928. Aileen attended St Dominic's Primary School, and Sienna Convent High School, both in East Camberwell, then Emily MacPherson Technical College as Tailoress/Dressmaker student. She worked as a Tailoress in La Petite in Collins St, Melbourne.

In 1949 Aileen tired of sewing and moved to the Victorian State Government in the State Housing Department, working as a Filing Clerk/Telephonist. In 1952 she joined the Womens Royal Australian Navy, as a radio operator in the communications branch (specials). Her actual job involved listening to morse code etc. She served in Darwin and Canberra after her training at Flinders in Westernport Vic. She left the Navy in 1955.



Aileen Carrucan in 1952

After moving back to Melbourne, Aileen worked for TAA (Trans Australian Airlines). She attended a party in Canberra for one of her old navy buddies, who was posting out. About a month later she received a visit in Melbourne from a 'guy' named Len James, who had been at the party. They went to Church on the Sunday and Len proposed very soon after. Eventually Aileen accepted. They were married at St James Church, East Brighton, 4 February 1956.

The next day they left for *HMAS Harman* where Len was posted.

Their eldest son Laurence was born in Canberra. Aileen moved to Perth in 1957, while Len was on *HMAS Melbourne*.

Children Victor, Frances and Richard were all born in Perth.

After leaving the Navy, Len was working initially back at his old trade as a bootmaker, then debt collector before starting with QANTAS in the mid

1960's. Len stayed with QANTAS until his retirement in 1981. Aileen worked parttime as an Avon Lady, and at the departments stores David Jones, Boans and at Coles. Mainly she was a home based homemaker.

After Len retired in 1981, they moved to a smaller home and block with a smaller garden. Len died of a heart attack in 1986. Aileen still lives in Carlise, with her cats. She keeps fit by walking nearly everywhere as she has never driven a car, and pottering around in her garden.

Laurie is a Camp Manager with a Catering company, has worked in major Hotels/Resorts as a Chef and for mining companies. He has 2 children. Vic has worked with QANTAS for over 25 years and is married with 2 children. Frances is a Lab Technician who has spent many years working in the Mineral Industry in WA.

Rick was in the Navy for a short period in electronics, also on seismic ships and has worked in auto spare parts and truck driving. He is presently in retail. He has 2 children.

Generation 4 - Shirley Carrucan

Shirley Carrucan, the younger daughter of Jack and Mary Jane Carrucan, was born in 1929 in Melbourne. She also attended St Dominic's and Sienna Convent. She started work at the State Savings Bank, and later trained as a nurse, spending three years at St Vincent's Hospital. She also nursed overseas on Thursday Island, and in Fiji.

In 1967 Shirley married Bruce Blomfield and settled in Hay NSW, where Bruce ran the family sheep station.

Two children followed - Rebecca in 1969 and David in 1970. Rebecca worked as a Librarian after finishing University in Sydney. She married in 2001 and has a daughter Lucy. David is a surveyor.

After selling the sheep station in Hay, Bruce and Shirley moved to Wagga NSW.



Shirley Carrucan when working as a nurse in 1952

Second Generation – 4: Michael Martin Carrucan¹¹⁵

Michael Martin Carrucan, the fourth child of Peter and Hannah Carrucan, was born at Eltham in 1866. He married Margaret Lynch at the St Thomas Aquinas Church in Clunes in 1891. Margaret was 23 and Michael was 25 years of age.

After the marriage, the newlyweds came to Melbourne and to my knowledge took up residence at 16 Derby Street, Kew, an eastern suburb. The house was a small weatherboard dwelling with a galvanized iron roof. On hot days the interior became very hot because of this roofing. On nights when it was unbearably hot, their children would sleep outside on the concrete in the fernery which was at the rear of the house.

In 1892 Margaret returned to Clunes for the birth of her first child, Thomas Michael. It is almost certain that the baby would have been born in the Lynch home in West Street. Margaret's mother and her sister Mary were probably present as well as the midwife or midwives.

Michael had gone to Clunes for he was there after the birth and stayed there until the Lynch family let it be known that he should return to Melbourne and

work. Margaret and the baby stayed on in Clunes. While there, Margaret wrote a postcard to Michael, telling him of her “happiness and of love for him and that she would return home soon”.

In Margaret’s wardrobe when she died in 1956 was found the postcard, a wedding photo of herself and Michael, and a photo of her parents taken on Margaret and Michael’s wedding day. She had treasured these things for over 60 years.

In the 1890s Melbourne experienced a Depression and Michael would take any type of job to support his family, one of them being cutting grass with a scythe at Xavier College, a nearby Catholic Jesuit college for boys. During the day the staff would frequently check on him to make sure that he was doing the work. Michael was probably paid by the hour. In those times both men and women worked very hard. There were no ‘mod cons’.

On his return from Clunes after ‘Thomas’ birth, Michael was content to take another lowly job but Margaret had other ideas. The young couple obtained land on the western corner of High and Derby Streets. On this land there could have been some type of building, probably an old small weatherboard house which I’d say they used as an office/shop as well as a place to store goods. Apparently Margaret was the driving force behind the purchase, and the couple bought some hay etc and started a fuel business—which was to last until 1958 although not in the same location.

It was in Kew that their remaining 5 children were born. The family now read as follows

Thomas Michael (1892)	Leo (1901)
Francis William (1895)	Marguerite (Madge) (1903)
Monica (Mona) (1896)	Kathleen (1906)

The story is now taken up by Father Peter Carrucan, a child of Francis William, their second son.

M CARRUCAN.....Fuel & Produce Merchant
Memories of a Wood Store¹¹⁶

Mick and Maggie Carrucan came to Kew as a young newly married couple, to work and to rear their family of six children. They lived at the southern end of Kew in a small wooden house, typical of the many working people of those early days of Melbourne City.

These people burnt wood for their kitchens, wash houses and sitting rooms; every house had a number of chimneys; many families kept chickens and usually a vegetable garden; a little further out one might have owned a cow or a horse. It was the time of the horse trams when milk and bread and meat and vegetables were delivered, when the postman walked around his route twice a day, when shops closed for lunch and the men sent their stiff collars to the Chinese laundry, when blacksmiths were busy and when the pubs were open until 11pm and the place for much enjoyment.

M CARRUCAN Fuel & Produce Merchant reflected this kind of life and, as the ways changed so did the business, adapting and contributing to the new lifestyles.

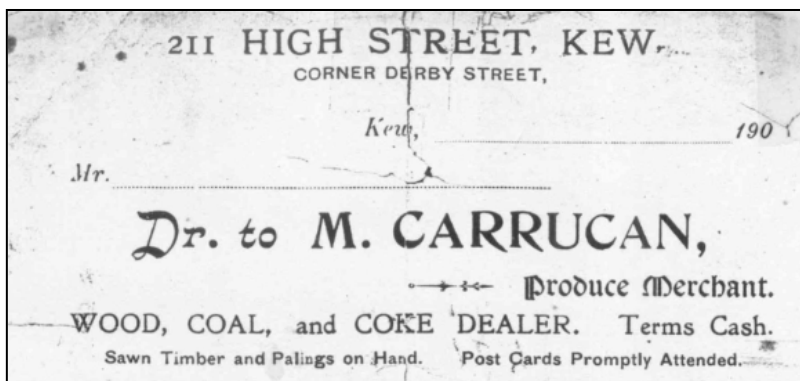
Wood, coke, coal, mallee roots and briquettes¹¹⁷ were essential to homes at that time. Wood fuelled the ovens that baked the bread, coke stoked the hot water furnaces of the boarding schools and other institutions and mallee roots and briquettes created the warm, romantic glow that made us long for those warm, quiet intimate dreams of a past now disappeared. But those who lived those 'dreamy days' know that not all was like paradise.

Chaff fed the many horses used by the bakers, the dairies, council rubbish carts, private jinkers and coaches. Wheat, bran and pollard¹¹⁸ fed the animals kept at the back of homes. Around the streets of Kew pounded the two horse lorries delivering an amazing lot of goods

Michael had one cart for deliveries and when the cart had some rotting boards he replaced them with strong hessian bags.

Michael and Margaret could not obtain any credit; they had to pay cash. It must have been a hard struggle and one wonders if at times the food money had to be spent on the goods.

By the early 1900s, however, the business was well-established. This invoice, from 1905, shows the variety of goods on offer.



It's interesting to note that in these early days the job was described as produce merchant. Later, it became fuel merchant.

A note on postcards

Towards the end of the 1800s and up to World War One, postcards were in common use. The post in those days was delivered twice a day. If a postcard was posted to another Melbourne address before 11am, it would be delivered shortly after 3pm on the same day.

The Carrucan business would have received many postcard orders because at this time there were no phones. Some of the orders would have been delivered on the same day that the cards were received and the others next morning.

Sometimes Michael would not be about after 3pm because he had dropped in at the nearby Prospect Hill Hotel for a few drinks. Michael was a friend of the Cody family who owned the hotel.

An advertisement in the local paper, *The Kew Mercury*, of 3 April 1903 read:

Cody's Prospect Hill Hotel
Good Billiard Table
Lighted Throughout with Electric Light
Large Upstairs Room Suitable for Smoke Nights

In 1910 the following lines were added:

Public Ticket Telephone
Hanthon Exchange

As time moved on, those who could afford it had a phone connected but not many of working class families could budget for such a luxury. In the 1930s, public phones were numerous around the suburbs. From memory, the cost of a call was tuppence (two pence).

In times to come, when the business had a phone, my aunt Margaret would sometimes receive irate phone calls from customers wanting to know what had happened to their orders. On these occasions my aunt would not be in a very good frame of mind because she knew that Michael had probably dropped off at the hotel for a few drinks.

What was it like in Kew in the early 1900s? The suburb was sparsely developed; there were lots of paddocks. Workmen were building the Kew Cemetery brick wall and being paid five shillings a day. Down the road from the Carrucan business was a wooden building, the Harp of Erin Hotel.¹¹⁹ The cable trams¹²⁰ from the city finished at Victoria Bridge and people would then board a horse-drawn tram that ran as far as the Kew Cemetery gates. Also down the road from the Carrucans was a blacksmith shop, and Michael was very friendly with the owner.

As Kew grew, so did the Carrucan business, and the Carrucan family became one of the respected Kew families. This was reflected in their residential and business changes. Sometime after 1910, they moved to 347 High Street, Kew. During WW II, a two-storey building was erected on land bought by the Carrucans on the western corner of High Street and Highbury Grove. The lower floor was a residential dwelling - kitchen, lounge, dining room, laundry - and a large shop that fronted High Street. Upstairs there were three bedrooms and a bathroom. The main bedroom faced east. The remainder of the land was a closed-in back yard with storage space for wood, hay etc, stables for the horses, and space for the delivery carts as, by this time, the business had grown beyond Michael's first cart. Later, motor vehicles were bought. The business address was 360 High Street, Kew E4, that being the postcode of the time.

At this time Kew had a railway station and, as road transport was practically non-existent, the wood from Gippsland and other places, the mallee roots,¹²¹ the hay, the chaff, the corn, the bran, the wheat, potatoes and other goods all came on railway trucks to Kew Station goods yard. People came there to collect their goods, whatever they might be.



M. Carrucan, Fuel and Produce Merchant, 360 High St, Kew, in the 1940s

The Carrucans supplied fuel to run the boilers at such places as the Model Dairy, Xavier College¹²², the Redemptorist monastery in Kew, Raheen (the residence of the Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne) and Caritas Christi Hospice. As there were many horses in those days, the Carrucans sold lots of fodder. Families would come to the shop and buy three pennyworth or six pennyworth of wheat, which they would grind in a grinder to make porridge for breakfast.

Every year a Carrucan truck was used to take Redemptorist priests and brothers to their holiday place somewhere past Mornington.

In the early 1920s, Carrucan horses were used to help build the electric tram line at Footscray. The horses would be walked the 14 km to Footscray on a Monday morning, worked for six days and then walked home to Kew where they rested on Sunday.

The Carrucan work horses were often put on land at the corner of Cotham and Normanby Roads, Kew, a small paddock where they could graze for however long Michael wanted them there. The land belonged to the F.C.J. nuns and it is presumed that he must have paid them something for the paddock's use. Genazzano Convent¹²³ was another place that bought fuel for its boilers from the Carrucans. In the early 1950s, Mary Carrucan, the daughter of Leo, attended Genezzano. Mary is now Mrs Holden.

For work on St Patrick's Cathedral in Melbourne, the Carrucans supplied cement, sand and stone, the stone coming from Voughan & Lodge. Michael's and Margaret's grandson Gavin, the son of Frank, married a Lodge daughter. Carrucans also supplied sand and cement for work on Sacred Heart Church, Kew.

Michael had a great love for his horses so when they reached the stage where they were no more able to pull the deliveries carts, instead of selling them to the knacker, he sold them to the Chinese market gardeners. In what is now the suburb of Moorabbin and along the Yarra River on either side of Victoria Bridge (the Richmond and Abbotsford sides) were Chinese market gardens.

As a child I remember seeing the Chinese walking along the rows of vegetables, a long pole on one shoulder with a bucket on each end. This was how they did their watering. I saw them when with my mother we got off the electric tram which by this period ran the route on the Kew side of Victoria Bridge. We walked across the bridge to get on the cable tram on the other side, which would take us to the city.

The Chinese would take their vegetables to the Queen Victoria Market. Each vegetable cart was covered, had four wheels and was drawn by two horses.

Times changed and soon trucks were parked in the yards of M CARRUCAN. It was now road-making and tramline constructing, and before long there were six to seven trucks working alongside the drays. Trams ran far past the Harp and new suburbs were planned as the people pushed east. So the business thrived with Frank as the driving force. He thought up the ideas, tendered for all types of work, bought the trucks, packed the store with wheat and chaff, and in the bad days of the depression held on to the men and kept their jobs going. At one stage there were 40 or more men employed.



This photo, taken in 1951 on the sixtieth wedding anniversary of Michael and Margaret Carrucan, shows them surrounded by their large and extended family

The business consumed my father Frank. Day and night were spent working, planning, worrying, and accounting - for he had once worked in the Taxation Department. He worked for a small remuneration, always concerned that money could be a source of trouble within the family.

While my mother complained about the little money the family received from him, my father gave in other ways. He loved having us children at the store and we in turn loved the adventurous life of the horses and the brave men who drove with reckless speed. How I longed for the day when I could match the men with shovel, the wheat bag on my back and above all to be the truck-driver. In time all these happened.

Frank Lynch¹²⁴ offered his own reminiscences on Michael and Margaret

What were my uncle and aunt like? Michael was a very big man who got on well with people. In my memory he was a happy man, full of fun. Often in the hotel he would dance the Irish jig for the patrons. As mentioned

previously, he was a friend of the publican family of Codys. He was also friendly with John Wren. They were all involved in pony racing, which was held at the pony track in Bridge Road, Richmond. The track is now a housing estate. Since I was a boy I'd heard rumours that the races were not all as they should have been but who's to know.

I liked my uncle but was in awe of my aunt. Margaret was not a fun person. She was, however, a good person who did things her way. During the 1930s Depression, she ran a soup kitchen from her home. There was massive unemployment. When my father, John Lynch, brother to Margaret, was unemployed, there was always some casual work for him at the Carrucan woodyard. My family was grateful for that because times were very difficult. My aunt was kind to me and, when I was a child, she would give me threepence when I visited her. Margaret and Kathleen came to the wedding reception of my sister Monica, held at the London Hotel, Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. When my fiancée Laurie and I were talking with them, Margaret admired Laurie's outfit.



A fine study of Michael and Margaret Carrucan in the early 1950s

I remember the day of Michael's funeral in 1954. Margaret was supported by her sons Frank and Leo. I approached her to offer my condolences but she could not take me in. She was in shock and was probably devastated at Michael's passing.

The two Carrucan sons, Frank and Leo, worked in the business and, after their father's death, they ran it. I'm almost certain that Frank gave up a good position in the Taxation Department to enter the business.

After Michael's death, often at the close of business, Margaret would go to the shop and ask Leo to drive her to Sacred Heart Church to say a few prayers. At 5.50pm Frank and Leo usually went for a drink at the Prospect Hill Hotel but Leo never complained. He would say "Yes, Mother" and off they would go to the church. Margaret died in 1956, aged 88, and was buried at Kew with her husband. It was because of her that there was a business. She did things the way she felt they should be done. Her husband Michael was her life. Sometimes, especially when we were children at home with our parents, we'd think it was all going to last forever, just like some of Melbourne's drapery stores such as London Stores, Ball and Welch, Mutual Stores and Buckley and Nunn, now all gone.

A combination of factors led to the closure of the business. Suburban life was changing as home heating moved from wood and briquettes to oil and gas and the market for chaff and grain and related products was shrinking as modern food production and transport practices became widespread. A major blow to the business was the closure of the Kew railway line in 1955.

360 HIGH STREET, KEW (Corner Highbury Grove)
Telephone: WM 7209 (Office)
M. Carrucan
18. 4. 58
Total 11. Thompson Rd
M. CARRUCAN
Chaff and Grain, Wood, Coal, Briquettes, Sand, Gravel, Metal, Ashes
Lime and Cement, Manures ALL POULTRY FOODS IN STOCK

This invoice dated April 1958, just six months before the business closed, shows the variety of goods on offer as the company tried to keep its relevance

Father Peter Carrucan takes up the story again

Trouble broke out in the family after Michael died in 1954. Money divided the mother and daughters and the two sons. It was a painful time, shattering my father. He felt deeply the unfairness of the accusations being levelled at him. Much of what took place between the family I have forgotten and happily so. My father was a proud man and it grieved him searingly that the great enterprise that absorbed all his undoubted energy and skill was dying and he could do nothing to rouse himself for another effort to go along with change; he was spent and ageing. The staff dwindled to a few old faithful men. The horses were gone, the trucks old and forever breaking down, were put aside. A kidney stone laid him low and while he was in hospital the doors closed for the final night. It was time!

M CARRUCAN finally closed the doors in November 1958, after some 60 years of business. This time the changes were too wide and sweeping and no longer could the old 'never-say-die' spirit rise to the occasion.

Generation 3 – Kathleen Carrucan¹²⁵

At the age of thirteen, Michael and Margaret's youngest child Kathleen won a F.C.J. scholarship which she probably would have taken out at the Genezzano Convent, Cotham Road, Kew. However, her parents refused her permission to take the scholarship since her sister Monica (Mona) was getting married and Kathleen was needed to help in the business and probably do domestic duties in the home. If that happened today, we would be appalled but back then it would have seemed so important, particularly for a girl, because it was expected that girls would marry and become housewives and mothers.

Kathleen had a very good relationship with her father. As a child she would often accompany Michael when he delivered orders. There she would be, sitting up on top of the load and chatting to all and sundry. She really learnt to communicate with people of all ages and walks of life. She was much more outgoing than her sisters.

Perhaps this stemmed from her babyhood. Her mother, Margaret, had an illness after Kathleen's birth and so the Carrucans took a girl from the Convent of Good Shepherd, Abbotsford, into their home to look after the baby. Kathleen

would have had lots of cuddles and love from the girl, which probably helped to fashion her personality.

As a young girl, Kathleen and her mother would go out into the wood yard after the business had closed for the day and fill bags with woodchips and bark. These bags would be sold in the shop for threepence a bag. Often children would come in and ask for threepence of wood. The chips and bark would be used as kindling to get a fire going. In those days most families would have had gas stoves, one-fire stoves and open fires.

Kathleen was very much part of the business. The Carrucans banked down near Kew Junction and, at times, Kathleen did the banking. She would wait until 2.55pm in case any cheques came in, then jump on a horse and ride to the bank, which would take almost four minutes at a fast gallop. At times sparks would be flying from the horse's shoes. On one occasion, when Kathleen had a broken wrist, she still rode in the usual fast fashion. Banks then shut at 3pm.

Once when Kathleen was minding the shop because her father was ill, a customer asked for a bag of something, perhaps bran. It was heavy so Kathleen said that if the customer put it on the scales, he would knock off one shilling. After the sale she rushed into the house to tell her father and he told her that she had done well.

Kathleen and her mother also got on well and, during the Great Depression in the 1930s, they would take wood and goods to Margaret's sister's home at 7 Tribe Street, South Melbourne. Her sister's husband was unemployed and they had a number of children.

Margaret's religion was very important to her. It was really a private devotion for her. Kathleen was also a person of great faith and she openly expressed it. She told my mother how at some special event at the M.C.G. she with others prayed for fine weather, expected it to be fine, and even though it looked like rain it remained fine.

Kathleen married Bill Clements in 1935, the wedding being reported in *The Herald* with the caption 'Early Morning Wedding'¹²⁶

Early today at the Sacred Heart Church, Kew, the wedding was celebrated with nuptial mass of Kathleen, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs M. Carrucan, High Street, Kew, and Mr William Clements, son of Mrs Clements

and the late Mr C. Clements, Parkville.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a charming frock of parchment tinted satin made with long tight fitting sleeves and a softly draped neckline. The back of the bodice was fastened with a row of tiny buttons and the skirt extended at the back to form a pointed train. A lovely Limerick lace veil mounted on tulle was fastened to the head with a coronet of orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of azaleas and sweet peas. Miss Molly Carey was the only bridesmaid. Her frock of floral georgette had pastel shaded flowers splashed on a blue background and she wore a large blue hat. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Pat McHugh as best man and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father D. Daly. During the mass, the Children of Mary sang.



The 1935 wedding of Kathleen Carrucan and Bill Clements

Bill and Kathleen had five children: Margaret, Mary, Kathleen, Kevin and Patricia.

Before they had a car and when the children were still small, Kathleen would travel to Kew one day a week to clean her mother's house.



1947 - Kathleen with her husband Bill Clements with their five children Margaret (b 1936), Mary (b 1937), Kathleen (b 1940), Kevin (b 1942) and Patricia (b 1946).

Later, on every second Sunday, Bill would pick up Michael and Margaret and they would come for lunch, a roast dinner. During the afternoon, scones were eaten and cards (euchre) were played and in the evening Bill played the piano and Kathleen sang Irish songs. What wonderful memories for the children. Kathleen also sang at her brother Leo's wedding.

Bill died in 1986 and Kathleen died in 1992.

Interesting, their daughters Margaret, Mary and Kathleen were the first of the Australian relatives to visit the Carrucans in County Clare, in 1965. Their younger brother Kevin then went in 1969.

Generation 3 – Thomas Michael Carrucan

Thomas Michael Carrucan, born 1892, was the eldest of the 6 children born to Michael and Margaret Carrucan of Kew.

When World War One broke out, many young Australian men answered the call: Thomas Michael Carrucan amongst them. Enlisting in 1915, he passed his medical, took the oath to serve the King in the Australian Imperial Force and was sent to Broadmeadows, a suburb of Melbourne, for training. His medical report shows that he was 5 feet 10.5 inches, weighed 11 stone, had a chest measurement of 33/37, a fresh complexion, brown eyes, brown hair, was a Roman Catholic, and that he had a scar on his left knee.



Thomas Michael served in the First World War

At Broadmeadows, Thomas was approved by the commanding officer, a lieutenant colonel, to join “D” Company 29th Battalion 8th Infantry Brigade.

On 10th November 1915, he embarked on *H.M.A.T. Kabinga* in Melbourne and sailed for Suez on 14th November. His war records show that he then sailed from Alexandria on the *Tunisian* and landed at Marseilles, France on 26th June 1916. He was soon in action as his unit was in the battle of Fromelles, which occurred on 19-20 July of that same year.

The following account of the battle is taken from *Australian Battlefields of the Western Front* by John Laffin.

Despite inadequate artillery bombardment, the 8th and 14th Brigades crossed No Man’s Land, stormed the enemy’s front trenches and broke through. No Man’s Land was from 100 metres to 450 metres wide and without cover for the attackers. The British on the Australians’ right failed to capture their objective. Then the Brigades captured the German second line, hundreds of metres beyond the first line. As the hours passed, the Australians steadily lost officers and men to every type of German fire. A supporting attack by the 61st Division was cancelled, leaving the Australians surrounded in the trenches they had captured.¹²⁷

The book *Don't Forget Me, Cobber: The Battle of Fromelles*¹²⁸ is recommended reading for any Peter Line descendants. We are fortunate that Thomas survived what was arguably the worst day in Australian military history.

Later he served with the 67th Battalion 17th Infantry Brigade. Later again, after being wounded and declared unfit for trench warfare, he served in a London postal unit, and then was transferred to the Anzac Provost Corps. He served in London, France and finally Belgium, where he was at the war’s ending.

There is no date of Thomas’ return to Australia as he, along with many others, was kept abroad to help with the movement of troops, equipment, etc., for some time after the end of the war.

Return from the War¹²⁹

On Thomas’ return from the war, there was no place in the family business for him and he had to look elsewhere for work. Even worse, there was no bedroom for him in the family home. The three main bedrooms were occupied by his

parents, his sisters and his two brothers Frank and Leo. As it turned out, he slept in the stables because he suffered from nightmares due, of course, to his wartime experiences. This arrangement allowed the other family members to get a good night's rest.

When times became tough, Thomas and his younger brother Leo took on pick and shovel work. Each person had a quota and when Thomas had done his, he would do the remaining part of Leo's. This was because other men were standing around waiting to take the place of anyone who failed to do his quota. Tom was stronger than Leo at that stage of their lives. Thomas would also go to the Kew Cemetery and hold the horses of those attending a funeral. That was his pocket money.

Sometime after his return to Australia and civilian life, his medals went missing, either taken or perhaps given away by his mother. On another day, his war uniform was left laid out on his bed but when he came home, his Mother had burnt it.¹³⁰

These sorts of things made him very angry and, according to his son Peter, he left home to work on ships plying their trade between Australia and New Zealand.

Eventually, he decided to settle in New Zealand where he had a mate. Once there, he met and married Agnes Beryl (Beryl) Connolly and they had 13 children, Leo, Joe, Ted, Brian, Mary, Kathleen, Robert, Maura, Peter, Andrew, Janet, Elizabeth and Anne.

Back in Kew, Thomas' mother Margaret and his sister Kathleen spent a lot of time sewing clothes for the huge New Zealand family. Thomas, like so many of his day, did not have a higher education and his work in New Zealand as a tram driver would not have been highly paid. I was a woolclasser but always had, and still have at the age of 81, the desire to drive a tram so I envy my cousin Thomas.

I've been told that Thomas' personality was very like his father's - he spoke to anyone, got along well with people, and was a hard worker. He had green fingers - his vegetable garden was something to see! He gave lots of what he'd grown away.

Thomas died on 25th March 1951 in an Auckland hospital, aged 58. I wish that

I'd had the opportunity to know him. Sometime after his death, his wife visited Victoria and stayed with Kathleen Clements for a few days.

It's good to look back on those who have gone and remember them for their contribution to life and perhaps learn something from the things they did. I'm sure we, his kin, will always have the greatest respect for Thomas Michael Carrucan.

Family Life ~ Thomas and Beryl Carrucan¹³¹

Their grand daughter Louise Carrucan Wood discussed further the life of her parents Thomas and Beryl Carrucan.

After marrying, Beryl and Thomas first lived in Wallace Street, Ponsonby, before settling at Muripara Avenue, Point Chevalier. Their home was a wooden bungalow of five bedrooms. It had a road frontage and extensive backyard, allowing the nurture of a vegetable garden, animals and subsequently a secondary wooden dwelling of an Army Hut. This latter was built to allow for room for the older sons Leo, Joe and Ted.

Family plants included white roses, a lemon tree and various other fruit trees. Thomas provided well for the family by maintaining a vegetable garden which produced huge pumpkins and a steady supply of tomatoes and greens.

Of memory is the story often told by Thomas that the pumpkins were so large that they could be used to build/chop a garage out of them. And of course the tomatoes were as big as pumpkins themselves. A task remembered by Maura and Mary was the tulling of the peas prior to the cooking of a roast dinner.

The backyard housed ducks and chooks - which had their heads cut off before running around the backyard. Thomas completed this task; it is something that is well remembered by his children. There is a story of a persistent turkey that was known to have escaped a few times before finally succumbing to the dinner table. And of course Emily the Muscovy duck - there are mixed memories as to whether she ever made it to the dinner table, simply because if she had, a tale would have been more likely told to persuade the children to eat her.

Family pets and animals included guinea pigs, cats, a white rabbit and an aviary where Peter bred budgies. Andrew was known to have had mice, which

travelled with him in his pocket, even while riding his bike. To have chooks was something that was not considered extra-ordinary.

Across the road from this house is Walker Park where summer cricket was played on Saturdays. Thomas and Beryl would often share hospitality with the visiting teams, Beryl providing afternoon tea.

It is remembered as the route that some would run across to deliver Thomas a billy of tea and ham sandwiches as he drove the tram down Pt Chevalier Road. As the tram went down, Beryl would give tea and ham sandwiches to the children who would then complete the ride to the end of Point Chevalier Road and back to Walker Park, riding in the front of the Tram, and then getting off to return home across Walker Park.



Thomas and Beryl Carrucan's 13 children at a Carrucan Christmas gathering in Point Chevalier, Auckland, in 1986.

**Back row: Andrew, Joe, Ted, Brian, Leo, Robert and Peter
Front row: Janet, Maura, Mary, Kath, Elizabeth and Ann**

Robert is remembered for completing a two-minute dash across the park to catch a tram. Ted is remembered for training in this park, as is Uncle Joe,

completing long jump and other athletic activities. Leo is remembered for playing rugby league there. Other sport played by members of this family included cricket and netball.

This park must have been an opening or extension of the family boundary, as Anne is remembered to have run after Janet and Elizabeth once they had left for school without kissing her goodbye.

Thomas is remembered as being a proud family man who enjoyed telling the odd tale to his family and friends. In particular he was gifted with the ability to keep an audience's attention with tales of the ridiculous and almost true. The tale of the homing pigeon that was let out to fly to Wellington, taking a longer time to return because it walked back, is recalled by his children.

He is remembered for a strong feeling of pride for his family and was known to enjoy the sharing of their achievements and milestones with others. He demonstrated a living faith with a decency and kindness that he showed to others and the wisdom that his actions would reflect this. A saying that he was often remembered for was that "my kids will save me", a measure of the generosity and kindness that this family demonstrated to others.

His enjoyment of singing songs – "How much is that doggy in the window?" and "Take me to the ball" - and completing card tricks kept his children entertained. The ability to entertain was something of a family trait, as the visit of Thomas parents from Australia to New Zealand is remembered by a huge grandfather tap dancing a jig when visiting the family. This enjoyment of music and singing is something that has been shared by other family members who have taken up singing and music for enjoyment.

He couldn't bear to see a clock wrong, and took pride in his ability to keep to schedule when driving the trams. The clocks were kept to Greenwich Time, and if the fob watch was misplaced, Robert and Andrew were asked to stand still and keep quiet - listening for the fob watch usually resulted in it being found.

Although a natural storyteller, he was someone who took no interest in telling stories that were against the character of others. However he did succumb to his own tale, when confidently he took the cricket pitch with the expectation of scoring many runs, only to return after completing a "duck", but such is the

short-lived ascent into overconfidence of an Australian.

His wife Beryl was central to family life and friend and counsel to many in the neighbourhood. She was considered to be a good natured person, who had a home that was open to others - dropping in for a cup of tea, sharing troubles and friendships with other women in the neighbourhood.



Thomas and Beryl Carrucan circa 1950

Beryl is remembered for having a great friendship with a Mrs Mac, whom she would visit regularly. This friendship must have provided relief and refreshment from the daily responsibilities and tasks that she completed. Beryl would travel from Point Chevalier to Grafton, by tram every Monday night without fail. The reading of the tealeaves was something of interest and that was considered routine after a cup of tea at the kitchen table. These superstitions or beliefs did not interfere with the Catholic beliefs. Beryl was a lady of strong faith and would often go to Church early to have some quiet time before Mass.

Beryl is remembered for taking in a young woman, found lying at the end of Muripa Avenue. This young lady, who was more likely disorientated after the influence of drugs and alcohol, was fed and cared for by Beryl until well enough to leave safely. The memory is of an unkempt young girl, disadvantaged by being mute and deaf, who was washed, fed and dressed in Janet's newly

purchased winter clothes, without a second thought.

Family meals included porridge for breakfast, seven loaves of bread to make lunches. A daily delivery of seven bottles of milk would be easily consumed. A Sunday roast was consistently prepared ~ a meal of cooked meat and a variety of seasonal vegetables of onions, pumpkin, kumara and parsnip. Saturday night dinner included either sausages or steak. Meat obtained from the AMC Butcher in K' Rd, brought home by Thomas. Baking was completed routinely. Cooking was undertaken on a coal range and stove. Laundry was done in the copper of the laundry before the arrival of an agitator.

Beryl is remembered for her love of reading and the value she placed on books. This was an interest that allowed her to keep abreast with the changes around her and to maintain her inquiring knowledge of current events in New Zealand.

It's difficult to transcribe the mana¹³² that this lady held in the Point Chevalier suburb. She was ordinary in many ways, but thought of highly and fondly by members of the community. A great tribute to Beryl is that she placed the Carrucan name with an honour that is remembered well. Today, elderly residents of Point Chevalier hold her memory with fondness and respect. The Carrucan name is remembered favourably with reference to Beryl and her children.

For me, my perspective of this family is that it is a family of vibrant and generous individuals. Individually they have faced life with all its challenges and celebrations showing strength of character that I have always taken for granted, but now understand a little better. The strength of this character is something that I consider a family trait; it's like a resemblance that you see in a photograph - one can see it in the ordinary achievements of the grandchildren today.

What a tribute for Beryl and Thomas - to know that from their 13 children, they have 45 grandchildren, 50 great grandchildren and 2 great-great grandchildren. But perhaps the biggest tribute to Beryl and Thomas is the nature of this family, how it continues to meet every Boxing Day, how you can "catch up" or "bump into" family and be greeted well no matter how long ago you last saw them and how you just know that this ordinary family life is like life itself – to be celebrated.

Further family reminiscences from their daughter Elizabeth Donovan nee Carrucan can be found on the Carrucan website.

The last word on Thomas Michael from Maura, another of their daughters:

Dad died when I was 12yrs old – I have memories of him providing all the vegetables required from his fabulous garden, also breeding the poultry for Christmas and other occasions. He told wonderful jokes and was quite sleight of hand with cards and other tricks. He was a very social person, always ready to have a chat with people and inviting people in for cups of tea etc. at a moment's notice.



Some of the grandchildren of Thomas Michael Carrucan, taken in 2006 on the occasion of his son Robert Carrucan's seventieth birthday.

Generation 3 - Francis William Carrucan¹³³

Francis William (Frank) Carrucan, born 1895, was the second eldest of the 6 children born to Michael and Margaret Carrucan of Kew. He married Thelma Stoney in 1924 and worked in the family business in Kew. Frank and Thelma had 6 children

Moya Elizabeth (1925-2008)

Peter Francis (1932-)

Brian William (1926-1933)

Ann Margaret (1933-)

Gavin Michael (1928-)

Estelle Carmel (1935-)

The following family anecdotes have been gathered from his daughter Moya Ryan nee Carrucan.

Her Father, Frank, had borrowed his parent's car, a Dodge Tourer, to pick Moya up from school at Vacluse Convent in Richmond and drive to Box Hill to visit his cousin Hannah Sloan. On the way it started to rain and, as was the way with tourers, the roof leaked. However, Moya was well prepared and simply put up her umbrella. She thinks this event took place in about 1937 or 1938.

Moya often stayed with her grandparents in their home above the fuel and grain store in High St. Kew and on Sundays used to walk with them to Mass at Sacred Heart. After Mass, they would return home, and, as a ritual, grandma would cook them all a lovely plate of tripe.

One of her sad memories was of 4th July 1933. Her brother Brian had died in the Childrens Hospital of peritonitis.

We had no phone at home so the hospital had rung our grandparents with the news and Auntie Kathleen came up early in the morning to wake mum and dad to tell them. When I got up that morning, I found dad at the kitchen table, writing a letter to the nuns at the school. It was the only time I ever saw dad cry. Brian was 7 and was preparing for his First Holy Communion when he fell ill. The other children were sent to school as usual. I have no recollection of the funeral. Four days later, Ann was born

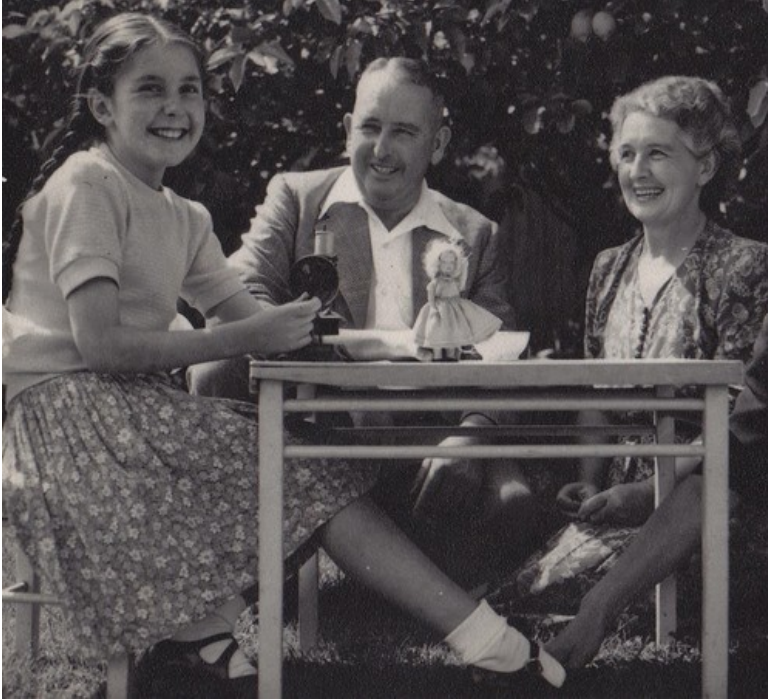
Generation 3 - Leo Carrucan¹³⁴

Leo Carrucan, the fourth child of Margaret and Michael Carrucan of Kew, was born on 23rd December 1901. He attended Sacred Heart Primary School in Cotham Road Kew and St Joseph's College in Collingwood before studying accountancy. He later worked for his parents in their Fuel and Produce business at 360 High St, Kew.

Leo met Mary Ellen Angus from Hawthorn in 1927 and they married in January 1935 at Immaculate Conception Church, Hawthorn. His sister Kathleen (later

married in June that same year) sang at the wedding.

Mary and Leo had one daughter, Mary Therese, in April 1938 but, ten days after giving birth, Mary died of cancer. In 1940, Leo married Dorothy Hopper and they lived happily as a family at 73 Edgevale Rd, Kew.



Leo and Dorothy with Leo's daughter Mary circa 1950

Leo had a happy outlook on life, a jovial nature, was a good natured man and a good gardener, particularly with daphne plants. There were many memorable family parties in their home with his parents, his cousin May Nolan (the daughter of Margaret Carrucan's sister Esther), his sisters and their children. Leo always helped his parents. For instance, he bought a Humber Hawk car so that his parents could fit comfortably in the back seat when he took them to Mass at Sacred Heart Church in Kew on Sundays or to his holiday house in Dromana.

Leo died suddenly on 27th March 1958 from a heart attack while sitting in his

truck at the Alphington Quarries. He was only 57 years of age. He was buried in the Kew Cemetery. Leo is remembered fondly by his daughter Mary as a wonderful father and a wonderful husband to Dorothy who subsequently died in 1979.

His daughter Mary married Thomas Joseph Holden and they in turn have 3 children Andrew (b 1966), Janet (b 1968) and Meaghan (b 1972).

Second Generation – 5: Peter William Carrucan

Peter William Carrucan, the fifth child of Peter and Hannah Carrucan, was born in Eltham in 1868. We know that he married and had one daughter, Jenny, and that he died at Eltham in 1907. Little else is known.

Second Generation – 6: Francis Carrucan

Francis Carrucan (1872-1953), the sixth child of Peter and Hannah Carrucan, was born in Eltham in 1872. It was relatively late in life when in 1915, aged 43, he married Kathleen Sweeney, one of the daughters of John Sweeney, the Sweeneys being one of the original Eltham families.

Tragedy struck when Kathleen died soon after childbirth, leaving Frank with an infant son Francis Kenny Carrucan (born 12th September 1916). Kathleen's older sister Mary had married Frank's cousin Mick Carrucan in 1910 and they had their own young family. A family decision was taken and the Carrucan family at the Dalton Street farm swelled from 3 to 4 children as Ken joined his cousins Pat, Jack and Betty.

Although Ken was the youngest, he quickly grew into a strapping handsome man who stood well over 6 feet in height. Pat and Jack were more typical of the Carrucan/Sweeney stock and stood about 5' 8" as grown men.

Being brought up on as part of a poor farming family had its drawbacks. Like Pat and Jack, Ken left school as soon as legally possible and worked a succession of jobs, starting as a farm hand on another dairy farm in Eltham, then working as a storeman lumping wheat bags in Eltham and then working for a timber merchant in Heidelberg. He was tall and strong and could hold his own with anyone.

Eventually he became a linesman with the P.M.G,¹³⁵ a job which he kept for the rest of his working life. Unfortunately, due to epilepsy, he could never attain permanence and spent his many years with the P.M.G. working as a casual.



Pat, Jack and Betty were the 3 children of Michael and Mary Carrucan of Eltham.

They also raised Ken whose mother had died in childbirth.

Back: Pat (1911-1991) and Jack (1913-1976)

Front: Ken (1916 – 1997) and Betty (1915 – 1990)

Five years after his first wife had died, in 1921, Frank married again, to Mary Kathleen (Mollie) McMahon. They settled in the Dandenong Ranges, east of Melbourne.

Sadly Ken was never reunited with his father Frank once he remarried; in fact he did not even find out that he had been adopted until told as a young adult.

In the late 1940s, Ken married Ruby Spring and in 1950, they had their first and only child, Brian Francis Carrucan.

Around this time, Ken bought a property in Cockatoo in the Dandenong Ranges to be closer to his father but his attempts to get to know Frank were rebuffed and, when Frank died in 1953, they were still relatively estranged. Alas, not all stories have a happy ending.



1921 Wedding of Frank Carrucan and Mary (Mollie) McMahon and their silver wedding anniversary in 1946



Ken with his infant son Brian at Cockatoo in early 1951

Ken eventually died in 1990 and Ruby in 1996. They are both buried in the

Eltham cemetery. Brian currently lives in Kilmore.

Second Generation – 7: Denis Joseph Carrucan

Denis Joseph Carrucan, born in 1875 at Eltham, was the seventh child of Peter and Hannah Carrucan. On 6th April 1898, he married Jane McAllese in the Manse of the Presbyterian Church, in Clifton Hill. At the time of his marriage, his occupation was listed as labourer. Later this was changed to wood cutter.

Denis and Jane had one daughter, Fanny Davidson Carrucan, born in 1900 at Eltham. Denis suddenly died on 12th July 1913, aged only 38. The death certificate records the cause of death as cardiac syncope. No inquest was deemed necessary.

Fanny was only 13 years old when her father died. She eventually married James Jenkins in 1925 and died childless on 11th November 1929 at the Melbourne Hospital, of cardiac and respiratory failure. Her occupation was listed as home duties.

Jane never really recovered from the death of her husband and then the death of her only daughter. She continued to live in Bible Street in Eltham, just up the hill from the Patrick Carrucan farm, and the Carrucan relations generally looked after her.

One family story relates how she once bought some binoculars from a travelling salesman and used them to good effect for quite some time, checking up on the comings and goings on the farm below her and then reporting when she had seen Mick Carrucan come or go or when she had seen Pat or Ken or Jack out and about!

Jane died on 6th November 1940 at her Bible Street home, aged 72.

Second Generation – 8: James Carrucan

James Carrucan, the eighth child of Peter and Hannah Carrucan, was born in Eltham in 1877. He died as an infant in the same year.

Second Generation – 9: Margaret (Mattie) Carrucan

Margaret (Mattie) Carrucan, the ninth child of Peter and Hannah Carrucan, was born in Eltham in 1879 and married John McMahon in 1911. Their daughter Agnes Reeves (born 1917) provided these family recollections around the time of the 1998 Carrucan reunion.

My mother Maggie and growing up in Kinglake

Maggie Carrucan was the second daughter of Peter and Hanna Carrucan, born in 1879 in Eltham. She grew up with many brothers and possibly did her share of work around the house. She went to school at Eltham.



Left: Portrait of Maggie Carrucan as a young woman, probably in the early 1900s.

Right: Wedding of Maggie Carrucan and John McMahon at Eltham in 1911

She met and married Jack McMahon on 8th June 1911 at Eltham.

They built a house in Kinglake near his relations but further into the bush from her family. The house was later burnt in a bush fire. Life was not easy for the young couple. They had 200 acres and, as this was thick bushland, there was

clearing to be done, veggies and fruit to nurture, cows to milk and very soon there was a baby on the way.

It must have broken her heart when their first child Alfred, who was born at home, died very soon after. Worse was to come as the next child was stillborn. The nearest doctor lived at Whittlesea, many miles from them. One child was buried at Yarra Glen and the other at Kinglake. Their joy must have been great in subsequent years when they nurtured a family of 3 healthy children, John, Agnes and James.

The children had great times together, splashing around in the mud in their bare feet to direct the water off the path, putting ants on a mud island and watching to see if they could swim to drier land or saving the rooster from being separated from his head by hiding it in the old wicker pram. John, being the oldest, had to separate the milk from the cream before he ran off to school. The cream was sold to the Moran & Cato Butter-factory.

Jim rode the Shetland pony- when Agnes rode it, it shot under a wire fence, Wham!! She also rode the calves on occasions.

When Agnes was preparing for her First Communion, Maggie was very sick and was expecting again. She tried to make the frock but was too weak so asked Violet McMahon who made it. Maggie was taken to the Women's Hospital with peritonitis and she and the baby died in 1923 or 4.

What a blow for the little family- Jim was sent to Eltham to Frank and Molly (McMahon) Carrucan's and was a mate for their Ken. Kate McMahon looked after John and Agnes for a time as they were going to school at Kinglake. Kate would give them things to take to Grandma but they were scared of the dog so they hid behind a log/stump and returned home.

Jim then started school at Eltham with his new friend and cousin Harry Burgoyne whose family operated the post office.

By the beginning of the next year, Jack had organised for their great friend Sarah Renahan to care for the children and the house. (Later they were married and Frank was best man.) Jim found it hard to settle back at home without his mother so when Frank and Molly shifted to Kinglake, Jim would run down the creek to his other family.

There were some 20 children in the little one-teacher (Colin Amery) school and half of these were related. They sat 3 or 5 to a bench and used slates to write. The first thing the boys learnt was to make the pencil squeak across the slate!

All 3 children were confirmed together in 1927, even though Jim was very young, because Archbishop Mannix was coming to bless the new church and perhaps would not be back for years. They were all scared the bishop would ask difficult questions.

The last church had burnt down in a bush fire, and the first was built on public land without any permissions. So when questions were asked, Mr. Finnigan bought the property and donated it to the church. They had Mass at Murphy's while waiting for the church to be rebuilt.

You should see the trophies – Jim played cricket for Kinglake and football for Diamond Creek. Agnes played tennis for Kinglake and Kinglake West and then with Whittlesea.

John had joined the police force but felt he should do his duty by his country and join the air force in the WW2. As a pilot he was sent to England and was billeted with a family but died in a bombing raid before he saw any action. He left behind a wife and two children.

Agnes met Stan Reeves at a dance. They married and have two children, John and Mary. Mary has a son married and living in Brazil.

Agnes was active in the church, teaching religion in the state school at Kinglake to the Catholics, then to all the students. She is now involved in Probus and keeping up with grandchildren.

Jim met Bessie at a dance and they now (2010, Ed.), after 63 happy years of marriage, have 6 children, 17 grandchildren and one great grandchild. When Jim left school, his dad gave him some seed potatoes and some ground and they have built up a great farm with 100 acres from the original farm and another 50 more acres of beautiful virgin bush with some stringy barks and with trees more than 200 years old.

There is a lovely understorey of wattles and many native grasses and wildflowers. There is a creek running through it with a dam/waterhole. Many native birds and animals find it a haven.

Sloan née Carrucan Wedding

This is a funny story told by my father many years ago. It happened, I think, at Bill and Hannah Sloan's place at Warrandyte, Victoria. It was before June 1911 which was my parent's wedding date.

My father, John McMahon was walking to Warrandyte from Kinglake to a Sloan daughter's wedding. During the walk his foot became sore so he took off his sock and popped it into his pocket. And he journeyed on. At the reception, he was called upon to "...say a few words". He stood up wiping his face with what he thought was his handkerchief. Alas! To his horror it was his sock! This must have caused some merriment.

I think it must have been Hannah Sloan's and Mick O'Brien's wedding as their family, Mollie (a nun), Bernie and Kevin were just a bit older than us. Guess we'll never know!

The strength of our pioneers

I can recall going with my mother (Maggie) and my brother John down to the creek, to do the washing in a drought. Brother Jim must have been too small to come with us, probably sleeping. I remember playing there, but not the actual washing. I have been told that Maggie sang 'Jerusalem' as we went back up the steep hill, to give her strength, and, I guess, a sense of humour. On the way back, I remember thinking that the hill was very steep. It makes me remember how wonderful our pioneers were.

Many years later, I sang that song with the Kinglake Singers, not for strength, but for joy and success.

Several years later my brothers John, killed in the war, and Jim, was still going pretty well, and I sailed down that hill on home made sleds, on the dry summer grass. But by that time, sadly, mum had lost her life.

Making their own fun

Towards the nineteen thirties, Uncle Mick Carrucan and Auntie Maggie and others used to visit Kinglake. Dad would play his accordion and Uncle Mick would dance the Irish Jig, or some such.

My father was good at finding wild honey. One day we and our neighbours

went by truck to the Muddy Creek Bridge (now the Yea River) to look for bee trees. Dad took his accordion. We had a picnic too. Then Dad played on his accordion and we danced a set, “the Alberts”, on the road, to the amusement of one or two cars which came by. Nice memories.

Agnes concludes ...*We had sad times, and happy times, and now, in my family, I have four generations, with me as (dare I write the word) the oldest.*

Diamond Valley Pioneer John McMahon¹³⁶

There are a number of other documents that shed light on these early pioneers. One of the most important is the following account of the early days of Kinglake, published in the *Rosanna and Diamond Valley News*, July 1960, compiled from an interview with John McMahon, the husband of Maggie Carrucan and one of the district’s earliest settlers.

Almost a century ago, a surveyor and historian, whose name was later to become famous in the Diamond Valley and Plenty Ranges, mapped out a hazardous road linking the small goldmining township of Queenstown to a mountain top settlement, which was later named in his honour.

He was Alexander Kinglake, who mapped the way from Queenstown across the mountaintop to Glenburn in 1870. Kinglake was the last of the Eltham district to be settled.

Today the small settlement has grown into a large agricultural area, noted for its high quality potatoes.

However, it was gold that brought the first settlers to the district, seeking their fortunes and following the creeks up the mountains from Smiths Gully, Queenstown and Yarra Glen. Some were successful, and it was reported that 1500 ounces of gold were taken from No. 1 Creek near East Kinglake.

As the gold petered out, the settlers turned to farming the land and found that gooseberries and raspberries flourished. Berry growing became widespread and was so successful that two preserving factories, Hoadley’s and Peacock’s, were operating at Kinglake by about 1895.

Prices ranged from £5 a ton, to a record £12, on one occasion. A bumper crop

one year resulted in 115 tons from 1,600 acres of land.

To the east of Kinglake lay Castella and Muddy Creek, and wild rough country through which wound a track to Yarra Glen. To the west, settlers could follow the hazardous road down the mountain through Queenstown to Melbourne.

For a time Kinglake was isolated. Pioneers of the area battled with boggy tracks, snow in winter and primitive tools. Bullock teams were widely used. It was an area of huge trees and dense, ferny gullies. Bullock teams dragged their way through mud up to the axles bringing produce down to Whittlesea. The pioneers waged a continual battle against rain sodden scrub.

One of the earliest pioneers of the district was an Irishman, named McMahon, who, with his wife, also Irish, built a house on a virgin block of forest land in Kinglake East in 1875.

Unfortunately the house was burnt in a bush fire and the couple returned to Melbourne where Mr McMahon drove a two horse bus at Fitzroy. His son John, now 85, in this year of 1960, and a well known identity of Kinglake, was therefore born in Fitzroy.¹³⁷

The family decided to return to Kinglake in 1880, making the forty mile journey from Melbourne in a spring cart.

John, then five years old, can recall how the cart capsized on tire rutty road between Kangaroo Ground and Panton Hill, and how a bystander, a Mrs Coutie, consoled him with caraway cake and homemade cordial.

On arrival at Kinglake, after a hazardous trip through the cutting from Queenstown, this family settled on a block of land which Mr McMahon had cleared. To keep his family until his farm was established, he worked at a mine with a whim horse.

The land boom affected property on the mountain in the late 1880's. Mr McMahon sold to a speculator in 1892, but the land market suddenly collapsed that year and the sale fell through. As a result, the McMahons remained in Kinglake.

The first landowners in the district were, at East Kinglake, the McMahons,

Lawreys, Ellesons, Beckwiths and the Cohens. Each was granted 50 acres when the Lands Department opened 250 acres of country.

At the time, one of the well known Chaffey brothers who also owned land in the district, left to settle in Mildura.

East Kinglake was also the home of early nurserymen, Messrs Tom Russell, Lawrey and William Grey, who supplied the Diamond Valley with apple, peach and plum trees.

The market for the fruit trees increased as the gold supplies diminished, and settlers planted the valley with fruit trees from Greensborough to the foot of the mountains, making a glorious display of blossom in the spring.

Young John McMahon, at his mountain top home, naturally became an expert axeman, taking part in wood chop competitions at sports meetings. He won his first chop when he was eighteen, and his last, from scratch, forty years later.

He was in his top form in his early thirties and won all the competitions he entered, travelling throughout the Diamond Valley. He married a Kinglake girl, Maggie Carrucan and they had two sons and a daughter. One son, John, a flight-sergeant in the R.A.A.F died in World War II, and the second son, James, married a Kinglake girl, Bess Exlon. They live on an adjoining farm. Mr McMahon's daughter Agnes is the wife of Stan Reeves, a Kinglake potato farmer.

After the death of his wife, John McMahon married Miss Renehan of Kangaroo Ground.

John was a well known figure for 29 years at the Royal Melbourne Show Grounds where he supplied all the logs and blocks for wood chops, selecting, culling and dressing each one himself at Kinglake, before trucking them to Yarra Glen, where they were loaded on to a goods train and delivered at the show grounds under his personal supervision.

For the centenary show he prepared and delivered 300 logs. Due to the foresight of John McMahon and two other settlers, East Kinglake received a township grant of seventy-five acres for a sports oval and other facilities.

Today, Kinglake is serviced by all weather roads. A few giant trees stand, but little of the original forest land remains.

Kinglake, as distinct from Kinglake East, followed a similar pattern of development. Mrs McMinn, daughter of Harry Thomson (one of the early settlers in this area) and Mr H. Collier, the postmaster of Pheasant Creek, continue this history of Kinglake:

The first settlers dug for gold and there are still traces of alluvial gold in some small mountain streams. A few mine holes remain in some of the gullies, but most have been filled in since the land was cultivated. In the early days it was not unusual for a drover to see some of his herd disappear down one of these grass-covered holes and even his own horse might go from under him.

A gold-buyer for this area, named Cookson, was found murdered on the Old Kinglake - St Andrews Road and over seventy years ago a would-be bushranger called 'French Joe' was shot by a police officer near Kinglake.

The first post office was run by Mr Staff on the Mt Slide road. Later, Harry Thomson was appointed postmaster and the post office was moved to 'The Oaks' on the main road. Harry Thomson married Elizabeth Harris, daughter of the school teacher at Queenstown and she took over its management until her death in 1941. The post office was in the Thomson family for seventy-two years and is still conducted on their property. Mail deliveries came at first on horseback, twice a week from Queenstown, later by horse and buggy three times a week from Steele's Creek, then daily from Yarra Glen. More recently it came from Hurstbridge by car; now it comes from both Eltham and Whittlesea daily and most residents have their mail before noon.

Mr Mankey protested to the Education Department about the conditions under which he and the children had to work in summer and described the school as an 'oven': and ill-ventilated.

It is this miserable building that I am compelled, during the course of the day's duties, to withdraw from in order to obtain fresh air and permit the pupils to do the same.

I requested a school that would take 40 pupils. Finally in September 1890, one acre, part of Allotment 2 Section 9 Parish of Nillumbik, costing £ 20

was purchased from W. West for Kinglake, as distinct from Kinglake East. At this time the attendance was 28: 16 boys and 12 girls.

Many different names have been given to Research and the area around it, some of which include Swipers Gully and Wallaby Town. Legend has it that the name Research originated when Morris's grandfather told tales of how he found a valuable trace of gold, then searched and researched for it. A letter to the Education Department from Mr Mankey dated ****¹³⁸ puts forward the suggestion that Research Gully School be known as Research School. By 30th June 1891 a State-owned wooden building with a room measuring 24 feet by 18 feet providing for 45 children, was built and became Research State School No. 2959. From 2nd June 1891 until 5th October 1903, Henry James Collier was in charge. Evidently the first sewing mistress to be appointed was Miss Rodda, who was also at the school from 26 October 1891 to March 1897 and who became Mrs Cole in 1894. This headmaster devoted much time to the landscaping of the school grounds, planting trees and erecting a paling fence. The shelter-shed that was erected is still there today.

An elderly resident, Mrs Reynolds, reports that the early school was the only public building in Research and was used for functions, including church. If a piano was needed for entertainment, one was carried across from the Research Hotel. Later additions made to the original room make it exactly as it is today. Due to development and the increase in population following World War, it has been added to at three different intervals and extra land has been acquired. By 1970 there was a staff of 1 head teacher and 8 teachers, with a total attendance of 247 pupils.

Bushfires

In his account of the history of the district, John McMahon spoke of the times when bushfires had destroyed farms, homes and enterprise.

Kinglake has a long history of bushfires when extreme weather conditions occur. There were severe bushfires at the end of January 2006 into early February 2006, when fires burnt out over 1,500 hectares (3,700 acres). The firefighters managed to bring the fire to a halt. Fires also occurred in the 1982–1983 season the Ash Wednesday fires and during the 1960s. The major fires of

1939 also placed the community at risk with a major ignition point being nearby. In 1926 major fires in the area caused significant losses, the Post Office being the only building left standing.

The Black Saturday bushfires¹³⁹

In his 90th year, Jim McMahon, the grandson of Peter and Hannah Carrucan, and his wife Bessie were to have their brush with disaster when the Black Saturday bushfires of Saturday 7th February 2009 stormed through their area, leaving 42 people confirmed dead in Kinglake and Kinglake West, and more than 500 homes destroyed.



Bessie and Jim McMahon of Kinglake in February 2009 soon after the fires

Overall, the bushfires that ignited vast areas of bushland and farmland across the State of Victoria on and around Saturday 7 February, 2009 were the most devastating ever recorded, leaving 173 people dead and 414 injured.

Just before midday on 7th February 2009, high winds felled a 2 km section of power lines, sparking a fire in open grasslands adjoining pine plantations. The fire was fanned by extreme north-westerly winds, and travelled 50 km south-east in a narrow fire front into Kinglake National Park. A wind change on the evening of 7th February which passed through the area around 5:30pm, bringing

strong south-westerly winds, turned the initial long and narrow fire band into a wide fire front moving in a north-east direction through Kinglake and beyond.

The Melbourne Herald Sun of 16th February 2009 carried the headline **Bessie saves the day**¹⁴⁰ and read as follows:

**If anyone knows what to do in the face of a firestorm, it is 83-year-old
Bessie McMahon.**

Up to 35 terrified Kinglake neighbours, relatives and strangers sheltered in her house while she fought spot fires with her bare hands during the inferno.

"I've been in Kinglake all my life and I know how to handle fire," she said. "When you've lived on a farm all of your life you have your little techniques."

Miraculously Bessie, husband Jim, 89, and their family in the area survived, with their homes.

Mrs McMahon said the fire had an intensity she had never seen. "It came so rapidly. It came from St Andrews. It came in from Kilmore way. It came in every way. It sort of came over and it came down on top of us so hard."

As dozens of people poured into her house - including son Anthony, his wife Marie and their four children - Bessie stood tall. "The fire did start up the carport - I managed to put the fire out," she said. "To start with, I did it with my hands and my feet. None of us got hurt. I can't believe it."

Bessie's amazing story came to light after Casey Butler, of Mill Park, emailed the Herald Sun to thank the McMahons for saving her partner Cameron Dalloway, 26, and his brother Mitch Robinson, 17.

"To the McMahon family . . . thank you for keeping Cameron and Mitch safe," she wrote. "Thanks to you and your family we are lucky to have the boys safe and well. You all are true heroes to myself and Cam and Mitch's family. Thank you so much."

Mrs McMahon yesterday played down her role. "I went out to a church service this morning in Kinglake. None of us can even work out how we survived. It's a miracle."

Mr and Mrs McMahon have refused to leave their 80ha property since the

firestorm, using a generator while they provide shelter and support to locals. "We haven't left the house, no way. We're staying here," she said. "We've got people in the house all the time. If anybody wanted a bed they've never been turned away."

The McMahons also saved their 40 cows.

Two of their six children, and seven of their 17 grandchildren, live in fire-ravaged areas.

Second Generation – 10: Agnes Mary Carrucan

Agnes Mary Carrucan, the tenth and last child of Peter and Hannah Carrucan, was born in 1881 at Eltham. The following reminiscences have been written by Pam Hayes nee Allsopp, the wife of Colin Hayes who is one of Agnes' grandchildren.

On 1st December 1900, Agnes Mary Carrucan married Thomas Albert Hayes in Heidelberg. He was a son of John Hayes and Ellen Houlahan and also a tenth child.

Thomas and Agnes Hayes had six children

Francis Vincent (1901-1965)

Percival (1909-1909)

John Joseph (1905-1985)

Selwyn James (1912-1986)

Thomas Albert (1907-1954)

Mary Agnes (1915-1991)

On June 24th 1917, Agnes Mary was to die tragically. While working in their garden at Eltham Road with Thomas, a menacing brown snake crawled under a fence. Thomas pushed Agnes out of the way down an embankment. She fell and went into premature labour and both she and the baby died. This was the start of Dad's (Selwyn's) rather sad childhood. He was only four years old and his sister Molly only two years old. He said in later years that he could always remember his mother's auburn hair and her coffin being carried out the French doors and part of the fence being removed to make way.

I think a lot of his childhood was spent with his Aunty Lena (Ellen) Brock (nee Hayes), his father's sister. Molly, I think, was cared for by her mother's

family.

He attended St Thomas' School at Clifton Hill. He remembered chunks of bread with beef dripping or treacle for lunch and being hungry and cold. One of his hunger stoppers was brussel sprouts nicked from the local green grocer (with his knowledge) and boiled in a billy under a local bridge. This was when he was about ten. One gets the impression from his memories that he was a homeless child pushed from pillar to post.

Selwyn always had a way with animals, especially dogs and horses. Two dogs from his childhood were Trixie and Parky. He slept with them sometimes to keep warm. He also had ferrets which he had trained to catch rabbits. This provided him with his pocket money. Ten shillings was the going rate for ferret hire not to mention the added bonus of a roasted rabbit.



1932 - Selwyn Hayes age 11 with his dogs Trixie and Parky

He moved to Brisbane in the mid 1930's to get a new start. His father and brothers were to follow. Plastering was the trade that they pursued.

With the advent of World War 2 and being unfit for regular army duties due to severe psoriasis, Selwyn worked for the American Army as the pay was double what the Land Army was offering.

He met his wife Irene Rita Norris (1917-1975) at the Blue Moon Café in Brisbane and they were married in 1939. Four sons were born, Allan James (Jimmy), Grant Trevor, Colin John, and Noel Selwyn. There are now 13 grandchildren and 22 great grandchildren.



1939 - Irene Rita Norris and Selwyn Hayes at the Blue Moon Cafe Brisbane

He built his own house at Cracknell Rd, Ekibin, in the 1940's and later added a block of shops to the premises. These he rented out for extra income. His twilight years of working were with the National Bank in the maintenance depot. He did a lot of work on the heritage buildings, restoring

old plasterwork. He also set up a museum in the Queen Street branch in Brisbane with articles of historical interest collected and restored by him from National Banks Australia wide. Sadly this museum is no longer there. He sold the Ekibin house in 1971 and moved to Loganholme.

For someone with a very tragic start to life, Selwyn Hayes, grandson of Peter Carrucan excelled himself in providing for his family.

The Denis Carrucan – Mary Sexton Line

As discussed in the opening chapter ‘The Carrucan Story’, at the time our story commences they were the only two men in Fisherstreet bearing the name *Carrucan*, namely Patrick and Denis. As they were of a similar age, are we to presume that they were cousins or perhaps brothers?

Our story up until now has discussed the family of Patrick and his wife Mary Carrucan nee Droney.

This chapter discusses the family of Denis and Mary Carrucan nee Sexton and its connection to Australia via their daughter Bridget Mary.

In 1835, Denis married Mary Sexton in Corofin, their family eventually numbering five: Bridget Mary, Thomas, Patrick, Michael and Marie.

Like her cousins before her, Bridget Mary, their eldest daughter, chose to leave Ireland, venturing to South Australia aboard the *Charlotte Gladstone*, dep. Plymouth 13th March 1866 arr. Adelaide 17th June 1866. She was described in the ship's manifest as *a Dairymaid, age 20*.

Why Adelaide rather than Melbourne where her older cousins Bridget, Patrick and Peter had settled? Perhaps the answer lies in the passenger lists and shipping records of the period which show three Carrucans arriving in Adelaide from Ireland in the years preceding her.

- Caruken Peter, #58/3, Labourer, County Clare, Age 24, *Nugget* x, 20/7/1857, arr. Adelaide SA, 3 April 1858. Note the variant spelling.
- Carrucan Patrick, #64/6 #771, Labourer, County Clare, Age 20, *Adamant* x Plymouth, 16 July 1864 arr. Adelaide SA 12 Oct 1864.
- Carrucan Dennis, #65/6, #220, Labourer, County, Clare, Age 24, *Peeress* x Plymouth, 8 April 1865, arr. Adelaide SA 9 July 1865.

We have no further information on these travellers nor how they fitted into the Irish family but perhaps she chose Adelaide because family members were there already.

It was a further 12 years before she surfaced again in historical records when she married John Hauteville Doube at St Ignatius Catholic Church in Norwood on 22nd November 1878.



Bridget Mary Doube nee Carrucan in 1908 – towards the end of her long life

The Origins of the Doube Clan in Ireland

Before discussing the subsequent life of Bridget Mary and John Doube, it is worth digressing to discuss the Doube family connection in more detail. Much of this is based primarily on the historical details given in the 231 page Doube Chronicle entitled ‘The story of Brian and Kathleen Doube (née Browne)’ compiled by Brian and Kathleen and dated March 1996. A small number of copies of this document exist. This chronicle is based on their extensive research involving interviews, details from births, deaths and marriages offices and the South Australian Archives, and three visits to Counties Clare and

Limerick, Ireland, where their historical investigations were greatly assisted by their friend, the outstanding genealogist Naoise Cleary.

The Doube clan in Ireland was descended from German migrants who were part of a mass emigration from the Palatinates (at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle Rivers) in the early 1700s. The 'Palatine emigration' was prompted by a combination of war, crop failure and religious persecution, and thousands of refugees were assisted by Queen Anne of England to resettle (via England), with the majority going to the east coast of the United States, but a small number going to Ireland, settling in Co. Kerry and on the north (Co. Clare) and south (Co. Limerick) sides of the Shannon River. There they prospered, with every man, woman and child being allowed eight acres of land at a rent of five shillings per acre, with the government undertaking to pay the entire amount of rent for the first 20 years. Compare that with Australia's 2011 refugee policy!

Records of the Palatine communities in these areas in the 1760s and 1780s indicate that they were Protestant, God-fearing communities with no swearing, nor ale-houses but lots of hard work, making them 'better fed and clothed than the generality of Irish peasantry' and having 'left off their sour krout and feed on potatoes, butter, milk, oaten and wheaten bread and some meat and fowles, of which they rear many ...'. The women are very industrious ... and reap the corn, plough the land and assist the men in everything'. (Ferrar, ca 1780, cited in the Doube Chronicles).

It seems likely that population increases in Ireland since the 1700s had made the lot of a tenant farmer much less favourable than it had been in earlier days.

Brian Doube discussed the reasons for the Doube emigration from Ireland to Australia and suggested that the economic conditions in Ireland were 'in a bad state because of the continual failure of the potato crop year after year', but the Great Potato Famine (1845–1852) occurred nearly 20 years before their departure and the potato blight did not return seriously until 1879, five years after Charles Doube's arrival in Australia. It therefore seems more likely that the increasingly harsh attitudes of British landlords and employers made Australia very alluring to many a poor Irish farm labourer. To quote Philip Gavin from his website *The History Place*:

The Encumbered Estates Act of 1849 allowed estates in severe debt to be

auctioned off upon petition of creditors or even at the request of bankrupt landlords. Land values tumbled as hundreds of estates with huge debts were auctioned off at bargain prices to British speculators interested solely in making a future profit. These new owners took a harsh view of the penniless Irish tenant farmers still living on the land. They immediately raised rents and also conducted mass evictions to clear out the estates in order to create large cattle-grazing farms. Between 1849 and 1854 nearly 50,000 families were evicted.¹⁴¹

From this we infer that their departure from Ireland was probably unrelated to the potato blight but rather encouraged by the prospect of becoming financially independent and escaping from the life of a wage labourer on rented land, the life of their forebears since their arrival in Ireland in the early 1700's.

A number of Doube family members emigrated to Australia, from the mid 1860s onwards. The first was John Doube (b circa 1830) who arrived in Melbourne in 1866. His nephew John Doube (b 1848) was the next to emigrate, arriving in Adelaide in the late 1860s or early 1870s. Then John's brothers James (b 1849) and Henry (b 1854) arrived in Adelaide in July 1873. Finally, in February 1874, their father Charles (b 1827) arrived in Adelaide with his daughter Mary (b 1852).

After settling his daughter Mary in the new land, Charles returned to Ireland, leaving his four children John, James, Henry and Mary, to build new lives in this land of opportunity.

Our story continues with John Doube, the eldest of the four children, for it was he who met and married Bridget Mary Carrucan

Bridget Mary Carrucan and John Doube

John Doube was born in Limerick, Co. Clare, Ireland, in 1848, the oldest of four children born to Charles Doube (b 1827) and Ann Hase.

Following Irish tradition, the three boys were brought up as Protestants, the religion of their father, while Mary was Catholic, like her mother. However, this tradition did not persist long in Australia for John's son Henry John was brought up a Catholic, the religion of his mother.

The Doube families lived in properties at Ballycorgoran and Killaloe that were leased from the Britisher Colonel Paterson and they worked for Paterson in various forms of employment.

For some years they worked as ‘timber workers’ associated with the Paterson saw mill at Clifton Hills. This Paterson property was 3600 acres in size and skirted the shores of Lake Inchiquin. Each work day they walked the three miles to and from the Clifton Hills mill around the edge of the lake.

In his older years, John told his grandson Brian many stories about his life on the edge of Lake Inchiquin and of the local history, some of which is detailed in the Doube Chronicles.

As a young man John emigrated to Australia, arriving in Adelaide in the late 1860s or early 1870s. Alas, there are no known records of his journey. By the age of 30 he was sufficiently established to marry Bridget Mary Carrucan, aged 28, on 22nd November 1878 at St Ignatius Catholic Church, Norwood, S.A.

The marriage celebrant was Fr Joseph Peters, S.J. and the union was witnessed by John’s brother Henry and by Mary (of unstated surname but probably his sister Mary Doube). Little were they to know that 70 years later the Jesuits at St Ignatius College would educate seven Doube boys, but more of this later.

John and Bridget lived at 180 Grenfell St, Adelaide, where their five children were born

Henry John (b 1879)

Joseph Ernest (b 1885)

Mary Anne (b 1881)

Mary Gertrude (b 1888)

Charles (b 1883)

Alas, 3 of the 5 children died young - Mary Anne (b. 7th June 1881, d. 14th February 1882, 8 months), Joseph Ernest (b. 4th April 1885, d. 7th February 1886, 10 months) and Mary Gertrude (b. 18th October 1888, d. 16th September 1891, 3 years).

The two surviving brothers, Henry John (known as Harry or HJD) and Charles, attended the Christian Brothers College at Wakefield St, Adelaide, where one of Henry John’s class mates was C. J. Dennis, who became a famous Australian author.

Henry John (b. 16th October, 1879, d. 17th December 1939, age 60 years), had

four children while his brother Charles (b. 4th April 1883, d. 29th September 1956, age 73 years), did not marry and had no children.



**This photo, taken in 1891, shows Henry (b 1879), Mary (b 1888) and Charles (b 1883).
Alas, Mary died in 1891, aged 3**

John worked as a foreman in the Globe Timber Mills, Flinders St, Adelaide, remaining in the timber industry in SA along with his brother, Henry and his two sons, Henry John and Charles.

John and Bridget shifted from Grenfell St to live briefly in Bent St, Adelaide, and Well St, Stepney. Then, in about 1913, they shifted to Hauteville Tce, Eastwood, into the newly-built home, called 'Inchiquin', of their bachelor son Charles where the three of them lived together for another 25-30 years. Bridget died there on St Patrick's Day, 17th March 1928 and was buried in the West Tce Cemetery. Twenty one years later on St Patrick's Day, Ann Doube was born – perhaps she should have been called Bridget.

About 1930, economic strictures from the Great Depression induced Charles to rent 'Inchiquin' and move to a boarding house and so his father John had to move again, this time to the home of his eldest son Henry John, at 20 Sturt Ave, Monreith (subsequently Toorak Gardens). John died, aged 90, during a severe heat wave at the Monreith Private Hospital. He was buried in the West Tce Cemetery, where Bridget was also buried.

Third Generation – Charles Doube

The younger surviving son Charles (b. 4th April 1883, d. 29th September 1956, age 73 years) did not marry and had no children.

A carpenter by trade, he built his home "Inchiquin" at Hauteville Tce, Eastwood, and he and his parents John and Bridget Mary (née Carrucan) shifted there from Grenfell St (via a short stay at Bent St) and lived in that house for another 25-30 years. However, the Great Depression had a devastating effect on the household budget and eventually Charles ('old uncle Charley') was obliged to rent out his home and move into a boarding house while his father, John, went to live with the other son, Henry John, at his family home, Bridget Mary having died some years previously (17th March 1928). When John died, Charles then joined his brother Henry John to live in his home.



1910 - Charles and Henry Doube

Third Generation – Henry John Doube

The elder surviving son Henry John (b. 16th October 1879, d. 17th December 1939, age 60 years) was, like his brother Charles, a carpenter and also built his own family home, called “Kinkora”, at Sturt Ave, Monreith (subsequently renamed Toorak Gardens). The same house plans were used some years later by his brother Charles to build “Inchiquin”.

Henry John married Augusta Mary Ziesing, (Gus, or ‘Tiny’ as he called her (b. 14th November 1882, d. 18th June 1966, aged 84)) on 5th October 1911 in Queen of Angels Catholic Church, South Road, Thebarton, by Rev. Fr John Healy. They lived together in “Kinkora” where she bore him four children.

Charles Michael (Chas) – b 1912

Henry Joseph (Harry) – b 1913

Mary Eileen (Molly) – b 1915

Brian Ignatius (Barney) – b 1917

These children gave rise to Adelaide’s Doube and Murray clans.

Henry John had been educated by the Christian Brothers at CBC, Adelaide, but chose to send his sons to the Marist Brothers, at Queen St, Norwood, a reflection, in Brian’s view, on the harsh discipline often administered by the Christian Brothers. Subsequently the school was to become St Ignatius College, Norwood, run by the Jesuits. It was here that Harry’s four boys and Brian’s three boys were educated.

Henry John, known as Harry or HJD to his children, was apprenticed as a carpenter to J Leahy and Co. and subsequently joined T A Cook and Co. at Norwood where he became leading foreman and specialised in staircase construction (especially those of the spiral kind). He was a very capable draftsman. He worked there with a staff of up to 20, which, during the Great Depression, were put off progressively until only HJD remained, and then he also was put off. After that, and until his death from bowel cancer in late 1939, 6 months after being diagnosed, HJD earned a poor living as an odd job carpenter. Brian used to joke that the whole family would pray for stormy weather to fell trees on houses, necessitating repairs. HJD built a handcart, called the ‘Pride Reducer’, in which he would carry his tools of trade all over Adelaide, arriving on foot in his suit and changing into work clothes at the

worksite.

He was quite a social livewire, being the automatic choice as MC for ‘all the big Catholic balls’ in Adelaide, an active member of the Adelaide Rifle Club, a committed member of the Adelaide Catholic Club and the St Vincent de Paul Society, and he played the euphonium in the Guild Band. He had a good musical ear and also played the tin whistle. He was a keen theatre-goer, and liked poetry, especially that of Burns and Walter Scott, which he could recite, if called upon. He was, according to his son Brian, ‘*a most upright man, honest, jovial and good tempered*’, with a keen interest in all things Irish, sporting and theatrical and had a strong sense of social justice.



The Doube family in 1938 – Harry and Gus with children Charles, Henry, Mary and Brian

Henry John probably met his future wife, Gus Ziesing, at an Adelaide Catholic Club dance. At that time Gus lived with her parents above the family butcher shop on King William St South. Gus worked in the shop and became an expert on all cuts of meat, surprising some dubious butchers in later years who

attempted to substitute inferior cuts into her shopping basket. Gus was a careful, industrious and capable house manager and a great support to the whole family.

Despite the difficulties of the depression years, the extended family (Gus and HJD, the children and senior relatives) lived together in the family home until close to the Second World War. 1939 was quite a year for the family with the beginning of World War II and the deaths of three Doubes, Henry (aged 60), his father John (aged 90) and his uncle Henry (aged 85). The three boys enlisted and left home on active service and Mary enlisted in the WANS, serving on the home front.



Henry (RAAF), Brian (RAAF), Charles (RAAF) and Mary Doube (WANS) all served during the Second World War

With the departure of the dead, 1939 and with the boys off to war, the household of 7 had shrunk to 3 (Gus, Molly and a boarder) by 1940. Luckily the 3 boys returned alive and unwounded at the end of the War.

Gus died on 18th June, 1966, 28 year after her husband, and was buried

alongside him in the West Terrace Cemetery, Adelaide.

In his will, HJD decreed that the estate was to be divided equally amongst the four children after his death, with Gus having life tenancy of the house. At the time that the boys were about to go away to war, and Molly joined the local war effort in Adelaide, the children were persuaded to surrender to Gus their inheritance rights. As time passed it became evident that the boys were to be denied their share of the inheritance, creating a damaging rift between the Doube boys on the one hand, and their sister and mother on the other. Fortunately the acrimony of those days has long passed and relations between the cousins from all four families are harmonious.

Fourth Generation: Charles Michael Doube

Charles Michael (known as Chas), the eldest son of HJD and Gus, was born at Payneham, SA on 2nd August 1912. He was educated by the Marist Brothers, Queen St, Norwood and was a serious minded hardworking person of moderate habits, but with a great sense of humour and an inexhaustible supply of stories. He was a keen sportsman, taking on cricket, tennis, football and boxing, and in later years became an expert at lawn bowls.



Charles Doube during the War years

Chas left school at 14 and worked as a delivery boy for Motor Traders, but quickly began to study, through night school, his life's work of accountancy. He served in the RAAF in a fighter control unit in Darwin during the War. On 13th March 1945, in St Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Adelaide, he married Naomi Helena Brown, a talented musician and horsewoman. Chas and Naomi had two children Ann and Naomi and the family lived in their own home at Kyle St Glenside. Chas worked as an accountant for a number of Adelaide businesses as well as maintaining his own private accountancy business. Chas became a JP and, after retirement, took up drawing and painting, achieving some considerable success. Chas and Naomi lived for many years. Naomi died in May 2000 and Chas in March 2002.

Fifth Generation: Ann Marie Doube

Ann Marie Harris née Doube (b. 17th March 1946), the elder of the two children born to Chas and Naomi, was educated at St Aloysius College, Adelaide, and then worked in the Maths & Stats section of the CSIRO at the Waite Campus, Adelaide. In 1973 she married Grantley Bruce Harris, a lawyer with the Von Doussa legal practice at Mt Barker, SA. After some years Grant acquired the practice and then, some years later, left to become a Stipendiary Magistrate in South Australia. Grant served with distinction in that position until his retirement in 2009. Ann and Grant have five children (Simonne, Ben, Sophie, Lucy and Amelia) and eight grandchildren. While the children were very young, Ann completed a 3-year TAFE course on interior decorating. Once the children were all at school, Ann sought employment as an interior decorator and, after some years, started her own business, which she ran for over 20 years. Her distinctive designs can be seen in many Adelaide homes.

Fifth Generation: Naomi Mary Doube

Naomi Mary Booker née Doube (b. 19th October 1948), the younger of the two children born to Chas and Naomi, was educated at St Aloysius College, Adelaide, and then trained as a nurse at Calvary Hospital, Adelaide, before moving to Melbourne to study midwifery. Naomi then spent two years abroad, primarily in the UK. Upon returning to Australia, she met and married an Englishman, Stewart Booker, a medical doctor. For some years they ran their own practice at Cummins, SA and then worked in a number of country

locations in SA, including Mt Gambier, before moving to Adelaide. Naomi and Stewart had three children (Genevieve, Charlotte and John) and one grandchild. Naomi was diagnosed with breast cancer and died in 2008.

Fourth Generation: Henry Joseph Doube

Henry Joseph (known as Harry), the second son of HJD and Gus, was born on 16th September 1913, probably in the front room of “Kinkora”. Harry was educated at the Marist Brothers, where he excelled at marbles, providing his brothers with a daily supply to lose the following day, thereby perpetuating a very satisfactory cycle. Harry excelled in all things mechanical and served an apprenticeship as a blacksmith as well as attending night school to learn oxy and electric welding, fitting and turning and motor mechanics. Unbeknown to his parents, he took up motor cycle racing with his beloved four-valve Rudge cycle. In later life he took up pistol shooting and was, like his father and his nephew Andrew, an excellent shot. Harry was a ‘real character’ and there are many stories about his pranks and inventions.



Henry Doube circa 1940

In 1936-37 Harry joined the RAAF as an aircraft maintenance engineer and volunteered to join an advance party based in Darwin. He served there and in

the islands of the southwest Pacific until the end of the war after which he joined the police force as a vehicle mechanic. On 6th April 1942 Harry married Marie Elizabeth Kelly at St Savior's Catholic Church, Hindmarsh, and they lived in their own home at Arthur St, Clarence Gardens, where they raised four sons Michael, Anthony, Gregory and Paul. Harry died of a ruptured aortic aneurysm on 25th October 1983.

Fifth Generation: Michael Henry Doube

Michael (b. 14th July 1944), the eldest of the children born to Harry and Marie, spent his working life in the teaching profession, initially at St Michael's College Beverley and then later at Plympton High School and Brighton Secondary School. His final placement was at Mt Gambier at Tennyson Woods College where his role changed to that of student counsellor which he relished. Cycling was his passion. He was a State champion, and State representative in a number of age groups. In later years he switched to racing Penny Farthings and started Bicycle SA where he was eventually awarded life membership. He was an Australian title holder for his age group in Penny Farthing races. He was an avid traveller and spent most holidays overseas. Michael was married to Mary O'Brien but they divorced after a time. He died in 2010.

Fifth Generation: Anthony Austin Doube

Anthony (Tony) (b. 6th December 1946), the second of the children born to Harry and Marie, left school and trained in wool-classing. He worked as a wool-classer until he was married Carol Phillis. After this he returned to Adelaide and worked in various stores including Michel's, Franklin's and Sam's Warehouse. Anthony and Carol have two children, Nicholas and Peter. Peter and his wife Rebecca (Bec) have presented them with the first grandchild, a girl Zali Adelaide, born in 2010. Tony's main interests have been bowls, gardening and country music.

Fifth Generation: Gregory John Doube

Greg (b. 13th December 1949), the third of the children born to Harry and Marie, graduated in Arts and joined the Commonwealth Public Service. Late in his career he completed post graduate legal qualifications and worked in

Veterans Affairs, initially in an administrative role, and then for the last decade in the legal area as the Departmental Advocate on the Administrative Appeals Tribunal. Greg's passions are most sports but particularly football and tennis, both of which he played. In later life Greg has become more interested in travel and cooking. Greg is married to Sally Dawson.

Fifth Generation: Paul Gerard Doube

Paul (b. 17th February 1953), the fourth of the children born to Harry and Marie, left school and had a variety of employment options until he trained as a mature student in teaching. He taught in the Northern Territory in aboriginal communities, then in S.A., initially in Cummins on Eyre Peninsula and later in Adelaide. While teaching, he decided to change to something that had always been an ambition – a lawyer. He graduated in Law and now works in his own practice. His passions include anything with an engine but particularly motor sport where he has been a participant as well as a spectator. He married Ruth Farrington Sawyer and they have two children Michael Henry and Stewart Paul.

Fourth Generation: Mary Eileen Doube

Mary Eileen Doube (known as Molly), the third of the children born to HJD and Gus, was born at “Kinkora” on 16th May 1915 and was educated by the St Joseph nuns at St Peter Claver's church/school, then by the Loreto nuns and then finally with the St Joseph nuns at Beulah Rd, Norwood. After leaving school, she attended business college and worked in various clerical positions. Molly was an accomplished ballroom dancer and played tennis and basketball.

During the war years, while her brothers were away on active service, Molly served with the WANS – the Women's Australian National Service - servicing the needs of those left behind. One of those was Robert Murray (Bob) whom she married in 1946 at St Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Adelaide. Bob was an accomplished musician, playing both the viola and the violin. Bob and Molly had two daughters, Mary and Bronwyn.



Mary Doube during the War

Fifth Generation: Mary Katheryn Murray

Mary (b. 29th December 1946), the elder of the two daughters of Mary and Bob, trained as a nurse at Calvary Hospital. She married John Sullivan and they had a son Sean and adopted a daughter Fiona. They lived in various places – Woomera, Madang in New Guinea, Queensland and then back to Woomera. Mary shifted to Adelaide in late 1978 (separated at that time) and worked in aged care at the Masonic Village at Somerton Park where she established the geriatric day care program. Mary spent most of her working life working for the Australian Red Cross in Adelaide managing the Community Service Department. She resigned in 1993 because of the increasing effects of MS. She had married John Lane in 1980 but they were divorced in 1999. Since then she has been living with a close friend in Mitcham. Mary has always had a passion for ballet and the performing arts.

Fifth Generation: Bronwyn Margaret Murray

Bronwyn (b. 13th October 1949), the younger of the two daughters of Mary and Bob, trained as a nurse on leaving school but later left nursing to go into retail. She married Greg Barter and they shifted to Papua New Guinea, living in Lae and Pt. Moresby. They had two sons Christopher and Martin who both married and have children of their own. Bronwyn and Greg later returned to live at Nairne and developed a dairy goat stud with a unique range of products. After this, they bought and managed the hotel at Pt. Broughton. Bronwyn became initially involved in rebirthing after her divorce from Greg. She has developed Rebirther Training Australia and is President of the Australian Academy of Rebirthing-Breathwork. Bronwyn married Frank Pellas in 1991. Their great leisure is motorbike riding.

Fourth Generation: Brian Ignatius Doube

Brian Ignatius, the youngest child of Gus and HJD, was born at “Kinkora” on 28th September 1917 and was educated initially by the Marist Brothers, Norwood and at the Thebarton Technical High School. Brian’s schooling was dogged by dyslexia, but he managed to survive and even won a prized magazine medal for articles reporting school events. At 16 he left school and joined Eddy’s Ltd, to begin a distinguished 43-year career in the furnishing trade in Adelaide. After Eddy’s Ltd, he joined Miller Anderson’s and worked here for some time before joining the war effort. Initially he served with the 13th Field Regiment – (Artillery) but later joined the RAAF training as a radio mechanic and serving in New Guinea and the surrounding islands. Upon the cessation of hostilities, Brian was demobbed and rejoined Miller Andersons after which he joined Hoopers Ltd, rising quickly to become a member of the Board of Directors. In 1959 Pattersons Pty Ltd (Melbourne) took over Hoopers and Brian accepted a ‘golden handshake’ and joined Hains Hunken Ltd, where he stayed for two years before starting in his own business as a manufacturers’ representative. He established the Brian Doube Agencies Pty Ltd and the Brian Doube Trading Co. which grew quickly to include not only Australian companies, but also those from England, Europe, Pakistan, India and USA.

During the war years Brian met Kathleen Margaret Browne and they were married in Our Lady of Doloures Catholic Church, Kingswood on 31st Dec

1942 by the Rev. D Donovan. Kathleen was an outstanding pianist. Following the war, they lived in a variety of rental accommodation but in 1949 moved into their own home in Ferguson Ave, Myrtle Bank. They stayed there until 1977 when they moved to a new home which they had built on a property at Echunga in the Adelaide Hills, 25 km from Adelaide. As business prospered, Brian invested in property and he and Kathleen went on numerous overseas adventures, many associated with the carpet trade in the Middle East and India. They had three sons, Bernard, Andrew and Lawrence, all educated at St Ignatius College, Norwood.



The marriage of Brian and Kathleen Doube in 1942

Brian was known as the Doube Chronicler, such was his interest in family history, and much of our early Carrucan research was helped by his extensive

studies. In March 1996 he and Kathleen produced a 231 page Doube Chronicle entitled 'The story of Brian and Kathleen Doube (née Browne)'. A small number of copies of this document exist. This chronicle is based on their extensive research involving interviews, details from births, deaths and marriages offices and the South Australian Archives, and three visits to Counties Clare and Limerick, Ireland.

Kathleen died of pancreatic cancer in 1986 and Brian of old age in 2007.

Fifth Generation: Bernard Michael Doube

Bernard Michael Doube (b. 30th November 1945), the oldest of the 3 children born to Brian and Kathleen Doube, worked for CSIRO as a research scientist for 29 years. Initially he was based in Brisbane working on cattle and paralysis ticks but soon moved to Rockhampton to study buffalo flies and dung beetles. He then transferred to Pretoria, South Africa, as OIC of the Dung Beetle Research Unit for 7 years. In 1987 he shifted to Canberra and then to Adelaide in 1990 to research soil ecology, or the biological basis of soil health, producing numerous scientific papers and a number of books. In 2000 he left CSIRO and established his own research organisation Dung Beetle Solutions Australia, investigating earthworms, dung beetles, *Cryptosporidium* and carbon sequestration, and supplying dung beetles to farmers across southern Australia. DBSA is now supplying dung beetles for introduction to New Zealand.

Bernard is a keen musician, playing the violin. He and Loene Allen married in May 1971. Loene studied sociology but later her career involved editing and developing web-based university teaching materials. They have three children (Andrew, Phillipa and Katherine), two of whom were born in South Africa, and one grandson.

Fifth Generation: Andrew John Doube

Andrew John Doube (b. 26th August 1947), the second of the 3 children born to Brian and Kathleen Doube, studied at the University of Melbourne where he met and married fellow veterinarian Elizabeth Aikenhead. Lib worked in a dairy practice in New Zealand before returning to Australia and marrying Andrew. After graduating, they worked at Maitland, Yorke Peninsula, then established a

branch practice in Kadina. A couple of years later, they joined Australian Volunteers Abroad and worked in Sabah for 2 years. Following this adventure, they filled locum positions in England and Wales, and with dairy cattle in Iran. Their first child, James, was born during a locum on the Isle of Man. They returned to Australia where their second child Clare was born in 1978 in a home birth at the original family home at Ferguson Ave. They purchased and expanded the mixed animal practice in Strathalbyn where they stayed for about 25 years. On the sale of the practice, they continued to do locums in various places around Australia and took a shipment of cattle to China by boat. Andy has spent one stint in Antarctica anaesthetising Elephant and Weddell seals for scientific studies. Andy, like some of his ancestors, is a great marksman and helps control feral vertebrate pests in South Australia.

Fifth Generation: Lawrence Joseph Doube

Lawrence Joseph Doube (b. 25 March 1950), the youngest of the 3 children born to Brian and Kathleen Doube, trained initially in Agriculture then worked establishing the Rural Studies Department of TAFE in Mount Gambier. After a couple of years, he gained entry to veterinary science in Brisbane. He married Denise Jeffs, a hospital pharmacist, and later a clinical pharmacist at Modbury Hospital. On completion of his studies, they transferred to Birdwood in the Adelaide Hills where they still live on a farm. Lawrence worked in the mixed practice there for a couple of years before rejoining TAFE in the paraveterinary unit at Gilles Plains. In the meantime he established a practice in West Croydon which was conducted by employed veterinarians. In 1997 he left TAFE and returned full time to his practice. Laurie and Denise have three children (Stefan, Matthew and Nikki). They enjoy music, the performing arts and developing their farm.

They Serve the Lord

The early Carrucan families wore the badge of Irish Catholicism proudly and their lives were intertwined with the local Eltham Catholic community.

It is not surprising that an ongoing stream of generous souls rose from their ranks to dedicate themselves to the Church as priests, nuns or brothers.

We proudly celebrate these pioneers who helped build the Catholic Church in Australia and we are proud that, even today, the Carrucan family has a number of members active as clergy and/or in religious orders.

The list includes

- Father Peter Carrucan
- Father Richard (Don) Lane S.J.
- Father Myles Patrick (Pat) Smith
- Rev. Jim Martin
- Father Frank O'Regan
- Monsignor Bernie O'Regan
- Brother Raymund O'Regan F.M.S.
- Maureen Kelly - Sister Bernadine, Brigidine Sisters
- Mary Veronica (Molly) O'Bryan - Sister Veronica, Sisters of the Poor
- Agnes Josephine (Bonnie) O'Bryan - Sister Michelle, Mercy Sisters

They Served Their Country

Like all Australians, the Carrucan clan was proudly and fiercely protective of their new country and did not step back from serving in times of need. To quote a few instances

- **Michael Patrick Ganly** served during WWII. In fact, he put his age up in order to enrol in the Armed Forces. He was a POW on the Burma Railway and returned to Australia a skeleton.
- **Michael Joseph Carrucan** ultimately died as the result of the damp conditions he experienced in war.
- **Fred Latham (jnr)** signed up for war when he was 17 and served in the Middle East. He died aboard the “Hobart” in 1943 when it sank.
- Fred’s brother, **Kevin Latham** signed up for war because his brother had been killed and he felt that he should replace him.
- **William Carrucan** was killed in France in WWI.

These and many more stories can be read on our website.

What impact does war have upon a family? Many wives and children would have experienced the direct effects of the psychological injuries borne by returned servicemen. Many experienced the grief of death.

It was not just the men who stepped forward - Carrucan women also answered the call.

Director Andrew Morom said, when interviewed about his play *Minefields and Miniskirts*, based on the book of the same name by Terence O’Connell

“Much has been written about the young soldiers who went to Vietnam as innocent boys and returned as hollowed out men. Far less has been written about the women, who mostly went in caring roles rather than to the front-line. But their experience was just as defining, and haunting, for them. They encountered adventure and abuse, romance and rape, carnage and cause for celebration. They also discovered strengths they never knew they had.”

Final Thoughts

Fanore – Anna Carrucan

Today Fanore is a far cry from the townland that delivered so many emigrants to the far corners of the world since the Great Famine sixteen decades ago. Thankfully many of the original family names remain which have added to the rich texture of the community over the years. Mostly the population is Irish with a little sprinkling of Polish, English, German, Belgian, Dutch, American and Australian.

The Carrucan stronghold is mightier than ever, a fine tribute to the Michael Carrucan and Mary Droney line, although unfortunately the Droney name no longer exists in Fanore. Neighbours such as Gilligan, Quinn, Thynne, Burns, Hayes, Woods, Roche, Cosgrave and Howley have also died off. Today the dominant natives are Mac Namara, Mac Mahon, Mc Cormack, Linnane, O Toole, Casey, Scanlon, Connole, O Driscoll, Doherty, Fitzpatrick, Conway, Queally, O Donohue, Kelly, Walshe, Howard, Hynes, Minitier, Kett, Burke and Pelkington.

Fanore is a much sought after sanctuary for holiday makers and many people have successfully designed their businesses around tourism. Walking tours, surf schools, rock climbing, pot holers, singers, dramatists, native language schools and sporting activities are all vital in keeping this community buoyant.

Housing in Fanore is of a very high quality with a wonderful standard of living for everybody. Most homes have at least two bathrooms. People experience an excellent quality of life here, good food and wine with the great outdoors offering beautiful views of the surrounding ocean and mountain landscape which in turn leads to a calm pace of life. Life's riches are not always in the monetary category and, while we are burdened financially for the sins of the bankers and fraudsters, we never fail to appreciate what exists on our doorsteps for free. The one great regret for the Irish nation at present is the austerity measures and hair shirt budgets imposed by government which has led to a mass exodus of our young people abroad, mostly to Australia. What a bonus for

Oz; most of them are college graduates.

Farming practices have changed considerably since our forefathers left this land. Better grass growth ensures excellent quality beef and this is the main focus of farming in Fanore today. Tillage, sheep, poultry and dairy farming were dominant up until the 1980's on the Carrucan farm, but EEC regulations and quotas changed the face of farming once Ireland entered the European Union. Family farmers in the Fanore are mostly into beef production with one or two individuals producing lamb on a small scale.

Entertainment leisure and sport, ingredients for a happy youth are mainly seasonal due to dark short winter days. Local discos, birthday parties, singers' nights, film clubs, football and hurling matches all help to create the social patchwork that is necessary for a lively community.

Fanore today has a pub, a restaurant, a primary school, Catholic Church, Post Office and many bed and breakfast accommodations. It nestles happily on the edge of Galway Bay between two strong stony outcrops of Burren lunar limestone, a landscape full of wonder, texture and a surprise at every bend.

Ballarat – Frank Carrucan

Jim Martin, our leading historian, editor and guide passed away on the 13th April, 2011. While this book is a tribute to him, it was only one of his projects. His lifetime of service and achievements, outlined at his funeral, was incredible. He was a man of energy, determination and intelligence. It was a privilege to have known him.

Tim Erickson has been coediting with Jim and completed an enormous amount of work, including the website. Although he is an extremely capable writer, in typical modest style, he has asked Anna and me to complete the final pages, rather than doing it himself. It's an honour for us to do so.

This project pays homage to our ancestors and documents their courage and sacrifice.

Great pathos and drama is present in these pages: the nightmare of the Irish famine, the grinding poverty, the hard-won living wrenched from reluctant soil, the struggle with harsh landlords and the droughts and fires of new lands.

Strong women emerge, holding their large families together, by faith and willpower, in their tiny houses. Also described are hard working men worrying about feeding their families. Look for dramatic encounters with the Black and Tans in Fanore and Squizzy Taylor, Australian criminal, in Fitzroy.

Overlaying the whole is the humour. I picture Grandma Carrucan (Hannah Carrucan nee Woods) checking the price of produce with neighbours before the men arrive from market or Auntie Jane Carrucan on the veranda on the hill in Eltham above the orchard with a telescope checking on the men's working habits. Later on in chronology there are, for example, family stories of practical jokes, hilarious times playing (and cheating) at cards and a retired man discussing with colleagues a planned move to a recently purchased block of land (his cemetery plot – facing mortality with a smile). I laughed out loud at the pregnancy stories – two older Irish women looking at a pregnant girl – (in an Irish accent, of course) -*Look at that poor girl. What brute of a man did that to her?* I laughed again at one of my aunts saying to another, *How do I stop having another baby straight away?* Answer: *Give him a quid to go somewhere else.*

Of course, pregnancy was no joke, but a life threatening condition, especially in previous centuries. Feeding all those children was a totally consuming business - absorbing all energy and attention and often with not a penny left to spare. However, they probably thought they were well off compared to the famine generation. Nevertheless, the poorest of us in the 21st century live like royalty in comparison. I've been complaining recently because the internet dropped out and the dishwasher blew up.

Historical records in Ireland take us back only to the early/mid nineteenth century because of Irish civil war fires in the records office. However, with the expertise of Frances James (see website), we have been able to use DNA testing for genealogical purposes. I always thought I might have Spanish blood because of family stories about the Armada. However, it turns out that the paternal side of the Carrucan line may have some Viking blood; I'm a close genetic match to the Longacres of Sweden. More of us need to be tested. DNA haplogroups can trace us back tens of thousands of years. I also know, for sure, I had at least one of my maternal ancestors standing on the shore of Britain, maybe 5 or 6 thousand years ago, with the wind and rain in her face, during the repopulation of the British Isles after the last ice age. She came up by boat, coast hugging,

from Iberia – where Spain is now.

So we are all immigrants at some stage. The Irish are well known for their generosity to famine victim appeals. Perhaps, as an Australian in the 21st century, I should be more sympathetic to recently arriving boat people from Asia.

When one starts thinking about all the generations before, it is evident that each of us is a miracle. What are the odds of surviving infant mortality, or living long enough to grow, find a mate and reproduce? Yet, because of our very existence, each of our ancestors back to the dawn of time did just that. Being born is better than winning the grand jackpot.

This project documents our past for our descendants. It also pays homage to all of our ancestors – distant and recent. We exist with our wonderful lifestyles and educational opportunities because of their strivings and sacrifices.

The project has become an international writing exercise between numerous family branches in Ireland, USA, Australia and New Zealand. It has created a bond between us all. Long may this fellowship flourish.

End Notes

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- ¹ Notes prepared by Jim Martin.
 - ² Melbourne was settled in 1835 by colonists from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales.
 - ³ Birrarung is the aboriginal name for the Yarra River.
 - ⁴ *The Last Cry*, Mick Woiwood, Tarcoola Press, Kangaroo Ground. Based on Vicnet Australian Book Outlines: home.vicnet.net.au/~ozlit/minirevs.html
 - ⁵ The all perceptive elder.
 - ⁶ Peter Cuffley, historian of the Sweeney family attests to the strong relationship which existed between the original inhabitants, the Wurundjeri people and his great great grandfather.
 - ⁷ Abstracted from an Address to the 1998 Carrucan Reunion by Jim Martin.
 - ⁸ Fanore is a small village in County Clare on the west coast of Ireland. Lying on the road between Ballyvaughan and Doolin, Fanore is renowned for its extensive sandy beach. The village is very popular with walkers, surfers, tourists and is particularly interesting to botanists, owing to its location on the edge of the Burren – renowned for its unique flora and fauna. It has a pub, a post office/shop, and a restaurant, as well as a surfing school near the beach.
 - ⁹ Fisherstreet, a small coastal village in County Clare, Ireland, on the Atlantic coast, was eventually renamed Doolin after the name of the Bay and Townland in which it was situated. Doolin is a noted centre of traditional Irish music, which is played nightly in its pubs, making it a popular tourist destination. The Parliamentary Gazetteer of Ireland 1845 listed it as Fishers-Street, a village in the parish of Killilegh, barony of Corcomroe, Co. Clare, Munster. Area - 6 acres. Pop. in 1841 - 227. Houses - 35.
 - ¹⁰ The Burren (Gaelic *Boireann*, meaning "great rock") is a karst-landscape region in

northwest County Clare.

It is one of the largest karst landscapes in Europe. measuring approximately 250 square kilometres being enclosed roughly within the circle made by the villages Ballyvaughan, Kinvara, Tuybber, Corofin and Lisdoonvarna. It is bounded by the Atlantic and Galway Bay on the west and north, respectively.

Karst topography is a landscape shaped by the dissolution of a layer or layers of soluble bedrock, usually limesatone or dolomite *Abstracted from Wikipedia.*

- ¹¹ The name Corrigan does not appear in the earliest available records of the County Clare in the Applotment Books of 1820 - 40, nor in the Griffiths Valuation of 1855, nor the 1901 Census.
- ¹² The material on the McNamaras was gleaned from several articles on the County Clare Library Website, as wel as fom the book *The Origin and History of the McNamaras* by N. C. McNamara. Note that there is some speculation as to whether the spelling should be MacNamara. Our text uses the more accepted spelling of McNamara.
- ¹³ Clare Heritage Centre Report, quoted in a paper prepared for the 2002 Doube Family Reunion by Jim Martin. The variant spellings are rendered as in original documents.
- ¹⁴ Both tenancies are recorded in 'The 1855 Griffiths' Valuation (a form of census).
- ¹⁵ Anna Carrucan Memoir *Growing up in an Irish Gaeltacht House.*
- ¹⁶ See the document 'The Irish Land Question' on the Carrucan website for a comprehensive discussion of land ownership in Ireland.
- ¹⁷ Based on a paper by Naoise Cleary, founder of the Clare Heritage and Genealogical Research Centre, Corofin, County Clare Ireland.
- ¹⁸ Naoise Cleary, in an article *County Clare Emigration* on the Clare Library website www.clarelibrary. He was the author of one of the three reports commissioned by family members from the Centre. Much of what follows is drawn from this distinguished scholar's article. Quotes from the article will be indicated by italic print.

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- ¹⁹ Naoise Cleary, *Ibid.*
- ²⁰ The dates of Patrick's birth, marriage and death are uncertain. However, if we assume him to be of an age, or older than Bridget, we can assume him to be born in the 1780's - 1790's and their wedding date in the mid 1820's for Michael was born in 1828. His widow Bridget set sail for Australia in 1860 so we might assume Patrick to have died a year or two earlier, say 1858-9.
- ²¹ Compilation of material in two reports from the Clare Heritage Centre Corofin, Co Clare, Ireland. The first commissioned by Mick Gooch [Reference 1989 No 593], written by Naoise Cleary, the second by Antoinette O'Brien [Reference 1995 Ref 1`4060], successive Directors of the Centre - referred to hereafter as the *Clare Heritage Centre Carrucan Family Report*.
- ²² *Growing up in an Irish Gaeltacht House* by Anna Carrucan, full text on Carrucan Website.
- ²³ Cancer of the lips occurs particularly among smokers and people who drink excessively. Chewing tobacco and sunlight exposure also increases the risk of developing lip cancer. Untreated and/or advanced lip cancer can spread into the deeper tissues of the mouth and neck.
- ²⁴ US Marriage records.
- ²⁵ Reported in *A Memoir of her childhood* by Agnes Clements, daughter of John Kerin and Mary née O'Brien. The 'Memoir', hereafter called *Agnes Clements' Memoir* is reproduced in full on the Carrucan Website <carrucan.org.au. The editors are grateful to Mary Stackhouse, great great granddaughter of Michael Carrucan and Mary Droney, who has kindly provided this memoir.
- ²⁶ The Black and Tans were of a paramilitary force recruited in Britain and sent to Ireland as part of the Royal Irish Constabulary to suppress the Sinn Féin.
- ²⁷ The fee of one guinea had to be paid at the time of the visit.
- ²⁸ See <http://www.dj1953.com/1944/sidney's%20story.htm>
- ²⁹ *Growing up in an Irish Gaeltacht House* by Anna Carrucan, full text is on the Carrucan Website.
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- ³⁰ “*Breac Gaeltacht*” is the term given to a Gaelic speaking region or bi-lingual district
- ³¹ Anna Carrucan Memoir *Growing up in an Irish Gaeltacht House*.
- ³² Abstracted from *Agnes Kerin Memoir*.
- ³³ Anna Carrucan Memoir *Growing up in an Irish Gaeltacht House*.
- ³⁴ See <http://www.fanore-info.com/Fanore%20Songnights.html>
- ³⁵ The Voyage Out - "Arriving" by Richard Broome, Fairfax Melbourne 1984 pp 50ff.
- ³⁶ SLTF (State Library) 929 3945 C47 S Chuk Florence, *The Somerset Years*, Ballarat, Pennard Hill, 1987, pp 46, 256, 311.
- ³⁷ The Argus, Wednesday 25 November, 1857, page 4
- ³⁸ The American emigrant ship *Shackamaxon*, 1090 tons, is recorded in a voyage in 1852 to Adelaide. On that voyage she carried almost 700 passengers.
- ³⁹ From Passenger Lists and Emigration Records, with thanks to Frances James.
- ⁴⁰ No further trace of this man has been found to date.
- ⁴¹ No further trace of this man has been found to date.
- ⁴² Note the variant forms of spelling. No further trace of this man has been found to date.
- ⁴³ This historical section on Eltham was written in December 2010 by well known historian Peter Cuffley who is a great great grandson of early Eltham resident Thomas Sweeney. Peter currently lives in Maldon in country Victoria.
- ⁴⁴ The Argus, Monday 24 March 1851, page 4.
- ⁴⁵ The soils in the Eltham area are thin, clayey and generally infertile. Early settlers found the soils to be only 30 - 50 cm thick, at which point hard rock was reached.
- ⁴⁶ The information in this section is taken from 2 sources
- a talk given by Mr Harry Gillam of the Eltham Historical Society in 1998.
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- *We did open a school in Little Eltham*, Eltham Primary School, 2006.

- ⁴⁷ The name is variously rendered as 'Coleman' and 'Colman'.
- ⁴⁸ William Coleman and family sailed from Plymouth, England aboard the *Amelia Thompson* on 11th June, 1839 for Sydney Town, NSW, arriving 27th September 1839. They later sailed for Launceston, arriving 14th November 1840. William left his family in Tasmania to follow his fortunes in the 1848 California Goldrush, sailing from Tasmania on board the 'Sparton'. He returned to New South Wales, still following the lure of gold. He was tragically drowned, his body found hanging in a tree after a flood at Yass, NSW.

During the twelve months that William first spent in NSW, he changed occupation from 'rural labourer and gardener' to the building trade of 'bricklayer and plasterer'.

- ⁴⁹ The Kennet and Avon Canal (<http://www.katrust.org/crofton/crofton.html>) is a broad canal/river navigation that runs from Reading to Hanham Lock, near Bristol. The Canal passes through a number of attractive market towns such as Newbury, Hungerford, Pewter, Devizes, Milkshake and Bradford on Avon before dropping down to the River Avon at the historic Georgian city of Bath. At Devizes, is found one of the 'Seven Wonders of the Waterways', the Caen Hill flight of 29 locks - the longest flight of broad locks on the system.
- ⁵⁰ The London to Bath road was turnpiked in 1774 (the present A4). The opening of the Great Western Railway in 1841 relieved the canal of much of its traffic, and in 1852 the railway company took over its running, levying high tolls until the canal was hardly used.
- ⁵¹ Early conjecture that John Coleman arrived as a convict was supported by two separate (connected) references, but more recent investigations shed doubt on this hypothesis.

One document (C 44/884) lists a John Coleman who was convicted of 'Robbing a Person' and describes him as aged 17, height 5' 1", of ruddy face, brown hair and hazel eyes.

A second document lists a John Coleman as arriving in Australia on "*Countess of*

Harcourt", 8th August 1828, convicted for 'stealing from a person'.

- ⁵² Notes from *Coleman, 1660 - 1990, an account of William Coleman's family*, filed under 'Coleman Family-Ramsbury'.
- ⁵³ *The Examiner* (Launceston) May 25, 1892. Obituary to the late Mr David Hay. Early Colonial Reminiscences.
- ⁵⁴ One John Coleman is noted in the list of those indentured as arriving on the *Forth* on the website <http://vision.net.au/~indenturedservants/servants.htm>
- ⁵⁵ *The Northwest Post*, Tuesday, May 3, 1892. Obituary to the late Mr David Hay. Death of an Old Identity.
- ⁵⁶ *The Northwest Post*, Tuesday, May 3, 1892. Obituary to the late Mr David Hay. Death of an Old Identity.
- ⁵⁷ *The Examiner* (Launceston) May 25, 1892. Obituary to the late Mr David Hay. Early Colonial Reminiscences.
- ⁵⁸ *The Northwest Post*, Tuesday, May 3, 1892. Obituary to the late Mr David Hay. Death of an Old Identity.
- ⁵⁹ There is some conjecture as to the spelling of Elizabeth's surname - is it Leonard or Lennard or Lenard? We have followed Peter Cuffly's recommendation that Leonard should be used. The surname is given as Leonard in the London Central Criminal Court transcripts and in the baptism record for John Leonard on 21st August 1835. In the main Van Diemen's Land convict registers, Elizabeth's name is spelt Leonard, and Jeremiah's as Lenard. In the baptism record of Mary, dated the 12th March 1849, the mother is clearly written as Elizabeth Leonard.
- ⁶⁰ The following information was subscribed by Stephen John Jarrold, great great grandson of John Coleman and Elizabeth Leonard. Elizabeth was transported to Australia following a Central Criminal Court sentence of 10 years for warehouse breaking. In the gaol report she is quoted as saying "I was going to the house of correction for a few months but I insulted the judge on purpose to come out". Presumably Elizabeth offended so that she could follow her husband to the

colonies. Jeremiah Leonard (Leonard) had been tried in 1834 for stealing a bag of cotton and sent to Tasmania 16 Sept 1835 on the ship *Bardaster*, arriving on 12 Jan 1836. He was drowned in Tasmania in 1838 whilst a convict, before Elizabeth's arrival. Elizabeth came out on the ship *Nautilus*, arriving in Tasmania on 1 Sept 1838.

Elizabeth's trade is recorded as 'house maid and cook (poultry, fish and soups)'. She was 30 years of age and 5 feet 3 inches in height. She was described as having a fresh complexion with brown eyes and hair, a long nose with medium mouth, forehead and chin. She was freckled.

In 1842, Elizabeth was admonished for misconduct and later she was fined for being drunk (either 5 pounds or 5 shillings). Again on 14 September, 1844 she was fined either 5 pounds or 5 shillings for being drunk.

⁶¹ Joseph Berry is listed arriving in Van Diemen's *Land with John Coleman in the Forth*.

⁶² In subsequent years, engineers straightened the road and removed this corner and the old house was demolished as part of the roadworks. Much of the old Coleman farm continues its agricultural role as it has been subsumed into the *Edendale Community Farm and Environmental Centre*, established and conducted by the Shire of Nillumbik.

⁶³ The Argus, Monday 14 May, 1855, page 8.

⁶⁴ Schedule of Marriages - Eltham No 35, 7 March 1856

⁶⁵ The Argus of Wednesday 8th October 1857 (page 5) carried the letter, titled THE KANGAROO GROUND DIGGINGS AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

⁶⁶ *Pioneers and Painters, One Hundred Years of Eltham and it's Shire* by Alan Marshall, Thomas Nelson Australia, Melbourne, 1971.

⁶⁷ From the papers of Jack [John Herbert] Martin.

⁶⁸ Family lore reported by Cheryl Laumer and Shielagh West.

⁶⁹ Extract included in Carrucan Chronicles Issue I.

⁷⁰ This would have been around 1935.

⁷¹ Jane McAllese (b 1868) had married Denis Joseph Carrucan (b 1875), one of the sons of Peter Carrucan and Hannah Woods, in 1898. Unfortunately, Denis died suddenly in 1913, leaving Jane with one child, the 13 year old Fanny Davidson Carrucan. Alas, Fanny died in 1929 and Jane was left on her own.

⁷² Written by Ken Waller, John Martin & Jim Martin.

⁷³ Jack (John Herbert) Martin notes it was originally intended that she should be named Grace but she was registered under the name of Bridget. The Registration was submitted by Hannah Carrucan.

⁷⁴ The family tradition has it that Rebecca accompanied her family to Hobart in Van Diemen's Land. Her younger sister Mary was subsequently born in Van Diemen's Land. Her father, a whaling captain, was at one stage at the Whaling Station at Port Arthur. He is said to have sailed with a fleet (of whalers) in the South Seas and to have drowned when five ships were lost (possible confabulation?).

When her mother re-married, Rebecca, who did not get on with the stepfather, came to Victoria to join her sister Mary. She was said to have been employed by a settler in the Anglesea district. Rebecca was employed as a domestic with a Settler in the Buninyong District, where she met and married John Martin.

An alternative is given by Bob Warren, a descendent of Margaret Lacey who contends that Margaret Lacey, a convict sentenced to 'Transportation for Seven Years', was accompanied by her 19 months old daughter Rebecca.

⁷⁵ Confirmed by the Churches of Christ Office.

⁷⁶ Between 1965 and 1976 Jack Martin commenced family history research from which this study has been developed by following generations.

⁷⁷ By Margaret (Peggie) Ruthven and others.

⁷⁸ The murderer was James Montgomery, apparently known as 'Cranky Jimmy' according to page 94 of PIONEERS & PAINTERS.

⁷⁹ Richard Donal (Don) Lane, S.J. rote these reminiscence on 10th December 2003.

⁸⁰ These recollections are part of a bigger document called *Carrucan Meanderings*

which is available on the Carrucan website.

⁸¹ Much of this information on Thomas Sweeney has been provided by Peter Cuffley who is his great great grandson. Peter, of Maldon, is a well known historian and author who has extensively researched the Sweeney family tree.

⁸² *Pioneers & Painters: One Hundred Years of Eltham and its Shire* by Alan Marshall, Thomas Nelson (Aust), 1971.

⁸³ Contributed by Bettys' son Tim Erickson.

⁸⁴ Contributed by Lily Flanagan, Helen Collins and Maureen Kelly.

⁸⁵ Contributed by Lily Flanagan, Helen Collins and Maureen Kelly.

⁸⁶ Contributed by Mary Conheady, Maureen Kelly and Helen Collins.

⁸⁷ Contributed by Mary Dempsey.

⁸⁸ Compiled by Frank Carrucan (son) and Helen Carrucan (daughter).

⁸⁹ Contributed by Helen Collins (with assistance from Mary and Wal Dempsey).

⁹⁰ See also *'The Kellys who Tilled the Soil'*, compiled by Maureen Kelly (1986).

⁹¹ By Liz Morrigan 18/10/2010 - based on an interview with Carmel Frazer, Eileen's daughter - and with contributions from other family members.

⁹² Compiled by Helen Collins, Maureen Kelly and Mary Perry.

⁹³ Compiled by Maureen Kelly and Ellen Trotter.

⁹⁴ Later to be known as the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology (RMIT).

⁹⁵ Compiled by Maureen Kelly & Bernie Grimes.

⁹⁶ John O'Brian's bush poem commemorating an old bush truck.

⁹⁷ Compiled by Tony Ganly with help from his sister Lee and mother Anne.

⁹⁸ Contributed by Mary Conheady and Helen Collins.

⁹⁹ Contributed by Joe's daughter Pat Sturge.

¹⁰⁰ Contributed by Pat Sturge.

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- ¹⁰¹ Contributed by Pat and Jack Sturge.
- ¹⁰² Contributed by Pat Sturge.
- ¹⁰³ Contributed by Pat Sturge.
- ¹⁰⁴ Entry written by Maureen Kelly and the Lodge family.
- ¹⁰⁵ Contributed by Tim Erickson from memories gathered from his brothers.
- ¹⁰⁶ What Peter Carrucan acquired on the 15th May 1876 was a Crown Grant or Crown Allotment. That means he was the first person to obtain a title for the 22 acres 2 roods and 8 perches which constituted ALLOTMENT 5, SECTION VII, PARISH OF NILLUMBIK, COUNTY OF EVELYN.
- ¹⁰⁷ Contributed by Frances James.
- ¹⁰⁸ Eulogy given at Mollie's funeral by her nephew Denis on 20th March 2007.
- ¹⁰⁹ Squizzy Taylor was a notorious Melbourne criminal.
- ¹¹⁰ Paynes bon Marché, a large Melbourne City haberdashery located in Bourke Street.
- ¹¹¹ The Marist Juniorate at Mittagong was a secondary boarding school for boys aspiring to become Brothers. It was opened in Mittagong in 1917 and then was used for that purpose for 55 years.
- ¹¹² Contributed by Frances James.
- ¹¹³ Contributed by Frances James.
- ¹¹⁴ Contributed by Aileen James.
- ¹¹⁵ Compiled by Francis William Lynch, with special thanks to Margaret Hammond, Mary Clements and Gavin Carrucan, the grandchildren of Michael and Margaret Carrucan.
- ¹¹⁶ Contributed by Fr Peter Carrucan and based in large part on Frank Lynch's article *The Carrucans of Kew*.
- ¹¹⁷ In the 1930s the State Electricity Commission introduced a new home fuel known as the *briquette* - a compressed, dried brown coal nuggett.
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- ¹¹⁸ Pollard was a by-product of the grinding of wheaten flour, used for feeding poultry.
- ¹¹⁹ *The Harp of Erin* Hotel, a Kew landmark, on the corner High St and Harp Rd, East Kew.
- ¹²⁰ Early on, Melbourne established a network of tram cars comprising two carriages. The front carriage, called *the grip car*, was roofed, but open to all weathers. The driver manipulated levers which gripped an endless steel cable powered from a central powerhouse.
- ¹²¹ Mallee roots take their name from the roots of small, multi-stemmed *mallee* trees mostly 5-8 m tall, over a variable understory of shrubs in arid western Victoria. The *Eucalyptus dumosa* (Dumosa Mallee) is the most widespread mallee and became a favoured fuel in Victoria. They were an intense source of heat in the popular open fire of the early 1900's.
- ¹²² Xavier College, a Jesuit school built on a spacious site in Kew, was opened on Sunday 10th February 1878 with Father Thomas Cahill, S.J. as the first Rector.
- ¹²³ Gennezano is a Catholic Girls' College established in Kew in 1889 by the Sisters, Faithful Companions of Jesus.
- ¹²⁴ Francis William Lynch, the nephew of Michael and Margaret Carrucan, extensively researched both the Lynch family and the Carrucans of Kew.
- ¹²⁵ Compiled by Francis William Lynch, with special thanks to Margaret Hammond, Mary Clements and Gavin Carrucan, the grandchildren of Michael and Margaret Carrucan.
- ¹²⁶ *The Melbourne Herald*, p17, Monday June 3, 1935.
- ¹²⁷ Contributed by Louise Carrucan Wood, March 2004.
- ¹²⁸ *Don't Forget Me, Cobber: The Battle of Fromelles*, by Robin S. Corfield (Author), Les Carlyon (Foreword). ISBN-10: 0522855296, ISBN-13: 978-0522855296.
- ¹²⁹ Contributed by Frank Lynch.
- ¹³⁰ Elizabeth Donovan nee Carrucan, in a talk to Probus, Auckland, October 2010.
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- ¹³¹ Contributed by Louise Carrucan Wood, March 2004.
- ¹³² Mana is a NZ Maori term of respect that translates to stature.
- ¹³³ Contributed by Moya Ryan, January 2004.
- ¹³⁴ Contributed by Leo's daughter Mary Holden nee Carrucan
- ¹³⁵ The P.M.G. or Postmaster General's Department was the government department which looked after postal and telephony. Ken's job as a linesman was to maintain the telephone lines throughout Melbourne.
- ¹³⁶ *Rosanna and Diamond Valley News*, July 1960: an account of the early days of Kinglake, compiled from interview with Mr John McMahon, one of the district's earliest settlers.
- ¹³⁷ John Joseph McMahon, born in 1874 in Fitzroy, died at Kinglake in 1961.
- ¹³⁸ The manuscript is damaged and difficult to interpret.
- ¹³⁹ Source: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Black_Saturday_bushfires.
- ¹⁴⁰ This article, written by Cheryl Critchley, Melbourne Herald Sun of 16th February 2009, carried the headline "Bessie saves the day".
- ¹⁴¹ The History Place™ 2000, *Irish potato famine*, viewed 8 May 2011, <http://www.historyplace.com/worldhistory/famine/after.htm>.

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