At Kioloa there have been two families named Moore, though they were not there at the same time.

The earlier family was that of Robert William Stebbings Moore (1885–1951). Robert was born in New Zealand, the third child of Frederick Stebbings Moore, and came to Australia in 1892 with his parents. Frederick worked in the Nelligen sawmill in the late 1890s.

Robert served an apprenticeship in engineering and blacksmithing at Morts Dock, Sydney, then joined H. McKenzie Ltd. In 1908 he was at Kioloa, presumably to set up McKenzie’s mill, which started operating a few years later. His wife-to-be, Alice Johnstone, was then at Pebbly Beach, where her stepfather was engineer in the mill. Courting involved a seven-kilometre walk each way. They were married in Sydney in June 1909. Returning to Kioloa, they lived initially on O’Hara’s Head, directly above the mill, but later moved to one of the houses in The Avenue. Around 1927 the family moved from Kioloa to Coramba (inland from Coffs Harbour), where Robert Moore set up a new sawmill using machinery salvaged from the Kioloa mill, which had been destroyed by fire. Although their home was at Kioloa for the period 1909–1927, Robert at least had to leave several times to get work, due to the mill closing temporarily.

While living at Kioloa, Robert and Alice Moore had six children. Their fourth child, the late George Moore of Merrylands, NSW, was born in Lakemba in 1915. He recalled travelling from Sydney to Kioloa around 1920 by train and service car. They stayed overnight at Milton, and left the service car at Termeil
early the next morning. Mrs Simpson gave them breakfast after which they
walked to Kioloa. His father carried him most of the way.\footnote{Almost all the
information about the Moore family is from an interview with George Moore by H. J.
Gibbney, 28 October 1977, and an undated transcript of handwritten reminiscences.}
The Moores seemed to have enjoyed life at Kioloa. According to George:

Even though our parents worked long hours, we had picnics of a weekend mainly
down to the island [Pretty Beach]. My dad had a hand cart and our provisions
and small children were stowed aboard and the adults would pull it through the
bush past Snapper Point and the next headland before arriving at the island.

For a time most of our provisions came from Sydney by boat. Groceries from
McIlwraths, drapery from Anthony Horderns and Grace Bros’ and meat from
Sutton Forest. If the ships were delayed our mother would say ‘well, what is
it going to be for tomorrow?’ Bream, whiting, snapper, mutton fish [abalone]
or rabbit, whichever was decided on you could bet us boys would bring home
the goods.

… The most frequent operation dad had to perform on us was for stone bruises
on the soles of the feet. Not wearing shoes the soles of our feet got very tough and
thick and the sharp rocks at Kioloa used to cause the damage. The victim was held
down while Dad operated with a razor blade; relief was almost instantaneous.

Deep cuts and bleeding were usually treated with Friar’s Balsam, and heavy chest
colds with Dad’s homemade embrocation. Boils etc. were treated with Venice
turpentine, or castor oil and Epsom salts.

Apart from fishing, swimming, catching worms [for bait], trapping rabbits,
collecting cuttlefish bone [sold, I think, to Michael Anthony], one of our most
rewarding ventures was falling a tree with a bee’s nest in it. We boys would find
the tree and the older ones would fall it. The honey comb was harvested into
hessian sugar bags through which the honey would strain out of the comb.

… Virtually all our needs were home made by our parents. Kerosene and candles
were our lighting. The kerosene came in four gallon tins packed in pairs in
wooden cases. These cases had many uses, such as chairs, cupboards and storage
boxes. I have also seen them with rockers nailed on and used as a baby’s cradle.

… Our toys were made locally. Dad made our boats and we also had a smoke
house for smoking sea mullet when in season. Mum did all our cooking on the
open fire or in a camp oven.
George went to school in the small building near Walker’s at the top of The Avenue. He also attended Sunday school there, taken by Lily Walker. Their outdoor life made them interested in nature. Foxes were plentiful, and raided fowl houses, usually killing most of the birds. Wire netting was not available, so fowl houses were enclosed by timber. Wallabies and kangaroos were shot and the tails made into soup. Starlings were very plentiful. I like their name ‘windtoddles’ for what I judge from George’s description were red-capped plover (‘dotterel’ until recently). Mutton bird carcasses were washed up on the beaches virtually every year.

George’s father and others built a tennis court, between the south end of the present caravan park and the mill. A dance hall with a beautifully polished floor seems to have been left over from earlier years, as it was being used as a storage shed for feed for the animals. When it was open, George and his mates had great fun sliding along the floor on pieces of bag. Sports meetings were held at Murramarang. These included ‘an occasional game of football. We didn’t know anything about it, it was half rugby league, half soccer.’ The community was almost teetotal, and George could not remember any instances of the locals going to the nearest pub at Termeil. The Moores had big log fires which they sat by in the evenings, talking and dozing till they could not keep awake any longer then hopping into bed to listen to the noises of the sea pounding on the headland.
The young ones invented their own games. A treacle tin full of sand would be fitted with a wire yoke and trundled along the sand as a roller. Toy jinkers were made of cotton reels cut in two, and used to ‘play saw mills’. Lengths of scrap timber were stacked and weighted down with stones to make a fort in a little bay (east of the mill site?). This would become a delightful private island as the tide rose, and in calm weather might withstand several tides.

George Moore did not remember any Aborigines working or living in the district, nor do I remember any at Bawley Point.² There was a part-Aboriginal family named Cooley³ at Bawley Point when the mill was working, and Grace Jarman remembered an Aboriginal named Billy Page who worked as a mill hand; he was married and had five children. I remember small groups of Aborigines camping overnight on Willinga Point; we saw their camp fires but had no contact with them. Belle and Lily Walker recalled Tom Butler, an American or West Indian

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2 This seems at odds with Aboriginal oral traditions of widespread employment in the timber industry (A.G. and S.F).
3 In 1889, the Aborigines Protection Board allocated five acres of land in the Parish of Croybyar, west of Milton to an Aboriginal man, Tom Cooley, who lived in a bark hut and grew vegetables (Goulding and Waters 2005) (A.G. and S.F.).
Negro who was married to an Australian Aborigine. Tom worked for Mr Walker clearing timber, digging wells and doing odd jobs. The Butlers lived down near the mill, and gave their name to Butler’s Creek and Butler’s Point.4

Others living or working at Kioloa about this time were Jack Creer (sawyer), Joe Thompson and Andrew Hogg (saw doctors), Bob Small and later Bert Swan (mill managers), George Mitchell, the Kellond family, who had moved from Bawley Point after the 1922 fire, the Hapgoods, Jack Bevan, Robinson, Backhouse. Small was described as ‘a tall well-built sort of fellow; they used to call him the silent one. He wouldn’t say two words unless he had to. He was treated with a lot of respect, and was a pretty strict severe sort of fellow.’ Bert Swan, who had been in the war, had come from Sydney to open the new mill McKenzie had built, presumably after the fire. He was described as ‘stout and not very tall’. George Moore recalled that Swan broke a kneecap while rock fishing with George’s dad; he had to be carried back to the mill, and eventually taken to Milton, doubtless a very painful experience.

The second Moore family were relatives of the Londons, and came with them to Kioloa in 1929, when Mrs London bought the property from William Walker. The combined family consisted of Mr Edward Moore and his wife Kate, their three children, Edith (Mrs London), Bernice (‘Bobbie’) and Humbert, and Mrs London’s two children, Joy and Arthur (‘Roy’). The family were English, and Mr and Mrs London had been in West Africa till around 1920, when Mr London died there. Humbert Moore had been in Rhodesia. He brought a friend, Walter (‘Sonny’) Hillier, from England, who was with the family at Kioloa till World War II started. After a period at Cranbrook School in Sydney, Roy went to live at East Lynne, where he worked in an apple orchard. He went from there to live permanently in Sydney.

Mrs London had intended to settle in New Zealand, and some of their furniture was shipped to New Zealand. The family however was stranded in Sydney by a shipping strike, and decided not to go on to New Zealand when the strike ended. They lived in Sydney for a couple of years, then moved to Braidwood where they started to build on Araluen Mountain. But when Joy’s grandfather, Edward Moore, became ill in England in 1925, they all returned to England, where they stayed for three years. After nursing Mr Moore back to health they came back to Australia, bringing Joy’s grandparents with them.

After another period of living in Sydney they felt an urge to leave the city. While in a bank in Braidwood, Mrs London heard of the Kioloa property. She looked at it, ‘fell in love with the place and bought it’. The Moores moved

4 Sonny Butler, an Aboriginal fisherman mentioned earlier, is most likely related to Tom Butler (A.G. and S.F.).
in in March 1929; Mrs London and Joy came a few months later. It has been the family home since then. Although the property was in Mrs London’s name, it was always referred to as ‘Moore’s’. Mr Moore did not like the idea of living in a house owned by his daughter, so he bought the house and two acres around it separately.

An early priority after moving in was to enlarge the house, which had only four rooms. This took some time, as they did it themselves: Hum Moore was a good carpenter and engineer, and Sonny Hillier a gifted woodworker. Some rails from the recently abandoned tramlines were used as flooring joists. They mixed their own paint, and made a floor varnish by dissolving old gramophone records in methylated spirit, the colour being controlled by choosing red, brown or black records. Some of the windows of the wrecked Northern Firth were used to enclose the south-east corner of the verandah. They also worked hard to improve local roads (see Chapter 6).

As powered farm machinery was scarce, much use was made of a seven-seater Hudson Model M car, which was the only car in the district during their early years. The car was nicknamed ‘The Ambulance’ as it was used for all emergencies. According to Joy London: ‘we did everything with that old thing. We ploughed with it and we hauled stringers with it to make some of the bridges. It was last seen carting shellgrit from Cronulla about 1936 after we sold it.’

Figure 44: Joy London’s house, Kioloa, c. 1950.
Source: The Edith and Joy London Foundation of The Australian National University.

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Home life was simple. Hum Moore made his own radios, and the family shared in this novel form of entertainment when the static permitted. They made soap; some of it from tallow salvaged from the *Northern Firth*. Wine was made from grapes, blackberries and other fruits. Mrs London also made liqueurs based on gin. It was Joy’s job to make the soft drinks. Reading, knitting and crochet occupied the hours between their 6.30 p.m. dinner and 9 p.m. supper.

![Image of Hum Moore and the 32-volt property generator, 1947.](image)

Joy London has fond memories of her mother, who always wanted to preserve the property as far as possible in its native state. Her mother encouraged the family to ‘pull together and make this a good place, a happy worthwhile place’. Mrs London dispensed first aid, organised social gatherings, and had a tennis court built by local volunteers. Joy said:

Mum was a very quiet type of person. She was placid and could always see the two sides of every question. You could never get her riled, but you knew when she was angry: she’d just take one look at you and you would know. She was a great needle and crochet worker and loved reading, particularly books on Egyptian archaeology. She’d also read every *National Geographic* magazine from cover to cover. She’d always say: ‘Cast the small things out of your minds: the day-to-day things.’
I can recall my parents’ slight suspicion of the new settlers at Kioloa, expressed in comments like ‘why on earth would they want to make a road there?’ Such an attitude seems strange, but I suppose it was a common small-town reaction to anything new.

Setting out full details of the ownership of land becomes difficult and tedious after around 1930, so only a brief account will be attempted. The Kioloa property (blocks E, G, H, see Map 1) remained in the name of Mrs McKenzie until transferred to Walker in 1928 for a nominal sum (see Chapter 5); it was then sold to Mrs London in 1929. It remained with the Londons till 1975, when Joy London gave block E to The Australian National University: we will return to this in Chapter 9.

Figure 46: Joy London with Bimbo.
Source: The Edith and Joy London Foundation of The Australian National University.

Block D (‘Bundle’ or ‘Bundle Hills’) was owned by Frank Guy, 1916–27, then by Teddy Wyld who ran a few head of cattle on it. The soil was poor, and he did no good on it, eventually going broke. He did not have a house on the property, but lived in one of The Avenue cottages at Kioloa. Ownership then
passed in turn to the Rural Bank, Robert Douglas Hassell, Charles Allan Penny and Joseph Dudley Swanston, Noel William Johnson, and Ronald James Bray. Bray cut the millable timber off it. It was then partly subdivided by Willmore and Randell. The unsubdivided part was bought by John Wallace Alford, then O. and L. Froude.

Blocks B and C, which together were the ‘Murramarang’ block inherited by Evan Evans III in 1906 and run after Evan’s death by Alf Evans (see Chapter 3), were acquired in 1917 by Lindsay Wilson. He was described as ‘a very bossy man; well educated but impractical’. He did little with the land. He donated the one-acre block for Murramarang School, which was built around 1922. At the time of his death in the 1940s he was living a lonely life in a bush hut between Milton and Ulladulla.

Wilson sold block C, on which Murramarang House stands, to Billy Orr in 1928. Orr’s correct surname was Scott-Orr; this name was used by his brother, who was the doctor in Milton at about that time, but Billy preferred the simpler version. He had been to Sydney University to study economics or law, but I do not think he completed the course. He just did not like the city. He went jackarooining on a sheep station, liked the life and decided to buy a place of his own. He bought block C at Murramarang, but lived in the small dairy (or cheese factory?) about 100 metres south of the main house. I remember visiting him there; he had a large open fireplace and facing it was a large deep armchair, where he must have spent many a comfortable but lonely hour. His idea of heaven was a place where it was always time to get up, but you knew you did not have to! He ran about 300 sheep on the property; according to Neil Evans the sheep did fairly well after they found the best time of year for drenching. Orr enlisted as a private when war broke out, and was the first from the district to be killed in the war. He was killed in Syria, and buried at Damascus.

Neil Evans rented Murramarang from Orr in 1939, and stayed there till 1946. Orr had been engaged to Belle Walker, but after this was broken off he became friendly with Marie Kellond, to whom he left the property when he joined up. Marie sold it to Hassell at the low price of £700.

Several families lived in Murramarang House while Billy Orr owned it, but I am not sure of all their names or lengths of stay; I recall only Kellond, Donovan and Bevan. Mrs Bevan said Billy Orr had asked her to start a guest house there, with furniture from Orr’s mother’s home at Bowral, but there was not sufficient furniture and the scheme did not go ahead.

Block A, ‘Willinga’, remained in the Guy family after Frank Guy’s death in 1931 (he was injured when opening or closing a gate while on horseback, and died of tetanus). It was later subdivided (see Chapter 9).
Bawley Point Guest House moved in 1932 from ‘the old home’ near the mill site to its present location in Johnston Street, where the Cullen family had lived till the mill fire. The move must have been a bold venture for my parents; perhaps they were already committed before the Depression reached its worst phase. They designed the place, and my father built it with help from Frank Carriage and probably others. Mother spent many anxious hours worrying over the design: how many rooms? Floor plan details? How large? And so on. I am not sure how it was financed; we would not have had much reserve capital.

As originally built, the guest house contained five bedrooms, a bathroom (with one of those wretched temperamental chip heaters which startled guests with its woof! woof! woof!), a lounge/dining room, kitchen, post office, and two rooms for my parents at the back. At the same time, or very soon after, an additional three rooms were added in a separate building, called the ‘aeries’. Within a few years, electric light from a 32-volt battery with petrol-driven charging generator was added. Ralph Johnston was very helpful at the time, and enthusiastic about the whole project. He thought up a name for the house, ‘Brulema’, ingeniously fashioned from the Hamons’ given names: Bruce, Les and Alma. He had a bronze nameplate cast; this was near the front door for decades. In recent times the front aspect of the place has been dominated by two very large pine trees. My grandmother bought these at Paddy’s Market in Sydney, as tiny seedlings in jam tins, for 18 pence each. They provided daytime roosts and nesting sites for a colony of Rufous Night-Herons (Nankeen Night-Herons) for many years.

Figure 47: ‘New’ guest house, Bawley Point, mid-to-late 1930s.

Source: Bruce Hamon.
My parents left the guest house in around 1939, building a new house to replace the one Kellonds had lived in. I think the guesthouse was leased for a time, and that my mother took it over again, but it was sold after a few years. Mrs Bailey, Mr and Mrs Fred Bucholtz, and Mr and Mrs Bill Fuller owned it at various times. The present owners, Peter and Robin Cormack, have developed the restaurant side of the business, as well as acquiring the adjoining property to the south to increase the accommodation.\textsuperscript{6}

\textbf{Figure 48: Bawley Point Guest House before its closure in 2001.}
Source: Margaret Hamon.

My parents moved briefly to Duckmaloi and Grenfell, where Father worked for Mr Gerald Haskins, a consulting engineer who had stayed in the guest house several times. Later they retired to Mollymook, where Father died in 1958 and Mother in 1976.

The Kellond family have had a long association with the area. Billy Kellond was blacksmith at Bawley Point mill from around 1912, and four of the seven girls in the family were born at Bawley Point, Mrs Backhouse from Termeil being the midwife. According to Grace Kellond (now Mrs Ray Jarman) they lived first in a house ‘right on top of Bawley Point’, but later moved to a delightfully situated cottage near the north end of the beach, where the Settree family had lived while the \textit{Douglas Mawson} was being built. Grace started school in the temporary schoolroom on the north side of Willinga Lake around 1920, and remembers hating it: she ‘howled all the way’. Later she went to Murrarang

\textsuperscript{6} This information was current at the time of the book’s first publication in 1994. The house closed in 2001 and is now a private residence (A.G. and S.F.).
School. After leaving school, she returned for a while to do a correspondence course, mainly to bolster the enrolment numbers so the school would not close. The Kellonds moved to Termeil after the mill fire at Bawley Point. While the family were living there, Billy Kellond worked at Brooman. They moved then to Kioloa, where they lived in one of The Avenue cottages. After the Kioloa mill closed, Billy Kellond worked at Pebbly Beach. Grace remembers walking with her sister Marie from Kioloa to Pebbly Beach and back in a day, to take supplies to her father when he did not come home for the weekend. The family was living in Murramarang House at the time of the Northern Firth wreck (1932). Mr Kellond was working for Billy Orr at that time; one of his duties was repair work on Murramarang House.

My father told the following tale about Billy Kellond. Billy was good at catching beach worms for bait. It was often his practice to throw each worm up the beach instead of putting it in a tin attached to his belt. After one difficult worming session on North Beach, he found to his horror that the seagulls had gobbled all the worms. He went home, got his shotgun and dealt severely with the seagulls. I have often pondered this story, as no wormer in his right mind would throw worms up the beach these days; perhaps on that fateful day the gulls had only just developed a taste for worms? Incidentally, Billy Kellond, and no doubt other blacksmiths, made the iron worming pliers that were fashionable at the time. Their jaws were wound with a few layers of knitting wool.

Figure 49: From left: Gwen Kellond, Pat Kellond (in front of Gwen), Bobbie Moore, Mrs George Moore, Marie Kellond, Clarrie Kellond. Kioloa Beach, c. 1925. Note the sparse timber cover on O’Hara Head.
Source: R. A. Moore, Depot Beach, NSW.
Paul Vider was manager of the mill at Bawley Point, starting in 1912 or perhaps earlier. Paul’s father had been in the French Navy, and deserted his ship in Sydney by jumping overboard and swimming ashore with a few belongings. He married and settled in Braidwood, where he ran several not very successful ventures. One of these was a sawmill near Nelligen at a place still called ‘Vider Town’. Paul got his first job in the milling industry in Bellingen, and was transferred from there to Bawley Point. Their youngest child, Marie (Mrs Clarence Rogerson of Ulladulla) was born at Bawley Point. The family moved to a farm in Milton probably around 1920, and from there to Bombala in 1922.

The Brownes lived at Bawley Point from around 1910 to 1920. Henry Browne was a saw doctor, but also worked on the main saw bench and drove the horse teams which pulled logs on the tramline. Initially they lived in one of the cottages near the mill, but moved later to a cottage on the north side of Willinga Lake. Their eldest child Heather, now Mrs Sharp, remembers there were only three buildings on the north side of the lake: their cottage and the stables on the eastern side of the tramline, and one other house on the western side, near the lake. This house was built high above the ground as a precaution against flooding. One room of this house was used for some time as a schoolroom.

Heather remembers particularly the birth of her brother Bob while they were living at Willinga. She and other young children were sent with her father that day for a ride on the timber bogies. They came back to the mill at midday and were given lunch by Mrs Davenport, who said: ‘I’ve got some news for you; since you left home this morning your mother has found a little baby brother for you.’ Heather must have asked for details, and was told: ‘Oh, she was getting water from the well, and the little baby was pumped up with the water.’ Heather could not wait to get home, where she spent much time and energy at the pump, to see if she too could ‘pump up a baby’. Her leg slipped between two boards covering the well, giving her a nasty graze on the shin, which left a still-visible mark.

A sadder story concerned their dog. There was a lot of thick tea tree and scrub about, so the dog had to be anointed with mineral turps to kill ticks. Unfortunately, Heather came too close with a naked light and the poor dog caught fire. He took off from the house like a rocket, heading as they believed towards the lake to douse the flames. Searching proved fruitless, and they were resigned to his tragic loss, when a fortnight later he returned, minus half of each ear and part of his tail. They nursed him back to health, and had him around for many years.

Heather remembered the horse teams. When shown a photo of a team pulling logs across the tramline bridge, she exclaimed: ‘Oh! That must be old Prince, that white horse in the lead!’ She also has vivid but unpleasant memories of
Murramarang lagoon, which was portrayed as ‘haunted’ and ‘bottomless’, no doubt to prevent tragedies when children strayed there after school. George Moore and I also remembered being told that the lagoon was bottomless.

Not many aircraft have been towed out of trouble by a bullock team, but this happened at Murramarang around 1939. Neil Evans recalled that there were bush fires about, and the smoke was thick. Neil and his brother Windsor and another man were fishing on Murramarang beach when a plane flew over, very low. The pilot dropped a note wrapped in a glove. This landed in the water, so the note was unreadable. A second note was dropped, and read: ‘Is the sand soft or hard?’ An answer was written in the sand and the plane landed on the beach, but when it stopped the wheels sank in the sand. Neil went home to Murramarang, harnessed his team of bullocks and pulled the plane up to the flats behind the beach, then to where Harrington Crescent is now and on to the north end of Gannet Beach.

The plane was owned by Adastra Airlines, and had on its fuselage ‘Fly with Adastra’. It was on its way to Merimbula, but was low on fuel. Neil drove the pilot and passenger to Milton where they stayed overnight. Andy Clugston from the garage brought the pilot and passenger back the following day, with standard petrol for the plane. The plane took off towards the west, about where Rosemary Avenue is now.

Later, in the 1950s, another aircraft visited the area, landing on Bawley Point. It was a light plane piloted by Artie Herne, who had grown up at Termeil. Margaret Hamon remembers the plane landing, and being tied up to the tea tree bushes which covered much of the presently settled area of the Point; there was too little soil for the tent pegs usually used to make a small plane secure.

Human skeletons and artefacts were found at Murraramarang in the 1920s, in at least two different places. The first find was made by Reg and Innes Collins around 1920, in the sand dunes near the north end of Murramarang Beach. The sands had been shifted by the wind, to reveal a skeleton and crescent-shaped copper plate, which bore the following inscription:

WOONDU
Of Amity Point
REWARDED BY THE GOVERNOR
FOR THE ASSISTANCE HE AFFORDED, WITH FIVE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN
TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER ‘SOVEREIGN’
BY RESCUING THEM FROM THE SURF OF MORETON ISLAND
ON 11th MARCH 1847
ON WHICH MELANCHOLY OCCASION 46 PERSONS WERE DROWNED
AND BY THE AID OF THE NATIVES 10 WERE SAVED
Amity Point is at the north end of North Stradbroke Island, Queensland, and is separated from the southern tip of Moreton Island by the narrow and dangerous South Passage. *The Sovereign*, a wooden paddle boat of 119 tons, was en route from Brisbane to Sydney, and attempting a shortcut through South Passage. My grandmother, Broda Reynolds, must have been visiting us soon after the find, and published a note about it.\(^7\) The note was seen by Brisbane historian Thomas Welsby, who contacted the Collins family and acquired the brass plate. It is now in the hands of the Royal Historical Society of Queensland. Welsby wrote at some length about the wreck.\(^8\) He knew two of the six Aborigines involved in the rescue, one of whom still had his brass plate in the early 1880s. This plate has since disappeared, and the other four have never been seen, so the Woondu plate is the only one whose whereabouts is known. Similar plates, called king plates, breastplates or gorgets, were often given to Aborigines as rewards.

At the time the Woondu plate was found, it was assumed the skeleton found with it was that of Woondu, but Welsby thinks this unlikely. He points out that it would be very unusual for an Aborigine to travel alone so far through lands controlled by hostile tribes. A more likely explanation, in his view, is that the plate was bartered, and may have passed through several hands on its way to Murramarang. The skeleton was given decent burial by the Collins boys, and the grave outlined with shells and stones.

The site of the second find of human remains was on Murramarang headland, about 100 metres west of the north end of Cat and Kitten Beach (the small beach opposite Brush Island). Belle Vider (née Walker) and her friend Margaret Collins were riding in the area when they noticed the corner of a box protruding from the sand. Here is Belle's description:

> I discovered the edge of a box, just see it in the sand, and I said to my girlfriend 'this might be a hidden treasure, let's dig it out'. So we started digging and got a shock because we came to hair, human hair, and we kept going and I suppose we were pretty game and we unearthed a skull, and there was a hole right in the middle of the forehead. Anyway, I dug further down and I could see whoever it was had been buried in a material, it was a twill material, it was green, a very dark green, whether that had been the change of colour over the years I don't know. At the feet the person had a pair of boots, you could tell what they were — decayed — but they were boots, and the complete skeleton was wrapped in a blanket. I pulled little bits of it out and I could tell it was a blanket. Well we covered that over and kept walking, then I found the rim of a billycan and I pulled it up and it all fell to pieces, so we dug in it, and out of the billycan I found an old penny, King George. I think it might have been [King George] III. It was bigger than our other pennies.

\(^7\) *The Sydney Mail*, 3 November 1920.

And there were two badges, two cricketer’s badges, one had a cricketer standing each side of an Australian coat of arms, which I was told must have been the first Australian coat of arms. They must have changed it. And underneath—one cricketer had a bat and the other cricketer had a ball in his hand—and underneath was ‘Advance Australia’. After we sort of cleaned them up, polished them and they were brass, and with that buckle there was another buckle, and that just had a bat ball and stumps. Well, we found the penny, we found the badges, we found an old cutthroat razor, we found a knife, spoon and fork which we could tell what they were, and we found a tin matchbox, not a wooden matchbox, of tin, but the same size as a safety matchbox, nothing in it, and I can’t remember what else, but we decided we would share everything up, so my girlfriend took the penny and I took the badges. There was a comb—it seemed to be a person’s personal belongings. So we dug under that can and there was another skeleton. I never dug completely round it except I knew there was a skull underneath. We just covered it all over again. Well we shared up the loot and I took mine and my mother was so upset about it she shot them out and said the person could have died of a disease and they’d buried everything but I found them and I polished them and I got them pretty good, so I could read ‘Advance Australia’ on the buckle. They were like belt buckles, I’m sure that’s what they were, but over the years moving from Kioloa and from one place to another I’ve just lost trace of them.

Later, when Belle was working at the Bawley Point guest house, she took anthropologists from the Australian Museum to the site. Belle said they found that ‘somebody had been there and unearthed the whole skeleton. I found everything bar the skull, most of the bones, and they [museum people] were disappointed because they wanted to identify them, whether they were Aboriginal or a white person.’ The museum people were also interested in the stone implements and shells at the site, which proved to be an extensive Aboriginal midden.9

The human remains were in a small part of the area covered by the midden. At least five skeletons were eventually found. My grandfather had some of the skulls on a shelf in his workshop, behind a wooden partition which he would slide back with a flourish when he wanted to startle visitors. Later he destroyed the skulls.

I remember seeing some of the skulls and human bones on the sandhills site. I saw also a few buttons, and I think some clothing and a buckle, and the metal end of a gun cartridge of early design. It had a firing pin protruding from the

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9 This may be a reference to the early 1970s, when a geomorphologist from the University of Sydney did some auger holes and test excavations to determine the stratigraphy of the site, which proved difficult due to extensive dune erosion from grazing and vehicles (Hughes, P. Murramarang. A report on fieldwork at this site in November–December 1972 and some preliminary findings, unpublished student report, University of New South Wales, School of Geography, 1973) (A.G. and S.F.).
side, and I have been told it was called a ‘pin-fire’ cartridge and would date from about the 1860s. Some, but not all, of the skulls were Aboriginal, according to the anthropologists.

Marie McClung (née Kellond) remembers when the skeletons were found. She fossicked around the area once while her father was fishing off the rocks below, and found a gold ring, which she took down proudly to show him. His reaction, from superstition or a fear of disease, was that the ring should be got rid of without delay, so Marie threw it into the sea. Marie made some other finds at a different site, described as on the hill south-west of Murrarang lagoon. One item found there was an 1813 threepenny piece. Mrs Neil Mison (née Gladys Cullen), who grew up at Bawley Point, is reported as saying:

Saturday afternoon ‘fun’ for boys and girls was to collect together on the sandhills, where the chief game was to ‘make a man’. This consisted of digging into the sandhills for bones of human beings, which were not hard to find … the game was that children sought to complete a full skeleton, and the first one to achieve this won the game.10

Most of these finds have never been explained. The stone implements present no problem, as they are part of the Aboriginal midden, but what are we to make of the others?11 Perhaps the part of the midden where human remains were found was used as a local cemetery in the early decades of settlement. No other cemetery area was mentioned in the papers I have seen. The numerous bones implied in the above account by Gladys Cullen would be consistent with the cemetery idea. Belle Vider said her mother had told her that a child of one of the Evanses had been buried ‘at Wilford’s Point [Murrarang headland] before 1910’; this suggests that the area was used as a cemetery.

In more recent times, three people were buried in the Bawley Point/Kioloa area. Pross Andrews, who was killed while timber-getting before 1910, is believed to be buried in the gully that bears his name, north-west of The Avenue at Kioloa. Jack Bennett was buried in the sand hills opposite The Avenue at Kioloa, around 1910. Bennett was an old man, employed by Mr Walker to do odd jobs. He died when a dray-load of posts capsized on him. At Bawley Point there was a lone grave, fenced and with lilies growing on it, a few hundred metres north of the present shop. Heather Sharp (née Browne) told me it was the grave of Gordon Switzer (or Switzki), aged around six, who died around 1916. Heather was present at the funeral. The boy’s parents were German, and ‘kept to themselves’ in a cottage on Bawley Point, which was separate from the mill cottages. Neil

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11 Several partial skeletons, identified by archaeologists as being Aboriginal, have been accidently uncovered on Murrarang headland over the decades. Some were held by NPWS and others were at universities, but all have now been repatriated back into the midden (A.G. and S.F.).
Evans claimed there were around 40 Aboriginal graves outlined with stones near or on the sandhills ‘about the middle of Murramarang beach’. I do not know what to make of this claim. Such a large burial area would surely have been well known, but no one else has mentioned it.

Walter Scott was the mailman between Kioloa, Bawley Point and Termeil in the 1920s, and probably much earlier. He lived in a shack about one kilometre inland from Merry Beach. The place was untidy to say the least, as was Walter himself, with his uncombed hair and beard and slovenly attire. He grew a few fruits and vegetables, but we were warned not to accept anything from him if we made a rare visit. He had about 20 cats, which kept him warm at nights. When my mother inquired about one cat which had been sick, Walter said that when he woke up he found the ‘thunderin’ cat dead around my neck’. Belle Vider recalled that her mother kept a special spoon and cup for Walter’s use. Mrs Walker took pity on Walter one Christmas and gave him Christmas dinner. She would not invite him into the house, but set up for him in the post office. When he had finished ‘there were bones all over the place’. Joy London recalled Walter’s honesty: he would always pay next visit for a COD parcel, if he was not carrying the required amount of cash.

Walter married late in life, but it was too much for him — he died within a year or two. He had advertised, or answered an advertisement, for a wife. Two women came at least to Termeil, looked at Walter, then went back. Later, somewhat spruced up by well-wishers, he went to Sydney to meet a woman who had come over from Adelaide. They married and came back to Kioloa to live. After Walter’s death, Mrs Scott stayed at Kioloa, where she taught at the school for several years. Although she was always known as ‘Mrs Scott’, Walter’s account of the marriage throws some doubt on its legality. Joy London said Walter told her ‘there was this service going on in the church so we just went in’.12 Asked if he had gone before a minister he replied: ‘Oh no, when we came we just put some money in the box and that was that’.

After Walter Scott, the important mail link to Termeil was kept going by Frank Evans till he retired in 1944, then by Windsor Evans. Windsor also delivered milk in the district for some years from the dairy herd on Moore’s at Kioloa.

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Figure 50: Walter Scott, mailman, Kioloa–Termeil, c. 1930.
Source: The Edith and Joy London Foundation of The Australian National University.
The Electoral Roll for 1922 lists several names for Kioloa and Bawley Point, in addition to those already mentioned. For Kioloa the names are Hadley, Holmes, Levien, Tiernan, Woods. The same reference lists the following for Bawley Point: Bonner, Byrne, Cork, Davenport, Jarman, Johnson, Killmore, Lee, Rose, Thompson. I do not remember even a mention of some of these. Eric Simpson remembered some of them: Bonner was an elderly single man who had come from Sydney, and worked as a mill hand; Tom Lee was also elderly and had four or five sons who were mill workers, while Mrs Lee operated a boarding house, or at least provided meals; Byrne had the mail run Termeil to Kioloa, and died as the result of a sulky accident; Hadley was a mill hand with a glass eye, who was responsible for an injury to Eric’s finger; Tiernan was tallish and single; Ernie (Edward in the electoral roll) Jarman was mill boss. The following were living at Termeil, but were in the timber industry: James Backhouse (bush foreman); James Backhouse junior (teamster); Charles Beileiter (mill hand); John Bevan (timber cutter); William Boag (teamster); George Shoebridge (timber cutter); Albert Smith (timber cutter). It is hard to know what to make of the electoral

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rolls. Although it was compulsory to register and vote, many in such remote places did not bother, and those who did were often tardy in notifying change of address after the frequent moves forced on them.

World War II came at the close of this period. With improved communications and a threat of invasion, the small local community was not as isolated from events as it was in World War I. Both mills were out of action for several years before the war, and the tourist industry had only barely started, so there were few people about. Billy Orr, Keith Simpson of Termeil, and Sonny Hillier and Bill Bevan of Kioloa enlisted. Some joined the Volunteer Defence Corps. My father was in the VDC on coast watching duties, stationed at Bendalong. I think he also worked for part of the time building boats at Ulladulla.

The cottages in The Avenue at Kioloa were taken over by around 30 army personnel for part of the war, when preparations were being made to resist a possible invasion. Road signs were removed. Joy London recalls that they were required to report any planes or shipping to Sydney, and that they had a direct phone line for this, and a special code which was changed daily. She also recalled that the army men in the cottages went wild at times, driving at speed and shooting kangaroos from their vehicles. One of their number was thrown from a vehicle and killed.

Figure 52: Old crane mill at Bawley Point. This picture was taken around 1950, almost 30 years after the mill was destroyed.

Source: Bruce Hamon.