A.N.D.F.H.G. Inc. News Sheet
Issue 117 – Feb. 2023

ELECTED COMMITTEE 2022-2023		GENERAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS	
PRESIDENT	Peter Applebee		Jeff Cook
VICE PRESIDENT	Ivan Randall		Helen Stein
SECRETARY	Suzanne Smith		Margaret Flaiban
TREASURER	Suzanne Smith		Lynda Winter
MIN/SECRETARY	Tammy Martin		Rosemary Ward
APPOINTMENTS		**FAMILY TREE MAKER CONVENER**	Peter Applebee
AUDITOR	Rosemary Ward	**LEGACY USERS GROUP CONVENER**	Margaret Flaiban

We are Back!

Our Doors are Open Once Again!

Hello Members,

We hope you all had a Great Christmas and New Year Celebrations.

We are all back for 2023 with things starting to get back to normal next month. We open again to the Public on the 2nd of February. The Legacy Group resumes on the 6th and Family Tree Maker Group on the 18th. By then all our plans for 2023 should be well in hand, with your committee having already met for the first time for 2023.

At the end of 2021 we put in place our ANDFHG Resource Directory on all our Research computers, putting all our resources into the one place. This year we have added to it our Adelaide Plains Burial Register. A searchable database consisting of some 41,000 names for Burials across the whole of the Adelaide Plains. It includes many of the Burials not listed in the Council districts, from the smaller lesser-known cemeteries. A lot of research has gone into this project so far and this is designated our MK1 version. It is hoped as we move forward that supporting documentation and other details and photos will be included as we continue with this project.

Hope you all soon.

Regards ANDFHG

Additions To the Website Members Area

December 2022
Whyalla Family History Group Inc.

The Grapeline November 2022
Mildura & District Genealogical Society Inc.

Ghost Buster November 2022
Campbelltown District Family History Society Inc

Tree of Life November 2022
Wyong Family History Group

The Warrnambool Family History Group Inc.
The South-West Genealogist – Nov. – Dec. 2022

Cowra Family History Group Inc.
Eagle Eye Journal Dec. 2022

Young & District Family History Group Inc.
Lambing Flat Leader January 2023

Help needed.

Covid has kerbed a lot of our personal and group activities over the last couple of years.

With that, all our outside projects were pull on hold.

We had discussions with Taylor and Forgie Funeral Directors before Christmas. We are hoping to try and restart this document scanning project this year. The Equipment has been refreshed and is ready to go back in action. While the final details are yet to worked out, we are looking for volunteers who may wish to help with this.

The Editorial Team is also looking for some help with putting this newsletter together. Finding Interesting items for the same and perhaps typing out the odd article may be required.

If you can help with either of these please contact us via our

Projects Email Address: projects@andfhg.org.au

AN OVERLAND NIGHTMARE JOURNEY

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

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

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

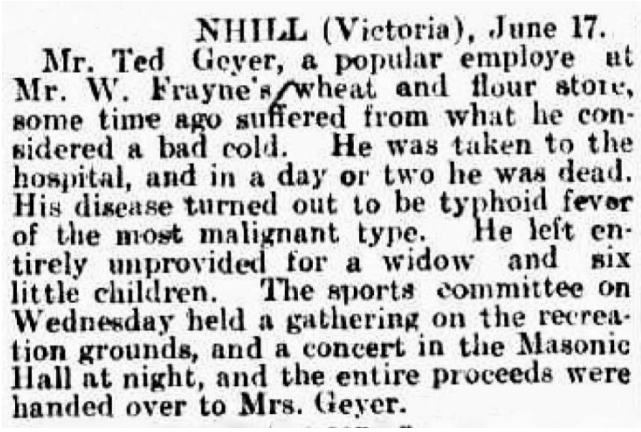

OVERLAND TO MILDURA

Waggon Trip from Nhill 30 Years Ago

THE PANGS OF THIRST.

(By M. Geyer.)

Source: http://trove.nla.gov.au (click here to view article)
The Horsham Times, Tuesday 1st September 1931, page 6


NHILL (Victoria), June 17.

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

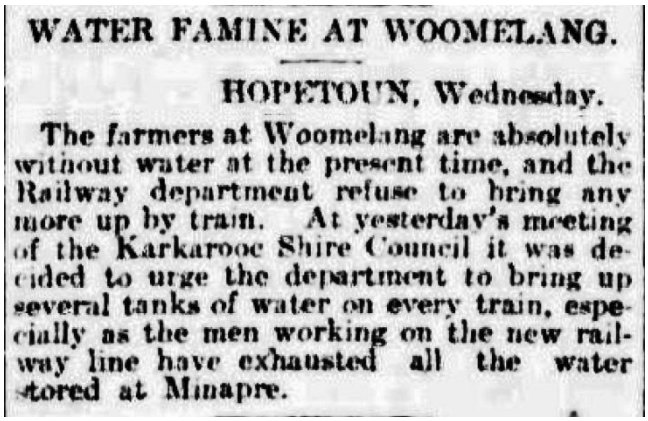
Source: http://trove.nla.gov.au
Chronicle (Adelaide, SA : 1895 - 1954), Saturday 24 June 1899, page 26

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

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

the line to Mildura instead of the other way. We crossed from Hopetoun to Minapin, now Lascelles, at that time a wine shanty and tents. A beautiful lot of pines grew where we camped overnight, but we did not have much sleep because of the noise of the drunks and the yelling of the woman who kept the shanty.

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



WATER FAMINE AT WOOMELANG.

HOPETOUN, Wednesday.

The farmers at Woomelang are absolutely without water at the present time, and the Railway department refuse to bring any more up by train. At yesterday's meeting of the Karkarooc Shire Council it was decided to urge the department to bring up several tanks of water on every train, especially as the men working on the new railway line have exhausted all the water stored at Minapre.

Source: http://trove.nla.gov.au
The Argus (Melbourne, Vic. : 1848 - 1957), Thursday 5 December 1901, page 6

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

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

Then we pushed on again, travelling all day without water. Men may have their fancies for pets, but give me a dog, for men have not half the sense of a dog when it comes to finding water. Our dog, Bruce, used to jump up in the wagon and look up into our faces, as much as to say, "Please do give me a drink," but when he was told there was no water, he would just jump down. One evening he was missing from behind the wagon. We had just started off again in the morning, when he came and jumped into the wagon, the first time he ever did it while we were on the move. Uncle said, "Look out, he's gone mad." But he was sopping wet; he jumped down again, ran back to the edge of the scrub and started to bark. The men grabbed the water-bags and followed him. The dog led them to the tank we were

looking for. Then we took the horses out and gave them a well-needed and earned drink and a bit of a feed. We boiled the billy and had a longed-for cup of tea, thanks to Bruce. Had it not been for the dog finding the water, we could not have lasted the day out, nor could have the horses.

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

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

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

The men decided to walk on and see if there was any other track over the hills. Mother sat in the waggon ringing a bullock bell so as they would not wander away and get lost. Back

they came towards morning. There was no other road. The men snatched a hasty meal and a few hours sleep. Then we were up at daylight. with hills in front of us and we stuck fast on a stump. The eldest boy (Arthur) had to crawl under and chop the stump off so as we could clear the axle of the wagon: this done, we tried cutting a fresh track around the hill, but this was impossible. There was only one thing left, go straight over the top. To do this everything had to be unloaded and carried up to the top of the sand-hill, then loaded in after the team reached the top. Then down to the bottom, unload again and carry up to the top: this was done till the hills were crossed. It was as much as the horses could do to pull the empty wagon over the sand-hills.

An unlabelled photo from a family album is reminiscent of the Geyer's journey; the landscape, wagon, billy and the dog.
The Geyer's dog, Bruce, located water and saved the family's life.
Edith and the children, hid in their wagon whenever they neared groups of men (primarily railway workers).

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

On the way mother climbed a leaning tree and on looking out above the other trees she could see horses and the bank of a lake. She was so overcome with joy that she just slid down, lay on the ground and cried as if her heart would break. Uncle tried to comfort her, told her to try and keep up and not to give in just yet as we may find water any hour now. She couldn't speak, only pointed up the tree. He climbed up and saw the lake and ran

back to the driver yelling, "Thank God we are saved. There is water ahead. We're saved. We're saved." We hurried on, or rather what we thought was hurrying, as the poor horses had no hurry left in them by now. We reached the lake. which we found was Lake Hattah. When we were nearing it we could see hundreds of men and horses camped on the bank. Our men took the water-bags to get them filled, mother and the kiddies hiding in the wagon. The men were met with the head ganger (and if this man is still alive to-day, or any of the other men that were there, they can bear me out as to the condition we and the horses were in). Mother's and uncle's tongues were swollen to the roof of their mouths. The ganger said the man who passed us before had called in and told him that we were on the way and that we should be at the lake about 10 o'clock in the morning. If we were not there by that time, we would have missed the turn off and perhaps be dead by night. The ganger had just formed a search party to go out for us. We reached the lake about 5 o'clock. The ganger ordered the men away with the command not to touch the water. It was agony to see the lake full of water and not allowed to have a drink. The ganger had ordered the cook to boil the billy and make us a drink of tea. We had to shift our camp about half a mile away from the water. Later he brought over the tea and only gave us each half a cupful and it was over an hour before we got another half cup: then another half hour and so on till we had quenched our thirst.

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

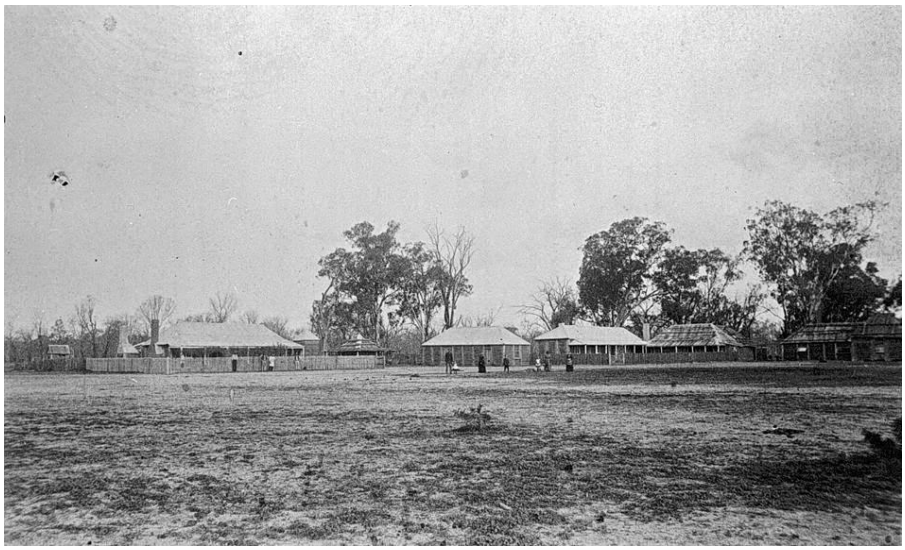
Edith's "*delicate brother*" Abel Bound, who was instrumental in saving the family.

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

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

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

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



Kulkyne Station c 1900
Source: http://museumvictoria.com.au/
Reg No: MM002690

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

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

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

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

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

They made it!

Edith Geyer with her children and first grandchild - 1911
Back: Arthur, Melville, Lloyd and Ernest
Front: Sophie, Edith Geyer (nee Bound), Lily and Mabel holding Eva Pilgrim (my grandmother)

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

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

"*The Coromandelians*" by William Othams

Elliott

There was no Elliott among the passengers, nor, so far as I am aware, among the crew. However there were a John and Mary Clay, their son Samuel and their foster-son, John's nephew Thomas Clay Duke. John was not a stayer. He left Mary and the 2 boys and departed for Sydney in June 1837, never to be seen by them again. Mary was still camped at Glenelg in October 1837, seeking assistance to get herself, "three children" and their belongings transported to Adelaide, as she was unable to obtain employment at Glenelg. The third child may have been imminent rather than independent at that stage. Mary had born a 2nd son late in the voyage to South Australia, but that child had died and been buried at Glenelg in February 1837. His coffin seems likely to have been the infant coffin accidentally disinterred by fencing contractors at St Peters Church Torrens Square Glenelg in 1858.

Mary had another child named William baptised on 30 December 1838 with his date of birth recorded as 13 November, without the year being recorded, and John Clay named as the father. That was possible if the date of birth was 13 November 1837, whereas the father is unknown if it was 13 November 1838. A birth in November 1837 would match the age recorded for William when he died. His father was certainly not William Elliott, who arrived in South Australia from New South Wales in 1839, and was living with Mary, Thomas Clay Duke and young William by the time of the 1841 census. Mary's 1st son Samuel had died in March 1838.

William junior did his bit to assist or confuse future family history researchers, depending on your point of view, by using the surnames of Clay and Elliott interchangeably during his life. He was baptised as Clay in 1838, but recorded as Elliott in the 1841 census. He was too young to get the blame for those decisions, but he then married Mary Anne Tucker under the name of William Elliott in 1859. However, they registered the births of their first five children with the surname of Clay, before reverting to Elliott for the births of the last two children, and apparently sticking with Elliott for the rest of their lives, that being the surname under which their deaths were registered.

William Elliott senior and Mary did have 3 daughters together, between 1841 and 1850. Thomas Clay Duke and one of those daughters also contributed to genealogical confusion by reminiscing to journalists late in life, and merging the identities of John Clay and William Elliott in those reminiscences. Thomas was 5 when John Clay departed from his life, and must surely have remembered that his father figure for his 1st 5 years was not the man who became the family bread-winner 2 or 3 years later. He probably just thought it was none of the journalist's or public's business that he had had more than one foster-father, or that neither of them was his actual father.

His foster-sister was only born long after John Clay had departed and may well have believed whatever she was told by her parents about the family history, but she apparently told her interviewing journalist that it was Mr Elliott who arrived at Glenelg on the Coromandel. Or perhaps she correctly but misleadingly told the journalist that Mrs Elliott arrived on the Coromandel, and the journalist or his newspaper mistakenly recorded this as Mr Elliott.

What happened to John Clay? Two clues are that his son Samuel's full name as recorded when he was baptised was Samuel Henry Hollinsworth Clay, and that John had to give evidence at an inquest at Port Adelaide in February 1837, and signed his deposition "John

H Clay." The significance of these facts is that a carpenter named John Hollingworth Clay turned up in Melbourne during the 1840s and remained there until he died, in 1891. The Coromandel John Clay's occupation was recorded as carpenter.

The Victorian John Clay went through two ceremonies of marriage while he was in Victoria, in 1847 and 1852 (after the death of the 1847 bride). If he was the Coromandel John Clay, both of these claims were potentially bigamous, although he may have been able to argue the defence that the bigamy laws did not apply "to any person marrying a second time, whose husband or wife shall have been continually absent from such person for the space of seven years then last past, and shall not have been known by such person to be living within that time." The Victorian John Clay was described as a widower when he underwent the 1847 marriage ceremony, so perhaps he was relying on this presumption of death. However, it is questionable whether this defence was available to the person who had absented himself from his partner in the first place.

Mary and William underwent a ceremony of marriage in 1851, by which time they were living at Penwortham near Clare. They both died there, Mary in 1859 and William in 1865. Despite the questionable status of their marriage, the Elliotts were stalwarts of the Penwortham Wesleyan church, and various entries in the church records between 1859 and 1884, in particular the Sunday school roll book and the seat rent register, held at the State Library, helped me considerably in piecing together the family story.

Other records that I made use of were

(1) English baptism and marriage records, images of which were available on Ancestry
(2) Newspaper items on Trove and the British Newspaper Archive
(3) The February 1837 inquest papers held in the Colonial Secretary's correspondence (viewable on microfilm), at State Records of SA
(4) South Australian birth, baptism, marriage, death and burial records, for some of which I relied on Genealogy SA's indexes, but where I needed more information than they provided, I viewed their microfilm of the district registers; I had to view microfilm of events at Anglican Churches at the State Library, or in the case of the Anglican Church at Penwortham, where some critical events occurred, I had to obtain copies from the Mount Horrocks Historical Society
(5) The 1841 census
(6) The South Australian Government Gazette
(7) South Australian and Victorian Probate records, those from SA being accessible via Family Search, and those from Victoria on their Public Record Office web-site
(8) Directories
(9) Passenger lists held at State Records, accessible on-line via their web-site
(10) Old System land records, viewed on microfilm at the Land Services Group office, and Torrens title records, accessible on-line via the SAILIS web-site
(11) Adelaide Hospital records accessible online via State Records and Family Search (these provided the information about how William Elliott arrived in SA)
(12) Various 19th and 20th century legal works on the law of bigamy
(13) Online cemetery records
(14) Ancestry family trees (one of which made me aware that William Clay had used 2 surnames during his life)
(15) Mount Horrocks Historical Society files on the relevant families.

THOMAS BASTARD and the CITY BATHS

compiled by Helen Stein

Some people would remember the Adelaide City Baths which were situated behind the Railway Station on King William Road. The Baths were built in 1863 on the site where the Festival Theatre now stands. These baths were considered to be the best in the world at the time, with an indoor 50 metre pool with a series of springboards and a high diving platform. Thomas Bastard won the tender to lease the site and established the Turkish Baths.

THE CITY BATHS,

ADELAIDE.

Swimming Baths, Tepid Baths, Turkish Baths, Sicilian Baths.

THE TURKISH BATHS,

Under the distinguished Patronage of

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR,

Sir William F. D. Jervois, K.C.M.G.,

The Board of Management of the Adelaide Hospital, and the leading Medical Men of the Colony.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MRS. PERRIN. SWIMMING MISTRESS, MISS EMMA BASTARD. LADIES' ASSISTANT, MISS C. CLARK.

The Turkish Bath

Hours of opening, from 10 till 6 daily, Thursday afternoons excepted, which are reserved for Ladies. Charges—Yearly Tickets, £7; Half-Yearly Tickets, £4; a course of Six Baths, £1 1s.; Single First-Class, 5s.; and on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 7 a.m. till 0 p.m. for the working class, 2s. Quarterly Tickets, £3. W. Johnson, Shampooer.

Swimming and Tepid Baths.

Summer Months, daily from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Winter months daily, from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. Charges—First-class Swimming Bath, 6d.; Second-class Swimming Bath, 3d.; Warm Bath, 1s.; Yearly Ticket, £4.

Swimming School.

Boys' Class, Mondays from 7 a.m. till 7·30 a.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 9 to 10 a.m. Swimming Masters' Fee, £2 2s.

T. BASTARD,

Swimming Master to the Government Model School.

CHARLES BASTARD, MANAGER.

N.B.—Private Lessons in Swimming by Special Arrangement.

Born in London in 1818, Thomas Bastard arrived in Adelaide in 1853. He was a swimming instructor who had been trained by Captain Beckwith in London. At the time of his arrival in the colony, there were no swimming baths, and he gave lessons in a swimming hole about 50 yards east of where the Morphett Street Bridge crosses the Torrens Lake. He was soon recognized as the master of swimming in Adelaide, and was giving lessons to notable families, including that of Sir James Fergusson. He also gave physical therapy lessons to people with disabilities. In 1864 he established annual swimming matches, which were very popular and well-attended.

On March 24, 1874, he was appointed swimming master to the Government Model Schools, earning him the distinguished title of “Professor of Natation.” He was a man of many talents, and wrote a short book of his adventures entitled “Cockney Tom”.

Thomas Bastard died on 10 September 1883 aged 64, and is buried in Plot 843, Path 7 South. The epitaph on his headstone reads “**For Tom has gone aloft**”, which is a line from the song “Poor Tom Bowling” which was written by Charles Dibden following the death of his brother in 1789. His son, Charles Bastard, took over the management of the baths after the death of his father. The City Baths also have a connection with a couple of famous women. In 1904 the soon-to-be Hollywood movie star Annette Kellerman became the first female to swim in public in South Australia when she plunged into the main pool. Legendary swimming coach Harry Gallagher took over the baths in the mid-1950s and brought with him a talented young swimmer, Dawn Fraser. Dawn trained here preparing for the 1956 Olympic trials and in the process, in the state championships of that year, won every freestyle swimming title.

As pools appeared in the suburbs, numbers at the City Baths started to drop and by the mid 1960’s, plans were made to demolish the baths to make way for a home for the arts. The baths were demolished in 1969.