

## **OUR MOTHER'S FAMILY**

### **OUR TASMANIAN GREAT GRANDPARENTS IN THE 1800'S**

#### **JONES MEETS WARD**

Our great grandmother **Jessie Eliza Victoria Jones (born July 11, 1860)** was born in Tasmania from parents, London-born **James Jones** and Tasmanian born **Charlotte Stacey** (making us 5<sup>th</sup> generation born Aussies, yippee!).

Jessie met Tasmanian-born **Harry 'Lofty' Ward**, our great grandfather in Copping South Tasmania. Harry was a big man and a great rower, as were his sons. He was the son of English-born James Ward and the Tasmanian born Harriet Kennedy.

Harry and Jessie had a mixed business shop in Lindisfarne. Blossom, on visits to her father and step mother, remembers her grandmother Jessie as a 'dear tiny dumpling of a woman with dark hair.' She was loved by Blossom as shop-owner Jessie gave her 'prize packets' with colored popcorn and a surprise. She built up a quite a collection of rings.

Harry Ward was very tall with reddish blonde hair and Blossom remembers him standing on a verandah and just looking into space for hours. She remembers being sent to bring Grandfather Harry in for his

dinner. He never spoke to her as she took him by the hand and led him in. As an older man, Harry suffered from a form of depression, it is said it was brought on by the after-effects of an operation.

## **BEVAN MEETS GREEN**

#insert pic of Bridget

Our great Grandmother Bridget Agnes Bevan was born in 1863 in Oatlands Tasmania. Her parents Thomas Bevan (born 1822/died 1891) and Johanna Cleary (born 1833/died 1914) were from Neenah in Ireland.

#insert pic of Johanna.

Bridget's father Thomas was great with horses and was brought out to Tasmania to tend to the horses of a wealthy landowner, Askin Morrison, at St Peter's Pass near Oatlands. The Bevans were quite classy and belonged to the local Hunt Clubs.

Bridget was herself a great horsewoman and Blossom was told by her uncle Frederick Peacock, he recalled 'Biddy' as a young woman, 'she was always leaping over fences with her dark curls flying!' She was also renowned as a wonderful cook, 'Biddy could make a fella a meal out of a chook's foot.' Bridget gave birth to 15 children and 13 grew up to adulthood including our grandmother Josephine.

Bridget's brother Willian 'Ben' Bevan, was also very 'horsy', he worked for the owner of Carlton United Breweries on Flinders Island as farm manager. When he retired Uncle Ben came back to live with his sister Bridget and nieces Lala and Mollie in Sorell. He would give the young Blossom five shillings when she was home on school holidays from boarding school. Ben's board money was of great assistance to his sister Bridget and his nieces Lala and Mollie.

Passionate about horse racing, Uncle Ben would listen to the radio and stand proudly in the lounge room for the National Anthem at the beginning of the race meeting as his nieces and Blossom would become

hysterical with giggles and have to hide behind the kitchen door. Even in the Hobart Repat Hospital, much to his niece's dismay, he would stick just his leg out of the bed when God save the King sounded on the radio! He went to two wars – the Bore War in South Africa and was a member of the Lighthorse in WW1. He was quite the patriot, also quite eccentric.

### #insert pic of Ottoman

Blossom remembers the ottoman was in her grandmother's Bridget's bedroom. She was told by her Aunty Jennie that she and her two sisters Kitty and Josephine- our grandmother - knelt around the ottoman to say their nightly prayers.

Our great Grandfather **Joseph Green** was born in Sorell Tasmania in 1855. He was the son of **Catherine Airey** and **Edward Green**.

Catherine, our great great grandmother was born in Ireland in 1833 and when her brother Michael was transported as a convict (rumour has it that he stole a loaf of bread) she and her family joined him later to settle in Tasmania in 1849. Catherine was known to be clever and was probably educated, no doubt illegally, in 'the hedgerow schools' and later she worked as a governess.

According to Nana Peacock (Aunty Jennie) Catherine was a very happy person, who loved to joke, sing and dance. Unfortunately she also had a liking for gin and in her old age became rather troublesome, often wandering off...

#insert pic of Catherine

#insert pic of silver dish

# white mug 'present from Hobart'

Joseph's father, **Edward Green**, our great great grandfather, was born in Ireland in 1819. He was a rough, uneducated shepherd who was transported to Tasmania for life because he was the leader of group called 'the white boys'. This group burnt the cottages confiscated by the greedy British before they had a chance to move in. He and his mates were called upon to support their Irish neighbours when they were being evicted.

At 23 he hit someone - 'felonious assault with a stick' - and as a result he was transported to Maria Island off the East Coast of Tasmania. He could not even sign his name, just left his mark, but was often sought out by other convicts for advice in his role as a 'white boy'. After serving his

time (not all that long) he went to work for a local farmer in SpringBay and in a short time earned his ticket of leave and bought a property in Forcett.

He and Catherine married in 1851. Eddie was 32, Catherine just 18. They had a hard life on the land. He was known for his rough language and according to Aunty Jennie, scared his grandchildren. Nonetheless, each of Eddie and Katherine's children went to school (it was not compulsory back then and they really could have helped out considerably on the farm). Every child was educated and bright. Just a generation later a number of convict Eddie's grandchildren attended university.

Blossom remembers her Aunty Jennie said Grandmother Catherine and Grandfather Eddie would drive once a month from their small, timber farm cottage in Forcett to Sorell in their old, uncomfortable dray on Sunday morning for mass. They would not stay for lunch with the family as they had to get back for the afternoon milking and to tend to the animals.

One of their sons, **Joseph Green** –our great grandfather – known by Blossom as ***Pa Green***, was greatly adored. Nothing like his father, he was a gentle, loving man who would always escort his eldest three daughters to dances, where he danced beautifully (his mother's influence..). The sisters would always dance with their father during the evening.

One night he took just two of them to a dance, and, as a sick Josephine couldn't attend, the two sisters, Kitty and Jennie, stole cakes for her and hid them in their big black umbrella. Unfortunately it was raining outside when they left the dance and poor Kitty opened the umbrella and oops...all the cakes fell out! Josephine constantly asked 'how many cakes? how many fell?' – it became a family legend.

Joseph was originally a police trooper and later a stock inspector for the Sorrell Council. The day he died Blossom was visiting Gran's house after school and she was met by her aunties with their arms around their mother Gran Green - all crying. Joseph, at just 60, had died of a heart attack at work in his office just across the road from the family home.

## OUR TASMANIAN GRANDPARENTS

### WARD MEETS GREEN

**Ronald Harry Ward** was born in Copping Tasmania on June 20 in 1890 (died in 1954 aged 63). He probably met his future wife, Josephine Bevan Green at primary school in Sorell.

Ronald had five brothers and four or five sisters. His young daughter Blossom recalls only one Aunty Daphne Ward and orphaned Ward cousins Mary and John McGowan.

Blossom remembers the 11 year old Mary taking her 8 year old Blossom-self on a ferry trip to Hobart from Lindisfarne and the horror of a curtain jamming the door of the ferry's toilet. Blossom recalled seeing a woman in the next room and called out tearfully to, hopefully, the woman outside, "Please kind lady, open the door!" The kind lady let them out.

Blossom caught up with cousin John in 1940 when she was home on holiday from teaching in Swansea and John was a colonel in the army in charge of a war bond march.

Cousin John, 'very smart, very polite, very tall and slim (but not handsome),' escorted Blossom to a dance at the Bayview Hotel in Swansea. She had the most wonderful time. "There were hardly any girls and all these men! I was constantly being tapped on the shoulder to dance but they all marched off in the morning and I never saw Cousin John again," said Blossom.

Our grandfather Ronald Ward was trained as a baker and had very prosperous bakeries in Lindisfarne and Bellerive. Blossom's uncle Frederick Peacock thought Ronald was one of the 'hardest working men ever, he didn't drink, he didn't smoke' but the rest of the Green family did not share his good opinion. Ronald's son's Jeffery and George, and daughter Blossom, all inherited Ronald's work ethic.

**Josephine Bevan Green** was born on August 29, 1890 in Sorell. Gifted with a wonderful voice she was a member of the local choir.

At 25 she married two months older Ronald Ward in Copping and produced three children in less than three years later. She died, aged just 27 after giving birth to her third child Jeffrey in May 1918.

Blossom recalls the wedding was not ever discussed as obviously the Green family did not approve of Ronald's behavior during and after Josephine's final pregnancy.