

A POSTSCRIPT to the life of 'Treasure Girl' UNA nee Farmer, Yeatman then Martin, who died aged 93 on May 11, 2007 in Royal Adelaide Hospital after a brief illness.

Alice Bell (from Benalla in Victoria) shares with Judy Pearce and siblings, through our respective mothers, a great-grandmother Catherine Bishop, buried in Port Lincoln. Her grandmother was Ethel Bishop (Appledore), older sister to Rosabel Myrtle Bishop (Farmer/Lindquist). Alice has just discovered Una Martin's family history book 'Treasure Girl' and wrote on October 4, 2009, this response to the story:

"Dear Judy

.....I am looking, at this moment, at your brochure 'The Yardarm' holiday unit, and the first thing that comes to me is the love of boating and the sea which has been a thread throughout the book - no wonder with the beginnings in SA. The sense of adventure, on the road, travelling and in the water showed that adventurous spirit in your Mother and the tendency in you all for endurance, for dedication to your families and for hard work.

I felt such emotion when your Mother found her way back to the home her father had built and to find the sign he had made advertising his ability with the saw - and then to be asked by the young man for her memories of how it was, so that he could restore it as much as as possible, must have been so wonderful for her... but then - to discover they were related was such a bonus. Tears were rolling down my face.

I felt for her during her time of depression and the resulting treatment - still used today, but not quite so intensive I believe. Depression has been dealt with also in my family - however, each of us does this journey differently and of course the era in which we live, together with our differing personalities, as you would no doubt be aware, guides us on our path.

How your Mother kept bouncing back and on with the job of raising her family, keeping close contact with relations and having, it seems, open house. How lovely to have been brought up in this atmosphere for you all. To have your Dad be so musical must have been heaven, although I have known some find the constancy of music a bit wearing - but then of course you Mother played piano also, and you all learned so I imagine that was not the case in your home

The chapter 'A Beach Adventure' expresses such fun, adventure, freedom of spirit and more so as your Mother was pregnant, no stopping her. Your Dad, being the hero, arrives eventually for the rescue. I can't imagine many being able to travel and be playful in such a way these days, roaring up and down the beach in a car, breaking an axle, getting help from some passing angels, following an arduous walk to a farmhouse for help in such a seemingly safe environment. Oh for the good old days.

I love the photos, the familiar names, such as Russell Farmer (whom we met and who was such a favorite of Mum's (Alice's mother Merle was a first cousin to Russell) - many of the Christian names carried through; Uncle Len (Bishop) who we also met and have a photo of somewhere. We have photos of visits to Adelaide, but I have no memories of that. I enjoyed the historical events and the mentions of farm life.

It is interesting to see the religious theme running through your family, the sewing abilities, the sports, the mention of the different vehicles - the Model T Ford, the Willys, the motorbike and the adventures therein and on. Of course to live a long life there are the tragedies to endure, the grieving for losses, through death and separations and divorce, and there are the joys of the births and marriages (not necessarily in that order but more common these days), the teenage years and the long term friends.

I loved seeing the wedding photos and in particular the one of Russell and Margaret Farmer, with whom we have spent holidays at Black Rock in their home with the upstairs gable room which we as kids loved. I saw Margaret and Claire not long before Claire died, and had not seen Hartley since he was a baby. Our Mother spent time with Margaret and Russell after the birth of Wendy (my sister) having travelled down there after three days in hospital, by train - no mean feat.

There is no way I can do justice in words to the journey which has been recorded by your Mother and placed in such a beautiful cover in honour of her history, and I can only say I feel privileged to have had the opportunity to read it and appreciate some linkages to my own history.

I thank you all.

Alice