



Lithgow Pioneer Press



This photo of Yvonne Jenkins was taken in 2008 at the function after the ceremony at which she was awarded the Order of Australia Medal for service to the communities of Lithgow and Rydal, particularly through a range of historical, agricultural show and arts bodies.

LITHGOW & DISTRICT FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY INC.

President: Eleanor Martin

Vice President: Danny Whitty

Secretary: Rae Casey

Treasurer: Rae Casey

Minute Secretary: Ros Nolte

Membership Secretary: Eleanor Martin

Publishing Officer: Jan Saundercock

Photograph Archivist: Marcie Farr

S. P. C. I.: Laurie Cook

Publicity Officer: Vacant

Research Officer: Liz Kitto

**Facebook: Helen Tracy & Jan
Saundercock**

**Journal Committee: members of the
Committee of Management.**

Librarian: Kathy Brennan

**Assistant to the Librarian: Terry
Tonkin**

Journal Registrar: Sandra Haley

Assistant Archivist: Lynda Lovegrove

**Assistants to the COM: Robyn Whitty,
Colin Powell**

**OPENING HOURS: 11am to 4pm on Fridays and 2pm to 5pm on Tuesdays by
appointment only. email: secretary.ldfhs@gmail.com**

Members free, non-members \$20.

**Ewen Smith Memorial Hall
Corner of Tank & Donald Streets, Lithgow
Please address all mail to: PO Box 516 Lithgow, NSW 2790
Tel. (02) 6353 1089 (during opening hours)
Email: secretary.ldfhs@gmail.com**

**Committee of Management meetings are held on the third Monday of each month
at 2 pm.**

Meeting dates: 2023: 20 Nov, No meeting in Dec. 2024: 15 Jan, 19 Feb, 18 Mar, 15 April
- AGM.

Members are welcome to attend or submit ideas for discussion.

FEES

MEMBERSHIP (1st March 2023 to 28th February 2024)

Membership yearly - 3 journals (mailed journals) \$45

- 3 journals (emailed journals) \$40

Membership from October 1st 2023 - 2 journals \$25 posted or by email \$20

RESEARCH:

Research fees: for non-members mail enquiries minimum 2 hours \$40

Members who live outside the Lithgow area can request 3 hours research by our Research Officer.

© 2023 Lithgow & District Family History Society Inc.

YVONNE JENKINS MEMORIAL AWARD 2023

This journal is a tribute to Yvonne Jenkins who had a passion for the people in the community with whom she came in touch each day and documenting their family stories.

Yvonne was born in Bathurst in 1923 the eldest daughter of F. Herbert Snow and Gertrude Riley, and was educated in Bathurst then Gosford for a short time then back to Bathurst for High School.

The family moved to Lithgow when her father, a WW1 service man, became a Peace Officer at The Small Arms Factory.

Yvonne married Ron Jenkins and lived at "Carawatha," Cheetams Flat for sixty years.

During this time her two children attended the Sodwalls School and when they had completed their Primary schooling Yvonne was asked to interview Descendants of Pioneer's and students from Sodwalls, Rydal and Hampton schools to celebrate the Sodwalls school's Centenary in 1969. This was the first of many books which Yvonne wrote.

From 1966 Yvonne with her friends Dot Ellison and Helen Tracy began recording Lithgow and surrounds cemeteries, parish registers as well as the Hartley Courthouse records creating handwritten information files that are still used today. Yvonne was known to record every little cemetery and memorial found on her trips around the area as she and Dot spent one day a week travelling to preserve the history they found. Many a trip should have been by machete and hiking boots because grounds were not well maintained and the ones with low grass had cows or other livestock in them, much to Dot's total disgust.

Yvonne was a talented landscape artist working in both oil and water colour. She combined both art and history with her two publications - Rydal Family History Sketch book and the Sodwalls-Rydal Family History Sketch Book.

After Yvonne's death in 2011, the Society established the Yvonne Jenkins Memorial Award to honour this amazing woman who encouraged family historians to record the history and write the stories of their families.

October 2023 - Contents

Page:

- 4 Presentation of Yvonne Jenkins Memorial Award 2023.
- 5 My Grandfather by Lisa Patterson
- 7 My Grandfather by Robyn Thompson
- 9 My Grandfather by Brian Wood
- 11 Focus On - Some published works by Yvonne Jenkins.
- 12 From our Archives - Thomas Chipp & Jane Langley
- 14 Member Profile - Yvonne Jenkins
- 15 Shamrock Inn - Sketch.
- 16 Research Enquiries, Library Additions.

L&DFHS CHRISTMAS PARTY

SATURDAY 25 NOVEMBER 2023

WALLERAWANG COMMUNITY & SPORTING CLUB

1 MACKENZIE STREET, WALLERAWANG 2846

12:30 PM FOR 1 PM

RSVP FRIDAY 17 NOVEMBER 2023

Email: secretary.ldfhs@gmail.com or phone 02 6353 1089 during opening hours

PRESENTATION OF THE 2023 YVONNE JENKINS MEMORIAL AWARD



Liz Kitto (left), Brian Wood and Marcia Farr were awarded Certificates of Participation for their entries in the 2023 Yvonne Jenkins Memorial Award.

Helen Butler and Robyn Thompson were unable to attend the presentation. We look forward to receiving a photo of each of them with their Certificate of Participation.

RIGHT: Al Ritchie, Sherida Brodie and Kay Shirt, who acted as the independent judges of the 2023 Award.

BELOW: Liz Kitto, Lynda Lovegrove, Kay Shirt, Eleanor Martin, Rae Casey, Deputy Mayor Cass Coleman, Jan Saunderson, Al Ritchie and Marcia Farr. (Photo courtesy Cass Coleman)



2023 YVONNE JENKINS MEMORIAL AWARD - WINNING ESSAY

MY GRANDFATHER

AS SUBMITTED BY

LISA MAREE PATTERSON

Goodie-Bag Pop, three words that light up my face, bring tears, memories, and warmth to my heart. A man who inspired me, gave me strength, stubbornness, and determination. A man who believed in me more than I did myself. My childhood memories are filled with him. My Goodie-Bag Pop, a name my siblings and I gave our great grandfather because no matter what time of day or where we were Nana and Pop always gave us a bag of goodies to take home.

He was tall, well dressed, and clean shaven. He had dark brown hair with streaks of copper and hazel eyes that changed colour and glimmered in the light. He was energetic and playful. Goodie-bag Pop had a mind that was filled with an eagerness to learn, to understand and to investigate.

As a small child I remember running around his house pretending to be a light horseman like Pa-Pa, playing the organ terribly to match our made-up songs. Tip toeing around the magical garden looking for fairies and creatures that would hide in the flowers or vegetables.

I would sit cross legged on the golden carpet completely focused on his hazel eyes, watching the reflection change through the tales of war and stories of working in the Small Arms Factory. Working underground in coal mines and the story of meeting Nana in their hometown of Lithgow. We would discuss mathematics and the Air Force while eating red jelly and ice cream, we would open the wooden box on the counter and go through the pictures and their stories would unfold. He would sneak biscuits out of the fat monk cookie jar when nana wasn't looking and smiled like the Cheshire cat when he got away with it.

Every Christmas, every birthday he never missed and even after we moved away without fail a card, a phone call, a ten dollar note and usually some chocolates. Each chocolate bar we would open together and hope there was a golden ticket to Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory.



When I joined the Air Force Cadets, he was even more excited than I and told me how proud he was. Now our phone calls would discuss the parades, a camp or a promotion. These conversations gave him a joy that would radiate though the phone somehow transporting a smile from his face to mine. We could talk about aircraft for hours and somehow, we would end up on some crazy tale about his father's time in the Army.

My drive for knowledge to learn, to excel, to investigate came from him. As I read now through newspaper articles and old school papers, I see how similar to me he was. An overachiever, with the drive for excellence, independent, hardworking, eagerness for knowledge, kind and warm hearted once you broke through the tough exterior. He taught me the values of hard work both at school, life, and the workforce. He taught me respect, love, kindness and not to judge a book by its cover.

The only child of a coal miner and light horseman in World War 1 he lived a tough life, he was able to finish his schooling in Lithgow and complete an apprenticeship in the small arms factory. At age 24 during World War 2 he joined the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) as a Leading Aircraftman working as an Equipment Assistant. He went to engineering school with the RAAF where his discipline and determination shone though. He travelled through Australia working at various RAAF bases, while Nana would stay in their house on Coalbrook street working and looking

after the children. After the war he returned to Lithgow remaining in the RAAF Reserves while working at the Lithgow State Mine as a coal miner. He and Nana would stay in Lithgow until both children had grown and had families of their own, in the late 60s they moved to Camden. He continued to work in the coal mines, played golf and later when we came along provided endless piggy back rides around the sunroom. Before we moved, we gave him a dog "Scruffy", the scruffiest dog I've seen. He loved that dog, and it became his most treasured pet. I'm sure he lived for at least twenty years, he would run between our legs at the table and nana was always yelling at him while holding back laughter because he looked absolutely ridiculous with his scruffy hair covering his eyes and feet.

Today I look in the mirror and the same hazel eyes glimmer back at me, my dark hair with streaks of copper, the same infectious smile and thirst for learning. So, though he might be gone physically from this world, the wonderful memories are not. Many people aren't lucky enough to have known their grandparents, but I am even more blessed because I had my great grandfather though my entire childhood and into my adult life, he watched me grow, listened, guided me, made me laugh and even got to meet my son. I still have many questions I wished I asked, photos I wished I took but I do have some of the most wonderful memories with me and stories I will continue to tell. To some he was known as John, others Jack, pop, and Pa, but to me no matter how old I get he will always be my Goodie Bag Pop.



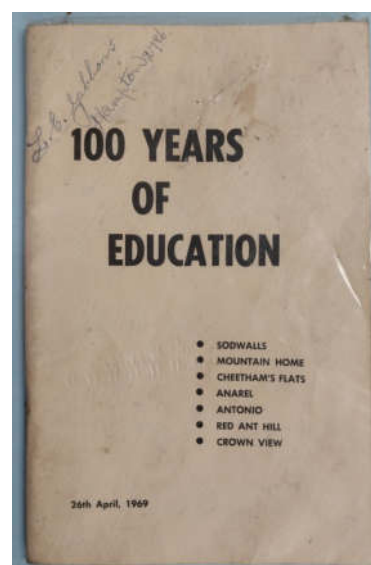
Lisa Patterson with her Yvonne Jenkin Memorial Award Winner's Certificate.

100 YEARS OF EDUCATION – SODWALLS, MOUNTAIN HOME, CHEETHAM'S FLAT, ANAREL, ANTONIO, RED ANT HILL, CROWN VIEW

Printed in 1969, this book was a collaboration between **Yvonne Jenkins, Jean Perry and Suzanne Graves** - three family historians who transcribed cemeteries and parish registers in the local district in the 1960s and 1970s. These formed the backbone of the society's initial resources when it was founded in 1986.

Original book - 72 pages, with photographs.

Now available from the Society as an A4 facsimile copy \$12.50





MY GRANDFATHER

AS SUBMITTED BY

ROBYN THOMPSON

Grandfather, you entered my life when I was in my late fifties. You are the grandfather I never knew. How could I be so ignorant of such an important member of my family?

I became aware of your existence through documents, notes, and certificates stored in my childhood home after my father's death. It was a sad realisation to know I had another grandfather, but he did not exist at any time in my life.

The first time I saw your face was in two small photographs. The first photograph showed you as a solitary figure, looking into the distance. A man of small stature, with a kind face dressed in his NSW Railways uniform.

The second more faded photograph shows my grandfather with his three children and their pet dog in the garden of their family home. He was elderly, with a walking cane, his face appearing remote and looking slightly sideways. Perhaps he was deep in thought. He appeared a solitary figure within a group of people.

My grandfather died in March 1943, his son my father had just returned from the Middle East in World War 2. The grief of losing a father against the backdrop of war may have caused his son to place the memory of his father into the depths of his mind.

No words were spoken about my grandfather. It was as though this person never existed, only in the mind of his own children.

The photographs did not bring a feeling of warmth or human love for this man to his granddaughter. He was an enigma, a black and white figure in two small photographs. The yearning to know more about my grandfather began.

The only papers that made sense to his life were his marriage certificate and death certificate. Family history documents, notes and certificates filled in the gaps.

It is difficult to develop a story on my grandfather; when it only comes from documents, black and white, no colour to this life.

The documents indicated he was a child born into a blended family. My grandfather's mother was a widow with six children, her youngest being twelve years old. A widower entered her life, and they married, with five more children being born of this union, the last child my grandfather.

The dynamics of this blended family would have presented challenges for all, particularly the children. The home would have been extremely crowded, busy, and noisy with just a cycle of domestic duties for the mother and a constant demand for attention from the children. There was no real indication what work his father undertook to support this large family. Life was extremely tough in the 1800s for people on the land and in small country villages.

My grandfather's father died when he was ten years old, and two years later his mother passed away when he was twelve years old. He also lost his brother in the same year as his mother. My grandfather was placed in the care of his sixteen year old older brother.

Their existence comprised of a small land holding and hut left to them in their father's will. In reading these documents I imagined the hand to mouth existence my twelve year grandfather endured.



Robyn Thompson

Notwithstanding these hardships, my grandfather attended school, as dictated in his late father's will. At least he received an education. There was however no father or mother's love, comfort or advice to ease any worries or pain. Two young boys were attempting to live life to the best of their ability.

His brother worked at any employment to bring in money, eventually joining the NSW Railways. There are no records on my grandfather's employment after leaving school. In 1900, aged 27 years old my grandfather joined the NSW Railways in various capacities. He worked on the NSW Railways until he retired in 1933, receiving a pension.

No records were found regarding my grandfather enjoying a social life. It is difficult to comprehend this life without the joys of interaction with a wider society.

Perhaps he did, or perhaps he did not. In my heart I hope he did.

Villages in this era were resilient, and its residents ensured social occasions and the church were at the heart of village life.

In 1912 my grandfather, aged thirty nine married,

a woman in her early thirties from the same area. This was unusual for the era; most young people married quite early, and raised a family. It presented a dilemma, how did they meet. Although from the same village, was it a union of convenience given their age?

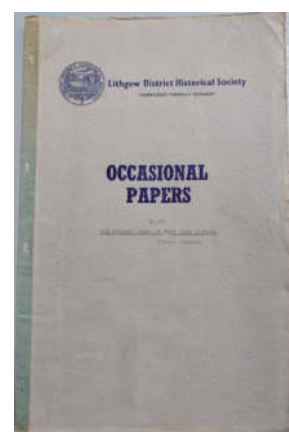
Where did they meet, was there ever romance and love prior to their wedding. More importantly, was there love, kindness and happiness during their marriage. As I look at photographs of my own father's childhood and beyond, I sense my grandfather and grandmother ensured their family enjoyed a happy and loving upbringing.

Grandfather, I never knew you. You are only a figure in two small faded photographs, this gentle faced man with a soulful look. At times I feel saddened by the fact I never knew you. Would you have been a kind and loving grandfather, your eyes lighting up at the presence of your grandchildren?

I only ever say hello to you grandfather when I visit the cemetery where you are buried near my late father's grave.

Grandfather whatever I may have missed out on with you, I want to thank you for my own father. My father was a loving, kind and hardworking person. Perhaps he followed in your footsteps. I will never know.

- - ∞ - ∞ - ∞ - ∞ - -



The Hundred Years of Mary Jane Gibbons (the beginnings of the Beale, Griffiths and Gibbons families in the Rydal District) by Yvonne Jenkins—1971

[Occasional Paper #30 Lithgow & District Historical Society]

Price \$10 from Lithgow & District Family History Society.

MY GRANDFATHER

AS SUBMITTED BY

BRIAN WOOD

I sometimes stayed with my paternal grandparents during school holidays. I recall my grandfather being a quietly spoken man, often engrossed in a newspaper at the kitchen table. He was not lacking warmth but always left important public announcements like greetings on arrival and the relay of family news to grandma, whose presentational tones and volume more suited those occasions.

On the mantelpiece was a photograph of grandfather in 'whites' in a crouched position playing lawn bowls. On the floor were several colourful 'hook-rugs' and draped over the couch were embroidered linen dirt-protectors, all things '... that your grandfather made during the Depression.' He was an avid and tireless gardener and the taste of his 'tommattas' – he pronounced with the odd trace of an accent – was to die for.

In the head-high space under the house, he kept a large collection of assorted woodworking and other more substantial tools, stored there with a drum of seed, food for his prize-winning pigeons. Grandfather appeared little different from many other old men I had met during childhood – they all had lots of 'stuff' and fixed things.

While 'helping' grandfather in his garden one particularly warm day, I recall that he unbuttoned his shirt front and rolled up his long sleeves – he always wore long-sleeved striped shirts. To my astonishment, high up on one arm he revealed a tattoo of a heart with a scroll and the word 'Mother'; on the other, an impeccably detailed tattoo of the Great Seal of the United States; and amazingly, from neck to naval on his broad chest, the beautifully inked image of a three-masted barque, fully rigged and before the wind! Who WAS this man I had thought of as my quiet grandfather? The sailor's telescope on the window-sill of the elevated back verandah, primarily for grandma's use in neighbourhood surveillance, but upon arrival always hijacked for my entertainment, became suddenly transformed with far wider imagined references.

Grandfather's accent abruptly seemed more pronounced, and then I realised grandma also had one, but different! I had not previously taken much



notice of the typewriter and telephone on a little side table in the lounge or the framed Certificates on the wall, from organisations like the Show-ground Committee, Chamber of Commerce and the Labor Party. There were also piles of paper, account books and letters filed on shelves in 'my' bedroom, with initials such as FEDFA and MUIOOF embossed on their spine, adjoining books like *Moby Dick*; *John Macefield: Poetry*; *Steam Engine Components (Illustrated)* and a library of other technical and literary works. My grandparents' house suddenly become an Aladdin's Cave and the occupants, Sinbad and Marina!

With each successive visit, the gradual realisation evolved that my grandparents were also remarkably well recognised and connected within the local community; and were involved, respected and eager social-justice volunteers. Grandfather was always 'down the road' fixing someone's broken gate or the like, delivering vegetables from his garden or at home writing things in a large book.

I learnt that my grandfather had arrived in Portland in 1912 and sported an American accent, somewhat contradicting his Yorkshire birth certificate. He worked for grandma's father, who since 1902 had been an engineering manager at 'the Works'.

He, in turn, proclaimed to be from Scotland but revealed a distinct Brummie accent and a no-nonsense personality. By all evidence, these two unusual men were well-educated, had many common interests and most likely got on very well.

Grandfather also had one glass eye, and with inked and scarred limbs his past was recorded on his body. Grandma was born in 1897 and had lived most her life in Portland – hers was a clean slate. He was sometimes invited to dinner at her house. Mutual friendships were undoubtedly stretched on one such occasion in 1915, when my grandfather, Roland Baxter Wood, aged 30, and 'the Works' manager's daughter, Doris Edith McCulloch, aged 17, announced her pregnancy and their intention to marry. This tall, cheeky and confident local girl may have quickly noticed my grandfather's sharp wit and quiet worldly manner when he first arrived in town – and that probable spark of initial attraction never faded during the following 60 years.

Roland and Doris eventually had four surviving children but working-class life was challenging between the Wars, and the Depression years were particularly hard. When Roland lost his job in 1930, he boldly relocated his family to a bush humpy in the Williwa Creek valley, seven miles north of Portland, where he panned for gold to assist their survival – a harsh penalty though was the death of their youngest child.

The happiness I derived from holiday visits with my grandparents ended when they retired to 'the coast' in 1960. It was also about then that grandfather lost the sight of his remaining eye, an event however that seemingly served only to sharpen his memory. By the time he died in 1976 in Davistown, NSW, many more details of his adventurous life had become revealed.

Roland was born in 1884 in Hull, Yorkshire. His family, including five female siblings, emigrated to the United States, arriving per the *Scythia* at Castle Garden, New York on 18 May 1888. His mother died soon after they arrived and his father ultimately deserted the children, who were thereafter raised as orphans in Chicago. Roland, aged nine, was fostered by the Flemings, a young farming family in Rutland, Illinois. When he was about twenty, he left the sanctuary of the Flemings and began a cycling adventure east-to-west across the United States – however, after losing an eye through accident, his first attempt was aborted.

Twelve months later, in 1905, Roland determinedly arrived in Seattle, Washington, where he was promptly shanghaied, and then spent the next seven years as an American merchant seaman, aboard both windjammers and steamships. He visited most of the world's exotic-sounding ports before finally arriving in Australia in 1912.

Roland was a quietly spoken man – seemingly in contradiction though with the revelations exposed through a telescopic review of his lived experiences.

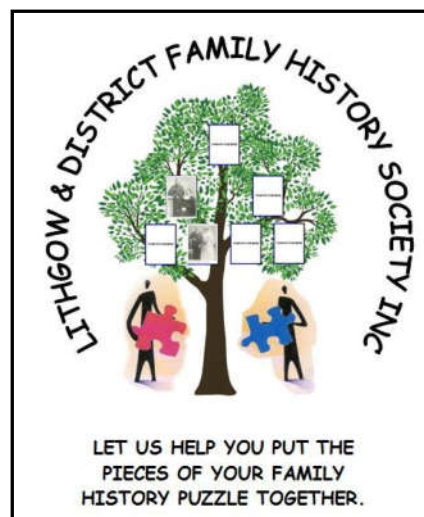
CHRISTMAS - NEW YEAR BREAK

The Committee of Management wish you a Blessed Christmas and a safe and Happy New Year.

The Society's Resource Centre will be closed from 16 December 2023 and reopen on Tuesday 9th January 2024.

Our wish for you is that 2024 be the year when you break through a 'brick wall' or find that elusive bit of information about a family that sends you down another family history 'rabbit hole'.

Delores J Rush said that Genealogy is like a scavenger hunt and a jigsaw puzzle all rolled into one.



Members who live outside the Lithgow area are entitled to ask our Research Officer to do 3 hours research free of charge each year.

Contact the Research Officer on
research.ldfhs@gmail.com



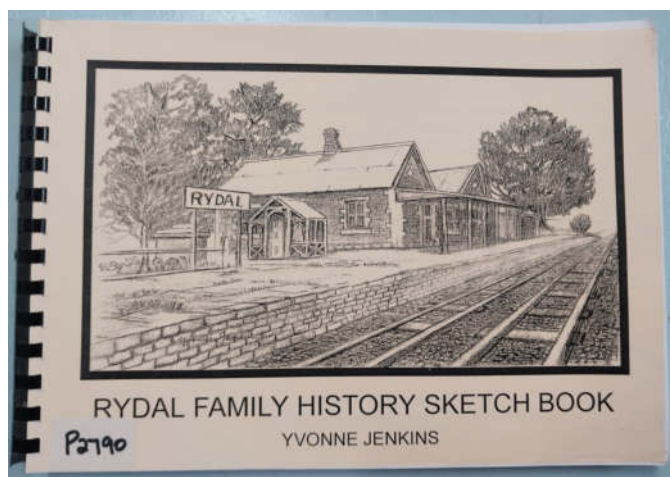
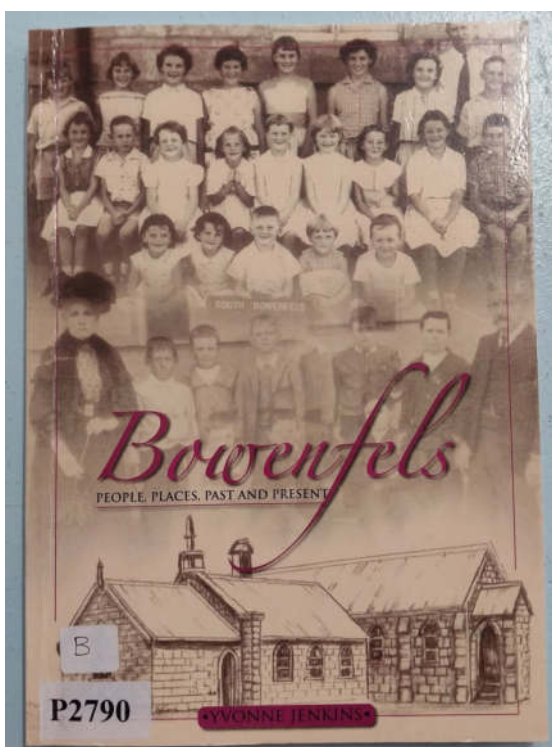
FOCUS ON SOME OF THE PUBLISHED WORKS OF YVONNE JENKINS.

BOWENFELS

PEOPLE PLACES PAST & PRESENT

Yvonne's interest in the history of Bowenfels began when she came to the area in 1940. Fascinated by the old world charm of Bowenfels, she soon realised that there was much history to be told. Yvonne delved in the history of the pioneering families of what was the first village in what today is Greater Lithgow. These were the ordinary people - the soldiers, convicts and poor immigrants who opened up Australia through sheer toil and perseverance to provide a better life for their families. (Released in 2008 and currently out of print. 183 pages)

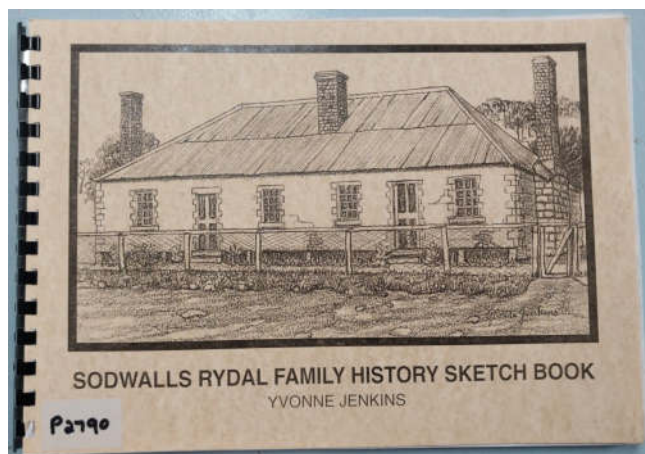
Yvonne's family kindly donated all her research notes and photos to the Society and these are available for research during our opening hours.



RYDAL FAMILY HISTORY SKETCHBOOK

Printed in April 1999, Yvonne dedicated this book to her late husband Ronald Jenkins, whose stories of the early days of Rydal inspired her to research the history of the district. Yvonne was a talented artist and her full-page pencil sketches of the buildings, inns and homesteads feature in this sketchbook. A history of each sketched building, and in some cases the people who lived there, is included.

100 pages. \$25.00



SODWALLS RYDAL FAMILY HISTORY SKETCHBOOK

Printed in April 2003 and dedicated by Yvonne to her grandchildren, eighth generations Australians, and a great-grand child yet to be born in the hope that her descendants would be proud of their heritage. A companion book to the Rydal Family History Sketchbook.

149 pages \$25



THOMAS CHIPP

By Yvonne Jenkins

(Originally published in the Lithgow Pioneer Press
Volume 2 September 1986)

Nothing is known of the early days of Thomas Chipp, except that he was a baker by trade and joined the Royal Marines in 1785 at the age of 31.

His main role as a marine was to guard the convicts on board the *Friendship* on the First Fleet voyage and on arrival in the colony on 26 January 1788, to continue his soldiering duties. This duty in the colony extended from January 1788 for the next three years and ten months until he departed on the *Atlantic* in October 1791. It is assumed that on his arrival on Norfolk Island on the 3rd November 1791 he once again began guard duties although he was granted 60 acres and a further 50 acres to become effective from and after 3 November 1793.

It is not known if Thomas knew Jane Langley in the early days of the colony between 1788 and her departure in March 1790, but it may seem that, as the Rev. Johnson and Thomas both sailed on the 'Atlantic' which departed Sydney Cove on 26 October 1791 and as it was the minister's purpose to legalise marriages, it may have been possible that he may have married Thomas and Jane in November/December 1791. They may have not been married at all as indicated in the 1828 Census.

On the family's arrival back in the colony in November 1794 Thomas may still have been on guard duties up to 1809 because each of his children were born and baptised in Sydney. It could have been possible for a Marine to have land grants whilst still in the marines and it is apparent that Thomas did, or had done for him, considerable work on his 100-acre grant at Banks' Town as 30 acres of this had been cleared in 1808, when it was advertised for sale. Nothing is known of his

100-acre grant at Minto.

His appointment as a constable on 1 November 1811 probably continued for some years and his connection with Port Stephens near Newcastle is as yet unknown. Mention is made of his daughter Sophia Chipp and her husband William Thompson being witnesses to a baptism in Newcastle on 22 April 1832 to Sophia Power, so the Chipp family may have lived in the Newcastle area for a period although Thomas and Jane were back in Pitt St, Sydney in 1828 according to the Census.

Nothing is known of a report from the Sydney Gazette that Thomas Chipp tried for murder of a native at Port Stephens (near Newcastle, NSW) in 1826. He was reprieved in 1827.

Thomas died on 3 July 1842 and was buried at St John's Parramatta 5 July 1842.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Comments - 2023:

Six land grants are registered to Thomas Chipp, two of which were on Norfolk Island and cancelled when he left Norfolk Island.

The others were:

100 acres - Mulgoa - Register 4 #216 – noted as cancelled.

100 acres - Upper Minto – Register 5 #68 – noted as cancelled.

100 Acres – Bankstown – Register 3 #134 – identified in pencil in the index as Portion 262 in the Parish of St Luke. Town of Liverpool. Granted 4 June 1804 by Phillip Gidley King.

100 acres - Minto – Register 4 #219 granted on 24 November 1809. "Bounded on the N E side by Manners (or Mannix) Farm bearing E 25 S 39 chs 50 links on the SE side by a line S 25 W 25chn – on the SW by a line W 25ch to the Cow pasture road – and on the NW side by that road – reserving a space of 2 chns wide as a public road".

It may be that since 1986 Yvonne's question about what happened to Thomas Chipp's 100-acre grant at Minto may have been solved.

A five-minute search on Google found further information on Thomas Chipp that might help to answer Yvonne's question.

St John's Presbyterian Church:
<https://stjohnsonline.org/bio/thomas-chipp/>

An interesting family history blog:

<https://tpr76797.wordpress.com/2019/02/07/thomas-chipp-our-norfolk-island-connection/>

National Library:

The descendants of Thomas Chipp & Jane Langley 1788-1998: through their grandson Thomas Thompson/compiled by M Joan Schoch.

JANE LANGLEY

By Wallace A Jenkins ,great-great-great-great grandson of Thomas and Jane.

(Originally published in the Lithgow Pioneer Press Volume 2 September 1986)

To summarise Jane's life in a few lines is impossible. A complete book could be written about this courageous woman. Her destiny may have been pre-ordained but the poverty, misery and starvation which accompanied this thread of life would have beaten a lesser person.

Nothing is known of Jane up to the age of 20 when she was charged with stealing an amount which, on today's reckoning, would have only bought a small fine. From her sentence on 14 September 1785 until her departure on the Lady Penrhyn on 13 May 1787, 20 months would be spent on one of the horrific hulks moored on the Thames. This disease and degradation is beyond description. Human life was valued at nil.

Jane became pregnant to the seaman Phillip Scrivan and was four months pregnant on the departure of the First Fleet. Her daughter Henrietta was born on board at Capetown.

The father of her child left for England in early 1788 so she was left with the baby.

On her arrival at Norfolk Island and with the wreck of the *Sirius*, 500 people found themselves virtually marooned and saved from actual starvation by slaughtering sea birds which nested there. Lt Clarke, as keeper of the public store, said in his diary, "I wish that the Almighty would be so kind to us as to take a few of them (convicts) for we could do so much better without them at present, as we have so little to give them to eat now".

The list of islanders left at the departure of Lt King was 'male convicts 191, female convicts 100, children 37, civil military and free 90 and belonging to the wrecked 'Sirius' 90 a total of 598.

With the arrival of the *Atlantic* including Thomas

Chipp, Lt King again took charge and 'twenty-nine of the marines were discharged and given permission to settle on Norfolk Island with grants of land, most of them married convict women." We may assume that Jane and Thomas were married then.

On the family's arrival back in the colony of NSW about 14 November 1794, they may have settled on a land grant in Sydney where the birth of Mary took place 9 months later, 16 September 1794. William, Sarah, Sophia and Eliza were born there too, up to 1805.

Nothing is known of Jane from 1828 to her death in 1842, there may have been a period when they lived in Newcastle as Thomas is accused of murdering a native there.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Comments - 2023:

The above story was based on the limited information available at the time. Thirty-seven years later a 5-minute Google search uncovered the following webpages.

<https://peopleaustralia.anu.edu.au/biography/chipp-jane-29829>

<https://convictrecords.com.au/convicts/langley/jane/66092>

<https://australianroyalty.net.au/tree/purnellmccord.ged/individual/I67421/Jane-Langley>

<https://www.wikitree.com/wiki/Langley-606>

<https://tpr76797.wordpress.com/tag/jane-langley/>

These two stories were written in the lead up to the 1988 Bicentenary when many family historians were keen to learn more of their ancestors. Access to many of these records was limited to personal visits to the State Archives in Globe Street Sydney, State Library of NSW.

The State Archives of NSW collected government records for government purposes and were challenged by the number of ordinary people who wanted access to these records which were often not indexed.

To the credit of the management and staff of the State Archives and the State Library they embraced the interest of family historians, allowing them access to records, encouraging their willingness to index them for the benefit of all users of these records. Many of these indexes and other guides to the information on their archives have been published or have been made readily available in other formats over the years.

MEMBER'S PROFILE - YVONNE JENKINS

In 2004 Committee members of the Lithgow & District Family History Society were interviewed or asked to write a profile.

These were published in the Lithgow Pioneer Press in 2004 and 2005. Yvonne's profile was printed in Volume 20 No 1 Issue 73 (June 2005)

The following is Yvonne Jenkins profile written at that time:

Elected President at the Lithgow & District Family History Society's Annual General Meeting in April 2005, Yvonne Jenkins has lived on a property, 'Carawatha', Cheetham's Flat Road for 60 years.

On this property she and her late husband Ronald harvested crops of peas, potatoes, and Swede turnips until the crops became unprofitable, then they concentrated on breeding beef cattle and opened a Poll Hereford stud.

Two children, Daryl and Meryl attended Sodwalls Public School in the old weatherboard building now used by the Sodwalls Tennis Club. In 1954 as the school became overcrowded and as the site was exposed to severe westerly winds, Ray Vautin offered 3 acres of his nearby land and it was purchased by the local community and in 1956 given to the Dept of Education, and a new school erected and opened in 1957.

When Yvonne was secretary of the P & C Association a residence for a teacher was requested and was erected in 1960, when the Jenkins children finished schooling at Sodwalls. Yvonne stepped down as secretary but still supported the P & C by becoming a patron. In 1968 she was requested to interview descendants of the district pioneers and past pupils of the small schools which operated in the area before Sodwalls School became the only one; these reminiscences were published in the book '100 Years of Education' in 1969 for the Centenary Celebrations of Sodwalls School.

This exercise was the beginning of the addiction of family history. Naturally tracing her husband's family tree got first priority as his ancestor, William Jenkins, was a soldier in the 99th regiment of Foot who was "bought out" of the Army by Captain J. E. N. Bull (of Bull's Camp, Woodford) to act as guard for 2 years over the assigned convicts on Bull's property on the Honeysuckle Falls Road, Fish Riv-

er. Jenkins eventually left Bull's employ when he acquired his own land 'Kangaroo Ground', west of Beehive Mountains, Sodwalls.

Charles Whalan, a convict on Ron's mother's side, was transported to Australia for 'having 3 trout fishes in his possession suspected of being stolen' but eventually became Governor Macquarie's trusted Sergeant at Arms and given a grant of land at Picton and permission to graze cattle over the mountains in 1818, as well as a grant of 640 acres at Emu Valley on the Fish River. Charles Whalan's family all settled in the Oberon district. All the first settlers [in that district] were related to them.

"My next step was to join the Lithgow & District Historical Society. It was there that I met Ern McKenzie and Frank Winchester, both dedicated historians, from whom I obtained a lot of historical information. Frank allowed me to photocopy his copies of the early Hartley Church records of St Bernard's R.C. and St John's C of E and the Rev Colin Stewart's Presbyterian, also Hartley cemetery records".

At a function held by the Lithgow District Historical Society at Eskbank House Yvonne met Dot Ellison, who was keen to research her family - the Boyd's of Hampton. Yvonne invited her to her home to look at the records she had obtained and asked if she would help her record the tombstones in our district. Once a week for a few years both did this, travelling as far as Ilford, Oberon and Bathurst. Yvonne wrote her records in pencil so they could be changed in case of mistakes. Dot recorded hers in ink.

"People learning of my interest in family history used to visit to look at the records, and I was extremely happy to share them". In return they gave their completed works to Yvonne. Sue Kitchener, who came to Rydal to trace the Griffith family, persuaded Dot & Yvonne to join the newly formed Nepean Family Society. Yvonne did a deal - they could copy her records if they did the indexing of them. They did more than this, for when the Lithgow & District Family History Society was formed Nepean Society gave Lithgow Society leather bound copies of the original NSW Government Gazettes and helped us in so many ways.

For some time Yvonne was trying to persuade the Historical Society to also include a Family History Society. Margaret Klam was the only member interested and advised Yvonne to put a notice in the Lithgow Mercury calling on people to come to a

public meeting on 10 March 1986, at the Neighbourhood Centre to form a Lithgow & District Family History Society. The response was overwhelming. Daryl Jenkins was elected Chairman, as Yvonne knew his experience in Probus to organize a society would follow correct procedures.

The enthusiastic committee formed and got immediately into action. Some of the 5 foundation members still remain today (2005). Those who have dropped out have been replaced by dedicated members, whose work have taken the Lithgow & District Family History Society from strength to strength.

Yvonne was awarded Life Membership of the Society and is still a member of the following organisations -

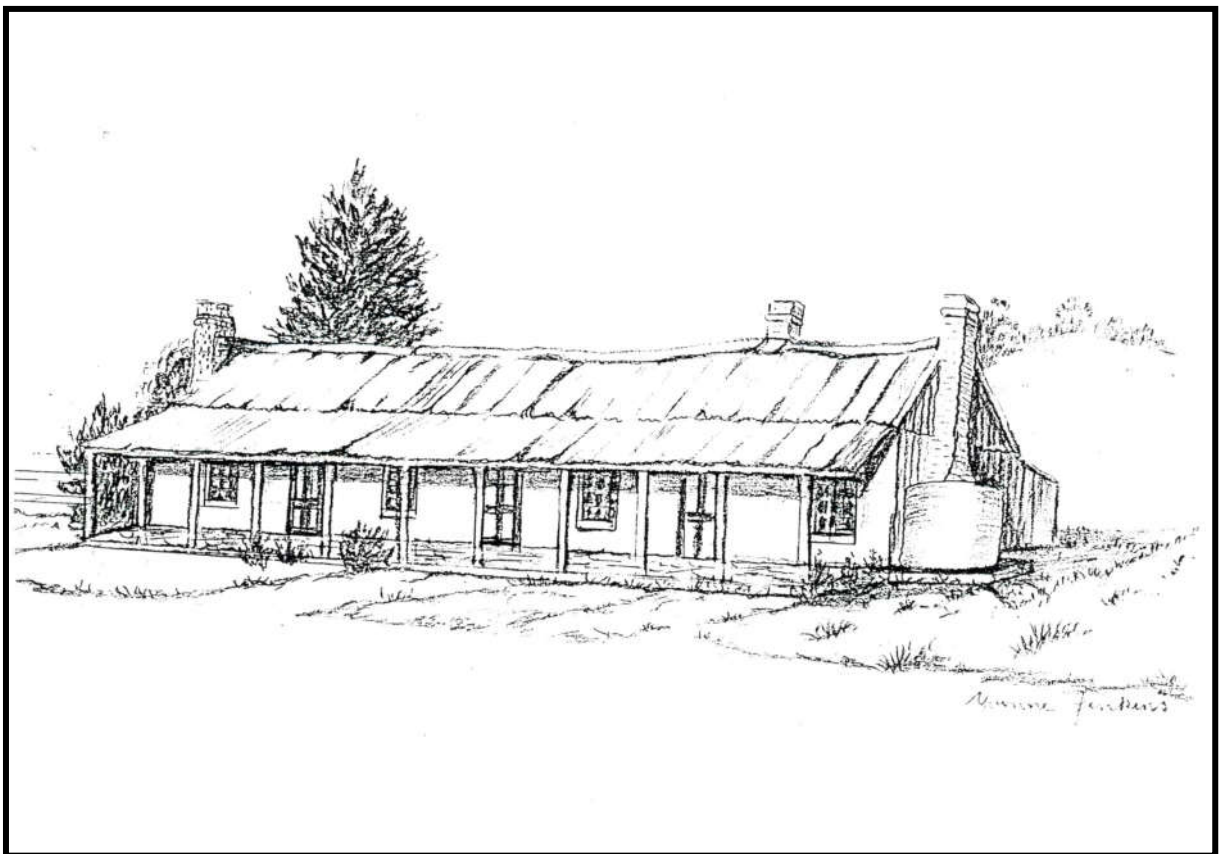
a foundation member (No 1) of Lithgow Arts & Crafts Society, Hartley Management Committee of National Parks and Wildlife, a member of Arts Out West and a life member and Patron of Rydal Show Society, a member of Lithgow & District Historical Society, Rydal Village Association, Jane Langley Association.

In 2002 Yvonne received Lithgow City Council's Australia Day Citizen Award.

One of her early books was the 50th Rydal Show 1921-1971.

Yvonne's First Fleet Ancestors were Thomas Chipp and Jane Langley.

SHAMROCK INN, HARTLEY



The Shamrock Inn was built by Patrick Phillips in 1841 as a family residence. With the ever increasing traffic to and from the Turon goldfields, it was expanded and Phillips applied for a licence in 1856. The licence was renewed by Phillips in 1859, 1866, 1867, 1868/9 and 1872. The inn passed into the possession of the Fahey family soon after.

Today it shows most of its original materials, reflecting several building techniques used in the 19th century. The bush timbers used in its roof construction have bent over the years, giving it a definite sag.

From Historic Hartley Village. Sketches by Yvonne Jenkins. Sale Price \$7.50

RESEARCH ENQUIRIES

12/23

Request for information on the BURGESS family, specifically Betty, the adopted sister of ENID MARJORIE BURGESS, who moved to Queensland.

13/23

Request for idea about a gift for a friend for her birthday who is interested in researching her family. Suggested a society membership.

14/23

Request for information on the burial sites of PRESTON and CASE children.

15/23

Request for information on the secondary education of RITA WHOLOHAN.

16/23

Requesting information about the burial of JOHN HERBERT WILSON.

17/23

Requesting information re the life and burials of the MAHON and GRIFFITHS families. The Mahon family settled for seven years on the Fish River. At this settlement they gained one more child and lost 5 children. Three of the children died from typhoid fever and two of the children drowned. At Edward Mahon's funeral, the person charged with giving the eulogy stated "he loved to recount his early experiences on the newly discovered gold fields of the Colony, on which he amassed considerable wealth, but which his free and reckless disposition did not fit him to retain."

19/23

Requesting information about LEO SPENCER who worked on the Glen Davis shale mine.

20/ 23

Requesting specific information on John Grave MOLLER who resided in Orange. This information was found in a newspaper article in Trove.

LIBRARY ADDITIONS

B/LAM Immigrants & Spies - Noel M. Lamidy, My Father, My Memories

(Donated by Eleanor Martin)

P2777 Exploring the Blue Mountains (Donated by Terry Fitzpatrick)

P2790 From Katoomba to the Jenolan Caves (Donated by Terry Fitzpatrick)

P2790 The Great Zig Zag Railway at Lithgow (Donated by Don Percival)

P2790 Jenolan Caves - The Complete Guide (Donated by Terry Fitzpatrick)

P2847 The Supreme Grand Chapter of Scotland - Order of

the Eastern Star - Hartford North Portland #304 (Compiled by Jan Saundercock)

P2850 Mudgee Past & Present - The First Town of the Central Tablelands (Donated by Don Percival)

P2795 Pubs & Publicans on the Turon Goldfields 1851-1900

P2795 Sofala - A Look Behind The Rush

P7000 The Men That God Forgot (Donated by Eleanor Martin)

P7000 Port Arthur Guide - Historical Facts (Donated by Ros Nolte)

W2 A Fifty Year Silence - Love, War & A Ruined House (Donated by Eleanor Martin)