



The Chronicle



JOURNAL of the LAKE MACQUARIE FAMILY HISTORY GROUP Inc.

We acknowledge the Awabakal people as the traditional custodians of this region we know as Lake Macquarie and pay respect to their Elders past and present.



Aerial photography of Lake Macquarie donated by Karen Myers adapted for use with her kind permission

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Lake Macquarie Family History Group Inc.

Community Hall

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Celebrating 25 Years of Researching
and Recording Family Histories

2023-2024 Executive

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Patron: Councillor Kay Fraser, Mayor of Lake Macquarie

Message from the Editors.....


The theme for this edition of our journal is 'change'. Our Group is coming to terms with an unforeseen change following the regretfully accepted resignation of our president Anne Gleeson, who is unfortunately continuing to face health challenges.

Although a relatively new member having, along with her sister Rosemary, joined our Group in 2021, Anne has been researching for more than 20 years. When our Group's AGM in August 2022 failed to receive a nomination for the position of president we were faced with a period of uncertainty that was thankfully resolved by Anne's offer *to step into the breach*.

We quickly learnt that her interest in and enthusiasm for family history was not limited to her own areas of research as she reached out to members to ascertain whether their needs were being met and to take into consideration any shortcomings in the service we provided to our membership. This is not to suggest that we had become complacent but rather it is to show that our Group recognises the changing needs of its members.

Anne, we send you our very best wishes as you journey toward good health outcomes. Your enthusiasm, initiatives and friendship have been an asset and greatly appreciated and we look forward to your return.



 On a happier note this year LMFHG celebrates its 25th Anniversary - think of all those trees that we have added branches to, along with lots of new shoots - does this count as a green initiative? Could this qualify us for some kind of funding or grant? If only!

Next month LMFHG will host an Open Day on 16th March which will focus on ***Family History - looking towards the future*** (for details please see page 22). This is an initiative of Anne's that will cater to the interests and needs of members and like-minded visitors alike - hope to see you there!

Glynda, Jan & Linda

CHANGE - AN APT THEME FOR OUR FIRST JOURNAL IN 2024.

Many people mark the beginning of a new year by making resolutions or in other words, commit to making changes with the aim of improving one or more aspects of their lives.

According to YouGov Australia (an international online research data and analytics technology group) the top New Year Resolutions for Australians in 2024 are in decreasing priority:-

- Improve physical health
- Improve mental health
- Manage money better
- Spend more time with friends/family
- Travel more
- Spend less time on social media
- Reduce time spent on phone
- Make more sustainable decisions/purchases
- Reduce/stop drinking alcohol

Improving physical health is the top new year resolution across all age groups. The next two most popular goals - improving mental health and better money management - rated more highly with younger Australians (born between 1965 and 2009), while more travel and time spent with family and friends filled those two positions among Baby Boomers (born between 1946 and 1964).

Compared to other generations, a significantly larger proportion of Gen Z (born 1997 to 2009) say they hope to spend less time on social media and their phones in 2024, while a significantly larger proportion of Millennials (born 1981 to 1996) say making more sustainable purchases in 2024 is on their list of resolutions.

<https://au.yougov.com/consumer/articles/48335-what-are-australians-top-new-year-resolutions-for-2024>

The Times, a leading national daily newspaper in Britain, recently published an informative article titled: ***A history of new year's resolutions***. Dismissing the notion of it being a modern concept the article outlines its links to ancient traditions and customs:

*In the second millennium BC, the Babylonian new year was celebrated not in January, but at the start of the farming season in March. Akitu, the spring festival, took place over 12 days, encompassing religious observances centred around the god Marduk, with rituals and communal feasting. As part of Akitu, the Babylonians made **resolutions** in the form of **promises** to the gods, particularly to pay debts or give back borrowed items, in return for a favourable coming year.*ⁱ

Roman mythology credits Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome, with extending, during the 7th century BCE, what had been a calendar of 10 months beginning with March, to 12 months by adding January and February.

The Julian calendar later introduced the leap year - based on a year being 365.25 days long Julius Caesar added an extra day to the calendar every fourth year - this came into effect on 1st January 45 BCE.

The Gregorian calendar, now the most widely used calendar, came into effect in October 1582 following the papal bull (yes, it really is bull!). By this time advances in the fields of astronomy and mathematics had determined that a year was actually only 365.2422 days long. It may not seem like much of a difference but over the centuries the calendar had drifted increasingly out of alignment with the Earth's orbit. As a consequence, the time of the northern hemisphere spring equinox - 21st March - occurred too early and resulted in difficulties calculating the date of Easter which was to be observed on the first Sunday following the first full moon after the spring equinox. With Easter being central to Christian belief, Pope Gregory XIII issued the papal bull [Inter gravissimas](#) ensuring that the equinox and Easter Sunday would not in the future move from their ordained place.

As we prepare to go to press billions of people throughout the world are this year celebrating Chinese New Year on 10th February - the date varies from year to year as it usually occurs on the second full moon after the winter solstice. In China it is referred to as Spring Festival as it is generally the closest new moon to the beginning of the northern hemisphere spring, while in some Asian cultures it is known as the Lunar New Year. The common denominator is the observance of rituals and activities that encourage and attract good fortune for the coming year.



ⁱ(<https://www.thetimes.co.uk/article/a-history-of-new-years-resolutions-times-luxury-dst9n092x>)

We extend our thanks and appreciation to our contributors -
we can't produce a journal without your continued support.



Welcome!

The Lake Macquarie Family History Group welcomes the following new members:



Cate Thompson Member 316

Roslyn Hewson Member 317

Claude Green Member 318

Glenise Cleary Member 319

We trust you will find your stay with us to be pleasant and rewarding!

One otherwise uneventful day, I was sitting in a Church Hall in Wellington NSW, more or less minding my own business, and looking around the room, which was populated mostly by Aboriginal people from around the state. It was a meeting of Aboriginal Catholics, and I was there as an interested observer. I had been a member of the Society of St Vincent de Paul NSW Aboriginal Committee, as well as working with Aboriginal people in various places in Western NSW, as any good white fella would do, sometimes voluntarily, other times for money.

Well, that all changed when my eyes fell upon an Aboriginal elder woman who was a *doppelganger* for my paternal grandmother. As my father had passed away many years before, I mentioned the sighting to my mother, whose response was, “Well, it could be so, because your great grandfather was very dark – they said he was Italian – and he would never sleep indoors”.

Trying to obtain confirmation of the possibility of Aboriginality with my father’s brothers was met with polite but firm denials. Indeed, some of the uncles were far from polite. Nevertheless, one of them suggested we might find out something in Quirindi. So, one of my brothers and one of my sisters joined me in an expedition to Quirindi. We were accompanied by a friend of mine and my sister’s daughter, who is wheelchair bound. After fruitlessly combing the local cemetery for deceased Taylors (my grandmother’s maiden name was Taylor) we went into the town to an Aboriginal run café of which we had been alerted.

We were greeted with great glee by the café staff members, but were informed that the person we needed to meet with was in Sydney for the New Years Eve fireworks display. After a cup of coffee, we decided that since we were in Quirindi we should try the Local Aboriginal Land Council (LALC). Once again we were frustrated, there was no sign of life at the LALC.

My friend, who was from a newspaper background suggested we might try the local newspaper office, which we did. There we were informed that the newspaper’s archives were not that extensive, but they recently had published a book written by a local woman about Quirindi history. The newspaper woman suggested we visit the author at her residence, so after purchasing a copy of the book, off we went.

Because my sister did not want to leave her daughter in the car, my brother and I knocked on the door of said author, only to meet with another disappointment. “Everything I know is in the book”, she said. But, almost as an afterthought, she added, “But you should talk to the lady next door”.

Once again, my brother and I knocked on a door, and succeeded in bringing the lady in question to the door. We explained the nature of our quest through the screen door, which remained tightly shut, with very little response from her. Then, my sister tired of waiting, came up the garden path. Well, the change was immediate. “You’ve got to be related to me!”, said our new-found cousin. She almost ran down the hallway to get the family bible which contained an extensive family tree, which included our great grandparents and our great great grandparents. She then invited us in to view the family photos, which included her granddaughter with a striking resemblance to my sister.

She directed us to the Caroona cemetery near the Walhallow Aboriginal community, where we found the grave of our great great grandfather Thomas TAYLOR. His was the first burial in the new cemetery.

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
THOMAS TAYLOR
DIED 14 FEB 1901
AGED 65 YEARS
R.I.P.
ERECTED BY HIS LOVING CHILDREN



Well, this little excursion led to my brother with a little assistance from me compiling a family tree with over four thousand people identified, quite a number of whom are of Aboriginal descent. It also made sense of a number of curious things that had happened in my life before confirmation of the discovery.

The first was when I moved to Orange in 1973, we started making trips back to Tamworth, where my grandmother lived along the Oxley Highway, instead of the New England (from Sydney). Every time I drove through Somerton, between Gunnedah and Tamworth, the hairs on the back of my head stood up. I now understand that I have some kind of spiritual connection to that place.

Secondly, shortly after I moved to the city of Orange I was invited to assist a local Aboriginal corporation with their accounting. This was the first of many connections with Aboriginal communities in various parts of the country.

Finally, many years after the event, I discovered that I had married a woman of Aboriginal descent. At the time of the marriage neither of us had any idea that we shared Aboriginal ancestry.

And, by the way, our uncles eventually, gradually, changed their stance and acknowledged their Aboriginal ancestry.

Addendum:

Tommy Taylor, a well known half-caste died at Walhallow last week. Tommy was known as one of the smartest trackers in these parts. Years ago Tommy run the tracks of a lot of stolen stock from Breeza to Orange, with the result that the stock was recovered and the thieves captured. (Quirindi Magpie: 22 February 1901, page 2)

Additional sources:

Headstone image, transcription and newspaper report courtesy of Find a Grave [Memorial](#) ID: 235183828



A CHANGE OF NAME

Jill Ball Member 257

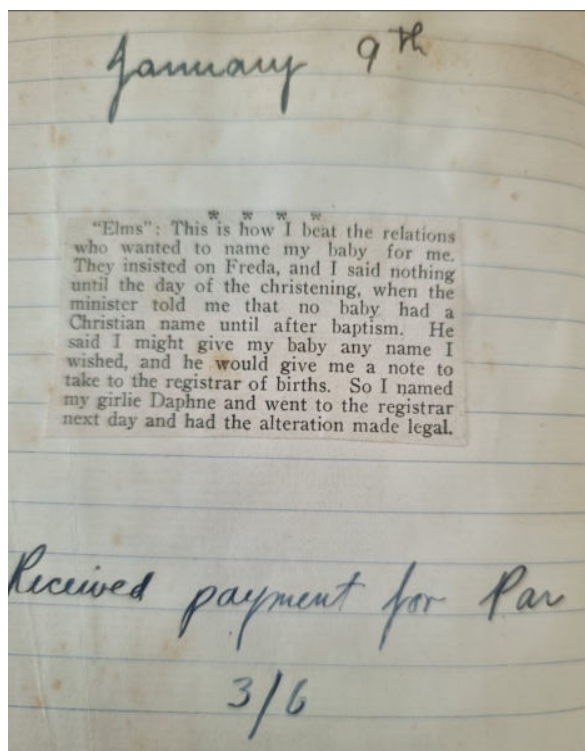
My mother-in-law, [Daphne Williamena Edith GILLESPIE](#), used to tell the story of how her name was changed at her baptism. We younger family members didn't give this story much credence.

When Daphne passed away we inherited her mother's notebooks. In one of these she kept records of the money she and her children had earned through various competitions and performances.

Cautious of maintaining her privacy grandmother, [Eliza Ann Elms GOWANS](#), used the pseudonym "Elms" when submitting items to newspapers and journals.

Flipping through the pages of one of the notebooks I came across this clipping with the notation "9th January. Received payment for par 3/6d."

There we found the evidence that supported Daphne's story.



Margaret Crothers was born at Woollahra in 1889, a “sickly child” who lived to be 93, saying every year will be my last. Her grandfather was a convict, but the family did not talk about him, and we know that he was violent, and her grandmother stood up to him. We found out he was struck by lightning during a horrific storm in 1861 at Phoenix Park on the Hunter River. He was closing a gate on his farm. Her own father left her mother and the children, and I don’t think he was missed much either.

Gran worked as a milliner. She wore her hats beautifully and was always dressed very elegantly, with her tall slender figure.

I imagine she thought her luck had changed when she met Daniel Joyce, a handsome red-headed Irishman, a quiet educated man who used to read to her. When he asked her out, she made him shave off his red moustache.

Her husband, and a brother-in-law in the same Battalion, and later two brothers, went to fight in WW1 in the AIF, her beloved new husband Daniel landing at Gallipoli and shipped to England after being wounded in August after 5 months of hell in the trenches. Daniel was not the same after the war, and died tragically in 1920, leaving Gran with 3 small children. He took his own life. We’ll never know if it was pain or emotional trauma, but the alcohol did not help. Gran had no money to pay the rent in Paddington, so they did a ‘midnight flit’ and moved far away to Belmore, returning later next door to, and then back to the same tenement house at Paddington, close to her mother and sister. My older siblings remember Gran allowing them to search for pennies and halfpennies dropped in the gutter near the tram stop on Oxford Street. She told us to never walk over small change, pick it up otherwise its bad luck. I still stop to pick up lost coins, that lesson has stuck.

Gran lived through the Bubonic plague, the Boer War, Federation, two World Wars, Spanish Flu of 1919, polio epidemic, sinking of the Titanic, building of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, the bombing of Sydney Harbour by Japanese submarines in WW2 with her home being hit. In 1948 she survived a bus crash that killed her sister, and the first plane she was due to return to Sydney in, also crashed.

Margaret, or Peggy, raised those 3 children, Patricia (letter to the trenches of Gallipoli - “what should we name the child?” “Oh, anything at all, so long as its Patrick or Patricia!” After his father). And then Teresa, or Tess, joined the family and so there were 4. All were sheltered from what happened to Daniel. Every ANZAC Day Gran stayed in her room and held his service medals and later acquired the ANZAC Medal, and never spoke about her dear Daniel.

We would go to Jersey Rd, Paddington to visit Gran, and Tess lived with her till she married Kel. Gran would bake gem scones in her gas oven and serve SAO biscuits with finely grated cheese - she had a special tiny grater - and sliced tomato, and cups of tea in fine china cups with matching saucers. Us kids were not allowed to go up the stairs, and the little ones were threatened with a stick with a nail in the end. They would still venture up a few steps on their bottoms. Only once Maureen and I were invited upstairs to choose a figurine to take, I chose Dumbo the elephant.



She had her hair “done” often, curled, or set, and always looked smartly dressed. And wore gorgeous hats, possibly made by her herself in the factory. When she lived with us, Brenda would set her hair with curlers, and wrap her head in a silk scarf. Mum and aunty Pat, Tess and Joy would meet in town for lunch at David Jones – sandwiches and cake and scones.

The Joyce families and friends would have picnics in Centennial Park on Boxing Day, under the paperbarks and played cricket and sometimes a child fell into the duck pond. They were very happy times.

Gran came to live with us GyMEA Joyces for a while. She was strict - elbows off the table, no phone calls from boyfriends, put your toys away, eat your vegetables before you have bread. She would love to wind Dad up, talking about unions and workers' rights, saying "they should line them all up and shoot them!" Then wink! Got him every time. She had a good sense of fun.

She repeated her prayers, turned off her hearing aids but muttered things like "all these kids, all these potatoes and beans to peel", and have a glass of sherry before dinner, after Days of Our Lives and Coronation Street on tv.

At a rare party, Gran was seen swinging around the corner pole of the newly built patio which did not have a fence as yet, Dad laughing before he realised she was not kidding but nearly fell and was holding on for dear life, and rescued her.

After Dad died, she went to live with Pat and Jack, then moved to Loretta, Marsfield, she used to say to Mum that Brian was a good man, then that the family never came to visit. Poor Mum, who only learned to drive after Dad died, and visited when she could.

I went down on the mat to beg Matron for the afternoon off to attend Gran's funeral, but she was not a close relative. I was very angry at the unfairness of that decision.

Years later as we discovered more about Gran and Grandad Joyce, we can understand how hard her life was, and how she swore everyone to secrecy about the circumstances of Daniel's death.

Image is a screenshot from youtube - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kw04K7poxVQ>

A great watch for those unfamiliar with gem scones and those who have happy memories of them!



UNITED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT

Glynda Nolan Member 132

BIRTH.
At Ferryhill, on the 23rd inst., the wife of Mr John Oyston, of a son.

MARRIED.
In this city, at St. Oswald's Church, on Saturday last, Mr Ralph Thompson to Miss Frances Knox.—Same day, Mr Thomas Hindmarsh, tailor, to Miss Anne Croft, all of Shirecliffe.
At the Roman Catholic Chapel, on Monday last, Mr John Moran to Miss Catherine Kelly, both of this city.
At Kecomb Church, on the 22nd inst. Mr B. Murphy to Miss Hannah Wilson, both of Etherley George Pit Cottage.
At Barnardcastle, on the 22d inst., Mr James Alderson, carpet weaver, to Miss Jane Cleminson.—26th, Mr George Fryer, carpet weaver, to Miss Margaret Snowdon.
At Stockton, at the Baptist Chapel, on the 20th inst., Mr Stephen James, of Middlesbrough, to Miss Mary Ann Smith, of Cheltenham.
At Bishopwearmouth Church, on the 22d inst., Mr Geo. Firth to Miss Alice Davison.—23d, Mr John Turnbull to Miss Ann Morris.—25th, Mr John Malcolm Scott to Miss Ann Dixon Middleton.
At Sunderland Church, on the 23rd inst., Mr Christopher Needham to Miss Catherine Miller.—Same day, Mr Joseph Christopher Johling to Miss Catherine Isenberger.—25th, Mr William Ridley to Miss Isabella Crain.—26th, Mr James Henderson to Miss Mary Ann Clayton.
At Newcastle, at St. Andrew's Church, on the 15th inst., Mr Robert Coulson, of that town, to Mrs Isabella Maughan, of Jesmond, formerly of Westoe.—17th, at All Saints' Church, Mr William Catherton, smith, to Miss Elizabeth Greenfield, both of Newcastle.
At Dublin, at St. Peter's Church, on the 18th inst., by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Tuam, Sir John Jocelyn Coghill, Bart., to Catherine Frances, second daughter of the Hon. John Plunket, of Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin, and granddaughter of the Right Hon. Lord Plunket.

UNITED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.
In this city, at the Register Office, on Monday last, Mr Thomas Pattison, butcher, Lanchester, to Miss Jane Pearson Sisson, of this city.
At Bishop Auckland, at the Register Office, on the 22d inst., Mr John Jackson to Miss Elizabeth Pease, both of Eascomb.
At Stockton, at the Register Office, on the 22nd instant, Mr William Batty to Miss Mary Ward, both of Yarm.

DIED.
In this city, on the North Road, on the 18th inst., at the house of her son-in-law, after a long illness, borne with great patience, Elizabeth, widow of the late Mr John Hall, tanner, of this city, much and deservedly respected.
In Tillegate, on the 25th inst., Miss Elizabeth Blakey, aged 55 years.

Pictured at left are family notices copied from the Durham Advertiser (England) 28 February 1851, page 8. The notices are listed under headings BIRTH, MARRIED, UNITED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, DIED.

I came across the phrase *United by Act of Parliament* while searching for PEASE family notices in the British Newspaper Archive (<https://britishnewspaperarchive.co.uk/>). Initially I assumed it might be referring to the landed gentry or possibly even royalty but after reading the three entries listed, including the marriage of my 2x great grandmother's sister, (highlighted * below) I realised that it referred to civil marriages - those conducted in a Registry Office rather than a church.

UNITED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.
In this city, at the Register Office, on Monday last, Mr Thomas Pattison, butcher, Lanchester, to Miss Jane Pearson Sisson, of this city.
* At Bishop Auckland, at the Register Office, on the 22d inst., Mr John Jackson to Miss Elizabeth Pease, both of Eascomb.
At Stockton, at the Register Office, on the 22nd instant, Mr William Batty to Miss Mary Ward, both of Yarm.

Legal common-law marriage was virtually abolished under the 1753 Marriage Act meaning only marriages conducted by the Church of England, Quakers, or under Jewish law, were recognised in England and Wales. The Marriage Act 1836 re-introduced civil marriage, and also allowed ministers of other faiths (Nonconformists and Roman Catholics) to act as registrars.

(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marriage_in_England_and_Wales)

When I was growing up my grandmother's best friend was Violet Wright who was married to Sidney Wright. They came to visit on occasions when I was little. They lived in Sutherland shire and obviously enjoyed visiting the farm 'Sunnyside' we lived on Devitt's Lane, Meroo Meadow.

Vi was born Victora Violet Cork in Terara in 1890 and lived in the Shoalhaven in her childhood. Her father was a School Teacher and the family moved around when he was posted to various schools. Besides Terara he was at Meroo Meadow and well as Jamberoo. She would have met my Grandmother Grace Shepherd when they were schoolgirls together. Vi moved to the big city of Sydney with her family when she was a teenager. She met and married Sid in 1923 and must have brought her young husband to visit sometime after that.

Sid was named Albert Sidney Wright and was born in 1889 in Woollahra. He grew up in Sydney and owned a fleet of buses in the Sutherland Shire. At least that is what I was told, but I am not sure, possibly he was a bus driver. His hobby was photography and he took a lot of black & white photos and developed them in his own dark room in the 1930's. I don't remember Sid that well as he died in 1970 and I guess he wasn't up to travelling some years before that.

Clearly he was keen to photograph the farm at Meroo Meadow when he came to visit in the 1930's and 1940's and maybe later. Farmers and families at the time may or may not have had a box brownie camera or similar and were most likely to have little skill in composing pictures. More often it was people they photographed. Never thinking of taking the everyday scenes that were so familiar. Consequently, not much has survived for some places such as small dairy farms.



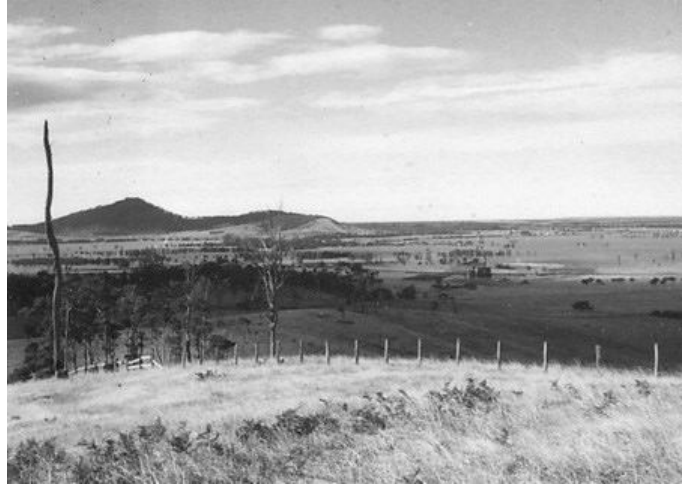
The next time Sid came to visit he would have brought prints of his photographic work taken at the farm. I have been fortunate to inherit a small number of them from my mother and an aunt that had been handed down to them. The quality of them is good, in focus and well composed.

Although I grew up there some years after they were taken I certainly can recognise where they are taken from and things haven't changed that much.

We lived in the upper valley of Wiley's Creek, a mountain farm that had been cleared both before and during my great grandparents' time. Consequently, there are a number of stark white dead trees that had been ring-barked to provide more grass for the cattle that were to wander around the hillsides. To our modern eyes it doesn't look good, but we cannot judge those from an era that needed to provide for their families. If you visit today the hillsides are mostly covered in trees again.



Fields cleared of trees for cattle grazing



One of the best photos is of my Grandfather Albert Devitt resting against a large tree at the top part of the farm called "The Selection" just under the cliff lines of the Cambewarra Range. This was one of my favourite areas particularly when we visited the Chasm within the rainforest a great canyon with a waterfall at the end.

Many thanks to Sid for the photos that bring back so many memories of a happy boyhood.

(Photographs from family collection)



CRAVINGS

The heading CRAVINGS caught my attention whilst browsing the British Newspaper Archive online - the notice pictured at right is an extract from Berrow's Worcester Journal (9 January 1858 page 6).

Quickly realising that these *cravings* were not referring to human appetites or desires it was time to search the internet

CRAVINGS.

The following bills of cravings were allowed :—Clerk of the Peace, £259. 8s. 3d.; County Solicitor, preparing contract for rebuilding Himbleton Bridge, £6. 11s.; ditto, for surface repair of bridges in the Droitwich division, £4. 18s. 2d. Coroners: Mr. W. S. P. Hughes, £32. 13s. 2d.; Mr. Charles Best, claim £17. 8s. 2d., reduced by deducting cost of an inquest, to £13. 9s. 2d.; Mr. W. Robinson, £53. 3s. 9d.; Mr. R. Docker, claim £112. 13s. 1d., reduced by a similar cause to £110. 15s. 11d.



These are *Bills of Sheriffs' Cravings* - described in the National Archives catalogue as: *annual claims for reimbursement of money spent during their official engagements, such as magistrates' wages, judges' lodgings, courtroom furniture, messengers' payments, conveyance of criminals to trial, burning or whipping some of them and 'dieting' others until they were transported.*ⁱ

If there really was a Sheriff of Nottingham pursuing the outlaw Robin Hood, picture him presenting an exhaustive list of out of pocket expenses.....all those bows and arrows, shields, swords, suits of armour, soldiers, horses, etc.

ⁱ <https://discovery.nationalarchives.gov.uk/details/r/C22573>

Illustration by Louis Rhead, 1912 (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sheriff_of_Nottingham)

I remember when I was at school, a long time ago, we were taught the initials BC and AD to do with dates of the events in our history. Not being a student of Latin I could never really remember *Anno Domini* just the translation “in the year of our Lord”.

These terms were based on the Gregorian calendar which had determined the supposed birth date of Jesus Christ as the start. Subsequent years counted up from this event. While preceding years counted down from it and were accompanied by BC or “*before Christ*”

History shows that the above concept was first proposed in 525 by the Christian monk Dionysius EXIGUUS. By standardising the Julian and Gregorian calendars, he created a system which spread throughout Europe and the Christian world for the following centuries. In 1422 Portugal became the last European country to switch to the system created by Dionysius.

But times they are a changing! Although it has not been universally accepted yet, it is quite common to hear the expression BCE/CE after dates in history. CE stands for Common Era and BCE stands for Before Common Era. The reason for the proposed adoption was because they were seen as religiously neutral terms, and it also avoids the issues of the exact date of Jesus’ birth.

These terms have been used in mainstream for a long time but not without controversy. Academic and scientific texts tend to use the Common Era in their documents. However there has been a societal pushback in United Kingdom when in 2002 the National Curriculum transitioned to BCE and CE. And in Australia in 2011, when it was proposed to change school textbooks to the religious neutral date formats.

My interest in the term *Common Era* has been further sparked by my family’s association with Johannes KEPLER. He is believed to be the first person to use this term in a book he wrote in 1615. Kepler was born in 1571 in Wurttemberg, now Germany. Although from poor beginnings, he attended Latin School and also enrolled in a protestant Seminary in Adelberg. From here he gained a scholarship to university where he received his Master’s in Theology and majored his studies in mathematics and astronomy.

In 1600, Kepler moved to Prague and worked with our ancestor the Danish astronomer Tycho BRAHE. Tycho died in 1601 and Kepler inherited his post as Imperial mathematician to the Hapsburg Emperor.

Fifteen years later, Johannes Kepler wrote in Latin *annus aerea nostrae vulgaris* (year of our common era) and in 1635 in an English version of his book as “Vulgar Era”. The term *Vulgar* meaning “of the ordinary people”. The term Common Era can be found in English documents as early as 1708 and became widely used in mid 19th century by Jewish religious scholars.



True times are changing but change, as with anything, it is often slow. There appears to be no real preference for either system. In the local press often BC/AD are used but in academic papers more often BCE/CE are the preferred option. So really it is up to the contributor and the preferences of the audience. There are some typographical conventions though. When using BC, it appears after the numerical year, while AD should appear before- for example 1100 BC, AD1066, however with BCE and CE both should appear after the numerical year, e.g. 1100 BCE, 1066 CE.

<< *Tycho Brahe and Johannes Kepler - Prague, Czech Republic*

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https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Category:Statue_of_Tycho_Brahe_and_Johannes_Kepler_by_Josef_Vajce

<https://www.nmspacemuseum.org/inductee/johannes-kepler/>

Book - On Tycho’s Island by John Robert Christiansen 2000, 2002
Cambridge University Press ISBN 978-0-521-00884-6

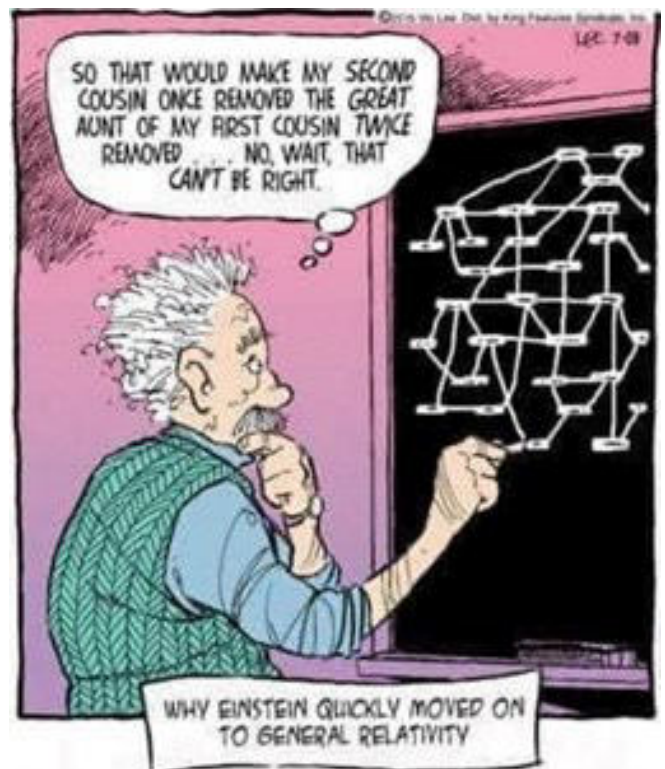
A CHANGE OF PACE.....



..... A BIT OF LIGHT RELIEF



Chelsea is now a confirmed coffee drinker!



The reason I have delved into my RUCKERT family was because an uncle had maintained that three brothers came to Australia from Germany and it was only from a visit to the Latter-Day Saints Church at Charlestown, NSW, Australia after ordering a microfilm for Lindelbach, Baden, Germany baptisms that I discovered written beside the three brothers' baptismal entries (plus the rest of the children) a notation "on 15 April 1858 emigrated to Australia with their mother!"

The maternal great-great grandmother was Katharina Margaretha RUCKERT b: 25 April 1822 Hohefeld, Baden Germany, died 19 July 1896 Wagga Wagga, NSW, Australia, who arrived in NSW, Australia via Rio de Janeiro on 7 September 1858 per William Kirshner. Katharina had a brother Andreas RUCKERT who had emigrated to Australia per "Marbs" 22 April 1855 and settled in Queensland, Australia.

From the initial discovery on the microfilms, I paid a German researcher to visit the State Archives in Germany to see whether he could find information on Katharina Margaretha RUCKERT. I was also very fortunate to have had German research assistance from the late Pastor Reinhard HAUSMANN (Lindelbach, Baden, Germany Pfarrer) for many years. When I first started my German research I wrote two letters to Germany, one of the letters was addressed to the mayor in the village of Lindelbach who kindly forwarded the letter on to the village pastor, (Reinhardt HAUSMANN), who had an interest in family history research and an understanding of the English language, having spent some years in the USA. Over quite a few years Pastor HAUSMANN copied many relevant baptism, marriage and death entries from Lindelbach and surrounding village Kirche books and posted the transcripts to me. To acknowledge Pastor HAUSMANN's help I sent him D-Mark (Deutsche Mark) to which he put towards the restoration of the magnificent organs in the villages in which he served.

Nicholas DIEHM was my great-great grandfather who married Katharina Margaretha RUCKERT on 31 August 1841 in Lindelbach, Baden, Germany. Nicholas DIEHM died 12 October 1854 in Lindelbach, Baden, Germany. Nicholas had been married previously to Anna Maria KLEIN. Only one son Johann Andreas DIEHM 1832-1894 (a dwarf) survived from Nicholas' marriage to Anna Maria KLEIN. Johann Andreas DIEHM was raised in Germany by a member of the KLEIN family.

The baptism entries for the children of Nicholas DIEHM and Katherina Margaretha nee RUCKERT were:-

Johann Nicholas baptised 1 January 1843 Lindelbach, Baden, Germany.

Johann Michael baptised 24 February 1845 Lindelbach Baden, Germany.

Johann Andreas baptised 28 June 1847 Lindelbach Baden, Germany.

Johann George baptised 11 March 1850 Lindelbach Baden, Germany

Anna Eva baptised 7 June 1852 Lindelbach Baden, Germany.

Johann Jakob baptised 9 August 1854 Lindelbach Baden, Germany

With Nicholas's death in 1854 Katharina was left to raise her six children alone with limited support and no doubt dire living conditions. Katherina found solace in the company of a young man 18 years her junior, by the name of Andreas FRIEDLEIN. Andreas FRIEDLEIN had been baptised 23 July 1838 in Lindelbach, Baden, Germany. Katharina DIEHM and Andreas FRIEDLEIN's friendship resulted in the birth of a daughter Maria Margaretha in 1857. Unfortunately, this proved to be unacceptable in the village and to *save face* Katharina and Andreas were asked to leave the village. Permission had to be granted by the Godparents of all the children to leave and a notice appeared in the local newspaper advising of Katharina and Andreas departure requiring all debts to be paid prior to their leaving. As well, Andreas' compulsory national service conscription was waived. Katharina and Andreas married two weeks prior to their departure to NSW, Australia.

Katharina and Andreas young daughter Maria Margaretha FRIEDLEIN appears to have perished on the voyage as no further records have been found. This would not have been unexpected as a report in the

following newspaper outlines the appalling conditions on board the vessel *Wilhelm Kirchner*:-

Northern Times, Newcastle, Saturday 11 September 1858, Page 2

GERMAN IMMIGRATION.

The following petition from the immigrants by the Wilhelm Kirchner, from Bremen, complaining of the treatment received on board that vessel during the voyage, was presented on Wednesday to his Excellency Sir William Denison, at Government House, by a deputation appointed by the immigrants. His Excellency received the deputation very courteously, and expressed his intention of laying the matter before the Executive Council.

To His Excellency Sir William Denison, K.C.R. Governor General, &c., &c., &c.,

The petition of the undersigned immigrants by the Wilhelm Kirchner, Captain Menke, humbly sheweth -

That your petitioners arrived in Sydney, on Tuesday, the 7th instant, after a lengthened passage 135 days.

That your petitioners have great cause to complain, not alone of the very improper, almost barbarous treatment on the part of the captain and officers, but chiefly of the very bad state of the provisions, quite contrary to the rules laid down. That these provisions were not alone extremely bad in quality but more so, quite inadequate in quantity.

That your petitioners, in consequence of these reasons, were often exposed to the utmost privation, and startled by their appearance, after arrival, the visiting medical officer.

That your petitioners, further complain of the very crowded state on board the ship, which made them suffer great discomfort.

That your petitioners has at heart the welfare at all under your government, respectfully pray, that your Excellency will be pleased to order an Inquiry to be made into these our grievances.

That your petitioners farther pray, that this investigation may take place as soon as possible, as the greater part of the immigrants, having come out under contract, are on the point of being sent off by the German Immigration agent, to different distant localities, and would therefore not be able to bear testimony to these our grievances.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

(Here following 136 signatures).

The family originally settled near Crookwell in New South Wales, Australia but aside from my great grandfather who remained in Crookwell and retained the original spelling of the surname, the rest of the family eventually settled in Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia and anglicized the spelling of the surname to DEHN, DEIM, DEAN etc.

With the family facing many challenges in Wagga Wagga their strength and determination sometimes must have proved difficult to comprehend.

In November 1878 Andreas FRIEDLEIN lost his life in a horse-riding accident. A couple of months prior to Andreas' death Katharina was to witness a son's death when his legs were caught in the wheels of a horse drawn wagon. A further tragedy was to follow when one of Katherina's sons was sent to Gladesville Hospital for the insane in Sydney where he remained until his death in 1891. Another of Katherina's sons, a teetotaler, found his calling in religion. Of Katharina's remaining sons one developed a dependency on alcohol and another, later in life, identified as female.

Despite the many setbacks in their lives two of the DIEHM brothers and their sister lived well into their 90's.

One can only imagine the many changes these children were to see in their lives particularly when their voyage to Australia took five months and if they had been able to return to Germany in later life, a much more streamlined trip was on offer. So many things we now take for granted were witnessed as "firsts" for this family.

From humble beginnings Katharina would be proud to know her descendants have now had the opportunity to travel the world and achieve careers in radio, television, science, medicine and finance to name a few.

An Opportunity Missed!

In 1965 I was a student at Newcastle Teachers' College and as part of my course requirements I had to do several teaching practicums. That year, with other college students, I did my practise teaching at Wickham Infants School.

Living at Adamstown, I would take the 225 bus to the stop near the Bank Corner in Hunter Street. I can't remember the cost of the daily bus fares then but when I was younger, I do have recollections of paying just one penny, to get to town by bus.



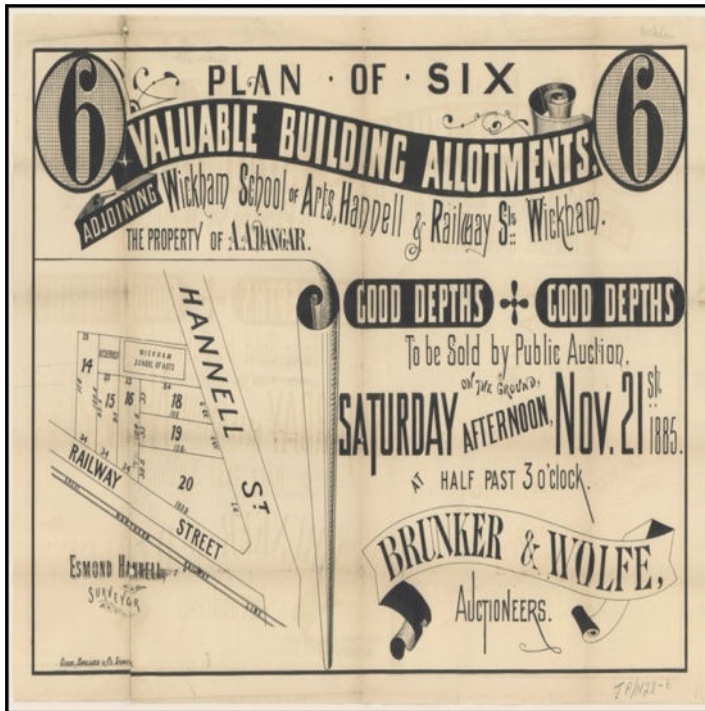
Even though I didn't know Wickham well I was familiar with this bus stop and the route. My stop was just across the road from the department store, Marcus Clarks where I had had a Christmas job, every year since I was 15. However, to get to my nominated school, I had to go around the corner into Bellevue St, Newcastle West, walk across the Northern Railway line, then go along Hannell Street to the Bishopgate Street corner and finally cross the road to Wickham Infants School. Nowadays with the inner-city development, the access is very different.

Years later, I took on the task of researching my two times great grandfather Robert Christian SMITH and discovered that I had missed a perfect opportunity those decades before. Why didn't someone say, "Your ancestor's house was just across the road from the school at 6 Bishopgate St, Wickham"? The family would have sold it after the deaths of Robert and Maria Smith in 1928 and 1932 respectively. But I had literally walked past that address every day for three weeks.

Currently, 6 Bishopgate Street is housing part of a multistorey luxury apartment block, so it has certainly changed its identity over time as it was not as luxurious in the past. To collect information on the contextual history of my ancestors, I did a very simple One Street Study of Bishopgate Street. Using the National library resource TROVE, a search of Bishopgate Street Wickham predominantly featured many a story of people who were facing life's difficulties including bankruptcy. When Robert lived there the street's identity was very working class. Even occasionally I found him supporting his children who had hit the headlines not always for the right reasons.

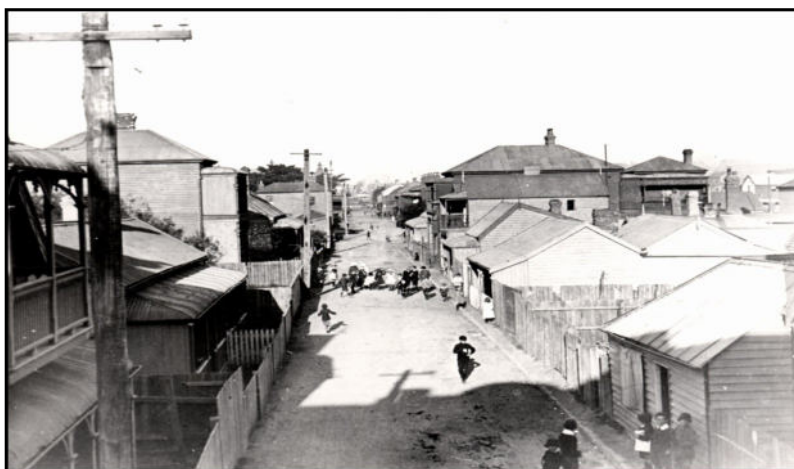
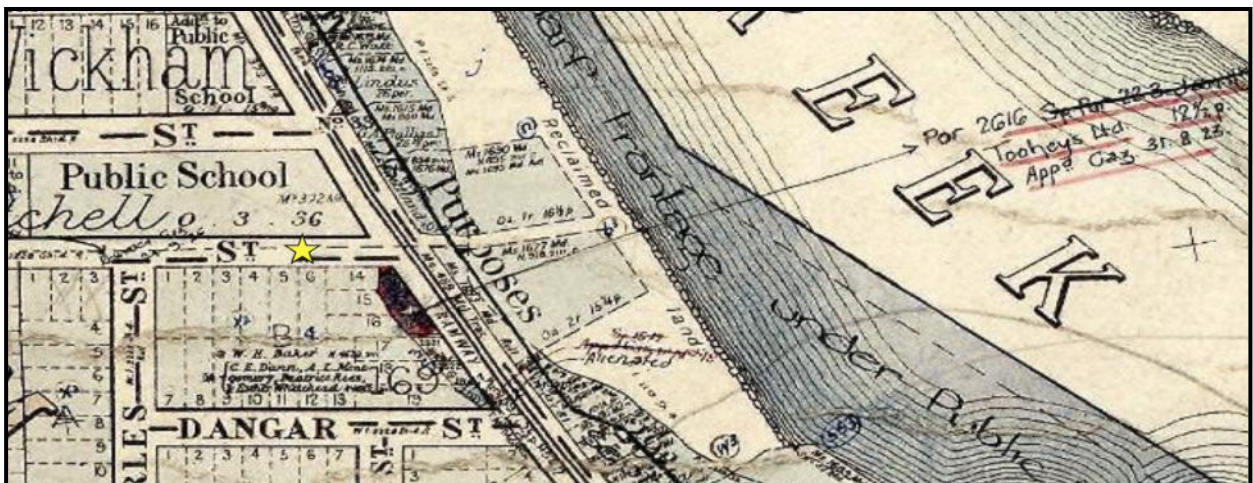
Before the Smith family moved to this location, Wickham had already been proclaimed a municipality in February 1871, mainly through the efforts of James Hannell, who became the first mayor. From the early days of European settlement, Wickham was listed as a 'private town' and seen as being outside the Newcastle town precinct. The Honeysuckle Cemetery and the convict quarters were seen as the end of Newcastle township bounded by Cottage Creek. Wickham had been the site of a growing number of industries, factories, coal mines and a tannery, all very close to the harbour and railway services.

As the population grew and more areas and mines were opened up, workers were happy to live closer to their employment. By the 1880s, more parcels of housing land were being offered for sale and the industries started expanding to many other locations including suburbs such as Waratah and Lambton. The *History of Newcastle and The Northern District* (published 22 April 1898) reported that in 1891 the city of Newcastle had a population of 12,914, suburbs like Adamstown had 2,030, Lambton 3,436 and Wickham 6,582. By 1891, the overall total population was 50,705 for the district of Newcastle, which included 36,996 the population for all the suburbs and almost 13,000 for the city.



<< Figure 1

Figure 2



At the time my ancestors lived in this street, it was a mixture of housing, hotels, and a school.ⁱ Although no photos remain of Robert's house, some of the other original homes give an indication of the predominate architectural style with mainly small dwellings, probably with a front porch close to the road.



Space was well used as the 1891 Census records that, at that time, nine adults were living in the Smith family home. With houses being built close to the ground level life could have been difficult as the suburb was sometimes affected by flooding.ⁱⁱ

MEETING OF RATEPAYERS.

Last night in accordance with advertisement the Mayor of Wickham (Mr. Wooderson) addressed the rate-payers of Wickham from the balcony of the Lass o' Gowrie Hotel, in Union-street. Full four hundred people mustered to hear the Mayor's explanation with regard to various municipal affairs, and the many interruptions by the audience evinced the interest they took in the proceedings.

While, at times, Bishopgate Street may have been affected by the elements, it was also a centre of some exciting social activity. In 1886 a public meeting was held at the end of the street. The mayor of Wickham addressed the crowd of four hundred rate payers, from the balcony of the Lass o' Gowrie Hotel. It was reported in The Newcastle Herald that it was a rowdy occasion.ⁱⁱⁱ

THE GOVERNOR'S VISIT

The party then drove down Bolton-street into the main thoroughfare, and along Hunter-street West, to Wickham. His Excellency expressed a wish to see the residence of Mr. Ward, a gentleman who hails from the same part of England, and who has taken a very prominent part in the reception of the vice-regal party. The carriages were accordingly turned into Bishopgate-street; but it was found that Mr. and Mrs. Ward had gone out, and looked up the house. It afterwards transpired that the worthy pair had gone into the city to secure good seats in the steamer Goolwa. Mr. Ward's canaries, which were chirping from the balcony, were much admired; and then the carriages were turned once more for the city. As the rain was increasing, it was deemed advisable to obtain a further supply of waterproof cloaks and umbrellas; and this was accordingly done. The party then proceeded to the Market Wharf, where Messrs. J. and A. Brown's steamer Goolwa was waiting to take the visitors round the harbour. A great number of leading citizens, with a score of ladies, were on board, and a half hour was spent darting in and out among the shipping. The rain, however, fell in torrents, and spoilt a hour's cruise, which, under more favourable auspices, would have been most enjoyable. The ships in the port were gaily decorated with flags, and ensigns were dipped from every vessel which the party passed.

I'm sure other interesting events occurred in the street over time but in May 1891, the Governor who was visiting Newcastle at the time, called into Bishopgate Street to visit the Ward family. The Wards were people the Governor had known from the 'old country'. The irony was that when the entourage arrived, the Wards were not home as they had gone to town early, to be in the best position to see the Governor!^{iv}

Probably in the 1880s and 1890s having the school just across the road from the Smith's must have played a significant role in their lives and all the families of Wickham. Although schools had been on that site for many years, it was in 1893 that a new brick infants' school was opened, followed by a brand-new Primary School in 1904.^v Many of my great great uncles and aunts would have attend these brand-new educational venues, right across the road from their home at 6 Bishopgate Street Wickham. What an opportunity I missed to soak up the atmosphere and to know I was on the street where Robert lived!



Figure 1: Wickham Advertisement: <https://collection.sl.nsw.gov.au/record/74VvKN3a>

Figure 2: Old Map of Wickham- <https://hunterlivinghistories.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/02/Wickham-NSW-V2.pdf>

ⁱBishopgate Street-<https://livinghistories.newcastle.edu.au>

ⁱⁱWickham Floods - State Library Collection-<https://collection.sl.nsw.gov.au/record/114INRK1#viewer>

ⁱⁱⁱPublic meeting in Wickham: <https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/138948427?searchTerm=Wickham%20AND%20Patrick%20Connelly>

^{iv}The Governor's Visit: <https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/136060441?searchTerm=Ward%20AND%20Bishopgate-streetisit>

^vWickham School opening 1904: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/uon/6974209565/in/photolist-bChDwv-o5bPQA-QKQ9QQ-UoaUA5-9ZY3Qy-7mmcUm-Kjww9Y-pwFupt-scC7oX-LE4Sp-brr8Ag-9U8FmP-8YYPcM-jY5YMV-pMzerc-N4JDib-p8ozEQ-9DKAhp-pMKcmX-USGFRY-23wMcYz-uMRoiE-jY6HT2-d9MBVR-24QddIL-pwFzzi-iBBeoR-2jJf8n-cZtFG-nPJFgm-o7eLQ8-PGBDbm-Jb1pbi-23MGf5N-hvcAmq-G9xbhk-nQmF3a-nPKjYd-MZ8tWT-nQkLcd-iBBewQ-V6LfdJ-25JRv4Y-23wMcGx-S32NMw-o78Seo-o91ttX-X4QJVa-9ZVffZ-25JRuMf>

THE LOG-BOOK OF AN AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT

In the June 2023 edition of *The Chronicle* we introduced Daniel Wallwork (1824-1909), a Lancastrian locksmith/engineer/machinist who emigrated to Newcastle, NSW in 1863. His account of the voyage aboard the *SS Auckland*, originally published in his home county, is being reproduced as a serial in our journal. His story continues now five weeks into the voyage.....

Monday, May 18. – As we – the passengers – remain longer together, we become better acquainted with each other's habits and sentiments. Out of the 26 male passengers in our cabin, there is not one very spiritually or piously inclined. I believe there are several upright and honourable men, who would be ashamed to do a mean thing to a man, woman or child, but they are not called religious. There are two or three who read the bible now and then, and who attend service on Sundays, but they never speak to others or advise them to go to service. You could not tell they were religious from their manners during the week, they are so like the rest. I have not seen one of them attempt prayer as yet. If they do pray, I suppose it is in their bunks after they have got in.

Friday, May 22nd. – To day for the first time several large birds called albatrosses have been flying about the vessel. They live on the sea, hundreds of miles from land. Flying seems no trouble to them: their wings are so large that they glide up and down without moving them for hours. Had they not long wings they could not live at sea at all. Some are white, some are black, and some are a mixture of both. A day or two ago we passed some very small sea-birds called "Mother Carey's chickens"; they are, or seem, never at rest. Mothers compare their children to these chickens when they cannot get them to be quiet.

Saturday, May 23rd. – To-day a good wind sprung up in our favour, and all the yards unfurled to catch the favouring gale. For fear the coals might be done too early the engine was stopped, the screw lifted, and now we are going by sail only. The screw must always be lifted out of the water when it is not at work, or it would prevent the ship going as fast as it would. The machinery for lifting the screw out of the water must be very powerful. It takes about half-a-dozen men to wind it up out of the water, and this is done very slowly. To-day I went to the stern end of the vessel on purpose to watch the operation of lifting the screw. After I had watched the operation, and the machinery by which the screw is lifted, I felt a glow of pride in being born in a country whose working men has shewn themselves so completely master of mechanical and engineering difficulties. No wonder that the working men of England are sent for to all parts of the world to make and set up machinery, for I do not think any nation in the world can equal them for skill and cleverness in the mechanical arts. Though the wind we have to-day is a favourable wind, it is not exactly a fair wind. It is what soldiers call a "side wind", blowing more against one side of the vessel than the other. In consequence the ship is always leaning to one side, and everything and everybody has a tendency to go quickly to that side of the vessel they wish to keep away from. To see the attempts we make to keep upright as we go along the deck is most amusing, and to walk from one end of the vessel to the other without falling, on all fours, is a feat worthy of amateur Blondins. Many a tumble takes place, amid the shouts and laughter of the others. Sometimes one of the passengers will be bringing up some soup from the cook's galley, at dinner-time, when the ship will give a lurch, and down he will go, soup and all. Then he will go down below with the empty dish, splattered all over with the soup, and then won't there be a shout of laughter among us all. We have porridge three times a week, and one morning as our captain for the week had got to the top of the steps of the cabin, the ship gave a jerk, and pitched him down stairs, porridge and all. We had to go without porridge that morning. This was no joke with our keen appetites, though we of course had a hearty laugh at the mishap; and then we managed as well as we could with tea and biscuit. We are getting near to the Cape of Good Hope: this is proved to us by an increasing quantity of lake pigeons, which constantly fly about our ship. Our landing at the Cape is looked forward to as the most important event since we left England; and, though we are several days from it, preparations have commenced by the crew for this important event.

Sunday, May 24th. – Having a tolerable wind, we are still going by sail. The weather, contrary to all expectation here, is warm and comfortable. The third officer said to-day to two or three of us, that we might come this way fifty times and not have the weather so good. He was this way in a vessel about four

months ago, and the gales of wind they had were fearful, every mast was blown overboard. The ship was in a most pitiable plight for several days. They had to put in at the Cape of Good Hope, and it cost £3,000 to repair the vessel. Again, they had a narrow escape from being wrecked, but they got safe to England afterwards.

Monday, May 25th. – To-day the wind almost ceased, and our progress has been less than on any day since we left Gravesend. In consequence of the wind being so low, the captain gave orders to have the steam put on again. I watched the operation of letting the screw into its place, at the end of the shaft, which is half the length of the ship. It was done in a few minutes, and we are going along again at a comfortable rate, by steam. After going slow for a time, it was a relief to be going faster.

Wednesday, May 27th. – This night we dropped anchor at the Cape of Good Hope, right glad to see land again. We dropped anchor at eight o'clock, after six weeks, or 42 days, from England. It being dark and late this evening, we all stopped on board, intending to go on shore in the morning and inspect the town and neighbourhood.

Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope. Thursday night, May 28th. – To-day a number of passengers went in small boats, on shore, at 6d. per head. The streets are pretty numerous, and plenty of people bustling about in cabs and on foot. The shops in the town remind you very much of England – large glass fronts with the goods marked at the doors, as at home, and almost as cheap. The inhabitants are about two-thirds blacks and Dutchmen, with one-third English. The houses are nearly all painted white, or whitewashed. This is done in consequence of the heat of the climate, a white colour being always much cooler than black. As you walk about the town you see many things as in England. The whole population are dressed as if in English towns. The gentlemen take the fashion of their coats from home. The ladies are dressed as prettily, look as beautiful, and wear crinoline as large as in Heywood or Rochdale. The cabs, and policemen, are much the same as in Manchester and other places. There are two Houses of Parliament, with a governor from England. There is a market-place, churches and chapels, a museum, botanical gardens, &c. There are three newspapers in English at 6d. each, (one or two of which I sent home, I think, when there), and one Dutch newspaper for the Dutch part of the population. The higher portion of the black population dress very smartly in white and blue silks.

Some have turbans, some wear what are called beehive hats, which keep out the rain, and screen them from the sun. They wear no stockings but have on something like a wooden sandal. There is a piece of wood under the heel, and another piece under the toe: this piece under the toe is fastened by a kind of leather button, like a boy's sucker, between the toes, and the rest of the foot is bare. How they manage to walk with these things under their feet: I don't know, but they contrive to do it, somehow, though I think they would not be able to run at all. The climate at the Cape of Good Hope is always warm. Ice the people never see. It is now autumn, or beginning of winter, and it is as warm as the hottest days in summer in England. Trade and business, I was informed, was very dull in the town. There were a many working men walking about, out of work. Plate-layers on the railway were earning 6s. per day, and common labourers, who in England get about 2s. 9d. or 3s., here have 4s. 6d. per day; and provisions are about as cheap as in England. I said to a plate-layer, a little out of the town, where they are making a railway, "If a man was working at 6s. per day, he might be able to earn sufficient to save a pound a week." He said, "Yes, if he had full work." I said, "But he couldn't do that in England." "No, perhaps not, but I don't like the place," he said, "I'll be glad when I can get away to New Zealand, or Australia, or elsewhere." This was the complaint of several English whom we conversed with. They said that though a working man could get good wages, yet it was all swallowed up in household expenses, rents being very high. These Englishmen said they would go away from Cape Town if they could raise sufficient for the purpose, but as they cannot, they have to stay and make the best of it.

Cape of Good Hope. Friday, May 29th. – The weather being unfavourable, I did not go on shore to-day, but spent the day in reading and writing in the cabin, and part of the day in fishing from the edge of the vessel. A great many of the passengers amused themselves with fishing, and many a fry of fish we had the three days we were at the Cape of Good Hope. The first night we caught buckets full of crayfish. These are like lobsters, but have a flabby tail, and bite at anything they lay hold of. They are very nice eating when cooked. But the fish the passengers caught in the day were about the size of a small herring.

They came about the ship's side in shoals. Calm weather was the best in which to have caught them, and then if you threw a string over the side with a bit of pork, they would bite, and you drew them up, all alive and kicking. They called them mullet, and good eating they were. A great deal of fishing done here at Cape Town: shipping and fishing is the chief business of the town. This (Tuesday) evening the most serious accident occurred on board that has happened since we left England. One of the firemen was standing under the funnel, where the men were drawing up ashes out of the fire-place below. The bucket was a strong iron one, and as it began to descend empty, it by some means got unhooked, and down it went upon the poor fellow's head, crushing and opening his skull. He was brought up out of the fire-place, and placed in the hospital on board. A doctor was immediately sent for. He came on board, and after examining him, ordered his immediate removal to the infirmary in the town. He was placed in a small boat and conveyed as carefully as could be done. The doctor gave no hopes of him, his brain was too much crushed. He was a cheerful good-tempered Irishman, and all felt deeply sorry at the occurrence. The accident has cast a gloom all over the ship. He has left a wife in England, and he expected to be away two or three years. Poor fellow, he will never return.

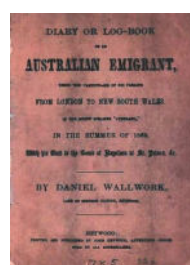
Cape of Good Hope. Saturday, May 30th. – To-day the other fire-men, seven of them, struck work. It appears that they wanted to go and see their comrade who had been taken to the hospital on shore, and asked the captain leave to do so. This morning being rough, the captain said perhaps they only wanted to go on shore for a spree, and the weather being threatening they might want to go out to sea for safety, but if the weather cleared up in the afternoon they might go. They said they did not want to go on shore for a spree, and if the captain chose he might send the second engineer to accompany them. But the captain declined to let them go, and in consequence of this refusal to be allowed to see their comrade they struck work.

This was bringing the matter to a crisis. As they refused to work, the captain and first engineer went on shore for summonses, to make them appear before the magistrate for refusing to obey orders they had entered into when they signed the ship's articles. The captain returned with summonses, and six water police in a boat, to take them before the magistrate for neglect of work. The men were ordered to pack up their boxes and clothes, and they were all conveyed to shore, to have the case tried before the bench of magistrates. The result was that the whole of them got sentenced to 14 days' hard labour. We were now without firemen, they were all in prison. The captain however, consulted with the ship's agent in the town, and before night, seven fresh firemen came on board to take the place of those sent to quod. They must have been pretty well primed with rum, for they were all half drunk when they came on board; but as they were not required to work that night, they would have plenty of time to get sober by the morning. With respect to the conduct of the captain and his men differences of opinion were expressed. It was natural that the firemen would wish to see their comrade, and their anxiety was increased because they could not get to hear whether he was dead or alive, and this to them seemed suspicious, therefore they wanted to see him for themselves. But whether they did right to refuse to work because they were not allowed just then to see him, is another question. When sailors sign articles to obey all orders that may be given them during the passage, it appears they are not at liberty to disobey them when it may suit them. I sympathised with the men wishing to see a comrade to whom had happened so dreadful an accident, but I think they carried the matter rather too far by striking because they did not get to see him; and I think they might rely upon the captain to do all he could to cause all to be done that could be done for him at the infirmary. "Besides," the captain said, "suppose a sudden squall arise while you are on shore, as there often does at the Cape here, and we are compelled to put to sea to be more safe, how could this be done when you are away from the vessel?" It was quite clear that the captain had in view the welfare of both vessel and passengers, and I think he acted wisely under the circumstances, in not allowing them to go ashore; especially as the man lay insensible, and never spoke after he was placed in the ward of the hospital. I was glad to see the sympathy they felt for a comrade, and very sorry they carried the expression of that sympathy to a point which I think was, to say the least, indiscreet. We hear to-day on board, that the unfortunate fellow breathed his last yesterday evening. It is the first accident since we sailed, and I hope we shall not see another in the voyage. His clothes and money due to him will be sent to his wife, and I can well conceive that she will be heartbroken at the tidings, and may never get over it.

Cape of Good Hope. Sunday, May 31st. – Last night it was expected that as the coal was not all got in, we should get in the remainder this Sunday morning, and this would have been done had the weather not been so dreadfully rough. Though we were religious enough to have service on board every Sunday, the captain and officers were not above having work done on Sunday when it seemed to be required. However, the party who supplied the coal sent a boat alongside and the boatmen shouted out it was too rough to bring coal alongside. Upon this the captain decided to set sail without the rest of the coal. He took his papers on shore and settled his accounts, though it was Sunday morning. While he was away we lifted the anchor, and when he came again on board, the steam was applied, and we set sail in the roughest weather we had ever had since starting on the voyage. It was dark, wet, and windy, and we prepared for some rough Cape weather, which was looming when we started. As an indication of the roughness of the weather when we started, I may just mention that a fresh passenger we took on board here, had to pay twenty-five shillings to have himself and his two or three boxes brought on board from shore. The boatmen would not venture in such weather for less, and when we were trying to haul up his boxes and himself on board, the little boat was lifted up and down in a manner positively dangerous. We all felt relief when all was safe on board. Another passenger, a young man, the son of General Wyndham, came on board in the town's lifeboat, with the captain and 12 of the crew. It was dreadful hard work to get to the ship. As you saw the boat coming towards the vessel, at one time buried in the hollow of the waves, and you thought she could never rise again, and at another moment at the top of another wave, then down again, with the wind and rain beating against it all the time, I say it was impossible to watch the scene as we all did, without the deepest anxiety and interest. When all was safe on board, we felt as if we could breathe more freely, no accident having occurred. His father and a friend came with him in the boat, to see that he got safely on board. As the boat with his father went in again towards the shore, I noticed the son go to the side of the vessel, with the tears stealing down his cheeks, and waving a white handkerchief towards his father as long as he could see him. I felt the tears trickle down my own face, out of sympathy for both father and son, who perhaps had never been separated before. The son is going to New Zealand. It might be years before they see one another again. He is only twenty years of age. However, we started at 11 o'clock this (Sunday) morning, and before we had gone far, the wind and rain increased in a manner we had never seen it. It rolled and tossed and rocked the ship about in a dreadful manner. At one moment you would think she was making a plunge that would carry us all down to the bottom, at another time she was lifted so high that you wondered how she could get down without breaking her back. But she always recovered herself for another toss. This has lasted all day, and even as I write this I have to stop very often to lay hold of the table or the seat, to prevent a tumble to the floor. The bustle and work attending sail this morning, seemed to have driven away our usual idea of Sunday, from the ship. Though we have two services each Sunday, to-day they do not seem even to be thought of. The conduct of all on board seems to say that "religious services may do for fine weather, but they won't do for rough weather. We must attend to the ship, and every man must pray for himself, this is no time for service". The crew had a hard time of it in attending to the yards or sails, and had scarcely time to eat to-day. This evening the boatswain-master of the crew, passed two or three of us on deck swearing. I said to him (half in joke and half in reproof), "boatswain this is the hour for praying and not for swearing." He said "it don't matter a dump whether you swear or pray, it makes no difference to the weather." "If the ship sinks, he said, and we have just time to say 'Lord save us' that is sufficient; if he means to save us he will save us with a very short prayer." "Hear, hear", said some of the crew.

Both officers and crew have been attending to their duties with their oil-skin coats on all day, and all seem wet through and tired enough, for it has been a weary day. Some of the passengers have been sick, through the roughness of the weather and the rocking of the vessel, though not so much as at first. I have escaped altogether fortunately. The captain inspires all with his calmness and his attention to everything on board.

Daniel's diary detailing his voyage will conclude in the June 2024 edition of *The Chronicle*.



THE LAKE MACQUARIE FAMILY HISTORY GROUP
CONDUCTS IT'S MEETINGS ON THE THIRD SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH
(WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE CHRISTMAS MEETING WHICH IS HELD
ON THE SECOND SATURDAY IN DECEMBER) AT THE
COMMUNITY HALL, 31B GEORGE STREET, MARMONG POINT.
DOORS OPEN AT 10 A.M.

The Group also opens the hall on the First Wednesday each month from 2pm to 5pm.

Research experienced members are at hand to help with your enquiries.

The Group follows Government Health Guidelines and asks visitors not to attend if unwell.

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R.M. Evans & Sons Funeral Directors Records Index 1921-1991 - \$30 + \$15 postage*

Pioneers & Settlers of Lake Macquarie - PDF file on CD Rom \$20 + \$5 postage*

Whitebridge Cemetery - \$20 + \$5 postage*

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Please refer to our website for details <http://www.lmfhg.org.au>

THE CHRONICLE

The theme for the next edition is - *Messages from the past.*

Submissions close 21st May 2024 and may be emailed to: chronicle@lmfhg.org.au

Please remember contributions are not limited to the chosen theme -
we always appreciate items, large or small on any topic!

Members: Following changes made to our Legal Deposit agreement if any member wishes to have a submission published without including their name their membership number will suffice.

Disclaimer

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OPEN DAY



Lake Macquarie Family History Group Inc

“Family History - Looking Towards The Future”

16th March 2024 10am - 4pm

COMMUNITY HALL

31B GEORGE ST, MARMONG POINT

Cost \$20.00 which includes Registration, Morning Tea and Light Lunch.

Registrations close Thursday 7th March 2024.

Contact: secretary@lmfhg.org.au

PROGRAM

- 10.00 Official Opening and Welcome to Country
- 10.15 Speaker 1 - Andrew Redfern: Using AI in Genealogical Research
- 11.30 Speaker 2 - Amelia Young: Legal and Social Implications of DNA
- 1.00 Lunch
- 2.00 Speaker 3 - Peter Moore: Altering Birth Records
- 3.00 Panel Discussion

GUEST SPEAKERS



Andrew Redfern is an accomplished speaker with backgrounds in education, technology and theatre. He has a colourful family history including convicts, murderers, travelling comedians and asylum patients. He is particularly interested in discovering the stories of his ancestors. He uses a variety of technological tools to share these stories which recently has included the use of Artificial Intelligence and how it may be used by the modern genealogist.

Amelia Young is a doctoral student at the University of Newcastle and a lawyer admitted to the Supreme Court of NSW. Amelia will discuss the use of Forensic Investigative Genetic Genealogy (FIGG) to solve cold case crimes and the identification of unknown human remains using traditional forensic methods in combination with genealogical research. FIGG involves comparing crime scene DNA with public genealogy databases to identify potential relatives, ultimately aiding in suspect identification. The legal implications are profound, as privacy and ethical implications arise.



Peter Moore is a President of “Adoptee Rights Australia”, a National Advocacy Association of Adopted People, committed to ensuring that adoptees across Australia have empathy and legal rights to self-identify under the law. He is a family genealogist who describes himself as a “late discovery adoptee” having discovered his adoption status when he was aged 59 via a DNA test. He has lobbied the NSW Government for many years to finally have his father’s name included on his birth certificate. Peter is a father of five and a grandfather to several grandchildren. He also acts as a dedicated foster carer.