



# *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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## In This Issue

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Office Bearers .....   | 1       |
| News & Happenings .....                                      | 2       |
| New Members.....   | 2       |
| WW1 Postcards .....  | 3       |
| Postal Ephemera .....  | 4,5     |
| A Soldier's Letter .....                                     | 6,7     |
| Heading to the Front .....                                   | 8,9     |
| Watercress and Cucumber<br>Sandwiches Anybody? ....          | 10,11   |
| GRO price increases .....                                    | 11      |
| A Convict's Tattoos.....                                     | 12,13   |
| Needlepoint samplers - a message<br>from Cornwall.....       | 14 - 17 |
| Daniel Wallwork's Log Book -<br>Part 4 - the conclusion..... | 18 - 21 |
| Disclaimer .....   | 22      |
| Publications for sale .....                                  | 22      |
| The Chronicle - next issue .....                             | 22      |
| AGM Notice.....  | 23      |

## Lake Macquarie Family History Group Inc.

Community Hall, 31b George St, Marmong Point 2284

**Celebrating 25 Years of Researching and Recording Family Histories**

### 2023-2024 Executive

|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| President        | Position vacant                         |
| Vice President   | Jenny Myers (jenm@exemail.com.au)       |
| Secretary        | Valda Owen (secretary@lmfhg.org.au)     |
| Treasurer        | Karen Eldridge (treasurer@lmfhg.org.au) |
| <b>Committee</b> | Jill Ball                               |

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Robert Eldridge  
Unita Fleischer  
Jean Jones  
Rosemary Tytherleigh

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Jill Ball, Arthur Radford

Jean Jones  
Linda Wallis, Jean Jones

Jenny Myers  
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**Patron Councillor Kay Fraser, Mayor of Lake Macquarie**

We are approaching the midpoint of 2024 - hasn't that time flown by! For members and friends of LMFHG there have been times to enjoy and celebrate but also times of hardship and sadness. Our thoughts are with those who for whatever reason are in need of bit more care and support. In particular we send our condolences to vice president Jenny Myers following the passing of her husband (and former member) David.

On a happier note at our general meeting in April we celebrated the 25th anniversary of the formation of Lake Macquarie Family History Group. This special occasion was marked in a time-honoured way with the cutting and sharing of a celebratory cake - pictured doing the honours are foundation members **Eloise Sarginson** (at left) and **Unita Fleischer**.

In the first edition of the Group's journal The Chronicle in August 1999, inaugural president Diane Little concluded her Letter from the President with: "It is hoped that we may all share the wonderful experience of not only learning about our ancestors but that we will preserve for our descendants that which we have researched and recorded for our future generations." I think to date we have fulfilled that ambition.



As for what lies ahead the overwhelmingly positive response to our March Open Day presentations - with topics covering AI in genealogy, the legal and social implications of using DNA, and the right to have birth certificate details changed - shows we are striving to maintain future relevance. Well done to all involved in making this day such a success. Special thanks to: Dan Repacholi MP for making time in his busy schedule to officially open the event and share some family history anecdotes; guest speakers Peter Moore, Amelia Young and Andrew Redfern for their enlightening and entertaining presentations, member Jill Ball for hosting the day and to the catering crew who ensured it was tasty and nourishing as well!

While on the subject of the future of our Group we extend a warm welcome to new members **Gwenda Collins** - Member 320 and **Cheryl-Ann Leggatt** - Member 321.

Members - please give some thought to taking on a position (executive and/or ancillary) at our upcoming AGM - details can be found on the back page.

Our Group's Outing Organiser, Jean Jones, continues to excel in arranging both social and educational outings. The monthly get-together at Club Macquarie offers an opportunity for members to meet informally and trips such as the recent outing by train to the Lucy Osburn-Nightingale Museum in Sydney and the Museums of History NSW (aka State Archives) are recent examples. The bus trip to MHNSW was organised by Maitland & Beyond Family History - we thank them for inviting us to share the day. Pictured at MHNSW (L-R) Christine, Jenny, Sue, Linda, Jan, Valda, Jean & Clare.



The theme for this edition of our journal is "Messages from the past". For family historians these "messages" can be found in an array of formats - anecdotes, cards, letters, telegrams, diaries, books, newspapers, official records, photographs, heirlooms and DNA are some examples.

We seek them out in all sorts of places - family gatherings, libraries, archives, museums, cemeteries, databases, laboratories, etc. Sometimes our search takes us to distant places although thanks to family history subscription services we can often be found at home hunched over a keyboard scanning a computer screen.

On very rare occasions it will be something like the cross stitch samplers that my sister found rolled up in an old pillowcase at the back of our mother's linen press when the family home was sold in 2000. Told that they had belonged to Dad's mother, my sister took them home for safe-keeping and thought no more about them for twenty years! Their message, along with those shared by some of our members, can be found on the following pages - we hope you enjoy them.

Below are two of the postcards that my grandfather, John (Jack) ARIANSEN (Pte 4655), sent home during WW1.

Jack had enlisted on 16 January 1916 in the 53<sup>rd</sup> Battalion - 12<sup>th</sup> Reinforcements/19<sup>th</sup> Battalion - the same day that his brother Samuel East Ariansen (Pte 4656) enlisted. The brothers embarked on *HMAT Ceramic* on 14 April 1916 in the 19<sup>th</sup> Infantry Btn. 1 - 13 Reinforcements.

While on leave from service Jack and Samuel married sisters – Nellie and Annie Gillett in Rawtenstall, Lancashire, on 28 September 1918.



**LE HAVRE – L'Anse des Pilotes**  
(Pilot's Cove)

22/8/1917

Postcard of one of the French towns. I am quite well and hope you and all at home are the same. I expect to be going back to my battalion in a few days, and will write to you before I go. We have been kept busy training since we came here, but are just about through with it now.  
Love from Jack

**DOUX ENTRETIEN**

*Capricieuse, je le suis bien un peu,  
Mais qui résiste après un tendre aveu?*

(Capricious, I am a little, but who resists after a tender confession?)

21/9/1917

I have not got time to write a letter now as we are going up to the line tonight and expecting to have to go any minute now. I am sending this with Sam. I will write at first opportunity. Maybe I will be in Blighty by the time you get this card if I am lucky. I am quite well at present. Our boys have been giving Fritz fits the last day or two. I have not got time to write more now, so I will conclude.  
I remain yours sincerely Jack





## POSTAL EPHEMERA

Member 168



A **telegram** (Greek tele: distant and gramma: letter) is a written message transmitted by using an electric device.

The message was carried along wires, and the text written or printed and delivered by hand or [teleprinter](#).

Telegraphs were originally a separate department in NSW and became part of the post office in 1893. After federation the use of telegrams increased until it peaked in the 1940s.

Special occasion telegrams, such as the examples pictured here, were designed to encourage their use as *social* messages.

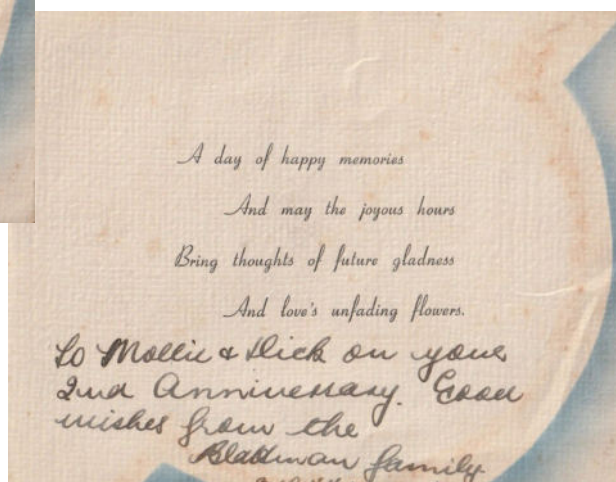
A form and envelope were created in purple to convey condolence details during World War 2.

The last telegram was transmitted in Australia in 1983.



The custom of sending greeting cards can be traced back to the ancient Chinese who exchanged messages of good will to celebrate the New Year, and to the early Egyptians, who conveyed their greetings on papyrus scrolls. By the early 15th century, handmade paper greeting cards were being exchanged in Europe. (Wikipedia)

Australians spend \$500 million on greeting cards with a consumption rate of 22 cards per person per annum making it the third largest market for greeting cards per capita in the world. (Australian Greeting Card Association)



Letter to: Mr Wm. Pelling  
Builder  
Melbourne  
Victoria

On Cover: Via Sydney

Mercury Office, Maitland

Oct. 15, 1851.

Dear Pelling,

I certainly began to fancy that you had sloped to the diggings, or that you contemplated a trip to our diggings on this side of the country, and were going to pay us a visit, instead of writing us a letter. But your letter of the 23<sup>rd</sup> September, which I got on the 2<sup>nd</sup> instant, shows that you have only been labouring under a fit of anti letter writing phobia (that's long enough for a German now) for the last few months.

The accounts which have come to here from Victoria since your letter was written go to show that you have at length discovered a gold-field which vies, if it does not out do, the richest of ours yet discovered. But your editorial gentry draw the long bow so vigorously that that common prudence suggests the allowance of a very liberal discount from the statements published. I presume that by this time all your building operations are pretty well brought up standing, for that was one of the earliest results of the gold mania on this side of the country.

Our town and neighbourhood are, I should say, fully half deserted by the male population, and every day now drays, more or less, are leaving or passing through the town to the Diggings. A great proportion of our Maitlanders who went to the Diggings, some of whom have returned, have done very well. Of those who have returned a number have brought back sums varying from 50 pounds to 400 pounds, as their earnings in three or four months. Some of course have returned little better off than they left; and a few of the earlier starters were their expenses out of pocket. But a majority of the diggers from here who stuck resolutely to work have done very well.

The Turon and Worlds End Diggings are from 150 to 200 miles from Maitland; and a considerable trade is likely, I think, to be established with these places. We have not as yet found any profitable gold-fields in the Northern Districts; but it is not at all unlikely that one or more will be found in that direction as the rocks in which gold is usually found prevail in several localities.

We have seen some changes in our establishment in consequence of the gold discoveries; but not so many as might have been anticipated. Three or four of the hands I had, when the discovery was made have left, but I have since been fortunate enough to get them replaced.

Our household are tolerable well and so are Tuckers. Tucker has no notion of gold digging. John and his wife are living separate, and are not likely, I think, ever to go together again. The boy is living with me.

We all join in kindest wishes to you and Mrs Pelling.

And I remain dear Pelling

Yours truly

R. Jones.

Postmarks: 2d Laureate – SG55 – Cancelled “64” (1b) – 4 reversed

MAITLAND  
OC \* 16  
1851  
NEW SOUTH WALES  
(in black oval)

SYDNEY  
OC \* 18  
1851  
NEW SOUTH WALES  
(in black circle)

MELBOURNE  
OC \* 27  
1851  
PORT PHILLIP  
(in green oval)

This letter was sent to my Great Grandmother, Johanna WAKEMAN, concerning one of her sons, (Pte 6329 William Norman WAKEMAN M.M.), who served in the Great War. He was my grandfather's (Sydney Oscar WAKEMAN) brother.

France  
21/7/18

My Dear Mrs Wakeman,

This afternoon I was reading the Sydney Mail of 3/4/18 and turning the page came across the name and photos of your husband and three sons. The last one I at once recognised as the number one with the Lewis Gun team of which I was a member until 25/6/18. On that day I left the battalion for hospital suffering from an old complaint rheumatism. Well, I just want to tell you some news of your son which I am sure he would never tell. First I must tell you I cut out the photos and posted them to your boy with a letter to cheer him up and give him news of my doings. On the morning of 20<sup>th</sup> June at 12.30 our barrage opened and went "over the top" to the attack. The officer in charge was wounded and his Sergeant and Corporal were killed before we had gone very far Fritz opened a very heavy machine gun defence. Having done all we could to get forward further and failing to dislodge the enemy we dug in or rather made a large shell hole as safe from fire as possible whilst Wakey and another of the team remained some yards in front with the gun in case of Fritz making an attack. Eventually the hole was sufficiently large to hold the six of us and Wakey and his mate came back to the hole with the gun. Not contenting himself with being safe for the time being, Wakey went out to see how the other chaps were. Those who were unhurt he informed of our position so that they could dig in nearby so as to have the extra protection the Lewis Gun afforded. For the remainder of the night he worked as hard as anyone making the position secure. When the sun rose we were all exhausted and the rain which had set in although light was very unpleasant. Daylight showed we were opposed very strongly by several machine gun positions within a hundred yards. Shortly after 10 p.m. it became sufficiently dark to move about with care. Wakey again visited the chaps on either side of us to see that everything had gone well during the day and then went off to see if he could get any rations. He brought back some bread and jam which was most acceptable being the first bite since 10.30 p.m. the previous evening.

Throughout the four days we spent in the outposts his pluck and cheerfulness remained the same. He was the backbone not only of the machine gun section but of the remainder of the platoon whose officer and NCO's had gone down. A braver and better comrade does not exist. You and Australia has good cause to be proud of your son and he is only a private of the line without any decoration which he richly gained many times that early morning of the 20<sup>th</sup> May. God bless him and guard him and bring him back safely to you and our bonny country. I don't know either of your other boys but I trust they will be equally fortunate in returning to you.

Yours Truly,  
W Lovegrove



Pictured at left are the images as they appeared in the Sydney Mail, 3 Apr 1918 page 32. The caption reads: *Mr Wakeman and his three soldier sons are all coal miners. Their home is at Abermain, N.S.W.* (<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article159026810>)

The enlarged images of the Wakeman family members are reproduced below.



**Pte Oliver Charles Wakeman**  
On Active Service



**Pte Albert Wakeman**  
Wounded Twice



**Pte William Norman Wakeman**  
Wounded

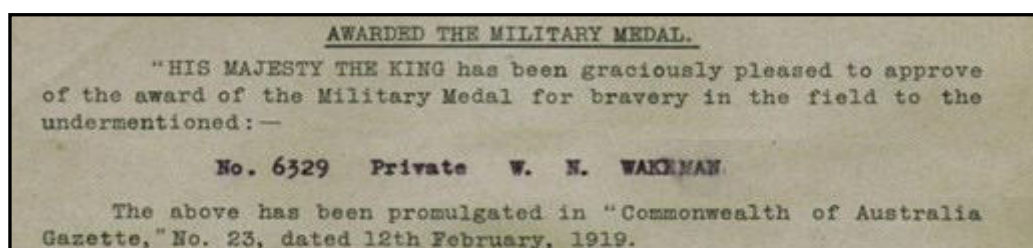


**Pte William Wakeman**  
Father, lately discharged



**Mrs Wakeman (Johanna)**  
Mother of the three boys

The three Wakeman soldier sons returned safely to Australia. William Norman, the subject of the letter, was awarded the Military Medal. (<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article159026810>)



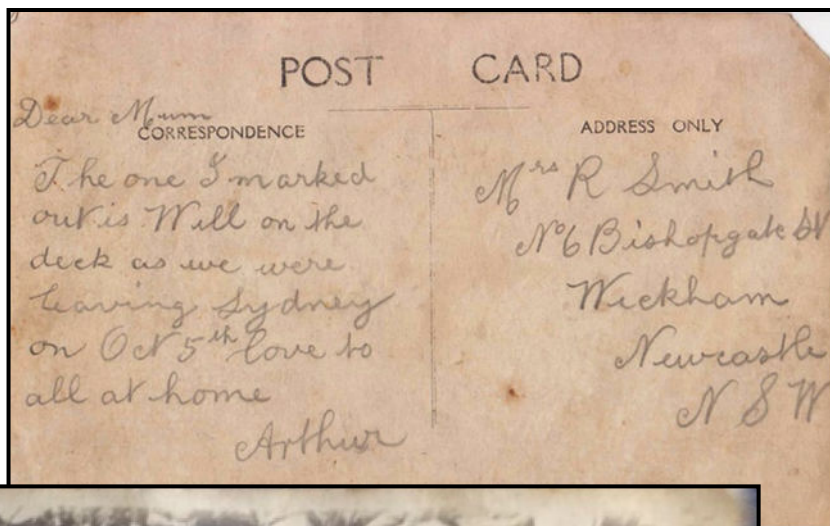
Nowadays, our television screens are full of images of conflicts around the world. In WWI, the nation anxiously waited for news from the official war photographers and the incidental shots taken by, for, or of the recruits. Newspapers and postcards were often the limited sources providing the family back home with news and messages from the Front.

These messages from the war, were the most treasured items, and were undoubtedly of immense value to the families. When a family archive is inherited from an ancestor, the accumulation of messages from the war stands out, a testament to their significance. This is certainly true of the messages shared in our family from three of the sons of our two times great grandparents, who served overseas in World War 1.



Postcards from youngest son Arthur SMITH (pictured at left) show his troop ship, *HMAT Themistocles*, leaving Sydney on 5 October 1915 and letting his parents know that he and his brother William (marked in the centre of photo below) were both on the same ship.

He also kept in touch with his older sisters, Amelia (Millie) and Amy, who had left the family home by now.



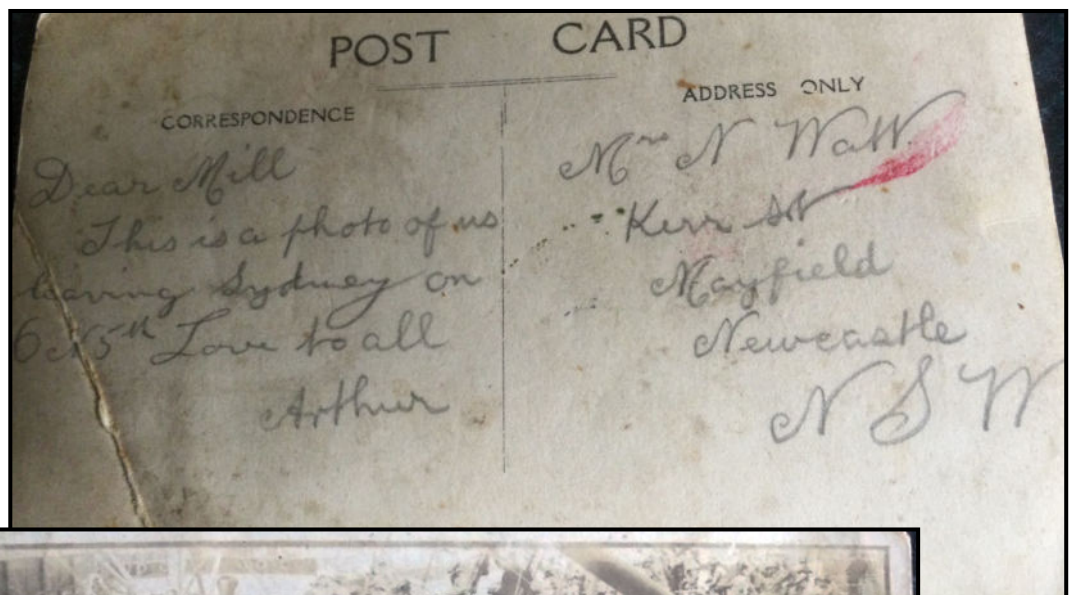


Others on the Themistocles during the war wrote of their impressions of the departure from Australia in a longer letter.

*I was beginning to get a bit tired of my perch and was considering a move when the Boat began to slide away from the pier. A band somewhere began to play "Till the Boys Come Home" and that put the cap on a rather impressive spectacle. I kept waving my flag just as hard as I could and often found myself sliding off that ventilator. At last, the pier slipped well away from the ship and the vision became blurred, the cheering grew faint ...*

*Our troop deck is a place of wonder. We eat and sleep on the one deck. In fact, it is where we live. At night the hammocks are hung from hooks in the ceiling and hang over the tables. In the morning, they are rolled up and packed into bins. Everything is clean and tidy but overcrowding always leaves its marks.<sup>i</sup>*

Little did they know what was ahead!



<sup>i</sup> HMAT Themistocles' life on a troop ship – Hughie's WWI Letters

<https://hughramsayeitchworldwar1letters.wordpress.com/tag/hmat-themistocles-life-on-a-troop-ship/>

## **WATERCRESS AND CUCUMBER SANDWICHES ANYBODY? Patrick Bradbery Member 313**

Watercress and cucumber sandwiches get honourable mention in nineteenth century polite society. My five times great grandfather, William Bradbery, made it all possible. William was born in Didcot near Windsor in 1776, a child to Thomas Bradbery and Catherine Jackson, who were married three years earlier. Just before he was 20 years of age, William married Phoebe Whiting in nearby Marcham. They remained in Marcham and nearby West Ilsley for about nine years, during which time Phoebe produced four children.

After the fourth child was born, the family moved to Southfleet in Kent, where two more children were born and William started growing watercress commercially in about 1808. He procured young plants, and placed them, with a small proportion of the wet earth in which they grew, in shallow running water; the plants soon formed large tufts, and rapidly spread over the water; and he then gathered the cress regularly for the London markets.

Initially, it is said, he packed the watercress into tea chests and carried them on his back to the markets in London, but it is much more likely that he would have loaded them onto a cart of some sort. According to Google Maps it is an eight-hour walk. In any event, the business prospered. Around 1820 the family left Southfleet and moved back to West Hyde near Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire. There, after a break of about five years, Phoebe produced two more daughters in quick succession.

In West Hyde, William planted watercress extensively around five acres of lakes. The move to West Hyde proved to be quite successful as natural springs feeding the lakes contained minerals which assisted the growth of the cress. By the middle of the century, William was sending watercress to many cities throughout the country, including, Manchester, Liverpool, York, London, Oxford and even up to Edinburgh. In the 1841 census return, William described himself as a "Market Gardener", employing 22 workers from West Hyde and surrounding area. He even sent cress to the Great Exhibition of 1851 at the Crystal Palace.

Enjoying the prosperity resulting from the success of the watercress enterprise, the family moved into Corner House in West Hyde. This remained the family home for over 75 years. William retired in his sixties, passing the business on to one of his sons, Job, who in turn passed it on to one of his sons, Richard.

William died in August 1860 at the age of eighty-four and his widow Phoebe followed him about a month later in September 1860. They were both buried in the grounds of the church of St Thomas in West Hyde, and there is a little twist to this tale. Before their death, there was discussion of plans to extend the church, which William opposed. He arranged for him and Phoebe to be buried right next to the church wall, thus obviating any plans for the extension of the church.

As is often the case, the third generation seems to lack the entrepreneurial spirit of the first and second generations, and so it was that under Richard's management the business was sold in 1927 to another local grower. Thus, over a century of the Bradbery family growing watercress in West Hyde came to an end.



**William's grandson Richard Bradbery at the watercress farm in West Hyde**



In 2005, I was fortunate enough to meet up with a distant cousin, David Bradbery, another descendant of William and Phoebe in West Hyde. We were able to visit the farm pictured above, as well as observe the graves of William and Phoebe butted against the wall of St Thomas church. We also went to see Corner Hall, the Bradbery residence for over 75 years.

In 1960, the Three Rivers District Council, marked the achievements of William and his family, by naming one of the roads in nearby Maple Cross "Bradbery". This was also done in Fulmer, Buckinghamshire, less than four miles (6 km) away, where they named a street "Bradbery Gardens", where William's eldest son Richard, also ran a watercress farm, to complement the one in West Hyde. In the picture below, David and I are shown standing near the street sign for Bradbery in Maple Cross.



## MIXED MESSAGES?

When Charles William MARCHANT married Amy DRIVER in 1898 in St John-at-Hampstead (Church Row, Hampstead, London) he described his father, Henry Wade Marchant, as a *Refreshment Contractor*, deceased.

When Henry married in 1864 his occupation was recorded as a *waiter* as it was in the 1871 census and at the time of his death in 1878.



## PRICE INCREASES AT THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE (GRO)

**Civil birth, marriage and death records for England and Wales are now as follows:**

- \* Digital image (download instantly for births from 1837 to 1922 and deaths from 1837 to 1957) - £3
- \* PDF (available for births from 1837 to 1934 and 1984 to 2021 and deaths from 1837 to 1957 and 1984 to 2021, takes up to four working days to despatch) - £8
- \* Print certificate with an index reference (includes all marriage certificates) - £12.50
- \* Print certificate without an index reference - £16

At current exchange rate (7 June 2024) £1 = \$1.93



## THE EVOLVING TATTOOS OF CONVICT EMANUEL MILLWARD

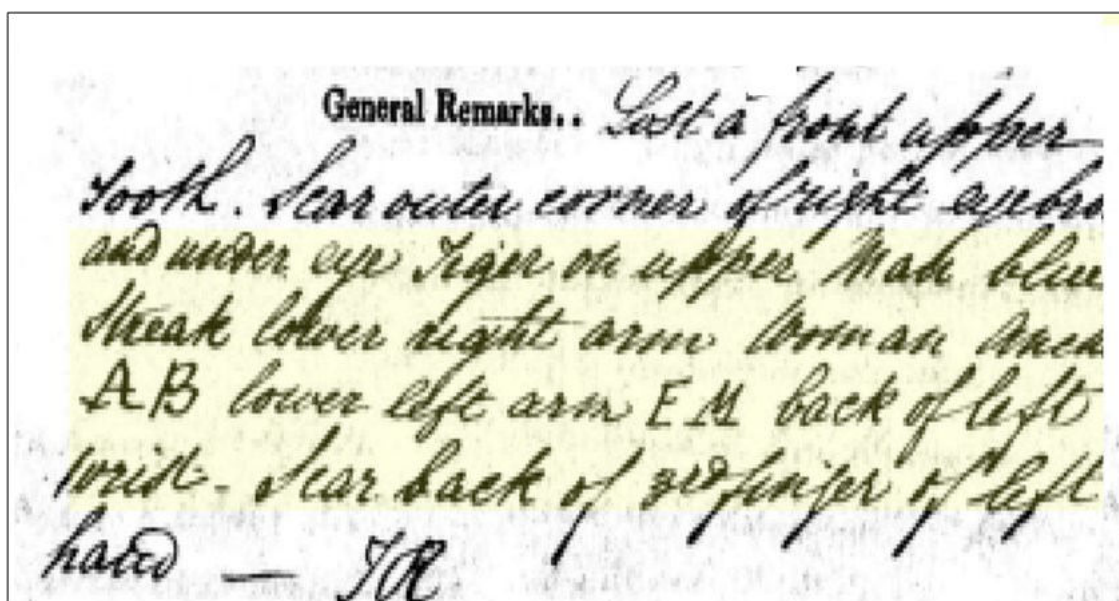


The anchor was the most common symbol for convict tattoos. (Supplied: The Text Publishing Company)

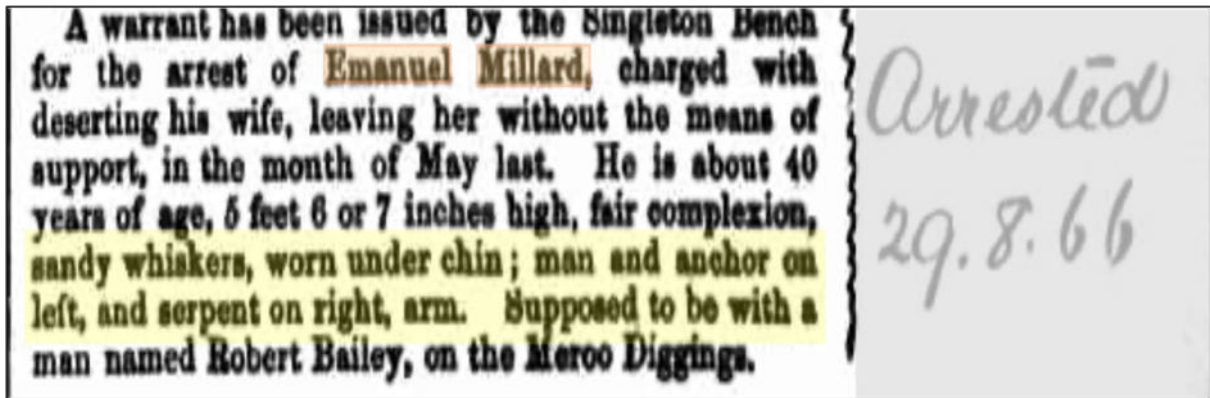
In the early 19th century, as British convicts were transported to Australia, tattooing among them evolved into a unique form of personal and communal expression. One such convict, our ancestor Emanuel MILLWARD, exemplifies the intricate relationship between life experiences and body art among these transported individuals. Initially, Millward's tattoos were simple: his initials "E.M." on his left wrist, and the initials "A.B." on his left arm. These early tattoos were akin to carving initials into a tree - a personal mark of identity or perhaps, affection. His evolving tattoos serve as a poignant example of how these body markings functioned as "messages from the past," revealing insights into the identity, experiences, and emotional landscape of convicts.<sup>i</sup>

sallow; Hair: Light brown; Eyes: Hazel; Licence Number: CF 39/921;  
Marks or Scars: Yes [including] A B lower left arm, E M back of left wrist;

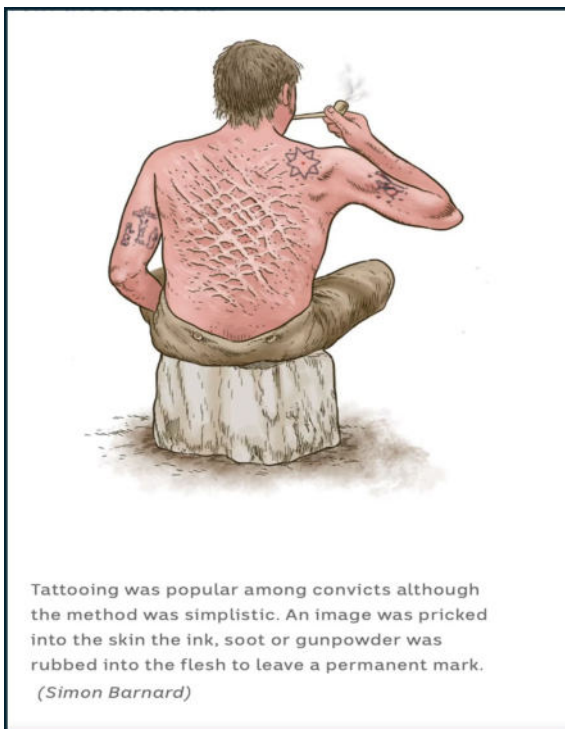
As Millward's life unfolded through years on the prison Hulk 'Leviathan' and during his transportation on HMS 'Recovery' to Australia in 1836, his tattoos became more elaborate and symbolic. By the time of his arrival, his right arm bore a tiger with a blue streak - a symbol of strength and ferocity - alongside an anchor and a depiction of a woman. The anchor, a common tattoo among sailors, was adopted by convicts like Millward as a symbol of hope and stability, possibly reflecting their longing for a stable future or a return to their homeland.



As Millward's life in Australia progressed, his tattoos continued to evolve. By 1866, the initials "A.B." and "E.M." had transformed into an image of a man beside an anchor, and a serpent on his right arm. This transition in his tattoos could signify a shift in Millward's identity and affiliations, reflecting changes in his personal life and relationships. The snake, often a symbol of danger and power, might represent his enduring struggle and resilience in the face of a life marked by crime and punishment.<sup>ii</sup>



Extract from Government Gazette<sup>iii</sup>



The practice of convict tattooing in Australia during this period was not merely ornamental but served as a visual logbook of personal histories, emotions, and connections. These tattoos often incorporated symbols like lovers' knots, crocodiles, and kangaroos, each synchronized with the sentiments they depicted. Tattoos were also practical, serving as a means of identification by authorities. For some, like our ancestor, these tattoos were poignant reminders of their trials, convictions and the hope for freedom.

Today, the cultural significance of tattoos has broadened, encompassing a spectrum of reasons from fashion and art to personal narratives and memorialization, as noted by Dr. Edwin Leap and various modern tattoo enthusiasts. Tattoos now serve as a canvas for individuals to express their stories, beliefs, and identities, much like the convicts of Millward's era, who used ink to etch their sentiments and stories into their skin.

Emanuel Millward's life and tattoos offer an insight into the convict experience in Australia, illustrating how these markings can serve as a powerful tool for self-expression and identity formation, even under the most oppressive circumstances. This historical perspective enriches our understanding of tattooing's evolution from a mark of criminality or occupation to a celebrated form of personal expression, highlighting the profound human need to tell our stories and for some through the art we carry on our bodies. An evolving message from our past.

<sup>i</sup> Convict Indents & Ship Musters 1836  
[New South. Wales Convict Indents 1788-1842](#)

<sup>ii</sup> [Certificates of Freedom 1827-1867](#)

<sup>iii</sup> [New South Wales Police Gazette and Weekly Record of Crime](#)  
Wed 15 Aug 1866 Issue No 33

<sup>iv</sup> ABC News Australia's tattoo trend goes back to Tasmania's convict era  
<https://www.abc.net.au/news/2014-09-26/history-of-convicts-in-van-diemens-land/5771658>

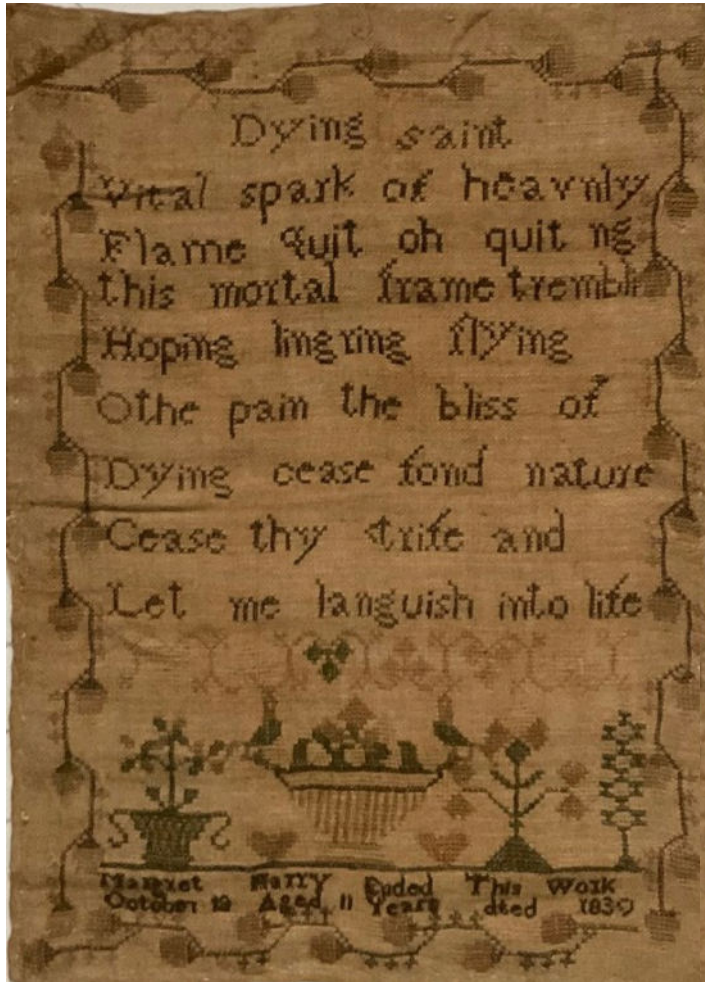
<sup>v</sup> History of Tattooing in Australia. -Convict Tattooing  
<https://bodyart.iloveindia.com/tattoo-history/tattooing-in-australia.html>

<sup>vi</sup> Edwin Leap MD- *Consider the messages Tattoos are sending.*  
<https://www.kevinmd.com/2014/08/consider-messages-tattoos-sending.html>



## NEEDLEPOINT SAMPLERS - FROM CORNWALL TO AUSTRALIA Glynda Nolan Member 132

In the 19<sup>th</sup> century the needlepoint sampler was a common schoolroom exercise for girls whereby they gained familiarity not only with numbers and letters but, perhaps more importantly, competency with a needle and thread. It is unlikely though that the creators of these two samplers had the benefit of a school education - despite the stitching of such profound prose neither of them was able to sign their name in the church register when they married.



### Dying saint

Vital spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying!  
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
Let me languish into life!

(THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL)

Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

Margret Harry ended this work

October 19 Aged 11 Years dated 1839

My needle work my friends shall have  
when I am dead and in my grave  
when hungry worms my corpse doth eat  
here you may find my name complete

Grace Hary (sic) finished this work

14 March Aged 12 Years dated 1842





The needleworkers are my great, great grandmother, Margaret HARRY (1825-1892) and her sister Grace (1829-1854) who were born in the parish of Morvah on the Penwith peninsula in Cornwall, England. Their parents were William HARRY (1779-1847) and Mary BONE (c1790 - ?) who according to parish records married in Morvah on the 28<sup>th</sup> August 1813.



**St Bridget's, Morvah - the tower is the only remaining medieval part of the church, the nave and chancel were rebuilt in 1828**



**View through the churchyard to the Atlantic Coast (Author's photos taken in 2010)**

Early in my family history research journey I found baptismal dates for the children of William and Mary Harry of Morvah in the IGI (International Genealogical Index - an archive of historical data originally submitted by members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints)<sup>i</sup>: Alice -1814, William -1815, Mary -1817, Elizabeth - 1820, Nanny (Ann) - 1823, Margaret - 1825, Grace - 1829, John - 1831, and Catherine - 1835 (died 1836).

Currently Ancestry.com has more than 150 family trees that feature this couple citing the 1813 marriage but there appears to be two schools of thought about William's family line. Is he William Harry baptised 2 May 1779 son of John HARRY and Alice HARRY who were 2nd cousins, or William Harry baptised 6 March 1791 son of William HARRY and Grace GILES? The two Williams' are related - 2nd cousins once removed and also 4th cousins once removed.

I favour the first option based on several details but particularly by his age recorded as 69 years at the time of his death and burial in December 1847. His Will, proved in Exeter 13 July 1848, named his widow as Sole Executrix and made the following bequests:

*Alice Curnow wife of Thomas CURNOW and daughter of Mary Harry the sum of one pound;  
William Harry son of Mary Harry the sum of one pound;  
Mary Pengilly wife of Richard PENGILLY and daughter of Mary Harry the sum of one pound;  
Elizabeth Bolitho wife of Walter BOLITHO and daughter of Mary Harry the sum of one pound;  
My daughter Nanny Harry the sum of one pound;  
My daughter Margaret Harry the sum of one pound;  
My daughter Grace Harry the sum of one pound;*

*All which said Legacies ..... to be paid ..... at the end of six months next after my decease by my Executrix. Lastly all and every of my chattels, rights, goods, credits and effects..... and not herein before bequeathed I give unto my dearly beloved wife ..... and Sole Executrix Mary Harry during her natural life unless she be married again. I give and bequeath to my well beloved son John Harry who after my wife's decease is to enjoy all and singular the goods and chattels before mentioned (except before excepted).*

I find it strange that the first four legatees are described as a daughter or son of Mary Harry while the legatees that follow are named as either the testator's daughter or son. Although only Grace and John were under the age of 21 when the Will was signed and dated 27<sup>th</sup> November 1847 they, like Nanny and Margaret, were unmarried. Does their singlehood account for this wording? Or, as unlikely as it seems, did Mary have two husbands named William Harry?

Official records describe William Harry as a farmer or yeoman - occupations that likely afforded the family a better quality of life than that experienced by the families of local agricultural labourers and miners. The 1851 census shows Mary Harry, 62, a widow, as the household head at Trevowan (now known as Trevowhan), living with son John, 19, a farmer of 26 acres, daughter Margret (sic), 23, a farmer's daughter, and Thomas Curnow, 10, a servant. At this time there were only nine families living in Trevowan (a hamlet less than a kilometre from the village of Morvah), among them were: Mary and her husband Richard Pengilly/Pengelly, a miner, their children, and a lodger (Nicholas BEAR, a miner, who in 1853 would marry Margaret Harry); Grace and her husband James STEVENS, a miner, and their son; and in the neighbouring hamlet of Trevean are Alice, her husband Thomas Curnow, a miner, and their children; Elizabeth, her husband Walter Bolitho, a miner, and their children, and Ann (Nanny), her husband John STEVENS, a miner and their children.<sup>ii</sup> William Harry jr, his wife Eliza nee MICHELL and children had emigrated to South Australia in 1849 but in 1841 he was a miner living in Trevean.

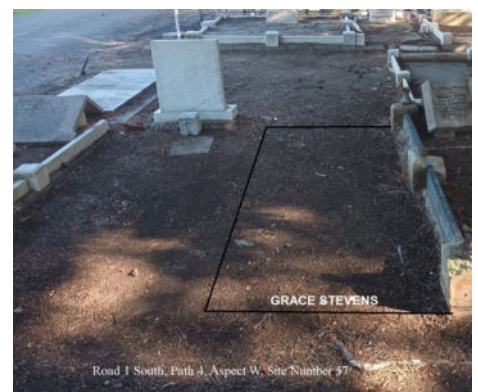
In the early nineteenth century Cornwall was the largest producer of copper in the world but by mid century, as local deposits diminished and rich sources were discovered abroad, an industry that had employed up to 30% of the male workforce, faced collapse. The discovery of tin ore (cassiterite) brought some reprieve but could not meet the employment needs of the population. *In each decade from 1861 to 1901, about a fifth of the Cornish male population migrated abroad – three times the average for England and Wales.*<sup>iii</sup>

On 24<sup>th</sup> September 1853 Margaret Harry married, after banns, Nicholas BEARE, a miner, in the Morvah parish church - witnesses were James Stevens (brother-in-law, husband of Grace Harry) and John Harry (Margaret's brother). Three days later, on 27<sup>th</sup> September, the aforementioned John Harry, now described as a labourer, married Jane WHITE, by licence, in the same church.

The two newly wed couples, along with Grace and James Stevens and their young children James and Eliza, boarded the barque *Sultana* in Plymouth and set sail on 3<sup>rd</sup> November 1853 bound for South Australia. What prompted the decision to emigrate is not certain - their mother was still alive but had John lost access to the farm, had local conditions greatly deteriorated, had brother William, having been settled in South Australia for a few years, encouraged them to try their luck in Australia? I can but speculate.

The South Australian Register (4 Feb 1854 page 2) reported: *The voyage of the emigrant ship Sultana from Plymouth has been accomplished in 92 days. The emigrants appear to be exceedingly healthy and in high spirits. The total number of souls is 253 and the classification as follows: - Married couples, 108; single women, 51; single men, 23; children under 14 years of age, 65; infants, 6. Two adults and three infants died during the voyage.*

Tragically, one of the two adult deaths was that of 25 year old Grace. Robert Janmaat's The Ships List cites her date of death as February 1<sup>st</sup> (just two days before the ship reached Adelaide), the cause of death was diarrhoea and she was at buried at sea.<sup>iv</sup> There is a question mark around her burial at sea as Adelaide's West Terrace Cemetery has a plot allocated as her burial site dated 10 February 1854<sup>v</sup>. Sadly, her daughter, Eliza Jane (recorded as STEPHENS), aged 19 months died shortly afterwards and was buried in the same cemetery although the site details have not survived.



In order to write this story about my Harry family I've re-looked at the notes that I have made over the years as I uncovered bits and pieces about their lives - an interesting detail concerns the terms of their emigration: *The Land and Emigration Commissioners have forwarded to this office written engagements subscribed by the Immigrants arrived by the Sultana, whereby they severally promise and undertake, that if they, or any of their families with their permission, quit or purpose to quit the Colony, within four years from the day of landing, they will repay to the Government a proportionate part of the cost of their passage to South Australia, that is to say at the rate of £4 a piece for themselves and wives, and half that sum for each of their respective children, for each year or any fraction thereof which shall be wanting to complete four years residence in the Colony.* Unfortunately, I failed to note the source details!

By 1855 the families had found their way to the Victorian Goldfields but whether or not they made reparation to the Colony of South Australia is unknown. Also unknown is whether the families relocated en masse or made their way there separately. Between 1855 and 1866 Margaret BEARE gave birth to six children at various gold mining localities in and around Castlemaine - only one survived beyond two years - Nicholas, my great grandfather. John and Jane Harry's first child was born in Adelaide in 1854, but the birth registrations of subsequent children indicate that they lived and moved in close proximity to the Beare family and the widowed James Stevens also found his way to Victoria where he married again in Castlemaine. Likewise William Harry jr, having been the first member of the family to emigrate and was still in South Australia when his siblings arrived in 1854, can also be traced to the Castlemaine district from 1856.

We don't know why or exactly when but Nicholas and Margaret Beare and their son Nicholas had left Victoria by the mid 1870's. They settled in Cooks Hill (Newcastle, NSW) where Nicholas snr had family connections - an older brother, William, had emigrated in 1848 and a younger brother, Emanuel, in 1862.

Back to where this story began ..... the needlework samplers and more specifically the prophetic verse stitched by young Grace ..... *My needle work my friends shall have when I am dead and in my grave, when hungry worms my corpse doth eat here you may find my name complete.* My initial reaction when I first deciphered this text was one of dismay at the thought that it could be deemed appropriate for a child to use but as family historians we need to be ever mindful of avoiding presentism. What was and is appropriate is that despite or perhaps because of the unfortunate death of Grace, the sampler was handed on to Margaret - her friend and sister - who so obviously treasured it.

Similarly, the verse that Margaret stitched confirms the strength of their Christian faith and the belief that death is not to be feared. Faith was central to the Harry family way of life as further evidenced by the wording of William Harry snr's last will and testament - *First and principally I commend my soul to the mercy of God and my body to the earth to be decently interred with Christian burial.*

Margaret Beare died in her Laman Street, Cooks Hill home on the 8<sup>th</sup> June 1892 and was buried in Sandgate Cemetery - her headstone (sadly now broken) reads:

*"Not lost but gone before"  
She has gone, oh how we miss her  
None but bleeding hearts can tell  
We have lost her, heaven has gained her,  
And with Christ she has gone to dwell.*

A daughter born to Margaret's son Nicholas and his wife Malana in February 1893 was given the names Grace Marget and custodianship of the samplers - she is my paternal grandmother.

It is unfortunate that the stories behind the samplers and their creators were not passed down to each generation but their survival strongly suggests that they were always valued and treasured. I hope in some small way that I've done my bit to help preserve their story.

<sup>i</sup> <https://www.familysearch.org/search/collection/igi>

<sup>ii</sup> HO107; Piece: 1919; Folio: 8

<sup>iii</sup> <https://www.cornwallheritagetrust.org/timeline/industry-in-cornwall/>

<sup>iv</sup> <http://www.theshipslist.com/ships/australia/sultana1854.shtml>

<sup>v</sup> <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/166144812/grace-stevens>

[www.cornwallheritagetrust.org](http://www.cornwallheritagetrust.org)

[www.trove.nla.gov.au/](http://www.trove.nla.gov.au/)



## 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, has been reproduced as a serial in our journal. His story concludes as he describes the final weeks of the voyage.....

Monday, June 1<sup>st</sup>. – To-day the weather is better. The wind is in our favour, and we are already on our way some distance to Melbourne, Australia. During the squall yesterday, two of the sails burst and rent with loud reports, and were stripped into ribbons in a few moments. They were taken down to be mended at leisure.

Nothing has occurred these three days particularly, except the absurd rolling of the ship. We have had considerably more of this the last four days than in the previous six weeks. About half our time is spent in laying hold of whatever we can, to prevent our falling on all fours. The figure we have cut when trying to walk along deck, has excited many a burst of merriment. We all found out that it was better to laugh at our tumbles than to fret about them. We are all laughed at in turns, so it don't matter.

As we did not take in all the coal we intended, it was expected that we should make use of the wind as much as we could, and the wind being favourable we have been without steam about three days. During these days the ship has continued her rolling and tossing about. Now and then a good wave will dash over the sides of the vessel and cover all within reach. We who have caught it then march down below to change clothes, and we enjoy the fun amazingly.

Monday, June 8<sup>th</sup>. – Hearing that at the service last evening there was going to be read a chapter from the "Recreations of a Country Parson," a work I had read of in England, I thought I would go. The service was conducted by the first officer or mate, the captain being engaged in attending a upon a lady who has been very ill, but now recovering. I was disappointed both in what he read and his manner of reading it. There seemed no heart or soul in the service. It appeared to be nothing else than a sham. I could scarcely hear one half of what he said, and he was half groggy as well.

Tuesday, June 9<sup>th</sup>. – To-day the wind ceased and we are again going by steam. Weather fine and warm for some days.

The wind having again sprung up we are now going without steam. The waves continue to knock us about pretty well yet. Sometimes a heavier wave than usual will come and dash itself against the side of the vessel with a crack like a cannon, making the ship and all of us tremble like a leaf. We shortly recover ourselves and start as usual, no one hurt.

Wednesday, June 10<sup>th</sup>. – Our school for reading, writing, and accounts is in full operation, at which I have assisted. Some of the men could not read or write when they came on board. It has proved of great service to them.

Friday, June 12<sup>th</sup>. – We are again going ahead by steam. We are often discussing how many days it will be before we see Melbourne. Some of the men have bet bottles of beer upon the point foolishly.

Thursday, June 18<sup>th</sup>. – To-day we passed between St. Paul's and Amsterdam islands, some ten miles apart. They are rocky islands, some two or three miles across each other. No one lives on them. Judging from the map, they are about half-way from the Cape of Good Hope and Melbourne. We are now about two weeks from the country about which we have all thought and dreamt so much. All the passengers are in good health, with keen appetites. The food which a month ago was more than enough is now not enough. We often laugh and joke about a famine that is coming on board, if our appetites keep up their keenness.

Friday, June 19<sup>th</sup>. – The wind was so strong during the night that the sailors were promptly called out of the fore-castle about two o'clock, to take in sail, or we might have been blown headlong into the sea.

Saturday, June 20<sup>th</sup>. – Wind more moderate. The spotted pigeons are more tame here, and two of them were caught to-day. They alight on the water by the side of the ship, and are quite voracious when anything is thrown out to them. They fight about it with a chucking noise, and there are about a dozen or two in the water fighting for it in an instant. The great Albatrosses are more shy, never lighting near the ship. The pigeons are caught with a fish-hook baited with a bit of pork.

Sunday, June 21<sup>st</sup>. – Wind still favourable. Though it is the middle of summer in England, being 21<sup>st</sup> of June, yet the weather is getting cold here now. Some of the passengers now put on their topcoats when walking on deck. The days here are very short. Our cabin is lighted up in an evening by five o'clock, though it is light in England till about nine o'clock.

Monday, June 22<sup>nd</sup>. – The wind has again increased so much that sail had to be taken in, or they would have been blown into the sea, one sail was blown and torn with such a floppy noise that it frightened all in the cabin; some of us ran up on deck to see what was the matter; it was caught and secured without much trouble. During the night one tremendous wave dashed over the ship and frightened us all out of our sleep. We found out what was the matter, laughed at it, and went to sleep again.

Tuesday, June 23<sup>rd</sup>. – The wind is still very rough, and the ship tumbles from one side to the other in a ridiculous manner. When you are seated at table at meal-times, your friend opposite will sometimes have his tea or his soup pitched over the table into your lap, in a very unceremonious manner. This is aggravating enough, but the only thing to do is clean it up, and laugh at it as well you can. To-day, after dinner, I was looking over the ship's side, watching and admiring the flight and graceful motions of the sea-birds around the ship, and the heaving of the big waves, sometimes mountains high, when all at once a mighty wave dashed over the side of the ship and almost drowned me. Those who saw it set a shout of laughter at my woful (sic) appearance, and well they might. We all get laughed at in turn, so I couldn't complain. Though wet through, I didn't change my clothes, and took no harm, though had I been in England I should no doubt have caught a cold.

Wednesday, June 24<sup>th</sup>. – To-day I opened a packet of tracts given me on board when we left London, it was called, "A Present from the Religious Tract Society to Emigrants." There was some interesting reading in some Nos. of the "Leisure Hour", which I liked; some of the others were not worth reading, so I gave them away.

Friday, June 26<sup>th</sup>. – To-day we have had to sail towards home again, indirectly, to catch the wind, as the captain does not want to use much coal at present.

Saturday, June 27<sup>th</sup>. – The wind has become more fixed, and we have got into our right course again, and are going well. We have been 78 days at sea, though the bills held out the prospect that we should get to Australia in 60 days by steam, we shall not do it in 80 days I am sorry to say.

Sunday, June 28<sup>th</sup>. – To-day I took the office of captain of our mess for the second time. If you was to see me with sleeves rolled up, making plum-puddings, cakes, and sea-pies, you would rather smile at my dusty appearance, but we all have to do it in turn, and we make them with as much earnestness as we eat them when done. At the end of this week we expect to be near Melbourne the first town and seaport we call at in Australia. We are already opposite some portion of the land, but we are far out at sea, away from it about 200 miles. We are now looking forward to the time of our landing, with good health and spirits.

Monday, June 29<sup>th</sup>. – The day's notice-board says we are now 1,179 miles from Cape Otway, the first land we shall see in our new country. We shall then be more than 1,000 miles from Melbourne, but the land will be welcome though so far from where we shall land. I continue to study mathematics, as well as continue reading various books which we exchange with one another. When kept awake in the night by the rocking of the ship, I often think of those I have left at home at "Top o'th Dam," and hope they are all well, father, mother, sisters, brothers, and all. I cannot forget their kindness in assisting me to a place where I believe all who strive may do well, I hope to repay them.

Tuesday, June 30<sup>th</sup>. – We have had favourable winds nearly all the way from the Cape of Good Hope. The wind is always favourable for vessels going this way. This is the reason why vessels leaving Australia never come to England this way, because the wind being favourable for vessels going, must always be unfavourable coming away from Australia, so they always go by Cape Horn, another way as you will see by the map of the world. We are getting into finer and warmer weather, and feel a warm land breeze, though we are between two and three hundred miles yet from land.

Wednesday, July 1<sup>st</sup>. – This afternoon the captain ordered steam on, intending to steam now the rest of the journey, even though the wind is favourable. With both wind and steam we shall now do the rest of the journey in a short time. The weather is fair with a fine clear moonlight. The light of the moon at night is almost as clear and bright as the sun some summer days in England. Everything on deck is giving indication that some important event is about to come off. The last sheep and the last pig have been killed by the butcher. The sheep-pen and pig-stye have been knocked to pieces, and everything removed that would interfere with cleaning and painting the vessel. The crew and as many of the passengers as would volunteer have been engaged in painting the vessel all day. We shall be half sailors when we land in Australia. We are now in the last 1,000 miles of the 14,000 from England. We have done 18,000, and we are looking to be in Melbourne in about four days from now, and the prospect makes us all feel in better spirits, as well it may after so long a voyage.

Thursday, July 2<sup>nd</sup>. – Though the weather is fair and fine, yet we have now larger waves than any we have yet had. They dash over the sides of the ship all the day, and compel us to keep pretty well down below. Now and then some of us will go on deck, but are almost sure to come down again half drowned and dripping with wet, the rest have a jolly good laugh at them, all the sympathy they get. To-day one of the big waves did us more damage than any we had met with. As usual, the wind was in our favour, driving the big waves after us like mountains. Sometimes the end of the vessel would be up towards the sky, at another time it would point down, as if going to the bottom, and then the next wave would lift the down end up again, perhaps twenty yards. The water tumbled about the decks about a foot deep, and was tossed by the rolling of the ship from one side to another with a fearful row. This lasted for some time, the captain and officers meantime doing all they could to cause the water to subside into the sea again. Up deck the water goes away through small holes in the sides of the vessel, but the water which had rushed below had to be got up with buckets, squabs, &c. in about an hour things were nearly all right again, and then we could laugh at so serious a thing as it at first appeared. We had five boats at first, and we have four left, and not very far from land.

Friday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>. – Another enormous sea broke over the bulwarks to-day, but did not do so much damage as the previous one, and things were soon right again. It is said that if one end of our vessel was to be all under water the other end could not sink, because the divisions in the vessel are water tight.

Saturday, July 4<sup>th</sup>. – Though it is the middle of winter in these parts, we seem to be getting into warmer weather than we have lately passed through. We shall see the long looked-for land and country in the morning. Hurrah!

Sunday, July 5<sup>th</sup>. – This morning we all rose with the prospect of seeing land in a few hours. All in good spirits were early on deck to catch the first glimpse of the long looked-for land and harbour. At length about ten o'clock this (Sunday) morning, the first officer espied through his glass, and shouted out "There's land." In a moment all on board were straining eyes in the same direction, and true enough there appeared something just above the line of the water, like a dim cloud just apparently a foot high and about twenty feet wide. This we knew would shortly increase into something more clear and substantial. As was natural, everyone was pleased, and we were disposed to shake hands all round, and shake hands with ourselves into the bargain. When we first saw land we were about forty miles from Melbourne Heads, as it is called, the place where we should have to cast anchor for the night. About six o'clock it was very windy and rather cold, yet we all kept on deck to see everything we could. About eight o'clock at night, we cast anchor in the Quarantine Ground, a place where all vessels have to stop going to Melbourne, to wait till the doctor has been over the ship to see whether we were carrying any infectious disease into port or not.



We stayed here all night. In the morning, Monday, July 6<sup>th</sup>, the doctor came in a boat, and finding we were all well, we were again on our journey towards the harbour of Melbourne, forty miles up the river's mouth, the Yarra Yarra river. We could see the coast all the way up. The trees and fields, and now and then some houses, gave a pleasant appearance to the coast as we went along. In some places the water was two and three miles wide. About eleven o'clock, we came in sight of the top of the masts in the harbour, and soon after we could discern the ships and buildings about Hobson's Bay. The large ships cast anchor in this bay, which is about three miles from Melbourne itself, but lighter vessels go all the way up into the city. We anchored about three miles down below the town, to which a railway runs every half-hour.

Melbourne Harbour, Tuesday morning, July 7<sup>th</sup>. – This morning the wind was so rough, and the sea in the harbour so boisterous, that no small boats could come alongside, so we had no opportunity of going on shore.

Wednesday, July 8<sup>th</sup>. – The weather being calmer, a number of us went on shore to spend the day in Melbourne. We found from the newspapers that we had been lucky in getting into harbour just then. The day after we landed the wind blew a hurricane. Outside the harbour two or three vessels were wrecked and sunk by the storm, near the place where we passed on the Sunday night. Even in the harbour the wind blew and whistled through the rigging in a manner to make one shudder; however, we were safe in harbour and all serene. Well, we went down into the town by railway, 6d. each way, six miles in all. Melbourne is comparatively a new town, and though the streets are wide, the houses and shops are not so high; the buildings are lower than in the towns in England. The weather is so mild, that people at first lived in wooden houses; but having got richer through the gold diggings and trade, the town has forbid any more wooden houses being built. There are a good number of good stone buildings now, and the wooden ones will be replaced by better ones every year. It is a busy thriving city, and it seems a place where any steady man might do well. What struck us was to see a river running down each side of the streets, about three or four feet wide; people get over by little arches, or bridges, about every 20 yards. In wet weather these weirs give the streets a miserable appearance, but in hot summer time, a little rivulet on each side of the street must give it a cooling appearance. No doubt they will make sewers for the town when they have time and money.

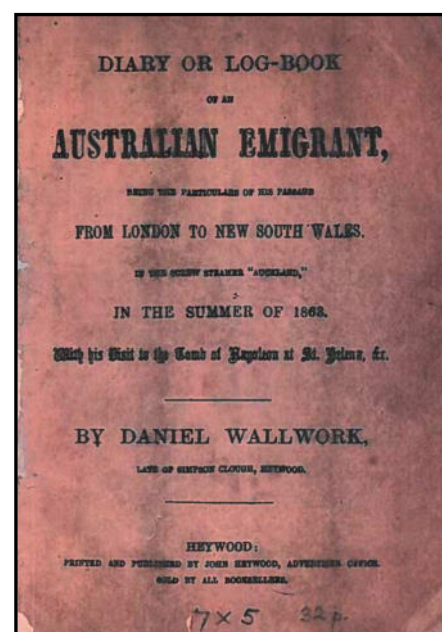
[Subsequence intelligence has been received from the writer of this diary, dated Newcastle, New South Wales, wherein he describes the state of things in that colony as not quite so favourable as he was led to expect.]

*John Heywood, Printer, Advertiser Office, Heywood.*

**EMIGRATION.**—Now Ready, Price 2d.,  
**THE LOG BOOK**  
**OF AN AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT,**  
 being a full and interesting account of the journey of a young man named Daniel Wallwork (late of Simpson Clough, near Heywood), from England to Australia during the last summer; giving the particulars of each day's sailing, what was done on board, what was seen during the journey, particulars of all the places touched at on the route, including a very interesting account of a visit to the island of St. Helena, the scene of the banishment of the great French warrior, the First Napoleon; with other particulars interesting to all, but especially to Emigrants.

With sincere thanks to Heywood Library and their helpful staff for kindly providing a scanned copy of the booklet.

*Glynda Nolan*



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## THE CHRONICLE

The theme for the next edition is - *Women who shaped our families' history.*

Submissions close 22nd September 2024 and may be emailed to: [chronicle@lmfhg.org.au](mailto:chronicle@lmfhg.org.au)

Remember we always appreciate items, large or small on any topic!

**Members Only: 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.**

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 1pm to 4pm.

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.

**THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF  
THE LAKE MACQUARIE FAMILY HISTORY GROUP INC.  
WILL BE HELD AT MARMONG POINT COMMUNITY HALL 31B  
GEORGE ST MARMONG POINT ON SATURDAY 18 AUGUST 2024  
COMMENCING AT 12.30PM**

This meeting is to elect the Office Bearers for the year 2024-2025 and adopt the Auditor's Report for the year ending 30 June 2024.

All the positions on the Committee become vacant and financial members are invited to nominate for any of the following positions:

President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, & Six (6) committee members

Members are urged to consider nominating for positions.

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**LAKE MACQUARIE FAMILY HISTORY GROUP Inc.**

I,.....hereby nominate.....

For the position of.....

I,.....second the nomination.

I accept the nomination.....

---

**LAKE MACQUARIE FAMILY HISTORY GROUP Inc.**

I,.....hereby nominate.....

For the position of.....

I,.....second the nomination.

I accept the nomination.....