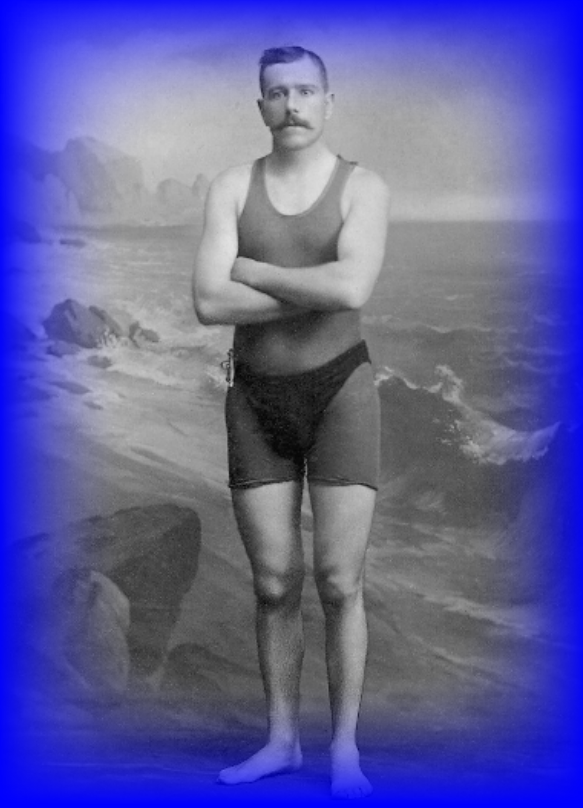
The Ancestral Searcher



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The Ancestral Searcher

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Regular Articles

**Family History ACT is a business name of The Heraldry & Genealogy Society of Canberra Inc.*

From the President

Michele Rainger

Hello to all our readers, and welcome to the first edition of The Ancestral Searcher for 2025.

Last year was a very busy year as we celebrated Family History ACT's 60th anniversary. I hope that you were able to join in some of the many activities that occurred during 2024. It certainly was a wonderful opportunity to look back at all that we have achieved together, and to acknowledge the members whose contributions have built and sustained our Society over a long period.

This year we are turning our attention to the future. The Society's current Strategic Plan will run out at the end of June 2025, and the major focus for the Society's Council in the coming months will be to consult with members and other stakeholders, and develop a new plan that will articulate our future vision and guide the decisions and actions made in the next five years. It is time to think about what the next generation of family historians will need; ask what our current members expect from FHACT in the coming years; and consider how we can continue to effectively support family history researchers.

Developing our next strategic plan will challenge us all to think about new and innovative ways to promote and support family history. It is a common experience across the family history community worldwide that membership of societies like ours is declining and that members, for various reasons, are less likely to volunteer to assist others. Add to this, the plethora of online resources now just a few mouse clicks away and it is no surprise that many potential family history society members don't see a need to join a society like ours. Rather than railing against this, we need to find ways that we can 'add more' to the experiences of these people: And that means finding ways to promote ourselves and our services more broadly than we have perhaps done in the past.

As our Journal Editor rightly points out, family historians can, and do, get information from many different sources and media these days. Maybe it is seen as old-fashioned in some circles, I still enjoy journals like The Ancestral Searcher which provide wonderful vehicles for sharing information and learning. The genre of biography, in particular, is a common tool for sharing family stories. Research is always fun, but if we do not then share what we have learned, how can others know about and enjoy what we have uncovered?

From the Editor's Desk

Clare McGuiness

A little worried, I sent out the call for articles in January and was delighted to receive 18. Not all, of course, will fit in this edition highlighting biography. Our journal was once the only way to communicate with over a thousand members, and clearly that is no longer the case. I suspect that we are all too often reminded about the wealth of opportunities and resources through newer mediums. Over time, it has become the vehicle for publishing the fruits of our labours, so well done to our 18 day-and-night labourers!

Biography is the form of writing that focuses on the life of an individual. It touches on the life and times of that individual, key moments in their life, as well as the impact a single person can have on others: their descendant, relative or fascinated onlooker. Family history is so broad that in explicitly discovering generations of past relatives, we can be drawn to an individual. Here are stories of those individuals.

Perennial themes are presented here, such as war and lives of women. Several are deeply personal, others more commemorative. I am pleased to welcome Annette, writing her very first piece of family history. Our journal exists for all members, especially those beginning this fascinating obsession. Two of our authors are international, emphasizing our global families; we also continue our Society's commitment to the region. Other authors will be well known to many readers. And one author is half way through her nineties. Can you guess who?

Please consider contributing to future editions of The Ancestral Searcher. Our June edition has the theme of Connected Families, in any aspect that suits you - connections through name, time, location and life experiences, of being researched, reported, and/or displayed. So it is not a restrictive theme at all. I am thinking that September might have the theme of "Mystery".

In the interests of squeezing in as many articles as possible, references are not published but are available from the author, if they have provided their email, or through me. Feel welcome to send me all articles on this, or any topic, at any time, noting that attaching files to the Contact Page of our website does not work. Email them to me directly at editor@familyhistoryact.org.au

Authors may have provided their email addresses to encourage feedback and queries to themselves. If not, I can forward on your comments. Readers of the print version are reminded that they can zoom into images on the website version.

Happy reading.

Every family has a story – write yours now!

2025 E.M. Fletcher Writing Competition

The Award is named in honour of Society Fellow Eunice Fletcher

- 1500 to 2000 words on a family history theme.
- Prizes of $1,000 for best short story, $500 for runner up, and a bonus $100 prize for FHACT members.
- Open to individuals over 18 years.
- Entry fee of $20.00 for FHACT members and $30.00 for non-members.
- No limit on the number of entries.
- Terms & Conditions and Entry Form available at *familyhistoryact.org.au* or by email from *writingcompetition@familyhistoryact.org.au*

Competition closes 15th July 2025

2025 Judges

- **Dr Rachael Weaver**: Rachael is an ARC Future Fellow in the School of Humanities, University of Tasmania, and a 2024-25 Visiting Scholar at the State Library of New South Wales. Rachael has edited and authored several books, most recently Colonial Adventure (Miegunyah/MUP, 2024).
- **Susan O'Leary**: Following a career in research, Susan has developed her passion for family history research in retirement. She has been inspired to publish family stories through her blog: www.historysnoop.com
- **Chris Oyston**: After joining the Navy at 15, Chris spent 25 years as a Naval engineer, culminating in roles researching and arguing the government case on environmental issues related to the development of ADF facilities projects. This gave Chris a taste for turning his family history research into interesting stories that captivate and entertain readers.

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FAMILY HISTORY ACT

Miss Eleanora Lord Triumphs

Nina Johnson

Did you ever play the children's card game "Old Maid"? My card pack cover was decorated with the image of a bespectacled, ugly old woman in a bonnet. It seems mature, never-married women have often carried negative connotations in English society. Even Queen Elizabeth the First, with all her resources, had a hard time remaining single. Yet most of us can find plenty of unmarried women in our family trees. Surely they were not all witches or ugly, myopic rejects? Could it actually have been their choice to be unmarried?

Remaining a spinster in the Georgian era, like my 3x great-grandaunt Eleanora Lord (1765-1851), did have some positive aspects despite the attitude of many in her society. You were less likely to die in childbirth than your sisters. If you had any material assets they were yours alone, not the automatic property of a husband. But of course, you had to have some means of support other than a spouse.

Eleanora lived and died in the Sussex village of Northiam. Four different British monarchs ruled in her lifetime, wars against France were waged over many years, and there were periods of severe poverty for agricultural labourers. The Industrial Revolution and the spread of canals and railroads revolutionized life in many parts of Britain. However, as a member of the gentry in an undeveloped rural corner of Sussex, Eleanora was relatively protected from these changes. The greatest impacts on her long life were the choices of her brothers in their failures to fairly execute their parents' wills, and their subsequent willingness to dispute this in Chancery.

Growing up in the rectory with her sisters Sarah and Mary, Eleanora didn't need to worry about her future. Her father, the rector, was a busy man. He had parish duties, tithes to collect and the glebe farm to manage. He was the prime educator of his daughters, while their eight boisterous brothers left Northiam to undertake their education. The females of the household stayed home.

Losing her father at the age of fourteen naturally altered Eleanora's life. Her mother found it intolerable to stay in the Northiam rectory with the new rector, Eleanora's bossy eldest brother William. Eleanora and her sisters didn't see any part of the money promised in their father's will which was executed by William. Instead, they relied on their mother. As a widow, a share of the income

from local estates which had belonged to Mrs Lord's father was restored to her. There were still servants for mother and daughters in their rented home in the village.

Mrs Lord had married at the age of 24, then bore 12 children over 17 years. This surely influenced her attitude towards her daughters. She was in no hurry to marry them off while she could support them. Later marriages would mean fewer years of childbearing for her girls and they were also good company. Additionally, there were few suitable husbands in the small pool of Northiam society. Mrs Lord could have exposed the young women to the wider choice of husbands through a London season. But two of her own sisters had died after contracting infections there. Rural Northiam was a much healthier environment.

Eleanora's sister Sarah was enabled to widen her horizons after their father's death with an invitation to live in Leicestershire. She joined their mother's childless cousin Molly and her clergyman husband. That led to Sarah's marriage, aged 31, to a widower. With over 100 miles between their homes, Eleanora was never to see her elder sister again, as Sarah died in 1791 from childbirth complications.

Eleanora was aged 35 years when her mother died in 1801. Although Mrs Lord thought she was providing fairly and well for all her remaining children in her will, making her son Charles the executor was to prove disastrous. Charles, an attorney, was in no hurry to follow the instructions of the will to financially compensate his siblings for inheriting his mother's real estate.

With no independent income and no skills other than managing servants and housekeeping, how was Eleanora to live? Their maternal aunt took Eleanora and her sister Mary to the Jenkin family manor house in Stowting, Kent, for a period of mourning. As Eleanora watched Mary flirt with a visiting curate, she knew they faced three choices. Return to Northiam and live with brother William, return to Northiam and live with brother Charles, or find a husband. Mary chose the latter, but Eleanora chose brother William.

Contemporary accounts describe William Lord as a difficult, quick-tempered man. He was unmarried, though there was a rumour he'd been keen on one of his maid-servants who ended up pregnant to Eleanora's brother George. William was an unpopular rector of the parish as he doggedly chased the tithes owed to him. Eleanora would have to tolerate his personality but at least have no female competition as the manager of his household.

Like Oscar Wilde's description of second marriage, choosing life with William was a triumph of hope for Eleanora over her previous experience of sharing a

home with Charles. It was to prove a wise decision.

Charles had probably run through their mother's ready money within a few years of her death. He then aimed to take his share of their long-deceased father's assets from his brother William. In 1804 Charles, with brother George, brought a suit in the Court of Chancery focused on William's failure to execute their father's estate strictly according to the terms of his will. Although this first Lord v. Lord suit was primarily against William, it dragged Eleanora and her other siblings into the legal arena with the accusation of collusion with William.

So began Eleanora's thirty years of exposure to the workings of England's equity court. Initially William shielded her, with his lawyer making legal answers on her behalf. But William died in 1813 with the case against him unresolved. Eleanora's loyalty to William was then rewarded. She was made heir to William's assets that were not tied to the position of rector. Aged 48, with an income from farmers leasing her properties, she was finally independent. She chose to live in Ore, near fashionable Hastings on the Sussex coast. However, as William's heir she had also inherited liability in the continuation of the Lord v. Lord Chancery suit brought by Charles and George.

Eleanora investigated what was owing to her siblings from their father's estate. It was determined that her brother George, having refused to pay tithes on his farm produce to William, was owed nothing. But her siblings Charles and Mary received some financial compensation. All stayed quiet regarding this case until Charles and George revived it in 1830.

But before then, in 1820, Eleanora had to defend her inheritance of William's estate in court against Charles. The Sussex jury quickly dismissed Charles's claim to be William's true heir. Eleanora kept her property and independence.

Charles needed money to continue his defence in a second long running Lord v Lord Chancery suit. That suit had been brought in 1809. George Lord, with his sister Mary and her husband Thomas Downe, instigated proceedings against brother Charles for his failure to execute their mother's will. In return for inheriting Mrs Lord's property, Charles was supposed to financially compensate his siblings with the sum of £450 each. Although potentially a beneficiary if Chancery ruled against Charles in this second suit, Eleanora was again named as a defendant. Years of legal action ensued as Charles wriggled time and time again out of following Chancery orders to meet his obligations. It was not until 1826 that the properties Charles had inherited from his mother were put on the market by order of Chancery to pay his siblings their entitlements.

Eleanora's next triumph arose from her being one of the purchasers of Charles' properties which were sold as separate lots. What followed was further years

of legal wrangling as Charles refused to approve conveyancing or vacate the properties. But Eleanora could afford to wait. It took until 1833 for the cleverness of the plan of Eleanora and her legal team to be revealed. She owed Chancery £965 for purchase of the property. The Court accepted that this amount could be offset by her entitlement of £450 with accrued interest from Charles. Unlike her siblings, Eleanora's inheritance from her mother was thus delivered in the form of real estate, not as cash vulnerable to Chancery's allocation of legal fees.

Eleanora's third legal triumph over her litigious brothers came by achieving the dismissal of the first Lord v. Lord suit in 1832. Charles had revived this suit regarding the execution of their father's will only two years before but failed to carry his action through. Eleanora's lawyer had it dismissed for want of prosecution.

Eleanora, at the age of 67 years, finally had the burden of legal action by her brothers removed. Unlike them, she was the owner of multiple income-generating properties and her considerable wealth is shown by the numerous generous legacies in her will to her nephews and nieces. Perhaps the last triumph of this successful spinster was to out-live all her siblings, and die officially of "old age" at 85 years.

References available upon request.

Explore Your Family History

The new look Beginners Course began on Saturday 15 March with an afternoon introduction. The following sessions [and there may be more] are open to all members of the Society, and the public, at a small cost. Please book through the website, and stay tuned for further sessions. All sessions will be held on a Monday evening, starting from 7pm, only by Zoom.

17 March - Discovering Trove (Jenny Higgins)

31 March - Beginning DNA (Clare McGuiness)

7 April - The Big Four Sites (Ann Peut)

14 April - Military Forebears (Jo Callaghan)

John George Nathaniel Gibbes - thirty years on

Terry Jenkins

In 2020 I was researching the life of the 18/19th century English actress known as 'Mrs Gibbs'. She always spelt her name thus, without an 'e', and her birth-name was actually Mary (or Maria) Logan. For many years she lived with the playwright George Colman the younger, and eventually married him in 1836, shortly before his death. In 1848, as Mary Colman, she made her will - a couple of years before her own death in 1850. She left her gold watch to her son, Col. Gibbes, her snake diamond ring to his wife Elizabeth, and her best gold chain to her grandson George Harvey Gibbes.[1] It was this last bequest that enabled me to identify her son as Colonel John George Nathaniel Gibbes, sometime Collector of Customs in Sydney.

This discovery led to an article published in the Australian magazine Traces in December 2020.[2] I didn't realise what a can of worms this would open! There were descendants in Australia who firmly believed in the research and conclusions of Stephen Gibbes, as described in his article "Augustus Gibbes: Squire of Yarralumla", published in *The Ancestral Searcher* in 1995. In this article, Stephen stated, without reservation, that Col. Gibbes was the love child of the Duke of York and Agnes Gibbes, daughter of Sir Philip Gibbes of Barbados. This whole fanciful assertion collapsed like a house of cards with the discovery of the true identity of Gibbes's mother.

It is now thirty years since Stephen's article appeared, and it seems an appropriate time to sum up what we now know about the Colonel's life. In truth, it is clear that Gibbes himself knew full well who his mother was. She helped to arrange the surety of £3,000 that he needed before his commission as Collector of Customs at Falmouth, Jamaica could be authorised. The Bond that was drawn up on 18 October 1819, contains the name of "Henry Harris of Belmont House near Uxbridge in the County of Middlesex, Esquire".[3] Harris was manager of Covent Garden theatre, where his mother worked. So Gibbes's mother persuaded her boss to pledge the money!

Henry Harris later became Gibbes' uncle-by-marriage after he wed Elizabeth Logan in 1832. Elizabeth was Gibbes' aunt - his mother's sister - but was better known as Mrs Carey, the mistress of the Duke of York.[4] The liaison started around 1806, and Mrs Carey acquired Fulham Lodge in West London, where the Royal

trysts could take place in relative obscurity. Gibbes and his family stayed there for a time in 1827-8, after he had returned from Jamaica.[5] And both he and his eldest son, George Harvey, received substantial financial bequests in 1848 in Elizabeth's will.[6] There is therefore a connection between Gibbes and the Duke of York - not as his father, but as his aunt's lover.

I would have expected Gibbes' children to have at least heard tales about their father's notorious aunt and their actress grandmother, even if they didn't know them well. They were hardly small children when the family moved to Australia in 1834. Gibbes' eldest daughter, Eliza, for example, was twenty years old and was still alive in 1873 when he died.

The problem that remains is, therefore, who was the Colonel's father? Was there a Mr Gibbs? The poet and playwright, Mrs Baron Wilson wrote in 1844:

". . . but to ascertain who Mr. Gibbs was, has baffled all the Paul Prys of the theatrical world for more than half a century. She had a son, a very gallant youth, who rose to some distinguished rank in the army, by his own merits, and the patronage of a Royal Duke, whose word was potential in that department of the public service, and who was a known admirer of the young gentleman's accomplished and beautiful aunt."[7]

The earliest source to give a name for his father is an Australian magazine in 1844, which states "John George Nathaniel Gibbes is the son of the late John Gibbes, Esq., formerly of the island of Barbados, and afterwards of London, where the subject of this memoir was born".[8] And an actual date for his birth comes from an 1847 article, which states "He was born in London, on the 30th March, 1787, and is the son of the late John Gibbes, (nephew of Sir Philip Gibbes, Bart., of Jackby, in Oxfordshire), formerly of Barbados, and afterwards of London".[9] This is very precise, and was printed when Gibbes was still alive. There was no mention of a Royal father, and nothing in the article to cause him to issue a correction. I assume it had his approval.

Before accepting this version of events, it is worth considering how accurate other sections of these articles are. The 1844 article states that Gibbes was appointed Collector of Customs at Falmouth, Jamaica, with a salary of £1,400 a year, and that he returned to England in 1827, on leave of absence, for a change of air. The Board of Customs' records show the details are not quite as described. His salary was a basic £100 a year, plus "fees" of £1,300, which were shared with the other officers at the port. And at Falmouth these were the Comptroller (£80 p.a.) and Waiter & Searcher (£60 p.a.). Assessing the duty on imported goods was a complicated procedure, with centuries of rules and regulations to take into account. Officers charged merchants a fee for the work involved, and most

of their income was earned in this way. However, this antiquated system was abolished in 1826, and Gibbes's salary was then fixed at £800 p.a.[10] I suggest it had been around this figure all along, and he was not required to accept a savage salary cut, as might appear at first glance.

Gibbes also did not return to England in 1827, as he claimed. He returned in 1825. In 1823 he wrote to London seeking a year's leave of absence. The Board agreed to allow him three months, but Gibbes changed his mind and deferred his request until 1825.[11] He left Jamaica on 1 April 1825 and never returned to the island.

Subsequent correspondence shows he was then granted further leave of absence every three months until April 1828. The letters from Gibbes 'craving' this extended leave are answered within a few days, indicating he was in the U.K. when he wrote them.[12] William Dyer took over as Acting Collector, and his name appears in later correspondence and in the annual accounts.[13] Several questions immediately spring to mind. Was this a private arrangement made by Gibbes? Was Dyer a Jamaican resident, or had he travelled out from England especially to take over? Gibbes still continued to draw his full salary, and presumably paid Dyer an agreed amount. I find it extraordinary that the Board allowed a senior officer at an overseas port to be absent for three whole years. In 1828, however, this all came to an end, and Gibbes was appointed Collector at Yarmouth with a salary of £700 - £100 less than he claimed.[14] So we can appreciate that these articles are not totally reliable sources.

If we return to considering Gibbes' birth, there was a John Gibbs born on 30 March 1787, and he was baptised at St. Anne's, Soho, on 17 April. Unfortunately, his mother's name was given as Margaret - not Mary. And he seems to have been buried on 16 February 1791. It can also be shown, beyond doubt, that Sir Philip Gibbes did not have a nephew called John, and there is nowhere called Jackby in the U.K. Nonetheless, there was a John Gibbes on Barbados around this time.The slave registers show that he and his brother Joseph jointly owned slaves on the island in the early 1800s.[15] It is possible that he was Gibbes's father.

However, there is a worrying aspect to this idea. In 1793, Mrs Gibbs was in the cast at the Haymarket theatre when sister Elizabeth made her stage debut. The play was George Colman's popular *Inkle and Yarico*, a romantic tale set in Barbados. I can imagine there were conversations within the family about the island, and the number of Gibbes families who lived there. Did the six year-old boy misunderstand the discussions, and this sowed the seeds of an idea within his head?

In 1823, *The Rambler's Magazine* carried an article about Mrs Gibbs, explaining how she acquired her stage name. The anonymous author wrote that the "chere amie" who put her on the stage in 1783, was a "knight of the shears in Harpur-street".[16] A whole string of puns followed, indicating that this gentleman was a tailor, and when they parted "she merely took from him - what do you suppose, my curious Reader - not his twist, tape and buckram, his bodkin or his shears, but, to cut the matter short, she took the liberty of borrowing his name of Gibbs".[17]

The story may not be reliable, but the idea that Gibbes' father was a tailor is especially attractive, knowing that he claimed to have attended Merchant Taylor's school. The school registers show that a John Gibbs did attend the school from 1795 until 1799. However, his date of birth, which was only listed when he reached the Fourth Form in 1798, was given as 30 March 1786. Is the discrepancy in the year relevant? Meanwhile, his son Augustus's birthday book gives his father's birthday as 31 March. Is this merely a slip?

If we look at theatrical records, we find that Mrs Gibbs resumed her acting career on 20 June 1787, after a gap of three years, at the newly-built Royalty Theatre in London's East End. The manager was John "Plausible Jack" Palmer, and she was reputedly his mistress.[18] I consider it extremely unlikely that she had given birth to someone else's child earlier in the year. Gibbes' birth and origins are therefore still shrouded in uncertainties, but I think it very doubtful that he was the child born in Soho to John and Margaret Gibbs, or had any connections whatsoever with Barbados.

From 1809, Gibbes served as a Staff Officer at various locations in the U.K., described as a "series of cosy billets" by Stephen Gibbes in *The Ancestral Searcher*. He certainly didn't travel all the way to Quebec and get married there bigamously in 1818, as alleged. This seemed a most unlikely scenario, and so it proved on closer examination. Army records conclusively show that Gibbes was in Pontefract the whole time. The marriage in Quebec proves to be that of an impostor.[19]

The warrant for Gibbes' appointment as a Customs Officer is dated 6 August 1819, and so he was committed to his new career by this date. Strangely, he only resigned as Brigade Major on 18 August.[20] It is probably a complete coincidence therefore that the Peterloo massacre occurred on the 16 August. It was troops from Gibbes' Brigade, under the overall command of Sir John Byng, that attacked the crowd at the political meeting in Manchester, killing eighteen people and wounding hundreds more.

His retirement, as Stephen hints, came in ignominious fashion. From at least 1845 there were concerns in London about Gibbes' control of the position in

Sydney. This all came to a head in 1852 when administration of the Customs overseas passed to the Colonial Office, and a deficit was discovered in the Sydney accounts.[21] An Inquiry concluded that this arose from neglect of supervision by Gibbes, and he had therefore not performed his duties with the required diligence. The penalty was harsh. He was removed from office, and deemed to have forfeited his pension. However, because of his age, the Board was prepared to grant him a discretionary allowance of £400 p.a., provided the debt of £217 4s 1d was paid immediately.[22] It was paid on the 26 March 1860.

Gibbes spent his final years at his son's Yarralumla estate, and is buried in St John's Cemetery, Reid.

References available from the author or Editor.

Contact Terry at bctjenkins@gmail.com

John G.N. Gibbes and wife Elizabeth; source Find-A-Grave

The life and crimes of John Netherwood

Margaret Rowe

A visit to our National Library; an impulsive bout of curiosity to see if my family name appeared in the Convict Index; there he was, and this is his story.

John Netherwood was baptised at All Saints Church Wakefield, West Riding, Yorkshire, England on 5 July 1788, the eldest child of the large family of Jeremiah Netherwood and his wife Mary (nee Dobson), and grandson of Nathan Netherwood and his wife Mercy (nee Wilson). Little is known about the family, although Netherwoods resided in the Wakefield area back to the 17th century.

John's first recorded misdemeanour appears to be when he was convicted at the West Riding Quarter Sessions on 25 July 1818 of "stealing a woollen coat (worth 3 pence), one pair of woollen leggings (worth 2 pence) and one waistcoat (worth 2 pence)" the property of Francis Harrison. Ten days later on 5 August 1818, he was tried at Rotherham, described as 'labourer', and sentenced to seven-years transportation. After being held at York Castle for three months, *The York Herald* reported that "John Netherwood left there on Sunday morning 8th Novermber 1818 (together with 12 other male prisoners) in order to be delivered on board the Hulks laying at Sheerness". The record shows his arrival on Tuesday, 10 November 1818 on the prison hulk *Retribution* at Woolwich which, considering modes of transport of that era, indicates a surprisingly speedy journey.

Various accounts have been written about life on the hulks, one in the *Colonial Times* perhaps too idealised. A more heartfelt version is told in the letter from a convict himself on board a hulk, via a friend, which found its way into the Letters to the Editor column of the *Sydney Gazette* of 22 October 1828. It read thus: "We have Six Hundred Prisoners on Board. We rise at 5 in the Morning, Breakfast at Six. All our Boats is Manned and all away by Seven. Our gang Convicts Twenty men are Guard by 7 Soldiers, we go to fortmountain Oppiset the Isle of White. We are Emploid in Drawing Large Stones and Unloading Vessels. Our Food is very Bad. We neer have any Fire. Our Shirts is very Damp so is our Rug and Blankets. We wash Our Neck Hahchife and mend our Stockings and Cloth. They will not allow us to ware any flannel but they

will Let us ware Glanasey flocks. We are allowed only 1d. of soap Per week to wash our Stocking Hanchife and Skin, they allow no Coffee no Tea no Sugar no Butter no Greens no Potates. We get but Little Water and we Pay one Penny Per Week. Six in my mess washed our Selves this morning only one Qt water. That is all allowed us. I have Six Pound of Iron on my Leg. God Help the Poor Unfortunate Convict".

The only gaoler's report sighted at my time of writing shows John Netherwood "Behaved very well". Indeed, on 14 January 1822, after serving four years of his seven year transportation sentence on the hulk, he was pardoned, but there is no indication as to why he was not transported as sentenced.

It was just three years later, in March 1825, that John again appears on the Calender of Felons which stated "… that he burgariously broke and entered the dwelling house of William Hammond… and feloniously stole… a considerable quantity of silver money and copper money… silver teaspoons, a blue great coat nearly new and several other articles…".

The Leeds Mercury published the story the following week, describing him as "an old offender" and notes that "the robbers had entered at the sitting-room window and, on their departure, had left behind them a glazed hat and some implement for house breaking. It appeared that Netherwood had only been discharged from the New Bailey Prison, in Manchester, on the 20 January last after two years confinement, that when he left the prison he wore the glazed hat which was found on Mr. Hammond's premises".

A few days later on 23 March 1825 John was tried at York Lent Assizes, found guilty of burglary and sentenced to death. The sentence was then commuted to 'transportation for life', which was often the custom if the accused would agree to be transported; a Hobson's choice between life and death. His occupation was now given as "wood turner/chairmaker", a skill he most probably had learned during his time in the New Bailey Gaol.

The York Herald gives a slightly more colourful report of the trial, describing John Netherwood as being "well known by the name of Sailor Jack". After listing the stolen items once more, it reports "In the house was found a glazed hat, two chisels, a knife, a lock saw, and a large piece or iron in the shape of a T which had been left by the depredator. As none of the property stolen has been found, the evidence against the prisoner was entirely circumstantial". It again mentions the New Bailey Prison "from which he proved to have been discharged only a few days before the robbery at which time he was dressed in the garb of a sailor, very shabbily, had an old, glazed hat, and was quite destitute of money. In this dress he was seen drinking at a public house near

to the prosecutor's on the evening of the robbery. In a day or two afterwards he was found at Manchester in a suit of new clothes, and having a new hat on… the sum of £4 10 was found in his posession, all in silver. The prisoner, in his defence, said that he had earned the money taken from him by his own industry. The jury found him GUILTY".

Astute detective work had taken place!

It was only through these two local newspaper reports that John Netherwood's stay in the New Bailey Prison after leaving the hulk *Retribution* came to light. It's not known whether he was there to complete the remainder of his seven-year sentence, as a pauper or, perhaps more likely, that he had committed another crime. Few early prisoner records from the New Bailey exist. So, following his second conviction, 21 May 1825 found John again heading to a hulk at Woolwich, this time the *Justitia.*

One can only wonder what thoughts went through the minds of transportees, some of whom may never have seen the sea or a ship before, but terrible stories about voyages and the land to which they were heading may have already reached them. However, those who sailed on the *C.S. Medway* on 2 August 1825 might have received a little reassurance during their voyage, for the measured tones of the surgeon's report suggest a man who had genuine concern for his human cargo.

The *Medway* carried 173 male convicts, 112 of whom were sentenced for life, plus crew and soldier guards.

Surgeon Gilbert King was meticulous with his records, written in a very fine hand. There was a comprehensive register of every prisoner; separate detailed lists of the luggage each brought on board; of their valuables (watches and snuff boxes); of their skills plus more. But it is in his signed report at the end of the voyage he shows his concern for health, listing pages of individual cases, his treatment and results. He appears to have had a daily clinic where his overwhelming interest lay in controlling 'scorbutio'. He writes of his attempts to diagnose symptoms "judiciously under the various forms it assumes" and "to act with promptitude and decision in the application and use of all the means for counteracting it". In addition, he kept a cleaned ship, heated when necessary – "a comfortable warmth was defused between Decks by means of a Stove which was kept burning from 8 in the morning until 8 oclock at night".

The convicts changed into fresh, dry clothing twice a week. Even so, he was not entirely satisfied with the results of his effort. He had lost two Scorbuto patients out of the 84 affected, as well as one soldier and one sailor from other

causes.

His report on the convicts concludes on a happier note stating “I had great reason to be very much pleased with their general conduct which had always been quiet and inoffensive, and it allowed the whole of them (having first taken a few precautions) to come on deck whenever they chose. And, as we had singing and dancing every morning (Sundays excepted) a degree of cheerfulness was thus kept up and which for obvious reason I was anxious enough to promote… with respect to diet, I made a point of having full daily allowance of provision regularly served out to each person. I began to serve out lemon juice and sugar on the 28th August… and commenced serving out wine on the lst September continuing to issue the same quantity twice every week afterwards”. Gilbert King – Surgeon.

Thus, 14 December 1825 found the *Medway*, and John Netherwood, safely in Hobart Harbour, Van Diemen’s Land. John was now aged 36.

In 1825 there was no Port Arthur. A penal colony had been established in 1822 - Sarah Island at Macquarie Harbour on the west coast - on what is now known as the Franklin/Gordon River. It had a reputation for cruelty and barbarism but its location, whilst useful for the timber needed for developing infrastructure, was too hard to control from Hobart. In 1828 Port Arthur was therefore designated as the site for a new penal colony, and established by 1830. Like its predecessor, the new settlement’s reputation for brutality soon spread.

Prisoners arriving before that date who were regarded as of suitable character were assigned to free civilian settlers who had requested help for one purpose or another. The remainder were kept at the convict barracks to undertake public works for the government.

John Netherwood was assigned to Mr. Hugh Murray at Macquarie River, near Campbell Town, who had put in an application for “1 Labourer”. Hugh Murray was the son of an Edinburgh beer, wine and spirits merchant who, together with his brother-in-law had chartered a brig which brought 62 members of pioneering Scottish families as free settlers to Van Diemen’s Land.

It was a seemingly good family to be assigned to, but John Netherwood’s life was soon to change. The 1826 muster records him with Mr. Murray but, two years later, the 1828 muster records him working at the Convict Barracks, Launceston working for the Government, where punishment was meted out by the prison commander. A copy of his original behaviour chart gives damning proof of its severity, starting 20 October 1828, when he was cited as “Drunk on

the Street – to be deprived of his indulg. for 6 weeks".

For the next five years John's life went rapidly downhill. Seemingly because he was now drinking heavily, he suffered almost continuous harsh punishment: several stints in the chain gang, lengthy periods of solitary confinement on "B & W", several beatings of either 50 lashes or 25 lashes; imprisonment and hard labour. Finally on 31 October 1833 they ran out of patience with him and after a charge of insolence and making use of threatening language…" he was given a sentence of three years hard labour "to be removed to Port Arthur during that time".

There is no report on his stay there but he was 'signed off' from Port Arthur on 29 December 1835, returning to the Convict Barracks in Launceston.

And then a surprise. On 24 February 1837 John Netherwood's name appears on a Government list of people granted a Convict Ticket of Leave "to celebrate the Anniversary of Her Majesty's Birth Day". Considering a Ticket of Leave was only given for good behaviour, one can only surmise Port Arthur had reformed him. But this was not the case. Just 18 months later, on 2 July 1838, he was charged "with pilfering one chair, value 5/-", sentenced to 12 months hard labour out of chains." The Lt. Governor of Van Diemen's Land ordered that "he should be disposed of to Richmond Road Half Way Hill. Conduct to be reported. TL suspended during that period and not to be restored without special authority."

In the early 1800's there was only one main road in Van Diemen's Land which went from Hobart in the south to Launceston in the north. Many of the convict gangs, both in and out of chains, were used to build new roads and so there were, of necessity, many Convict Probation Stations along the way.

In October 1838, he was moved to Browns River Probation Gang having again been charged with "neglect of duty in allowing a prisoner he had in charge to escape and also being absent all night without leave". This earned him another sentence of "hard Labour on the Roads for 6 months", although it appears he had at least been trusted with a little responsibility. A year later in 1839, on orders from the Lt. Governor, he was transferred to Malcolm Huts Road.

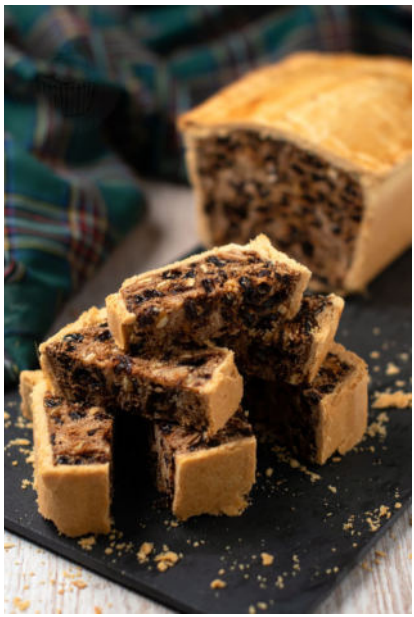
The final detailed record of John Netherwood was a medical one when, in 1841, he was a patient in the Royal Derwent Hospital, New Norfolk. The hospital record shows him suffering from 'opthalmia', an inflammation of the eyes often caused by scurvy or poor nutrition, and he was not the only patient suffering from it. The Royal Derwent Hospital was also a hospital for treating the mentally ill and alcoholics. The fact that the 1841 muster also records him in the hospital, and he is not signed off from New Norfolk on his conduct report

until July 1844, indicates a lengthy stay there for one reason or another.

In 1846 and 1847 his conduct report was signed off showing him to have been in Swansea on the east coast, and the 1849 Muster shows him at Impression Bay Convict Station, a smaller and less harsh environment.

Beyond 1849 no further mention of John Netherwood has come to light until he was finally, officially, pardoned between 1856-1859, around the time in 1856 when Van Diemen's Land was renamed Tasmania. John was now nearly 70 years old. No details were given with the Pardon, and to date there is no trace of his death. A further 'list' shows him still alive at around 80 years. Whilst many pardoned convicts moved to mainland Australia to start a new life, sometimes with a new name, it would seem reasonable to suppose that, at his age, John died in Tasmania and is buried in an unmarked grave.

Was he a relative of my Huddersfield family? It is very likely, but therein lies further research.



Scottish Black Bun, see recipe starting page 32, and experiences of baking it

The Distinguished Flying Cross of Anthony "Wombat" Woods-Scawen, see story page 58

New evidence about the identity of William Johnstone VC

Mikael Apel and Jean Ffrench

The Victoria Cross (VC) is the highest award for valour in the presence of an enemy that can be presented to British forces. The very first VCs were awarded for actions in 1854 in the Baltic theatre of the Crimean War, during the attack on the Russian fort on the island of Åland in Finland. The second and third VCs were awarded to Lieutenant John Bythesea and Stoker William Johnstone, of HMS *Arrogant,* for intercepting Russian mail, taking the mailmen as prisoners and seizing letters and despatches aimed for the Russian fort.[1]

Queen Victoria presented Bythesea with his medal in London in June 1857, but Johnstone was serving on HMS *Brunswick* in the West Indies at the time. Uncharacteristically, in August 1857, he attacked another crew member with a knife and then took his own life.[2]

Until recently, most of the information about William Johnstone came from Royal Navy (RN) records. Before enlisting in May 1845, he had served on British merchant ships for several years. He re-enlisted on 14 September 1853 using the first name John, not William, and claimed to be born in Hanover, Germany. He was on HMS *Arrogant* as a leading stoker.[3] There are three significant reasons why John and William Johnstone must be the same man.

(a) While there are records of John, a stoker on HMS *Arrogant* in the Baltic during 1854, there were none for William.

(b) John's 1853 RN document was inscribed "D.D. [Discharged Dead] 20 Aug 57, *Brunswick*". Another RN page noted that John "committed suicide". The press report on William's death said that his suicide took place on HMS *Brunswick* in August 1857.

(c) Another page of John's RN file was inscribed with the words "Victoria Cross".

We cannot offer an explanation as to why he was called both John and William.

We had hoped that Johnstone's service number, 3644, would be inscribed on the suspension bar of his VC medal, which is current practice. However, there are no numbers on his medal which is held by The Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County.

Johnstone has been discussed extensively in the Victoria Cross literature but no clear picture of him has emerged.[4] However most scholars agree that Johnstone could speak Swedish. This was the reason he was chosen for the 1854 mission, as he and Bythesea needed to make themselves understood by the Swedish-speaking Ålanders.

Recently new findings have thrown light on Johnstone's background and identity. Surprisingly, they come from a report written by the enemy side. In late 1854 Russia produced a report on the allied occupation at Åland, possibly because Russia had doubts about the loyalty of the Swedish-oriented Ålanders. Finland had been a part of Sweden until 1809, when it became a grand duchy in the Russian empire.

In this Russian report, an Ålandic historian, Johan Granlund, discovered a police investigation about the incident when the mailmen were ambushed by two Englishmen in 1854 and taken aboard HMS *Arrogant* (the mailmen were civilians and were released without any reprisals). The investigation documented interviews with the mailmen. One mailman said that one of the Englishmen (obviously Johnstone) told them in poor Swedish that he was from Kristinestad in Finland, but had lived in England since his younger years.

Why did Johnstone claim to be born in Hanover if he was born in Finland? One consideration might be the special connection between Britain and Hanover (the King of Britain was the King of Hanover 1814-1866), which meant that a Hanoverian may have found it easier to join the RN in the 1840s than someone from Finland, which was under Russian control and would likely have been viewed with suspicion in British military circles.

This new information about Johnstone's origin was reported in a Finnish history journal.[5] It was further referred to in a newspaper article on 17 August 2024 by Lord Ashcroft, who owns the world's largest collection of VCs on display at the Imperial War Museum in London.[6] However, since these articles were published, more findings about William Johnstones's identity and life in Finland and England have been unearthed.

Johnstone's birthdate was recorded as 6 August 1823 in his RN file. While birthdates are not necessarily correct, in this case it was the only information available. Co-author Mikael tried to find Johan Johansson, the most likely name to be anglicized to John Johnstone, born on this date in the Finnish records. There were a number of candidates, but none were close to Kristinestad.

However he did find Johan Fredric Lindroth born on 6 August 1823, who arrived in Kristinestad in 1837 aged fourteen, from a nearby village, Ilmajoki, after his father, a shoemaker with the same name, had died. His name occurred a

second time in 1841, registered as “gone”. After that, he vanishes from Finnish records.[7]

It seems likely that Johan Lindroth, in about 1840, aged 16, left Kristinestad, which at the time was a busy international port, and began working on British merchant ships. He disappeared from Finnish records about the same time as John Johnstone, born on the same day, began his career as a British seaman. Thus, Lindroth appears to have kept his first name Johan in the anglicised version John, but took a very different last name. A possible explanation to the choice of English surname can be the patronymic name tradition in Finland at the time. Johan father’s name was also Johan, so Johnson or Johnstone was perhaps an obvious choice.

The fact that Johnstone/Lindroth’s Swedish language skills were considered poor in Åland may have been due to the dialect spoken in Lindroth’s home district, or that he had not spoken Swedish for fifteen years.

Evidence of Lindroth or Johnstone in English records were not found, until Johnstone enlisted with the RN in 1845. Johnstone was also spelled Johnson in his RN records. These are common spelling variants in England, especially prior to universal education.

Even after 1845, the details about his residence and family are sketchy. According to Wikipedia at the time of the writing, he left a wife named Caroline and a young son Richard John at St Germans, Cornwall. This is what drew co-author Jean’s attention to the VC recipient, as Caroline Johnstone, nee Symons born 1824 at St Germans was the mother-in-law of Jean’s first cousin four times removed, Elizabeth Peters born 1857 at St Germans. However Jean established that “her” Caroline’s husband William Johnson, who also spelled his surname Johnstone, was a member of the Royal Marines Light Infantry, not the RN, so was a different man.

There was a RN notation that when Johnstone served on board HMS *Reynard* between 1849 and 1852, he set aside part of his salary to his wife Eliza. The 1857 news article about Johnstone’s death indicated he left a wife and three children.

Combining these two pieces of information, his wife can be identified as Eliza Littlefield, born June 1827 in Southsea in Portsmouth. She married John Johnson on 2 February 1847 at Portsmouth. In the 1851 census, when Johnstone was serving abroad on HMS *Reynard*, she was with her parents at Portsea, and was mistakenly recorded with her maiden name Littlefield. However her infant son was recorded as John Johnson. In the 1861 census, after Johnstone’s death, she was still with her Littlefield parents, this time at Alverstoke. She and

her three children were recorded with the surname Johnson. The youngest son was named Frederick, which was Lindroth's second name. After the death of her first husband, Eliza Littlefield remarried twice and died in 1919, aged 92.

It was our hypothesis that Johnstone was born Lindroth, and we determined to try to prove it by DNA analysis. First, we searched trees at Ancestry.com to find living descendants of John Johnson and Eliza Littlefield. Several candidates were ruled out because a check of their pedigrees revealed that they had made errors. To date we have made contact with Terry Burns, a descendant of John and Eliza, who has done a DNA test. She was unaware of a possible connection to William Johnstone VC. To our delight, she has a match with a descendant of Johan Fredrik's brother, Gustav Adolf Lindroth.[7] We found several more such DNA matches, and we are now confident that that John William Johnstone is the same person as Johan Fredric Lindroth.

Even if these findings solve some of the mysteries surrounding William Johnstone, others remain. What made him attack the fellow crewman on HMS *Brunswick* in 1857, especially as the two men were described as "being like brothers". One clue might be his transfer from leading stoker to ship's cook in May 1856. Wikipedia suggests that ship's cooks were often older retired or injured seamen. Johnstone was not an older man as he was aged 33 at the time. Was this job change an indicator of a physical or mental health problem, which culminated in his tragic death?

Another puzzle is perhaps why William Johnstone's background and identity is a mystery at all. After all, his widow lived until 1919 and he had children and grandchildren. One can imagine that there were mixed perceptions about a man who, on the one hand had been awarded a Victoria Cross, and on the other had attacked a comrade and committed suicide.

V.C. for Stoker William Johnstone held at Natural History Museum, Los Angeles

The biggest mystery is why he was named William in the Victoria Cross citation, and in the newspaper article reporting his death. In all RN records, when he married and when his three children were born, he was called John. Could the name William have been a clerical error by the RN? It is worth noting that when his daughter Eliza married in 1870, she named her father John William Johnson. Was she aware that her father's medal had been engraved as William rather than John, and did she want to ensure a connection with the name William?

References available upon request from the Editor.

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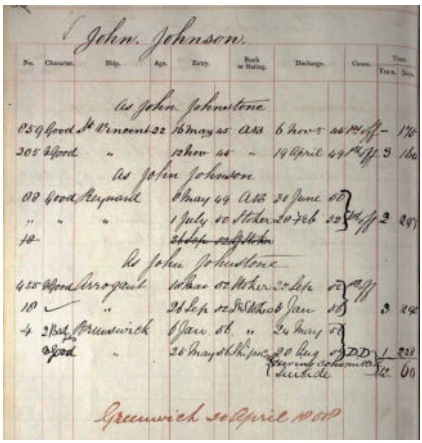
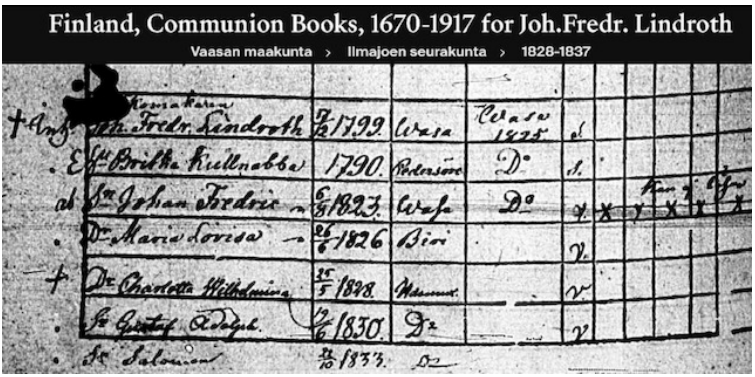

John. Johnson.

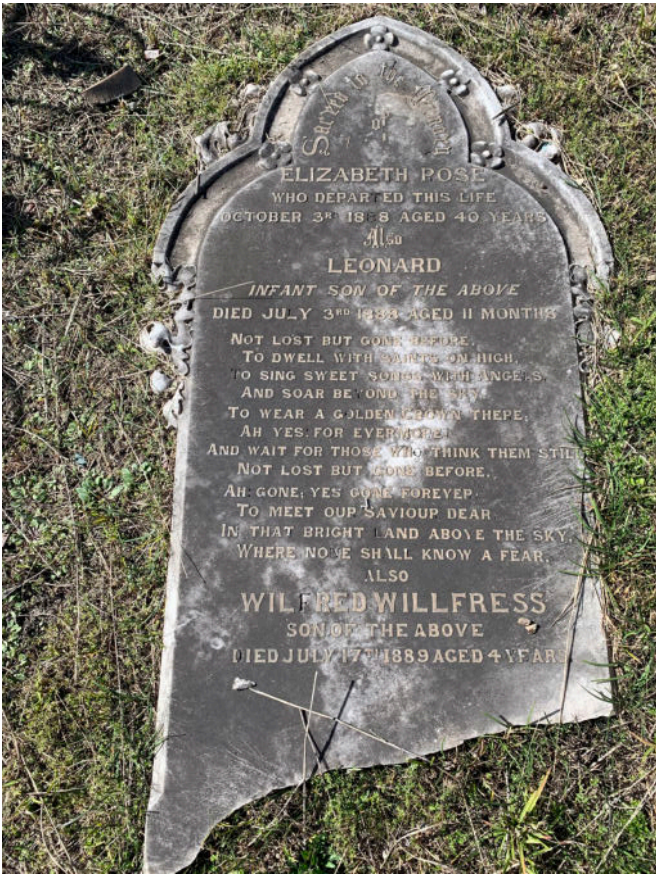
Left: John Johnstone, Royal Navy Record, 1853 showing date of death

Below: Finland Communion Book c1835 for Lindroth family



The Floating World of Elizabeth Rose 1847-1888

Beverley Richardson



My name is Elizabeth Rose. For over 130 years I have rested in Sandgate Cemetery beside my two sons, Lennie and Will. Yes, it is our headstone you see above, decorated with Yorkshire roses, the inscription penned by my brother, George, the family poet. I, too, was talented in literature, the big sister who told bedtime stories to her younger siblings: fishermen's tales of whales and monsters of the deep, parables from the Bible, stories of shipwrecks and

drownings borrowed from members of the family, who were far better story tellers than I.

Dear readers, dear descendants, I will tell you a tale now, a story from beyond the grave: a memoir of my life, which ended when I reached the age of 40.

"Not lost, but gone before." On my deathbed, that is what I'd hoped and believed. That in God's Heaven I would see again my family: my children and my loving husband, Thomas. With my last breath I prayed, too, that I would see, again, my dear aunt, Elizabeth, my beloved sister, Susan, and my sister in law, Henrietta. Their lungs, like mine, filled with blood before they died from the ancient coughing disease, Phthisis.

I wanted to embrace, once more, my mother, Mary Anne, who, in despair took her own life a few months before I died and to hold again my first love, Charlie… his blond curls falling over eyes the colour of the Tasman Sea. He left me a widow at the age of 22, with three young daughters to rear.

But… I will dwell no more on the sadness… and now speak of happier times, when I was alive, when I was strong and well.

Spread across an area of swampland, distant from the township of Newcastle, the Sandgate Cemetery was a new place of internment for people of all faiths. Our cottage was situated across the river on the island of Onebygamba. Little more than a sand bank, it appeared to drift in the estuary and our home, built on piles, floated on the rising water that arrived as regularly as the full moon. I sat at the window, plying my needle, sewing dresses with low necklines, pin tucked sleeves and long, full skirts. These were for the wealthy ladies of Newcastle. While working I delighted in the view of the water fowl searching for fish and crabs in the marshes at the front of my house. The harbour view was always changing - sailing ships arriving on the neap tide, their holds made stable with loads of crushed rock and leaving on the spring tide, heavy with coal. The ballast, unloaded by cranes, raised up our roads so husbands were not obliged to carry their wives from their doorsteps to the duckboards leading to the shops.

During my lifetime the population on the island grew as businessmen established their industries. The Scott Brothers owned a shipyard: from my window I saw the launch of their steamer, *The Myall.*

At Mr Howden's foundry, my brother, George, worked on two engines that propelled this ocean-going vessel through the water. I was so proud of my brother, a convict's son earning an honest living in a land far from our homeland. The Wickham Bullock Island Coal Company built a mine that ran from Hexham, across the river, to seams of black gold under Onebygamba, providing work

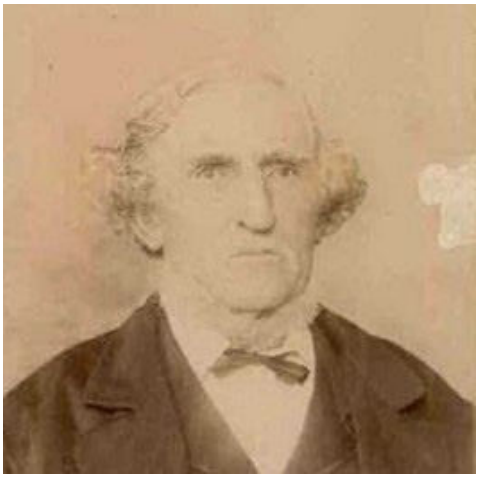
for my second husband, Thomas Rose, a dark haired miner from Aberystwyth, Wales. I did not know then that the cess pits, the stagnant pools and the lagoons filled with an increasing quantity of human waste, fouled the drinking water in our wells and caused the sicknesses. My children played in streets the newspaper called, "sloughs of despond". Lennie died of the croup a few months before me and Will from meningitis, less than a year afterwards. The Newcastle Cemetery, Sandgate, kept the undertakers and gravediggers busy: all seasons wore black drapery, as did the Mortuary Train.

Until the age of ten, I lived at Botany, beside the textile mill. A pond separated the manufactory from the village of Booralee where my parents, Mary and Jonathan Asquith, had established their home in a weatherboard cottage on Botany Road. It was a happy life for a child, living beside the Bay, the box shaped mill and its clanking machinery an inescapable music in the background of my days. I paddled my tin canoe in the shallows and played with tribes of children - the Smiths, the Duncans, the Thompsons, the Joneses, the Byrnes and the Bagnalls; families who married into my family and trekked north with us when the mill closed and the Bay became polluted with noxious industries. Yorkshire culture was an important part of our lives: both of my parents, when they were young, had made the sea voyage from England to Port Jackson, Father on a convict transport called the *Asia* and Mother as a bounty immigrant, on the *Elizabeth*. I felt loved and secure in my large extended family from West Yorkshire. We were different because of the way we spoke. Some said we talked like the patriarchs in the Bible with our "ye", "thee" and "thou". In the home my mother was "Mutha," and my father, "Fayder." We children were " bairns" and Mr Simeon Lord was "Maisther", owner of the mill.

Our religion was Episcopalian. When a new bairn arrived, my parents brought their baby to the font at St Peter's Church in the hamlet of Cook's River. Father told the story with pride: in the church register, "Forefather of the Community" inscribed after his name instead of "Convict." It marked a new beginning: a lifetime of good behaviour and hard work in honour of his family. He decided to atone for the crime he had committed, rueing deeply his sentence of banishment for life from his home in a Leeds slum called The Bank. I longed to meet his family and dreamed of stowing away on a sailing vessel to arrive before them, a heroine, who would save them from England's dark satanic mills - my grandfather, Joab, grandmother, Hannah and my ten aunts and uncles.

Wherever Father worked, we, his family, followed, dependent for survival on his strength and the skills of carpet weaving he had learned at the Black Dog Woollen Mill in Leeds. We kept close because we depended on the money

he kept in his waistcoat pocket. With his earnings father paid our rent to the Maisther and mother bought soap, candles and household items from Lord's Store in central Sydney. At times Father carted vegetables and furniture from ships moored in The Cove, up the hill, to Lord's Auction House. Used to hard labour, he had spent part of his sentence on an iron gang. Year by year he laboured weaving cloth for convict uniforms while our benefactor signed the tickets of leave. Father brought home flour from Mr Lord's mill and caught fish in the Bay. He obtained scraps of cloth which Mother sewed into shirts, pants, dresses, vests, bloomers and pinafores. And as we grew, we bairns took on more of the burden of raising a family on the earnings of a mill worker. I helped with home duties and my brother, Jonno, fished, casting out the net and drawing it in. Caring for baby William whilst mother suckled the newborn, Benjamen, at her breast also fell to me. My stitch craft showed much promise so mother framed my sampler and hung it on the wall.



Convict Jonathon Asquith father of Elizabeth Rose [Collection of Chris O'Sullivan]

My brothers and I began our education at Sunday School, which was held before church in Mr Marsden's mill. I loved the beginning of class when we sang a hymn:

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all…

Swaying my body to the rhythm of the music, I gazed out at the broad sweep of the sky, the white capped ocean, sailing boats skimming across the waves on The

Bay. It all seemed true, when I felt my young spirit soar out of the window and into the universe and wondered why the arithmetic, reading and memorisation tasks did not have the same soulful effect.

In 1846, my parents signed their marriage certificate with a cross at Christ Church, Newcastle, but I was able to sign my name 20 years later in copperplate lettering when I married Charles Menson at the same place. I knew I looked pretty in my long ivory satin gown with its pearl buttons, embroidered bosom and high lace collar in the style of Queen Victoria. My brown hair, pinned up into a chignon, held in place a long tulle veil and I carried a bouquet of orange blossoms. Seventeen years old and with my first child due in four months, I knew what my future would be. I would give birth eleven times and at the end of life I would be tired and sick from expelling the fruit of my womb. I had no strength to fight the sickness that killed me.

My new husband, Charles Menson, could turn his hand at any employment. Work was available in Onebygamba.The businessmen who gave their names to the streets, filled the mangrove swamps, raised the land to keep it above the wash of the tide and then connected the island to the mainland with bridges.

Dear readers of the future, heed a lesson and learn: those same business men sitting on Council did not think deeply on the subject of we, the Dead. Little profit could be made from us and we had no power, except to threaten the Living with our dark, slowly seeping fluids. But money could be made from robbing us of our land: the old burial grounds beside the churches in the city.

The cemetery at Sandgate sits on a swamp on the outskirts of town. The headstones are arranged in rows on a slope looking over the Hunter River. I knew before I died that in bad weather coffins floated in graves full of water, making burial almost impossible. Planning did not include filling this swamp with expensive rubble from foreign countries. I was buried beside my Innocent, my 11 month old baby, Leonard, in Anglican 1, section 23, Lot 19.

And when the rain falls day after day and the tide is high, we lie in a watery grave.

My Errant Ancestor Archibald Grigor

Jeanette Hahn

Archibald Grigor was born at 5:40pm on 10 Feb 1859. The son of George Grigor, farm servant and Catherine Grigor nee Robertson at Sheriffston in the Parish of St Andrew's-Lhanbryd, Moray, [Elginshire], Scotland. He died probably after 1907 but when and where did he die?

This is now my main question. Did he have another family as there are several choices available? Did he leave Scotland or did he leave the UK?

His siblings were Catherine O Grigor born 1856 Speymouth, Moray, Scotland, Jane Grigor born about 1862 Scotland, Hellen Frances Grigor born 1864 Speymouth, Moray, Anne Grigor born 1865 Speymouth, Moray, Isabella Jane Grigor born 1867 Speymouth, Moray and Jamesina Thomson Grigor born 1870 Speymouth, Moray. Their mother Catherine Grigor appears to have died soon after childbirth on 17 Dec 1870. Archibald was in Moray for both the 1871 and 1881 censuses. Why then did Archibald leave home to join the Military? Did he just want the adventure? He was the only son and it seems a strange thing to do. His father George Grigor was listed as both a groom in 1871 and a coachman when Archibald married. Did Archibald learn these skills from his father?

Archibald Gregor served in the military as a Private in the 42nd Regiment which became the 1st Battalion Black Watch and fought in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. His number was #933 and he would have been 23 years of age. Pte. Archibald Gregor Royal Highlanders/933 was entitled to the clasp for Tel-El-Kebir, with the battalion. Remarks on the Medal Roll 1801-1911 include: Spelt Grigor in 'Star' Roll; received Bronze Star 1882 at Depot. [Source: The Royal Highland Regiment: The Black Watch, Formerly 42nd and 73rd Foot].

The reason I found Archibald was because I had the photo of him in uniform. His daughter Annie kept it as it was probably all she had of him. I showed two photos to the volunteers at the Black Watch Museum in Perth several years ago and they were able to recognise the medals for Archibald and his son-in-law. The later family had no definite identification details. That was incredibly exciting as they gave me the book references to continue my search.

His commander was Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Taylor Macpherson VC KCB KCSI in the 78th Highlanders (later The Seaforth Highlanders), British

Army. In July 1882 Macpherson was promoted to lieutenant-general, and given command of the Indian contingent that served in the Egypt campaign, including the battle of Tel-El-Kebir. For this, he was made a knight commander of the Order of the Star of India (KCSI) in November 1882, and the Turkish Order of the Medjidie, second class. This is where Archibald Grigor obviously had some connection to Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Taylor Macpherson VC KCB KCSI and merited a position with him when he returned to Scotland.

Archibald Grigor - Black Watch Royal Highlanders Egyptian Campaign 1882

Archibald was working as a coachman at the time of his marriage in 1884 and his residence was given as Blackfriars House. His daughter and my Great Grandmother Annie said he was working for Sir Clunies Macpherson at Blackfriars House, Perth. Archibald Gregor married Jane Robertson on 25 Dec 1884 after banns by Rev John Rainnie at 155 South St, Perth. Jane was working as a dyer's assistant. The witnesses were her parents James

Robertson and Jane Robertson nee Robertson.

They had two children and I expect Archibald had a say in the naming. Short and easy. Ann Robertson 'Gregor' and John Robertson 'Grigor'. Annie Robertson Gregor was born on 1 Jul 1885 at 155 South St, Perth and her brother John was born at the same address on 17 Jan 1888. The informant was his maternal grandfather, John Robertson. Had Archibald already left his young family to run away from the responsibility? John Grigor went on to serve in the military in the Black Watch. John served in the British Army in India at the Khyber Pass and fought the Pathans [Pashtuns, now southern Afghanistan, northern Pakistan people]. He also fought in WWI and suffered frostbite in France.

The marriage ended in divorce on 24 Dec 1892 pronounced by Lord Wellwood, Ordinary in an action at the instance of Janet Robertson or Gregor, South Street, Perth against Archibald Gregor sometime of Perth but whose present residence is unknown. But was it? Annie and John would have been seven and almost five respectively at the time of the divorce.

He worked as a groom according to his daughter's marriage certificate on 22 Feb 1907 in Perth, Perthshire, Scotland. Were they still in contact or had contact been renewed in the intervening years or was it just a guess to save embarrassment?

I have searched for his death on the Scotlands People index and the General Register Office from 1886 to 1959 with fuzzy matching all names with no result. There are other Archibald Gregors with families but I have not started down that line yet. What did he do when he left his young family? Did he leave Scotland or did he leave the UK? Did he change his name and remain in Scotland? How did Janet Gregor cope? How did she manage to get a divorce? She certainly had a strong sense of self enablement as did her daughter. She remarried 3 years after the divorce to John McKay on 26 Apr 1895 in Perth, stating she was a spinster and a silk finisher.

Source references are available on request. If any of these names ring a bell and sound familiar to your own family, please contact me jeanetteannhahn@gmail.com

Black Bun

Jeanette Hahn

This is the recounting of what went to produce a plate for the Scottish SIG Christmas Party in December 2005. The recipe was from Andrew Pinkerton as

he could not attend so I said I would have a go. It actually required quite a bit of sleuthing to get that plate on the table but it was fun. Does anyone know what a breakfast cup is? I asked mature ladies in supermarkets if they knew what Jamaican Pepper and Citron were? I decided very early on in my life to ignore imperial measurements and truly have no idea what an ounce is. There is a great website that will do the most obscure conversions, excepting 'breakfast cup'! It is http://www.onlineconversion.com/. Google became my other best friend! The only way I found breakfast cup was to put in the sentence 'breakfast cup = metric cup' but that was after I cooked it. I had previously viewed many pages of crockery for sale without finding a breakfast cup anywhere.

This is the recipe, metricated and modified from Andrew Pinkerton's recipe from the "Kenya Settler's Cookery Book and Household Guide" published by the Church of Scotland's Women's Guild of St Andrew's Nairobi. 11th Edition first published in 1928.

Regular text = Original recipe; *Italic text = Recipe as done*

Crust

½ teaspoon [tsp] baking powder

1 ½ breakfast cups Flour; *1 x 250 ml cup Self Raising ½ cup Plain rubbed with*

4 oz butter; *7.5 tablespoons [tbsp] or .45 cup*

beaten egg, and water to mix; *1 tbsp approx – cold*

Make pastry and roll out to line a greased cake tin *[1 sheet glad bake]* reserving a piece the size of the tin for the top. *A breakfast cup was eventually found on Google to be ½ lb or ½ pint = 300 mls which is why the pastry did not quite make it up the sides of the tin to complete the pie crust.*

Mixture

1 lb flour; 350 gm Plain,100 gm Self Raising

2 lb raisins; 900 gm

3 lb currants; 4 x 300 gm packets

½ lb brown sugar 220 gm

1 tsp Jamaican pepper = Allspice. This was also checked on Google. Andrew's father liked it hotter by also using Cayenne pepper so ¼ tsp Cayenne pepper was added.

½ tsp black pepper

3 eggs or more; plus yolk of fourth. Egg white used for top of pastry.

milk to mix; 1 cup

1 tbsp brandy [optional]; large splash Port as we don't like or have any Brandy.

6 oz sweet almonds; 2/3 cup slivered

2 oz citron; Googled – usually candied tropical fruit, one of many national descriptions said like grapefruit so 4 tbsp = zest of 1 grapefruit used

2 oz lemon peel; 4 tbsp = zest of 2 lemons

4 oz orange peel; 8 tbsp = zest of 4 oranges

½ oz cinnamon; 1 tbsp

½ oz ground ginger; 1 tbsp

1 large tsp bicarbonate of soda

1 large tsp cream of tartar

a large pinch salt

Mix together all the dry ingredients after preparing fruit, etc. Add eggs and liquid and make fairly stiff. Beat well. [*Impossible]*. Put mixture into lined tin. *1 x 23cm square tin to depth of 5 cms not enough so extra pastry made and filled 23cm quiche dish too*. Flatten the top, damp edges round and seal remainder of pastry on. Make four holes right down to bottom of cake with a skewer. Prick with fork all over top. Brush with beaten egg. Bake till ready [probably about three hours].

Honestly, that was the only instruction. I had to rely on my Christmas cake recipe for ideas. One hour at 150º and two hours at 100º. Keep for about a week before cutting. It only lasted about two weeks from cooking! The quiche dish was my triumphant contribution of a plate thoroughly enjoyed by the Scottish SIG that night!

This recipe makes a large amount but it didn't last long! Anecdotal evidence says that Black Bun was frequently taken as the food gift when First Footing on New Year's Day along with a lump of coal to wish warmth for the household and a bottle of drink [usually given back to the visitor at the end of the night]. The first person in the door was meant to be tall dark and handsome and got to kiss all the girls. I had a great time making something my paternal grandmother may have enjoyed as a child in Scotland. It is nice to have some connection to the past that my family will enjoy into the future, though probably in smaller batches!

The long story of a short biography

Elaine Gifford

I once heard a young member of the clergy ask a friendly bishop: *How long does it take you to prepare a sermon?* The answer was something like: *A lifetime plus twenty minutes.*

In 2019 I found out that I was to become a great-grandmother. I had just one memory of Grandma Bolton, my father's grandmother. She was on a high bed in a darkened room. Perhaps she was dying. I would have been three.

I thought I'd like to write about her. But what did I know other than the fact that she had spent her final years where I grew up, in Tailem Bend on the River Murray in South Australia? I knew no voice, no personality, no stories.

Yet on reflection, I realised that over a number of years I had amassed considerable information about the course of her life.

What I already knew

My father's cousin's widow had given my mother a scratchy copy of the 1882 Yorkshire marriage certificate of Gatenby Robert Bolton and Florence Lucy Presto. From this starting point, standard genealogical work with England's census and vital records had led me to the origins of my great-grandparents in Yorkshire and in London. I could find no record of their emigration to Australia, but with their first child being born in Adelaide, it was evident they had travelled soon after marriage. Further births, together with residential and employment records sketched their years in Adelaide. Newspaper and Directory trails revealed their move to Broken Hill, and finally in 1912 to Tailem Bend.

I had earlier explored the beginnings of tailoring in London, the cloth industry in Yorkshire and the early development of Broken Hill. I could see likely reasons for the significant career decisions made first by Florence's father within England, and then by her husband. This would be useful background information, but about Florence herself I knew very little.

1. By the time of the 1871 census her family had moved two hundred miles north from her birthplace in London to Yorkshire.

2. By 1881 she was a draper's assistant aged nineteen, perhaps in her father's

tailoring business.

3. Gatenby Bolton, her husband-to-be, was also a draper's assistant, likely one of the two men employed by Florence's father.

4. Three decades later when Florence's whole family was leaving Broken Hill, friends held a social event for her.

Finding out more

I had visited Broken Hill, and had scoured Trove newspapers for the Boltons' ten years there. I had already written about the family's life in that isolated city, based on numerous business, sporting, community and social reports.

But now I needed to learn about their time in Tailem Bend in the three decades before my birth. (I had already accessed records of Florence's son Frank who died of war injuries in France in 1916.) Because I knew the town and all the Boltons, the context was familiar.

As there were four adult children and seven adult grandchildren living there in Florence's lifetime, I needed to organise my collateral research. As I somewhat tediously checked out many, many Bolton references, I drew a chart to summarise their extensive community, church, sporting and musical involvement. In retrospect, I would also have found a family timeline helpful.

Now that I could picture the significant development of the fledgling town and the contribution of those three generations before me, it was time to write.

Writing the story

Thinking about Florence's life in Australia, as a mother and grandmother myself, I felt able to incorporate statements such as:

> *… settle in a convenient suburb just outside Adelaide's city square. Florence could write reassuringly to her family about their new life.*

While I had no direct evidence for such letter-writing, I knew they communicated, because when leaving Gatenby's business in Broken Hill, they took their teenage daughter Doris for an extended visit to Yorkshire. Doris, my great-aunt, became an avid letter-writer who kept in touch with friends of the family in England and again visited during my lifetime.

Sometimes I just 'wondered' what Florence's thoughts may have been:

> *For Florence [Broken Hill] was another step into the unknown. At the beginning of 1901 Fred was eighteen, John sixteen, Frank eleven and Doris six. What would life be like for them?*

From a detailed auctioneer's notice about the 1911 sale of their Broken Hill house and my earlier research (together with the one social jotting I had about

Florence herself) I could write:

> *Unlike most of Broken Hill's early housing, the Boltons' large home was of solid stone. Gatenby made sure that Florence had all the modern conveniences such as a bathroom and a Metters stove. Thus comfortably placed to be an anchor for the family, Florence had the freedom to socialise. She made such good friends that when she was leaving they organised an afternoon's entertainment and presented her with a diamond ring.*

From my chart of family activities in Tailem Bend, I felt on safe ground writing:

> *Florence enjoyed seeing husband and sons, in fact the whole family, became valued and influential contributors. Apart from work, life was filled with social and fundraising events, sport, church, music and formal committee and town meetings.*

I concluded my story after telling of the clergyman bearing the news of son Frank's death (a detail from AIF records). I wrote:

> *Inevitably, life did go on. Family rallied around. There was shared mourning and commemoration in the town. War ended, business expanded. More grandchildren and great-grandchildren were added to the family circle. There was much that was good, including another trip to England, again with Doris. But no more moves, no more uprootings or new starts. For over thirty years Tailem Bend was home for Florence, the longest she had ever lived in one place.*

Yes, it was a prosaic conclusion, but I was pleased that I had been able to put some flesh on the bare bones I had for Florence.

Calling the story *Looking Forward, Looking Back*, I ended as I had begun with anticipation of my new family status.

Now in 2025 as my great-granddaughter starts school, I wonder what interest she may develop in those who came before her?

My story was published in *The South Australian Genealogist* quarterly journal the following year [Vol 47, No 2, May 2020].

"Harry's" Mate

Kris Jacobsen

Arthur Benjamin Parker was born at home in Goulburn Street, Sydney on 9 May 1869 and later placed in the care of the Sydney Benevolent Asylum, an organisation administered by the New South Wales Benevolent Society that cared for the poor, destitute and sick. Arthur's boyhood days were characterised by taking simple jobs or work that was suitable for an inexperienced kid like himself. On account of his shyness his mother often sought positions on his behalf, but his resolve to seriously apply himself to allotted tasks was occasionally subverted by his desire to swim at beaches in the eastern suburbs of Sydney.

An account of some of Arthur's boyhood exploits was later penned by future life-long friend and author, Henry Lawson, in one of his short stories known as *Mitchell's Jobs*. Mitchell was a fictional character created by Henry who drew on his experiences of men and women in the Australian bush and was partially based on true stories of Arthur's boyhood days. Although the character of Mitchell in this sketch was probably enhanced by Henry's imagination, Arthur identified himself as the boy who had once worked in a mat factory and chemist store. The following excerpt from Henry Lawson's *Mitchell's Jobs* was based on the first-mentioned job obtained for Arthur by a relative.

> The next job I got was in a mat factory; at least, aunt got that for me. I didn't want to have anything to do with mats or carpets. The worst of it was the boss didn't seem to want me to go, and I had a job to get him to sack me, and when he did he saw some of my people and took me back again next week. He sacked me finally the next Saturday.

Probably influenced by his older brother, Charlie, who was a carpenter, Arthur pursued a trade as plasterer. His chosen occupation was not without its hazards as was demonstrably experienced by him in October 1887 while on a construction site in Oxford Street, Paddington. Aged eighteen at the time, Arthur fell about twelve feet from a scaffold, striking his head and injuring his left arm. He recovered in Sydney Hospital and was fortunate to escape more serious injury from a quantity of bricks that simultaneously came down upon him.

This mishap notwithstanding, Arthur spent most of the same year in the upper Blue Mountains with Charlie and a group of fellow tradesmen which included Henry Lawson as house painter. Henry christened this gang of workmates "The Mountain Push" who, in turn, endearingly referred to their mate as "Harry". Henry's time there, however, was broken regularly by trips to Sydney until he

departed permanently to live with his mother, Louisa. He turned his talents to prose and successfully submitted his literary efforts to *The Bulletin* and other publications.

As recollected later by Arthur in *Henry Lawson by his Mates* published in 1931, he considered his first meeting with Henry "as a turning-point in my life" and developed a deep appreciation of him and his bush poetry. They became firm friends and maintained contact with each other, often intentionally but occasionally by chance in the streets of Sydney. Arthur recalled one of these encounters that occurred in 1893 when Henry's good nature was evident while sailing on Sydney Harbour in a twenty-four "footer" named Sydney. Henry readily joined in the spirit of the occasion with conviviality and fun, suggesting that any irritation in his life at the time had been left behind on the shore.

Apart from plying his trade as a plasterer, Arthur's leisure time was spent surfing and swimming at Bondi and Coogee beaches near his home in Waverley. He developed a passion for these pursuits that ultimately led to his serving the community over many decades. Besides achieving the position of instructor with the embryonic Life Saving Society in Australia, he was also an instructor for the Randwick and Coogee Swimming Club and was later instrumental in the formation of the Coogee Surf Life Saving Brigade in 1907.

Qualified as a life-saving instructor with medallion from the Waverley branch of English Life Saving Society as well as being a certificated member of St John Ambulance Association, Arthur zealously promoted the life-saving cause whenever and wherever he could. On 9 August 1895 the Waverley branch of the Life Saving Society amalgamated with the co-created New South Wales Head Centre to form the New South Wales Life Saving Society. Arthur automatically became a member of the new organisation and continued in his role as a qualified instructor. He tirelessly gave demonstrations on different methods of rescue, release and resuscitation and encouraged the formation of branch societies and clubs in his travels.

In October 1896 while pursuing work in Western Australia where he met up with his mate, Henry Lawson, while camped on the banks of the Swan River, he was motivated to pen a letter to the editor of *The West Australian*. Concerned at the loss of life from two boating accidents on the Swan River and witnessed by onlookers who were untrained to assist, Arthur was prepared to offer his time and knowledge by providing free life-saving classes of instruction. He also advised that "the municipality should lose no time in erecting public baths, where bathers could with safety enjoy a swim in the summer months". If he extracted a response it would not be until the autumn of the following year before the first Western Australian branch was formed.

Beating the drum for the Life Saving Society, his crusade of instruction and training also took him to New Zealand, South Africa and other far-flung parts of

his native land that included Queensland. The convenience of travelling in his home state of New South Wales necessarily meant that most of his voluntary time was directed to Sydney and its environs.

During the summer of 1906 his skills and experience were put to the test soon after competing in the carnival handicap swimming races held by the Randwick and Coogee Swimming Club at the Coogee Aquarium. In the afternoon of 19 January 1906 while Arthur was travelling from Mosman across Sydney Harbour as a passenger on the ferry Kurraba, a young passenger jumped overboard in the vicinity of Fort Denison. Without hesitation Arthur selflessly responded to cries of "Woman Overboard" and, divesting himself of his coat, leapt to the woman's assistance swimming a distance of some 300 yards. The young woman, who was later identified as Marjorie Halstead, was brought on board and as it was thought that she was suffering a fit was landed at North Sydney where Arthur rendered first aid. Although Arthur responded as a trained life saver to an apparent emergency, it transpired that Marjorie had attempted suicide and she was brought before a magistrate at North Sydney the next day.

At the annual meeting of The Royal Life Saving Society held in Sydney the following winter, Arthur was recognised for his altruistic act. He also received the bronze medal and certificate of merit presented by The Royal Shipwreck Relief and Humane Society of New South Wales for "his conspicuous bravery in promptly diving overboard, fully dressed, from the Mosman's ferry steamer when in mid-harbour, on 19th January, 1906 to the rescue of a woman who had attempted suicide".

As the popularity of surf swimming increased on Sydney's beaches, so did Arthur's prominence within the swimming and life saving community. His commitment to conducting classes in methods of rescue and resuscitation, coupled with his awareness for safety on the beaches, culminated in his founding one of the first surf life saving clubs in Sydney. On 25 March 1907 Arthur composed a letter from "Glenara" his home at the time in Tiger Street, Randwick, seeking permission from Randwick Borough Council to form a club for life saving and ambulance at Coogee.

The request was granted and the Coogee Surf Life Saving Brigade was founded at a general meeting chaired by Arthur and held at the Coogee Aquarium on 7 May 1907. Other surf life saving clubs were being formed close to Sydney at the same time and by April 1908 Arthur had received plaudits for his role as honorary instructor and practical demonstrator for clubs such as Little Coogee (now Clovelly) Surf Bathers' Association and North Maroubra Life Line Club. Recognition of his service over many years took the form of an "enlarged and inscribed photograph of Coogee Bay, taken on the occasion of a record attendance of surf bathers".

Although Arthur was the inaugural honorary instructor of the Coogee Surf Life

Saving Brigade and its first life member, his active participation decreased as it became more established. Arthur continued to officiate at beach sports and surf carnivals and perform examinations of candidates for proficiency certificates and bronze medallions. He maintained his active involvement with The Royal Life Saving Society well into the 1930s, not as an active demonstrator of rescue techniques but in fulfilling the role of official historian for the organisation.

In his twilight years he regularly addressed audiences with his knowledge of life saving, as well as being honoured with accolades such as a suitably-inscribed gold medal from the Deepwater Life Saving Club in 1924. Arthur's dedicated service to the Royal Life Saving Society has been perpetuated in the Arthur Parker Cup, an annual prize awarded to the premier team from boys' schools in New South Wales for skill in the performance of life saving.

Besides finding time to serve the cause of life saving, Arthur still earned an income from his trade as a plasterer and, after the death of his brother, Charlie, acted as guardian for his daughter. And up to the time of Henry Lawson's death in 1922, his mateship with the bush poet endured despite losing contact in his final years. Even after Henry's death, Arthur retained an affection for Henry's wife, Bertha and daughter, Bertha.

In April 1931 Arthur accompanied both women on a weekend trip to Mount Victoria to reminisce and show them buildings that "The Mountain Push" had constructed in the late 1880s. Endearingly described by Henry's daughter, Arthur was "solemn, simple, honest, faithful, utterly sincere, steady as a rock and looking like one, had an immense pride in his mateship with Dad, and a great love of us as Henry Lawson's family". The two Lawson ladies were led by Arthur to the Old Stone Chimney, the subject of Henry's verse published in 1889, and down to the valley floor plunging "ankle deep in tan bark" and over "rotted steps and old logs". Although the day was bright and signs of life were evident, the trio were confronted by a feeling of desolation and emptiness at the sight of the old, ruined farm. Nevertheless, the ladies were comforted by Arthur's local knowledge and his air of confidence. The object of their quest was the location of the cemetery where Henry's father, Peter, was buried but they were unable to find his grave so the trio made their weary way back to the road before returning to Mount Victoria in the evening.

Arthur's health deteriorated in his twilight years and he was afflicted with coronary sclerosis for the final ten years of his life. He continued living at "Rubicon", his home at the time in Bankstown. But when a series of Japanese submarine attacks occurred in Sydney Harbour in late May and early June 1942 and a brief bombardment of the Eastern Suburbs on 8 June, he left Sydney. Fearful of an impending Japanese invasion, Arthur removed himself to the north-western New South Wales town of Walgett.

Arthur's time in Walgett was brief however, and he died of a coronary occlusion

on 7 July 1942, aged 73. He was buried the following day in plot 139 of the Church of England section of Walgett Cemetery.

See also the image on the cover of Arthur Benjamin Parker c1900.

Contact Kris at kljacobsen@ozemail.com.au

Arthur Benjamin Parker wearing the Bronze Medallion, Reynolds family collection

My Elusive Grandmother

Jenny Smith

I did not know much about my grandmother, Rose Bridges (nee Phillips) other than she had a sister Kate Phillips. Dad had always told the family, his mother was 'Hendon born and bred'. Hendon is now part of Greater London. Luckily during my enquiries for my grandfather, I found that he and his wife, Rose, had been married in 1898 while my grandfather was in the Suffolk Regiment - I say lucky, because the marriage details were found in his Service Record.

On the marriage certificate, Rose had stated that her age was 29. This meant she was born in about 1869. I also found the marriage details on FreeBMD so applied for it. I found that the witnesses to the marriage were 'M A Phillips and "A Phillips'. The father was stated as being 'Algernon Phillips, deceased, printer'. So there I was with a little bit more information. I then searched the Family Search IGI database and FreeBMD to see if I could locate a Rose Phillips - but without success. I thought there was nothing more I could do, but made the trek from Grenfell to Canberra to the National Archives and searched St Catherine's Index for every quarter from about 1867 to 1871. I could not find anything. I was very disappointed and was met by the comment from the assistant on duty "You know, sometimes they weren't registered"!

In the meantime, I reacquainted myself with my eldest first cousin in England. However, he could not tell me much I did not already know, although he did say that our great-grandmother was a 'true Cockney', .i.e. born within hearing distance the Bow Bells in City of London.

Using the LDS Family Search site, I took another 'stab in the dark' and decided that I would search around the 1870 mark for any boys' names which ran in my father's side of the family, beginning with 'A' i.e. Albert and Alfred are family names. What popped up was Alfred with a mother Mary Ann. Could this really be the right person? He was born in St Pancras. Then I searched for William (another family name) and again - here was William with a mother called Mary Ann. This lookied promising but where do I go from here?

I then decided I should use another tack - by this time the 1901 Census was on line. I knew by 1901 my grandmother should have had two little girls, my aunts, Lil and May, but I searched and searched, and still couldn't find this little family. I knew my grandfather, Bob, would not be there, as he was fighting the Boers in

South Africa. But then a major breakthrough - I searched the 1901 Census for a known address - 4 Milton Road, Hendon - this was the residential address of Rose on her marriage certificate. Great excitement this time - as this address showed Mary Ann Phillips, a widow, who was born in London Bow. So here was another step, but would this really point to my grandma? So, now I had a missing Rose and her daughters but at least, I thought, I had found great-grandma!

All this time, months went by and I could not progress further, but I then decided that I would order the Census film for 1891 from the LDS Church. I was really looking for Rose, but decided I would just look for the Milton Road address instead. After many pages of enumerators' books, I found great grandma - again at Milton Road, but this time at No.15 along with Charles, Rose, Alfred, William and Beatrice. Well, what a find that was - but where was Auntie Kate and also there were no birth places. Incidentally, great grandma's occupation is noted as 'Gold Blocker'.

While I was at the LDS Church, the supervisor suggested I go online on Ancestry.com. I explained that I could not find my grandmother, so she suggested that I just use the first three letters of the surname namely 'Bri' with a wildcard *asterisk. Another breakthrough - here was Rose with the two girls, Lil and May and Rose's brother William. Here Rose says she is 30, which makes her birth date 1871. The reason I could not find the surname Bridges was that the transcriber had entered the surname as 'Bridge'- transcription is not always correct.

Over twelve months had passed and I just put it in the back of my mind that I would not be able to find grandma's birth - however, I did have two old letters from England and I decided to re-read those. In one letter in 1941 Grandpa said that Grandma was going to turn 74 years on 25 October of that year, so that made the birth year 1867. Then in the letter in 1949, Grandma says she is in her 83rd year, so she has turned 82 - that makes her birth year 1867 as well. Now here is another piece of vital information - 25 October. Her birth had to be registered somewhere, so back to the Free BMD and the LDS Family Search - searching, searching, searching - still no Rose.

I then searched the UK 1881 Census and the 1871 Census. After searching yet again, for Rose Phillips, the LDS supervisor suggested I search for one of the other members of the family - I searched for Mary Ann (great grandma) and then the brother Charles, without success and then I searched for the youngest boy - Alfred. Here was Alfred with his sisters, Alice, Rosa and Charles Phillips, their mother Mary Phillips, and some grandparents Edward and Mary A Vernon. All the children were born in the district of St Pancras. Mary Ann was born in the City and she was a Leaf Stamper.

Then to the 1871 Census - as Alfred was not born before 1871, I had to search for another family member and this time, I found living with Edward Vernon and Mary Ann Vernon, daughters Mary Ann (Gold Stamper) and Emma Vernon with Charles Vernon and Rosina Vernon (grandchildren).

This was really getting quite weird - could this really be the family I was after? Could I possibly join my Phillips family with the Vernon family? How was this all going to fit? I had a lot of coincidences but no 'facts'.

Another visit to the LDS Church and a search of the UK 1861 Census revealed the Vernon family again - no Rosina but I had Edward, Mary, Edward Henry, Catherine and Emma. I felt sure this was still the same family. This 1861 search joins Emma with the Emma in the 1871 Census.

At this stage, I searched FreeBMD again and found the birth details of Rosina Vernon. Rosina was born in 1867, the December quarter, the district as Hendon with the Volume/Folio. I applied to the General Registry Office in England and when the certificate arrived here was Rosina Vernon born 25 October 1867 (the exact day of my grandma's birth), the mother was Mary Ann Vernon and present at the birth was M Vernon.

It was here that I really needed some help so I posted a message on the Middlesex Message Board and received a reply from a genealogist. I briefly explained that I had this conundrum as to how I could confirm all the assumptions I had gathered together and make sure I really did have the correct family. Her advice to me was that there were just too many coincidences to ignore - first, the occupation of the grandma, Mary Ann Phillips, being as Gold Blocker/Gold Stamper/Leaf Stamper. Second, the family ages, together through each Census and third, during the 10 year period between 1871 and 1881, Rose's mother went from being a Vernon to a Phillips. Also, she seemed to be in a long-term relationship given the number of children that were popping out - perhaps she did marry? Still, I could not find an Algernon Phillips as referred to in Rose's marriage certificate and the certificates of marriage of her siblings. There just did not seem to be a connection.

I then searched FreeBMD and achieved the result of Edward Vernon marrying Mary Ann Phillips (widow, formerly Wright) in 1843. My London contact then sent me the 1851 Census showing Edward and Mary Ann Vernon living with seven year old twins Mary A Vernon and Caroline Vernon, together with an Edward H and a daughter Catherine. I have yet to find any birth information for Edward Vernon or Mary Ann Wright - this is the problem with common names.

The above is a timeline from many years ago, certainly pre-internet, and since then I have found numerous connections to the Vernon/Phillips family; in 1843 Edward and Mary Ann Vernon operated an inn, the King's Arms at 122 Leadenhall Street (no longer in existence but under the former P & O building in London), that Mary Ann Phillips (the younger) shared housing with one or other of her sisters; my great uncle, Alfred, was picked up by the Police for running away; births, marriages and deaths of the various great uncles and aunts as well as 2xgreat uncle and aunts; searching addresses has helped me beyond imagination; and there are some wonderful people who are only too happy to help.

The Flute

Jenny Smith

All during my younger years, Mum had a drawer in her wardrobe for special things. As children we were never allowed to scrabble around in there without Mum's permission. So when Mum passed away in 1994 there was the inevitable clean out and I ended up with the flute.

The flute was then stored in my wardrobe, and its history never entered my head except that perhaps it belonged to my grandmother (Rachel Welbury James nee Arnold 1865-1939) or, maybe, some of my great aunts.

Pre-Covid I eventually had a closer look at it and thought I should have it refurbished. I also noticed a small mark on it - Wainwright-Sydney. Finding that mark was like winning Lotto, as I do enjoy a bit of history. A few Google searches later and I found that Jordan Wainwright was a flute maker in London between 1820 and 1850. Travelling to Sydney with his wife about 1853, by 1857 he had set up a flute making business in Sydney which operated until 1883. He died in 1884. It appears he was also a wood turner and had work exhibited in several international and colonial exhibitions. To make his Australian flutes he turned to Myall (Acacia Pendula) wood and Moruya silver. It is a flute in the F key.

Eventually, I tracked down renowned flute maker Terry McGee from the south coast of NSW who was able to replace the missing key along with various pieces of cork. It was fabulous to hear Terry play the flute, at least for the first time in about 65 years.

George Victor Browning

Peter John Browning

My grandfather, George Victor Browning, was born in 1898 in Prahran, Melbourne to Charles and Ellen Browning, the fifth of nine children. Space and money were tight for the large family, but they managed to make room for an adopted cousin. George knew little of his heritage other than the family originated from Coaley in Gloucestershire and had been cordwainers (shoemakers) and grocers.

His grandfather had emigrated around 1856 and an *Argus* article referred to Simeon Browning as owner of the Phoenix Flour Mill in Port Melbourne during the great flood of 1863:

> *The storm raged with such destructive fury during Monday and Tuesday last ….. the whole of North Sandridge was more or less under water. Several houses were washed down, and at one time as many as eighty children were sheltered in Browning's flour-mill, in Bay Street. The mill itself, however, became in-secure, the foundations having been affected, and carts having been obtained, the children were taken to Emerald-hill for shelter.*

George's father, Charles, was unusually a 'tea taster and traveller' - a travelling salesman for the Bushell's Tea Company. The children attended Hawksburn State School, near Prahran, where George enjoyed his four years as a cadet. George left school early and became a telegram boy, delivering on his bicycle around Melbourne.

A big event of his early life was when, as a fifteen-year-old, he heard the exciting news that the first ever aerial mail was to be flown from Melbourne to Sydney. This was an unimaginable feat, and he could buy an Official Souvenir of Australia's Aerial Mail to travel on that plane. Aerial Mail number 1432 (of 1785), became his in July 1914. Addressed to himself, and with a one penny stamp attached, he handed it in for the big trip.

He even penned a small verse on the postcard:

Rising gently from the hillside
To the cheering of the crowd
With the first Aerial mailbag
On his trip to Sydney bound *G V Browning*

French aviator Ernest Guillaux took off in his Bleriot monoplane from Flemington

showgrounds on 16 July 1914. George tracked his progress as he landed at Seymour, Wangaratta, Albury, Wagga, Harden, Goulburn, Liverpool and then Moore Park, in central Sydney, where he was received on 18 July by a huge crowd, including the Governor-General. At the time, this was the longest air mail flight anywhere in the world. The postcards were then sent home by regular mail and you can imagine the excitement of a 15-year-old receiving his postcard by return mail, and it became one of his most treasured possessions. George was then employed by Customs and Excise in Melbourne, as part of the small Australian Public Service.

But now came the news that war had been declared on Germany. George's three older brothers enlisted, as did the two neighbouring Barrand boys. George and his younger neighbour, Olive Barrand, were left home to follow the news. But George couldn't wait, so at only seventeen years and five months, and with a little bit of forgery, he too enlisted, with the 21st Battalion, and eagerly waited his turn to travel to France. Imagine the state his parents were in, with four boys going to the front.

George started his big adventure travelling via Plymouth, having his 18th birthday at sea, and joining the 21st Battalion in France in November 1916. The winter of 1916-17 was bitter with frost and snow hitting the unprepared young soldiers hard. George fell very fell ill from 'trench feet' and was treated in France and then evacuated to Bath Hospital in England. After treatment and furlough, he recovered sufficiently to re-join his Battalion in France, on 2 May 1917, just in time for the second Battle of Bullecourt. Tragically, the next day his brother, Walter, was killed at Bullecourt by artillery. His body was never recovered and there are heart wrenching letters from his parents pleading for information on their son, who was declared Missing in Action, until an eyewitness came forward confirming the circumstances of his death.

George rarely spoke of his experiences, but fought in most of the remaining major battles of WW1, with the battalion suffering terrible losses. George spent another period in hospital in September 1917 and returned to the news that

in October his neighbour, Frank Barrand, had been killed at Polygon Wood. I imagine a highlight of George's service was New Year's Eve 1918 which he spent in Paris on a six-day leave, an experience for a 20-year-old Presbyterian boy from Melbourne.

After more difficult battles, the 21st attacked Mont St Quentin in September 1918 and as a result of the heavy losses, they were able to field little more than a company of men fit for active service - about 240 from a strength of 1,036. Other battalions were in a similar state, so the 21st was ordered to disband to provide reinforcements. However, the 21st refused to be broken up and the soldiers mutinied in protest - they would serve out the war with their mates. The remaining 240 men took part in the final Australian operation of the war as the 21st, joining the attack at Montbrehain in October 1918 – the formidable Hindenburg Line. The following day the Australian Corps was withdrawn from the line, with the 21st being the last Australian battalion to leave.

Amazingly, George had taken his treasured Aerial Mail with him to France and had it signed by his three brothers and some colleagues. His last, proud, signature is:

"G V Browning, Hindenburg Line Oct 2nd 1918"

George finally arrived back in Australia in August 1919, was discharged in January 1920 and resumed work with the Customs Department. However, there was now a little clerical error to correct, as his false birth date became a problem, so an exchange of letters returned the seven months of age he had signed away and his birthday became his own again.

I imagine he had great difficulty adjusting back to life behind a desk, but his young neighbour, Olive Barrand, was now a grown woman and they married in 1924. Two children quickly followed, Wally and Frank and the third, Kevin, in October 1927. They had settled back into normal life in Prahran, but news came through - the Trade and Customs Department was being transferred to the new capital city. In November 1927, they packed their house and boarded a train, with two toddlers and six-week-old Kevin, and set off to a completely unknown future. They were allocated a two-bedroom house at 19 Lister Crescent, Ainslie. They arrived to an empty house in a sheep paddock, with their furniture nowhere to be seen. Luckily a kind neighbour loaned them enough items for them to survive until their goods finally arrived.

Life was so different from suburban Melbourne, as Canberra had a population of only around 6,000 and was still largely a rural community, with many of the farmers still bitter at their land having been compulsorily resumed. Bruce Wright in *Cornerstone of the Capital* wrote "In early 1928, 646 public servants had been transferred to Canberra - something less than one-half of the Public Service". By the middle of 1928 there were 728 government houses built

and tenanted to public servants. Three more children followed, Allan, Judy and Barry, and they started to adapt to their new life, looking forward to the promised development of a new city. This growing family led to a move to a three-bedroom house at 13 Toms Crescent in 1931, where Olive resided for over sixty years. One problem with Ainslie was the isolation and lack of transport, so George extended himself to the purchase of his first car, a 1926 Essex Tourer.

But then more trouble, as the great depression hit and progress in Canberra stalled. There was a great threat of job losses, but the public servants banded together and took a voluntary pay cut so they could all remain employed. Their rents were reduced to help them, but the family only survived thanks to a relocation allowance that transferees had been granted to compensate them for their move. George was a very good gardener on his large block and provided for the family, plus extras to give away to the less fortunate.

Recreational facilities were limited, so the residents came together to build the Corrobboree Park Tennis Club Courts and George and Olive were foundation members. Olive was the Ainslie Tennis Club champion on three occasions and was made a life member in 1949. One boyhood prank was to bring home a dead snake and leave it in the driveway when their mother was walking in, but to their disappointment it had little effect. However, when they took a mouse in to their mother she panicked and climbed out the window, a much more satisfactory outcome.

Just as life was settling down again, WWII was declared. In 1942 Wally enlisted in the Navy and served aboard HMAS *Swan* in a minesweeping and anti-submarine role, including at Darwin and Milne Bay. He was soon followed by his brother Frank, who enlisted in the Infantry and was sent to Cowra for training, just weeks before the big Japanese POW breaout. Tragically, after a forced overnight march, Frank fell gravely ill with pneumonia and suitable medication was not available. George and Olive desperately tried to get to Cowra, but because of fuel rationing, they had great difficulty in getting there. They finally arrived, but Frank had just been sent to Concord Hospital in Sydney where he died, so his distraught mother did not get to see him. Fortunately, Wally arrived home safely at war's end.

Son Kevin was too young for the war, so he enlisted in the British Commonwealth Occupation Force (BCOF) and was sent to Japan in 1946, attached to the 130th Military Hospital - "don't worry Dad, it will be a great adventure as they are sending me to Hiroshima". There he was tasked with going into underground drains and structures to retrieve the remains of victims who had fled there after the blast - "what did 'ground zero' mean anyway". Nothing for the family to worry about as the fighting was ended, but then a message about an earthquake - "don't worry Dad, I only fell down three stories and am recovering well", and

then a train wreck - “don’t worry Dad, I am recovering well and they are giving us free cigarettes to settle us down”.

Kevin returned in 1947 but was held in camp in Sydney over the Xmas break before being demobbed. “Xmas and New Year in an army camp after two years away - no way – so grab a few mates and over the fence for a couple of great weeks celebrating at Cronulla”. Mum waiting at home was not impressed that he had not chosen to go home for Christmas.

But through all this, none of them were aware of the insidious effect that the residual radiation was having on the soldiers. Veterans Affairs refused to acknowledge any ill effects and Kevin became one test case of many with identical medical issues. It was not accepted in his lifetime, but ironically, he was given a DVA Gold Card for the effect of the free cigarettes, earthquake and train crash. Sadly, Olive lived to see Kevin pass away in 1998, partly due to the effect of his Hiroshima experiences.

Another son, Allan, had learnt Japanese at school and also served with BCOF.

Life normalised as Canberra developed, but the unspoken war experiences and the tragedy of the loss of a brother, brother-in-law and son, took a silent toll on George and Olive, nevertheless nineteen grandchildren helped fill the void. George retired in 1959, aged 61, and after a peaceful retirement on the golf course and in his impressive garden, died at home of a heart attack in 1971, aged 72. Olive lived until the age of 98, only passing away in 2003.

A very young George Browning in WW1 uniform

Annie Dawn Fitzgerald (nee Heycox)

Annette Fitzgerald

Annie Dawn Fitzgerald (my paternal grandmother) was born on 28 December 1898 at Currowan Creek Aboriginal Reserve, Nelligen, near Batemans Bay to George and Emily Heycox. Currowan is a locality in the Eurobodalla Shire, on the south coast of New South Wales. It is about 42 km south-east of Braidwood. Currowan lies on the traditional lands of Walbanga Aboriginal people, a group of the Yuin tribe.

On the opposite bank of Currowan Creek to the town site, 'about 60 acres' of land was set aside, in April 1893, as an Aboriginal reserve. This became the Currowan Creek Aboriginal Reserve, which lasted until 1956. It was recorded as 50 acres in size. In June 1910, there were just three huts, with two adults and five children, three of school age, living there. The residents had employment, at times, cutting sleepers and stripping wattle bark (for tanning). Three acres of land were under cultivation for maize and vegetables.

Annie had 13 siblings, ten brothers and three sisters, including one set of twins. The eldest brother was born in 1882 and the youngest in 1908. Besides the difficult life that Annie would have endured living in a very hard climate, she would have been expected to help with home chores and cooking, being one of the few women in the male-dominated household.

Annie married my paternal grandfather, James Charles (Charlie) Fitzgerald. He was born on 8 September 1878 in Araluen, near Braidwood to Robert Fitzgerald and Bridget Gilligan. Bridget had immigrated from Ireland in 1865. Annie was his second wife. Charlie already had five children with his first wife, although one child died at the age of seven months. Charlie's other four children were aged 13, 12, 10 and 2 when his first wife died in 1919.

Annie Heycox and Charlie Fitzgerald married on 1 June 1920 in Moruya, New South Wales. They went on to have another nine offspring, making Annie the mother of 13 children. Her first child was born in 1921 with her ninth, my dad, born in 1938.

Gold had been discovered at Araluen, Majors Creek, Captains Flat and Braidwood in the early 1850s and some shaft mining had occurred at Nelligen.

However, with no road between Braidwood and Nelligen, not much had been done. In 1853 that road commenced between Braidwood and Nelligen, and it was completed in 1856. Also, in 1853, a steamship was travelling the Clyde River to Nelligen.

Charlie came to Nelligen with his parents in 1901 looking for gold and hoping for a better future for his family. After the gold rush was over, the men had to find other jobs. Many of them moved into the timber industry. Most of Annie's brothers worked at the Brooman Sawmill, near Milton, and her sons at the Nelligen sawmill.

Annie had two brothers serve in WWI. Private Frederick Heycox, regimental number 3358 served in the 45th Australian Infantry Battalion from 1914-1918. He returned home to Australia. Annie's other brother Private Ernest George Heycox, regimental number 4059, was in the 30th Australian Infantry Battalion. Ernest was killed in action in Belgium. He is commemorated at the Menin Gate Memorial, Ypres, Flanders, Belgium.

Annie also nearly lost her brother Clyde to a terrible accident at the sawmill where he was working in 1925. While tree felling, a limb dropped and struck Clyde, severely injuring his head, both his shoulders and body. Clyde made it to the hospital and survived. Annie's brother Billy lost his life to a timber logging accident in 1954.

Annie was known as the **Tea Lady** of Nelligen. After getting all the children off to work or school, she did her housework then boiled water to carry in a bucket down the hill to the cafe. This was to make cups of tea for the men coming in from the gold mines or the timber mills. The Fitzgeralds lived at the top of the hill. Annie walked up and down that hill with hot water until it was time for the children to come home from school. She also carried hot water down the hill for dances at the Nelligen hall.

Left: the cafe at the bottom of the hill. Right: Nanna Fitz

As there was no electricity in Nelligen until 1961 or sewerage until December last year (2024), being a woman in Nelligen in the 1900s would have been very hard.

Unfortunately, I never got to meet my grandmother that I can remember. She died in 1969 when I was one. From what I have heard from everyone who knew my grandmother, she was a beautiful person who would help anyone and that she was a hard worker.

My grandmother obviously didn't want her daughters to have the same life as she did as she sent them all away from Nelligen to make a new life for themselves. One of her daughters, Stella, went to Batemans Bay and studied nursing. Her three other daughters, Joan, Laura and Shirley went to Sydney and did home help.

Even though I don't remember my Nanna Fitz, I always think of how hard it would have been for her and the other females of that era and feel so proud of them. She was always remembered as being very hospitable and a hard worker by all the friends and family who would call in for a cuppa.

Nanna Fitz passed away on 3 October 1969 and is buried in the Nelligen cemetery.

The Clyde River with Nelligen Village lower right

Sapper Page's War

A biography of Arthur James Page VX132333

2/2nd Field Company, Royal Australian Engineers (RAE),

6th Division AIF in World War 11

Helen Cohen

Arthur James Page (1909-2007) was aged 30, single and working on a wheat farm when he enlisted in April 1940. He served with 2/2nd Field Company RAE throughout WWII: in North Africa, Greece, Syria, and New Guinea. Field companies undertook civil and mechanical engineering, mine laying, minesweeping, bridge building, demolitions, and booby trap clearance, sometimes in close support to infantry units. Field companies, like other combat units, were no place for the faint hearted and the fact Arthur survived with the unit for the whole war, emerging to engage in a well-rounded civilian life until his 90s, stands as testament to his practical skills as well as his enduring physical and mental resilience.

Arthur was born on 29 September 1909. His mother died when he was 11, resulting in Arthur and his three sisters living with their father, Midgley Arthur Page, and his second wife. Their new home life was not a happy time, especially for Arthur who left home at 14.

The outbreak of war in September 1939 saw Australia ill-prepared and ill-equipped to undertake a modern war. However, by the time Arthur enlisted, over 100,000 men had volunteered for service overseas, the 6th Division had sailed for Egypt and the 7th Division was being raised for overseas service.

Blond-haired, blue-eyed Arthur, known as 'Snowy Page' during his Army days, arrived in the Middle East on 30 September 1940 to complete his sapper training. On 7 November 1940 he joined 2/2nd Field Company RAE. As part of 6th Division, his unit took part in the battle for Bardia followed by action at Tobruk and Benghazi. This was a steep learning curve for young Australian volunteers: combatting enemy fire, mines and tangled wire in freezing conditions and blinding sandstorms.

Arthur's unit went to Greece in early April 1941 as part of British forces blocking German advance south through Greece. His unit was deployed to Larissa then Braloss Pass and was fully committed to destroying roads

and bridges. Work was carried out close to the advancing enemy and Arthur sustained shrapnel wounds to his back on 22 April 1941. The British were forced to retreat to Kalamata where Arthur's unit was evacuated to Egypt.

"Buck, Jim & Self Greece 1941" on back of this photo. Arthur on the left. Family Collection

On return from Greece, the unit spent a protracted period in recuperation, re-equipment and retraining at Hill 69 north of Gaza. Fearing German advance, on 8 June 1941 the 7th Australian Division launched a pre-emptive invasion of Syria. The invasion required massive engineer support including 12 field companies and four field park companies. Arthur's unit did not arrive until 27 September, by which time fighting had ceased and work concentrated on road construction, maintenance and fixed defence works.

Arthur's unit was withdrawn in January 1942, returned to Palestine, and embarked for Australia on 19 February, arriving in Adelaide on 28 March. Arthur, along with 'other diggers' was billeted with a family who wrote to his father praising his character. On 28 April Arthur spent seven days leave in Melbourne with family before deploying to the Northern Territory.

Australia was now preparing for a Japanese invasion. From late May 1942 Arthur's unit was responsible for all construction works between Pine Creek and Darwin. The unit remained working and training in the Darwin area, sometimes under Japanese attack, until April 1943. In June 1943 the unit moved to Queensland's Atherton Tablelands, where they were involved in constructing General Blamey's 'Atherton Project', a huge recuperation and training area for units returning from the Middle East.

As part of 17th Brigade, Arthur's unit arrived at Aitape, western New Guinea, on 26 November 1944. From 6 December the unit was engaged in road making and bridge building eastward along the coast in support of the Australian

push towards Wewak. Monsoonal rains dogged the campaign until May 1945 when the Australians drove the Japanese out of Wewak. The Japanese fought strongly, both along the coast and in the Torricelli Range, requiring the unit to sometimes divert its road making in order to support infantry fighting in mountains to the south.

Torrential rains and flooding of the many streams that intersect the coastal plain washed away roads and bridges. This constantly hampered work, as did poor load-bearing soils, delays to clear unexploded Japanese bombs, mines, booby traps, and the need to overcome a determined enemy in retreat.

Wewak town fell to the 19th Australian Brigade on 11 May 1945 with field companies in support. Arthur's unit was tasked to bring Wewak airstrip up to DC3 standard (DC3s were the main aeroplane used to move troops and stores during WWII and the Berlin airlift), which it did by target date (9 June 1945). Fighting continued to the south and east of Wewak with field companies, including the 2/2nd, in support until the cessation of hostilities on 15 August 1945.

Arthur returned to Australia in September 1945 and was discharged at Royal Park on 12 October that year. In 1948 Arthur married Rose Mary Williams. They had two children, Barbara, and Ralph. The family lived in suburban Melbourne until Arthur and Rose retired to Queensland. He died on 12 April 2007 aged 97. None of Arthur's wartime letters have survived but evidence of them is contained in photos and a souvenir handkerchief from Damascus.

What stands out in Arthur's service career is his participation in the variety of work his 2/2nd Field Company undertook. The unit was highly mobile, moving from North Africa to Greece, Egypt, Australia and New Guinea. In WWII field companies were expected to work in close support, or in front of, advancing infantry units. It says something of Arthur's resilience that he remained with the company from enlistment until the end of hostilities.

References available on request.

"Arthur James Page at ANZAC Day 2004". Family Collection

Wombat - One of "The Few"

Sean Kelly

On 20 October 1940, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in one of his most famous and inspirational speeches, paid tribute to the enormous contribution and sacrifice of British fighter pilots defending Britain from Luftwaffe bombers during the Blitz, declaring:

> *Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.*

Three of "The Few" hailed from my Kelly family, and all three made the ultimate sacrifice. One was Charles Anthony Woods-Scawen (known as Tony), who was born in Karachi, British India, on 18 February 1918. Tony was the second child of merchant Philip Neri Woods-Scawen and Kathleen Florence Kelly, both also born in India. The family moved to England when he was four years old, and his mother died in 1926, when Tony was eight years old (and his father was absent working in Africa).

Tony and his older brother Patrick attended Salesian College in Farnborough, Hampshire. They were described as 'rambunctious lads, popular with the girls', and both became enamoured of the same girl, Una Lawrence, known as 'Bunny'. They were known for their interest in fast machines - racing around the town on motorbikes - and, growing up in the shadow of the Royal Aircraft Establishment in Farnborough, where aircraft and weapons systems were developed and tested for the R.A.F., it was almost impossible for the two boys to avoid falling in love with the idea of a flying career.

Patrick joined the Royal Air Force as a fighter pilot in October 1937, and Tony was determined to follow him. However, due to a bout of tuberculosis, he suffered from permanent vision impairment. At one point it was sufficiently serious to prevent him completing his School Certificate. Despite this, Tony managed to enlist in the R.A.F. in March 1938, reputedly passing the R.A.F. physical eye test by memorising a standard eye chart and reciting letters as if he could actually see them!

Tony successfully completed flight training - helped by having prescription lenses built into his goggles - to become a fighter pilot. In December 1938, he was posted to No. 43 Squadron, known as the 'Fighting Cocks', at R.A.F. Tangmere, 30km east of Portsmouth. On 7 April 1939, Tony was promoted to

Flying Officer. At 43 Squadron, he earned himself the nickname 'Wombat', reputedly 'because, like the beady-eyed marsupial of Australia, his eyesight was obviously poor.' Wombat was described by his Squadron Leader, Peter Townsend, as 'brave as a lion and blind as a bat'.

Soon after the outbreak of war, 43 Squadron moved north for defensive duties near Scapa Flow operating from R.A.F. Wick, on the north-eastern tip of Scotland. But at the end of May 1940, the Squadron was recalled to R.A.F. Tangmere to fly Combat Air Patrols protecting the flotilla of British ships, ferries and yachts that was evacuating the besieged British Army from Dunkirk. On 1 June, Tony engaged several Messerschmitt ME-109 fighters over Dunkirk, and after damaging one, was himself hit, forcing him to return to base early, where he survived a crash landing.

On 7 June, during an evening patrol soon after the end of the Dunkirk evacuation and with the German Army advancing into France, 43 Squadron engaged a large enemy force between Le Treport and Dieppe. It consisted of sixty ME-109s and ME-110s plus about twenty Junkers JU-88 multi-role combat aircraft. Tony's Hurricane was hit and caught fire, forcing him to bail out somewhere west of Dieppe, and he was reported missing in action. After landing safely, Tony collected his parachute and hiked around 35km through fast-moving battlefields to Bacqueville, where he joined a retreating motorised unit to Rouen. He crossed the Seine by ferry just in advance of enemy units (the bridges having been already blown up to slow the German advance).

He reported that his recollection of the journey was hazy as he was constantly being bombed and spent a lot of time sheltering in cellars. At Le Mans, he caught a train to Caen and then Cherbourg, and crossed to England. Eight days after being shot down, Tony 'arrived at his home station carrying his Mae West and parachute'. ('Mae West' was the slang term used in the R.A.F. for an inflatable lifebelt worn around the upper body for use if aircrew went into the sea – an allusion to the bust of the voluptuous American actress.) When asked why he had carried his parachute the entire time, Tony explained it was because he knew this one worked, and he might need it again. Prophetic words.

As the Battle of Britain raged, August 1940 proved a busy month for Tony. On 8 August, 43 Squadron scrambled to meet a Luftwaffe force of 50 Junkers JU-87 Stuka dive-bombers, accompanied by nearly 70 defending ME-109s and ME-110s, which were about to attack a convoy of 29 merchant and escort ships near the Isle of Wight. Tony shot down one ME-110 (confirmed) and three Stukas (probables), but sustained shrapnel damage to his aircraft

and to himself. Tony reported 'I returned to base and saw the M.O. who said I had multiple foreign bodies in both legs…. '

On 12 August 1940, 43 Squadron engaged a number of Heinkel HE-111 bombers over the Channel east of the Isle of Wight. Tony damaged (but was unable to confirm kills for) three HE-111s. His plane took six hits, including to the engine and oil tank, but he managed to bring the stricken aircraft back to base. On 13 August, dubbed 'Adler Tag' (Eagle Day) by the Germans, the Luftwaffe launched a massive assault aimed at driving Fighter Command from southeast England within four days and to destroy the R.A.F. completely in four weeks. Early that morning, Tony was in action and destroyed two JU-88s over Petworth, but was himself shot down by return fire. His Hurricane crashed and burned out near Midhurst, but he managed to bail out, uninjured. Tony was driven back to R.A.F. Tangmere, and was back in combat that same afternoon!

Two days later, Tony shot down another HE-111 over the English Channel, bringing his total 'kills' to five enemy aircraft, and qualifying him as an 'Ace'. In reality, Tony probably destroyed more enemy planes, but because of his poor eyesight, he was often unable to confirm his own victories (in many cases it was confirmation by other pilots of his squadron that gave him confirmed 'kills').

On 16 August, near the Isle of Wight, Tony, leading 43 Squadron's Yellow Section, tore into a formation of sixty Stukas with ME-109 escorts destined to bomb his home aerodrome at Tangmere. In this dogfight, Tony shot down two Stukas, but when returning to base after the fight, he was attacked by four ME-109s. With his engine seriously damaged, he made for the Isle of Wight and crash-landed in a rough field near Horsebridge Hill, Parkhurst. During the impact, his face slammed against the instrument panel, knocking out three of his front teeth.

Following this engagement, Tony was nominated for the Distinguished Flying Cross. The citation read:

> *This officer has taken part in all engagements carried out by his squadron since the commencement of hostilities. He has destroyed a total of six enemy aircraft and seriously damaged several others. In June 1940, Pilot Officer Woods-Scawen was shot down, landing some 25 miles within French territory, but succeeded in making his way back to his squadron. In spite of the fact this pilot has been shot down six times, he has continued to fight with unabated courage and enthusiasm, and has shown outstanding qualities as a resourceful and determined leader.*

It was also at around this time that Tony proposed marriage to Una Lawrence

and perhaps impressed by his heroics and impending award, she accepted. This brought to a close a long-running friendly competition between Tony and his older brother Patrick (who had also earlier proposed marriage to Una). While both were understood to be deeply in love with Una, they never let the rivalry come between them.

Tony returned to combat on 30 August, and claimed another ME-109 probably destroyed. On 2 September 1940, he took off as usual, unaware that his brother Patrick had been shot down the previous day and was missing in action (later found dead). Tony's Squadron intercepted a large formation of bombers approaching the coast between Maidstone and Dungeness. In the ensuing dogfight with the escorting ME-109 fighters over Ivychurch, Tony's Hurricane was shot up and caught fire. He tried to get his aircraft on the ground, but was forced to bail out of the burning aircraft too low. Tony's parachute failed to open in time and he fell to his death.

Pilot Officer Charles Anthony 'Wombat' Woods-Scawen was buried in Hawkinge Cemetery near Ivychurch in Kent. The average combat life expectancy of a Spitfire fighter pilot during the Battle of Britain was four weeks (and they were superior aircraft to Hurricanes); 'Wombat' managed to survive three months from his first combat engagement over Dunkirk to his ultimate demise.

Tony's Distinguished Flying Cross was not gazetted until 6 September 1940 (four days after his death). In June 1941, his father Philip was summoned to an investiture ceremony at Buckingham Palace where (presumably in recognition of his having lost both sons within a day of each other), King George VI presented Philip with the DFCs awarded to both his sons. Philip was accompanied by Tony's fiancé, Una Lawrence, and his nephew, newly qualified Sergeant Pilot Gerald Woods-Scawen (who himself was subsequently killed in action in October 1941).

Pilot officer 'Wombat' Woods-Scawen (second from left), with fellow pilots of 43 Squadron, 1940

See also image on page 19.

The story of our Violin - an unrecognised treasure

Sandra Barnbaum

My father's extensive knowledge of musical instruments and how best to care for them won him much respect from fellow musicians. He met many celebrities while preparing pianos for their concerts. His gift of perfect pitch was essential to 'tune together' members of brass bands and orchestras. He declared that each instrument had its own 'voice', or personality.

About fifty years ago he told me that one of his clients, a Miss Helen E. Foster, had once played with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. She knew she had not long to live, so presented Dad with her violin, saying she knew he would look after it. She also gave him a leather brief case on which her initials were embossed in gold. I was more interested in the brief case as it contained her collection of print music which I eagerly added to my own! As I, and the majority of my offspring are left handed, I believed the violin would be a difficult instrument to master. So the violin lay silent in Dad's workshop.

My father never considered retiring, so continued restoring unwanted pianos, pianolas and pedal organs to return them to useable condition. The finishing touch was to French polish the instrument case, a skill that Dad had learnt during his six year apprenticeship during the 1920s.

After my father passed away at the end of 1985, my brother and I spent some time sorting through the contents of the family home, each of us choosing what we would like to keep. In addition to family photographs and newspaper cuttings of Dad's sporting awards from his younger days, there were remnants of church organs operated by foot pedals, the innards of former pianos - and Miss Foster's precious violin.

About ten years later I heard a neighbour's son, home from studying at the Queensland Conservatorium, playing his viola, so took the opportunity to ask him if he could recommend anyone who could restore 'our' violin? We took his advice and on our next trip to Brisbane the violin accompanied us in the boot of the car.

The restorer seemed interested and showed us the name A. E. Smith branded on the violin. He told us that Arthur Edward Smith had been a skilful Australian

craftsman of stringed instruments who had experimented by using Australian timbers for his violin making. The restorer promised to be in touch when he had completed his repairs.

A month or so later I had a telephone call from the violin repair chap, trying to conceal his excitement. “There are two gentlemen from Taiwan here who are offering two thousand dollars for your violin!” I told him I would consult with family and return his call. My niece had had violin lessons, but after contracting inflammatory arthritis she was sadly unable to play. The family decided it was my decision to make. I agreed to sell the A. E. Smith violin without enquiring how much commission the restorer would retain.

We heard nothing of the life of our violin during the following twenty-four years. Had it travelled overseas to Taiwan? I hope it was cherished and cared for by its new owner.

Recently, in October 2024, I noted with interest that the National Museum of Australia was hosting a concert featuring a quartet of stringed instruments made by Arthur Edward Smith. Regretfully, I was unable to attend, but sought out more information of our violin’s origin.

Arthur Edward Smith, MBE (1880-1978) was born in England and trained as an engineer. He played a violin in an amateur orchestra but found himself dissatisfied with the quality of his instrument so decided to learn to make his own - thence becoming a ‘luthier’. He moved to Australia and eventually decided to set up his own instrument making business in Sydney. He soon became so well known for the quality of his craftsmanship that he was visited by the most esteemed violin players of the twentieth century - Yehudi Menuhin, Isaac Stern and David Oistrach. Their opinion was that Smith’s violins compared favourably with the ‘Stradavarius’ violins that they played.

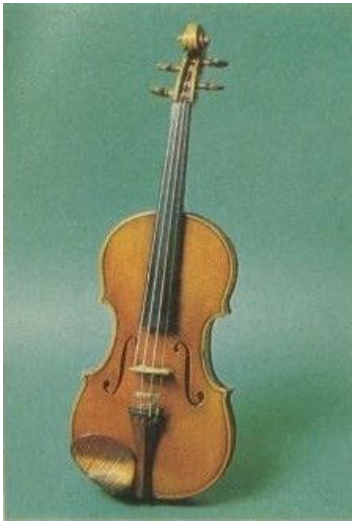
The incomparable tone of Smith’s instruments is thought to be enhanced by the flexible varnish he used. His recipe for this remains a family secret.

Our violin began its life as a beautiful English maple tree – the timber that Smith ultimately preferred and had brought to Australia. It was lovingly crafted into one of just 170 violins that A. E. Smith made in Australia. Another was gifted to Ernest Llewellyn, husband of Arthur Smith’s daughter Ruth, and who is best known in Canberra as the first Director of the Canberra School of Music. The high point of our violin’s life must have been creating beautiful music played by Miss Helen Foster, followed by decades of rest in my father’s workshop and its undeserved dismissal to a new owner from overseas!

This is a cautionary tale to all who have the task of sorting through their

ancestors' 'stuff'. There just might be an unrecognised treasure hidden amongst the 'dross'. A. E. Smith crafted violins have been recently valued at a minimum of fifty thousand English pounds each! We have inherited my uncle's violin as well. I don't know its monetary value, but I recall it had the sound of a gypsy violin inviting one to dance. My granddaughter plays and takes care of it. The true value is the joy it brings to the player and the listener.

Reference: Additional information about A. E. Smith's instruments was generously given by the Curator at the National Museum of Australia where a quartet comprising two violins, a viola and a cello are being stored – and cared for. They were donated by Ruth Smith, daughter of the maker. Occasionally they will be played for the public.



A. E. Smith instruments owned by Ernest Llewellyn. Above is a Guarnerius model violin. Originally published by National Library of Australia, 1972.

Trove http://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-3125344424

Tracing an adopted relative born in Queensland in 1922

Deb Hamilton

[Names have been changed for privacy]

In 2023, I was emerging from the aftermath of caring for an elderly relative who had passed away. Anyone who has experienced this knows how important other interests are to de-stress from an intense caring role. I turned to family history research. It was a perfectly timed choice. Courses and conferences, previously only offered in person by the many wonderful family history societies became available online. I spent the so-called COVID years immersed in family history courses and by 2023 had built up confidence and skills in both traditional and DNA genealogy, and was making many interesting discoveries.

Family history research seems to be something that people are either interested in or the opposite. I am fortunate to share my interest with my elderly aunt in Queensland. Feeling confident in my budding skills, and at my aunt's urging, I set out to answer her two burning questions. The first was "who was the father of my illegitimate great grandmother Jessie"? Jessie had migrated from England and concealed her family origins in official documents. With some help, luck and persistence I pieced together her story and answered my aunt's question. It led me deep into researching family roots stretching back centuries in South Devon and gave me confidence to tackle my aunt's second more difficult burning question, which is the subject of this article.

> 'What happened to the adopted boy my grandmother gave birth to in the 1920s?'

A century old secret

Some years after the death in 1989 of my grandmother Sophie White, her only surviving sister decided to tell my grandmother's eldest son a secret kept for 70 years: that my grandmother had a son in the early 1920s before she married; and that the father was not who she married. My grandmother's parents followed a strict Protestant faith and the baby was probably forcibly adopted. In the family story, Alan Bates was mentioned as the biological father. Apparently my rather terrifying great grandfather 'horse whipped' Alan after discovering his daughter was pregnant and Alan refused to marry her. The story included scant information about the birth location and that my grandmother had kept in touch

with the adoptive family, until she was told the young man died in World War 2.

Probably the shame Sophie was made to feel was overwhelming and keeping the secret was easier than explaining, especially as she had been told her son had died. So, the story slept for another thirty years until, with the support of my aunt, I decided to investigate. I tried to sort fact from fiction with my aunt but after thirty years this proved difficult as she herself had the story second hand.

Adoption in Queensland

As a member of the Queensland Society of Genealogists I asked them about adoptions in Queensland. Eventually, one autumn day in 2023, I phoned Adoption and Permanent Care Services (Department of Families, Seniors, Disability Services and Child Safety) to ask how and if I could access the records. I was fortunate in this quest: first, my grandmother had died; second, from what I knew at the time her adopted son had died in World War 2; and third it turned out that the adoption had taken place more than a century ago.

I was required to prove I was a descendant of my grandmother. This usually requires a Certified Copy of my parent's birth certificate. For several reasons I was unable to provide this, so I presented a 'special case' for consideration. This involved writing a letter outlining what I knew about the adoption, the reasons for my request and why I could not provide my parent's birth certificate and then providing the information that would be on that birth certificate so Adoption and Permanent Care Services could search Queensland Births, Deaths and Marriages data to verify my entitlement to access the adoption records.

I also completed required forms, provided evidence of my identity and my grandmother's death certificate and had all documents certified and witnessed by a Justice of the Peace. After making my submission I received formal acknowledgement from the Post Adoption Team, a reference number and advice that if access to the adoption record was approved, the record would be provided via Microsoft Outlook encrypted email. I was given contacts for Post Adoption Support Queensland and felt reassured by the prospect of using them.

I kept my aunt informed of progress. We were feeling hopeful and nervous, navigating our sense of intruding on a secret yet needing answers while my aunt was alive and well. I visited my aunt in Queensland and we went to the former Salvation Army Mothers' Home where we believed the birth occurred (now a heritage listed private home). We took photos and felt sad at the loss my grandmother must have felt relinquishing her baby. This visit was important in processing events from long ago – although it turned out the birth occurred at another Mothers' Home, now demolished – visiting bricks and mortar was a concrete act during the uncertain wait for a response.

Eventually after a couple of months, I received the adoption record. It contained essential information for family history research: the actual date and place of birth; the child's birth and adoptive name (Ken); the names, ages and occupations of his adoptive parents (Maud and Bill Lyon); and reference to adoptive siblings. And there was a lucky fluke with details of a second adoption because Maud divorced Bill in 1929 and married Rob Voss in 1930. This second adoption would not usually have been formalised except Ken enlisted in the military during World War 2, and his parents' consent was required. This information was a goldmine for tracing Ken's descendants.

As Ken did not die in World War 2, I later mentioned the discrepancy between the family story and the records to Post Adoption Support who advised it was common in the past for adoptive parents to tell a biological parent the child had died as a way of cutting ties. It seems rather brutal.

I used the Departmental letter of authorisation to apply for Ken's birth certificates and formally requested records from the Salvation Army. Then, I launched into family history research, which took many twists and turns, leading me to startling headlines in newspapers of desertions, divorces, gambling and misbehaviour in one line of Ken's adopted family.

Different families

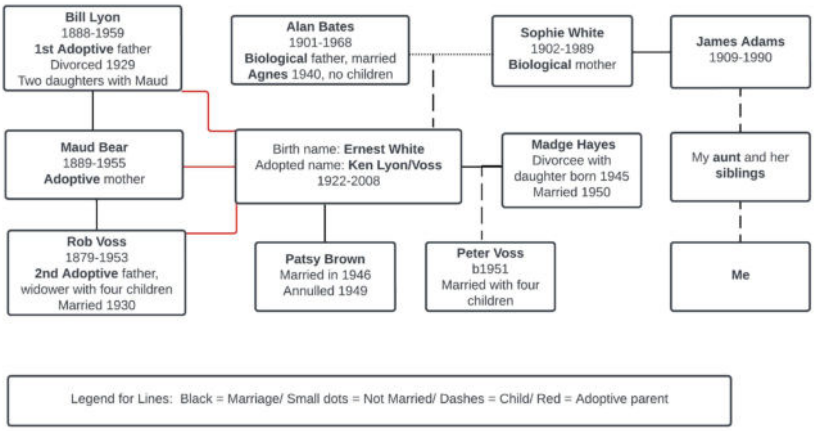
It was unnerving and voyeuristic to research a family to which you have a slender biological connection, but about which you know nothing. You have no photos, no stories, no shared experiences, no history. I knew my grandmother and her siblings well, I had even known her father when I was very young. Her family, whilst not well off, were hard working, aspirational and probably because of the strict Protestant upbringing, set high moral standards. They cared for others and each other, were independent, intelligent, had fun and valued their tight loving family. It was a family for whom I felt respect and loyalty.

It quickly became clear to me that Ken's adoptive family were very different. His adoptive parents were already in their mid-forties with teenage daughters when Ken was adopted. Eventually I was able to create a thorough picture of Ken's adoptive family, researching his adoptive siblings and their descendants. Some of what I discovered was very challenging with domestic violence, desertions, the death of a child through lack of medical care and illegal gambling, all of which made newspaper headlines. Life for Ken seemed to improve with Maud's second marriage to Rob Voss, a widowed farmer who had a steadying influence. Unfortunately, Rob and Maud were getting on in years, and Ken was left with no adoptive parents by the mid 1950s when he was in his early thirties and had a toddler. It was confronting to know his biological mother lived in the same region

for another thirty years, believing him dead.

Ken became a carpenter after serving in World War11. He married his first wife Patsy in 1946, but the marriage was unconsummated and then annulled in 1949. The annulment and the reason for it were reported rather embarrassingly in the newspaper. He married Madge in 1950 (confirmed in 2025 due to the 75-year rule). Madge had married a US Serviceman of Italian Catholic heritage in 1944 and they had a daughter. He returned alone to the USA, married and had a large family, although I have not found a divorce record. Ken's and Madge's only biological child, Peter, was born in 1951 and is now a retired police officer.

I verified life events, obtained relevant certificates, searched internet platforms, newspapers, archives, maps and military records. The response from the Salvation Army archives revealed information about Sophie's stay at the Mothers' Home and that it held details of the biological father, but due to privacy legislation my access was not permitted. While this was disappointing, I researched the probable father, Alan Bates, and found he was single until 1940, when he married. As he died in 1968 and had no more children I was unable to use DNA to substantiate the connection. I had to be satisfied that he was in the right place at the right time to give credence to the family story.



Living descendants

Due to limitations in accessing records of living people I worked laterally to fill gaps in the family tree. Investigating hints from family trees on various platforms

helped, along with searching social media and visiting the Australian Electoral Office. I was especially fortunate that Peter had published his DNA results and some details on My Heritage. I had loaded DNA results for myself and my aunt there and I was able to confirm the familial relationship by the size of our DNA matches and the family tree evidence.

Then I halted as I experienced mixed emotions. I was unsure if I should reach out to Peter or let sleeping dogs lie. I did not know if he knew about the adoption. I decided to phone Post Adoption Support Queensland and get the benefit of their vast experience. This proved a positive move: they said as Peter had done a DNA test and published his results, he would expect to be contacted by DNA matches. They helped me craft a message that noted that we had a high match, most likely because of an adoption from 100 years ago and I had information about the adoption, which I would be happy to share if he wanted to get in contact. After considering whether to take this step, some weeks later I posted the message. That was 18 months ago and I have not had a reply; I am comfortable with this, but doubt I would have reached out without the guidance of the Post Adoption Support service.

Reflections

I feel fortunate to have found out about my grandmother's first-born child, it has deepened my connection to her and to my aunt. If I had delayed, it would have been difficult as my aunt is nudging 90 years and her input was essential. I got to use and expand my research skills so as to confidently have answered my aunt's family history question 'What happened to the adopted boy my grandmother gave birth to in the 1920s'?

Contacts

Adoption and Permanent Care Services

Department of Families, Seniors, Disability Services and Child Safety, Queensland

https://www.dcssds.qld.gov.au/our-work/child-safety/adoption 07 3097 5100

Post Adoption Support Queensland

https://www.qld.gov.au/community/caring-child/adoption/post-adoption-support-services 1800 647 983

Salvation Army Historical Records

historicalrecords@aue.salvationarmy.org 02 9466 3248

From Our Contemporaries

Pauline Bygraves

The items selected for this column are taken from some of the many overseas journals received by the Society – they usually mention Australia in some form or may be of general interest to Australian researchers. If you have an interest in a particular country or location, there will often be other relevant material – recently received journals are on display at the front of the Library.

E-journals are accessible on the computers in the main room. Open the FCER icon on the desktop and click on the link to "Electronic Journals" under "Electronic Resources". If you have any comments or suggestions, please email editor@familyhistoryact.org.au.

AUSTRALASIA

* John CROSS, his wife Fanny (nee Frances TERRY) and four children departed England on board the barque *Forth* in 1831. John, a stonemason, had agreed to be indentured to the Van Diemen's Land Company for seven years. After only six months John absconded due to the poor conditions. Soon after the family resettled at Launceston. John died there in 1840, leaving Fanny with seven children. She married John HART, a bootmaker and former convict, a year later. Fanny died in 1852. Origins (Buckinghamshire FHS) Winter 2024 v48 n3 p141 (electronic journal) (see also issue for Summer 2019 v43 n2 p112).

* William Frederick COLLINGWOOD married Jessie Auld MASON at Port Chalmers in 1877. Her parents had migrated from Scotland in 1857 to Australia, where Jessie was born. The family moved to New Zealand for a time before returning to Australia without Jessie and two of her brothers. William and Jessie had 11 children. DNA testing has revealed that the surname COLLINGWOOD was a fabrication and that William was the son of Frederick METELERKAMP and Maria Anna AURET and was born in South Africa. The New Zealand Genealogist Dec 2024 v55 n403 p164 (electronic journal).

* Isabella DRYSDALE, mother of James LIDDELL, died in 1845 and is buried in Rookwood Cemetery. James was born in 1808 at Alva, Stirlingshire, Scotland. His father's name was recorded as James LIDDLE although there is some doubt about whether his parents were married at the time. DNA matches suggest James (senior) may already have had a family in the USA at the time and that he returned there. The New Zealand Genealogist Dec 2024 v55 n403 p145 (electronic journal).

* Jane PRESHAW (nee NORGATE), born in Norfolk, arrived alone at

Melbourne on the *Medway*. Her daughter, Alice SMITH, was born in Melbourne in 1860. Jane and Alice moved to New Zealand in about 1868. Jane was associated with three men named Henry: NORGATE (Jane's father), SMITH (Alice's father) and EVANS (Alice's husband). All had something to hide which DNA testing has revealed. The New Zealand Genealogist Dec 2024 v55 n403 p141 (electronic journal).

* Nicholas MARTIN (c1823-1873) and a John MARTIN (c1791-1877) from Cornwall are buried in the Burra Cemetery, South Australia. An unexpected email led to the discovery of a new family branch, which was later proved through DNA matches. The New Zealand Genealogist Dec 2024 v55 n403 p156 (electronic journal).

* Mrs ROBERTS, widow of Mr J. ROBERTS and daughter of the late John HUBERT, died at Semaphore on 25 Apr 1906. According to an obituary in the Chronicle (Adelaide) on 5 May 1906, she was born in Guernsey, married in 1841 and, with her husband and two children, arrived in South Australia on the *Agra* in 1853. She was survived by one son, Mr J. Le M. F. ROBERTS. La Société Guernesiaise FHS Winter 2024 v38 n2 p12 (electronic journal).

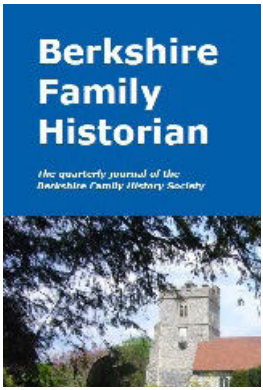
* Brian STOCKTON: "Digger's Vests" - apart from receiving knitted socks, scarves and balaclavas from home, Australian troops during WWI also received sheepskin vests to help keep them warm. Sheep farmers donated the skins, wool brokers collected them and arranged tanning, and the Red Cross coordinated volunteers to stitch them together. Belts and buckles were made from pieces from horse bridles. Cleveland FHS Oct 2024 v15 n12 p39 (NYo9/60/14).

ENGLAND

* Herbert AUSTIN (1866-1941) is buried in Holy Trinity Churchyard, Lickey, Worcestershire. He spent about 10 years as an engineer in Australia, before returning to the UK. He founded the Austin Motor Company at Longbridge, near Lickey, in 1905. Tree Tappers (Malvern FHS) Winter 2024 v29 front piece (electronic journal).

* Walter Henry (Harry) BUXTON, from West Ham, migrated to Australia in 1912. He joined the AIF in 1915 and served in France. He was invalided in 1917 to a hospital near Stratford-on-Avon, where he was nursed by Ida SPARROW.

When Harry returned to Australia, Ida joined him. They married at Sydney in 1920 and had three children, before the family returned to live in England in 1928. Nottingham FHS Jan 2025 v18 n1 p12 (electronic journal).



* Joan BYRNE (from Australia): "My Visit to Windsor to Research my Ancestors", mentions Patrick James BYRNE, her great grandfather who was a prominent architect who designed St Edward's Presbytery, and her great great grandfather the Hon Captain Samuel SCOLTOCK, a Military Knight of Windsor. Berkshire Family Historian Dec 2024 v48 p31 (electronic journal).

* Mary Ann NUTT, daughter of James and Elizabeth (nee PRICE), married Thomas MITCHELL in 1855. In 1857 they, with their son Thomas James, migrated to NSW on the *John and Lucy*. Mary had seven brothers: William, James, George, John, Thomas, Samuel and Robert. William died in 1847 and their mother, Elizabeth, in 1849. Herefordiensis (Herefordshire FHS) Jan 2025 vXV n12 p342 (electronic journal).

* Frederick PHIPPS (1819-1909) and his wife Anne (nee TRUMPER) were both born at Harefield, Middlesex where their families worked in copper mills. They lived there until 1854 when they migrated to Victoria with their six children. Three more children were born after their arrival. Some of the family stayed in Victoria but others, including Frederick and Anne, moved to New Zealand. Root and Branch (West Surrey FHS) Dec 2024 v51 n3 p131 (NSur9/60/02).

* David J SKYRME: "Penal Transportation .. and Worse" mentions Edward SKURM (probably the son of Benjamin SKYRME and Margaret (nee PROSSER) from Vowchurch) who was transported on the *Lord Sidmouth* in 1818 for grand larceny. Richard SKYRME from Eaton Bishop was transported in 1825 for stealing two hogs. He arrived at Sydney in 1827 on the *Midas*. Richard YARDY was sentenced to seven years transportation and arrived at Sydney on board the *Mary Ann* in 1835. Benjamin SKYRME was transported to VDL on the *John Calvin* in 1846. He married Mary Ann DUCKWORTH in about 1866 and the family later moved to NSW. Herefordiensis (Herefordshire FHS) Jan 2025 vXV n12 p351 (electronic journal).

* Charles Drew STREET migrated to Australia in 1832, with his siblings Francis Gale Snelling STREET and Emma Catherine STREET following in 1845. Their parents were Thomas and Catherine (nee SNELLING). Francis married Martha Procter Street REED, his first cousin, shortly before migrating.

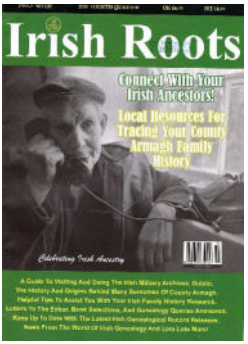
In 1836 Charles married Susanna FOSTER at Sydney and by 1854 they had eight children, all born around Muswellbrook and Raymond Terrace. In 1883 Charles wrote to his son about a supposedly ongoing case in the English Court of Chancery, declaring he was the only eligible claimant to the Estate of the late William WIMPEY, who had died in 1814. Berkshire Family Historian Dec 2024 v48 p13 (electronic journal).

* Percival WINDROSS, son of Joseph and Frances (nee HART), was born at Clarence Town, NSW in 1884. He joined the AIF 9th Infantry Battalion and departed Australia in Nov 1914 bound for Northern France, but diverted to Gallipoli. After three months he suffered a general breakdown and was evacuated to England. His cousin Commander W.J. WEATHERILL, living at Brisbane, sent him a sheepskin vest care of Sir George H REID, Australian High Commissioner in London. Percival married Florence LITTLE, who had been a nurse at Fullham Hospital where Percival had recuperated, at Carlisle where their descendants remain. Cleveland FHS Oct 2024 v15 n12 p33 (NYo9/60/14).

GUERNSEY

* Wallace GUPPY left Guernsey before 1913 and made his way to Australia, where he found employment in Brisbane and Toowoomba. He joined the AIF 9th Battalion and served in France. He was able to spend some leave with his parents in Guernsey. After the war, he married Ivy LE GALLEZ in Guernsey. The couple planned to live in Australia but Wallace changed his mind after sampling a home-made cordial created by his uncle Edgar. It was the beginning of a family-run business which was still operating in 1971. La Société Guernesiaise FHS Winter 2024 v38 n2 p20 (electronic journal).

IRELAND



* Jennifer HARRISON: “Australian-Irish Connections - Surveyors of Irish Origin”. Irish Roots 4th Qtr 2024 n132 p26 (R9/60/04)

* Dr Mary HATFIELD: “Visiting The Military Archives. Irish Roots 4th Qtr 2024 n132 p6 (R9/60/04)

* James G RYAN: “Local Resources for Family History Research: County Armagh”. Irish Roots 4th Qtr 2024 n132 p10 (R9/60/04)

SCOTLAND

* Robert BIRSE married Janet COOPER at Kirkwall, Orkney Islands. They had six children: John, David, Barbara, Jane,

Jessie Ann and twins Josephina Learmonth and Robert. Josephina married Alexander J. FORBES and migrated to Australia. They had no children. Aberdeen & North-East Scotland FHS Nov 2024 n172 p42 (electronic journal).

* John Todd FERGUSON and Grace (nee DUNBAR), along with their two daughters, migrated to South Australia in 1909, bringing with them a family photo album. Their great-granddaughter Jennifer MACKENZIE is hoping to identify the subjects of two unlabelled photos (shown in the article): one of six young women and another of one young woman who she hopes is Jessie FERGUSON (nee TODD) from Auchleach, Stoneykirk, born in 1839 and died in 1867. Dumfries and Galloway FHS Nov 2024 n110 p11 (electronic journal).

* Lachlan JEANS, son of James JEANS and Elspet FORSYTH, was born in 1827 at Blackhills. He became a cabinetmaker and carpenter. He married Agnes WALLACE, whose uncle, James DICKSON, lived at Maitland, NSW. Lachlan and Elspet arrived at Sydney in 1856 on the *Conway*. They settled at Tamworth where Lachlan followed his trade. He died in 1891, with Agnes living to age 93, dying in 1926. Aberdeen & North-East Scotland FHS Nov 2024 n172 p38 (electronic journal).

* Margaret LINKLATER, following her brother John, migrated to Bowen, QLD in 1862. They were the children of Andrew LINKLATER and Jean (nee JOHNSTON) and were born at Birsay, Orkney. Andrew, a retired mariner, died in 1881 and is buried in St Magnus Churchyard at Birsay. SIB Folk News (Orkney FHS) Winter 2024 n112 p3 (electronic journal).

* Chris LOBBAN: Talk "Loban/Logan/Lobban Lin Scotland and Beyond", mentions Alexander LOBBAN Fordyce who was transported to Australia and went on become an exemplary member of the community. He di in 1876, aged 73. Aberdeen & North-East Scotland FH Nov 2024 n172 p7 (electronic journal).

* Anne PARK: "Fathers and Sons in the First and Second World Wars" identifies four families where the father died in WWI and his son with an identical name died in WWII. Leslie RICHMOND, born in 1888 in Victoria, Australia was killed in Aug 1914 and his only son Leslie, born in Jan 1915, was killed at Dunkirk in 1940. Aberdeen & North-East Scotland FHS Nov 2024 n172 p35 (electronic journal).

New Collection Items in Brief

Barbara Moore

A selection of those items which have been received recently and are available for use in the Society's Library. More details on the items can be found in the catalogue on the FHACT website. Our thanks go to those members who have provided donations.

ACT

Honour your ancestors: Sixty years of family history in the ACT - Michele Rainger, Gina Tooke, eds - AA2/50/03

Tales of two cities: Canberra-Queanbeyan across two centuries - Mark Butz - AA7/01/15

Telopea Park Primary School Registers of Admissions 1923-1946: boys and girls - Y4/2024/05OS

NEW SOUTH WALES

Gladesville Hospital Cemetery: the forgotten cemetery - the forgotten people - Maureen Copley - AN7/32/03

A history of St Clair: Goulburn, NSW - AN8.580/36/01

Ninety Years in Queanbeyan: Recollections of E.M.Walker - AN8.620/40/01

St Clementine's Anglican Women of Yass 1835-1988 - AN8.586/85/03

The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser: facsimile 1803-1804 - AN9/70/01

West Dubbo Catholic cemeteries: the later families - Wendy Dunan - AN3/32/100

ENGLAND

Heraldic designs and engravings:a handbook and dictionary of heraldic terms - A Tuston Hay - N1/10/25

CORNWALL

The Cornish Mineral Industry - John H Trouson - NCo7/65/01

Guide to North Cornwall Newquay, Perranporth, Tintagel, etc - Ward, Lock & Co - NCo7/95/01

NORFOLK

The Visitation of Norfolk in the Year 1563 - G.H.Dashwood - NNo1/50/01

SUFFOLK

The Manors of Suffolk: Notes on Their History & Devolution - W.A.Copinger -

NSu8/10/01

The Visitation of Suffolk - Walter C Metcalfe - NSu1/50/01

INDIA

The Great Arc: a dramatic tale of how India was mapped and Everest was named - John Keay - VSo7/11/01

A Matter of Honour: an account of the Indian Army, its officers and men - Phillip Mason - VSo7/82/02

IRELAND

Researching Presbyterian ancestors in Ireland - William J Rouston - R7/85/04

Researching Scots-Irish ancestors: the essential guide to early modern Ulster, 1600-1800 - William J Rouston - RUI2/10/05

Townland Atlas of Ulster - Andrew Kane - RUI5/35/42

Tracing your family history using Irish newspapers and other printed materials: a guide for family historians - Natalie Bodle -R5/04/10

SCOTLAND

Understanding Scottish Graveyards - Betty Willsher - P5/16/12

WALES

Guide to North Wales (Southern section) - Ward, Lock & Co - Q7/95/01

INTERNATIONAL

Ethical dilemmas in genealogy - Penny Walters - L2/21/10

FAMILY HISTORIES

For King and Country: the family's military service - Greg Fraser - A4/FRA/02

A little bit Australian: a journey from Kharkov to Canberra: the story of Alex Jurkievicz - Carol McKay - A4/JUR/01

George, Elise and a mandarin: identity in early Australia - Terry Fewtree - A4/FEW/01

Goodfellow family: Wincanton, Somerset to Flemington, Sydney - Diana Heins - A4/GOO/05

It's All Relative - Andrew Simpson - A4/SIM/03

Society Education and Activities

Meetings *are held via Zoom, face-to-face in the Education Room, or "hybrid" via both methods. Refer to the website www.familyhistoryact.org.au for additional information or to register for the meetings. Contact the convenor if you have any questions.*

Education Sessions – *Registration is required for all paid Courses or Events. Information is on the website www.familyhistoryact.org.au or in the newsletters. Contact events@familyhistoryact.org.au for any questions about education events.*

Calendar for regular Groups

AI for Genealogy
7.30pm third Monday of even-numbered months

Australia SIG
2pm fourth Sunday of odd-numbered months

Coffee and Chat
10am third Friday of each month

Convict SIG
7.30pm second Wednesday of even-numbered months

DNA SIG
1pm first Saturday of February, second Saturday of March, May, July, September, November

English and Welsh SIG
7.30pm third Thursday of odd-numbered months

Family Tree Maker SUG
10am second Thursday of each month except January

Heraldry SIG
8pm third Thursday of even-numbered months except December

India SIG
10am first Saturday of even-numbered months

Irish SIG
9.30am second Saturday of February, March, May, July, September and November

Legacy SUG
10am third Thursday of each month except December

Morning Coffee and Chat
10am third Friday of each month

Pauline's Parlour
10am last Tuesday of each month except December
11am third Sunday of each month except December

Practical Procedures
10am fourth Monday of each month except December

Reunion & Mac Support SUG
9.30am first Friday of each month, except January and December

Scottish SIG
7.30pm first Thursday of each even-numbered month

TMG Down Under SUG
2pm second Saturday of even-numbered months except December
7.30pm second Wednesday of odd-numbered months except January (awaiting convenor)

Writers SIG
10am third Saturday of each month February to November (dates around Easter may change)

APRIL 2025

1 7:00 pm **Monthly Meeting:** *Father Brian Maher Lecture - Lake George Unearthed!*

3 7:30 pm **Scottish SIG**: *Emigration: who, when, why;* convenors Mae Mulheran and Clare McGuiness, scottish.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

4 9:30 am **Reunion & Mac Support**: convenor Danny O'Neill, ram.sug@familyhistory.org.au

5 10:00 am **India SIG**: *The Final Goodbye: what an ancestor's cause of death reveals about their life;* convenor Prof. Peter Stanley, india.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

9 7:30pm **Convict SIG**: *Young Convicts*; convenor Michelle Rainger, convict.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

10 10:00 am **Family Tree Maker SUG**: *Questions and Answers;* ftm.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

12 2:00 pm **TMG Down Under**: *Using TMG and Second Site for the WA Convict Project;* FHACT coordinator Lindsay Graham, tmg.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

17 10:00 am **Legacy SUG**: convenor Julie Hesse, legacy.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

17 8:00 pm **Heraldry SIG**: *TBA*; convenor Chris Lindesay, heraldry.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

18 10:00 am **Coffee and Chat**: coffee.chat@familyhistoryact.org.au

19 10:00 am **Writers SIG**: *Writers Circle;* convenor Jo Callaghan, writers.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

20 11:00 am **Pauline's Parlour**: Round table support; convenor Pauline Ramage, parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au

21 7:30pm **AI for Genealogy**: *Bringing Ancestors to Life:Creating StunningGenealogy Images with AI*; convenor Cheryl Bollard, ai.genealogy.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

29 11:00 am **Pauline's Parlour**: Round table support; convenor Pauline Ramage, parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au

MAY 2025

2 9:30 am **Reunion & Mac Support**: convenor Danny O'Neill, ram.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

6 7:00 pm **Monthly Meeting**:*Author Terry Fewtrell*

10 9:30 am **Irish SIG**: *Registry of Deeds and Family Search text search*; convenors Nick Reddan and Peter Mayberry, irish.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

10 1:00 pm **DNA SIG**: *Gedmatch and more;* convenors Cathy Day and Clare McGuiness, dna.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

14 7:30 pm **TMG Down Under**: *TBA;* FHACT coordinator Lindsay Graham, tmg.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

15 10:00 am **Family Tree Maker SUG**: *Publish Workspace;* ftm.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

15 7:30 pm **English and Welsh SIG**: *"If you could chat with a long-deceased relative...";* convenors Floss Aitchison and Nina Johnson, english.welsh.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

16 11:00 am **Coffee and Chat**: coffee.chat@familyhistoryact.org.au

17 10:00 am **Writers SIG**: *Using AI to enhance, not write, our words*; convenor Jo Callaghan, writers.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

18 11:00 am **Pauline's Parlour**: Round table support; convenor Pauline Ramage, parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au

19 10:00 am **Legacy SUG**: convenor Julie Hesse, legacy.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

25 2:00 pm **Australia SIG**: *Whalers and Sealers in Early Australia and the South Pacific*; convenor Pauline Ramage, australia.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

27 11:00 am **Pauline's Parlour**: Round table support; convenor Pauline Ramage, parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au

JUNE 2025

3 7:00 pm **Monthly Meeting:** *Mapping using Technology*

5 7:30 pm **Scottish SIG**: *Parishes and Burghs*, convenors Mae Mulheran and Clare McGuiness, scottish.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

6 9:30 am **Reunion & Mac Support**: convenor Danny O'Neill, ram.sug@familyhistory.org.au

7 10:00 am **India SIG**: *TBA;* convenor Prof. Peter Stanley, india.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

11 7:30pm **Convict SIG**: *Elizabeth Fulloon/Raine Matron of the Parramatta Female Factory*; convenor Michelle Rainger, convict.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

12 10:00 am **Family Tree Maker SUG**: *Questions And Answers;* ftm.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

14 2:00 pm **TMG Down Under**: *TBA;* FHACT coordinator Lindsay Graham, tmg.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

16 7:30pm **AI for Genealogy**: *Crafting Family Stories Part 1: Building Narratives from Database timelines*; convenor Cheryl Bollard, ai.genealogy.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

19 10:00 am **Legacy SUG**: convenor Julie Hesse, legacy.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

19 8:00 pm **Heraldry SIG**: *Creation of the Australian Heraldic Register*; convenor Chris Lindesay, heraldry.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

20 10:00 am **Coffee and Chat**: coffee.chat@familyhistoryact.org.au

21 10:00 am **Writers SIG**: *Writers Circle;* convenor Jo Callaghan, writers.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

22 11:00 am **Pauline's Parlour**: Round table support; convenor Pauline Ramage, parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au

23 10:00 am **Practical Procedures**: *Learn to use our Library and other resources;* Jeanette Hahn

24 11:00 am **Pauline's Parlour**: Round table support; convenor Pauline Ramage, parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au

The Perfect Gift

If you've ever considered writing your family story, the Every Family has a Story series could be the perfect source of inspiration and motivation. These books showcase a collection of works from entrants to the E.M. Fletcher Short Story Writing Competition, highlighting the many ways family history research can be transformed into compelling stories. Each volume reveals the breadth and diversity of family history storytelling, making this series a valuable resource for both aspiring and experienced writers.

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Services for Members

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Members $24 certificate, $16 PDF

Non-members $27 certificate $17 PDF

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Translations available for the following. languages:

English handwriting c. 1600, Estonian, French, German, Greek, Hungarian, Icelandic, Italian, Latin, Norwegian, Polish, Welsh, Yiddish.

Prices: A $10 fee for assessment of the material is non-refundable. Prices vary according to language and are charged per 100 words or part thereof.

Further details in Library or from the secretary@familyhistoryact.org.au

LDS Film Viewing

The FHACT library is registered as a Library Affiliate with the LDS FamilySearch Organisation. This enables members using the FHACT library access to the approximately 25% of digital records held by LDS that have restricted access imposed by copyright holders.

Discounts

Financial members receive a 10% discount when purchasing FHACT publications. Further details in Library

Research Advice

The service providing free research to members, for those facing a “brick wall” in their research, is currently suspended.

Research Service

Contact Jenny Higgins 0429 704 339.

Readers' queries

Members may submit queries for inclusion in *The Ancestral Searcher* free of charge. Please no more than 200 words per query. Non-members $27.50. Contact: editor@familyhistoryact.org.au *(all prices include GST)*

Notice to Contributors

The copy deadline for contributions to *The Ancestral Searcher* is the 2nd Monday of the month prior to publication. The journal is published quarterly in March, June, September and December.

The Editor welcomes articles, letters, news and items of interest on any subject pertaining to family and local history.

Please send text files in either MS Word or plain text. Articles should be no more than 2000 words, with one or two quality images. Please limit footnotes to 3-4 per 500 words.

Digital images should be high resolution and tiff or jpeg images.

The Editor reserves the right to edit all articles and include or omit images as appropriate.

Authors can assist by; format dates ‘1 July 1899’; spell out months; omit ordinals on numberss (no st/nd/rd/th); italicise ship names; all quotes “double quotes”. Please send submissions and questions to: editor@familyhistoryact.org.au.

LIBRARY

Unit 7, 41 Templeton Street, Cook – 02 6251 7004

Opening hours:	Tuesday	11.00	am	–	2.00	pm
	Wednesday	10.00	am	–	3.30	pm
	Thursday	11.00	am	–	2.00	pm
	Saturday	2.00	pm	–	5.00	pm
	Sunday	2.00	pm	–	5.00	pm

The Library is CLOSED on all Public Holidays

SOCIETY MEETINGS

Reader's Access Ticket for non-members: $10 for one day, $20 one week, $30 one month.

Monthly general meetings are held beginning at 7.00pm in the FHACT Education Room, Templeton Street, Cook, ACT on the first Tuesday of each month, except January. The Annual General Meeting is held on the first Tuesday of November. Notices of special meetings, and social gatherings are advertised in this journal as appropriate.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Membership begins from the date the member joins and will expire either one or two years later at the end of the month in which the member joined. New members, or members who have lapsed for more than 12 months, are required to pay a joining fee. Joint membership is available for additional members at the same address. A concession membership is available to Australian residents please check with our Membership Co-ordinator. Amounts are shown for one year.

Individual	$ 84.00*	Joining Fee	$ 20.00
Joint	$ 128.00*	Journal Only – Australia	$ 35.00
Individual – Concession	$ 79.00*	Journal Only – Overseas	$ 45.00*
Joint – Concession	$ 118.00*	** GST free other prices include GST*	

Membership forms are available on the website, at the FHACT Library or can be posted on request.

The Ancestral Searcher is the official journal of the Heraldry & Genealogy Society of Canberra Inc. The journal is published quarterly and available without charge to financial members of the Society and affiliated bodies. Kindred Societies can receive the journal on an exchange basis. Back copies are available for current year and previous two years at $5.00 each. Earlier issues are $3.00 each or $5.00 for a yearly bundle of 4 issues (excluding postage).

ADVERTISING AND CONTRIBUTIONS

Copy for advertising and contributions is required by the first day of the month preceding the month of publication. Advertising in the journal:

Full page for four consecutive issues $330; half page for four consecutive issues $175;
Full page for one issue $110; half page for one issue $60.

Advertising in non-consecutive issues is charged at the single issue rate. 10% discount is available to advertisers who are members of the Society.

Advertising flyers can be included with the journal posting. These are to be supplied by the advertiser folded to A5 or smaller in size, cost for A5 20c, A4 30c and A3 or larger 50c per insert.

Readers' Queries up to 60 words: members, no charge; non-members $35.00.

Payment is required at the time of submission. *All prices include GST*

Typographic design and layout: Clare McGuiness, Canberra ACT Printing: Bytes 'n Colours, Braddon ACT

Surnames in this issue:

This index includes most names in *From Our Contemporaries*

The objectives of the Society are:
To promote and encourage the study and preservation of family history, genealogy, heraldry and allied subjects, and to assist members and others in research in these areas.