



THE ANCESTRAL SEARCHER



Family History ACT

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FAMILY HISTORY ACT

**Family History ACT is a business name of
The Heraldry and Genealogy Society of Canberra Inc. founded in 1964**

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Front Cover: *Gladesville Hospital for the Insane, the wall facing Victoria Road... (see story p. 161.)*

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From the President

Rosemary McKenzie

Firstly, I apologise for not being in attendance at our Annual General Meeting at the beginning of November, and a huge thank you to Vice President Michele Rainger who stepped in at the last minute to Chair the meeting. I am advised that it went off without a hitch. Welcome to all our council members who renominated for another 12 months on council. To our retiring Secretary Peta Furnell my sincerest appreciation for your work over the last 12 months having been thrown in at the deep end. I wish you all the best with your research from the other side of Australia! During the year Anne Beasley stood down as a councillor and I would like to thank her for the time she has spent over the last couple of years contributing and participating in council meetings and activities. Anne is still very actively volunteering with the Society, so thank you.

Our council members for 2022-2023 are: Rosemary McKenzie President, Michele Rainger Vice President, Cheryl Bollard Treasurer, and councillors Peter McLoughlin, Sue Pillans, Howard Viccars, David Wintrip and Melissa McNamara. As you note no nominations were received for the Secretary role and we are still without a secretary. If you can assist with this role your volunteering would be greatly appreciated. Contact myself or any one on council if you are able to help.

For those who attended you may recall Michele, on my behalf, presented two President's Certificates of Appreciation. Both unfortunately were 12 months too late, but they were awarded to the *Digital Platform Working Group* who stood up the new FHACT Website and Member Management System using Member Jungle, and Robyn Heggen who retired as Membership Secretary when the new system came online. All the members are still actively involved volunteering in the Society just in slightly different roles!

Well I'm almost conferenced out ... but not really! The last 5 weeks have been very busy with the *Sands of Time*, conference in Queensland, *Family History Down Under* in Castle Hill and then *Return to Tipperary* at St Clements, Galong. It was fantastic to catch up with so many gene friends who I haven't seen in person for such a long time. Many of our FHACT members also attended the last two events.



Speakers Pauline Cass, Fran Kitto
and Shauna Hicks

The *Sands of Time* conference (Fri 21 – Sun 23 Oct) held at the Dolphins Club, Redcliffe was the first of my conferences. Hosted by History Queensland Inc. and

History Redcliffe it presented all things Queensland with a focus on Moreton Bay. As my mother's family is all from Queensland and the Redcliffe area it was wonderful to get back there and see that my grandmother's house (a Queenslander) is still standing. The conference was a single stream of presentations Friday to Sunday. The exhibition section was very interesting with a number of local historical groups showing old photographs, maps and books of the area.

It wouldn't be a conference without a dinner! But our dinner on the deck was rained out. Inside we were dry and Jason Reeve from *Ancestry* was the dinner speaker. Of particular interest for me was Fran Kitto's presentation on *Building a family history society for the 21st Century* with some wonderful ideas and tips using Caloundra Family History Research Inc. as a case study. Some of the more general talks were from Pauleen Cass (ethics, copyright and privacy) and the keynote from Shauna Hicks on *The Future of Your Genealogy Research*.

For *Family History Down Under 2022* in Castle Hill (Tue 8 – Fri 11 Nov) it was the long awaited and previously postponed FHDU which had been scheduled for 2020. 38 speakers from Australia and overseas, 90 presentations and workshops and 2 conference dinners with featured speakers! It was definitely a conference for everyone. The main problem was the competing speakers across 4 streams. In many timeslots I wanted to attend multiples, but the benefit of registration was that there is an opportunity for all registered attendees to view the recorded face-to-face sessions, available online (with additional presentations) up until February 2023. Lots of Christmas holiday viewing.

The speakers are too numerous to name but some stand outs were Maurice Gleeson (DNA and Surname Projects) from the UK; Judy Russell (Negative Evidence and Resolving Conflicts) and Paul Milner (English and Scottish Resources) from the US; and Hamish Maxwell-Stewart (Convicts) and Perry McIntyre (Irish Orphan Immigration) from Australia.

There was a great refresher from Shauna Hicks (Australian Genealogy Online) and particularly interesting was Mel Hulbert who presented *Basic*

The FFACT Library will be closed
from **3:30 pm Wednesday 14 December 2022**
and will reopen **Tuesday 10th January 2023**.

FAMILY HISTORY ACT

Council members would like to take this opportunity to wish you you and your families a safe and enjoyable holiday season, with many genealogical discoveries in 2023!



Photo Restoration. The other presentation I found extremely interesting was again from Maurice Gleeson about the database project *Commemorating the Missing (Pick a soldier, Plant a tree)*.

To finish of my month of conferencing was the Irish weekend at Galong (Fri 18 – Sun 20 Nov). Family History ACT co-hosted *Return to Tipperary* at St Clements, Galong. Along with Yass & District Historical Society and Canberra & District Historical Society, the key organisers were Cheryl Mongan (Yass), Dr Richard Reid (Canberra) and Sue Pillans (FHACTION). Nearly 100 attendees were there from lunchtime Friday through to lunchtime Sunday. It was a packed program with music between, in the Irish tradition from folk singer Daniel Kelly.

The Irish Ambassador to Australia, His Excellency Mr Tim Mawe, who was born in Tipperary, joined us for the weekend with his wife Patricia McCarthy. Patricia gave a very personal presentation 'on both sides of the reading room desk' reflecting about her time as an archivist in Cork and as a family historian researching her own family connections. Tim Mawe was speaker at the formal dinner along with a number of enthusiastic toasts in the Galong style.

Speakers were well known and highly regarded and included Dr Mathew Trinca, Director National Museum of Australia, Dr Perry McIntyre, Dr Jeff Kildea and Dr Jeff Brownrigg, Dr Richard Reid and Cheryl Mongan. FHACTION members Cheryl Bollard, Dorothy Brownrigg, Barbara Moore and Peter Mayberry all presented sessions.



Richard Reid's guided tour of St Clements.

There was a guided walk around the Monastery grounds, including historical anecdotes about the characters who lived there and the various phases the property has progressed through. Mel McNamara became the 'official photographer' for the weekend and has provided an impressive array

of photographs covering all aspects. Some of these are in the newsletter, news items and here. Congratulations to the organising team for a wonderful well-planned weekend.

In person conferences are a great way to invigorate your enthusiasm for projects which may have stagnated. What are your plans next year for conferences? If not a conference, then start with some of the many face-to-face meeting and event options being offered by our society throughout 2023.

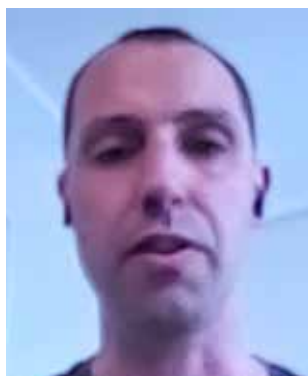
On behalf of the FHACTION council I would like to wish you all a wonderful Christmas New Year period with family, friends and celebrations, and a fantastic 2023!

2022 E.M. Fletcher Writing Award

Gina Tooke

The winner of the Family History ACT 2022 E.M. Fletcher Writing Award was announced at a special event on Saturday 15 October. It was a pleasure to welcome in-person visitors to Cook, alongside the members and many entrants from across Australia who joined us via zoom.

The Fletcher family have supported the competition since its inception in 2019, and this year we welcomed special guest Joseph Schutte, eldest grandson of Eunice Fletcher, to announce the award winner.



Joseph Schutte, Fletcher family



Dr. Naomi Parry, UTAS

We also welcomed Dr Naomi Parry from the University of Tasmania, who made the trip to Canberra to attend the award ceremony and announce the 2nd prize winner, which is sponsored by the university. Naomi's reflections on writing generally and on her own path into family history research and the magic of storytelling gave fresh inspiration to all those who attended.

Judges Dr Wendy Paterson and David Wintrip also joined us and shared their thoughts on story writing and on judging the 2022 entries. Judge Dr Craig Cormick was unable to attend and sent his apologies and best wishes.

The 2022 competition was well supported with 103 stories entered from authors in the ACT, New South Wales, Tasmania, South Australia, Victoria and Queensland – a testament to the enthusiasm of family history researchers across the country. The award ceremony was a celebration of these diverse and engaging family history short stories. Judge Dr Wendy Paterson commended the entrants, *'I believe every person who authors a story inspired by their thoughts, feelings, imagination, and research, is being courageous. They are taking a risk, daring to hope that others will similarly be excited, inspired or intrigued by the story's subject matter'*.

In assessing entries, Wendy said she was looking at what she calls the nuts and bolts that fasten a family history story together. *'Focussing on a central idea helps authors avoid the temptation to include irrelevant detail or events.'* Having a well written, informative, and entertaining story that is logically organised and follows good writing conventions is important. Wendy noted how *'authors drew on well-known strategies to entice me into an unfamiliar world – drawing me in through convincing dialogue, depiction of place or a complex character – and using similes and metaphors to provoke my imagination'*.

David Wintrip, a previous winner of the E.M. Fletcher Award and 2022 judge, spoke about what it takes to evoke an emotional response in a story. For David, this meant working out how his initial reaction would evolve as he read each story – the what, where, when, why and how of the story. Why did the writer use particular words or phrasing, and what could he visualise from these – what did they symbolise, suggest, and how should he react to them? David said *'As a judging panel, I'm pleased to say that we agreed on far more than we disagreed. And where we did disagree it was generally because of our individual emotional responses.'* Judging is, of course, not a single reading of an entry. It requires multiple readings, and this resulted in different emotions being evoked at different times. *'How complex these emotions were and how they interconnected became the markers for whether a story evoked an emotional response.'*

Wendy, David and Craig agree that every story entered is well worth reading, and they congratulated each author on writing and entering their stories. It was a difficult decision to select a winner from the 103 entries received across a variety of topics and styles. During the assessment, the judges read over 194,000 words, many times over, and enjoyed 58 images.



Judge David Wintrip, winner Beverley Richardson and judge Wendy Paterson

Eight stories were short-listed for the 2022 E.M. Fletcher Award, but there could only be one winner.

AND THE WINNER IS

Congratulations to Beverley Richardson, taking home the winner's prize of \$1,000 for her entry *I am Not In-sane*, a compelling story based on official records and oral history that effectively reminds us of the complexity of mental illness and how it has been viewed over time. In conferring the award, the judges said the story is very brave and innovative, and the author cleverly uses

descriptive language to evoke an authentic depiction of time and place. As a Family History ACT member, Beverley also wins the FHACT member prize of a \$100 society voucher. Congratulations Beverley. Read more about Beverley and her motivations for writing this story later in the journal.

The second prize of \$500 was awarded to Madeleine Cleary for her story *The Butterfly Women* inspired by her 3xgreat grandmother, along with an Irish family of prostitutes and petty criminals. The judges said this story, told largely through dialogue, was well developed with great characters. Congratulations Madeleine.

A highly commended award was given to Nang-Kai Lahpai for her story *Tales from our Grandfather* honouring an oral historian grandfather. The judges said this story provides a fascinating insight into an area of history that might not be well known in Australia, looking at a grandfather's personal story of the Kachin people going back seventeen generations. Congratulations Nang-Kai.

Family History ACT congratulates the winner and short-listed entries.



Madeleine Cleary, Second Prize



Nang-Kai Lahpai, Highly Commended

2022 E.M. Fletcher Writing Competition – Short-List:

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| <i>Beneath the Surface</i> | Charlotte Mullens | |
| <i>Bursting Bubbles</i> | Dan Davies | |
| <i>Da's Wake</i> | Cheryl O'Grady | |
| <i>I am Not In-sane</i> | Beverley Richardson | Winner |
| <i>Limonka</i> | Indyana Horobin | |
| <i>Listening in Hope</i> | Pat Sheil | |
| <i>Tales from our Grandfather</i> | Nang-Kai Lahpai | Highly Commended |
| <i>The Butterfly Women</i> | Madeleine Cleary | Second Prize |

THANK YOU ...

Our thanks to all the entrants for sharing their stories and supporting the E.M. Fletcher Writing Competition. To our judges Dr Craig Cormick, Dr Wendy Paterson and David Wintrip – our heartfelt thanks – we couldn't have run the competition without you.

Our most sincere thanks to the University of Tasmania for its generous support in funding the \$500 runner-up prize in the competition.

And finally, thank you to the Family History ACT Writing Competition Committee members Barbara Broad, Rosemary McKenzie, Judy Loy and Gina Tooke.



Barbara Broad, Gina Tooke,
Rosemary McKenzie and Judy Loy



Members' Choice Award 2022 E.M. Fletcher Writing Competition

Have you wished that you could be a judge for the E.M. Fletcher Writing Competition? Do you read the short-listed entries each year and think about which story you would choose to win the award? Now you have a chance to have your say.

This year, the Writing Competition Committee is introducing a new 'members' choice' award. Family History ACT members can vote for their favourite story from the 2022 short-listed entries.

Voting is open now and closes at 5pm on Friday 20 January 2023, with the members' choice of most popular story to be announced in the March 2023 edition of *The Ancestral Searcher*.

Members who vote for the most popular story will go into a draw, with one lucky member to receive a copy of *Every Family has a Story – Stories from the 2021 E.M. Fletcher Writing Competition*.

Start reading the short-listed entries now and then tell us which is your favourite story. Email your choice along with your name and membership number to writingcompetition@familyhistoryact.org.au.



I Am Not In-sane

Beverley Richardson



The wall facing Victoria Road, Gladesville Hospital for the Insane.

I'm fishing in my boat, listening to the waves break on Stockton Beach. My mind sees crescents of foam spreading on white sand and I hear the water sigh as it recedes into the black green ocean. In the west I see the town: moonlight glinting off tin roofs. The streets are dark; candles are snuffed for the night and I know that Sarah, my wife, and our bairns are saying their prayers. Soon they will be warm and asleep in our bed. In the firmament a host of weeping faces look down on me: they are the Family Dead, my nightly companions. While I fish, they tell stories of Death by drowning and shark attack, Death by fever and lung disease, Death by suicide...and I tell them the latest news, for I am The Witness, the one who is present at every christening, at every wedding and at every death. Signing my name on every certificate. My net is cast and I have time to light a pipe, enjoying the movement of the boat as it rises and falls to the rhythm of the waves, the little wooden boat given to me by my family when I became a man. Clouds are gathering in a purple sky and the wind is picking up but I'm drifting and lost, in thought.

Suddenly I'm aware: a Force, beyond the strength of any man, lifts me into the sky and throws me into the water! My oilskin and boots pull me down! I'm sinking like a ball of lead! Looking up, I see a wavering shadow, which must be the bottom of the boat and my fish in the net, their iridescent eyes staring

as I struggle. I try to scream but my face is frozen by The Force that pulls me down; my lips are dumb; my arms and legs are locked in my winter gear. Then a ghostly form emerges, gliding rapidly towards me, wrapped in bandages that drift around a thin body. I tremble violently: it is my nephew, William DUNCAN. His face is terrible to behold, ravaged by disease, his skin loose and yellowed, his mouth flaccid and his eyes sunken caverns lit by a red fire from within. We are face to face when he moans, "Upon your life, remember....remember the vow you must keep." I remember clearly the promise I made when Will lay on his deathbed, that I would shoulder the burden of his mother, Cath DUNCAN, a Scottish harlot and her tribe of brats fathered by my brother. "Upon my life, I'll keep my word," I say, then continue to fall at lightning speed, The Force propelling me to God knows where!

That is the dream, Doctor MANNING,¹ the dream that I dream every night. I must know the meaning.

Why is it that I can never reach my boat? Why is my net full of fish that will never get to market? Why does a choir of skulls haunt me, every night? When asleep, I awake crying out oaths and blasphemies, believing that The Apparition is Death come to claim me... and now it has stepped out of my dreams, wanting revenge, forcing me from my home and imprisoning me here in Bedlam Bay!²

One moment...Doctor...while I light my pipe... my hand is trembling so...

Since the first visitation I have spent nights in the Newcastle³ lockup. The constables say I chased a man who had stolen my tobacco. Would you not do the same? They brought me in when, they claim, I wandered the streets at 3 in the morning. "I'm on my way to consult my solicitor on a trifling matter," it is reported I said. And I see them laugh when I say I'm tired of Her Majesty interfering in my life! Why has she chosen me? Why can't *she* leave me alone?⁴ Doctor" ... I say "It is the work of the Apparition".

These troubles are recorded against my name and I am an outcast in the town where I have lived since an infant. My brother, George, said men in Stockton fear for their lives when they see me in the distance mumbling at an unseen presence, throwing rocks at an empty space. "You fall down in the street," he says, "Insensible!"

"Why am I treated like a rabid dog, run out of town under the threat of death?" I plead, unable to refrain from sobbing like a baby.

"Just clear out!" he shouts churlishly. "The family is shamed and weary. Enough!"

The journey to Botany, my birthplace, stowed away on a steamer; I was frozen, half starved and in need of shelter. Arriving at my uncle's house, his betrayal

was the final straw. Delivered into the custody of the Redfern Police, it seems I am in this asylum for ever.

My eldest son, Arthur, my only visitor, says I am fortunate to be imprisoned in this institution of lunatics, *fortunate* to be detained behind these sandstone walls! "Their treatments are enlightened!" he says. "No isolation, no beatings, and no straight jackets." Doctor, explain to me how I am fortunate. Take a working man from his living, his family and his home. Place him among madmen who swear they are sane. Take me from my life on the North Shore⁵ and force me to pass my days here where gangs of The Forgot⁶ work the vegetable rows, labour in the kitchen, serve tables and slave in the laundry. I want to smell the ocean, gut my fish and throw the innards to the birds, run my knife against leathery skin and see a rainbow of scales above my head. That, to me, is life!

And, what's more... *you* believe *I'm* mad, when you *think* you can distract *me* with entertainments? That is true madness! Summer concerts where ladies in silk dresses and flowered hats warble songs that hold no meaning. Except to remind me of my WIFE. The cricket matches you organise⁷ only take me back to lost happiness; family holidays spent in the fields at Collingwood, where Grandfather NELSON sorted wool.⁸ And at the Winter dances⁹ I refuse to hold those women. I cannot! The faces of my children are becoming dim and I am frightened...

In a dreamlike state, I walk, following the ghost of William DUNCAN, his pretty face surrounded by a halo of auburn hair, his eyes a merry blue, his youthful limbs freckled by days spent with me, fishing in the sun. "Come with me, Benjamin" he commands. "I will take you home." Dropping my hoe, I follow him, through the ancient darkness of trees, down the grassy slope to the bathing beach on the river, leaving the clothes Arthur had brought me on the bank. "Come!" Will repeats. I enter the water and start to swim, downriver, towards Botany.

Outside the Hospital walls I find myself, once again, an object of public derision. I had survived near drownings, when I'd been thrown out of my boat by a freak wave and had had to swim for my life. But the fresh water of the Parramatta River



The grave of Frederick Norton MANNING.

lacks buoyancy and rapidly I grow tired. The river traffic is a hazard that I have never before encountered: chartered steamers bearing parties in search of fish and crabs. Their approach forces me to seek protection in the coves along the bank. But even so, safety is impossible: picnic parties have spread out their cloths and their lemonade, their cakes and their sandwiches at every bend.¹⁰ Women scream as I approach and hold their children close. Their menfolk laugh and jeer. Pandemonium accompanies my every move. Merry-go-rounds and Punch and Judy: brass bands cause a violent headache! My brain is filled with flashing lights! I fall down, awaking muffled and bound by constables from the Redfern Police. "I am not insane! I am NOT insane!" I shout as they lead me, struggling violently, to the lockup. "I am a RATIONAL man!"

I visit your grave every day, Doctor, talking things over, as we did in past times, to try to make sense of my life, which did not run smooth as my brothers', George and Jeremiah. The ghost of Will DUNCAN is lately quiet: he has had his revenge – a lifetime of torment: high toll for one broken promise. Death will come soon: my face is frozen, my arms and legs refuse to move and my lips are dumb. But I can talk yet to you, dead for sixteen years, resting 'neath a cross in the hospital grounds.

As for my latest vision, I know not whether it be a dream, a scrap of memory, or both, I'm so confused. Whatever the case, it is as clear as a photograph. My little craft is washed up on a beach. The timbers are weathered, filled with sand and shells. Nearby, half buried, lies a skull, the blond hair yet visible, the mouth open, revealing the milk teeth of a child. An old man kneels and takes up the skull with both hands. His body shakes with grief. I know him. It is my father, Jonathan ASQUITH, Old Jaunty, wearing the uniform of all fishermen: a white shirt, open at the neck, sleeves rolled to the elbow, braces, trousers folded at the cuff and a felt hat. He is barefoot. I watch as he fashions a little box out of driftwood, carving into its sides the words:

*Jonathan Asquith, 1849-1857
Drowned in the Hunter River
May he Rest in Peace.*

I see the funeral procession board the ferry to cross the harbour, then make its way up the hill to the Cathedral Cemetery, where Father places the Reliquary into the ground. These things I see and remember, Doctor, though I was only a babe when my brother died. The Family Dead will be buried in this place, in their time. These things I witness: these things I remember, these things I know.

1 Frederick Norton Manning- died 1903- buried in the Hospital Cemetery, medical practitioner, Inspector of the Insane – Who Lived at Gladesville Hospital? Mental Health Commission of NSW. Prepared December 2019 by historian Janette Pelosi, based on research in the nineteenth century Gladesville Hospital records.

- 2 The story of Benjamin Asquith's mental illness, passed down through generations of the Asquith family was related to me by Chris O'Sullivan, Asquith family historian.
- 3 A city opposite Stockton, at the mouth of the Hunter River.
- 4 *Notice of Admission and Patient Records*, NSW State Archives and Records, courtesy of Tony Asquith, Benjamin Asquith's oldest living descendent (his great grandson X3).
- 5 An early name for Stockton.
- 6 A popular name for the inmates of the hospital, whose relatives failed to visit them because of family shame.
- 7 'Gladesville Hospital v. Gladesville United', *Cumberland and Fruit Growers Advocate*, Saturday 14 November, 1896, page 6.
- 8 The Collingwood Wool-scouring Establishment, *Australian Town and Country*, Saturday, 4 November, 1871.
- 9 *Daily Telegraph*, Tuesday, 4 October, 1898, page 3. 'Concerts and dances held at Gladesville Hospital for the Insane'.
- 10 'Parramatta River', *Sydney Morning Herald*, Monday, 28th December, 1903, page 8.

Inspiration Statement

The workings of the mind are fascinating, especially when disrupted by mental illness such as schizophrenia and dementia. The access to official records and oral history from family were a catalyst for the story.

Meet our Winner - Beverley Richardson

Gina Tooke

'I can't believe it. It's such an honour.' said Beverley Richardson on hearing that she had won the 2022 E.M. Fletcher Writing Award for her story *I am Not In-sane*. This isn't Beverley's first entry into the E.M. Fletcher Writing Competition. She was short-listed in 2020 for her entry *Currents and Tides*, and then submitted three stories in the 2021 competition.

As an English teacher in three of the most disadvantaged schools in New South Wales, Beverley has always enjoyed exploring literature and media texts with her students and teaching them reading, writing, speaking and listening skills. Missing the classrooms and exchange of ideas after retiring, she found her niche in joining family history buffs at the Newcastle Family History Society (NFHS), Society of Australian Genealogists and Family History ACT (FHACTION). The fellowship acquired through attending the FHACTION writers' special interest group has proved especially enjoyable.

Beverley travelled to Canberra from her home near Newcastle to accept the award. *'I lead such a quiet life these days, this is all a bit overwhelming.'* In accepting the award Beverley said she felt a connection to Eunice Fletcher, for whom the competition is named. *'Like Eunice's family, my sons and a grandson*

assisted my passion for writing family history, helping me to locate graves and photograph the headstones.'

About writing the winning story Beverley said, *'I made a conscious decision not to write safe, but to write to the edge of human experience, a story about psychiatry, madness and death'*. The judges commended her story as brave and innovative, with clever use of descriptive language to evoke an authentic depiction of time and place.

I am Not In-sane tells the story of Benjamin Asquith whose dreams are haunted by deceased family members who are his nightly companions. Benjamin tells his troubled story through a monologue and conversations with his doctor, sometimes narrated with lucidity and at other times confusion, describing the events that led to his incarceration in Gladesville Asylum. Beverley shares her thoughts about how she portrays Benjamin in the story *'At the end he is divested of all of the conflict, losses, and traumatic memories of his life: even his functioning body and it is his essential spirit that talks to all of us, purely, lucidly and simply, describing the tragedy and its impact on the family, that will go down through the generations.'*

The mental health records for Benjamin Asquith were unavailable for 110 years, but Beverley managed to locate Benjamin's oldest living ancestor Tony Asquith. *He gathered the required certificates, wrote the application and sent the records to me within about three weeks.* She also pays tribute to her cousin Chris O'Sullivan for giving her the Benjamin Asquith family story.



Beverley Richardson reading her winning entry.

Beverley's compelling and poignant story can be read in this journal, together with all the short-listed entries from the 2022 competition.

What's next for our winner of the 2022 E.M. Fletcher Award? Having a newfound confidence in her writing since winning the award, Beverley has started a course with the Society of Australian Genealogists which involves writing a 5,000-word story on a colonial female ancestor. *I'm extending myself as a writer and this is a huge step up for me. I already have a protagonist, Susan Asquith, who of course lived at Stockton.* She also has plans for a book about the Asquiths.

Congratulations Beverley on winning the 2022 E.M. Fletcher Award and we wish you every success in with your future writing endeavours.



The Butterfly Women

Madeleine Cleary

14 August 1857,

Melbourne City Court

The judge peers down at me from the bench and I give him a toothless smile. He coughs, straightening as he picks up the dossier in front of him.

I'm ready to play the game.

If we play it right, I might escape with a fine, or perhaps a month in gaol or two. But Elizabeth, so young, so beautiful, she will be fine.

I kiss the Bible, my bonnet low over my eyes. My wobbling chin protrudes a little, so it takes a while before my lips finally grace its leather cover. The journalist with the spare pen tucked behind his ear scribbles frantically as the judge reads out our crimes.

I glance over at my Elizabeth sitting in the front row, fifteen years old and sharper than most of the men in this room. Those men stare at her, at her sensuality, at her beauty, and she knows it. She raises one of those long and shapely eyebrows towards the jury and her pink lips curve up in amusement. A few of the men blush.

I want to shake her, but I cannot help but laugh.

'Do you think this is funny, Mrs. O'NEIL?' the judge asks, his glasses perched crookedly on the end of his nose. Some of the men in the jury straighten. 'These are serious crimes you and your daughter are accused of. Vagrancy, running a disorderly house... soliciting your own daughter into prostitution.' When I say nothing, he shifts the papers and nods at the prosecutor. When he approaches the bench, the prosecutor mutters something under his breath that is just loud enough for me to hear.

Animals.

It catches me off guard, and I try to shake the thing that is constricting my throat when he starts to speak.

'Let me put this in simple terms for you, Mrs. O'NEIL,' the prosecutor says, smiling at the jury. 'You, along with Mrs Johanna LEARY and your daughter, were found drunk by Constable JENKINS on the Saturday night past. You were accompanied by men who claim were robbed by you. You were found with fifty pounds on your person. What do you say to that?'

Johanna calls and says she's sighted a big fish. A freshie, straight from the goldfields. The hard lump the Chinese doctor on Mort Lane told me would kill me ached inside my belly, so the liquor went down far too easily.

I pretend to think and shake my head. 'I'm an old woman with a bad memory, so I barely remember what I ate for dinner last night.'

Some of the jury members snort with mocking laughter. I keep my face blank. 'Are you employed, Mrs. O'NEIL?'

I shrug. 'Sometimes.'

'Who were you working for when you were arrested?'

A quick job, Johanna said. Elizabeth will lure the men inside, and we'll ply them with the hard stuff, the stuff that will make them forget.

The prosecutor clears his throat. 'Do you know Mrs Johanna LEARY?'

Johanna and I fly down the laneways, our young legs strong beneath us, laughing as we clutch the watch and wallet of the man we'd just bilked.

'She is my neighbour.'

'Have you worked with her previously?'

'I don't recall the people I work with.'

The prosecutor takes a deep breath. I can tell he is losing his patience. He gestures to the man sitting next to him. 'Do you recognise this man?'

I squint, then smile a little. 'I don't make a practice of speaking to men, sir. I have so much on my mind with my five children, you see.'

'That woman and her daughter stole fifty pounds from me!' the man cries out, and the jury start to murmur, their intrigue growing.

Elizabeth turns her youthful face to the man. 'You were willing to give me the fifty pounds for a taste of my...'

'Enough,' the judge says, lifting his collar. 'You know this man then, girl?'

'He was sniffing around Juliette Terrace,' she says, her head held high. 'But we didn't rob him.'

When the man stumbled inside Johanna's house and collapsed on her cot we let out a cheer, before I went digging through his pockets.

The prosecutor clears his throat. 'I will remind the jury that Constable JENKINS found this woman and her daughter in a state of disorder, and they were using the foulest language that I cannot, and will not, repeat in this sacred courtroom. Together with Mrs. Johanna LEARY they robbed an innocent man of his earnings. So, in order to duly punish this wench, you should sentence her to twelve months in prison and her daughter to six.'

His voice is flat and cold, almost an exhalation, like he has issued this speech before. We are nothing to him. He will not remember us when he goes home to his stately house on Spring Street. He will tell his wife he is protecting her from the vagrants of society, when he has no idea of where my daughter or I came from.

I turn to the jury to find them nodding, as my body suddenly grows hot. I feel a sharp ache inside my belly, and I clutch at it. I see Elizabeth clasp her hands together to stop them from trembling. The rules of the game have changed. A fine, a month or two in prison perhaps, but this...

'Do you not have anything to say for yourself, Mrs. O'NEIL?' the judge asks. There is resignation in his tone, like he knows the role he must play.

'What should I say?'

'You are entitled to a right of reply.' The judge says slowly, as if speaking to a child.

He gestures towards us with his hands. 'You can defend yourself.' The writer from the paper chuckles as he scribbles.

Elizabeth straightens in the front row, her pointed face held high, her expression steely. I never wanted her to follow me into all of this. I wanted a better life for her. But what choice did we both have? We have children to feed and the children of others to care for.

In Little Lon, we take care of our own.

From the outside, Little Lon is nothing but a tangle of sunken wooden hovels, tiny alleyways, and stinking cesspits. But for those thousands who live inside the confines of the tiny square block, it means so much more.

Just three nights ago, as we all stood outside on a freezing winter's night in Melbourne, we danced a jig in the rain, our skirts and stockings filthy from the mud-soaked streets. One of the more friendly police officers grabbed one of the girls and spun her around Bilking Square, both laughing together like schoolchildren. There's a lot of pain in Little Lon, but there are moments of joy too.

'You are one of the infamous O'NEIL's, aren't you?' the judge asks, leaning forward as he tries to interpret my silence. 'I've seen a lot of your kind.'

'They are my husband's family.' Drunkards, thieves and gamblers, the lot of them. I suppose I am one of them.

'And where is your husband?'

'Drunk, maybe dead. Nobody really knows.' There's a quiet smattering of awkward laughter among the jury. 'So, if you'd like to tell me how a woman of my age can support five children, plus others, without running a brothel then I'd like to hear it...'

What's the point in pretending anymore? It's also not illegal to run a brothel in Melbourne.

'Couldn't you do, I don't know, some form of women's work? Washing? Sewing? Needlework?'

I eye the judge and raise my eyebrow. 'If I just did this so-called women's work, Your Honour, I'd be dead in the ground with my children next to me.'

'Why is that?'

'Do you know how much you pay your washing-woman?'

The judge scoffs. 'Why would I know such a thing? My wife arranges that.'

It is my turn to speak slowly. 'Well, Your Honour, my daughter and I here can earn twenty times more money running a brothel than we would scrubbing your wife's underwear.'

It's too much, I know, but it's too late to take the words back. There's an uproar in the courtroom as the judge tries to settle them back to their seats.

The judge lifts his collar again, his cheeks a rosy red. 'So, you are greedy? You want to take the gold of hard-working men, is that it?'

'The amount we earn, Your Honour, is just enough to feed our children. And I can't say I've ever experienced taking gold from a hard-working man in Melbourne.'

Some of the women of the jury start to laugh and the journalist is now bent fully over his notebook, a lopsided smile on his face.

The judge, far from being amused, continues to ask more questions. 'Couldn't you find some employer to take you in to be their house-servant?'

'What kind of house is going to take on a married woman of my age with five children?'

The judge considers this, shifting some papers. 'And your husband? What of his means and character?'

This time I laugh and shake my head. 'My husband left for the goldfields a few years ago and gambled away whatever we had left. He's been in prison more than out.'

The judge shakes his head and, just for a moment, I think we may have a chance to get out of this. I eye Elizabeth and, on cue, her large blue eyes start to well with fat tears. I've never been prouder of my daughter as the prosecutor looks over at her with horror.

'Your Honour,' he says. 'I'm afraid you are gathering some sympathy for this woman and her actress of a daughter. Do not fall under their sly and conniving female ways. They're attempting to trick you. That much is plain.'

'Are you implying, Mr. WYATT, that a woman of her education and class is outsmarting a man such as me?'

The prosecutor stumbles, realising his error. 'Your Honour, I would never dream of making such implications.'

'Your Honour, please spare my daughter Elizabeth. I don't mind if you lock me up in gaol for the rest of my mortal life...'

Elizabeth gets to her feet. 'Ma...'

'She's a good girl, give her a chance and...'

'I'm afraid, Mrs. O'NEIL, that that is not possible,' the judge says, his gaze growing thoughtful as he assesses me, like a specimen beneath a microscope. 'It is clear to me from your responses that without support or means that there is no hope for a woman like you. Poverty, vagrancy and criminality are all hereditary sicknesses, ones we wish to one day breed from our good society. You, Mrs. O'NEIL, are one of the spreaders of these sicknesses, and I'm afraid it's far too late for your daughter.'

I meet Elizabeth's gaze, and her pale, blue eyes are wide with terror, but also fury.

The prosecutor smiles, his teeth sharp and white.

I feel my breath quicken as the journalist meets my gaze, the gleam in his eyes feverish. The man who condemned me folds his arms, a smug smile on his face.

The judge who presides over me gives me a patronising and knowing smile. The female faces of the jury pity me, while the men scorn me.

I see the gaoler in my future, the man whose laughter echoes inside the dark confines of the iron prison.

I see the devil who will take me, when this hard lump inside my belly or the gaol's damp or the knife in my back, will kill me.

We try our best to play the game, but in the end, we're always left with the hand we're dealt with. However, there is something the men can never take from us, and I see it when I meet my daughter's gaze.

A fury that I hope one day might reset the game.

Inspiration Statement

The Queen of Little Lon, my great-great-great grandmother, Catherine O'Neil, along with my Irish family of prostitutes and petty criminals who ruled Melbourne's Bilking Square.



Tales From Our Grandfather

Nang-Kai Lahpai



Grandfather LAHPAI Zau Tu

Steeped in the rich oral tradition of his day, our grandfather loved to tell stories – stories that weave fact and fiction in narrations of the origins and migration saga of our ethnic group, the Kachin of northeastern Burma or Myanmar.

He waxed poetic recounting how our ancestors were spurred on by their supreme chief to venture southward from the original homeland of *Majoi Shingra* in the Tibetan plains in search of new homelands:

Spoils of war you shall not take, Nor the womenfolk touch!

We go to war but for our homeland,

No rest shall we take, nor return home till victory is ours!

And of their war-weary lament:

For three straight years we battled,

Two astride a horse letting fly arrows front and rear,

Fingertips bruised and blackened from pulling crossbows,

Hair mangled and knotted from relentless wear of military headgear.

Adventurous and adroit at finding new lands to conquer and claim, our forefathers soon held sway over vast swathes of territory – *of land spreading from the centre of the skies*. The tribes at first kept together, but as they wound their way southward, began to go their separate ways carving out homelands for themselves along the migration route. The majority settled in the north and northeastern parts of modern-day Burma, but smaller groups made their way to contiguous regions in China and India – specifically the western corner of Yunnan Province

in China, and Assam and Arunachal Pradesh States in today's India. The ethnic group known as *Kachin/Jinghpaw* in Burma is known variously as *Jingpo* in China, and *Singhpo* in India.

Land settled by the Burma-Kachins is chronicled in the oral narratives as *Ja Pa, Seng Ga* – fabled land of jade and gold. Fittingly, Imperial Jade, the jade mined in Kachinland is the most expensive and sought-after type in the world. In the northwestern corner bordering India lies *Tsit Ga* – the lush, green Hukawng Valley ringed by high mountains and fed by the headwaters of the Chindwin River. It is an ecologist's paradise, land where tigers still roam, and amber fossils have been found. It is the only place in the world where blood amber, an extremely rare deep red variety, is mined.

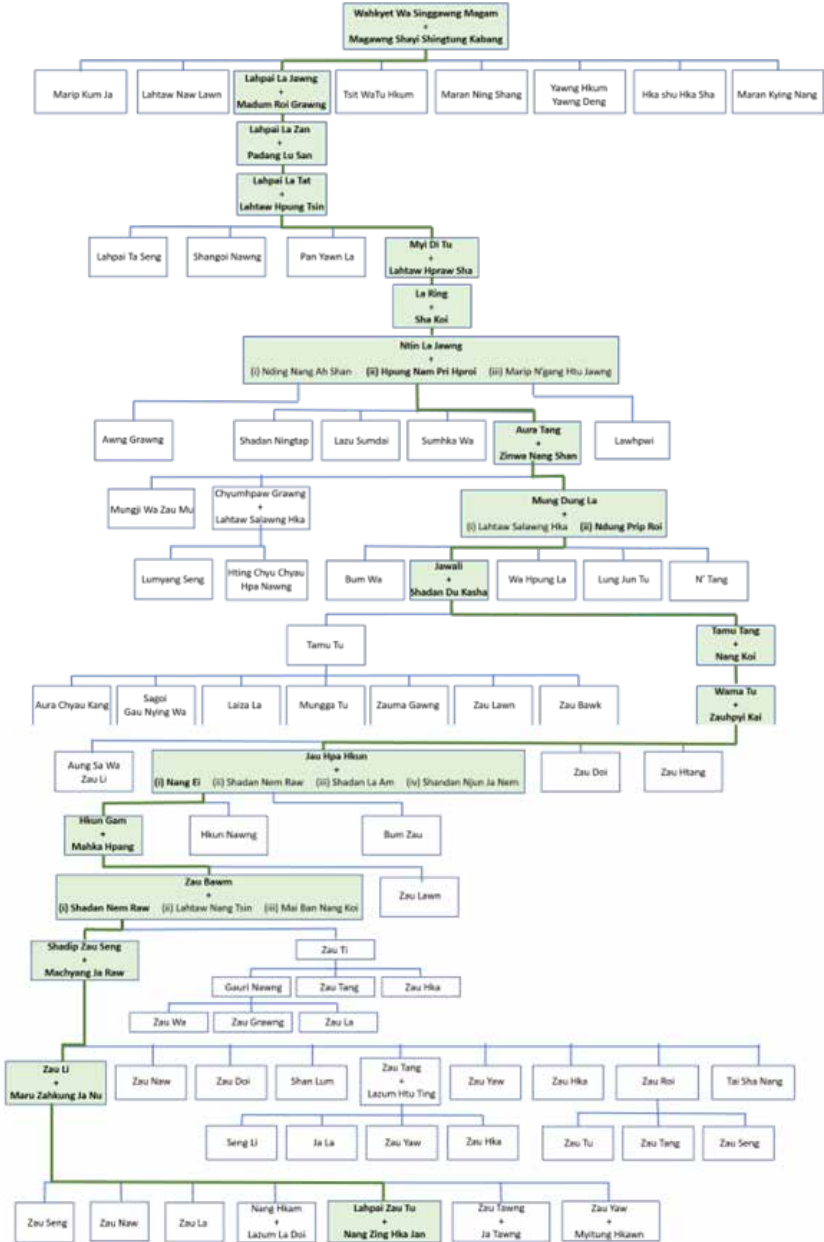
Keepers of Kachin history during the animist era when no writing system existed were the *Jaiwas*, itinerant bards or saga relaters. At sacrificial dance feasts such as the *Manau*, the *Jaiwa* would be seen intoning lengthy recitations of traditional cosmogony and the Kachin migration saga which could last from several hours to several days. Only a chief or collective leadership could summon the people to such a gathering, and our grandfather being of the chieftain clan had ample opportunity to observe and embrace the tradition of these oral historians.

The genealogy tale handed down from generation to generation traces our ancestry to a mythological progenitor "Supreme Chief" *Wahkyet Wa Singawng Magam*, whose union with "Royal Maiden" *Magawng Shayi Shingtung Kabang* begat 5 sons, forebears of the Kachin chieftain clans. The LAHPAI clan to which we belong traces direct lineage to the third son La Jawng, who when asked to come claim his birthright, firmly gripped his father's ceremonial spear and led the way for the clan to become lords of *Singgawng Ga* – the verdant regions in the upper reaches of the Irrawaddy River, the life blood of the nation.

Despite a lack of written records, our family is able to trace our ancestry 17 generations removed from our grandfather, thanks to his oral renditions. The family tree that emerges reveals an extensive network of intra-clan relationships and the marital ties that bind us to the other clans. It also provides a glimpse

into the age-old custom of marrying off younger men in the family to widows of elder brothers or uncles and given leave to be polygamous.

The LAHPAI Family Tree



Our grandfather LAHPAI Zau Tu was born around 1878, a few years before Burma in its entirety came under colonial rule as a province of British India. In keeping with the naming conventions of our ethnic group, the family name "LAHPAI" comes before the given name of "Zau Tu". The name also serves as an indicator of his status within the family and community, identifying him as the 4th son of a chieftain family. His animist parents fearing he would be "snatched away" by *nats* or evil spirits like his 3 elder brothers and face infant mortality, gave him the secret code name of *Mayam/Yam Dun* (slave child), the name by which he was known throughout childhood.

Our grandfather had many personal tales to tell from his long and eventful life, but the central theme running through these life stories is his passion for education. He related that his 6th and 3rd great-grandfathers were literate, having spent some time as monks at a Buddhist monastery. The third great-grandfather especially was said to have been quite learned, with a keen interest in astrology and herbal medicine, and reputed to be a master at fortune telling and occult practices such as casting spells and amulets. He later left monkhood to become a warrior chief and had several wives and many offspring. It is to his elder twin son that our branch of the clan traces direct lineage. Proud as he was of their literacy, our grandfather bemoaned the fact that his ancestors did nothing to share their knowledge with the people.

Grandfather Zau Tu said the desire to be literate, to be able to read and write, burned within him from a very young age. He said he would go ask an old soldier in the village who had had some exposure to monastic education what the written word looks like. When he asked his father to let him attend the American Baptist mission school at a nearby town, his animist father was dead set against it, trying to frighten him instead with stories of missionaries spiriting away students, shapeshifting into tigers and devouring them. Unfazed, grandfather reportedly retorted, "If they're going to spirit away and eat the other children, let them spirit me away and eat me also!"

Later, when one of his uncles told him in secret he would soon be taking his son to the school and he could come along if he wished, grandfather said he was so excited, the mere thought of going to school made him choke while eating, break into a run when walking, or wake up in the middle of the night and not be able to go back to sleep again.

And so it was that our grandfather ran away from home a young lad of about 10 or 12, to attend the Baptist mission school. It was there that he met his future wife NANGZING Hka Jan, who was already a teacher at the school by that time, being a daughter of one of the first 7 Kachins to be baptized as Christians. Hka Jan was some 10 years his senior, and family lore has it that it was she who took the initial step of making known her interest directly to him.

After their marriage on 14 April, 1902, our grandparents went on to establish the first self-supporting primary school for Kachins at our grandfather's ancestral village of Pangmu in the Sinlum Hills overlooking Yunan, China. It was a huge undertaking for the newly married couple as they also had to feed and house students who came from surrounding villages to attend the school, some from as far away as across the border in China. After more than a decade, the colonial government did recognize the little school, and provided financial assistance. In 1923, our headmistress grandmother was honoured by the Governor's representative with a certificate and a silver watch for her pioneering efforts in education. Our grandfather was to become the first Kachin chieftain to be converted to Christianity and the 2nd Kachin to be ordained a pastor in the Baptist faith.

A colonial era anecdote our grandfather liked to recount with relish was of the time he and 2 other paramount Kachin chiefs were invited to attend the Durbar of 1925 in the capital city of Rangoon as guests of the Governor Sir Harcourt BUTLER. The intent of the invitation was evidently to bedazzle the hill Kachins with British pomp and grandeur, dissuading them of any lingering notions of resistance to British rule. The fact of the matter was that Kachins had offered the stiffest of resistance to colonial rule and it had taken the British nearly 4 decades to pacify the entire Kachin region.

One of the chiefs however, decided to do a one-upmanship on the British. Feigning illness, he stayed away from the Durbar ceremony itself, but asked for, and received the gift of a motor car. The British indulged the chief's seemingly naïve request, knowing full well it would not be of much use to him in the hills with no access to paved roads or petrol. But unbeknownst to them, the chief had made arrangements to sell the car to an Indian merchant in the city. So it was that the chief happily pocketed the cash from sale of the car and went back to his fiefdom in the hills, a much richer man.

Given that middle school was the highest level of education Kachins could aspire to under British rule, our grandfather fought hard all his life for his people to have access to higher education. The year of the Durbar, he led a delegation of 56 Kachin chiefs and elders to Rangoon to petition the Governor for Home Rule, and failing that, to institute better education, health, agriculture, and economic opportunities for the Kachins. His vision of a university for the Kachins did not materialize during his lifetime, but his agitation for the first Bible School in Kachin made it possible for our people to be theologically trained in our heart language.

Grandfather made sure all his children, 5 sons and 4 daughters, had access to a sound education. His eldest son became the first Kachin to receive a university degree. He and his younger brother, true to the Kachin warrior tradition, were notable as WWII heroes, and between the two of them had 2

MCs, an OBE, and a slew of other war medals such as the 1939-1945 Star, the Burma Star, the Defence Medal, and the War Medal. All the siblings were high achievers and had major roles to play in the formative years after Burma became independent in 1948.

As for our grandfather, what he liked to declare with pride and joy seeing all his children and grandchildren become educated was: "Five generations of my family are now literate!"

Inspiration statement

Honouring our oral historian grandfather whose narrations enabled us to trace our ancestry 17 generations removed from him despite a lack of written records.

Bursting Bubbles

Dan Davies

My daughter ordered one of those DNA kits online. You spit in a tube and send it away to scientists who tell you where you come from – your ancestry. One hundred and twenty bucks it cost her – she must have been keen.

I wasn't much help; I knew we had some Welsh and Irish, and some Greek and Spanish. Both my parents are dead, no surviving grandparents, no accessible relatives, no photo albums, no distant overseas contacts, no family stories.

Her interest extended to birth charts and astrology. She wanted to know exactly what time I was born, apparently it was important. My lack of knowledge regarding these minute details frustrated her efforts. She was on a quest, searching with a need to know herself in detail. I used to keep photos and memories in shoeboxes, but after the second house burned down, I gave up.

My father was Greek/Spanish, my mother Welsh/Irish – that's all I know. But wait my child, for surely, we go further back than that. Didn't we all come out of Africa, long before arbitrary borders and countries and nationalities with flags and traditions and customs and cuisine and nationalism and favourite sporting teams to substitute for our battle lust? Isn't that what we were taught? We came from a fertile crescent, the cradle of civilisation or something, in the Rift Valley, out of Africa. We were monkeys once.

I liked telling my children they were monkeys. Once, we were bouncing on the trampoline with the neighbour's kid, she was a bit older than my kids and I asked her what sort of animal she was. She replied that she was not an animal – she was a person. My kids told her she was a monkey, very similar to chimpanzees – *I know, I know, strictly an ape; primate if you prefer*. She strongly resisted the idea, and although we were playful, she huffed off in a

state of agitated indignation. It is hard nowadays to convince people they are still animals.

My daughter says my time of birth would indicate my ascendant sign, which is important because it explains 'how you dawn on people' – *it does what now...?* I wonder, if her test comes back with African heritage, would it explain her need to leave the bloody heater on all day? When the results came back, she was thrilled but nervous. Sure enough, the United Kingdom influence was strong, as was the swarthy component, the Scandinavian inclusion was a surprise, the Slavic roots defied explanation, but there was no mention of Africa. We were disappointed.

I don't have a clue how these things work. It seems strange that they can identify part of you as Welsh, but not where the Welsh parts come from. I mean, how do they even know we all came out of Africa, if not by looking at DNA? Maybe it's all just a theory. Maybe you have to pay more money to get the advanced kit to tell you you're basically African, or you *were* once, or *someone* was anyway – and now, *here you are*.

I've heard the British are a proud race with a long history. But like so many others, is not their heritage muted and mixed to the point of thorough mongrelisation? Is it not pure-bred dogs that are, in effect, inbred? Surely, we are all mongrels. Here in Australia, we call ourselves multi-cultural, yet we have deeply ingrained racism. How sad that such a diverse and eclectic collection of races still feels the urge to maintain their fear of one another's differences. Still, it is a race after all, someone must win.

Some of the losers take a perverse satisfaction in the notion that Australia has no culture – other than the piggybacking of England's traditions and the adoption of America's fashions. Others feel some patriotic gratification in perpetuating the rhetoric that we are good at war and footy. *Yeah mate*, we are Oztralian. Sorry you black fellas are having trouble adjusting, but *Terra nullius* and all that bullshit — we stole it fair-and-square. Anyway, it's all a big melting pot now isn't it?

Maybe that's why she wants to know so much, because we're becoming indistinct from one another, and we crave differentiation. I don't suppose a first nation person ever had that problem. They knew where they came from and who they were – stretching back countless millennia. I like to imagine a first nation person's thoughts would have been more along the lines of 'where do we come from?' But what would I know, I don't have access to that rich culture, other than what I read, or hear.

I know my grandparent's names, but I never knew my tribe. My homelands are long, long gone, far away in time, like yours maybe.

Wherever first nations existed, it was only a matter of time before merry old England came along, or the Spanish or Portuguese, amongst others. Then I

expect the most important question quickly became, *how do we survive this?* I once read somewhere a white man's account of the first British contact with the *Butchulla* people of *K'gari* (Fraser Island). He said they were the healthiest, strongest, proudest race he had ever encountered. He said they positively glowed with life and had abundant leisure time. They lived by three laws as old as creation: What is good for the land comes first; Do not take or touch anything that does not belong to you; Those with plenty must share. Oh god I miss those days. I wish I had known them.

My daughter was trying to get to know herself – to bend time to see herself through the components of the past. What formed her, what was the catalyst, what are the chances, how was it done, why was it made that way, what is it, how is it, and why? *I met your mother by accident, by chance. There was something so familiar about her, I think she saw something in me too. I am sure our love existed long before we ever met.*

If I'd bothered, if I'd really cared, I might have done some research and uncovered tales of the YUKHARIS family from the Greek side. Such as that of Georgio YUKHARIS, who was murdered for a patent on a cheap herbal remedy made primarily from dandelion root. The medicinal tincture had proved highly efficacious against a range of diseases, including cancer, in several clinical trials. His disappearance was explained by authorities as an accidental drowning. The product never made it to market, and none of the true details ever came to light.

I could delve even further back – way back to Birna ULFSON, Jarl Gorm ULFSON's wife, who was partly responsible for changing the course of certain histories when she lay with Ubric SIGGUERSON. The child was oafish with red hair, very different to his lithe, blond siblings. And though he stood out like a cuckoo's chick, this was not taken as confirmation of transgression, rather, it was thought that the gods themselves must have gifted him for some great purpose. He was treated as a god, but overindulgence left him ineffectual, leading to a widespread escalation of atheism. All of the finer details of this saga have of course been lost to history.

All events changed history though, and they affected your future. The past affects the future – the future reflects the past. Yet all recorded history is still recent, current events really. To get to the heart of the matter, we surely need to go *waaay* back, back beyond Africa. *Aren't we all made of stardust?* – she's into astrology.

Where am I from? I thought this land grew me. I thought I emerged out of it; its soil, its water, its sunshine – as did my mother, and hers and hers. Even the ancients knew that: Father Sun – Mother Earth. We came out of the womb of the earth, which came from the uterus of the universe, birthed through the omniverse... *I don't know, no one does.* So we stick to what we can access

through recent history; what we can retain by word of mouth, scraps in books, decaying digital memories, anthropology, genealogy, archaeology, ancient history – *you know, the recent stuff*. These are vast and important fields, they give us clues, provide perspectives, hinting through muted lenses at things with which we might concoct meaning of the bubbles we inhabit.

Can you trace the life of a bubble? Will knowing the components that went into the production of a bubble give you a deeper sense of its essence? Will it change how you see the bubble? Maybe the bubble will grow? What if the bubble bursts?

My daughter says it's just nice to know. She says that knowing your history enhances your future. She says it's nice to have a story to tell. She says, if nothing else, it's bloody interesting – and it is! It's all so interesting that I don't know where to start.

I've just received my own DNA kit in the mail, the *Elite* package. I hope it explains the Slavic link. I hope it tells me that I come from Africa. I hope it tells me I come from the Sun; I am intimately connected to everyone and everything; I am inseparable from all pasts, and all futures. Earth is our mother – Sun is our father. You are my sisters and brothers, my daughters and sons. We are a family. We are one.

I spit in the tube and send it off – I am looking forward to news from the past.

Inspiration Statement

When my daughter ordered a DNA kit, I was initially sceptical, but her enthusiasm was contagious, and now I'm hooked.

Beneath the Surface

Charlotte Mullens

The sharp creak of the wooden floor of the dormitory disturbed my sleep. Melbourne was deep in autumn, but the breeze through the open window carried a winter chill, robbing the room of its warmth and comfort. My door swayed in the breeze, knocking against the worn, brick wall. I could recall closing it after supper but seemingly, sometime in the night, it had come unstuck. I lay down and drew my blankets closer. As I drifted off to sleep, I envisioned sinking into the cool water of Deep Creek, the water bubbling and turbulent with secrets, adventure and memories of how I used to exist. The water swallowed me whole, it freed me and trapped me. Before I could shriek his calloused hand clamped down on my mouth and his coarse fingers snaked around my neck. The fine hairs all over my body stood on end as soon as I

heard his voice. "We found Edwin and we know exactly what you did to him Charlotte," James spat, his voice dripping with venom. "You are coming home with me to pay the price." I felt my brother's thick, split nail press against my windpipe. I squirmed and thrashed within his grip, desperate to escape. The other women in the dormitory slept soundly, undisturbed by my distress. I spied the smooth, heavy river rock in his hand, and I shut my eyes before I felt the weight of it against my forehead.

My mother Eliza and my father John came to Australia aboard *The Cornwall*, a creaky ship tasked to carry more than three hundred people from Plymouth to their new home. Before *The Cornwall* left in February of 1848, Eliza had spent months staring out the window, desperately trying to memorise the details of her homeland. She told her family she was leaving her heart in England, in the fields of Suffolk. Mary, my sister, was only four months old and my mother held her close, as a reminder that she had to stay alive for her daughter. Food on the ship was scarce and devoid of the flavours of England. As months passed, the ship smelt more of sweaty flesh and death and the children grew weak and sickly. John held my mother and sister close, whispering of the life they would soon have; promises of freedom and prosperity, far away from the ocean and the storms that rattled the ship as he spoke. As the ship pulled into Port Phillip Bay in August, my parents praised God. They said He had given them the courage to begin this journey and He had given them the strength to survive it. God would provide for them in Australia. Eliza and John would have good luck.

Twenty-five years after my family first set foot in Australia, I was born at our home in Bulla. My mother had thirteen babies before me, but I was the one that stole her spirit. After dark, my sisters Louisa and Harriet would whisper stories as we grew weary. Louisa said she felt God in the room the day I was born, there to carry mother to heaven. She turned ghostly white, and she reeled in agony, shrieking from her bed. My father waited on the veranda, guzzling a bottle of whiskey, concerned at the notion of another whining mouth to feed. My mother lay in a pool of blood as she held me for the first time. Harriet said that before I was born my mother was joyful, she would sing hymns to my siblings when they were restless and gently stroke their hair. Before my second birthday, she grew sickly, unable to rise out of bed. Her skin was waxen and pale. The medicine man said it was a growth, that a poisonous seed had been planted in her and had spread for many years. As she lay dying my sisters and brothers decided that I was her curse, I was her poison. Without me, their mother would have lived. I was not one of their kind.

After my mother left the earth, my father drank his spirit away. He would pay my brothers a few pence to hold his horses outside the Deep Creek Inn while he drowned his sorrows in drink. His predilection for alcohol and years of working under the sun had turned his skin scabrous and leathery. His hardworking

nature was the only thing that redeemed my father as honourable to me and I clutched onto this trait like a talisman. He would rise early to train the draught horses and work until sunset, regardless of the weather, or the aches that rattled his body. My father was a man of few words, but each night I listened from my bed as he prayed aloud that our mother was safe in heaven with God. Mary was strict and unforgiving as the lady of the house. Her own children grew up beside us and their mother governed us all. The children of Bulla passed time splashing in the waters of Deep Creek, under the shade of the towering gums.

The letter arrived the week before my eighteenth birthday, and it promised a path not travelled by the women in my family. Miss BYRNES had sent away an application for teacher's college without the approval of my father or Mary, forging his signature with a graceful flick of her slight hand. The hope of leaving Bulla buoyed me and I devoured every book I could borrow from Miss BYRNES, feeling one page closer to escaping, to beginning my own story.

The water in Deep Creek sang with possibilities as I hid from my chores, perched at the base of a gum tree by the water. The smell of smoke stirred me from my bliss, and I followed the ashy scent all the way back home.

My collection of books was charred and smoking. I released a piercing, guttural scream as James piled more onto the flames. My poems and essays morphed into ash, whipped away by the wind. My siblings giggled and hollered as my deepest love turned to cinders, swallowed by the vicious and unforgiving fire. Father beckoned me into the kitchen to accept his wrath.

He told me that women in our family prayed, married, and birthed children. Women in our family learnt to be silent and thoughtless. Edwin, his inarticulate farmhand, and I would marry in a week, the same day I was meant to leave for Melbourne. He would curse me to a life I would despise as punishment.

The smoke had filled my throat and it traced its way into my lungs, suffocating me. I found myself on the muddy banks again. A sticky, sweaty hand caressed my arm and I jumped.

Edwin smirked as he sat down beside me, smug that he had won me as his bride. I rose from the bank and wandered into the stream, the chilly water filling my shoes and my skirt rising to float on the skin of the water. In my tears, I could taste the distinct flavour of smoke, dirt and failure. Edwin stalked me into the water as though I was his prey. All I could hear was the water stirring and bubbling as his hands traced my body. I shivered as I felt his slippery lips on my neck. The memories are hazy, but it traces back to me in flashes. I can call recall him splashing as I gripped his head. The water bubbled as he tried in vain to scream for help. In my dreams I replay him thrashing and buckling, but I was unstoppable, pushing him deeper as his defences grew weaker. I held him down until he lay still in the creek, his shirt drenched and his lungs

filled with water. His tall frame was limp. Panic set me alight and I stumbled around, filling his pockets with rocks so he sunk, consumed by the water and my greedy desire to escape, to find more in life and to be more than Edwin's bride. I shed no tears. I will not be owned.

I left for Melbourne on the early morning coach on an icy February morning. I had nicked the fare, three shillings. My waterlogged boots squelched as I boarded but the driver did not utter a word as I sat down, clutching my suitcase close to my stomach as Bulla faded into the distance.

Melbourne was vast and electric, filled with possibilities. There were electric lights in almost every building, and I admired gleaming telephones in ornate hotels, with intricate ceiling roses fanning out above their chandeliers. Yet, every shout unsettled me. At every corner, I whipped my head around to see if someone was following me. I only left the dormitory in broad daylight, fearful that one day, someone would come to find me and tear me from the life I had rebuilt myself in. My marks at college were excellent and words spun from my pen. But no matter how hard I tried to patch over the darkness, to stitch myself back up again with colourful thread, my mind had been poisoned. The price I had to pay for my freedom was fear and, each day, it slowly ebbed away. Each day I was closer to leaving Edwin and my past at the bottom of that creek.

The ambient sound of rustling water was surrounding me when I woke. My head was swirling and my mouth was dry. My voice was muffled under the fabric gag in my mouth. I spied the rope binding me to a tree on the banks of Deep Creek. I could feel blood dried to my forehead where James had hit me with the rock, and the lump under my skin pulsed and throbbed. William and James argued in hush tones, while Samuel and Arthur hovered awkwardly, watching me. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath in, as four of my brothers, who grew in the same womb as I did, planned my imminent death. William gently untied the ropes, refusing to look me in the eye. James spat into the dust in front of me. "You deserve to die you, treacherous witch," he yelled, his deep voice filled with contempt. "Edwin was a good, innocent man". Arthur and Samuel gripped my arms on both sides and walked me over to the bank. As they lowered me into the water I could hear James' voice, overcome with emotion and passion. "You have cursed two people we loved to die. Today, you will die. Today, we erase you from our family. Today, our mother and Edwin will finally rest in peace." I was sinking into the cool water of Deep Creek, the water bubbling and turbulent with secrets, adventure and memories of how I used to exist. The water swallowed me whole, it freed me and trapped me. I did not fight them. They can erase me from this family but I will lurk beneath the surface. I will poison their sweetest dreams with my rebellious existence. My ghost will stalk the rooms of their children as they sleep. They can burn my books but the memory of my death will be sticky and painful, they will think of my limp

body as they dip their feet in the cool water in summer. Their children will be disobedient and desire more than the simple life they are cursed with. My spirit will spook the horses as they attempt to train them into submission. My sisters will dream of the innocence we shared in childhood, only to remember their kin held me under the water until I expired. They will lie awake, unable to sleep.

I will not be erased. I will lurk beneath the surface, not breaking the skin of the water, unable to be forgotten by everyone I have cursed.

Inspiration Statement

Beneath the Surface is inspired by Charlotte Mansfield, who was omitted from our family anthology. No reason was given. This is a work of fiction.

Da's Wake

Cheryl O'Grady

It just doesn't seem right to me, to say goodbye this way; with raucous laughter exploding above the fever-pitch strains of the fiddler; his lithe figure swaying frantically back and forth with every stroke of his bow, silhouetted by the fierce glow of the bonfire. And the dancing! They are swinging excitedly in circles to the fiddler's strain, arms linked as they spin, as if afraid to let each other go, lest they might lose control and fly away into the night! Even austere Father CONNOLLY, whose mournful oration was delivered just hours earlier, looks on with great amusement. Then tilting his face to the heavens, he shakes forth the last reluctant drop from his flask, onto his waiting tongue, foot tapping in the dust. It just doesn't seem right somehow.

The fire, as if caught up in this commotion, blazes into a crackling inferno, stoked from the edge by a handful of weans, mesmerized by the orange yellow flicker of the darting flames. Suddenly, from the children's curious stirring amidst the ashes comes an eruption of sparks, rising upwards, striving for a place for just a moment, amongst the stars twinkling brightly in the dark, night sky. A never ending Australian sky.

The fire and the night sky evoke memories of earlier days. When he was still with us, Da would stumble up the steps of the hut, exhausted after the long workday in the dusty fields. He would slump into his familiar old rocker beside the hearth, where the children would rush to extract his worn leather boots. They would fall to the floor with a thud, while he took a stick, strategically placed within the fire, to light his dudeen, his old clay pipe. He would then lean back in his chair, and after a long sigh, he would grasp his dudeen firmly between tobacco-stained teeth, and stare, mesmerized into the fire in a moment of satisfied silence. After a minute or two to collect his thoughts, he would tell stories of life back home in his beloved Limerick.

‘There,’ says Da, ‘the sky hung so low over the Shannon that you could almost reach up and touch it.’ With a whimsical grin and a melody in his voice, he would recall patchwork fields, in multiple hues of green that you would not have thought possible. He would describe checkerboard pastures, crisscrossed by dry stone walls over the lush hills and valleys as far as the eye could see. He would close his eyes tightly, till they almost disappeared amidst his weather-worn and furrowed face, and he would fling his arms around himself in a bear hug, as he recalled the lingering, gentle rains; ‘soft days’ he would call them. ‘You could almost watch the praties sprout, to be sure,’ he would squeal in excitement.

Then, his elation trailed away, and his mood hardened. He turned his gaze to a scene that was at odds with what he had described. It became clear that life was not always a joy back in Limerick. Before long, a great sadness overcame him. A tremble crept into his voice, and he recalled the devastation of the Hunger, he called it, when the crops failed – one season, then again, and yet again. They were already barely hanging on to life, yet with nothing to sell, the family grew destitute and unable to satisfy their hungry bellies, let alone the landlord’s pocket. It was not a matter of that refined British ‘gentleman’s’ conscience how *our* poor Irish babies would be fed. Da made no secret of his disdain for the landlord. ‘You can put silk on a goat,’ he would snarl, ‘but it’s still a goat.’ Tithes to the Englishman’s church too, still had to be paid, even for rogue native Irishmen whose spiritual loyalties lay elsewhere.

Our Da made no pains of the fact he had little regard for a foreign ‘King and Country’ imposing its will on his beloved Ireland. ‘Some people are just born fortunate’, he would say. We fought back tears as he lamented the awful winter’s night his family – three generations of them – were finally evicted from their meagre stone and thatch cottage on the landlord’s estate. Awakened from their slumber they were, and thrown out into the night, babes and all. Da recalled with a wobble in his voice, the day they gathered their goods and chattels and made their way to a kindly neighbour, hardly any better off than them, who took the family in. But, with so many hungry mouths to feed and so little to go around, their lives could no longer be sustained and the old and the noticeably young began to perish. The desperate plight of the villagers swelled into a spirit of rebellion and as resentment grew towards the cruel landlord, Da and other men were driven to take matters into their own hands. In a sudden and frenzied attack, they razed the landlord’s house to a pile of smoking ash. ‘Insurrection,’ the magistrate called it. Then with a mixture of Irish pride and resentment he would retort, ‘Beware of the anger of quiet men.’

But at what cost, we pondered? If things were not desperate enough, Da was expelled to a far-flung colony for the term of his life. He would never again see the family he loved and defended so fiercely in that moment of madness. Instead, the young man of twenty became cargo for a fetid convict ship. ‘Coffin

ships,' he called them. We could only wonder what horrors were experienced on board; a subject he avoided at all cost. 'Mustn't alarm the children,' he would laugh whenever curiosity got the better of us.

He arrived at their destination of Sydney Town but found no lush green fields, dry stone walls or 'soft days' here – just labour, and plenty of it, in unrelenting heat and dust. Still, they had sustenance enough to survive to toil another day. Enough without waste is as good as a feast, he would say. 'We would have been grateful for such prizes back home in Ballynash,' he'd laugh. 'And if we kept our head down, worked hard and avoided trouble, we could even avoid the master's lash,' he would muse from his chair by the fire. Such was the optimism of our dear old Da! He found himself fighting back tears when he told of the day he was blessed with a pardon. 'Freed by servitude I was – what they call an *e m a n c i p i s t*,' he said, carefully manoeuvring his tongue around such a fancy, unfamiliar title.

As large tracts of fertile grazing land began to open up, beyond the limits of the colony's established nineteen counties, it proved too great a temptation for the likes of newly free men like Da. The government, in their wisdom, issued licences to run stock beyond these limits, for the princely sum of ten pounds per annum. Some paid labour here and there raised the fee for a lease, and he took up his run at Lambing Flat. Eager Irish immigrants were now being brought to the colony to meet a desperate need for farm labour. One such immigrant was a teenage dairymaid, Mary SLOANE. Like Da, Mary's family had diminished since the famine began and, although reluctant, she had no choice but to accompany her widowed mother and four brothers to work as dairy hands at Lambing Flat and find a new and better life. Da took an instant shine to his young dairymaid Mary.

'She was an Irish beauty!' he would announce with a characteristic cheeky wink. 'Fair of skin, with raven hair and eyes as blue as an Australian sky!' And better still, she was a Limerick lass, born just a hop, skip and a jump from Ballynash. A Limerick girl. Mary had learnt to read and write a little and, with a little encouragement from Da, she agreed to write a letter to his family in Limerick to inform them he would soon be coming home.

It was almost a year before the devastating reply arrived from his brother. Through sobs, Da recalled the words Mary read aloud. 'Mother and Father are dead; starved to death,' Things had become no better back home in his beautiful Ireland. It was then that he made a promise to Mary. He would make her his wife and stay in his adopted home and make a better life for them both, raising a healthy family of their own. He would work hard and do everything in his power to make sure his family would never go without.

Da and Mary were married by Father LOVAT. Their selection was timbered with native box and watered by a small creek. Together they felled a section of timber and built a comfortable slab hut. They planted fodder crops and kept

horses and sheep, which they bred and sold for a healthy profit. He and Mary raised a large, happy family – my five strapping brothers, myself and three sisters – and a daily journey by horseback to the distant schoolhouse, saw us all reading and writing, just like our dear Ma.

Each night, after the supper chores were done, we would gather around a roaring fire with a pot of fresh brewed tea and listen to Da's stories of Ireland. 'Life is like a cup of tea', he would say. 'It's all to do with how you make it.' We recognised his wisdom. Over the years, his stories became less about his beloved homeland and more about the challenges of farming this new, parched, and dusty land. He would lament about dried riverbeds that would transform to a deluge in times of heavy rain. He would marvel at glorious sunsets of scarlet and gold. He would describe the swooping flocks of cockatoos and galahs in a sky so blue and high there was no end to it. And night skies of black velvet with stars clear as diamonds. This land was his land now, his home.

We found him dead in the wheatfield yesterday and we buried him today. Father CONNOLLY spoke of a life well spent – of adversity and punishment, of hardship and toil; of an honest man who defended his family and lived his life with integrity.

By now, the fire, like the celebration of the night before, has all but died. A pile of ashes smoulder where it had earlier raged. The sun's first rays begin to reach out from the horizon to greet a new day – a day without our beloved Da. A handful of friends, who had come to pay their respects, stagger away now to recover in their beds from the night's festivities. There will be no more stories by the fire, or reminiscences of a place far away, or of new challenges in a new land. Our Da is gone.

When the night began, I thought how unfair it was to remember our precious Da in this way – a noisy celebration with drink, music, laughter, and frivolity. Disrespectful it was, I had thought. A dignified end, I believed, deserved mourning, sadness, and deep regret for such a deep loss. But as I reminisce over the life of my Da, his struggles, coupled with his eternal optimism, I smile a wide, proud smile and realise nothing could be more right.

We certainly cannot avoid our losses, so doesn't such a wonderful life *deserve* to be celebrated? As our Da would often say, with cynicism, 'Some people are just born fortunate.' But if one's fortune is to be measured in blessings, then fortunate we all are, to be sure.

Inspiration Statement

My inspiration for this fictional tale comes from research of my Irish convict ancestor, whose experiences of poverty, insurrection and transportation ought to be remembered.

Limonka

Indyana Horobin

Russia invaded Ukraine the other day. They glassed Snake Island, hit the thirteen defenders with 'consequences undreamt of', PUTIN said. 'Go fuck yourself' the final communication from the thirteen, right before buttons pressed, levers cranked, churning, whirring. Warship *Vasily Bykov*, deck guns angled to decapitate. Evisceration, devitalisation, death and pure carnage.

Today, I heard the thirteen survived. Or at least, a smaller number. Lucky, lucky thirteen. I wonder if they had tunnels, or hidden, safe places for when shrapnel cut through sky. I wonder if Vasily shredded the ramparts and left it at that, or if they dug bullet worms into the soil. It's impressive, how resilient some can be in war. My great grandfather, Rudolph MUELLER, was like that. I think today is a day for reflection, a day for history. Today, when I talk to my family, I learn how Czechoslovakia was overrun.

I learn about Rudolph. About how brutal the dictators can be, when they come for your country, and then your family.

Rudolph looks like Elvis. Jutta, my grandmother, tells me this, while she shows me his portrait. A young Elvis, on the cusp of stardom, hair slicked back with what looks like motor grease, he probably rode a motorbike and boxed for fun. Erna, my great-grandmother, calls him Rudy. A child of the Austro-Hungarian collapse. He neighbored with Germans and Slovaks and Hungarians and Ruthenians, and his country was going okay after the war. A managing economy, unlike Germany, a blooming capital city; Prague, nestled behind the spruce, beech, and firs of the Bohemian forest. Monumental lakes, always freezing, always bone-chilled, and greenery, so much greenery. Krušné Hory, ore mountains guarding it's north-west. In the moment, it was considered a golden age for the Czechs.

And then it starts.

Adolph HITLER and the Nazi party run their political campaign in the 20s. Antisocialist, antisemitic, anti-Christ. It begins, subtle enough, with those major reforms to Germany's crumbling economy, you no longer have to carry a briefcase full of cash for a loaf of bread. In Rudolph's neighbourhood, he noticed the differences. Young German men with red swastika bands, and patches. More and more uniforms pouring in. German neighbours relocating back to the homeland.

The war. We know the Second World War, all too well. Bombs and planes and chemical warfare. Disassembly of friendliness, reassembly of arms. Nationalism and nationalism and goddamn nationalism, everywhere. Rudolph cries on the day in autumn 1938, when the Munich agreement comes into

effect. The takeover of his country, his home, is sanctioned. This will be the last time his country is free, the last time it isn't part of another.

In '39 Rudolph is brought a decision. Nazis step into his home, polite at first, offering him a chance to 'achieve greatness'. When he refuses, they respond with one sentence, 'wir jagen MUELLERs wie Hunde' – we'll hunt the MUELLERs like dogs.

Rudolph is placed on the frontlines, he hopes he can reduce the waterfalls of blood by even a few drops. When he's in Russian towns he helps civilians out of the crossfire, before his infantry men shoot them dead in the streets anyway. For months he smells congealed stains of war. It's stained deep red, brown, frozen in the Russian ice. Bullet holes in his arms have been patched on the field, but he's sent to the medics and then home when his leg is partially obliterated by shrapnel. Limonkas, your standard French looking grenade, a base, grooved for improved fragmentation, and a high-topped pin. They call them lemons, they're yellow and green. A lemon sends Rudolph home. Again, the Nazis visit his house, and again they send him to the frontlines or to be hunted down like a hunde. Rudolph finds this time, it's not a limonka thrown at him, but a stray stielhandgranate. Explosive tip on a wooden handle, German design. More shrapnel, more scars, more ways to tell when the weather turns from sun to rain, when the first day of winter arrives in a new year. This is the last wound he received on the Russian front.

Rudy was superstitious. Bad luck comes in sets of threes. Three crows flying in a row, three people you know will die. No knocking the front door on Christmas eve, or people you know will die. Tell your platoon you already checked the bed, and the wardrobes, and crawlspaces, or the people you know are there, will die. I imagine the Russian front was murdered in crows

Jutta tells me what her mum said the Second World War sounded like a storm. You're on the edge of it, before it rolls in, the thunder and chaos and unrelenting rain. The land stretches out before you, your town – stationary boats, a flotilla of green and yellow and brown roof tiles. These tiny colours built on a hull of brown brick, aged and worn. Rain whitewashes the windows, pattering on the roofs, running to the gutters and sleeting off the sides in larger spurts. The storm festers beyond the horizon, it's going to come in, you know it will, it has to, it always has to. Clouds are thick with lightning, ballooning from the centres outward. The dark mass illuminated from the ground up, fires caused by lightning strikes. White, yellow, blue flashes in the puffs of monstrous cloud. You hear it, the crashing. Humming in the air, electrified static, larger strikes jumping from the smaller ones. And the raging fire. This is what Bremen sounded like in 1940. Raging fires over the hills, illuminating the smoke.

Buzzing warplanes, flak cannons pounding the sky, stamping the planes out of the air. The sound reverberates through the flotilla, shaking tiles loose and

vibrating windows. There isn't a single still glass of water. The bomb sirens start, get to the bunker before the lightning hits. You count the seconds between when you see the light and hear the sound – every second is one kilometre away. Your feet fumble and slip along the cobbled streets. The bunker is green, blending in with the grass, you shuffle in with your mother and father. Shoulder to shoulder to shoulder. The thuds start quiet, the same noise as the thunder over the hills, the storm is getting louder, pounding the road into town, gnashing between metal teeth and dragon's breath. The storm is a hammer, your bunker the anvil, and your town – your town is the thing in-between. Dust trickles from the ceiling, this is when you should get out, you're about to be caved in. But you don't leave the bunker, no one ever leaves the bunker. No matter how cold the stale air is, how freezing you all are, no one ever leaves the bunker with the storm outside. And it's this. For a long time, it's this. Rumble and crash, silence. Rumble and crash, silence. Tinnitus, ringing and ringing and ringing, and hoping to god – even though at this stage you're pretty sure there isn't one, that it stops soon. And why is there no god? Because no god allows women with children to be eviscerated by two and a half thousand degrees of thermite. Because no god allows some conceited notion of racial superiority to engulf a country. You see it's not god, it's the Bishop. A white man with white power, who says 'go forth and kill in Jesus' name, Amen'.

In the Second World War that's who religion was for, not the Poles or the Romani's, the Jews, the gays, the transitional, not for black people, or the disabled; but the white man, oh you can bet religion was for the white men. Sometimes I hate my blonde hair and blue eyes, and then I remember that yes, German blood is in my history book, but Romani and Polish too, and probably Tibetan – if Genghis KHAN really did procreate so much. And I remember that my German ancestors, like my grandmother, my great grandmother, and hers, they didn't join the Aryan nation, they raged at it, hosting their own private war on the Nazi's. I think if there was a god, it's dead now, long dead, or indifferent. I don't mean to come off as pessimistic, but I think if there was any inkling of primary school religion stained in the back of my skull, it's eviscerated from these stories just like the bodies in Bremen. Back to it.

You open the bunker door, or someone does the next day. Your town has gone through the primordial stages of the big bang; meteors hurled on the surface, blasted shockwaves and fires burning the crust of the earth. A few buildings remain, it's mostly rubble though. And there are lumps on the ground, blackened, charred. Your neighbours, the ones who wanted to go down with their ships, mothers and fathers and children who couldn't get themselves to the bunker. Your home is destroyed, for the most part anyway. And then there's the damned, the few who didn't make it to the bunker and didn't make it to death.

Scorch marks and melted torsos. They clamber to the unburnt, pleading for help. There is no help to give. You want to cry, but you're dehydrated from cold sweating all night. You sit in rubble, you sit in what's left of the streets, you don't sit in the craters – you stare at them.

Your house is just over the way, you walk there to find burnt brick and more holes in the earth. You wonder if it'll rain, when bad things happen it's supposed to rain – something your mother and father told you. No rain comes. Maybe, just maybe the bombs blew up the water too, maybe it won't ever rain again. You sit and wander and wonder where dinner will come from.

No. No, I don't think there is a god. Not one that would listen anyway. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Inspiration statement

This story was inspired by interviews that I have completed with my grandparents as part of a post-graduate project.

Listening In Hope

Pat Sheil

Somewhere deep under the Sydney Harbour Bridge, rolling around in the murk, lies an old gin bottle. My father, Beau SHEIL, told me it was there many years ago.

"Before Charles ULM took off on his Pacific flight," he'd recalled, "he said 'Beau, if for whatever reason I don't make it, throw a bottle of gin off the bridge for me. And make sure it's empty.'"

On December 4, 1934, my dad had sat for hours in the AWA (Amalgamated Wireless Australasia) offices in Sydney, listening to the Morse code messages coming in from ULM's plane, *Stella Australis*, flying somewhere over the North Pacific near the Hawaiian Islands.

Somewhere, but nobody knew precisely where, including pilot ULM and his radio operator Leon SKILLING.

It had become clear that the plane, now many hours out from its take-off in California, was lost. At first it was assumed that SKILLING would lock on to the radio beacon being transmitted by the US Navy from Pearl Harbour to guide them in, but for reasons that would never be explained, wasn't being received.

Hours passed while in Sydney, Honolulu and San Francisco increasingly worried men listened to the calm but urgent messages from the aircraft, asking

again and again for the beacon to be turned on – the beacon that was operating at full power.

Eventually came the final one: “We’re going into the sea. Come and get us.” No trace of the men or their plane was ever found.

One might suppose that this would be the final straw for dad. Aviation in those days was a dangerous business, and he’d already lost several friends as they’d tried to push flimsy aircraft beyond their limits, or indeed, their own.

But he was still only thirty years old, and his friend and idol, Charles KINGSFORD SMITH, was still alive, and though mourning ULM’s loss, the two of them had big plans for the future of commercial aviation.

Flying Officer Beau SHEIL had been in Smithy’s London hotel room the night before he was to make his final, and fatal, flight to Australia. Smithy was in his sick bed with a fever, in no condition to cross the Channel, let alone fly to Sydney, and dad had pleaded with him to call off the attempt.

In the end, Smithy had reluctantly agreed. My father booked him passage on a ship and gave him his ticket home. The plane, *Lady Southern Cross*, was also to be shipped back to Sydney. The pilot was to rest at home, and regain his health before flying again. My deeply relieved father set sail for New York the next morning, to meet potential investors in KINGSFORD SMITH’s new trans-Tasman airline venture.

After my dad’s ship was already heading across the Atlantic, Smithy woke in his sick-bed to hear that there was a bureaucratic delay in forwarding payment from Australia for the shipping costs for the aeroplane. Furious at what this meant for their plans to raise capital for the Tasman service, the world’s greatest aviator climbed out of his sickbed, made his way to Lympne Airfield in Kent, into the cockpit of his Lockheed Altair, and along with co-pilot and mechanic Tommy PETHYBRIDGE took off with an overloaded fuel tank.

They made it as far as Allahabad, India, via refuelling stops in Athens and Baghdad, from where the pair departed on a 3,500 kilometre leg to Singapore. They were never heard from again.

These stories, and countless others from the early days of Australian aviation, were part of my childhood, including my father’s shock at finding out about the crash from a New York newspaper headline just after disembarking there.

My father’s opinion as to what happened on November 8, 1935, as he later wrote in his 1937 book *Caesar of the Skies*, was that Smithy, sick and exhausted from lack of sleep, simply blacked out over the Bay of Bengal, falling forward onto the controls and plunging the *Lady Southern Cross* into a dive, and that it was physically impossible for a frantic PETHYBRIDGE, seated behind him, to pull him backwards off the stick.

Smithy and ULM had been a dynamic combination, and with Smithy's death, my father had had enough. He quit aviation, despite being offered the prestigious job of heading up 'Imperial Airways' (later BOAC, then British Airways) Asia/Pacific business.

He moved to New Zealand, where he was to meet my mother, (Joan), working as a network manager in radio, before being called back into the air by the Second World War. Dad became a Squadron Leader in the Royal New Zealand Air Force, serving at the Battle of Guadalcanal in 1943 and, having played the drums in his youth, President of the RNZAF band.

My father was of the view that none of Smithy's greatest achievements would have ever taken place without ULM's relentless determination and organisational skills, though they were very different men in many ways.

They shared the same dream on the face of it – to fly the Pacific. And in 1928, they did, in the Southern Cross. It was an astonishing achievement – to put it into perspective, when Charles LINDBERGH flew the Atlantic the year before, he'd covered 5,800 kilometres. Smithy and ULM's flight from San Francisco to Sydney was more than 12,500. When it was finally done, 200,000 people turned up at Mascot to greet them. It was a big deal.

While KINGSFORD SMITH received most of the fame and media attention, ULM was no sidekick. Smithy was notoriously slack when it came to business, finance and even the most basic of paperwork, including once forgetting to renew his own pilot's licence.

He was a brilliant flyer, courageous to the point of foolhardiness, and wildly photogenic. Women adored him. Smithy looked like what he was – the fearless, barnstorming aviator.

ULM was methodical and meticulous, legalistic and stubborn. While he and Smithy were good mates and worked effectively in counterpoint, with Smithy as the celebrity and ULM as the manager/publicist, ULM's insistence on ironclad protection of their financial and promotional interests did not win him many friends.

The Pacific flight was a case in point. ULM had negotiated an exclusive arrangement with *The Sun* newspaper for the inside story, and was fixated on the event being seen as an all-Australian triumph.

But the crew of four was in fact half American. Sure, Smithy and ULM were flying the plane, but with American navigator Harry LYON and radio operator Jim WARNER both playing crucial roles, some sections of the press raised a sceptical eye at ULM's self-serving spin on the story.

ULM went to ludicrous lengths to maintain this "all-Oz" fiction, and when the plane landed in Fiji he told the Yankee pair that he and Smithy would fly the

final leg themselves, that their services were no longer required, and that they could take the next ship back to the States.

Smithy broke up the ensuing fistfight between ULM and a furious LYON, pulled rank, and the reunited foursome duly landed in Brisbane. But ULM would not be denied one last moment of petulance, stopping the Southern Cross on the runway and making the Americans walk the final three hundred yards to the waiting throng and the flashbulbs.

He tried to boot them off again for the triumphant last hop to Mascot, but a newspaper competing with *The Sun* got wind of it and threatened to charter a plane to fly the Americans to Sydney, so that both aircraft would arrive simultaneously. ULM knew he was beaten, and the quartet completed their odyssey intact.

The story of the early days of Australian aviation is as compelling now as it was then, and the history that played out on the ground explains a lot of what happened in the air. Men lost their lives – Smithy and ULM were but two in a long roll call – in desperate attempts to break records, raise money, and to push fragile aeroplanes to their limits and beyond.

ULM certainly had his flaws, but he commanded intense loyalty, with my father, though keenly aware of his abrupt and difficult personality, remaining a close personal friend who found his almost manic determination to establish commercial aviation in this country contagious.

He died in the attempt to set up a successful airline, and after Smithy's death my dad, a skilled pilot with great business acumen himself, had lost too many fine friends, and decided to move on. It was the cautious but determined lads from Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Services who eventually came up trumps.

In 1934, when my dad polished off the last of his Gordon's and kept his promise to ULM, the Sydney Harbour Bridge had been open for two years. It looks much the same today.

But the lumpy paddock that was Mascot Aerodrome, where *The Southern Cross* completed its trans-Pacific flight almost a century ago, is now a vast steel, glass and concrete organism, processing over 100,000 passengers from all over the world every day.

My dad, ULM and KINGSFORD SMITH knew that something like it would be built there eventually, though even they would be astonished at the sheer scale of it all.

Back in the early 1930s, most people thought they were nuts.

Inspiration Statement

My dad's childhood dreams? To fly aeroplanes, and have a runner in the Melbourne Cup. He achieved the first in 1923, the second in 1977.

Obscure Library Resources

compiled by Pauline Ramage

The 1828 Census. On computer 5

If you are researching family in New South Wales from the time of the First Fleet, the 1828 census is a valuable resource. Yes, Ancestry has a copy on line, and there is a book in the FFACT library. Ancestry gives the original written details of the person in a long list of names, the book gives a typed copy for each person.

More informative than both of these is the 1828 census on CD by author Malcolm R Sainty,

Using the CD, you can search by different categories, the obvious one is surname but first name, occupation, street-place, district, free or bond, organisation, religion, ship of arrival are also search options.

Click on the desired search and in search criteria (2) type the name.

When the list is ready you click on the icon on the right side of the page. You can browse through the names and select your ancestor.

At the bottom of the page, there is the option of viewing a report on that particular person in different ways. I use the 'view a household report on the selected person' option and View Now. This gives information on every person in the household, including wife, children, servants and others. The report includes age, free, convict, born in the colony, religion, occupation, abode, sentence, ship of arrival, land holding, stock and cleared land.

While every person should have been on the Census, in my family I know of two families who are not there.

While there is no option on this computer to print off a copy of the report, a phone camera can take a good shot for later use.

On CD computer 5 in the main library it is possible to snip your page and save to a USB stick or print off a copy.

On the Bookshelves

There is a number of Early Musters and Census on our bookshelves

1828 Census of NSW November AN5/20/01

Extracts 1828 Census Residents Goulburn Plains and South AN/20/16a

Catholic Residents Goulburn Plains and South AN5/20/16b

Illawarra Residents 1828 & 1841 AN5/20/04

Our bookshelves, microfiche, and microfilms hold so many wonderful research materials that are unavailable on Internet, so explore our catalogue, also come along to Pauline's Parlour for guidance with your research.

FHACT Library - New Collection Items In Brief

compiled by Barbara Moore FHGSC

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 checked via the catalogue on the FHACT website. Our thanks to members who have provided donations.

AUSTRALIA

Convicts Unbound: the Story of the "Calcutta" Convicts and Their Settlement in Australia – Tipping, Marjorie – A7/14/19

NEW SOUTH WALES

The Anglican Parish of the Gosford Area: Pioneer Church Records – Bates, Gwen – AN7/85/09

Convicts, Capitalists and Corruption: Nubrygyn and the Colony's Settlement West of the Great Divide – Gadsby, Kate – AN7/17/08

Life and Times of Morongla – Cowra Family History Group – AN8.794/01/03

Marengo – Walker, Dugald – AN3/60/28

The Scottish radicals: tried and transported to Australia for treason in 1820 – MacFarlane, Margaret – AN5/50/37

The Women of the 1790 Neptune: the Seventy-eight Convicts Named on the Cover and Those Who Came Out Free – Needham, Anne – AN7/14/25

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

South Australian History Sources – Peake, Andrew Guy – AS7/30/01

VICTORIA

Southern Invasion Northern Conquest: Story of the Founding of Melbourne – Harcourt, Rex – AV7/10/07

INTERNATIONAL

The Colonial Wars Source Book – Haythornwaite, Philip J – L7/81/05

Genealogica & Heraldica: Origin and evolution... Proceedings of the 32nd International Congress of Genealogical and Heraldic Sciences Glasgow 2016 – L2/10/52

GREAT BRITAIN

In Search of the "Forlorn Hope": a Comprehensive Guide to Location British Regiments and their Records (1640-WW1): Volume I – Kitzmiller, John M, II – M5/70/48a

In Search of the "Forlorn Hope": a Comprehensive Guide to Location British

Regiments and their Records (1640-WW1): Volume II – Kitzmiller, John M, II – M5/70/48b

In Search of the “Forlorn Hope”: a Comprehensive Guide to Location British Regiments and their Records (1640 -WW1): Supplemental Section – Kitzmiller, John M, II – M5/70/48c

Tracing Your Ancestors using the UK Historical timeline: a Guide for Family Historians – Smith, Angela – M7/02/02

The Vainglorious War 1854-56 – Barker, A J – M7/82/13

ENGLAND

Passages to the Northwest: the Europe they left and the Australia they discovered 1788-1858 – O'Rourke, Michael – N7/18/08

Devon:

Dartmoor and West Devon Genealogy Index: Tavistock, Whitchurch, Lifton, Okehampton – Brown, Paul and Dartmoor Press – NDev5/12 CD1604

Dartmoor and West Devon Genealogy Index: Tavistock, Whitchurch, Lifton, Okehampton – Brown, Paul and Dartmoor Press – NDev5/12 CD1605

Northamptonshire:

Northamptonshire & Rutland Probate Index 1462-1857 – Northamptonshire & Rutland Family History Society – Noh5/30/CD1601

Suffolk:

Monumental Inscriptions Issue 2: with 19 Parishes not on the First Issue – Suffolk FHS – NSu5/16/CD1603

Wiltshire:

Wiltshire marriage patterns 1754-1914: geographical mobility, cousin marriage and illegitimacy – Day, Cathie – NWi7/28/01

SCOTLAND

History of Nairnshire – Bain, George – PNai7/01/01

IRELAND

Tracing Your Irish Ancestors Through Land Records: a Guide for Family Historians – Paton, Chris – R5/35/08

INDIA

A Scrapbook of British India 1877-1947 – Allen, Charles – VSo7/40/01

A Soldier of the Company: Life of an Indian Ensign – Hervey, Albert – VSo4/HER/01

FAMILY HISTORIES

All the Pieces of Me: an Australian Family History – Callaghan, Jo – A4/CAL/02

Charles Edward de Boos: a 'somewhat motley' life – Crabb, Peter – A4/DEB/01

Chinese Whispers: in search of Ivy – Flannigan, Alison Choy – A4/LAI/01
Disappointments and Other Unfortunate Troubles: the Life and Adventures of Francis Charles Stewart Sendall – Callaghan, Jo – A4/SEN/01
Hazel's Legacy: a History of the Bewley Family of Canberra – Bewley, Philip J – A4/BEW/01
It's time to be gone, no longer can we stay: the Gailer, Hayness, Howes, Valentine and Related Families from England to Australia and Beyond – Humphries, Cathie – A4/GAI/01
John Brown 1804-1871: Known as John 'Como' Brown and 'Brown of Como' – Black, Beryl J – A4/BRO/01
The Nixon family of Bateman's Green: in the parish of Kings Norton in the County of Worcester – Nixon, Robert – N4/NIX/01
Tamar Seed: Gooson Family Stories and Memories 1822 to 2020 – Callaghan, Jo – A4/GOO/02
The Upton Family of Rugeley, Tutbury & Uttoxeter – Upton, Murray Scott – Y4/2022/049
Wild Oats: the Story of the Convict Goodson – Callaghan, Jo – A4/GOO/03

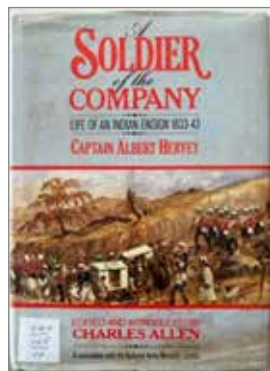
Book Review

Pam Ray FHGSC

A Soldier of the Company: Life of an Indian Ensign 1833-43: Captain Albert Hervey. Editor Charles Allen. London, Michael Joseph in association with the National Army Museum, London, 1988. 224 pages. Illustrations, maps. Library call number: VSo4/HER/01

The Society is fortunate in that several of its members recently initiated the formation of a new Special Interest Group (SIG) for those researchers with interests in India. Some of these members saw fit to offer to our library some of the books and journals which they decided they no longer needed. These included the 3-volume set of the excellent research tool for army historians *In search of the forlorn hope*.

The volume reviewed here is a first-hand account of the experience of a young man in India, especially in the 1840s. As the editor writes in his introduction "India in the nineteenth century provided a jobs market for the British upper and middle classes. Young gentlemen ... in the civil or military services in India could expect to live a little dangerously – but like gentlemen."



It also provided a marriage market for young English women brave enough to set sail for what was one of Britain's richest colonies.

There are good insights into the intricacies of the organisation of the all-powerful East India Company's business interests, its armed forces, its land ownership, and relations with the Indian population. These are seen through the eyes of a person not so exalted that he cannot find fault with some of the customs and practices of his fellow officers and those more senior. This is a very personal account of life in the powerful colony seen as the jewel in the British colonial crown. It will be of interest to anyone with research interests in India, and in particular to those with ancestors serving in the military there.

Remember to look for similar books on this topic in our library catalogue. Good hunting!

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 HCER icon on the desktop and click on the link to "Electronic Journals" under "Electronic Resources".

E-journals can also still be accessed on the computers in the overseas room. If you have any comments or suggestions, please email the editor@familyhistoryact.org.au.

AUSTRALASIA

- Robyn BASKERVILLE is seeking to contact descendants of Eliza Jane LEVY who married John MARKS in 1871 in New Zealand. They had seven children. Eliza died at Sydney in 1952 aged 97. Also, Coralie Ann CANE who married Samuel J SPIRO in 1938 and died at Ryde in 2004 aged 90. Appeal relates to COOZE family reunion to be held in 2023. *The New Zealand Genealogist Sep 2022 v53 n394 p120 (electronic journal).*

- Annie BIGGS was the daughter of Ernest BIGGS and Jane Caroline WHITE who married at Steyning, Sussex in 1884. Annie married Alexander SHARP there in 1920. Annie and Alexander sailed for Melbourne on board the TSS *Ballarat* in 1922. They returned to England, before leaving London on the *Morton Bay* bound for Sydney in 1926. Annie died in Victoria in 1983, aged 90. Alexander died in 1950, aged 72 with his death notice mentioning he was "late chief engineer for the Commonwealth line of steamers". *The New Zealand Genealogist Sep 2022 v53 n394 p100 (electronic journal).*

- Johanna ENRIGHT, born at Tullyleague, Tarbert, Co Limerick in 1865, was the daughter of David ENRIGHT and Mary O'CONNOR. Johanna migrated to New Zealand where she married Edward (Ned) Joseph LEATHAM in 1892. By 1897 they were living apart, with Johanna working as a cook at various hotels in Nelson and undertaking private catering. Johanna formed a relationship with a widower, Michael COUGHLAN. Ned disappeared with speculation he had gone to the Australian goldfields. *The New Zealand Genealogist Sep 2022 v53 n394 p104 (electronic journal)*.



- Howard MASTERS, third son of William Miller MASTERS and Sarah PARRY, migrated to Australia in about 1856. He was killed in 1874, aged 40, at Carwoola Homestead near Queanbeyan, leaving a widow and four young children. His name and death details are included on his parents' headstone in Kent. *Down-Under Australian Branch Newsletter (Kent FHS) Aug 2022 n55 p4 (electronic journal)*.

- W L (Bill) OTHAMS and Brian STACE: "Coromandelians: South Australian Pioneers of the Coromandel" is a book about the ship *Coromandel* and the settlers it brought from England to South Australia in 1836-7. A number subsequently settled in New Zealand, including the BOTTING, GAHAGAN, HAYFORD, RAINHAM, WOOD and CRAIG families. *The New Zealand Genealogist Sep 2022 v53 n394 p119 (electronic journal)*.

ENGLAND

- David CAWTHRA: Talk "Cawthra One Name Study". CAWThERAY, CAWThRAY, CAWThRAW, CAWThROW and CAUThERY are all variants of the name. Joseph Blackburn CAWThERAY (1840-1903) was born at Leeds and died at Alvenel, Victoria. He was a painter and decorator, and craftsman making linoleum from hessian which was oiled and painted with a design. *The Scrivener (Calderdale FHS) Sep 2022 n180 p23 (electronic journal)*. (See also issue for Mar 2021 n174 p16.)

- John EVANS died in 1865 at Maldon, Victoria. It is possible he is the same John EVANS who, along with his cousin Daniel and partners John LEES of Oldham and William GREEN of Staffordshire, discovered a 134 pound gold nugget in Australia. John is believed to be descended from a long line of EVANS coal miners, initially from Brosely, Shropshire and later Oldham. *The Manchester Genealogist 2022 v58 n3 p204 (electronic journal)*.



- Carol McLEE: “Ancestors on the Move” *Cleveland FHS Jul 2022 v15 n3 p11* (NYo9/60/14).

- Major Richard PAGE died at Gympie, Queensland in 1992, aged 82. During World War II he served in the Powick and Callow End Home Guard Division in England. His name “Major” does not refer to rank, but came from the maiden name of his great grandmother Jemima MAJOR. *Tree Tappers (Malvern FHS) Autumn 2022 v27 p89* (electric journal). (See also issue for Autumn 2018 v23 p8.)



- Thomas PEIRSON married Betsy Scarth CHAPMAN in 1841 and they are thought to have had at least five children between 1842 and 1856. Following a fire at the uninsured family sawmill at Castleton, Thomas and his two oldest sons (George and Allan) left for Australia in about 1879. Nothing further is known about what became of Thomas. *Cleveland FHS Jul 2022 v15 n3 p33* (NYo9/60/14).

- William PHILLIPS and Harriet SHORE were the parents of five children; John Thomas (b1894), William Charles (b1895), Norman (b1896), Ernest (b1898) and Mary Annette (b1900). In 1909 both parents died, resulting in the children being separated. William Charles moved to Australia at the invitation of his step-sister, Rhonda SHORE. He enlisted in the 58th Battalion of the AIF and was killed at the battle of Fromelles in Jul 1916. *Shropshire FHS Jun 2022 v43 n2 p11* (NSh9/60/01).

- James RIGMAIDEN married Catherine ALMOND at Liverpool, England in 1861. James was in Australia in 1863 but nothing further is known about what happened to him or Catherine. *Lancashire FHHS Aug 2022 v44 n3 p31* (electronic journal).



- Frances STOWE, daughter of John STOWE and Mary BEAVER, married Philip RICHARDSON in 1838. They migrated to Australia in 1847, with their daughter Frances. Philip returned to London and died there in 1849. Frances then married James POULTON in 1851. He committed suicide in 1854. Daughter Frances married John HENSHAW in 1867 and they had eight children. Frances POULTON died in 1883 at the Yarra Bend Asylum. *Woolwich and District FHS Aug 2022 n152 p14* (NKe9/60/04).

- Arthur Digby WYATT, son of George Henry WYATT and Ellen GRAHAM, was born in 1912 and migrated to Brisbane. He died in 1988. His father served in the Coldstream Guards during WWI and was awarded the Victoria Cross

for gallantry. *The Doncaster Ancestor Autumn 2022 v32 n3 p17 (electronic journal)*.

GENERAL

- Tony FOSTER: "Military Websites". *Lancashire FHHS Aug 2022 v44 n3 p5 (electronic journal)*.
- Patricia PETTIE: Talk – "History of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission". *Central Scotland FHS Spring 2022 n63 p16 (electronic journal)*.

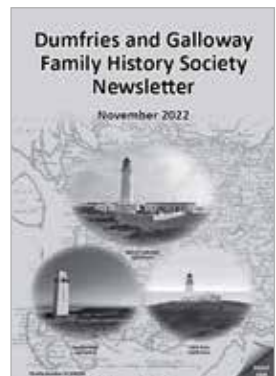
IRELAND

- Jennifer HARRISON: "Australian Irish Connections: Why 1826 Was A Very Good Year!" *Irish Roots 3rd Qtr 2022 n123 p26 (R9/60/04)*.
- Dr Mary HATFIELD: "Back To School: Primary Education In Ireland". *Irish Roots 3rd Qtr 2022 n123 p6 (R9/60/04)*.
- Stephen LALLY: "Leave No Stone Unturned In The Search For Your Ancestors". *Irish Roots 3rd Qtr 2022 n123 p16 (R9/60/04)*.
- James G RYAN: "Local Resources For Family History Research: County Roscommon". *Irish Roots 3rd Qtr 2022 n123 p10 (R9/60/04)*.



SCOTLAND

- Peter Millar BEWS, born in 1870, the son of John Dunn BEWS and Eliza IRVINE, migrated to Australia, married and had three children. No further details are known. *SIB Folk News (Orkney FHS) Sep 2022 n103 p6 (electronic journal)*.
- Heidi CLARK (Australia) is researching Mary ALEXANDER, daughter of William or John ALEXANDER and Mary KELLY, born at Portpatrick 1806-1808. Mary married Bernard MOONEY at Portpatrick in 1825, and they migrated to Australia with their five children in 1840. *Dumfries and Galloway FHS Nov 2022 n104 p22 (electronic journal)*.
- Glenys HATCH (Australia) is researching her ancestor Roderick COWDEN. He married at Albany, Western Australia in 1843, at which stage he stated he was formerly of Dumfries, Scotland and aged 26 years. He was also known as Henry COWDEN, Henry MARTIN and Roderick MARTIN. *Dumfries and Galloway FHS Nov 2022 n104 p23 (electronic journal)*.



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

Australia SIG

2pm the fourth Sunday of
odd-numbered months

Coffee and Chat

10am the third Friday of each month

Convict SIG

7.30pm the 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 the third Thursday of
odd-numbered months

Family Tree Maker SUG

10am the second Thursday of each
month except January

Heraldry SIG

8pm the third Thursday of even-
numbered months except December

India SIG

10am the first Saturday of
even-numbered months.

Irish SIG

9.30am the second Saturday
of February, March, May, July,
September and November.

Legacy SUG

10am the third Thursday of each
month except December

Morning Coffee and Chat

10am the third Friday of each month

Pauline's Parlour

10am the last Tuesday of each
month except December
11am the third Sunday of each
month except December

Practical Procedures

10am the fourth Monday of each
month except December

Reunion & Mac Support SUG

9.30am the first Friday of each
month, except January and
December

Scottish SIG

7.30pm the first Thursday of each
even-numbered month

TMG Down Under SUG

2pm the second Saturday of even-
numbered months except December
7.30pm the second Wednesday
of odd-numbered months except
January

Writers SIG

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

JANUARY 2023

- 15 11:00am **Pauline's Parlour**: Having a problem with your research, or not sure where to start? Come along to our round table chats, where we help with enquiries. convenor Pauline Ramage
parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 19 7:30pm **English and Welsh SIG**: *Changing Roles PLUS Strathclyde Tips*. convenor Floss Aitchison and Nina Johnson
english.welsh.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 20 10:00am **Coffee and Chat**: *Preparing for 2023*.
coffee.chat@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 22 2.00pm **Australia SIG**: *Brickwalls*. convenor Pauline Ramage
australia.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 23 10:00am **Library Practice**: Making best use of the FFACT Library with Jeanette Hahn. These sessions are for anyone wishing to improve their knowledge and make the most of our own really fabulous resources. Four places per session are available so bookings are required. convenor Jeanette Hahn
library.practice@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 31 10:00am **Pauline's Parlour**: convenor Pauline Ramage
parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au

FEBRUARY 2023

- 4 10:00am **India SIG**: *Thomas Price (c1745-1789), an Officer in the East India Company Maritime Service*. convenor Prof. Peter Stanley
india.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 7 7:00pm **Monthly Meeting**:
- 8 7:30pm **Convict SIG**: *Canadian Convicts in New South Wales*. convenor Michele Rainger
convict.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 9 10:00am **Family Tree Maker UG**: *Setting preferences & establishing good practices to get the most out of Family Tree Maker*.
ftm.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 11 9.30am **Irish SIG**: *Irish Treasures in FFACT Library Collection* Barbara Moore. convenor Barbara Moore
irish.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 11 10:00am **Course**: *New Members Course*
registration@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 13 7:30pm **Course**: *How to Research like a Professional Genealogist*.
registration@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 16 8:00pm **Heraldry SIG**: *The Inauguration of The Buchanan*. convenor Niel Gunson
heraldry.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

- 17 10:00am **Coffee and Chat:** *Finding ancestors using FAN network.*
coffee.chat@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 18 10:00am **Writers SIG:** convenor Clare McGuiness
writers.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 19 11:00am **Pauline's Parlour:** convenor Pauline Ramage
parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 27 10:00am **Library Practice:** convenor Jeanette Hahn
library.practice@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 27 7:30pm **Course:** *Introduction to Land Titles and Parish Maps on NSW.*
registration@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 28 10:00am **Pauline's Parlour:** convenor Pauline Ramage
parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au

MARCH 2023

- 7 7:00pm **Monthly Meeting:**
- 9 10:00am **Family Tree Maker UG:** *Making & using different types of notes in Family Tree Maker.* ftm.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 16 7:30pm **English and Welsh SIG:** *The Commonwealth Gap in parish records.* convenor Floss Aitchison and Nina Johnson
english.welsh.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 17 10:00am **Coffee and Chat:** *Visit to National Archives Australia.*
coffee.chat@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 18 TBC **Course:** beginning 18 Mar for 4 half days – *Beginning Family History.* registration@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 19 11:00am **Pauline's Parlour:** convenor Pauline Ramage
parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 26 2.00pm **Australia SIG:** *Websites.* convenor Pauline Ramage
australia.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 27 10:00am **Library Practice:** convenor Jeanette Hahn
library.practice@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 28 11:00am **Pauline's Parlour:** convenor Pauline Ramage
parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au



Services for Members

Photocopies

A4 25c

Microform Prints

A4 45c

GRO Certificate and PDF Service

Members \$24 certificate, \$16 PDF

Non-members \$27 certificate \$17 PDF

Translation Service

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 FFACT library is registered as a Library Affiliate with the LDS FamilySearch Organisation. This enables members using the FFACT 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 FFACT 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 a 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; formatting dates to '1 July 1899'; months to be spelled out; no ordinals on numbers (no st/nd/rd/th); ship names should be italicised; all quotes to be in "double quotes"; and all family names should be formatted as CAPITALS. (But not in captions or end notes.) 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 FFACT 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. The Pensioner concession are available to Australian residents please check with our Membership Secretary. Amounts are shown for one year.

| | | | |
|------------------------|------------|--------------------------|-----------|
| Individual | \$ 81.00* | Joining Fee | \$ 20.00 |
| Joint | \$ 122.00* | Journal Only – Australia | \$ 35.00 |
| Individual – Pensioner | \$ 76.00* | Journal Only – Overseas | \$ 45.00* |
| Joint – Pensioner | \$ 112.00* | | |

* GST free other prices include GST

Membership forms are available on the website, at the FFACT 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 (price includes postage within Australia).

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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

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*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.*