



THE ANCESTRAL SEARCHER



Family History ACT

Vol. 46 No. 4 December 2023

FAMILY HISTORY ACT

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

Member of the Australasian Federation of Family History Organisations;
NSW & ACT Association of Family History Societies;
Associate Member of Scottish Federation of Family History Societies; Family History Federation.

Patron

Professor Peter Stanley F.A.H.A.

Honorary Life Members

S.G. Cameron*, W.T Crocker*, T. Davey, D.J.Davies*, A. Dziedzic, E.M. Fletcher*,
J.D. Hayhurst, R.M.A. Heggen, W.H. Marsh*, P. Mayberry, R. Middelmann, J.F. Penny,
P.A. Pickering, K.S Pinkerton, D.G. Rymer*, R.D. Stevens, G.E.Taylor.

Fellows

G.A. Burkhardt, M.C.N. D'Arcy*, E.M. Fletcher*, W.N. Gunson*, R.A. Kerr*, W.H. Marsh*,
B. Moore, D.R. Mountain, C.M. Num, P. A. Pemberton, J.F. Penny, P.S. Procter,
P. M. Ray, Ni.Reddan, R.M. Rodgers,* G.R.Thom.

Honorary Fellows

Colonel Iain Swinnerton* (Retd), Heather Garnsey

* Indicates Deceased

Honorary Office Bearers 2021-2022

President: Michele Rainger president@familyhistoryact.org.au
Vice-President: Sue Pillans vice-president@familyhistoryact.org.au
Secretary: Margaret Nichol secretary@familyhistoryact.org.au
Treasurer: Cheryl Bollard treasurer@familyhistoryact.org.au
Councillors: Floss Aitchison
Peter McLoughlin
Mel McNamara newsletters@familyhistoryact.org.au
Nick Reddan
Howard Viccars computermgr@familyhistoryact.org.au
David Wintrip facilities@familyhistoryact.org.au

Non-Committee Posts

June Penny 0429 411 942

Archivist	Anne Beasley and Francine Morrison
Bookshop Manager	bookshop@familyhistoryact.org.au
Computer Manager	Howard Viccars computermgr@familyhistoryact.org.au
Editor	Clare McGuinness editor@familyhistoryact.org.au
Education and Events	Susan Pillans and Michele Rainger
Education Room Bookings	registration@familyhistoryact.org.au
Membership	Robyn Coghlan roomhire@familyhistoryact.org.au
Coordinator	membership@familyhistoryact.org.au
Public Officer	June Penny 0429 411 942
Research Manager	Jenny Higgins 0429 704 339
Serials Librarian	Susan Mann 02 6161 6494
Translation Service	Jenny Higgins translation@familyhistoryact.org.au

Front Cover: Dr. Niel Gunson, graduation Melbourne, at 'The Bluff' Lang Lang (vale p. 70)

Society Library and Headquarters:

41 Templeton Street, Cook, ACT

The Secretary, FFACT. PO Box 152 Jamison Centre ACT 2614

e-mail: secretary@familyhistoryact.org.au

ABN: 50 317 924 321

Telephone: 02 6251 7004

Webpage: <http://www.familyhistoryact.org.au>

THE ANCESTRAL SEARCHER

Quarterly Journal of Family History ACT*

December 2023

ISSN 0313-251X

Vol. 46 No. 4

CONTENTS

Celebrating Excellence in Writing	Gina Tooke	135
Competition Winner		
Standing on New Ground	Glynis Cummins	138
Second Prize, sponsored by UTAS		
Butterflies	Mandy Gwan	142
FHACT Member Prize		
Lucy Dorney's Waterloo	Jo Callaghan	147
Passage	Margaret Mackenzie	151
Highly Commended		
One Man's Life	Giselda Ruth Bannister	155
Honouring Introdacqua	Robyn Heitmann	159
Short Listed		
Family Secrets	Kerry Anderson	162
A Terrible Silence	Catherine Bell	167
Grave Journey to Latvia	Ilse Jamonts	170
Distorted Memories & Documents	Ashlea Masters	175
Regular Articles		
From the President	Michele Rainger	134
Obscure Library Resources	compiled by Pauline Ramage	181
From Our Contemporaries	compiled by Pauline Bygraves	182
Society Education and Activities		187
Services for Members & Notice to Contributors		190
Miscellany		
Vale Rosemary McKenzie		178
Vale Joan Hayhurst		179

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

From the President

Michele Rainger

Hello to all our readers, and welcome to this edition of *The Ancestral Searcher*. This is my first time writing a presidential introduction to our journal. This is certainly not a task that I expected to be doing, but the sudden and unexpected passing of our President Rosemary McKenzie has thrust many of us into new roles in the past few weeks. Thank you to our members who have supported the Council and our society as we have farewelled Rosemary, started to pick up the pieces and begun the transition to a new way of doing business. I especially thank Clare McGuinness who has taken on the role of editor of this publication and wish her well as she puts her stamp on future editions.

As we have done for the past few years, the major contributions for this edition are the prize-winning and shortlisted stories from our annual E.M.Fletcher Writing Competition. These stories show how diverse family history stories can be, and demonstrate admirably the skills of this year's entrants in telling these stories in interesting ways. Congratulations to all these entrants.

At our Annual General Meeting on 7 November 2023 we welcomed Nick Reddan as a new Fellow of Family History ACT and elected two new Life Members—Tina Davey and Peter Mayberry. Nick, Tina and Peter have all made significant contributions to our society and to the field of family history more broadly. It was a great pleasure to present them with their awards. I did embarrass them a little by reading out their citations, but these documents summarised an impressive catalogue of achievements by each of our awardees.

We also elected our new Council for the coming year. I welcome back all the Councillors who renominated for another year, and I especially welcome our new Secretary Margaret Nichols, new Councillor Florence (Floss) Aitchison and former President Nick Reddan who has rejoined Council. A list of your Council members follows. We are looking forward to a busy year as we look to celebrate 60 years of this Society supporting and assisting members and others to research and share their family histories and stories.

Michele Rainger	President
Sue Pillans	Vice-President
Margaret Nichols	Secretary
Cheryl Bollard	Treasurer
Florence (Floss) Aitchison	Councillor
Peter McLoughlin	Councillor
Mel McNamara	Councillor
Nick Reddan	Councillor

Howard Viccars

Councillor

David Wintrip

Councillor

I wish all members a happy and safe festive season, and I look forward to seeing you at the Society during 2024.

Celebrating Excellence in Writing

Gina Tooke

The culminating event of the 2023 E.M. Fletcher short story writing competition was hosted by Family History ACT on Saturday 7 October. A blend of online and in-person guests gathered for a ceremonious occasion to celebrate family history storytelling and hear the announcement of the winner of the 2023 E.M. Fletcher Writing Award.

The E.M. Fletcher Writing Competition is a platform for family history storytellers, made possible through the sponsorship of Family History ACT (FHA CT) and the University of Tasmania (UTAS). This year's event was again noteworthy for the widespread support it garnered from across Australia. The competition drew in 109 entries from a pool of talented writers, illustrating the diverse genres, topics and rich tapestry of family history stories, each offering a unique perspective.

During the ceremony, Dr Imogen Wegman from UTAS shared inspiring words, emphasising the importance of nurturing creativity and the significance of platforms such as the E.M. Fletcher Writing Award in fostering a vibrant family history story telling landscape. We also welcomed Robin Fletcher, daughter of Eunice Fletcher after whom the award is named.

The panel of judges – Heather Garnsey, Jenny Higgins and Bernadette Thakur – whose expertise spans the family history world, meticulously evaluated the entries with dedication and commitment.



Robin Fletcher and Rosemary McKenzie

Ten stories were short-listed:

<i>Family Secrets</i>	Kerry Anderson
<i>One Man's Life</i>	Giselda Ruth Bannister
<i>A Terrible Silence</i>	Catherine Bell
<i>Lucy Dorney's Waterloo</i>	Jo Callaghan
<i>Standing on New Ground</i>	Glynis Cummins
<i>Butterflies</i>	Mandy Gwan
<i>Honouring Introdacqua</i>	Robyn Heitmann
<i>Grave Journey to Latvia</i>	Ilse Jamonts
<i>Passage</i>	Margaret Mackenzie
<i>Distorted Memories & Documents</i>	Ashlea Masters

The judges were impressed by the quality of the entries and the care and dedication with which the writers endeavoured to tell their personal family stories of 'ordinary' people whose lives are not normally explored in mainstream historical narratives.

And the winner is

2023 E.M. Fletcher Award

Congratulations to Glynis Cummins, taking home the 2023 E.M. Fletcher Award and the winner's prize of \$1,000 sponsored by FFACT. Her story *Standing on New Ground*, centres on one character, Mary Ann Freeman (nee Smith) who is the writer's 3x great-grandmother. The imagination of Mary Ann Freeman on a specific day in 1831 beautifully captures the loneliness and hardship that so many women would have faced in the remote Australian bush. The language is simple and effective.



Glynis Cummins

Runner-up

Congratulations to Mandy Gwan, taking home the runner up prize of \$500 sponsored by UTAS. Her story *Butterflies* is based on her grandparent's wedding day in 1940 and beautifully captures the young bride's excitement while also allowing us to share in her anguish at memories of an earlier unpleasant scene with her parents, effectively told through a flashback. The unusual and poignant twist at the end leaves us knowing that she has made the right decision and will be cherished by her new family.

FHACT Member Joint Prize Winners

Congratulations to Jo Callaghan and Margaret Mackenzie on winning the FHACT member prize, awarded jointly this year. They each take home a \$100 FHACT voucher. Jo's story *Lucy Dorney's Waterloo* graphically portrays the everyday life of a resident of a Waterloo street – the struggle, poverty and the liveliness of interaction between warring neighbours. Its language is active and clever in its use of likely slang, giving a realistic edge to the story. Margaret's story *Passage* is well written, a logical and very descriptive account of the experience of Alfred Garrett, a Tasmanian returning to his home country after years of living overseas and of his rejection by his family for embracing Catholicism. Although only recounting a small part of his story the writing keeps the interest of the reader until the end.



Jo Callaghan

Highly Commended Awards

Congratulations to Giselda Ruth Bannister and Robyn Heitmann. Giselda's story *One Man's Life* presents the reminiscences of an old man as he lays dying. This story is written in short sentences, seemingly portraying an old man's shortness of breath as he approaches death. The style portrays the wistful but not self-pitying mind set of the man. Robyn's story *Honouring Introdacqua* recounts an episode in the life of Pietro, a recent Italian emigrant to Australia. This entry is written in a very active style and colourfully portrays Pietro. The story of his childhood and war years are interwoven through the story.

The 2023 E.M Fletcher Writing Award event was a resounding success, encapsulating the power of storytelling and bringing together the friendly and united spirit of family historians. The collaboration between FHACT and UTAS, the creativity of storytelling by our entrants, and the dedication of the judges collectively contributed to another flourishing E.M. Fletcher writing competition.



Standing on New Ground

Glynis Cummins

The boat nosed bluntly towards the beach. Mary nursed Johnny, tugging at his shawl, pulling the shade lower over his face. James sat beside her, hat over his eyes, coarse hands resting on his knees. Squinting against the dazzling glare, Mary felt again the endless days at sea; saw other women's shroud-wrapped babies drift down into the dark waters behind the ship. Her mind recoiled from the image like fingers from a fire. Holding Johnny tighter she balanced her body against the rolling of the slapping waves.

As the boat ran ashore, the stocky oarsman slid over the side to hold the boat steady. James splashed out onto the sand and began unloading their canvas-wrapped belongings.

"Mind you keep 'em dry!" Mary's shrill voice piped across the water.

James grinned, straight lipped. "Been livin' up 'ere 'bout nine years ain't I? First time I've 'ad a bloody *woman* tellin' me what to do!"

The breeze blew his words to the ears of the oarsman. "Better get used to it, ya lucky bugger!"

First one up these parts to get 'imself a wife, ain't ya?" A cackle through his gummy smirk.

"A white one anyways!"

The sun dropped heavy shadows around her feet as Mary stood up in the boat. She stepped to the bow and was lifted out, James' hands clamped at her waist, Johnny held high in her arms.

James set her down on the sand with a mocking bow. "Welcome to Henderson's Run, Mrs FREEMAN!"

Mary's skirts flipped in the brisk wind, her bonnet strings flapping against her cheeks. Shading her eyes, she looked up the rise of the beach. Clumps of dry grass frittered their way through the sand up to a line of scrub, before the rustling branches of gum trees stopped her eyes.

"Where do we go now?"

"Over by them trees." James threw his words over his shoulder as he led the way, the sacks dragging at his arms. "There!" Gestured from the top of the slope with a jerk of his chin.

As she caught up to him, Mary saw five huts squatting behind the sand hill, bark roofs drooping in the heat, open doorways gasping for air. Stringy chickens fossicked in the dirt and a dog lifted its head to cough a lazy bark. Looking back, she watched the oarsman row the boat away through the chopping waves to where the cutter lay rising and falling on the swell.

Mary shifted Johnny to her other arm, sand grating inside her shoes. "Which one's ours?"

Another jerk of the head as James led the way down the back of the slope. "Last one, over near the creek."

They stepped through the doorway into a salty dimness cut by streaks of dust-laden light.

James set the sacks on the table while Mary unrolled the blanket swag on the bed and lay Johnny down, his red-rimmed eyes already closing in sleep.

Untying the strings of her bonnet, Mary stepped to the door. "Where're the others? I don't see anyone else."

"They're out, cuttin' timber, chasin' cattle. Be back before the sun's down. Didn't tell 'em when I'd be back, 'case they skived off."

Mary pointed out into the hard glare. "Who's that then?"

A chuckle as James moved to peer over her shoulder. "One of 'em back early is 'e? Come to get first look at me new wife?"

"No.... it's a boy."

James stood behind her at the doorway, his breath sticky on her neck.

"Aah! That's just lil' Jimmy."

Mary turned. "What's he doin' here?"

"Jimmy? Comes round to see me sometimes."

Mary watched the boy, half hidden in the shade of the trees. He looked to be a young child; long legged, narrow through the shoulders, naked as the day he was born. Dark skin, but not as dark as the blacks she'd seen in Sydney Cove. His matted hair lifted in the breeze. From the treetops, cicadas suddenly began their screeching, the noise splintering into Mary's head.

The boy spoke. "Mista Jim!" Took a few steps towards them, the sunlight sliding over his head.

Mary wiped sweat from her lip. "What's 'e want?"

"Just comes by, wantin' food." He raised his voice. "Later, lil' Jimmy, later! Tucka later! Off with ya now!"

The boy stopped at the sight of James' flicking hand, then walked away, leaving the clearing shivering in the heat haze.

The baby's crying drew Mary back inside the hut. Picking up her hungry child, she opened her bodice and sat on the bench, her body turned away from James. "Alright for yon babe. What about getting' *my* food ready, ya lazy

lump?” He laughed as his stomach growled a loud reminder of their long day. He leaned over Mary’s shoulder, watching Johnny fussing at her milky nipple. “So this is what I get for takin’ a wife straight outa the barracks! Got used to sittin’ on ya backside all day, did ya?” He rubbed the baby’s sucking cheeks, his rough fingers moving to stroke Mary’s white flesh.

He turned. “Plenty of salt meat in the barrel, better get some cookin’ done soon as ‘e’s fed. There’s taties too, ‘n onions. I’ll set the fire goin’ for ya.”

Alone in the hut, Mary’s mind drifted on the murmuring of Johnny’s nuzzling. She closed her eyes and felt again the weak shaking of her body as she left the ship, hugging her baby to her like he was the last child left on earth. Felt herself being eyed over by James at the barracks, his lips pressed together keenly as her picked her out.

She opened her eyes. Only three days since he’d taken her to church. She shifted Johnny to her other breast and remembered that first night, and James’ body crushing her with its strength.

The men weren’t back yet. The sun was halfway down the sky, the wind tangy with salt. Johnny was asleep on the bed and Mary had set the meat to stew over the fire outside. She sat at the table, peeling potatoes and onions to add to the pot while James leant against the door watching her, his shadow folding over the bench and table and Mary’s face. A soft line of smoke scented the air behind him and on the baking dirt, chickens clucked in time to the cicadas’ one note song.

“Well Mary.’ James looked at the sleeping baby. “Well, *wife*.” He stood taller. There’s plenty of time now I’m thinkin’.”

Mary stood as James stepped towards her, his hands tugging at the coarse fabric of her skirts. As he pushed her back onto the bed, she turned her head away and kept her eyes on Johnny, lying next to her, willing him to stay asleep.

Night was painting the sky with a steady hand. The pot hanging over the fire breathed its steam into the cooling air. The men had returned, narrowed eyes sizing Mary up, mouths mumbling greetings, as they strolled up to the hut to share the meal.

James waved them in. “Come ‘n eat boys! Not every day I get me a wife! Brought up some grog for us too!” Tin plates clattered on the table inside the hut, drink splashed into dented cups as the bottle was passed around.

Mary sat on a stool outside the door in the last of the soft breezes shifting up from the sea. Gently she rocked Johnny on her lap, leant her head back and sensed again the endless motion of the airless ship; pressed her bare feet harder onto the ground to touch the steadiness of the earth. She listened to the voices of the men and breathed in the clean air.

“Ere’s to me wife!”

“And ‘ere’s to warm nights, ya lucky dog!” the shout came back.

Then Mary saw him. The boy was back. He stood like a shadow in the greying light, watching her. Mary stood and waited as the boy walked across the open space between them.

“Mista Jim got tucka? Tucka f’ lil’ Jimmy?”

Without moving, Mary called through the door. “James. He’s back!”

James steadied himself against the door jamb, the fire lighting up the bleary grin on his face. “Lil’ Jimmy! Come on! Tucka for everyone t’night!” James read Mary’s face as she turned towards him. “Don’t look at me like that! Give ‘im some tucka! I said the boy’s welcome!”

His voice hardened. “If it’s alright for *your* bastard, it’s alright for *mine*!”

After Mary had filled the plate, the boy squatted down, lifting the food with his fingers, pushing it greedily into his mouth. James went back inside. “Give us some more of that grog lads!”

Mary stared as the boy finished eating and lifted up the empty plate.

“Tucka? Tucka?”

Mary watched him for a minute, her eyes hot, too dry for tears. Stiffly she bent forward, her hand sliding across the ground, scooping up loose dirt. She stood again, holding Johnny tighter, and flung the handful of dirt at the boy. He leapt up, squinting as the dust settled on his head and face.

Mary bent to the ground again, scrabbling for pebbles and stones. She lurched forward and threw, her mouth tight, holding back the sounds in her throat. The stones stung the boy’s arms and legs as he moved back. Mary raised a clenched fist above her head and the boy turned and ran, the scrub brushing his legs. As he crossed the creek, she watched his feet splash up showers of silvery light from the black water.

Mary stood listening to the emptiness the boy had left behind. Her body stilled, Johnny snuggling against her chest. She bent her head and kissed the top of his head, humming a half-remembered lullaby to fill the brittle quietness.

Slowly she turned back towards the hut. Rising in the sky behind her, the moon spilled a long shadow across the ground as a path for her feet.

Inspiration Statement:

My three-times-great-grandmother faced poverty, imprisonment, transportation, childbirth, and marriage before reaching Brisbane Waters, in 1831. I imagined an inevitable reaction to her punishing experiences.



Mary Ann (Smith) FREEMAN
1810 – 1891
Transported on the *Kains* -
1831



Butterflies

Mandy Gwan

Butterflies fluttered. Not in the garden, where Edith gathered lavender and daisies for her bouquet, but in her stomach. They made her feel slightly ill, and she wished she could catch them the way she had as a child; pop them in a jar and observe their fragility through the glass.

Today, she was the fragile one.

Late-summer sun bounced off the white-grey cement in the tiny courtyard of her fiancé's terrace house. Buddha, round and plump and carved of stone, laughed up at her from the flower bed. Charlie and his mother had planted the garden together, its flowers the only splash of colour in otherwise bland surroundings.

Fragments of Judy GARLAND singing *Over The Rainbow* from her new film floated from a neighbour's wireless, adding to Edith's melancholy. Both Edith's

brothers would soon be off to war, and the possibility they might not come home was something she wouldn't allow herself to admit. But Charlie — thank God — was prohibited from enlisting; there was no danger of losing him.

“Edith?” she turned to see Charlie striding toward her, his face haggard with concern.

“How is your mother?” Edith gulped, the butterflies in her stomach turning cartwheels.

“She’s remained conscious but still unable to move her arms and legs,” Charlie answered, his voice catching in his throat. He ran a hand through his jet-black hair, “Her speech hasn’t improved either, but I could understand her enough to know she’s asking for you. She’s desperate to see us married, Edith.”

Looking up to the second-storey window of Annie's room, Edith willed the woman who would soon be her mother-in-law to rally. “Just hang on a while longer, Annie. Please,” she whispered, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Charlie wrapped his arms around Edith and drew her to him. “I don’t think I can do this, Charlie,” she sniffed. “So much has happened today. One minute, I feel completely elated; the next, seething with anger. And the nerves; my stomach is in knots! But swamping them all, there’s a profound sense of loss. Your mother means the world to me. I... I can’t bear to lose her.”

“You mean the world to her too. She’s always wanted a daughter.” He held her at arms’ length and gazed down at her, his dark, chestnut-brown eyes conveying the sincerity of the promise he was about to make, “And as for not being able to do this, you *can*. I’ll be with you every step.”

“I’m sorry my parents haven’t been as accepting of you. I don’t understand it at all.”

“I’m sure my charming personality and naturally good looks will win them over eventually,” teased Charlie. He glanced at his watch. “Reverend GORDON will be here shortly. Are you almost ready?”

“Yes. I just need to change my dress. Won’t be too long.”

She made her way through the narrow old house, weaving a path around ornately carved rosewood furniture beautifully inlaid with ivory and jade. Family photographs shared pride of place on the sideboard with one of Annie's favourite ginger jars, its porcelain blue and white and glossy.

Edith paused at the *mahjong* table where the stroke had ravaged Annie’s body the evening before. Ivory tiles toppled to the floor when Annie slumped, and there they still were, strewn like shards of broken glass.

Edith lowered herself to the floor. There, kneeling among the tiles — her eyes taking in the scene, her heart breaking, her head trying to comprehend all that seemed out of her control — the most pitiful wail escaped her soul. Then another. And another. Edith's body shook with their ferocity.

She had told Charlie that her parents would not attend their wedding, but she had not told him why. She couldn't. She wouldn't. Edith buried her face in her hands and sobbed, the taste of salty tears on her lips.

A clock chimed the hour, shaking Edith from her stupor. "I can do this; Charlie said I can do this." One by one, as if to reinstate the tiniest semblance of control back into her life, she returned the *mahjong* tiles to the table.

Edith stood before the full-length mirror, fastening her pearls around her neck and clipping on the matching earrings, a precious and generous gift from Annie this past Christmas. Her topaz-blue dress was almost the same hue as her eyes. She smoothed her hands down the skirt, soft and silky on her skin. It wasn't the long, flowing, white wedding gown of her dreams, but it was her best dress and more than suitable for the occasion.

Edith regarded the young woman's face reflected in the mirror, contemplating how she had grown to resemble her mother.

The mother who disowned her only hours earlier.

"You're selfish, Edith. Selfish!" yelled her mother, rosary beads snaking through her fingers. "We forbade you to see him, and now we find out you've not only continued to see him, but you've been courting behind our backs!"

"I don't understand *why* you don't like him and *why* you'd forbid me to see him. Neither of you will give me a reason," Edith cried, looking from her mother to her father and spreading her arms in exasperation.

"He's twice your age, love," murmured her father, his gentle Irish lilt almost inaudible between puffs on his pipe. The tobacco's scent was not enough to overwhelm the odour of last night's boiled cabbage and lamb's fry.

"Is that all it is, his age? Please, both of you, change your mind. Come to my wedding?" Edith pleaded.

"We will not. We will have nothing to do with it! He's not a Catholic!" her mother spat. "For goodness' sake, Edith, he's divorced!" Her mother crossed herself, pious as she was.

Others in their church had remarried after a divorce. It wasn't encouraged, but it did happen. That couldn't be the reason; there must be something else. Only one other thing about Charlie made him different from the other men she'd stepped out with. But surely her parents didn't think like that. They weren't capable of it. Were they?

Edith tested the waters. "There's something else, isn't there?"

Her parents' eyes met briefly. "I'm sure we don't know what you're talking about," said her mother.

"I think you do know." In all her twenty-three years, Edith had never dared raise her voice to her mother as she did now. "Say it, Mother. I want to hear you say it!"

"For pity's sake, Edith! He's Chinese! *Chi-nese!*"

Edith recoiled. So, they were capable of it after all.

She understood that getting married at the foot of a dying woman's bed, with barely a day to prepare, was not what her parents had planned for her, but she

could never have imagined their hostile reaction to Charlie's ethnicity. She wasn't sure which shocked her more: their dazzling bigotry or her naivety to it. Edith's brow furrowed with confusion as she turned to her father for support. "Dad?"

All he managed to say was, "I agree with your mother," and he did not, so Edith noticed, look her in the eye as he said it. Why couldn't he stand up to her mother for once, show some backbone?

Edith tried to summon her voice; she could barely speak. "How can you be so intensely cruel?" she asked feebly.

Her mother's only response was an ultimatum: "The choice is yours, Edith. *Him*. Or us."

As Edith stepped away from the mirror, she vowed that no matter how much she looked like her mother, she would never think like her, never behave like her, and never reject her child because they loved someone of a different race. Hurrying from the bedroom, she resolved to leave the past behind. She was walking towards her future now. She'd start afresh from this moment and not think of her mother again.

The old cedar staircase creaked under Edith's footfall, the soles of her shoes conforming to the splintery ravines formed from decades of wear. At the top, she found the door of Annie's room slightly ajar, a light breeze flowing through the open space that carried a faint trace of incense and banished some of the day's unbearable heat.

Sitting at Annie's bedside, Reverend GORDON read to her from his dog-eared King James. He glanced up at the sound of Edith's arrival, peering over the top of his round-rimmed glasses.

"Ah, hello there. You must be the bride!" he said, getting to his feet. "I'm sorry to be making your acquaintance in such happy, yet *unhappy*, circumstances."

"Hello, Reverend. Thank you for coming at short notice; we're so very grateful," she replied.

Taking Annie's hand in her own, Edith gave it a small, reassuring squeeze as she kissed Annie's cheek. "Let's have us a wedding!" Edith said, feigning brightness for Annie's sake.

But Annie's crooked smile barely revealed her trademark dimples.

Clutching her posy with both hands, Edith began pacing back and forth beside the open window, her palms damp. Would these butterflies ever be still?

"Shall I go and see if I can hurry the groom along?" asked Reverend GORDON by way of trying to calm her.

"Oh, yes, please, if you wouldn't mind."

The Reverend went to search for Charlie, and Edith tipped her head back, sighing deeply.

A Chinese lantern in vibrant red and fringed with golden tassels hung from the ceiling. Red.

The colour of joy and celebration. The irony of it.

A movement in the doorway caught her eye. There stood Charlie, dressed in traditional *changshan*, beaming his biggest, brightest smile at her. "I have a surprise for you," he said, stepping aside to reveal a figure waiting behind him. "Dad!" Edith's hand flew to her mouth. In the only moment of happiness she'd felt all day, she ran across the room and flung her arms around her father's neck.

When she let him go, he smiled sadly, remorse in his eyes. "You know, I actually don't agree with your mother," he admitted softly.

At the end of Annie's bed and in the presence of Edith's father, Edith and Charlie pledged their lives to one another.

Edith passed her wedding bouquet to her husband. She sat on the edge of Annie's bed, wrapped her arms around Annie's paralysed shoulders, and whispered into her ear, "It's official, Mother. You have a daughter."

At last, the butterflies were still.

Inspiration Statement

Based on my grandparents' wedding day in January 1940, this story explores some of the negative attitudes towards interfaith and mixed-race marriages in Australia.

Lucy Dorney's Waterloo

Jo Callaghan



Corner shop at Cooper Street and Wellington Street Waterloo, 1961¹

Courtesy of the City of Sydney Archives²

Lucy DORNEY contemplated the rough black surface of the iron skillet that was resting on the hob. If those raucous hens didn't pipe down soon, she might just have to use it.

It was the age of the Wall Street Crash, the Great Depression, and the Razor Gangs. Thousands of Australian men, many of whom had fought bravely for King and Country just a decade or so before, were out of work and out of hope. Children didn't have enough to eat and women struggled to hold their families together. Unemployed and mortified by it, some men sought the comfort and the company of their own kind, spent their days in the pubs drowning each other's sorrows, and when the pubs closed at 6 p.m., they went home and took their humiliation out on their families. Most women had no choice but to cop it; yet some women fought back, and some women found the strength to rise above it.

In Sydney's inner suburbs, two women had risen to the top. Tilly DEVINE, 'the Queen of Woolloomooloo' ran a string of brothels around Darlinghurst and King's Cross. Kate LEIGH, 'the Queen of Surry Hills', ran sly grog and fenced stolen property. The two ladies detested each other and they fought fiercely for the crown of the Queen of Queens. It was an unholy war. Gangs of Tilley's and Kate's thugs roamed inner Sydney streets, hacking and slashing each other with cut-throat razors, turning a humble tool for a close shave into the weapon of choice for ruffians, would-be ruffians and the unemployed working class.

Two miles down the main road from Tilley's realm in Woolloomooloo, and only one mile down the main road from Kate's realm in Surry Hills, Lucy sat on her throne in the heart of her own dominion; by the hearth in her cosy kitchen in Cooper Street, Waterloo. It was the only street that she'd ever lived in.

She scanned the pile of newspapers that were sharing the kitchen table with the crumbs of yesterday's toast. Sometimes, the newspapers shouted gruesome headlines like "*Man with throat cut, woman arrested!*".

But today's *Truth* heralded a different kind of calamity. Today's *Truth* contained a splendid tale of the "ladies" who lived in the corrugated slums and the crumbling brick cottages of Cooper Street. Lucy's realm had finally made it into the papers and to Lucy, that was sensational. She pressed the creased pages flat with the palms of her hands and devoured the story with delight.

UGLY DUCKLINGS AT WATERLOO!!!

Neighbours Pelt Each Other With Verbal Bouquets

Mrs. Annie Clark and Mrs. Maggie Hayward live opposite one another in Cooper Street, Waterloo. They are not too friendly. In fact, they haven't been on good terms since last Christmas, when a quarrel over a pair of ducks severely sundered their neighbourly relations. The ducklings, carefully fattened, were duly decapitated, plucked, and demolished, and they fade right out of the picture. But not so the animosity they created. It simmered and simmered, and now seems to have boiled over altogether... Mrs. Clark, a matronly woman of bulky dimensions, toils in Jones's Jam factory, and she says that Mrs. Hayward made a practice of calling her 'Peachy' and other sticky names as she passed by... Mrs. Hayward, frail enough to be swept off her feet by one fell swipe of Mrs. Clark's little finger, said Mrs. Clarke had called her a "ginger ____" and also threatened other things not found in Webster's dictionary.³

Outside, the paper boy's whistle was losing its puff. He was probably halfway down Wellington Street by now. The shrill of his whistle and the cry of "*papers, get your papers!*" had signalled the residents of Cooper Street to come out from behind their closed doors. When Annie CLARKE and Maggie HAYWARD had laid their peepers on each other, they'd started the duck wars all over again. The would-be Queens of Cooper Street were still out there, shooting insults and firing offensive missiles at each other. Lucy had the twin fires of

Ireland and Scotland in her blood; even though she'd come inside, she simply wasn't the type to keep her nose out of it.

"Aw, go inside and give it a rest will ya!" Lucy hollered. "Why don't ya shut yer poultry bickering."

"If insults were cricket balls" mumbled Lucy, "Don BRADMAN would be on his way back to the sheds on a duck." She chuckled. William would have enjoyed her clever banter.

The older Lucy got the more she longed for William. When William was alive, when the children were younger, when she was younger, when she was the Queen of the Fitzroy Hotel; those were the days. She thought of them as her glory days, when love, joy and laughter was overflowing in Cooper Street.

But if she was honest, there hadn't been that many glorious days. Even when things were good, something came along and scrubbed the gloss right off the glory. When she'd married William, she didn't think she could be anything other than happy. But God came along and crushed her hope, took two of their children - baby Lucy and little Bertie - and from there things went from bad to worse; out of the frying pan and into the fire.

Just before the Great War, Lucy's Fitzroy Hotel, her Palace on the corner of Cooper Street and Byrne Lane, closed for business. Money was tight and with so many of Lucy's family in need of her help, the many rooms of the Fitzroy Hotel became havens for the lost, the downtrodden, and the needy. Their home was crammed tight with Lucy's people; her husband William, her mother (who was also named Lucy), her sister Florence, her niece (yet another Lucy), her sons Vince, John and Frederick, her daughter Ada and for a short time, Ada's *useless* good-for-nothing husband.

The Fitzroy was also a haven for babies, fatherless children and abandoned urchins. Her own babies had been born there. Ada's baby Arthur was born there. Lucy's widowed niece had a slew of toddlers and tykes that ran in and out of everyone's rooms, driving them all 'round the bend. When the last remaining Fitzroy waitress shot through in the middle of the night, they all scratched their heads over what to do about the little waif that she left behind. In the confusion, no one did anything and the abandoned child, little Edna, was simply absorbed into the Dorney menagerie.

"Get inside ya dirty rotten so *and so!*" shrieked one of the hens out in the street.

"Leave off and go home, ya pair of old boilers." Lucy responded. "Take ya fowl fight somewhere else!"

Lucy laughed out loud. William would have liked that one. She sighed.

William earned his living as a hansom cab driver. He kept his horses in the yard at the back of the Fitzroy. In 1914 he was the only working occupant of number 3 Cooper Street, but they may as well have opened up a horse's mouth and tipped his earnings down it's throat. Ends were barely being met and tempers were smouldering like a burning ember after a bushfire. One gust of air in the wrong direction and things might erupt. It was enough to drive a man to drink.

Just as the Great War was coming to an end, William DORNEY of the corner of Byrne Lane and Cooper Street Waterloo, took his last breath at the men's infirmary in Lidcombe. A few days later, his body left from Wood, Coffill and Company's mortuary chapel in George Street, on a carriage led by one of his own horses. At the Catholic cemetery at Rookwood, Lucy watched in confused disbelief as William was buried in a plot right alongside his mother and father, where he was reunited with their little baby Lucy and their little boy Bertie.

And just like that, Lucy DORNEY had no husband and no money. Not a deener, not a zac, not two bob to rub together, not even a single brass razoo. She would have preferred to move away from number 3 Cooper Street, away from the corner of Cooper Street and Byrne Lane, away from memories of William, his horses and the Fitzroy Hotel. But, without a deener or a zac, a woman didn't have too many options. Just as her mother had always said, *beggars don't get to be choosers*.

Just across the road from the Fitzroy Hotel, at number 6 Cooper Street, was a tin-roofed four roomed weatherboard cottage with a brick kitchen and an iron skillion. It had been left to Lucy by her father and for as long as she could remember it had been lived in by tenants.

Compared with the many-roomed palace at number 3, the hovel at number 6 was not exactly fit for a Queen. It measured just 25 feet across, and 90 feet deep. With a steely resolve and a lot of elbow grease, number 6 Cooper Street slowly became a cosy universe for Lucy and the six planets that revolved around Lucy's sun; Ada and little Arthur, Vince, Frederick, John and Edna. Lucy's sister Florence and her husband Robert moved in next door at number 8.

In 1921 Vince married Maggie, then in 1927, John married Idy. They all lived just around the corner in Botany Street. She could count the steps from her front door to theirs. Tomorrow, on a crisp Thursday in July 1931, Edna was getting married and she had already packed her things – she would be living just down the road in Raglan Street.

Lucy reached for the *Daily Telegraph*.

Out in Cooper Street, the Battle of Waterloo was still raging. "Jeez, give it up ladies, I think the goose is cooked!" Lucy cackled heartily. If William had been there, he would have said she was about to lay an egg.

Just at that moment, a bottle that had once held Mr Tooth's finest ale, a bottle just like the ones that had once graced the bar at the Fitzroy Hotel, a bottle that had *no right* to cross the threshold of her front gate, hit the front wall of number 6 Cooper Street like one of Don BRADMAN's cover drives smacking into the fence at the cricket ground.

The old iron skillet was far too heavy, but the rolled up *Daily Telegraph* felt very comfortable in Lucy's hand as she flung open her front door and stepped onto the porch.

"Right-o, you two old birds," she bellowed, brandishing the newspaper like a cricket bat.

"If I have ta come over there, youse might wanna duck!"

Inspiration Statement:

My ancestors lived in Cooper Street Waterloo for about 100 years. A 1924 newspaper story gave me a new and humorous perspective on life in their violent and poverty-stricken neighbourhood.

References available on request from the Editor.



Joint FHACT Member Prize

Passage

Margaret Mackenzie

The passage through the Heads into the Port of Melbourne was rough. Three metre waves made our progress slow and the steamer rolled drunkenly. I had left my cabin to assume control in the wheelhouse. Many passengers were hiding below decks but some hardy folk were enjoying the ride.

Directly in front of me one gentleman stood with his face into the wind. I recognised him immediately. He and I had shared meals in my captain's suite on a few occasions. He was an interesting fellow; the lengthy voyage from Calcutta to Melbourne had been made more enjoyable in his company. He had told me that once we docked in Melbourne he planned to catch the next ferry across the Bass Strait to Tasmania. As I watched him, braced against the elements, I wondered what sort of future he was imagining and whether edging closer to his destination was cause for happiness, or disquiet.

His name was Alfred GARRETT. He had a mellifluous voice tinged with an English accent, no doubt inherited from his student years in Oxford. He had been born in Hobart and had lived there till he was 19. His voice had transported me with stories of his many years in India and I found our discussions on religion, education and philosophy stimulating. He loved India but was on his way home as his health could not withstand the Indian climate anymore. The fellow had an odd restraint about him that persuaded the listener that what you were hearing was real and unadorned. He was no taller than I, being average, but his bearing suggested that he was used to being a dominant physical presence and that he would be comfortable exerting his authority. I was amused by his form of dress. His pinstripe suit seemed rather formal for travelling clothes and he wore an old-fashioned woollen waistcoat

that was too warm for the season, which was borne out by the frequent mopping of his face with handkerchiefs that were conjured from numerous pockets in his clothing. I guessed him to be in his early forties.

He wore a serious face but one that easily softened into wry expression. He was not handsome in any conventional sense but his crystalline blue eyes held you and the dominance of his patrician nose narrowed the space between those two blue beacons, intensifying their gaze.

The Port of Melbourne was busy and the steerage of the ship took all my attention. A little later as the passengers disembarked I looked for GARRETT; my last glimpse of him was his pinstriped figure striding through the large crowd assembled on the pier.

The window of his rented room cast an eye over the higgledy piggeldy spread of shanty town on the perimeter of Hobart Town harbour. A storm was gathering itself out at sea and as he sat before the spectacle, he mused that his life as metaphor was being played out in front of him.

The letter lay in his lap. It was addressed to Mr A GARRETT, dated 19 February 1885, delivered to his lodgings that morning. It was from his oldest sister Fanny, she of the domineering and fearsome personality. His initial response to its contents was astonishment. He had read it now a number of times and astonishment had turned to disbelief, till finally he confronted its overwhelming effect: he was alone. He was unmoored.

Fanny told him that the family did not welcome him home after his prolonged absence. She forbade him from making contact with any of his seven siblings. She said he had besmirched the reputation of the Garrett family; they could never forgive him. She reminded him that, at the time of his visit home some years earlier on the death of their mother, she had made it clear there would be no place for him should he return.

So he was alone. He was an outcast. His great crime was not described in any statute of law. He was a man of conscience, of religious conviction, of piety. Would it have been more acceptable to his family if he had embraced atheism, instead of conversion to Catholicism? 'And a Jesuit, whatsmore. We no longer know you.' He could imagine the self-righteous set of her mouth as she put these words on paper. He had hoped with time that her disposition had softened.

The contrast with his leave-taking in India was painful. His beloved students and staff had arrived in full-throated force at the port of Calcutta. They had covered him in garlands, praise and affection and had carried him up the gangplank onto the ship, creating a festive spectacle much commented on by his fellow passengers. Some of his students still begged him not to go. He noticed wryly that the college chancellor did not express such sentiments; old man Ghosh was already planning how to mould the new principal in his own image.

He mentally shook himself and turned his attention to the present.

In the first few weeks he sought points of familiarity, but everything looked different and felt alien. He knew no-one apart from his estranged family and had lost touch with everyone from his school days. He had been absent for 24 years and he was a stranger. He had to find a permanent place to live and his government pension gave him the means. Many new settled districts had sprung up and he decided on Newtown, a comfortable distance from his former family home and its locality, but close enough that his frequent meanderings might find him running into one of his sisters and thereby opening up contact. But any hope of reconciliation was stillborn when Hobart Town was rocked by a very public scandal.

GARRETT was caught up in the event. He was on one of his long, ruminative walks near the town centre when he was nearly knocked to the ground by a rush of people heading into a throng a half mile away. He followed them. Noise and brouhaha grew in volume till the object of the clamour became visible. What GARRETT saw appalled him. A tattily dressed scarecrow of a priest stood on the steps of St Mary's Cathedral, and in a broad Irish brogue was taunting the large crowd. It was apparent that this was a defrocked priest since all signs of his vocation were missing, except for the torn and filthy priest's collar that hung dejectedly from his grimy stretched neck, and his threadbare cassock. He had set up his performance as a vaudeville act and his patter mocked the Anglicans, the Catholic church and the bishop in particular. As he yelled at the jeering mob below him he flung communion hosts into the air, which fluttered in the breeze before wafting gently into the crowd. And then the brawl began.

GARRETT extricated himself and hastened away. He crossed to the other side of the road, before the brawl gathered momentum. He searched his pockets for his handkerchief, so distracted that he didn't notice the imperious presence bearing down on him. Fanny said his name and he was so unused to the familiarity of its use that he was too stunned to speak. She charged him with complicity in the spectacle opposite and included him in the broad sweep of her arm condemning all things Catholic. The ruling class was Anglican and of free settler stock, the tribe of his origins. Yet he had the poor grace to abandon his tribe and settle for second class. Before he could defend himself she swept him aside, picked up her skirts and withdrew into Potter's Purveyor of Fine Foods, where she had a clear view of the melee and took up her post alongside two other ladies of fine breeding.

The desperation and madness of the defrocked priest was humiliating. The scandal widened the fissure between the Anglicans and the Catholics. But the poverty of the immigrant Irish Catholic families, which Garrett observed while exploring the outer reaches of Hobart Town, was far more upsetting to him than a deranged priest.

His years delivering education in India had made him a champion of schooling. He knew that most of the marginalised poor Irish Catholic community did not

have access to formal education. Some children attended local primary state schools but secondary education was out of reach. The children of the cotter families outside town often did not receive any formal education. His sisters Fanny and Sophy had established a school for young ladies but he knew that Catholic children need not apply. There was a Catholic boys' school in Hobart Town but only the wealthy and well-connected could enrol their children. What he found hard to countenance was the apparent lack of interest in the education of the poor. These thoughts preoccupied him. He felt he was wasting time and talent. But an incidental conversation with another parishioner at Mass provided the inspiration that pierced the clouds of his aimlessness.

He made an appointment with Bishop MURPHY. By all accounts MURPHY was a staunch advocate of Catholic education but it was going to be a difficult meeting. GARRETT was going to need to display the right amount of obsequiousness to persuade the powerful prelate, without implying comment or judgement on the neglect of the cotter families.

Monday September 23 1885

Well, I gave him the time of day, this fellow GARRETT. His idea has merit and if he can make a success of it then it will further the Catholic cause. And if he should fail, as is likely? He will be far enough from me that my office need not take any responsibility. He seems genuine enough and has very good credentials. But I am a little suspicious of converts; they take themselves far too seriously.

I said he could have the use of a room at the back of the cathedral. It is only a storeroom but should be sufficient for his purposes. I agreed that he could post an information page in the cathedral vestibule. I made it clear that he can expect no money from me or the parish and that all materials and books he needs must be financed from his own pocket.

It is now some weeks since I gave him permission to set up his little Sunday school. I have seen him apply great industry and no-one can doubt his skills of organisation. I cannot guess where he garnered his schoolbooks; he appears a resourceful fellow. I have been pleasantly surprised by the amount of interest his little school has generated. The first Sunday he had three children but yesterday there were 12 children in attendance! I do wonder how they make their way into town from the farms.

Yes, it has been a good decision on my part. I believe I shall mention this in my homily next Sunday.

Inspiration Statement:

A.W. GARRETT was my maternal grandfather. He made a number of life-changing decisions. This true story provides background for one of those decisions.

One Man's Life

Giselda Ruth Bannister

I am dying. At last. I have cheated death so often. But at eighty-two, lying in my bed at the Repatriation Hospital, I feel death's chill breath. Spared childhood illnesses that took my infant brothers, nephews and nieces, the starvation that took young Harold when Father was becalmed at sea, Mother struggling to feed us on no income. Spared as a man – no dying in childbirth like my beautiful sister, Fanny. Spared the chronic alcoholism that took George in his thirties, even though I too, am an alcoholic. Spared the sudden stroke that took my wonderful father, Amos, in his sixties and my bossy, big sister, Rhoda. Only sister Mary lived to a good age. Gone now to the God she devoutly believed in. I never understood how she could be so content as an impoverished pastor's wife. Only Syd, our baby brother, is left. I know he will tend my grave when I am buried with our parents. Ironic that he should live on, having been repatriated home from the Great War because of his 'weak chest'.

Molly sits faithfully by my side as she has so often. She was a beautiful young woman; she's still beautiful. Never my wife. She rejected my proposals; my drinking did not make me good husband material. But she has remained my loyal friend; beloved by my whole family who would have welcomed her as their sister.

Pain from old injuries and hard work traces its burning fingers down spine, hips, and legs. Restless. The one constant feature of my life. It started when I watched George march off with the First Contingent to the Boer War. The crowds, feverish with patriotism, waving flags, cheering, singing. My father, fit to burst with pride. My mother –. Hard to know what Mother thought about anything. A talented lady, musical, an excellent seamstress. But always the aura of sadness. Always hiding from the stigma of her illegitimate birth and her 'foreignness'. It was that that brought Father and Mother from Balmain to Port Melbourne. The sneers and snubs of neighbours too much to bear. Melbourne was less judgemental, warmer. My thoughts return to George.

We were thrilled when he was feted at Melbourne's Town Hall, medals pinned to his chest by the Duke of York, written about in the local paper. But George was no longer George. He had trouble settling back to work driving for Swallow and Ariel's. Our sleep was regularly disturbed by his shouts and groans, nightmares ravaging his rest. He is reliving the battle of Hobkirk Farm. All his officers killed by Boer snipers. Only George and four others survived. But he clams up and, in my ignorance, I think it all sounds like a grand adventure.

I join the Fifth Contingent and sail off to South Africa.

I'd never seen so much empty space. Strange smells. Black people. The reality of warfare.

Long, exhausting marches in the heat, not enough water, food scarcer as the days passed.

Freezing nights. Rivers to ford. No real idea where we were or where we were going. Sudden skirmishes, the crack of rifle fire, the crash and thump of grenades, the groans of the wounded, the screams of terrified horses. My heart thuds heavily in my chest; my hands shake for hours after. That's when our officers gave us rum, to give us 'courage'. Well, it gave us something. Not courage. Maybe oblivion for a few hours. If I'd had time to think, I would have thought of George. I would have started to understand. But I was exhausted.

All the time.

On 12 June 1901, my company, and others, arrived near a Boer farmhouse, Wilmansrust. We occupied a rise overlooking the farm, but which sloped steeply away to a stream. We hadn't expected to stay here but orders came for us to set up camp. We had no reason to expect trouble. As usual, we piled our rifles together, had tea round our fires and settled to sleep. Then all hell broke loose. We were overrun. I remember reaching for my rifle, realising it was out of reach. Bullets whizzed past me, the men around me fell dead or wounded. I curled myself into a ball next to my saddle, overwhelmed with fear and confusion. All over in twenty minutes. Then the Boers herded us together, took whatever they wanted.

We were rescued a day later. Then - the bitterness of betrayal. It was only a matter of days before the British officers started saying it was our cowardice that led to defeat. Months later, when I arrived home, that slur had preceded us. No welcome home parade for me; I got my medals - but what did they mean? I was proud to save my shillings to help build the Fifth Contingent memorial. I was comforted that Father lived long enough to see us vindicated in the newspapers; he knew the memorial was being built. I wanted him to be proud of me.

I don't remember how I came to join the Navy. Father, the glue that held our family together was gone, and I longed for somewhere I could breathe. I remembered the sea, how good the air smelt. So, I signed on for five years. Hard work as a stoker on the *Challenger* and the *Psyche* kept some of my demons at bay. Mother was delighted with the pink, satin, beaded cushion I bought for her in Singapore. The Chinese tea bowls fascinated everyone: how could anyone get a decent cup of tea out of something so small? But being a stoker? The fierce heat of the boilers, the noise, the dark. It wasn't a place to breathe either.

I got work at the Melbourne Harbour Trust Battery. And the family was dealt one blow after another. Fanny died. Her husband took his three little ones to live with relatives. Mother's grief and drinking tore at all our hearts. Rumours of war circulated. With George, then Mother, dying, my restlessness took hold. Why sign up again? I can't explain. Except there was something comforting about being in the company of men like me.

The prospect of a steady wage, the chance to see more of the world – who could resist? And we believed in the Empire too, I suppose.

Broadmeadows camp, patriotic slogans sewn on my jacket by the girls at Swallow and Ariel's, encouraged by my big sister, Rhoda. Old at thirty-five among so many mere boys. Egypt! Sand, sand, and more sand. Flies. The incessant jabbering of skinny, brown men in their long shirts badgering us to buy their goods. Our first glimpse of Gallipoli, a place we'd never heard of, from the decks of the *Galeka* in April. I try not to think about the nightmarish days which followed. Impossible to tell the folks back home of the incessant roar of gunfire, hefting heavy packs up steep mountainsides in a hail of bullets, sleepless for days and nights on end. The bodies of the dead. Swelling, putrefying, unrecognisable as men. I tried to explain some of this on a postcard to a friend. I doubt he understood – or wanted to. You think I'm hard. It was a way to cope.

It was a relief when gunshot tore into my left hand and back. Mates carried me to the Casualty Clearing station. Rough dressings were slapped on my wounds. I was hefted aboard ship for Malta. Pain. Unrelieved. Hardly any food or water for two days. But I breathed in lungs-full of sea air and thought myself lucky. Received at Mtarfa Barracks Hospital – the relief of lying on a cot, washed, in clean clothes. Moved on three times, finally reaching the tent hospital, All Saints. This was to toughen us up to return to war. Marching, drilling, parading, sea-bathing. The blue of the Mediterranean – so clear it hurt your eyes. Warm sunshine, the soothing wash of gentle waves. Honey-coloured villages. Ah Mother! I thought of her every time I glimpsed a little, plump, olive-skinned woman, brown-eyed, dark hair pulled into a tight bun. I wondered if, just maybe, I was looking at a distant cousin. If I had been able to talk to Mother about Malta – what might she have finally revealed about herself?

In Egypt again, I am delighted when Syd tracks me down. Caught up in myself, mails irregular, I had not thought of a reunion. So brief, as I sailed for Gallipoli again. The weather awful - freezing cold, snowing. That was new! We had no idea that this was the beginning of an end.

The next months are a blur. To France, marching, marching - to a spot near Poizieres.

Nothing separates the hell of those days from that of Gallipoli except the weather and terrain.

Unrelenting shelling, continually repairing blown-up trenches. By the time we made Moquet Farm we had little left to give. Only lives. So many. Pulled back for rest in September, supposedly cheered by playing football and cricket! Huh! We were ghosts of men, laughter too shrill, tempers too short, withdrawn. The weather was appalling. So cold - I longed to be back stoking ships' boilers.

In London for rest, I went AWOL until caught in Westminster. I cared little for detention; losing eleven days pay hurt. Then back again. Menin Road. A success, but we had to push on to Broodesinde Ridge. Another bullet in the back. I seem to remember crawling to the casualty clearing station. No matter – I made it. Again. Train to Etaples, hospital, evacuation to 'Blighty',

hospitalised in Clackton and finally – furlough at Sutton Veny. Nice place. But I kicked off to London hoping for a good time. The Military Police caught me, returned me to Sutton Veny. If I'd been Syd, I'd have contacted the English cousins in Bournemouth. Syd tells me they were nice people. I would have shocked them. Better to keep my distance.

AWOL again for seven days lost me fourteen days' pay. The 'breather' was worth it.

April to August 1918: I wondered when my luck would finally run out. Preparing to take Mont St. Quentin at night, I shouldered my pack, bayonet at the ready – it's been used too many times. Best not to think about that. We advance stealthily up the slope and suddenly I think of Wilmansrust. Now it's me creeping up in the dark to attack unsuspecting men. For a moment I feel -? Shrug it off. Battle won; we moved back to rest. While we were resting the war ended! In December we lined up to watch King George V ride by. I had an overwhelming urge to remember every detail to describe to Father, Mother and George. But I can't.

Once home, what was there for a man like me? I took work on the railways when I could, stoking engines. I welcomed the heat. Drank my pay. Worked with gangs blasting out the routes of railway lines. Hefting crowbars and sledgehammers leaves me so tired, I sleep like the dead. And sometimes the dead leave me alone. Camped out with the gangs, I wake to the sound of the breeze in the gums and fern trees, Magpies and Kookaburras calling at dawn, the scent of clean air. Peace. I am with men like me. Survivors with scars. Of body and mind. We understand each other. We have all cheated death. I often stay with Syd and Elsie and their three little ones. They are very good to me, tolerating me appearing and disappearing.

I am too old for the next war. But I want a part of it anyway. So, I sign up as a volunteer on the Melbourne docks. The young men disappear overseas. I don't want to join them. The restlessness is leaving me. Rest is coming. I can feel it. I am ready – I think. I've had my grand adventure. Not bad for Ted PIKE from Port Melbourne. No regrets about lost opportunities. Don't pity me. I don't need it.

Inspiration Statement:

Great-grandma Mary's archive: postcards, photographs, objects, anecdotes with official documentation and secondary research, helped me bring Great-Grand Uncle Ted to life. An interesting, satisfying endeavour.

References available on request to the Editor.

Honouring Introdacqua

Robyn Heitmann



Putti at Introdacqua spring head

“Smoke-oh”.

The long-drawn-out call was music to Pietro’s ears. He straightened his back, pushing back his wide-brimmed hat as he wiped a toughly muscled arm across his sweaty face. He felt like a cowboy in his Australian Akubra, like he was the star in a poster outside the Sulmona teatro. He was glad to have persuaded his mother a good wool blanket was a better leaving gift than an army surplus pith helmet, even though it cost her every lira she had after selling the little patch that was her almond grove.

He took his cigarette packet from the rolled sleeve of his shirt. Another thing he had borrowed from a movie. He reasoned if he had to work in, what did they call it – the outback? for two years to pay back his passage, he may as well look the part. But he had not abandoned everything Italian. He still smoked unfiltered cigarettes, spitting out the dried flakes of tobacco which stuck to his lip. Pietro inhaled deeply, his cupped hand protecting the flame. He shook the match sharply to ensure it was extinguished. Not that it mattered much, the cane had already been burnt black.

The men gathered around the converted kerosine tin they used as a stove out in the fields. A soot-stained billy sat precariously balanced on top. Someone threw in a handful of black tea and added too much sugar before pouring it into each man's pannikin. Pietro missed the piccolo cups of bitter black coffee he had grown up with. What he didn't miss was poverty.

Cane-cutting was hard, but the seasonal work paid well.

"Peter," one of the men said, repeating himself twice before Pietro realised, he was speaking to him.

"It's your turn to get the beer for tonight."

Pietro nodded. He knew what was required. It was Friday, and his turn to drive into town and return with as many cartons of long-neck bottles of XXXX as their pooled money could buy.

After knock-off the men usually ate a dinner of mutton dressed up as lamb chops. The meat was cooked in a frying-pan swimming with fat and served with boiled potato, cabbage or tinned peas. Nothing relieved the blandness. No garlic, no olive oil, no herbs were added. The only sauce featured a parrot on the bottle. Pietro had been told by some wag it was made from the blood of the bird. It took some doing for his mates to convince him it was bona fide tomato sauce. Their use of Italian touched him. After sopping up the sauce and grease of their dinner with slices of soft and tasteless white bread, the men whiled away their weekday evenings listening to the radio and playing cards. On Friday their routine changed. Having contributed to the beer fund, they would spend the rest of the night drinking and squabbling until they could no longer stand to fight.

Pietro grabbed the car keys from the nail in the weatherboard and iron shed he shared with the other single men. The communal car was a wreck, full of rust and after sitting a week, almost impossible to start. The car choked and wheezed before suddenly spluttering to life. Until recently he had known nothing of cars. There had been perhaps three in the village after the Germans left. The first time he drove was the first time he was sent for the beer. The engine had roared in protest at his inexperience with clutch and gears. When a policeman wanted to see his licence, Pietro played the recent arrival card and shrugged in fabricated incomprehension. As the officer reached for his pencil Pietro died a little inside. But the man had seen war and had more idea than most what lads like Pietro had suffered. It was about time someone gave these young reffo's a break. After asking some questions and taking down details he carefully sized up his young offender.

"Don't make me regret this, but considering the distance and state of the roads you can obviously handle a car", he said, handing Peter his licence. The young man grinned. He had passed a test, been accepted and, to top it all, his Australian name was now official.

Such luck was unlikely to strike twice. This time Pietro parked away from the main street. If the car was defected, the men would be stranded kilometers out of town. Heading toward the pub, he found himself walking behind two pretty girls whose full skirts swished with every step. The taller of the two glanced

back and whispered something to her friend. He heard them giggle as their pace and the suggestive swaying increased. Never-the-less he had almost caught them up when they pushed open the door of the fish and chip shop. Pietro was immediately transfixed by the smell of frying fish.

He was Catholic. Friday was the day for fish. When he was small, he and his mother regularly walked six kilometres to Sulmona to buy fish. He had tugged impatiently on his mother's skirt while she bartered with the fishmonger who came on the early train from Pescara. But that was before the war came to the mountains, and food became scarce. Later he poached wild fish in the mountain streams. In summer he and the other ragazzi would leave off fishing and swim above Introdacqua, the snow still visible on the high peaks and the water icy from the melt. Below them his mother and the other women washed their laundry in the clear, cold rushing water of the mountain springs. Their mothers and grandmothers had toiled in the same way at that same place for generations, watched over by carvings of kings and putti. Before he left there had been proposals to modernise and build a lavanderia to protect the women during bad weather. The stream was to be rerouted through a glass and concrete shelter. As he peered into the plate glass window, Pietro half expected to see his mother inside, but all he saw were the girls inspecting the tropical fish the shopkeeper held aloft.

Thoughts of home brought with it mouth-watering remembrance of past meals; foraged greens from the hillside, rich and creamy polenta spread straight on the table and topped with whatever they had, bottled fruit and passata mamma and the aunts had preserved the previous summer. He always tried to make himself scarce on passata day. It took a full day to prepare the plump pear-shaped fruit, separating skins and seeds before cooking and then bottling the sauce. Pietro purposefully forgot the lean times when his little belly had been pinched with hunger, and he crept between the walls of the village bread oven seeking warmth. Although he knew he should be grateful for any food, the thought of eating greasy grey chops was more than Pietro could bear.

Pietro's instincts took the better of him, the shop bell on the door clanking in alarm as if it understood. The girls looked up, smiling under fluttering lashes. He had met their type, all that come-hither welcome usually descended to jibes and put-downs reserved for New Australian's such as him. He did not have to wait long for it to start. "Aren't you gonna give us a pinch?" The taller one demanded. "What kind of an eye-tie are you? I heard you all do that, like it's some kind of custom or somethink?"

Pietro ignored them. Insulted, they flounced out with their purchases. Pietro did not care. He was completely captivated by the shimmering possibilities presented by limpid eyes, sweet full lips, and the pink and plump body of a large polka-dotted coral trout in the middle of the fish display. Hardly aware of what he had done, he held the newspaper wrapped fish next to his heart as if it were his newborn child, having exchanged the roll of beer money for a slice of paradise.

He did not immediately tell the men about the beer. He merely said he had brought a great treat from town for their evening meal. He rubbed the skin of

the fish with salt and packed it with fennel leaf, wild rocket and young dandelion leaves he had collected from the roadside ditches, adding plenty of butter. He took the potato and mashed it so well it could be beaten with a spoon before adding flour and an egg. After rolling out the gnocchi and while the fish was grilling over the open fire, he made a salad of the fennel bulbs and some oranges. The chiacking at all this 'women's work' died away as the aroma of roasting fish wafted around the camp. Men began gathering to watch Pietro cook. It wasn't until they were sitting with their forks half-way to their mouths that he confessed what he had done.

"Buon appetito, I hope you enjoy your food". The men banged their fists on the table and roared with approval.

"Good", he said, "because I buy the fish with the beer money".

The men paused, taking in what he had said. Pietro stood ready, expecting they would throw their plates and take to him with their fists. He was unsure if he would run or stand his ground. But after a few moments silence they shook their heads and returned to their meal, punishing their mate with a Friday night of peace and quiet.

Inspiration Statement:

Inspired by the life of Peter BERARDO, who made Australia his home. For his daughter Lisa, who shared his stories with me.

Family Secrets

Kerry Anderson

Clydebank, circa 1990

A loud crackle emits from the open fire as I settle into the sagging lounge chair opposite my grandfather. A teacup sits on the small round service table at his side. If Grandma was still alive, she'd be the one doing the talking. Now this room is rarely used, the combustion stove and television in the kitchen providing Grandpa with all he wants. I'm not sure why he's chosen this room to sit in today, but I take it as a good omen. All the same, looking at the crackling logs, I hope that the chimney doesn't catch on fire.

Dust motes dance as I lean down to press the button on the tape recorder sitting on the crimson rug beside my chair. I hope he doesn't notice. It's hard to get my grandfather to talk at the best of times. Lately though, without Grandma's incessant talk filling the house, he's been more thoughtful and responsive. I sense an opportunity.

"Tell me what it was like growing up Grandpa."

Without his felt hat with a tiny feather in the band he always wears outside,

I am able to study his aquiline profile and sparse head of snow-white hair.

Cataract clouded eyes look towards the lounge window, a small slither of light barely visible through fly spotted glass and dark coloured drapes. A flicker of flame from the fireplace colours his cheeks providing a warm contrast to the bleak winter's day outside.

He clears his throat and starts tentatively. A few words at a time. Long pauses in between. But he *is* talking.

Together we are transported back to Upper Flynn's Creek post 1903 when he was born, the youngest of three siblings. Then on to Traralgon and later Tyers where his father purchased a dairy farm. He attended school at South Traralgon, his only fond memory it appears, was riding his horse eight miles there and back. Then, aged fifteen, astride one of his father's big Clydesdale-cross work horses, he helped to drive the stock to a new farming settlement at Clydebank on the banks of the Avon River. His life from there on appears to be all farming and horses. No more mention of school.

An old photo album helps to fill in a few gaps and a pattern fast emerges. It seems that Grandpa only consented to being photographed whilst standing beside a favourite horse, or at work in the paddocks. The only exception was with a filly of a different kind, my grandmother, emerging from the church at their wedding.

He is silent when it comes to stories of life in the drafty timber house that once housed his parents and siblings. Only later came his own wife and children plus an annual influx of grandchildren for the Christmas holidays. While my grandmother was alive, the house was filled with her presence. I have no sense of previous generations.

I find one small black and white photograph of his parents in a sparsely filled album. Grandpa's father John, a cigarette between his lips, is standing next to the head of a handsome horse harnessed to a no-frills jinker. Sitting up high on the hard seat is his wife Margaret, her face in shadow beneath a plain dark hat.

We can only find one other photo of his parents, this time at the wedding of his oldest sister in the early 1920's. I hold the photo up to Grandpa, and together we study his mother's gentle smile beneath wire rimmed glasses and a much more flattering hat.

"My mother was never the same after that day in Lakes Entrance," he says.

I sit as still as a mouse.

Until now my grandfather has never talked about his mother, Margaret.

From doing a family tree with my grandmother's help years ago, I already know a bit about her. She had been abandoned by her mother, Mary-Annie, supposedly at the age of three. Her father George had apparently gone to sea shortly after she was born and never returned. Until her marriage, Margaret's only family had been her two uncles – Mary-Annie's brothers - and their wives at Melton Park, the prosperous Flynn's Creek property established by their father and her grandfather. The sad story had always intrigued me.

Bit by bit Grandpa relays the story of a fateful holiday at the seaside town of Lakes Entrance. His father and older brother stayed at the farm, while his mother Margaret took Grandpa and his two older sisters.

"We stayed at the Belle Vue Hotel," grandpa says. I scribble the name in my notebook.

"The lady who owned the hotel, Mrs VIZE, spoke to my mother one day." Grandpa pauses as he casts his mind back 70 odd years. "She pointed at the old woman sitting in the corner of the reception room and said "don't you know us? This is your mother, and I am your half-sister!"

Cocooned by a warm fire and flickering memories, I picture my grandfather as a shy teenager and his sisters watching this drama unfold before their eyes, meeting their long-lost grandmother and an unknown aunt for the very first time. Watching the shocked reaction of their quiet gentle mother who, according to all previous reports, had never had a relationship with or even knew what her mother looked like.

How had I not heard this story before?

"Mum was never the same again," he continues. "She had a nervous breakdown, and we never went back."

For Grandpa this is the end to a long-suppressed memory, but I have two clues... the Belle Vue Hotel in Lakes Entrance, and Mrs VIZE, the name of the proprietor.

On the scent of a great family mystery, I return home to central Victoria, head buzzing with possibilities. The Gippsland telephone directory at my local post office reveals only one listing with the surname of VIZE, not in Lakes Entrance but nearby Bairnsdale. With such an unusual surname, I confidently pen a letter enquiring if they are a relation to a Mrs VIZE who once owned the Belle Vue Hotel.

Some days later I answer the phone and it is the recipient of my letter. Her late husband was related, and she promises to send my letter on to another relation in Geelong who has all the family history. Then that person passes my letter on to a cousin in Melbourne. The troops are rallying!

The mystery of Mary-Annie ROWLANDS who abandoned her daughter and later turned up as an old woman sitting in a chair at the Belle Vue Hotel, is finally within my reach.

I am delighted to learn that a book has been published about John OLDEN, the man that convinced Mary-Annie to leave Flynn's Creek and her three-year-old daughter. A travelling salesman, John abandoned his wife and eleven children in Melton and adopted the surname of Mary-Annie's absent husband to avoid detection. Must have been true love, I think. The reality, though, is harsh. They flee to Alexandra by dray in the dead of winter and then on to the remote goldmining town of Omeo. Although respected, they raise their three children, always living with the fear of discovery. When John dies Mary-Annie takes the children to Bairnsdale and in her later years, moves to Lakes Entrance where she lives her remaining years with her married daughter, Mrs Ethel VIZE. Right up until her death she fudges facts to avoid the stigma.

It is an exciting day when I get to meet with Judi MORRISON who has unearthed just about every detail there is to know about this branch of her family. She introduces me to her elderly mother, my grandfather's cousin. Her mother adds an unexpected twist when she recalls the aftermath of that fateful day when Grandpa's mother was challenged at the Belle Vue Hotel.

"I remember that my mother was upset and crying afterwards. She didn't think that Margaret wanted to acknowledge her as a sister because she was illegitimate," she says.

While Mary-Annie had stayed in touch with her brothers and knew all about her firstborn daughter and marriage, it appears that the brothers had kept everything about their absent sister a secret. Until I repeated Grandpa's recollection of that day, our newfound relatives had no idea of Margaret's profound shock and ignorance. Their relief was immediate, and I took some small solace that the record had been set straight.

I am torn. I want to share Mary-Annie's story with Grandpa, but his memories are painful ones. He watched his mother have a nervous breakdown from which she never quite recovered. And, for his generation, the stigma of illegitimacy is still strong.

"Let sleeping dogs lie," my mother says and reluctantly I agree.

Grandpa never meets his cousin.

A few weeks later, I cannot resist and reach for the phone. I've just received details in the mail of Mary-Annie's father, John FRYATT, who was convicted of theft in the Essex Quarter Session on 9 April 1833 and sentenced to seven years of hard labour in the Colony.

Despite immense wealth at the time of his death, this branch of the family is proving to be full of exciting twists and turns. A runaway daughter and now the father has a dark secret.

As far as I'm concerned, I've hit the motherlode. We have a convict in the family!

"Hello?" My grandfather's voice is faint. Nearly 400 kilometres away in Gippsland, I picture him standing in the old farmhouse kitchen, the box television on a trolley jammed sideways in the doorway to allow him access to the wall mounted phone right next to the barometer.

"Grandpa. You will never guess what I've just found out." I can barely contain my excitement. "Your great-grandfather was a convict!"

The line goes silent and my excitement fades.

He already knows and doesn't want anyone else to know.

Deflated I hang up.

How many more secrets does my grandfather harbour?

I never get to find out.

August 2022

I approach the Bairnsdale Cemetery relishing the sunshine after heavy rain. During the two kilometre walk from my motel dodging puddles, I 'borrow' a few sprigs of flowers that are poking over a suburban fence. It's for a good cause, I tell myself. Then I recall that I have a convict ancestor who also 'borrowed' something. I walk faster.

The previous day, after completing work for a client, I had driven to Lakes Entrance and wandered the cemetery convinced that I would find the resting place of my great-great grandmother, Mary-Annie. Thirty years ago, I'd not thought to ask my newfound relatives, and sadly I've lost contact with them.

Mary-Annie wasn't to be found at Lakes Entrance, so I returned to my motel in Bairnsdale and downloaded her death certificate from the internet. Mary-Ann – they got that slightly wrong - died at Cunninghame (Lakes Entrance) aged 87 years on the 27 November 1930, and was buried in the Methodist section at Bairnsdale. All the time I had been working here, she'd been just down the road.

But she still isn't giving herself up easily. Two hours later, I resort to calling the phone number on the Bairnsdale Cemetery Trust noticeboard. Thanks to a helpful trustee, my search is narrowed to a corner of the cemetery that I'd already searched. Grave by grave I carefully scan the names hoping it isn't one of the unmarked sites.

Then I see it! A discrete plaque at the foot of a weathered grey concrete rendered grave:

M.A. & F. ROWLANDS

Before me is Mary-Annie's final resting place with her unmarried son Frank who had pre-deceased her.

I lay the 'borrowed' flowers and step back.

Now her story is complete.



Inspiration Statement:

What happened to my ancestor, Mary-Annie? When my grandfather let slip a few vital clues, it was too good a story not to pursue.

A Terrible Silence

Catherine Bell

I step out of the car. It is a lonely place. The wind is sighing softly through the she-oaks, and the sun is low in the sky. There's no sign of him, but I feel his presence.

South-east South Australia, 1851

Ann barely heard the baby crying at first light, such was the ferocity of the biting westerly wind. The gale wailed and moaned, inviting itself into every breach in the walls of the bark hut.

The closest neighbours to *Morningside Station* lived five or six miles away. It was not only the physical distance, but also the barrier of thick, scrubby bush: eucalypts, acacias, she-oaks, stringy bark, tea-tree and banksia, that heightened the sense of isolation for Ann.

Their rudimentary bark hut had been built by her husband, John. It was small but adequate, not much bigger than the cramped cabin on the *Grindlay*, the ship that brought them to Australia a decade earlier.

The bark walls were rough to the touch, the windows small, the bark roof low. It was high enough for Ann and John who were both short in stature. The pressed earthen floor was kept clean by the sweeping of Ann's skirts as she moved about the hut each day.

That morning, while John and the children slept, Ann rose to breastfeed the new baby. When the baby drifted back to sleep, Ann splashed her young face with water from the bucket by the door, quickly buttoned up her calico blouse and skirt, and brushed and coiled her dark hair into a neat bun.

When John awoke, he dressed and stoked the embers of last night's fire. As soon as the kettle boiled, he made two mugs of strong tea and downed a few mouthfuls of cold porridge. Ann packed chunks of yesterday's bread, hard cheese and slices of cold mutton into his saddlebag.

John placed a farewell kiss on his wife's forehead, glanced fondly at their sleeping children, then slipped out through the door. He had no inkling of the tragedy that would unfold later that day. Ann knew not to expect him home until sundown. It would take John the rest of the day to move a large mob of sheep to find new grass on *Morningside Station*.

It was still dark inside the hut when John rode off on horseback. The three young children, Robert, George and Johnny, were in their cot curled up next to each other. It was not until the sun rose above the trees, and shone through the cracks of the walls, that the boys stirred.

Six-year-old Robert, the one with a playful nature, often teased his younger, more serious brother, George. That morning, they fought and wrestled on the bed. When the smell of oat cakes frying on the griddle wafted through the bark hut, they picked up little Johnny, and ran to their mother by the fireplace.

She drew them close, hugging them tightly. Johnny, the youngest at eighteen months, still drowsy from sleep, stayed by her side the longest. He burrowed into the folds of her skirts, the warmth of her body reassuring him. The boys were hungry. Ann piled their tin plates high with hot oat cakes and gave each boy a small amount of precious butter. She sat with them as they ate, telling them stories, as she often did, of home, of Scotland.

How her father was a flour miller in Colinton on the upper reaches of the Waters of Leith above Edinburgh. And how their other grandfather was a flax dresser at the Grassmarket in the shadows of Edinburgh Castle. She told them about the excitement of the Colinton fairs and markets; the bulls and heifers running amuck in the Grassmarket; and how their uncle became a soldier with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlander Regiment at Edinburgh Castle.

Once their bellies were full, Ann dressed them warmly in woollen jackets and sturdy boots. Robert took George and little Johnny outside to play. Ann could hear their excited squeals as they chased each other in and out amongst the trees not far from the hut. When the wind abated, Ann asked the boys to collect kindling from the bush. She reminded them to stay together, then watched as they disappeared between the trees.

Time passed and the sun rose high over the she-oaks. Ann tended the fire and collected buckets of water from the nearby spring. She watered the red geraniums by the side of the house and sat briefly in the weak sun, writing to her family back in Scotland, reassuring them of her good health and good fortune.

Later, with the baby on one hip, laundry basket on the other, she walked out to the washing line strung between two straight trees. She stopped and listened. There was no sound nor sign of her three young sons; just the laughter of kookaburras, frogs croaking in the swamp, and a kangaroo thumping along the bridle path.

Another hour went by, and still her sons did not appear. *Robert, George, Johnny*, she called. *Time to come home*. There was no reply.

Eventually, the two older children returned. They were carrying armfuls of twigs and had tears streaming down their faces. Johnny was not with them. Between heavy sobs, Robert told his mother: *We were climbing a tree and Johnny was playing in the dirt below us. We saw him follow a wallaby into the bush. We called out and told him not to go. We chased after him but couldn't find him anywhere.*

At first, Ann was not overly alarmed. Johnny was a dreamy little boy, happy to play with sticks in the dirt. Perhaps he had fallen asleep in the bush? But her voice was shrill when she called out for him.

Johnny. Johnny. Where are you?

There was no reply. Her mind soon became troubled. Johnny was only eighteen months old, unable to fend for himself, or find his way home. Cupping her hands, she tried again.

Johnny, Johnny. Coo-ee, coo-ee, coo-ee.

Silence. Taking the two boys and the baby with her, she retraced the boys' footsteps. The thick undergrowth was dense, more than six feet high in places, an impenetrable maze for a small child.

Johnny. Johnny. Where are you?

All she heard was the cawing of crows. It was an ominous sign. Eventually, Ann and the children returned to their hut in the hope Johnny had found his way home. There was no sign of him.

Ann and the boys continued to hunt frantically, desperate to catch a glimpse of his mop of auburn curls. They widened their search, quickened their gait. Ann with the baby on her hip. Robert and George, trailing behind their mother, were unusually quiet. But every few minutes, they pierced the silence with shouts of *Johnny, Johnny. Where are you?*

They searched everywhere for clues. At times Ann's hopes were raised: a shape behind a bush, a footprint in the sandy soil, a muffled sound in the distance. They searched in ever-widening circles that took them further and further from the hut.

Johnny. Johnny. Where are you?

By nightfall, when the shadows were so dark she could barely distinguish the outlines of the trees, her husband John returned to the hut. He was alone. She collapsed into his arms, fearing the worst, as hope that Johnny had somehow found his father fell away. John had not seen their young son all day. Ann was distraught and exhausted. She could barely utter the terrifying words:

Something terrible has happened. Johnny is missing.

While John searched all through the night, Ann stayed in the hut. She fed the children and rocked them to sleep. Then she crouched by the fire with an aching heart, unable to sleep. The September rains pounded the roof throughout the night, further tormenting her mind with thoughts of little Johnny. Cold. Afraid. Alone in the bush.

John returned to the hut as the first rays of sunlight broke through the clouds. There was still no sign of their youngest son.

Word quickly spread through the district and by late the following day, neighbours had joined the search. A dozen or more families arrived by horse and cart. As the men scanned the bush, creeks and lakes further afield by horseback, the women and children combed the bush closer to the hut on foot, searching for clues as to little Johnny's whereabouts.

The search party fanned out across *Morningside Station* and beyond. Johnny's name caught the wind and echoed across the land.

Johnny. Johnny. Where are you?

But still nothing.

In the early hours of the morning on the fourth day, Ann woke to hear a faint wailing sound outside. Convinced it was Johnny crying, she shook her husband awake. John took the lantern out into the night while Ann waited inside, staring into the blackness. But the wailing had stopped. The night was perfectly still. Nothing but a terrible silence. Their little boy had gone.

After a week of searching, the realisation that Johnny may not be found alive, was becoming a reality for John. Ann did not give up hope even though her grief overwhelmed her. They tried to resume their day to day lives but the memories of his disappearance haunted them.

The following month, a shepherd came to work on *Morningside Station*. Within days, his dog had made a tragic discovery in the bush a short distance from the bark hut. Curled up in the hollow trunk of a tree were the remains of a small child. He had been partly devoured by dingoes.

At first, Ann refused to accept the body was that of her Johnny. With heavy hearts, John and Ann buried their young son the next day. His grave on *Morningside Station* was marked with a simple wooden cross and the words:

Johnny GRANT 1851. Loved son and brother.

Present day

Late one winter's afternoon a few years ago, I decided to search for Johnny's resting place.

I pull up on a bend in the road west of Penola where locals had once sighted a grave. The road is on what had been the western boundary of *Morningside Station*. The roadside is lined with remnants of dense, impassable, virgin bush. The same vegetation Ann and John knew so well, more than one hundred and sixty years ago.

I search and search but there is no sign of a grave. It has been reclaimed by the bush long ago. But I know I am close to the site of the tragedy. I'm suffocating, unable to breath. I feel John and Ann's utter despair and grief; their pain courses through my body. An overwhelming sadness presses down on my chest, as if the child were my own.

He has gone. Gone. *Johnny, Johnny, Johnny.*

Inspiration statement:

This story has been passed down orally through generations of my family. We have all felt the loss of Johnny. He was my great-grandfather's brother.

Grave Journey to Latvia

Ilse Jamonts

Eva is tall, slim, her face is aged, sun worn. I wonder how warm the summers are in Latvia. Or can the cold do this? She speaks; her English is excellent, yet a little hesitant. I have asked her to help me find my father's birth place. I am a Pilgrim Stranger; everything here is new, yet primevally familiar. Images remembered from old photos and his paintings. I have come to stand on Latvian ground, my father's ground.

We drive all morning in bleak, grey rain. Stark contrasts flit by. Empty blocks, slums and still more empty blocks in which stand ravaged, rusted steel and concrete three-story half-finished building frames. Pristine display home mansions stand next door.

“Workers downed tools when the Russians left,” she dismissively states. We roll on, through wet ghost towns. Eva’s voice a high-pitched background purr as I struggle to settle myself, and become accustomed to travelling in this land. I was in her hands, her itinerary agreed to last night.

I watch bent people bundled up against the rain, hurriedly crossing roads and for a moment the Footscray of my early years in Melbourne, surface. Of emigrants wearing the same grey raincoats as the local Australians they walk beside, trying to blend in. I let the image pass.

My attention is drawn to large bundles of sticks that sit atop of poles. They whizz by.

“Do they ever ignite?” I muse half to myself.

“Oh, yes,” she laughs. “Stork nests, they’re everywhere.”

The driver, a young colleague of hers, is silent, his head half buried in a thick woollen scarf, concentrating on the road ahead. An hour later we are on narrow country roads, “Buses only travel twice a day out here,” I am informed.

“Shall we visit the Hill of Crosses first, it’s just over the border, then make your family enquiries on our return?”

I have heard of this place so nod in acquiescence, curious about this sacred site as well. The Hill of Crosses is in Lithuania.

As we reach the border, Eva’s voice becomes wistful.

“I am envious of these people.”

“Oh?” I politely respond.

“Can’t you see they have pride in who they are?”

She points out the difference in the roads, the fences and neat farm houses dotted across the countryside.

“Their farms are cared for,” she says. “It is their religion I think; they are all catholic.”

She pauses, her serious face distant for a while. I look at her quizzically.

“It bought them together. Something to rally around. I know it’s because of their religion.”

More silence. I wonder if she’s right.

“We do not have religion... we are still pagans.”

We continue to travel for a while, then Eva begins reading out aloud from her notes.

“The place we are about to visit was rebuilt three times. A wooded hill, originally a site of ancient worship, was claimed by Christians in the 12th century.

Today, the crosses overflow for more than 3 kilometres on either side. Imagine how big it would have been if the Russians had not bulldozed it three times over the centuries. The last time was in the 70's. It even brought the Polish Pope."

I nod, a little distracted by the different feel of this country when we step out of the car and look at the site.



Hill of Crosses

"We never had such a project," she says.

The return drive to Latvia is in silence. Eva becomes wistful again and I sink into a cocoon of sadness, realising how little I know about my father's life. I feel a suppressed anguish, and am pricked awake, by our common collective heritage. It has trailed behind me all my life, hiding in my unconscious, surfacing in random fragmented dreams. Latvia's archetypal images are pantheistic, images that have littered my dreams over the years and I find myself hoping this visit will offset future hauntings.

Eva is an experienced guide and calls herself a 'Relative Finder.' This is part of her job as one of the curators of the Occupation Museum, which is in the centre of Riga, Latvia's capitol. In its grim, grey quadrangle courtyard, stands a 25-foot squat polished steel statue of Stalin. It stares out over the Daugava River that runs through the city.

"We leave it there to remind us of our past," she says. "Most Latvians do not like the Russians, especially the ones who stayed behind."

I foolishly think occupation means jobs; not the archives of forced annexations by the Russians and Germans and their aftermaths.

Eva's historic perspective is vast. I sit and listen to the torrent of 10,000 years of nationalistic pride and ancient history as the car speeds on. I remain silent and realise how meagre my own research seems.

I like her fierce nationalistic pride, and because she does not flinch when I tell her my mother's story. She knows all about the deportations of the Jews. To her, a reason Latvia became poor was because they were driven from her land. Later I learn she is part of a research project collecting stories from survivors of those terrible times. I notice a subtle tone of cynical despair creep back into her voice. It comes every time we speak of present times. She is frustrated at many of her countrymen for giving in to crime and corruption, and at some others losing their pride in their national identity.

“Understandable,” she says, “but unforgivable.”

We stop on a lonely road at a converted post office in the Benne district. Ask for the local school. It stands across the road. “We will not disturb their class,” Eva says, “it will be lunch time now.”

Our heels clip and echo on the linoleum covered concrete floor in the tall ceilinged corridors. The teacher’s whispers cannot disguise excitement, they want to show us around. We are invited to have lunch with the children, a traditional Latvian lunch, cabbage and meat ball soup they eat each day. It costs 60 cents. I pay and feel awkward, and wonder if I should make a donation.

“Latvians hate charity.” Eva intervenes.

The children want to practise their English on me, but I can only smile nodding my head, overwhelmed, realising this might have been my father’s school. Then am told it is a converted Russian outpost. They want me to talk to the older students about Australia and why they should use computers.

Eva talks in Latvian to two teachers who have become our instant guides. Despite learning Latvian for a few years, I cannot understand anything they are saying.

They take us upstairs assuming we would want to see their museum organised through the children, their local heritage, objects collected from the countryside before the Russian occupation. I am pulled along in the wake of their chatter and Eva’s excitement; more treasures and stories for her job.

At the top of the three-storey flight of stairs is a peeling green painted door, not willing to yield its secrets.

“No one knows where the key is,” Eva tells me, “If we are very lucky, we might find old maps in there, of the original farmhouses and land boundaries.” She radiates with expectation as we wait.

She is right.

Green and yellow stained maps pinned to a stand greet us when the door finally opens. She points to grandpa’s original farmhouse and its boundaries. The teachers talk excitedly, tell her the land was subdivided many times, and only a few of the old farmhouses are left, but not his. Most were pulled down as fodder for ‘new’ family dwellings.

They do not know my family name. But Eva’s face lights up discovering a cemetery site. The only old one left in this district, close to where my family had once lived.

We head off. Down unmade side roads, it is easy to get lost. We drive past the turn off several times, Eva apologetic for taking so long at the Hill of Crosses.

“I took you there because I thought we would not find anything,” she confesses. To look at the treed bushland we now pass, I dismiss my fantasy of giant, primitive Latvian wilderness. Then see wild rabbits come out from the scrub, elemental greetings sway from trees beckoning us inwards, deeper into this surprising windswept forest.

Twenty minutes further on we halt at a white painted high picket gate, trees perimeter the site. A bleak stone stop over room or bus stop stands opposite, cold and empty. We park the car. Walk about; the air noisy with thought expectations and possible disappointment.

"I thought we might ..."

A tirade of words and finger wagging interrupts. A scarf hooded, little old woman puffs down the road towards us, yelling.

"Eva, what are we doing here?" I whisper.

"We are lucky," Eva turns to me, "She is here, apparently, because last night's dream told her to come today. It is not her usual working day. She tends this cemetery." This little woman has piercing black eyes and wants to know our business.

Eva responds.

The tiny woman stands silent for a few minutes, looks hard at me, then back at Eva, says a few words and waves us on to follow her, leading us through the white picketed gates to the back edge of the cemetery by the forest. There are two unmarked graves. We stand and look at them. The old woman looks at me again, asks Eva, to translate, "Do you notice what is strange about these graves, she's asking?"



My grandparents' grave

We look blank.

A pixie glee bursts forth from her as she shrieks, "The grave is tended to of course."

I do not get it.

But Eva does, laughs, grabs my arm and shrieks too.

"You have someone still alive Ilse! This old woman is willing to take us to her but cannot guarantee a welcome! By the way her name is Vera. She's a friend of your relative!"

Inspiration statement:

My parents migrated to Australia from war-torn Europe when I was 9 months old. Later in life, an Aboriginal Elder told me, "To feel settled in Australia, I must walk again on the lands of my birth."

Distorted Memories & Documents

Ashlea Masters

The soldiers came in the middle of the night for my mum and my big brother. Strong arms covered in shoddy uniforms held me back whilst their comrades beat them – our screams blending into one. It was the last moments we spent together as a family.

They had joined the Resistance and for that they would be taken away to be killed.

Strung up for the village to watch as a lesson to be learned. My fate was as a slave to a German family on their farm, far from the only home I'd known in Poland, and it was there that I spent the last few years of the War.

The years dragged. A few times I didn't think I'd survive it. I was worked before the first rays of sun hit the tree line to well after dark. Food scraps were thrown our way that were barely better than those fed to the animals. Off-cuts of pig meat with hair still stuck to it. Until the day I die I'll throw up if I see a stray hair on my food.

One morning I had had enough and tried to fight back at the soldier standing guard whilst we worked the field. He responded with a bayonet in my side. I was holed up nursing my wound for a few days, but the work had to be done so I got back to it. The pain lessened but the scar remained. I heard the soldier was beaten so bad he was left with a limp, but I never saw him again so can't be sure.

When we were liberated in 1945, it was the American soldiers at the U.N.R.R.A. camp who taught me English. In the kitchens as I helped the cook, they told me jokes, showed me pictures of women, and shared their cigarettes and whiskey. Every displaced person was getting another chance, to find their families, to return home, to start rebuilding. I was alone in the world and decided to start over. For all you hear about the arrogance of Americans and their homeland, these ones thought I'd do better in Australia. I'd never heard of it. They said it was growing and had more opportunities for someone like me – the American Dream might be out of reach but the Australian one was calling.

There were a lot of us on that journey, from all over Europe. Some still holding grudges from long before the War, some gathering up new ones. In the worker bunks late at night you could hear the nightmares haunting the men. They haunted me too, but I learnt to push the memories down. What good would it do to remember everything I'd lost when I could go forward to something new? I lied on my skills assessment and learnt as quickly as I could how to do a lot of manual labour tasks. Soon I was leading small teams on the construction of the Eildon Dam. The day I received my Naturalization letter signed by Harold Holt I was no longer Polish. I was Australian. My new life was here.

However you look at it, the Dam also introduced me to my wife. Her brother and I became friends while assigned to the same crew and when he told me his younger sister was sailing over from Ireland with their parents, he invited me to meet them. She'd gotten sick on the passage over and was curled up under the blankets in a bed that looked entirely too big for her. I'd never seen anyone so beautiful.

We married not long after and set about building our life together. Our daughter was born a year later, and we moved to Melbourne. For all my efforts of not thinking about them, during big moments or quiet solitude, I'd feel memories of my mum and brother's faces slipping into my periphery. Drinking helped with that.

And so life hurtled on. We bought a house. I got another job. Our daughter grew up. She married a nice guy from the country. They had children. We moved to be closer to them. My grandchildren grew up. One of them even went backpacking around Europe – she made a point to visit Poland – I couldn't even imagine it. The questions started. Questions I'd spent a lifetime trying to ignore. I had to remember where I'd come from, she wanted to know. She told me when she returned, she'd looked up my surname in the phone book in Warsaw but couldn't find anyone with it. I told her there wouldn't be. But still a small part of me that held onto hope died again.

It all came to halt when my love died one night. Everything I'd known in this new life had been ripped out from under me and I couldn't bring myself to keep the memories at bay.

They blended in with her death and I found I couldn't stop myself from bringing it all up. Maybe it's because I realised one day I'd be gone too, and no one would know or maybe I was just too tired of keeping it all locked up inside. So I told the stories of the American soldiers. I showed my scar from the bayonet and recalled those long days digging fields until I couldn't remember my own name. And finally, I talked about my mum and my brother, at least as much as I could remember of them.

I didn't have much control over it then. There was no rhyme or reason to my storytelling, but it came in ripples and waves. The dreams increased, thankfully not always nightmares but always breaking down the walls I'd spent so long building up. It all ended with the ringing of a telephone.

The phone rang. It kept ringing. But never long enough for me to reach it. With weary legs of a life long-lived and hearing loss increasing, I didn't even attempt to get up. The last time I answered before they hung up the voice on the other end was too distorted and their English broken, I couldn't make heads or tails of it. If I thought more about it, the accent seemed familiar in the depths of my memory, another one trying to break free.

The ringing stopped.

"Hello?"

That's right, my granddaughter was visiting.

"Can you please stop calling, he's an old man and it takes a while for him to get up, so I don't see why you keep calling."

Silence.

“You must have the wrong number. Yes, that’s him. Look, I don’t know who you are but his family died in the War, this couldn’t possibly be true.”

Silence.

“Let me take your details and I’ll speak with my mum. We’ll call you back.”

When she came back, she looked a little confused. The frequent caller was apparently from Russia. A producer for a television show reuniting families lost during the War. My brother had been looking for me. My mum too. But they’d since passed away. I knew that – the soldiers took them away – but apparently the soldiers didn’t take them to be killed. They took them to Siberia, and they stayed imprisoned until the end of the War. They searched for me, but the documents indicated I went to Austria and not Australia.

The course of my life changed by a spelling error on some documents.

They didn’t give up on me. And instead, were searching in the wrong place on the other side of the world from where I’d ended up and built a good life for myself with my new family. I just didn’t get to see them again before they died. And they died thinking I’d been lost. It was my nephew – a nephew I never knew I had – who kept searching. Fulfilling his father’s search and bringing back the pieces of our family.

The television show sent a camera man to record me and my daughter, and my son-in-law, and my grandchildren – my family. When I was younger, I dreamed of being on camera, dancing around and telling stories but with my creaking muscles and fading memories, the stories I would’ve told don’t come as easily. Instead, down the lens of a camera I tell these people I’ve never met how much I love them. Just as I’d loved my brother and my mother. Pieces of my family are coming back together in a way I never could have imagined. They aren’t in Poland anymore either and none of us in a position to travel the long journey to meet in person. Instead, I do something else I never thought I’d do and I find myself sitting with my family, the people who gave me a life of love when I thought I’d lost everything and I wait for the computer to load. I’m going to Skype with my nephew.

As the screen comes to life and faces that seem familiar but completely foreign to me sit looking back at us, smiles on their faces and tears in their eyes I can’t help but see my brother’s face staring back at me.

“It’s good to see you”, he says.

Inspiration Statement:

The true story of implications of a mislabelled record of War.



Vale Rosemary McKenzie 1962-2023



Family History ACT was rocked by the sad news of the sudden passing of our President, colleague and dear friend Rosemary at the end of October.

Rosemary was a long-standing member of Family History ACT (FHA) with a thoroughly deserved reputation for working very hard for the Society, for our members and for the wider family history community. She was admired, respected and loved for her broad family history knowledge, outstanding computing and design skills, capacity to step into any role that needed attention and an uncanny ability to make everyone feel welcome and valued.

Rosemary joined FHA in April 2003 and first joined the Council in 2005. She served as Treasurer from 2008 to 2010; two terms as Vice President from 2006 to 2008 and 2019 to 2020; and two terms as President from 2010 to 2013 and from 2020 until her untimely passing. She was Editor of *The Ancestral Searcher* from 2015 and undertook the design-work to create and publish three editions of *Every Family has a Story* – the Stories from the EM Fletcher Writing Competition, where she was also a member of the competition organising team. She also helped many society members and others with the pre-press tasks needed to help them to publish their own family histories.

Rosemary was previously the Society's Membership coordinator and Volunteer Coordinator for many years. Her final duty as President of FHACT had been to emcee the EM Fletcher Award presentations on 7 October 2023.

Rosemary's contribution to family history spread well beyond the ACT. She was the FHACT representative to the Australasian Federation of Family History Organisations, editor of their newsletter and in May 2023 was elected their President. Rosemary was also a Committee member of the Clan Mackenzie Society of Australia and editor of their quarterly journal for many years.

Somehow in amongst all her family history commitments, Rosemary also managed to work full time as a Business Analyst helping companies and government agencies to implement IT systems. She enjoyed regular get togethers with friends to play board games, enjoyed walking and travelled extensively – often to attend family history conferences. Rosemary was farewelled in Canberra on 11 November 2023 by a large gathering of family, friends and family history colleagues.



Vale Joan Hayhurst (1937-2023)



Joan Hayhurst was a member of our Society for almost 40 years. She joined in 1984 and remained a member until her recent death, having been awarded life membership in 2011.

Still waters run deep – under Joan's quiet exterior were many interests and achievements that most of us were unaware of. Joan was the first female to enroll in engineering at the University of New South Wales. After her graduation she went to England where she was awarded a Master's degree in

Applied Physics from the University of London. In Canberra Joan worked at the CSIRO Division of Computing Research until it disbanded in the 1980s.

Joan loved the great outdoors and was an experienced camper. She had a collection of rocks and gemstones which she had collected on her geological excursions to remote parts of the country. Joan was a practical person, and later in life she could still wield a hammer with skill, holding her wheeled walker with the other hand as she helped to assemble shelves to house her large collection of books and rocks and camping gear.

Joan led a life of travel. As well as travelling around Australia, she visited an extraordinary number of countries, pursuing interests that went far beyond her family history research. Joan continued to be an intrepid traveller later in life. After she was no longer able to drive, and relied on her wheeled walker for mobility, Joan would travel independently to Sydney via public transport to see the Australian Ballet.

Joan was a very active member of our Society. She regularly attended general meetings, and was an active participant in Special Interest Groups, including the former East Anglia and London groups, where she would share her extensive knowledge.

Joan was a generous volunteer. She had a very methodical mind, which would reveal itself through her work and the way she assisted fellow family historians. Her advice on the library reference desk was astute and helpful, and always delivered in a quiet matter-of-fact manner. If you requested something for your research, Joan was likely to tell you that there was something better that you should look at. As well as volunteering for many years at the HAGSOC Library, Joan was a regular volunteer at the FamilySearch Centre in Lyneham. Those were the days when microfilm was king, and navigating the International Genealogical Index (IGI, compiled by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints) was essential for family history researchers. Joan of course was a master. She applied these skills in her work with our Library's microform collection, cataloguing our substantial collection of microfilm and microfiche publications.

In 2012 Joan retired from her duties in our Library Collection Management Team. After suffering back pain for many years, Joan underwent substantial surgery to stabilise her spine. Unfortunately, she emerged from surgery with a persistent infection which affected her quality of life. Of course she never complained. In characteristic fashion Joan found the courage to downsize her home, attend gym regularly and to return to driving herself with a modified car.

She spent 8 years living in her townhouse, which she shared with her last cat (Joan was a cat lover). Joan's last two years were in aged care. We learned at her funeral that Joan's death came unexpectedly and without suffering.

Vale Joan. Thank you for your service and the legacy you have left in our library collection and our personal research. Your example has reminded us that we should listen more to the quiet ones. We offer our condolences to Joan's devoted sister Julie and her nephew Justin.

Obscure Library Resources

compiled by Pauline Ramage

Are you searching for details about your early ancestors? Consider exploring our Library's collections known as "The Returns of the Colony" commonly referred to as "The Blue Books." These documents comprise statistical returns of the Colony of New South Wales and its jurisdictions. Compiled annually from 1822 to 1857 by the Colonial Secretary, they were then sent to the Colonial Secretary's Office.

The Statistical Returns include details on occupations, agriculture and livestock returns, population data, individuals holding civil and military appointments, and various other information. This compilation spans from 1837 to 1850, with Port Phillip being part of the dataset during this period.

The following Main Sections are: Civil Establishments, Convicts, Exchanges, Monies, Weights and Measures including Banks, Fees, Imports and Exports, Military Expenditure, Population, Revenue and Expenditure, Shipping, Taxes, Duties and all other sources of Revenue, Agriculture, Ecclesiastical Returns, Education, Gaols and Prisoners, Grants and Sales of Land, Local Revenues, Manufactures, Mines and Fisheries, Pensions, Public Works, Legislation, Council and Assembly, Security for Discharge of Duties, Foreign Consuls, Charitable Institutions, Miscellaneous Numerical Returns, Political Franchise, Public Debt.

These records can be researched in the Library.

The Colonial Secretary Returns of the Colony 1822-1857 (Blue Books)

are in the fiche cabinet drawer 1 fiche no. **Y2/AN6/1-176**

Also:

NSW Land Grants and Leases Depasturing Licences. Naturalisation and Denisation 1834-1903, Public Servants Appointments 1814-1825, returns of the Colony (Blue Books) 1822-1857, Lists 1858-1870, Police, Medical Board, Chemists and Druggists, Barristers, Solicitors, Attorneys, Proctors, Publicans, Orphans, Directories, Censuses, Electoral Rolls. List of microfiche (Y2) and microfilm (3) relating to above in the library.

Location - Manuscript Section (1) **Y5/ AN5/04**

From Our Contemporaries

compiled by 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

* Hugh CRAIGIE, wife Margaret, son Richard, and half-brothers James and Sinclair HARROLD, along with their wives, sailed from Rousay to New Zealand in 1848. Thomas (Tammy) MARWICK, Richard's father-in-law, and his family arrived later in 1862. They settled in Otago Province, where later generations still live. *SIB Folk News (Orkney FHS) Autumn 2023 n107 p3 (electronic journal)*.

* John Greaves and James DUFFIN, sons of James DUFFIN and Sally GREAVES, were convicted of larceny in 1835 and sentenced to seven years' transportation. John was assigned to Bathurst while James went to the Illawarra. Despite leaving a wife and family in England, John married twice in Australia: to Sarah GILLULY in 1844 at Kelso and to Amelia MCNOUGHT in 1853 at Sydney. James became a commission agent, and later an elected alderman in Sydney. He married Elizabeth SULLIVAN at Sydney in 1855 and may have fathered seven sons and a daughter. *The Manchester Genealogist 2023 v59 n3 p236 (electronic journal)*.

* Michael HARRINGTON orchestrated the escape of six Irish Fenian prisoners from Western Australia on the *Catalpa*, an American whaling ship, in 1876. *Tree Tappers (Malvern FHS) Autumn 2023 v28 p81 (electronic journal)*.

* Dr James McBREARTY was a ship's surgeon on the SS *Viola* which arrived in New Zealand in 1866. He left a wife and family in Scotland but this did not prevent him from marrying Jemima AINSLIE (nee RAMSAY) at Dunedin in 1868. James and Jemima had 10 children between 1869 and 1881. James established himself as a notable medical practitioner and pillar of the community at Kumara and Greymouth. James's 'proper' wife migrated to New Zealand in 1871 and took out newspaper advertisements as a deserted wife.

James and Rosina resumed some sort of relationship as they had another four children together. *Central Scotland FHS Autumn 2023 n66 p8 (electronic journal)*.

* William Arnott ROSS, son of William and Jennett (Janet), ROSS married Mary Ann HANNAH at Liverpool, England in 1863. Following her death, William married Agnes LOWE at Perth, Scotland in 1868. William, Agnes and family migrated to New Zealand on the *Gareloch* in 1874, before moving to South Australia in 1880. William died there the following year, leaving behind a widow and six children. A newspaper memorial 10 years later showed some offspring living in South Australia, others at Broken Hill with another in Scotland. *Glasgow & West of Scotland FHS Journal Jun 2023 n127 p26 (electronic journal)*.

* Benjamin and John WEEKS, sons of John WEEKS and Dianna HAYTER, along with their sister Jane and her husband George VINCENT were recruited under the Bounty Scheme to work for the MACARTHUR family in the Camden area of NSW. Their assumed cousin Richard WEEKS was also selected. The four family groups arrived at Sydney aboard *The Brothers* in 1837. After completing their three-year contracts, Benjamin, John and Richard all took up long-term leases with the Macarthur's before successfully branching out on their own. *Roots in Forest (Waltham Forest FHS) Sep 2022 p5 (electronic journal)*.

ENGLAND

* William FISK (1822-1898), son of John Lee FISK, married Rebecca THURLOW in 1845 and they migrated to Australia on the *Historia* in 1854. Another family member Ernest Thomas FISK trained with Marconi as a ship's wireless operator. He worked with Marconi in Sydney to get the first radio signals from the UK to Australia and later became head of Amalgamated Wireless (Australia). *Suffolk Roots Sep 2023 v49 n2 p153 (electronic journal)*.



Bedfordshire
Family History Society
Journal
Vol 24 No 3 Sep 2023



Back stage View at Woburn

* Thomas FORGE (1815-1890), his wife Eliza TOPHAM (1815-1863) and their 13 children migrated to Australia in 1861 on board *The Queen of the Mersey*. Thomas's parents were Robert FORGE and Ann TIPLADY and grandparents William FORGE and Margaret KELD who are believed to have lived in the Nafferton (Yorkshire) area. *Ryedale Roots Oct 2023 n73 p5 (see also issue for Jul 2023 n72 p5) (electronic journal)*.

* Charles MILLSON was born in 1800 at Stanford Dingley and transported to Australia in 1831 as a machine breaker. His wife Martha (nee BEARFIELD), daughter Martha and son Henry Richard were left behind and spent some time in a workhouse. Henry arrived in Australia

in 1857 after his mother died. *Berkshire FHS Sep 2023 v47 p41 (electronic journal)*.

* Roland Osborne PACKARD, son of the Rev Osborne Burgess PACKARD and Louisa (nee YARINGTON) became a mining engineer. He worked in Queensland where he married Ruby BEDWELL in 1903. Two daughters, Margaret Astrid and Ruth Olive, were born in Australia with a third, Irene Eva, born in England in 1908. Roland left for Bolivia, and later Chile, where he married again. *Suffolk Roots Sep 2023 v49 n2 p165 (electronic journal)*.

* Percy John SIMPSON was born at London in 1863 and ordained deacon in 1892 and priest in 1893 by the Bishop of Newcastle, Australia. He served as Chaplain to the Archbishop of Sydney and was Archdeacon of Wagga Wagga from 1907 to 1914 when he returned to the United Kingdom. *Herefordiensis (Hereford FHS) Oct 2023 vXV n7 p204 (electronic journal)*.

* Joseph WARD, son of Joseph WARD and Jemima HARRINGTON, was convicted of highway robbery and sentenced to seven years transportation. He arrived in VDL on the *Chapman* in 1824. His brother Thomas WARD was convicted and sentenced to death, later commuted to 14 years transportation. He arrived in Sydney on board the *John* in 1837. Nothing further is known about Joseph once he served his sentence. Thomas married Ellen McDOWELL in 1846 but the marriage did not last. He died at Bathurst in 1885. *Suffolk Roots Sep 2023 v49 n2 p109 (see also issue for Dec 2016 v42 n3 p189) (electronic journal)*.

IRELAND

* Jennifer HARRISON: "Australian Irish Connections - Immigrants Lured By Gold To 1850s Victoria". *Irish Roots 2nd Qtr 2023 n126 p26 (R9/60/04)*.

* Jennifer HARRISON: "Australian Irish Connections - Melbourne in the Early Days". *Irish Roots 3rd Qtr 2023 n127 p27 (R9/60/04)*.

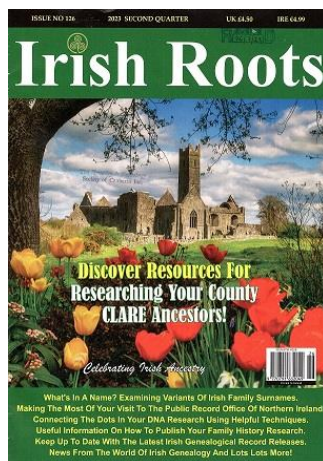
* Dr Mary HATFIELD: "Visiting The Public Record Office of Northern Ireland (PRONI)". *Irish Roots 2nd Qtr 2023 n126 p6 (R9/60/04)*.

* Dr Mary HATFIELD: "Visiting The Representative Church Body Library". *Irish Roots 3rd Qtr 2023 n127 p6 (R9/60/04)*.

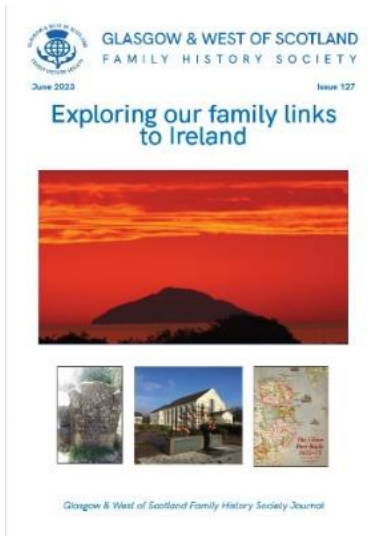
* James G RYAN: "Local Resources for Family History Research - County Clare". *Irish Roots 2nd Qtr 2023 n126 p10 (R9/60/04)*.

* James G RYAN: "What's In A Name? - examining variants of Family Names". *Irish Roots 2nd Qtr 2023 n126 p16 (R9/60/04)*.

James G RYAN: "Local Resources for Family History Research: County Sligo". *Irish Roots 3rd Qtr 2023 n127 p10 (R9/60/04)*.



SCOTLAND



* Teresa COLLIS (Kyneton, Victoria) is searching for the parents of John McEWAN who was born around 1796 at Kirkcudbright or Dumfries. John married Margaret Hester DANIEL at Dumfries in 1815. Their eldest son George was born in 1816, followed by seven more children. The family migrated to Australia in 1839. *Dumfries and Galloway FHS Newsletter Nov 2023 n107 p19 (electronic journal).*

* Brett McGOWAN (Melbourne) is researching his FULLARTON family in the Troon/Irvine area. Captain Robert Russell FULLARTON (1829-1895) first arrived in Australia as crew before returning in 1849 as Captain of the *Glenbervie*. He became commander of the Victorian colonial naval defences in 1861, as well as harbourmaster.

From 1885 he was honorary aide-de-camp to the Governor of Victoria. Brett lists earlier FULLARTON family members back to the 17th century. *Troon@Ayrshire Summer 2023 n99 p12 (electronic journal).*

* Ken NISBET: Talk - "How and Why Did Transportation Replace Overseas Banishment from Scotland". *Central Scotland FHS Autumn 2023 n66 p3 (electronic journal).*

* Ken NISBET: "War Brides", report of a talk given at the 'Haste Ye Back': 33rd SAFHS Conference, 22 Apr 2023 mentioning possible ways to trace these women through newspapers, passenger lists, immigration records and the Australian War Memorial. *Aberdeen & North-East Scotland FHS Aug 2023 n167 p15.*

* Duncan PAUL after the break-up of his marriage formed a new relationship. His new partner and child migrated to Australia ahead of him as he awaited the appropriate papers to come through. Tired of waiting he stowed away on a vessel bound for Australia. On arrival his partner Ivy was waiting to meet him. He had also adopted his partner's surname making him elusive to find in official records. *Aberdeen & North-East Scotland FHS Aug 2023 n167 p17.*

Aberdeen & North-East Scotland Family History Society

Journal No. 167 • August 2023



The Emigrants statue by Gerald Leding, in Conner Park, Helmsdale, Sutherland (photograph by Sally Low, no. 1441). This Journal contains reports of the talks delivered at "Haste Ye Back", the 33rd SAFHS Annual Conference, hosted online by @NESEFHS on 22nd April 2023.

* Robert THOMSON, son of Robert THOMSON and Margaret COGLE. emigrated from South Ronaldsay to Australia in 1860. *SIB Folk News (Orkney FHS) Autumn 2023 n107 p9 (electronic journal)* (see also issue for Dec 2011 n60 p17 (POr/9/60/01).

UNITED KINGDOM

* Ian WALLER FSG: "Family history research before 1837". *Bedfordshire FHS Journal Sep 2023 v24 n3 p6 (electronic journal)*.

WALES

* Charles Raymond Ockford BARNFIELD was born in the Bedwellty district in 1909. His mother's maiden name was PITTS. He married in 1931 at Wisbech. Two children were born in Wales with a third born at Boston, Lincolnshire. Charles migrated to Australia in 1950, which was reported in the *Boston Guardian* on 12 Jul 1950. *Gwent FHS Jun 2023 n150 p17 (electronic journal)*.

* Leslie WILSON, son of William Herbert WILSON and Mary Eliza (nee SAMUEL) was born in 1912. He ran away to Canada in 1928 and married Muriel GILES at Middlesex, Ontario in 1930. He returned to Wales in 1933, seemingly without his wife. Nothing further is known about him after then, although he possibly migrated to Australia. *Gwent FHS Sep 2023 n151 p24 (electronic journal)*.



St. Triggold, I bankfield

Gwent Family History Society
Quarterly Journal No. 151—September 2023

September 2023

1

Gwent FHS Journal 151

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, to register for the meetings and **in case of meeting changes**. 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.

Pauline’s Parlour

11am the last Tuesday of each month except December, in the Education Room.

11am the third Sunday of each month except December, in the Library.

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 2024

- 18 10:00am **Legacy UG**: convenor Julie Hesse legacy.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 18 7:30pm **English and Welsh SIG**: 'More County Secrets'; convenors Floss Aitchison and Nina Johnson english.welsh.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 19 10:00pm **Coffee and Chat**: 'Exploring Birth records'; coffee.chat@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 21 11:00am **Pauline's Parlour**: Note new start time. 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
- 22 10:00am **Library Practice**: Making best use of the HAGSOC 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
- 28 2:00pm **Australia SIG**: 'Did your ancestor have an unusual occupation?' convenor Pauline Ramage australia.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 30 11:00am **Pauline's Parlour**: convenor Pauline Ramage parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 31 10am **Morning Tea for Library Volunteers**

FEBRUARY 2024

- 1 7:30pm **Scottish SIG**: 'Perspectives on Fife'; convenors Clare McGuinness and Mae Mulheran scottish.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 2 9:30am **Reunion & Mac Support UG**: convenor Danny O'Neill ram.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 3 10:00am **India SIG**: 'Cantonments, Churches and Cemeteries: a visit to north India, 2023'; convenor Prof. Peter Stanley india.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 3 1:00pm **DNA SIG**: 'Using Chromosome Painting'; convenor Cathy Day dna.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 6 7:00pm **Monthly Meeting**
- 8 10:00am **Family Tree Maker UG**: 'A practical session exploring the People Workspace in Family Tree Maker'; ftm.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 10 9:30am **Irish SIG**: 'Griffith's Valuation 2: How to understand and use the records and maps in your Irish family history research'; convenor Barbara Moore irish.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 10 2:00pm **TMG Down Under UG**: convenor Lindsay Graham tmg.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 14 7:30pm **Convict SIG**: 'The Penal Settlement at Port Macquarie'; convenor Michele Rainger convict.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 15 10:00am **Legacy UG**: convenor Julie Hesse legacy.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au

- 15 8:00pm **Heraldry SIG**: Scott Coleman on 'Heraldry on the Market', convenor Chris Lindsay heraldry.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 16 10:00am **Coffee and Chat**: Exploring Marriage Records: coffee.chat@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 17 10:00am **Writers SIG**: convenor Jo Callaghan writers.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 18 11:00am **Pauline's Parlour**: convenor Pauline Ramage parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 20 9.30am-4.30pm: **Finding Your Irish Ancestry – Ulster Roots**
- 26 10:00am **Library Practice**: convenor Jeanette Hahn library.practice@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 27 11:00am **Pauline's Parlour**: convenor Pauline Ramage parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au

MARCH 2024

- 1 9:30am **Reunion & Mac Support UG**: convenor Danny O'Neill ram.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 2 2:00pm-5:00pm **Beginning Family History Course 1**
- 5 7:00pm **Monthly Meeting**
- 9 9:30am **Irish SIG**: 'Plantations of Ireland Part 2'; convenor Barbara Moore irish.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 9 1:00pm **DNA SIG**: 'What is WATO?'; convenor Cathy Day dna.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 13 7:30pm **TMG Down Under UG**: convenor Lindsay Graham tmg.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 14 10:00am **Family Tree Maker UG**: ftm.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 15 10:00am **Coffee and Chat**: DNA Discoveries: coffee.chat@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 16 10:00am **Writers SIG**: convenor Jo Callaghan writers.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 16 2:00pm-5:00pm **Beginning Family History Course 2**
- 17 11:00am **Pauline's Parlour**: convenor Pauline Ramage parlour@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 21 10:00am **Legacy UG**: convenor Julie Hesse legacy.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 21 7:30pm **English and Welsh SIG**: 'Coal mining: social history of some mining communities in northern England and the Welsh valleys', convenors Floss Aitchison and Nina Johnson english.welsh.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 23 2:00pm-5:00pm **Beginning Family History Course 3**
- 24 2:00pm **Australia SIG**: Jenny Burgess on 'Romani DNA': convenor Pauline Ramage australia.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 25 10:00am **Library Practice**: convenor Jeanette Hahn library.practice@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 26 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 FHACT library is registered as a Library Affiliate with the LDS FamilySearch Organisation. This enables members using the FHACT library access to the approximately 25% of digital records held by LDS that have restricted access imposed by copyright holders.

Discounts

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

Research Advice

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

Research Service

Contact Jenny Higgins 0429 704 339.

Readers' queries

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

Notice to Contributors

The copy deadline for contributions to *The Ancestral Searcher* is the 2nd Monday of the month prior to publication.

The journal is published quarterly in March, June, September and December.

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

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

Digital images should be 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 (not 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 FHACT Education Room, Templeton Street, Cook, ACT on the first Tuesday of each month, except January. The Annual General Meeting is held on the first Tuesday of November. Notices of special meetings, and social gatherings are advertised in this journal as appropriate.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

Individual	\$ 84.00*	Joining Fee	\$ 20.00
Joint	\$ 128.00*	Journal Only – Australia	\$ 35.00
Individual – Concession	\$ 79.00*	Journal Only – Overseas	\$ 45.00*
Joint – Concessionr	\$ 118.00*		

* GST free other prices include GST

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

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

Reproduction without permission is not permitted. The views expressed in the items in the journal are those of the authors' and not necessarily those of the Society, and the Society cannot vouch for the authenticity of advertisements appearing in the journal.

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

© 2023 The Heraldry & Genealogy Society of Canberra Inc.

Surnames in this issues:

This index includes names in *From Our Contemporaries*

Ainslie	182	Grant	170	Murphy	154
Barnfield	186	Gilluly	182	Nisbet	185
Bearfield	183	Harrington	182, 184	Olden	164
Bedwell	184	Giles	186	Packard	184
Berardo	162	Garrett	151-154	Paul	185
Bradman	149	Harrison	184	Pitts	186
Clarke	148	Harrold	182	Ramsay	182
Collis	185	Hatfield	184	Ross	183
Cogle	186	Hayhurst	179-180	Rowlands	164, 166
Craigie	182	Hayward	148	Ryan	185
Daniel	185	Hayter	183	Samuel	186
Devine	148	Keld	183	Sullivan	182
Dorney	147, 150	Leigh	148	Thomson	186
Duffin	182	Lowe	183	Thurlow	183
Fisk	183	Macarthur	183	Tiplady	183
Forge	183	Marwick	182	Topham	183
Freeman	138, 142	McBreatty	182	Vincent	183
Fryatt	165	McEwan	185	Vize	164
Fullarton	185	McGowan	185	Waller	186
Garland	142	McKenzie	178-179	Ward	184
Gordon	143, 145	McNought	182	Weeks	183
Hannah	183	Millson	183	Wilson	186
Greaves	182	Morrison	165	Yarington	184



*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.*