

MURRUMBIDGEE ANCESTOR

*The Journal of the
Wagga Wagga
and District Family History
Society Inc.*

**February 2024
No. 141**

WAGGA WAGGA AND DISTRICT FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY INC

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Meetings

Committee Meetings: 2nd Wednesday each month at 9:30 am

Monthly Meetings: Third Wednesday of each month 7.30pm. Room opens 7.00pm

Note: Some monthly meetings will be daytime meetings from 2024.

Location of Meetings: Society rooms, 24 Tarakan Avenue, Ashmont

Annual Membership

Ordinary Member: \$38. *Pensioner:* \$28 (Pension number required).

Family Member living at same address (Additional) \$12.

MEMBER ENTITLEMENTS

Use of Society's extensive resources; receipt of monthly newsletter and the journal *Murrumbidgee Ancestor* three times a year (extra copies \$2.50 each); guidance with research; borrowing from the library and attendance at meetings and workshops. **Research** can be undertaken using the resources of the Society's library and at other repositories around Wagga, at a cost of \$25 per hour. Contact the Research Officer through the secretary.

Research Room: 24 Tarakan Avenue, Ashmont. **Opening Times: Monday &**

Wednesday 10am to 4pm; **Tuesday** 1pm to 4pm. **First Saturday of Month**

10 am to 1 pm. Closed on Public Holidays. Closing at 3 pm during Winter months.

Enquiries: ph. **02 59257217** during opening hours.

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February 2024 – No. 141



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Journal Contributions 2024

Contributions for publication in the journal are welcome. Electronic copies are preferred, in Word and Times New Roman font. Paper copy is welcome if electronic form is not possible.

There are no word length restraints, and no contribution is too short, but 1200 words is the preferred maximum length (this is 3-4 pages in the journal, depending on illustrations). No article of interest to the family historian will be rejected because of word length. The Society membership number of the author (s) should be included.

	February	June	October
Articles submitted	20 January	22 May	15 September
Editing and layout	20-26 January	22 May– 5 June	18-25 September
Proof-reading	27 January-2 February	5 June-9 June	25 September-2 October
Edition to printers	3 February	9 June	2 October
Edition distribution at monthly meetings (check dates)	14 February	19 June	16 October

NEW MEMBERS

John Wilson of Wagga Wagga
David Bolton of Lake Albert
Marcia Lang of Wagga Wagga
Shennon Billingham of Wagga

We are very pleased to welcome back past members, Lorraine Malone from Bourkelands and Chris Bolton from Lake Albert who have rejoined the Society.

It is hoped that all our new Members will find being a member of our Society a very productive and worthwhile experience, with a chance to meet new friends and to further their research interests, using our many resources.

CONTINUING MEMBERS

Please remember to renew subscriptions, returning your form and payment to the Society's rooms or by mail to PO Box 307, Wagga Wagga, NSW, 2650.
Direct Deposit: Bendigo Bank, BSB No. 633000. A/C No. 169210739
Please give details of name, membership number and reason for payment.



A very successful outreach presentation was held at the Wagga City Library conducted in November by Geoff and Leanne. A further presentation at the Library was held in early December.

President's Report

Rob Walker – Member No. 696

Our Society has made a start to the calendar year of 2024 with a new vision. After a trial run late last year, all our General Meetings will be held during the day (1.30pm to 3pm) and we have already generated a good response with our regular January Book meeting confirming the Committee's resolve to continue this format. This format is much more acceptable to members, and we already have interesting topics lined up for the first half of the year.

The realisation that the way we have done things in the past needs fine tuning for us to become more adaptable and flexible to meet modern needs, is now most important in considering our viability as a Society. We have seen recently, within our region, that the Griffith Genealogical and Historical Society was forced to close last December due to lack of numbers. This is not just a local trend, as there are similar concerns in Australia and overseas, so we are not immune to such trends.

Your committee has tried several things over recent months which should be of interest. The creation of a Facebook page for the society has given us a new means of highlighting what can be done in this on-line medium. Geoff Burch has been instrumental in setting it up and we have about 115 followers. Secondly, Leanne Diessel and Geoff Burch worked with the Wagga Wagga Library in presenting two half day tutorials on elementary family history research at the Library last November. Close to 50 attendees took an interest and the spin-off already for us is the acquisition of several new members. Future similar ventures are planned later this year for seniors.

Making genealogy more user friendly is our target. The subject is seemingly unattractive to young people, or is it that their parents have already done it for them? Or is it that young people want to be able to 'tap a screen' for the Hey Presto result! We all know that research can be slow, laborious and time consuming and results can be difficult to interpret.

We continue to work with the creation of indexes for material we have in our Rooms, and Wendy Bellany works very hard in coordinating these tasks but needs helpers. Trying to build up the reference material used in Rex Stanton's database (currently 200,000+ entries) is one way as it allows us to find a surname in a matter of seconds. We are aware that genealogical topics are taught in our schools, and we need to find a way to foster those interests.

The Committee is looking for bright ideas from our members. The challenge for you will be to send intuitive suggestions to the Committee, so that by the time I write my June 2024 page I will be able to report an expansive vision to consolidate our future place in Wagga Wagga and districts.

Editor's Page

Marcia McIntyre—Member No. 840

I hope this year will be a very good year for all members of our Society.

Nostalgia meaning – *A sentimental longing or wistful affection for a period in the past.* At our November meeting, the theme was “Childhood Memories”, and several members recalled their happy childhood, and told interesting stories of times past. Following on from that, several articles have been submitted to this edition by members who gave presentations at the meeting. Cynthia Collison told of growing up in Broken Hill, recalling many humorous incidents involving herself and her siblings. Cynthia painted a picture of Broken Hill in wartime in the 1930s and 1940s. An article by Barry Williams recounted his childhood on a farm near Wagga and good and bad memories of his schooldays. Jan Hurcum spoke on her mother's behalf, detailing her mother's daily duties and chores and life on the farm. Wendy Bellany in an article, pointed out that the present day environmentally focused generation may not be aware of how senior citizens, in the past, were also following environment guidelines (from necessity) and never wasted anything!

An interesting article by Robyn Jessiman is included, about a series of postage stamps issued, highlighting French Huguenot immigrants to the Isle of Jersey, and how these immigrants contributed to life on Jersey.

I would like to draw Member's attention to the shelf near the front door in our rooms. On this shelf can be found “Recent Acquisitions”, books recently donated to our Society. Whilst browsing through the books on the shelf recently, I found a book *Roll Call; Urana Central School, 1865-1993* by Janet Urquhart Widdup and Jean Urquhart. In this book I found information about my late husband's great-grandfather, Walter Robert Henry Dalliston, a blacksmith of Urana. There is a photo (a lovely clear professional photo) in the book of Walter, his wife Elizabeth and children. One child in the photo was Thomas Rea “Ray” Dalliston, (a twin) my husband's maternal grandfather. I already had this photo, sent to me by a distant cousin years ago, but it was still a thrill to find it in the book, with a lot of information on the family. One person who contributed much information to this book was our own Sister Noela Fox, who is from Urana. So I would suggest that members regularly peruse the “Recent Acquisitions” shelf. You never know, you may find a photo of your grandfather!

There is another book recently published. It is *The Fraud* by Zadie Smith. I cannot yet recommend this book, as I have not yet read it. I am on the waiting list at Wagga Library to borrow this book and I am sure that it will be an engrossing read. It is a fictionalised account of a real life event, which happened in the 1860s and 1870s, about the claim by a Wagga Wagga butcher, Thomas Castro, to be the missing heir, Roger Tichborne, to the Tichborne baronetcy in England. Castro's claim failed and

he was convicted of perjury and served a long prison sentence. The case was described at the time as a legal *cause celebre*. Another quote describing the book – *Based on real life historical events, The Fraud is a dazzling novel about how in a world of hypocrisy and self-deception, deciding what is true can prove a complicated task.*

Interestingly, Francis Henry Jeune, one of the French Huguenots mentioned in Robyn’s article, was also involved in the Tichborne case.



Above: Cynthia speaking about her early life in Broken Hill at the October meeting.

SOCIETY HAPPENINGS

Jan Hurcum, Member No. 32

Our decision to change from night to afternoon general meetings has certainly paid off, as we had 23 members at our October meeting. The theme may have had something to do with this, as it was members' participation with the subject 'Early Memories' – irresistible to family history people! In fact, we will have to have another chapter, as we ran out of time. Quite a few memories were local to our area, but we also had Broken Hill stories, farm memories, war tales of trenches being built in school grounds, and our 'Pommy' member told us about life in an industrial town in England in a two-up two-down with no bathroom and the toilet shared by two families out the back.

Several members attended the Royal Australian Historical Society conference at the RSL Club, Wagga, on 21-22 October. Apparently, everything went well and the speakers were very good.

Sad to hear that one of our closer Family History Societies, Griffith, is closing at the end of the year.

At the beginning of November we had a training day for duty officers, as we are always looking for volunteers to man our research rooms. The morning was well-attended with twelve keen members asking questions of President Rob who ran the workshop. The main fact to remember was to look after people who come to our rooms, find out exactly what they are searching for, and point them in the right direction to find it.

Our November meeting was very different, as our guest speaker Cassandra Pokoney from Kurrajong Recycling Section told us the dos and don'ts of recycling. Cassandra was very knowledgeable and brought samples to show us. Our members are now up to date with all aspects, and will all be able to do the right thing in the future.

Right: Cassandra Pokoney from Kurrajong Recycling keeping us up to date with recycling requirements at the November meeting.



On Tuesday 26 November, members Leanne and Geoff ran a beginners' family history workshop at Wagga City Library, in conjunction with Library staff. It was very successful with 26 interested citizens attending – we hope to get more visitors to our library, as well as more members if we are lucky. Leanne and Geoff held another workshop in early December, again at the library.

Our December meeting was replaced by our Christmas party, which was well attended and we all had a pleasant evening. Members provided salads and sweets, and our chefs Rob and John cooked the snags to perfection. Our Christmas raffle was drawn: first prize to foundation members, Jan and John Winterbottom; second prize to hard-working Treasurer Neil Dallinger. Many thanks to all who attended.

Our January afternoon meeting was well attended by over 20 members, and eight of those people brought their favourite book/books and told members about them. They ranged from family treasure/memoirs to children's books (a family connection to May Gibbs); prayers for children; stories by a paramedic (including some idiotic reasons for calling an ambulance); Queen Alexandra's Gift Book (family photographs with a connection to the Danish Royal Family); Sydney Harbour Bridge; "Trades, Tropics and the Roaring Forties" by Lady Brassey (printed in 1887 and beautifully illustrated); a library book "My Grandfather Scott"; and a school text book "Third Geography 1919". It was a very diverse and interesting collection of books, and an enjoyable meeting.



Left: Barry Williams recalling his childhood memories at the October meeting.

NOTES FROM WAGGA WAGGA

Compiled by Leanne Diessel - Member No. 412

PERSONAL

The engagement is announced of **Miss Valeeta**, second daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. S.A. Palazzi**, of Wagga, to **Arthur**, eldest son of **Mrs. and the late Mr. N. Walton**, of Walton street Newcastle.

Miss Duncan, of **Borambola Station**, who is an inmate of **Welwyn Private Hospital**, Wagga, is improving rapidly and her friends will be pleased to learn that she is expected to be home again in about a week's time.

Mrs. C. Garrett and her daughter, **Thea**, of Wagga, are in Sydney, where Miss Garrett will study music at the Conservatorium as a pupil of **Professor Lawrence Godfrey Smith**. Her musical talent has been well demonstrated in Wagga, where she has won both pianoforte championships in last year's Eisteddfod. Her training was received at the Casino Convent and at Mt. Erin Convent, Wagga, where she passed her A.L.C.M. examinations a few months ago.

Source: Wagga Wagga Daily Advertiser, Saturday 2 February, 1924

PERSONAL

Over five hundred persons were at Dixieland at last night's children's carnival. Sixty children in fancy and special costumes took part in the grand march. The competition results were: - Cheapest costume (girls) "Sunbeam" **Miss D. Mynott**; humorous costume (girls) **Miss U. Andrews**; boys, **J. Gatehouse**; poster costume, **M. Gatehouse** and **Miss N. Condron**; most original costume, **Miss V. Armstrong**, **G. Ramage**; fancy costume, **Miss J. Moby**, **I. Cronin**; evening dress, **Miss B. Borisee**; special prizes, "Flapper" **H. Munro**; "On the road to nowhere" **Miss D. Mynott**; "Powder Puff" **Miss Koth**. The judges for these competitions were **Mrs. and Miss Sydenham**.

Source: Wagga Wagga Daily Advertiser, Tuesday 26 February, 1924

PERSONAL

Mr. J.R. Woodhouse, of "Fairfield" **Humula**, became ill at Wollongong on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse were motoring from Sydney, but, owing to Mr. Woodhouse's illness had to break the journey at Wollongong.

Mr. W. Moye, who has been attached to the **Wagga Post Office** staff for several years, has been given an appointment in the mechanical department of the Mosman Automatic exchange, and will leave for the metropolis by the mail train this afternoon. While Mr. Moye will be missed by a very wide circle of friends in Wagga, he has been the recipient of general congratulations of his promotion in the service.

A CYCLIST INJURED.

A few minutes after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon a moto car collided with a bicycle at the corner of Simmons and Kincaid Streets. The car which is said to have been driven by **Mr. Bishop** had just turned the corner when **Mr. T.E. Mantell** of 57 Fox-street, Wagga, who was riding a bicycle in the opposite direction was knocked down and was injured.

The car driver, immediately took the injured man to **Dr. Walsh's** surgery where it was found his injuries were not of a serious nature. His head and arms were much cut, and several stitches were made in the torn flesh. Mr. Mantell was afterwards taken to the Wagga District Hospital.

Source: *Wagga Wagga Daily Advertiser*, Friday 29 February, 1924



Jan and Rob drawing the Christmas raffle at the Christmas Party.

RESEARCH

Compiled by Leanne Diessel - Member No. 412

Information required on the following places & people:

For privacy reasons contact details cannot be published. If you can help with research, please email wvdfhs@yahoo.com.au or write to the Research Officer (C/- PO Box 307 Wagga Wagga NSW 2650) and information will be passed on.

Information on **James Channel CHAPMAN** who owned a motor garage in Wagga c1920s, had also lived at 'Corienbob' & Ladysmith.

Contact: Heather SNELL

Information on **Maude HESSEY** b1914 Wagga

Contact: Pamela BEXLEY

Information of **Neil Weatherston SHEPARD** who was living at 6 Hurst St North Wagga when he died in 1967.
Contact: David SWORDS

Information on **Edmund Luke FITZGERALD** b 1894 Wagga son of **Edward & Bridget (nee Cox)**
Contact: Vivienne JURIE

Information on **John Thomas BROWN** & family of Wagga c1898-1930
Contact: Sue FEATHERSTONE

Information on the **JUPPENLATZ family** of Wagga
Contact: Grahame GOODMAN

Information on **James KENNEDY**, horse trainer from Ivanhoe d1927 won Wagga Cup late 1860s
Contact: Peter & Chris O'SULLIVAN

Information on **Walter Newbury THOMSON** m1892 Wagga to **Hilda Sarah ROBERTSON**
Contact: Peter & Wil THOMSON

Information on **Alexander ROBERTSON** & family who lived at Coolamon. Alexander died in 1889.
Contact: Tim ROBERTSON



First Daytime Meeting in October, 2023. Our monthly meetings from now on will be held during the day. This has proved to be a popular move.

Reminiscences - Childhood and School Days

Cynthia Collison – Member No. 6

The silver, lead and zinc mining town of Broken Hill is located in far-western New South Wales. The town was a wonderful place to grow up in. It was a very safe, caring community where everyone cared for each other. I was born there in 1936, the second child of four born to my parents. Dad was a miner, a Welshman, who immigrated to Australia in 1927, and my mother was a former school teacher from South Australia. My siblings were two sisters and a brother, Margaret, Nancy and Glyn. We were a very close family, dearly loved and well cared for. Dad though, was very strict regarding behaviour, as the family's good name was paramount. Lying and stealing were at the top of his list of unacceptable behaviour.

I have vivid memories of an incident involving Margaret and myself which incurred his wrath. We were playing in the top yard in the tray of an old ute near our neighbour's adjoining fence, when we noticed that they had picked some almonds and were drying them on a long bench. We reached through and helped ourselves to a couple of handfuls each. Our mother came, and when she saw the empty shells on the ground, she took us into the house and told our father what we had done. He was angry and we knew we were in trouble when he went into the wash house, put some precious water in the copper and put in the wood to heat it. We were going to be bathed, dressed, then taken to the police station! We pleaded, saying we were sorry, but to no avail. When we were bathed and dressed, Mum said to Dad perhaps we should be taken next door and apologise for what we had done. After some thought, he agreed, and Mum took us next door where we tearfully said "Sorry". Unbeknown to us, our mother had already gone to the neighbours and told them about the almonds and had offered to pay for them. They had laughed and said "no thanks", but thought we should be taught a lesson, hence the threat to being taken to the police station.

Rainfall was rare in the Outback but always welcome. Most homes in Broken Hill had rainwater tanks to capture the precious resource. Town water was supplied from two reservoirs on the outskirts of town; one at Stephen's Creek and the other at Silverton. Water was never wasted. When we were small children, Dad bathed us every night in a small tub placed on the kitchen table. On Sundays we went to Sunday school, which required us to have a bath and dress in our Sunday best. Dad boiled water in the wash house copper and when the water was heated, it was carried in a bucket and poured into a bath in the bathroom. Dad bathed first, then Mum, then we four children. The small amount of water used was left to cool, then Dad carried it outside to water the lemon, orange, fig trees and grape vines.



Above: Cynthia As a Child

We had many pets over the years, mainly dogs, but our favourite pet was a long billed Corella, a white cockatoo. Once, when our father was out at the edges of town, walking his greyhounds, he found the little fledgling, which had fallen out of its nest. He tucked it inside his shirt pocket and brought it home. Over time “Cocky” could call all our names, sing the first line of “God Save Our Gracious King” and the first line of that popular war-time song, “Bell Bottom Trousers”. When we played “hide and seek”, he caused no end of trouble by calling out “coming, ready or not” before we were even in our hiding places! Unbelievable, but true, he could distinguish which member of the family next door walked by the back fence on a Sunday morning bringing fresh baked scones to our parents. The husband would call out “Are you there, Ma’ or his wife would say, “May I come in?” and their spinster daughter would call “Oo Oo” Cocky would get in first, and he was never wrong!

It was war-time during our early childhood. Food, clothing and petrol were rationed, so nothing was allowed to be wasted. Sunday lunch was usually roast meat and baked vegetables, so we couldn’t leave the table until all was eaten. I didn’t like the vegetables, so I was often still at the table long after the others were excused. I learned later that my sisters sitting opposite me, used to feed unwanted pieces of their food to our pet Australian terrier, who was under the table near their feet.

Talking at the table was not allowed until the meal was over, then Mum and Dad would join us in the game “I spy with my little eye, something beginning with.....” (a letter of the alphabet). It was good fun, especially when one of us was caught out, as Margaret was once with a tin of milk, with her letter “D”. We had to “give in”, as we did not know the answer and, Margie was told that the tin of milk she spied on the bench was not “densed” milk, but condensed milk!

When we were of school age, we all attended Burke Ward Public School, one of four large primary schools in the town. It was only a short distance from our home and one of the few state schools built to suit the climate. Long, low, wide verandahs sheltered the buildings from the fierce summer heat. There were three separate departments; infants, which was for both boys and girls, the boy’s department for classes 3,4,5,6 and the girls department, also for classes 3,4,5,6. Each morning we all gathered in the boy’s department playground for assembly. Then at its conclusion, we marched back to our separate departments to the music of the boy’s drum and pipe band. The other public primary schools had their own pipe and drum bands as did a large number of civic organisations throughout the town. There were a number of lovely parks throughout the suburbs and most had a bandstand. On many summer Saturday nights, bands from local organisations played in the parks, giving much pleasure to those who happened to be there on that particular evening.

As it was war-time, air-raid trenches snaked their way across the school playgrounds. The window panes of the school classrooms were pasted over with cloth fabric to prevent the glass shattering in the event of an enemy attack.

Even at play, the spectre of the war was ever present. One of our skipping games was skipped to the chant: *All in together girls, this fine weather,
I see a Jap, peeping through a crack!
Shoot, Bang Fire!*

Dad even dug an air-raid shelter in our back yard but thankfully, it was never needed.

I don’t remember going without anything during the war, but I know nothing was wasted. Our mother never threw away brown paper, or string. She used brown paper to wrap her Christmas gift to her sister, our Aunty Glad. Aunty saved the paper also, and used it to make a little book in which she cut and pasted newspaper clippings of little anecdotes and poems.

Some local movie theatres also had outside theatres, fitted out with deck chairs, and it was wonderful to go on summer evenings with our parents and sit back and enjoy the movies in the dark, cool open air. As a child, I loved drawing, so I was enrolled in art classes conducted by local artist, May Harding, at the Technical College, on Saturday mornings. Over the years, her pupils included renowned local artists Eric Minchim, Pro Hart and Jack Absolam. Our mother played the piano, and eventually, both Margaret and I had piano lessons, and Nancy and Glyn had singing lessons, both arts taught by Mrs Molly Carrick Morgan, a successful singer and choral conductor.

She gained wide recognition as a singing teacher, one of her most notable pupils being June Gough, who took the professional name of June Bronhill, in tribute to the people of Broken Hill who raised money for her to continue her career overseas.

From 1948-1952 I attended Broken Hill High School and was a prefect in my final year. I was in the school basketball team (now called netball), and once a year, played against Mildura High School, and on Saturday afternoons, played basketball for the local YWCA team. Square dancing was all the rage in our teenage years and on Saturday evenings, the Methodist Church Youth Club, of which I was a member, attended the Saturday night event at the Palais, a large dance hall in the town centre, the “caller” flying in from Melbourne to host the event. My other interests were reading, embroidery, stamp collecting and letter writing. In my early teens I had pen-friends in Australia, New Zealand, Belgium, England, South Africa and Ceylon, now known as Sri Lanka. On my 15th birthday, the gift from my parents was a wonderful maroon and blue Malvern Star bicycle! I was ecstatic! My very own bicycle!

I completed my Leaving Certificate in 1952 and had hoped to become a teacher, but in late January, 1953, our dearly loved father died suddenly of a heart attack. I had always been very close to my mother, so following my father’s death, I decided I couldn’t leave home to pursue a teaching career. I needed to find employment locally. In March, I was fortunate to obtain the position of library assistant at the Broken Hill Municipal Library, under the mentorship of the city Librarian, Mr Allan Coulls. My childhood and my schooldays were over. I was grown up, earning my own living, but with many treasured memories of my early childhood and schooldays, to cherish always.



I Remember The 40s and 50s.

Barry Williams—Member No. 688

Standing on the footpath watching a long parade of soldiers marching down the main street of Wagga when I was about five years’ old - probably recently returned servicemen from World War 2.

Seeing blocks of ice carted around the streets in a red horse drawn delivery cart. Blocks of ice in wheat bags filled with sawdust dropped off at our farm mailbox by the mail truck - or was it the milkman? In town, during the 50’s ice was delivered by the ice man.

It disturbs me that I can’t remember Mum, I think I can just remember her once coming down to get me when I was playing by the woodheap, a favourite play area. Dad coming home late one night to tell us kids “Mum won’t be coming home from hospital”- my older sister bursting into tears and me joining in but not quite knowing why.

I would have been five years old at the time and younger brother Max only two years old, so he would not have known what was happening.

When I turned six, I commenced at the local school, Wagga Experimental Farm Public School. To get there I rode a small bicycle accompanied by my sister and some older neighbouring children. One morning on the way to school someone called out “let’s race”. On trying to keep up with the older children I lost control in the loose gravel on the road and came a cropper, inflicting a deep gash over one eye. An ambulance was called, and I was transported to hospital for some stitches. On the way in I got into trouble again, this time with the ambulance driver for sicking up all over myself. As he pulled off some of my dirtied clothing he angrily said, “why didn’t you tell me you were going to be car sick”. I didn’t think to tell him that I had never been in a car before.

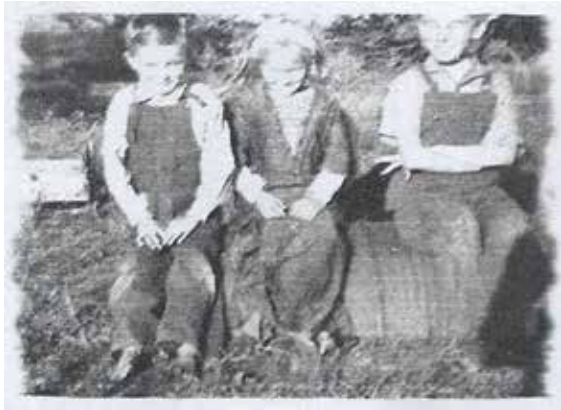
Practically on my first day at school I got into a fight with another boy who was a little bully. With shouts of encouragement from my older sister and at least one of her friends I stood up for myself and sent the other boy off bawling his eyes out. That would have been fine but then I spoilt it all by bursting into tears myself.

Another time, still in first class, I made more trouble for myself. Trying to big note myself I accepted a bet from some of the other kids to eat a mouthful of dirt. I don’t recall if I actually swallowed any, but I did end up very sick in hospital for six weeks. When I came out my skinny little legs were full of needle holes, and I could hardly stand up let alone walk.

My sister Val and I were only at school together for one year, she being in sixth class while I was in first (or kindergarten). As there was a class full of sixth formers going off to high school the following year it was decided a bus was needed to transport both primary and high school students to school. And so, the following year a daily school bus run was begun by Fearnese, but before this started, for some reason unknown to me it was decided to start off using a couple of taxis. I can remember some exciting times as the taxis would sometimes race each other as they picked up and dropped off to and from school.

Much as I would like to say I enjoyed my school days at this little one school, I cannot, due solely to the fact that our teacher was an absolute terror. In fact, I was to develop an embarrassing stutter which I was only able to shake off once I had left this school. Well over six feet tall and solidly built our teacher had a fearsome temper and did not hesitate to use the cane, a long inch by inch (25 mm by 25 mm) stick, if you couldn’t say your times table or give a correct answer. To this day I can still remember him picking my younger brother Max up by the hair and carrying him kicking and screaming across the room for some misdemeanour.

Every Tuesday Dad would saddle up Betty into the sulky and head into town (our farm on the Old Narrandera Road past North Wagga was three miles out of town) for the weekly shopping. Of course, during school holidays, we got to go also, it must have been a squeeze with the four of us.



Above:: Barry (on right) with his two siblings, Max and Fay.

When Mum was still alive Dad came into the kitchen one morning and was very irate to find a brand-new ice chest there. Not because of the ice chest, but because he had spent a long time that morning trying to saddle up a disagreeable and wily Betty into the sulky for the trip into town to pick up the ice chest. It seems Mum had forgotten to tell Dad that she had arranged to have it delivered.

Later, Dad bought an Austin utility to replace the horse and sulky. There was drama before he even got it home. Taking it for a test run he turned right and instead of giving the usual signal at that time of an extended arm out the window (no indicator lights were installed in vehicles at that time) he used a new innovation for indicating turns which consisted of a small flip up lever with a fixed light. A driver in a vehicle approaching from behind failed to see this new type of indicator and ran into the side of Dad's ute.

During school holidays we would drive into town for the weekly shopping, Dad and Val in front with Max and myself sitting on top of wooden boxes of eggs in the back of the ute. If it rained, we would have to snuggle in under a tarpaulin or a rug if it was cold. There were no laws forbidding such seating arrangements as there are today.

One of the regular items on board was a large battery for our big old valve radio (or wireless as it was called then) which Dad would take to a garage in town and exchange for another which would have been charging up in the meantime. The wireless took the place of today's television which was none existing then. It was the highlight of the day to race home from school and gather around the wireless to listen to the latest episode of "The Argonauts" or serials such as "Tarzan", "Superman", "Hop Harrigan" and "The Air Adventures of Biggles". After tea we would listen to "Mrs Hobbs", "Bluey and Curley", "Yes What", "Life with Dexter", "Inspector West", "Dad and Dave" and who could forget the friendly rivalry between the quiz shows hosted by Jack Davy and Bob Dyer.

Mother's Morning Chores

Jan Hurcum – Member No. 32

Now little Jan has gone to school, her big brother Ken is helping his grandfather with a blacksmithing job, and Bryce rode out to the other property "Rose Mount" to muster the sheep ready for dosing tomorrow.

I have been around the trap line and have skinned the five rabbits and bowed out the skins. I will have to set more traps at the big warren near the river, as the rabbits are eating the grass down which should be for the killer sheep, milking cows and horses. The chooks have been let out and the eggs collected, and the three poddy lambs fed. Luckily, the lambs will be big enough to go out with the other sheep next week. The kitchen is tidy, and the lamps have been filled with kerosene ready for tonight. What will we have for tea? Maybe chops and vegies – I will have to dig some spuds.

The fire under the copper is going well, so I will be able to get the pot stick, transfer the sheets to the tubs, rinse and blue them, and hang then on the line. I wonder if we could have a proper laundry built if the wool sells well this year – it would make things so much easier instead of the copper being in the middle of the yard, and the tubs on a shelf near the back door. It is so cold during winter.

The tank is getting low. If we don't get some rain soon I'll have to get Bryce to harness old Cherry to the slide and bring a couple of 44 gallon drums of water from the river.

Time to get the rest of the washing on the line, and wash the floors with the remaining hot water.

I'm looking forward to a game of tennis tomorrow. Darn! I forgot that I will have to take the lunch out to "Rose Mount" and help dose the sheep.

Left: Jan's mother at the farm, tending to the sheep.



Jersey Postal Stamps - Huguenot Heritage

Robyn Jessiman – Member No.283

The Protestant Migrations

1985 sees the 300th Anniversary of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. When in 1685 King Louis XIV ended the religious toleration previously accorded to the Protestants of France, the result was an exodus of thousands of refugees to other parts of Europe and across the seas. Many settled in Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands, following an earlier migration in the reign of Elizabeth 1, producing changes down the years in the societies of those countries out of all proportion to their numbers. Jersey benefited in full measure, the immigrants bringing welcome new skills, trades and ideas that were quickly assimilated into the Island's way of life.

From amongst the descendants of the numerous families that sought refuge in Jersey, six names have been selected for a special set of stamps to celebrate the Tercentenary. These were chosen particularly for the breadth of their contributions, under the headings of Church and Law, Craft and Trade, Industry and the Services. This is the Jersey Post Office's tribute to these sturdy defenders of their religious values who, three hundred years ago, by their journeys to escape persecution, brought a change in the life of Europe and enrichment in the history of Jersey.

CHURCH

The Town Church (Parish Church of St Helier) is the oldest building in the town, the chancel and transept dating from around the 12th Century. After the Reformation, the church became a Huguenot temple and eight rectors in succession were French Huguenot ministers in Presbyterian orders. The Hemery family originated in Bayeux, Normandy and became well-known in Jersey. James Hemery, born in 1814, was appointed Dean of Jersey and Rector of St Helier at the age of 30. The beautiful stained glass east window was given in his memory. A famous descendant is David Hemery who crowned his athletic triumphs by winning an Olympic gold medal for the 400 metres hurdles at the 1968 Olympiad.

Right: Francis Jeune



LAW

Francis Henry Jeune's forbears first came to Jersey during the reign of Elizabeth 1. Francis won a Balliol scholarship at Oxford, becoming President of the Union in 1864. Four years later he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple and shortly after sent to Australia to investigate the claim of Arthur Orton to be Sir Roger Tichbourne. He was Junior Counsel for the Plaintiff in the famous action which followed. He became a Queen's Counsel, later being knighted and appointed a Privy Councillor.

Widely regarded as a great Judge, he was created a Peer of the Realm, for which title he chose 'Baron St. Helier'.

CRAFT

Pierre Amiraux, son of a Huguenot refugee from Saumur, became the silversmith whose mark is so familiar to collectors of Jersey silver. Amongst his other pursuits, he was a founder member of the Jersey Chamber of Commerce (which has the distinction of being the oldest in the world), he became Adjutant in the East Regiment of the Jersey Militia and was also Captain of a privateer, the "Revenge". On 6th January, 1781, he was involved in the Battle of Jersey..... Amiraux died in 1808 and examples of his craftsmanship are today very scarce and greatly prized.

TRADE

Francis Voisin, descendant of a Norman family which fled from France in the 17th Century, married in 1837. His wife had inherited a small shop and so it came about that Voisin and Company was established at 26 King Street, St Helier. Together they developed the shop into a thriving drapery business, expanding into all types of merchandise. Francis' special ability, which put him ahead of competitors, was the buying of stock. With his belongings (at first tied up in a red handkerchief) he went out himself to the Continent, and later as far afield as Asia and America, to find goods which were different, of real value and what customers wanted.



Left: Francis Voisin

INDUSTRY

Robert Brohier was great-grandson of Matthew Brohier, a merchant from Vaucluse, who came to Jersey as a refugee after the Revocation. In 1798, Jacob Scheweppe, founder of Schewepes (oldest manufacture of soft drinks in the world) sold three parts of the Company to Brohier and two other Jerseymen. Scheweppe retired the following year and the Company was managed and directed by these three Jerseymen for the next 25 years, reportedly several more in the case of Brohier. Under their control and due in particular to the energy and drive of Brohier, Schewepes expanded greatly, and by 1812, in addition to a London factory, three branch factories had been established in Bristol, Newcastle and Derby.



Right: Featuring soft drink manufacturing symbols including a small illustration of Robert Brohier.

SERVICES

George Ingouville, also a descendant of Huguenot stock, was born at St Helier in 1826 and at the age of twenty-one joined the Merchant Service, transferring to the Royal Navy four years later. On 13th July, 1855, whilst serving aboard HMS Arrogant in the Eastern Campaign (Baltic Sea) he was involved in action against enemy gunboats and batteries at Viborg.

Right: George Ingouville.



Suddenly, an explosion in Arrogant's second cutter killed the Midshipman in command and the cutter, half swamped and under heavy fire, drifted towards the enemy battery. She would have been lost had not Ingouville, although wounded, leapt into the sea and turned her about. For this gallant action he was awarded the Victoria Cross.



Right: Geoff speaking at the “Researching Your Family History” presentation at Wagga City Library.



It Really Was Different Back Then

Wendy Bellany Member No. 825

This is an email I received some time ago and thought it relevant for our times now.

"I remember it well and wish we could have those days again. Checking out at the supermarket, the young cashier suggested to the much older woman, that she should bring her own grocery bags because plastic bags weren't good for the environment. The woman apologised and explained, "We didn't have this 'green thing' back in my earlier days."

The young cashier responded, "That's our problem today - your generation did not care enough to save our environment for future generations." She was right, our generation didn't have the 'green thing' in its day.

Back then, we returned milk bottles, lemonade bottles and beer bottles to the shop. The shop sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilised and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled. But we didn't have the "green thing" back in our day.

Grocery shops bagged our groceries in brown paper bags, that we re-used for numerous things, most memorable besides household bags for rubbish, was the use of brown paper bags as book covers for our schoolbooks. This was to ensure that public property (the books provided for our use by the school), was not defaced by our scribbles. Then we were able to personalise our books on the brown paper bags. But too bad we didn't do the "green thing" back then.

We walked up stairs, because we didn't have a lift in every supermarket, shop and office building. We walked to the local shop and didn't climb into a 300 horsepower machine every time we had to go half a mile. But she was right. We didn't have the "green thing" in our day.

Back then, we washed the baby's terry towel nappies because we didn't have the throwaway kind. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy-gobbling machine burning up 3 kilowatts – wind and solar power really did dry our clothes back in our early days. Kids had hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing. But that young lady is right; we didn't have the "green thing" back in our day.

Back then, we had one radio or TV in the house - not a TV in every room and the TV had a small screen the size of a big handkerchief (remember them?), not a screen the size of Scotland in the kitchen. We blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used wadded up old newspapers to cushion it, not styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap.

Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn petrol just to cut the lawn. We pushed the mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. But she's right; we didn't have the "green thing" back then.

We drank from a tap or fountain when we were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water. We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull. But we didn't have the "green thing" back then.

Back then, people took the bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their Mums into a 24-hour taxi service in the family's £40,000 'people carrier' which cost the same as a whole house did before the "green thing."

We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances and we didn't need a computerised gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 23,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest pub! But isn't it sad that the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were just because we didn't have the "green thing" back then?

Here endeth the lesson."



Above: Jan speaking of her childhood memories at the November meeting.

The Last Word

*To forget one's ancestors is to be a brook without a source,
a tree without roots - Chinese Proverb.*

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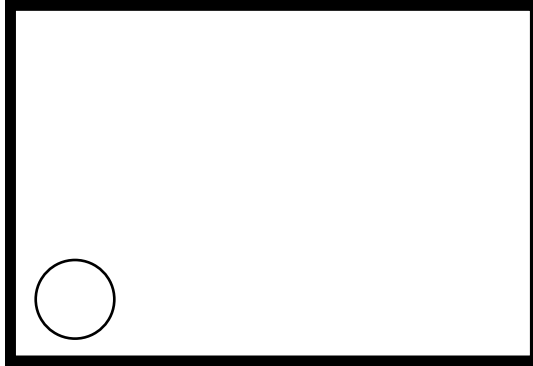
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