



THE ANCESTRAL SEARCHER



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From the Editor

Rosemary McKenzie



On the 20th October 2019 HAGSOC celebrated its 55th Anniversary, the opening of a hallway exhibition for early settlement in Canberra and the award winners from our inaugural Writing Competition.

This edition of *The Ancestral Searcher* celebrates those stories and the additional stories (in no particular order) which made it to the judges short list. Along with our regular columns there are 11 stories to read.

According to www.daysoftheyear.com November was *Novel Writing Month*. I'm sure most missed this month for writing but maybe over Christmas you can put 'fingers to keyboard' and write a story!

Kathryn Coughran - winner

Kathryn Coughran is the winner of the 2019 E.M. Fletcher Writing Award. Kathryn won the award for her story *All at Sea*. On winning the award, she said, "*This competition brought together two of my great loves – genealogy and writing. It inspired me to dramatise a small piece of my ancestral history, thus giving voice to these special people a hundred and fifty years on*".

Kathryn's writing journey began in childhood, when she wrote her first little 'book' about a puppy and its friend. Since then her passion for the written word has been integral to her life. Kathryn has participated in courses, workshops and writing groups across New South Wales. She has previously won awards for her poetry and short stories, and her work has appeared across various media - magazines, anthologies, on stage, on radio and online.

Kathryn now resides in the beautiful Bega Valley and has recently joined HAGSOC.

Clare McGuinness - member winner

Clare McGuinness is the HAGSOC member winner of the 2019 E.M. Fletcher Writing Award. Clare won the award for her story *Genealogy in the 25th Century*. Clare is delighted to win this award and said, "*I am shocked, but it was lot of fun writing it*".

Clare joined HAGSOC in the 1990s and has since immersed herself in many aspects of the Society. She is a member of the Education and Events Committee, co-convenor of the Family Tree Maker User Group and convenor of the Writers Special Interest Group. Clare's passion for family history is evident and during 2020 she is eager to establish a Beginner's Writing Course for the Society.

Clare is a keen writer and is presently working on a book titled *Mary Many Names*, about her tragic immigrant ancestor Mary MAGENNIS.

President's Report

Nick Reddan

Another year draws to a close. It seems to have been another busy one. At the annual general meeting at the beginning of November the new council was elected. While there has been a lot of stability there have been a couple of notable changes. Jenny Higgins who has been vice-president for the past few years has stepped down from council. I thank Jenny for the work she did while in the role, I wish her the best for other endeavours, and I appreciate that she will continue to help our society in various ways.

Rosemary McKenzie who is the editor of this journal, has stepped forward to take on the additional role of vice-president. I thank Rosemary for her continued commitment to our society. She is eminently qualified, having previously held the positions of president and treasurer. She also brings a wealth of experience through long-term service on council.

Gina Tooke has decided to step back from the demands of role of secretary and remain on council as an ordinary council member. In her two years as secretary she has done a great job. I thank her for her contribution as secretary. She has been efficient and courteous getting on well with all members. Moreover, she has lined up an able replacement in Cheryl Bollard who was elected secretary. Cheryl has tested out the role helping Gina and doing the secretary work when Gina was away. She was not deterred, and I thank her for taking on this most important job. I look forward to working with Cheryl during the year to come.

Our treasurer, Neville Morrison, has had a tremendous year guiding us through the registration as a charity and sorting out the books. I am very pleased he is remaining in the treasurer role.

The other continuing council members Anne Beasley, Sue Pillans, Michele Rainger and Francine Morrison are thanked for their work this year and for continuing to serve our society in the role of council member. I look forward to Howard Viccars joining council at the November meeting. I look forward to working with the new council in the coming year.

I also take the opportunity to thank all our volunteers who keep our society going by the work they do in a huge number of roles from small to large.

My own genealogical work outside our society goes on albeit more slowly than I would like. By the time you are reading this the number of index entries in the main database of my Registry of Deeds Index Project will have surpassed 330,000 records. Every now and then I find useful snippets related to my own families. I also found time to enjoy some travel in the past year.

I hope that 2019 treated you well and you were able to make some good progress on your family history research. I wish you all a happy and safe festive season, and hope you get some good family time. Moreover, I hope 2020 brings you some great success in your research and a few brick walls come tumbling down.

I look forward to seeing you at a meeting, event or around the library in the next year.

E.M. Fletcher Writing Award

Gina Tooke

The winners of the 2019 E.M. Fletcher Writing Award were announced on Sunday 20th October 2019 at a special event at the Heraldry & Genealogy Society of Canberra. This was the culmination of a successful short story writing competition, which was launched in February 2019 with the theme *Every family has a story – write yours now*.

The judging panel of Cora Num, David Coombe and Mary Lynn Mather had a huge task in selecting the winners from 56 entries. Each judge brought a different expertise and perspective to the judging process, David as an author, Mary Lynn as a creative writing lecturer and Cora Num as the genealogist.

Cora Num paid tribute to all the entrants, saying the passion for family history story telling was evident. In naming the short-listed entries, Cora said *“choosing the short list was very difficult given the calibre of entries. The creative and evocative stories covered a wide range of emotions and topics including pathos, generosity, humour, heartbreak, suffering including abandonment, war, post-traumatic stress disorder, domestic violence, and suicide to topics such as forestry, auto immune disease, time travel, DNA sequencing and eccentricity.”*

It was a privilege to welcome Robin Fletcher, daughter of Eunice Fletcher, to present the certificates to our winners – the inaugural E.M. Fletcher award to Kathryn Coughran and the HAGSOC member award to Clare McGuinness. Local MLA Tara Cheyne was also present to congratulate the highly commended entries submitted by Denise Burton, Vanessa Evangelista and Naomi Barnbaum.

Sincerest thanks to our judges Cora, David and Mary Lynn. The competition would not have come to its fruition without your dedication to the task.

Thanks must also go to all entrants for supporting this competition. The entries are wonderful examples of how research can be transformed into an engaging story and the diversity makes for great reading.



L to R: Clare McGuinness, HAGSOC Member winner and Kathryn Coughran, Competition winner.

We are pleased to publish the winning and short-listed entries and hope that you enjoy reading them.

"This story is a great example of family history research that has gone beyond the collection of names, dates and places. You can sense the connection to the sea and landscape and there is a real sense of place and family". - Cora Num



All At Sea

Kathryn Coughran

1866

There was an air of quiet anticipation inside the cottage facing out onto Cattleyard Bay – not because it was Christmas Eve, but because the boys were expected home from Montague Island.

They took two weeks' supplies with them when they rowed out on Tuesday 11th December, calling back against the wind that they'd be home for Christmas.

There was a crew of five in the clinker-built whaleboat: brothers, David and George Kilgour; an ex-officer of the *Shenandoah*; a local man, William Shaw; and an American known as 'Jonathan'. They were loaded up for an expedition to their recently commenced fishing and curing speculation on the island, some fifty miles from Eden.

Around 8 o'clock that evening, dense and heavy cloud descended on the Kilgour cottage in Twofold Bay. The air was stifling and uncomfortable. The sky became alive with shards of lightening, which gained strength and ferocity. Margaret and her daughter held on to each other, terrified their home would be split in two.



*Kilgour Cottage – Photograph believed to have been taken approximately 1890s.
National Library of Australia nla.pic-vn3101094-v*

Ellen felt her mother begin to shake and knew of the fear she lived. She stroked her hair, 'They'll be okay', she said soothingly. 'The boys are far away from here by now.'

Margaret forced herself to stop shaking, straightened, and said, 'Better here than where they are...'

They busied themselves closing window shutters, bolting the doors and stowing anything that might be destroyed if the wind picked up.

Ellen was sure Margaret's mind would be conjuring images of her remaining boys struggling against the elements. Six of her children had already gone... among them, two sons were lost to this very stretch of ocean and Jessie, a daughter had drowned trying to escape a burning vessel further up the coast, which also claimed the life of Jessie's husband.

Margaret's eyes told Ellen everything she needed to know. They were dull with sadness, yet alert with imaginings.

Ellen touched her mother's arm and said gently, 'If the wind does pick-up, they'll drop the sail'.

'The sail...?' Margaret's voice trailed off, as though she was trying to make sense of Ellen's words.

'Yes, they'll have hoisted the sail once they were out of the bay... to carry them along the coast.'

Margaret nodded, and silently returned to settling the house for the long night ahead.

When ice crashed from the sky in the early hours of the morning, Ellen slipped into bed beside her mother. With just two of them in the house, Ellen saw it as her job to protect Margaret. Since her father, Alexander, died of severe bronchitis four years earlier, she and eighteen-year-old George were the only ones living with their mother. Now in his thirties, David lived up the hill, and older sister Margaret had married an American in 1860 and left for the goldfields.

The two women huddled together and covered their ears to dull the noise of the hail and sharp cracks of thunder that accompanied the dancing spikes of lightning.

The noise subsided around three-thirty in the morning, making way to total darkness followed by a still dawn, allowing space for Margaret and Ellen to fall into exhausted oblivion for a few hours.

Ellen woke first and left the cottage to examine the aftermath. Trees and gardens had been slashed to pieces by huge hailstones of different sizes and shapes. It seemed nobody had ever seen such an act of nature, so violent that everything appeared to be stripped bare.

Ellen asked questions of everyone she saw to try to find out if David and George would have been safe.

'It started in the south-east', some people said.

'...and came through to the north-west', another said.

She contemplated those two areas in relation to where the boys would have been. When she looked up, one of the fishermen was watching her closely.

'They should be safe', he said, having read her mind. 'The storm was quite localised, and they'd have been further north of it by the time it hit.'

Ellen rushed home to tell Margaret the good news. They both knew the dangers of the sea too well, but they'd also been around mariners, whalers and fishermen all their lives... and had learnt to trust their interpretations of the weather.

The boys would be home for Christmas, and that's all there was to think about...

*

The clean up after the ice storm kept Margaret and Ellen busy over the following days. There were things to sort inside the cottage and in the yard. The garden had been flattened and needed attention before new plants could be planted.

Ellen cared for the children of a woman who lived nearby while she was in labour and then nursing the newborn. In return she received a few plants that had survived the onslaught of the hailstorm because they were in a sheltered position.

The routine of village life soon took up its usual pattern. Days passed without incident, and with the focus on Christmas and the return of the boys... who, they were sure, would return triumphant from their growing venture.

Finally, the twenty-fourth of the month dawned. The house was clean and decorated with paper angels, stars and bells. Home-made presents were wrapped and stacked in the middle of the table, with candles ready to be lit. Prepared food filled the meat-safe.

Margaret donned her best black dress – the one she'd worn for special occasions ever since Alexander had gone to heaven. Her best mourning dress, the one she didn't want to stop wearing because it would feel like she'd stopped missing him... and she hadn't. She didn't believe in half-mourning dresses like others wore once they had been bereaved for two years. She would mourn her Alexander until the day she joined him in the afterlife.

Today was a special day – her boys would be home from the Island – and she would wear the most special dress... the one with fitted waistline, lace frills around the high neck and around the wrists, buttons down the bodice and frills on the bottom half of the full skirt. She would put her hair up with a braid of black ribbon.

Ellen wore her favourite dress too, to welcome her brothers and to celebrate the Holy day. Her floor-length gown was dark navy, trimmed down the front to the fitted waist with cream satin drawn together with a lace like a shoe and topped with a stand-up collar edged with pearls. She parted her hair in the middle above her forehead and swept it around and up onto the top of her head. Not a hair out of place, like her mother.

Everything was ready. The waiting would have to be acknowledged. The passage of time slowed with rising anticipation.

Ellen watched her mother walk to the door to look across the bay. The time-gap between these little excursions was closing a little more each time. She knew her mother would be relieved with the first sight of the boat bobbing with the waves and the shouts of their approach. The set of her mouth and tightening of her cheeks always betrayed her anxiety when kith or kin were on the water.

As the afternoon wore on, Margaret's quiet anxiety turned to light pleading. 'Look out for me, Ellen', she said. 'Your eyes are younger than mine.'

The sky began to turn rough with an angry red sun, and distant rolling thunder. The waves were frothing white. Light pleading became more urgent. 'Look out again, before night sets in. Is there going to be a storm?'

Ellen pushed back her own fears and pacified her mother. She set a fire in readiness for wet fishermen home from the sea and tried to convince her mother... and herself... that the boys would shelter in a cove somewhere and continue on in the morning when the storm cleared.

She had answers ready for Margaret's desperate pleas; explaining that it wasn't the flapping of the sails they could hear, but the woodbine rattling on the porch. Neither was the light she saw flickering between waves, really there.

The storm got wilder, the night darker and the anxiety explosive. Mother and daughter watched, prayed and bargained with God all night... to no avail.

David and George didn't arrive home for Christmas.

*

The sea calmed, Kilgour Cottage was still with disbelief and grief. Even though Margaret and Ellen had feared the worst, they couldn't take in that it had happened.

The village was on high alert, trying to fathom the loss of five experienced and adept fishermen. Five young men were gone from their surrounds all at once. Devastation and sadness were everywhere.

Anxious enquiries revealed that a Mr Day, gardener and resident of North Head area, had found the thwart of a boat near Aslings Beach within two days of the hailstorm of 11th-12th December. The thwart had the name 'Ellen' scratched into it.

Three days after the men had been expected, a search party including the sub-inspector of police went to Lennard's Island, some seven miles from Twofold Bay, and recovered the gunwale and other parts of a whaleboat which corresponded exactly with the paint and general description of the boat owned by the Kilgour brothers. Local whalers who were familiar with the Kilgours and their boat positively identified it as theirs.

The sub-inspector of police confirmed the sad news that Margaret and Ellen already knew in their hearts. All five men aboard the whaleboat had perished.

Ellen handed her mother a handkerchief and put her arm around her.

Margaret blew her nose, and whispered, 'That wild night on Christmas Eve – I knew they'd be on their way home for Christmas...'

The police officer explained that the boys hadn't made it to Montague Island. 'Wreckage from their boat was found at Aslings Beach two or three days after they set sail', he said, watching for their response.

'The hailstorm? No, it couldn't be... They were that close all the time?' Ellen asked.

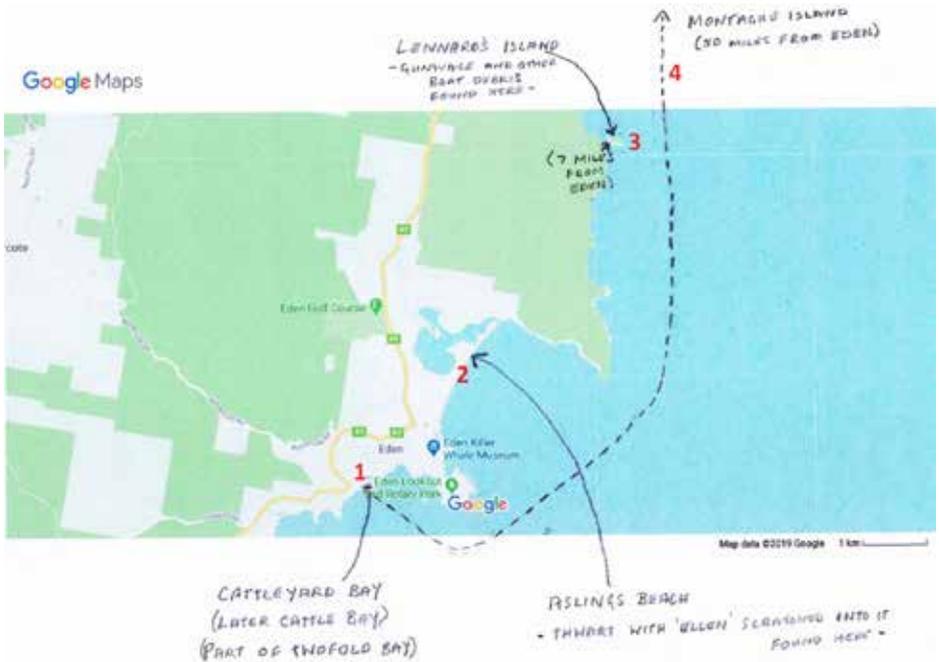
'Afraid so, Miss. It seems they only travelled about a quarter of their intended journey... not far after Lennard's Island, we think...'

Margaret, who had been listening intently, said, 'Better that they're closer to home, and in the same waters where their brothers went down. They're together

now... and will be with their father and brothers and sisters in that glorious place beyond.'

'Just you and me now, Mother', Ellen managed between her gasps to hold down her grief.

'Yes, and the officer', Margaret said in a clear voice. 'Cup of tea, Officer?'



Cattleyard Bay to Montague Island route:

1. Cattleyard Bay (later Cattle Bay, part of Twofold Bay)
2. Aslings Beach -- Thwart with 'Ellen' scratched into it found here
3. Lennard's Island -- Gunwale and other boat debris found here (7 miles from Eden)
4. Montague Island -- (50 miles from Eden)

RESOURCES:

Newspaper Articles sourced from Trove:

Eden, Twofold Bay, Sydney Morning Herald, Monday 17th December 1866

Twofold Bay, Sydney Morning Herald, Thursday 3rd January 1867 (Written 27th Dec 1866)

A Boat's Crew Lost, The Argus Melbourne, Tuesday 8th Jan 1867 (Written 27th Dec 1866)

Poem:

Christmas Day, Printed by Propeller N/paper, Eden. (Unclear if published) Author Unknown

Google Maps page showing:

Cattleyard Bay (Later Cattle Bay, part of Twofold Bay), Asling Beach and Lennard's Island

"This story is both engaging and thought provoking. The writer employs a cunning toolkit of images, techniques and characters to juggle the past and the future into alignment." - Mary Lynn Mather



Genealogy in the 25th Century

Clare McGuiness

"There must be a mistake, I know who I am, and I am a Navigator" stormed Sam. He watched the blue tessellation of the third chromosome shimmer in the afternoon sun. It had come up empty of the necessary sequence. He was flawed, despite all the careful selection of parents dating back to the early 22nd century. His companion was calmer, but no less surprised, considering the stellar success of Sam's trial demonstrations. He tried to soften the words that were absolutely the last ones Sam wanted to hear.

"They won't let you go, not with this. All the promise of your demonstrations can't override a negative sequence. And you know you can't appeal; you shouldn't even have these results before the Chancellery Committee."

"I'll find a way" declared Sam, "something they haven't yet found a way to block."

He closed the display portal with a clang, grabbed the damning data package and strode out of the hall. Not sure how or what he would do, he closed off all communicator channels and headed for the grove. It was a stand of oak trees imported from Earth, a symbol of ancient wisdom reminding all that knowledge grew out of the past. He trusted its dark and powerful shadows as not many did, and so as he expected there was no-one else around. What mankind had rejected of the great thrusting of individualism and self-gratification had enabled the consolidation of humanity into its current flowering. Only by working as one, knowing one's role in the whole, accepting the place your heritage gave you – only this was functional. The understanding of genetic truths had led the way.

The results of Sam's test seemed to question everything mankind had come to understand about heritage and pedigree and performance. 'Capacity' was in the genes, and all the training and education could not overcome the primacy of genetic awareness. Sam knew that gene transfer to offspring was random, but for ten generations his ancestors had led the major expeditions. The capacity factor should only have been strengthened with repeated introduction of genes from the desirable lineages. His cousin looked like a throwback, with little interest or skill – but not Sam. His performance scores were better than excellent, his educators couldn't stretch him at all. They predicted great things from him, and so did Sam!

He entered the grove and instinctively strode around its outer rings. Indeed he had never really understood that the grove was in rings, but the circular orientation seemed to suit his charged mind. It soothed him, although he was not seeking calmness. What he wanted was inspiration – some approach to

question the established norms of expedition selection. The last thing he'd accept would be technician level work on the transports to Jupiter. His great-grandmother would be the most disappointed, and Sam almost choked then on the reality of losing this chance. She had started his dream of finding a place for mankind on Jupiter. She who had so nearly died in its orbit, and somehow piloted the damaged vessel back to Mars. She was the hero of a generation, but she was Sam's hero even more. As he calmed he knew that his next step was seeing Dama.

Sam decided against talking to his best friend. Conor was too reliable, he felt the pull of tradition to the very cells of his being. He would not even countenance the possibility that Sam would win. Very early on in the 21st century humanity had deciphered the genetic code. Not just the codes for diseases, and they were now gone, but character and skills, and it was all in the genes of families. By the end of the 21st century every person on Earth was collated into a world family tree. DNA sequencing had taken over where documents ended. The startling discovery was that capacity lay in the genes for any one of the true overarching skills that a human could exhibit. These could be traced back to Exemplars, ancient people whose accomplishments were known; and some of their descendants carried the Capacity, as it came to be called. Sometimes chance, and increasingly selection, brought forth people of exceptional ability. Humanity saw itself more on a continuum of Capacity, and an almost religious belief was wound around the mystique and power of Capacity genes. Sam had many desirable sequences, but not the ColumbusxCook allele that would have given him Navigator status on the next great migration of man.

Dama was a sprightly 132 years old, comfortably dressed in a long flowing robe. She had surprised her fellow officers when she returned to Earth. It was a rather grim place. There were communities of course, and they clustered around the remaining great edifices because such buildings had become sacred to the memory of the emerging world-consciousness. Dama lived outside London, a much quieter and smaller London than the 22nd Century Capital of Earth. She loved the British Museum and Library. Sam found her there in the morning, ruffling through old manuscripts on the search for a certain something. She saw his glittering energy and immediately knew it was not due to the expected success in the trials. She hugged him firmly.

"Tell me Sam, for you are on a mission, aren't you?" she said as she let him go and he sank into an armchair.

"I need a plan to take to the Chancellery. Something to make them overturn the selection criteria of the ColumbusxCook allele. Don't dare say I'm wasting my time."

The last was a plea, but Dama chose not to hear that and settling beside him, captured his gaze. "We need something bold and unexpected Sam. Something big."

"How do you go about your discoveries Dama?"

“Oh, I have a bit of a question, a bit of a plan. I know where I should look. But the trick is to see what is between the words, between even the spaces. You’ll never discover anything if you already know what you are looking for!” Dama chuckled to herself, because she knew such words tended to throw her companions into confusion.

Sam chuckled back. Of course, he thought, you need to be looking in the correct places but be alert for the unexpected. “Dama you are a genius. I will go back to the start of understanding Capacities and cross-alleles and find my discoveries. Its what Christopher and James would have done!”

“Oh yes, my boy, it is exactly what they would have done”.

Sam didn’t expect to overthrow the entire canon of 25th century philosophy. He believed in genetic capacity. He believed in his inalienable right to be a Navigator. Somewhere within the records would be details that only he could re-present to the authorities to further his plan. He had a small window of time to present an alternative position before they pronounced him unfit. They may not yet have even seen the results, because he had been quite inventive in siphoning the data before it was analysed in their system. Sam got to work.

He went first to the world family tree. Although transmitted to every official authority throughout the inhabited solar system, the original database was still held in the hardware of the British Library. ‘Computer’ seemed a very old-fashioned term to describe the almost living entity that guarded humanity’s genetic and lineal heritage. The tree contained some 11 billion names, stretching back to Before Christ, though many of the pre-historic individuals whose DNA lay at the base of the tree were not known by their living names. They had haplogroup signatures. But they are all here, thought Sam, all people of Earth linked into one. How powerful that understanding had been for the awakening of ‘wholeness’. It had taken perhaps 150 years, but once it could be shown that your enemy was your cousin, there was no reason to fight anymore. Decisions were taken, not everyone reproduced. At birth your name was entered into the tree, and your DNA signature embedded too.

Of course there had been doubts, inconsistencies, conundrums and even disputes. Gradually the storytelling stopped being about differences and turned to being about cohesion. Humanity turned another great cycle and found the knowledge and the tools and the leaders to head into space. Sam marvelled as he re-read the history of this momentous change. He was not reading the digested knowledge passed into educational materials he’d seen for many years, but instead he was reviewing the documents of the time itself and allowing himself to think about significances and importances and revelations. He studied the pedigree charts of his x10 great grandparents, acknowledging the details and examined the spaces in-between. He studied the photographs and heard the interviews and the speeches anew. Slowly a position emerged as he read on.

Sam hoped he would have a few weeks to finalise his plan. The Chancellery Committee was a rather slow-moving authority for matters concerning the brightest endeavours of the world.

Members of the Chancellery Committee were silent. Unused to opening gambits from their officer applicants, they were not quite sure what was required. Samwell Tarly had stood up before the Provost could announce the results of the trials. That was un-heard-of. They all knew of his spectacular promise and wondered where he was heading. Being rather slow-moving they were willing to wait.

“I stand before you the son of Diego Columbus, son of Christopher. I am the son of James Cook through his only granddaughter Arabella. I carry the lineage of Christopher Columbus and James Cook – but I do not carry the ColumbusxCook allele. Or so says your testing.”

He then presented the documentation of the Columbus allele combinations, first discovered about 2095. He showed that the pedigree charts of the Cook descendants were fatally flawed. That Arabella Cook was not the daughter of James Cook junior; that the data was massaged to fit the emerging allele-hypotheses. Earlier pedigrees of the Cook family that omitted Arabella had been hidden. Sam had found original charts in the archives of UK Society of Genealogists. That one favoured allele might be inaccurate led him to review several hundred more. Within the vast numbers of alleles identified, interpreted and refined – this one was not alone in being incorrect. Mankind had seen the potential in the concept and built the evidence to prove it. Sam did not disparage those efforts but pointed to the distortions that had followed.

“Another ancestor of mine once said “I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character. I have a dream today!”¹ And I would add ‘not be judged by the presence of alleles alone’. Yes genetics is central to our sense of selves. But we are wrong to believe that those without a specific allele are ‘In-Capable’. My dama was not In-Capable when she retrieved 500 citizens from the orbit of Jupiter, yet she does not carry the allele – her results are here!”

Sam presented the genetic analyses for 30 minutes. The Committee conferred for an hour.

“Samwell Tarly has reminded us of the wisdom of the ancients. That knowledge is circular, lost and discovered and realised anew. In the push to avoid self-determination, to seek our best in our genetic programming, we have lost something quite important. Thank-you Sam. We grant you Navigator Officer Status and welcome you to lead the J12 Fleet to Jupiter.

Sam stood again and acknowledged the earnest applause of the committee. “I thank you all for this honour. However I wish to remain on Earth and continue to explore the mysteries of the past”. He turned to London’s image portal and acknowledged Dama’s warm smile of approval.

1 Speech attributed to Martin Luther King on <https://ourlutherking.com/i-have-a-dream-speech-text>, accessed 13 July 2019.

A Popular Poplar Tree

Denise Burton



This handsome tree, grown from a single cutting taken during the early years of Australian settlement, is now very historic and important. Its significance was discovered while doing family history research when original letters from Dame Mary Gilmore (1865-1962)¹ were discovered detailing her part in the tree's journey.

This tree, *Populus Deltooides*, planted at *Merryvale* a property near Crookwell in rural New South Wales, is descended from a specimen imported to Australia by Mr Alexander McLeay (1767-1848), an early Colonial Secretary of NSW and amateur botanist. He imported many trees into Australia to plant at his residence at Elizabeth Bay in Sydney. Later, trees from his collection were planted in Sydney in the newly opened Botanic Gardens.



According to Mary Gilmore's letters there were three poplars in the McLeay collection, one of which was given to Mrs Mary Reibey (1777-1855) for her garden at *Reibey House* in Newtown, a suburb of Sydney. This house was built in the 1840s for Mary Reibey who came to Australia as a 13-year-old convict. She married Thomas Reibey and after his death and with seven children to look after, Mary became a successful businesswoman in the early colony of NSW. Her photo appears on the \$20 note.

A Mr Hugh Beattie (1815-1890) shared his idea of planting a special tree for his newly-born grand-daughter while visiting *Reibey House* and a young rooted tree was given to him. Planting a tree at the birth of a child was a tradition of the times. He carried his tree on horseback to be planted at Merryvale where his grand-daughter, Mary Cameron, was born.

The tree would have stayed forgotten had the new born not been the future Dame Mary Gilmore honoured as a poet, prose writer, patriot, feminist, social crusader and folklorist. Coincidentally, her portrait currently appears on the \$10 note.

Mary's family, the Camerons, sold the property to Archibald and Eliza Nixon in 1866 a year after she was born, and many years later she started a pen-friendship with the new owner's daughter, Sarah Smith (nee Nixon) (1868-1954)

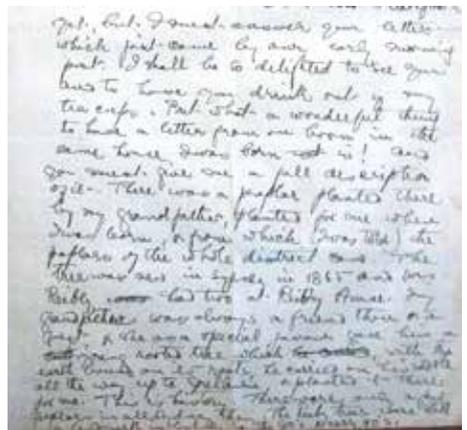
who was born in the same house three years after Mary. Sarah's friendship with Mary, through letter-writing, was passed on to her daughter Jessie Fisher (nee Smith) (1903-1982).

This history came to light in the Manuscript Room at the National Library, while reading the diaries of Jessie Fisher in search of the Nixon family history. Alexander and Eliza Nixon (nee Condell) met and married in Berrima NSW in 1865 after emigrating from Ireland, and prior to buying the Merryvale property in 1866, a year after Mary was born.

Jessie Fisher, the eldest daughter of Sarah Smith, (daughter of Alexander and Eliza Nixon) was an avid historian and one-time member of the Canberra and District Historical Society. The first letter in the Jessie Fisher Diaries from Mary Gilmore to Sarah is dated 14 December 1933. Sarah was 65 and Mary was 68, and Mary wrote that they were probably born in the same room in the old slab cottage and she recounts the tree story to Sarah. "... *But what a wonderful thing to have a letter from one born in the same house I was born in! And you must give me a full description of it. There was a poplar planted there by my grandfather, planted for me when I was born, & from which (I was told) the poplars of the whole district came. The tree was new in Sydney in 1865 and Mrs Reibey had two at Reibey House. My grandfather was always a friend there - a guest, & she, as a special favour gave him a young rooted tree which, with the earth bound to its roots, he carried on his saddle all the way up to Goulburn, planted it there for me. This is history.*"

In 1936 Mary Gilmore, who by now had become a public figure, decided to plant a cutting from her birth tree to celebrate her 71st birthday. Mary discussed her plan, in correspondence with Sarah, to take a cutting from the Merryvale tree for planting in the Sydney Botanic Gardens. This idea succeeded, and a cutting was planted by Mary in a ceremony on 22 August 1936.

This tree was planted at what is now part of Poet's Corner in the Sydney Royal Botanic Gardens and is sited near the Kendall Memorial Seat. Thomas Henry Kendall (1839-1882)² was a highly regarded Australian born poet. The tree in Sydney grew well until termites destroyed it and it was replaced by another cutting in 2000 that is now about 10m high.



Extract from a letter from Mary Gilmore to Sarah Smith dated 1933.

The correspondence between Sarah Smith, her daughter Jessie Fisher and Mary Gilmore continued, detailing the idea of starting a Poet's Corner in Canberra. Mary Gilmore had been canvassing the idea of a Poet's Corner in Canberra for many years. She even wrote to the Prime Minister, John Curtin about it. A letter to Sarah in 1947 reads; *now about the Poet's Corner, I wrote to Mr Curtin about it, but the war made it seem inopportune*. There is no record found of any reply. The idea of a Poet's Corner at this time seems to have been shelved.

However, in 1956 to celebrate Dame Mary Gilmore's 91st birthday a plan was set in place to plant another tree in Canberra. At a ceremony at the old National Library, then in Kings Avenue, Jessie Fisher, on behalf of the Nixon family and the Canberra and District Historical Society, presented another cutting from the Crookwell tree to the Department of the Interior. This cutting was to be planted in a permanent position in Canberra. Dame Mary was unable to attend because of ailing health.

The whereabouts of the Poplar Tree is lost here, as the correspondence vaguely relates to a cutting planted outside the old National Library and a cutting to be planted in Poet's Corner in Canberra, (a request by Mary Gilmore) but there was no official Poet's Corner in Canberra. The Canberra Times of 16 August 1956 covered the event but with no definite location cited. On behalf of the Government, Mr. W. A. McLaren, Secretary of The Department of the Interior, accepted the cutting. He said it was a gift that the Commonwealth greatly appreciated. Apparently, Dame Mary was anxious that the tree would be known as the *Merryvale-Beattie-Mary-Gilmore-Nixon-Fisher* tree. In that manner the tree would commemorate the original owners of the *Merryvale* property.

For over 50 years the tree remained unrecognised and it was not until 2010 when an original photo of the tree taken four years after the ceremony was found in the diaries of Jessie Smith, that the real location was known. The caption on this photo states that the tree was planted in Westbourne Woods which in 1956 was used for growing and testing experimental plantings for Canberra street trees. But whereabouts in Westbourne Woods?

A new set of sleuths joined the research. These were the *Friends of Westbourne Woods* who with their joint knowledge of the area were able to deduce where the tree was probably planted and why. There were also some important aerial photos and maps of the area that, when compared over several years, showed the growth of a particular tree in relation to its surroundings that could qualify. This looked promising.

Samples of catkins, leaves and bark were taken and identified. All were female, the same as the original Crookwell Tree and all had identical characteristics. This tree is not the usual narrow tall poplar (Lombardy Poplar) but the one with

the larger spreading canopy. This promising tree stands as a lone specimen which suggested to the arborists that it was special, because most of the trees planted in the original Westbourne Woods were planted in groups of seven, one in the centre with six surrounding it.

So, with all this research the tree was finally identified, and the original tree by an old creek bed, getting plenty of sunshine and water is now massive. In the 1960s a large part of Westbourne Woods became the new Royal Canberra Golf Club and the tree stands on the northern side of the fourth fairway.

Meanwhile back at Crookwell the property is still with the Nixon family and over the years they have taken their own cuttings. Many poplars are growing down along the creek bed and near the front entrance to the property. Unfortunately, the original tree was struck by lightning and looks forlorn, but it is still surviving.

To make sure of the tree's future a new cutting from the original tree at Crookwell has been planted at the Golf Club. Another ceremony was performed in 2011, on 16 August, close to Dame Mary's 146th birthday when Daniel Nixon, a sixth generation Nixon who grew up with the original Merryvale tree, presented a new cutting to the President of the Royal Canberra Golf Club. The original Canberra tree and the new Canberra tree now stand side by side and plaques have been placed for future generations to read the story.

On further research into the history of *Reibey House*, a direct descendant of Mary Reibey was found through the local Heraldry and Genealogy Society in Canberra. This descendant had a grandson born on 20 November 2011 and on sharing this story, his family requested a cutting of the tree to plant on their farm outside of Canberra to maintain the tradition.

Thanks to family history research, the Dame Mary Gilmore Tree in Canberra - now labelled, tagged and historically corrected - can be easily recognised while playing golf or during one of the monthly walks conducted by the Friends of Westbourne Woods.

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- 1 "Dame Mary Jean Gilmore (1865-1962) writer, was born on 16 August 1865 at Mary Vale, Woodhouselee, near Goulburn, New South Wales, eldest child of Donald Cameron, a farmer, born in Inverness-shire, Scotland, and his native-born wife Mary Ann, nee Beattie. Her father had migrated to Australia in 1838 from Fort William, and her mother's family had come from County Armagh, Ireland, in 1842. The Camerons and Beatties owned adjoining properties." *Australian Dictionary of Biography*
 - 2 "Thomas Henry Kendall (1839-1882) was born on 18 April 1839 at Ulladulla, New South Wales, the twin son of Basil Kendall and his wife Melinda, nee McNally. Kendall was once regarded as the finest poet Australia had produced and he remains a true poet whose clarity and sweetness have not been excelled in the narrow lyrical field he made his own." *Australian Dictionary of Biography*

My Father's Grace

Everdene Orta



“Stavamo meglio quando ci credevamo di stare peggio”

Sometimes abandonment is an act of love. A desperate act of love. It's a beautiful sentiment. And one I'll take as a memory of a woman of Rome, a very young woman of Rome who is was my great-grandmother. She has no name. And I like this state of not knowing as opposed to knowing. It leaves me with more space to dream and get lost accept identity as secrecy.

My grandfather was given the name Angelo but probably not by his mother. We don't know where he was left. Maybe at Rome's oldest hospital, 700 year old Santo Spirito in Sassia, sitting along the Tiber River near the Vatican City and still a hospital today. Maybe it was here he was taken because the hospital sits close to Saint Angelo's Bridge. It's a good story. I love the name Angelo. And so, I called my son, Angelo. I gave him this name.

Deposited after birth at a 'foundling' home (un ospizio) a refuge for the orphaned or illegitimate. A place where children are 'found' and 'saved' rather than lost, unwanted babies from unmarried mothers. A young mother. Sixteen. Too young, not married and with no recorded name. No name of the father either.

My grandfather's beginnings are part of the history of Rome and of modern Europe.

During eighteenth and nineteenth century Europe, along with population explosions, and urban expansion, illegitimate births and subsequent abandonment of babies increased at a rate that provoked social reformers, philanthropists and, of course, the Catholic Church to intervene.

To protect women from a perception of shame, foundling centres, precursors to modern maternity hospitals opened throughout Italy. They provided shelter for abandoned children and anonymity for men and unmarried women. Thousands of infants were abandoned in Italy in the nineteenth century² a phenomenon coinciding with an emerging modern society, with its moral and social engineering manifesting in institutionalized care. Hence, the foundling hospital, in all its apparent benevolence, was a way of physically removing from site abandoned babies and unmarried mothers.

Nineteenth-century Rome. What would it be like for a girl to be pregnant for nine months and then 'abandon' her baby? Connection and separation. A parturition.

Maybe a relief not a trauma. Sometimes the mother stayed in this 'home' for a year in servitude and fed other babies with her milk, but not her own. An unequal if cruel exchange of services. Catholicism manifests shame and guilt and then provides mechanisms for its management because creation of shame requires administration.

Some of these children stayed in their "ospizio" for five or ten years or were placed with a wet nurse in the countryside. Later these children were farmed out to foster care. It was said that my grandfather was treated harshly during this time. Maybe today we would say it was abuse. Abuse has such modern connotations. My grandfather was something of a child slave on a farm south of Rome before being 'rescued' by better people who adopted him as their only child.

Mary Ann Dailey describes nineteenth century Italy as a culture "deeply rooted in tradition, religion, and superstition".³ I don't know how these ideologies played out in individual families. Italians know how to live duplicitously.

By the beginning of the twentieth century foundling homes had closed – after seven centuries. But Rome is an eternal foundling wheel and today the Casilino Polyclinic⁴ still rescues children from young immigrant women with few resources apart from their bodies.

I must have annoyed my parents when I thought I was adopted. I used to look at myself in old photos. So obsessed with my identity and who I was and where I came from. I used to flip through photo albums looking for the non-resemblance, the difference that would mark me out. But it wasn't there. You look for origin and reason but sometimes there isn't one.

As a child I wanted to know where I came from. And if origins had meanings. Or maybe the vanity of re-writing, of creating a palimpsest. Stories over stories. That layering upon layering of lives and cities and civilizations that you tread over in the center of Rome to the point where you are nothing, just part of it all of an ever-turning wheel. And in that nothingness is a sort of relief. We are part of everything and of nothing in particular.

Genealogy as phenomenology in an attempt to understand identity, experience, and especially experiences of pain because those sensations cut through the body the most. Genealogy as consciousness giving structure, a linearity to follow, trace back, carry forward. But what about anti-genealogy; of dead-ends and full stops.

My father never really wanted to know the detail. It was me who spurred him. To go to Rome and track down documents which led to doors literally slammed on your face. That's how Rome is; both enticing and inviting but you never find your place. That's the point you see.

A genealogy of disgrace, a throwing up of identity based on shame, illegitimacy, disadvantage, ill-treatment. When my grandfather married in 1913 he was gifted with legitimacy and a surname from his adopted parents.

I love to imagine his mother, that woman of Rome, that girl of Rome. The creation of a consciousness from nothing, from fantasy and hubris. I like the shame, the disgrace. I think my father suffers because he knows who his daughter is at last. But it's ok.

I'd liked to know what has happened to my father. What has happened to him. A pillar crumbling under the weight of itself but also of others. And I'm one of those others. I'm trying to pull all the rubble together and build my own home. A frame or even just an arch. An arch is meant to protect you in an impact.

There were not many rooms in my father's house when he was a child during the war. And the war had a reality in my father's town that was uniquely bad. And then one day that house collapsed, under the weight of itself, just like that, rubble. And as a child, my father returned to a wasteland, a home in ruins. Maybe it did nothing to my father. Maybe there is no trauma to magnify and signify the event with meaning.

Of course, the house didn't just collapse, just like that. It was destroyed. Bombed.

Now he has a beautiful house, on the river. He has many houses. Maybe to make up for the one he lost, for all the houses he saw destroyed. Flattened out. He wanted to feel secure and make us feel safe.

Apparently, you hear nothing, nothing when a bomb drops in your home and you're inside. When you're that close, you hear nothing. No sound. No warning. There's the shuffling muted sounds of everyday living and impact. Confusion. Chaos. Maybe a strong smell of debris and horror. That's what my father's old school friend told me. He was 12 when it happened.

He said us young ones are so lucky now. We don't realise how lucky we are. He was so happy to have us listen to his story. After an hour or so of talking and remembering he became restless, jittery and said he felt dizzy. He's always had a twitch in his body, the body always at an angle when speaking. He'd remembered enough for the hour. His wife sat quietly as she always does but she knew a lot. Obscure details. The strange names of towns because the further south you go in Italy, the less romantic and sweet sounding are the names of places. The places themselves can be very odd. They don't have the immediate beauty of Tuscany or Umbria. Instead they take a while to unfold. To reveal themselves. Pignataro Interamna – this is an odd name for a town. I always giggle a little in embarrassment when I say the name. Pignataro - A pined area lying between two rivers and Inter amnes - Latin for between two-rivers, the Liri and Rio Spalla Bassa.

I want an event to explain the suffering that I feel but there isn't one. There is no single explanatory event from which to attach a trauma. No experience that explains an outcome, a personality, an emotion that lingers and malingers like an illness around the body, firing off inside the brain. Little bridges that don't lead to anything on the other side.

As a daughter I want meaning. I want a reason and a narrative. To draw it all together. Give it shape and substance where maybe there is none. To draw an arc from the stories of my father to his daughter today. I want to know why I suffer. My will to know is a selfish one. To understand and outline an image before my father is gone. To hang on to him, to get him to reveal a truth about ourselves.

I don't know if there's a memory worth recalling with a meaning for my reader.

It's just that I look at my father and my self and see the weight of regret and fear and loathing sapping our bodies. We are both thin. He knew famine. I don't; apart from the one I self-inflict. It sounds contrived to think you inherit pain or history. I know there's a school of therapy for that. There's one for everything. And then what do you do with it anyway. Sometimes knowing is not helpful at all. Not at all.

Our houses are our bodies. Invaded upon, pulled down, sometimes the mind completed blasted to a surface so that its shape and contour and texture are lost. Down on the ground. I can see my father's house in rubble. My father's mind is in rubble. His war has returned, fear beyond fathom. No one has to hide in the roof anymore. We imprison ourselves now. We don't need to be taken in the middle of the night by young German soldiers. We hijack and kidnap ourselves.

An ancestral search that will forgive, embalm and heal. That's what I want from all this. And only I can do it.

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- 1 Translated from the Italian; *"We were better when we thought we were worse"*. A phrase my father's schoolteacher in Cassino, Italy would tell his students circa 1946 following the end of the second world war.
 - 2 *Foundlings and Abandoned Children*, Rachel Fuchs, Stephanie McBride-Schreiner, *Childhood Studies*, www.oxfordbibliographies.com, last modified 13 January 2015, accessed 5/06/2015.
 - 3 *The Fate of Innocents: Infant Abandonment and the Foundling wheel in 19th century Italy*, *American Journal of Nursing*, June 2011, Vol. 111, No.6. page 68. Mary-Ann Dailey.
 - 4 *Updating an Old Way to Leave the Baby on the Doorstep*, Elisabetta Povoledo, www.nytimes.com/2007/02/28, accessed 5/06/2015.

The Mother Wound

Naomi Barnbaum



In my parents' bedroom in my childhood home was a brown, metal filing cabinet. It screeched terribly when its stiff drawers were pulled open and heaved with the many documents Mum thought it necessary to keep (she had a very high threshold for throwing anything out, if the overstuffed nature of this filing cabinet was any guide). In this filing cabinet was the paper trail of our family: bills, receipts, passports, certificates. Sometimes, when I was of an age old enough to be left home alone for short periods, I would ransack this filing cabinet, scouring for evidence that I was adopted. I imagine most children at least entertain the notion. The evidence for, in my case, was my dark hair and green eyes in a family of blue-eyed blondes, parents old enough to be my grandparents, and a sense of alienation from the people whose pictures huddled on shelves and hung from walls and who I was told were my family.

This alienation was simply a sad product of time; I joined the party too late. My maternal grandparents died before I was born. My paternal grandparents passed when I was young. My mother had only one brother and my father was an only child, and the few cousins and second cousins I could cobble together into an extended family were far removed from me in age and geography. I would stare at the pictures of people whose names I knew but whose stories I didn't searching for any likeness that would form a tether between us. I didn't find any. But neither did I find any adoption papers.

I am often asked about my family history. There are two reasons for this. The first is my unusual surname, which, when enquired about, unlocks the dramatic story of a family that escaped persecution by fleeing across empires and continents for antipodean safety. The second is because I talk to doctors a lot.

At 22, I was diagnosed with an autoimmune disease, a form of degenerative, inflammatory arthritis. Family history is one of the diagnostic indicators of this disease, and suddenly, what I had in common with my ancestors became very clear: autoimmune arthritis. What's my family history? A matrilineal line of pain. A great-grandmother, grandmother and cousin, all with Rheumatoid Arthritis. A connective tissue disease, forming the connective tissue between me and women who are names, and faded photos, and, in many ways, define my life today.

I didn't want this to be my family inheritance. With each doctor, with each temptation of a new treatment that might help, I would be asked, "and what is your family history?". And my answers would be intersected with uncertainties and hesitation because I didn't know the people whose experiences were now so relevant to my own, and I didn't think to ask, because I didn't want to engage

with my pain – with my difference – any longer than I had to. I just wanted to get on with life.

My cousin, the one surviving relative with lived experience of my reality, reached out with kindness, sympathy and suggestions. But, in these early days, when I was wrestling against rather than living with my disease, I couldn't accept this connection, the way I might have if it was the outline of a familiar jawline I could trace in a photograph. And, perhaps, I couldn't yet confront that her present – multiple surgeries, organ transplants, replaced joints, a body wracked by decades of heavy medications – might be my future.

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There is an idea in psychology that suggests that women inherit the pain of their mothers; a burden passed through the generations, born of surviving in a society created by and for men, of being denied matrilineal knowledge and support. It describes the struggle that exists between mothers and daughters as the former tries to keep the latter safe, as the latter tries to find expression in a world that wants to keep her small. It is called the Mother Wound.

I bear this Mother Wound. But I also bear another wound passed from mothers to daughters in my family for at least three generations. My Mother Wound is what connects me to my family, and anchors me to the women I don't know, for their stories of pain, of resistance and resignation, are also mine. And, as my resistance has shifted into acceptance, I have begun to search for the women who I know understand what I'm going through.

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My great grandmother's name is Martha. When my mother talks of her life there is nothing tangible for me to grasp. I smell dust and see sepia. It's too remote, a life that began in 1870 and ended the year King George VI died. But – when my mother talks of a woman whose life gradually closed in on itself – I see her. I understand.

Martha didn't leave the house in five years. Towards the end of her life, Martha's Rheumatoid Arthritis prevented her using stairs, so she retreated to a life lived on the first floor of the family Queenslander. There was no life for elderly, infirm widows. She just withdrew. Her life was just isolation. Martha didn't leave the house in five years.

There are days and weeks where my pain keeps me on a leash that allows me to shuffle only from my bed to the bathroom. I become anxious and desperately lonely, and home becomes both respite and prison. My social media usage spikes during these periods as I send cyber flares seeking company, seeking that I not be forgotten. Outside seems a very long way away, on these days. Martha didn't even have a telephone.

My grandmother's name is Ormeay, but in the family storytelling she's always been called Mada. She fought against her condition, Mum says. It overwhelmed her. She was subjected to every new treatment: injections of cortisone, injections

of gold, being encased in hot wax, powerful drugs with terrible side effects. She refused a wheelchair, saying she'd drive it down the stairs with her in it, so my grandfather would instead throw her over his shoulder and carry her, if he had to.

Mada loved reading, Mum says. It was her only joy, really. Mada would sit on the front veranda in a cane lounge with her romance novels and the dog that loved no one but her. But then the drugs made her eyes dry and clouded but she didn't want to make a fuss and by the time she did make a fuss her cornea had ulcerated and she lost vision in one eye.

Mada absolutely loved shoes, but the arthritis warped and twisted her feet until she was unable to fit into normal shoes and it broke her heart to buy ugly, open-toed shoes. She worried that people would stare at her feet so she didn't like going out.

Her last years were a blur of surgeries, pain, isolation and doctors who wouldn't listen, wouldn't empathise, who would just write scripts and send her out the door. Except Dr Morgan. Dr Morgan had a thick Scottish burr and a way of making Mada laugh. At the end, when she weighed only 25 kg and was on so much morphine that she saw brass bands marching up her hospital walls, Dr Morgan let her choose how her last days would be spent. She chose lucidity – and with it, pain – so she could talk with her family until the end.

The woman in the photo with the sad eyes and thin smile is alive to me, now. I too have tried everything because, without cure, management is the only option but I too have gulped the pills only to compound my problems with complications and side effects. I too have writhed against the realities of my condition, clinging to a memories of a life without boundaries until my body collapses; wearing pretty shoes that make me taller and match my outfit because that act of resistance, that shred of my old identity, is worth more than the hours of pain I will endure in payment.

My cousin's name is Helen. She is radiant and smart and cheeky and irresponsibly adventurous. And she doesn't want to talk about the past, she just wants to live. It is her story, and I wonder if one day we might find a way to exchange our fragile truths to one another. But I do know that to think for too long about the darkness – the life that was or could have been – risks being swallowed by it. So, in not talking about the past, my cousin shows me how to live. I have realised that if her future is indeed my future, it promises joy and survival and success by every measure.

My mother feels guilty because it is through her that I have inherited the family arthritis. She doesn't articulate this, but I can feel it. What she does say, often, is that she wishes she could bear the pain for me, or take the fatigue away. I don't have much capacity to indulge alternate futures, and I don't see that blame or regret would bring me any relief. But my heart hurts for her: she nursed her own mother in those final, tortured years and now she fears for me. I know she feels helpless. Strangely, this has softened me towards her. I indulge the soup that

appears unannounced in my fridge, the daily texts, the frenetic attempts to find better treatments because I know she is doing all of this because she can't bear the Mother Wound for me. Her burden is watching those she loves most suffer, and that, to me, would be the most unbearable pain.

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A family's history is not just names and dates, connected by thin, black lines. It is the colour and shadow that these charts can't capture. It's that my grandfather would hoist my grandmother over his shoulder and carry her, her petticoats flying and legs kicking. It's that my great grandmother lived in a world with no space and no time for an elderly widow who dragged her leg as she walked. It's that I couldn't see where I fit into the familial gallery until I knew Mada loved shoes, and dogs, and reading, and had an inflammatory autoimmune arthritic disease. It's that my family history includes a Mother Wound that connects strong, resilient women. These are the stories that link me to a family I never knew, far more viscerally than could any papers I might have found in that heavy, brown filing cabinet.

Pinwill Plumbing

Georgiana Pinwill

We know of musical families like the von Trapps, or family businesses where a profession is traditionally handed from father to son such as the American political Bush family.

But what about an eccentric gene? An eccentric is typically seen as a once off, a black sheep in the family. They are madcap individuals who bring shame and hopefully amusement to their normative families. Supposedly. But could quirky individuals form a continuous and unbroken line, even a whole family multiplying and spreading out like a delta?

Mid last century, Charlie Pinwill stood on his front porch surveying his Queensland farm. A local church minister trotted up to the homestead.

'I'm doing the ride around looking for donations for the church.'

Charlie paused a moment and looked around distracted. Next he untwisted a piece of fencing wire from the veranda and looked down. His boot was gaping wide open. He squatted down upon his heel and sewed it up with wire. He figured wire would last longer, and there was more of it about than anything else.

'Ahem, I'm here for the church funds...'

While Charlie spent his first pay packet on a complete leather-bound set of great Ancient Greek political speeches, he was never one to waste money when a botch job would do just as well. Where was the logic in wasting money? Charlie regularly thought out of the box when solving a perceived problem.

The first motor cars in the district caused a big stir, and Charlie gingerly put up his hand to buy. As a big fan of Banjo Patterson and whose campfire trick was reciting The Man from Snowy River, he knew all about the dangers of modern contraptions like Mulga Bill's bicycle which were more difficult and dangerous to ride than any horse. On first attempting to drive this newfangled automobile, he wanted to prevent it from bolting clean away like an underworked horse. He tied a large log to the back bumper. He consistently found logical ways to solve his challenges, that happened to be very unusual.

Charlie's Heritage

Charlie's grandfather was an English aristocrat from the respectable South, but was deemed an 'embarrassment' and encouraged to emigrate. In response, he started an eccentric Australian clan. It's rather as if the Pinwill aristocratic forebears, on discovering poverty in their new land of Australia, started cutting corners to make up for no servants and using their minds to ingeniously scrimp and save like billy-o to return to former glory.

Yet they aren't always making these choices because they are hard up. Even when prosperity comes: cardboard boxes are used as bins, and second hand clothes are still preferred because they are made with stronger cloth and stitching than modern clothes of the same price that stretch and rip at the seams. The game is set.

What the Neighbours Thought

The neighbourhood was always promulgating yarns about what Charlie and Co had done next, lasting to this day. The Bakers, boasting an intergenerational friendship with the Pinwills, tell the story of Charlie teaching his grandsons to drive. At the beginning of each lesson he'd impart his most vital information. 'Whatever you do, don't look at the mirrors. They're only a distraction. You don't need mirrors on a horse, do you?'

Charlie's Siblings

Charlie's sister made tea for guests with all the kitchen cupboards open. Saves time, her visiting family presumed. After wiping the Royal Doulton teacups, she threw tea towels over her shoulder. The visiting children could barely contain their giggles, but they'd grow up the same in their own way.

Like other young ladies, Charlie's sister decided in her youth she wanted a coat. Unlike other young ladies, her first step was to buy a sheep. No going to the store for her. No, clearly the thing to do was feed a sheep, learn to shear, and then knit it herself. Clearly. Easiest way possible. Which she did.

Charlie's brother yodelled on local radio. He repaired his piano accordion with sticking plaster and biro pens. Need I say more?

Charlie's Children

If there's anything that excites a family of frugal eccentrics, it's a piece of bailing twine. No place of Charlie's sons didn't have gates and spools laden with the stuff.

When Charlie's son was put in charge of his 4-year-old daughter, he was faced with a major crisis: or so his wife would have termed it. The white-belt that must go with the white-and-pink-shorts was missing. Ever a calm man in the face of calamity, he grabbed orange bailing twine (colour clash alert) and twisted it through the belt loops in no time. Now off to visit a dying family member, who smiled more than the four-year-old had seen before. Was it the bailing twine belt?

When going to the same individuals kitchen, it was nothing unusual to find the kettle base littered with toothpicks. On finding the kettle didn't work, he angled the kettle in its base to work again and used toothpicks to keep it in the sweet spot. 'Don't you throw out my toothpicks!'

'The problem with the world is there aren't enough bins.' Having been enraged by most people not having a bin in each room which meant wasted time looking for what wasn't there and wasted steps to the one bin in the house, Charlie's son had five bins in his kitchen, three in the living room and four in his office. 'It's about never being further than two steps from a bin. Always work out how to take fewer steps. Go the short way around the table.'

Charlie's son of the same name inherited the same 'different' problem-solving too. He'd put his plates inside plastic bags. Then he'd serve meals onto these plates with the plastic bag wrapped around for full coverage. The logic was this: after eating you throw the plastic bag away and put the clean plate straight back in the cupboard. No dish washing required! Hence, conserving time and energy for non-mundane tasks like saving the world and generally being a hero. 'That makes so much sense,' a relative confirms. No one else in the family does this exact trick (or that they've admitted...often) but it's the same individual logic and creativity that finds its own expression in each.

Charlie's Grandchildren (and beyond)

While the previous trick may not be environmentally friendly (although reusing shopping bags), Charlie's grandson was a modern conservationist (unintentionally).

Aunty Lauren, who married into the family and is one of the few who doesn't need Married-a-Pinwill Anonymous, noticed her nephew's toiletry bag was a cardboard Kentucky Fried Chicken box. The next Christmas was the same and the next.

'Mmm, what should I give my nephew this coming Christmas?' Clearly, she gave a new toiletry bag.

The following Christmas she looked forward to seeing her gift in action. When the evening conversation broke and he headed off to the bathroom, out came the Kentucky Fried Chicken box.

'Why would I throw it out? The box still works,' her nephew responded to her shock.

He'd graduated university with first class honours and ran his own very successful business. In all honesty, he was richer than the lady who bought the toiletry bag.

One of Charlie's granddaughters always bought Toyota's older than she was: because they never die and 'cars are depreciating assets.' Where did she get that from?

Charlie's granddaughter and great-granddaughter struggled like all women with switching handbags for colour or style and leaving a vital item behind in the previous handbag. Faced with this problem and pressure to change outfits and be out the door quickly, they both independently of each other came up with the same brilliant solution. Put the previous handbag inside the new handbag. Mind blown! A single action, no emptying of pockets, and everything you need with you! (Can you hear the marketing sell?) While laughed at outside of the family for putting a bag in a bag and laughed at inside the family for changing bags at all, they maintain the absolute sanity of their actions.

Another granddaughter included chopped celery tops in her chicken broth. Yet another granddaughter would tell people off for chopping vegetables at all!

'Why are you wasting time and energy? That is what teeth are for. We don't use our teeth enough in the Western World which is why our jaws are too short for our teeth, needing wisdom teeth removed Not enough roughage. Oh, and you're dirtying a knife, board and plate unnecessarily.' She would sit in front of her computer typing with one hand and in the other hold an entire carrot, celery stick, cucumber or capsicum.

'It's healthier than a muesli bar as no added sugar and just as quick, even quicker because I don't have to unwrap it. Plus, it's cheaper.' (Can you hear the family tendency to market their actions? Maybe they wouldn't as much if not called into question as often.) She was certainly never one to let convention get in the way of superior life choices.

The family being absent minded regarding small things, each generation is instructed to leave things you need to take with you in the doorway for when you leave the house. 'If you're not falling over it, you'll forget it and are doing it wrong.' Watch your step! As Charlie's grandson would laugh, the problem comes when you forget it's there and fall over it so many times, you eventually move it and then forget to take it with you, so you risked your neck for it for nothing. This is considered a great joke.

Those Who Marry in

Charlie's son-in-law called it Pinwill Plumbing: inventive ways to achieve the most with the least, like a game of chess with the fewest moves to win (like avoiding a trip to town). Although for the son-in-law, this was the pot calling the kettle black. His son-in-law never built cupboard doors onto his cupboards because it wasted too much time opening and closing them, and you can't see what's inside as easily. He'd been chosen to join the family for a reason.

'We're off to pick up Charlie's son from the airport. That'll be embarrassing: he'll have his old port tied up with bailing twine again.' The in-laws showed no embarrassment when collecting him though. They knew better and laughed jovially in appreciation.

The son relished jumping on his soap box during the drive home, 'Anyone who cares what people think has a problem. You can't trust those people.'

'It's a bad investment buying a new case, in any case: a depreciating asset like a new car.

'The moment you drive it out of the car dealer's drive: it's value has halved. And did you know a mechanic who puts up shop near a new car store, gets 90% of his work from the new cars that break down on their first drive, right outside his place?!' He put his finances into real estate and the stock market, and made a few million.

Understandably, not everyone is cut out for this kind of thinking. The more eccentric the spouse, the happier the marriage. As these thought patterns are unchangeable, acceptance is necessary and worship preferable. Those who marry in tend to be eccentric though, whether they realise it or not. For example, Charlie's in-laws like the dark.

'Ahh! You gave me such a start. What are you doing sitting in the dark? That's so creepy.' The non-eccentric was not amused.

'I was sitting thinking. I don't need the light on for doing that.'

A Close Family

When coming from a family of individual botch-up types and thinking-out-of-the-box which doesn't make sense to anyone except oneself, and thankfully one's family: it brings a special connection stronger than the regular family bond of familiarity. 'No one gets me' becomes: *my family gets me*.



Charlie's son shifting a tank, - must be tanked.

Louisa - Time Travel

Marcia Moon

Standing in the pulpit, I realised I wasn't in the same place that I was in a couple of minutes ago. What the hell is happening here?

Time travel. It doesn't exist, does it?

My head says it can't be, but looking out of the church windows and front door at the dusty road and historical street facades, tells a different story. The heat is oppressive with the threat of rain on the distant hazy horizon. Could this really be 1915 Gunnedah?

Is this really happening? Am I asleep? Pinching myself, I jump as I realise that I would now have a nasty bruise. I look out at a sea of faces staring back at me. A congregation of mourners, could these people be my ancestors from another century? It is then that I come to the realisation, something is required of me. They are expecting me to give the Eulogy. Holy crap!

I am accustomed to winging it in many situations, but can I do this? I suppose I do know a fair bit about Louisa, but it may not be what they want to hear.

Looking towards the door I watch as the coffin is carried in by six burley men in woollen suits. I notice the sheen of sweat around their beards and moustaches and dripping from their brows. These men are sons from Louisa's first marriage and her two sons-in-law. Wow! They look different to how I imagined.

"I am the Great Granddaughter, of Louisa Engstrom. I have travelled through time from the future, the year 2019. I am not sure why I am here or if I am the right person to be doing this, but I will do my best."

This announcement is met with a chorus of gasps and looks of disbelief from the family and snickers from the younger generation. Looking around the building I realise that luckily no one is making a move to escort me from the Church, to the nearest asylum! Oh well here goes.

"Louisa was born sometime around 1850.¹ If anyone could confirm the names of her parents with any degree of certainty and with correct references, as a Family Historian in the 21st century, I would be forever grateful."

Well that went over like a lead balloon! They all look like stunned mullets, staring blankly back at me. Geeze, obviously my attempt at Family History humour has gone right over their heads.

"My story starts with the birth of Alfred Lewis Brandt to Louisa and my Great Grandfather Alfred Ludwig Brandt, in Tasmania in 1870.² Louisa's husband Alfred was a gold miner.³

Success in the mining field may have contributed to their move north to Gulgong, New South Wales, within two years of the birth of their first born. It was here in

this little mining town, that another three sons, Magnus, Peter and John joined the family.⁴

They then moved further north and settled in Gunnedah sometime around 1877, where Alfred eventually became the Licencee of the Sugarloaf Inn.⁵

Gunnedah was good to them and they welcomed another three children, George, William and Ethel in the following years to 1883.⁶

How should I spring all my research information on them? Is it too much? Oh well, in for a penny, in for a pound!

“Now here is where my story gets interesting.”

From the looks on the faces in front of me, they haven't got a clue. They are thinking...

nothing out of the ordinary here...they moved from Tasmania after the birth of their first born...

Why is that so interesting ? What is she talking about?

“ I ask you to keep up with me now. Some of the following information may come as a shock to you. In January 1883, after the birth of their seventh child and their first daughter just three and a half months previously, Alfred and Louisa made a little trip back to Tasmania.”

“Gunnedah to Tasmania? That is a distance of approximately 1633 kilometres.”

Why are they looking at me like that? Oh I get it, kilometres haven't been instigated yet have they? Bother, I guess I will have to estimate the mileage now!

“In miles let's just say that it was close to 1000 miles shall we? Oh and don't let us forget the boat trip across the Tasman Sea, as well. How is that even possible in 1883, with seven children? Did the ankles biters... ahh I mean children stay with neighbours? Can any of you in the family here today tell me more about this?”

“Anyway, I digress.

“A second honeymoon you ask? No, try their marriage!

“Alfred and Louisa were married in 1883, in Launceston, Tasmania.⁷ Why go back to Tasmania to get married? Was it to cover up the fact that for over twelve years they had been known as Mr & Mrs, which wasn't the case at all as numerous records have shown.”

I have their attention now. If I am going to get any information from this crowd today, I need to keep going. But how much information is too much?

“After the wedding Alfred and Louisa returned to Gunnedah. I am not sure whether they had a little honeymoon or not, but the trip back to Gunnedah was made none the less.

“Life was hard with both of them running the bar and lodging house of the Inn, with their large family in tow. The bulk of the rearing of the family I assume was left to Louisa, who cleaned, cooked and schooled them all. I have often imagined her wondering why her only girl was born last, at least if she was the eldest she could have helped with the childminding and chores. The older boys would have all worked around the Inn. You strapping young men sitting in the pews will probably be able to enlighten me as to how much you did later over a cuppa. I have always felt that the two youngest boys would have been especially helpful with baby Ethel.

Not long after their return, six months in fact, tragedy struck. While out the back of the Inn with his cronies getting water, Alfred slipped and fell down the well to his death.⁸

“You would be forgiven in thinking Louisa went to pieces at this time. But no, although devastated at the loss of her husband, her thoughts turned to her children and how she would feed, let alone support them all. Ever resourceful, Louisa decided to take over the Publican’s Licence and manage the Sugarloaf Inn, on her own.”⁹

I hope this leads to some interesting conversations over a cuppa after this service.

“But being a single mother in the nineteenth century still had a certain stigma attached to it. It would have been hard work and no doubt isolating in a small community. When she found love again a couple of years later, she grasped it with both hands. She married August Engstrom in 1886 and they had one child Frances in 1887.”¹⁰

Most of you would know Louisa didn’t have much luck with husbands. She was widowed again when August died in 1888.¹¹ Times were tough in this century, no pensions, no superannuation... you don’t know what I am talking about do you? Superannuation doesn’t come into being until much later in the 1900’s, so let’s just leave that explanation for over a cuppa.

“Anyway, after August’s death Louisa chose to remain single. This time she wasn’t letting the stigma of being on her own, rule her life. She had proven before she could provide for her children. So she continued with her Publican’s Licence once more.

But heartache once again touched Louisa when her fourth son John was killed in a tragic accident in 1890.¹² Did this tragedy influence a move into town? I am unsure? Did she want to leave all the sad memories behind her and moving her family in the late 1890s closer to town seem the only option? Anyway my records show her managing another two pubs and a Lodging house in town, up until the early 1900’s.”¹³

She saw some of her family marry and also saw one of her boys leave for Western Australia. She knew the worry of whether the Great War would claim any of her children.

I am sure she felt blessed with her life and never felt alone or lonely. She had eight children after all, there just wasn't time. She was a successful business woman in her own right."

Mmm... eyes are starting to glaze over in the congregation. I better wrap this up.

I wonder if I can connect to WIFI here? Who am I kidding... it is 1915!!

Thank heavens I have all my research questions on my iphone for reference. Maybe I can snag an Oral History Interview later on. I have plenty of charge on my phone to do a recording after all!

Will any of them be able to knock down my brick wall, giving me some information on her early life and how she arrived in Australia? Hopefully not in a row boat as I am prone to moan after another unsuccessful search at midnight. Boy! Have I got some questions for them.

"Enough of my ramblings. Let's get this service underway. I am looking forward to meeting you all over a cuppa.

"Rest in peace Louisa, I am proud to call you Great Grandmother. I just wish you had kept a diary!"

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The Gun-Metal Grey Trunk

Elsie Violet

The Cenotaph stands proud and erect at the gateway to the country town that is now my home. In the approaching dawn, the streets are closed and a solemn crowd has gathered. While formalities of the morning service continue, to the rear of Memorial Park, leaves on the tall oak trees that line Station Street drift silently from a shadow of ash grey, to the rich yellow gold of autumn. The Dawn Service draws to a close as the young bugle player, who attends a local college and is not much taller than the bugle he so firmly commands, sends forth the haunting notes of the Last Post. The melody swirls and meanders through the nearby streets and laneways then returns to nestle upon the shoulders of early risers who are present here to pay their respects to our nation's Fallen. Then, a minute's silence.

In the morning's quiet and with head bowed I hear a too familiar sound. It's the lid of a gun-metal grey trunk that has been passed down through the last four generations of our family; it creaks and slowly begins to crack open. I struggle to push the lid back down, to secure it tight but today it won't close – it will never close on April 25th and every year this task becomes more difficult when on each ANZAC Day, the lid breaks open with greater ease.

This gun-metal grey trunk is a relic of World War I; a relic from the shores of Dunkirk and the battle fields of France. A relic that my grandfather packed into his khaki kit bag along with his meager possessions. Then in 1919, he carefully carried it home. This relic is a trunk of post-war trauma.

A train driver with the 6th Australian Broad Gauge Railway Operating Unit, my grandfather transported troops, horses, ammunition and supplies to the battle front where he then collected his cargo for the return journey – a cargo of dead and wounded. His service record shows that he had not more than four weeks leave during the four years he served in France and Belgium. Not more than four weeks away from the horror of bombs dropping on the railway lines and destroying the bridges that he was destined to drive the train across. Not more than four weeks away from the horror of the killing and maiming he witnessed. It's not difficult to imagine how tightly packed with trauma was that gun-metal grey trunk that accompanied him home.

And yet, it was not until this battle scared train driver returned to the quiet Queensland town where he again lived surrounded by family and friends that his personal war began in earnest. The noise from the battlefields of France continued to rage in his mind. The war had travelled home with him; to where he would soon begin to share it with his young bride – my grandmother – and their growing family. On the doorstep of the great depression, one evening after dinner, this veteran stepped from the doorway of their family home for his evening walk. This was the same walk he took every evening but this time, he

did not return. He left his wife and four young children little other than the sturdy gun-metal grey trunk he had carried so carefully home from France - his legacy.

Three months later his body was found. The police report says there were no suspicious circumstances. Did he become disorientated and lost in the dense scrub of the nearby ranges, or did he commit suicide? That we will never know, but I do know that for one veteran at least, the bombs had ceased to fall and the rifles were silenced. But while my grandfather had gone, his gun-metal grey trunk remained.

In January 1942, the then ten year old son that had been left behind in 1930 – my father – enlisted in the 51st Field Park Company. After an initial training period Dad was posted to Papua New Guinea (PNG) where he remained until late 1946.

At night in our family home, I heard Dad scream out often but then, I had no understanding that the screams of my father, were the screams of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Over breakfast, it was common to hear Mum say in an off-handed kind of way – your father was fighting the Japs again last night or perhaps to display a bruise from where Dad had lashed out during his sleep and she had borne the brunt of this. As a child, I had no idea of how to respond to my mother's comments. Even now, I'm not sure I would know how to respond, but at the time, I remained silent. The words spoken by my mother scared me nearly as much as the often blood curdling screams that came from Dad while he slept. Now, many years later, I realise that it was not only the gun-metal grey trunk that my grandfather had so carefully carried home from France on the SS Sardinia that had been stowed away beneath our family home. Alongside it sat a similar gun-metal grey trunk that Dad had packed into his own khaki kitbag and carried home from Rabaul. Neither one of these trunks had ever been opened, nor spoken of, but both were ever present.

Not long before Dad turned sixty, he received an invitation to attend a reunion of his former Army Unit; it was the first reunion that I recall him ever attending. While Dad meet with his old mates over a few beers, stories that I will never hear, were once again told. The seal on his gun-metal grey trunk had broken. But the lid on this trunk didn't just slowly crack open allowing the pent up trauma to seep out over time – No – the lid blew off! Within six months of that reunion Dad was hospitalized and for the first time that I can remember, I heard the words 'Post Traumatic Stress Disorder' – our family was forever changed.

Dad bore the brunt of that metal trunk exploding but along with the explosion, shrapnel became embedded in not only his wife – my mother, but also his children – my brother and me, and his two young grandsons. The gun-metal grey trunk remains unsealed; its contents appear limitless as they continue to ooze forth and cast a shadow over our family – not always obvious, but always there. The husband, father and grandfather we had known and loved was forever lost. Even now, many years after the death of my father and while writing this story, tears stain the page of my handwritten draft. The metal trunk may have

remolded itself, but still it lives on – my father’s trauma has in many ways now become mine.

In an effort to understand what led to this trauma other than ‘war’ itself and in the hope of finding a connection to Dad’s time in PNG, in 1999, I travelled to Port Moresby and walked the Kokoda Track. Despite the insights gained to the culture, and Australia’s military history in PNG, I failed to find what I’d been searching for. Then, in 2007 while on a flight to the USA, I was seated next to a representative of the Australian Department of Veterans Affairs. In conversation, I mentioned that Dad had served in PNG and more particularly New Britain. To my surprise, I was met by an immediate response of – How did he get out? On learning that I knew little of events that had taken place in this area, my inflight companion withdrew from the conversation. His unexpected response and subsequent silence further heightened my curiosity. What did he mean? What was it that happened in Rabaul and Jacquinot Bay that Dad would never speak of?

Still, despite reading the scant information provided in the War Diaries of Dad’s Army Unit, now held at the Australian War Memorial, and books written on the many battles fought in PNG, outside of references to Lark Force, I have found little documented about the areas of Jacquinot Bay and Rabaul where Dad once served. Now, twenty years after first visiting PNG, this and many other questions remain and still, there are few answers. However, to a child of a veteran, the simple three word question – What happened there? – continues to weigh heavily upon my shoulders and until answers are found, the remolded gun-metal grey trunk will continue to be stored beneath the homes of our family. But for now, on this ANZAC Day, I know that it will be several days before both the lid and the lock are back in place - secured again – but only until April 25th next year.

The silence ends and I raise my head to hear the bugler sound ‘Reveille’ and see the Australian flag ceremonially raised. The morning light shines bright and clear, a bluebird sky flies overhead. In nearby oak trees, dueling magpies warble in time with the music and their song continues on long after the bugle is silenced. Our National Anthem is sung and the Colour Party dismissed.

The crowd begins to disperse and while we turn to watch people move quietly away a woman, who attends church with friends who are here with me, stops to chat. After a conversation about the weather and a lack of rain, both so typical of people in the country, she asks if either my friends or I have servicemen or women in our families. To her knowledge, there are none in her own family. One of my friends responds that both her mother and father were in the services – that was where they met; her father had been posted to PNG and members of her extended family also served. I then recount my own family’s history of war. In addition to my father serving in PNG during WWII, my great uncle also served there and at one time had responsibility for the ‘Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels’ on a section of the Kokoda Track near the villages of Myola and Efogi – both are villages I remember well. Earlier, in WWI, while my paternal grandfather served

in France and Belgium, my maternal great grandfather was shot and wounded in the trenches of Gallipoli – a site I have also visited. A deeper look into both my friend's ancestors and my own, will uncover even more service personnel – and even more gun-metal grey trunks – gun-metal grey trunks jam packed with post war trauma that are tucked away beneath the homes of both our families.

Across the street, the Salvation Army have begun to dispense food, hot drinks and a listening ear just as they did at the many battle fronts. But for now, the 'Salvo's' simple canvas 'coffee tent' and camp stove, or cooking fire, is replaced by a modern food truck fitted out with a purpose built gleaming stainless steel kitchen. And as I wander past the lines of 'locals' waiting to be served a hot coffee and a crispy bacon and egg roll, I wonder how long it will be before the lid can be sealed on those gun-metal grey trunks that lay dormant beneath homes just like mine – before these trunks can be defused. I wonder how many more generations will be asked to bear the weight of these gun-metal grey trunks before, like the many service men and women who have fallen both at war and later as a result of it, these too can finally be laid to rest. Lest We Forget.

Tilly's Sorrow

Kris Jacobsen

Known affectionately as Bert to his family and close friends, Albert Ernest Pratt was born on 16 April 1893 at Mt Eden, Auckland, New Zealand. He was the youngest of five children born to Tilly and Harry Pratt and displayed an uncommon aptitude for sporting and academic achievements. Following his formal education at Auckland Grammar School, Bert indulged his twin passions of cricket and rugby union and played for the Grafton District Cricket Club when the team won the second grade championship for the 1911-12 season.

With the gradual trickle of his brothers and sisters departing the North Island and settling in Sydney across the Tasman Sea, Bert and his mother were motivated to follow. Soon after arriving in Sydney, he took up a position as clerk at the Sydney branch of New Zealand firm, South British Insurance Company, but his love for representative sport had also accompanied him. He wasted little time in approaching the North Sydney District Cricket Club and in October was granted a permit to play in the coming season of 1913-14. In the following football season his team, North Sydney District Rugby Union Club, created history by winning its first premiership in the Metropolitan Rugby Union competition.

However, the celebrations of this achievement would have been overshadowed by the violent fighting occurring on the Western Front in northern France and Belgium. Notwithstanding the remoteness of the European theatre of the war, many young Australians were answering the bugle call and signing up for active service. The patriotic fervour that was being engendered daily in the press and by politicians created an atmosphere that was difficult to resist.

At the age of twenty-two, Bert joined the rush of recruits and enrolled for active service in the Australian Imperial Force (AIF) on Sunday, 6 June 1915. At the time of Bert's enlistment he and Tilly were sharing a rental property at Kirribilli directly on the northern shore of Sydney Harbour.

Her youngest son, in whom so much was invested, was embarking on an uncertain and potentially irrevocable course that would leave her yearning for the brighter prospects promised in his youth. However, given his previous training coupled with notions of honour and duty that had been reinforced at Auckland Grammar School, he felt an obligation to enlist.

The flood of reinforcements arriving in the Middle East from Australia as a result of the recruitment campaigns allowed for a reorganisation of existing battalions. The 53rd Battalion was formed on 14 February 1916, the day that Bert was taken on strength in its ranks as a corporal after having been promoted on 11 January. It comprised men from New South Wales or the second military district and predominantly from the suburbs of Sydney.

The 53rd Battalion was brought to full strength with further training and organisation. Following the formation of the new battalions large numbers of junior officers were needed, so the battalion commanders searched their units for men of uncommon character and education. Bert was just one of these men in whom qualities of leadership and learning had been judged and received his commission as Second Lieutenant and assigned to B Company.



Bert Pratt wearing the service dress cap of the Australian Imperial Force, 1915..

By mid June, Bert and his battalion had journeyed by train to reinforce the army on the Western Front in France. Shortly after their arrival at Thiennes on 30 June, they marched twelve miles west to Estaires, the village from which they were able to take up their position in the line near Fleurbaix about ten miles to the west of Lille, a strategic city under German control.

It was clear the 5th Australian Division, of which the 53rd Battalion was one of twelve battalions ready for action in the Fleurbaix sector, was preparing for an offensive against the German frontline. On 17 July the 53rd Battalion moved from their most recent billets to a sector of trenches where the fury of the war had already taken its toll on the French folk and their vulnerable villages.

In an embroidered, and ultimately final, postcard dated 13 July to his sister, Alice, Bert attempted to reassure her that his personal situation was secure. But in a distressing turn of events this card did not reach its destination in Sydney until after Tilly and her family had received the heartbreaking news that he was

killed just six days later. The poignancy of these few harrowing words would have been palpable:

Am OK and feeling very well. Hope you all are the Same. Had a letter from Bert Allen and he is very well. We are taking over their Trenches but I did not see him. Am just in rear of firing line. The village were [sic] we are is an absolute ruin. Of course we are within range of their guns. Shells from our own Batteries continually scream over. Love to all. Bert.

Tilly learnt that her son was killed on 19 July in what was to become known as the Battle of Fromelles. This battle represents, to date, the darkest day in Australian military history when 5533 casualties were suffered; it is considered to be Australia's worst military disaster. Bert was one of 1917 killed, while 3146 were wounded and 470 taken prisoner in the first major action for the AIF on the Western Front. Many factors contributed to this outcome, but the main factors were confused planning, poor decision-making and communications, inadequate quality and quantity of artillery and ammunition, and inexperienced soldiers.

In his capacity as Second Lieutenant, Bert commanded about fifty men in VII platoon of B Company which swept forward across No-Man's Land to occupy what was believed to be the second line of German trenches.

It was during this encounter late at night that Bert fell in the German trench system, shot in the chest. He was just twenty-three years of age. Two men from his platoon witnessed his death and laid him at the back of the trench but they were soon driven out by German fire and left his body under a bomber's apron ready for later retrieval. Under violent attacks from the deadly German artillery and machine-gun fire, orders were finally received at 0750 hours the next morning to retire from the position won. As a consequence, Bert's body lay in the field that was retaken by the advancing Germans.

The 5th Australian Division was decimated by this action with the 53rd Battalion alone suffering casualties of twenty officers and 601 other ranks, equivalent to 73% of its original complement. Although the Australians had acquitted themselves with honour against overwhelming odds, C.E.W. Bean, the pre-eminent war historian, noted that 'The scene in the Australian trenches, packed with wounded and dying, was unexampled in the history of the AIF' and affected all who witnessed it.

Although the Defence Department's policy of furnishing all available information to next-of-kin as soon as it arrived was being upheld, Tilly's feelings of anxiety prevailed and a desire to have her questions answered was unfulfilled. The enormity of the task for the Defence authorities was daunting, for not only were they receiving written enquiries, but thousands of anxious relatives were visiting the respective headquarters in the hope of obtaining further information, only to find their journey had been in vain.

Tilly maintained her contact in the forlorn hope of gaining further news of Bert's burial site and the retrieval of his identification disc. In November 1920, she

made an appeal for information of his burial and a photograph of the headstone. She felt frustrated at not receiving any particulars about 'my dear, dear boy all I loved in this world'. In an attempt to cope with her enduring grief, Tilly's family placed notices in the press on each anniversary of the Battle of Fromelles up to 1930. Almost invariably these notices were accompanied by lines of verse expressing the loneliness felt and the torment sustained.

Then suddenly in March 1925, almost nine years after the Battle of Fromelles, Tilly received the news that she had been anticipating for so many years: the discovery of Bert's body. Overtaken by emotions of elation and joy she quickly penned a reply expressing her gratitude and requested a photograph of the grave of her 'poor dear dear boy'. It stated that Bert's body had been recovered from an unnamed location and interred 'with every measure of care and reverence' in Plot 3, Row N, Grave 12 at the Pozieres British Cemetery, Ovillers-la-Boisselle, 'situated 3¼ miles North East of Albert, France'.

A measure of comfort could now be provided by a physical recognition to her bereavement, albeit in a distant land. In easing Tilly's heartache she accepted, without question, the details of Bert's recovery and subsequent reinterment, not knowing that the Pozieres British Cemetery was actually about forty-five miles south of Fromelles. This cemetery was more likely to contain the remains of servicemen from the Somme battlefields and not those from the Battle of Fromelles. Nevertheless, she believed her patience had been rewarded and she endorsed the personal inscription for the headstone that was originally submitted by her in 1922.

Tilly's wish for a permanent memorial to her son was fulfilled. She remained in the North Sydney district until 15 June 1947 when she died at the age of 87 at the residence of her daughter, Alice.

Sixty years later, an investigation was undertaken by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) and the Office of Australian War Graves, both of which interrogated archived documents. The initial response from the CWGC was one of incredulity but once the records had been consulted, the evidence indicated that an error of identification had been made. The body at Pozieres British Cemetery was actually recovered in June 1919 from a site located to the south-east of Pozieres. According to the archived documentation, the body was retrieved from beneath a cross marked 'Lieut. Pratt' and that sometime between 1920 and 1925 an investigation had taken place to clarify the identification. It was wrongly assumed that the body was that of Second Lieutenant A.E. Pratt and this was the news that was communicated to Tilly in 1925. Bert's status had now changed to that of missing.

In early 2007, after representations from amateur historians, a scientific investigation of a mass burial site at Pheasant Wood, behind the village of Fromelles, was undertaken by a team from Glasgow University Archaeological Research Division. By October 2009, the recovery of 250 soldiers' remains and associated artefacts had been completed but further analysis of the genetic, physical, historical, anthropological and archaeological data was necessary to

complete the overall picture. Upon collation of these disparate components, the results were then presented to a Joint Australian and United Kingdom Identification Board for consideration.

Meanwhile, the construction of the purpose-built Fromelles (Pheasant Wood) Military Cemetery on the north-eastern edge of the village to accept the 250 burials of soldiers in individual graves was nearing completion.

Bert was positively identified as one of 250 soldiers who were interred in the mass burial site. As a result of this revelation, his body was finally laid to rest with full honours in an individual grave on Friday 12 February 2010. Dominated by the central Cross of Sacrifice, all headstones in this new cemetery were oriented towards and face this central monument designed to embody the spiritual and military nature of the site. The Fromelles (Pheasant Wood) Military Cemetery was dedicated on 19 July 2010, the 94th anniversary of that terrible night in 1916.

If only Tilly was truly aware of his final honour with dignity. In the ultimate act of approbation, her original submission in 1922 for the personal inscription on the headstone finally came to pass and was dutifully accorded its proper place in Plot I, Row E, Grave 10 in the Fromelles (Pheasant Wood) Military Cemetery.



Headstone of Bert Pratt at Fromelles (Pheasant Wood) Military Cemetery..

A Drover and a Gentleman

Bernadette Thakur

On 22 September 1981 an old man died in Jamestown, South Australia. He had no family. He was poor and left nothing in the way of material possessions.

Two days after his death, a front-page article in the *Peterborough Times Record* paid tribute: "Few of us will ever feature on National radio and television, or in glossy coffee table editions about this great country of ours. Yet Caltowie resident Michael Hayes, who passed away on the long weekend, did feature in all of these and he was truly a legend in his own time. Mick was 79."

Michael Joseph Hayes started out with few advantages in life. He was born at St Joseph's Refuge, Fullarton in Adelaide on 30 December 1903, the illegitimate son of an unmarried mother.¹ The Refuge was run by the Sisters of Saint Joseph

and provided care for unmarried mothers of all denominations. His mother, Bridget Hayes, was my great-grandfather's youngest sister.

Due to a family rift many decades ago, I was completely unaware of Micky Hayes. I can imagine my father enjoying a beer and a yarn with his cousin Micky in the Caltowie Hotel, but it never happened: they never met.

I was on a journey to South Australia in 2016 in search of my ancestors when I first heard about Micky. It was an extraordinary experience meeting people in Jamestown and Caltowie, for invariably their eyes lit up at the mention of Micky's name, and everyone had a tale to tell about him. Thirty-five years after his death, he was remembered with great warmth and affection. How was it that a man who led a quiet and obscure life was so beloved in his community and left such a lasting legacy? I was intrigued and curious.

From Galway to Caltowie

Micky's grandparents were Thomas Hayes and Honora Hennessy, immigrants from County Galway who arrived in South Australia with three children on the Eliza in 1849. They settled near Kapunda, where Bridget was born in 1860. By this time Thomas and Honora had saved enough to buy their first land, not far from an Irish settlement known as Baker's Flat. Bridget was the youngest child, twenty years younger than my great-grandfather Patrick Hayes.

Thomas and Honora joined the great migration to the mid-north following the passage of the Strangways Act in 1869 which allowed farmers to buy land on credit. In November 1873 they purchased 640 acres of land near Caltowie. Many of my ancestors settled in the mid-north of South Australia in the 1870s. I grew up hearing stories about Whyte Yarcowie, Yongala, Jamestown and Caltowie. They are off-the-beaten track small towns that travellers drive through on the way to somewhere else, far from the tourist hot-spots of the Barossa and Clare Valleys and the Flinders Ranges.

For whatever reason – living on an isolated farm, little opportunity to meet people, working hard on the land and taking care of her parents as they grew old – Bridget never married. Thomas died in 1887 and Honora twelve years later. They lie buried in the Caltowie Cemetery, a beautiful small cemetery lovingly cared for by local residents. Their children are also buried there.

By the time of Honora's death in 1899 her family – daughters Catherine and Bridget and sons Edward and Michael – had moved into the township of Caltowie. In her will Honora transferred all of the property she owned to her daughters "Catherine Hayes and Bridget Hayes both of Caltowie Spinsters."

Bridget was aged thirty-nine when her mother died. We don't know the circumstances of her pregnancy or the identity of Micky's father. Perhaps because of the shame of having an illegitimate child, she decided to go to Adelaide to give birth rather than to Jamestown Hospital. Most unmarried mothers at the time gave up their baby for adoption, but Bridget decided to

keep her son. The Lying-In Home Register states that the child has “Gone with mother to her home” on 21 January 1904.²

Bridget remained a practising Catholic throughout her life, faithfully attending St Killian’s Church in Caltowie. Family story has it that she always sat at the back of the church as a “disgraced woman.” She died in Jamestown on 16 November 1937, aged seventy-seven.

Micky Hayes attended St Killian’s Convent School, run by the Sisters of Saint Joseph.³ He probably left school when he was about fourteen as boys did in those days, and followed in the footsteps of his uncles Michael and Edward Hayes who were drovers.

“More dinner times than dinners”: A bushman, drover and storyteller

Ian Doyle, ABC rural reporter in Adelaide, did a series of interviews with Micky in 1981, not long before he died. He introduced Micky as a “bushman, drover, storyteller and long-time resident of Caltowie.” Their conversations give some insights into Micky’s life as a drover.

The wages were very poor, especially in the Depression years, and sometimes he was on the road for four months without a break. The largest mob of sheep he had driven was 4,000 but a more usual number was 1,000-2,000. He drove his flocks from the coast of St Vincent Gulf across to the country around Burra, and from Hawker in the Flinders Ranges all the way down to Adelaide.

When asked if he missed the life, he said “no, there was no glamour about it, it was a hard, rough life, but you were doing it and it was your job.” He said it was a lonely life, but there was always something to keep the mind occupied, moving and watching the sheep with the help of his dogs. He said “you can’t do much without good dogs.” He also relied on his horses.

When Ian Doyle asked if he’d ever been in a camp with a cook, Micky laughed and said he was his own cook. If you had anything much to cook you were fortunate. “You get more dinner times than dinners in that job.” At the end of the day, by the time he got the sheep settled and his dogs and horses looked after, he was glad to get a few hours of rest. Micky lamented the loss of horses

from the countryside. In the past horses had done much indispensable work, from wheat carting to ploughing. After the advent of the tractor large numbers of horses were killed. He said he knew of one butcher nearby who had killed 2,000 horses after the Depression.

The article published after his death said “Certainly to have met Mick once was enough to remember him, he was such a remarkable man. Mick was one of the very last of this country’s great



The caption from the book This is Australia reads “Mick Hayes of Caltowie, SA was for 60 years a drover in the northern reaches of the State.”

and traditional drovers.” It featured a photograph of Mick taken from the photo-essay book, *This is Australia* and said “Many people bought the book because Mick’s photo was in it, such was their respect for the man.”⁴

Some say that he adopted his lifestyle in the years of the Depression. This proud lifestyle based on turn of the century technology, a tremendous sense of independence and resourcefulness often made living almost a struggle for survival for Mick, in the eyes of onlookers. Casual observers may have seen Mick as an eccentric, or hermit living like a pauper. Yet such opinions fall well short of the truth.

Mick was a man of exceptional integrity. The sun never shone on a more honest or polite gentleman and Mick had a command of general knowledge and an awareness of current affairs that would have stunned most people. He kept up with the pace of world events to his death....

Although spending most of his working life alone, and thereby appearing a solitary man, Mick was exceptionally polite and was a great man to talk with. He had a dry, witty sense of humour, and an ability to take the rough with a smile.⁵

Everyone who knew Micky said he was a great raconteur with an inexhaustible fund of stories and a good sense of humour. He was highly regarded as a gentleman, despite his rough exterior, and disapproved of any swearing when ladies were about. His older friends respectfully called him Michael.

As a drover Micky was very aware of the seasons and weather patterns. Living next to the creek he used to say that if the springs rose in the creek, it would rain within two weeks. He would prepare his droving van ready to leave.

Micky continued droving well into his old age. In his later years he would spend five-six weeks at a time droving sheep around the back roads and stock routes, averaging four-five miles a day.

Micky was a proud man, very independent and did not apply for the Age Pension until many years after he was eligible to receive it. After his retirement the local manager of Dalgety’s pastoral company took steps to register Micky for the Age Pension. Micky did not like being photographed, but on this occasion he gave consent for a photograph to be taken in the main street of Caltowie. He was wearing new clothes bought with his pension money. This photograph hung in the bar of the Caltowie Hotel for many years. The owner of the Hotel has kindly bequeathed it to me.



Land that formerly belonged to Micky Hayes, with the tree-lined creek. (Sep. 2016)

A retired farmer told me the story of how one day he was in Caltowie and Micky was droving a mob of sheep down the street. He told his young son Tom aged about four to get behind the mob with

Micky, so that in future years he could tell his grandchildren that he had gone droving with Micky Hayes, the last drover of the North. Micky was already a legend in his own lifetime.

An elderly lady I met in Jamestown, told me that she had known Micky since she was a little girl. Her father had gone to St Killian's school with Micky. Her family had a farm about eight miles outside Caltowie. When they moved into town they lived close to Micky's land and he would call in to visit regularly for a cup of tea. The day before her wedding in February 1954, Micky came to visit her to give her his good wishes. He brought a gift wrapped in newspaper, a beautiful glass bowl which had belonged to his mother Bridget. It was probably the only beautiful and precious thing he owned. Maureen treasured that bowl all her life, and she has now given it to me.

There was an auction of Micky's estate run by Dalgety's. In his Will Micky left all of his estate to the Little Sisters of the Poor in South Australia. Micky was not religious but he had a high regard for the charitable work of the Little Sisters who took care of the destitute in their last years.

There is a street in Caltowie named after him, "Hayes Road." As recently as September 2016 a resident of Jamestown, who knew Micky well and held him in high regard, paid for a memorial tree in his name as part of the Memorial Tree Program. This Program allows residents to memorialize or honour individuals with a connection to Jamestown by donating a tree which is planted on town-owned land. Micky's tree is planted in Ayr Street, the main street of Jamestown.

After his death, the community placed a simple marble tombstone on his grave in Caltowie cemetery, with the inscription:

*Michael Joseph Hayes
Passed Away 22 September 1981
Aged 79 years
"A Drover and a Gentleman"*

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- 1 Birth Certificate, South Australian Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages, Book/Page 722/158.
 - 2 Extract from "Lying-In Home Register August 12 1901- May 10 1907," entry number 64. Documents obtained from the Professional Standards Office, Catholic Diocesan Centre, 39 Wakefield Street, Adelaide.
 - 3 Part of the Convent School still remains as a private residence.
 - 4 Olaf Ruhen et al., *This is Australia*, 4th edition, Sydney: Lansdowne Press 1982, p. 34.
 - 5 Mick Hayes: A Legend in his Own Time. (1981, September 24). Peterborough Times-Record, p. 1.

**Note: A shorter variation of this story titled "A Drover and a Gentleman" by Bernadette appeared in The South Australian Genealogist Volume 44 No 3 August 2017 p. 28.*

What Honey Saw

Kelly Paxman

Sydney 2019

'Hello love'. Auntie Joan smiled at me weakly.

A nursing home was not where she wanted to be, but at a frail 89 years of age, and needing around-the-clock care, she knew there was no alternative.

Now, after spending six months in her cosy room with floral curtains and a picture of the Eiffel Tower on the wall, she was resigned to her new life, but still unhappy.

A few weeks before I had shown Auntie Joan one of the newspaper reports I'd found exploring the National Library's Trove website. The article revealed the tragic events of my great-great grandfather's death in Melbourne in 1889. The report was confronting, and I sensed she didn't want to know.

I was disappointed, because I knew she had a close relationship with her Grandfather Sam, who would have been directly affected by the tragedy. So I wrote a story that I hoped would bring the people to life, and make them more real.

'I'll leave this story with you Auntie Joan. Do you think you'll have a chance to read it before I come back next weekend?'

'I'm not sure dear. I haven't been feeling up to much lately.'

Melbourne 1889

Sam had noticed the change in his father from the first day Mrs White moved into the house across the road from theirs in Cardigan Street and opened a grocery shop. Although only 15 years old, Sam could see from the start that his Pa was falling for the young widow.

Sam's mother had died three years earlier when he was 12. She'd been sick for months, and he remembered the deep sadness in the house when the doctor declared there was no hope for her, and then later the cart slowly carrying her body away into the streets of Carlton. His father was a big, strong, quiet man, but at night Sam heard him sobbing, as Sam too buried his head and let the pillow muffle his cries.

People called his father Jack, but the name painted on the side of the wagon he drove to make a living was 'John S. Welsford, Van Proprietor'. Jack was proud of his small business, delivering heavy goods around the streets of Melbourne. He kept his van in spotless condition, and after his wife's death spent more and more time each evening polishing the brass fittings, as if to distract himself from his thoughts. He would gently brush down his horse Honey each night in the stable behind their cottage, as Sam watched him silently.

About a month after his mother died, Sam was sent to the country to live with an uncle. Sam wanted to stay with his father, but life had to go on, money had to keep coming in, and carting loads kept Jack away all day. Sam's older siblings were already married and starting their own families.

Sam found life in the country mundane, and was excited when his uncle and father decided he would go back to the city and help with the business. By then he was 14 years old. His book learning was done, and already tall and strong he was glad to be back in the buzz of the city.

He loved sitting next to his father driving the van, and increasingly took on the driving himself, carefully steering Honey through the hustle and bustle of the city streets. At the end of the day they would head home, and after making sure that Honey was safely in the stable they would sit quietly eating the simple food Jack prepared. Sam could see that Jack was still sad, but felt his Pa was glad of his company.

The day Mrs White moved into Cardigan Street they had arrived home in the late afternoon, and as they unshackled Honey Sam saw his father stop and stare across the road. A slim young woman was setting up a display at the front of her shop, carefully arranging boxes. Sam watched as Mrs White looked up and saw Jack staring back at her, and the two had nodded at each other.

From that first day, Jack seemed to seek out any opportunity to visit Mrs White, whether it was to deliver goods for her shop, fix a window, or chop some wood for her stove. As a widow on her own she welcomed the help, and it was clear she too looked forward to Jack's company. Jack started talking about her as 'Tilly', and Sam could see that neighbours in the street were also noticing they were becoming friendly.

Many months passed, and Sam could see his father was happy. In the presence of the attractive Mrs White, Jack softened and smiled, and she too seemed to relax when they were together. Some nights Jack disappeared and didn't return until morning. Sam knew what this meant.

One morning Sam woke to find his father agitated and pacing the floor. 'Pa, what's the matter?'

'Tilly's husband is coming back, and I don't know what to do'.

Sam looked at his father in disbelief. 'What husband? She's a widow!'

'Her husband went to America last year she told me last night, and she hadn't heard from him for nearly 12 months. She thought he was dead, or never coming back.'

Sam was speechless.

'He's a bad man Sam. He hit her! How could anyone do that to Tilly? She was glad he was gone. Now she's had a letter from him, and his ship sails in next week. She's terrified'.

Sam had never seen his Pa so distressed.

'What am I going to do Sam? I want to be with her, so much. I was going to ask her to marry me. And now she'll be forced to stay with that brute!' Jack was crying now.

Sam wanted to help, but he didn't know what to say or do.

Over the next week Sam saw his father was in turmoil, but as the days passed Jack seemed to become more calm, perhaps, Sam wondered, resigning himself to having to give up Mrs White.

One evening they arrived home to find a wagon outside Mrs White's house, being loaded up with her furniture. Jack jumped down from the driver's seat, just as Mrs White rushed over.

'Tom's back and I told him about us. He's angry and says I have to move with him to our old house in North Melbourne, to get away from here and from you.' She was trembling.

'I have to go with him Jack. I don't have a choice. Please leave it alone and don't do anything silly. It's best you just forget me.' She turned and hurried back to her shop and closed the door, leaving Jack stone-faced.

Sam took Honey to the stables and then went inside and found Jack sitting stiffly at the table.

'I've decided to have it out with White' he said carefully. 'If I talk with him I can make him understand that he'll have to let her go, and that Tilly and I are going to be married.'

Sam realised that all week his father's thoughts had not been about giving up Mrs White, but rather were focussed on how to keep her. Sam felt very uneasy, and found his voice.

'Pa, you heard what she said. Better to leave it alone. He sounds like a man who would fight. You could get hurt!'

'You're too young to understand Sam. Tom White and I can talk it through, I'm sure.'

That night Sam tossed and turned with worry. Driving home the next evening after a long day they went past North Melbourne, and Jack drew up on Warwick Street next to a laneway and stayed there, sitting still.

'Why are we stopping here Pa?' asked Sam. Then he realised. 'Is this where Mrs White has gone? And her husband? How do you know?'

'It doesn't matter how I know son. I'm going to talk with Tom White. Let's go home now.'

After supper that evening, Jack started harnessing Honey. 'I'll be back later. You stay here.' He was tense.

'Pa, please don't go!'

'It'll be fine son. We'll just talk.'

Sam watched anxiously as Jack drove off. After about an hour Sam decided he couldn't wait at home any longer, and ran through the streets to North Melbourne where they'd pulled up earlier that day.

Immediately he heard shouting coming from the laneway.

'Come out Tom White! We have to talk. Can you hear me? Come out! Or I'll come in.'

Sam realised his father had been drinking. He hadn't been aware of him being drunk before, but it was clear he was now. Then Sam heard another man shouting.

'If you come in I'll rip you up.'

There was more shouting, and Sam could hear other voices yelling to get the police. Honey was snorting in fear.

Sam rushed into the laneway and at the same moment saw Jack climb to the top of the van and clamber over the high fence into a backyard. There were loud cries and grunts and the sound of fighting. Then, silence, followed by a woman's scream. Sam was too scared to move.

Everything became a blur then. Sam remembered two policemen running into the laneway, bashing through the gate into the yard and shouting about a knife. Then, in shock, seeing his father's bloodied and lifeless body being lifted out and carried away. Then a man, Tom White he assumed, being led off, and Mrs White stumbling behind. Stunned, Sam dragged himself into the driver's seat of the van and slowly steered Honey away.

Sam stayed with his older brother Will in Fitzroy in the days after that. Together they would sit looking with disbelief at the newspaper headlines. '*Tragedy at North Melbourne. A husband stabs his wife's lover. Surrender of the assassin.*'

Then the inquest. Then the trial. '*The North Melbourne Tragedy. Acquittal of White.*'

Acquittal! Of both manslaughter and murder! Accidental death they said. How could that be?

As the train left Melbourne Sam did not look back. He was on his way to a new life. Away from Melbourne, away from the memories. He'd heard Sydney was the place to be, where strong young lads could do well. There was no looking back.

Sydney 2019

I walked into Auntie Joan's room a week later; she was sitting in the bright blue armchair next to the window, reading the paper.

'Oh hello dear, lovely to see you' she said brightly. 'I enjoyed reading your story. I remember Grandfather as a big, strong man, and in your story that's what his father was like, so he must have taken after him'.

I sensed she was picturing her grandfather Sam, and maybe imagining herself with him in his house where she visited as a child. 'It must have been so sad for him to lose his mother and then his father. And in such a horrible way. He was only a boy. I never realised.'

Any shame or embarrassment she might have felt about having adultery and murder in the family past seemed to have evaporated.

'What happened to Mrs White?' she asked. 'Did she stay with her husband?'

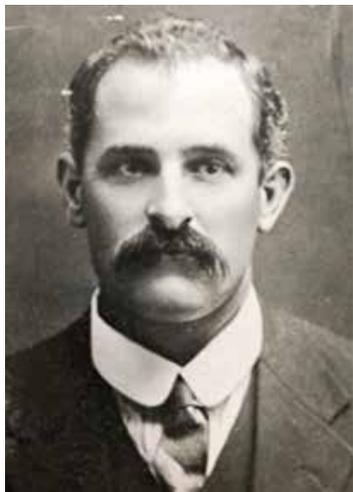
'Well the newspaper reports said that she did. When you think about it, women had very limited rights in those days and she wouldn't have had much choice.'

'I found a picture of Grandfather' said Auntie Joan as she showed me a small black and white photo. There was a handsome Sam Welsford, about 40 years old.

'Are you going to write more stories dear?' she looked at me eagerly. 'I enjoyed reading that one.'

'I don't think I'll find any more stories that have quite the same drama as this one.'

'It doesn't matter. I'm sure you can write some more interesting stories. I'd love to read more. See you next week?' I was pleased to see a sparkle in her eye.



Left: Samuel Henry Welsford, 1874 - 1956

Below headline: TRAGEDY AT NORTH MELBOURNE. (1889, October 3). The Age (Melbourne, Vic. : 1854 - 1954), p. 5. <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article197502542>



From Our Contemporaries

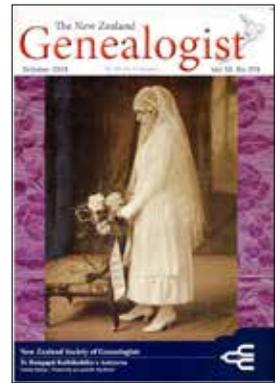
Peter Kennedy & Pauline Bygraves

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.

The facts are as stated in the item concerned and have not been separately checked. E-journals are accessible on the computers in the overseas room, where they can be accessed using the Index List. If you have any comments or suggestions, please email the editor@familyhistoryact.org.au.

AUSTRALASIA

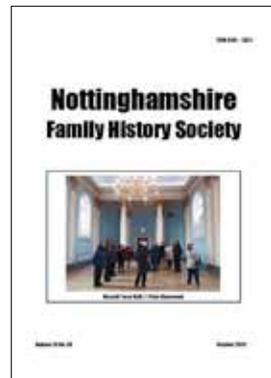
- Hugh McLEAN, with his brother Allan, arrived in Melbourne on the *Flora McDonald* in 1852. By the 1860s, Hugh was working as a draper. He married Isabella PURVES in 1869. Isabella had arrived in Melbourne on the *Oceania* in 1865. They had three children, Isabella, Allan John and Marion McKinnon (Hugh's mother being a McKinnon). Marion died in 1878 aged one. Both parents died in 1879, succumbing to tuberculosis. The two surviving children, aged 10 and 8, were sent to live with relatives in New Zealand. Isabella married Charles Richard BOWATER at Wellington in 1898. *New Zealand Genealogist* Oct 2019 v50 n379 p192 (K9/60/02).
- Elizabeth Agnes James PETRIE married John SIMSON at St Andrew's Church, Sydney in 1842. She was John's second wife, his first being Helen Smith MacDOUGAL who died in 1841. John and Elizabeth had five children - Hector Norman, William Petrie, Donald Campbell, Ian and John. Hector migrated to New Zealand where he married Mary DOUGLAS in 1869. They had 9 (or 10) children who lived and went to school at Waipu, some of whom distinguished themselves in the armed forces. Elizabeth died at Waipu in 1884. *New Zealand Genealogist* Aug 2019 v50 n378 p145 (K9/60/02).
- Edmund WICKES, the youngest son of Alfred Nelson WICKES and Maria WRIGHT, was born at London in 1836. Aged 17, he arrived in Melbourne on the *Strathfieldsaye* as an assisted immigrant. He spent 10 years on the Victorian and Queensland goldfields before migrating to New Zealand after being advised to get out of mining for health reasons. He married Eliza HINCHEY, from Tipperary, in 1866 and they had four sons and three



daughters. Edmund was involved in the timber export trade to Australia. *New Zealand Genealogist Oct 2019 v50 n379 p184 (K9/60/02)*.

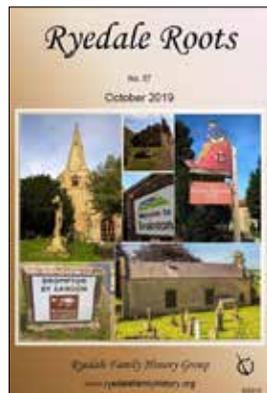
ENGLAND

- A group photograph of nurses and wounded soldiers sitting outside Ward 1 of the Colchester Military Hospital during the First World War, and autographed on the back, includes five Australians: Robert Kingsley CURRIE, John William DONOVAN, Percy Eugene Frank FINCK, Percy SELLAR and Sapper Edward WISE. *Wakefield Kinsman Aug 2019 v23 n1 p14 (NY09/60/08)*.
- Alfred ALDRIDGE and Margaret Annie SIMPSON had two sons, Alfred and Percy, but appear to have separated shortly after Percy's birth. Margaret had three children with George WHITE and they raised the five children together. It was only when Percy required his birth certificate to get a passport to migrate to Australia that he and Alfred became aware that George was not their biological father. *Roots in the Forest Sep 2019 p6 (electronic journal)*.
- Florence ALLSHORN (1885-1950) was an Anglican missionary in Uganda for three years in the early 1920s. She was joined by her brother Malcolm ALLSHORN (1884-1938) who had been living on a Queensland sheep station for some 20 years. Branches of the ALLSHORN family had been in Australia since the mid-1800s but Malcolm moved on to establish a coffee farm and raise a family in Uganda where he died prematurely at age 54. *Suffolk Roots Sep 2019 v45 n2 p140 (electronic journal)*.
- John GREEN, aged 27, was charged at the Nottingham Assizes in Feb 1814 with stealing a silver can, the property of James BARKER. He was sentenced to 7 years transportation. *Nottinghamshire FHS Oct 2019 v16 n4 p22 (electronic journal)*.
- John HIDE, aged 18, George SHEPHERD, aged 15, Nathaniel SHERRY, aged 17, and Abraham VAY, aged 14, were tried and sentenced for stealing from Mary SMITH several pieces of her personal property in Oct 1813. They were each transported for 7 years. *Nottinghamshire FHS Oct 2019 v16 n4 p23 (electronic journal)*.
- Lancelot IREDALE, who was born in 1789 at Newcastle, was a blacksmith. In 1815 he was charged with larceny for stealing iron bars and bolts and sentenced to 7 years transportation. He left behind a wife, Sarah YOUNG, whom he had married in 1809 and three daughters, Ann, Christina and Mary. In 1828 the family joined Lancelot in Sydney. Sarah died the following year in childbirth. A year later Lancelot married Kezia BEDFORD, from Bermondsey, who had arrived in Australia to assist a missionary school. They had four



daughters and a son. Lancelot died in 1848. *Ryedale Roots Oct 2019 n57 p21 (electronic journal)*.

- Christopher and Joseph MARSH were born in 1812 and became cloth dressers in Leeds. They were caught pickpocketing in Leeds, with two friends, and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted. Joseph was transported for life and Christopher was given 7 years. *Ryedale Roots Oct 2019 n57 p22 (electronic journal)*.
- John MAYHEW married Rebecca MASON in 1843 in Southwark, giving his father's name as Scarlet MAYHEW. Their daughter Georgiana was baptised in Camberwell in 1846 aged about three. In 1851 they were living in Plumstead, with John working at the Woolwich Arsenal. They seem to have migrated to Australia in 1857, although Georgiana died on the voyage. John married again and had further family in Australia, including a short-lived son called Frank Scarlet MAYHEW. *Suffolk Roots Sep 2019 v45 n2 p89 (electronic journal)*.
- Abraham MYERS was the son of Edward MYERS, of Dalton-in-Furness, and Catherine SIMPSON. He migrated to Australia with most of his large family and died at Melbourne in 1942. *Furness Families Autumn 2018 n124 p4 (electronic journal)*.
- Samuel NEAL, aged 19, was charged with stealing the personal property of James ALVEY at the Nottingham Assizes in Jan 1814 and sentenced to 10 years transportation. *Nottinghamshire FHS Oct 2019 v16 n4 p22 (electronic journal)*.
- Harriett Viola PARSONS was indicted for bigamy at the Old Bailey in Jul 1919. Using the name Maud Viola SCOTT she had "married" an Australian soldier Edwin FENWICH in Jun 1919. Harriett was sentenced to 6 months' imprisonment. She and Edwin eventually moved to Australia and in 1930 she is recorded with her proper name of Harriett Viola. *Woolwich & District FHS Aug 2019 n143 p11 (NKe9/60/04)*.
- Gowan PICKERING, who was a farmer living above Pickering near the Hole of Horcum, was transported to Australia for stealing sheep and fleeces. In Australia he worked as a sheep farmer and married the daughter of a convict (unnamed). There is a park dedicated to him and his wife for the good works they did. *Ryedale Roots Oct 2019 n57 p25 (electronic journal)*. (See also *Ryedale Roots Jan 2015 n38 p8 (NYo9/60/16)*.)
- Albert Victor STRINGER, son of Robert and Lily STRINGER, was born at Barrow-in-Furness in 1912. He served as a Merchant Naval Officer, mainly with the P&O Line. During his 60 year working life he worked in many places



including Perth, Western Australia. He died in Canada in Jun 2018, leaving behind his wife Ann and two daughters and their families. *Furness Families Autumn 2018 n124 p21 (electronic journal)*.

- John THOMAS: "Using the Valuation Office Records". *Tree Tappers (Malvern FHSJ) Autumn 2019 v24 p9 (electronic journal)*.

IRELAND

- Jennifer HARRISON: "Australian Irish Connections - The Victorian Exploring Expedition and Robert O'Hara BURKE". *Irish Roots 3rd Qtr 2019 n111 p26 (R9/60/04)*.
- James G RYAN: "Tracing Your....Longford Ancestors". *Irish Roots 3rd Qtr 2019 n111 p10 (R9/60/04)*.



SCOTLAND

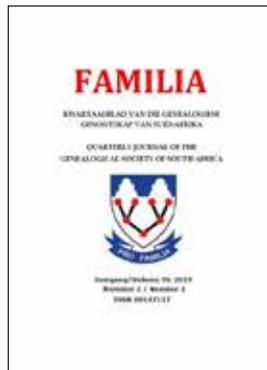
- In 1849, a year after his mother (Janet DICK) had died and his father (William CORSTON) had remarried, William Bain CORSTON migrated from Orkney to Australia on the *Asiatic*. There, he married Betsy ROBERTSON whose family had migrated to South Australia on the *Lady Lilford*. After gold mining at Bendigo, William Bain and Betsy returned to South Australia where they bought a small property at Lochael. *SIB Folk News (Orkney FHSJ) Autumn 2019 n91 p10 (electronic journal)*.
- Julie FLEMING: ANESFHS Melbourne area Group Report. *Aberdeen & NE Scotland FHS Aug 2019 n152 p10 (electronic journal)*.
- William TAYLOR, son of John TAYLOR and Jessie CRIGHTON was born at Aberdeen in 1892. In 1911 William migrated to Western Australia, where he enlisted with the AIF (11th Battalion) in 1915. He married Jane PAYNE in Northam in 1916. William became good friends with James (Jim) Ross DUPEROUZEL who had joined the AIF about the same time, sailing to Europe and war together in Apr 1916 on *HMAT Ulysses*. Jim was killed at Mouquet Farm in 1916 and William died in Sep 1917 at Polygon Wood. *Aberdeen & NE Scotland FHS Aug 2019 n152 p36 (electronic journal)*.
- Julie TOLMIE: ANESFHS Brisbane area Group Report. *Aberdeen & NE Scotland FHS Aug 2019 n152 p9 (electronic journal)*.
- William TULLOCH (a son of William TULLOCH and Janet GRAY) was born in 1831 and migrated from Orkney to South Australia. William Junior



married Esther ARMSTRONG and became captain of the coastal schooner *Wollomai* (west coast of South Australia - Port Adelaide to Fowlers Bay). *SIB Folk News (Orkney FHSJ) Autumn 2019 n91 p21 (electronic journal)*.

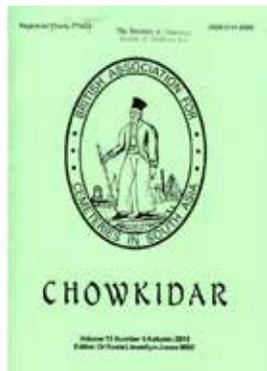
SOUTH AFRICA

- Jean Rosemary VAN HELSDINGEN: "The History(5) of the Van Helsdingen Family from 1380 to the Present" is based on research carried out by Jean and her late husband Nicolaas Johannes Christoffel (Nic) VAN HELSDINGEN. Family members emigrated from the Netherlands to South Africa in the 17th century, with some descendants now living in Australia. *Familia 2019 v56 n2 p72 (electronic journal)*.



SOUTH ASIA

- Neil MARSHALL from Australia is looking for details about his great grandfather Henry Percy MARSHALL, an Englishman who worked at St Blane's tea estate at Dedugalla in the Dolsolbage District, Ceylon, where he is recorded as Manager in 1898. Henry was killed by lightning in Oct 1901 and is buried in Kandy Cemetery. Henry left behind two sons, one of them Neil's grandfather, and both were admitted as orphans to a local Catholic Seminary in Kandy. What happened to their mother is unknown. *Chowkidar Autumn 2019 v15 n4 p81 (V9/60/01)*.



The HAGSOC Library will be closed from **3:30pm Wednesday 18 December 2019** and reopens **11:00am Tuesday 7 January 2020**.

THE HERALDRY AND GENEALOGY SOCIETY OF CANBERRA

Council members would like to take this opportunity to wish you and your families a safe and wonderful Christmas period and best wishes for 2020.

Hot Sites

Cora Num FHGS

<https://www.gro.gov.uk/gro/content/certificates/login.asp>

General Register Office - Historic Birth and Death Index Search. The General Register Office oversees civil registration in England and Wales. Use this site to order certificates online and search a free new version of the GRO indexes. These include births 1837-1918 which includes the mother's maiden name from 1837 (previously only available from 1911). The death index covers 1837-1957 plus 1984-2019 and includes the age at death from 1837 (previously only available from 1866). These indexes also list full names not initials. Search options are limited to plus or minus 2 years. You also have to search each year by gender. You need to register (free) and set up a password so that you can use this site. PDF copies of birth records 1837-1918 and death records 1837-1957 and 1984-2019 are available for £7. A PDF copy cannot be used for official purposes. A certified certificate costs £11.



<https://col-burialregisters.uk/archive>



City of London Cemetery and Crematorium - Burial Registers June 1856-Oct 1955. There are 440,000 records available online as a free pilot scheme. These records are not indexed but you can browse through the registers which are arranged by date of burial. If you select *Refine Search* you can search by burial number if known or by a selected start and finish date range.

<https://picturenottingham.co.uk>

Delve into the rich history of Nottingham with Picture Nottingham, an extensive collection of photos, postcards, glass plates and engravings. This image library covers the last 100+ years of history of the local community, industry, landscape and archaeology. There is information about each photo to allow you to discover more of the local story. You can search by keyword or location. There are curated themes to browse for old photos relating to a topic, building or subject.



<https://www.familysearch.org/search/collection/2778600>



FamilySearch - Victoria, Australia, Inward Passenger Lists, 1839-1923. This collection combines two record sets: Passenger lists of unassisted immigrants to Victoria from the British Isles Passenger and lists and arrivals in Victoria from foreign ports. There is a searchable index and images are linked (free). The original images held by Public Record Office Victoria.

<https://canadianheadstones.com>

Canadian Headstone Photo Project. This volunteer staffed non-profit corporation is capturing both digital images and transcriptions of headstones in Canada. It is presented and managed by the Ontario Genealogical Society. You can name search over 1,952,131 gravestone photo records by province or all of Canada. There is free access to the headstone images and transcriptions.

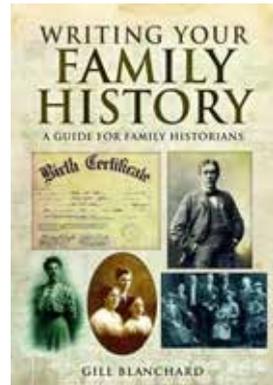


Hot Sources No. 146

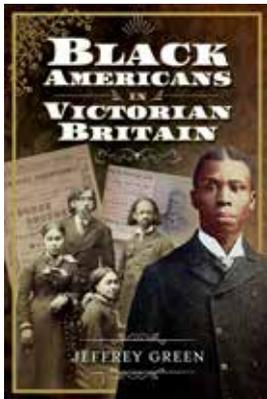
Cora Num FHGS

BLANCHARD Gill, *Writing Your Family History*, Pen & Sword Family History, Barnsley, South Yorkshire, 2nd imprint 2018, 152p.

A practical guide to writing a family history that looks at ways of overcoming problems such as how to deal with gaps in knowledge, how to describe generations of people who did the same jobs or lived in the same area, how to cover the numerous births, marriages and deaths that occur, and when to stop researching and start writing. There are examples to help readers find their own writing style, deal with family stories, missing pieces of information and anomalies. It also offers advice on key aspects of composition, such as adding local and social history context and using secondary material. The focus throughout is on how to develop a story from beginning to end. Exercises are a key feature of the text. There is guidance on the various formats a family history can take and how to choose the appropriate one, with examples of format and layout. Production and publishing are also covered - books, booklets, newsletters, websites, blogs and ebooks.



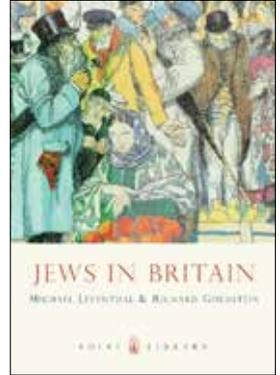
GREEN Jeffrey P, *Black Americans in Victorian Britain*, Pen & Sword History, Barnsley, South Yorkshire, 2018, 208p.



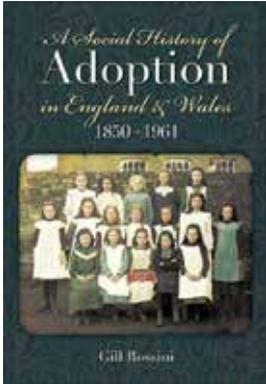
These are the incredible stories of black Americans who escaped the slave trade to make a life for themselves in Victorian Britain. They used publications and lectures to inform the Victorian British and Irish villages about slavery and repression in the United States. These refugees settled in Britain. Some worked as domestic servants, others qualified as doctors, wrote books, taught in schools, laboured in factories and on ships. This book documents refugees, settlers, and their families as well as pioneering entertainers. It offers new perspectives on both Victorian and Afro-America history.

LEVENTHAL Michael & GOLDSTEIN Richard, *Jews in Britain*, Shire Publications, London, 2013, 64p.

This book tells the epic thousand year story of Britain's Jewish community, the country's oldest minority group, replete with the dark episodes of persecution and expulsion, but also with positive periods of acceptance and toleration. Some Jews came as wealthy traders, others as desperate refugees; some had to lead secret lives, and others in different times stood shoulder to shoulder with the rest of the nation against threats to the British way of life, which included the Nazis. The impact of Jewish culture on daily life - on language, on food, on religion, art and business - has been inestimable, and this book is a fully illustrated introduction and fitting tribute.



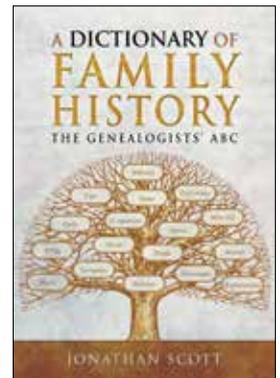
ROSSINI Gill, *A History of Adoption in England and Wales (1850-1961)*, Pen & Sword History, Barnsley, South Yorkshire, 2014, 192p.



This social history of adoption uncovers the perspectives of all those concerned in adoption: children, birth relatives, adoptive families, and all the agencies and organisations involved. The author charts the transformation of the adoption process from a chaotic informal arrangement to a legal procedure. Set against the backdrop of the moral, cultural, and legal climate of the times, the contemporary voices of those who played a part in an adoption give real insights into this often turbulent period in their lives. Discover how shocking stories of baby farmers and unwanted orphans fuelled the campaign for change, and hear previously untold stories.

SCOTT Jonathan, *A Dictionary of Family History*, Pen & Sword Family History, Barnsley, South Yorkshire, 2017, 247p.

An A to Z genealogy reference for family history researchers that is part encyclopaedia, part dictionary and part almanac. This practical, easy-to-use book is filled with thousands of fact filled A to Z entries. There are definitions, timelines and terminologies, details of archives and websites as well as advice on research methods and explanations of genealogical peculiarities and puzzles. There are useful addresses and signposts to little known resources for family, local and social history. This concise and clear compendium is a valuable reference tool for everyone.



Society Education and Social Activities

January to March 2020

Unless otherwise stated, all activities are held in the HAGSOC Education Room at the Cook Community Hub. Bookings not required for Monthly meetings, Special Interest Group meetings (open only to members), or User Group meetings (open to non-HAGSOC members).

Education Sessions – Bookings are required for all Education and Events. Courses, Workshops and Seminars are listed in the President's Newsletter, in the Library, and on our webpage www.familyhistoryact.org.au. For courses requiring payment, please register and pay for these events on our webpage, or at the Library. For any last minute changes please check the Events and Courses pages on our website www.familyhistoryact.org.au. Write to registration@familyhistoryact.org.au for course or general queries.

JANUARY 2020

- 11 Sat 2pm to 4.30pm: **Seminar “In trouble in Scotland” with Kerry Farmer.** “Life wasn’t meant to be easy” – and it often wasn’t for many of our Scottish ancestors. Learn how to research Scots who fell on hard times, including those who were supported by the poor laws (and those who were not) as well as those who came before the courts.
- 16 Thu 10am to 12 noon: **Legacy Users Group** (convenor Julie Hesse) meets on the third Thursday of each month in the Education room. Contact Julie bnjhesse@grapevine.com.au
- 16 Thu 7.30pm to 9.30pm: **English & Welsh Special Interest Group** (convenors June Penny and Jeanette Hahn) meets on the third Thursday of the odd months, so January, March, May, July, September and November. This will be the first meeting of this new amalgamated SIG for all things England and Wales.

FEBRUARY 2020

- 1 Sat 9.30am to 11.30am: **Irish Special Interest Group** (convenor Barbara Moore). Topic is “*How did the Penal Laws affect your Irish ancestors*”. There are six meetings per year, held on the first Saturday of February, then the second Saturday of March, May, July, September and November. Contact Barbara at bmoore123@iinet.net.au
- 1 Sat 12.30pm to 2.30pm: **DNA Special Interest Group** (convenors Marilyn Woodward, Sue Barrett and Elizabeth Hannan) meets on the second Saturday of every odd month except for January at 12.30pm to 2pm in the Education Room, and on the first Saturday of February. This group will meet after the Irish SIG following a lunch break, so bring lunch if also attending the Irish SIG. Elizabeth, Sue and Marilyn can be contacted at dna.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

- 4 Tue 7pm: **Monthly meeting** Jeff Brown, ACT Surveyor-General. Jeff Brown is Surveyor-General of the Australian Capital Territory after a long career in private practice. He will delve deeply into the details to be found on historic maps, and how to access these in 2020.
- 5 Wed 7.30pm to 9.30pm: **The Master Genealogist (TMG) User Group** (convenor Allyson Luders) meets on the first Wednesday of each even month. Contact Allyson at allysonluders@gmail.com
- 6 Thu 7.30pm to 9.30pm: **Scottish Special Interest Group** (convenor Robert Forrester) meets on the first Thursday of every even month in the Education Room. All members welcome, especially those with Scottish ancestry.
- 7 Fri 9.30am to 11.30am: **Reunion & Mac Support Users Group** (convenor Danny O'Neill) meets on the first Friday of every month except Jan in the Education Room. Contact Danny 60done@gmail.com
- 7 Fri 12.30pm to 2.30pm: **Digital Assets Management Special Interest Group** (convenor Danny O'Neill). To assist with setting up the room (max 47 seats), please indicate your interest to attend by writing to the email on the Group list on the Society's website.
- 12 Wed 7.30pm to 9.30pm: **Convict Special Interest Group** (convenor Michele Rainger) meets on the second Wednesday of each even month. Tonight's theme is "*Women of the Neptune 1790*". Our speakers for this evening will be ANU PhD Candidate Nichola Garvey who will talk about her research into the women on the ship *Neptune* in the 2nd Fleet in 1790 and HAGSOC member Sally Bloomfield who will talk about her ancestor Sarah Griggs who was one of these women.
- 13 Thu 10am to 12 noon: **Family Tree Maker (FTM) Users Group** (convenor Support Team). Group meets on the second Thursday of the month (except January) in the Education Room. Contact the Support team ftm.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au or come along to any meeting.
- 15 Sat 10am to 12.30pm: **Writers Special Interest Group** (convenor Clare McGuinness) meets on the third Saturday of every month except January and December in the Education Room. All members welcome. For room set up purposes please email writers_sig@familyhistoryact.org.au if you are attending.
- 20 Thu 10am to 12 noon: **Legacy Users Group** (convenor Julie Hesse) meets on the third Thursday of each month in the Education room. Contact Julie bnjhesse@grapevine.com.au
- 20 Thu 8pm: Heraldry Special Interest Group (convenor Niel Gunson) meets on the third Thursday every even month except Dec. For details and venue, contact Niel on 6248 0971.

- 22 Sat 9.30am to 11.30am: **Continental Special Interest Group** (convenor Raoul Middelman) meets in the Library on the fourth Saturday of every even-numbered month (except December).
- 24 Mon 10am to 1pm: **Practical Procedures in the Library** – Education Session. Making best use of the HAGSOC Library with Jeanette Hahn. These sessions are not just for those new to the Library but for anyone wishing to improve their knowledge and make the most of our own really fabulous resource. Bookings are required. Four places available per session as we will be using the computers in each room. Register at HAGSOC Library-6251 7004 in the designated folder.
- 25 Tue 10am to 12noon: **Morning Tea Chats ... at Pauline's Parlour**: Having a problem with your research, or not sure where to start? Come along to our round table chats, over a cup of tea, to discuss your problem. You may also just like to come along and join in the discussions on various topics. We meet on the last Tuesday of each month. No bookings required. Contact Pauline paulineramage@netspace.net.au
- 25 Tue 12.30pm to 2.30pm: **DNA Drop In Clinic** No bookings required. Have you had a DNA Test and don't know what it means or how to use the results in family research? Join in this round table group to discuss your specific questions/problems on DNA. Contact: dna.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au

MARCH 2020

- 3 Tue 7.00pm: **Monthly Meeting** Nick Swain is President of the Canberra District Historical Society. He will update us on our local history organisation, and talk about their holdings and special collections.
- 6 Fri 9.30am to 11.30am: **Reunion & Mac Support Users Group** (convenor Danny O'Neill) meets on the first Friday of every month except Jan in the Education Room. Contact Danny 60done@gmail.com
- 7 Sat 9.30am to 11.30am: **Irish Special Interest Group** (convenor Barbara Moore). *"How can you help me with my Irish brick wall?"* There are six meetings per year, held on the first Saturday of February, then the second Saturday of March, May, July, September and November. Contact Barbara bmoore123@iinet.net.au
- 7 Sat 12.30pm to 2pm: **DNA Special Interest Group** (convenors are Elizabeth Hannan and Marilyn Woodward) meets on the second Saturday of every odd month except for January at 12.30pm to 2pm in the Education Room. This group will meet after the Irish SIG following a lunch break, so bring lunch if also attending the Irish SIG. Elizabeth and Marilyn can be contacted at dna.sig@familyhistoryact.org.au
- 12 Thu 10am to 12 noon: **Family Tree Maker (FTM) Users Group** (convenor Support Team). Group meets on the second Thursday of the month

(except January) in the Education Room. Contact the Support Team at ftm.sug@familyhistoryact.org.au or come along to any meeting.

- 15 Sun 2pm to 4.30pm: **New Members Course** - Education Session: Where do I Start - beginning your family history with Brian Buckley and The HAGSOC Library with Barb Toohey. The venue is the HAGSOC Education Room for this members-only education event. There is no cost and afternoon tea is provided. Check the Courses page for details and registration.
- 19 Thu 10am to 12 noon: **Legacy Users Group** (convenor Julie Hesse) meets on the third Thursday of each month in the Education room. Contact Julie bnjhesse@grapevine.com.au .
- 19 Thu 7.30 to 9.30pm: **English & Welsh Special Interest Group** (convenors June Penny and Jeanette Hahn) meets on the third Thursday of all odd months and covers all things English and Welsh.
- 21 Sat 10am to 12.30pm: **Writers Special Interest Group** (convenor Clare McGuinness) meets on the third Saturday of every month except January and December in the Education Room. All members welcome. For room set up purposes please email writers_sig@familyhistoryact.org.au if you are attending.
- 22 Sun 2pm to 4pm: **Australian Special Interest Group** (convenor Pauline Ramage) meets on the fourth Sunday of every odd month in the Education Room.
- 23 Mon 10am to 1pm: **Practical Procedures in the Library** – Education Session. Making best use of the HAGSOC Library with Jeanette Hahn. These sessions are not just for those new to the Library but for anyone wishing to improve their knowledge and make the most of our own really fabulous resource. Bookings are required. Four places available per session as we will be using the computers in each room. Register at HAGSOC Library-6251 7004 in the designated folder.
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Services for Members

Photocopies

A4 25c

Microform Prints

A4 45c

GRO Certificate and PDF Service

Members \$24 certificate, \$16 PDF

Non-members \$27 certificate \$19 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 HAGSOC library is registered as a Library Affiliate with the LDS FamilySearch Organisation. This enables members using the HAGSOC 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 HAGSOC 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 from Feb 2020

Readers' queries

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

Notice to Contributors

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

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

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

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

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

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

Authors can assist by; formatting dates to '1 July 1899'; months to be spelled out; no ordinals on numbers (no st/nd/rd/th); ship names should be *italicised*; all quotes to be in “double quotes”; and all family names should be formatted as ALL CAPITALS. Submissions and questions to: editor@familyhistoryact.org.au.

LIBRARY

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

<i>Opening hours:</i>	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

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

SOCIETY MEETINGS

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

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Membership begins from the date the member joins and will expire either one or two years later at the end of the month in which the member joined. New members, or members who have lapsed for more than 12 months, are required to pay a joining fee. Joint membership is available for additional members at the same address. The Pensioner concession is available to Australian residents who hold a current CRN or DVA card. Amounts are shown for one year.

Individual	\$ 78.00*	Joining Fee	\$ 20.00
Joint	\$ 116.00*	Journal Only – Australia	\$ 35.00
Individual – Pensioner	\$ 73.00*	Journal Only – Overseas	\$ 45.00*
Joint – Pensioner	\$ 106.00*		

** GST free other prices include GST*
Membership forms are available on the website, at the HAGSOC Library or can be posted on request.

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

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;

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