

Footsteps



**Port Macquarie & Districts
Family History Society Inc.**

SOCIETY ORGANISATION AND CONTACTS

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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AREAS OF RESPONSIBILITY ~ 2019–2020

Acquisitions/Archives.....Clive Smith
Footsteps Magazine.....Margaret Blight
General Meetings Roster.....Gwen Grimmond
Journals.....Alastair Moss/Greg Hearne
Library Roster.....Sue Brindley
Membership/Minutes.....Jennifer Mullin
Museum Heritage Group.....Diane Gillespie
InfoEmail.....Diane Gillespie/Jennifer Mullin
NSW & ACT Association – Delegate.....Clive Smith
Publicity/Facebook.....Pauline Every
WebsiteSue Brindley
Public Officer.....Clive Smith
Research Co-OrdinatorTrysha Hanley
Ryerson Index Transcribers.....Kay and Terry Browne
Social Coordinator.....Margaret Blight
Welfare.....Anne Gaffney
Find a Grave.....Carol Smallman

SUPPORT GROUPS

DNA Support Group.....Ken Hunt
Family Search.....Robyn Denley/Pauline Every
Research Support Group.....Clive Smith/Rex Toomey
Writers' Group.....Diane Gillespie
Convict Studies Group.....Clive Smith

CURRENT PROJECT COORDINATORS

Port Macquarie's Last Convicts.....Clive Smith
Port Macquarie Rate Books.....Rex Toomey
Small Debts Register for Port MacquarieSue Brindley

Life Members: Terry Browne, Kay Browne, Frank Maskill

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Cover Photo: *Children in the Playground at Blackville Public School, Western NSW in 1960s – courtesy of PMDFHS Member Bill Dawson.*



PRESIDENT’S TWO CENTS’ WORTH

Diane Gillespie

Port Macquarie & Districts Family History Society has joined other societies, groups and organisations by adhering to self-isolation from the middle of March this year. Planned activities, support groups and general meetings have been shelved or moved to a digital platform due to the onset of the Coronavirus. The Society remains productive and in contact with members via video conferencing and, more importantly, through an enhanced InfoEmail and Website, and through Facebook pages.

Covid-19 is not the first time the human race has been exposed to a pandemic. The Plague, Smallpox, Tuberculosis and the Spanish Flu can testify to that. More recently we have had to deal with SARS and MERS. The way this current pandemic has spread across the world so rapidly is the most concerning aspect.

Here in Australia, restrictions have been put in place quite quickly and we have limited the exposure of many of our elderly and immune-suppressed citizens, though there have been some mistakes and errors by authorities.



Mayor Peta Pinson and Clive Smith at book launch – Photo J. Mullin 2020

We launched our latest publication in March, just before social distancing became the norm for the community. The book '*Port Macquarie's Last Convicts*', compiled by Clive **Smith**, details the last 200 convicts residing in Port Macquarie at the time of the closure of the penal settlement. Details include the decisions made from Sydney, without due consideration of the impact upon the invalids that comprised the convict population in the mid to late 1840s. The book is available from the Society (see price list on Page 27 of this journal for details).

Events that have been cancelled because of the isolation regulations have been numerous. Local Heritage Week celebrations, a Beginners' Course, general meetings and support groups have all been cancelled. But we will move forward 'with small steps' looking at this time of isolation as a time to take stock and renew our energies.

Behind the scenes our transcribers are working on a definitive list of the convicts who spent time in Port Macquarie. Details are from the haphazardly maintained records from the 1820s and 1830s, bringing together any mention of a convict who was transported north to this place of secondary punishment.



*Statue on Port Macquarie's Town Green of Edmund **Barton**, Australia's first Prime Minister, wearing his 'protective mask' - Photo D. Gillespie*

There are also transcribers finalising the Port Macquarie-Hastings Rates books to 1931, with endorsement of Council, in order to digitise these valuable records before the ravages of time and pests take their toll on the original records. Rex and Yvonne **Toomey** have spent many hours scanning the records and the process of extracting the names is now in progress.

The Port Macquarie Bench Book project (1847 - 1874) is also nearing completion. We have digitised the original records from State Records and Archives. Names have been extracted, allowing a search from an index that will link to a digital image.

To all our members I hope you are well and safe. Please isolate for as long as you feel you need, as it is your safety that is the most important thing. As they say on TV 'we are all in this together' and we will come out safely on the other side to a 'new normal'.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Welcome to the following new members. We hope you will enjoy your association with our Society and that you will benefit from the resources and workshops available to you.

Ruth **Best** from Port Macquarie

Alan & Annie **Tonkin** from Port Macquarie

Jennifer **Miller** from Port Macquarie

Yvonne **Hadden** from Port Macquarie

Neryl **Kirton** from Port Macquarie

FROM THE EDITOR

Margaret Blight

In this edition of Footsteps, the articles are related to some of our members' schooling and school experiences. It appears that they, and probably many others amongst us, still have vivid memories of our school years and the school buildings which played a big part in our daily lives for a good number of our early years. The stories are interesting and varied and will perhaps inspire you to record your own school experiences for your descendants to ponder in future years.

Also included is a story about a family that was impacted by the Spanish Influenza pandemic which destroyed many lives and livelihoods in Sydney in 1919-1920. As in this current Coronavirus pandemic, Australia fared reasonably well at that time, with an estimated 15,000 deaths, compared with other countries throughout the world where the combined death toll was estimated to be around 50 million. NSW closed its borders to Victoria and Queensland in those years too, and schools, shops, hotels etc. were also closed, and everyone was required to wear a mask.

Perhaps you had family members who lived during the time of the pandemic in 1919-1920 and/or during the Depression years that followed - how did they manage? Did they survive or succumb to the disease? How did they live, eat and shop during the 1920s and 1930s? Were conditions at that time worse, better, or similar to those that many families are experiencing in 2020?

Perhaps too you can record how you survived the recent Coronavirus isolation period and record your first-hand account of how you adjusted to the changed way of life with restrictions on your daily activities – I'm sure in future decades your descendants will appreciate reading your story ... and it would be great to include it in a future edition of Footsteps!



Masks were essential during the 1919-1920 Spanish Influenza pandemic – Photo Creative Commons

PANDEMICS AND FAMILY HISTORY

Narelle Milligan

The current Covid-19 pandemic has much in common with the “Spanish flu” which struck Australia in 1919. The flu was brought in by boats and spread quickly through Sydney initially. It claimed the life of my great uncle, Norman George **Spicer** who was working in Sydney.

His father, William Page **Spicer** was born in Goulburn, the son of an agricultural labourer who emigrated from Hertfordshire for a better life in Australia in 1856. His family followed the “poor man’s gold rush” around the Midwest of NSW and eventually ended up buying land and establishing the first market garden between Forbes and Parkes NSW.

William and his wife Elizabeth nee **McMurray** had three children, Francis, Norman and Cecilia, my grandmother. Norman qualified as a chemist, first working at Parkes and Peak Hill for **McGirrs**, then with **Delgarnos** in Cowra before passing his final exam.

Norman managed a chemist’s business in Sydney and lived at Strathfield. He married Louisa **Bransgrove** but had no children. Unfortunately, the breakout of the “Spanish Flu” in Sydney made him a vulnerable target. He became ill and was removed to Concord hospital but died within 4 days on 9 April 1919 of “pneumonic influenza “

Through ‘Ancestry.com’ I traced the daughter of second marriage who told me although the second marriage was successful, she thought Norman had been her mother’s true love.

Norman was buried in Rookwood Cemetery so I made a visit several years ago to see if I could find his grave. To my astonishment the receptionist at the office told me that he was buried in the Presbyterian section but with another person, named Joseph **King** – a name I recognized from my relatives in Parkes when I visited there during school holidays.

I remember a Mrs **King** from those school holiday times. She was a petite, 90-plus year old, Scottish woman dressed in black who challenged me to touch my toes like she could. The **Kings** were close friends of my great grandparents. My aunts said the **Kings** had met the **Spicers** on the boat from England, but this has not been proven. However, I can speculate that perhaps Joseph was a grandson of the formidable Mrs **King**, and probably died in Sydney about the same time as my great-uncle, so was buried in the same grave. Sadly, the headstone in the Presbyterian section of Rookwood has only Norman’s name on it.

As we now live through another pandemic, I am highly conscious of the front-line emergency staff working to keep us all safe.

SCHOOL MEMORIES – A PICTURE OF SCHOOL LIFE FOR A COUNTRY KID

John Stephenson

Two rooms with a covered verandah on the north side of the weatherboard clad, yellow painted, corrugated iron-roofed building, qualified in the small country town as the public-school building.

It has always been the physical and social focal point of the town. The school was initially constructed in 1882 as a temporary tent structure by the N.S.W. Government Department of Instruction at a cost of £45, with an initial enrolment of 100. Attendance averaged around 65, as many were the children of railway construction workers, camped several miles out of town. Winter weather conditions in the town were tempered with constant icy, westerly winds and

occasional snow, so a tent proved to be very unsuitable for the mountain climate. Eighteen months after the tent was opened, one of the first prefabricated school buildings was erected, with the current building being constructed in 1923.

The two classrooms in the building encompassed six primary levels and three high school levels. The structure sat in the centre of a couple of acres of mostly stony, gravelly land which was called the playground. The fairly level parts of the area were large enough to accommodate a fully measured cricket oval or even a full-sized rugby field. These facilities were never developed as there were never enough students to make up any sort of sporting team. A game of 'Rounders', with all the pupils taking part, was the nature of a team sport, and an athletics day comprised of a bus trip to one of the surrounding larger villages for a combined schools contest. The balance of the land at the rear of the building fell away steeply and contained a large stand of pine trees.

A rough tree rooted track traced down the slope catering for foot traffic to an open roofed, rough corrugated structure used as the boys' toilet. At the top of the slope and close to the rear of the school, sat a neat iron clad shed with three outward opening doors. This housed the girls' facilities. The first teacher had written a letter to the department, complaining that there were no toilet or water facilities provided at the school and that the "*want is greatly felt*". The oversight was recognised and relief was soon available.

The ever-changing population of the town, made up of a small number of town dwellers, families on scattered sheep stations and grazier families, drifting farm hands and transient railway fettlers and their families, created a diverse pupil count over many years, with enrolments ranging from as few as 14 to a maximum of 60. Due to the drop of student numbers to seven in 1889, the school was closed, however the **Tindall** family with their seven children, aged between 3 and 12 years moved into the town in 1892 and the school was reopened.

Four rows of three or four double flip top desks with adjoining bench seats were arranged across the lower primary classroom, with a teacher's desk up front and to one side, and a large scratched and worn blackboard fixed to the wall. The second room was furnished in a similar fashion, servicing three rows for upper primary, (years four, five and six), with the remaining row used to accommodate the entire high school, (first, second and third year). In my years at the school, the high school pupil count was usually between three and six, as the wealthier families sent their children off to Boarding Schools.

A teachers' cottage was located on the eastern edge of the school grounds, very similar in construction to the school, but on a much smaller scale. This, it is believed, was the prefabricated school built in December 1883 and relocated in 1923. The State Education Dept. employed a maximum of two teachers at the school, usually consisting of a mature and experienced male in charge and a young teacher serving their first twelve months to qualify for accreditation. Up until 1976 a total of 25 teachers had been in charge of the school.

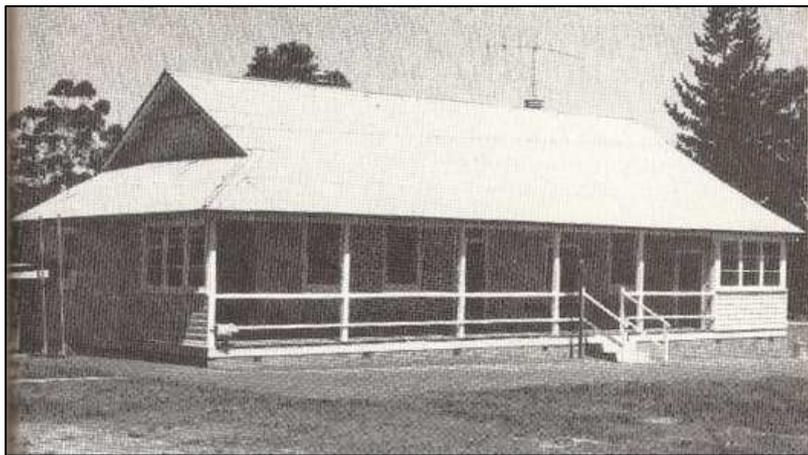
Basic education was taught throughout the classes, because one teacher controlled the curriculum for a range of class levels - nothing too fancy, which was highlighted when young pupils transferred to bigger, more progressive city schools. I had no fear of being at school, as it was only a short walk down the main street from my home and three of my four sisters

attended, my fourth sister being too young to enrol. It was a safe haven where there were no strangers, only a mix of friends and family.

My life changed dramatically in 1955 when my family relocated to the seaside Sydney suburb of Maroubra and I attended the De La Salle Boys College at Coogee. With my basic level of education only up to the mid primary classes, I was initially embarrassed upon realising that my knowledge was almost a year behind the rest of my new classmates. However, with the tuition afforded me by the Brothers, I went on to complete the Intermediate Certificate with honours.

In those days, years four and five were called the Leaving Certificate and it was a pre-requisite to complete these years in order to enter university. With a good career in mind, these two years of study were a definite necessity. Halfway through 4th year, however, my family was forced to relocate to the western Sydney district of Blacktown. Enrolment in Blacktown High was the second resounding shock in my education experience. I experienced a total lack of respect or care from the teachers, so in August, when I turned 15, I walked away from the school system, and took up a Technical College apprentice course to become an Electrician.

I have no regrets, as to the course and direction my education took, especially after attending two school reunions at the village classrooms and meeting up with the pupils of my early years, and considering what the outcome might have been, had things not eventuated as they did.



*Capertee Public School
Erected in 1923 to replace the original building*

The country town where I completed my early education is situated on the Castlereagh Highway (previously known as the Mudgee Road) between Lithgow and Mudgee, and is called Capertee. The town has a current population of around 200 and the small school is still in excellent condition. The classrooms are fitted out with all the latest electronic and digital teaching aids, with education levels as good, if not better than any rural facility in

the country. It is now a far cry from the mid twentieth century facilities that I experienced.

ONE TEACHER TEACHING

Bill Dawson

My first year of teaching was in 1950. I was a relief teacher and taught at four one teacher schools. The first was Tarkeeth, on the south arm of the Bellinger River, then Yarrahappini, north of Kempsey and Lyddington on the Pappinbarra Road west of Wauchope. I spent the last term at Jerseyville, following the Macleay River flood of that year.

I soon began to learn about teaching the full range of primary school children, from Kindergarten to Sixth Class. Children from the same family were learning in the same room. Some were to spend most of their early schooling with the same teacher. Because of the age range playground games and activities were those in which most children could take part. Chasing games, various forms of cricket and skipping were common. Older pupils tended to look after younger ones.

I saw that parents were important in the schooling of their children and that each school had its own local community. Perhaps also I was coming to understand that I could teach children and manage the running of a school without too much help from anyone else. While I still had much to learn I now had a confidence I may not have acquired had I begun my career in a large staffed school.

In 1951 I was appointed Teacher-in-Charge at Kinchela Creek, where I remained for the next five years. Kinchela Creek flowed into the lower Macleay River. The school had been through the 1949 and 1950 floods. While I was there the building was raised above flood level, high enough on its supporting poles for children to walk underneath.



Kinchela Creek Public School 1950s – Photo from Dawson Family Collection

There were 20-25 children in seven classes. They were from families of dairy farmers and share farmers and they walked to school, some after they had helped with the morning milking.

One of the most important aspects of my time in small schools is that I lived among the families of the children and we got to know each other very well. I boarded with two local families. The first lived up the creek some distance from the school. My usual way of getting to school was to take my bike onto the morning milk boat and get off at the nearest wharf to the school. The boat started at the head of the creek and collected cans of milk for the Nestle's factory at Smithtown. In the afternoon I rode my bike home after I had cleaned the school and written up my blackboards for the next day. When I lived with a second family the two children and I rowed a small boat across the creek to the school.

For the teacher in a one teacher school there were extra responsibilities. They included all the playground supervision, cleaning the school, keeping the grounds safe and tidy, managing the toilets and the disposing of rubbish. When repairs were needed quotes had to be obtained for the Department of Education.

The schools I was in had no funds of their own. The Parents and Citizens' Association provided some extras and were very helpful. There was attendance at parent meetings, talks with

individual parents and contact with the general public. Then there were the requirements of the Department. Information and returns to be sent in and all correspondence were part of the job.

There was limited contact with other schools, really only at annual Sports Carnivals for small schools in Gladstone or Kempsey. Visitors were rare. The District Inspector from Kempsey came once or twice a year to inspect the school and its teacher. There were also occasional visits from the Methodist clergyman from the village of Gladstone. But by and large, I was by myself.

After my marriage at the end of 1955 I was appointed to Blackville Public School. Blackville is west of the town of Quirindi on the southern end of the Liverpool Plains, black soil country.

The school was about the same size as Kinchela. Children came from the eleven houses that made up the village and from the surrounding wheat and sheep properties. Those outside the village were brought in by their parents except for a few who rode horses. The horses spent the day in the school's horse paddock. There was also an old tennis court in the grounds. In our time it was cleaned up and became the centre of activities of the Blackville Tennis Club at weekends.



Blackville Public School, west of Quirindi, NSW – Photo from Dawson Family Collection – see also Photo of Blackville School on Front Cover

My wife, Enid, and I lived in a rented house in the village. We paid its owner one pound a week rent which was increased to one pound two and sixpence after nine months when we had electricity connected. I was able to walk to school through the village and across a gully. On wet days I needed rubber boots to handle the black soil.

Teaching work and responsibilities were similar to Kinchela but there were some differences. There was a wider range of families, from graziers and farmers to station hands, shearers, postal workers and general roustabouts. One extra task was the supervision of one or two children doing their secondary schooling through the Correspondence School. Visitors to the school were more frequent. In addition to the District Inspector, who was based in Tamworth, and the occasional itinerant Clergyman, were the School Counsellor and the Junior Farmers' Organiser. We had two annual Small Schools Sports Days, one at Spring Ridge and one at Willow Tree.

An event that we all looked forward to each year was Empire Day. We had a half holiday and had our own sports day when parents and children joined in races and novelty events. Then in the evening we had a bonfire over near the village hall. For weeks before, the girls and boys

collected rubbish, old timber and anything that needed burning, and built the bonfire. At nightfall it was lit, and each family let off the fireworks they had brought along. There were pretty ones - Skyrockets, Roman Candles, Catherine Wheels, and noisy ones - Jumping Jacks and Bungers large and small.

One significant difference from my earlier schools, was Enid. She was an invaluable help to me even when she had two small children to care for. She taught the primary girls sewing. Each week they took their chairs across to the house for their afternoon lesson. She did typing for me and kept some of my records in order. When we had our end of year concerts in the village hall, she was the principal organiser.

My days as the Teacher-in-Charge of a one teacher school finished at the end of 1960. A group of twenty-one soldier settlers moved into the area, each taking up a 1000-acre block of land. The school had increased in size to about fifty children and from 1961 it had a second teacher, Miss Dinah **Topham**, and I became Headmaster.

My 'one teacher' teaching had come to its end.

CIRCULATING SCHOOLS OF WALES

Pauline Every

My Welsh research began with my mother Betty who was born in 1925 in Rogerstone, in Monmouthshire, which is now called Gwent. This started my journey back across the south of Wales, from Monmouthshire to Pembrokeshire. When I started the journey, I was not expecting to cross the country looking for clues as I was told more than once, "*our ancestors never moved far from where they were born!*"

Each step back needed supporting evidence, names recorded in a Census led to an entry in a Parish Register, and to find a Marriage Register where you can actually see the signature of your ancestor, is to me, very exciting. When there are no known photos, it is the next best thing! It tells me that my ancestor was able to read and that he therefore had at least a basic education, something that was not available to many, the further back in time we go.

My 3x great grandparents, Levi **Lawrence** and Jane **Lloyd** were married in Henry's Moat, a hamlet about seven miles southeast of the coastal town of Fishguard in Pembrokeshire. Levi and Jane were from the village of Maenclochog, three and a half miles further east of Henry's Moat. On 30th October 1830 they both signed their names in the Marriage Register, as did their witnesses, Stephen **Howell** and Mary **Lloyd**, Jane's sister.

The next Register entry dated 23rd November 1830 shows Ben **Evans** and Mary **Harris** were married, and their witnesses were Levi **Lawrence** and his brother John. Looking through the images of this Register I found Levi had been a witness a number of times. Perhaps he was 'in training' as he later became a Minister of the Independent Church of Wales.

While watching a TV documentary by Hue **Edwards** on “*The Story of Wales*” I learnt about the formation of the Circulating Schools of Wales. This information helped solve the mystery regarding my relatives’ ability to read and write.

The documentary focussed on the Welsh Minister Griffith **Jones**. He was born in Llanddowror, Carmarthenshire in 1684, the son of a local farmer who grew up tending the sheep on the family farm. He was educated at Carmarthen Grammar School and was ordained into the Church of England in 1708. After a number of Church postings throughout Wales, he was appointed in 1716 Rector of his local village of Llanddowror and he soon gained a reputation with his earnest and fearless preaching of the Gospel.



Griffith Jones Church at Llanddowror – Photo from Wiki Commons

However, when preaching at various Churches he had become aware of the extent of illiteracy amongst his parishioners.

Griffith **Jones** was a committed member of the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge* (SPCK) which was founded in 1698 to increase awareness of the Christian faith in the United Kingdom and across the world.

It was through this organisation he was able to establish a series of free schools that rotated or circulated, around the rural parishes of Wales, mainly in the winter months when farm work was slow. The schools would stay in one place for approximately three months and then move on to another location. Men, women and children flocked to the schools where they were taught to read and write, the Bible being the only ‘textbook’ for their ‘education’ as well as for their religious instruction.



*Griffith Jones – Photo
Wikipedia*

By 1737, just six years after these schools began, there were 37 Circulating Schools with over 2,500 pupils. By 1777 there were 114 schools with over 9,500 pupils.

When Griffith **Jones** died in 1761, it is estimated that over 200,000 people had learnt to read in the schools organised by him throughout the country. By then, the schools were well established and continued to educate the Welsh people.

These Circulating Schools eventually became the Sunday Schools that we know today.

THE OLD SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH

Written by Rex *Toomey*



Rex Toomey's First School Day – Photo from Toomey Family Collection

The happy lad looks back at me with school case by his side,
He's off to school so carefully dressed, apparently with pride.
He looks so smart with hair so neat - adventure time is near,
An optimist to face the world without a shred of fear.

What wonders will he soon reveal, what books are there to read,
An education starting out with knowledge he will need,
New friends to meet and hang around, no care to grey his day,
This lad of barely five years old, his life before him, lay.

And as the years go flying past and life is soon revealed,
He'll need a hand to give him hope and be his constant shield
I wish that I could talk to him and tell him what I know,
Perhaps his life would be much more - my words could make him glow.

But hindsight is a tricky path that leads to 'who knows where'
And as you guessed that boy is me, and do I really care?
Cause looking back three score and ten, there's nothing I could bring
To add to this lad's happiness ... I wouldn't change a thing!

Did You Know

- The first school was established in NSW in 1789 by the convict Isabella **Rosson**. It is believed that the children were taught reading, some writing and arithmetic.
- By 1792, there were three schools conducted by convicts, Isabella **Rosson's** in Sydney, Thomas **McQueen's** in Norfolk Island and Mary **Johnson's** at Parramatta.
- In 1807 Governor **Bligh** requested that London send four 'respectable married men' as teachers for the colony, but this plan was shelved when **Bligh** was overthrown.

SCIENCE EXCURSION 1964 OR 'AWAY IN MAY WITH THE SCHOOL'

Margaret Yates

An opportunity presented itself, and with my parents' permission, I was allowed to go on the 'Science Excursion' with the school. I had to save for this, firstly by putting aside my "pocket money" and secondly, by offering to do extra chores. These included making refreshments at home: 'Cuppa Tea 3d', 'Coffee 6d' but there was one condition, I told the family "I don't make dinner." The balance, after my pocket money and my additional contribution, was paid by my parents.

Whilst away, at certain times we had to wear our school uniform, otherwise we could dress in appropriate warm clothing, as we were going to the Snowy Mountains to see the Hydro Electric construction and associated dams. The snow was deep in places. I remember climbing a slope of snow and calling to the girl behind me to keep her head down as the power lines were only a few inches above our heads. The buildings were deeply covered in snow and to enter we walked through a snow tunnel. The meals served to us were huge. The only serving size was "workman size", so we would order one between two or three of us.

Do I remember much about the "Science" of the excursion – No! Just that we all enjoyed ourselves!

Below is the Snowy River Song we all learned whilst away.

Snowy River Roll *Bill Lovelock*

*Give me a man who's a man among men,
Who'll stow his white collar and put down his pen.
Who'll blow down a mountain and build you a dam,
Bigger and better than old Uncle Sam!*

*Roll! Roll! Roll on your way!
Snowy River, roll on your way!
Roll on your way until Judgement Day!
Snowy River, roll. (repeat after each verse)*

*Sometimes it's raining and sometimes it's hail,
Sometimes it blows up a blizzardly gale.
Sometimes there's fire; sometimes there's flood,
And sometimes you're up to your eyeballs in mud!*

*Give me bulldozers and tractors 'n' hoses,
'N' diesels to ease all my troubles away.
With the help of the Lord and a good Henry Ford
The Snowy will roll on her way.*

*Don't bring your sweetheart unless she's your wife,
For here you must follow the bachelor life!
Where woman is woman, and man is a fool!
Y' get much more work from a bow-legged mule.*

SCHOOL BEGINS FOR ENID SECOMB

Enid Dawson

I was born in 1931 and lived with my parents and my sister Doreen in Wide Street, West Kempsey. Doreen was three years older than me, so when I started school, I walked with her and other children from our neighbourhood down to West Kempsey Public School. We had to walk along Wide Street, turn the corner into Tozer Street and walk for two blocks before turning into Elbow Street to the school, which was situated next to the Police Station.

There were shops across the street from the school, so some children bought their lunch from the café, bakery or fruit shop. Mum made our lunch - one Marmite sandwich, cut into four little squares, a small cake and a piece of fruit. Marmite was like Vegemite. I was not very keen on the Marmite sandwich as it was rather tasteless, but those days children ate what they were given. It was only occasionally we were allowed to buy our lunch.

Mum gave each of us sixpence (about five cents these days). I always bought a meat pie, cost three pence (about 2 cents), a small cake, cost one penny, and an ice block that was white down one side and either red or green down the other side. This cost one penny too, and with the other penny I bought some lollies. You could get about 24 tiny lollies for one penny. Some 6th class students would hold flags, just like lollipop people do now, to stop the traffic while the children crossed the street at lunch time.



First Class West Kempsey School – Enid is in the centre holding the name board – Photo from Dawson Family Collection

All I remember about my first day at school was being taken into the Kindergarten room where I spent the morning threading large coloured beads on to a thick cord. Miss **Britz** was the Kindergarten teacher. In the afternoon she took me upstairs to the room where Miss **Pye** had first class. I remained in Miss **Pye**'s class for the rest of the year.

MY SCHOOL DAYS

Gwen Grimmond

My family lived in several different locations in New South Wales and therefore, my schools were in different towns. My first school was in Narrabri, but because I was so young when I started at age four, I cannot remember the building. I can only remember that I was sent home because I taught the other children to whistle. My few memories of Narrabri are of the dust storms.

My family returned to Sydney the next year and we lived in Ryde in Pope Street, just around the corner from the Primary School. Ryde School was a two-storey red brick building. I have a very strong memory of the day that we were learning to write our own names. My mum was very insistent on the spelling. She wrote my name on a piece of paper. Days at school at Ryde were very happy. I had lots of friends that lived close by and our paternal grandmother lived within walking distance of our home. My sister and I were allowed to walk to our friends or to our grandmother's home without supervision.

After only another two years we moved to live with our maternal grandparents in Granville. Our dad had joined the Royal Australian Air Force and our grandmother was suffering from cancer. My dad's employer had supplied our home and my mum was going to look after our grandmother. Granville School was miles away for our grandparents' home, so we went to school by bus. A friend of our family, who owned a sulky, lived near the bus stop and on some mornings, he would offer us a ride in his sulky. I always wished that the bus would arrive before his sulky appeared!

Granville Infants' School had a two-storey brick building with a separate washroom in the grounds. All pupils' hands and teeth were inspected after lunch. We carried our toothbrush, soap and hand towel to school. I cannot remember if we carried toothpaste. The school dentist visited once a year and when I was in second class, he decided that my teeth were too crowded, resulting in two of my molars being removed. The bleeding would not stop, so I was sent home with my mouth stuffed with cotton wool. The bus did not run till 3.30pm so I walked home. My mum was not happy.

After Infants' School we graduated to the Primary School building, which was a very attractive red brick building with high gables. It was during the time of the Second World War and we had many exercises, in case of bombings. We stuffed our rubbers in our mouth and crawled under our desks when alarms sounded. We learned to jump out of a school window into a sheet. We were terrified of falling on the school pavement. The windows were strapped with paper to prevent the glass shattering. The war years were scary times for children.

Our grandfather was the Air Raid Warden for Peglar Avenue where we lived. He had to check that the homes in our area were completely blacked out at night.

We had to check our diet regularly even in fourth class. A sheet of paper had to be filled out recording each meal we ate for a month. It was the era of rationing. We were given books of Stamps for tea, sugar and clothing. I was measured in third class and had a Clothing Book. If a child was five (5) feet in height, they were eligible for the Clothing Book. Granville Schools

were segregated schools. The girls in one building and the boys in another, separated by a fence.

My grandmother died when I was in fourth class and my dad returned home when I was in High School, but we still lived with our grandfather. I attended Parramatta Intermediate High, with most of my Primary School friends. The journey consisted of a bus, train and another bus, and a walk from Parramatta station. Parramatta School was a very well-planned school of two storeys in a 'y' shape facing north with a big triangle in the centre and a hall, with a Tuck Shop at the eastern end. The southern front of the school had gardens and a lawn sloping down to the Parramatta River. The school was built on a very historic site, where Samuel Marsden's farm had been situated.

Parramatta School was also segregated. I was trained to decorate cakes in second form and together with a friend Beverley **Chittendon**, we made and decorated a five-tier cake for Parramatta's 150th Anniversary. Beverley and I were the only girls to sit for the External Exam at the completion of form three in 1950. We sat for the Home Economics Teachers' Bursary [Scholarship] for Sydney. I won the Bursary. Normally prior to 1950 all pupils sat for the External Exam and the results were published in the newspaper.

With the Bursary I was able to attend Burwood Home Science High School. Burwood was a suburb further away from Granville, so then I travelled by bus, train and a further bus trip. The journey took about an hour. The uniform code for Burwood was very strict; not only did we have a serge tunic and black stockings, but also gloves and a velour hat, which had to be worn when travelling to and from school. When my dad was able to open his own garage on Parramatta Road Burwood, he drove me to school in the morning and I returned home by public transport.

Burwood School was only for girls. It was an old two-storey building and very crowded. Some of our classes were in small storerooms, and several demountable buildings were crowded into the playground area. None of my friends had chosen to attend Burwood School so I had to form new friendships, and these carried on to Teacher's College.

(Apologies to Gwen for not including her School Photo – I didn't save it correctly! – Ed.)

THE 3 'R'S – READIN', WRITIN' & 'RITHMETIC

Yvonne Toomey

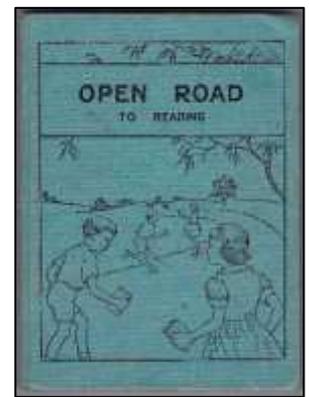
All my schooling years took place in one school and in one town from Kindergarten to 4th Form (Year 10). Because of this I made some lifelong friends.

My education began at the Guyra Central School in Kindergarten in 1955, at the age of five years and six months. The school was situated at the southern end of town and as we lived over two miles from school, the only way to get there was either walk or ride a push bike. There were no buses or public transport and we didn't own a car, but at least I was fit.

There were 22 children in my Kindergarten class and as I entered each year, the student numbers increased considerably.

In my Primary school days, we had small bottles of milk delivered at recess and the milk crates were stacked under a huge shade tree at the end of the playground. Although the milk was never really cold, there was never any left by the time everyone had their share. I remember the radio broadcasts through the ABC such as 'Lets Join In'. The reading books supplied by the Education Department, 'Open Road' and the school magazines. When my parents purchased my first school uniform there was a pack of 'Stamina' project cards in the pocket.

School activities were quite diverse for a small country town. Because there was no television, a movie day was often organised for the students for 2/- (20c) each. For our special outing, we would march to the local picture theatre, which was about 100 metres from the school. The picture theatre also doubled as our concert venue and for special assemblies. Sports carnivals were a big production with 'house' teams competing against one other in ball sports, such as tunnel ball, under-and-over, captain ball as well as all types of athletic events. The carnivals were held in the local sportsground about one and a half kilometres from the school, and the only way to get there was to walk.



*Early School Book
supplied by the
Education Department*

I was involved in all types of sport, such as tennis, softball, basketball and vigoro. With a sports grounding at school, I followed through in later life playing social tennis, competition ten pin bowling and competition softball. The school also ran the occasional square-dancing events as part of the physical education program, which was held at least once a week in the quadrangle. Learn-to-swim classes were also added to the curriculum. Guyra didn't have a swimming pool, so we had to travel to Glen Innes (60 kms) once a week by coach. I received a certificate to say I could stay afloat and swim the width of the pool. To this day I am not much better.



*Yvonne's First Day at School – Photo from
Toomey Family Collection*

One of my academic achievements resulted in first place several times for handwriting and over time this has led me to doing calligraphy in later life. My worst subject was mathematics, but with extra tuition after school and encouragement from my headmaster, I ended up with a fantastic pass in the School Certificate. My best subjects were writing, science and geography.

I began High School in 1962 at the beginning of the 'The Wyndham Scheme'. Dr **Wyndham** had made recommendations to re-organise secondary education in New South Wales. It was because of this report, that the Guyra School introduced 4th Form (Year 10) and the School Certificate. It was my last year at school and the first year a 4th Form was implemented with only 12 students - six boys and six girls. Up until then any student wishing to do further high school education

would have to travel to Armidale, either by train or by coach. This was something my parents could not afford.

My recollections of school were mostly happy days, with the good memories overriding any unpleasant ones. I enjoyed going to school and received several 100% attendance certificates.

As there were a limited number of subjects to choose from compared to today, school didn't seem quite so complicated. However, I believe the basics should still remain – 'readin', writin' and 'rithmetic.

'WHAT BILL WANTED' - A REMARKABLE LETTER

Contributed by Val Friederich

A country storekeeper has among his cherished curios the following letter from a customer:

"Dick

Ples send goods at ons, want them for kismis. 6lbs raisints, them butes you sent aint the rite butes, they is 9 and I take seven. You must think I got fete like black fellows kanoos. Bag Flour 6 pound rice. I had a bad fire today burned nearly all me grass and frightened the doos out of me cows. Old womans been sic ever since, pound of baken sodar packit courn flower, the cows have gone orf their milk and sore tits and wonte feed, 10 pounds gud bakin, no dried horse like last time with a hide a hinch thick, pound sugar lolys for the kids. It gave partickler ell to the rabbits and hares and burnt them right out, tin trekel, 6 tins jam.

Teel the butcher to send 12 pound rostin meat and the bill and I will setill wen I come in, all is well barin the missis and cows orf their milk with sore tits and two kids with the mesules. Opin you are the same at is leaves me at present. Merry kismis boks anter bilyus pils, packit spice, tin pepper send coil barb wire, grindstone, 6 pare bute lases, strong ones, pound cheese good cheese this time, last cheese krorld orf the tabl. Send bottle korn kure for the old rown cow that's delekit. Jim fell orf the cart last week and burst his trowsis, tin courn befe, 4 bars sope, 4 pare socks, all for big fete, that buket you sent liiks like ell, wishing you a happy new year and kissmiss.

Yours Bill

(Reprinted from The Forbes Advocate, Friday 31st May 1918, page 2)

(It seems Bill may have missed out on some basic education but never-the-less, his message can still be understood -Ed.)

DID YOU KNOW?

That the Royal Hotel built by Major Innes, in Horton Street, Port Macquarie in the 1840s was used as a home as well as a school, for children in the mid to late 1800s. Schoolteacher Alexander Waugh and his wife Elizabeth established an elite Boarding School called “**The Beach House**” at the northern end of the Hotel in 1850. About 20 ‘boarders’ and many ‘day pupils’ were under their care. The students attending came from the Manning, Hastings, and Macleay areas, but there were also some from Sydney who were attracted by the favourable reputation of the school and the favourable climate of the district.



*Schoolchildren at the Royal Hotel –
Photo from Port Macquarie Library*

The Waughs didn’t teach the ‘normal’ school subjects because the students had either finished, or had left, State schools. Instead their subjects included English, Manners, Deportment and Pronunciation. Students included James **McInherney**, Port Macquarie’s first Mayor; the Hon. Sir Horace **Tozer**, Colonial Secretary of Queensland; Vivian **Tozer**, Surveyor at Temora; and Robert **Gray**, the Railway Commissioner of Queensland.

A restaurant now operates at the northern end of the Royal Hotel, on the Town Green, where the school once operated, and it continues to be known as the “Beach House.”



*The ‘Beach House’
Restaurant at the Royal Hotel
2020 – Photo M. Blight*

37TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF NSW & ACT ASSOCIATION OF FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETIES, PORT MACQUARIE 2021



The Port Macquarie & Districts Family History Society will be hosting the 2021 Conference from Friday 10th September till Sunday 12th September.

Planning is on hold at present but we are hoping that the present ‘social distancing’ requirements will be waived by September next year. Thus, in anticipation of the Conference proceeding, the committee has decided to produce a ‘**2021 Conference Edition**’ of **Footsteps** which will be

distributed along with other papers to each Conference Participant. Accordingly we are seeking Member’s stories and especially those that are related to our theme for the Conference - “***With Conviction....beyond reasonable doubt.***”

Maybe your family had some secrets...or maybe they told some lies about what really happened to certain family members, but through your research you have been able to sort out the facts from the fiction! Or perhaps it has not been possible to prove what was fact and what was fiction, but other evidence has led you to a plausible conclusion? Or maybe DNA has helped to solve some of the family’s long held beliefs? Or perhaps you have a brick wall still standing? We would love to hear your stories and include them in our Conference edition of **Footsteps** - they can be submitted at any time to the editor@pmdfhs.org.au

FOOTSTEPS CONTRIBUTIONS

The next edition of Footsteps will be published in **August 2020** and members are encouraged to submit stories and articles about family activities and/or family research, or about web sites, books or magazines that have been useful when undertaking research. .



If possible, please include photos and/or illustrations in your article as these can add interest to your story. These can be attached separately as JPGs if you prefer, but if attached separately, please indicate if you have a preference as to where you would like them positioned in your article.

Articles should be limited to between 1500–1550 words with up to four photos, or up to 1800 words without photos. It is always important when researching to cite your references and sources. When inserting the references or sources in your articles, it is requested that you use numbers i.e. 1,2,3, etc. (not Roman Numerals) and that you place them as ‘endnotes’, not ‘footnotes.’

Stories that are submitted for publication in Footsteps should generally be the work of the author or the contributor submitting the story. If the writing is not the work of the author, please seek permission from the original author where possible, and indicate the source of the work when the article is submitted.

All contributions are subject to copyright unless otherwise indicated and no portion of this journal may be reproduced without written permission of the Society. The views expressed by authors and contributors to Footsteps are not necessarily those of the Society.

Stories and articles may be submitted at any time, but it would be appreciated if they can be sent to the editor@pmdfhs.org.au by **Friday 17th July 2020 so they can be included in the August issue**. Members whose articles are published in Footsteps, will have their names included in a draw in May 2021, for a chance to win a one-year Port Macquarie & Districts Family History Society membership.



THE DINA DIARY – NO 13

Using Genetics for Genealogy

Ken Hunt

Why Not?

Think back to those days when we started genealogy. It meant writing to our relatives for information and to Family History Societies world-wide asking them to look up the records they held and to check names on local cemetery lists. We relied heavily on locating our ancestors through both microfiche and film at our local and interstate libraries and having to travel extensively (sometimes overseas) for research. Go back even further and think how much more difficult it must have been for our ancestors and their reliance on family stories and the tree in the family bible that had been added to over the generations.

Move forward to just 15 or so years ago to the advent of the internet and the start of online family history through mailing lists, boards and forums and the beginnings of databases such as Family Search, Friends Reunited – with its family history offshoot Genes Reunited – WikiTree, Geni and others, the names of which I have sadly forgotten. Slowly, digital records

were added along with other features giving us the ability to find more and more data online. Believe it or not, in those early days the use of computers was panned by some as “not real research”.

If the use of computers was perceived with horror, then when DNA testing was added to the mix less than 10 years ago, it caused a similar outrage in some circles.

In the words of DNA blogger Roberta Estes:

“Indeed, we’ve come a very long way from the time when DNA was a verboten topic on the old RootsWeb mailing lists and boards. Early DNA adopters back then were accused of “cheating” and worse. Our posts were deleted immediately. How times have changed!” 1

Now back in 2020 much of our research is online and we do it sitting in the comfort of our own homes, sending emails and messages to our new-found cousins asking them for further information or confirmation of our common ancestors. How frustrated we become with online documents that are not clear, or details that are written illegibly, or those who won’t answer our messages, or people who don’t have a family tree or those pesky private trees.

Let’s now skip forward 100 years to the year 2120. Our future genealogist – probably one of our descendants – licks a test strip and inserts it into a hand-held device that immediately sequences her whole genome and sends it to an AncestryDNA-like database. The frustration she has may not be why she cannot find any record of her ancestors in the 2016 Australian Census but why her 5x great grandparents had not tested their DNA back in the 21st century. “Why not?” she might cry, “Taking a DNA test is so easy”. And of course, she is correct.

According to Wikipedia:

“Genealogical DNA tests have become popular due to the ease of testing at home and their usefulness in supplementing genealogical research. Genealogical DNA tests allow for an individual to determine with high accuracy whether he or she is related to another person within a certain time frame, or with certainty that he or she is not related. DNA tests are perceived as more scientific, conclusive and expeditious than searching the civil records. ... The civil records are always only as accurate as the individuals having provided or written the information.” 2

Let’s face it, taking a test is so easy that every serious genealogist should have done one. Why do I believe it is easy? For at least two major reasons:

- The price of an autosomal DNA (atDNA) test has tumbled over the past decade; and
- As a member of our Family History Society, you have the benefit of speaking to other members who can explain what your results mean and where next to go.

Let’s look at each of these points in turn.

PRICE

In 2010 when direct to the public DNA testing began, FamilyTreeDNA (FTDNA) was one of the first to offer this service to Australian consumers. At the time, the cost of an atDNA test was about \$US100 (about \$AU160). AncestryDNA entered the Australian market in 2016 and their pricing was about \$AU159 plus a whopping \$AU30 for postage.

Moving on to 2020 the prices have dropped considerably, with testing companies offering discounts throughout the year for holidays and special days such as Christmas, Mother’s Day and St Patricks Day. At such times, FTDNA often reduce their autosomal test price to below

\$US39 (\$AU60) including postage and Ancestry to about \$AU88 - sometimes with postage included, or with offers such as buy 2 kits and pay postage for one, or buy 4 tests and get one free.

So as the cost goes down it becomes cheaper for us to at least purchase a DNA testing kit for ourselves.

I first ordered an atDNA testing kit in February 2013 from FamilyTreeDNA. They were the only major direct-to-consumer company offering genetic tests in Australia at that time. I recall that the main reason for taking the test was curiosity. Curious about who I might find as a match and curious about any strange anomalies that I might find in my ethnicity results. I was hooked immediately.

Later I sent off for the first of my Y chromosome DNA tests – which identified 12 markers or short tandem repeats. This test and the Y-24 are now deemed inadequate (many matches proved to be too far back in time to be really useful) and are no longer offered.

I purchased kits for my father-in-law, my two paternal aunts and a couple of maternal cousins to help me discover which side of my tree my matches fell. Simply put, if my shared matches also matched my aunts, then I knew they were on my father's branch and should they match with my cousins, then they belonged to my mother's side. Simple basic logic, but I was fascinated. I eventually tested 111 markers on my Y chromosome which gave me a haplogroup of R-M269. Later, I tested with the now defunct Genographic Project which better defined my haplogroup to R-Z2. My final (?) Y test was a Big Y-700 that I took earlier this year and my haplogroup was refined even further to R-BY157975.

When Ancestry decided to offer their tests to a few countries outside the USA, Australia being one of them, I was fortunate enough to meet the local Ancestry representative who offered me a free test kit. Ancestry only does the atDNA test and at the time provided very basic information with very few tools. What made it attractive was that it had the largest database of people who had tested – albeit that most were from the USA. Initially I had a few distant matches with Ancestry, certainly not the 2nd or 3rd cousins that people were reporting in the U.S. Over the years I have found that this is changing as more people from Australia, New Zealand, Britain and Europe test with Ancestry. I now regularly get closer matches – 3rd to 5th cousins.

At the time of writing, I manage kits across four DNA database sites for about a dozen people including myself, many of these tests I have purchased to try to get answers to particular genealogical questions.

GETTING HELP

The second reason that testing is so easy is that once we have tested we have the ability to ask for help. The Port Macquarie & Districts Family History Society DNA support group has been meeting each month for over four years in the Port Macquarie Library. In 2016 at our first meeting, we all had limited knowledge of how DNA works for us as genealogists, but over time our knowledge base has increased exponentially. For the past 12 months or so, we have had guest presenters from within our group who have offered us the benefit of their knowledge. As time progresses (COVID-19 willing) we will continue to do this.

What this means of course for the first time DNA tester is that there are many in our FHS who are able to help and guide without us having to “reinvent the wheel”. We currently have over

60 members in our DNA Support Group, each of whom can give a novice at least the benefit of their testing experience and if necessary refer them to others within our FHS with a broader or more specific knowledge of their issues. Not every Family History Society in Australia – or indeed worldwide – has such a resource available to them, so why not use it?

Of course there are other reasons to test such as:

- DNA testing overcomes many of the doubts we may have with the authenticity of legal documents, by proving or invalidating them. How do you know that the father shown on the marriage certificate is correct – especially if shown as deceased? How do you know that the parents shown on the birth certificate are the baby's biological ones?
- Let's face it, people don't always know the truth, or they deliberately try to hide it from us. How many of us have taken at face value the relationships that are told us by our family? I was provided with a family line that could be traced back for hundreds of years and I accepted it as correct until I found a census with my relative living with his mother at two years old and sharing her family name. Move on 10 years to the next census, mother has married, and son now uses the stepfather's surname as his own. DNA testing has shown that the stepfather is not his biological parent. The only way I am going to definitively break down this brick wall is through genetic genealogy and I know that this will happen as more people test, especially those in the UK. As well I have saved countless hours tracing a branch of the family that was pure mythology and not part of my tree.
- Until 1927 in Britain, adoption wasn't legally regulated, making it hard before then to determine whether a particular child we are researching is a full or half sibling or not related at all to the rest of the family.
- Records have been lost to natural and man-made disasters. Facts which you might not be able to prove using paper records may be bolstered using the science to show, for instance, that many of your distant cousin matches share a particular location that had poor record keeping or disastrous losses.

On Ancestry I have over 45,000 cousin matches the majority of whom I will probably never be able to identify. If I add in the matches that are shared with my brother but not me, then that figure will go above 50,000. Closer cousin matches are either known to me or if not, little effort is required to find our common ancestors. Those which are more distant are sometimes harder to find, but often it only takes patience and time – the latter we have plenty of in these days of lock-down.

So, taking a DNA test is easy and while it may not be seen by you as relevant, think of your future genealogist descendants. They will be immensely grateful that you left them a bit of your DNA as your legacy.

¹ <https://dna-explained.com/2020/02/11/dna-testing-sales-decline-reason-and-reasons/>

² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Genealogical_DNA_test#Benefits



THE COMPUTER CORNER NUMBER 59 (Information for Family Historians using Computers)

Rex Toomey

‘Ancestry’ Access without a Subscription

In these difficult times whilst locked away at home due to the pandemic, free access to Ancestry over the internet may be a way to reduce the boredom and allow further work to be undertaken on family history research. Whilst not all facilities of a paid subscription are available, especially the family trees with their sometimes ‘dodgy’ information, access can be made of the vast catalogue of Ancestry’s world-wide resources. This brief article will provide a step-by-step guide on how to access Ancestry from home. The only requirement is to have a reader’s ticket from either the State Library of NSW (SLNSW) or a participating local library.

From a Google search screen, type ‘SLNSW’ and press the ‘enter’ key to display the SLNSW results as shown. Click the hyperlink ‘eResources’ to open the SLNSW eResources page. This allows remote access to some of the library’s resources over the internet.



The link to open the ‘Ancestry Library Edition’ should appear at the top of the right hand side. However, if it does not appear, click the ‘Family History’ option as shown to display it.

Next, a prompt will appear requesting the entry of a ‘Library card number’. The remote resources are only available to New South Wales residents who hold a SLNSW library card or be registered as a member using a library card from a participating NSW public library. This page also provides the facility to request a SLNSW library card. Note that the number shown in this example is not valid!



Once a valid library card number has been entered, the Ancestry Library Edition screen will be displayed as follows. Remember that the family trees are not available.



To all researchers who are house bound at present, please be safe and enjoy the additional home time to work on the family history.

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP FEES

	Renewals	New Members*	
	Payable at 1st July each year	1st July to 30th June	1st Jan to 30th June
Single	\$30.00	\$35.00	\$20.00
Family	\$40.00	\$45.00	\$25.00
<i>Footsteps</i> Journal editions—November, February, May, August	4 issues included in Membership fees		
	Subscription is available to Non-Members at \$15.00 for one year.		

*Includes a one-off \$5.00 joining fee.

FAMILY HISTORY RESEARCH

The Society will undertake family history research for an initial fee of \$20 and will include a list of records used, entry into *Footsteps* (where appropriate) and suggestions regarding other resources. There may be an additional fee for further research.

Please make your initial enquiry to the Research Officer at secretary@pmdfhs.org.au and include as many details as possible about the person/family and any other relevant information including sources already researched. Alternatively, enquire via mail and include a business size, stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Research Officer, PO Box 1359, Port Macquarie NSW 2444.

INFOEMAIL

Our Society newsletter, *InfoEmail*, is emailed on a regular basis to members who have provided an email address. Remember to keep your email address up to date so you do not miss out. Please email us if you are not receiving the *InfoEmail*.

If you do not have an email address, but have a computer with internet access, the *InfoEmails* are available on our website at www.pmdfhs.org.au to download and read. Journal reviews now have their own separate tab on the left side of the Society's website.

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE

General assistance with family history – local, Australian and overseas – is available for members and non-members in the Local Studies Room at the Port Macquarie Library. Our volunteers are on duty to help on most Tuesdays and Wednesdays from 10am to 3pm, with a break over Christmas.

RESEARCH SUPPORT GROUP

The Research Support Group for members is held at Port Macquarie-Hastings Library in the Technology Room, from 1pm to 3pm on the Wednesday after the General Meeting. The topic will be advertised in the latest *InfoEmail* and at the most recent General Meeting. The discussion is followed by general family history assistance. Afternoon tea is available. Bring your laptop if you have one, but it is not essential as there are a number of computers available in the Technology Room.

PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE

Publication Name	Member Price	Normal Price	Weight
Port Macquarie's Last Convicts; The story of the end of the convict establishment in 1847, 204 pages, soft cover	\$18	\$20	737g
Tile Tales; Stories behind the names on the front wall of the Port Macquarie Swimming Pool, 752 pages, hard cover	\$60	\$60	2kg
Cemetery Trail; Port Macquarie – Hastings Full colour, 224 pages (glove box sized)	\$27	\$30	425g
Can You Remember? Memory Joggers for writing a Life Story (A5 booklet – pink cover – 16pp)	\$3	\$3	25g
Starting Your Family History (A5 booklet – yellow cover – 20pp)	\$3	\$3	30g
Pedigree Chart & Family Group Sheets 1 chart, 16 group sheets (A5 booklet – blue cover – 40pp)	\$5	\$5	54g
Certificates of Freedom Records for PM Convicts: Runaways, Robbers & Incurable Rogues (CD-ROM)	\$8	\$12	n/a
Port Macquarie Index to Colonial Secretary's Papers 1796-1825 (CD-ROM)	\$8	\$12	n/a
Harvesting the Hastings – Farming Families (CD-ROM in colour)	\$17	\$20	n/a
Sydney Gaol Records for Port Macquarie Convicts April 1821-1826 (CD-ROM)	\$8	\$12	n/a
General Cemetery Port Macquarie – Transcriptions & Images (CD-ROM)	\$8	\$12	n/a

Note: All CD-ROM purchases include postage

Postage Australia Wide		
Up to 250g (Large letter)	\$5	Holds one book only
250g to 500g (Large letter/Package)	\$12	
Over 500g (Prepaid satchel)	\$18	Holds several books

Postage charges must be added to the cost of the items purchased. When ordering several books, calculate the total weight and use the table above to calculate postage cost. For ALL overseas rates, please contact the Secretary. To collect items instead of paying postage, please also contact the Secretary (see telephone number on page 2).

An order form is available at: www.pmdfhs.org.au – please complete the order form and send with your payment to: The Secretary, Port Macquarie & Districts Family History Society Inc. PO Box 1359, Port Macquarie NSW 2444.

Cheques and money orders should be made payable to Port Macquarie & Districts Family History Society Inc. or alternatively, send an email to secretary@pmdfhs.org.au to obtain the Society's banking details, and direct deposit reference, in order to pay by direct deposit via the internet. Pre-payment is required; however Local Government Libraries can be invoiced.

PORT MACQUARIE & DISTRICTS FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY INC.

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Our Research Home

Local Studies/Family History Room
Port Macquarie-Hastings Library
Corner of Grant and Gordon Streets
Port Macquarie NSW 2444

Our Meeting Room

CC Mac Adams Music Centre
Gordon Street
Port Macquarie NSW 2444
(between Port Macquarie Olympic Pool and Players Theatre)

Port Macquarie & Districts Family History Society is affiliated with:

Royal Australian Historical Society
Parramatta Female Factory Friends
Australian Federation of Family History Organisations Inc.
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of Family History Societies Inc.

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