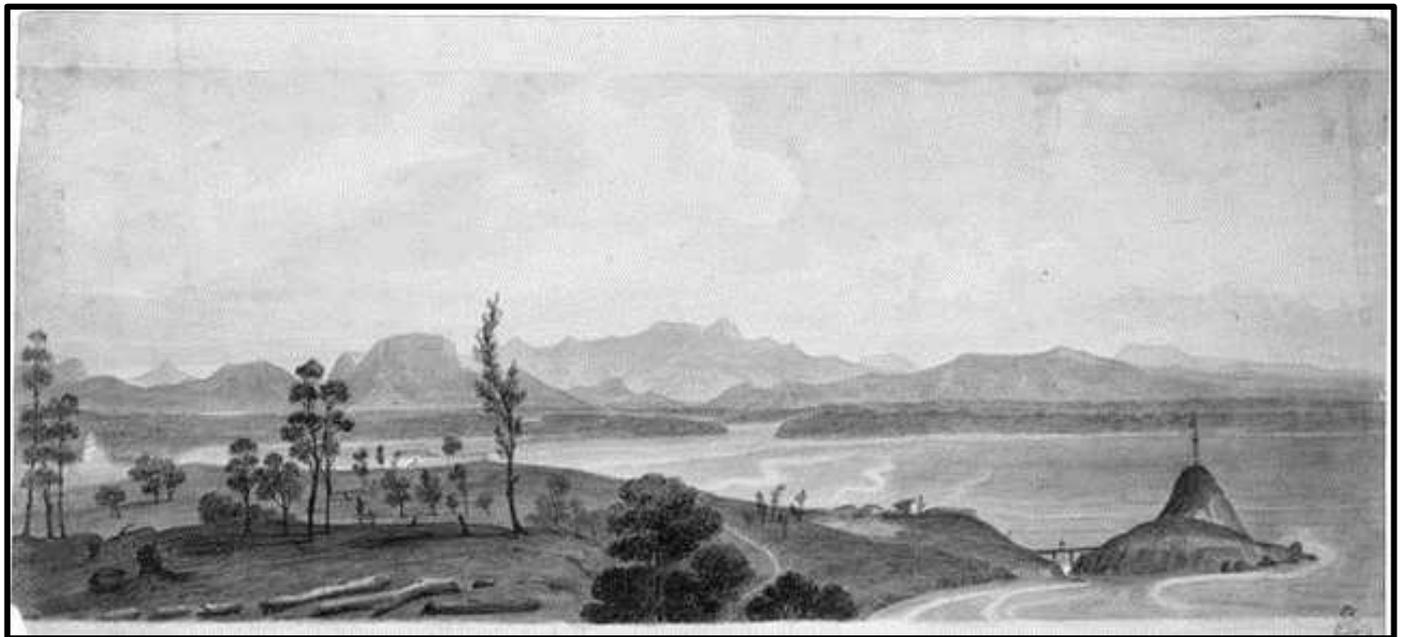


Footsteps



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

SOCIETY ORGANISATION AND CONTACTS

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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: *View of Port Macquarie [Macquarie] New.South.Wales c. 1825 -watercolour painted by Augustus Earle, Bequest of David Scott Mitchell 1910, State Library of NSW.*



PRESIDENT’S TWO CENTS’ WORTH

Diane Gillespie

Port Macquarie & Districts Family History Society (PMDFHS) usually conducts our Annual General Meeting in August each year but 2020 has been significantly different as we step into a ‘new world’ amid the presence of Covid-19. This calendar year has been fraught with drought, bushfires and now the pandemic, bringing about both a sense of isolation and time for reflection.

Our Society activities have been cancelled or adapted to virtual settings, which has set both the committee and the members substantial challenges. Many of our members have embraced contact through a digital medium and we have tried to keep members up to date with the ‘freebies’ and offerings of the genealogical world. Many companies such as Ancestry and FindMyPast have stepped up to provide enticements to keep family historians researching and extending their records. Other Government bodies have also attempted to keep family historians engaged by offering Webinars and cut-price access to records. While we were not

able to physically visit these institutions, or even our local library, over the past few months, they have reached out to us offering digital access.

2020 has been a year like no other in our lifetimes. The 'new normal' looks like being very different and it will take all of us some time to adjust.

Our Society has resumed general meetings, using both a combination of virtual presence and face-to-face gatherings in our usual meeting place at the CC Mac Adams Centre. We are governed by the strict 'social-distancing' limitations but I am grateful to Clive **Smith** and other committee members who have come along on this learning journey. We are currently permitted up to 20 people in the hall at the Mac Adams Centre and as restrictions ease, we will look to returning to hold our general meetings there.

Our DNA Support Group has been kept up to date with the ever-changing happenings in Genetic genealogy by our keen DNA Convenor, Ken **Hunt**.

Ken also organised a DNA Webinar presentation from Chris **Woodlands** who generously introduced interested Society members to the joys of DNA Painter and WATO (What Are The Odds). We are grateful both to Ken for his organisation and to Chris **Woodlands** and her helpers, Vicki and Kathryn, for reaching out to country family historians. We were also delighted to welcome some visitors from Coffs Harbour Family History Society who were able to join us.

Members of our 'Convict Group' are collating index cards from the local Museum in a joint project with Port Macquarie Historical Society to try to establish a definitive list of the convicts who were sent to Port Macquarie from 1821 to 1847 before the convict establishment closed in Port Macquarie.

One of our long-standing members, Richard **Grimmond**, published his latest book last month - *Port Macquarie 1821*. It looks at the events surrounding the establishment of a place of secondary punishment for the fledgling European settlement. Congratulations Richard.

As we approach our Annual General Meeting, I would like to thank the members of the Committee for their on-going support, encouragement, and ideas.

I would also like to extend my thanks to every one of our members. Your Society exists for **you**. We, as volunteers, do our best to provide you with support and direction as you strive to breathe life into your ancestors.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Welcome to new members, Carolyn and Barry **Hughes** from Port Macquarie, Janet **Brown** from Wauchope, Roslyn **Debreceeny** from King Creek and returning members Gary and Ken **Littlefair** from Port Macquarie. We hope you will enjoy your association with our Society and that you will benefit from the resources and workshops available to you.

FROM THE EDITOR

Margaret Blight

Another three months has passed and although we have not seen a number of Members on a regular basis, I am delighted that so many have continued to write stories for inclusion in this quarterly journal. There was no theme for this edition, so we have a collection of articles on a variety of different subjects. I'm sure they will provide interesting reading and I hope they will inspire some of you to write an article for a future journal.

The current Covid 19 Pandemic has caused much community concern, and disruption to our daily activities, so perhaps it would be interesting to record your thoughts about some of the 'good', or 'not so good', events that we have all experienced during the past few months. In the future, our descendants will no doubt appreciate any first-hand accounts of our day-to-day rituals and information about our acceptance and support for the restrictions that were imposed on whole communities.

Alternatively, we might reflect on the 'good times' and the 'bad times' experienced by our family and/or our ancestors in the past, for example, what conditions did they encounter in the 1920s after the Spanish Flu epidemic, or in the depression that followed in the 1930s? and I'm sure there are Members with wonderful 'rags to riches' stories, of convicts who became landowners, or of labourers who found gold and were able to buy land, or build a house, or educate their children, or of those who worked long hours and saved hard to provide for their family. But then, there are probably many others who experienced difficult times, perhaps through unfortunate conditions at birth, or through the downturn in the economy, or during times of drought, flood, and fire, or the loss of a father/wage earner/work, or a lack of opportunity to study, to learn, to be able to follow a certain path.

A recent topic for our Writers' Group was "*If these Walls could Talk*" so perhaps you could formulate a story from this perspective, rather than writing a totally factual account. Articles centred around this theme would be much appreciated for inclusion in the November Footsteps, but other stories are also welcome – I look forward to receiving them all.

OUR COMING BICENTENARY

Richard Grimmond

2021 will mark the Bicentenary of European settlement in Port Macquarie. During our celebrations it is important to recognise the contribution made by our local **Birpai** people in those early days of settlement.

The first recorded European encounter with the local Aborigines would have been when John **Oxley** traded an axe for a canoe at Kings Creek. The friendliness and kindness he displayed then, set the tone for later. The same boy who loaned him his canoe, together with several others, met him again when he was crossing today's Kooloonbung Creek. They clapped their hands above their heads to show him that they were unarmed but they



*Photo from Creative Commons licensed under
CC NC ND*

would not come any closer than one hundred yards. John **Oxley** left them a gift of fishing lines, fishhooks, and kangaroo skins.

Local Aborigines also visited John **Oxley**'s camp in Port Macquarie and his men offered them a shark they had caught. The natives indicated by sign language that it would make them sick, but **Oxley**'s men ate it with "*no bad effects from eating it.*" However, when one of **Oxley**'s men took up a musket, "*they immediately ran off*". This indicated that these men were not the first white men they had seen. (There is speculation that escaping convicts, William and Mary **Bryant** and their two small children and seven other convicts may have called in at Port Macquarie as they navigated their way further north.)

When John **Oxley** returned to the area with Phillip **King** in 1819 to survey the port, it is recorded that five local Aborigines recognized him on his arrival. Commandant Francis **Allman** had such willing cooperation from the local natives in tracking and capturing escaped convicts that he named them bush constables, and he had a brass plate made for one called **Monunggal** with the words '*Chief of the Port Macquarie Blacks*' on it. It was crescent shaped and **Monunggal** wore it around his neck. He even had some 'bush constables' taught to use muskets and it is recorded that **Monunggal** shot an escaping convict named Thomas **Gouldrich** on 3 March 1823. These recorded incidences show the confidence the Commandant had in them and the cooperation he received from them.

Unfortunately, though, there was one incident in 1825 that reflected badly on harmonious relationship between the two groups. Two shingle splitters were killed by the natives at Blackman's Point. The reason is not known. Some military men retaliated hastily and shot all the Aborigines in the entire camp. It became known as the '*Blackman's Point Massacre.*' Allan **Cunningham** and Phillip **King** had counted twenty-five males living there. The soldiers involved were sent to Sydney and were Court-martialled. They were severely reprimanded, but their only punishment was that they were never allowed to return to Port Macquarie.

On a brighter note, it was during Henry **Gillman**'s time as Commandant that a very heroic incident occurred involving the local natives. On 9 December 1827, the Pilot took the *Alligator* out of the port and steered it safely over the bar. His crew of six followed in a longboat to bring him back. The Pilot shook hands with the Captain, went through the entry port and climbed down the side ladder to jump into the waiting boat. As the Pilot and crew rowed back to port through the waves on the bar, the boat slewed and capsized. All seven men were thrown into the foaming surf. As none could swim, they were in a desperate situation.

Fortunately, they were being observed by seven strapping local Aboriginal boys on the north shore. They immediately dived in and swam to their rescue. They righted the boat that still floated with its buoyancy tanks, and pushed a couple of men in. They swam to the others and dragged them ashore. All seven were rescued. When some of the crew recovered, they put them in the boat, retrieved some oars, and those who had revived, rowed the others to the southern side of the port. When the Commandant heard of their bravery, he notified Governor **Darling** who had special medals made and these were presented to the seven Aboriginal boys in recognition of their fearlessness in rescuing the Pilot and crew members.

Another unusual situation occurred which also involved the local Aborigines. George **Macdonald**, an employed Officer (not a convict), in charge of the stores at Rollands Plains, had a deformity. He had a large lump on the middle of his back. Apparently a local tribal elder from the Kings River area who had recently died, had a similar lump, and on observing George **Macdonald**, the local natives immediately assumed that their popular leader named **Bangar**, had ‘jumped up’ into a white man’s body. There was a great celebration. They brought George many gifts including a pretty young ‘wife’. They treated him as a reincarnated Aborigine and took him on trips into the bush to teach him their language and tribal secrets. When George had to leave Port Macquarie all the local Aborigines lined up along the port to wave goodbye. After he left, George’s Aboriginal wife had a daughter who was christened, ‘Georgina’, by Reverend **Cross** on 22 February 1831 at St Thomas Church, but unfortunately, she died the next day, and sadly George **Macdonald** never saw his daughter.

Another unusual story involving local Aborigines occurred in 1830 when Captain **Smyth** was Commandant. A request came from Van Diemen’s Land to send twelve Port Macquarie trackers, apparently to demonstrate cooperation with the white man. Captain **Smyth** called for volunteers and was surprised when twelve readily agreed to go. They included, (to give them their adopted names) Bob **Barratt**, **Newton**, **Libarton** and **Monkey** who wanted to take their wives with them. Captain **Smyth** agreed. George **Macdonald** was asked to take them. They had only travelled as far as Sydney when they were told to return to Port Macquarie. No reason was given regarding the cancellation of the journey.

There is another Port Macquarie story which involved a hanging. Records show that an Aboriginal named **Terrymidgee** was hanged on 25 October 1843 outside the old gaol, which was located where Rotary Park is today. It was the only hanging in Port Macquarie. Circumstances are vague but it is recorded that several Aborigines burst into a house at Rollands Plains and viciously beat to death three of the four male occupants. The fourth man was apparently knocked unconscious early but recovered during the melee and pretended to be dead. By doing this, he was able to survive. His name was John **Spokes** and he was able to identify one of the attackers as **Terrymidgee** because he remembered that **Terrymidgee** walked with a limp and one of the attacking natives had a limp. (The hanging of **Terrymidgee** is mentioned in the Journal written by Annabella **Innes (Boswell)** which gives an account of life in Port Macquarie in the early 1800s).

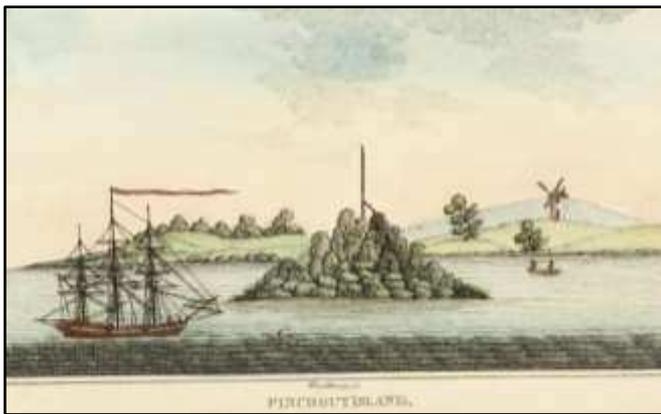
AN ISLAND CALLED ‘MUDDAWAHAYUH

John Stephenson

A few years ago, my wife and I took a ferryboat ride to a little rocky island in the middle of Sydney Harbour. The purpose of the sojourn was to participate in a family wedding anniversary celebration and to discuss old times over lunch. The tiny island had for centuries been called Muddawahnyuh by the Aboriginal people of the region. It was where the Aboriginal King **Bangaroo** and his Aboriginal queens had passed many happy days. That was prior to the invasion of the British First Fleet, importing not only convicts and military personnel, but also bringing with it, smallpox, and other diseases, that within two years wiped out approximately fifty percent of the local Aboriginal inhabitants.

In the early days of the new settlement of Sydney a severe lack of rations created problems in maintaining the security of food supplies. On one occasion six young felons were caught stealing and they were dealt horrific punishments by Governor **Phillip**. As there was no gaol

erected in the town, five of the offenders were ordered to be kept on a bread and water diet, and to be placed on Muddawahnyuh Island. The seventeen-year-old ringleader of the gang was executed on the spot, to serve as a warning to all. The other offenders were kept on the rock for a little over three months, and were eventually liberated on 4 June, the King's birthday. The poor physical condition of these men on their release led to the island being renamed in slang terms, 'Pinchgut Island', a name that continued to be used for many years.



*Sketch of Pinchgut Island
Published 11 March 1813 by M. Jones*

In November 1839, the unexpected overnight arrival of six ships of the American Discovery Squadron demonstrated the ease by which an armed fleet could enter the harbour and could anchor undetected, off Sydney Cove. In 1840, without waiting for approval from the England, Governor **Gipps** approved Lieutenant-Colonel George **Barney**'s plans to turn Pinchgut into a defence fort and assigned 140 convicts to cut the island down to the water's edge.

Work was discontinued in 1843 due to lack of approved funds, but in August 1855, after hearing about Britain's declaration of war on Russia, and three months after the Crimean War began, work recommenced. At the time Sir William **Denison**, was Governor of the colony. He realised that he had insufficient trained infantry to man the various harbour defences and requested support from the mother country.

In October 1856 the Royal Artillery's 3rd Company of the Seven Battalion arrived in Sydney. The company, under command of Captain **Lovell**, consisted of three officers, 115 non-commissioned officers and privates, with 41 women and 62 children. A small number of these soldiers were posted to Pinchgut.

When completed the Fort consisted of a Martello tower 15.5 metres high, a gun battery, magazine, stores, and barracks that included quarters for the men intended to defend it. Some of the rooms served as married quarters for the families who accompanied their soldiers.

One of the families went by the surname of **Poke**. This turned out to be an abbreviation of their full name **Pocock**. The family consisted of John, a Gunner, his wife, Jane, and their two children, Sarah Jane and Clara.

During their residence on the island baby John was born, one of only three children recorded as being born there.



Martello Tower and the temporary outdoor restaurant – Photo J. Stephenson



*Cannon, never fired in anger
Photo J. Stephenson*

On 15 October 1857, the government designated the island be named 'Fort Denison' as a compliment to the Governor. This went against the wishes of the general public who preferred it being named 'Fort Cook' in honour of the great navigator, Captain James **Cook**, as there was no monument at that time erected in the colony to his memory.

The Fort was completed in 1862 and was used for gunnery practice until 1876. Its military role appears to have ceased around that time, apart from a brief period of reoccupation by the army for anti-aircraft gunnery during World War II.

At the expiration of John **Pocock**'s Army tenure, he relocated his family inland to the town of Bathurst. John became a Trader, and the children received a good education and matured. John (junior) held a position with an enterprising butcher named John Patrick Ryan. A close relationship formed between John's sister Clara and John Patrick which eventuated in a long and happy marriage.

John Patrick and Clara **Pocock** are my great-grandparents on my mother's side, which makes the infant born on Muddawahnyuh my great-great-uncle, and his parents, John and Jane my great-great-grandparents.

Living and travelling around the Harbour in my mid to late teens, I would see Fort Denison as an out of date, never used, eyesore in the middle of the shipping lanes of Sydney Harbour. However, I have since discovered that, with its Red Indicator Lights, it is an integral part of the Harbour's shipping movements (see extract below from Sydney Morning Herald dated 30.6.1858). It is also the location for Australian tide measurements, and in conjunction with the Descending Ball at the Sydney Observatory, its daily Cannon Firing at one o'clock, allows ships to check their chronometers.

In 1856 a small detachment from 3 Company, 7 Battalion of the Royal artillery from Woolwich, England were placed on the Fort. The Fort was used as married quarters and three children were born on the island between 1858 and 1863. Their names were John Poke, Ellen Hancock and William Henry and their fathers were Royal Artillery gunners.

Section of Plaque mounted in the Soldiers' Quarters – Photo J. Stephenson

More importantly, though, it has become a tangible link to my family's history, and every mention, or sight of it, has my mind reconstructing the traumas and hardships that my ancestors endured in their travels through life.

"LIGHT ON FORT DENISON. - A red harbour light has just been placed upon Pinchgut Island, (now Fort Denison). It will, no doubt, prove useful to our steamers and coasting vessels, many of which are in the habit of entering the port at night. The light was exhibited for the first time on Monday evening last".
From *Sydney Morning Herald 30 June 1858*

DO YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING STORY ABOUT AN EARLY PORT MACQUARIE RESIDENT?



With the approach of the Bicentenary of the European convict settlement in Port Macquarie in 2021, we have been collecting interesting stories about our earliest convicts, settlers, and indigenous people to include in a publication of short stories that the Society plans to release next year.

If any member has, or knows of, interesting stories about people who lived here or had contact with our district in those early years and is happy to share them, we would be delighted to receive them.

You may like to write up your story, but it is not necessary. You can just let us have a note of the person's name, a rough idea of the date and name of the ship, and a brief outline of the interesting tale, and we will take it from there. If you have any historic photos relating to the story or early Port Macquarie that you can share, please include those as well.

Please email to secretary@pmdfhs.org.au

THE GRAIN OF WHEAT

Pam Moodie

A tiny phial. Inside, a single grain of wheat. On that grain of wheat, some writing. What does it say? Where did it come from?

For as long as I have known about this grain of wheat, I have wanted to know the answers to these questions. Staring at the tiny writing through a magnifying glass, I could see that there were words there, but I could make no sense of them. None of my family could.

After trying to decipher, guessing and wondering, the phial would be put away safely in a place that only my Dad knew about; until the next family gathering when someone asked about it. The grain of wheat belonged to my father, given to him by his father before him. It was said to have come from Germany, and the writing was in German. That was one reason we couldn't read it! The other of course, was that it was so small.



*A Single Grain of Wheat!
Photo from P. Moodie
Family Collection*

My great great grandfather, Lewis **Goldring**, arrived in Sydney in 1852 from Hamburg, Germany, on board the *Peter Godeffroy*, with his wife Esther, and five children. He established a business in George St, Sydney, as a maker and importer of musical instruments. He lived in William St. He was our first **Goldring** ancestor to arrive in Sydney, so our family always assumed the grain of wheat came from him.

It was a few years after my father passed away when I asked my brother, the "keeper of all the important things", if he had the grain of wheat. Out it came again. This time, there was a single,

yellowed piece of paper with it. On the paper were a few lines of typed German, followed by a translation! When was this done? In his retirement, Dad became interested in his family history and began to do some research. Throughout his career he developed contacts with a variety of people from all walks of life. I can only assume that someone had been able to read and translate the writing for him.

The translation reads: “*Mr Goldring, Lord Mayor of Diemhoch, respectable Nobleman, friend of Mankind and patron of the Arts, dedicated this. J. Safer Vienna 1888*”

My brother confirmed that Dad had the translation done, and that he too, had had a German friend translate the original message, resulting in a similar translation. So... we assumed the grain of wheat did indeed belong to Mr **Goldring**, who had been a mayor, and presumably was given it by a J. **Safer** from Vienna, in 1888. I had a date to work with.

The date helped me realise that the **Goldring** who was a mayor in Germany was not my great great grandfather Lewis, who had arrived in Sydney in 1852. This was before the grain of wheat had been presented. So, who was he and how was I related to him?

With my research into Lewis **Goldring**'s history, I have been unable to find a marriage or birth certificate, so I know nothing of his parents or siblings. I do know that he was born in Jarotschin, Prussia, as this is stated on the passenger list of his arrival in Sydney. Trove had helped me uncover some information about his time in Sydney. But my searches had been long and laborious.

Then, along came the “*Beyond Beginner’s Course*” run by our Family History Society. I decided to enrol, as my research has been very haphazard, and I knew there had to be lots of tips that could help me. And there were: I learned many things and am trying to become a little more methodical with my research. After each session I would go home and use the hints and research support we had learnt about. The ancestor I chose to research depended on the topic of that session.

During the session on Trove, I learned how to correctly use inverted commas, text: and the ~ tilde symbol. I don’t know why when I got home, that I decided to practise these with my ancestor Lewis **Goldring**, but I’m glad I did, because I struck gold! Well, a small nugget anyway: I found the following newspaper article from the **Sydney Evening News**, 10 September 1885:

German Honors to Jews.

The Crown Prince of Germany recently paid a visit to Tarotschin, in Prussia, the Burgomaster of which place is Herr **Goldring**, a most strict observer of the rites of his religion, and a highly respected functionary. The Crown Prince paid marked attention to Mr. **Goldring**. The bearing of the heir to the German Imperial throne toward the Burgomaster is significant, in view of the recent persecution of Jews on the Continent of Europe, and this item of information will be all the more acceptable to the Jewish community of Sydney; Herr **Goldring** being the brother of Mr. **Lewis Goldring** of William-street, Sydney, well-known for his charitable and hospitable qualities.

I then found the following article from the *Sydney Morning Herald*, 2 May, 1888:

We learn from the *Jewish Chronicle* of February 3 that Herr Goldring, president of the Jewish congregation at Jarotschin, in Posen, who has been for 20 years mayor of that town, has, in recognition of his services in this capacity, been decorated by the Emperor with the Order of the Crown. Herr Goldring is a brother of Mr. Lewis Goldring, of William-street.

Here was proof that Lewis **Goldring** had a brother who was the Mayor of Jarotschin. The grain of wheat states that the owner was the Mayor of Diemhoch. This is an obvious discrepancy. Could Lewis **Goldring** have had two brothers who were both mayors for many years and have both been honoured for this in 1888? I doubt it, but I guess it's possible. I have found Jarotschin, in Posen, which is now part of Poland, on Google maps and old maps of Prussia, but the town of Diemhoch has eluded me. Nevertheless, I feel convinced that the recipient of the grain of wheat was the same person who was decorated with the Order of the Crown.

So, thank you "*Beyond Beginners*"! Because of the things I learnt at the course, I now know that the grain of wheat belonged to my great, great, great uncle. At least I can assume this: Lewis **Goldring**'s brother was the Mayor of a town in Germany and was presented with the Order of the Crown the same year that he was presented with the grain of wheat.

I am keen to find out more about this illustrious ancestor of mine, but for now (January 2020) I am excited to discover that he was the original recipient of our grain of wheat. Hopefully, I am right.

THE HAND OF FATE TURNS MANY PAGES

Kerry Heffernan

As a young man I was about as much interested in my Family History as a chook is in rocket science.

I knew that my Mother had died very soon after I was born. Also, that her maiden name was Pearl **Pascoe** ... but that was the limit of my knowledge.

By the time I was two years old my Dad had again married and had a baby girl. I had been living with my Aunty Fran (Francis) who had looked after me until I was just over three years old. Dad's second marriage was not good to say the least. My stepmother as is often the case never truly accepted me, and this had an effect on my childhood.

In order to bring some form of normality into our lives and to compensate for the interrupted bonding between my Dad and me, Dad would often take me away from the family on trips out into the country. While I did very much enjoy being away with just me and my Dad, I guess that because I had become used to the coast, I have never taken to the country lifestyle at all.

Our trips were always taken in a large caravan which we would simply park for the night along the side of the road, often beside a river or creek. After dinner, was the time when Dad & I did most of our talking. Dad would often tell me about his young life in the country and how and where he grew up in both Armidale and Tamworth. I always loved hearing about his past.

It was during one of these trips when I was about ten or eleven years old, that Dad, told me, that the following day, I would get to meet some of my Uncles and Aunties from my Mother's side of the family. They were living in and around Forbes NSW. The next morning, I remember I had to have a good wash and put on my suit. So I was dressed up like a 'sore toe' so to speak.

I cannot remember how long this visit lasted, but I do remember the very large home, also all the fantastic cakes and food that I got to eat. I was also shown many photos and told that my mother was very beautiful.

After we were on the road again and I was back in the comfy clothes I was used to, I cannot remember how I felt about the day's events, but I do remember Dad telling me that I must not tell the other family members what we had done. By now I had two half-sisters. One is now deceased and the other I have no contact with.

It only took me around another forty-five years to start thinking about my Family History.

One of the first things I did was to dig out an old biscuit tin, that had been given to me, after my Aunty Fran had passed away. The box contained lots of congratulatory telegrams following my birth and a second lot of telegrams expressing sympathy and messages relating to my Mother's death. Some of her personal items including a pair of black leather gloves (I could not get over just how small her hands were!) a gold watch, her bank book, and other items that have become so precious to me. There were also a **LOT** of black and white negatives which I soon had printed into photos, but there was no information about the people who were in the photos.

OK ... So I put a small advertisement in the Forbes local paper looking for any relatives of my Mother. That drew a blank ... very disappointing ... So again, all of the contents went back into the tin, which I looked at from time to time ...wondering? ...wondering? I was very sorry that I hadn't printed the photos prior to my Dad's death.

A few years passed and I was well into my **Heffernan** family research almost full time, when one afternoon I received a phone call from a lady asking me if I was Kerry Heffernan. I said, I was, and then the lady then asked if my Mother's name was Evelyn Pearl **Pascoe**. **Wow!!** I asked, "*How did you know that - not even my children know her full name?*".

The lady then explained that she was from the Public Trustees Office in Queensland. She said that I may inherit a small amount of money, from the Estate of a deceased Aunty, who did not leave a Will. Without hesitation, I asked her if it was possible to put me in touch with my **Pascoe** Family. My heart was pounding. She answered that she would check to make sure that was all right and she would get back to me within a few days.

I became quite excited, so much so, that I never thought to ask, "*How much*"? I was even more excited when about two hours later, I got a phone call from a first cousin. Her name was Kay nee **Pascoe**. We chatted for about two hours, When towards the end of our conversation, I said to her that I would become a real 'PITA' because I wanted a lot of information from her about my Mom's family, as I was into Family History big time. It was then that I got the biggest surprise of all.

My newfound Cousin said that I should talk to her brother, who lives in Port Macquarie. He is also into Family History. She then told me his address.

I could not believe what was happening. I already knew him, but only to say hello to, which we had done about three to four times a week, for almost four months. My girlfriend and I would walk past his home while doing our morning walk. Her home was close to his. He and his wife were often working in their garden.

I then asked Cousin Kay, not to say anything to her brother, because I wanted to surprise him. The next morning as I walked past I said, "*Good day 'Cuz'!*" "*What did you say?*", I replied with "*You are my Cousin*", "*Who the bloody hell are you?*" he asked. When I told him, he said "*Gee we thought you were dead*". I replied with "*Nope, only smell that way*".

Over the next few hours and after several cups of coffee, the stage was set for the closest friendship one could imagine with a newfound relative. About a week later, I was on my way to meet up with my last remaining Aunty who lived in Coonabarabran. Within a few hours with her, almost, every person in all my photos had a name. I was lucky enough to see my Aunty about four or five times before she passed away. Fortunately, she was a good communicator and passed on a lot of family information to me, some of it very personal.

Back in Port Macquarie my friendship with "Cuz", (as we now greeted each other), became very close. For the next nine years Cuz and I were in contact almost on a daily basis ...so many trips away together to family funerals, a Family Book launch, (by Trevor **Pascoe**), the NSW Archive Office many times, the NSW State Library several times, and the New England University Archive's office, to name just a few.

I am happy to say in all that time, we never had a cross word. Fortunately, Cuz was one of the most placid men I have known. I am far from placid. I often wonder how he managed my emotional outbursts,

By now around twelve **Pascoe** family members had copies of photos from my 'Black & White collection'. Turned out that I had more old photos of my Mother's family than anyone else in the family that we had been able to contact.

Cuz was a much better researcher than I am, he taught me so much. I still have a lot of emails saved, just in case I need his guidance again. Every time I would tend to lose interest, somehow Cuz would send me a web site or some information to spark my interest again. Cuz and I were always there for each other. Not only through Family History, but also with many home projects on both sides carried out by 'team Cuz'.

Through Cuz, I now know so much about my **Pascoe** family that it is hard to think of all the years I spent without them in my life.

During the time I knew Cuz, he lost his younger sister (his only sibling and my first contact with the **Pascoes**) as well as our last surviving Aunty and a few other cousins.

In 2016, Cuz became a very sick and not long after that he phoned me to say he had cancer of the pancreas. Within a few months he was gone. I visited Cuz about three times every week and was with him until ten minutes prior to his death. His wife and both his children were also with him until his end.

It was during one of my visits that I said to Cuz, *"I love you as much as one man can love another man without being gay."* It is now over three years since he left us and I still miss him so much almost every day.

So, my fellow researchers, please do not discard, any old negatives, or photos. Spend some time to digitise them and give each one a title or as much information as you can. We all have perhaps hundreds of current photos in our electronic devices, but how many of us take the time to put some information with them. In addition, keep in contact with as many family members as you can even if it is only a phone call every now and then. All too soon, so many are gone, taking with them a wealth of information.

THE BLUE RAINCOAT

Anne Gaffney

We left Rockdale in Sydney in April 1955. Dad, Mum, my six-year-old sister, Bev, and twelve-year-old self, in a nine-foot plywood caravan that Dad had built with a couple of friends.

Having said a tearful goodbye to my grandmother, we set off, only to get to Parramatta when something made Dad realise that he had not locked the van onto the ball of the car!!

Off we went again, up the Highway. April 1955 was in the midst of the Maitland floods, so driving through Maitland we dodged a house that had been washed away by the floods and was now sitting in the middle of the road!

We stayed overnight in Port Macquarie in a Caravan Park on the river, but the river was rising, so we had to move on. We headed inland and up to the New England Highway in the wet conditions, frequently sliding down the often, dirt road, with the little Van hanging precariously on the back of the Vanguard.



*Vanguard Car 1955 Model
Photo from Creative Commons*



Bunches of bananas wearing their "blue raincoats"

Dad had arranged for us to spend some time camping on a friend's banana plantation in Coffs Harbour where Dad would help with work on the plantation. We passed through the township of Coffs Harbour and started looking for our friend's property, but in 1955 bananas were grown everywhere and we weren't sure what we were looking for. Eventually Dad said he would stop and ask the lady in the blue raincoat who was not far away. Of course, being 'city slickers', we didn't know that the 'lady in the blue raincoat' was a bunch of bananas wearing its blue protective plastic bag!! Poor Dad never did live this down.

After a few years in Coffs Harbour, we stayed in the Park Beach Caravan Park. Dad worked as a Motor Mechanic in Coffs and helped at the Caravan Park but then a job became available as the Manager of the Woolgoolga Caravan Park, 25 kms north of Coffs. He was successful with his application and we drove up to look over it. The only amenities were on the beach – there were holes in the walls that you could shoot bowling balls through, and there was no house! We had our caravan though, so we had a roof over our heads.

I went in to Coffs Harbour to school, via the school bus which took an hour each way, each day hoping that it would rain and the creeks would flood the old two-lane Pacific Highway, so we couldn't get to school! My sister Bev went to the local Primary School. Eventually, after I had left Woolgoolga to work in Sydney, a house was built for Mum and Dad.

In the meantime, Dad had built the park up to become a 'Top Park' and every Christmas it was full of vans and tents with many Grafton people coming early to leave their vans, in order to secure a spot.

Mum and Dad lived there until Dad retired in 1978, only to pass away in 1979. Mum stayed on in the Park, in a caravan, until 1989 when she relocated to Port Macquarie. She passed away in 1998.

During the time we were at the Park, Dad was involved with the establishment, of the Woolgoolga Volunteer Rescue Organisation (VRO). The organisation was formed in 1965 and Mum and Dad attended to the 'Base Station' with twenty-four-hour radio surveillance which they operated from their home. They also cared for the Fishermen's Name board which had 'in' and 'out' tabs attached to it to let the VRO know who was at sea in the case of an emergency. Many fishermen were rescued over the years and eventually the VRO became affiliated with the Volunteer Rescue Association (VRA) and, together with the help of the local Apex and Lions Clubs, a new purpose-built facility was opened in 1985.

A large Plaque remains on the toilet block at the Woolgoolga Caravan Park as a memorial to the work undertaken by Mum and Dad at the Park and as a reminder of their involvement with the Woolgoolga Volunteer Rescue Organisation.

LOOKING FORWARD – LOOKING BACK

➔ **Looking Forward:** In 2021 we will commemorate 200 years of European settlement in Port Macquarie

➔ **Looking Back:** In 1820 this was happening ...

May 1820 - Earl **Bathurst** wrote to Lachlan **Macquarie**:

“I have long been aware of the disadvantages which attach to Newcastle as a place of banishment, and therefore readily approve of the selection of a more distant, if equally favourable situation”.

Sep 1820 - **Macquarie** was undecided about whether Port Macquarie or Jervis Bay would be most suitable, but in September 1820 he had decided:

“I am inclined to give Port Macquarie the preference from the favourable accounts Mr Oxley gives of its soil and natural productions, and also on account of its superior fitness (from its distance from the seat of Government here) as a second place of punishment for convicts of the worst character.

Save the Date

NSW & ACT Association of Family History Societies

Annual Conference

11th - 12th September 2021

Port Macquarie

Email: conference2021@pmdfhs.org.au

Other Events of 1820

- The fine-wool industry in Van Diemen’s Land was founded with the introduction of 300 of **Macarthur’s** merino sheep;
- Van Diemen’s Land became Australia’s major wheat producer, and remained so until 1850;
- Devon cattle were introduced;
- The dairy industry was founded in the Illawarra district of NSW and settlers specialised in butter and cheese, sending produce to Sydney by packhorse and small sailing vessels;
- **Macarthur** planted Australia’s first commercial vineyard using cuttings he had acquired in France in 1817;
- A paper mill was supplying all the stock needed for the printing of the **Sydney Gazette**;
- NSW began experiencing its first business boom, the main cause of which was pastoral expansion financed by overseas capital;
- An impromptu medical board established in a Sydney Hunter Street pharmacy issued a certificate of competency to ex-convict John **Tawell**. The pharmacy was the first in Australia;
- The NSW Government dedicated premises on the present Central Railway site for an asylum for the blind, aged, poor, and infirm and provided a subsidy for the Benevolent Society to run it.

RETIREMENT OF HEATHER GARNSEY FROM S.A.G.

Yvonne and Rex Toomey

Family history societies such as ours and the Society of Australian Genealogists (S.A.G.) do not just happen. They are the result of many hardworking and dedicated people constantly working in the background for the benefit of all members. Heather **Garnsey** has been the Executive Officer of S.A.G. for 35 years and during that time Yvonne and I have enjoyed her friendship. Because of her high standing in the family history community, Heather has been interviewed on radio and television and appeared many times in the Australian version of *Who Do You Think You Are?*

Therefore, when we received an invitation to attend her retirement function on Sunday 23 February 2020, there was no way we were going to miss the opportunity to thank her for all her years of work in family history. The function was held at the S.A.G. headquarters at Richmond Villa, Kent Street, Sydney. After speeches by her close friends, former S.A.G. Librarian Angela **Phippin** and former S.A.G. President Martyn **Killion**, Heather shared many anecdotes of her time at S.A.G. This included the time 41 years ago when she first joined S.A.G. and fell foul of the volunteers for using a biro at a time when pencils were mandatory!

Heather is planning to take time off to relax and join the audience side of family history so that she can work on her own research.

Both Yvonne and I were happy to have been part of the group celebrating Heather's last days at S.A.G. and having the chance to thank her for all the assistance and good times over the past years.

It was also a good opportunity to personally meet with Ruth **Graham**, the new Executive Officer, who has taken on the challenge to fill Heather's 'very big boots'.



*Heather **Garnsey**, left, with Yvonne and Rex **Toomey** at Richmond Villa, 23 February 2020 -Photo by Martyn **Killion***

BIOGRAPHIES OF FIRST FLEETERS NEEDED

The April-May 2020 Journal of the Fellowship of the First Fleeters (FFF) included a letter from the Editor, calling for the descendants of First Fleeters to submit stories about the following men and women, who to date have nothing written about them in the 'Founders' section of the FFF website – www.fellowshipfirstfleeters.org.au.

The Editor welcomes all stories, and requests that contact be made with FFF if a story has been written about a person previously and it hasn't made it to the FFF website.

The people missing, and the ships they sailed in, are:

Abrahams Ester-Lady Penrhyn	Kidner Thomas-Alexander
Abrahams Rosanna-Lady Penrhyn	King Philip Gigley-HMS Sirius
Anderson John-Charlotte	King William-Charlotte
Barrisford Hannah-Prince of Wales	Laycock Carolyn-Prince of Wales
Barrisford John-Prince of Wales	Lewis Sophia-Lady Penrhyn
Beardsley Ann-Charlotte	Long John-Scarborough
Bellitt Jacob-Scarborough	Lucas Thomas-Scarborough
Broughton William-Charlotte	Martin Stephen-Alexander
Burn Patrick-Friendship	McCarthy John-Friendship
Butler William-Scarborough	Miles Edward- Scarborough
Clark Zachariah-Alexander	Mitchell William- Charlotte
Cole Elizabeth-Prince of Wales	Morrisby James-Scarborough
Colley Elizabeth-Lady Penrhyn	Munday Ann-Alexander
Collins David-HMS Sirius	Munday John-Alexander
Crowder Thomas-Prince of Wales	Munro Lydia-Prince of Wales
Davey Thomas-Prince of Wales	Nash William-Prince of Wales
Douglas William-Alexander	Neal James-Friendship
Early Rachel-Prince of Wales	O'Brien Thomas-Scarborough
Eatonbeddingfield Martha- Lady Penrhyn	Ogden James-Alexander
Ellis William-Friendship	Parsons Henry-HMS Sirius
Flarty Phebe-Prince of Wales	Pigott Samuel-Charlotte
Fraser William-Charlotte	Ramsay John-Scarborough
Fraser/Redchester Ellen-Prince of Wales	Reardon Bartholomew-Scarborough
Gilbert Stephen-Alexander	Reiley James-HMS Supply
Goodin Edward-Scarborough	Rowe John-Scarborough
Goodwin Andrew-Scarborough	Ruse James-Scarborough
Green Mary-Prince of Wales	Saltmarsh William-Alexander
Griffiths John-Friendship	Scriven Philip-Lady Penrhyn
Guest George-Alexander	Sheers James-Scarborough
Hacking Henry-HMS Sirius	Smith Ann-Charlotte
Hambly William-HMS Sirius	Smith Mary- Lady Penrhyn
Hamilton Maria-Lady Penrhyn	Spencer Mary-Prince of Wales
Harmsworth Alice-Prince of Wales	Springham Mary-Lady Penrhyn
Harmsworth Ann- Prince of Wales	Stanfield Daniel-HMS Sirius
Harmsworth Thomas- Prince of Wales	Stephen/Morris John-Charlotte
Harris John-Scarborough	Summers John-Alexander
Harrison Mary- Lady Penrhyn	Thomas Elizabeth-Prince of Wales
Hatton Joseph-Scarborough	Thompson William-Scarborough
Haynes Maria-Prince of Wales	Tunks William-HMS Sirius
Hayward Elizabeth-Lady Penrhyn	Turner (Wilkes) Mary-Lady Penrhyn
Headington Thomas-Alexander	Tuso Joseph-Scarborough
Hibbs Peter-HMS Sirius	Walbourne James-Scarborough
Inett Ann-Lady Penrhyn	Westlake Edward-Charlotte
Irving John-Lady Penrhyn	Williams Francis-Prince of Wales
Johnston George-Lady Penrhyn	Wood George-Alexander
Jones Edward-Alexander	Yeates Nancy-Lady Penrhyn
Kennedy Martha-Prince of Wales	Youngson Elizabeth-Prince of Wales

THREE DIVIDED INTO THREE EQUAL PARTS EQUALS ONE BIG MYSTERY.

By PMDFHS Member (name withheld for privacy reasons)

You may recall the phrase at the beginning of television series like *Law and Order* where “names and places have been changed to protect the innocent”. What you are about to read has suffered the same fate.

As many of you will know, not everyone can accept the history they find. Whether it's an unknown gaoling, a child out of wedlock, or a marriage that was not legally celebrated, we each have our personal expectations and limitations. Members of my extended family remain ignorant of this story, and in consideration of their age and frailty, it must remain that way for some years to come.

Part of my ancestry comes from a region in Scotland where verbal history is as important today as it was centuries ago. Until my Australian-born grandparents, this history was handed down along with our DNA and inherited given names. My grandfather was an exception and he passed very little on to his children. Under the influence of her husband, my grandmother said little. It was only after his passing and the onset of acquired dementia from numerous strokes that my grandmother started to recall her history. As her “nanna sitter”, I became privy to her recollections. It is here where my story begins in the 1970's.

My grandmother had been taught how to pronounce family names by her Gaelic speaking father. One autumn day sitting in a car on the banks of the Nattai, my grandmother started talking about her siblings, parents, and grandparents. I was intrigued, and mortified, when she said some of their names. I was shocked beyond belief! I was sure my petite grandmother had just sworn at me until moments later I realised whose names they were. So, I continued to listen and kept the best mental notes I could. Later, I wrote much of it down and stored it in a plastic bag which I still possess.

Moving to Port Macquarie in the 1990's gave me opportunities to research much of what my grandmother had said all those years ago along with what my Dad knew. Dad always believed his maternal grandmother was an only child. My grandmother spoke of her as if she was an only child, but she wasn't. She was an only *surviving* child.

With the assistance of distant cousins, I discovered my great grandmother Finella had sisters born in New South Wales (NSW), a brother born in New Zealand (NZ) and an older sister who was born and died in Scotland. Grandma Finella's mother, Kirsty, sailed to Australia (Aust) to join her already settled husband, Finlay, shortly after their first daughter died in 1874. He had been a sailor.

Documents showed all of Finella's younger siblings died in NSW before the age of 10 from diseases like diphtheria. While I could find the girls' birth and death records, I could only find her brother Lachlan's death record naming Finlay as father. It identified Lachlan's birthplace, but when did Kirsty and Finlay visit NZ and why? For years I searched NZ Birth Death & Marriages (BDM), Aust BDM databases and British records without luck. I used FamilySearch, Ancestry and FindMyPast databases without luck. I looked for shipping records

in TROVE, NSW, Victoria, Tasmania and NZ Archives, as well as PastPapers without luck. By now I was also trying to confirm another story my Dad told me.

Dad knew a lady he called Auntie Una and her son Arthur, but Dad could never work out how they were related when Grandma had no siblings. He was always told ‘they are cousins’. I researched for additional siblings to Finella, only there were none. I found Arthur’s details in NSW but no birth for his mother, only her marriage in Sydney. Dad suspected there was a NZ connection with this aunt. He remembered newspapers used to be sent to the family regularly, but not who sent them or why. As an adult, the son was thankfully employed in an industry that published numerous biographies that are now online. One of these gave me his mother’s maiden name and birthplace – it was NZ!

So now I had two mysteries with their origins in NZ.

While I was able to get an accurate date of birth for this ‘aunt’ using NZ BDM, I was still unable to find a family connection, biologically or by marriage.

By now I had found a third mystery to solve, again related to Grandma’s parents who were born and married (1871) in Scotland. I knew where Kirsty was born as the family had named their Australian home after her birth town. I knew Scots Gaelic was still their primary language, but the couple married in the south where English was the ‘official’ language. Their marriage certificate was the first old document I had seen, and it named their parents. I searched ScotlandsPeople’s database and found nothing. It was possible there were no records, but I wasn’t ready to give up.



By sheer luck I found Finlay’s baptism record. It was atrocious - blotted, seriously poor handwriting and heavily damaged. It took over 3 years to decipher. Now I knew where and when he was born and to whom. Finlay was born on a neighbouring island and moved to Kirsty’s birth town as a toddler after his own father and older brother died. The 1841 Census had given me the extra clues. At the same time, I was still looking for Grandma Finella’s brother Lachlan’s birth.

I bought copies of Kirsty and Finlay’s Australian death certificates. Both indicated Grandma had sisters, but no mention of her brother Lachlan. Grandma was ten years old when he died and she never knew her older sister, yet she named her and not him on their certificates. Why? Lachlan’s real name consists of four equally unusual given names. I had nothing to lose by searching all databases without a surname. BINGO! I found a birth in NZ, in the right region, in the right time period, but with a different surname. One I didn’t recognise. I bought the document. It gave me the birth mother’s name and usual locality, a place name I didn’t recognise. I was left wondering how this child could have the same given names as Grandma’s brother, but with a different mother and no father. Where was the connection to us if there was one?

I started researching this birth mother. Who was she?

Unfortunately, I discovered this poor child, yes child, died days after Lachlan’s birth. I applied for her death certificate. This child endured 54 hours in labour whilst suffering convulsions through 52 of them. It’s a miracle either survived. Her parents were with her and they had a

doctor attending. Neither she, nor her son, was neglected. Now I had her parents' names and their usual address, but was there a link between my ancestors and her parents? Whilst NSW adoptions were not formalised until 1929, they did occur quietly. After much searching I found Lachlan's maternal grandparents had travelled with him to Australia when he was about three years old. I could only surmise that an adoption of sorts had occurred. I had no proof, just my theory, but why them? Why give this child to my ancestors?

I began to wonder whether there was a connection between Dad's 'aunt' and Lachlan. Out of sheer boredom I decided to Google the three surnames I now had in one search e.g. 'Smith Jones Brown'. To my utter surprise I got a hit. It was a research document that mentioned the place name of Lachlan's maternal birth family. Coincidence? I read it. It was an interesting recount of the local history until I got to the last page. The author named Kirsty's children. I knew them. It gave their names, where they had lived and how they were related to this community. With utter delight, and trepidation, I contacted the author.

The author accepted the information I gave them to confirm my 'credentials'. In return I got a copy of a very detailed family tree and a new pen-pal. Lachlan is not on this tree while his mother and grandparents are. The history had been verbally passed down but not his mother's cause of death. I did stealthily ask if they knew anything about him but was given a very stern reply that I had wrong information. I can only presume he was kept secret from his extended birth family and had not been spoken of since. Regardless, Lachlan is now a part of my family and is fully documented and recognised by family here. So now I knew who Lachlan was. One mystery solved. I still had two more to unravel.

On closer examination of this extensive tree, I realised I had also found the lady Dad called aunt. She *was* a part of Lachlan's birth family. I can only presume that Grandma Finella kept contact with Lachlan's biological family until her passing in the 1940's. By this time both families were moving in different directions and the connection gradually fell away along with the history. This left me with one mystery still to solve. Was Finella truly a biological relative to this NZ family and how? I still had one theory to test.

As I said earlier, my grandmother told me family Gaelic given names in the 1970's. They included her youngest brother and maternal grandfather's names. For example: Domhnall is Gaelic for Donald. To me it sounds like Dänöl or Daniel. Could the scribe at the 1871 marriage have confused the Gaelic names for unrelated English names? Kirsty was illiterate and I am not sure of the extent of Finlay's reading ability. After years of research involving various websites including some where Irish and Scots Gaelic can be listened to along with five pages of typed notes detailing what I did, found, and eliminated, I came to a conclusion. The scribe had got it dreadfully wrong. By substituting the audible names on the certificate with what the written name should look like, I was able to find the connection in Scotland between the NZ and Australian families. Grandma's mother Kirsty was the youngest sister of one of the NZ matriarchs. I eventually found Kirsty's parents, grandparents, and her siblings. I finally had my answers.

Ultimately, all three mysteries were brought together by one innocuous article found by accident.

	Eldest Daughter in New Zealand	Daughter	'Auntie' Una
Scottish Ancestors		Lachlan's Birth Mother	Lachlan
	Youngest Daughter (Kirsty) in Australia	Grandma Finella	My Grandmother

My only regret is my Dad never got to see the results.

'...the best and noblest women'...¹

RESEARCHING WOMEN IN THE NSW PRISON SERVICE

Dr Noeline Kyle

Finding names is the mainstay of family history research. In the years prior to the first decades of the twentieth century, if a woman survived childbirth in the Western world, she could expect to outlive her husband and marry again. The likelihood of finding that remarriage, if names are unknown, remains one of our most difficult research problems.

In my research into midwives on the mid north coast of New South Wales I did find that it was sometimes difficult to find family details on the women who worked long years to carry out health care for women and babies in the community.² However, because many of them were trained nurses/midwives and their training and work information was on the public record I was able to at least map out the bare details of their professional careers. Finding family information was difficult but Kempsey and Port Macquarie museums, local libraries and local/family historical societies were supportive and useful sources.

However, in my more recent research into the women who worked in New South Wales prisons the difficulty of women's names is again apparent. Several issues have emerged to date. The first is that these women, especially from the early 1800s to around 1940, were not necessarily trained. Therefore, there are no training records. Second, their status as wardresses, matron/superintendents, turnkeys, or nurses (in prison hospitals) was often no better than that of the women prisoners in their care. Thirdly, in newspaper reports male superintendents are likely to be the only staff named.

From the outset journalists appear to have had an interest in visiting female prisons and reporting on them. There are many examples. When the State Reformatory for Women opened at Long Bay in 1909 Frederick **Nietenstein**'s name was prominent in most reporting. This is not surprising as he was a major figure in bringing about reform. However, when the journalist moves to other personalities only William **Urquhart** (the Governor) rates a mention. Alice Kate **Chapman**, who was the Superintendent of the female division at Darlinghurst Gaol from 1895 and the first to be appointed at Long Bay is not mentioned. Grace Elizabeth **Braithwaite** who was a Matron, Assistant Superintendent, and Superintendent following Alice **Chapman** from 1910 to 1934 also rarely rates a mention.³

In addition, the women who worked as matron/superintendents or as wardresses/senior wardresses, many for long periods, do not have the same presence in obituaries, or other family

records. This is similar to other women who lived reasonably long lives and the recording of their personal details are often missing or sparse.

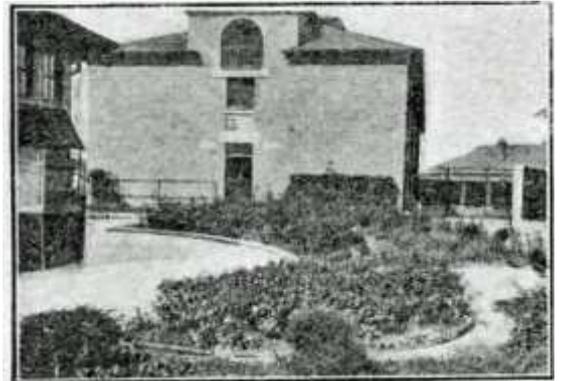
Most of the men found in the prison system in the nineteenth and early twentieth century were from the military, the police or court system and had considerable status and stature in the public service and society before their appointment to the gaol. Female appointments, on the other hand, began, in early decades, with appointing the wife of the gaoler/governor as a matron. Later, a public service examination was introduced for wardresses. However, whether these women were suitable candidates relied more on their personal character than any visible expertise.



*Matron Grace
Elizabeth
Braithwaite – Photo
from 'Truth' 10
August 1930*

Both matron/superintendents and senior wardresses had to live on site with strict regulations prohibiting their absence from the premises without permission from the Governor, Sheriff or Visiting Justices. There are newspaper reports describing bleak and difficult conditions for the female workers that are little different to that of the female prisoners.

Rose **Scott** wanted to improve the qualifications of women appointed to New South Wales prisons arguing for 'hospital nurses and teachers' to be recruited. Such a change would have been difficult as nurses and teachers were better paid, had relatively better status and did not have to live within the bleak walls of a prison. Looking at the previous backgrounds of women appointed over the period from the 1800s to around 1940 there is little indication that her plea for these appointments was put into practice. However, my research to date has uncovered significant and interesting women working in the prison service. Mapping the changes to their lives and careers, as well as the female prison system, is a continuing and fascinating journey.



*State Reformatory for Women, Long Bay
from **The Australian Mirror** 24 March 1925*

It is clear that women's experiences as workers in the prison system were unique, challenging and sometimes difficult. Each time I write about these women I am including a list of some of the women in the hope that their names will be familiar to readers:

Mrs Jemima **McLerie** (b.1811-d.1875), at Darlinghurst Gaol 1849-1850;

Miss Grace **Tinckam** (b? –d.1908), at Darlinghurst 1861-1876 (returned to England, died Channel Islands);

Miss Jane **Woods** (b? –d. 1890), at Darlinghurst 1878;

Mrs Frances Mary **Challis** (c.1837 – d. 1923), nee **Allen**, at Darlinghurst 1878-1895 widow;

Miss Kate Judith **Bridgland** (b? – d. 1931) at Darlinghurst 1884-1908;

Mrs Alice Kate **Chapman** (b.1854 – d.1935), nee **Tassel**, at Darlinghurst, Bathurst Gaols and State Reformatory for Women Long Bay, 1895-1910, widow;

Miss Grace Elizabeth **Braithwaite** (b.1879 – d. 1960), at Darlinghurst and State Reformatory for Women Long Bay 1906 – 1934

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- ¹ Rose Scott, 'The amelioration of the condition of women prisoners,' Scott Family Papers, Prisoners' Aid Association – Ladies Committee, Miscellaneous records 1898-1918 NSW State Library, Mitchell Library, ML MSS, 38/56.
- ² Noeline Kyle, *Women's Business: Midwives on the mid north coast of New South Wales to 1950, a study of Armidale, Kempsey and Port Macquarie*, Port Macquarie, 2017.
- ³ *Evening News*, 7 October 1910; NSW Government Gazette, 19 May 1922; *Truth*, 10 August, 1930.
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FOOTSTEPS CONTRIBUTIONS

The next edition of Footsteps will be published in **November 2020** and members are invited to submit stories and articles to the editor@pmdfhs.org.au by Saturday **24 October 2020** so they can be included in the November issue. .



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.

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THE DINA DIARY – NO 14

Using Genetics for Genealogy

Ken Hunt

COVID Musings

At the end of June, I organised a virtual meeting with a number of convenors from DNA Special Interest Groups (SIG) around Australia and New Zealand. A couple of things struck me while preparing for it. Using Zoom, GoToMeeting or similar virtual meeting programs that have been forced on us by COVID, has changed the way we catch up with each other. The introduction of virtual conferencing software has led to a global transformation in the way that people now think about such things as travel and face-to-face meetings.

One of the major benefits of using a virtual meeting room is that it can give us regular access to people that we would only see at national or international seminars and conferences. Technology advances means that I can now see and speak to my counterpart in Auckland or Perth, discussing things in real time that could only previously be done over the telephone –

but without the long-distance phone call expense. Zoom and its counterparts may have many benefits for us but for some businesses they are perceived as threats.

As a youngster, growing up in Britain right after WWII, telephones – like cars - were a rare commodity. Two decades later and a change of continent meant that by the mid-1960s I was living in a country where almost every household owned a private phone. At the time, many of us dreamed of video telephones – joking about what would happen should the phone ring while in the shower?



Minitel 1. Built in 1982

France showed us their version of videophones when they introduced their Minitel service in the 1980s. Minitel was a ground-breaking platform which, according to Wikipedia, allowed users to “*make online purchases [and] train reservations, check stock prices, search the telephone directory, have a mail box and chat*”.¹ The service was eventually retired in 2012 – presumably because of competition from the

internet – due to a “*lack of interest*” and cost factors.²

In the early part of the 21st century, a number of virtual conferencing and meeting applications were developed. GoToMeeting started in 2004 and was used mainly for distance education and clients’ meetings; Apache OpenMeetings was used for similar things but became an open platform – sharing its software licence so users could freely modify and distribute the app – and there are many similar programs currently available.³ Zoom Video Communications (Zoom) is the new kid on the block, starting its telecommuting software business in 2013 and becoming profitable in 2019 just in time to catch the COVID wave.

Use of virtual conferencing software and apps like FaceTime and Skype has surged in the past six or so months since the world went into lockdown. Many people who now work from home attend virtual office and client meetings.

While genealogy conferences for 2020 have been cancelled world-wide, some are springing up again on-line, giving us the opportunity to attend them from the comfort of home. The benefits are numerous. There is no need to travel or to book accommodation, no reason to get dressed-up – simply wear your best shirt over your pyjamas or trackie bottoms – or, better still, don’t even bother to switch on your computer’s camera.

We can attend virtual conferences that we wouldn’t normally go to. While MyHeritage, RootsTech London and the ACT/NSW FHS Conferences have been cancelled for this year, others such as the British Family History Show are opening with a virtual format.⁴ The downsides are there though. There’s no opportunity to meet the presenters and fellow attendees at post-conference dinners, we’re missing out on the buzz of activity in and around the conference rooms, attending the trade stands is not possible, and also gone are the chances of meeting new friends.

Will more conferences be live and virtual? Does this mean the end of travelling to conferences? Or will we simply reduce the number we choose to attend? In any case it’s bad news for airlines and other forms of travel as well as the tourism, hospitality, retail, food and fuel industries.

Will the boom in Zoom encourage us as attendees to open up our world view? Major drawbacks to virtual attendance of international conferences include time zones – getting up at 3am over two or three days to listen to live presentations might be a pain – as is the reduced ability for everyone to ask questions. Other problems could include our national internet connection – but don't get me started on that!

We won't know the answers to these questions until our lockdown finishes and we are free to travel both domestically and overseas. But, judging by the second wave of COVID-19 that has hit Australia and countries like the USA and UK, this freedom could be a long time coming. For many of us as genealogists, international travel may be a life event we no longer wish to choose.

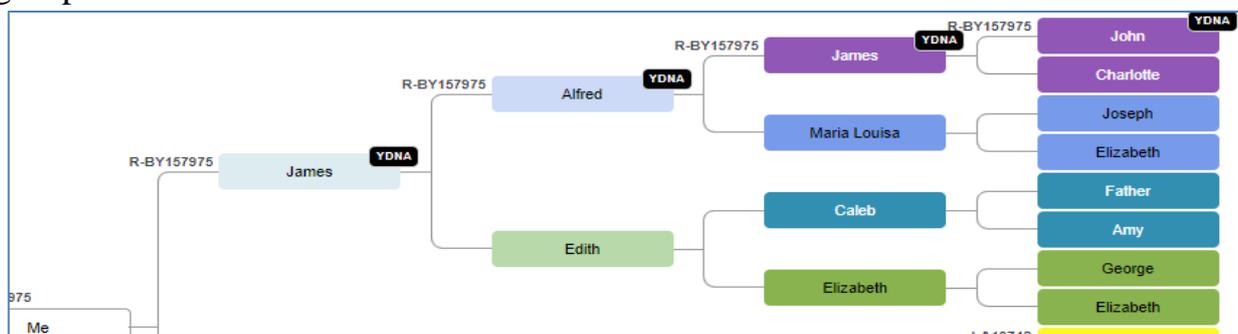
Seven months into COVID, I'm now regularly attending on-line conferences, webinars, tutorials, discussions and meetings – for the DNA SIG initiative mentioned above at our first attempt we had a third of our membership on-line across four time zones. Our Port Macquarie & Districts Family History Society committee and general meetings are now a mix of the real and the virtual. It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote that *“in this world, nothing can be said to be certain except death and taxes”*. Although he was not the first to say it,⁵ he could well have included *“and change itself”*.

Why Your Genetic Family Tree Is Not the Same as Your Family Tree

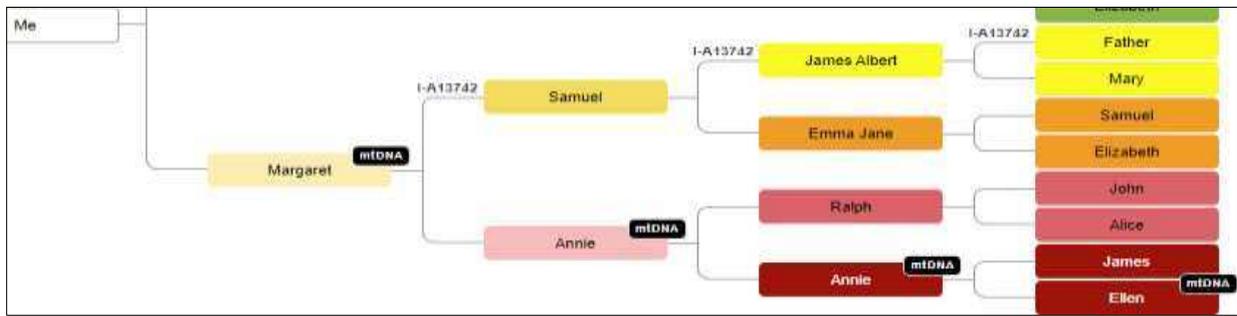
Since we all started taking DNA tests as part of our genealogy research, we have come to recognise that we have two trees – a genealogical one and a genetic one. Whereas they may overlap, they are not the same. Having said that, we need both to be able to enhance and to prove our existing trees.

A genealogical tree is the one we make using documents, photographs, stories and more to identify the hundreds, if not thousands of people that form a part of our pedigree. Some are not directly related to us but have married into the family – their children becoming our nieces, nephews or cousins.

A genetic tree is different and much narrower in focus. As a male I have taken a Y-chromosome DNA test and my haplogroup stretches back for thousands of years but only through my paternal line – father to grandfather to great grandfather etc. So, for each backward generational step, only one particular great grandfather (and his male siblings) shares my Y haplogroup.



Similarly, with the mitochondrial DNA test. Only a mother can give her children her mitochondria and that also goes back for thousands of years from mother to grandmother to



great grandmother through their maternal branch. Mutations on both of these lines are recognised as being slow. So, you can see from the charts above, very few ancestors are caught up when I do these two DNA tests, so what about the rest of my tree?

The third test we do and the most popular, is for our autosomal DNA. This test will capture every person shown on both of these trees, but (and there’s always a “but” isn’t there?) each generation back provides us with less and less of that DNA. Let’s look at an example.

You and I are made up of DNA. Half comes from mum and the other half from dad. Fine, so

Generation	Relative	% atDNA	Average cM
1	Me	100%	
2	Parent	50%	3400
3	Grandparent	25%	1700
4	G g-parent	12.5%	850
5	2xG g-parent	6.25%	425
6	3xG g-parent	3.5%	212
7	4xG g-parent	1.6%	106
8	5xG g-parent	0.8%	53
9	6xG g-parent	0.4%	13

far. In turn, mum received half of her DNA from each of HER parents – as did dad from his. The problem is that we only receive a quarter of the autosomal DNA from each of our grandparents and it gets worse. The table left, shows how much (or little) DNA we receive from each of our ancestors, going back nine generations.

By the time we have reached our 6 x Great Grandparent the amount of DNA received from them is quite small. Often – estimated from about five or six generations back – we may not get any segments of DNA at all from our distant ancestors.

Because we don’t have our entire DNA from all of our ancestors, we test others – cousins, siblings, aunts and uncles – to see if they received any segment blocks of DNA that we did not. This is why my brother and I share most of our matches, but I have some that he doesn’t have, and vice versa. My cousins are the same – even taking into account that each of them has a parent that is not related to me, I don’t have some of their matches on our common grandparents’ side.

We test these cousins to gather more ancient DNA and to prove that our 5 x Great Grandparents are indeed who we thought they would be. And if they’re not, then this is when things get VERY interesting!

¹ <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Minitel>

² *ibid*

³ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Comparison_of_web_conferencing_software

⁴ <https://thefamilyhistoryshow.com/online/>

⁵ [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Death_and_taxes_\(idiom\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Death_and_taxes_(idiom))



THE COMPUTER CORNER NUMBER 60

(Information for Family Historians using Computers)

Rex Toomey

The Last Hurrah

Dear reader of the Computer Corner, it is with some sadness that this will be the last contribution to Footsteps. Over the past 15 years and 59 'Corners', the purpose has been to impart some technical knowledge to family historians so that they may be better armed to handle the challenges of computer-based family history. Over that time, new and interesting topics for family historians have been showcased, whilst always trying to make the information as instructive and easy to understand as possible. In many articles, 'pointer arrows' were used on images to highlight what is being discussed in the particular topic.

With this last 'Corner', it is worth going over several particularly important aspects of computer use so that you are fully apprised of the benefits and pitfalls of using a computer to research and store your treasured family history. Please note most of these tips relate to Microsoft Windows computers.

Backups

The MOST important aspect of using a computer is to have a good backup strategy. If you store data on your computer, it is recommended you attach an external hard disk drive to your computer and use reliable backup software such as Windows File History. Some people store their data on the 'cloud' using Microsoft OneDrive and Google Drive and that is also a good strategy. The main thing is to have some way of recovering your data in the event of a catastrophe such as fire, computer crash, theft, etc. Just think what a catastrophe it would be if you were to lose the family data you have been researching and collecting over the years!

Protection

Keep your computer safe from computer viruses and scammers. Use a well-known and highly regarded anti-virus/internet security software such as Norton's, McAfee or Webroot. Don't open emails from people you do not know, Lately, there has been an increasing number of 'spam' emails circulating with a demand for payment of an attached invoice. Lastly, keep your version of Windows up to date. Hopefully, there is nobody still using Windows 7! Finally, you should have a password or login 'pin' for your computer. This is to prevent other family members from going into your computer and changing things.

Hot Keys

These were covered recently in Footsteps (February 2019) and are a useful way to quickly move data and files around the computer using the Control (Ctrl) key and 'C', 'X' and 'V'. Often it can be faster to use these keys than navigate the menu system with the mouse.

To all researchers past and present, it is hoped that over the years you have found the 'Corner' useful. The Editor has indicated that some of the more useful 'Corners' will be repeated. Therefore, I bid you farewell and wish you and your family a safe time during the lockdown and hope the additional time will allow you to work on your 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.

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Our Meeting Room

CC Mac Adams Music Centre
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(between Port Macquarie Olympic Pool and Players Theatre)

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