Empire Vale Post Office 2478 – one of the two smallest Post Offices in New South Wales, the other being Rock Valley. Both are right here on the Northern Rivers, less than an hour by car from each other.
Editorial

Editor’s Message by Carol Donaghey

Thank you to members for your words of encouragement for the first Cedar Log produced by the new editorial team in March. Frank Harvey had done such a good job as Editor for the past three years and it has certainly been a steep learning curve for Dawn, Jackie and me. President Robyn Hilan’s inspired idea of creating a team of three is working well and we look forward to preparing each quarter’s issue. After the years without a President Robyn was a welcome return to the position and with all positions filled for the past year it feels like our Society is refreshed and on the way again.

On 25 April hundreds of thousands attended Dawn Services across Australia, New Zealand and other nations in remembrance of 100 years since the Anzacs came ashore on the beach at Gallipoli. A milestone in our history it has brought the past into the present by reminding us of the bravery of the Australian and New Zealand men and also the sadness and tragic loss of lives in WW1, and for that matter, in all wars.

Did you know that over 3,000 Australian civilian nurses volunteered for active service during WW1? These valiant women worked in hospitals, on hospital ships and trains, or in casualty clearing stations closer to the front line. They served in many overseas locations and many of them were decorated, eight receiving the Military Medal for bravery. Twenty-five died during their service. Lest we forget!

We have had a number of interesting guest speakers at our monthly meetings filling our minds with new knowledge and broadening our Internet know-how (see Monthly Speakers article page 30).

We hope you enjoy the variety of submissions in this quarter’s journal. The editorial team thanks the contributors for their support and involvement. Don’t forget – you too can be a contributor with a story, a brick wall or even a request for help.

The Society’s Annual General Meeting will be held on Saturday 1 August (a nomination form is included in this issue). Please don’t stay away; you won’t be coerced into any positions. Come if you can because our Patron, Martyn Killion will be addressing the meeting and for those who have heard Martyn before you know it will be an entertaining afternoon.

We hope to continue to have your support with ideas and suggestions for the journal. It is our public face and a liaison with other societies so that we can exchange information and ideas. Most importantly it is for your enjoyment and with your input we will continue with production.

Genealogy …. life in the past lane!
Are You Doing Authentic Research?

By Frank Harvey

The popular old song by Mitchell Torok: ‘I wish I was a little bit younger and knew what I know now’ could be the theme song of many family history researchers! So many of us wish we had taken the opportunity to speak to people, or visit locations connected with our research, when we were younger.

This early 21st century time period is probably the ‘golden age’ of family history research, when so much digitised material is available on internet sites, as well as the plethora of microfiche, indexes, books and films readily available in family history research rooms around the world. However, I sometimes wonder if this is robbing many of us of the joy … even the thrill … of doing our own authentic research.

Some time ago I received helpful research assistance from a lady in London. When I offered my return services to her she asked me to inquire about some distant relatives she had in Australia. To my amazement this family had lived in the small, pioneer village of Wardell, just twenty minutes down the road from where I live at Ballina on the north coast of New South Wales.

Wardell is the site of one of the earliest settlements in this part of the State, and after completing research into the material held at the Marie Hart Library here in Ballina, I took my camera down to historic Wardell to capture a few shots for the lady.

Like many Australian rural communities, Wardell lost many brave men in the 1914–1918 War, and in those immediate few years following the war local residents constructed numerous Honour Boards, Memorials, School Halls and other community buildings in honour of their fallen citizens. With time to spare I also decided to take a look at the Wardell Cemetery. I had expected to find high brick walls and iron gates, but no, I had arrived at a delightful bush cemetery!

Although born in Essex, England, I have acquired a great love for the Australian bush, which I could smell strongly as I walked into this cemetery, which is nothing more than a large clearing in the scrub. The ground is covered with a thick layer of white gravel, so that the sounds and smell of the native vegetation blended with the crunching of the stones under my feet as I walked around. I looked immediately at the older section of the cemetery, finding graves with no markings, and headstones now badly weathered and barely readable, and even graves which were sinking into the ground.

However, I also saw some unusual plinths standing tall, but occupying far less space than the usual requirement for a grave. As I approached one of these plinths I realised it was a monument erected by family and friends in honour of a fallen soldier who had not come home. His body is buried in faraway Europe – but the monument reminds everyone of his attachment to this local community.

His name and the monumental inscription can be readily viewed on numerous websites and other storage facilities – but as I read the words and touched the stone I was overwhelmed with the sense that I was touching something real … and something distinctly authentic! This was not a casual internet search undertaken in an idle moment; this was research occurring in real time and in a real place. I had no personal connection with anyone buried in that cemetery, but I cannot easily forget the experience of that moment.

Living as I do in Australia, it is not possible to catch the next No. 96 bus to visit London or other overseas locations for an afternoon of research into the lives of my own ancestors. I often wish that when I had last visited England many years ago I had taken the opportunity to visit the churches in the Southend and Prittlewell areas of Essex, where many of my ancestors are buried, or were married. Or to have walked the main street of the nearby village of Great Wakering, and to have visited what may be the world’s smallest shop, to see where my relatives repaired and manufactured shoes.
I could have taken my own photos of the Stocks, proudly displayed outside the Old Crown Hotel in the village of Messing. I could have actually touched the original Parish Chest in the Messing All Saints Church – and I could have visited the old schoolhouse where many of my great-uncles and aunts were students, later growing up to produce strawberries on their farms around Tiptree, for the famous Wilkins Jam Factory.

Too late for that now – but never too late to ensure that from now onwards I engage in what I call ‘authentic research’ whenever enquiring about someone from the local area where I now live.

Try it yourself … it’s unforgettable!

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**Our Ballina Shire Photo Archive Needs Your Help**

Our ‘Ballina Shire Photo Archive’ is an ever-increasing collection of photos from all over the Ballina Shire which have a value to persons involved in family history research. The Archive seeks to collect photos from all locations with the Ballina Shire; views from long ago – as well as current photos.

To extend the Archive well beyond the current 750+ photos we need the assistance of all our members to make a contribution to this collection.

**What we need**

- We need members to take photos of current locations or buildings etc. throughout the Shire.

  There are numerous significant locations and buildings in the Ballina, Alstonville and Wollongbar areas, for instance, for which we require current photos. Please contact us if you are willing to assist with photography.

- We need members to look through their personal collections for photos of interest.

  If you are able to ‘scan’ these photos, please do so in no less than 600 dpi and forward to the Society. If you do not have scanning facilities, we can do the scanning for you.

- We need members to undertake basic research about various topics, so that we can create a concise written report to accompany some of the major areas of interest in the Shire.

Please note that the Archive does not include photos of individuals. However, if you have a photo of an individual positioned near a significant building, for instance, this may well be useful for our Archive.

Please contact RTFHS member Frank Harvey to volunteer assistance or to seek further information. He may be contacted by email at spiritword8@bigpond.com Thank you for your assistance.

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It took some time for me to decide who to write about – should it be my great great great grandmother Mary Hogan, who as a young girl, married a soldier and travelled the world, having many ups and downs before finally settling down in Sydney (minus her second husband who was away having the time of his life with a married woman 30 years his junior)?

Would it be about William Underwood, whose WW1 record I downloaded and thus discovered that as a 12 year old he had set fire to the local school because he didn’t want to be bothered going anymore?

Or would it be about Henry Blenkins, who ran off with his landlord’s wife along with the landlord’s household goods and spent two years in gaol as a result?

No to all of these – this is about a relative of my husband, Greg – Eleanor Oliver.

Eleanor was born in 1810 in London to parents Joseph Watkins Oliver, a working jeweller, and Martha Miatt, whose father was also a jeweller. Eleanor was the second of 10 children, and married widower William Wren Brown in 1832.

Times were tough, and William, a painter and glazier who also dabbled in acting, tried his hand at being a publican, but was soon in the debtors court, and found to be insolvent in March 1834. Shortly after, his father-in-law was convicted of fraud and sentenced to transportation to NSW. I have no idea whether these two events were connected, but it is a coincidence.

Eleanor’s children began arriving in 1835, presumably after her husband’s release from debtor’s prison, and about the time her father’s ship left for NSW. The following year, her older brother William, also a jeweller, finding it impossible to work in London after his father’s conviction, moved to Buffalo, New York, setting himself up in business there.

A few months later, two more of her brothers, Frederick and Richard, joined William in Buffalo.
Life must have looked a lot brighter on the other side of the Atlantic, so in 1847 the Brown family, now with six children, moved to Buffalo as well.

Once there, William returned to painting and glazing, and Eleanor produced another three children, the youngest, Alice, being born in 1854. The children were all musical, and Eleanor’s life was soon filled with music, dance and acting lessons.

1855 was the last year that William’s name appeared in the Buffalo City Directory as a painter. The following year, the Browns formed the children, except for 2 year old Alice, into the Wren Juvenile Troupe and Eleanor began organising concerts and performances, and travelling with the company throughout the United States.

The company disbanded when the civil war broke out in 1860, and Eleanor, a patriotic woman, even though she had only been in America for some 12 years, applied for the position of nurse in the 61st New York Volunteers, the regiment in which four of her sons were members - three as drummers. The whole family changed their name from Brown to Wren at about this time, and all enlisted as Wren.

When fears were entertained of an invasion of Washington by the rebel army, Eleanor went to the capital, taking her two youngest daughters, Alice and Martha, with her. The wounded and dying were being sent back from the front by the hundreds, and the hospital facilities being extremely limited. Eleanor, at her own expense, established a hospital and offered her services as matron. She toiled without compensation. Her two daughters, though still very young, acted as nurses.

By 1862 peace had been restored, and Eleanor now a widow, reorganised the younger children into The Wren Company and toured the southern states. She was manager of the troupe, and was now calling herself Eleanor Oliver Wren.

The Wren Company was in the course of time dissolved, the daughters, except for Alice, marrying and the sons scattering to various parts of the USA. All of them however, remained on the stage, with the exception of the two eldest sons, one of whom became a dentist, and the other a journalist. Young Alice toured the world with various troupes, dying in New York from the result of a tick bite she had received while in South Africa. She was just 25 years old.

In January 1870, Eleanor, now living in Brooklyn, being in ill-health and having fallen on hard times yet again, asked Senator Conkling to present her memorial to the US Congress. He presented her petition to the first session of the 41st Congress, asking that the sum of ten thousand dollars may be awarded her for services rendered and money expended while a matron in the Union army during the late rebellion; it was referred to the Committee on Claims.

I really wanted to know whether Eleanor received her money, so I wrote to the US Congress Law Library. They responded with instructions on how to access their journal, The Congressional Globe, which published the results of debates, and so I was able to search myself for the answer. Unfortunately for Eleanor, on a motion by Mr. Howe, on 2 February, it was ordered

That the Committee on Claims be discharged from the further consideration of the petition of Eleanor O. Wren.

So she never got her money after all, and died just a few weeks later.

Many of Eleanor’s descendants are still involved in the acting profession today, mostly in the USA.

I believe that Eleanor must have been an inspiration to her family - she managed to adapt to whatever life threw at her, and make the most of it.
The Life and Times of Anthony Brown

By Maurie Lewis

My great, great grandfather, Anthony Brown, was born on 22 February 1805 in the village of Fishburn, Parish of Sedgefield, County Durham, in the north east corner of England. He enlisted in the Army at age 18 and was garrisoned in Leeds with the Cumberland Border 34th Regiment of Foot. During 1823 the Regiment sailed to Dublin, Ireland. Some of the soldiers were posted to America but my forebear was in a group that regathered in Boyle in County Roscommon and in 1826 marched back to Dublin. Three years later he was posted to the 97th Regiment of Foot and was appointed as coachman and groom to his Colonel.

Whilst his Colonel was on leave Anthony deserted and took with him the Colonel’s livery. He was arrested in Kilkenny, with some of the stolen articles in his possession! I found it unusual that he was not court marshalled but handed over to the civil courts where he was found guilty and transported for seven years. He arrived in Sydney Cove aboard the Edward in March 1831 and was assigned to Major Thomas Mitchell, who was later to be knighted.

Anthony began several years of travel with Major Mitchell, Surveyor General, explorer, scientist and author, as he conducted expeditions in all directions of the colony of New South Wales. He became a valued manservant to the Major who considered Anthony capable and devoted to his duties and the Major’s family.

Sir Joseph Banks, who sailed with Captain Cook in 1770, had written

It is impossible to conceive that such a body of land as large as all of Europe does not produce vast rivers capable of being navigated into the heart of the interior.

Was it a vast inland desert, was it a vast inland lake, was it divided by a strait?

Major Thomas Mitchell’s explorations set out to answer these questions.

1st Expedition 24 November 1831

Word had reached the colony via a convict who had escaped and lived with the aborigines that a great river flowed to the north! It was called the ‘Kindur’. The expedition moved off on the 24 November 1831 to search for it. Anthony was listed as Major Mitchell’s servant.

A map of this expedition and the following three are contained in a scrap book in the possession of the author. Anthony was the only person who accompanied Major Mitchell on all four expeditions.

2nd Expedition 9 March 1835

This trip started out from Boree near Orange, NSW. On 6 April Thomas Mitchell rode to Mount Canobolas to observe the country over which they must travel. Unfortunately, the group suffered the loss of Richard Cunningham, the expedition’s botanist, who wandered away from the camp and was not seen again.

Back in 1832 Anthony had petitioned to have his wife and 2 children brought out to the Colony. The free passage was granted on 28 October 1835 and the family arrived in February 1836. Anthony was also granted a one year reduction to his sentence.

3rd Expedition March 1836

The aim was to survey vast areas over ‘Eastern New South Wales’ and the expedition left on 8 March 1836 with 25 persons. West of Booligal (Hay, Hell and Booligal, a poem by Banjo Paterson) two aborigines joined the group – both were named ‘Tommy’ and to distinguish each, one was called Tommy-came-first, naturally the other was Tommy-came-last!

The explorers covered an enormous amount of territory.
On 29 August the party received a big shock as did the Henty brothers when they sighted each other at Portland Bay. The Henty brothers were farming in Tasmania and had crossed Bass Strait to establish a settlement on the mainland (not known to the Government). Following restocking, courtesy of the Henty’s, the expedition returned to Sydney, after seven months of traversing unknown country. From this expedition Mitchell wrote of

*the vast natural resources of a region more extensive than Great Britain, with soil ready for plough.*

An area covering Western Victoria, he named it Australia Felix! After this expedition Anthony was reunited with his family.

**4th Expedition 15 December 1845**

The aim of this expedition was to explore, map and survey the land as far as the Gulf of Carpentaria. They reached a point inland from present day Mackay. Day after day of fierce heat (up to 115 deg in the sun) and the lack of watering places drove them back. They turned for home, reaching Sydney in January 1847. On his return Major Mitchell recommended to the Governor awards of conditional pardons to all, and gratuities to some. Anthony received the largest sum of £15 – a lot of money in those days! After the years of exploration Anthony was granted a lease of a small acreage adjacent to Mitchell’s property at Wilton/Appin in NSW. He farmed this property and remained in Mitchell’s employment as coachman. When the lease expired Anthony moved his family to Lambing Flat – present day Young.

Anthony’s 4th son, John, was working as a stockman for the Walsh Family on their property ‘Wheogo Station’. They had three beautiful daughters. John married Catherine (Kitty) Walsh, whilst her sister Bridgett married Ben Hall – later to become well known as a bushranger. John & Kitty built a house on the ‘Wedding Mountains’ (near Forbes).

It became known as ‘Browns Hut’. During his absences buying cattle for the butcher shops in the district, the notorious bushranger Frank Gardiner often called on Kitty for ‘tea & cucumber sandwiches’. About this time Gardiner was wanted by the ‘traps’ (police) for his masterminding of the Eugowra Gold Escort robbery – the largest hold up to that date (1862). £14,000 was stolen in cash and gold. Gardiner eloped with Kitty, settling at Apis Creek, inland from Rockhampton, and they adopted the name of Mr and Mrs Christie. They opened an Inn and General store. All was well – Frank was well liked and even entrusted for the safe keeping of prospectors’ finds, until they could be transported to Rockhampton under escort.

**But the end was near!!** Kitty was so proud of her husband that she wrote to her family in Young – oh dear, what a Boo Boo! The police intercepted her letter. Detectives were sent from Sydney – Gardiner was arrested, found guilty and sentenced to 32 years. His sentence was later reduced to ten years provided he left the Colony. He was assigned to a ship bound for Hong Kong but he boarded another and sailed to San Francisco where he opened a saloon named the ‘Twilight Star’. He was shot dead by a patron! Kitty went to New Zealand and later suicided by self-inflicted gunshot.

The Browns may not have been my favourite ancestors, but they certainly lived a most exciting life!
The Rabbit and the Tortoise
by Yvonne Hammond

I was 82 years old in 2004 when I joined the Northern Rivers Family History Writers’ Group; a gathering of eight women who met every two months in a small space made available to them in the room the Richmond-Tweed Family History Society occupied at the time. They could have met in the park for all I cared; listening intently to detailed accounts relating their family history and how the harsh reality of their ancestor’s daily lives intruded on their own thoughts.

The clock turned back each meeting when the bones of their research came alive with wonderful descriptive stories of grandparents and often 3rd and 4th great grandparents and the incredible stories of their lives. Why had I left all this until now? This was the question I asked of myself. All this data I was told, is available about my family also – unbelievable!

Lovingly scripted accounts written and compared to their own childhood memories. Carefully researched subjects such as music, cooking, (especially grandma’s recipes,) antique jewellery, embroidery, and my eyes devoured the wonderful and often unusual items of times gone by, displayed for show and tell.

A short time after I joined, the group voted for a monthly meeting which was carried unanimously. Every one of us enjoyed listening to each other read a story on a specific subject of family history chosen, up to now bi-monthly, by a member of the group who became facilitator at the next meeting. I was ‘over the moon’.

It was during my first visit with the writing group that disaster struck with devastating swiftness; cut adrift with sudden ruthlessness I had allowed my rabbit personality to escape. ‘Allow’ however is not the correct word, it just did; escape that is, without reserve or permission, it scampered back along the many travelled roads, stopping often to revisit the twists, turns and occasional descents and ascents of my family’s and my own life’s journey.

Scurrying along highways and byways occasionally Rabbit took time to dawdle and nibble the dew fresh grass beside a narrow lane, or pause to inhale the perfume of countless wayside blossoms. Then, kicking up her heels was off again, burrowing deep within self-reflection, unearthing and revealing from the emotional pool of memory the trials and tribulations of events, many of which until now, were long thought forgotten.

Hopping and leaping back and forth to see round the next bend, Rabbit felt free – free to bound ahead – leaving Tortoise – who I thought was the real me – far – far behind.

However, sometimes Rabbit stopped to rest, and when Tortoise caught up they would sit together and reminisce about the old days, past experiences tangled with present emotions as memories flooded back to cram their hearts and heads with wonders of delight. Idle thoughts, all meandering along the well trodden tracks of childhood recollections.

‘This will never do’ cried Rabbit jumping to her feet ‘the once non-existent trickle of my beginnings has turned from hazy impressions into a fast flowing stream of ideas’.

Life’s images, thought Tortoise, are suddenly meaningful, I must start creating words with which to challenge my fragmented mind pictures so I can emotionally relive my experiences and record my family’s history and it all begins with words.

Tortoise sighed, ‘Remember, Rabbit my friend, I told you to approach new ventures with caution, and not to get ahead of yourself.’

‘Yes, yes – I agree, but age is my problem’ answered Rabbit. ‘I have to hurry, or time will overtake me, before my work is complete.’

‘No! Look at me; I am slow, and always have been as you know but even so, I have travelled far and wide during my life time.

continued on page 24
Dying Trades

Contributed by Our Members

**Bookbinder**
Bookbinding, along with many trades, changed from primarily handwork to largely mechanised production over time.

**Cordwainer**
Made a variety of goods from the soft leather which originated from the Spanish city of Cordoba. Now known as a maker of luxury boots and shoes.

**Milk Delivery**
In olden days the choice in milk was simply the number of pints ladled by the milkman into our billy early each morning.

**Chimney Sweep**
A dangerous and low paid job often involving child labour. Soot could be sold for use in gardens to protect plants from slugs.

**Bread Carter**
Delivering Bread by cart in Temora, New South Wales.

**Ice Delivery**
Special tongs were used to carry huge dripping blocks of ice from George Street to the ice chest in the household.

**Bowyers & Fletchers Guild**
Makers of bows and arrows. Fletchings were attached to the shaft of the arrow to stabilise flight.

**More Cordwainers**

**Compositor**
Hand setting metal type in the print industry. Now replaced by computer.

**Rabbito**
During the depressions of the 1890s and 1930s and during wartime, trapping rabbits provided food and extra income.
Diary of a War
Timeline of important events during the First World War

In 1916, one year after the Gallipoli landing, 25 April was officially declared as ANZAC Day.

When most of us think of the ANZACs, we think about the well-known and remembered landing at Gallipoli at dawn on 25 April 1915. The 100th anniversary of this landing was commemorated all over Australia, New Zealand and around the world, by governments, RSL’s, school children and by many of us, privately.

For Australia, as for many nations, the First World War remains the most costly conflict in terms of deaths and casualties. From a population of fewer than five million, 416,809 men enlisted, of which over 60,000 were killed and 156,000 wounded, gassed, or taken prisoner.

Perhaps the largest commemorative event for the centenary was the traditional Dawn Service at Gallipoli where 8000 Australians, 2000 New Zealanders and 500 official representatives from other Nations formed a crowd of over 10,500 on the Gallipoli Peninsula in Turkey.

ANZAC Day has traditionally begun with a Dawn Service. Dawn is a symbolic time as the landing at Gallipoli occurred at dawn, and soldiers are customarily woken before dawn and called to man their positions.

The bravery and endurance of Australian troops in the face of death is what turned this horrific event into a legend that has helped to shape our country. Many of the Anzacs in WW1 then went on to face other campaigns in France and thus cemented the bond of mateship and brotherhood between the two countries that is still evident today.

This Quarter’s World War 1 Diary: 1915

1 July – Russia created a Central War Industries Committee to oversee production and address a severe shortage of artillery shells and rifles on the Eastern Front. Russian soldiers in the field without rifles could only get them from fellow soldiers after they were killed or wounded.

9 July – In Africa, the German Southwest Africa colony (present day Namibia) was taken by the Allies following 11 months of fighting between the Germans and South African and Rhodesian troops loyal to the British.

13 July – On the Eastern Front, the next phase of the combined Austro-German offensive against the Russians began in northern Poland, with the Austro-Germans advancing toward Warsaw. The Russian Army became weaker by the day due to chronic supply shortages and declining morale. Once again, the Russians retreated, and also ordered a total civilian evacuation of Poland. This resulted in great hardship for the people as they left their homes and headed eastward, clogging the roads and hampering the movement of Russian troops.

1 August – The Fokker Scourge began over the Western Front as German pilots achieved air supremacy using the highly effective Fokker monoplane featuring a synchronised machine-gun that fired bullets through the spinning propeller. Although the technology was pioneered by French pilot Roland Garros, the Germans copied and improved the synchronized gun idea after capturing his plane. The Fokker Scourge lasted almost a year, until Allied aerial technology caught up.

5 August – Warsaw was taken by Austro-Germans troops. This ended a century of Russian control of the city. After taking Warsaw, the Austro-Germans moved on to capture Ivangorod, Kovno, Brest-Litovsk, Bialystok, Grodno, and Vilna. By the end of September, Russian troops were driven out of Poland and Galicia, back to the original lines from which they had begun the war in 1914. For the time being, the battered Russian Army had effectively been eliminated as an offensive threat on the Eastern Front, freeing the Germans to focus more effort on the Western Front.

6 August – Hoping to break the stalemate at Gallipoli, the British renewed the offensive. An additional 20,000 troops landed but their attack was hampered by poor communications and logistical problems. The Turks, led by Mustafa Kemal, responded by rushing in two divisions and the British offensive failed.

5 September – Russian Czar Nicholas II took personal command of the Russian Army, hoping to rally his faltering troops. Losses to the Czar’s army from the Austro-German offensives in Galicia and Poland included over 1,400,000 casualties with 750,000 captured. Russia was also weakened economically by the loss of Poland’s industrial and agricultural output. Additionally, the ongoing mass exodus of Russian troops and civilians from Poland, called the Great Retreat, spurred dangerous political and social unrest in Russia, undermining the rule of the Czar and his Imperial government.
6 September – Bulgaria entered the war on Germany’s side with an eye toward invading neighbouring Serbia. Austria-Hungary had tried, but failed, three times to conquer Serbia in retaliation for the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand. Now, the Austrians, aided by Germany and Bulgaria, planned to try again. With the addition of Bulgaria, Germany now had three allies in the war including Austria-Hungary and Turkey. This alliance was called the Central Powers due to their geographic location, primarily in central Europe.

18 September – The Germans announced an end to their first U-Boat campaign, begun in February, which had targeted ships around the British Isles. This came in response to increasing protests from the United States following American civilian deaths at sea. The U-Boats were then sent by the Germans to wreak havoc in the Mediterranean Sea, away from American shipping lanes in the Atlantic.

25 September – On the Western Front, the British used poison gas for the first time as they launched an attack against the German 6th Army in the Artois. Chlorine gas was released from over 5,000 cylinders, creating a poisonous cloud that drifted toward the Germans, opening a gap in their front line. The British advanced and quickly seized the ridge of Loos. However, when they tried to capitalize on their victory the next day they were mowed down by well-placed German machine-gunners. In all, the British suffered 50,000 casualties during the Loos offensive. British Army Commander John French was then sacked, replaced by Douglas Haig.

25 September – The French 2nd Army in Champagne attacked the weakest part of the German lines, creating a six-mile-wide breach that was three miles deep. The German 3rd Army then rushed in reinforcements, regrouped its defence lines and plugged the gap. Facing strong resistance, the French were defeated.

26 September – The French launched their third attempt to seize Vimy Ridge from the Germans in Artois, and this time they secured the ridge.

26-28 September – In the Middle East, a British victory occurred at the Battle of Kut al-Amara in Mesopotamia as they defeated the Turks. The resounding victory spurred an ambitious move by the British to venture onward to quickly capture Baghdad. However, that attempt failed and the troops returned to Kut-al-Amara and dug in.

Why I admire my maternal Grandmother
by Don Howell

My father, Herbert James Howell, was the youngest of sixteen children. Unfortunately his parents had both died by the time he was twenty-two years old. As this happened long before I was born I only ever knew my maternal grandparents.

My mother’s father died when I was only thirteen, however I did come to know my maternal grandmother, Florence aka Flossie, very well.

After I finished high school in Lismore NSW, I moved to Newcastle further down the coast, where I lived with my grandmother Flossie for just over two years whilst I undertook tertiary studies. It was during this time that I learned a lot about her early life.

Flossie was born in Richmond, Surrey in 1882 to George and Celia Pope. She was the fifth of eight children. How she came to be born in Surrey I cannot determine since all of her siblings were born in Brighton, Sussex. I can only assume that her father had taken work in Surrey and his wife joined him there. The family moved back to Sussex after Flossie was born as the subsequent siblings were born in Brighton. Her father was listed in the censuses as a metal worker or ironmonger.

By the 1890s Flossie’s parents had become the superintendent and matron of the public baths on North Road, Brighton, Sussex. They maintained these positions until they retired in about 1916-1918. During the time that Flossie lived at home in North Road, prior to her marriage, she taught swimming as well as being an accomplished seamstress which was also the occupation of her mother and sisters while her maternal grandfather was a tailor.

It is from this time on in her life that I learnt to admire her stoicism. In the early 1900s she was being courted by my grandfather, Alfred Ernest Chatfield. He was from a rather wealthy family in Lewes, Sussex. The Chatfield family timber business had at one time employed more than sixty people. Flossie told me that whenever she went to visit Ern, as he was known at the family home, she was never allowed through the front door but had to enter the house via the servants’ quarters as the family did not believe that she was of high enough social standing to be allowed
through the front door. Despite this disapproval, Flossie and Ern married in Brighton in June 1906.

Even the wedding could not be carried out without some sort of affront being offered by Ern’s family. I was told by my cousin that at the wedding, one of Ern’s sisters attended in full mourning attire – including black hat and veil, black dress and shoes. This was in protest, by the sister, for Ern marrying below his station.

Following the wedding Flossie and Ern sailed for America. They arrived in Boston where Ern found work, probably in the timber business. It was here that their first child was born in April 1907. However, they did not stay in Boston but travelled to Canada as well. Flossie told me that their stay in Canada was miserable because the area they lived in led her to be eaten alive by midges. After a short stay in Canada they returned to Boston. By this time Flossie was pregnant with her second child. Flossie then sailed back to England in June 1908 leaving Ern in America where he stayed for some time before coming back to England. Flossie’s second child was born in Brighton in February 1909. After returning from America, Ern and Flossie’s family settled in Maidenhead, now an outer suburb of London. It was here that my mother, Olive Rene Chatfield, was born in February 1911.

In June the same year, just a few months after my mother’s birth, Ern, along with one of his sisters, set sail for Australia. Now for the second time Flossie was left on her own, living in England with three children under four. How she managed financially etc. I do not know. I do know that at some time she went back to her parents in Brighton where, according to Flossie, her mother counselled her on the duties of a good wife, saying that a ‘good wife’ must obey her husband and go where her husband wanted her to go. Flossie did tell me that her retort to her mother was that she did not want to go, that she could make up her own mind on what was right and that she could always find another husband in England if she stayed.

However, family pressure must have prevailed, as in January 1914, Flossie along with the three children set sail for Sydney, Australia arriving in March. Flossie told me that they then had to travel by coach almost 600 kilometres from Sydney to Inverell in north western NSW. I do not know if it was all the way from Sydney or just from the nearest train station to where Ern was living outside of Inverell. Ern had joined up with one of his brothers, who had come to Australia in about 1906, and settled in Inverell. Flossie said she could never understand why she agreed to come to such a dry, brown, hot, fly-infested, god forsaken country. I have since looked up records and found that NSW was at that time suffering the after effects of a severe drought. I do believe that, even though she eventually had a reasonably good life in Australia, she always regretted leaving green England to come to Australia. The family stayed in Inverell for a number of years and then moved back down the coast to Newcastle in the Hunter region.

I often surmise that if Flossie had delayed her departure from England it is possible that she may never have come to Australia since the outbreak of the Great War may have made the journey too dangerous. Therefore my mother would not have met my father and I would not be here.

The reasons that I admire her so much are as follows – she overcame the stigma and discomfort of not being of the same ‘social standing’ as her in-laws, twice was left by her husband to fend for herself, had to travel unaccompanied with three young children from England to Australia and then had to endure a country and climate that was alien to her.

Also, apart from one brother who came to Australia, she never saw any of her family again. One brother died in 1917 in Belgium in WWI, one brother served in the Royal Navy and survived WWI, the husband of her older sister went down with his ship in an engagement off South America in November 1914. The other siblings all lived their lives out in Sussex and surrounding counties. Flossie never went back to England. She told me how distressed she was at receiving letters from home letting her know of the deaths of her parents which had happened some months before. Mail from England often took several weeks and sometimes months to reach Australia. I cannot imagine how she felt without the personal contact with her parents and siblings that we take for granted today.
Flossie died in 1966 at the age of 84. She had been diagnosed with Parkinson’s Disease and Alzheimers and was residing in a nursing home at Teralba in the Hunter region of NSW.

As her health deteriorated and she moved into the home I continued to visit her 2–3 times a week. During the last six months of her life she basically didn’t know anyone but this did not stop me from visiting her at least twice a week and taking her for an outing in my car when she was still capable of walking.

I was 23 when Flossie died and I missed her terribly. My maternal grandmother will always hold a special place in my heart.

On a lighter note, Flossie claimed to me that she really had produced an international family – one made in the USA, one made in Canada and one made in England!

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The Rabbit and the Tortoise
Continued from page 15

‘Sorry, I can’t agree’ Rabbit replied, ‘Now I’ve escaped I must keep going back, if only to see how far I’ve come.

‘Ho hum’, said Tortoise, ‘see you at the end of the road’.

They often meet quite by accident, at cross roads, laneways and on city street corners in the quest for more knowledge, comparing notes and cross checking their information. Tortoise lumbered along always methodical in the manner of research whereas Rabbit romped along gathering information willy-nilly. Often trusting to memory forgetting to note where the information had been found and jumping from one family to another with gay abandon. At the present time my Tortoise personality is trying to be the more dominant, reminding Rabbit of the value of using tips and tricks learnt through the Family History Society about researching. In truth though, Rabbit has had enormous fun over the last ten years bobbing along accumulating a mountain of records. Tortoise meanwhile is gradually sorting and compiling the different families into readable order; together we hope to succeed.

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Recent accession into the Marie Hart Library
by Allan Ridgewell

A new book recently accessioned into the Marie Hart Library.

Sawbones, Saddle Burns and Soothing Balms: Neil Thompson (Uz–1)
unimagined success. Ann was able to hold the original 193 year old will of an ancestor, met a cousin she had found through painstaking research and attended the church where her great grandparents were married. And we thought the UK was hard work! Surely a lesson in never giving up.

We hope new members will enjoy their time with us and perhaps see a task they would like to do so they can feel more involved and if anyone has ideas for new speakers or activities please have a chat with President Robyn. Whether you are researching online, fossicking in libraries or archives offices or writing lots of letters to family as we did in ‘the old days’ (and that’s still a good idea) we hope everything is coming up roses for you.

RTFHS Members 25 years+

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Member Number</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year Joined</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Marie Hart</td>
<td>1984</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Graham &amp; Patricia Lovegrove</td>
<td>1984</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Nola Rodey</td>
<td>1984</td>
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<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Audrey Chappell</td>
<td>1984</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Alex &amp; Myra Arrighi</td>
<td>1984</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Judy Scott</td>
<td>1984</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Leeanne Goodwin</td>
<td>1984</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Jack Waldren</td>
<td>1984</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>Judy Riley</td>
<td>1985</td>
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<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td>Laurie Mathers</td>
<td>1985</td>
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<td>125</td>
<td>Warwick Press</td>
<td>1985</td>
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<tr>
<td>140</td>
<td>Betty Cox</td>
<td>1986</td>
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<tr>
<td>150</td>
<td>Ian Bedford</td>
<td>1986</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>154</td>
<td>Colin &amp; Valerie Summers</td>
<td>1986</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>187</td>
<td>Diane McCombe</td>
<td>1987</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>169</td>
<td>Margaret McDonald</td>
<td>1987</td>
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<tr>
<td>223</td>
<td>Jim Riley</td>
<td>1988</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230</td>
<td>Gloria McDonald</td>
<td>1988</td>
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<td>249</td>
<td>Jean Cummins</td>
<td>1988</td>
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<td>260</td>
<td>Rose Leeson</td>
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<td>276</td>
<td>Suzanne Warmerdam</td>
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<td>291</td>
<td>Joan Reid</td>
<td>1990</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>295</td>
<td>Evelyn Dooley</td>
<td>1990</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>309</td>
<td>Athol &amp; Anita Stroud-Watt</td>
<td>1990</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Congratulations to the above Richmond-Tweed Family History Society members who have maintained their membership for 25 years and over. It’s quite an achievement and the growth of the Society owes much to the dedication and continuity of members like this. Many thanks to you all!

New Membership from Membership Secretary, Nola Rodey

We are pleased to welcome the following new members who have joined our Society within the past few weeks:

953 Ms Wendy Sharpe West Ballina NSW 2478
954 Ms Joy Morhaus Ballina NSW 2478

Congratulations to Esme Smith on the international success of her story *Death of a Soldier* which was printed in the March edition of the Cedar Log.

Esme’s story about her ancestors, Bert and Les Smith in WW1 was not only the winning entry in our 2014 Writing Competition but it was also picked up by the Hillingdon Family History Society, Middlesex, in the United Kingdom through the exchange of e-journals.

The Hillingdon FHS asked Esme’s permission to publish the story in its entirety in their June 2015 journal as a link between the two societies. The churchyard at Harefield where Bert is buried in the Anzac War Graves section is in their area. The journal editor from Hillingdon has taken photographs of the graves and church and sent them to Esme.

This photograph of Bert’s headstone in the Harefield Parish Churchyard is something Esme would never have had if she hadn’t submitted her story to our journal.

You never know where your stories may end up or who will see them so keep writing. You too may have the same success!
In the Loop

From the Media…
by Marie Hart

What have I been reading or hearing in the family history world? Let’s start with Ances-Tree for March 2015 from Burwood and District FHG, C/o Burwood Library, 2 Condor Street, Burwood 2134 which is updating their Index to Burials in the Petersham Cemetery. If you have someone buried there the Library would appreciate your contact at http://bdfhg.weebly.com. Lake Macquarie FHG is now sending their journal, The Chronicle, as an ejournal.

For a good news story seek out Rootes from Gold Coast FHS for March 2015 which tells of two photo albums found in an op shop which have now found a new home with an ecstatic researcher! And in the March 2015 issue of Family Ties (Bundaberg Genealogical Association) An Unexpected Act of Kindness is another ‘feel good’ story to be enjoyed.

In the Shropshire FHS March 2015 journal is an item on unusual methods of creating a family tree memento with an engraved plaque, or an iced cake, or a quilt! Some of our ‘crafty’ and innovative members may enjoy these novel ideas. ‘The City of Adelaide’, the clipper sailing ship built in 1864 that made twenty three return voyages to South Australia may now be visited at Dock One, Port Adelaide for $20 (www.cityofadelaide.org.au) and if you think your ancestors may have travelled by a Cobb & Co coach you will be enchanted by the National Carriage Museum in Toowoomba, Queensland (cobbandco.qm.qld.gov.au).

I would like to encourage members to read the monthly Australian Family Tree Connections magazines donated by Nola Rody, for a splendid selection of local and overseas articles that are not likely to be found in regular genealogical journals; your articles and enquiries are sought too.

The Workshops Rail Museum at Ipswich, Queensland makes a great outing for train enthusiasts or those whose forebears worked on railways and also has one of only two privately owned war memorials in Australia (the other one in WA); (theworkshops.qm.qld.gov.au). Another touching memorial is in a small museum in the interesting little Queensland town of Nobby which commemorates the revolutionary treatment for polio by Sister Kenny who grew up there and is buried in the cemetery. It is open from 1 to 3.30 pm Wednesday and Sunday or by appointment with Mrs Lorna Rickert at 07 4696 3181.

You won’t have far to travel this year if attending the NSW & ACT Association of FHSs Annual Conference from 11 to 13 September in Port Macquarie which is being hosted by the Port Macquarie & Districts FHS. Consult their February journal Footsteps for more information and if you do go, have a great time with other family history enthusiasts, learn of the latest developments to help with your research and then bring back all that information to share with the stay-at-homes!

Journal Gleanings

Australian
Koorie Reference Service
Old Scottish Occupations
Wheelwrights
Scottish Post Office Directories 1773-1911
1894 Australian Shearers Strike
Huguenot Records
A Genealogical Will
Passengers on ‘Commodore Perry’ 1865
East Perth Cemeteries Website
Letters from HMAT Argyllshire WW1
Australian Army Nursing Service WW1
‘The Catherine’ 1813–14 to Port Jackson

Overseas
Leeds Liverpool Canal
Locating Living Descendants
US Occupational Sources to Irish Seamen
Focus on School Records
Calico Printers of Lancashire
Harnessing the Facebook Generation
Kinderttransport Records WW2
Family Tree Quilt of Five Generations
The Cardiff Society of Sailmakers
Shetland Times Online 1872–1907
Christmas in the Trenches
Forth Valley NHS Archives
Wife Sales
Charity Apprenticeships

Aust. Fam Tree Connections, Dec 14
Family Ties, Mar 15
Kith & Kin, Mar 15
Kith & Kin, Mar 15
Relatively Speaking, Mar 15
Relatively Speaking, Mar 15
Relatively Speaking, Mar 15
Southern Suburbs Scroll, Feb 15
The South Aust Genealogist, Feb 15
Moruya & Dist Hist Soc, Mar 15
The Genealogist, Mar 15
Tasmanian Ancestry, Mar 15
Irish Roots, No 93 2015 1st qtr
Irish Roots, No 93 2015 1st qtr
WDYTYA, Oct 14
WDYTYA, Nov 14
Origins, Mar 15
Shropshire FHS, Mar 15
Shropshire FHS, Mar 15
Glamorgan FHS, Mar 15
Coontin Kin, Voar 15
WDYTYA, Dec 14
Central Scotland FHS, Mar 15
Oxfordshire Family Historian, Apr 15
Nottinghamshire FHS, Apr 15
Monthly Speakers June Qtr
by Editor – Carol Donaghey

We have had several interesting guest speakers in the past quarter and for those members who were unable to attend the meetings you might like to know what topics were discussed.

March
Not Just Trove! was a great afternoon presentation by Leonie Oliver who gave members some valuable information on researching various newspapers in New Zealand, America and other papers across the globe. Thank you to Leonie for the following sites:
www.paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast
www.chroniclingamerica.loc.gov/
www.eliphind.com
www.news.google.com/newspapers

Leonie also emphasised the benefit of using library cards from home. You can apply online for cards for the State and National Libraries (and don’t forget your local library) and search the newspapers on their databases.

April
Robbie Braithwaite, former researcher at the Australian War Memorial (AWM), was the speaker on Discovering your Anzac Ancestors and AWM Archives. Robbie told members about the more than 50,000 pages of First World War private collections that have been digitised and released online, as part of the Anzac Connections project.

On the AWM website www.awm.gov.au the Family History Section can help if you are trying to track down information about relatives who served in any of the conflicts in which Australia has been involved since the 1860s.

May
Unfortunately our guest speaker Kevin Oliveri was unable to attend the meeting but Leonie Oliver, as coordinator on the day, arranged impromptu speakers from amongst the members who entertained the meeting with their stories of what they had found and new relatives discovered. It was a fun meeting enjoyed by all.
SOCIETY EVENTS

DATES TO REMEMBER

Tuesday 2 June 2015: The RTFHS Writers’ Group meets on the first TUESDAY of each month – at 1.00 pm – at the Marie Hart Library. Phone Group Leader Joan Fraser (6686 9664) for further details.

Saturday 6 June 2015: Queen’s Birthday Weekend Subject: ‘Old Maids and Bachelor Boys’. Coordinated by Robyn Hilan.

Saturday 11 July 2015: Subject: ‘The Oddity of Expressions used in Old Newspapers’. Guest Speaker: Elaine Fragar.

Saturday 25 July 2015: Christmas in July luncheon at Summerland House, 11.30am arrival, order from menu for 12 o’clock start.

Saturday 1 August: RTFHS AGM, followed by a presentation by Martyn Killion on ‘Genealogy on the Internet – 10 Websites You Can’t Live Without’.


Saturday 3 October: Subject: ‘Criminals in the Family’. Coordinated by Robyn Hilan.

Saturday 7 November: Presentation. Findmypast from RTFHS member Don Howell.

Saturday 5 December: Christmas luncheon at Summerland House, 11.30am arrival, order from menu for 12 o’clock start.

Saturday 12 December: Christmas meeting. Raffles and Trivia Competition.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership fees for the year 1 January 2015 to 31 December 2015 are $35 Individual/$45 Joint Membership. Journals will be sent to financial members only.

Society meetings are held at 2.00 pm on the first Saturday of each month (except January) at the Players Theatre, 24 Swift Street, Ballina – unless otherwise advised