

# CE-Muster

**Central Coast Family History Society Inc.  
Celebrates its' 35<sup>th</sup> Birthday!**

**August 2016**

**Number 15**



*Official opening of Research Centre, in its present location,  
by Lyn Bockholt and Chris Holstein, Nov 2001.*

**The Official Journal of the Central Coast  
Family History Society Inc.**

# Central Coast Family History Society Inc.

## **PATRONS**

Lawrie McKinna, Chris Holstein  
Lucy Wicks, MP Federal Member for Robertson

Members of NSW & ACT Association of Family History Societies Inc. (State Body)  
Australian Federation of Family History Organisation (National Body) Federation of  
Family History Societies, United Kingdom (International Body) Associate Member of  
the Royal Australian Historical Society of NSW.

## **Executive:**

President: Wendy Condon  
Vice President: Kay Rawnsley  
Secretary: Heather Yates  
Treasurer: Margaret Ertner

**Public Officer:** Marlene Bailey

## **Committee:**

Sue Breckenridge, Bennie Campbell, Marlene Davidson, Carol Evans, Belinda Mabbott,  
Trish Michael, Margaret Morters.

## **RESEARCH CENTRE**

Building 4, 8 Russell Drysdale Street, EAST GOSFORD NSW 2250  
Phone: 4324 5164 - Email [admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au](mailto:admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au)  
Open: Tues to Fri 9.30am-2.00pm; First Saturday of the month only  
Thursday evening 6.00pm-9.00-9.30pm  
Research Centre Closed on Mondays for Administration

## **MEETINGS**

First Saturday of each month from February to November  
Commencing at 1.00pm – doors open 12.00pm  
Venue: Gosford Lions Community Hall  
Rear of 8 Russell Drysdale Street, EAST GOSFORD NSW

## **MEMBERSHIP FEE - GST INCLUDED**

Single Membership \$45.00 Joining Fee \$10.00  
Joint Membership \$65.00 Joining Fee \$10.00

The **e-Muster** is the Official Journal of the Central Coast Family History Society Inc. as **The Muster** it was first published in April 1983.

The new **e-Muster** is published to our website 3 times a year - April, August, and December.

The Society does not hold itself responsible for statements made or opinions expressed by advertisers or authors of articles appearing in **e-Muster**.

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## **JOURNAL EDITOR Sue Breckenridge**

All articles to:  
[admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au](mailto:admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au)

**e-Muster** deadlines are  
March 20  
July 20  
October 23

Type in font size 16  
CAMBRIA with narrow  
margins please.

Surnames in CAPS

All images to be sent  
separately.

# The E-Muster

August 2016 – No: 15

## **REGULAR FEATURES**

Editorial .....	1
President's Piece .....	2
Our 35 <sup>th</sup> Birthday Celebrations.....	3-4
New Members List.....	4
Society Events and Information	
Speakers .....	5
Membership Information .....	6
Assigned Duties.....	7

## **MEMBERS STORIES**

<i>The Founding of C.C. Family History Group.</i>	
Joan Fenton .....	8
<i>Pocket Biography of Joan Fenton</i>	
Joan Fenton .....	9
<i>Pocket Biography of Linda Pring</i>	
Linda Pring.....	10-13
<i>The Silence of my Mother on her childhood</i>	
Richard Darrell .....	14-16
<i>The Grey Sock</i>	
Rhonda Cetta-Hoy.....	17-20
<i>Gosford Recollections</i>	
Pam Williams.....	21-23
<i>Seek and Thee Shall Find</i>	
Eric Blackmore.....	23-25
<i>Wife Selling in the Midlands</i>	
ARI'S GAZETTE 1869.....	25-27
<i>Finding Catherine Clarke</i>	
Denise Perentin .....	27-29
<i>Hydrogen Bomb Information Sheet</i>	
City of Sydney Archives.....	30-31

## **ADVERTISING**

Bookstall Must Haves .....	32
Transcription Agents.....	33
Central Coast Mobile Computers.....	34
Central Coast SHARP DC .....	34
Website Guys .....	34
Lisarow Cemetery books .....	35



## EDITORIAL – SUE BRECKENRIDGE

As your new editor of the e-Muster, allow me to introduce myself and extend a warm welcome to new members, returning members and new committee members. This issue is a special issue of e-Muster as we have just celebrated 35 years as Central Coast Family History Society.

I do not claim to have editing or editorial skills, but, like many of you, I have come to value writing Family History stories as a means of recording the lives of forebears. I have also compiled a book documenting the place of my father's family in the Industrial Revolution. If only he had known this or if he had been able to be with me on the journey of discovery that has resulted. I know he would have loved using modern technology to trace the clues. A different generation though! We all wish we could have conversations with those who have gone before us.

It is the Central Coast Family History Society that has enabled me to gain so many skills necessary to be a good researcher. I thank all those volunteers who have shared time and knowledge to assist me in research. It is through this Journal that I hope we can inspire others to share their discoveries and stories. I know you will enjoy reading the stories in this edition and I thank all the contributors sincerely.

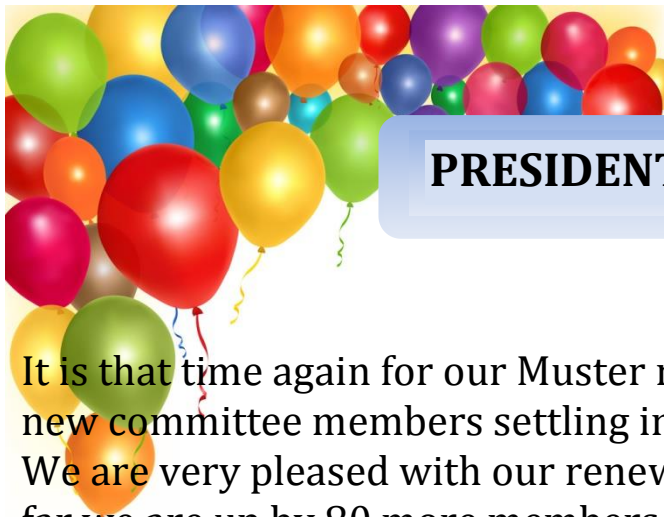
The e-Muster is published three times per year. It is your Journal to share your research and resulting family stories. I thank the many contributors who have submitted items for this edition. Because this is the year that celebrates our 35<sup>th</sup> Birthday, I have included items presented by very early members Joan Fenton and the late Linda Pring. In the years when Joan Fenton was President, the committee was encouraged to write "Pocket Biographies" as a means of practising the art of writing and as a means of sharing background information within the Central Coast Family History Group as they were then known.

Likewise, in 2016 we are commemorating the World War 1 Battles of the Western Front 100 years ago. Many of our families endured sadness and hardship as a result. Those who weren't fighting on the front assisted in other ways, one of which was knitting over a million pairs of socks as gifts for the troops. Enjoy Rhonda Cetta-Hoye's story. Many of you have convict ancestors who have forced you on lengthy research. Eric Blackwood's story highlights the help that is given so willingly by our volunteers. His story will have you guessing who his "super-researcher" is? Richard Darrell's poignant story traces the difficult life endured by his mother and the tangible love expressed by his words. This edition of e-Muster demonstrates how fascinating it is to discover so much more than names and dates. These are the stories behind those names and dates.

*"He, who has no fools, knaves, or beggars in his family, was begot by a flash of lightning".* An old English proverb by Thomas Fuller, 17<sup>th</sup> Century.

**Sue BRECKENRIDGE -Muster Editor**





## PRESIDENTS REPORT – WENDY CONDON

It is that time again for our Muster magazine. It has been very busy for our new committee members settling in and getting organised.

We are very pleased with our renewal subscriptions, which are due now. So far we are up by 80 more members than this time last year.

On the 13<sup>th</sup> May Margaret Ertner and I attended the “*First Fleet Memorial in Pioneer Park*”, within *Eastern Suburbs Memorial Park* at Botany for the official opening. It is the resting place for twelve First Fleeters.

We at Central Coast Family History Society have just had our 35<sup>th</sup> Birthday party celebration at our July meeting. It was a great day and I would like to thank everyone who came and helped make our day such a great success.

Our very first President, Joan Fenton came and told us the story of how we started. Also with us at the celebratory meeting was Robyn Arkinstall who is member number 4. We are now up to member number 2019 so there have been a lot of people through our doors.

Some of us have worked with the “*The Skills Generator*” program. They had 12 people participating in the program and they wrote a book on the Pioneer Women of the Central Coast. Margaret Ertner, Marilyn Davidson and myself went to Erina Library for the launch of the book.

*The Work for the Dole* group asked us to help with their book the Pioneer Families from the Central Coast, but sadly it wasn't practical for us to help at this time, as they wanted 12 people to use our Centre from 9am to 3pm five days a week for six months. It just wouldn't be fair to our members.

Coming up on the 20<sup>th</sup> August is the RAHS Seminar which we are hosting at the Lions Club Hall which promises to be a very good day. The speakers are Professor Carol Liston speaking on the Land Title Records, Dr. Kathrine Reynold speaking on Keeping Track of your History Research and Christine Yates speaking about Furnishing Your Ancestors House.

In September some of us are off to Camden for the NSW & ACT Family History Conference. Margaret and I staying are down for a couple of extra days to do some family history research of our own.

**Wendy CONDON – President**



# *We Celebrated 35 years in 2016 as the Central Coast Family History Society.*

**Many thanks to the enthusiastic folk who volunteered to talk about convicts, ancestors, family trees and shared their research. All of those who shared limited resources in the beginning and then officially launched the Central Coast Family History Group.**

**On 2<sup>nd</sup> JULY 2016 we celebrated the very beginning, 35 years ago, of the vision and dedication of a small group of people who initiated our Society.**



***Acknowledging our 30 year members of CCFHS.***





**The birthday celebration was very well attended. Our guests included the first president of the Society Joan Fenton and Robyn Arkininstall both foundation members.**

**Joan spoke about the beginnings of the Society, aided by Marlene Davidson's well researched PowerPoint presentation. The history of the Society displayed in pictures gave the more recent members an insight into the hard work put in by past members to make our Centre what it is today.**

**We have grown from a shopping bag of resources in 1981 to the marvellous collection we now hold.**

**There was plenty of time for tea and cake and lots of chatter. It was great to hear the buzz of conversation as old friends reminisced. Thank you to everyone who made it such a memorable day.**

## **NEW MEMBERS**

We wish to extend a very warm welcome to our new members. We hope they have many happy researching and social hours with us. Please remember to lodge your Members' Interest with Belinda Mabbott for inclusion on the Website.

2005	Trish Verity	2012	Janet Logan
2006	Heather Walker	2013	Carmel Gerrie
2007	Robert McLean	2014	Peter Jessop
2008	Dianne Davies	2015	Pauline O'Sullivan
2009	Margaret Von Konigsmark	2016	Peter Flynn
2010	Tania Sweeney	2017J	John and Wendy Free
2011	Dorothy Horne	2018	Robert Findley

## Society Events and Information for Members

### SPEAKERS FOR 2016

SEPTEMBER 3<sup>rd</sup>

Our own Margaret Ertner will be presenting “Pelicanet” What is it? How to access it in our research centre- and the best uses of this valuable resource to reap the benefits for your family history research.



OCTOBER 1<sup>st</sup>

Patrick Dodd, *Governor Lachlan Macquarie*

“The Father of Australia” A man who brought

“Stability and Prospect to the Colony – all People to be Equal”.

After the disappointing cancellation of June’s meeting, we are delighted Patrick can talk to us in October.

**SEPTEMBER 9<sup>th</sup> NSW&ACT AFHS Family History State**

**Conference** at Camden. Friday is free. A CCFHS first.... a bus trip to the conference to talk to all the family history societies, resource providers and friends, just for the cost of the bus fare. Add your name to the list and \$10 deposit to ensure your seat.



**Cowpastures and Beyond**

Family History Conference Camden 9<sup>th</sup> to 11<sup>th</sup> September 2016

NSW & ACT Association of Family History Societies Inc.

**OCTOBER 22-23<sup>rd</sup> RAHS CONFERENCE “Times are a ‘changing-History and Innovation.”** Wollongong. See RAHS website for details.



## MEMBERSHIP FEES 2016 – effective 1<sup>st</sup> April



**MEMBERS - REJOINING** Membership Fees for 2016-2017 will be:

Single Membership \$45.00

Joint Membership \$65.00

**A Members Day user fee of \$2.50 now applies to assist in offsetting the cost of online subscription sites.**

All Saturday workshops will incur a fee of \$10 for members and \$15 for non-members unless otherwise stipulated.

**OUR MEMBERSHIP FORM** is available to download from the website. From the front page click on the ...read more information under Membership on the banner and all will be revealed. Remember the website is [www.centralcoastfhs.org.au](http://www.centralcoastfhs.org.au)

Please read the two additional questions on your membership form regarding the Rotary Raffle donations to the Equipment Maintenance and Replacement Fund. You can chose to have Tickets sent to you to the value of \$10 or if you prefer you can make a once per year donation of \$10.00 to the Equipment Maintenance Fund.

### **EFFECTIVE 1 OCTOBER OF ANY GIVEN YEAR**

A half yearly membership is offered

Joining Fee \$10.00

Single Membership: \$22.50

Joint Membership: \$32.50

**No. 16**

**December 2016**

**e-Muster**

Deadline for articles for the December edition of the Muster is 23rd October 2016

## SOCIETIES MAILING LIST

The email address for our Society is [admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au](mailto:admin@centralcoastfhs.org.au)

You can also Like Us on Facebook!



## ASSIGNED DUTIES

The following is a list of who does what to keep the society running as smoothly as it does.

Assistant Treasurer	Carol Evans
Bookstall Coordinator	Margaret Ertner
Bookstall meeting helpers	Lyn H & Carol Evans
Bus Trips and Tours	Marlene Davidson
Christmas Party Organiser	Wendy Condon
Event Coordinators	Marlene Davidson
	Wendy Condon
Grant Applications	Marlene Davidson
Grant Application Proofreader	Committee
Guest Speakers	Marlene Davidson
Housekeeping	Rosemary Wiltshire
IT and Computer Network	CC Mobile Computers
LDS Film Hire – Family Search	Kay Rawnsley
Librarian	Vacant
Librarian's Assistant	Belinda Mabbott
Membership Secretary	Wendy Condon
Membership Secretary's helper on meeting days	Kay Rawnsley
Members Interests/Facebook Administrator	Belinda Mabbott
<del>The e-Cluster</del> Editor	Sue Breckenridge
<del>Pelican Press</del> Editor	Heather Yates
Overseas Book Monitor	Heather Sushames
Property Officer	Margaret Morters
Publication Projects & Public Officer	Marlene Bailey
Publicity and Advertising	Bennie Campbell
Raffle Organiser	Rosemary Wiltshire
Catering	Trish Michael
Research Officer	Margaret Morters
Rotary Raffle	Wendy Condon
Unrelated Certificates	Kay Rawnsley
Website Administrator	Margaret Ertner
Website Designer	Jeff Hall – Websiteguy
Welfare and Hospital Visits	Marlene Bailey

## MEMBER'S STORIES

### THE FOUNDING OF C.C. Family History Group.

We held several meetings at the Gosford Mail Centre at Lisarow, and then were given permission from the Australian Post-Tel Institute to hold meetings in their meeting rooms in Gosford on Saturday afternoon.

Our first “official” election of office bearers was held in 1983, with the following being elected: President, Joan Fenton of Woy Woy; Vice-President, Laurel Livingston of Ettalong; Secretary, Dot Chamberlain of Umina Beach; Treasurer: Joan Whitfield of Woy Woy; Publicity Officer, Robyn Arkinstall of Gosford.

Our first newsletter/journal, *The Muster*, was produced on 9th April 1983. The name was suggested by member Jean Westbrook of Woy Woy, after a family reunion in which I was involved, was aptly named by Nepean F.H.S. member Carol Churches, of Kelso, as the “Beauchamp Muster”.

Over the years, we have organised bus trips to Sydney to visit the Society of Australian Genealogists, the Mitchell and State Libraries and the Archives. Since the ready availability of such research material at Gosford Library through the Genealogical Research Kit, these bus trips have not been as necessary for beginners.

Our main source of funds for many years was the fees received from conducting W.E.A. courses. These courses are still held, when required, and many of our members enjoy tutoring in this way.

Our “Study Group” evolved to “Group” and now of course, we have added “Inc.” following our incorporation.

Although my daughter refuses to go to more cemeteries, she is still very happy about the bushrangers, the sawyers, the blacksmiths, and the pioneers we have found on our tree.

Tennis? Who has time for tennis?

**Joan Fenton.**

**Inaugural President CCFHG.**





## **POCKET BIOGRAPHY OF JOAN FENTON.**

### **Vice-President, C.C. Family History Group.**

I was born Joan Colling in the Sydney suburb of Ryde on 23<sup>rd</sup> September, 1944. My father was born in Meadowbank, Sydney and my mother was born in Portland, NSW. I lived in Sydney until my marriage in 1970, apart from six months spent in Darwin during 1964. I attended Melrose Park Public School and Burwood Girls' High School.



Before my marriage, I worked as a Secretary for solicitors in Sydney, Barristers in Darwin, and at Stirling Pharmaceuticals for seven years. Since then I have lived on the Central Coast, I have worked for solicitors, and a local newspaper, the Ettalong Beach War Memorial Club and the local State Member of Parliament. At present, I do casual typing and word processing from my home.

I married Laurie Fenton at Eastwood in 1970 and my daughter, Rebecca was born 7.7.77 (I hit the jackpot!). Laurie was Senior Technical Instructor with Telecom. I have been involved with various community organisations and am currently the publicity officer of Woy Woy Public School P. & C. Association. (I was the Secretary of the School's Centenary Committee last year). My main involvement at the moment is as Secretary of the Woy Woy Community Nursing Home, which is about to construct a 40-bed nursing home at Woy Woy. I am also a Justice of the Peace.

My hobbies and interests apart from Family History include "almost everything", but particularly politics, philately, reading, computers, travel and target rifle and muzzle-loader shooting.

My sporting activities include 10-pin bowling (I play in a League every week\_ and tennis (I play when I can).

Plans for the future: Travel (I must get to Ireland!), and finding the time to write family history.

### **Update 2016.**

Addendum: I haven't been to Ireland yet, but I have travelled a lot to the USA because of family reasons. My daughter was an exchange student for a year in Kansas, and I hosted an exchange student from Ohio for 12 months in 2001. She ended up coming back to Australia to go to University and married an Australian, and is now a permanent resident here!

I don't indulge in 10-pin bowling or tennis any more, but I've graduated from University!

For the past 18 years, I've been an academic/scientific editor, and am the co-manager of the company I work for (On Line English).

I have no thoughts of retiring, but if I did, I would do more family history research.

## **POCKET BIOGRAPHY OF LINDA PRING.**

I was born at Lindfield on 3<sup>rd</sup> October, 1913, the first child of Percy James Pring and Ruby Eveline (nee Ainsworth).

One of the most vivid memories of my early childhood is the Declaration for Peace in World War 1. My father was a builder's foreman, working at Dee Why, and had taken the family (my sister Violet had arrived by then) to stay down there whilst the work progressed. The trip there by horse and sulky had been very exciting, and very shortly after, this extra special "NEWS". I can very clearly remember being taken on the handlebars of Dad's push bike into Manly, to be part of the great celebrations that evening.

The following year, as the troops started returning, it was very evident which homes were expecting loved ones. Flags and bunting decorated them, with "Welcome Home" signs in prominence. After disembarking from the ship the troops marched through the city streets, lined with flag-waving, cheering throngs, before being dismissed to join family and friends for a banquet.

I attended Lindfield Public School and attained my Q.C. in 1925 to attend Neutral Bay Girl's High School as a foundation scholar. At the end of 1927, I was fortunate in being transferred for third year to Fort Street Girl's High School at Observatory Hill, and passed my Intermediate Examination in 1928.

Early in 1929 I commenced work as a junior clerk with Alexander Cowan and Sons, paper merchants in York Street, Sydney, for the handsome sum of 15 shillings per week; out of which I paid train and ferry fares (the Harbour

Bridge was only in the building process). Board to Mum and even had a little left over with which to put an "edge to edge coat" on lay-by. They were very fashionable in those years and I felt "on top of the world".

By now, the Great Depression was taking shape; and after watching



the Harbour Bridge grow from both directions, and wondering would it really meet, it surely did and in March, 1932, when it was opened with great jubilation, the thrill of virtually arriving at the “front door” of Wynyard station for work each morning was marvellous.

However, that “thrill” didn’t last very long. Cowans found it necessary to close their Sydney Branch and carry on business from their Head Office in Melbourne. Jobs were very scarce (the Depression being at its height by now) so I did anything that presented itself....office work, telephonist (which I hated), domestic work, laundry sorting and packing etc. Then something quite unexpected—“would I consider cooking for shearers?” It was different to the present day- not contract shearing; the grazier engaged the team himself. So each year I would spend around six weeks cooking five meals per day for a dozen or more hungry men. It was hard work and they no doubt needed to eat well, but it was an education for me the first time around, being a city slicker.



Then World War II erupted and manpower was very scarce in the rural fields. The Women’s Land Army came into being and women worked exceedingly hard. However, the Government also came to the rescue and offered to allow landowners, under certain conditions, to take foreign refugees onto their properties provided they undertook to give English lessons for a given number of hours per week as well as housing and employment for both husband and wife.

My six-week periods had by now become full time. I was supervising correspondence schooling for the eldest little girl, as well as doing any other jobs around the place that could help. Then the time arrived for collecting one of these migrant couples. They

were Yugoslavs and didn’t speak more than 3 or 4 words of English, so they joined “school” whenever possible. Therefore, hours were very flexible. It was wonderful, really, as we were all able to fit in mustering and other pursuits around the property and still learn.

Some very humorous situations developed because of the lack of English on the part of our friends. Once when Frank was told to “saddle the horses and bring them to the house” he went to his own house and went to bed. Regina



went gathering toadstools to cook for lunch and by sign language and every other method Possible we “No—poison—very sick—even die”. But, no, she insisted “Good food--no die” etc. and whatever she did or how she managed it, she and Frank had sumptuous helpings of these things without ill effect. They proved very good workers and learners also.

The two little girls had reached the age of going to boarding school in Sydney and so my stint in the country came to an end. I had thoroughly enjoyed country life and, in one respect, was sorry to leave.

That was 1952. I returned home in February, intending to have a little break before looking for another position.

However, I need not have worried along those lines. Archdeacon Tugwell was our Rector at Lindfield at that time and also on the Board of the Church of England Homes. One Sunday morning after Church he asked me if I would think about helping out at Carlingford Girl's Homes for a couple of weeks as they were having a few staffing problems. I agreed, if he thought I could be of assistance. Well! As it often happens, the few weeks turned into 17 years of very challenging and rewarding experiences. By 19 years, I was having health problems and, on medical advice, decided I should resign.



*F.W Tugwell 1884-1970*

Not long after I was offered clerical work with one of the firms I had been with before my “country stint” and remained with them until I retired in 1978.

It was in 1977 that I was first alerted to the fascination of tracing family history. A letter arrived out of the blue, from a lady in Tasmania seeking descendants of “Prings” who had arrived from Somerset, England, in 1849. Apparently, she had used the telephone directory to get our address. She gave some details of her research, as her grandmother had been a Pring. However, at that stage nothing appeared to connect, but after several letters back and forth, we did discover the “common link” and found we were second cousins. Together we filled many gaps, but one particular “branch” eluded us completely. Admittedly, I really didn't have much time to devote to research then.

However, when we moved permanently to the Central Coast in June 1984, I decided I should think seriously about joining a group. So in March 1985, I phoned to find out where and what time the C.C.F.H.S. Group met. Inadvertently, I was given the wrong time. I arrived an hour earlier than required and was joined by another “new comer”. We were chatting when a car arrived with one of our regular members, who had been asked by the unfortunate person who made the mistake to apologise for her. That mistake proved to be a blessing in disguise, for believe it or not, on introducing ourselves I discovered the “the rescuer” knew a family of Prings many years ago.

Once again, at first there seemed no direct connection. By the following meeting, my friend had remembered Mr. Pring’s Christian name, and he belonged to that “missing” branch. It was difficult to tell who was the more excited, she or I. I am very grateful to her, because she was also able to find out addresses of the two daughters of that family, through a mutual friend. We have since all met, and apart from our delight, my second cousin in Tasmania is overjoyed. Tracing one’s Family History is very exciting when things like this happen. Just think—only for that telephone call –it could have taken me a lot longer to meet up with my “Fairy Godmother”.

As a bonus, I now know that Sara Lee’s factory at Lisarow is built on what used to be Pring’s Orchard, owned by a cousin of my late father. Also during an inspection of the kitchens of Sara Lee recently, the guide said oranges from an old orchard are still being used by them in their products.

When things like this happen, it is easy to understand the enthusiasm Family History engenders.



*Photo courtesy Gwen Dundon*

**Linda PRING.**

**THE SILENCE OF MY MOTHER ON HER CHILDHOOD.  
SINCE HER PASSING I HAVE COME ACROSS WHY.  
BUT WHAT I FOUND MADE ME LOVE HER EVEN MORE.**

Growing up I used to ask my mother Ruby (everyone called her Olive) what her childhood was like growing up and what she was good at. Mum would not say too much on her years as a youth, only that she was good at rowing otherwise there was nothing much more to tell. It wasn't till trolling through Trove online that I came across some disturbing articles about Mum and her family. From what I read there was plenty to tell. I've been called a hard man, but what I read about mum in her teens and my aunties and uncles in their young childhood, brought a tear to my eye. It made me feel sadness and disbelief in what my mother's family endured, but all this made Mum a strong and loving person.

I had discovered that Mum's father, James George Byrnes, had his family live like a modern Fagin out of Oliver Twist. He had moulded the young minds of his own children so that they could not distinguish right from wrong. James not only deprived his children of a healthy environment, but also stunted their minds morally.

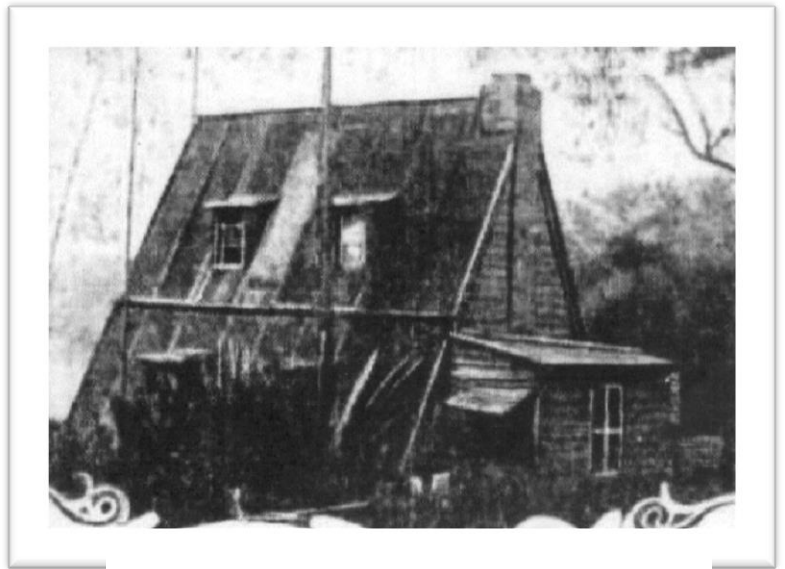


*James George Byrnes*

They lived in a peculiar looking two story shack in Middle Harbour consisting mostly of a sloping roof which stopped at the floor. It was stench laden, had cockroaches, ants, and verminous things that swarmed about the floor. The police found six of my young aunties and uncles living in conditions of filth, vice, and neglect so repulsive that the little ones were taken at once and placed in a State home at Glebe. In a police statement, the children were found naked and starving, and their father James, like Fagin of old, sent his children out to thieve and plunder the houses on the cliffs.



The house, James told the police, was all he could afford. But the squalor and filth of such nature cannot be explained away by poverty no matter how extreme, on the stove was a pot of old stewed mussels. It was the remains of the last dish that the poor little ones, progeny of their disreputable, vagrant father, had enjoyed before they were taken frightened, crying and hungry to



*Their House or Shack as it was.*

the Glebe state home. On the floor was a tattered bible one of only two books in the place, the other was a four penny importation with a tattered cover, entitled "Dad is a Drag on Us". Their beds which consisted of rags and dirt were crawling with vermin; inside these walls was a pitiful testimony that James and his wife were guilty of a crime towards their children. A Middle Harbor neighbour said he had known the Byrnes for many years, nearly every Sunday Mr. ---- gave them meat or something. He knew they were having a bad time, but not as bad as this, he said they had lost a boy of five years, eighteen months earlier due to drowning. The police said that Byrnes taught his children too well, they are still searching the heights and nooks and crannies for stolen property from surrounding houses.

James made a meagre three pounds a week as a fisherman selling fish and oysters. It was said James was quick to blame the children for the filth of the place. His children might have continued living in that fearful state of filth and neglect for months longer had it not been for the alertness of Detective Fleming of Manly. He had seen two of Byrnes children rowing frantically in a boat, and pursued them. He had reached the boat and detained the girl (Mum), but the boy dived overboard and raced to the shore. Inside the boat were found articles, proceeds of a robbery committed that morning. The girl and her father cut a pathetic figure seated side by side in the dock at Manly Court. The girl was charged first, charges against her were eight counts of breaking and entering and stealing from weekend cottages on the shores of Middle Harbor. Two charges were only taken, that of stealing clothing etc., from cottages of William -- and Margaret ---. The girl who had nothing to say was committed for trial, bail being allowed the sum of eighty pounds. The father faced a charge of vagrancy.

The following is a description of the awful conditions in which the Byrnes family lived. Fleming said there were three little girls and a boy of five there. They were all in a filthy state; their hair was matted to their heads. A girl of four was lying on a bed in a very weak state. Asked what the matter with her was the child commenced to cry weakly, and then, in a still weaker voice, said, "I'm hungry". "When did you children have anything to eat last" asked Fleming.

The ten year old girl, Dorothy (Aunty Dot) replied, pointing to a saucepan standing under the table, containing mussels, and crawling with cockroaches. "That's all we have had for the past few days". Fowls were all over the house, they perched on the bed and table, and the bed was crawling with bugs, fleas, and cockroaches, there was no food in the place added Fleming. Turning to Byrnes, he asked "What have you to say about this awful condition of things". Later Byrnes replies "I have had terrible bad luck lately, I have had sixteen children, and ought to be getting the childhood endowment but they beat me out of it"



*(Olive) Ruby Clara*

THIS and a few other articles about Mum and her father is all I know about her and her siblings young life, a life up until she eighteen that she was not proud of which stands to reason. With sixteen children James must have struggled trying feed and clothe his kids. At that period in time, it would have been hard. But it was no reason to teach your children to break and enter people's homes to steal. If there was any shame, it should be all heaped on James as he was the adult and knew better.

I found this article which is not in full on TROVE taken from the paper called TRUTH Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> March 1929, page 13 I have left out a lot from the article as it was too hard to swallow knowing what mum and her sibling went through, but one thing I know that came out of it was a protective, fabulous, and loving mother.

**Richard DARRELL, Ruby BYRNES' Son. Member 1714**

## **THE GREY SOCK.**

The grey sock is surely the most maligned item of apparel. We never take the time to pin them together. Oh! How we complain if one goes missing in action (e.g. eaten by the washing machine) we have all heard the mournful cry, "Mum, I can't find my other sock".



Maybe centuries ago a young shepherdess tending her sheep sheltered behind a lichen encrusted boulder on an isolated moor. The icy fingers of mist and rain tearing at her flimsy cloak would have caused her to cry out "Me blinkin feet are freezing; I'm knitin meself some woollen socks. I be doin, have the wool and straight sticks, I will whittle the first knitting needles". Which leads to the old age question, "Which came first the yarn or the needles?"

Socks were originally made of leather or matted wool and tied around the feet. They have covered the feet of gout and bunions belonging to Kings, paupers with their toes sticking out, even the Pope in his red slippers wears socks, not forgetting the English tourist with his socks showing under his sandals.

Without too much warning we were thrown into WW1 with Paper Boys on every corner calling out "**Socks for Soldiers! 150,000 Pairs Wanted in NSW**"

**The Secretary of the War Chest makes a call. It's the commissioner in London who has advised the local office that one third of a million pairs of socks will be needed for our boys in the coming Winter. The contribution of N.S.Wales (sic) to the total requirement will be about 150,000 pairs, and an earnest appeal is made to the public to see that the quantity is provided in time to be sent forward. Yarn for the knitters is to be obtained at the War Chest Depot, 68 Elizabeth Street. It is unnecessary to say more than that a full supply of socks make just the difference in comfort and misery to our gallants fighting in the mud of the Continental trenches. The appeal of the management of the War Chest is, in effect: "Do not put the knitting off till tomorrow: get busy today".** *S: Trove*

The Soldiers' Sock Fund was born; President Mrs. Keith Jopp and her committee of sixteen married ladies headed by Lady Cullen had instructions printed for **The Grey Sock.**

The hero status of the sock was proven during WW1, when those keeping the home fires burning, desperately wanted a connection to loved ones on the battle fields. They, the mothers, wives, sisters, girlfriends answered the



call and went into overdrive. If not knitters, they soon learnt. Schools from all over the country came on board, not only did they learn to knit from the experienced, they also spun the wool. The ages varied from very young almost too small to hold needles to quite elderly with failing eyesight and arthritis.



The most difficult parts to make were the toes and the heels. A popular phrase was "Make sure you turn that heel properly, girl". Wool didn't come in balls but in skeins.

The males in the family would hold out their arms out, skeins were put over the outstretched arms and a second person unwound the skeins, rolling the wool into balls. In the event of no one at home to stand with outstretched arms, the knitter would put the wool over the back of a kitchen chair.

Fund Raisers were popular and little raffles were held. At knitting groups prizes were often boxed handkerchiefs that were always too nice to use. These get-to-gathers were twofold; as a means of gleaning information and when the Telegram Boy arrived with tragic news, the comfort and support was invaluable. The knitters also made caps, vests and some lucky soldiers would receive knitted underpants.

Gilgandra Weekly Fri 4<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1916

Although our Gilgandra ladies are assiduously knitting socks for Soldiers still they will have to work hard to beat the Chrisholm sisters of Goulburn. There are four of them and they have knitted 100 pairs each since they started, that is a hefty 400 pairs, not a bad effort. S: Trove

Trench foot was a much feared condition; the Grey Sock played a major role in winning battles. Soldiers were issued with a small sewing kit, if time didn't permit our Aussie men were nothing if not resourceful, they invented the Anzac button. They would replace lost buttons by pushing a nail through the fabric.

Imagine the excitement for those in the trenches when warm home knitted socks arrived. Notes were often placed by knitters in the socks for the recipient. When soldiers returned home they often looked up knitters; marriages occurred and/or lifelong friendships.

### Forbes Advocate June 1918

From a Soldier at the front to a young girl who apparently was not an experienced knitter

I got yer socks They'ro an all right fit One I use as a helmet  
The other as a mitt I'd love to meet ya When I've done me  
bit. But where in ---- did Ya learn to knit S:Trove

Time advanced and we were faced with WW2, The Grey sock still held its place. However, the Red Cross put out a separate pattern of its own making and the powers that be agreed that the home made Grey Sock was still held in high esteem by those serving in the Armed Forces. Again produce and goods were scarce. Nothing was wasted. The era of frantic darning began, a true labour of love as the Grey Sock repair had to be neat and flat, so as not to rub the foot, weft and weave, over and under.

Mum's repair container was an "Old Gold Chocolate Box" from my Dad when they were courting. It held small amounts of every coloured wool from jumpers and cardigans that Mum had made us. Thread, odd buttons. No, the button jar is another story.

Also in the box a pair of scissors used for everything; pudding basin haircuts, cutting our dresses, cutting flowers. No one could afford two pairs. In fact any metal was used for the war effort.

An essential addition was the Mending Mushroom. (It sat on the top of the repair box as it didn't fit into the box. Mum's mushroom now sits proudly in the St. Mary MacKillop Museum, North Sydney). The Mending Mushroom was a wooden piece moulded to resemble an orange cut in half and on the underside was attached a handle. The sock to be mended was drawn over the mushroom and then mended.



I can remember how Mum used to sit in front of the fire in winter in the kitchen listening to the big floor model Stromberg Carlson Radio, sewing on buttons and mending.

I wonder who remembers towards the end of the school year and our toes being cramped into our black lace-up shoes. These shoes had to “do us” until school broke up for Christmas holidays. Dad would cut the top toe section of the shoes so our toes stuck out. Those rotten cotton socks that we were always pulling up before our shoes devoured them. Well, our toes were saved from further torture; however those cotton socks then slid down and hung out of the toeless shoes like a twisted tongue.

Knitting needles were originally made from wood, tortoise shell, or steel. After WW2 they were available in aluminium. Today we have modern plastic with silicone coating.

The humble Grey Sock is still remembered and must be amazed as its descendants now make history. Fighting still continues this time by manufacturers fighting for the market in socks. Huge endorsements are paid to all sports to wear their brand. We have knee-highs, business, fluoro, flight-socks, not forgetting surgical and diabetic socks to name a few.

“Sock your money away” became clear when told of an old great-uncle who nailed a sock to the back of his wardrobe, only leaving enough room between it and the wall to get his arm in, all because he hated banks.

Socks continue to serve us today to fight crime. Criminals have been known to take off their socks and place them over their hands so as not to leave fingerprints, discarding the socks in their getaway. Most criminals being a “sandwich short of a picnic” leave copious amounts of DNA in their socks thus ensuring a speedy arrest to be made.

Socks are unisex and can multitask as they can go on your feet or on your hands as mittens. You have only one sock? That can be made into a sock puppet for your grandkid. To the original Grey Sock ....we salute you.

Trove has many stories, far too many to relate here.

**Rhonda CETTA-HOYE. Member 1307.**

## **GOSFORD RECOLLECTIONS.**

### **My INTRODUCTION to the Central Coast Family History Society.**

I was born in Gosford, the eldest child of Lindsay Everard Walker b. Ourimbah and Norma Josephine Kelly born at Popran Creek, now the property of the Glenworth Valley riding school.

I had lived a mile from Gosford Post office from my birth until 2004.

My family moved into 21 White Street in 1940 and moved to Florence Ave in 1960 from where I was married in 1962 to Brian Williams, who was born in Lithgow. We built a house in Ormond Street, North Gosford. Our next move was to “the back of Bourke “i.e. Green Point, in 2004. Our White Street home is still standing as is Gosford Public School from my early years, the school on the hill; the School of Arts is where my 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> classes were housed. Our little fibro cottage family home in Ormond Street and the Gosford Public school my children attended have been lost to developers.



Gosford School of Arts 1930's

The need for a new public school in Gosford was first mooted in the late 1930's but it was 1954 before it was opened the last year of my school days. Our home in White Street was, until the 1950's, the last house in the street, it ending at Shortland Street which ran from west on the waterfront to east becoming Melbourne Street on the hill at the junction of the now Carol Avenue on the left hand side.

There were no dwellings up to the 1950's on the East side of Melbourne Street, just bush. Shortland Street from Frederick Street to White Street was unformed, being only a walking track down through bush land along which all the neighbourhood children would walk to school. The portion along our northern border was just a large rock shelf so we had to travel up Melbourne Street to enter our garage in the back corner of our property. To think it has been the final part of Henry Parry Drive since about 1965 with street lights as well.



Across this “rocky road” beside our home (Shortland Street) was a paddock down which we would walk to gather blackberries behind the now 2GO building. This was where we experienced our introduction to leeches.

We often ventured up the hill behind us to play. Each Empire Day we built a bon-fire for “cracker night” keenly attended by all the close-by neighbours.

This bush area is now taken by homes in Bayview Avenue. Another invasion by developers.

We enjoyed riding billy carts down the Melbourne Street hill, now the end of Henry Parry Drive, to the present traffic lights.

In 1978 I and various members of my extended family visited the Catholic cemetery at lower Mangrove Mountain where quite a number of my Kelly family and their various relatives are buried, including three generations of grandfathers.

My cousin and I became curious with an Edward Kelly who died 1876.

The gravestone told us he was a native of Bruff, Ireland. We travelled to the State Archives, then in Globe Street, Sydney, to find some answers. The archivist told us that Edward Kelly would most likely be a convict and gave us a list of possible Edward Kelly names that may possibly have been our relative.

“Horror of horrors ....we won’t be going home to tell the rellies that!”

I remember my Mum was calm about it but her three older sisters did not want to know.

Subsequent visits to Globe Street finally proved that Edward (Edmund) from Bruff, Limerick, Ireland, was indeed a convict, starting out as Edmund, convict, dying as Edward, farmer and landowner.

I had joined the Australian Genealogical Society, and read in an issue of their journal, (Descent) Joan Fenton’s item about her group of family historians and inviting folk to join them in their pursuit of family history. So began my membership of this group. Then in 1981 we became official with just over 50 members at that time.

Making numerous trips to the Archives in Sydney and taking a sandwich to eat it on the train for the journey home, all because research time was so precious it was not to be wasted eating lunch.



Then in 1988 the Government kindly presented us with the NSW BDM records on micro- fiche, **we thought we were in heaven.** The library set it up in a small room behind the desk.

My first three BDM certificates for the Kelly's at Popran cost me 15 dollars. **Oh, how guilty I felt spending all that money.** Oh well I did not smoke!!!!

We had a small corner in the upstairs section of a building in Gosford for our meagre collection of books etc. where Cecily Ryan, Dorothy Chamberlain, myself and others would give help to would-be family historians resulting in recruiting new members. Back then we would not have dreamt as to what is available now for our research with the advent of the internet and what it would bring even into our lounge rooms.

But I do not really want to know that over 30 years has passed since I commenced this journey into family research. My "little" boy is 53, his no 1 sister 50 and baby sister 41. Where has all the time gone??? I have just realised my children are the age I was when I was first commencing this often frustrating journey. So many changes in society, the town and facilities of the East Gosford neighbourhood where I grew up.

**Pamela WILLIAMS. Member 52L**

### **SEEK AND THEE SHALL FIND.**

I joined the Historical Society, hoping to unearth the names and stories of my ancestors, never expecting the wonderful and exciting events that would happen to me.

My family never knew my mother's parents, and after weeks of research, we found that she was an illegitimate child; her Birth Certificate gave us her mother's name, which took us into her family history. This was information that she would have enjoyed being told. Unfortunately, she passed away before I could tell her. We traced my father's family from when they migrated from Germany and settled in the Hunter District.

Because of the fantastic work done by my super-researcher, I have experienced three amazing events in my old age that you could never have imagined would happen to you.

A few months ago I moved into a retirement village and having worked in the building trade, I found myself in the village workshop, where eight or nine old tradesmen do timber work for the village as well as making toys for the hospital.

Morning tea lasts for quite a while, and one morning they were talking about family history. One of the group mentioned that his ancestors migrated from Germany to the Hunter district in 1849. I told him that my ancestors came from Germany to the Hunter district the same year, and we were maybe related? His answer was “no way”. On my next visit to my researcher, she soon found out that he is a relation by marriage; a distant cousin. I now call him “Cousin Brian”, which doesn’t amuse him.

Another day, another morning tea, the discussion was about the game of bowls. One of the men told us that he played a lot of bowls in Newcastle with a Brian Burg. My great-grandmother was Margaretha Burg, who migrated to the Hunter district on that ship in 1849. Maybe he is a relation? I asked him if he had his phone number, which he gave me the following week. After checking with my researcher, we were certain that he was in my family. I convinced him when I rang him. We arranged to meet and after a long “Burg family” discussion, we found out that his great-grandfather and my great-grandmother were brother and sister. We are now going to keep in contact with each other.



The third unbelievable event happened to me when I was laid up with a bad knee for a few weeks. I decided to write a book, an autobiography.

One night whilst looking through an old box of photos, I found one of my teenage girl friend. This immediately changed the book into a love story. I finished the book and realised that the one person who should have a copy, is the one the book is written about.

If only I could find out her address. Back to my researcher, who directed me to the State Library, where I was given an address, in her married name,

but the record was 6 years old. It was in Elizabeth Bay, an apartment block, not far from the State Library.

I decided I would go and check if her name was next to the apartment number, then I could post the book to her. I arrived at the apartments and went into the foyer. A lady was there, and wanted to help me. There were no names next to the apartment numbers. She asked me what number I was looking for pressed the buzzer. A voice answered, I froze on the spot. The helpful lady looked at me to respond, which I did very nervously using the teenage name, asking if she was that person. The door opened, the helper took me to the ninth floor to the apartment where an elderly lady let me in. After a while I realised it was my teenage girl friend. We sat and talked about our families and how we had lived our lives. She made some coffee and after about an hour of serious discussion, during which I was very emotional, I noticed a tear on the side of her face. She said to me “you’re Eric the plumber” and then “you’ve put on a bit of weight”. There I was sitting with my teenage sweetheart, after more than sixty years. Words could never explain the feeling.

My experiences were only made possible by my wonderful researcher. For those who don’t know who she is, her first name is Margaret.

**Eric BLACKWOOD. Member 1881.**

### **WIFE SELLING IN THE MIDLANDS.**

As reported in ARI’S GAZETTE 1869

In August of 1773, three men and a woman went into the Bell Inn, Edgbaston and conducted a strange sale.

Transcription.....

**Among the many curious things recorded in Mr. Langdon’s “Century of Birmingham Life”** is the fact, related in the Annual Register, that on the 31<sup>st</sup> August, 1773, a certain Samuel Whitehouse, of Willenhill, sold his wife for **one shilling** to Thomas Griffiths, of Birmingham, who was to take her “with all her faults”-- as if she was a beast of burden. This transaction was entered in the toll-book that was then kept at the Bell Inn, in Edgbaston Street, and the account says that all the parties were “exceedingly well pleased”. The following entry records the conclusion for the sale of Mary Whitehouse in 1773.





**"August 31,  
1773\_\_Samuel  
Whitehouse of the  
parish of Willenhill, in  
the county of Stafford,  
this day sold his wife,  
Mary Whitehouse, in  
open market, to  
Thomas Griffiths, of  
Birmingham. Value,  
one shilling. To take  
her with all faults."**

Some years later the practice of wife-selling seems even to have increased, as Ari's Gazette of March 1, 1790, referring to the frequency of these shameful transactions among the lower classes, "thought it right to inform them" that such sales had been expressly declared to be illegal, and "considered as mere pretences to sanction the means of adultery". This was nearly seventy years ago, and since then it has often been readily assumed that wife-selling in England was a thing of the past. No later, however, than Tuesday in the present week, and as near

## MODERN BARBARISM IN THE MIDLANDS.

Among the many curious things recorded in Mr. LANGFORD'S "Century of Birmingham Life" is the fact, related in the *Annual Register*, that on the 31st of August, 1773, a certain SAMUEL WHITEHOUSE, of Willenhall, sold his wife MARY for one shilling to THOMAS GRIFFITHS, of Birmingham, who was to take her "with all her faults"—as if she had been a beast of burden. The transaction was entered in the toll-book which was then kept at the Bell Inn, in Edgbaston Street, and the account says that all the parties were "exceedingly well pleased." Some years later the practice of wife-selling seems even to have increased, as *Aris's Gazette* of March 1, 1790, referring to the frequency of these shameful transactions among the lower classes, "thought it right to inform them" that such sales had been expressly declared to be illegal, and "considered as mere pretences to sanction the crime of adultery." This was nearly seventy years ago, and since then it has often been rashly assumed that wife-selling in England was altogether a thing of the past. No later, however, than Tuesday in the present week, and so near Birmingham as Tipton, the "ceremony" which has so much edified French writers on English manners and customs was once more repeated. As our correspondent reports, a man named COPE having on that day sought and found his wife in a public-house, began by abusing her "in the coarsest and most violent language," and then, a crowd having collected, announced his determination to sell her. The bidding does not appear to have been very brisk, but the sale was without reserve, and, "amid some confusion and violent behaviour, COPE knocked his wife down for 2s. 3d." The poor woman had probably been knocked down for much less in her time, and it is possible that her purchaser may value her at more than he paid for her, or he may shortly be willing to sell her again for less; but the morale of the whole business is a shocking comment on the condition of the uneducated classes in Christian England, in the midst of the boasted progress of the nineteenth century.



Birmingham as Tipton, the “mercenary” which has so much edified French writers on English manners and customs was once more repeated. As our correspondent, reports, a man named Cork having on that day sought and found his wife in a public-house, began by abusing her “in the coarsest and most violent language”, and then, a crowd having collected, announced his determination to sell her. The bidding does not appear to have been very brisk, but the sale was without reserve, and “amid some confusion and violent behaviour, Cork knocked his wife down for 2s and 3d”. The poor woman had probably been knocked down for much less in her time, and it is possible that her purchaser may value her at more than he paid for her, or he may shortly be willing to sell her again for less; but the morals of the whole business is a shocking comment on the uneducated classes in Christian England, in the midst of the boasted progress of the nineteenth century.

### **FINDING CATHERINE CLARKE.**

I first started researching my family about 30 years ago. I quickly learnt that I had quite a few convict ancestors, one of them being Ann/Mary Anne Clarke.

Anne Clarke arrived in New South Wales, per the "Sir Charles Forbes" on the 25th December 1837. She was noted as being a Roman Catholic, kitchen maid from County Cavan. Her convict records state that she had a brother Thomas and sister Catherine already in the colony, both convicts.

Ann Clark/e met Michael Gray. While I cannot find any record of their marriage, they settled down in the New England area producing 11 children. Thomas seemed to not settle and I can only find various offences he committed.

Catherine Clarke, was a very interesting family member to trace, she led an extremely troubled life, like so many, alcohol seemed to be her downfall. Catherine was 21 years old when she arrived in New South Wales, on the 14th December 1836. She was a Roman Catholic from County Cavan, charged with picking pockets. Her convict records state that she had a brother Thomas (1835) and was married to Richard Murphy. Most convict woman were charged and noted under their maiden name. In 1837 she was assigned to “gentleman” John Smith and was charged with being absent without leave after she was found drunk at the back door by Smith’s daughter. She received a Ticket of Leave on 13 July 1842.

In January 1843, Catherine unsuccessfully sought permission at Maitland to marry Luke Fairbrother. Luke was a convict who had arrived in 1831; permission was refused due to the fact they had "both stated themselves to be married on arrival". The refusal did not seem to interfere with their plans—their first child Luke John was born on 23 September 1843 at Maitland; Charles followed 3 years later on 14 December 1846. The couple were finally married on 27 March 1848 at Maitland. Their son, Luke John Fairbrother died on 25 December 1847. He had been given wine before breakfast and had convulsions during the day. He died about 11 o'clock that evening. A post mortem examination showed that he had extensive inflammation of the intestines caused by being severely burned on the arm and while it healed on the outside it did not on the inside. He was four years old. Charles Fairbrother, the only surviving child of the Clarke/Fairbrother marriage, married Minnie Nixon in 1869 at Walgett.

In July 1845, William McVee Mitchell was charged with assaulting Catherine hitting her on the head with an iron pot. The attack was quite vicious but they were both intoxicated. On 23 December 1851 Catherine was charged with Larceny, resulting in 12 months hard labour. I had found what I thought may have been Catherine's death in 1853 but as I was not sure I only mentioned it in my notes as not being definite. There were not as many documents available in those days, no internet, Ancestry or Trove to rely on.



At that stage, I could find no further record of Catherine Fairbrother/Clark. Many years passed in which I did not do great deal of research. That was until one day I received an email from Sue Breckenridge saying that she believed my Catherine Fairbrother may have still been alive in 1873, due to a connection with a person she was researching. After a few minutes of reading her research, I was delighted to find that it was my Catherine Fairbrother. Then to find that both Sue and I live in the same suburb just added to the excitement.

In 1854 Luke was charged with bashing Catherine on the head with the butt of a pistol. In 1855 she was again charged with Larceny and sent to

Parramatta Gaol for 12 months. It was here that she teamed up with William Reynolds.

In the meantime Sue was researching William Charles Renno, alias William Reynolds, which led to the connection with my Catherine Clark. William was in the Maitland area 1849 to 1857. According to evidence presented at his inquest in 1873, he was supposed to have married Catherine at Maitland in 1857. We have not been able to find any proof of this, plus she was still married to Luke Fairbrother at the time. The couple had various convictions over the years. The 1873 inquest into William's death was quite unpleasant to read as he was a cripple and the four years prior to his death he and Catherine had been living in a water closet in Sydney. William had been run over by a Patent Safety Cab, but managed to crawl back to the water closet, where he stayed another six weeks. He passed away while being taken to the infirmary by a constable. Sue was then able to supply me with Catherine's death, which was under the name of Clarke. Catherine died 26 August 1875. I have to wonder what little hope these poor uneducated siblings had. Maybe alcohol did not play a big part in Ann and Michael's lives. It is heartening that they were able to settle down to work and raise a large family without the degradation and destitution that blighted Ann's sister Catherine.

**SUPPOSED DEATH FROM INJURIES.**—An inquest will be held at the Coroner's office, this morning, at 9 o'clock, on the body of a man named **William Reynolds** (a cripple), who died while being conveyed to the Infirmary by a constable, on Saturday last. It is alleged that the deceased received some injuries about six weeks ago by being run over by a patent safety; and it would be well if any of those persons who witnessed the occurrence attended the Coroner's Court this morning.

**Denise PERENTIN. Early member.**



## HYDROGEN BOMB INFORMATION SHEET. CIVIL DEFENSE ORGANISATION. 1955.

“The brochure illustrates the extent, effects and practical measures that Sydney and surrounding areas could expect from detonation of a hydrogen bomb in central Sydney” ....extract from The Powerhouse Museum Statement of Significance.

**These are the damage zones for a hydrogen bomb exploded over Sydney—**

- Complete destruction.
- Damage beyond repair.
- Moderate to severe damage.
- Light damage.

Wherever YOU live there is need for YOU to know how to protect yourself and your family against effects of this weapon. The bomb may burst even CLOSER to you!

Civil Defence is the protection of life and property from attack and major disaster, by preparing for and carrying out emergency functions to prevent, minimise and repair injury and damage.

Remember your own survival as well as that of your family may well depend on your knowledge of Civil Defence precautions. The development of the Civil Defence Organisation throughout New South Wales is proceeding rapidly and most Councils have appointed Local Civil Defence Controllers.

Support your Local Civil Defence Controller in the work he is doing—remember your life and that of your family may be at stake

ENCLOSURE 1.

### What YOU can do

CITY OF SYDNEY  
CIVIL DEFENCE ORGANISATION  
TOWN HALL  
SYDNEY  
TELEPHONE 6093 EXT. 427

**TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY against the HYDROGEN BOMB!**

---

**What the BOMB does—**

**1** ✓ **HEAT ...**

The fire ball, hot as the centre of the sun, three to four miles across, will have these effects on people unprotected and in the open—

- Kills to 5½ miles.
- Chars exposed flesh to 11 miles.
- Blisters at 16½-22 miles.
- Reddens skin up to 27½ miles.

Serious fires may be started up to 22 miles.

**2** ✓ **RADIATION**

Dangerous rays given out from the fire ball—

- ★ Are unseen and unfelt.
- ★ Penetrate great thicknesses of material.
- ★ Cause severe damage to the human body.
- ★ Kill 50% of people exposed in the open at 2½ miles.
- ★ Cause radiation sickness up to 4 miles.

**3** ✓ **BLAST ...**

A powerful pressure wave followed by a hurricane-like wind, causing to buildings and structures—

- Complete destruction to 4 miles.
- Damage beyond repair to 6 miles.
- Moderate to severe damage to 16 miles.
- Light damage to 24 miles.

**AND**  
Flying debris can kill unprotected people in the open to 16 miles.

**4** ✓ **FALL-OUT ...**

Radioactive particles falling to the ground hours after a ground burst bomb can—

- ★ Kill and injure unprotected people and stock hundreds of miles from the explosion.
- ★ Cover thousands of square miles with dangerous radioactive material.
- ★ Render water and crops unsafe.

**THESE ARE THE 4 MAIN EFFECTS OF A HYDROGEN BOMB**



The reverse page of the brochure, as seen below, "provides evidence of the fears and concerns expressed by the nuclear age and its effects upon Australia's largest metropolis and its citizens during the middle of the twentieth century".....extract from the Powerhouse Museum Statement of Significance.

What  
**YOU**  
can do —

**Don't ignore the possibility of nuclear weapon attack, and don't ignore simple measures of protection which YOU can take. Learn them — they may save YOUR life . . . and the lives of those dear to you.**

## TO PROTECT AGAINST **FIRE**

There are two forms of protection you must learn — do not neglect one for the other.

PERSONAL PROTECTION

When you see the blinding flash of light, if in the open with any form of cover handy, run for it. You will escape some of the heat, as it lasts for about 20 seconds.

If no cover handy, lie down face to the ground, hands on back of head and neck.

If in a house, lie down immediately out of the direct line of any windows to avoid the heat which is entering. If a table or bed is near, get underneath it.

If in a car, pull to the side, turn off the engine, and crouch down as low as you can with your face turned downwards.

FIRE PROTECTION

Rubbish can cause fires — clean up the yard NOW. White-washed windows keep out heat — be prepared to do this at short notice. Curtains can catch fire — be prepared to remove them when advised. Shutters painted white keep out heat — make them NOW. Water fights fires—have plenty of containers ready in the house—water supplies may be interrupted, so DON'T rely on the garden hose. First-aid equipment and a knowledge of how to treat burns is essential—remember normal medical facilities will not be available.

## TO PROTECT AGAINST **RADIATION**

Protection against radiation is difficult because of the penetrative powers of the rays. Cover is the **ONLY** answer — the thicker and denser the better. Con-

crete buildings are the best, and the lower floors are better than upper floors. As the rays are of no significance beyond four miles, this particular danger is the least widespread.

The danger from blast is much more serious and extensive, and if you do all you can to protect yourself against heat and blast, you will have gone a long way to defeat radiation

## TO PROTECT AGAINST **BLAST**

BLAST IS THE GREATEST DANGER

If you have already protected yourself against heat, on seeing the blinding flash of light, remain where you are for at least two minutes, or until bricks, tiles, glass, etc., have stopped falling.

A narrow trench, sides supported and with a supported covering of 3' of packed earth, gives good protection. Don't forget to screen the entrance with 3' of packed earth, strongly supported and held to-

gether. This form of shelter also gives protection against radiation and fall-out. A shelter of this type should be constructed as far as possible away from buildings to lessen the danger of their collapsing on to the shelter.

## TO PROTECT AGAINST **FALL-OUT**

Protect yourself by taking suitable cover — and be prepared to remain there for up to three days. Suitable cover would be the trench type of shelter suggested for blast. If you stay in the house, select a room or hallway which has no out side walls. Make sure you always have on hand adequate supplies of food — remember, food in unopened tins, jars, bottles or unopened packages will not be contaminated.

Although you may be hundreds of miles away from the actual burst, consider yourself in danger until your area is declared free from fall-out.

Before using stored food or water, wipe each container **BEFORE OPENING** with a damp cloth, to remove possible radio-active dust—then **DISPOSE** of the cloth! A battery radio will keep you in touch with your Civil Defence Organisation. All this is **NECESSARY**, as radio-activity cannot be destroyed by chemical or other means — it decays at a set rate according to its nature.

Keep plenty of water handy in air-tight containers.

ISSUED BY THE **N.S.W. CIVIL DEFENCE ORGANISATION**



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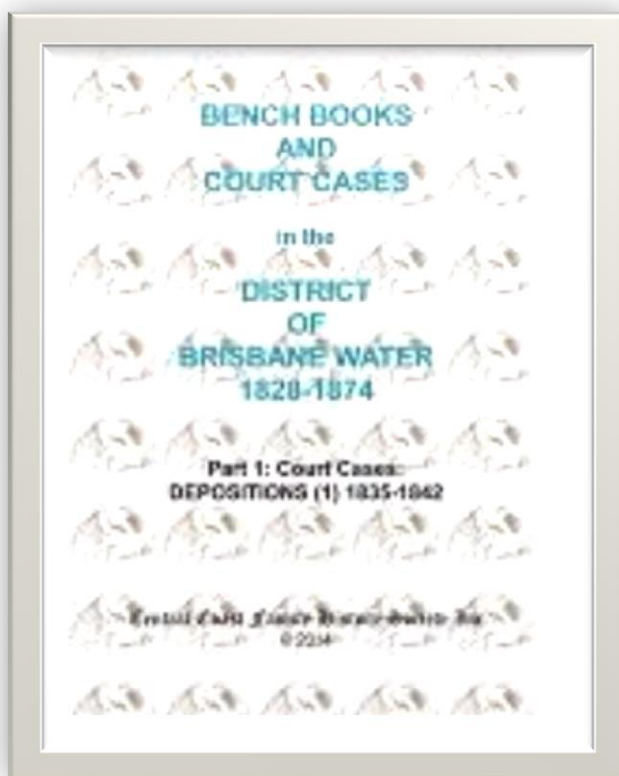
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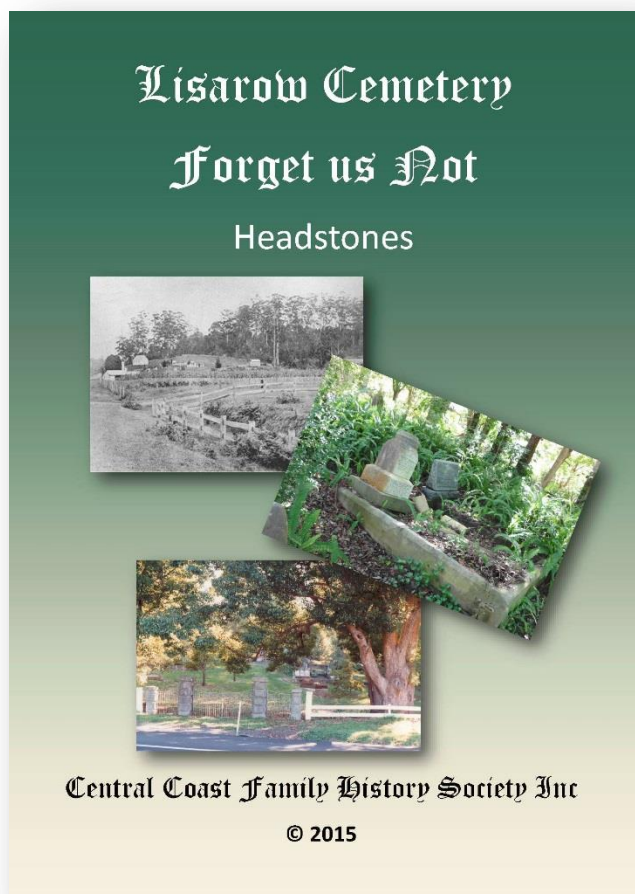
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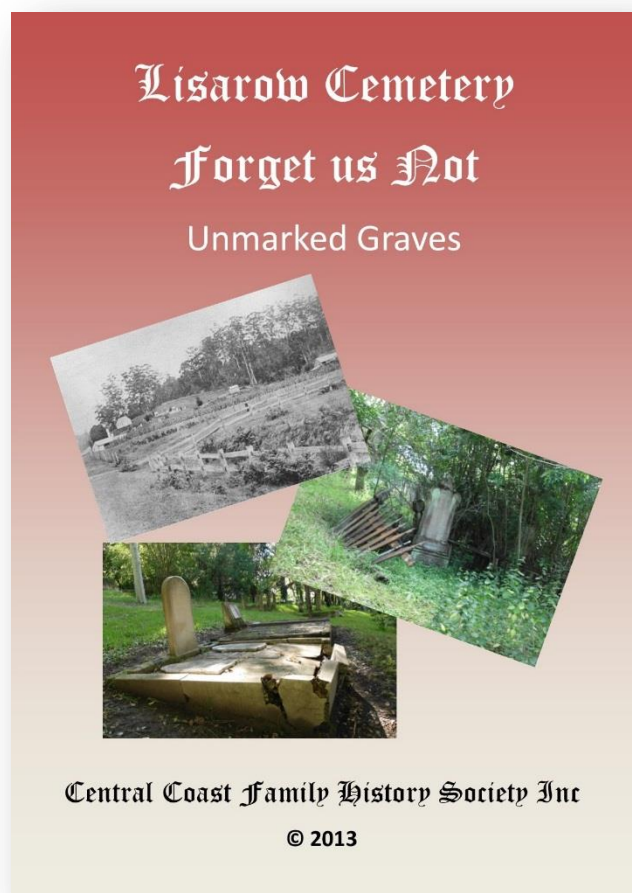
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