



Relative Thoughts

Volume 12 Number 3

July 2008

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- A Memory
- Lady Teviot
- What happened to Sir John Jeffcott?
- My Life in Reynella

FLEURIEU PENINSULA FAMILY HISTORY GROUP INC.

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Horseshoe Hotel, Noarlunga

Read the story of our cover picture on page 10

CONTACT US !!

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M E E T I N G S

Monthly Meetings are held on the third Saturday of each month from January–October at 1:30 p.m.

The Annual General Meeting is held on the third Saturday in November commencing at 1:30 p.m. Committee elections are held annually at this time.

Special Interest Group Meetings are held monthly. Contact the conveners for dates and venues:-

Aussie Group—Meets at 1:30 pm on Saturdays monthly—convener Ros Dunstall.

English Interest Group—Meets at 2:00 pm on Thursdays monthly—convener Keith Jones.

Irish Interest Group—convener Tim Wing 8382 3406.

Scottish Interest Group—Meets Tuesdays—convener Ann Dow.

Daytime Computer Group—Monthly on Wednesday afternoons at 1:00pm — convener David Boyce.

Evening Computer Group—Monthly on Monday evenings at 7:30pm — convener David Boyce.

Brick Walls Group—to start in the new year—contact Tim Wing on 8326 3406 for specifics.

S U B S C R I P T I O N S

Family Membership—\$25.00

Single Membership—\$20.00

Joining Fee—\$5.00

This fee applies to both types of membership.

Fees and subscriptions should be paid to the Treasurer prior to the Annual General Meeting each year.

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P U B L I S H I N G

This Journal—'Relative Thoughts'—is issued quarterly to members. Items for inclusion should be submitted to the Editor by the end of March, June, September and December.

FPFHG shall not be held responsible for statements made or opinions expressed by the authors of submitted materials, nor shall FPFHG vouch for the accuracy of any genealogical data, offers, services or goods that appear herein.

The Editor reserves the right to edit any articles proffered for publication.

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

It's hard to believe that half of 2008 has already passed us and we are into the financial year of 2008-2009.

Our group is still growing in numbers with members researching not only local and state information, but interstate and overseas.

Our website has been updated by our webmaster, Julie Stokes. Go and have a look, there is some very interesting information, some useful links and also our Can You Help column. Thank you Julie for your tireless effort.

Come and visit our Reference Room on our General Meeting days from 12:00–4:00pm on the 3rd Saturday of the month. We have some very interesting resources available.

On July 14th we had a visit from Lady Teviot, President of the Federation of Family History Societies in the UK. Her very interesting talk was on Census Records, family history in the UK, and a subject called "I didn't think of that". Her husband, Lord Teviot, is the president of the Sussex Family History Society.

We have our annual Quiz Night on Saturday August 23rd. Come along and join us for a great night. If you can't make a table of 8, come along and join a table anyway.

Each month we have some very exciting speakers including Patrick Guilfoyle, Don Hopgood and David Wald to name a few.

Our September meeting will be in celebration of Fathers' Day with the meeting devoted to the "Men In Our Lives". I'm sure many of our members have inspiring men in their lives, not only fathers, brothers, uncles and grandfathers but also friends and associates who are an inspiration.

Thank you once again to the committee who do a tireless job for the Group.

Di Roberts
Acting President
FPFHG

WAGES IN 1858

[From Hunt's Labour Market, King William St. Adelaide, *The South Australian Advertiser*, Vol 1 No. 1, 10 July 1858]

Wages Per annum with Board & Lodgings—

Female Domestic & Dairy Servants:-

Housekeepers & Good Cooks £25 to £30
House Maids & General Servants £20 to £25
Kitchen Maids & Dairy Maids £20 to £23
Upper Nurses £20 to £26
Nurses £10 to £20
Nurse Girls £7 to £10
Barmaids £40 to £52
Waitresses £30 to £40

Male Domestic & Dairy Servants:-

Married Couples £52 to £60
Single Ploughmen, Bullock Drivers on Farms (men),
General Labourers £40–£52
Boys Driving Bullocks on Farms £14 to £25
Bullock Drivers on Roads (men) £52 to £60
Boys Driving Bullocks on Roads £25 to £30
Boys Tailing Cattle £10 to £14

Wages per week with the usual rations:-

Shepherds (according to distance) 12/- to 15/-
Hutkeepers (ditto) 10/- to 12/-
Bush Carpenters & Fencers 25/- to 30/-
Cooks & Grooms 20/- to 25/-
Ostlers 15/- to 20/-

Wages per week with board & lodging—trades:-

Butchers & Bakers 20/- to 25/-
Confectioners 40/- to 45/-
Barmen 30/- to 40/-; Waiters 20/- to 30s/-

Piecework without rations:-

Stonebreakers per cubic yard 2/6 to 5/9
Brick makers per 1000 (without firing) 15/-
Sawyers per 100 feet cedar 12/-
Fencers per rod 3 rails 2/6 to 3/-
Wire fencing per rod 5 wires & cross rail 1/6 to 2/-

Wages per day without board & lodging:-

Blacksmiths, Cabinetmakers 10/- to 14/-
Bricklayers, Carpenters, Masons, Plumbers, Wheel-
wrights, Watchmakers 10/- to 12/-
Carriage makers, Engineers, Galvanised Iron Workers,
Shoeing-smiths 12/- to 14/-
Coopers, Millers, Painters, Tailors, Quarrymen,
Storemen 8/- to 10/-
Iron Founders 15/- to 20/-
Miners, Carters, Labourers 7/- to 8/-
Plasterers 10/- to 11/-
Shoemakers, Saddlers, Tanners 8/- to 11/-

AN EVENING WITH LADY TEVIOT

On Monday, July 14th we enjoyed a social evening listening to a wonderful talk given by Lady Teviot, President of the Federation of Family History Societies in the U.K., who has been travelling in the eastern states and around our state on a lecture tour for some months. She has been at Victor Harbour, Millicent, Clare, SAGHS in Unley and here on the Fleurieu during her time in South Australia.

Lady Teviot had chosen three subjects on which to speak - Census Records; Researching Your Ancestry in the London; and "I never thought of that", which proved to be a most interesting topic. Some 52 people, including 8 visitors, joined us at the Trinity Uniting Church to here her ladyship speak.

Lady Mary told us of the many locations and sources for records in London, describing in detail the contents of such things as birth, death and marriage certificates, census records and other documents of significance in family history research.

She gave us the details of a number of useful websites from which Archival catalogues, complete records and photographic sources in England could be obtained. I have compiled a list of those websites which can be found on page 8 of this issue. Her explanation of where the largest percentages of London records are housed was of great help to many in attendance.

Places such as the Guild Hall Library, the Westminster Archives, the London Metropolitan Archives, the National Archives at Kew, the British Postal Museum and Archive, the Bank of England Archive, all figured extensively in her talk. Lady Mary gave some interesting possibilities for those seeking ancestors who may have been Royal servants—you might try a search in the Royal Archives for those people, while for your theatrical ancestors, you could try the University of Kent Library. What about those whose ancestors went out to India and Asia with the East India Company—those records can be found in the Oriental and Indian Office Collection.

Many of the other sources of records were familiar to most of the seasoned researchers present, but even I, with over 35 years of research behind me, found some useful suggestions in Lady Mary's talk.

A light supper was enjoyed by those attending, during which time Members had the opportunity to speak with Lady Teviot on a personal level.



Lady Mary Teviot, President of the Federation of Family History Societies, U.K., speaking at Christies Beach, 14 July with Teresa Jack (left) and Di Roberts (right)

The subject following our tea break was entitled "I Never Thought of That". In this part of her talk, Lady Mary suggested some of the more obscure locations and types of records that one could use in researching our elusive ancestors.

Such records as the Admissions to the Foundling Hospital which was started in 1742 by a sea captain to house orphaned and unwanted children. Lady Mary explained how mothers wanting to place their children in the home would have to petition the Hospital for admittance. Some children got in, others didn't. The really interesting part here was that babies under twelve months of age were baptised again and had their names changed. No wonder researchers have had a hard time finding them.

The whole evening was video-taped by Heather Boyce with her ladyship's kind permission. The video will be copied to DVD and made available for load through our resource room.

At the end of the lecture, our Acting President, Di Roberts, presented Lady Teviot with a copy of her recently published book on the life of William Holden, who emigrated to South Australia from Sussex. Lord Teviot, Lady Mary's husband, is the President of the Sussex Family History Society.

Di then asked Teresa Jack to make a thank you speech and presentation to Lady Teviot on behalf of the Group Members.

All in all, a wonderful evening was had by everyone and most of us left the Church with more than a little food for thought in our own research efforts.

C O N S T I T U T I O N

As you would all be aware, a sub-committee has been working tirelessly for the past few months on drafting a new Constitution for the Group.

At the June General Meeting, the members present were asked to move a motion of acceptance or otherwise of the draft Constitution. The motion was duly made and seconded in favour of acceptance.

Keith Jones asked for any discussion that may be forthcoming with regard to any changes or omissions, but none ensued.

He then asked the members present to vote for or against the acceptance of the new Constitution.

By show of hands, the new Constitution was accepted unanimously by those members present.

The Constitution will now be ratified by the Office of Business & Consumer Affairs and adopted immediately upon ratification.

N E W M E M B E R S

This issue we would like to extend a very warm welcome to the following new members:-

Mary & Will Vaughan

C O M I N G E V E N T S

In **October** there will be a trip to the ABC. We will be travelling by Community Bus to North Adelaide on the day, meeting at the hall at 9:00am. The visit had been planned for August, but due to number restrictions at the ABC, it has now been changed to October 3rd. We have room for only 19 members to take part in this trip. Please contact Vanessa Catterall if you are interested in going.

Don't forget our **Annual Quiz** night coming up on 23rd **August**. It will be held in the Church Hall as usual, and Mark Lang will again be our M.C. for the evening. Make up a table of 8, or come along and join a table. There are prizes galore and the evening is always great fun.

U P C O M I N G S P E A K E R S

July: Patrick Guilfoyle—Shipping in the Industrial Age

July 14: Lady Teviot evening at Trinity Uniting Church

August: Don Hopgood—Adelaide in the Roaring 20's

August 23—Quiz Night

September—David Warl. Also the celebration of Fathers' Day—Men in Our Lives

October—Why we live where we live—to be video recorded.

November—AGM—Marie Maddocks

L O G O C O M P E T I T I O N

Over the past few months we have run a competition to come up with a new logo for the group.

The successful entry was voted on by all members present at the meeting in May, with the winning entry being submitted by Anita King's son Rick.

At the June meeting, the Logo was accepted unanimously by all members present. A certificate of appreciation has been sent to Rick for his efforts.



MY LIFE IN REYNELLA BY WENDY CHENOWETH WHITE

IN THE BEGINNING

I began my life in a small workman's cottage in Olive Street, Old Reynella. My parents Joseph Claud Howells and my mother Patricia Keane nee Potter were given the opportunity to rent the old place by my father's employers, Walter Reynell & Son. Although this is the beginning of *my* life, my roots in the old town and the surrounding areas, go back quite a long way.

My family seem always to have lived here. My maternal great grandparents, Michael Keane (pronounced Kane) and Johanna Paulina nee Braun raised their large family, six boys and four girls, firstly in a bag humpy in Candy's Lane and then in Mud Town which covered an area from Bishop's Hill Road to Byard's Road, along Kenihans (pronounced Keenan's) Road, Happy Valley and it was their second child and eldest daughter, Annie Veronica who was my grandmother. As a young girl she met and then fell in love with my grandfather Herbert James Potter, but before they married they both travelled. Annie became nanny to the Chomondeley (pronounced Chumley) family. They owned properties here and in England as well as opal diggings in Coober Pedy. While they were living at their Vale Royal property at Bishop's Hill Road, Happy Valley, they decided to return to England and asked my grandmother to go with them. That must have been a wondrous adventure for a young lass born and raised in South Australia.

While Annie was away, Bert and his father, James Potter, took up the offer of work in Western Australia. Land clearing was at the time being done under contract, so Bert and James travelled by ship to Fremantle and got a contract to clear land at Kojonup, south-west of Perth. My grandfather had his 21st birthday aboard ship. When the contract ended they were offered land in lieu of payment, but they turned it down as they wished to return home and Bert wanted to marry his Annie. Many years later, when I saw the land they had cleared, I had to marvel at how well they had done, but also thought that they possibly turned down a chance to own some of the richest grain-growing area in WA.

My grandfather was the eldest of a large family comprising two boys and eight girls. His first job was at the construction of the Happy Valley reservoir, he was eleven years old. He worked on the construction of the old South Road and eventually established himself as a barber at Brighton, SA. He and Annie married at the Catholic Church at Morphett Vale on 15th September 1909. They lived at Brighton and had seven children. My mother was their third child.

My father, born in Adelaide in May 1912, was a foster child. He was taken by a wonderful family and raised with much love and affection. Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth Turner was already a widow raising a large

family at Reynella when she decided to take my father and raise him as her own. He always spoke of her with love, admiration and gratitude. He attended Reynella Primary School, Adelaide High School and Thebarton Technical School before leaving to work for Mr & Mrs Helps who owned a shop in Pt Noarlunga. He was employed by the Reynella winery when he and my mother decided to marry.

THE COTTAGE

My mother told me she cried when my father took her to see the cottage in Olive Street. It was filthy inside and out, and held together with massive wing nuts to prevent it's total collapse. Day light could be seen between the tops of the walls and the ceiling, there was no bathroom and the only bath in evidence had been used for purposes other than human ablution, but housing was hard to find and the young couple set to with enthusiasm and made it habitable. They plastered cracks and whitewashed the interior walls and ceilings, tidied up the garden and made the washhouse, which stood apart from the house, usable. My father built a verandah right across the back of the cottage and enclose one end for a bathroom and the other for a sleep-out. They married on the 11th November 1937.

I was born in July 1939. My very earliest memory is of being dressed in a white pleated skirt and hand knitted jumper and given a penny to buy an ice cream from the lady I called Peppy. Mrs. McKechnie owned the shop and residence on the corner of South Road and Olive Street where there is now a second hand and craft shop. I think it was originally a Billiard Hall and Pool room establishment, but I only remember it as a place that sold ice creams and lollies; I would have been about two years old. Even then I was aware that I was surrounded by family and friends. My grandmother's oldest brother Joseph Keane and his wife Jessie nee Hamilton lived opposite us with their two youngest children, Douglas and Pam. Further up Olive Street, Mrs. Reynolds, a widow, lived with her two daughters, Myra and Dulcie, opposite Mrs. Pike and her son Norman, and right at the top of the hill lived my parents best friends, Alice and George Keane, the name now commonly pronounced Keen.

George Keane, Joe & Jessie Keane's eldest son and my mother's first cousin, had married Alice Weaber. They had two children, Judith and Peter who were the sister and brother I always wanted. In time my parents had two sons, but neither of them was as close to me as my cousins, nor were there ever any other family members whom I held in such high esteem as George and Alice.

My father was called into the Army when I was two and a half years old. During those years nothing much changed in the township. Angas Woolcock ran the General Store with his wife Dulcie. Their children Anne, Richard and Susan were my playmates. They lived in the residence attached to the General Store with Mr. Woolcock senior whom I remember as an elderly softly-spoken gentleman

[Continued Next Page...]

MY LIFE IN REYNELLA (CONT.)

Held in high esteem by the whole community. Mr. Linke was the butcher. His shop was in the premises now used as an indigenous artifacts centre opposite the now defunct Franklins site. The Post Office was located in a residence on the corner of Reynell Road and Vine Street. The Post Mistress was Miss Davey who despaired of uncontrollable children; the manual telephone exchange was the bane of her life.

Most of the men who had not been called up for active duty worked at the winery of Walter Reynell & Son or Emu Wines at Morphett Vale. The Brighton Cement Company quarries between Reynella and Hallett Cove employed others. A couple of men worked in Woolcock's Store, as did some of the young women who had not yet married. The Crown Inn still stands across the creek from Olive Street and the bakery was where the Vet now owns premises. The old coaching station next to the Bi-Lo buildings, housed the Alexander family and next door was another shop which became the butchers shop when Mr. Linke moved to the Barossa. Just north of Bridge Street stood a row of houses. Miss Albanese, the bookkeeper at the winery lived in one and Mrs. Alexander, a dressmaker, occupied another.

THE CREEK

It drew the children of the town like a magnet. For most of us it was out of bounds, but no amount of threats, warnings or actual punishment could keep us away. Our block of land extended from Olive Street to the banks of the creek. It was often little more than a trickle, but in children's minds it could be anything we wished. After school, in school holidays and on summer evenings, numerous little folk could be seen wading in the foul water. The younger children thought they could catch fish in it, and heaven only knows how many bent pins attached to a bit of string were dropped into water where no self-respecting fish would attempt to thrive. The older children caught tadpoles in jars and took them home to watch them grow into frogs. At the time frogs abounded there despite the water often smelling as though the whole waste from the local distillery had been emptied into it. We always thought we could get home without our parents knowing where we had been, but the stinking black mud was a dead giveaway. On a good day I would just be given a warning about what would happen "next time"; on one of my mother's frequent 'bad days' she would be waiting, stick in hand and hot bath running, but I never learnt to ignore the call of the creek.

Further up the hill the creek crosses Corn Street and in earlier times there was a ford and a foot bridge across the stream where now there is a bridge. The creek then went into a place that was definitely 'No Go' land—through the tunnel under the railway line. I really knew I was in trouble if my mother found out I had been there! The tunnel was a place of mystery, dark, cool in summer, where the pine trees either side seemed to always whisper a tune like a siren's song and where we devoured pine nuts—we called them monkey nuts—from the cones as they dropped to the ground, never

dreaming they would one day be considered part of everyday diet.


Most of the year the creek was a gentle slow-moving ribbon of water, but almost every winter nature would decide to open up the heavens and send a flood through the town. They were very exciting times. Everyone turned out to see the creek break its banks. The water would come half way up our block, cut the crossing at Corn Street, flood the low lying house in Bridge Street where now the duck pond has been built behind the old Reynella Wines distillery and is now St Francis Wines.

After the war, George Keane's sister Enid Jones and her family moved into the house on the corner of South Road and Olive Street where once my beloved Peppy lived. The three Jones children enlarged our happy family. When Enid's nephews, Winston and Trevor and their sister Delores Ellis visited, there were lots of children for me to play with. I suppose we fought and argued, but I can't recall any serious disputes. There were lots of things to do and I don't remember anyone saying they were bored. Enid took all of us for a picnic one school holiday. There were her three, Margaret, Athalie and Barry, Judith and Peter, me, Peter Nutter whose father had become publican at the Crown Inn, the Amos boys—Robert and Murray, and Beverley and Elaine Cox. Enid said we would have a sausage sizzle, so we set off full of enthusiasm to follow the creek as far as it went and have a really good day out.

We went up Market Street and through the iron gate and cattle grid at the old distillery. We walked and walked, running, talking, arguing as children do until Enid decided we had gone far enough. We cooked our sausages, told Peter Nutter he was a regular pain because he knew *everything*, and then headed home tired but happy. It always seemed to be the simple things we enjoyed most and certainly the things I remember most clearly.

NOTE:—The conclusion of Wendy's wonderful story will appear in the October edition of Relative Thoughts... Editor

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*Genealogy is like a
game of Hide &
Seek—they hide and I
seek. I will find them
one day.*

F A M I L Y R E U N I O N S

Mt Barker High School Celebrates 100 years of Education in 2008. If you attended this school, you may like to take part in some of the events that are happening there—

- 20th July—Opening of School Time Capsule
- 15th August—Past & Present Staff Cocktail Party
- 4th October—Centenary Dinner at the Adelaide Convention Centre
- 5th October—Back to School and the Opening of the Centenary Garden

The school is situated at 2 Wellington Road, Mt Barker, SA. Phone 08 8391 1599 Fax 08 1391 0631. Contact the Centenary Committee by email to register your interest in attending - centenary.contacts@mtbhs.sa.edu.au

Y A H O O ! L I S T

Until recently, Tina Hewett was the Moderator of this list, and did a wonderful job in taking care of it. Due to family commitments, she has had to hand the reins on to someone else. As webmaster, I will be taking on those duties from the June committee meeting and will be looking into the system to see if I can make it easier for members to join and use. It is recommended that members who have internet access use this free service, as it gives us all a central place where we can share information and seek assistance if we need it, without all the spam that comes with most email servers. Please try it

out—you might just like it. To join, simply go to the Yahoo! site -

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/FPFHG/> and click on the Join This Group button and follow the instructions.

It made sense to the Committee that I take this job on, although some may feel that I am doing too much. Why have a multi-functional tool in your kit if you are not going to use it?

U S E F U L W E B S I T E S F R O M L A D Y T E V I O T

During her talk on July 14th, Lady Teviot gave us a number of useful websites for London records—here are some of them:-

National Archives, Kew

www.nationalarchives.gov.uk

City of Westminster Archives
www.westminster.gov.uk/archives/

British Postal Museum & Archive
postalheritage.org.uk/

Royal Archives

www.royal.gov.uk/output/page4978.asp

Access to Archives (A2A)

www.a2a.org.uk/

University of Kent Library

www.kent.ac.uk/library/

Lambeth Palace Library

www.lambethpalacelibrary.org

India Office Records

www.bl.uk/collections/orientaloffice.html

London Ancestor

www.londonancestor.com

Historical Directories

www.historicaldirectories.org/

**A MEMORY [PART 3]
BY H. OSBORN**

After he left much of the business to his son Grandpapa did his own travelling sometimes, and once when driving along a road in Cornwall he saw a man standing still looking at a hat lying at his feet. "Why on earth doesn't he put on his hat?" Presently he came up to him, and the man said "Please, Sir, be good enough to put on my hat" – and Grandpapa saw that he had no arms, a stump on one side, a bare half limb on the other, and that his dress was disorderly, as the wind blew it about and it was not replaced. Then the whole misery came out, he had lost both arms in a mine explosion, and when healed of his wounds in a hospital had to come home to be a burden on his wife. A little pension from the mine owners kept a roof over their heads, but she had to go out to work most days to get money for food and clothes, and so he was left to helpless solitude. He could have no dinner unless a neighbour could come in and cut it up and feed him; he could not read except by turning the leaves with his tongue, and when he was hungry and alone he had to bite at a piece of bread left on a shelf – like a beast – he said, and were he ever so thirsty he could not get a drink with no hands to lift it to his mouth. You may imagine how such a calamity would appeal to Grandpapa's tender heart. He went to the man's home and made enquiries of the neighbours and found that all the story was true. But the Londoner had a remedy, he knew something of the wonders of modern surgery. So he went to the mines, got a little money from the owners, begged here and there from his customers, and with his own contribution got enough to bring the man and his wife up to London, taking them into his own house, and then a visit to a hospital showed the possibility of fastening wooden arms to the stumps, and screwing in, as he wanted them, a knife and fork to eat with, a button hook so that he could dress himself again, a pair of pincers to pick things up, and some other wonders, all attached in turn to the false arms. The day that he and his wife came home from the hospital and showed these marvels was indeed a day of triumph, and when they sat down in the kitchen to a good dinner, and the man found he could once more use a knife and fork and feed himself, they suddenly stopped and began to cry. "Hey! What's the matter? Don't you like your dinner?" "Ah, Sir!" said the woman, "its joy – joy indeed." And they thanked their benefactor in such terms as made him run away with wet eyes himself.

In one of his journeys he went to a village where his old tyrant master lived, and called at the house. He was received by a daughter, and found that the business had all gone away from him, and he had been badly off for many years, and was now thankful to be made village

postman. He came in as Grandpapa was talking to his daughter, and was amazed at the well dressed man calling himself the old apprentice who had been his victim in the past. "Good morning Mr. ----, I am coming back at one o'clock to have a bit of dinner with you". "Me, Sir, I have no dinner fit for such as you." "Well I am coming all the same!" He had before ascertained from the daughter that she could cook what he wanted, and so he went off into the village and secured materials for an ample meal, a leg of pork, apples for sauce, and flour and currants for the dumplings, always dear to a West countryman eating pork. When he went back they could not sit down till the old master had begged pardon with many tears, and the former apprentice had assured him of his perfect forgiveness, of which this dinner was the seal. He liked to tell the story of the man's amazement and his breaking down, and how little he thought, when a friendless boy in London, of how and when he should see his old master again.

Mildmay House garden was a great delight to him; he used to walk up and down admiring the flowers, and one particular holly tree, that I think must have been transplanted from somewhere in the west country, as it does not grow north of the Thames, golden yellow berries, instead of crimson, and leaves edged irregularly with the same bright yellow. Then half-way down was an apple tree, with large beautifully-tinted fruit, as sweet as it was pretty; and at the farther end a row of trees that bore the golden pippin, hardly ever seen now, and near by a bed of luxurious raspberries, large white ones as well as red. Greedy remembrances of mine – but when we stayed with him in the autumn of 1851 we really had fruit enough. The windfalls were our property, and out of them we used to make delicious apple toffee. But my memories of the garden begin in 1840, when we also lived on Stoke Newington Green, and I was having lessons every morning. When the writing and the sums were done, spelling and reading were sometimes carried over the way and finished under the apple tree I have spoken of. I have very distinct remembrances of that spelling and the way it was made to serve the understanding and the ear. Grandpapa would sometimes come and listen, and I still have the remains of a doll's tea-set that he gave me on my fifth birthday because I had read a psalm to him without mistakes.

To be continued... (the conclusion will appear in the October issue of Relative Thoughts)

RESOURCES & JOURNALS

New Resources since April 2008:-

- Mountain Upon The Plain– Mt Barker (on loan from Julie Stokes)
- Tracks—Tweed Gold Coast FH & H Assn.
- Kensington & Norwood Historical Soc.
- Southern Eyre Peninsula Local History Group
- Adelaide Northern Districts FHG
- Ances-tree—Burwood & Districts FHG
- The Gazette—Toowoomba & Darling Downs Family History Society
- War Diary of Major Carew Reynell, of Reynella, courtesy AWM
- Those who served—war service data for Fleurieu people extracted by J. Stokes for Anzac service in April this year.
- I Nearly Missed You—Jack Holder

DID YOU KNOW ?

Stir Up Sunday

The last Sunday before Advent is commonly known as “*Stir Up Sunday*,” because the words of the Collect for the day—“Stir up, we beseech Thee, the wills of Thy faithful people.” Thousands of school children look forward to this day as the prelude to Advent and the subsequent proximity of the Christmas Holidays. — *The Register, Friday, Nov 20, 1915.*

To Coin a phrase

The terms “*above board*” and “*underhand*” both have their origins with early players of card games. To be above board, meant that one must keep his hands above the board during play; but the underhand player changed his cards out of sight of his opponents. —*Meryl Catty “To Coin a Phrase”, Canterbury History Society Journal.*

WHAT’S ON THE COVER THIS ISSUE

The Horseshoe at number 64 Patapinda Road, Noarlunga, existed as a hotel form July 1840 until 1933. The establishment has been known as the Horseshoe Inn, Horseshoe Hotel and just plain “The Horseshoe”.

Publicans and license holders have been:-

1840-1840	C.E. Langdon	1877-1879	Dungey, sons of Thomas
1840-1841	P. Hollins	1879	E. K. Miller
1841-1842	P.S. Collins	1880	M.A. Dungey
1842-1846	P. Hollins	1881-1883	Richard Carter
1846-1848	W. Green	1884-1885	J.P. Giles
1849-1850	Alfred. B. Bock	1886	J. Cawardine
1851	T.B. Sayers	1887-1889	John Charles Dungey
1852	G. Jones	1890-1892	Charles N. Heynen
1853	W. Packer	1893-1914	John Charles Dungey
1854	J. Paterson	1915-1923	Mrs. Dungey
1855	D. Carrick	1925	H.C. Hinton
1856	J. Potter	1926-1929	J. Siggins
1857-1860	E. Potter	1930	W. Warren
1861	H. Potter	1931-1933	H.V. Naughton
1862-1877	Thomas Dungey	[Hotels & Publicans in South Australia, J.L. (Bob) Hoad]	

**PAGES IN TIME
EXCERPTS FROM THE REGISTER**

Just So

The Register, November 20th 1915

“The wedding breakfast was held in a large marquee outside the residence of the bride’s mother, where a large crowd of friends assembled. The annual toasts were proposed and honoured, and the bride must have felt elated at the nice things said about her.”

“Annual” wedding toasts suggest that brief life and much marriage are somebody’s portion.

From the report of a picture show:- “ ‘The Fatal Sweet Tooth’ is a film advertised for screaming. [sic]” Toothache, presumably, caused the screaming.

Public Notices

The Register, July 9, 1866

NOTICE—TO ALL PARTIES SHOOTING or TRESPASSING on my property, known as Dalkeith Farm, near Noarlunga, Sections Nos 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 357 and 347, will be PROSECUTED. Any CATTLE TRESPASSING on the above will be IMPOUNDED after this date.

ANDREW HARRIOT, Dalkeith Farm, Noarlunga.

The Country

The Register, July 7, 1866

STRATHALBYN

[from our Correspondent]

Strathalbyn, July 4, 9p.m.

It is now raining and should we get a heavy fall it will much please the plains farmers, whose land will absorb almost any amount of rain.

As an addendum to my last night’s report of the meeting held a Milang, in reference to the desirability of a daily mail, I would just say that in a week from this date one of the best pieces of new road south of Adelaide will be open for traffic from hence to Milang, between which places the distance is about 12 miles by the main line of road, and for which about 10 miles are made, or being made. This fact should, I think, be made known to the Postmaster-General and the Cabinet in connection with the arguments used in the report referred to in favour of a daily mail communication. The mails could be taken on from this place to Milang in an hour and a half. Of the three remaining miles of unmade road, about one and a half will, I understand, be made within about two months time.

Real Property Act Notices

The Register, July 24, 1866

Whereas the Persons named at foot here have each respectively for himself made application to have the Land set forth and described before his name at foot hereof, brought under the operation of “The Real Property Act.”

LITTLEHAMPTON—Lot 33 of Section 5008 Hundred of Macclesfield—GEORGE RATTEW, near Clarendon.

YANKALILLA—Lots 8 and 16 of Section 1131, Hundred of Yankalilla—THOMAS WILSON, Kangaroo Island.

HUDNRED OF KUITPO—Section 766—HENRY TRELOAR, near Clare.

HUNDREDS OF KUITPO AND MACCLESFIELD—Sections 3322 and 3321, HENRY TRELOAR, near Clare.

HUNDREDS OF KONDOPARINGA AND MACCLESFIELD—Section 3317, HENRY TRELOAR, near Clare.

Date up to and inclusive of which caveat may be lodged—July 14, 1866.

HUNDRED OF KUITPO—Section 3604, RICHARD WILLIAMS, Willunga.

HUNDRED OF STRATHALBYN—Blocks 6, 7 and 19A of Section 1816, JOHANN GOTTLIEB NITSCHKE, near Mount Torrens.

TOWNSHIP OF PORT ELLIOT—Sections 103 and 177, ALFRED HEATH, Adelaide.

GOOLWA UPPER, Township of—Lots 2, 17 and 18 of Section 2394 HUNDRED OF GOOLWA, WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Goolwa.

MYPONGA, Hundred of— Sections 446 and 447, JAMES MARTIN, Yankalilla.

MACCLESFIELD, Hundred of—Sections 2863 and 2864, MARY MILLER RANKINE.

PORT ELLIOT, Township of—Section 15, JOHN CHERRY and SAMUEL TOMKINSON.



WHAT HAPPENED TO SIR JOHN JEFFCOTT?

Reminiscences of Early Settlers in the South

The Register, Saturday, July 7th, 1866

Mr. Y.B. Hutchinson sends the following interesting communication to the *Southern Argus*:-

“Sir:- As you are misinformed in stating that the remains of Sir John Jeffcott rest in the vicinity of Victor Harbor, perhaps it may amuse some of your readers to be furnished with a correct account.

“Mr. Thos. Strangways, Mr. A.F. Lindsay and myself had, in December, 1857, arrived in this neighbourhood on an exploring expedition, and having been joined by Captain Blenkinsop, then commanding a whaling establishment at Victor Harbor, he dispatched a whaleboat by the Murray-mouth to Goolwa, we proceeded thither by land with our dray. The boat entered the river with little difficulty but shipped some water. Having examined and named Currency Creek, Hindmarsh Island, and Points Sturt and Macleay, we were obliged by the heavy gale and rain to land under the lee of Point Sturt, where we rigged a small tent with the sail and oars, but the wind and rain were so violent that when we got up in the morning the only dry ground was that which was under our bodies, and the water ran out of my gun which was laying by my side. Driven out of this, we took refuge on the wet ground under the boat bottom upwards. Here we passed 24 hours more, not very comfortable, but made ourselves jolly under disadvantageous circumstances, with a biscuit each for each meal. Next morning the wind and rain had abated a little, but our stock of food was so short that we were obliged to think of returning; so after sounding halfway across to Point Macleay, we pulled 5 hours against a head wind, and after an hour's rest and 5 hours' more hard work, we reached our dray at the head of Currency Creek, where an abundant supply of fried pork and kangaroo put us in merry spirits again. A day or two after this, we were joined by Sir John Jeffcott (whose ship had been wrecked at Rosetta Harbour) and Mr. Hindmarsh, and Sir John expressed a wish to return to Victor Harbor in the boat by the Murray-mouth. I endeavoured to dissuade him by insisting that he would get a thorough drenching, for he was in a dress coat, with suitable continuations, while we were all in rough shooting jackets. However, he would go, and borrowed my gun, flask, and shot-belt; so the boat and dray and started for Victor Harbor by different routes. About 8p.m. we were startled and much shocked by the arrival of three of the sailors, who stated that the boat had been swamped in the surf, and all but themselves had drowned. Accordingly, an hour before day-light next morning we started, and having waded naked with our clothes in our hands through the Hindmarsh, we

walked all the way by the beach to the river mouth. We then saw the boat lying on the beach on the other side, and hailing the natives, they held up an oar and launched the boat, but could not make anything of it. Two of our sailors having gone a considerable way up the river, as it was running out very fast, managed by swimming and walking to reach the other side. The boat was found to be much knocked about that she had to be turned up, emptied, and caulked with clay, when the two sailors and two natives crossed over in her, but she had leaked so much that the emptying and caulking had to be repeated.

Four or five of us then crossed again, and, while my companions were talking to the natives, I hurried on in the hopes of being the first to make a discovery. About 200 yards from the river I found the sand just above the water mark very much trampled, and, beginning to dig with my hands, I was joined by a sailor, and we soon came to the body of Capt. Blenkinsop, from which the natives who had buried him, had tried to remove his ring, but the stiffness of the joint had prevented them. Others having come up, the body was carried to the boat, which, having reached the other side, was again a foot deep in water. To preserve it, it was buried in the wet sand and covered with the boat, and we returned, sending next day a dray for it. When it arrived in the evening, the poor widow screamed, and vowed it was not her husband, but a black-fellow, and the ring came off easily, flesh and all. Two men sat up with the coffin all night, but at 5 a.m. it was bulging so, by generation of gas, that we all got up, and I heading the funeral procession and reading the beautiful burial service of the Church of England, he was deposited five feet deep in his own garden. The body of Sir John Jeffcott was never identified; but some time after, a headless trunk, believed to be his, was seen by natives many miles to the east of the river. Six months after this my shot-belt was recognised at Adelaide on a man who had bought it from the natives.

“As the land where Captain Blenkinsop was buried is low, I believe the property of Mr. Hindmarsh, and other bodies were interred in the neighbourhood, perhaps, under the circumstances, it may be as well to obliterate all traces of the graves, the remains being out of reach of desecration by the plough or spade.”

[**Editor's Note:** Mr. Y.B. Hutchinson, author of this letter to the paper was Young Bingham Hutchinson who arrived in SA very early in the piece and lived at Pt Elliot, Hindmarsh Valley and Victor Harbor.]

CAN YOU HELP – BRICK WALLS

Our founder, Tim Wing, has been assisting people with their brick walls for just over six months now, with some success. Many of us run into brick walls from time to time and feel like we are beating our heads against them looking for the answer we want. One of our members, **Cynthia Hull**, has been doing just that. Perhaps some of you can help her break down this wall. Write to Cynthia via the group if you can help.

Cynthia writes that she has hit several brick walls while tracing the **HULL** family. It seems that the majority of the information that she has comes from family anecdotes, with little in the way of traditionally confirmable records. The following are the known members of this family. If you can help Cynthia with this matter, please email our Secretary who will pass on the information.

James Hull

B c 1812 Ballymackeever, NI

D 12 Jan 1896 Glasgow, SCT

M (no date)

Elizabeth Smyth (b 1831 County Derry, d 1871 Dungiven, County Derry, bd. Dungiven)

Children of James Hull & Elizabeth Smyth

James born 29 Aug 1855 in Northern Ireland—he died about 1868 in Scotland.

William born 11 Oct 1858 in Northern Ireland. He went to Scotland with his father and other siblings in about 1890 or thereabouts. He married **Leah McFetridge** (born c. 1860 probably in Scotland).

John born c. 1863 in Northern Ireland. He was in the military and died in India in 1886 of Enteric Fever.

Samuel born 10 Sep 1861 in Northern Ireland and died c. 1908 in Glasgow, Scotland.

Margaret—was already in Scotland working for a family when her father and siblings moved there.

Mary born 23 Jul 1852 and married James Miller. She died in July 1896 in Scotland, and had a daughter named Elizabeth Hull Miller who may have been born between 1894 and 1896. This child was about 4 or 5 when she came to Australia in 1902 with her Aunts and Uncle.

There may be more children.

Cynthia is looking for the following information:-

1. Can someone help her find the dates and places of the births, deaths and marriages of any children to John, William, Mary and Samuel.
2. John is said to have come to Australia and lived in St Arnaud's, VIC. According to the family about three of the brothers came together to Australia. John is said to have stayed in Victoria while the others moved to other states—possibly SA or WA. Cynthia needs confirmation on this.
3. Any information on this Hull family living near Fife in Scotland would be of great help.
4. There could be a John Hull married to Margaret Jane nee Quigley who had four sons named Robert, William, John and James. There could be other children born in Scotland most likely.
5. Does anyone know if the John Hull born 18 Nov 1848 in Springburn, Glasgow, Scotland related to this family?

Brick Walls & How To Avoid Them

Sooner or later we all get stuck on a surname we are researching, so where do we go from here? **Tim Wing** has kindly provided us with some ideas -

Well are we the only person researching that name?

Check the Genealogical Research Directories and not just the latest edition, I advertised way back in 1989 and am still researching.

Graham Jaunay maintains a Free Online Name Listings for America, Canada, England, Ireland, New Zealand, Scotland, USA and Wales. www.jaunay.com

GenesReunited is the UK's No. 1 Family Tree and Genealogy site with over 8 million members, its free to see if anyone is researching the same family.

Advertise the surnames you are researching wherever possible. Try Rootsweb Surname List.

If your ancestors came from a particular state or county overseas, it might be worth joining for a year and add your own interests.

Finally, never be too frightened to ask for help.

[*Editor's Note:- thanks Tim for your input.*]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

This one isn't a letter to the Editor, but rather one from the Editor:-

Last issue was a bit of a hit and miss affair, for which I would like to sincerely apologise to members. I am aware that there were some errors and omissions, but beg your forgiveness, as publishing was hurried and the normal procedure for proofing couldn't take place, as I had been in hospital and was recovering from surgery. I would also like to thank those who helped with the publication and distribution of the journal in April.... JK Stokes (Editor)

CAN YOU HELP

Vanessa Catterall writes:-

A solitary headstone sits in the former churchyard of the Methodist Church in Old Noarlunga. It bears the name of John Hooper of Port No-orklunga (sic) who died in 1860 and his daughter Mary Ann who died in 1857. A council truck accidentally knocked down the original headstone some years ago. The council made an exact replica and replaced it surrounded by a low fence. Burials have long since ceased in this churchyard as the River Onkaparinga flows nearby and the water table is too high. In recent months cut flowers have appeared on the grave and the local residents are asking why? Has someone found that these people were their ancestors? The locals would love to know. The only details I have been able to find are the following from the Biographical Index of South Australians 1836-1885.

Hooper, John—

born circa 1827 died 15th (18th) March 1860 at Port Noarlunga, SA. Buried: Methodist churchyard, (Old) Noarlunga. Arrived in SA by 1857. Religion Methodist. Married to Margaret. Children: Mary Ann born 1854—died 1857—buried churchyard Old Noarlunga.

Any details will be passed on to the residents of Old Noarlunga.

Please contact Vanessa direct if you know who the mystery flower depositor is. She can be contacted at

catterall@chariot.net.au

CAN YOU HELP (CONT.)

Borth Seafarers & Fisher-folk

Do you have, or do you know of anyone who has ancestors who grew up in the Welsh seafaring village of Borth in the Ceredigion District (Cardiganshire)?

Author and Ceramic Artist, **Terry Davies**, who lives locally but was born and raised in Borth, and maintains a home there as well, is currently preparing a second book on the history of the seafaring families of that village, due for release in October of this year.

I have been lucky enough to read his first book, and the manuscript for the second, and I can tell you that both are very interesting reading, particularly if you have Welsh fishing or seafaring ancestors.

Terry's website at <http://borthborn.freehostia.com/> has all the details of the families he still seeks information on, and details of how to acquire his books if you are interested. Please check it out.

Halen daear Cymru.

Missing Images in Parliament House

Marie Maddocks is seeking images of the following Parliamentarians missing from the Lower House in SA

Thomas Wylde Boothby 1873-1875
 Edward Gascoigne Collinson 1858-1860
 William Bower Daws 1857
 Rudolph Wilhelm Emil Henning 1878-1884
 William Lennon 1860-1861
 Charles Lindsay 1862-1865
 Morris Lyon Monks 1857-1858
 Edward McEllister 1858-1862
 William Owen 1859-1862
 William Paltridge 1870-1871
 Joseph Peacock 1860-1867
 George Pearce 1868-1870
 Frederick Spicer 1870
 James Stewart 1870-1871
 William Henry Trimmer 1865
 David Wark 1857-1862
 Emil Wentzell 1870-1871
 William Whinham 1883-1884

If you can help Marie with photographs of these gents, please contact us either by snail mail or email and we will pass on the details to Marie.
