



Relative Thoughts

Volume 22 No. 2

April 2018

Quarterly Journal of the
Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group Inc.



Above - Mural at the Port Noarlunga RSL

Below - Mural, Northern Side of Elizabeth Road, Christies Downs Underpass





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PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Welcome to 2018. We have had an amazing start to the year. As reported at our first meeting for 2018 our Resource Room was broken into and our electronic equipment plus more was stolen. As you can imagine the task of replacing this has been taking much of Sharon Green's and Heather Boyce's time and resources. The ongoing situation of the relocation of the Church and the many occupants of the Hall is being handled by our Vice-President, Peter Tuck, and a group of energetic committee and group members.

It is with much sadness that I report the passing of our esteemed member Arthur Clisby. Our thoughts and prayers are with Nola and family. Many of our members attended Arthur's funeral at Centennial Park.

We have had a great start to our meetings for the year, with Elizabeth Grocke having planned an exciting program. The January meeting was our "Show and Tell", February was Bruce Munday "Those Wild Rabbits" and March Kelly Dyer "Update on History within the Library" - please check Elizabeth's "Look What you Missed" article.

Our February meeting was well attended. We welcomed four visitors, and welcomed new member Anne Redman to our Group.

The interest group meetings for 2018 have commenced, these being the Computer Evening, two DNA groups, UK Group, openings of the Resource Room, Aussie Group - all members are welcome to attend these groups (details are in this publication).

I recently travelled to Pinnaroo to attend the rededication of a grave. This was the culmination of over three years' research with my cousin. A simple enquiry to the Australian War Memorial and some basic research was the beginning of this amazing story. William Charles Westbury was an Aboriginal soldier who has connections to my cousin and his family.

Below is a quote from the Order of Service for William at the Pinnaroo Cemetery on 20 February 2018, written by researcher Peter Bakker.

“WILLIAM CHARLES WESTBURY –

William was born near Mount Gambier around 1880. He was the second child of James Westbury and his wife, Ellen, an Aboriginal woman.

On 12 March 1901, William enlisted in the 6th (South Australian Imperial Bushmen) Contingent to the Second Boer War. After training, they embarked in (sic) South Africa, arriving on 25 April. During their year in South Africa, they rode over 3,800 miles and never spent more than three consecutive days in one place. They returned to South Australia on 27 April 1902, and William resumed work as a farm labourer.

William again enlisted at Morphettville on 25 August 1914, aged 37. He was allocated to the 10th Battalion, and after training, they sailed for Egypt. On 25 April 1915, the battalion landed at Gallipoli, and two days later William was shot in the ankle. Evacuated, he recovered and returned to his battalion in the middle of the August Offensive, having been promoted to corporal in the meantime. During the following month, William fell sick with dysentery and was evacuated. Back in Egypt, he was transferred to the 50th Battalion.

The 50th Battalion arrived in France in June 1916, and suffered heavy casualties in the Battle of Mouquet Farm. In late October, William was transferred to England as an instructor and was promoted to the temporary rank of Lance Sergeant. Now aged 40, he was invalided back to Australia and discharged in Adelaide in August 1917. He soon returned to the Mallee, where he was active as a sportsman and as a member of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers Imperial League of Australia (now the RSL). As a result of a tetanus infection he died on 20 February 1937 at the age of 56 and was buried in Pinnaroo Cemetery.

On 20 February 2018, a new headstone over his grave was dedicated in the presence of family with the assistance of Aboriginal Veterans SA and the University of South Australia.”

Much of the research for this project was revealed in *Trove*, one of these articles reported that William was given a young kangaroo to take with him by his employer at Pinnaroo. There were many kangaroos taken, but we like to believe the photo in front of the pyramids in Egypt is William’s kangaroo.

William is the ninth Aboriginal Soldier recognised as serving in the Boer War and World War I campaigns. He is the first South Australian soldier acknowledged.

No doubt there are many more yet to be revealed.

While on the project I have met many people and attended functions I would never had the chance to do previously. It was a rewarding end to it, there is still more information to seek!

As April is the month of Anzac we will all be attending services and remembering the sacrifices that many made for us to live as we do today.

The Committee continues to work toward keeping 2018 an exciting year for all. We look forward to sharing it with you all.

Joy Nieass

LOOK WHAT YOU MISSED!!!! by Elizabeth Grocke



January 2018 Show and Tell

Thank you all for braving the heat to attend the first meeting for 2018. As always Show and Tell from members is usually very interesting and this year we welcomed:

John Bell – with his handy kitchen gadget to help open those not so easy jam jar lids from the trading table, it worked....we had an on the spot demo.

Kerry Edwards – with info on DNA and how pleased she is with the results she has been getting.



Chris Smallacombe – with a story of her great-grandfather and his sprinting achievements, both in Adelaide and Victoria.

Florence Stopps – with her Poem Collection. She has written over 80 and is hoping to publish these in book form in the not too distant futurewell done Florence. The ones she showed us today were illustrated and she also had a copy of the poem she sent to Prince Harry on the announcement of his engagement to Meghan Markle.





Graham Redman – Bishop Richard Redman, Bishop of Ely 1501 –1505. What a find when you go on holidays and in Graham’s words ...”be a researcher ... not a searcher”. Graham showed us photos from his recent visit to England.

February 2018

Bruce Munday, Those Wild Rabbits

Bruce once again entertained us, with the stories from his published book *Those Wild Rabbits*.

Monday 26 February 2018 I saw in *The Advertiser* Boomer Pages a two-page edited extract about his book, along with some great photos, a good read. Since then there has been several other letters to the Boomer Page with persons memories of rabbits.



Many members remembered their youth and how they caught rabbits, to help the family menu or earn the much needed pocket money.

March 2018

Kelly Dyer, Noarlunga Library



Kelly presented an informative talk on the resources available at Noarlunga, Aldinga and Hub libraries that are available for use when researching local and family histories. Many photographs and other records are currently being digitised and will be available via the library catalogue once this is done. Oral histories include a lot of information that predates WWII and are well worth reading, particularly if you are looking for local information.

Are you aware of Family Tree Tuesday –held at Noarlunga Library every Tuesday from 2.00-4.00pm, and now running fortnightly at Hub Library on Tuesday mornings? The SA History Month brochure will be available in *The Advertiser* on 7 April. Look for activities running through the Library –limited places so book early.

Elizabeth Grocke

A MAN IN MY LIFE : MY UNCLE ERN 1891-1971 Part 2
by OSCAR FUHLBOHM

Most probably it was on that day, Wednesday 21 January 1942, that uncle Ern came close to dying. A machine gun bullet tore through his body, entering just below his sternum and exiting through his thick back muscles very close to his spine. Many years later my kid brother, John, told me that uncle Ern had shown him his two scars; the one in the back was a very deep and broad one where a lot of muscle must have been torn away. (It bemuses me that I was quite unaware of Uncle's war wounds while he lived with us at Biliau in the years 1959/1960). My uncle was one of the lucky ones that day. Firstly, he was not among the many people killed there at Lae, and then, although seriously wounded, no vital parts of his body had been irreparably damaged. In the next critical six weeks before the Japanese troops arrived, Ern was able to recover sufficiently to walk out, along with the rest of his mates, retreating across the great Markam river valley South towards the gold-mining areas in the mountains.

Very early on Sunday morning, 8 March 1942, large numbers of Japanese marines and soldiers landed simultaneously at Lae and Salamaua. The Japanese navy and army held a lot of animosity towards each other; so the army was detailed to secure Salamaua, while the navy marines went to Lae. The NGVR (New Guinea Volunteer Rifles) at Lae retreated, trying unsuccessfully to blow up the fuel dumps by firing their 303 rifles into the 44 gallon drums. But the bullets did not ignite the petrol. Within a couple of days the NGVR force reached Mumeng, then Bulolo and finally regrouped at Wau. The wounded and those not needed for scouting and coast watching, were equipped as best as possible in the circumstances for the trek south. They would have to cross the high central mountain backbone of Papua New Guinea. This track over this fearsome cordillera was named the BULLDOG TRACK, which lay about 300 km west of the more well-known Kokoda Track. It is quite a deal longer, but also just as arduous as the Kokoda one. However, unlike Kokoda, not a single Japanese soldier ever set foot on the Bulldog track.

Leaving Wau, uncle Ern and his mates made for Kudjeu at an altitude of about 5,000 feet; then higher up into the cordillera, up and down, up and down for days on end. At a certain point they crossed the border between the Australian Trust Territory of New Guinea and entered the Australian Territory of Papua. Eventu-

ally they arrived at the village of Tekadu and then down to the village of BULL-DOG. From there the Track was more down-hill than always up and down. Besides, they followed the big Lakakamu river. Some built rafts and navigated down, saving their legs, but in constant danger of rapids, waterfalls, etc. The track reached the south-west coast of Papua at Kukipi about 250 km west of north-west of Pt. Moresby.

Probably by mid-1942, my uncle had been evacuated to Sydney, where he settled in Kings Cross. The Manpower Department assigned him to work repairing damaged aircraft. This information I gleaned only earlier this year from that 'kid' brother of mine: John. Being a carpenter and a good handy-man and having worked for Guinea Airways, most probably Uncle Ern had had previous experience also with aeroplane repair. The wartime manpower authorities placed him where he could best help in the war effort.

After the war Ern returned to Lae. He used his war reparations finance to build a solid house and planned to start up a wood-working/furniture making venture as a sideline. However, this last scheme really never did get off the ground. In April 1955 when I arrived in Papua New Guinea to work as a missionary and a teacher in the Madang District, I tried unsuccessfully to make contact with my uncle. However via 'the grape-vine' in 1958 I heard that he was in poor health. My superiors urged me to try and help him. At that time my wife and I and our two young sons were manning a lonely out-station on the Rai Coast near the Saldor government outpost and were over 200 kilometres from Lae. On 18 December 1958 I wrote the following letter to the records office of the European Hospital, Lae PNG:

Dear Sir/Madam,

Some time ago I heard that an uncle of mine, a Mr Ern Fuhlbohm, had been in hospital at Lae and had been advised to retire and return South on account of his age and health. (He is about 68 years old).

Dr Kuder (our Luth. Mission's president) had asked me about him and the possibility of his going South in the near future. I have tried to contact Mr Fuhlbohm in Lae at D.C.A. (Dept. of Civil Aviation) where he used to work, but so far unsuccessfully. Could you give me any information about him – when he was in hospital, his illness, whether he has been hospitalized again lately, and if possible, his present address – as I would like to find out what he is planning to do and then see whether

I can help him in any way.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I remain yours sincerely,

Oscar Fuhlbohm

P.S I wish you the Season's best wishes.

In January 1959 I travelled on the Lutheran Mission's main ship, the *MV Simbang*, from Biliau to Lae on my way to attend our Mission's annual 10 days field conference up at Wau. While at Lae I met my uncle Ern for the first time in my life (that I remember). My diary records for Tuesday 27 January '59: *Searched for Uncle Ern, urged him to come to Biliau next week - seems in pretty good health.* However, my proposal didn't eventuate until six months later. When I met up with my uncle on 27/01/1959, he was existing on tins of sardines and beer, and had considerable debts, including at his local Chinese grocery store. I took out an "Enduring Power of Attorney" on Ern so that I could begin to manage his financial affairs and get him out of debt.

My diary entry for Wednesday, 22/07/1959: *Running around Lae fixing up Uncle Ern's business - Ern's house is leased to a Quantas (sic) man. Fixed up most of U. Ern's business. Mr Woods of the New South Wales Bank & Mr D Davis (accountant etc) have done a lot for Uncle over the past year.* Returning home via *MV Simbang* with Ern, I spent most of the night aboard ship sorting through cases & boxes of Uncle's papers, keeping what was important and throwing all the rest out through the porthole to float or sink as maybe. Uncle settled in very well with us at Biliau. By mid-year of 1960 Ern not only was out of debt, but was building up a healthy credit balance in his bank account, so that he could pay for his plane ticket back to Australia. For the many months that he lived with us, he paid neither for board nor lodging, as he did odd jobs around the place and at times did child-minding for us and house-sitting while my wife, Eunice, and the children were away and/or I off on bush trips, etc. While with us at Biliau, Ern smoked local native leaf tobacco continuously; it was very, very cheap and it's rawness did not bother him.

At the end of August 1960 my Uncle accompanied us back to Australia. In Brisbane Ern caught up again with his sister Emm and her husband, Ern's one-time working partner, Arnold Kohnke, and also his older brother George at Pittsworth as we drove south towards South Australia. There in SA uncle Ern came to live with my Dad, Theo, who is Ern's second eldest brother. He lived there at *Wagtail*,

the family house built on the edge of the irrigation area of the thriving Murray river town of Waikerie, for the next nine years until my father's death in September 1969.

Some months after his arrival back in Australia for good, Uncle Ern sold his house at Lae and ploughed that money into the joint ownership of the house at *Wagtail* with my Dad. The thousands of shares which my uncle had held in the defunct Morobe Hotels Company eventually proved completely worthless.

After my father's death, Uncle Ern moved down to Adelaide with his half-sister, Miss Bertha (Bert) Fuhlbohm, living in her home in Glenford Avenue, Myrtle Bank. His half-sister looked after Ern very lovingly until his death on Friday, 17 December 1971 at 3.00 am, a little over two years after the death of his 'big' brother George at Pittsworth, Queensland. The eldest brother in the family, Wilhelm Heinrich (Bill) had passed away in November 1960 in Brisbane.

Uncle Ern's funeral and burial were held on Wednesday, 20 December 1971. His grave is in the Lutheran section of the Centennial Park Cemetery, Pasadena, South Adelaide. His casket was buried deep enough so that when his half-sister died in May 1984, aunty Bert's remains were laid to rest in the same grave site.

Oh, by the way, I had inherited my uncle's tool box after his death in 1971. Still today I regularly use one of his carpenter's saws and his oil stone to sharpen my hand-plane blade. There sits the wooden holder of Ern's oil-stone with the bit-end marks both in the base and lid of the oilstone container clearly visible. This long rectangular wooden holder is still serviceable even though the one side of the base is split. Maybe Uncle Ern had made it during his apprenticeship training time - who knows?

My uncle Ern was a gentle, loveable man, a man to be remembered forever.

This third composition was completed early on Thursday, 30 October 2008.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

We would like to welcome new members:

Anne Redman and Colin Routley

Nola Clisby

VALE ARTHUR JAMES CLISBY

Arthur's father came to Australia from England as a child migrant, one of many boys and young men who were known as the Barwell Boys and Little Brothers. These young men arrived during the 1920s to be given work as farm apprentices. Arthur honoured his heritage by keeping in contact with the descendants of these migrants and contributing to the 100-year commemoration of these young men in 2013 at the Migration Museum in Adelaide.

Arthur was just 23 years old when he was employed as a refinery operator at the newly built refinery at Port Stanvac - originally Petroleum Refineries [Australia] Pty Ltd and known as PRA. He was the youngest operator employed and he enjoyed the challenges of being a Refinery Operator.

Arthur and Nola, with their two young children, Paul and Lisa, enjoyed vintage cars and spent many happy hours on tours and rallies and organising many Bay to Birdwood rallies.

Arthur and Nola enjoyed holidaying at Port Hughes and sharing their holiday home with friends and family. The Kernewek Lowender festival was an especially enjoyable time when guests would join in the Cornish activities and Arthur and Nola would enter the Cavalcade, which marked the end of the festivities, in their vintage car.

Arthur was a friendly, cheerful person who will be sadly missed by his many friends in our family history group and our deepest condolences are sent to his wife Nola and family.

Ros Dunstall

The Funeral card said Arthur's life started on 15 Aug 1941 and ended on 5 Feb 2018.

It didn't mention what happened in between but Arthur's contribution to family and society in general was massive and evident by the huge crowd at his Funeral.

I first met Arthur in a cabin at Bendigo where we were both attending the annual Swap Meet. We were introduced by a mutual friend, the late Jim McLachlan.

Through Jim I also knew of Nola before she became a member of the Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group.

Both Nola and Arthur have been a great help over the years by allowing me to access their Family History resources. Nola and I may even have a common ancestor.

In recent years Arthur would travel to Bendigo on the V Line bus and spend some time searching for parts for his older cars.

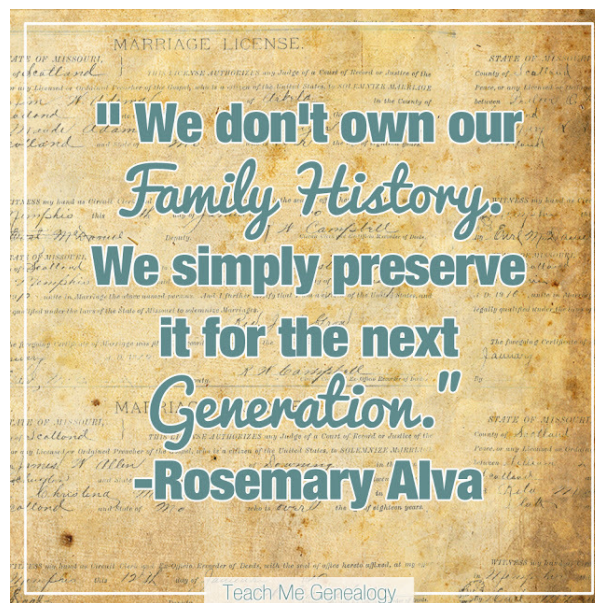
Both Nola and Arthur were regular attendees at our Evening Computer Group where Arthur would sometimes mention his “steam powered computer”.

Last year, however, they had a technology upgrade when Arthur proudly announced that they now had a “Telstra Gateway”.

I was very impressed because I don't even have a front fence.

I for one will greatly miss Arthur's friendship, stories and sense of humour.

Barry Maslin

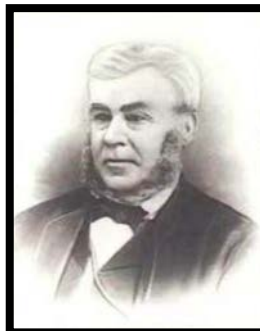


Source: <http://www.tmgenealogy.com/search/label/Quotes>

THE THOMAS PEDLER STORY by NATALIE PEDLER

Thomas was born in Cornwall in 1800, the fourth of William and Grace Pedler's nine children. Sadly William and Grace both fell ill and passed away when Thomas was 14 years old. Fortunately for Thomas, he was taken in by his maternal uncle, James Rouse.

When he was 21, Thomas married Elizabeth Hicks at Perranaworthal, Cornwall (today named Perranwell). She was nearly a decade older than he was and a single mother of a nine year old daughter. In the space of nine years the couple produced six children, including one set of twins.



Thomas worked as a cordwainer (a shoemaker and specialist leather worker) in Falmouth, where he had his own tannery.

In 1837, Thomas farewelled his brothers Joseph, William and James. The trio boarded *The Royal Admiral* and arrived in Adelaide early in 1838. The Pedler brothers were accompanied by their wives and children, so were a large family contingent. Soon after arriving in Adelaide, Joseph wrote to his younger brother, Thomas, giving a glowing account of life in the colony. He described a thriving township of 4000 inhabitants, plentiful opportunities for employment and spoke of good money to be earned.

Back in Falmouth, things took a turn for the worse when Thomas introduced new technology into his factory that displaced some of his workers. The irate workers set fire to the factory. Thomas was lucky to recover some leather. The emotional climate in Falmouth was no doubt uncomfortable. Thomas decided to pack up and join his brothers in South Australia; by this time he was 39 years old.

Thomas, Elizabeth and their children – Thomas Jnr, Elizabeth Jnr, William, twins Joseph and John and youngest child Daniel set sail in 1839 on board the *Sir Charles Forbes*. They were accompanied by Thomas' oldest sister, spinster, Sarah (also known as Sally). Eventually Thomas' youngest sister Ann and her husband John moved to Australia too, though they were relative latecomers, arriving almost 20 years after the first contingent of Pedlers.

Shortly after his arrival, Thomas established a shoemaking business in Currie

Street, Adelaide. It never really took off. Once he had exhausted his stocks of leather he opted for a career change and became a hotel licensee. He seemed to hold licenses for a number of hotels. At some point he bought a hotel in Hahndorf which was run by his youngest son.

With sufficient funds to buy three allotments of land, Thomas moved from Adelaide to Noarlunga in 1850 and took up farming. The adjoining property was owned by the Pengilly family who were related to Thomas and Elizabeth. The daughter Elizabeth had borne before marrying Thomas (also called Elizabeth) married a farmer named John Pengilly. It was a second marriage for both John and Elizabeth. Mr and Mrs Pengilly had both been widowed and already had six children each before marrying. After their marriage they produced three more children. One of the Pengilly girls, Sarah, from John's first marriage, married Thomas and Elizabeth Pedler's youngest son, Daniel.

Thomas and his wife Elizabeth lived in a house called "The Horseshoe". Their eldest son, Thomas Jnr, also farmed around the Noarlunga area. A Thomas Pedler served on the local council in the mid-late 1800s but it is not clear if this was Thomas Snr or Jnr.

Thomas remained in the Noarlunga area right up until his death in 1874. Pedler Creek which runs through Noarlunga bears his name.

Natalie Pedler

(This article was submitted by Ros Dunstall and reproduced with Natalie's permission.)

NAMES FOR BABIES BORN OUT OF WEDLOCK

There was no difference between baseborn and illegitimate. However, the correct legal term was bastard. Here are a few alternative terms used in Parish Registers – bastard, base, baseborn, a by-blow, begotten in fornication, chance begot, chance child, illegitimate, love-child, love-begotten, natural, misbegotten, merrily begotten, merrybegot, spurious, a scape-begotten child, whoreson, child of a harlot, child of shame.

In Latin there are filius nullius (son of none), filius populi (son of the people), filius meretricis (son of a prostitute).

Source: *Facebook*

COMPARISON OF DNA TESTING by KERRY EDWARDS

Comparison of traditional and modern genealogy, DNA testing

I did my genealogical DNA test in October 2016 with Ancestry. I chose that company because they have the largest data base and allow the data file to be downloaded for free, so it can be uploaded to several other DNA websites, such as *gedmatch.com*. DNA testing has two distinct advantages.

Firstly, autosomal tests look at chromosomes 1-22 and X. The autosomes (chromosomes 1-22) are inherited from both parents and all recent ancestors. The X chromosome follows a special inheritance pattern. Ethnicity estimates are often included with this sort of testing. The ethnicity estimate shows percentage of each heritage. But it's from 1,000 to 1,500 years ago and by continent so is not that personal and really just for fun.

Secondly, the DNA test matches family members and gives an idea of how closely related they are. The closer, the more accurate and it's very accurate back to 3 times great-grandparents. I've found matches on Ancestry and also on Gedmatch, both very different sites but great resources. My DNA results have shown lots of closely related people, some of whom we've been able to find through traditional research. For others, we're still looking. I've also had a man contact me through Ancestry because of a photo I had on my tree. He was certain we are related as his family story tied in with my photo. His research didn't add up and then our DNA didn't match. As we know, not everyone's research can be accurate but the DNA test is scientific proof.

My father John and my mother Marcelle each did their DNA tests for my 2017 Christmas presents. That takes the DNA matching back another generation and shows me which side of my family a person is on. Without getting too technical, Y-DNA looks at the Y-chromosome, which is inherited from father to son, and so can only be taken by males to explore their direct paternal line. Mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA) is inherited from mother to child, so can be used to explore one's direct maternal line.

My show and tell talk at our January 2017 meeting was about a female cousin who had been adopted and found me after many years researching the information she had waited years to receive from the adoption agency.

My show and tell talk at our January 2018 meeting was about a male cousin who

found me through Gedmatch. He took his DNA test in November 2017, received the results about six weeks later and uploaded them to Gedmatch. This shows me as a very close match so he emailed and we met. When he told me his story, I knew straight away who his birth parents were. He had applied for his adoption information but could only be given non-identifying information as his records are vetoed until 2022 (when the adoption laws change). So he decided to go down the DNA path to get an earlier result.

I've learnt a lot from *The Family Tree Guide to DNA Testing and Genetic Genealogy* book by Blaine T Bettinger and we have a copy in our resource room. It's like going to back to chemistry class in high school but fascinating.

Kerry Edwards

USEFUL WEBSITES

Cornwall On-Line Parish Clerks
<http://www.opc-cornwall.org>

Devon on-line Parish Clerks
<http://genuki.cs.ncl.ac.uk/DEV/OPCproject.html>

Scottish Register of Tartans (a time consuming site but most interesting)
<http://www.tartanregister.gov.uk/az?searchString=B>

Victorian Births Deaths Marriages on-line
<http://www.bdm.vic.gov.au/home/family+history/search+your+family+history/>

New South Wales State Archives and Records
<https://www.records.nsw.gov.au/archives/collections-and-research/guides-and-indexes/indexes-a-z>

German Genealogy
<http://www.cyndlist.com/germany/bmd>

German Deaths and Burials 1582-1958
<https://familysearch.org/search/collection/1494474>

Brave new word – **GOO-GLE-HEI-MER'S** (noun): condition in which you think of something you want to look up, but then forget what it is by the time you get to the computer.

(Copied with permission from *YPFHG Newsletter*, February 2017)

FINDING HER VOICE by FLORENCE STOPPS

Anna held the basket of miniature velvet red rosebuds tightly in her left hand. She picked up a rosebud, whose stem had been encased in silver paper for protection. Her face was frozen in a determined mask. Gently, she pressed the flower to her trembling lips, whispering, "This is where you wanted to be. I love you, goodbye Mum," before letting the tiny blossom slip from her fingers into her mother's grave. The mechanical movements continued, "This is from your brother, with love, who couldn't come. This is from your sister-in-law, this is from your son-in-law, this is from your grandsons"

Everything became a blur, as she offered the basket to the slowly-moving column of dark-clad mourners slowly filing past the graveside. With downcast eyes they continued the custom, covering the coffin with a carpet of red.

Two weeks ago in the early hours of a winter morning, the phone had seemed to shrill louder than usual. Anna hardly recognised the voice of her sister speaking from across the world. "Mum has just died in hospital". Numbness. Later that day Anna was boarding a plane to fly across the world. After being re-routed around Australian airways, she arrived some 40 hours later in London. This was like a bad dream.

Family members clustered together in the close confines of her parent's home. Her father, who sat in his usual chair, was a shadow of the former chauvinistic man whose wholly female family had long ago learned never to challenge his authority. This shrunken, broken man with hunched shoulders rarely looked up.

Her brother-in-law spoke with the crisp tones of a military-trained brogue, expecting no opposition to his ideas. "The funeral has been arranged, we're burying Mum near the rest of Dad's family in the town". "It will be easier for us to get to". Anxious eyes looked apprehensively at Anna. The words affected her deeply, as if she had received a heavy blow to the chest. Her mouth dropped open in disbelief. How could her sisters allow this to happen. Their mother had always expressed the wish not to be buried in that cemetery, even refusing to visit the family graves of her in-laws, who she thought had never accepted her. This gentle reserved lady had asked so little in her life of 67 years. Was she to be denied her final request to be buried three miles the other side of her home, close to her parents and baby? Anna's father sat silently in a corner. His haunted brown eyes sunken in a face of despair, like some extra in a low-budget movie.

Taking a deep breath, and with a red glaze spreading over her face and neck, Anna faced her brother-in-law, looking him directly in the eyes. An inner strength permeated her whole being. Her short stature seemed to grow as she quietly, but firmly, addressed the gathering. "Mum will be buried where **she** wanted to be buried—I will make sure of this." As she looked around the room, feet shuffled uncomfortably. Her sisters cast fleeting glances at each other, before fixing their eyes on the floor. There was an uneasy silence in the room. The brother-in-law's voice was sharp as he retorted, "If **you** change anything—**you** pay for it, and **you** organise it." Anna's back straightened as she answered, "So be it."

Ten days later Anna sat beside her father in the car escorting her mother's body on it's final journey, driving through the village where her mother had spent her childhood, and where they had lived until Anna was 14. Her father sat in numbed silence. He had not been given the opportunity to speak with his wife of nearly 47 years, before she had been taken to a hospital 10 miles away in another town. She had died within 24 hours. As the car slowly passed 'our lane' he gripped Anna's hand. His tearfilled velvet-brown eyes looked into the mirror-image of Anna's. His voice, broken with emotion whispered, "I am glad you stood up to him." "Thank you."

Florence Stopps

Editor's Note: Florence warned me that reading this article would bring tears to my eyes. She was right, especially as I came close to losing my own Mum a few months ago, and know what I will go through when the time does eventually come. It shows how important it is to respect and honour our loved ones in death, as much as in life, despite our own feelings.



View of Witton Bluff on
Facebook and websites

FPFHG Facebook Group



UPCOMING SPEAKERS & EVENTS



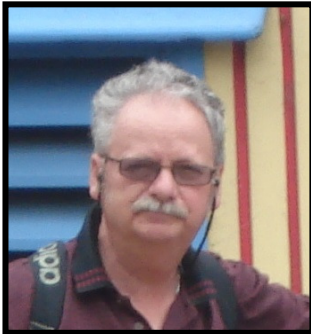
All meetings start at 1:15pm, Uniting Church Hall, 23 William Road, Christies Beach. If you have a suggestion for a suitable speaker, please contact Elizabeth Grocke with details.

- 21 April – Graham Redman, Be'er Sheva
- 19 May – Lyndall Simmonds, Charts and Reunion
- 23 June – Margaret Morgan, Yankalilla History and Early Families
- 21 July – John Walker, Baptist Church History

****June Meeting will be held on 23 June – a week later than normal****

Please contact Elizabeth with any suggestions for speakers.

RESOURCE ROOM OPENING TIMES



The Resource Room is available to members for research. During the opening time before the Saturday meeting the resource room volunteers will not be available to give assistance with 'Family Research', but books, newsletters and magazines can be borrowed from 12 to 1.15 pm and during the afternoon tea break.

Other opening times for the Resource Room will be the 1st and 3rd Wednesday afternoons only from 1.00 – 3.30pm.

Members wishing to access *findmypast* during resource room openings, are now requested to contact Chris Grivell and book a specific computer time. Chris's contact details may be found at the front of the journal.

Opening dates for this quarter are: 4 April, 18 April, 20 April, 2 May, 16 May, 19 May, 6 June, 20 June, 23 June, 4 July, 18 July, 21 July.

The best part about
Genealogy is
searching for
ancestors and finding
friends.

Lawrence Dillard

Source:
Google Images

EVENING COMPUTER GROUP



The evening computer class is held in the Uniting Church Hall Christies Beach. A gold coin donation is requested to help cover the cost of the hire of the hall. The Group meet monthly on the second Monday night of the month at 7.30 pm. The program consists of a presentation on a specific topic followed by a question and answer session. Bring a tagged laptop from home but if you cannot you will be seated with someone who has a similar operating system to you. Contact David Boyce if you are interested.

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GRANDMA AND THE FAMILY TREE

There's been a change in Grandma, we've noticed her of late,
She's reading history or jotting down some date.
She's tracking back the family; we'll all have pedigrees.
Oh, Grandma's got a hobby; she's climbing Family Trees.

Poor Grandpa does the cooking now, or so he states,
That worst of all, he has to wash the cups and Dinner plates.
Grandma can't be bothered; she's busy as a bee,
Compiling Genealogy, for the Family Tree.

She has no time to baby-sit, the curtains are a fright.
No buttons left on Granddad's shirt, the flower bed's a sight.
She's given up her club work, the serials on TV,
The only thing she does nowadays is climb the Family Tree.

She goes down to the Courthouse and studies ancient lore,
We know more about our forebears than we ever knew before.
The books are old and dusty, they make poor Grandma sneeze,
A minor irritation if you're climbing Family Trees.

The mail is all for Grandma, it comes from near and far,
Last week she got the proof she needs to join the DAR.
A worthwhile avocation, to that we all agree,
A monumental project, to climb the Family Tree.

Now some folks came from Scotland and some from Galway Bay,
Some were French as pastry, some German, all the way.
Some went on West to stake their claim. Some stayed near the sea.
Grandma hopes to find them all as she climbs the Family Tree.

She wanders through the graveyard in search of date or name,
The rich, the poor, the in-between, all sleeping there the same.
She pauses now and then to rest, fanned by a gentle breeze,
That blows above the Fathers of all our Family Trees.

There were pioneers and patriots mixed in our kith and kin,
Who blazed the paths of wilderness and fought through thick and thin.
But none more staunch than Grandma, whose eyes light up with glee,
Each time she finds a missing branch for the Family Tree.

Their skills were wide and varied, from Carpenter to Cook,
And one (Alas) the record shows was hopelessly a crook.
Blacksmith, weaver, farmer, judge, some tutored for a fee.
Long lost in time, now all recorded on the Family Tree.

To some it's just a hobby, to Grandma it's much more,
She knows the joys and heartaches of those who went before.
They loved, they lost, they laughed, they wept, and for you and me,
They live again in spirit, around the Family Tree.

At last she's nearly finished and we are each exposed.
Life will be the same again, this we supposed!
Grandma will cook and sew, serve cookies with our tea.
We'll all be fat, just as before that wretched Family Tree.

Sad to relate, The Preacher called and visited for a spell,
We talked about the Gospel, and other things as well,
The heathen folk, the poor- and then- 'twas fate, it had to be,
Somehow the conversation turned to Grandma and the Family Tree.

We tried to change the subject, we talked of everything,
But then in Grandma's voice we heard that old familiar ring.
She told him all about the past and soon was plain to see,
The Preacher, too, was nearly snared by Grandma and the Family Tree.

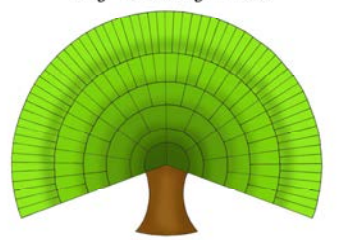
He never knew his Grandpa, his mother's name was ..Clark?
He and Grandma talked and talked, outside it grew quite dark.
We'd hoped our fears were groundless, but just like some disease,
Grandma's become an addict -- She's hooked on Family Trees.

Our souls were filled with sorrow, our hearts sank with dismay,
Our ears could scarce believe the words we heard our Grandma say,
"It sure is a lucky thing that you have come to me,
I know exactly how it's done, I'll climb your Family Tree".

Author: Unknown

Source: *Facebook*

My Family Tree



THE REAL ANZAC BISCUIT STORY

“Biscuits! Army Biscuits! Consider the hardness of them. Remember the cracking of your dental plate, the breaking of this tooth, the splintering of that.” *From Army Biscuits by Ormond Burton.*

Does this bring to mind images of our troops at Gallipoli eating the ANZAC biscuits we know and love today? Staff at the National Army Museum did some research and found that, contrary to popular belief, there were no ANZAC biscuits at Gallipoli. The standard Army biscuit at this time was a rock hard tooth breaker also called the ship’s ANZAC biscuit.

Although it’s a myth that ANZAC biscuits were sent and eaten by troops at Gallipoli, some evidence suggests a rolled oats biscuit was sent to troops on the Western Front, although this was not widespread.

The majority of rolled oats based biscuits were in fact sold and consumed at fetes, galas, parades and other public events at home, to raise funds for the war effort. This connection to the troops serving overseas led to them being referred to as ‘soldier’s biscuits’. Fundraising was co-ordinated by local Patriotic Funds, raising 6.5 million pounds for the New Zealand war effort.

The basic ingredients for a rolled oat biscuit were: rolled oats, sugar, flour and butter, with golden syrup used as a binding agent (no eggs). This made them not only nutritious and full of energy but also long-lasting.

After Gallipoli, New Zealand and Australian troops were universally known as ANZACs. The term ANZAC soon became of great national significance, so much so that in 1916, to save the ANZAC legend from exploitation, the name became protected by law.

It is fitting then, that after WWI, the most popular rolled oat biscuit had the name and association of ANZAC applied to it and thus the legend of the ANZAC biscuit began. The first mention in a cookbook of ANZAC biscuits was in 1921.

Source: <https://www.armymuseum.co.nz/kiwis-at-war/did-you-know/the-anzac-biscuit/>

Editor’s Note: I’ve found a recipe for Anzac biscuits that is wheat free. I will whip up a batch and bring them to the April meeting (recipe available if wanted).

MEMORIES by ANN LINDEN

These Memories start in Vol 9, No 1, 2005—the then President Tim Wing was very happy to announce that membership had risen to be the second largest FHG in SA and that at the first meeting of 2005 more than 65 members were in attendance. He also stated that the English group had separated into Scottish, North England and South England plus Australia and of course still remaining were the evening and daytime computer groups led by David Boyce and the Medicranks and Irish groups.

Kevin McCormack joined as an overseas member in 2005 and has been an honorary member since 2006. He is an English born Irishman and started his profile with “I’m not used to writing about myself. I possibly should start with ‘Bless me father for I have sinned’”. It’s interesting to read. For those who would like to read his profile it is in Vol 9, No 1, 2005. He will help any member who is researching in Ireland. His email address should be known by the committee.

In Vol 10, No 2, 2006—Vanessa Catterall submitted an article about the Dreadnought Boys and the Barwell boys. In total between 1913-1929 over 1700 boys arrived in South Australia. State records holds the details. The records are available for checking.

In Vol 10, No 4, 2006—is a five page story from 130 years ago, of the voyage of Katherina Stuart Forbes in 1888. It was submitted by Ian Curtis and edited by Vanessa Catterall. Those who have had a holiday on today’s cruise ships should read this and will notice the difference between today and then.

In Vol 11, No 3, 2007—is the profile of Tim Wing, the founder and at that time, president of our group. Interesting to read. Shirley Gordon wrote ‘Chicago where is it?’ Not many of us will know where. If you think America, you are wrong, as we had a Chicago here. With a train station!! Where? It’s now known as Kilburn.

In Vol 11, No 4, 2007— There are two interesting stories. ‘Just imagine’ written by Vanessa Catterall, who was reading a story in a *Family Tree Magazine* and found something her father had not told them. The second is a profile by Liz Hughes, a story about her birth family and adoptive family. For 50 years she felt like a member of her adoptive family and after that met her birth mother.

Both stories make good reading.

Ann Linden

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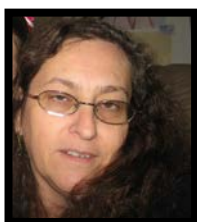


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VOLUNTEER RESEARCH

Research can be undertaken for anyone seeking information on ancestors in our local area. Research Request Query Forms are downloadable from our website at www.fleurieufamilyhistory.org Please forward the forms to Volunteer Research, PO Box 1078, Christies Beach North, SA 5165.

EDITOR'S NOTE by CHRISTINE KEEN



Thank you to all the members who have provided articles for this journal. The range and topic of articles never cease to amaze and inspire me. I'm already looking forward to receiving several articles for the July edition.

Please continue to send in your wonderful contributions, and feedback. Don't forget to include your photos. Articles can be about your own research, family reunions, your tips on family research, a place you've visited, something quirky relating to family history—anything you feel may be of interest to other members.

Christine Keen



When & Where

MEETINGS

The monthly meetings are held on the 3rd Saturday of each month from January – October at 1:15pm, Uniting Church Hall, 23 William Road, Christies Beach. The Resource Room is open from 12:00 each meeting day.

The Annual General Meeting is held on the 3rd Saturday in November commencing at 1:30pm. Committee elections are held at this time.

SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS

Aussie Interest Group – meets at 1:00pm on the 2nd Saturday of each month. For information contact Ros Dunstall.

United Kingdom Interest Group – meets at 7.30pm on the 3rd Monday of each month. For information contact Sharon Green.

Evening Computer Group – meets at 7.30pm on the 2nd Monday of each month. For information contact Dave Boyce.

DNA Evening Group – meets at 7.30pm on the 1st Tuesday of each month. For information contact Sharon Green.

DNA Day Group – meets at 1.00pm on the 1st Monday of each month. For information contact Peter Tuck or Sharon Green.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Membership with Electronic Journal:

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Single – \$25.00

Membership with Printed Journal:

Family (2 people) – \$35.00

Single – \$30.00

A \$5.00 joining fee applies to all new and lapsed memberships.

Fees should be paid to the Treasurer prior to the November AGM each year.

PUBLISHING This journal is issued quarterly to members. Items for inclusion should be submitted to the Editor by 16 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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Published Quarterly by Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group Inc. Printing by allBIZ Printing, Lonsdale, SA