



Relative Thoughts

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Quarterly Journal of the Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group Inc.



Above: Mouth of Onkaparinga River and cliffs

Below: Cliffs and Coastline from Maslin Beach Carpark

Photos courtesy of Tara Keen



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PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Greetings to you all, this is our second *Relative Thoughts* while we have been in 'lock down'. My thoughts are with you all and I do hope this finds you all well. Now that the winter has descended upon us, being at home is now a warmer place to be and safe. It is hard to believe that the last activity for the Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group was the Resource Room opening and the DNA workshop on Wednesday 4 March, our last General Meeting was 15 February.

During this time there have been many things which have changed and impacted on our lives. For some members the loss of partners – to both Di Roberts and Heather Leske we are thinking of you and your families. To other members the inability to visit loved ones in nursing homes or in their homes during this time has also been distressing. The regular celebrations and gatherings also looked much different this year, Easter – no picnics or family get-togethers, Mother's Day – lots of flowers sent this year and Anzac Day when we assembled on our driveway with neighbours instead of attending a service at a Memorial.

If your diary and calendar was suddenly marked 'cancelled', I hope you have been able to fill your days with some interesting activities. Bunnings (order and drive by pick up was a good way to go I believe), the DIY stores and gardening centres have also been busy. If you started a veggie patch I do hope you will soon be eating your produce or new hens are laying their eggs for you. As the seasons are changing there will be more chores to be done both in the house and garden; ie pruning the roses coming up!

Although there have been no activities where we could meet as groups there have been activities happening in the background. Many thanks to Ros for keeping us up to date with websites to research, family searching etc to do. Sharon has also been busy updating computers and also offered to do research for anyone who need some answers to those never ending queries we have when piecing our family tree together. Also thank you to Lynette for keeping our financial business up to date as well as to Peter who has conducted DNA groups via his computer, Pam and Heather for their work on the Website and computers. The Committee has also been contributing to my seemingly endless emails re the current conditions and how this will impact upon us.

There is forward planning for our Group to be considered. Probably the one which we all are looking forward to is the reopening of our meetings.

The AGM which is held in November –

Constitution 10.1.2 The Office Bearers of The Group shall be the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be elected, as well as the ordinary Committee Members, by Members at the AGM.

The President and Treasurer are to retire in even years and the Vice President and Secretary are to retire in odd years.

(Office Bearers' terms are for two years, and Ordinary Committee Members' terms are for a one year period with an optional one year extension without re-election.)

Please consider being a part of the management of the Fleurieu Peninsula Family History Group and lead it into 2021 and beyond.

Communication with the Church has been ongoing. As with all groups/businesses there is a chain of organisation. Our return to the Church is being led by the Synod of the Uniting Church, the leaders of the Uniting Church at Noarlunga. There have not been any direct instructions as to how and when we can resume our activities. We have been advised we are required to submit a COVID-19 Recovery Plan to the Church for our Group. As soon as we are able to meet as a Committee we will put this Plan together and be able to advise you of the conditions we can meet with.

There have been some notices of openings – if you plan to take an advantage of some of these please check the conditions that have been put into place for this to happen. Limited numbers and limited access times in premises may involve making a booking – please check and stay safe.

For us our calendar of speakers and activities was an exciting one for 2020, the cancelled/postponed speakers we are hoping to reschedule for 2021. For all who enjoy the activities in May for the History Festival: May 2021 will be eagerly looked forward to. During August (National Family History Month) we had planned an Expo (*Footprints Across the Fleurieu and Beyond*) which was to share resources with the many other Groups which are based on the Fleurieu. This has been postponed and we plan to recommence our planning when social conditions allow for larger groups of people to meet safely. We will keep you updated on this activity.

As the re-opening of South Australia begins we can move forward – albeit slowly. The Committee and I thank you for your continuing support and look forward to sharing times together again soon.

Joy Nieass
President

The following Committee Positions become vacant in November.

President	Treasurer
Committee—Membership Officer	Committee—Journal Editor
Committee—Webmaster	Committee Member
Committee—Speaker Coordinator	Committee Member

Nomination forms will be forwarded later in the year.

COVID 19 UPDATE

We have been advised by the Uniting Church and the Synod, that the Hall will not be available for use before Term 4 – so we are hopefully of being able to resume meetings in the Hall from October 2020. An alternate venue has been sourced to enable the Group to meet in August and September. Details are in the Upcoming Speakers on Page 32.

First and foremost is the health and safety of our members.

We have developed a Covid 19 Safety Plan, to show how we will meet the requirements as set out by the Government.

As we resume meetings in 2020, there are several changes that will occur:

- Members will all need to enter and exit through one entry point
- Members will be required to use hand sanitiser upon entry
- Members will need to sign an attendance record (which will be kept for 14 days)
- Seating will be in accordance with social distancing requirements.
- Attendance numbers will be in accordance with the number of people allowed in the space of the hall
- There will be NO trading table
- Afternoon tea – disposable cups (or bring your own), individual packets of biscuits
- AGM will be a meeting only. Members will be invited to bring their own personal lunch.
- General meetings for the remainder of 2020 will have no guest speakers.

If you are unwell you are asked NOT to attend meetings.

We look forward to seeing you at the meeting in August.

**Joy Nieass
President**

MEMBERSHIP FEES 2021

Due to the extenuating circumstances of 2020, the Executive Committee have made the decisions to reduce membership fees for renewing members. **The reduced fees apply ONLY to renewals for the year 2021.**

Revised Fees:

\$10	Single Membership
\$15	Family Membership
\$5	Printed Journal

Members are reminded that the financial year ends on 31 October.

Members must be financial before the AGM, Saturday 21 November.

Non-financial members may not vote, nominate or stand for committee positions,
and are NOT covered by FPFHG Insurance

Please ensure your membership subscription is paid before the AGM.

Reminder: There is a \$5.00 rejoining fee payable for any membership not paid by
28 February.

**Your renewal membership form is included with your Journal. If you receive an
email journal, the renewal form will be posted to you.**

**The completed form must be returned to the Membership Officer (irrespective of
how you pay your fees).**

WWI LOVE LETTERS by Heather Boyce

This is one of a set of beautiful love letters passed down through my family, written in the trenches on the Western Front in World War One to our Great Aunt. The soldier who wrote them was a South Australian, of Irish/English descent, and his sweetheart was also born here, of English parents. As you will see, he thought she was wonderful but was very concerned about being from a different social class to her; such things mattered in those days.

After the war he came home and proposed to her but she didn't want to marry, she wanted to stay single, keep studying and have a career. She did just that, had an illustrious career, and yet she kept his letters all her life. I'm still researching their story and am trying to establish whether Arthur has any living descendants, so the names have been changed and I've edited things just a little to remove any personal information.

Heather Boyce

Somewhere in France
29/6/1917

My dear Matilda

I received your two very welcome letters dated April 15th and 30th together and enjoyed your description of what must have been a very jolly walking tour, the only drawback being that I wanted to be there too. I have not been to Kangarilla but have been to Clarendon by drag and to Blackwood by train. All of us here look very eagerly in the home papers for the pictures showing the SA girls whom we feel are the sweetest and most beautiful in the whole world (and of course we are now globe trotters don't you know). Please excuse the pencil and the writing, it is the knee pad I am using. Thanks for the socks you can keep on sending me them please for if I do not really need them, and I always have up till now, I want you to remember that I feel it is a great privilege to wear those made by yourself and it will help me to walk more faithfully in the right track, the thoughts of such a girl as you are, thinking of me, makes my heart beat quicker and takes away some of the agony and pain of absence from home and loved ones. Thanks for the snapshots they are great and I treasure them all up.

Five of the boys in my section were killed together in action, two more wounded previously leaving one of my lads and myself. I had been detailed to remain behind in charge of a party who were to rest their nerves from shell shock and did not see what happened. It is an awful business and breaks the heart. Oh remember it means a great deal for me to write in the beaten track and to keep to the resolve which we determined upon in the quiet of S.A. In the awful stress and strain of this awful work I want to feel that a sweet and true girl loves me, God knows how much I need that, I have never known it yet in my whole life and my heart is quite broken over it, and somehow I feel I cannot be worthy of such a great and wonderful boon. I have written numberless love letters which I know would have stirred your heart but

have destroyed them, for believe me I will always endeavour to place your truest happiness first at whatever cost to myself.

The trees are simply wonderful here the trunks are covered with small branches and shoot upwards to a great height, the avenues are very fine arching and overhanging at the top most branches completely shutting out the sky above. The balloons outline our front moving to and fro with the wind, aircraft on patrol and observation, with battle planes seeking the enemy, the roar of guns, the smell of gas, the rattle of machine guns, and crash of shell fire, wounded, the dying and the dead, the exhaustion of heavy work, wear and tear of nerves, until they break, and men cry as little children, cursing and swearing, sleepless days and hunger and thirst, these are our daily portion with the heart break of comrades lost with the horror of war which can never be written to those at home. We are all trying to win through to victory and take courage as we think of our loved ones far away. Try and write as often as you can as I always look forward to them.

With kindest regards,

Faithfully yours

Arthur

FINDING MY THIRD COUSIN by Kerry Edwards

In 2019 I had my own “ISO” (self-isolation) because of an operation on each of my feet to fuse joints because of arthritis. In the first three month stint at home (left foot) I decided to delve a bit deeper into *Ancestry DNA* and contacted several more-distant matches.

On 21 May there was a man, whom *Ancestry* said was my 4th to 6th cousin but who was actually my 3rd cousin (hence the title of this article). Until then I’d only tried much closer matches but I was up for a challenge and I had plenty of time off work. This man sent a message back saying not only that he’s adopted but that there is an embargo preventing him from making contact with his birth mother. So a greater challenge than I expected!

I looked at our shared DNA matches and could see he was on my dad’s line, which halved my research, but it still meant thousands of possibilities. Google shows for a 4th cousin match we share 1,570 family members and for a 6th cousin it’s 174,000! I checked our shared matches and researched each of the shared connections to try to narrow this down. For some of these family members I already had a lot of details but some didn’t reply back to me or they did reply back but we couldn’t find our match.

We exchanged direct contact details and he sent me his adoption paperwork, which gave his birth mother’s name but not his birth father. Luckily, my mother Marcelle was able to find her birth (the adopted man’s birth mother) and her parents, as it was just before the cut-off date for privacy by one year. His mother’s parents had passed away so their records were publicly available and I could see their details in *Ancestry*. Eventually we put together the adopted man’s maternal line going back five generations. However, none of these newly found family members matches my family tree. So our DNA connect must be through his

birth father. Attempts to locate his birth mother showed she was married and still living, if we had the right details. However, because of the adoption embargo we were not allowed to contact her! Then it was time for me to go back to work.

A couple of months later I had the second operation (right foot) which meant another three months off work. Married friends visited and I told them this story. The wife has a friend from the same town as the birth mother. The friend is in close touch with others from the same town so asked around and found a woman who had worked with the birth mother in the year before the adopted man was born! She passed on the name of the birth mother's boyfriend at the time and bingo! We had a surname match with the records I already held but it was a 3rd cousin. So that couldn't be right, could it? *Ancestry DNA* had said 4th to 6th cousin.

I decided to follow up that line of my family to see where it would lead. At the very least they were family members of my family tree, if not of the adopted man's line. I got in touch with that town's local family history group by email and when they rang me and said what they had, I knew we had the connection we were looking for. Only we had to wait as they only post, not email. We had the information sent to the adopted man so he had original copies, and he scanned and emailed me the records. We had found the connection we were looking for and the father's line fell into place. But they didn't have contact information for him so how do we get in touch?

After researching a bit more on this line I was able to get in touch with an older relation from the same town but couldn't find a phone number or email address so had to post a letter. Luckily she was at the same address and I had a quick reply from an enthusiastic relation with lots of information about her line and other family members. I got in touch with them and have exchanged information on how we're connected but not on the adopted man.

We planned a holiday for July to visit and exchange details but then Covid-19 hit and we had to cancel. So for now, we're back to "ISO".

Kerry Edwards



DNA by Suzanne Schutt

DNA

By Suzanne Schutt

I delve back in history to solve the mystery,
through time and space and so much history
To find long lost ancestors and where they came from,
to see the land from where I belong.
What stories would I find, would my ancestors be cruel or kind
Rich poor or somewhere in between until research is all done,
it remains to be seen

I find names with no faces and explore faraway places
Uncles, aunties, nephews and nieces,
a giant jigsaw with so many missing pieces.
What did they do, why did they go, from country to country.
I may never know

From Ireland to Scotland then back again,
families travelled for work and hoped for some gain.
Cornwall, Devon then on to England,
my ancestors moved to many a new land.

Long hours spent researching, then DNA testing
Helps solve a mystery, lost way back in history
So many family members, that no one remembers
Stories of love and then so much sadness,
sweethearts torn apart in the wars of madness.

So I have combed the world thinking I was the last,
in the line of a family lost in the past
I have opened a door and found cousins galore.
Now the ghosts of the past have spoken to me - at last
With stories of life not unlike our own,
working hard to survive and just have a home.
Wonderful stories passed down through all generations,
stretching across the land and so many nations

DNA testing from all data collected,

Proves just one thing-

We all are connected.

HOW CHRISTIES BEACH GOT ITS NAME

by Lynette Gibson

Twins Alexander and Maxwell Christie were born to William and Ann, nee Maxwell on 6 December 1814 in Edinburgh Scotland. Alexander married Ann Dowie on 26 December 1838 while Maxwell married Ann Gilchrist on 11 December 1838.

The twins and their wives departed Edinburgh on 3 January 1839 aboard the *Sir Charles Forbes* arriving in South Australia on 7 June of that year. At that time land was for sale at one pound per acre with a section of 80 acres entitling the buyer to a town acre as a bonus. Alexander thus purchased 80 acres in section 93 in district B (Black Forrest) with the town acre being in Hindley Street and his brother buying his 80 acres on section 90 in district B. Alexander also purchased land in 1848 in the Glenelg area calling his farm Woodside and by 1841 had a good pise (rammed earth) home with stockyards, grew potatoes, owned six cattle, while depending on his neighbour's water from a well.

Alexander stayed on his section, and as well in July 1856 he purchased Section 103 in the Hundred of Waitpinga being 115 acres in Cape Jervis and again in September of the same year he became the owner of section 102, which was 77 acres. In January 1858 he bought 31 acres at Delamere.

Alexander and Ann had in all thirteen children with one named Margaret dying at 14 months in 1853 being buried at St Mary's churchyard Edwardstown. Around 1855 the family shifted to land at Stockyards (Glenburn then Delamere). On 12 May 1858 the ninth child, Lambert Ferris Bowden Christie was born. Four more children followed with the last two being twins arriving in May 1865. As well as farming Alexander had the mail run to Kangaroo Island.

Lambert attended the Cape Jervis school erected on the corner of his father's property and aged thirteen, having finished his education there he became a blacksmith. He worked on Kangaroo Island assisting his father with the mail run, then at Laura and finally returned to Second Valley where he married Rosa Grundy in June 1889. They had three children while living there before purchasing a farm 'Dalebrook' on the creek now called Christie Creek. It is here that Lambert took up farming wheat, barley and oats. Five more children were born.

The children were initially taught by a governess, then to the Reynella school where they travelled by horse and trap. The younger ones in the family attended the Morphett Vale school and as it did not go beyond primary school Rosa shifted to Kensington Park in 1911 so that some of the children could attend Norwood High School. Lambert continued farming with his eldest son Leslie and with daughters Dulcie and Dorothy as housekeepers.

Lambert took an active part in local affairs being a councillor for the Morphett Vale District Council and from 1904-1909 he was chairman. He was also the president of the Literary Society, which held competitions in recitals, piano playing and vocal items in both junior and senior sections. Lambert and his younger sons worked the farm until 1932 when it was sold and the land south of the creek was sub divided and became known as Christies Beach. The rest was sold to Clem Dyson who in turn sold it to the Housing Trust in the 1950s.



Back row; Lesley, Dorothy, Reginald, Eric, Kathleen

Front row; Horace, Rosa, Len, Lambert, Dulcie

Lambert went to live with his daughter Dulcie and her husband Ernest Edwin Hunt of 'Orari Stud on Beach Road Christies Beach where there is Hunt Crescent, Christies Avenue and Lambert Avenue all adjoining each other. Lambert died on 5 July 1934 and is buried at Scot's Church

Morphett Vale with Rosa dying at Pt Noarlunga in May 1950.



Lambert's father, Alexander and his wife continued to live at Cape Jervis, farming and doing the mail run to Kangaroo Island. He died on 27 February 1883 aged 68 years. He was fishing out from the lighthouse when the weather changed. He headed into a channel but his boat capsized on a reef with Alexander sustaining critical injuries. His plight was seen from on shore and help reached him within minutes but he died at the scene. Ann, his wife died on 19 January 1890 aged 76 and both are buried in the Bullaparinga cemetery near Delamere.



Sources

The Christies Families Histories by Kathleen Mitchell
Goin' to Christies by Fae Gadd
 Australia BDM Index

Lynette Gibson

TOGETHER by Florence Stopps

TOGETHER

By Florence Stopps

When the hill gets high and the road too long,
Your thoughts may begin to wane.
This is the time to stop and think,
Where can I find my confidence again

Just look around and find a mate
Who may be thinking the same as you.
And together you will seek another way:
You will find more strength when there are two.

Encourage your mate to find the will,
In return they will do the same.
Together you will conquer a longer road,
And the hill will be easier to tame.

Success is measured by little steps:
Celebrate each one every day.
But take a rest when the needs arise –
We all proceed in a different way.

© Florence Stopps 2018

DISASTER RESPONDERS by Florence Stopps

DISASTER RESPONDERS

By Florence Stopps

They are the Emergency Responders,
Wherever the need is they go.
Whether fire, sea, tornado landslide,
Volcano, floods, caving or snow.

All are experts from many countries,
Travelling anytime, anywhere, worldwide.
They take much of the kit that is needed,
Working as one team, side-by-side.

No matter how long the work takes,
Or how treacherous the conditions may be.
Rest assured they will try every avenue,
Rescuing those in peril on land or at sea.

The world is most grateful to have them,
And appreciate the risks that they take.
Many times they work in great danger –
Risking their own life for a stranger's sake.

Let's remember the injured and lost rescuers,
Who selflessly gave health or were lost.
Remember the friends and their families -
Who will bear the terrible, ultimate cost.

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BETTY'S MEMORIES by Cheryl Williss

During the Covid lock-down, I have enjoyed working from home, focusing on the task at hand without distractions and attending the occasional Zoom meeting. I was also able to take some leave, providing me with the long-awaited opportunity to complete my book on the history of the maternal side of my family, which I have dedicated to the memory of my Nan and Pa, Clementina Goldfinch and William Staker. Nan was born in the Yorke Peninsula town of Curramulka. Pa was born in Silverton, NSW.

My mother Betty was born here in Adelaide in 1926. The following is an extract of her early memories, written several years before she died. I have included them in my book, a copy of which will be donated to our FPFHG library.

Cheryl Williss

My mum, Clementina, only went to school until she was about 12. Her teacher asked her one day why she was absent from school the day before. Mum told her that she had to look after her younger sister Violet. The teacher said, 'Well bring her to school with you', and so that was just what she did the very next day.

After only limited schooling it was astonishing how she kept the greengrocery books and I never discovered misspelt words in all the letters she wrote to me when we lived in Whyalla. I cannot remember her reading a book, yet she taught herself to sew. I did too, but I always had patterns to help me.

My sister Phyllis had lessons at 'the School of Minds'. She sewed for many weddings and important people, including TV celebrities.

Apparently, Mum had lovely long hair tied at the back in a roll. It is not known why she had it cut off. Some say Dad wanted her to, but I don't believe that because he talked about her long hair many times. Phyllis and I believe that she may have had it cut off and sold. Their income would have been very low at that time.

After they married, they shifted from Yorke Peninsula to Broken Hill, where Dad worked in the mines. There were strikes all the time and Mum took in sewing to help out. Once, the miners were on strike for two years, so things must have been very difficult.

Next, Mum's dad heard of a shop for rent in Compton Street in Adelaide, near the market, and he lent them £85 to buy the greengrocery business. I can remember Mum telling me about it. I often wondered how she managed. The greengrocer shop was open seven days a week. She told me she had a banana crate in their bedroom for a dressing table, and that she always waited for Saturday to see if they had enough money for a leg of mutton for a weekend roast – or sausages again.

They didn't have very good scales and when she managed to buy new ones and the landlord came in for his weekly rent, he said, 'Business is looking up' and increased the rent. That is when they moved to the Hilton Road shop. This I believe started them on a better life. How did Mum manage? Phyllis was born at the city shop and me at the Hilton shop with Auntie

Glad's assistance. Mum went on managing the shop, sewing all our clothes. Dad went to the market for vegetables and fruit twice a week, and Mum looked after the shop, buying in sweets, drinks and ice-cream.

We lived in two bedrooms behind the shop, plus a large room for eating and a lounge with a wood fire. The bathroom was off from the lounge, with a big bath. A very tiny kitchen with a little table, and the toilet was next to it, with cut up newspaper. We had the job of cutting it.

As soon as the bell rang in the shop Mum would go flying up the passage, serve the customer, then come back to go on with her chores. I often wonder how she managed to cook, sew, clean, garden, and answer the bell in the shop so many times whilst doing all these.

I can remember a big horse was kept right down the backyard. He had white fluffy fur above his feet. I can't remember a cart, but I guess there was one as Dad must have used the horse and cart to go to the market for fruit and vegetables for our shop. The horse was called 'Trooper'. I don't remember that; Phyllis told me.

I remember our 1924 Chevrolet car. Dad called it 'The What-ho' as when we got a lorry (van) for the round, that was always breaking down and 'The What-ho' had to tow it home. 'The What-ho' was the name of a tug that used to tow liners into the wharves at Outer Harbor and Port Adelaide.

Every year before I started school, Mum and I used to have a week's holiday at Port Elliot. Dad would drive us down there at the weekend and come back for us the next weekend. Every day we would walk down to the beach and sit in one of the inlets. Mum used to use the rocks for a back rest, and she would do her crocheting. I made sandcastles with my bucket and spade. I can remember this as clear as can be and I was probably four years old. We stayed at the same guesthouse where Graham and I stayed on our honeymoon.

I think that Phyllis and I must have been the prettiest little girls in Sunday School, with pleated skirts and crocheted jumpers and patent shoes. Mum insisted we had good shoes and bras when we were teenagers. The bras were awful, with straps three to four centimetres wide.

I remember Mum taking me to town on the tram to buy a hat perhaps, or maybe an overcoat or shoes. We would go to Balfours for a cup of tea and a cake. But it would be Mum who would stay in the shop while Dad took us to the Adelaide Show or to the circus when it was in town.

I can remember always wanting to be a mum like my mum. I can't remember her ever yelling at us.

Dad taught me all my cheeky things and spoilt me. He used to take me for lots of rides on his shoulders. He said 'bugger' so often that I don't think he realised he had said it. I guess he learnt plenty of that working in the mines when he was only 12 years old. Lo and behold though if we said a 'naughty' word, he would chase us with his razor strap. He somehow never seemed to catch us. He fell over the clothes prop chasing me once.

I remember that we were not allowed to read *The Advertiser*, so Dad would put it on top of the dresser, but Phyllis used to climb onto a chair to reach it. That wasn't much good to me, I couldn't read much then.

Dad would go fishing at Outer Harbor in the summer with my Uncle Syd – when the boat managed to go. In winter he went to the football. He had a habit of placing some sweets in the top pocket of his suit for football. Mum had a habit of placing mothballs in that same pocket. A real mix-up at one exciting football match.

Alongside our shop at Hilton, there was a grocer, comic shop, a butcher, fish and chips shop, and a second-hand goods shop. They were all there for years and everyone was friends with each other. Only the grocer had a friend for me. His name was Eric and I used to play games with him, such as snakes and ladders. When it was time to go home, Dad would tap on the wall for me.

Dad went to the market twice each week. But he seemed to spend a lot of the time sitting on the floor of the shop while mum did her chores and dashed up to the shop [at the front] when the bell rang.

[When I started school] Dad took me to school on his bike after the first day and home again, until one day he forgot me. I walked home on my own and found him sitting on the floor talking to a customer. From then on, I walked to school with Phyllis and then home on my own. Phyllis walked awfully fast though.

I am sure Dad was the most popular guy in Hilton. I don't know why – he just was.

I was paid one shilling a week pocket money, and I would bank threepence. The bank man called at school and collected it and stamped the bank books. It would cost sixpence to go to the pictures on Saturdays. It was a rush to have lunch, a bath and walk to Thebarton. I could spend a penny at the pictures and buy a Laurel and Hardy comic costing twopence.

When I was 13, I asked for a raise, so my pocket money became 1/3 and I banked sixpence instead of threepence.

There was an epidemic of polio when I was in Grade VI, and it was very scary, although I think the parents were more panicky than the children. I remember when there were birthday parties to go to, we all had to take a tablet, but I can't say what it was. There were no antibiotics back then.

Every Saturday morning Mum would give Phyllis and me a dose of castor oil in orange juice – the solution for all things as far as Mum was concerned. If the bell rang, Mum would have to go, so I would drink Phyllis's as well as my own, because she didn't like it. Needless to say, I can't even lick an oily spoon now.

Mum's other remedy for tummy pains was brandy in a medicine glass with warm water and sugar. I thought that okay too.

A couple more that I remember: we were not allowed to walk barefoot – we would get a chill; we were not allowed to wash our hair or go swimming during the monthly time - again we would get a chill.

Well we did grow up to be fit and well.

I was in Grade VII when World War Two was declared in 1939. My favourite uncle, Cyril, Mum's brother, was a warrant officer in the Australian Army. I wrote to him regularly and knitted lots of socks for him.

We were lucky living in South Australia as really our biggest problem was coping with rationing. Clothes, some food, petrol and cigarettes are some I remember. People used to swap their coupons around. Dad would get our butter coupons and we would get his clothes. If we were over 5 feet or 8 stone, we collected extra clothes coupons at High School. I was ½ inch under 5 feet, but the Headmaster said I was over 8 stone (I didn't like him saying that).

Mum made my dresses so that probably helped me a lot. When I started work in 1943, I needed new clothes as I wore a uniform to school. I remember that one dress was a two-panelled pattern, plain blue and blue floral, left over from one of Mum's dresses. I liked it the best and that is the only one I remember, but I know I had four dresses for work.

Some of our customers gave me coupons too. We also got petrol for our round.

My working days were during the war years. I worked for the Adelaide Electricity Supply Co. Its name has changed many times since then. It was in a building next to Scots Church on North Terrace. I was the Mail Girl in the Meter Section. We sent out the accounts and I had to use a franking machine to send them without a stamp. It also recorded the postage incurred and I had to check my calculations with its result. This is when the boys helped.

Three lads started working at the same time as me. Their job was to collect the mail from all the departments. We were all buddies and I went to the pictures with each of them during the time. I can remember two names, Bill and Colin. It's just come to me – the other one was John. The three of them joined the Navy and when they visited during leave, we all made a fuss of them.

The American soldiers came to Adelaide next and two of my friends really got involved with one each. They were sure that they would come back for them after the war. One didn't and one did. They later married and lived in Newcastle.

My excitement was sitting in the pictures with Bill holding my hand and me holding a box of chocolates on my lap. The boys wouldn't take a girl out if they couldn't afford to buy her a box of chocolates.

I left work on my 18th birthday to take Mum's place in the shop as she was having a bad time with her arthritis. I would have got 4 shillings extra and would have started paying tax of 2/- if I had stayed at work. Mum paid me £1.10.0, but the 10/- she kept for Board. I was able to save, as all I spent was 3/- a week to have my hair blown into waves – the rest I spent on my Glory Box.

The shop had a window right across the front, divided into halves. One side was dressed by Nestles or Cadburys. My job was to dress the other with fruit and vegetables. I had to shine the apples before climbing into the back of the window. When there were no customers around, I would sit on a box behind the counter, knitting socks for Uncle Cyril, and writing letters to my boyfriend, Graham. I kept a bowl of water, soap, and towel under the counter to wash my hands after weighing up potatoes.

We had jars of white peppermints, boiled lollies etc on the top shelf. There was a 'half-penny tray' for the children. I had to lift it on to the counter for them to make their choice. Even I used to take a long time when I was small.

There was a big refrigerator with about eight doors. We kept bottles of drinks and butter in

it. The ice cream was kept in a big drum in the centre of a big box-like container, and ice was poured onto each side of it. We sold ice blocks too. I'm not sure if they were kept in this or the refrigerator.

We had a cellar in the shop, a rather scary thing. It had a big door about 1.5 metres high, then steps leading down to an awfully dark hole. We did have electric light in it. Bottles of drinks were kept down there and in the hot weather tomatoes were also kept in it to keep them fresh.

When we shifted to our house in Richmond, we kept the shop and let the rooms at the back. We kept the first room and I used that to teach myself to sew, in between serving in the shop. We had a bell on the shop door. I made myself satin underclothes for my honeymoon. I rode my bike to and from home.

NEW GENEALOGY PROJECT by Jan Lokan



The South Australian Genealogy and Heraldry Society (SAGHS, or Genealogy SA)'s major project to develop a database of Cornish-born South Australians (CBSA) was officially launched on Friday 22 May. SAGHS already has large

databases of early German and early Irish immigrants to our State, each with over 20,000 entries, and is now turning its attention to immigrants from Cornwall. Cornish settlers were vital to the development of SA in its first 50 years, especially in mining but also in helping to open up our agricultural frontiers.

To be eligible for the database a person must have been **born in Cornwall before 1900** and have travelled to South Australia – even if they eventually went elsewhere, for example to a gold rush. Or perhaps the person was born in Cornwall and went elsewhere, for example Victoria, before eventually settling here. SAGHS would like to receive data about anyone who fits these criteria. Please visit the Genealogy SA website, <genealogysa.org.au>, where you will find a data collection form, instructions on how to fill it in and some illustrative examples of what is needed. Once the Covid-19 restrictions are over, printed copies of all of these will be available from the SAGHS Library, at 201 Unley Road, if you don't have access to a computer or prefer to hand-write your responses and/or don't have a printer at hand.

You will note from the project's information that, as well as data on the Cornish-born person, data on their family and the families of their first generation children are being collected for the database. CASA encourages you take part in this very worthy project, which is being managed by PPFHG member Jan Lokan. A few Fleurieu members helped in the genesis of the project by filling in the first trial version of the survey last year – a big thank you from SAGHS to those members.

Jan Lokan

VICTORIA CELEBRATES THEIR CORNISH PIONEERS TOO

by Jan Lokan

I, and others, have written in the recent past about the Kernewek Lowender (Cornish Festival, KL for short) that is celebrated on South Australia's Copper Coast every second year. This festival has brought many thousands of visitors to Yorke Peninsula each time and has been held continuously since 1973. It makes sense for South Australia to host these, said to be the largest festivals honouring Cornish settlers in the world, as we have more than twice the number of people descended from Cornish emigrants than any other Australian State or Territory.

In the 'off' years when KL isn't held, there have at times been festivals in New South Wales and/or Victoria. This year, 2020, is one of those years. Luckily, given the ubiquitous Covid-19 lockdowns across Australia from mid-March, St Piran's Day, Cornwall's 'national' day, falls on 5 March and Ballarat's St Piran's Festival was held, together with its Begonia Festival, from 5 to 8 March. The Cornish Association of Victoria (CAV) invited members of other Cornish associations across the country to join them in this celebration.

Some of us from CASA, including Keith and me, travelled across by car to enjoy the CAV's hospitality. Usually, I am involved in organising things at KL and so I very much appreciated my no-responsibilities participation in the events in and near Ballarat. The photos I've included illustrate some highlights: a flag-raising in downtown Ballarat on St Piran's day itself (we haven't succeeded yet in having one raised in Adelaide, but we will keep trying); an excursion to the mining area of Creswick where many Cornish went after gold was discovered (it is also home to the Creswick knitting mills, these days usually packed with Chinese tourists but not so this year); and a Bardic ceremony in the Botanic Gardens on the shores of Lake Wendouree, on a very windy day. Australia has almost 50 living Bards, many of whom are now too elderly to travel, but 21 made it to Ballarat, a respectable number (only about 25–28 come to KL).

Here are the bards (I'm in the middle with sunglasses on – forgot to take them off):



Unfortunately, though, our CASA banner, being transported by our secretary Noel Carthew, didn't make it and neither did Noel, as his car was damaged in a collision near Bordertown. The Bardic ceremony traditionally involves eight girls performing a delicate 'flower dance', signalling the beginning of spring in the northern hemisphere. Two of the dancers, from the congregation of the Skipton St Methodist (now Uniting) church

in Ballarat, are seated in the foreground. The church, a lovely and simple structure in blue-stone, dates from 1862 and was the venue for many events in the Ballarat festival. The Bardic ceremony is held entirely in the old Cornish language, including several traditional songs, the same ones each time, with harp accompaniment.

In the photo are Derek Trewarne (Victoria), and South Australians Margaret Johnson and myself, leading the singing.



An interesting feature of Creswick was a visit to their historic cemetery, which has a large number of graves of Cornish people who went to that area to mine gold. To find these graves, one heads to the large Methodist section of the cemetery. We were given a list to help us locate them, and the locals had tied yellow and black ribbons (Cornwall's colours) on each of them to show that we'd arrived at one. The headstone in the photo is for a family named Harris.



About 50 Cornish descendants (and some partners) gathered near the Ballarat Town Hall for the flag raising ceremony on the median strip nearby (not on the Town Hall itself). Cornish tartan was plentiful, on hats, kilts and scarves, as were the black and yellow colours on sweaters and rugby tops. We received some curious looks from locals walking down the street. The disappointing part of it was that it was an almost windless day – the best time to see the black and white of the Cornish flag was as it was being fixed to the flagpole! For the rest of the day, it hung like a limp rag. All in all, a great festival though – the CAV ‘did the Cornish proud’.

Thanks to Brian Evans (Morphett Vale) and Arthur Coates (Ballarat) for providing the photographs.

Jan Lokan



BEING RESILIENT by Florence Stopps

What is that old saying about “ the best laid plans of ...”

On 18 April 2020 would be my beloved grandson Alex's 21st birthday. I had long ago decided that I would make him one of my well known large 'Goody boxes', so early in the new year I bought a large beautiful decorative gift box and began collecting. However on seeing all the work that was being done by so many first responder organisations helping with the bush fires I decided that on their return I would make up a big 'Goody box' for each of the five local organisations and NHS A/E. I wrote a special 'Thankyou poem' for each group, and colour coordinated boxes and matching ribbons in their colours. It was a joy to see their surprised and delighted faces when I delivered them. The last box was collected from me on shut-down day. I treasure the photos some took of us with the boxes. The poems are now on their web sites.

How can I finish Alex's box now I am in lockdown? I cannot go out to buy a birthday card so must make one myself. I wrote two poems which I typed on attractive paper and inserted into card which was adorned with stick on coloured numbers and calligraphy. He was delighted with it. While part of his gift was money from myself and his late beloved Pa, I had wanted to give him something different and special. Alex and his father (my son) had recently done DNA tests with *Ancestry* so I knew he was interested in his origins (I think he hoped that he had Viking ancestors!). I already had a lovely display card with cut outs for photos and made it into a gallery of six generations of his ancestors going back 250 years. I typed a list of their names and dates of birth and death and put it in one side of the photos and framed it. (I found the oldest ancestor's photos in a book in the local history section of the UK library and was able to buy a copy from the authors. It contained a huge amount of information and photos of my ancestors. (Always check out the local library's local history section – it is a goldmine of information).

I had also purchased a book in which I could record my life story which I completed and added many more family photos and stories of our family worldwide. In addition I made Alex another book which I titled *Poetry in the Family* with many poems written by his great grandmother Stopps, his father (my son), and myself. The poems from his great grandmother were in her handwriting which I photocopied and also retyped and added photos and stories. These were all packed individually and added to his 'goody box'. Unfortunately I could not deliver it myself and see him receive it but was assured that the whole family was greatly surprised and delighted, spending many hours learning about their widespread huge family.



We do not need to be bored at this time. While I have not done much of my family recording I have completed the first of these sets of packages which I will also make for my granddaughter and both sons. In addition I have written many more poems which are being displayed on web sites in Australia and UK.

Florence Stopps

FELLOWSHIP OF FIRST FLEETERS



The Fellowship of First Fleeters is an organisation comprised of descendants of those who arrived in Sydney Cove with the First Fleet on 26 January 1788. The Fellowship was formed in 1968.

THE FELLOWSHIP

The Fellowship has its headquarters in First Fleet House' at 105 Cathedral Street, Woolloomooloo, an historic section of Sydney and has established a number of Chapters throughout Australia with meetings and events to encourage an ongoing interest in Australian history. Chapter news and activities are published in our bi-monthly magazine, *Founders*.

Typical example of a brass plaque



An important activity of the Fellowship is the location and identification of First Fleeter graves. A bronze plaque is attached to the tombstone (where possible) and an unveiling ceremony held.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership is open to anyone who can prove that he or she is a descendant of someone who arrived at Sydney Cove, New South Wales, with the First Fleet on 26 January 1788.

Associate membership is open to the spouse or partner of a First Fleet descendant.

Friend membership from anyone interested in later convict and free settler arrivals or in the social and family history of colonial times is also welcomed.

CONTACT DETAILS

First Fleet House, 105 Cathedral St.

WOOLLOOMOOLOO NSW 2011

Phone: (02) 9360 3788

Web address: www.fellowshipfirstfleeters.org.au

Email General Enquiries: fffaus@optusnet.com.au

Email Membership: membershipfff@optusnet.com.au



**Fellowship of
First Fleeters**

To live on in the hearts
and minds of descendants
is never to die

FLOUR MILL, OLD NOARLUNGA by Ruth Ashley Hall

The article I have compiled below combines a Fleurieu Peninsula early business/landmark with my relative's employment and residence there in the 1840's. Plus a local incident, a shipwreck, for which the mill employees assisted in the salvage.

Also that relative purchased land nearby with the intention of pursuing farming; subsequently selling out to concentrate on the acquisition of the Hindmarsh flour mill.

I gave a presentation about Thomas Magarey to FPFHG in 2017, focussed on Thomas' career after his Noarlunga involvement. I particularly like the snapshot of Thomas's days at The Horseshoe that is provided by his Memoirs which have been carefully and proudly retained within the family.

'Flour Mills of Colonial South Australia' is my primary research interest – taking me across the state discovering where, when, who, how and why each flour mill had its existence.

Ruth Ashley Hall

At the 'Horseshoe', Old Noarlunga, a Flour Mill was established by May 1844 – just eight years after the colony of South Australia was proclaimed.

My great-great-grandfather, Thomas Magarey arrived in the colony in September 1845. After working at various labouring jobs he obtained work in his field of training – flour milling. He was employed as a stone-dresser at the mill at the 'Horseshoe' in March 1848 where he took his bride, Elizabeth (nee Verco) to live.

His 'Memoirs' record that *"the first difficulty was to get a house...An old man from Plymouth ... gave us his bakehouse. He kept a boarding house. He subsequently gave us a small place used as a stable. We went into it at once but soon put doors, windows and flag floor and pal-ing roof. It was all one room, but a screen made a separate bedroom. Here we lived for a year and a half."*

Their first child was born in that 'hut'.

"We lived very economically just for a few shillings a week. We purchased in quantity wheat at about 2/9 a bushel. We paid for the grinding, fed geese and fowls upon the bran. We bought a whole pig and salted it. The butcher only came once a week. Fish we bought from the blacks."

Thomas continues *"There happened about this time, October 1848, an accident with something of romance in a ship named 'Tigress' which was wrecked on the coast opposite the Horseshoe. I was confined to the mill during the day to take charge and let the other man go and assist but at night when the mill stopped, I went and remained with them all night on the beach. We feared the vessel would break up on the rocky shore but she held out till daylight until some brave fellows, whalers, tried to go out."*

"The mill owner bought portions of the cargo. I was employed some time with a tribe of aborigines who dived for us getting the stuff out of the ship's hold and up the steep cliffs so

that we could cart it away. One day a shark appeared amongst the divers. They gave one shout and cleared for the shore all but a good-natured black who was a most excellent diver worth any three of the others. ...I was sent to urge them to leave the fire and return to the water."

The newspapers of the day carried the following articles:-

"Shipwreck of the Tigress from Leith (SA Gazette & Mining Journal, 30 September 1848) We have to report the occurrence happily of unusual rarity in our waters, the shipwreck, and, it is feared, nearly total loss of the brig 'Tigress', from Leith bound to Port Adelaide and Port Philip, attended with the loss of two lives."

"Wreck of the Tigress By order of Lloyds Agent (South Australian, 17 October 1848) On Thursday next, at 11 for 12, October 19th on the Beach, to which a good road has been made two miles from the Horse Shoe.

Lot 1 The hull of the wreck of the Tigress with rigging, gear and materials

Lot 2 to 50 will consist of merchandise now hauled up on the shore, consisting of firebricks, timber, bags, books, etc."

Thomas Magarey recorded that he *"became the purchaser in October 1848 of one beautiful section overlooking the Gulf and within two miles of the Horseshoe. My brother had purchased the adjoining one. I had contemplated getting it ploughed and sown without giving up my situation for I now had charge of the mill."*

The S.A. Memorial Index of Land Transactions shows Thomas Magarey as the purchaser of a land grant, 21 September 1849, section 99 of Willunga, and his brother James Magarey acquired section 89 of 79 acres for 79 pounds. James sold his section for 100 pounds to William Grey in May 1852. Thomas sold his section at a similar date. The brothers, Thomas and James Magarey had entered into a contract with John Ridley in September 1851 to purchase his flour mill at Hindmarsh (the first flour mill established in the colony).

Thomas wrote *"It was not without great regret I gave up the idea of being a farmer, perhaps I only postponed it."*

Thomas succeeded in becoming a very successful miller in South Australia, and a great force in the pastoral industry in addition to being a member of State Parliament.

Sources:

The Memoirs of Thomas Magarey (held by various of the Magarey family)

Trove Digitised Newspapers website

Pastoral Pioneers of South Australia, pp 150-151

REVEREND RIDGWAY WILLIAM NEWLAND

by Lynette Gibson

He was born in 1790 in Hampshire England, the son of a farmer and had been a watchmaker before he decided to enter the Christian ministry. He ministered for 22 years to an Independent Congregation at Hanley Staffordshire, which was known as the Potteries because so much pottery, china and porcelain were made there.

He married Jane Sophia Benning and had three children before her death in 1826. He then married Martha Keeling with whom he had five more offspring.

As early as 1837 he began making preparations to take his family, friends, relations and some skilled workers to South Australia. When the party left on 23 January 1839 aboard the *Sir Charles Forbes*, it included not only Ridgway, his wife and eight children but also his mother in law and her daughters. As well, Dr Moorhouse and his sister came plus a blacksmith and wheelwright with his wife and children, a stone mason with his two sons. To complete the group there was a shepherd, his wife and two sons plus three ploughmen and a farm labourer with his family.

Having purchased land in Adelaide while in England he expected to live there, but when Ridgway approached Governor Gawler he was told that a Congregational minister, Thomas Quinton Stow had already settled in Adelaide and that the population could not absorb another minister of the same religion. Encounter Bay was suggested as a suitable area to settle and that land was available at only a pound an acre.

Thus the families along with a huge amount of stores and equipment made their way there by a coastal ketch while his eldest son Watts and two companions were sent overland with four bullocks, a flock of sheep and goats plus a cow and reached Encounter Bay ahead of the ship.



They settled in the area of western Victor Harbor at Yilki. Here he combined agricultural and pastoral pursuits, was a general benefactor to the district, a great friend to the aboriginal tribes and lives in South Australian history as the "pioneer pastor of the South". He was also chairman of the district council for many years.

It is interesting, that having been in the colony for only four years the Land Returns for 1843 show that he had a farm at Yilki where there were "20 acres wheat, 5 acres barley, 1044 sheep, 90 cattle, 3 horses, 19 pigs".

He always declined payment for his ministerial services and died as the result of a mail coach accident 8 March 1864 aged 75 years.

The Congregational Church at Victor Harbor, Newland Town, Newland Head, Newland Head Conservation Park, Newland Street and Newland Bridge all perpetuate his memory.



Memorial at Yilki to Ridgway Newland's first Tabernacle Congregational Church

Three of Ridgway's family are worth a brief mention. Firstly Simpson Newland C.M.G (South Australia) who was born 2 November 1835. He was a pioneer pastoralist on the Darling River opening up land near the Queensland border with partners Henry Field, his brother in law, husband to Sophia Newland, and Charles and Andrew Chisholm of NSW. As well he was M P for Encounter Bay from 1881-7, Treasurer in the Downer Ministry 1885-6, and president of the Royal Geographical Society and of the Zoological and Acclimatization Society.

He strenuously advocated the proper use of the water of the Murray River and the development of the Northern Territory through the north-south trans Australian line.

As well he was always a champion of the natives of Australia, author *Paving the Way* and *Band of Pioneers*.

He died in Adelaide 27 June 1925 aged 90 years and is buried at Victor Harbor.

Simpson's second son was Sir Henry Simpson Newland b 1873, who was a world-renowned surgeon after studying at the University of Adelaide. Third son Major Victor Marra Newland OBE, b 1876 served in the South African War 1899-1900.

A brief look at a very interesting family whose other members also made a great contribution to our State.

Sources:

An Australian Biographical Dictionary.

Victor Harbor. From Pioneer Port to Seaside Resort by Michael Page.

Photos. State Library of South Australia and Flickr

Lynette Gibson

1919 SPANISH FLU & 2020 CORONAVIRUS COVID 19

by Joy Nieass

Oscar Fuhlbohm shared with me some of his father's diary which was written while he was interned in a 'German Concentration Camp' at Holdsworthy during WWI. He wrote on Friday 6 June 1919 "I have been locked up for three years". He left the camp on Sunday 14 September 1919.

Although Australian born he was interned, towards the end of his diary he described how the un-naturalized people (allies of Germany and Germans) were to be deported. He wrote – "On Tuesday 17 June I saw three trains – each of eight cars – with approx 1,326 men leaving for the ship *Tras-es –M*. On Friday 20 June 1919 The *Tras-es –M* passengers returned (400 having flu) left in Liverpool". The Camp provided some entertainment for the occupants - a choir, a bowling alley, also gymnastics club. Oscar's Dad managed to get employment in the bowling alley, they also worked in gangs and built roads, bridges and railway lines. Living conditions were harsh, many built their own beds, slept on straw mattress and had to provide for themselves. Sanitary conditions were very crude.

His duties included shifts in the hospital ward – 94 men died in the Camp, also many recovered. He described the living conditions, the various countries and religions represented in there, also how he saw people being moved from the camp for deportation. "As early as September 1914 about 100 seamen who had been taken from German and English ships had arrived at the camp. Others soon followed from various locations. Also soldiers returning from WWI were infected." (The *Ruby Princess* in 1919!!)

His diary noted - "A News announcement in the week 22-29 June 1919 reads as follows "This evening at 7pm the Armistice to Germany is to Terminate." Thursday 17 July 1919 "Quarantine lifted from Holdsworthy" Saturday 19 July 1919 "PEACE – celebrations in Australia" Thursday 24 July 1919 "Most of the Unnaturalised internees ordered away"".

After receiving Oscar's information I did some searching and found the restrictions in South Australia were parallel with what we have been living through during 2020: border closures; no trains from Victoria (people arriving could bring the flu); uncertainty between states of how serious was this infection; closure of schools, churches, theatres, pubs, race meetings (they did continue in 2020 with no spectators) and agricultural shows; plus the delay of victory celebrations.

A summary of events quoted that 450 people died in South Australia and in today's figures that would be 15,000.

Oscar's father was released after more than three years and he returned to Darling Downs in Queensland (near Toowoomba) and resumed his pastoral duties and life. There is more to the amazing story of Oscar's father to be shared. Thank you Oscar for sharing this story.

Joy Nieass

POEMS by Florence Stopps

SIDE BY SIDE

By Florence Stopps

We're all in this together,
Standing side by side.
We'll beat this Covid virus,
Staying home, safe inside.

We'll keep our social distance,
Wash our hands – keep them clean.
Teach our children safety,
And elderly from harm – quarantine.

We'll support our front-line saviours
With every protection they need.
Listen to all Government warnings –
Respect every new law they decreed.

Although we must stay parted,
We can remain closely as one.
Retaining our Aussie spirit –
Then shout aloud – “We’ve Won!”

© Florence Stopps 2020

FIRST RESPONDERS - THANK YOU

By Florence Stopps

A message to First Responders
To thank you for your care.
When we need you urgently,
We are grateful when you are there.

Whether Firies, Ambos, Police or SES,
Lifesavers or Divers in a cave.
We value everything you do,
Risking your life for another to save.

When life gets tough as it sometimes will,
Remember you are not alone.
Please ask for help – we pledge support.
We will bring you safely home.

©Florence Stopps 2020

UPCOMING SPEAKERS & EVENTS



Please note the change in location and meeting start time.

There will be no speakers for the remainder of the year. Meetings for the remainder of 2020 are as follows:

VENUE: Wakefield House, 65 Acre Avenue, Morphett Vale

15 August Start time 1.30pm - Rellie Bingo – bring your family names

19 September Start time 1.30pm - activity to be advised

In the Church Hall, 23 William Road, Christies Beach (to be confirmed)

17 October Start time 1.15pm

21 November Start time 12.30pm – AGM and BYO Xmas Lunch

RESOURCE ROOM OPENING TIMES



The Resource Room is available to members for research. During the opening time before the Saturday general meetings, Resource Room volunteers will not be available to give assistance with 'Family Research', but books, newsletters and magazines can be borrowed from 12.00pm to 1.15pm, and during the afternoon tea break.

Other opening times for the Resource Room will be the 1st and 3rd Wednesday afternoons during February to October, and the 1st Wednesday in November, from 1.00pm—3.30pm.

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

Opening dates for this quarter are unavailable. **We will advise when the Resource Room will re-open.**

EVENING COMPUTER GROUP



The evening computer class is held in the Uniting Church Hall, 23 William Street, 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 7.30pm.

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 Heather Boyce if you are interested.

Southern Areas Computer Scene

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We are pleased to acknowledge allBIZ Supplies as the printers of our Journal and can thoroughly recommend their excellent service.

VOLUNTEER RESEARCH

Research can be undertaken for anyone seeking information on ancestors in our local area. Please forward requests to Volunteer Research, PO Box 1078, Christies Beach North SA 5165.

EDITOR'S NOTE by Christine Keen



A huge thank you to everyone who answered the call for contributions for this bumper edition of the journal. It's certainly the longest version I've worked on in the last six years.

Please start thinking about contributions for the October edition, and start sending them in. Hopefully some of the articles in this edition will inspire you. Inclusion of photos is encouraged.

Officially, I have one last edition to complete in my current term as Journal Editor. At this point in time it is my intention to renominate.

I hope you are all finding ways to stay warm, and busy. With the ever changing reduction in restrictions, I'm looking forward to hopefully catching up at a meeting before the end of the year.

Stay safe.

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 Street, Christies Beach. The Resource Room is open from 12.00pm each meeting day.

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 Heather 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:

Family (2 people) - \$30.00

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 March, June, September and December. FPFHG shall not be held responsible for statements made or opinions expressed by the authors of submitted materials, or 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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