

Redland Researcher



The newsletter of
Redland Genealogical Society
a branch of Genealogical Society of Queensland Inc.

November 2018

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Redland Genealogical Society

a branch of the Genealogical Society of Queensland Inc.

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2018/2019 Management Committee

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Membership: Membership is *either* through the Genealogical Society of Queensland Inc. and nominating to be a member of the Redland Branch *or* by directly joining the Redland Genealogical Society (Inc.) as an Associate Member; refer page 3 for Membership Fees. **Associate Membership of RGS does not entitle members to free use of GSQ facilities.**

Meetings: The Management Committee of the Redland Genealogical Society meets on the first Wednesday of each month, February to December, commencing at 2.00pm.

General Meetings of the Society are held on **the second Wednesday of each month**, February to December, from 12:15pm to 2:30pm, at the Donald Simpson Centre, Bloomfield Street, Cleveland. **An entry fee of \$2 applies at each meeting.** The Annual General Meeting is held in July, followed by the General Meeting. Meetings are not held in January.

The Society's Collection such as books, microfiche, CD-ROMs etc, which contain resources for world-wide research, are held in the Genealogy Room in the Cleveland Library, corner Middle and Bloomfield Streets. Volunteer Genealogical Research Assistants (**GRAs**) are there to assist both members and the general public on-

Tuesday and Thursday: 9.30am - 12.30pm Saturday: 12.30pm - 3.30pm

Financial members of the Society have access to this Collection any time that the Cleveland Library is open.

GRAs: Pat Misson (Librarian), Bob Aldred, Kaye Barber, Greta Brown, Margaret Clark, Jeanne Dixon, Annette Hall, Karen Hawkes, Margaret Johnson, Brenda Jones, Ross Lambert, Bev McFadyen, Les McFadzen, Jan O'Brien, Anne O'Connor, Irene Salvatierra, Dianne Smith, Helen Veivers, Audrey Warner, Charlotte Wruck.

A reminder to GRAs: *If unable to attend on your rostered day, please arrange to swap duty with another GRA.*

Local History Collection: The Redland City Council's local history and heritage collections are housed in the Cleveland Library. Angela Puata is Redland City Council's *Local History Librarian*.



A Note from the Editor

This is the final newsletter for 2018 and I extend best wishes to all for an enjoyable and safe Festive Season. Thank you for your contributions for the newsletter during the past year.

Details of the break being taken by GRAs from the Library Room, over the Christmas/New Year period, are given on page 4 in Pat's "Librarian's Jottings".

As in past years, Guest Speakers at our General Meetings have broadened our knowledge on an extensive range of topics. Space in the newsletter permits only a brief summary; a great deal more information is obtained by those who are able to attend the presentations and participate in, or listen to, the subsequent questions and answers sessions.

During the year, we visited the Trade Coast Heritage Centre at Eagle Farm, the site of the factory for female prisoners when Moreton Bay was a penal colony. During WWII, operations were set up on the site for the development and testing of engines for fighter planes. Visits were arranged for June and October to the Museum of Brisbane's "Life in Irons" exhibition. The second visit included a guided tour by Dr Jennifer Harrison who has a vast knowledge of the history of Brisbane. Artefacts and journals from the Moreton Bay Penal Colony period, expanded on by Dr Harrison's wealth of knowledge, provided a valuable insight into the lives of the convicts and interactions with, and the effect upon, the indigenous population at that time.

Like all volunteer organisations, acquiring new members is essential for our ongoing existence. In this regard, the role of our Displays Coordinator, Elaine Speck, is acknowledged. Through her commitment to organising and attending displays, throughout the Redlands and sometimes beyond, our Society's existence and what it offers to family researchers is made known to newcomers. Elaine also "goes the extra mile" by filling in gaps in the roster when there are insufficient volunteers.

Greg Glidden

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The opinions expressed in this Redland Researcher are not necessarily those of the Researcher Committee, nor of the Redland Genealogical Society. The responsibility rests with the authors of submitted articles; we do not intentionally print inaccurate information. The editor reserves the right to edit, abridge or reject material.

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Associate Membership Fees

Single Membership is \$30.00 per annum. Family Membership is \$45.00 per annum
The Redland Researcher is free to all types of membership.

Unless requested otherwise, the Redland Researcher is sent to members by e-mail



Librarian's Jottings

In addition to receiving GSQ E-News, we also provide a copy of their quarterly printed magazine "Generation". It has been decided to include a copy of this with other on-line magazines on library PCs. This will enable any items of interest to be printed by members.

One purchasing suggestion in October was for a small booklet to walk you through the basics of setting up your first Google My Maps. It is expected to be in holdings by end of October. The tool, from Google, enables the creation of a custom map for places that your family has lived in. When completed it can be shared on a website or sent via a link to family and friends. Print to a pdf, or snip a copy of the map for use in a book, etc. Further information can be found by entering "My Maps" at the Google search engine. A copy of the booklet is also available from a desktop icon on our nos. 2 & 3 PCs.

Highly recommended is a recently purchased book from author Leonie Ryder, "My Name Should Be Melano". Leonie recently addressed the Society's Writing Group, and her book provides an excellent example of how to record your family's history; now in our library and available to borrow.

For the benefit of researchers who need a log in name for FamilySearch, we now have a log in name and password for use in the library. Details are in a folder, top drawer of the right-hand cabinet. Of course if you want to search using your own details you can still use them. GRAs will be pleased to assist.

A recent CD purchase "Joan Reese's NSW Colonial Secretary's In Letters Index 1826-1895" has been providing some good references. Copies of original papers available from agent Lorraine Turtle - Application forms in library cabinet.

The October issue of Family Tree Magazine includes two articles regarding on-line resources. One is by Chris Paton entitled "Dig Deeper Online", described as a mini-masterclass to find advanced resources on the web. Another is an 8-page website directory packed with a selection of 101 top genealogy websites, each with a description of contents.

A new reference in Help Folder 16 is donated by member, Penny Stewart. This is a list of a wide range of items all focussing on "The East" in either paperback, electronic or DVD formats. Penny will be happy to make available any items that may be of interest to other Society members.



Our Christmas closure dates were finalised at the last Library Meeting. The last day when GRAs will be in attendance in the library on normal roster rotation will be Saturday 15 December 2018 and regular rostered days will re-commence on Tuesday 29 January 2019. During the break, GRAs will be in the library on a voluntary basis for two weeks from and including Tuesday 15 January until Thursday 24 January 2019. Saturday 26 January 2019 is marked as Australia Day.



Of course, facilities will be open to members in the usual way whenever the Cleveland Library is open.

Best wishes to all for a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Healthy New Year.

Latest Acquisitions

Title	Media	Location
My Name Should Be Melano	Book	1 AUS FAM RYD
Births & Baptisms, Marriages & De Facto Relationships, Deaths & Burials 1821-1830	Book	1 NSW BDM SME
Brisbane Burns	Book	1 QLD HIS MER
Remembering Them	Book	1 QLD MIL RED
Joan Reese's NSW Colonial Secretary's In-Letters Index 1826-1895	CD	
Commonwealth Electoral Roll (Queensland) 1969	CD	
Set of 25 Handy Guides from Unlock the Past. Each guide A4 size on heavy card stock. For quick reference within the library. Covering a wide range of topics such as "Births, Marriages and Deaths in Australia", "Church Records in Germany", "DNA for Genealogy" and "Irish Newspapers and Journals: How to Locate Them and What to Expect from Them"	Handy Guides	On magazine holders above our Nos. 2 & 3 PCs, with an index of guides.

Pat Misson

Our Tours of Mongolia and Israel

by Ross Lambert

From way back in the 70s, and probably even earlier, my wife Robyn and I have had a fascination with Central Asia and the Silk Road. It may have been tales of Marco Polo's adventures to the Orient, which excited our interest in this part of the world. This fascination led to our undertaking, in 1976, a three months' overland camping trip from London to Kathmandu via such places as Afghanistan, the Khyber Pass, Pakistan and Kashmir in northern India.

So, as you can see, we've always liked adventure travel and the nomadic way of life. Although it is quite some time since those days back in the 70s, we always intended to revisit central Asia, and last year in September we got the opportunity to go to Mongolia. Well, what a trip of a lifetime it was!



We flew with Cathay Pacific to Beijing via Hong Kong and on to Ulaanbaatar with Air China. After getting to meet our fellow travellers, we flew down to the south Gobi Desert for a week. Here we experienced incredible landscapes, as well as the day to day work of horse breeders, together with camel, sheep and goat, and yak herders. Indeed, we soaked up the lifestyle of the nomads of



the Gobi, which has not changed since Biblical times. Our accommodation was in Gers, sometimes in camps, and more interestingly in home stays, living alongside nomadic families and enjoying their hospitality. Their home cooking was delicious with yoghurt and butter to die for. Travelling in Mongolia is quite an adventure as there are very few paved roads, and the majority of the time we were "off roading", wandering for hundreds of kilometres through the wide open steppe.



In the Heartland we visited the ancient capital of Karakorum with its amazing temple complex and enjoyed the lush green Orkhon Valley.



Then we headed west, flying two hours to the city of Ulgii in the Kazakh region of Mongolia, to attend the fabulous Altai Eagle Festival. We stayed in a Kazakh Ger, close to an eagle hunter family, and were surrounded by the stunning scenery of the Altai Mountains.



Our group had the pleasure of riding to the festival on horseback, and were enthralled as we watched eagle calling, camel racing, the interesting game of husband whipping, and the rugged sport of buzkashi, to name

a few. And at the festival, we were privileged to meet Aisholpan, *The Eagle Huntress*, the first girl to learn the art of eagle hunting. She has become quite famous by starring in the recent film of that name. At lunch we were entertained by a Mongolian throat singer and later, at dinner, by a local family with traditional Kazakh songs. After quite a surreal experience out west, it was sad to return to the capital.



Our final interesting encounter was to visit the gigantic stainless steel statue of Genghis Khan, just east of Ulaanbaatar. Mongolia is a fascinating country where you can have a unique experience in a very safe environment.



Robyn and I were home for only three weeks, when we took off for a not so safe environment, namely, that of the State of Israel. We were there principally for the centenary commemorations of the Battle of Beersheba on 31 October 1917, the last great cavalry charge in history. It was especially poignant for me, as I had an uncle and a great uncle who served in the Australian Light Horse regiments. We did, however, take in some of the other important military sites,



where our ANZAC forces had remarkable victories such as Jaffa, the Jordan Valley and the famous light horse charge (at night) on the heavily fortified Turkish railway station at Semakh. There were short remembrance services at Jaffa, Haifa and Semakh. In Jerusalem one night, at the Tower of David Citadel, there was a stirring re-enactment of General Allenby accepting the surrender of the city. All these events were accompanied by our own instrumental band of young, very versatile players.



Arriving in Israel early on the 19th October, we travelled the short way across the country to the Allenby Bridge, to meet up with the rest of our tired, but elated, touring party who had been in Turkey, Egypt and Jordan. The journey took us on the road of the Good Samaritan down to Jericho, where the ANZAC forces spent a long hot summer. We then went back again, past Jerusalem, to our first scheduled stop (for lunch) at another ANZAC site at Rishon le Zion, where our diggers once enjoyed some R&R.

Of course, being in the Holy Land you are surrounded by Biblical places, and we relished the chance to see Caesarea, Megiddo, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Jerusalem, Masada and of course Beersheba, named by Abraham, the great ancestor of the Jewish people.



In Beersheba, the riders in our group (some 100 people), all in WW1 Light Horse uniforms, started their three day trek on horseback, following the ANZAC Trail. They stopped for a ceremony at Tel es Saba (Abraham's Tel Beersheba), where the New Zealanders' heroic efforts (back in October 1917) cleared the way for the Charge, later that day.



Then came the "big day", Beersheba Day, 31st October, when the city of Be'er Sheva put on a fantastic show. Special commemoration ceremonies attended by the Prime Ministers of Australia and Israel, and the Governor-General of New Zealand were followed by a street parade of our mounted Light Horsemen to the acclaim of the thousands of Israelis lining the route. Without the EEF and our Light Horse victories over the Ottoman forces, the modern State of Israel could never have been formed.

At the exact same time of 4:50 in the afternoon, the re-enactment of the last part of the great Charge of Beersheba took place over the same sacred ground. Again, it was watched by hundreds of local people, political dignitaries and visitors from around the world. It was a wonderful experience to be part of history, something that can never be repeated. I think our ancestors would have been proud we made the effort to remember their achievements and their sacrifice.



This article was first published in "Clan Munro Australia" newsletter [Ed RR]

My Yesterdays - Ted Maris (Part 3)

This is the final chapter in the life of a Queensland Government education professional during the 1930s to 1970s, submitted by member, Cath Maris, written by her late father-in-law.

My first school in the north was in a mining town where the Head Teacher and 4 assistants taught over 200 pupils (editor's note - Collinsville 1/4/1947). For some weeks at one stage we had only 4 of us, but somehow we seemed to manage without any great problems. At this time I had doubts about my continuing to be a teacher and was considering going into the hotel business. I informed the Head Teacher of this and, needless to say, he was not impressed by my attitude. I was very disappointed that "Rehabilitation" would not pay for a full-time course in Arts even though I had begun this course before enlisting. Some of my friends were given the opportunity to get degrees they had never even contemplated before the war. One lad who worked in an office became a doctor. I was told that I was over the age limit when I enlisted - and that was that! In no way did I begrudge others what was done for them but I considered that I was not fairly treated.



However I soon settled down to the task in this school where I spent a pleasant 3 ¼ years, and where, by the way I met my wife! (editor's note - Married 23/1/1948) The town was fairly isolated and the only way out was by rail - a passenger carriage attached to the coal train. There were very few cars then in this particular town, and not many tackled the dirt road to the coast. Though it was only about 60 miles to the coast it took several hours to negotiate the torturous track which was passable only at dry times. There were football and picnic excursions to the other towns or to the beach, and school teams usually went on these also. Although there were a few male members on staff during my stay, I think it is a success story to record that the Head became a District Inspector as did another junior member of the staff. Three others became principals of schools - a couple of whom rose to be Class I Principals while the other one is still in the profession, and so many even eclipse their achievements. In the mid-year of 1947, a new Head Teacher was appointed and off went the other to a southern school on promotion. This new chap was as hard as nails, but he was a very just man who worked hard as an example that he insisted be followed by the rest of us. Although he and I disagreed from time to time over minor points, I have always held him in high regard because he did not forget our efforts when we most needed them. I can only speak for myself personally, but I know that it was through his efforts that I finally was given a position on the lower rung of the ladder to my ultimate success. Well I recall the occasions when he had the staff out at lunchtime playing against the netball team to sharpen up their game before they played against another school. He was a man who never even on the hottest day came to school without a coat and tie which he removed only on these few occasions. His standards were very high and he drove himself and others to attain them. For all this our academic and sports standards were high and we competed with success, while the town folk in general appreciated our efforts.

Interschool sports were held at a town some distance away, and it meant that we caught a train before daylight in the morning and returned sometime before midnight. One year there was a derailment so we arrived home in the early hours of the morning. When I first went to this school there was an unfortunate incident when I forgot about a Sunday night boxing tournament run by the school. I had been in town only a few days and had gone to golf on Sunday. In the years I was there I feel that I more than made up for this omission. My football teams achieved quite a number of successes after having been beaten underdogs for years in the district, and it was with great pleasure that I later saw these players go on to win North Queensland honours in Townsville.

The Rugby League executive offered me the position of paid coach for the Seniors but my plate was already full and I had to decline. School duties, studies and golf in that order used up all of my available time - and I had by now resolved to go back into a one-teacher school. My ultimate aim was to become Principal of a Class I school somewhere in North Queensland.

Finally my opportunity came in 1950 and I left with regrets to take up an appointment at a school near Innisfail (editor's note - Stratvell, Japoonvale via Silkwood 1/7/1950). This time I was considerably more fortunate than I had been in 1939. The school was situated on a hill in the heart of the cane lands, and in contrast to my first school, everything was green and the sight of lights in houses around was comforting. There was no electricity so kerosene lamps and refrigerators were the order of the day or night. Snakes were numerous and kills were made on the kitchen window-

sill, the back stairs and the clothes line - not to mention the number we killed over at the school where the toilets seemed to be a favourite haunt. This school once had over 100 pupils and since it now had only 30 in attendance there was more than enough room and then some. In almost a complete contrast to my first school, this one was well organized and it was only a matter of my fitting in with the existing arrangements - which I thankfully did.

At the school there were a boy and a girl whose surnames were the same, and who had the same birthdays and were in the same grade. Added to these they lived in the same house, so I deduced that they were twins. Nobody told me anything different and it was quite a while before I found out that they were cousins. Here too were twin boys and many months went by before I could tell which was Joe and which was Tony. One of the two burnt my pay cheque one day after I had suffered a mental lapse and placed the envelope on the table and the cheque in the waste paper basket. Two and a half years passed pleasantly.

January 22nd 1953, when I received my next transfer in rather strange circumstances by way of an urgent telegram at 7pm one night a few days before school was to start. This was during a heavy wet season and it was difficult to reach the school which was only 60 miles away - and even more difficult to reach my new school in the middle north-west (editor's note - Richmond 4/2/1953).

Eventually, after many problems with furniture and the family car I reached the town about a week late to find the three teachers holding the fort with some 120 pupils. The road from the hotel which was my temporary residence as I had no furniture was - except for a few hundred yards of black mud - all bitumen. This tempted me to set out on the first day in full regalia such as, in my estimation, should be worn by a new Head Teacher. I quickly learnt the error of my ways, and from then onwards I tramped through the mud in bare feet along with everybody else who was involved. And so the rain continued, and so my furniture remained in the van because of a barrier of 200 yards of impassable mud while the Railway Department officers' panic grew. Eventually the rain and the panic decreased and the furniture was installed in its correct places. The remainder of the family arrived at length, as did our car.

In this town there were among others, a football club, a golf club and a race club, and with little personal effort I found myself on the committee of each. The golf course was out on a black soil plain and despite regular grading the balls disappeared with monotonous regularity down the cracks which appeared during the dry weather. School tennis and cricket were played against the local convent school, but for football and netball we had to go by excursion train to the other towns. Distances did not seem to worry anybody and I can recall our travelling by car as far as 120 miles to play golf, and returning on the same day - except for a few hours of the next morning. Race days were treated as half - holidays by the locals, and on the first race afternoon of my stay only about 20 % of the pupils bothered about school. The message was quite clear to me, either we worked half an hour extra in the mornings or the time was lost altogether.

There were no more problems and from then on we started school at 9am for the five days of such weeks, and I went to the races also. The local R.S.L. ran the bar and I had the role of cashier, and this was a very popular watering hole - with the result that we worked like slaves until we declared full-time. This was rarely before 6pm and I think we could have gone on for hours more as those in town and those who had come to town were deadly intent on having a good time.

Roads to the coast in those days were very ordinary, and one accepted the fact that, once the Head Teacher went back in January, the family and he were there until December. During our time in the west we experienced a grasshopper and a rat plague - not at the same time fortunately. There were so many rats that it was impossible for poisons, traps, guns and cats to deal adequately with them, and there was not enough for them to eat, so they ate the ones that were caught in the traps. Finally they disappeared as mysteriously as they had appeared and left us in peace. The grasshoppers in their turn came in their millions and ate green shoots and leaves off plants, green - coloured curtains and decimated the town gardens before they too went on their way. My experiences were varied and on one occasion I was called upon to officiate at a burial when the priest, who was stationed some 60 miles away, was unable to attend because of a heavy storm. On a much less serious occasion I was the "parson" when the football club conducted a mock wedding at their annual ball. The bride was one of the footballers and one found it hard to believe that it was a man, certainly one of the best female impersonations I had seen.

Some 3½ years passed before I was to be transferred to a school on the Atherton Tablelands (editor's note - Yungaburra 1/1/1957). I received the first indication of transfer from the Courier Mail which I had dutifully collected before spending some hours at the RSL club one Friday afternoon. However I had no real need to worry about any

urgency as I was later informed it did not take effect until the next January - some six months later. This was in direct contrast to the urgent notice that I had received when I went there - but not to worry! When the time had elapsed we made the usual good byes and our last trip on the Inlander to spend the vacation at a near coastal town (editor's note - Gordonvale).

As my new school was only 20 miles distant it was only to be expected that I should steal a look during the holidays. This I did with my brother-in-law, inspected the school and its surroundings. There seemed to be little to enthuse about, after all there is little inspiration to be found around any school in vacation time.

Several reports from various sources gave me even less to enthuse about, but at least the scenery was a vast improvement on the flat western plains. Before school had even started I was faced with my first problem, three inches of mud and silt on the concrete floors of both toilet blocks. I was later to find that this happened after heavy rain as both blocks were situated at the foot of a slope and until the new toilet blocks were built, I was to have the experience of cleaning them out. It was not always expedient to contact the P.W.D. (editor's note - Public Works Department) when time was short. Much of the grounds were covered with spear grass, as was the residence yard where there were only cleared tracks to the toilet and beyond. Fortunately motor mowers appeared on the scene and the hard work of clearing was kept to a reasonable minimum. A local farmer mowed the grounds and they looked much better in a few weeks.

When the school year finally started I was to find that outside reports, of which I was always sceptical, this time proved to be right "on the ball". Sporting materials were almost "non-existent", playing "chasey" around the town seemed to be the lunch hour recreation of the Senior boys. So to put it mildly one of the staff had a drinking problem, and evidence of this was found when we cleared the long grass around the "loo" - about 30 brandy bottles.

As time passed most of the problems disappeared, or were solved in one way or another, thus paving the way for a very pleasant 5½ years. Odd staff personnel tried to "buck the system" in small matters like playground duty, preparation etc., but generally they got the message that the place was under new management. Several very capable teachers had joined the staff and these set a very good example in their work and by taking sport in their own time. The town's people were behind us in our endeavours and this gave the necessary encouragement to the teachers, pupils and committee.

About this time it was decided to close the small schools in the area and bring the pupils involved into the central school. As is usual there were those who objected strongly to these closures and the parents at one school "jacked up". I was given the credit by one gentleman of organizing the whole affair, much to my amusement. Those parents who wanted it were allowed to have primary correspondence, but this did not last very long and after a few months the children came in by school bus. Enmity towards me lasted quite a while and then it was all forgotten. The bus service was then extended to the district High School so all districts were well serviced by the new arrangements. One could understand the loss of the small schools to the various areas as they had done a great service in times of poorer transport and roads. These schools had been the social centres of their districts for decades, and it is natural that the local people would experience some nostalgia when they were closed. However their purpose had been served and the old feelings that what was good enough for the past generations is good enough for the future were sadly misplaced. Today in this area the old "one-teachers" are little more than a memory, and there would be few left to regret their passing.

The years seemed to pass quickly in this land of mild summers and cold winters, and away from the actual in-school contacts, we had very pleasant social occasions at the local tourist hotel (editor's note - The Eacham Hotel). The school principals were also a fairly closely knit group who met fairly regularly. I can recall my driving home one night at about 10mph in a heavy fog with visibility almost nil, even with a fog light.

Since those years the town has lost its grocery store, picture theatre, butcher shop, ply-mill etc. and the school numbers have dwindled to less than half than those of my time.

After 5½ years I found myself in a bigger school in the Burdekin District (editor's note - Home Hill 23/7/1962) which was a much drier place. There was no "tableland" drizzle during the April - July period which was the only really unpleasant memory I had of my previous school. During one bad year, this drizzle continued almost without stop for 17 weeks, during which the longest dry period was 3 days. Drying the washing was a major problem and mould was prevalent everywhere.

There were no such problems in the Burdekin District and we still looked out on to a green countryside, even though it was all sugarcane. It was the first time I had taken charge of a school with a swimming pool, and except for the actual cleaning of the pool, the rest of the duties involved were mine. Swimming instruction began in Grade 1 and the standard throughout was very high. Academic and sporting standards were also high and staff members for the most part were very capable and dedicated. On my arrival I was informed that the school would have a High School "top" the following year which I was not anticipating with much pleasure (editor's note – high school classes in a primary school). I received a 24 page set of instructions to help me, but little other than that. A promised visit by a secondary inspector did not eventuate, and though the primary inspector could tell me how simple it was, this was all he had to offer. When February eventually came, we had to put primary classes under the school, in the library and in any other place they would fit to make room. The 30 or so grade 9 pupils used one wing for academic purposes, and had to be rostered into Domestic Science and Manual Training Classes along with the upper primary classes of our own school plus those of the convent school and the district smaller schools. Without the help of another Principal who had to make similar arrangements in a Far Northern School I could not have managed. Other than criticism of the various time tables little or no help was forthcoming from other members of the secondary department.

Eventually a Secondary Inspector arrived and he openly admitted that, except for one slight alteration he was quite satisfied with the existing time-tables, and I was left in peace. Fortunately the separate High School was opened next year and we were able to spread out again. I had no quarrels with the High "Top" staff, the nucleus of which was with me throughout the year - and these people made my role a lot easier by their dedication to the tasks which cropped up. However there were several changes amongst other staff members, so I was in the unhappy position of taking the "left-over" subjects. I had to keep two pages ahead of the classes in some subjects I had not done for years. The primary schools Inspector, who was as useful as a broken leg to a marathon runner, added to my pleasures when he dropped my report mark a lot more than was even reasonable under the very difficult circumstances. This was only one of the spiteful, childish acts that this character perpetrated against those on whom he did not smile. I refused to be worried personally, but I was sorry for the staff who had worked so hard as it was utter rubbish to say that the school had deteriorated. The conditions under which some teachers taught would not have been tolerated today, one woman teaching 45 Grade 7 pupils in a room under the school most aptly called "The Dungeon". To her credit I must add that she did a mighty job, never complaining about conditions, nor numbers, nor the piles of corrections to be done each week. During the following year I was able to give her a position in the school where she was able to show her obvious ability to an Inspector who knew what he was there for. She later became one of the first female Deputy Principals in Queensland. Of course she was only one of many splendid teachers who were at the school in my time, quite a few of whom went onto bigger and better things later on.

Competition for bigger schools was very keen in the late sixties, but I was content to stay in this area indefinitely rather than to take a Class I school in the west. Everything comes to those who wait - and so did with me in the form of a phone call one early morning before school as I sat in my office. Some transfers were out, but, according to the "grapevine" a few were pending. I was somewhat amazed to be asked if I would take a school about 60 miles (oops! 96 km) to the south (editor's note - Bowen 1/1/1970). I was not surprised to find out later that I was to have gone to a school near Brisbane, but an emergency had prompted a switch in the transfers. I had no wish to go to Brisbane, nor did I ever express any wish to go to my new school either.

So off I duly went in the New Year and arrived at my new abode just before the start of the school year. I arrived on a Saturday morning, to find a house full of unpacked furniture and crockery etc. taken from cases and put down in any place where they would fit. That night a cyclone also arrived together with 20 odd inches of rain in 24 hours. After a saturated start in this "sleepy hollow" we settled in for a 2½ years' stay with few problems, although we felt that the community had not accepted us as one of their own families, despite our involvement in community affairs. Other transferees had the same feeling, and, as the High School Principal succinctly put it, "you have to be here for 25 years to be classed as a local". However I had achieved my ambition of being a Class I Principal, so I was satisfied - if not excited. My last transfer - and probably my most pleasing - came in 1972. I was given a Townsville School (editor's note - Mundingburra 26/6/1972), which, in my estimation, compared more than favourably with any other in the state. Here I found, with the exception of a few drones, an excellent staff, very good administrators, big bank balances in the tens of thousands range, plenty of equipment, cooperative parents who gave the school a high socio-economic rating and pupils who fitted in well with all of these. What more could a principal want? I settled in to enjoy this atmosphere for my last 7 years. I found out later that there had been many applicants for the position, so this put the icing on the cake as far as my teaching career was concerned.

After 29 years in charge of schools of which pupil numbers ranged from 30 to 1,070, I decided to call it a day in 1979 (editor's note - 29/6/1979 after taking long service leave from 4/6/1979). My sons were now past the boarding school era, and two of them were later to obtain university degrees, while the third tried out a variety of jobs before settling into real estate.

In retrospect, it appears that my family did not receive many mentions, but my initial aim was to write *my* yesterdays, and I feel that I have done that. I hope that this will satisfactorily explain this apparent omission to the reader.

A Request for Information

Does anyone have a family story on the following matter?

Early on the morning of 7th June 1918, Queensland had its largest recorded earthquake, with epicentre ~200 km east of Rockhampton, which generated a tsunami. Newspapers reported that a tremendous swell was experienced by a schooner off Mackay inside the Great Barrier Reef and its effect was felt in Moreton Bay. Sandgate and Redcliffe residents reported that quite a severe shock was felt in that region, and that the disturbance was so great as to create something of a tidal wave, the extent of which may be gauged from the fact that the sea washed right across the picture show enclosure at the head of the Sandgate jetty.

If you have any knowledge of this event, or have a family story that was passed down, Steve Hutcheon would like to hear from you. His email address is shutcheon@yahoo.com

Steve Hutcheon searches for records of forgotten tsunami. He is in contact with people in the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, USA, and familiar with those who maintain the World Tsunami databases.

Snippets



Church of Ireland Parish Records

The Representative Church Body (RCB) Library, Dublin has welcomed a grant from the Irish government towards the digitisation of these records, the earliest of which dates back to 1619. The RCB Library is the Church's repository for archives and manuscripts, including 1,120 collections of parish records. The Library's collections also include the archives of the Church's dioceses, cathedrals, architectural drawings, the administrative records of the Representative Church Body and its multiple committees, and thousands of manuscripts relating to the Church's people, buildings and activities, spanning from medieval times to the present. The RCB Librarian & Archivist announced that the project will, over time, be extended to include register collections currently in local parish custody, and ultimately to index the content and share information from these sources with a worldwide audience in collaboration with the Department through the state website: www.irishgenealogy.ie

A timeframe is not given. However, RCB Library has a newsletter to which you can subscribe by providing your name and email address in the link in their website <https://www.ireland.anglican.org/about/rcb-library>

Derry City Cemetery Records

Over 40 volunteers have helped to transcribe and verify over 36,000 entries from the Cemetery's Burial Registers. All the records have been now been transcribed and are now searchable on following website:

<http://www.derrystrabane.com/Subsites/Museums-and-Heritage/City-Cemetery-Records-Project>

The cemetery records, which date from 1853, chart the information of all those buried in the cemetery up until 1924. The records detail not only the names of those buried in the cemetery, but also their age, their place of birth and who their parents were, amongst other valuable genealogical information. Most importantly for those trying to trace their ancestry, they also reveal the location of the grave within the large cemetery site.

The Oxford Dictionary of Family Names in Britain and Ireland

National Library of Australia has this available for viewing on-line. It contains more than 45,000 English, Scottish, Welsh, Irish and Cornish surnames, from the Middle Ages to today. You need to have, or register for, an NLA Library Card to access this publication as it falls within the category of NLA's "licenced electronic resources from offsite". The card is free and is easily obtained by submitting your details on website: <https://www.nla.gov.au/getalibrarycard/>.

Great Grandfather was a *BUSHRANGER*??!

by Dawn Montgomery

My mother's father was Robert Wilson, as was his father, before him. All we knew of Robert Snr was that he came from Leicestershire, was born c1819/1820, and supposedly married Irish famine orphan Johanna Haley, aka Hannah Hely, in March 1851 or 1855 in Sydney, or maybe Bathurst. But that knowledge changed due to a chance remark to a participant at the NSW Family History Conference at Gympie in September 2012.

Robert and Johanna had two children – Robert Jnr, my grandfather, born 9 January 1858 at Coolumbaloo, Bathurst, NSW and Caroline born 3 February 1860 at Tambaroora, NSW. Tambaroora is on the Turon goldfields, near Hill End. Some years ago I discovered that Johanna had a third child, at Tambaroora in 1862, registered as William Haley. Why Haley and not Wilson was a puzzle.

Chatting to Noeline Kyle at the Gympie conference, she introduced me to Lorraine Purcell, Convenor of the Hill End & Tambaroora Gathering Group, who was sharing the display table with Noeline. I idly commented on Johanna registering William in her maiden name despite supposedly being married to Robert Wilson. Lorraine checked her database and announced, "And she had a fourth child in 1867; Emily Haley," then added "father acknowledged as Robert Wilson". I asked how she knew that and she said their group had transcribed many of the parish records. Lorraine ventured the opinion that possibly Robert Wilson was William's father also, though the parish records apparently did not indicate any name. Another little bit of interest in the family tree!

Next day when I stopped by to say hello to Lorraine and Noeline, Lorraine excitedly told me, "Look at this! I found it on the internet last night." She produced five pages of computer printout, saying, "Have you heard of William Derecourt?" I had, though at that stage could not recall why. Lorraine continued, "He's also known as Bill Day. He told his story in a book "Old Convict Days" which was published under the name of Derrincourt. It says here that Robert Wilson talked him into holding up the Bathurst Mail on 24 June 1859 – maybe this was your great grandfather!"

"What?! Why do you think it was my Robert Wilson?"

"Well, he was the only Robert Wilson we've found, on the Turon. It says here he was Bill Day's former manager on the Turon."

"Managing what?"

"It would have been his gold mine. He had one, among many other businesses. And I found this reference to a Robert Wilson in the online *Index to Deposition Books*, on the NSW State Records website, which may be him:

- Wilson, Robert 14 Sep 1851 Committed at Turon for trial at Bathurst; alleged offence Larceny."

I could hardly believe my ears. My somewhat anonymous and shadowy great grandfather had suddenly sprung to life. A bushranger!? And maybe a petty thief?

When I arrived home, I set about finding more about this escapade. Using TROVE I found various articles dating from 5 July 1859, including a full transcript of the trial of William Day in September 1859. There was even a recount of the holdup and subsequent apprehension and recovery of the loot, in the *Bathurst Free Press & Mining Journal* 15 January 1892. Day had become known as The Blacksmith Bushranger (blacksmithing being one of his legitimate businesses) and this episode was told in a series entitled *Early Australian History – the Story of the Bushrangers*.

The holdup was at Hartley on the road up to Mt. Victoria. Day held up the Mail with his double-barrelled gun, though there is no mention anywhere of Robert Wilson at the actual holdup. The story of their apprehension and the recovery of almost the whole of the £4800 in cash and cheques is too long to recount here. William Day was found guilty and sentenced to "seven years' hard labour on the roads or other public works of the Colony". There was no trial of Robert Wilson.

It appears that Wilson must have gotten 'cold feet' when they were arrested within a couple of days of their exploit. He volunteered to show police the hiding place of their stash in return for indemnity from prosecution. While he was presumably given this indemnity, he managed to escape custody and a report in a story of William Day says "Wilson later disappeared entirely and was never heard of again, much to the chagrin of the authorities, including Chief Justice Alfred Stephen." In the court report, it says Wilson escaped! Never heard of again? His daughter Caroline was born

eight months after the holdup, at Tambaroora. Maybe Johanna registered the next two children under her maiden name in an effort to shield Robert?

We don't know much of what happened to Robert after his short bushranging career, except that he was apprehended by an alert police sergeant at Yass in 1862. I have yet to discover what happened after that. Daughter Caroline was married in 1877 with her mother Johanna giving permission; which leads me to surmise that the Robert Wilson, whose death is registered as 5716/1876, age 55 years, at Cooma, is probably ours. A transcript shows he died from 'rupture of the heart' and 'not listed' against parents and marriage details with only 'born England' for his origin. But it fits. Many years ago, the NSW BDM Registry advised that of about six Robert Wilson deaths on the index in the 1870s and 1880s, none could conclusively be ours, having either no spouse/marriage or children listed, and none born in Leicestershire, only 'born England'

Three other points I have to delve into:

- In one story, Robert Wilson is given an alias of Doyle.
- And in another, it says "Day introduces his former manager on the Turon, one Robert Wilson, who married a wife considerably younger than himself and could not control her. It appears she and Mary Kirwin [Day's wife] took to drinking together. Day says 'I found my wife had been induced to join her in her cups; indeed on one occasion I found the two dancing on the floor 'Jack the Lad' to their own music and no dinner cooked. Before the advent of Wilson's wife my old woman was noted as a hard working woman, attentive to her household duties, and a kind and affectionate mother. I got maddened to such a pitch at their increasing drunken fits that I was almost tempted to bundle both of them down a hole.' "
- And although State Records NSW staff told the transcription agent that there is no detail available re the 1851 trial, I have discovered, again through that treasure, TROVE, that in 1851 he was sent for trial at "the ensuing Quarter Sessions" with the notation "Robert Wilson, came free, Sofala, stealing gold" and in a report from the Bathurst Court of Quarter Sessions held Friday 24 October 1851 we find, listed under Sentences: "Robert Wilson, for stealing gold on the Turon, three years' hard labour on the roads". I have yet to discover more about that, though I did find where he was a witness in 1852 in a case involving the gold mining lease next to his on the Turon River, so maybe his sentence was quashed.

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This article was first published in "Queensland Family Historian" February 2013. Author's bibliographical endnotes have been removed due to lack of space [Ed RR]

Family & Local History Conference and Fair *Waves in Time*

The third Queensland State Conference, supported by History Queensland, will be hosted by Caloundra Family History Research Inc. at VENUE 114 on Lake Kawana, Bokarina on the Sunshine Coast, from 24th to 26 May 2019.

There will be free public talks, paid sessions and workshops. A free family history fair will continue throughout the weekend. Registration has commenced and accommodation options are available. Full details are provided on the website: <https://wavesintime2019.org.au/> or email: info@wavesintime2019.org.au



Members' Interests

Please contact Members through the Society's email: redlandgs@gmail.com

Member's Name: **Karen HAWKES**

Membership No: **293**

Surname	Year/ Range of Years	Town/City	County/State	Country -
Bock	1885	Lauenberg		GERMANY
Bock	1885			DENMARK
Brittain	1873	Lofthouse	YKS	ENG
Hawkes	1905	Crowland	LIN	ENG
McPhee	1820	Strontian	ARL	SCT
Robinson	1855	Upleatham	YKS	ENG
Schodel	1877	Markisch	BRANDENBURG	GERMANY

Guest Speakers

August Meeting



Andrew Gildea is the founder of “Finders Café – The Global Social History Project”. Many old photos “lying around in bottom drawers” end up lost forever. This organisation enables photos to be uploaded, preserved and protected. Photos then are available for future generations, and can be shared with family historians around the world, seeking to “Find” photos of family members/ancestors. Privacy issues are addressed. Ownership remains with the person uploading and this person maintains control over how the photos can be utilised. Options include cataloguing methods, creation of albums and the degree to which photos can be made public or utilised.

Details are available on website: <https://www.finderscafe.com/>. I recommend reading through the FAQs: <https://www.finderscafe.com/info/faq.html>.

September Meeting



Cara Downes, National Archives of Australia, gave a thought-provoking talk on “History of South Sea Islanders in Queensland”. As slavery was being abolished around the world, it was being replaced with an “indentured system” for South Sea Islander labour in Australia. Some islanders came willingly, others were coerced or kidnapped, hence the word “Blackbirding”.

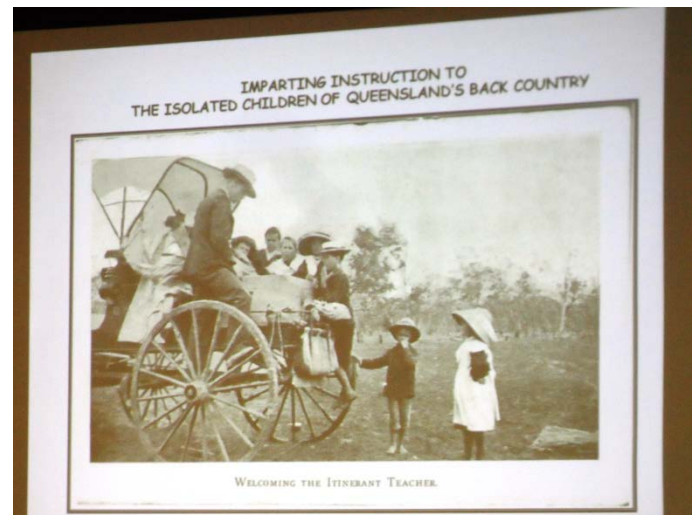
In 1863, the first of a total of 62,000 Islanders were brought to Queensland. The first group was brought to the Logan area for Capt. Robert Towns’ cotton industry, followed by large numbers brought over for labour mainly in the sugar industry in tropical Queensland. When the practice was outlawed after federation, many were deported and, sadly, many did not get returned to their homeland island. The word “Kanakas” should be used only in its historical context as it is an offensive term,

October Meeting



Col Sutcliffe, now retired from the Queensland Education Department, gave us a not only very informative, but humorous, reflection on “Education of Outback Children from 1901”. Many interesting photographs were displayed, depicting teachers and pupils. Some of our members even remembered learning in the “more modern” classroom of a railway carriage converted for Domestic Science instruction.

Imagine the working conditions in the outback heat, travelling in a horse-drawn cart and teaching, dressed in suit and tie! Then came the progressions to motor cars, School of the Air using pedal-operated radios, then electric powered radios, and now computers.



Research Records Update

FindMyPast

- A further 54 million newly indexed records spanning the years 1921 to 1925 have just been added to the collection of the newly indexed England & Wales, Electoral Registers 1920-1932.
- Jersey, German Occupation Identity Cards 1940-1945, German Occupation Prosecutions 1940-1945
- Perthshire, Inhabitants of the Burgh of Perth 1766
- Shetland, Tingwall List of Inhabitants 1785

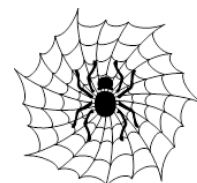
Ancestry

- Updated Surrey, England, Electoral Registers, 1832-1962
- Updated Aberdeen City and Former Counties of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, Electoral Registers, 1832-1976
- Updated Australia and New Zealand, Obituary Index, 2004-2018

FamilySearch

- Complete Archive of Ellis Island Records - a trio of new collections representing the complete archive of Ellis Island passenger records. Many immigrants to the USA came ashore here.

Wandering Through the Web



Commonwealth War Graves Commission



<http://archive.cwgc.org/>

The CWGC released an Archive Catalogue in 2017 which is progressively being added to. It contains information about cemeteries and memorials maintained by the Commission, individuals who have worked for and helped shaped the Commission, and policies and processes which govern its work. The catalogue also contains a listing of its extensive library collection. This can be viewed only on its premises.

Isle of Wight Burial & Cremation Records

<https://www.iw-bereavementservices.co.uk/>

Isle of Wight Council has launched a new website with burial records for IOW cemeteries, dating from 1856, and crematorium records from when it opened in 1961. A free search provides name, year and month, name of cemetery or if cremated. A blurred image of the record is displayed and a copy can be purchased for a fee.

 Australian Government	 NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF AUSTRALIA
16 Corporate Drive, Cannon Hill Phone: (07) 3249 4200 Website: www.naa.gov.au	
<p>Important: Before visiting, refer to “<i>Step-by-step guide for researchers</i>” in their website for requirements for ordering & accessing records and using Reading Room.</p>	
<p>Hours & Facilities: Wednesday to Friday 9am - 4.30pm Closed Public Holidays</p>	
<p>A public kitchen with tea and coffee facilities is located on the Ground Floor.</p>	
<p>Free on-site parking is available</p>	
<p>The strengths of their Brisbane facility collection are the immigration records that date from the 1850s; the post office and mail service records, and photographs that are a rich source of information for local history.</p>	

<h2>Queensland State Archives</h2>
435 Compton Road, Runcorn Phone: (07) 3131 7777 Website: www.archives.qld.gov.au
<p>Important: Before visiting, refer to “<i>Public Search Room</i>” in their website for requirements for using the search room and for accessing records.</p>
<p>Hours & Facilities: Open Monday to Friday, 9am to 4.30pm Closed Public Holidays & Christmas/New Year period Open second Saturday each month, 9am to 4.30pm</p>
<p>The Readers Lounge has tea & coffee facilities, a refrigerator and microwave.</p>
<p>Free on-site parking is available.</p>
<p>Visit their website for details of a free taxi service from Fruitgrove Railway Station on Tuesdays.</p>
<p>The QSA holds informative Seminars and Events throughout the year, on their premises and at external venues. Check “<i>What’s on</i>” in their website for details or to arrange subscription to their free “<i>qsa bulletin</i>”</p>



Where to get your Certificates

Check the relevant Registrar's Office for details

These prices are based on Historical Certificates, where available

Queensland

Registry of Births, Deaths & Marriages (Qld)
110 George Street, Brisbane. 4000
PO Box 15188, City East, Qld 4002
Phone: 1300 366 430
Hours: Monday-Friday 8.30am – 4.30pm
\$22.00 Historical Image – PDF on-line
\$22.00 Historical Source Image – PDF on-line
\$31 .00 Historical Certificate – includes postage
<https://www.familyhistory.bdm.qld.gov.au/>

New South Wales

NSW Registry of Births, Deaths & Marriages
GPO Box 30, Sydney, NSW 2001
Phone: 13 77 88
\$33.00 (with Registration number)
\$46.00 (w/out number, includes 10 year search)
Both include postage
www.bdm.nsw.gov.au

Transcription services:

www.joymurrin.com.au
<http://www.transcriptions.com.au/>

Victoria

Registry of Births, Deaths & Marriages
GPO Box 5220, Melbourne, Vic 3001
Phone: 1300 369 367
\$24.50 Uncertified Historical Image - via email
\$33.00 Historical Certificate – postage extra
www.bdm.vic.gov.au

Australian Capital Territory

(Pre 1930, apply to NSW)
Registry of Births, Deaths & Marriages
GPO Box 158, Canberra City, ACT 2601
Phone: (02) 6207 3000
\$63.00 includes postage
Historic Death and Marriage Indexes are now available.
https://www.accesscanberra.act.gov.au/app/answers/detail/a_id/18/kw/bdm



South Australia

Births, Deaths & Marriages
Consumer & Business Services
GPO Box 1351, Adelaide, SA 5001
Phone: 131 882
\$48.75 - includes postage
<http://www.cbs.sa.gov.au/wcm/births-deaths-marriages/>

Western Australia

Registry of Births, Deaths & Marriages
PO Box 7720, Cloisters Square, Perth, WA 6850
Phone: 1300 305 021
\$20.00 (uncertified copy) – includes postage
www.bdm.dotage.wa.gov.au/

Tasmania

Registry of Births, Deaths & Marriages
GPO Box 198, Hobart, Tasmania 7001
Phone: 1300 135 513
\$53.98 – includes postage
www.justice.tas.gov.au/bdm/home

Northern Territory

Registry of Births, Deaths & Marriages
GPO Box 3021, Darwin, NT 0801
Phone: (08) 8999 6119
\$46.00 – includes postage
(1856-1863 = NSW) (1863-1870 = SA)
www.nt.gov.au/justice/bdm

New Zealand

Registry of Births, Deaths, Marriages & Citizenship
PO Box 10-526, Wellington 6143 New Zealand
\$(NZ)25.00
(Visa, MasterCard & American Express accepted)
A printout has more information than a certificate
www.bdmhistoricalrecords.dia.govt.nz/Home/



Queensland Family History Society Inc.

58-60 Bellevue Avenue, Gaythorne 4051

Phone: **(07) 3355 3369**

Website: www.qfhs.org.au

There are no stairs at this venue. It is accessible by either train or bus. Parking is available in the street.

Members are reminded that RGS is an Associate Member of QFHS. Membership cards are available from the RGS Secretary for a Borrowing fee of \$2. QFHS will charge an Hourly or a Day fee, if you do not take this card with you.

If registering online for seminars, the card is not needed. Our QFHS Membership number, obtainable from RGS Secretary, must be stated.

Disclaimer-

Prices, addresses, etc. are correct at the time of going to print. Use this as a guide only as prices are subject to change. If you do find incorrect information, I would appreciate your advice.

[Ed. RR]

Genealogical Society of Queensland Inc.

25 Stackpole St (cnr Mt Gravatt-Capalaba Rd)

WISHART 4122

Phone: **(07) 3349 6072** Email: info@gsg.org.au

Website: www.gsg.org.au

Opening hours:-

Mondays & Public Holidays:	Closed
Tuesdays to Fridays:	10am to 3pm
2 nd & 4 th Wednesdays:	6pm to 9pm
Saturdays:	12noon to 4pm
Sundays:	Interest Group meetings only