

A Brief History Of Us



David Hawking

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David Hawking
david.hawking@acm.org

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Back cover photo: Hawking family, 1919. (Detailed caption on p. 176.)

Well, I've just finished reading David's wonderful book. What a fascinating read. What a cast of colourful characters!

David, I am so grateful that you have collated the vast collection of genealogical research, artifacts, stories, photos, documents into a cohesive and very readable tome. I must confess prior to the book, I have felt overwhelmed by the volume of info (in different formats) received, and have been trying to make sense of it all! Your book does that!

What a wonderful resource for us and our children/grandchildren.

Thankyou Kathy for your thorough research into our convict past. Fascinating. So sad. Beautifully compiled.

Jenny & Michele – loved reading your sections and learning more about you.

Jenny Warburton

10 May 2024

Preface

What to expect from this book. As with my other books, my goal has been to create something which is accurate and entertaining but not necessarily comprehensive. I'm interested in stories rather than genealogical detail, though genealogical detail, particularly from primary sources, and story confirmation have been critical to accuracy. Some good stories turned out to be untrue and have been left out.

Getting genealogical facts straight can be very difficult. Long ago records were hand-written and many have been lost or damaged. In recent years a lot of them have been scanned, some of them have been transcribed, and some of those are searchable. Errors frequently occur in the original record – because, for example, the informant was illiterate and what is recorded is a phonetic representation of what they said, or the informant providing inaccurate information. Abbreviations were often used, such as Jno for John, Hy for Henry etc. and that makes searching more complicated.

There is also the serious question of whether a record in the correct year is the person sought, or another person with the same name. Some early records have too little information to be certain. A marriage record does not unambiguously link back to the birth records of the husband and wife, so one must search for the names in the years indicated by their respective ages.

In five generations time, genealogy will be so much easier. Looking back five generations, a genealogist will find complete, more accurate, digital records of births, deaths, and marriages. Not only that but the people in their tree will be represented by non-deteriorating digital photos, videos and memorial web sites, perhaps even holograms!

On the other hand, genealogies of the future will have to represent same sex marriages and relationships, donor-conceived children and many more de facto relationships, most with children. Hopefully children born of incest or rape will not feature.

Representing key people. Vital information about important people in the story is presented in the following format:

(A2) Alice Addison Warner 1884–1973 b. Beechworth, Vic., d. Beechworth, Vic.

The circles include a number which indicates the generation of the person relative to us – 1 for parents, 2 for grandparents, etc. The letter in the circle indicates the nature of the relationship to us – D for direct ancestors, N for not a direct ancestor, A for an ancestor by adoption.

I've also included snapshots of some Ancestry.com fragments to show the relationships between people in our ancestral tree.

What is a tree?

The structures presented in Ancestry.com are described as *family trees*, but to a pedantic computer scientist they are *graphs* rather than trees. In computer science a *tree* is a hierarchical organisation of interlinked *nodes* in which each node¹ has only one incoming link but may have an arbitrary number of outgoing links, including none. In genealogy, there are two structures which conform to this definition. A family tree with Fred as the root node may be either:

¹except the *root node*.

- An *Ancestor Tree*: A tree of all Fred's direct ancestors. I.e. his node links to his two parents and their nodes link to their parents, and so on. This tree is binary because each node links to exactly two parent nodes.
- A *Descendants Tree*: A tree of all Fred's descendants. I.e. his node links to his children and their nodes link to their children, and so on. This is not a binary tree because each node may have an arbitrary number of linked children.

An ancestor tree for Michele, Jenny and me is at https://david-hawking.net/ancestor_tree_djm.pdf. It's a companion to this book. Note, that because we, like nearly everyone else, have 32 great great great grandparents, the fonts at that level are necessarily very small – you may need a large high-resolution monitor or a magnifying glass to view them.

Accessing links: The PDF version of this book contains hundreds of clickable links to Web resources. Between 11 and 12 May 2024, I clicked on all of them to confirm accessibility, updating many URLs of Tasmanian government resources (and some others) which had moved. I can't guarantee that URLs will remain the same over time. If you find a dead link, I can only suggest that you look up the URL on the Wayback Machine <https://wayback-api.archive.org/> operated by the Internet Archive.

A note to Judy: Judy, if you're reading this, we know some of the material about your mother will be upsetting to you. We're sorry for that, but she was a huge influence on our lives and we're not prepared to brush all that under the carpet and pretend it didn't happen. You will inevitably have a completely different perception for a number of reasons: You were treated differently because you were four years younger than the youngest of us and you were her daughter; Your personality was better suited to responding to her than ours.



A portrait of our mother Margaret, taken at Star Studios, Swanston St, Melbourne.

Acknowledgements

I am very grateful to the people who've contributed to this book: Jenny Ahrens née Hawking, Wendy Ashburner, Nina Crosthwaite, Gary Croton, John Cubitt, Bronwen Donges née Jenke, Glen Donges, Michele Forrest née Hawking, Kathy Griffiths, Inga Hanover née Millers, Vivienne Harvey, Gordon Hawking, John Hawking, Lindsay Hawking, Robyn Sharman Hawking, Johnnie Hunter, Stewart Jenke, Lynette Lindner née Willett, John Stanley Martin (Rogue), Robyn Meurant née Powell, John Ogden, Tony Owen, Hannah Smith (professional genealogist), Paula Thompson, Jenny Warburton, Kerryn Warburton, Mary Warburton, Julie Wilson née Stephens.

My wife Kathy Griffiths is a gifted and determined researcher who has contributed immensely to the coverage and accuracy of this book, and has written Chapter 11. I have also relied on genealogical work by Gary Croton, Julie Wilson, Vivienne Harvey, Johnnie Hunter, Gordon and John Hawking, and English genealogist Hannah Smith. Other chapters and sections have been contributed by sisters Jenny and Michele, and cousin Jenny Warburton. Of course, any errors are my own responsibility.

Contents

- 1 Who are we? 11**
 - 1.1 Me 11
 - 1.1.1 Thanks to Hans Linssen 12
 - 1.1.2 Christine Gee and her family 12
 - 1.1.3 Hiking in the Victorian Alps 13
 - 1.1.4 Search and Rescue Squad 15
 - 1.1.5 ‘Studies’ at ANU 15
 - 1.1.6 Kathy Griffiths and her family 17
 - 1.2 Jenny 18
 - 1.3 Michele 20
 - 1.4 Family adventures 27
 - 1.4.1 2014: Mallorca and Scotland 27
 - 1.4.2 2019: West Highland Way and Greece 35
 - 1.4.3 Comfortable travelling companions 37
- 2 Beechworth 38**
 - 2.1 Facebook: Historic Photographs of Beechworth, Australia 40
 - 2.2 Beechworth’s gold mining history 42
 - 2.3 A more recent riot. 43
 - 2.4 Living in Beechworth 44
 - 2.5 Mayday Hills Psychiatric Hospital 45
- 3 Camelot, 1949 – 1960 47**
 - 3.1 Music and the arts 52
 - 3.2 Enjoying nature 52
 - 3.3 Cooking and entertaining 54
 - 3.4 Housework 56
 - 3.5 Child rearing 56
 - 3.6 Evenings 58
 - 3.7 Friends 58
 - 3.8 Contact with Margaret’s birth family 65
 - 3.9 Childcare from Neny 65
 - 3.10 My early education 68
 - 3.11 Ern at Zwar Bros tannery 69
 - 3.12 Ern’s labours 70
 - 3.12.1 Remember, remember the 5th of November. Powder, Treason and Plot! 72
 - 3.13 Paternal sympathy ... or lack thereof! 75
 - 3.14 Travel without a car 75
 - 3.15 The first family car 76

3.16	Holidays	78
3.17	Rogue's view	78
3.18	What a decade!	78
4	Tragedy: 1960/61	79
5	1961–1968 In the care of amazing ladies	84
5.1	Wow!	88
6	1968 – The coming of Dorn	89
6.1	Ern's death	91
7	Margaret and her family	93
7.1	What would it have been like at Kildonan?	96
7.2	Margaret's adoption	98
7.3	Margaret at school in Beechworth	99
7.4	Keeping Margaret from her biological parents	100
7.5	1942: John Stronach Hunter's efforts to communicate with Margaret	100
7.6	1942: Margaret meets her 'people'	101
7.7	Margaret's free spirit	104
7.8	Margaret's teaching career	104
7.8.1	Teaching in Yea	105
7.8.2	Spells of temporary teaching	106
7.9	Margaret's adoptive sister: Pam	107
7.10	Margaret's parents	110
7.10.1	Marriage of Iolen Ellen Carter and John Stronach Hunter, July 1918	111
7.10.2	Iolen's mental health	111
7.10.3	Iolen's trip to Scotland, 1951–1952	111
7.11	Iolen's siblings	112
7.12	Iolen's forebears	114
7.12.1	John Potts Carter (JPC2)	114
7.12.2	John Potts Carter (JPC1) and Jemima Broom	115
7.12.3	What happened to abandoned wives?	120
7.12.4	JPC1's older brother James	120
7.13	Neny (Alice Warner)	121
7.13.1	Rogue's view of Neny	123
7.14	Hunting Hunters	123
7.14.1	John Stronach Hunter's sister Jean Hunter Wilson	129
7.15	John Stronach Hunter's Scottish forebears	131
8	Finding Aunt Mary	133
8.1	Hunting for Mary	133
8.2	"I think we've found Mary!"	134
9	Mary Warburton née Hunter (by Jenny Warburton)	136
9.1	The Early Years, 1928 –	137
9.1.1	Official Kildonan Home Committee Notes regarding Mary	138
9.1.2	Name change	138
9.2	Interview with Mary	138
9.3	Adult Life	148

10 Ern and his family	151
10.1 Grandma	155
10.2 Grandma's forebears	157
10.2.1 Grandma's parents	161
10.3 Grandma's relatives	163
10.4 Grandpa	166
10.4.1 Jack Hawking's forebears	170
10.4.2 Jack Hawking's siblings	174
10.5 The lure of gold	178
10.6 Ern's siblings	181
10.7 Male behaviour patterns in the Hawking family	186
11 Our convict ancestors (by Kathy Griffiths)	187
11.1 William Casey, Iolen Hunter's maternal grandfather	187
11.1.1 Clogheen and Waterford prison	188
11.1.2 Incarceration on Spike Island	189
11.1.3 Transportation to Van Diemen's Land (VDL): 1851	191
11.1.4 Arrival at Van Diemen's Land	194
11.1.5 William moves to Victoria	197
11.2 Alice O'Keefe, Iolen Hunter's maternal grandmother	199
11.2.1 Stealing a cow: From workhouse to prison in Ireland	200
11.2.2 A victim of the times? With little doubt.	201
11.2.3 Transportation to Van Diemen's Land	202
11.2.4 In Van Diemen's Land	203
11.3 Phillis Lockyer, Jack Hawking's maternal grandmother	206
11.3.1 The Old Bailey and the notorious Newgate Prison	208
11.3.2 'On the town' and a return to Newgate	209
11.3.3 Off to Millbank	210
11.3.4 A (not so) 'Majestic' trip to Van Diemen's land	212
11.3.5 Van Diemen's land	213
11.4 Henry Mills, Jack Hawking's maternal grandfather	216
11.4.1 The Weavers of Kidderminster	216
11.4.2 Imprisoned in a Castle	218
11.4.3 "Floating Hell"	218
11.4.4 A mother's broken heart: A plea for remission	219
11.4.5 By the ship <i>John</i> to VDL	220
11.4.6 In Van Diemen's Land	221
11.4.7 East Tamar and Launceston	223
11.4.8 Henry the publican	225
11.4.9 Gold fever: Henry the miner	227
11.4.10 An unmarked grave	230
Appendices	247
A Rogue's memories of Margaret Hawking	248
B Nina Crosthwaite's letter about Margaret	260
C Johnnie Hunter's genealogical notes	262
C.1 What did John Stronach Hunter leave when he left Scotland?	262

C.2	Mary's Parents	262
C.3	Mary's Grand Parents	263
C.4	Mary's Great Grand Parents	263
C.5	Mary's Great-Great Grand Parents	263
C.6	Hunter — Dunlop Connection	263
C.7	Aunts – Uncles – Nieces & Nephews of Mary	264
C.8	Aunts – Uncles – Cousins of John Stronach Hunter	265
D	Extracts from official records	266
D.1	Margaret's side	266
D.2	Ern's side	276
E	Children of Alice and William Casey	281
F	Children of Phillis and Henry Mills	284

Chapter 1

Who are we?

This family story is written from the perspective of David Hawking, Jennifer (Jenny) Ahrens née Hawking, and Michele Forrest née Hawking. It's written by David with a lot of input from Jenny and Michele.

You'll find that the coverage is biased toward our mother Margaret. Her death in 1961 caused a sadness in our lives which is still very raw after 63 years. Since we were only children (Michele a tiny baby) at the time she died, we have long felt a desire to know as much as possible about her, and her biological family. Two of Margaret's friends very kindly wrote about her for us, and we cherish the results, reproduced in Appendices A and B

I have memories of my mother Margaret, but it's a source of great regret that what I remember is all from a child's perspective. My sisters are even more deprived.

For decades I've had Margaret's diary from 1948 but I never tried to read it, wondering whether it was the right thing to do, whether I wanted to know what she wrote, or whether I could even decipher her writing. After starting to write this book I did decipher the entries but there are lots of words, and even whole sentences which I couldn't decode. A lot of words needed to be interpreted from context and it's likely I made errors. Reading the diary was an emotional roller-coaster. I came to know something of her as an adult, though she was only 23 at the time, and to share some of her joys and sorrows. The entries cover the period from the beginning of 1948 to June of that year.

Michele read my transcription and said, "Wow! I love it!". Jenny was initially wary of reading it and needed to prepare herself. Jenny did read it and found it superficial – inevitable since the amount of space for a day's entry was only about 1.5 x 4.0 cm.

For readers outside the family, here's a biographical introduction to each of us.

1.1 Me

I was born in 1953. I went to primary school and high school in Beechworth, Vic. and did quite well. In 1964 (year 7), I was invited to stay with family friend 'Rogue' and his parents in Mont Albert, Melbourne. (You'll meet Rogue later on.) He was an academic at the University of Melbourne and vast areas of his house were lined with bookcases, including above the toilet door.

One day he took me into the University and installed me in a carrel in the Baillieu Library assigned to an MSc student. He borrowed a book I selected – *The Chemical History of a Candle* by Michael Faraday – and went off to attend to his academic duties. I was so excited by the book, the library and the university that I determined there and then that I would study Physics, Chemistry, Pure Maths, Applied Maths and English in year 12 (Matriculation), French to year 11, and then enrol for a BSc at the University of Melbourne.

I carefully followed this plan until the very last moment when I decided to go to ANU in Canberra instead. However, I did end up with a connection to the University of Melbourne. I was appointed an Honorary Fellow at the University of Melbourne just before my retirement in 2018.

In 1968 I seemed to have hit a pretty major obstacle to going to University at all. After two solid days of examinations for the Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship (CSS), which I enjoyed

and found easy, results were later communicated to high school principals. Mr Renwick came into our geography class and announced that three of us had won CSS awards. He listed three names, not including mine, and invited those students to go home and pass on the good news to their mothers. I was rather shocked and, when I told my father Ern, he said I'd have to give up plans for university. Next morning a considerable number of people I met on my way to school congratulated me on my success. It turned out that the *Border Morning Mail* published a list of *four* scholarship winners from Beechworth. The list given to Mr Renwick had only three!

1.1.1 Thanks to Hans Linssen

My decision to go to ANU was encouraged by Hans Linssen, a teacher at Beechworth High School who encouraged me to apply for a prestigious National Undergraduate Scholarship (NUS) offered by ANU. With the school's support I also applied for Early Entrance to ANU. Unsuccessful in the former, I succeeded in the latter.

Hans Linssen had also applied for me to attend the International Science School in Sydney in 1969, run by the notorious Professor Harry Messel. Remarkably (unjustifiably?) I was selected as one of a total of 139 attendees (118 boys, 21 girls), including 20 from overseas. What an experience it was! Flying by myself to Sydney, going to lectures at a university, navigating Sydney public transport, swimming at Bondi Beach, and staying in a top boarding school.

When asking a question of one of the distinguished lecturers, we were asked to identify ourselves and give our place of origin. An international who asked a lot of questions, identified himself in an unfamiliar accent as "Dorrik Stow, Leighton Buzzard, England." Despite his unusual name and quaint home town, Dorrik seems to have had a very distinguished academic career and is Head of Institute at Heriot Watt University, Edinburgh.

Lectures were held at Sydney University and the lecturers were mostly leading nuclear scientists, including Pief Panofsky¹ of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center, and Richard Dalitz of Oxford University. Students were accommodated at the upmarket Cranbrook School in Bellevue Hill. Given that Cranbrook fees are high (\$79k p.a. for a year 12 boarder in 2023), I was surprised to find that we slept in a long verandah dormitory, protected from the elements only by a canvas blind. On the other hand, I was impressed that some of the masters had PhDs.

I met many interesting students at the Science School. Among them were outstanding achievers who won NUS scholarships and came to ANU like Huw Price,² who retired during COVID as Bertrand Russell Chair of Philosophy at Cambridge, and Peter Kennewell³ whose stellar career was cut short by cancer at the age of 27. In addition to topping Queensland in final year school exams, Peter was a talented pianist who gained a Licentiate in Music (LMusA) while at ANU. At ISS Peter had all the confidence I lacked. Feeling the need for some keyboard practice, he not only played the Cranbrook piano, but booked time on the magnificent pipe organ at Sydney Town Hall – I was his audience.

1.1.2 Christine Gee and her family

In year 11, Christine Gee⁴ became my first girlfriend. I was made very welcome in her house by her parents and found the family environment very different to my own – they were strongly political, talked about subjects like sex, religion, and politics, and engaged in spirited debates. I remember Christine's mother Kath chortling over a magazine report of an attractive woman entering a crowded room. The room instantly fell silent but the silence was soon broken by the sound of fly buttons hitting the ceiling.⁵ That conversation could never have happened in our family!

Christine's father Allan Gee survived the sinking of HMAS Perth in Sunda Strait, and spent the

¹https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pief_Panofsky

²<https://prce.hu/w/index.html>

³<https://gps100.org.au/historymakers/peter-john-kennewell-nc-1966-1970/>

⁴<https://www.penguin.com.au/authors/christine-courtenay>

⁵For younger readers, the fly on a man's trousers used to be closed with buttons rather than a zip.

rest of the war in Changi, and on the Burma railway. He was outspoken, occasionally used sailor language and had a low opinion of many in authority. From his war time experiences he was friends with Labor minister Tom Uren⁶, journalist and writer Rohan Rivett⁷ and Olympic sports administrator Judy (Julius) Patching⁸

Allan's eyesight was very poor due to his POW experiences and he trusted me to drive their brand new Ford Fairlane around the paddocks. On one occasion he directed me to drive it through a series of angled gates. Because I thought he was confident in my abilities I successfully completed the tricky manoeuvre. He later said that he was surprised that I attempted it. Allan also trusted me to cast his vote in the December 1972 election when Gough Whitlam became Prime Minister. I had a vested interest in that election because if the Coalition had been returned I would have been asked to register for the National Service ballot.⁹

*A Long Way from Silver Creek*¹⁰ by Christine's identical twin sister Margaret features Allan's fascinating story. He was addicted to TV news, and by dint of sitting close to the set, armed with a large magnifying glass, watched three bulletins each evening on the three available channels.

1.1.3 Hiking in the Victorian Alps

In years 11 and 12, I did a few hikes in the Victorian alps, starting with a large group hike in winter to Mt Feathertop.¹¹ We stayed for about ten days in the MUMC (Melbourne University Mountaineering Club) hut at the top of the North-West Spur. It was a lovely metal building in the form of a geodesic dome. All the materials for the hut had been carried in by MUMC members up the Bungalow Spur, including a cast iron WarmRay heater and dense hardwood bearers for the floor.

The least prepared of the group were the Scouts who had organised the trip in order to gain badges. Several of them brought the most inappropriate food – high volume, low nutrition – and ran out long before the end of the hike. A lad who went on to become a police officer, souvenired safety markers and vandalised a wind vane. He also drank an entire bottle of port on the first night in the hut. He 'rescued' one of the party who was short on food, by cooking up and then wasting more than 6kg of Deb instant mashed potato.

I had brought a cooker which ran on butane gas cartridges. When the temperature dropped it refused to operate and I managed to pour liquid butane on to the table. The temperature became very cold – down to -10C inside the hut with the heater on! It may have been even colder but clumsy hands broke the thermometer. There were water tanks under the hut but the hand pump provided to access their contents stopped operating for obvious reasons.

I was quite proud that my first hike was a difficult ten day affair and that my preparations and resilience had been up to it. However my frameless, heavily loaded, canvas backpack was far from comfortable or good for my body. I immediately purchased a second-hand canvas pack with an external frame – a major improvement.

I had no desire to walk again with Scouts but went on later walks with David McIntyre, Robert Tully, Mark Sewell, and Jim Boehm. One Queen's Birthday weekend we returned to the MUMC hut, determined to enjoy maximum comfort. In my backpack were a large Primus kerosene cooker, four litres of kerosene and a bunch of briquettes for the WarmRay. Being a small group we were able to pack ourselves with foam blocks on the suspended sleeping floor above the main hut. A group of MUMC mountaineers arrived and invited us to join them on an excursion to the summit of Mt Feathertop.

Tully and I went along and experienced a number of unplanned descents thanks to ice patches. Neither of us had proper gear but I tore down one side of a plastic fruit-and-vegetable bag, put it on my head and taped it under my chin with a band-aid. It did a surprisingly good job of keeping me

⁶https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tom_Uren

⁷https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rohan_Rivett

⁸<https://www.olympics.com.au/news/tribute-to-judy-patching/>

⁹19 year olds were then eligible to be conscripted into the armed forces but not eligible to vote.

¹⁰<https://catalogue.nla.gov.au/catalog/2180486>

¹¹https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mount_Feathertop

warm. Without this low-tech solution Tully's hair became a forest of icicles.

Below is a poor-quality photo of the start of our most adventurous winter hike, enjoyed by only three of us. We started at the base of Mt Bogong,¹² climbed its summit and walked a loop to Harri-etville via Falls Creek, Mt Hotham, the Razorback, Mt Feathertop and the North-West Spur, staying in mountain huts. We had el cheapo, cotton-filled sleeping bags, but McIntyre's mother had operated on his to double the insulation value.



1970: Three intrepid hikers setting off on a 50km loop from Mt Bogong to Mt Feathertop via Falls Creek and Mt Hotham in mid winter. L to R: (David) McIntyre, (Robert) Tully and me. Note the hairstyles, the lack of hi-tech hiking gear, woollen jumpers rather than puffer jackets, and Tully's gumboots.

The sign reads: MT BOGONG WALKING TRACK. WARNING – IN WINTER THE ASCENT OF MT BOGONG CAN BE DANGEROUS. ONLY EXPERIENCED SKI TOURERS AND MOUNTAINEERS SHOULD ATTEMPT IT. ALL PARTIES SHOULD HAVE AN EXPERIENCED LEADER AND BE EQUIPPED WITH WIND-PROOF CLOTHING, MT. CRAMPONS, ROPES, MT. AXES ETC. THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO COPE WITH HARD ICE AND VERY DEEP SOFT SNOW AND BE PREPARED TO CAMP OUT IF HALTED BY SEVERE CONDITIONS. BE PREPARED FOR BLIZZARDS – LIVES HAVE BEEN LOST!

Conditions were indeed challenging. We experienced a total white-out where the sky was indistinguishable from the snow-covered ground. I slid for what seemed like 100m on an ice crust on the summit of Bogong, only managing to arrest the slide by kicking my boot through the ice crust when the slope became steeper. There was so much ice about that I kicked holes in the toes of my hiking boots which had been purchased for the hike.

We mightn't have been as well prepared as required by the sign but we were more sensible than the hiking group which we read about around that time – they got lost, panicked and abandoned the tents and sleeping bags which would have protected them from hypothermia.

You might think that summer hiking would be much more pleasant and less risky than battling through snow and ice. However, on the one occasion that Tully and I went hiking near Bogong in summer the experience was less idyllic than we expected. Camped by a creek some distance from

¹²https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mount_Bogong

the death adders we'd seen sunning themselves, we took to our sleeping bags soon after dark, only to be woken at around midnight by a convoy of high-revving rally cars. Then shooters arrived. They shone their spotlight on our tent and fired their rifles above us. No doubt they enjoyed the experience more than we did!

On another expedition to MUMC hut on Feathertop, this time with Gordon Lister, Pam Rickard, and Moir Mahony, we had occasion to rescue a man experiencing heart problems on Bungalow Spur. We cut a couple of poles, made appropriate holes in my sleeping bag and used the result as a stretcher. I had a sprained ankle, so Moir and I carried four packs between us and made haste for Harrierville to call an ambulance. They arrived promptly and with appropriate gear and met Gordon and Pam about two thirds of the way down. We visited the man in hospital later and he was very grateful, saying that our jury-rigged stretcher was more comfortable than the official one.

1.1.4 Search and Rescue Squad

In about 1968 the Beechworth Search and Rescue Squad was formed with Norm Tully (no known relation to Robert) as leader. Les Powell (See Page 164) was an instigator of Beechworth State Emergency Service (SES) and served for 18 years as its first Controller. Government funding provided helmets, uniforms, ropes, stretchers, winches etc.

I became an enthusiastic member and for a couple of years we did training and exercises every week. We learned first aid, a lot of useful knots, how to navigate by compass, how to read maps, and how to conduct a systematic search.

Many of our training sessions were in the dark and I remember somehow stringing a rope across the gorge, fixing a pulley in the middle and using a second rope through the pulley to lower a rescuer down and retrieve a rescuee – in the dark! We conducted rescues in the old Wallaby mine, moved multiple cars using a single winch, used jaws-of-life to crack open an old car, and conducted a systematic search, having been summoned home from school after [made up] reports of a small boy having wandered off from his home.

Of course, when an accident occurred below Spring Creek Falls, where our expertise and equipment would have been useful, the police didn't bother to call us.

1.1.5 'Studies' at ANU

I was a year ahead of Christine and went to ANU in 1971. I went to study Physics, Chemistry and Maths but instead of Applied Maths I chose Psychology, having spent the summer vacation working as a trainee psychiatric nurse at Beechworth's Mayday Hills mental hospital.

I arrived at university a teetotaler, and with very conservative ideas about sex, politics, drugs, and relationships. I was in the habit of attending church every week, although unknown to my family I was a non-believer. From day one I was exposed to freedoms, new ideas, and unfamiliar behaviour norms. I wanted to be part of the university scene but had difficulty managing the inherent conflict of values. An acquaintance at ANU was a dope smoker who told us that he really wanted to try heroin. I thought that was silly and had no desire whatever to follow his path.

My drug of choice was coffee and I consumed about ten cups of it each day. My caffeine tolerance was such that I could fall asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow despite four mugs of strong coffee immediately prior to retiring. When doing assignments I would consume a pack of rock-hard Arnotts ginger nut biscuits dunked in a succession of mugs of coffee.

In May 1971, Christine came to ANU for the duration of the Aquarius Festival of University Arts.¹³ It was a huge festival attended by 10,000 students from around the country. Allan and Kath Gee trusted me to look after Christine but we nearly found ourselves arrested during a police charge down University Avenue at the end of *the Day of Rage Against Apartheid, Conscription and the Vietnam War*. A total of 186 people were arrested that day.

Christine enrolled at ANU the following year, but we went our different ways after she arrived.

¹³<http://www.milesago.com/festivals/aquarius71.htm>

Later she married Huw Price's brother Goronwy, and together they founded Australian Himalayan Expeditions (AHE) in 1975. Her father gave me an AHE T-shirt when I visited him and Kath in Wodonga on my way to Euroa. Post AHE, Christine ran her own marketing company and served as Nepali honorary consul-general in NSW. She was a finalist in the Qantas/Bulletin Businesswoman of the Year and also has an OAM.

I didn't see Christine for two or three decades but heard through the media that she had married Bryce Courtenay and they were living in Bowral. When I met her at a 2005 performance of *Buena Vista Social Club* at the Canberra Theatre I was convinced it was her identical twin Margaret – a mistake made by many over the years but one I wouldn't have made back in the 1970s. Since then Kathy and I have have been pleased to catch up with her occasionally when our paths cross in Sydney or Canberra.

I came to university to pursue a degree in Physics but decided that I liked Psychology more – partly because I realised that Physics required a proficiency in maths which I lacked. If Physics was my calling I definitely should have enrolled for Applied Maths and worked hard at it. I ended up doing a double major in Psychology and a major and Fourth Year Honours in Computer Science.

In my first year and a half at university, I immersed myself in the university life at the expense of my studies. I joined the staff of the student newspaper *Woroni*, became a film projectionist (eventually President of the ANU Film Group), was Chief Embezzler of the Goon Society, and participated in *Inward Bound*¹⁴ I went rock-climbing at Booroomba Rocks and exposed my very mediocre talent. I joined the ACT Cross Country Club and was so far behind the other members that I had to follow their tracks in order to find the finish of a 'social run' through the forests. Despite this, and thanks to pacing from Peter Kennewell, I did eventually manage to break 5 minutes for a mile, and 11 minutes for the ANU 2 mile course around Haig Park.

ANU Film Group Cinethon

In the 1970s the ANU Film Group held a 'Cinethon' during Bush Week each year. One year I volunteered to project the whole thing – more than 12 hours of film, more than 36 reel changes. Early that evening, our usher Barbara Ledger had intercepted a group of young men attempting to bring an esky of grog into the theatre. They reacted badly to the refusal and stole a trunk of film worth thousands of dollars, which was waiting to be shipped back to the film distributor in Sydney. Barbara and I scanned the carpark and found the trunk sitting in the back of an unlocked car – we stole it back! After that the Cinethon went well and I particularly enjoyed projecting *2001 A Space Odyssey* at about 4am, to a snoozing audience – fantastic visuals and soaring music against the hum of the ancient projector.

I socialised endlessly. In first semester of second year, I stayed up until after 5am several nights a week, while enrolled for an extra course on top of the normal load. Despite this I never missed breakfast and, amazingly, I never failed a subject.

That year, a group of us engaged in an elaborate hoax. Memory has faded but I'm pretty sure we included Huw Price, Andrew McCredie, and possibly Rod Phillips. We registered two political societies with the ANU Student Association, one with a name suggesting a left wing bias and the other with a right wing ring to it. The Country Liberal Society, if that's what it was called, booked a lecture theatre in the Copland Building for an evening get-together. The Socialist Labor Society, if that's what it was called, then proceeded to widely circulate pamphlets claiming that the Country Liberal Party were planning to smuggle Liberal Prime Minister Billy McMahon on to campus and had booked a lecture theatre for a private gathering. The pamphlets invited Labor supporters to turn up and show Billy what they thought of Liberal policies on conscription and the Vietnam War.

Moir Mahony and I arrived early to set up the lectern and water glasses for the imaginary speaker.

¹⁴A competition between ANU halls of residence in which teams of four were blindfolded and driven out into the country late at night and given the grid reference of a destination to be reached in least possible time. In my first year, we won our section with a time of about 8.5 hours, having crossed three rivers in the dark (including the Murrumbidgee) and run for 15km along the Monaro Highway.

Moir set up a table outside the door and, dressed in Toorak-appropriate clothes and a blue-rinse wig, proceeded to sell tickets. Once the room was full we showered the prank victims with leaflets thanking them for their contribution to the Bush Week charity and ran for our lives.

I met Moir on my very first day at ANU, playing Five Hundred, and we have been firm friends ever since. As noted, we helped rescue a heart-attack victim from Mt Feathertop. Kathy and Moir played music together and we've all been hiking and camping together. On one camping excursion near the beach at Moruya, our tents were pulled down by a bunch of partying 'youths' who, when I yelled at them, proceeded to block our car's route out by felling small trees across the track.

1.1.6 Kathy Griffiths and her family

Earlier in 1972, I had met my future wife Kathy Griffiths, on an O-week run around the ANU campus. At the beginning of second semester 1973, we joined Gordon Lister and Pam Rickard in a group house in Yarralumla and started our 50+ year relationship soon after. I knew that our unmarried relationship was contrary to my family's views and values and, ever keen to avoid conflict, I didn't tell them. That led to the excruciating scene described on Page 84 of <https://david-hawking.net/books/kmgWeb.pdf>.

Kathy was a diligent, hard-working student and her habits rubbed off on me. During the second half of my degree my grades significantly improved, to the extent that I was invited to do Honours in Computer Science.

Unlike the Gees, Kathy's parents were quite conservative, although her father Harold also watched three consecutive TV news bulletins. Kathy's mother Pat railed against, "Whitlam ripping the guts out of the country", and Harold vented against trade unions, traitors demonstrating against soldiers fighting in Vietnam, incompetent and corrupt politicians, lightweight journalists, and anyone standing in the way of progress. They were both very intelligent people and Harold in particular was better informed than we were. Kathy and I usually avoided engaging in arguments with them. I spent a lot of time working on the farm and the old house with Harold and learnt a lot from him. He was energetic and driven and couldn't bear the thought of, "becoming a barnacle on the arse of progress", "being as useless as pockets in underpants", or "sitting around like a stale bottle of beer."

In first year, my Commonwealth Tertiary Scholarship not only paid my fees but also a living allowance which left a fair bit of money after paying the full \$600 (approximately) for a year's full board in Garran Hall – yes, that's \$600 for three meals a day with rooms cleaned and beds made by a maid each weekday! I also worked during University vacations. Before I went to ANU I worked at Murray Breweries and at the Mayday Hills Mental Hospital. The following year I worked as Surveyor's Assistant and on the road gang at the Beechworth Shire Council, and after that picking tobacco for Italian families near Gapsted and Myrtleford. In my final break I worked as a Research Assistant in the Research School of Earth Sciences at ANU.

My father's promotion to Charge Nurse at the mental hospital at the end of my first year was a mixed blessing. His increase in salary was a boon to the family but led to a substantial reduction in my living allowance. Unable to envisage a career that I would be interested in AND for which I would be qualified after my undistinguished start at university, I decided that I might as well bow to the inevitable and apply for a Victorian Teaching Studentship. ("Those who can, do, and those who can't, teach." was an often-heard quote at the time.) This would allow me to live in relative luxury at the cost of being required to do a DipEd and being bonded to teach in a Victorian high school for three years.

After an interview in Melbourne, I was duly awarded the studentship. In expectation of my forthcoming riches, my friend Phil Allnutt lent me the money to buy a decent Hi Fi system and from the beginning of second year I was able to distract myself with higher quality music and annoy fellow residents with Beethoven's Fifth from the open windows.

After getting together with Kathy, a year behind me, there was no way I wanted to leave Canberra to teach high school students. I applied for and was granted permission by the Victorian Education Department (VED) to do Honours but that only deferred the problem for a year. When I achieved good results in that year, I was offered an ANU position as Tutor in Computer Science. I then applied

to VED for permission to serve my bond as a tutor, which some studentship holders did, but that was refused, probably because ANU wasn't a Victorian university. An arm wrestle ensued with VED over how much I needed to repay of my bond and over what period of time. In the end, I repaid roughly the full amount I actually received, i.e. not including tax taken out. In the end they cancelled the debt.

I worked for 4.5 years as a Tutor, and for a total of 23 years at ANU, in a succession of enjoyable roles. About five years into each role, when the fun started to wear off, an opportunity for a new role would pop up!

You can read much more about Kathy and her family and about the rest of my career in other books I have written.¹⁵ The book about Kathy *My Superstar Wife*¹⁶ includes a chapter (Chapter 8) about our favourite son Jack Griffiths-Hawking who, of course, is very important in our lives. He lives in the 'granny flat' in our back yard with his wife Erika, and their dog Nami.

1.2 Jenny

By Jenny

One of the defining experiences of my life was the death of my mother when I was just five years old. A strong woman herself, her death brought to me two more strong women — who became carers for myself and my siblings. Both in their 70's, my two grandmothers (and my grieving, wonderful dad) became my security in an uncertain world – if my mother could die so could anybody else. My Neny (actually my mother's adopted mother Alice Warner)¹⁷ was particularly important to me. She was a tough single woman — living a frugal, self-depriving and highly moral life, with a strong Christian faith. A nun really.

She introduced me to some fascinating characters, who we would regularly visit through use of the local taxi. Auntie Emily Christiansen, Miss Blume and Auntie Florrie Elliot were single, elderly women living alone in rural, isolated circumstances in Baarmutha and Staghorn Flat – and confidently managing difficulties such as droughts, mice, snakes and feral cats (these were dispatched by Auntie Florrie with chloroform and thrown down a dry well.) They had no mod cons — using Coolgardie safes for perishables, drawing water from a well, wood fires for heating and cooking, and managing outdoor dunnies. No electricity – so candles and lamps for lighting. How much I loved visiting Auntie Emily — with her old dog Toby, and her large, fabulous garden to explore – and always a piece of fruit cake.

My siblings were mostly a source of joy — apart from jealousy when my sister was born. We were a tight knit unit — and I have great memories of 'hi jinks' in the lounge room, a variety of interesting guests visiting my parents and entertaining us, Christmas eve visits to see the magical lights display at Bill Croom's house, and visits to our cousins in Wodonga and dad's home town of Rutherglen. Our bikes were put together by dad from a stock of old bikes and were usually too large. I remember careering down the hill towards the gorge, dinking my little sister and only able to stop the bike by crashing into Kibell's fence. We had so much fun — lots of walks around the gorge, stories read at bedtime, and sinking china dolls in Dad's fishpond when the man-made storm overturned their boat. Dad taking us all swimming at Pioneer Bridges or Myrtleford, with a picnic tea to follow. For this my grandmother would prepare a ham salad or cheese and jam sandwiches and cordial. School was a joy, always looking forward to games with friends which included daredevil creek jumps and constructing pine needle houses.

Dad remarried when I was 12. This was a devastating blow to us — overnight we lost our family, as our two grandmothers were dispatched to a flat in Beechworth, and we had very restricted access to them. My school performance declined and as time passed, I became more and more defiant, wagging school, drinking alcohol and smoking, sneaking out at night to ride horses and visit my friend's boyfriend at his flat in Beechworth. He shared the flat with a Vietnam vet, and it was from

¹⁵Linked from the *Books* section of <https://david-hawking.net/>

¹⁶<https://david-hawking.net/books/kmgWeb.pdf>

¹⁷Miss Warner sponsored a child in Madagascar and Neny was his name for her.

him I learnt a lot about war trauma — having to be careful never to startle him when we arrived. I learnt to drive by chauffeuring a drunk local lad to visit a lady of the night in Yackandandah, then returning him to Beechworth. He would sit in the passenger seat wielding a bottle of alcohol and crying — “Southern Comfort — the only way to fly.” What could go wrong?

Teachers were unaware of or unsympathetic to Jenny’s problems at home and used to ‘encourage’ her by telling her that she wasn’t as smart as her brother. We were almost as delighted as she was when she was one of very few in her class to gain a Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship.

I failed Year 11 as I had pretty much not attended any classes, and repeated the year. It was made clear that I needed to get a job as soon as school was finished so I commenced work at Mayday Hills Hospital as a ward assistant. Dad was unhappy about this as he believed that a mental hospital was ‘no place for a young girl’. I was offered a place to train as a nurse at the Alfred Hospital in October 1974 and I moved to Melbourne. These years were a great period of my life — I made friends that are still strong in my life, and had experiences which challenged, confronted and fascinated me. (The Alfred was a trauma centre and burns unit for much of Victoria.)

Confirming that Jenny’s poor performance in high school was not due to lack of ability, she went back to school and completed VCE at age 30. This time, she was dux of the school! As she records below, the VCE (and her Registered Nurse and Registered Psychiatric Nurse qualifications were followed by a degree, a graduate diploma and a Masters degree.

Michele’s academic abilities are similarly poorly reflected by her school results. Jenny and I are confident that if she had found the motivation to return to study, she too would have achieved outstanding results.



2024: Jenny and her dogs Bailey and Milo are totally dwarfed by Beechworth’s famous but but tree (E. Bridgesiana) across Lake Sambell from her home. Back in the mining era, notices were nailed to the tree and that may have contributed to its massive and numerous galls.

After finishing my training, I returned to Beechworth to get married. My fiancé's mother and sisters were very special to me. His mum was another strong woman, widowed and coping with tragedy, including the death of her youngest son, who had been my boyfriend at school. She was a kind, welcoming and accepting woman, who always had a meal and a bed for anyone who came along. This relaxed, open-door lifestyle was a joy to me, and I loved nights with them by the fire. The marriage didn't last however, and I began to focus on my career. I became a psychiatric nurse, having a baby one month prior to my final exams.

Luke was and always will be the greatest love of my life and it gave me such happiness to be there for him as he grew up and moved on to becoming a highly regarded child psychologist, getting married and becoming a father to my two wonderful grandchildren. When he was 4 years old I remarried and we lived out of town on a property where I could indulge my love of horses and become the base for many wonderful gatherings with my own family and my husband's. During this time I completed Year 12, a bachelor's degree, post graduate diploma and master's degree. I worked as a nurse educator, administrator, pathology technician, and a community and inpatient mental health nurse. Throw in becoming a civil celebrant and conducting marriage, funeral and renewal of vows ceremonies. I am most proud of combining my midwifery, maternal and child health and mental health skills to set up the perinatal mental health service which became the model for the state of Victoria. In a partnership with general practice, I also helped set up and manage the regional Primary Mental Health Service, which provided mental health services in general practice, psychiatry support for rural GP's and community education and development activities.

I have had a fortunate life, especially in regard to the marvellous friends and family I have. I have finally found my forever partner, and we are living in the light filled house of my dreams. While retired from full time work I continue to enjoy a role as clinical supervisor for regional MCHNs (Maternal and Child Health Nurses), contact with my much loved friends and family – and the garden, travel, yoga, gym, jogging and meditation. A foray into Buddhist life as well.

1.3 Michele

By Michele

Everyone knows when I was born and the terrible event that followed six months after my birth. For many, many years I blamed myself for killing our Mum. As bizarre as it sounds, that's what I believed.

Until I was eight, my life was perfect: Two dotting Grandmas to spoil and totally adore me; A Dad who loved me and to my absolute delight would carry me on his shoulders... so high up my head was in the sky. He called me Bubs and my heart filled with joy when he did. I'd trot around after him in the garden ('helping him', of course). My chubby fingers would transport carrots back to the kitchen to be cooked (or more likely overcooked) by one of the Grandmas.

Along with the carrots, homegrown cauliflower complete with boiled green caterpillars smothered with a bland white sauce would often be served for lunch. I remember alerting Dad to these dinner plate intruders and he quietly told me to, "eat it up, don't offend Neny." And I obediently did. I had two older siblings who were too busy with other important things than to be bothered by me so my days were blissfully occupied by myself and my vivid imagination. I think this is where my anti-social nature stemmed from and continues until this day. I just preferred my own company.

I had three imaginary friends who were my constant companions on many childhood adventures: Sidly, Minnie and Auntie Ellie. Funnily enough I've never actually seen their names written so I am unclear how to spell them. Sidly dressed in a pinstriped 3 piece suit and was always dashing to catch a train, newspaper and brief case in hand. Minnie was a trim, elegant lady whose attire was a straight slender skirt and a twinset. She was very motherlike and spent her days speaking very softly to me. Auntie Ellie was a plump, jolly lady with beefy, soft upper arms. She wore floral dresses with a belt secured around her ample girth. These three characters kept me company through my first eight years of life. Eight years of being cocooned in the love of two elderly women. Hovered over, snuggled up with, protected. They sat with me until I fell asleep, all the while whispering words

of endearment and Neny would deliver three love pats on my sleepy head that translated to ... I love you. One word for each pat. Her parting words would always be "You are loved. You are needed." I'd drift off to sleep with Siddy, Minnie, Auntie Ellie, a koala my Mother gave me for my first Christmas, a rubber doll called Anne and a flat yellow teddy with a white tummy all squished into bed with me. I was never lonely even though I was alone.

Childhood memories are somewhat vague and disjointed. Do I actually remember or are they other people's memories imprinted in my mind and I have stolen them for my own?

Memories of walking through the bush in my sturdy little lace up boots. Down to fairy glades to splash my hands in the cooling creek, and search for fairies under toadstools, sliding down granite quarries after church on Sundays, marvelling at insects, bush orchids, wildflower plant identification, saying prayers each night, memorising bible texts, my preschool injection, eating Twisties in front of the open fire and watching the shadows of the flames flicker on the walls in the darkening room. Memories of sleeping in the lounge room with a mumps swollen face, sleeping in a fly wire covered cot until I was past the age to be sleeping in a cot, being blissfully unaware of what sadness was but knowing there was something significant missing in my life.

Hilarious Christmas dinners with Auntie Lil, Skipper and Lynette and a minister called Mrs Simpson. (I so wanted her to be a maternal fixture in our home). Putting a plastic poached egg on Skipper's plate and laughing until my sides hurt when he reacted to it.

I do remember Jenny convincingly telling me that junket tablets were very nice swallowed down with lemon essence. When I gagged she washed my mouth out with a dish cloth. She also told me baby powder was lovely on strawberries and cream and she giggled with delight when I believed her and carried out her suggestion. Cutting the hair off my doll and planting the doll upside down in the neighbours paddock so the hair would grow back, operating on a large teddy bear by slicing his stomach open and then trying to sew it up, injecting my doll with biro in the bum to make her better ... just normal advice from an older sister.

I do remember dreaming I was flying over Jenny and her friend Connie. I was so happy because I could feel their awe and I loved the way they wanted to join me but couldn't. I'd swoop over them and smile down on them. The dream was so real I truly believed it.

It wasn't until my first Mothers Day at school that I realised I didn't have one. No-one ever spoke of her and for many years I had no idea where I came from.

I'd been taught at home to read and write so I was advanced to the first class when I started school. There were four of us who 'skipped Prep' – Geoff, Graham, Lisa and I. We have all remained firm friends and Lisa and I have an unbreakable friendship.

Age seven – my life was about to change in a such a way that even with my advanced imagination I could never imagine this. Dad started to go out at night to visit someone so he could watch *The Black and White Minstrel Show* on TV. We didn't have a TV and our nightly entertainment was reading books or board games. One ghastly day he introduced us to Auntie Dorn and her daughter Judy. There was a part of me that felt fear mixed with an unspoken knowledge that things were going to be different and not for the better.

One morning Dad sat next to Jenny and me and told us he was going to marry Auntie Dorn. I watched the colour fade from Jenny's face and she ran wailing out of the room. I hugged my Dad and pleaded with him ... "Don't Daddy, I'll be good." I had no idea or no capacity to fathom what the future would look like but in my innocent heart I knew it was not going to be good.

Dorn and Dad married and she came to live with us. I had a younger sister I was informed. I was no longer called Bubs – I'd lost my place of being the baby of the family. I was confused and heart broken. Worse than this Neny and Grandma disappeared one day while I was at school. I didn't know where they were and was sharply told I could visit them on Sundays, but only if I took the new sister. Jenny and I formed a super glue bond and after years being a loner I needed her more than ever.

There was no gentle integration or blending as the two families came together. Dorn thrust herself upon us like an angry tornado. She installed a TV, ripped out the soft velvet curtains and installed roller blinds and netting. The polished floorboards and faded, fringed rugs were replaced

with scratchy acrylic carpet that was noisily and constantly vacuumed because we were all “filthy” and we’d “brought muck into the house.” She’d slam dinner plates on the table like she hated them, made me sit until 10 o’clock one night to eat blood soaked potatoes caused by burnt-on-the-outside and raw-in-the-middle chops. When I refused she served it to me for breakfast.

I’d never known anyone to raise their voice or to be, as it seemed to me, permanently angry. I started wetting the bed every night which gave her cause for more anger. So much anger in fact that when I arrived home after school I found my bedding and the contents of all my clothing drawers strewn all over the front lawn. There was no more reading in bed, baths were taken with the new sister (four years younger) and everything I did had to include her too. I caught Dorn burning photos of my mother and still have the singed remnants of the only one I could salvage.

For most of my early years I was treated for so called kidney infections. I’d fake being sick in search of some much longed for sympathy and kindness. Instead I was bundled off to the local GP who without much of an examination issued me with scripts for Negram, a penicillin drug. The feigned illness was diagnosed as nephritis and this was supposedly the cause of my persistent bed wetting. I knew that it was wrong and used to shove the tablets under the floorboards in the Primary school shelter shed. I didn’t want drugs as even I knew that they wouldn’t cure what was wrong with me. The bedwetting continued into my teenage years.. Embarrassing and smelly years.

I was just plain sad.

I used to wait until Dorn was in bed and then barge into the bathroom and sob bitterly to my Dad. “I don’t want her.. I want my real Mum.” The look of extreme grief and desperation on Dad’s face was enough for me to flee. Many times I would run away, hide under the house or escape to the tranquility of the surrounding bush. I’d just want someone to miss me and bring me home to my old life before I was eight. It never happened. No-one missed me and my childhood passed in a blur of tears, pissy sheets, angry words and burnt chops.

I cannot even bring myself to recall the next 10 years. They didn’t improve, I just got sadder, more confused and more and more reclusive. More terrible than all of this, Sidy, Minnie and Auntie Elly just deserted me. I could not drum them up no matter how hard I tried. I’d cry myself to sleep every night until the bed was wet with urine and tears. I just could not find happiness at what used to be home anymore.

School was my refuge. It was my happy place. Arleen and Lisa were there. My friends were there. I’d laugh, oh how I’d laugh. I couldn’t give a proverbial rat about education. I turned into the class clown. Full of jokes and mischief. I wasn’t there to learn even though it came naturally to me ... I was just there to escape the horror of Camp Street.

At the end of year 11 it was decided by someone that I was too young to proceed to year 12. I was sent to Wangaratta High school to redo year 11. I was overcome with boredom and the tediousness of repeating was mind numbing. It was there that Lisa and I started wagging 15 out of 30 classes. Once more no-one missed me. It was just like hiding under the house. No-one came looking for me or asked where I’d been. I passed my mid year exams without even attending the classes. Lisa and I smoked, wagged and hitchhiked our way through that year until we had an encounter with a man who asked if we were interested in sex . This was after he had gone out of his way to drop us off in Beechworth. I yelled in no uncertain terms that were most definitely NOT and we hightailed it to Lisa’s place in terror. That was the end of our hitchhiking days.

By August that year I was stuck in the doldrums – bored with school and bored with life. I left school while Dorn and Dad were on holidays and when they returned they asked why I wasn’t at school. I replied that I’d left but that I had a job at the Shire with the Town Planner. It had already been made abundantly clear to me that there was no money for me for further education so, when my dream of being a teacher was not to be realised, I decided my education years were over.

I had already been employed in part time jobs. First at the local chemist and then in the supermarket. It was in the supermarket that my work ethic was recognised and appreciated. I felt valued for the first time in many years.

Working for the United Shire of Beechworth taught me new skills: How to be frugal with the two sheets of carbon paper and two biros I was issued for the year; How to use a Getstetner duplicator

without getting ink all over myself; and how to look busy when I clearly wasn't. I became adept at making paper aeroplanes and flying them out of the Shire offices window with notes attached for Lisa. She has kept the notes. I printed the Shire meeting agenda upside down – I thought that took great skill. I got addicted to dipping biscuits in tea made in lipstick stained cups. The Town planner and I committed an 'instant dismissal' sin by cheekily buying Teddy Bear biscuits for the office morning tea instead of the rationed out Maries.

Dorn made me apply for jobs that I wasn't qualified for and when interview time came I couldn't tell the potential boss why I wanted the job (because I didn't.) I was asked to type up a page of writing and after 4 attempts of getting the 2 sheets of paper and carbon paper to line up and get them into the typewriter in one piece my allotted time was up. I thanked them for their time and they politely suggested I might be suited elsewhere.

I applied for a job in the bank and was runner up to the successful applicant (who happened to be Geoff with whom I skipped Prep.) When I queried why I wasn't successful they blatantly told me it was because they wanted a male. My first experience with gender discrimination.

A position came up in the Yackandandah branch of the State Savings bank of Victoria. I was successful this round and spent many years down there with my still to this day dear friend Reg Saunders. It was just myself and him and he made bank work fun.

It was during my time at the shire that I spied Bruce Forrest and it became my ultimate goal to snag him. Lisa and I were members of a local group of 'Young Farmers'. Only Bruce came from an actual farm and the rest of us tagged along with him to other Young Farmer get-togethers. They usually involved dressing up in outrageous costumes, drinking alcohol until we were rather messy, trips to the Melbourne Show, and swimming in the Hume Weir. We had a home made 'surf board' aptly named Dick because that was where it hit you when it flipped. We would ride Dick out to the middle of the weir and sunbake until we were red raw. I was always in trouble when I arrived home for being too burnt, too late or too alive.

Lisa and I once rode our bikes down to the Woolshed falls. We liberally applied a mixture of olive oil and vinegar (salad dressing ?) and lay face down on the rocks for the afternoon. When we attempted to get on our bikes to ride home we realised the backs of our legs were so sunburned we couldn't bend them. In complete agony we limped to the main road and were fortunate enough to be picked up by a wood carter in his truck. He let us put our bikes on the back and drove us into town.

I was accused constantly by Dorn of lying about my whereabouts when I was telling the truth, so I started making up fantastical places I had been to and these wild stories seemed to satisfy her more than the truth.

Bruce and I started dating and after only 12 months I told him we had to get married. Both of us knew it was the only way I could escape Dorn's unpredictable and humiliating cruelty. She lent me the money to buy a car and, even though it was Dad's money she had lent me, I had to sign a contract that she had banged noisily out on her Remington typewriter. It was to say that I would pay every cent back. Out of my measly bank salary I had to pay board to her, the loan repayments and petrol to get the LC Torana to Yackandandah and back each day. There was not much left for much else.

The wedding day was announced and Dorn managed to cater it for \$5 a head. My wedding dress cost \$200 including the veil. It was left at the shop after a bride had been jilted so the returned dress came with its own story. I always have hated being the centre of attention and my wedding day was excruciatingly painful. It poured rain the night before and the tarpaulins filled up with water which was dumped on unsuspecting guests during the reception. My dress required a petticoat as it was completely see-through. I had no way of fixing the veil to my hair. No one told me what I needed to be a bride – These were the things a mother would have come in handy for. I was 19 and totally inexperienced in anything adult.

Wedding day done and dusted, Bruce and I honeymooned in Surfers Paradise. I was free to have fun and we did. It rained the whole time. I discovered Sidney Sheldon books and we laughed.

We moved into a flat in Beechworth with landlords who lived across the driveway. Friday nights were pub nights with Bernadette followed by fish and chips. I was constantly hung over on Saturday mornings and would spend the morning in bed. However, the Landlady thought it was part of her

land owner rights to bang on my window and ask when I was getting up. I would say that was clearly above and beyond the duty of a landlady!

It was after one of these Friday nights, Christmas Eve to be exact, that I drunkenly accepted a lift on the bonnet of Lisa's car. When I thought she wasn't going to stop before hitting the concrete wall I leapt off and fell under her car. This was the start of a lifetime of excruciating knee problems.

Bruce was driving trucks and was away for a lot of the time. I purchased a cat from the RSPCA in Albury for company. It was forbidden to have a pet in the flat so Norep (short for no replacement) was hidden in the garage shed while I was at work. I had since been transferred to Beechworth branch of the bank. The only good thing about that transfer was that I made a life long friend with Bernadette. Anyway, after a while the landlady knocked on my window one day and asked when I was going to let her play with my cat. She turned out to be OK after all. Norep was my constant companion. He came on drives with me into town and further afield. He was actually the only cat I have ever liked because he was so dog like.

Bruce and I built our house and I was pregnant. We had an embarrassingly small housing loan compared to the the ones the kids have today and I got a cheap interest rate because of my bank employment.

Scott was born on the 27th February 1982 after a gruelling, painful 40-odd hour labour. He was the cutest baby I'd ever seen and I felt a deep connection with him. I was going to be the best mother that kid could wish for. I was going to be there for Scott for ever and a day. I wasn't ever going to desert him. I was his Mum and I was going to make up for not having one of my own.

The three of us made a beautiful family. Scott was the happiest boy – he loved food and affection – which was lucky because I wanted to cuddle him endlessly. Anything he did made my heart burst with pride. Dad was the best Poppy ever. He would carry Scott around the garden pointing out the flowers and it brought back memories of my early childhood.

The time came when I was to return to the bank and I was devastated at the thought of leaving Scott. I was once more a victim of gender discrimination. My old boss informed me that my position had been taken by a man and I had to transfer to Shepparton. This was impossible as we had just built our home and we certainly didn't want to move. After much agonising, Bruce and I decided that even though it meant the interest on our loan would double we would somehow manage. So, joy of joys, I became a full-time Mum to Scott William Forrest – Something I am eternally grateful for. We scrimped and saved and went without holidays and treats but we were incredibly happy. I began to make a garden at our house *Chy-An-Tre* and, after a lot of failed attempts, plants started to grow. Initially I planted tree ferns upside down, the rabbits ate the roots of all my plants, and a drought came and lasted for years. But I persevered. With Scott in his pram and food in his hand he would happily sit for hours watching me plant. Years drifted by in a haze of blissful motherhood.

I became pregnant again three years later and we welcomed the bonniest baby Amanda on October 7th 1985. Scott called her Vinda and was impatient for her to be big enough to play with him. Dad was utterly besotted with her and once more I saw joy in his eyes when he carried her around. Dad was experiencing bad health and I will always be grateful for the delight he found with Amanda Michele. She was an absolutely beautiful baby and once more I was relishing motherhood.

One Monday morning when Amanda was 18 months old, Bruce was making me a wood box. I heard him come in the back door and he called out for me. He was a ghastly shade of grey and had his hand bound in a towel. He had cut his fingers off with the circular saw. I will never know how I managed to but somehow I found all the severed fingers, moved heavy planks of wood, brought the dog into the house, collected Amanda from her cot and drove Bruce to the doctors. Dad picked up Amanda and Bruce and I flew to St Vincents hospital where he was operated on. I caught up with Lisa and I drank whisky while Bruce was undergoing surgery. His resilience and courage was incredible and after years of trips up and down to Melbourne he continued with normal life and never did and never has complained. David bought him a custom table for his saw. Much gratitude to David.

Sadly our darling Dad passed away on July 6th 1989 after many illnesses. The pain and suffering Dorn caused him whilst he was sick was nothing short of cruelty. I can't go into examples as they still give me pain. Dad died alone in a hospital bed in Wangaratta. Dorn insisted that I drive her

home. Reluctantly, but still in fear of her, Jenny and I took her home. Just minutes after arriving back in Beechworth we learnt that Dad had died – alone. I will never forgive myself for not standing up to Dorn and insisting we stay with him. I remember Jenny and I watching a winter rainbow forming over Beechworth and sadly we looked at each other – we were orphans. No Mother and now no Father.

Thank heavens for my children and Bruce. They gave me the love, support and a reason to go on. Jenny and I had made an unspoken pact the day Dad had told us he was to remarry. We would always be there for each other and we became inseparable and still are to this very day. David and Kathy became even more important to me. They were always on my side and after Dad died they severed ties with Dorn. At the time it was too difficult for me to do the same. It was too hard when I lived in the same town as her.

Scott started School and confidently announced after his first day, “I’ve been to school now I will go to the university.” Yes, my darling you and your sister can go and do whatever you please, I will always be proud of you and will love you with every fibre of my being.

Our family of four was a tight unit. I was happy with my kids and the garden and Bruce worked so hard to provide for us. Life was good. Scott and Amanda loved school, their friends came over to play. Birthday parties were huge events with friends and family in attendance.

Years flew by in a blur of school events, birthdays, Christmases, swimming lessons, tennis lessons, secondary college, and Scott starting University in Melbourne. Then a mother’s worst nightmare became reality. I was cleaning the house when the phone rang to inform me that Scott had been in a serious accident and was in a critical condition in the Alfred hospital. In a nightmare of disbelief, Amanda, Bruce and I travelled for what seemed like eternity to Scott’s bedside. He had suffered a brain bleed, and multiple fractures, and was on life support in an induced coma. I would not leave his bedside and remained with him for many gruelling weeks helping him with his amnesia and just supporting him as best I could. I lived with his bong smoking roommate, a pole dancer named Pixie and a menagerie of wildlife including a bird eating spider that would eye me while I was preparing breakfast. G strings were strung on the shower and a bong was on the coffee table. One night I had had enough. I left a note telling them to clean up the mess and, “bin the fucking bong!”

Scott was responsible for his recovery. He worked tirelessly to get better and I didn’t think I could be prouder of him but I was. Constantly proud, in awe and amazed.

Tragedy struck again in August of the same year. Amanda’s partner Isaac was killed in a car accident. Amanda was grief stricken and I watched helplessly as my beautiful daughter navigated the confusion, anger, disbelief and sorrow that death brings. She should not have had to deal with this at such a young age. I desperately wanted to take her pain away. She sat on our sofa for weeks trying to make sense of it. I stood by just being there for her. She is of the same make up as myself. We turn inward and shut out the rest of the world, trying to deal with our feelings on our own. Her strength and courage over the ensuing months left me once more in awe of my daughter. She has grown from this and flourished. She is a remarkable woman who has gone from strength to strength.

Scott and Amanda have dealt with life changing events and have come out on top. Stronger and with such remarkable positiveness. I am not going to tell their stories, they are for them to tell when they are ready but I could not be prouder or love them more.

A few years later I did something that I am not proud of. I hurt the ones I love the most, and I am truly and deeply remorseful. I fully believe it was a culmination of my life, my losses, my grief and not dealing with my own feelings. Burying them so deeply that when they surfaced I was terrified and confused. After several counselling sessions I gave myself permission to cut all ties with Dorn. I no longer felt obligated to visit her and I was able to let go of the pain and suffering. It was immensely liberating. I will never forgive but I have learnt to forget.

I have worked several fulfilling and not so fulfilling jobs over the years: Retail, an Ambulance Community Officer (ACO)¹⁸ and a manager of an olive grove. I feel deep gratitude to my dear friends Helen McAlpin and Pierre Masclef. They entrusted me with their 3,000 olive trees whilst

¹⁸DH: Modest Michele neglects to mention that she gained a heavy vehicle licence and has driven school buses, ambulances and fire trucks. Part of the ACO training was driving an ambulance with ‘lights and sirens’.

they lived between France and Australia. I learnt to drive a tractor, prune olive trees, harvest the olives, observe the seasons and the good and bad each season brought with it. Drought, pests, and too much rain. I developed a rhythm with each season and grew to love my time in the olive grove. Outdoors and on my own. My confidence in my own ability grew and I will eternally grateful to these two friends for giving me this experience. Not to mention being able to stay in their stunning house in France with Jenny.

My deep love for travel was strengthened by the trips to France. I loved every minute of being in a foreign country and the memories last forever. It is at this time I must acknowledge David and my soul sister Kathy's generosity. They enabled Jenny and me to share some incredible adventures with them. France, Corsica, Greece, England, Spain – and Scotland to visit long lost relatives of our Mum's. Together we lived Dad's unrealised dreams of travel and I will cherish every second of those incredible travels.

I joined the Country Fire Authority in 2003 after one of the worst bushfires Beechworth has ever experienced. Bruce had been a firefighter for years and it seemed only natural that when I had the time I would join too. After 20 years of firefighting and being secretary of the Rural brigade, I feel very honoured to have been able to help my town and community in a time of crisis. I have fought in campaign fires that stretched scarily on for weeks, driven in an old Kingswood through terrifyingly huge flames with the door handles too hot to touch. I have witnessed more loss and devastation as a result of horrendous fires than I thought possible. Fires that have caused havoc and suffering to communities. I have grown in confidence and can now say I am proud to be an experienced and competent firefighter.



TEAMING UP: It's a family affair with couples working together to bring the fires under control – Peter and Sally Anfruns, and Michelle and Bruce Forrest.

Michele following the firefighting path of Grandpa Hawking whom she never met. *Photo: Ovens and Murray Advertiser, 11 Feb 2009.* The same issue has a photo of the Kingswood Michele mentions – badly damaged by a branch from a fire-ravaged tree.

As I sit here writing this, I can hear Christmas beetles hitting the window like raindrops, a warm breeze is blowing and it is almost Christmas. The heady perfume of the lilies in the garden drifts through the window, I have three grandchildren who are the centre of my universe, two adorable Scottish terriers, Scott and Amanda are happy and settled and Bruce and I have established a comfortable though sometimes hectic life. My garden is flourishing and I'm sure it will survive the heat of summer. Bruce has built me a much wanted walled garden. It's full of vegetables and new growth

and is lit up at night with magical fairy lights. It's become my happy place and the place I feel closest to my Dad. I feel I'm on his shoulders once more. I never thought I would have this garden, this life, these travels, my children, my grandchildren, Bruce, my dogs and the unconditional love from my siblings.

"Pigs might fly", you say. ... Well they do!



2024: Michele's walled garden (With a sign saying *Pigs might fly*) at night.

1.4 Family adventures

We're aware of many families in which siblings have little to do with each other, avoid each other, or fight. It's also common enough for friendships to be sorely strained when friends or family attempt to holiday together.

Michele, Jenny and I are very close and my sisters have awarded Kathy 'honorary sister' status. In the last decade the four of us have enjoyed three European holidays together. Apart from me being ganged up on by the three 'sisters', it's all gone very well. 😊

1.4.1 2014: Mallorca and Scotland

In 2013, Kathy was scheduled to attend two conferences a week apart, one in the US, and the other in Europe. It made no sense for her to return to Canberra for the intervening week. I tried to persuade her to spend a week in Bermuda but flight schedules made that very difficult. Instead she spent the week on Mallorca, a Spanish island in the Mediterranean famous for harbouring Australian fraudster Christopher Skase. She loved it and was very keen to show us around.

In 2014, we all flew to Mallorca, and rented an apartment in Port de Soller. Using the network of buses and Shanks's pony we explored the island's natural beauty – beaches, hills, and forests – and

enjoyed the weather, culture, and food.

We then flew to Glasgow and hired what Jenny called ‘the Vatican van’. We’d asked for a vehicle with room for four adults, four large-ish suitcases, and four daypacks, and had envisaged a station-wagon or SUV. Instead we were given a small bus!

First we went to Strathaven (south of Glasgow) to hang out with Cousin Johnnie Hunter and his lovely wife Hazel. We explored the Hunter¹⁹ clan seat and the coastal scenery along the Firth of Clyde as well as the lovely town of Strathaven itself.

Leaving Straven (as it’s known by the locals), we headed for the mountainous region of the Cairngorms via Loch Katrine and stayed in Aviemore. Next overnight stop was on the banks of the Tay in Dundee where we had a magnificent breakfast in a hotel much grander than the Premier Inn we stayed in. Kathy took a rest day while Michele, Jenny and I took a daytrip to Edinburgh on the train. We found ourselves on the Inverness to London train and most of our companions in First Class were besuited bewaistcoated business people on their way to serious meetings. They tapped on laptops and rustled newspapers, oblivious to the scenery.

Michele on the other hand was excited by everything she saw from the window and made appreciative comments about trackside villages, bridges, quaint stone houses, fishing boats, and cute animals. By the time we crossed the Forth rail bridge, the whole carriage was looking out the window.

From Dundee we toured St Andrews and Anstruther on the northern coast of the Firth of Forth. In Ainster (as the locals apparently call it), Jenny, Michele and I tried to book seats on the boat going to the birdwatching Isle of May. It was full, but we accepted the offer of going in a RIB (Rigid Inflatable Boat) instead. It was fun! We ran circles around the tourist boat, saw more of the island from the sea, and saw puffins and other birds in the water. Landing on the island with passengers from the boat, we were advised not to walk past a line at the end of the jetty. This was because terns were nesting nearby and the line was the border of their territory. Instead of pecking, screeching, or scratching, they defended their nesting ground by shitting on the heads of intruders!

Next we headed for our great grandmother Jessie Stronach’s stamping ground near Elgin and Lossiemouth. We stayed in a B&B in Lossiemouth whose proprietor took every opportunity to criticise her guests and lay in wait for them to catch them breaking the rules. (She was English.) Jenny and the hostess were at loggerheads from the first minute. We had carried our suitcases up the stairs but, according to the hostess, we should have left them in the car to avoid risk to her walls and furniture! Jenny was told off for eating more than the prescribed quota of strawberries at breakfast and for using a forbidden toilet when the one in her room didn’t work. She was annoyed when she returned from an early breakfast to discover that her bed had already been stripped. Unsurprisingly, the B&B has since changed hands.

In Elgin we visited the Johnstons of Elgin mill and sales outlet. It specialises in cashmere and other fine fabrics. While my companions looked at garments I tried to join a tour of the factory. The guide told me that the tour was a private one for members of the Women’s Institute of Whitstable²⁰ The tour group felt sorry for me and promptly inducted me as a member.

Johnstons of Elgin – an amazing family story.

Johnstons of Elgin was founded in 1797 by Alexander Johnston. It was run by the Johnston family until all the remaining male Johnstons were killed in WWI. It was then taken over by Eddie Harrison whose family has run it ever since. The current company chair is his great granddaughter, and according to their website, a great great great great great granddaughter of Alexander Johnston is doing an internship there.^a

^a<https://discover.johnstonsofelgin.com/our-story/modern-heritage>

Heading north to John O’Groats and Dunnet Head we found ourselves on a winding road in thick

¹⁹Our mother was born Margaret Jean Hunter.

²⁰Or somewhere in south England.

fog. Michele was driving and, despite her considerable experience driving firetrucks and ambulances in difficult conditions, she found it required intense concentration. Even if any scenery had been visible I doubt she would have commented on it. With conditions at their very worst, Jenny, our resident optimist, remarked, "I think it's about to clear up."

My hearing is poor these days and I sometimes have to guess what people might have said. "Did you call my sister a bitch?" I asked Kathy. "No! I was talking about spinach! Why would I ever call her a bitch?!!!"

From Dunnet Head, shrouded in a honey-like scent (from heather?), we tracked across the north and west coasts of Scotland: Kyle of Lochalsh, Skye, Fort William, Glen Coe, Loch Lomond and across Erskine Bridge to Glasgow Airport.

2017: Paris and Corsica

Kathy and I had heard Christine Gee talking about luxury apartments in Paris which were owned by friends of hers, and for whom she operated a referral service. In 2017, with her assistance, we booked an apartment for the four of us on the left bank of the Seine, directly opposite Notre Dame de Paris. The apartment was lovely, and you could hardly find a more central location. We explored the usual Parisian tourist haunts, and took a train trip to Giverny to visit Monet's garden. A huge highlight for Jenny was slipping over to Notre Dame in the early morning to meditate. After that it was filled with hundreds of people.

I'm a lover of fast trains and one day I took the TGV from Gare de Montparnasse to Bordeaux (500km away) for lunch. I had a long walk and the lunch was nice but I was particularly impressed by riding at 320km/hr in the train. It took only two hours and three minutes for 500km! Amazing, and an hour and a half faster than the fast trains took prior to the completion of the high speed line.

None of us had ever been to Corsica before we headed there after our week in Paris. We landed at Calvi and picked up a Citroën Berlingo van – much smaller than the Vatican Van but still adequate. On some of the roads in Corsica a small size was a definite advantage. Our apartment was upstairs off a bustling market street and we had to park the Berlingo hundreds of metres away.



Mallorca 2014: Tram in Port de Soller.



Mallorca 2014: Michele's best friend. Port de Soller – Michele, me, and Jenny – what were we thinking?



Scotland 2014: European eagle owl with servant in St Andrews. Isle of May: Puffin after successful hunt.
Isle of May: Attack of the terns.

From Calvi we took a boat cruise to the Nature Reserve of Scandola which gave the opportunity to admire the rugged coastline and enjoy spray in our faces. Kathy, Jenny and I went for long walks from Calvi, denied to Michele by her longstanding knee injury. But we all went to beaches and had delicious meals.



Corsica 2017: Annie's wonderful food shop opposite our apartment in Calvi. A waiter at a hilltop restaurant. Restonica: Goat and sheep cheese for sale.



2017: La Restonica, Corsica. Paris: Enjoying the water feature at Palais Royal. Paris: Catching up with Johnnie and Hazel.



Scotland, 2019: Jenny and Kathy at Inversnaid on Loch Lomond. Leaving Kinlochleven. Johnnie's brother Mike (our second cousin) at Strathaven.

Just out of Corte in central Corsica we stayed in an inn in the Restonica valley and drove some challenging roads through the Restonica gorges to the Restonica skiing area. A highlight was a visit to the stone cottage of an elderly goat farmer and cheese maker, where we heard interesting stories and bought some excellent home made cheese.

In Porto-Vecchio, on the south east coast, my companions thought I was very funny walking on the beach in long trousers, business shirt and RM Williams boots – among women in skimpy bikinis and men in board shorts. Not really sure why I did that – it does seem a bit silly. I think I did end up buying a pair of sandals but I'm not really a summer beach person.

Bonifacio is an amazing clifftop citadel on Corsica's south coast. We loved it more than our next stop in the city of Ajaccio, birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte. Michele and Jenny flew out from there while Kathy and I spent a couple more days in Porto and exploring the Calanques de Piana.

1.4.2 2019: West Highland Way and Greece

On another trip in 2017, Kathy was totally worn out after we completed a supported walk from Mousehole to Plymouth on the South West Cornwall coast path. "I never want to do a walk like that again", she said, nursing her bruised, bleeding, and battered knees. We had walked an average of 22km per day and some of the sections were quite tough.

By 2019 the memory of pain and suffering had faded and we hatched a plan to walk the West Highland Way from Milngavie (just outside Glasgow and home of some of our ancestors) to Fort William at the foot of Ben Nevis. This walk was quite a bit shorter – only 169km – and we planned to average only 15km per day. Jenny was keen to join us but Michele's knee problems made it impossible for her. She would accompany us to Scotland, explore parts of the country by herself, then meet us for the triumphant finish in Fort William. We would then travel to Greece to meet up with our good friends Gordon Lister and Marnie Forster.

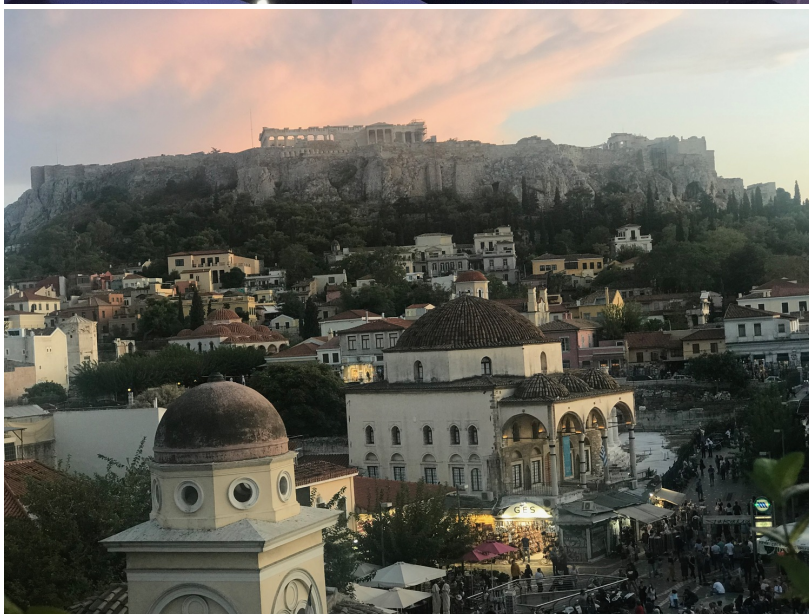
Again, we started with a visit to Straven, welcomed by Johnnie and Hazel despite concerns that convict-descended colonials would help themselves to towels and silverware. On arrival at Heathrow Kathy and I had spent a night at an airport hotel, and enjoyed a fine meal in the salubrious dining room at the Pheasant Inn nearby. The next day we trained our way (yes, alright it was my doing!) to Glasgow and rented what turned out to be a brand new, upmarket configuration of a BMW X5 in case we needed to carry Michele and Jenny plus steamer trunks back to Glasgow. It was a brilliant car, but when we went to return it, we had no end of difficulty finding an open petrol station and navigating the complicated traffic arrangements back to the drop off.

The four of us stayed a night near Glasgow central station, then we walkers took a local train to Milngavie. We had to be there early to hand over our bags to the company who would take them to our first accommodation in Drymen.

The walk to Fort William was wonderful. We tracked the eastern shore of Loch Lomond, once again experienced the scenic delight of Glen Coe, crossed Rannoch Moor, and enjoyed our night in Kinlochleven. Although some days, particularly the last one into Fort William, required us to walk much more than 15km, we really enjoyed the trek. After we'd enjoyed a celebratory ice cream at the finish in Fort William, Kathy said, "I want to do it again!"

En route, we had a rest day at Tyndrum, a tiny town with two separate train stations, one of them a stop on the Caledonian Sleeper. Johnnie, Hazel, and Michele joined us for the day.

To travel to Greece we needed the early train from Fort William to Glasgow Queen Street to be more-or-less on time to enable us to catch our flight from Glasgow to Heathrow. On the train I realised that we could take a shortcut which would avoid going into Glasgow and back out again. Taking full advantage of modern technology, I used my phone to book a taxi to meet our train at Dalmuir. The taxi took us over Erskine bridge direct to the airport and we caught our flight in plenty of time.



Greece 2019: Jenny, Marnie Forster, Gordon Lister, Kathy at Platys Gialos. Late sunset over the caldera from our villa in Thira, Santorini. View of the Acropolis from our hotel rooftop.

After staying a night at the Terminal 5 hotel, and watching a performance of *Mama Mia!*, we flew to Athens, and used a pre-booked transfer to the port of Piraeus to catch a super fast ferry to the island of Sifnos in the Cyclades. Our geologist friends Gordon and Marnie had spent months doing field work on Sifnos and nearby islands. They liked it so much that they bought a one hectare farm there and turned a small building on it into a tiny residence with outdoor shower and actual flushing toilet. Gordon's office is in the stone vat formerly used for crushing grapes.

There was no room for guests on the farm but instead we stayed in a very comfortable resort nearby. With Gordon's assistance we rented a tiny car from a family who knew him well. The six of us explored the small island visiting tranquil beaches, historic villages and ancient churches. Our 1.0 litre engine struggled on the steep road to the monastery of Profitis Alias Apsilou on the highest mountain on Sifnos (700m). Only after the passengers alighted was I able to drive the final pinch.

We enjoyed the fact that Sifnos is not a tourist hotspot, and saw a dramatic change when, after our week on Sifnos, we took a ferry to Santorini. But Santorini is spectacular enough to justify putting up with crowds and paying huge sums.

There, at enormous expense, we rented a villa built into the hillside in Thira. It had a narrow terrace in front of the underground apartment from which you could sit in comfort, sipping a drink as you watched the sun set over the Nea Kameni island and the Santorini volcanic caldera.

Given the amazing history and scenery, it's unsurprising that two million tourists visit Santorini each year, but their presence certainly detracts from the things they come to see. It felt like most of the two million were at the airport when it came time to leave. There were multiple seemingly endless queues with no indication of what they were for or who should join them, or where they ended. Our scheduled departure time had long passed when we finally got to board the plane for Athens.

Our hotel in Athens wasn't a luxury one but it had a rooftop terrace from which you had a marvellous view of the Acropolis and the Parthenon. We spent a couple of days touring the sights that everyone sees and also hired a car to take us to Delphi.

1.4.3 Comfortable travelling companions

Kathy says that she loves travelling with the three of us. There's never a cross word, and she loves Jenny's optimism and Michele's vocal enthusiasm for the natural, beautiful and historical things we encounter.

We're incredibly fortunate to be able to travel on aircraft, stay in salubrious accommodation, and eat what we want. That's in rather stark contrast to our convict forebears living in unsanitary, crowded accommodation, stealing food, and traveling in crowded prison ships.

Ern, with his love of nature and culture and his knowledge of history would have loved to travel in the UK. Unfortunately, he never got there and nor did Margaret. I offered to take him on a British holiday in the 1980s (just the two of us) but he refused, probably because my offer didn't extend to his second wife Dorn.

Chapter 2

Beechworth

Those of you unfamiliar with Beechworth may be baffled by some of the placenames and businesses mentioned in following chapters. Hopefully the following will help.

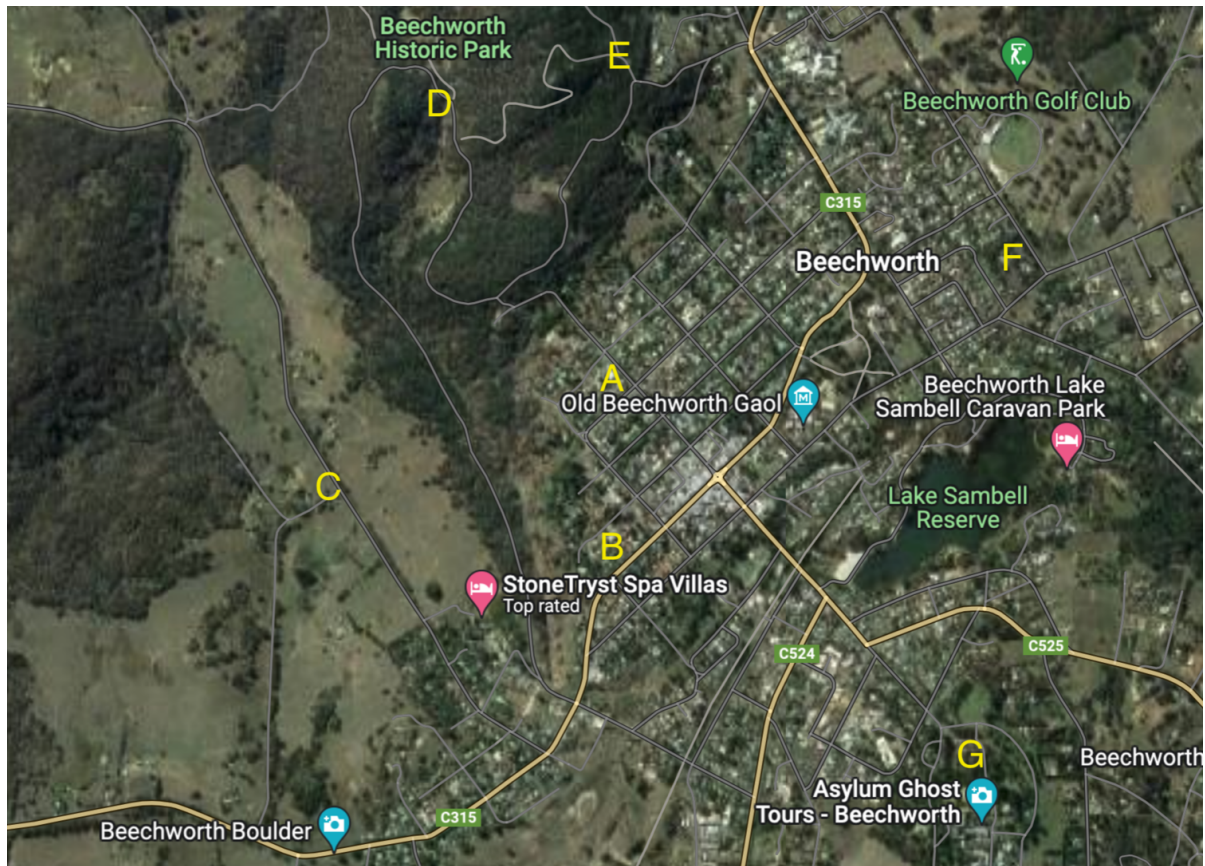
Beechworth is a gold-mining town with a very rich history. A wonderful record of its history is the Beechworth History Timeline available online.¹ It includes many photographs, some taken in the present day. There's also some interesting material on <https://www.facebook.com/lostbeechworth/>.

Beechworth is located on a granite outcrop in North East Victoria, about 35km from Wangaratta and about 45km from Albury/Wodonga. It's in a beautiful setting with waterfalls, a lake, a large area of bushland reserve and a deep gorge skirting one side of the town. It supports a thriving tourist industry based on history, countryside art and craft, fashion, food, beer and wine.



Map of Beechworth and surrounding districts. Taken from Apple Maps.

¹https://beechworthhistorytimeline.com/?page_id=97



Satellite view of Beechworth town. A: where we all grew up. (We didn't live in the gaol!) B: Where Neny lived. C: Site of the Zwar Bros tannery where Ern worked. D: The Gorge reserve. E: One Tree Hill. F. Beechworth Primary School. G: Site of Mayday Hills Mental Hospital where Ern, Jenny and I (briefly) worked. *Taken from Google Maps.*



2024: Looking from One Tree Hill toward Glenrowan Gap – the saucer-shaped depression in the distant (light blue) range, largely obscured by the callitris trees typical of Beechworth bushland. Granite boulders are very common within the gorge reserve.

2.1 Facebook: Historic Photographs of Beechworth, Australia

A small selection of the many photos on the 'Historic Photographs of Beechworth Australia' Facebook group. The group is private, necessitating a Facebook account and joining the group.



1968: Lake Sambell swimming pool. No tiles, no filtration, no chlorination, just rough concrete, wire fences and wooden walkways. This looks like a school carnival. Perhaps I was there? *Photo posted by Jackie Serong.*



1971: Looking North along Ford St toward the gaol. The two solid buildings on the right are the former Gold Office and the Post Office with its clock tower. *Photo posted by Gary Coombe.*



1980: Dolphin Cafe on the town's main intersection, diagonally opposite the Post Office and run by the Galariniotis family. The Facebook caption very aptly reads, "The only thing missing is the youth of Beechworth decorating the gutters with their posteriors." Photo posted by Jackie Serong.



2024: L: Golden Horseshoes Monument at start of Gorge Scenic Drive; R: Pick and Shovel Monument on the Post Office corner.

2.2 Beechworth's gold mining history

From 1852 Beechworth was a major gold mining town and many relics of the gold mining era have been preserved: Solid granite buildings, Victorian era shop facades, a Chinese cemetery, a high-quality stone arch bridge, quartz stamping batteries, mine tunnels and races, and a cleverly designed magazine for storing blasting powder.

In the mining era, the Beechworth district had a large Chinese population. It is estimated that about 2000 Chinese are buried in the Beechworth cemetery, which also features two Chinese burning towers, and an altar.² I'm not aware of any descendants of the Chinese miners living in the Beechworth district.

Mining operations occurred right near the centre of town. Lake Sambell was formed as the result of dredging operations. To be able to take away the waste water from lower levels of sluicing, the Rocky Mountain Extended Mining Company dug a tunnel, through very hard rock, right under the town, to discharge water into the gorge. When the tannery was in operation, it siphoned water from the outlet of the tunnel using a 15cm coopered pipe made of wooden staves bound together with wire and sealed with tar.



This is the modern entrance to the Rocky Mountain Tunnel, damaged during a deluge in 2022. I know of people walking through the tunnel but I wouldn't like to do it myself.

Story of the golden horseshoes

A colourful election in September 1855 followed bitter clashes between the two rival factions of miners ('Monkeys' and 'Punchers'), and the birth of the Golden Horseshoes legend.

The most popular belief is that the horseshoes were made from gold supplied by 'Big' Johnston, owner of the Woolshed field's richest claim. To support their candidate on polling day, a procession of flag-waving, banner-carrying 'Monkeys' marched to Beechworth from the Woolshed diggings. The golden horseshoes were not fitted to the horse until the procession reached the old Vine Hotel, one mile from Beechworth, and they were removed upon arrival into town. Legend has it that they were one ounce lighter after the one mile!

Huge crowds, free beer and brass bands added to the day's chaos, and although at one stage the police placed a cordon across the main street, they eventually gave up trying to control the crowds. Finally, both candidates appeared at the balcony of the Star Hotel and by a show of hands (holding their miners' rights documents) – Daniel Cameron, the man with the Golden Horseshoes – was declared elected. It is no surprise that the 'Puncher' demanded a recount, which was duly held at the Courthouse the following day. Cameron was again declared the elected candidate and 'Big' Johnston celebrated the win with a £300 champagne shout.

Quoted from https://www.beechworth.com/history_preserved/golden_legends.html

²<https://beechworthcemetery.com.au/special-interests/>

Text of the Pick and Shovel plaque

ERECTED IN 1954 IN MEMORY AND IN HONOUR OF THE PIONEERS WHO FOUNDED THIS TOWN, AND TO COMMEMORATE THE FACT THAT BEECHWORTH WAS ONCE A FAMOUS GOLD TOWN.

SOME HISTORICAL DATES

FEB 1852 GOLD DISCOVERED.

JULY 1853 BEECHWORTH NAMED AND DECLARED A TOWNSHIP.

SEPT. 1855 FAMOUS GOLDEN HORSESHOES INCIDENT.

1852-1866 GOLD RETURNS TOTALLED 3,121,918 OZS.

1856 ROBERT O'HARA BOURKE, CAPT. POLICE AT BEECHWORTH.

AUG 6TH 1880 NED KELLY'S TRIAL BEGINS IN LOCAL COURT-HOUSE

Relations between Chinese miners and the rest of the community were strained and, in 1857, the Buckland riot attempted to drive Chinese miners out of the entire Buckland Valley.³

2.3 A more recent riot.

When I was in Year 11, a group of us decided to hold a dance in a disused shop in Ford Street. We had a guitarist and a drummer. My role was to create – from the remains of Jenny's tricycle – and deploy a primitive disco light. We obtained permission from the Shire Council to dance until midnight.

Around 9pm the dance was going well – a good attendance and people enjoying themselves. At this time dozens of motor bike riders roared into town and descended on the Dolphin cafe. Soon after, an officer of the local constabulary – Let's call him C – swaggered into the cafe. "Any trouble, mate?" Mr Galariniotis replied, "Oh no. Very good customers! Lots of business!" At which point, C called out, "Everybody out!"

A couple of the bike riders walked down the street to our dance and were followed by C in the police car. He swaggered into the dance, planting his feet wide apart and saying, "Righto band, this is your last number." Patience McCarthy, aged about 14, attempted to quietly argue that we had permission to operate until midnight, but her sensible voice fell on deaf ears. Observing the failure of reason, a very small boy jumped up and knocked C's police hat off.

C grabbed him and marched him out through the crowd to the police car, depositing him in the back seat. The dance crowd followed out to the footpath feeling aggrieved and outraged. A mob feeling passed through us like electricity, resulting in a loud and repeated chorus of, "C's a pig!". Some of us – not me! – ran to the police car to rescue the boy, and started shaking it up and down. No doubt in extreme fear, C drove off with a squeal of tyres and a loud crash as the back door, hinges broken, fell on the road. A victorious cheer erupted from the assembled onlookers.

A sensible older voice (Barry Mason I think) went down to the police station to try to calm the situation down, but heard C on the radio to Wangaratta and Wodonga calling in all available resources to combat a takeover of the town by a huge bikie gang – who, in fact, had had caused no trouble whatever and who had no role in the events at the dance.

After Barry reported back, a symphony of Harley Davidsons on full throttle signalled the rapid and simultaneous departure of our bike riding friends from the town. We packed up and went home.

The next day C attempted to identify the instigators of the riot to the detectives from Wangaratta, seemingly picking names at random. Four were charged and were tried in the Beechworth court of petty sessions, where publicans and the Church of England Rector testified that C was a habitual drunk of poor character, and that he'd been drinking in a local hotel for most of the day. All four were acquitted. C was transferred to another (lucky) town.

³https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Buckland_riot

2.4 Living in Beechworth

The 1950s and 1960s in Beechworth were radically different to the 2020s. There were many empty blocks in the town and most of them were grazed by horses, cows, sheep, or goats. It was very common to have a large vegetable garden and to keep chooks. Even close the centre of town, roads (like the lend of Camp Street outside our house) were unpaved. Men did quite a bit of manual work and even council workers used picks and shovels. I know, because when I worked for the council during university summer holidays in 1971, I chipped weeds in granite block gutters with a shovel, and even dug holes for white posts on the Wangaratta Road.

The amount of money spent on consultants and private contractors would have been a tiny fraction of what it is today. Safety was left much more to the individual, gun control was almost nonexistent and the relatively few cars were far more dangerous than they are now. Society was sharply divided between catholic and protestant; many people were highly committed to their VFL football team; young men were either Ford or Holden believers. "Speed Kills! Play it safe, drive a Ford."⁴

During my childhood, Beechworth was a very quiet town, apart from football matches in the winter – "Carn the Bombers!" – and twice-a-year processions down Ford St, to mark Anzac Day and the town's Chinese heritage or the Golden Horseshoes festival. Virtually nothing was made of the first-class tourist attractions which are now so prominent. Consequently, there were very few tourists and none of the tourist driven businesses which pervade the town now – fancy coffee shops, fashion retailers, lively breweries, wineries, arts and craft shops, antiques, collectibles, gold and gemstones, a specialist honey shop, and purveyors of high end victuals.

My memory has it that the trigger for the massive change was, ironically, a decision by the council in about 1965 to allow demolition of the Powder Magazine, one of the few remaining examples in Victoria and, from what I can see, by far the best. My understanding is that the Church of England was interested in obtaining some of the stone for repair or addition to their own buildings.

There had been previous attempts to remove the building. During the depression the Powder Magazine provided very welcome shelter for homeless people who knew it as the 'Menzie's of the North East'. Its timbers provided temporary warmth. In 1934 the Public Works Department called tenders for purchase and removal of the badly damaged building but were persuaded not to proceed by the Beechworth Council.⁵

Jack Skidmore, an elder in the congregational church, was a self-appointed custodian of what is now the Gorge Reserve. He used to clear tracks to places of interest in the reserve and he painted white labels on rocks which seemed to him to resemble elephants, pumpkins and the like. For example: THE BOSS. LIKE MAN STANDING WITH ARMS FOLDED.

Jack somehow managed to attract the attention of the National Trust of Australia (Victoria) under Rodney Disney Davidson⁶ who descended upon the town, giving the Powder Magazine the Trust's premier heritage classification. From memory, they classified more than 40 of the town's buildings. Even more significantly, they classified the whole town as category A,⁷ joining Maldon as the only towns so classified. In consequence, the Powder Magazine was magnificently restored and the town became the subject of heritage orders. Ern was Chairman of the Beechworth Powder Magazine Committee. After it was officially opened by Premier Rupert Hamer, he served as a guide there and used to sit in the entry, collecting entrance fees and providing information. I later took over from him – "Built in 1859 by the Melbourne firm of Atchieson and Lumsden, ...". The fruits of this egregious nepotism were \$2 for a three hour shift.

Over the years historical buildings were refurbished and opened as attractions and the Carriage Museum was established.

⁴Sorry Bruce.

⁵<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/268180509?searchTerm=beechworth%20powder%20magazine>

⁶See p. 14 of https://www.nationaltrust.org.au/wp-content/uploads/2016/08/NT-Vic-Magazine-2016_3_Aug.pdf

⁷A relatively recent National Trust publication (https://www.nationaltrust.org.au/wp-content/uploads/2020/03/2020-Heritage-Festival-Program_FINAL-FOR-WEB-compressed.pdf) says that the category was 'Notable Town.' but I have a strong memory that at the time it was 'Category A.'

During my childhood, Beechworth had a number of large employers: The Beechworth Mental Hospital employed 600 locals; the prison; the Ovens and Murray Benevolent Home (known as 'The Benev'); the Ovens District Hospital; the schools; the Forestry Commission, the Shire Council; and until 1961, the Zwar Brothers tannery. It wasn't the centre of a major farming region but there were casual work opportunities in the many orchards toward Stanley.

Remarkably, one doctor, the indefatigable Dr E. B. Collins provided a 24/7 service to the town's 3700 residents. He operated a walk-in clinic in the mornings, made home visits at lunch time and in the evening, visited patients in hospital first thing, operated the X-ray machine, and carried out surgeries. He drove a Humber Super Snipe and reputedly drank occasionally in the 'Nob's Bar' at the Hibernian Hotel across the road from his surgery.

2.5 Mayday Hills Psychiatric Hospital

The century and more of its operation the Mayday Hills Psychiatric Hospital was marked by a series of name changes. First it was the Beechworth Asylum, then the Beechworth Hospital for the Insane, then Beechworth Mental Hospital, Mayday Hills Mental Hospital, and finally Mayday Hills Psychiatric Hospital until its closure in 1995. In the less careful times of my childhood it was locally known as 'up top', 'the loony bin', or the 'asylum'.

At its peak the mental hospital housed around 1200 patients, supported by about 600 staff and several doctors. The first medical superintendent of the Beechworth Asylum in 1867 was Thomas Dick who walked with an umbrella at night to shield him from the harmful effects of the moon's rays! In my childhood I was friends with Peter Burt, a New Zealander, whose father was then the Mental Hospital Superintendent. They lived in a residence within the beautiful hospital grounds, where Peter and I roamed, without umbrellas, and played. I remember eating biscuits appropriated from the hospital morgue. Presumably it would have been biscuitless and more secure if it had still been in use.

The most famous of the doctors throughout the hospital's history was Dr John Cade who had also roamed the grounds when his father was Medical Superintendent there. When he later returned there as a doctor he discovered that most of the patients were suffering from scurvy as a result of poor diet. Later, during WWII, he spent three and a half years as a prisoner in Changi.

John Cade later discovered the use of lithium carbonate as an effective treatment for bipolar disorder. This amazing breakthrough was published in the Medical Journal of Australia in 1949 and his article *Lithium salts in the treatment of psychotic excitement* is the most cited paper in the history of the journal.⁸

Around 1970, the Reverend R.E.D. Hull (MA, Oxon.), Rector of the Beechworth Church of England, organised a couple of pantomimes in the grounds of the Mental Hospital. Patients were involved in set construction and acting. The Beechworth Music Group, in which Christine and Margaret Gee played clarinet, provided music. One of the pantomimes recreated scenes from the history of the institution.

Ern worked at Mayday Hills from 1961 until his retirement in 1980, advancing from trainee to Charge Nurse. Jenny worked there for 12 years and her husband Graham Ahrens was Charge Nurse and later Nurse Administrator. One of the features of working as a psychiatric nurse was that you worked a two-day-on, two-day-off shift pattern with very long days. Day shift started at 0700 and finished at around 2000 with short breaks for lunch and dinner. Some latitude was given and Ern was able to drive home for dinner. He would arrive at about 1725 and leave again at 1755.

Because of the long days, employees normally had seven days off per fortnight. You could swap days with someone else at your level and easily create six or more consecutive days off. When someone called in sick, the Nurse Administrators would phone around to find a replacement, whose day off would be 'canceled'. You were entitled to time and half for canceled days and Saturdays, and double time for Sundays and public holidays. Not only that but if you worked a public holiday you

⁸2526 Google Scholar citations - https://scholar.google.com/scholar?hl=en&as_sdt=0%2C5&q=john+cade

were awarded an extra day of annual leave. Needless to say you made a fortune if your day off on Christmas Day was canceled!

In late 1970 before I started university, Mayday Hills created several temporary dogsbody positions and Ern put my name forward for one of them. A fight ensued with the union, which was resolved eventually by taking me on as a Trainee Psychiatric Nurse. A union rep told me, "We know you're going to leave in February but don't tell the bosses." One of the bosses told me, "We know you're going to leave in February but don't tell the union."

Like all new trainee nurses, I was first assigned to Ward 8/9. This was the ward from which no-one was discharged. Two of the inmates had been in the mental hospital for more than 60 years. The logic was that if a trainee nurse was unable to handle large amounts of incontinence, it was better to discover it before wasting years of training on them. I gained skill using industrial floor polishers, in dressing, undressing and showering or bathing people, in shaving people, and in rolling cigarettes. Yes, patients were not only allowed to smoke but materials for doing so were provided. And, yes, of course, I gained a lot of experience with incontinence.

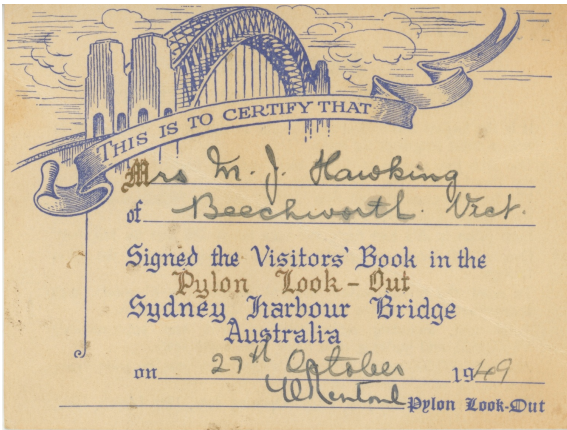
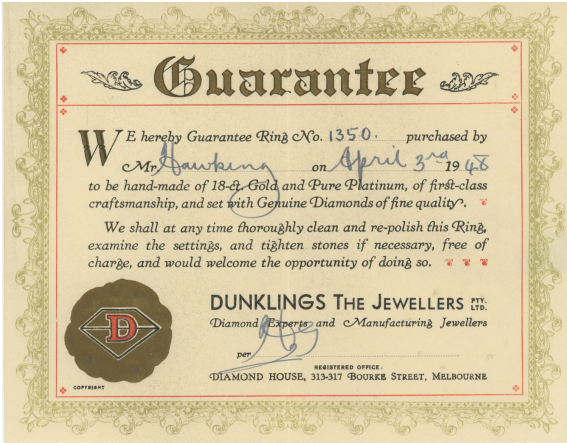
The Mental Hospital had a general medical ward called 'the Bristol'. Jenny worked there and so did a man called Bill Rogers. He thought it ironic that he was treating patients for high blood pressure when his own systolic pressure had been measured at 300!

Dorn's lovely sister Bobby Hayes worked at the Mental Hospital for many years. She suffered from deep depression and, when medication failed, volunteered to have ECT – Electro Convulsive Therapy.

Chapter 3

Camelot, 1949 – 1960

Margaret Jean Floyd (Margaret, our mother, born Margaret Jean Hunter) and Ernest Jack Hawking (Ern, our father) married on October 15, 1949. They went on a honeymoon to Sydney and New South Wales. A postcard Margaret sent to her adoptive mother Neny from Mt Panorama in Bathurst expresses delight: “We’re having the most perfectly glorious holiday.”; “We’re most wonderfully happy.”



Margaret’s wedding and engagement rings. A guarantee card and offer of free cleaning and maintenance for the wedding ring. A souvenir of Margaret and Ern’s honeymoon in Sydney.



1949: Our parents' wedding. The dedication to Anne refers to Ern's sister Lillian, known to us as Auntie Lil.

I didn't arrive until three and a half years later and by then they had bought a one-acre (4047 square metres) block of land three blocks from the Beechworth post office and built a modest weath-erboard house on the corner of Camp and Last Streets, later known as 49 Camp Street. During construction of the house Ern's parents John (known as Jack) and Phyllis Hawking drove up from Rutherglen. When they arrived at the construction site my parents were away, so they scribbled a note on a piece of offcut timber. We found that note nearly 40 years later, after Ern died.

Despite conditions which would now be regarded as primitive, I'm convinced that, until Margaret was diagnosed with terminal breast cancer in 1960, my parents lived in a real world Camelot.¹

In short, there's simply not
A more congenial spot
For happily-ever-aftering than here
In Camelot.

A 1965 musical creation by Tom Springfield² also seems to evoke the situation.

We'll build a world of our own that no one else can share
All our sorrows we'll leave far behind us there
And I know you will find there'll be peace of mind
When we live in a world of our own.

No doubt at Margaret's instigation, our house was called *Innisfree* after the poem by William Butler Yeats.³ I presume it refers to Inishfree Island, County Donegal, Northern Ireland.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Both my parents were intelligent and knowledgeable. Margaret was a trained teacher with a love of intellectual conversation, art, music, foreign cultures, and fun. Through force of circumstances, Ern was initially a blue-collar worker. He didn't have the luxury of choosing between career options or of refusing jobs because they were unpleasant or physically demanding. His ethos was to take on whatever work would allow him to support his family.

Ern was naturally very reserved but absolutely loved being drawn out of himself by gatherings of Margaret's teacher colleagues, quietly giggling in the corner and contributing occasional witticisms. "I read about a man who, for his health, decided to eat only carrots and drink only carrot juice. The new regime was just starting to do him good, when unfortunately he died."

¹A Lerner and Loewe musical from 1960. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Camelot_\(musical\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Camelot_(musical))

²First sung by the Seekers. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=REZrGZe4xac>

³<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/43281/the-lake-isle-of-innisfree>



c. 1956: The house at 49 Camp St – Lived in but lots of work to be done. The little porch was in the process of being replaced by a verandah and the house was in process of acquiring a magnificent garden. At some stage the height of the kitchen chimney was increased at Uncle Skipper's suggestion to solve Margaret's complaint that it wasn't burning properly.

The first eight years of my life were mostly an absolute joy. My parents never argued, and seemed to delight in each other's company ... though Margaret did express mild displeasure when Ern recited *Paddy McGinty's Goat* in front of Jenny and me.

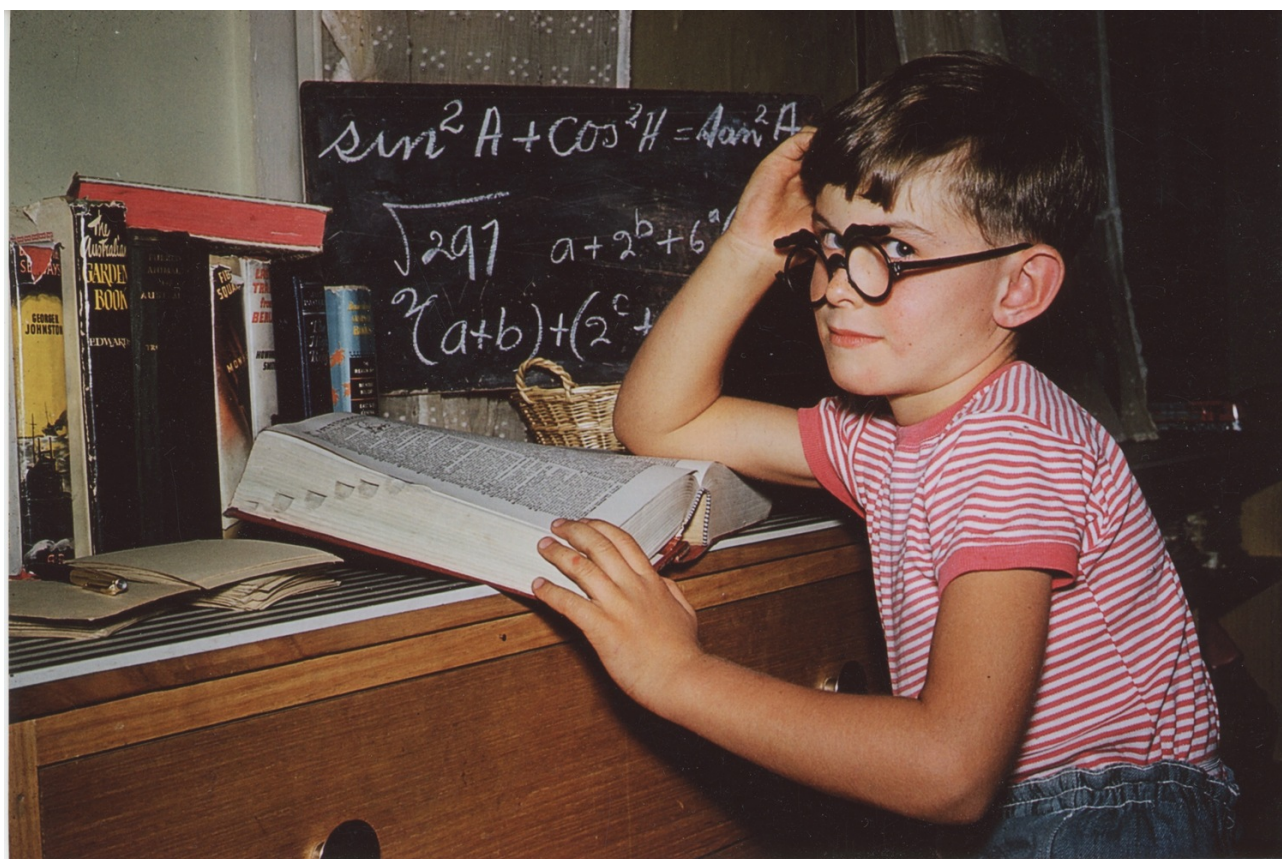
Paddy McGinty's goat had a ferocious appetite
 And for his breakfast yesterday he swallowed some dynamite.
 A large box of matches he swallowed all serene
 And feeling very thirsty he drank some kerosene
 He went too near the fire, he didn't give a hang
 The matches and the dynamite exploded with a bang
 So when you get to heaven I'll bet you a dollar note
 That the angel with the whiskers is Paddy McGinty's goat.

The fact that she thought it unsuitable of course led me to remember it to this very day, but I've just now learned that we were cheated of many additional verses.⁴

⁴<https://brendannolan.com/lyrics/goat.html>



c. 1960: Our family in Camelot. Photo: Geoff Beel



c. 1960: Me in a highly posed photo. Photo: Geoff Beel

3.1 Music and the arts

Our house was often full of music. Apart from my tone deafness, inability to sing or whistle, and lack of rhythm, I inherited from my parents everything I needed to become a great musician.

Ern was a talented whistler and often whistled tunes while working. He also sang songs. Among his favourites were *Funiculi, Funiculà*,⁵ *Oh Oh Antonio*,⁶ *The Paw Paw Patch*⁷ (modified to suit whomever of us he was singing to), *A bicycle built for two*,⁸ and *Horsey keep your tail up*.⁹

Margaret studied music with Mrs Manton in Beechworth, and we think at the Melbourne Conservatorium, and played the piano at home and the reed organ at church, but I don't remember her singing much. She and Ern were great fans of Gracie Fields¹⁰ and *The Village Glee Club*¹¹ which ran on ABC radio from 1942 to 1971. I'm afraid I thought it was boring!

Ern absolutely loved Strauss Waltzes and the Disney film *The Waltz King*¹². He and Margaret also loved the *My Fair Lady*¹³ musical which they saw in Melbourne in 1959. The record, with Julie Andrews, was the most played record in the house. Margaret played piano to accompany neighbour Bea McGuffie singing *Wouldn't it be lovely* at some local event. Ern was also fond of Franz Lehár's *The Merry Widow* and bought that record too.

As well as a small portable-ish record player, we had an ancient wind-up gramophone with a broken mainspring. Since no-one seemed able to fix or replace the spring, we used to play 78 rpm records by spinning the turntable with our fingers. Favourites were the comedies: *Sandy's Happy Home*¹⁴ by Sandy Powell, *He Played His Ukelele As The Ship Went Down*¹⁵, *Is 'e an Aussie is 'e Lizzie?*¹⁶, and *Colonel Campbell and Mister Lang* (about the opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge).¹⁷

Margaret hung a framed picture of Dame Margot Fonteyn on our lounge room wall so I assume she liked ballet, though I don't remember her ever dancing.

She liked art, and seemed to enjoy paintings of pixies and fairies. I remember us visiting Peg Maltby's studio in the Dandenongs and buying some of her work. Maltby's wikipedia entry¹⁸ reports that her studio was in Olinda and it was called *Santa's Workshop and Fairyland Emporium*. A web search reveals that, although Maltby died in 1984, her work is still selling and fetching quite good prices.

Jenny has inherited a marvellous watercolour (presumably a print) of Margaret's, shown on the next page. It is by an English artist Margaret W. Tarrant who seems to have worked in a similar genre to Peg Maltby. I love this painting! It evokes such a feeling of freedom and I'm glad Margaret obviously liked it too.

3.2 Enjoying nature

Many of the photos of Ern and Margaret involve rocks, trees or other bushland scenes. Picnics were commonplace.

⁵https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Funicul%C3%AC,_Funicul%C3%A0

⁶<https://genius.com/Florrie-forde-oh-oh-antonio-lyrics>

⁷<https://www.songsforteaching.com/folk/thepawpawpatch.php>

⁸<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0gDf7misJvk>

⁹<https://lyricsplayground.com/alpha/songs/h/horseykeepyourtailup.html>

¹⁰https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gracie_Fields

¹¹<https://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/darbyshire-philip-arthur-phil-9901>

¹²<https://www.imdb.com/title/tt13153514/>

¹³https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/My_Fair_Lady

¹⁴<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CKfZyYWWjcc>

¹⁵<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mXfcssUc3RQ>

¹⁶<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=53VuKT8eh2Q>

¹⁷<https://www.nfsa.gov.au/collection/curated/colonel-campbell-and-mister-lang>

¹⁸https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peg_Maltby



Freedom with seagulls! Print hung by Margaret of work by Margaret W. Tarrant, an English illustrator and children's author.¹⁹

¹⁹https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Margaret_Tarrant

Several times Ern, Margaret and I went on cycling picnics, me on a steel child seat behind Margaret or on the handlebars of Ern's bike. We would ride to the Zig Zag, the Precipice or to Kelly's Lookout²⁰ and Ern would light a fire and cook saveloy sausages. We often walked in Beechworth's Gorge Reserve and often sat on Pumpkin rock, or some other spot with a view, to peel some fruit and enjoy the ambience. Once we walked in the late evening to One Tree Hill to watch the lights of the then famous train *Spirit of Progress* passing through Glenrowan Gap. See the photo of the famous train below and the photo from One Tree Hill on Page 39.

We sometimes went foraging in the country. We picked blackberries and made jam. In autumn we picked mushrooms and cooked them in butter. We went to orchards in Stanley and picked apples. Jenny reminds me that there was an annual Harvest Festival in Stanley organised by the church, and that we would buy produce like potatoes, walnuts and apples there too.



Photo of the old Spirit of Progress, hanging in Benalla railway station.

3.3 Cooking and entertaining

The kitchen at 49 Camp Street boasted a woodstove, internal access to a woodbox which could be filled externally, a Sunbeam Mixmaster, a non-pop-up toaster, and a bakelite Kreisler valve radio. There was a stovetop coffee percolator which was pulled out of the cupboard when important visitors were coming. Otherwise adults drank tea.

I loved helping Margaret in the kitchen. We made cakes, biscuits, and pies together and I did my best to lick clean the spoons, bowls and Mixmaster beaters. I feel nostalgic whenever I taste yo-yos or hedgehog cake, but they're always a disappointment after Margaret's.

In those days, shop-bought biscuits came in large square metal boxes from Arnotts or Brockhoffs. Biscuits were often damaged in transit or in the shop and you could buy bags of broken biscuits very

²⁰Readers unfamiliar with these locations are encouraged to visit Beechworth in North-Eastern Victoria to experience its many scenic delights.

cheaply. Broken marie biscuits were ideal for making hedgehog.²¹

Jenny and I were enthusiastic participants when Ern cooked too, which he did rarely but with skill. I haven't forgotten the exciting times when he decided to make chocolate fudge dessert. We chopped up walnuts, sifted the flour, stirred the mixture and, of course, cleaned up the utensils. We've found other recipes but they're all inferior. Michele has a recipe for White Rock which Auntie Lil says that Ern used to make for Margaret on her birthday.

Another delight was when Ern dropped in at Borschman's cafe in Camp Street and brought home a brick of Peters Neapolitan ice-cream – chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla. It came in a cardboard box and was wrapped in newspaper to insulate it for the journey home. He made ice-cream himself, using ice blocks and evaporated milk which was nice but didn't compete with the bought one.

Somewhere along the line we lost Margaret's cookbook. It had the magic recipes pasted into its pages, so we've never been able to recreate them. I've tried since to find a recipe that Margaret once cooked amidst the great excitement of a dinner party at our house. It was called *Spiced Rice Amandine*. I'm pretty sure that the guests were teachers she knew: John Stanley Martin,^{22,23} Geoff Beel,²⁴ and Leo (the Lion) Duggan. I'm not sure why the occasion was so special but steps were taken to ensure that the visitors came to the front door, which no-one otherwise used. The myrtle dining table with impractical scalloped edges (also seldom used) was unfolded, decorated, and lit with candles. The spiced rice amandine was obviously considered very special – it was the 1950s after all – and it was the first and probably the only time Margaret made it. There was endless laughter at that dinner. Rogue lived at the Hibernian hotel and told stories of the exploits of some of the pub's customers, including one of a bearded man who got drunk and had half of his face shaved by his mates.

Geoff Beel was a great photographer and, to our delight, a set of photos he took late in Margaret's life has survived without the colours fading. You can see them on Pages 51, 51, 59, 58, 59, 59.

We had a Fowlers Vacola bottling outfit which we used to preserve fruit and vegetables. Ern was fully engaged. I can't imagine that I would have been allowed near the large vat of boiling water but I know I participated somehow, maybe topping and tailing beans or peeling fruit.

Margaret was a believer in the *Oslo lunch* for school children.²⁵ The Oslo lunch comprised a glass of milk, two wholemeal sandwiches spread with butter and filled with a protein source such as cheese, and a piece of fruit. Since small bottles or tetrapaks of milk were routinely provided by schools, the milk was expected to be consumed at morning recess rather than at lunch time. Unfortunately, I hated drinking milk, particularly as supplied by the school. The only circumstance in which I can recall lying to my mother was when she asked, "Did you drink your milk this morning?"

As you can see, dairy products were very heavily promoted by the Oslo diet. This suited me, apart from the milk, as butter and cheese were and are much to my liking. At one stage a cheese cure was tried as a means to break my habit of chewing my finger nails. Margaret encouraged me to get my calcium from cheese instead of from my nails. That effort lasted all of one morning, as I consumed an entire block (probably only 8oz or 225 grams) of processed Kraft cheddar.

Margaret must have been concerned to maintain my protein consumption as she would encourage me to chew the bones left over from a lamb roast, "like a puppy dog."

The number of contretemps between me and my mother was very small. I hated the long shorts she made me for school because my classmates ridiculed them as 'knickerbockers' and 'apple catchers.' I was aware that I was annoying her and her friend when I read out the label on every power pole on the way to the beach – "SEC High Tension Danger!" – but I kept doing it. I must have really annoyed her on a shopping trip to Wangaratta because she threatened to hit me with a wooden spoon. It was also a negative experience when her relief teaching role put her in front of my class in

²¹Jenny's reminded me that Ern sometimes made hedgehog.

²²<https://www.wendishheritage.org.au/john-stanley-martin-1933-2010/>

²³He was always known as *Rogue* in our family after he accused Neny, who lived across the road from a convent, of standing on a chair on her verandah to watch the nuns bowing down before graven images. She said, "I do believe you are a rogue."

²⁴It looks as though Geoff Beel died quite young and is buried in Beechworth Cemetery. <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/192531406/geoffrey-francis-beel>

²⁵E.g. see this 1963 article in *Women's Weekly* <https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/47509255>

primary school. I expected her to maintain her loving motherly demeanour toward me but she became stern and severe with me, determined to avoid any possible perception of favouritism. Robyn Meurant née Powell who was in my class, remembers the folding doors between Grades 1 and 2 being opened and the combined classes singing while Margaret played the piano.

3.4 Housework

As was almost inevitable for the times, Margaret did the housework as well as the cooking. She maintained cleanliness and order without fuss or bother. The kitchen had a linoleum floor which she maintained with a Hoover electric floor polisher. When I was young we owned a cocker spaniel called Rohan – I don't imagine he liked the floor polisher, which made a loud noise and buzzed back and forth with a light shining out of the front, but I don't really remember.

Ern did the washing up. He used to say, "What doesn't come off on the dishcloth will come off on the tea towel!"

Our bathroom was absolutely freezing in winter. It had a glass louvre window to allow fresh air circulation and suppress mould and the only possible heating was a dangerous electric bar radiator. Also dangerous were glass shampoo bottles – Margaret banished them as soon as alternatives were available. She cleaned the bath with White Lily paste.

With open fires and red hot radiators in common use, the world was a more dangerous place for children than it is now. Houses were not insulated in those days, leading to more reliance on heating and the heaters available were all dangerous: Open fires, cast-iron stoves and bar radiators. At least we had a washing machine from day one and didn't need to use a dangerous copper.

One of my classmates was Bev Jensen, whose legs were badly burned, presumably due to the conjunction of a nylon nightie and a fire or radiator.



<https://i.ebayimg.com/images/g/PesAAOSwKhtgfnU8/s-11600.jpg>,

<https://electricutopia.com/index.php/hover-appliances/hover-floor-polishers/>,

<https://www.grays.com/lot/0120-9027565/memorabilia/vintage-speedie-radiant-electric-heater>

3.5 Child rearing

Among parental papers in my possession is an August 1949 letter from Dr Browne²⁶ to Margaret, answering her questions about family planning. It described the rhythm method and hinted at other more reliable methods which could only be described in an in-person consultation. [Until the 1970s, advertising and public display of contraceptives was illegal.] Our family was evenly spaced and I didn't appear until the house was built and my parents properly installed.

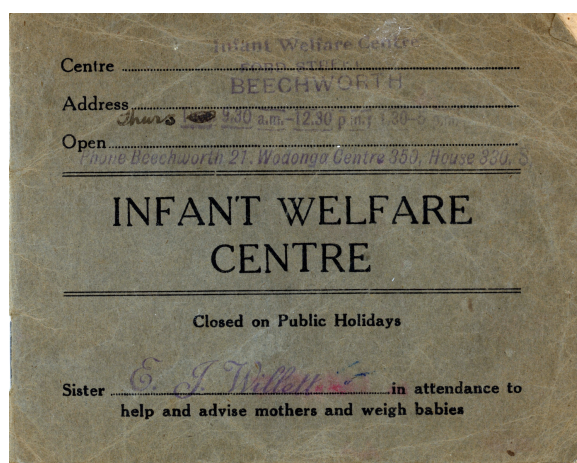
Surprisingly I have a memory of accompanying my mother and newly arrived sister Jenny to an appointment at the Infant Welfare Centre – I must have only been three or four years old. I

²⁶<https://www.mup.com.au/authors/david-d-browne>

remember Jenny being weighed in a set of scales designed for babies.²⁷ A booklet given to Margaret recorded Jenny's weights and vaccinations, of which there were many fewer in those days. Without vaccination, we all caught measles, german measles, mumps, and chicken pox. I believe that my cousin Neil Hawking acquired a lifelong hearing deficit as a result of a measles infection. He also had surgery for a heart condition. In that era polio was rife in Australia and as a result several people in Beechworth wore leg braces and built-up shoes. Fortunately Salk vaccinations were carried out in Australian schools starting in 1956, and I was protected. When I was of high school age someone in the town caught polio and spent ages in an iron lung.²⁸

How stupid and anti-social are anti-vaxxers!

Ern told me that as a baby I cried all the time. Cousin Lynette tells me that there was serious concern that I wasn't gaining weight. After a series of weighings by Sister Willett before and after breast feeding showed that I wasn't getting enough, Margaret's breast milk was supplemented with bottles. According to Ern, my whinging stopped and I rapidly gained weight.



I still keep my Infant Welfare booklet, Sister E.J. Willett presiding, in case of need. ☺

A peculiar piece of furniture in our house was a closed-in cot covered with wire mesh to keep out mosquitoes and flies. This did service for me and both of my siblings.

When I outgrew the cot, I was given my own bedroom on the west side of the house. Its windows looked out over the verandah, which about that time was walled in on the west as a workshop for Ern. The workshop had windows, but wasn't walled in on the north or south, resulting in it being rather unpleasant in cold, windy conditions, when the wind howled through, sometimes bringing rain.

I chose green as the colour for my bedroom, but wasn't delighted with the shade my parents chose. I had wanted bright green but I see now why that might not have worked. Ern put up a wall paper frieze of scenes from nursery rhymes above the picture rail – the house had ten-foot (3m) ceilings. They bought me an amazing piece of timber furniture which went along the west wall under the windows. It had a desk hutch plus drawers for my clothes and shelves for books and belongings.

I was very lucky to have and to keep a room of my own. The only drawback was that it shared a thin plaster wall with the indoor toilet. Sound transmission was almost perfect.

As I got older Ern took on a project to build a *Jungle Gym*. It was a large, complicated set of timber monkey bars set in an area of tanbark. Jenny and I had a lot of fun on it with our friends over the years.

Margaret was very creative in organising parties for me and Jenny. I don't have very clear memories but I remember going out to Stanley and engaging in all sorts of exciting activities in the Gorge Reserve on another. She used to make and decorate marvellous birthday cakes.

²⁷A report in the Ovens and Murray Advertiser of May 7, 1955 (<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/page/30150851>) by the sister in charge, Sister E.J. Willett, records the purchase of a new set of scales. A total of 89 infants were seen in the first quarter of 1955.

²⁸https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iron_lung

At a young age, Margaret started my sex education by appearing in front of me in the lounge room without any clothes, and identifying the body parts which were different to mine. I don't suppose she had received any comparable education from Neny.

3.6 Evenings

In the evening we'd retire to the lounge and gather around the open fireplace. I'm pretty sure the lounge had draughty louvre windows on the south, no doubt to encourage even greater appreciation of the fire in winter. There were embossed, red coloured, heavy curtains over those windows and a combined seating and storage unit underneath. It was upholstered in a gold version of the curtain fabric. There were a series of hinged lids on the storage unit and cushions were provided for sitting. A clothes horse was in evidence during the winter doing its best to dry large volumes of washing.

On really cold nights or when one of the children was sick, the super cot would be wheeled in to the lounge and the fire built up for warmth during the night. I remember one night when both Jenny and I were brought into the lounge, her in the cot and me on a mattress carried in by Ern. We can't have been very ill because we engaged in extended high jinks and mercilessly teased Vegetables the cat, which could have taught us a serious lesson with its claws and teeth, but instead retreated behind the piano.

The floor was made of white-ant resistant Murray pine but there was a rug on top, plus a tanned fox skin given to us by some kind soul. Amazingly, the fox skin survived in the family until very recently.

We had no TV. Ern read and Margaret either read or sewed. She used to mend clothes and had a wooden mushroom to facilitate sock darning.

3.7 Friends

Charles and Norah Cameron, who owned the hardware shop in Camp Street, used to visit and come on joint family picnics. I remember being excited to see the entry to tunnels under their shop. Charles was a fastidious man with a wardrobe of expensive clothes. To me, and Ern, he imparted wisdom about the importance of hanging up clothes properly, and avoiding doing things 'the lazy man's way.' Ern had a large collection of ties passed down from Charles. I still have a pocket sharpening stone he gave me more than 60 years ago.



Jenny and Margaret in the lounge at 49 Camp St. Photo: Geoff Beel.



Jenny with flowers from the Eucalyptus Ficifolia trees which grew in Last Street outside our house. *Photo: Geoff Beel.*



L: The three of us together in 1961. R: Me in the lounge at 49 Camp Street with the fox skin. *Photos: Geoff Beel.*

Norah and Charles left Beechworth in 1959 to live in North Balwyn in Melbourne and to partner with Mitre 10 founder Reg Buchanan²⁹ in one of the original Mitre 10 hardware shops – Buchanan, Cameron and Roberts in Surrey Hills, Melbourne. We stayed with them in their house in Belmore Road. Charles complained that the traffic on Belmore Road was so heavy that it took him twenty minutes to get out of the driveway. (They also owned a beach house at Rye on Mornington Peninsula.) I think their three daughters Noel, Joan, and Anne went to private school and I remember them parading around the house with books on their heads to improve their posture and with their hands awkwardly rotated to straighten their shoulders.



A jolly picnic with the Camerons pre 1953 I believe: Ern, Margaret³⁰, Norah, Noel, Anne, and Joan. *Photo: Cameron daughters.*



From left at back: Margaret and Camerons: Charles, Norah and Noel, Joan at front. *Photo: Cameron daughters*

²⁹<https://www.mitre10.com.au/company/company-history>

³⁰It must surely be Margaret but she seems too short.

In the era when overseas travel was expensive and time-consuming, Norah and Charles were inveterate overseas travellers. We had slide nights³¹ featuring the sights they'd seen in Europe and Asia. On one trip their ship passed through Aden in the Middle East, which was then the go-to duty-free destination. They brought Ern back an otherwise excessively expensive pair of binoculars which he loved and used frequently.

Family friend John Stanley Martin (Rogue) travelled extensively in pursuit of his academic training. The topics of his Masters and PhD degrees related to Norse sagas. He wrote us aerogrammes.³² When back in Beechworth he would engage us with tales of his travels. He became fluent in an astonishing range of languages and became head of the Swedish department at Melbourne university. After I visited him there once as an adult, we walked together to Lygon Street, me to buy coffee beans at Grinders and him to catch his bus to North Balwyn. He came into Grinders and engaged Giancarlo, the owner, in extensive conversation in fluent Italian.

A friend of Margaret's was Lorna Crawford who I think ran the Beechworth kindergarten, and had been in the same class at school. (See Page 257.) She lived in Stanley and when Margaret and I drove her home once and stopped in her carport, she dissolved in tears and said that, "People say I'm cynical." I had no idea what cynical meant but I expected that Mummy would say, "Of course you're not", to make her stop crying. Instead, she said, "Well you are, aren't you?" As a five or six year old I didn't understand why she wasn't more consoling. Rogue writes about the relationship between Margaret and Lorna on Page 257.



Me and Jenny at the Punenov's fishpond. They lived on the road to Stanley.

Rogue writes (see Page 254) that our parents, particularly Margaret were very attracted to the European migrants who came to Beechworth. He mentions the names of Krautschneider, Zentelis,

³¹For the benefit of younger readers, friends and neighbours would gather in the lounge of someone's house, hang up a sheet on the wall, turn off the lights and show colour transparencies taken while on holidays. Sometimes slide nights were inspiring; sometimes they were intolerably boring.

³²For younger readers, aerogrammes were a single sheet of lightweight, very thin, blue paper with tabs for gluing on the sides. Once you wrote your letter in the allowable areas of the paper you folded it up according to the instructions, licked the tabs and stuck them down to form an envelope. You then wrote addresses on the outside and affixed a stamp. Airmail was charged by weight and aerogrammes represented a significant saving.

Wallensky, and Punenovs, but there were many others who worked at the tannery or at the mental hospital or who were neighbours.

We were friends with Tommy Görög and his family. Indeed I remember staying with them in Melbourne after they left Beechworth. At the mental hospital, Ern was friends with George Pirner, a German migrant who drove a Mercedes and gave Ern a map of Europe. Within a couple of blocks of our house were Joe Myer, Gert Gieler, Victor Bijeka, and the Kalejs. Antin (Tony) Pelech lived on the corner of Church and Last Streets – a car ended up in his lounge room when the driver suddenly realised that Church St didn't actually continue and desperately tried to turn into Last St.



A birthday card given to our mother by Mrs Punenovs or her daughter Dzintra.

Across the road from Tony lived the Miezis family. Like the Punenovs, Kalejs, and Millers, they were of Latvian origin. John Miezis (probably Janis) was my best friend in primary school – we used

to walk to school together. Unlike me, he always had pocket money and we used to stop at Taylor's bakery in Camp St. He would very generously supply me with Whiz Fizzes, and all manner of other unhealthy delights. The family used to brew vast quantities of ginger beer.

John's father Arthur worked for the Shire Council and was completely bald – my classmates said that his hair had been shot off in the war. He and his wife acted as ushers in the Civic Theatre.

Like her younger son, Mrs Miezis was very generous and used to delight in serving me vast quantities of Latvian delicacies that were totally unfamiliar to me. Unfortunately, after primary school, John transferred to Wangaratta Technical School and I think I only ever saw him once after that – he was working on the Westgate Bridge in Melbourne. ... Before it collapsed I think. Of course Rogue knew some Latvian and told me to say to John, "Tu esi traks." (You are crazy!)

What life experiences these European migrants must have had. Victor Bijeka told me about wandering around the wasteland in Europe around the end of the war – "When I found myself among Germans I said 'Sieg Heil' and when I was with Russians I said 'Zdravstvuyte tovarishchi.'" When Gert Gieler enrolled in Year 10 English he told the class that he had cashed in all his East German possessions and bought two very expensive cameras. Making his escape across the border into West Germany, the guards were highly suspicious of his two cameras but he told them that one was for colour and the other for black and white. In Germany he owned a Mercedes but had no open country in which to drive it. In Australia there were endless possibilities for driving but he could only afford an old Holden.

The story of a Latvian family in Beechworth in the 1950s and 1960s

Alfons and Aurelija Kalejs and their daughter Beate Millers and her husband Margers (Mark) left Latvia at the end of WWII in 1945 and spent several years in a displaced persons camp in Germany. They had hopes of migrating to Canada but in 1949 found themselves in the migrant camp at Bonegilla, Vic and with an obligation to work for at least two years in the area.

Alfons had been Chief of Police in Riga and his son in law was a draftsman but there was no possibility of pursuing those careers in the Bonegilla region. Foreign qualifications were not recognised. Instead, Alfons and Aurelija found jobs at the Beechworth tannery and Margers found jobs as handyman, cleaner and even woodwork teacher at St Joseph's catholic school. Like Ern he made his own wooden wheelbarrow and his daughter Inga still has it.

On arrival, Alfons spoke Latvian, Russian, Polish and German and began to learn English. Margers resisted learning English and speaking Latvian in the household was mandatory. As a result their daughters Mara and Inga arrived at school not being able to speak English.

On first arrival in Beechworth the family lived in the Black Springs Bakery on the outskirts of town. The landlords (Price family) were very kind and provided transport into town for shopping etc. Later the family acquired a two story stone house in Williams Street. Beate lived there until she died, aged 98, in 2022.

They also acquired a 2.5 hectare block of land on Church Street west of the old Hospital Facade. They kept a cow there and we often saw them walking back and forth along Last Street with a large pail to carry the milk. Margers transported firewood and manure home from the block without the benefit of a car.

Inga, who has built a house on the spectacular block where the cow was milked, tells me that her mother milked the cows in the mornings and looked after the calves they had. Her grandparents milked the cows in the afternoon. The family operated an exchange system with their neighbour Frank Prem. There was a shelf on the shared fence and the Kalejs/Millers would put milk and eggs there, and obtain fruit and other produce in return.

Inga says that Beate was very keen to maintain Latvian traditions and the local Latvian community (about 20 of them) would gather on special days such as solstices and equinoxes to carry on Latvian traditions and eat Latvian food.



Margers Millers with his homemade barrow. *Photo from Inga Hanover née Millers.*



Beate Millers with her daughters Inga (L) and Mara. *Photo from Inga Hanover née Millers.*

Another of Margaret's friends mentioned by Rogue was David Biles, the Education officer at the Beechworth Jail, and his wife Judy. I remember visiting them at an old house where Loch St meets Ford St. David Biles went on to have a distinguished career in Criminology, and filled the role of Deputy Director at the Australian Institute of Criminology over an extended period.

Margaret didn't seem to associate with former classmates at Melbourne Teachers College apart from Pauline McMullen (née Gleeson) and Nina Crosthwaite (née Thompson) – I guess they were scattered around the state. We visited Pauline in Officer, then miles to the east of Melbourne and I loved the sound of the bellbirds in her trees. I guess I must have been bored by the teacher catch-up, and perhaps Ern was too – he took me out to listen to the birds.

3.8 Contact with Margaret's birth family

In our early years Jenny and I used to receive cards and presents from 'Ma and Grandad'. I still have cards they sent for my 1st, 4th and 7th birthdays. We didn't know who Ma and Grandad were and had never met them. They were of course Margaret's birth parents, Iolen Ellen and John Stronach Hunter. The story of the 1928 family tragedy which led to Margaret's adoption is told in Chapter 7. Michele continued to receive cards and presents from Ma and Grandad until Dorn's arrival in 1968.

Jenny and I still remember a visit to their tiny cottage at 7 Railway Place, South Kensington. We sat in a tiny room where there was a quiet man sitting at a table with a red and white checked cloth. It must have taken place in 1960 and, although we didn't realise it, the visit must have been very significant – and possibly awkward – for Margaret. Margaret's adoptive mother Neny believed that John Stronach was an alcoholic from whom Margaret needed to be protected. After her adoption at age four, she had been permitted almost no contact with her biological parents.

Some of the cards we received from Ma and Grandad were sent on behalf of Margaret's brother Billy, sister Mary and brother-in-law Jack. However Aunt Mary, whom we met for the first time in 2019 says she and her husband had no involvement at all in cards sent to unknown nephews and nieces.

3.9 Childcare from Neny

The extremely christian spinster who adopted Margaret in 1931 was known as Auntie or Neny.³³ Neny occasionally babysat me in her old house at the convent end of Loch Street when my parents were away, and we often visited her. From the front, the air of the house was one of faded grandeur, with a grand flight of steps leading to small verandahs either side of the front entrance. The front of the house was clearly ancient since it had the remains of a gas light in the lounge room. It also had some quite elegant furniture as well as a cabinet whose corner posts were made of wooden cotton reels around a steel rod.

Behind the four rooms at the front you could step up to a less luxurious area with kitchen, sitting room and bathroom with chip heater – that's right, to get hot water for a bath you lit a fire with small chips of wood and adjusted the temperature of the water (from freezing to boiling) by using the tap to control the rate of flow. The sitting room had a rocking chair whose movement relied on coiled springs. I vividly remember Ern rocking back and forth to amuse Jenny giggling on his lap when the springs suddenly broke. Using all of his considerable gymnastic skills he launched himself in the air, preventing any harm to Jenny and, as usual, uttered not a word about any injury he may have suffered himself.

Behind this part of the house was a large covered area containing ferns and the Coolgardie safe³⁴ used to preserve meat and prevent the butter from melting.

The block itself was a reasonable size but Neny owned the blocks on either side as well. She had a large garden with lavender, gooseberries and red and black currants, among many others. She used

³³An affectionate term applied by the boy in Madagascar whom Neny sponsored.

³⁴https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coolgardie_safe

to employ Mr Bouchier and Mr Martin to help control the periwinkle on the vacant blocks. The upper side of the house block had a gate onto a track leading to Ford Street. We used to walk from there down Short Street to Ennals Grocery on High Street, and sometimes to Mr McLean to have clocks and watches cleaned and oiled.

An inherited silver tea service tells me that Neny retired from teaching in March 1939. She turned 55 in January of that year and I suspect that that was the female retirement age in that era.



L: Anna Floyd, Neny's mother, taken at a studio in either Northampton or Wellingborough, England. R: Neny and her brothers. The curly headed little boy is Roy Thomas who was killed in WWI.



1989: Ennals Store. When I walked there with Neny it was operated by Dick and Marg Galbraith. We went there to buy pollard and wheat for the 'fowls' (chooks) and Cobram cheese. *Photo posted on Historic Photographs of Beechworth Australia by Peter Fortheringham*



Neny's striking clock (Ansonia) and rocking chair (repaired and restored). Both are now in Jenny's care.

She used to talk of damage and close-run escape from the Black Friday (13 January) 1939 bush-fires.³⁵ I thought she meant the family farm just outside Beechworth, but her parents were long dead by 1939. I assume her brother Charles was living there by the time. I don't remember details but I'm pretty sure the fires destroyed outbuildings, killed animals, and were stopped just short of the farmhouse. The farm was called Danetree after a town in Northamptonshire from which the Warner family originally migrated. The town is now called Daventry (but pronounced Daintree) and was listed in the Domesday Book as Daventrei.³⁶

Neny and her parents were extremely religious and attended the Congregational church. She insisted that no work, no sport, and no commerce be done on a Sunday – Sunday was a day for dressing in your Sunday-go-to-meeting attire, attending church and/or Sunday school, praying and counting your blessings. She donated a tenth of her entire income to the church and to the London Missionary Society, and she also donated other money. As noted elsewhere she sponsored at least one child in Madagascar. A Christmas tradition in those days was that a plum pudding would be served, into which silver coins³⁷ had been cooked. This was exciting for children, who ate far more than they should to maximise their haul of money. The only trouble was that Neny then insisted on cleaning off the remnant pudding from the coins and making us deposit them into the donation box for the London Missionary Society.

Neny was totally opposed to the consumption of alcohol by anyone, and often insisted that I should never touch the stuff because I might have inherited a weakness for it from Margaret's father John Stronach Hunter.

Congregational ministers often visited Neny. A prominent one was George Scandrett who by 1954 was President of the Congregational Union of Australia.

When adopted by Neny, Margaret took on the family name Floyd, after Neny's mother Anna Warner née Floyd, who was born in 1854 in Ireland.³⁸

Neny's cooking was of quite a low standard but she used to produce an exciting treat on Sunday evening. She would take slices of white bread, soak them in runny cream, and sprinkle sugar on top.

³⁵<https://knowledge.aidr.org.au/resources/bushfire-black-friday-victoria-1939/>

³⁶Neny said it was named after invading Danes but there seem to be other explanations: <https://www.houseofnames.com/daintree-family-crest>

³⁷At the time threepences, sixpences, shillings and florins were made of an alloy of silver – those minted prior to 1946 had a silver content of 92.5%, dropping to 50% thereafter. You couldn't use halfpennies or pennies because they contained copper.

³⁸<https://www.wikitree.com/wiki/Floyd-4717>

Instead of butter on her bread she used dripping.

An elderly woman named Rhoda Main boarded with Neny. People called her ‘Owa’ following my inability to pronounce her name. She was somehow related to a younger woman called Edna Main and eventually went to live with her across the border in Corowa. Michele stayed with them more than once and says she was looked after like a princess. Edna had a deep voice and a compulsion to hug children – when we were farewelling her, the risk of hugs was high and to avoid them I always climbed a tree.

Another friend of Neny’s was Miss Emily Christiansen (1879 – 1968) who lived in a grand old house in Baarmutha a few kilometres out of Beechworth toward the Buckland Gap. Miss Christiansen’s sister Anna had been a missionary/nurse in China and died in Beechworth in 1953. Emily had a room full of Chinese items sent back by her sister. Her house featured a grand avenue of radiata pines leading in from the insignificant dirt track to the Baarmutha gold diggings. The radiatas were wildly overgrown even when I first saw them but I do remember a magnificent garden party being held among them – no doubt raising money for some religious cause.

Anna Christiansen, missionary in China

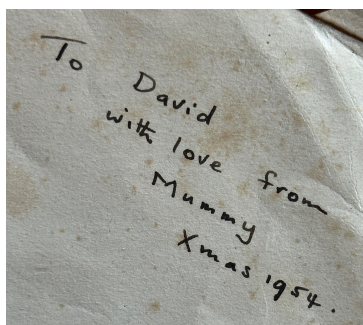
Anna Christiansen went to China in 1914 with the LMS, where she was the first trained nurse and matron at the Tsangchou (Cangzhou) hospital, China. In 1921, she founded a nursing school and, in 1937, there was an up-to-date hospital and nursing school there. However, with the Japanese invasion, the Chinese staff fled and Christiansen had to return home to Australia. (Sydney Morning Herald, 28 October 1937, 22)^a

^aFrom <https://www.womenaustralia.info/leaders/biogs/WLE0442b.htm>

Auntie knew, and presumably financially supported, missionaries called Ross and Elva Jardine. They worked in Ethiopia and projected some very unfamiliar scenes in the inevitable slide nights back in Beechworth. I was particularly interested in Ross’s tales of spitting cobras. When he tried to kill one with an axe, the snake spat as the axe hit and the venom hit him on the cheek rather than in the eye. Exciting stuff!

3.10 My early education

Neny and Margaret were teachers and Ern loved reading so it was inevitable that I was surrounded by books. I liked the Uncle Remus stories compiled by Joel Chandler Harris, though they are now somewhat controversial.³⁹ Another American book was *The Song of Hiawatha* by William Makepeace Longfellow. Of British origin was *Winnie the Pooh* by A. A. Milne. I was very taken by it, inspiring Margaret to send Rogue up the street with me to Borschman’s cafe to obtain supplies of ‘strengthening medicine.’ He must have whispered, “Lemonade” to the proprietor while loudly ordering “Strengthening medicine” for my benefit.



Another favourite book, this time translated from French, was *Babar’s Travels*, written by Jean de Brunhoff.⁴⁰ It’s lost its cover, but I still have it and still get a warm feeling when I read my mother’s inscription.

³⁹https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Uncle_Remus

⁴⁰https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Babar_the_Elephant

As a progressive educator, Margaret was an early adopter of Cuisenaire rods,⁴¹ designed to make arithmetic learning easier for children. She bought a set and tried them out on me and Jenny. The rods had a square cross section and were of ten different lengths from one to ten centimetres. Each length was painted a different colour and represented a number.

3.11 Ern at Zwar Bros tannery

Ern worked as a foreman at the Zwar Brothers tannery.⁴² On weekdays, he would get up around 5am, light a fire in the wood stove and cook himself breakfast of porridge or eggs on toast. He made the toast using a hand-made wire fork to hold the bread in front of the open door of the stove. If he was going to have porridge, he would soak the rolled oats overnight in cold salty water.

After breakfast he would split wood and do other chores, loading the woodbox beside the stove before running down into the gorge, crossing a bridge made of fallen tree trunks, and zooming up the hill on the other side to start work by 7am. Other workers moved at a slower pace and he could see them climbing the other side of the gorge before he left home.

He built a garage and sheds for absolute minimum cost. The roof of the garage was supported by rough poles and the sides were sheathed with flattened chemical drums from the tannery and bark from stringy bark trees. A woodshed was partly constructed from the sides of a decommissioned tanning vat. It was made of softwood boards about 40mm thick which were bolted together to form a wall about 1800mm high and 2100mm wide. I'm pretty sure that all the corrugated iron was obtained second-hand. Beside the large woodshed was a chook house and run.

One day Margaret made a picnic tea and took Jenny and me to a clearing on the side of the gorge, where we sat on a picnic rug and played with buttercups while we waited for Ern on his homeward journey.



2019: All that remained of the Beechworth tannery was a handsome, towering brick chimney in a scattered debris field.

⁴¹https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cuisenaire_rods

⁴²<https://becker-zwar.com/zwar/notable-people-events-and-places/beechworth-tannery/>



2023: Satellite view of the old tannery site. *Satellite image from Google Maps*

3.12 Ern's labours

Ern was a tireless worker – He was in his late fifties or even sixties before I could match his workrate. Early on he followed the plans in a handyman book and built a wooden wheelbarrow. It was many times heavier than modern steel or plastic ones but he piled it high with soil. I remember him using a single weatherboard as a ramp to dump soil into a raised garden bed about a metre high. He repeatedly charged up the board with the heavily laden barrow and discharged load after load. The weatherboard bowed about 30cm each time but fortunately never broke. If it had, I'm sure Ern would have unleashed one of his sternest expletives, such as, "Starve the lizards and stone the crows", "Eh bah goom!", "Mother Macree!" and "Everything in our favour is against us."

He did sometimes injure himself but he carried on working despite blackened nails or streaming blood. His treatment for a blackened nail (once he knocked off) was to heat a needle in a candle flame and use the red hot needle to burn a hole in the nail and let out the pressure. Not quite as bad as Jenny's future husband Graham burning off skin cancers with a soldering iron!

As he got older his skin became progressively more frail and bleeding from injuries more dramatic. He kept up his workrate but when he rested would often fall asleep. I have an image of him sitting on the edge of the verandah leaning up against a verandah post, snoozing.

In the 1950s mattresses were often supported on a base of springy wire mesh. Ern used one of these bases propped up with a couple of pieces of scrap timber to sieve soil for his garden beds. He flung shovelfuls of soil against the wire mesh and barrowed away the fine soil which made it through the gaps.

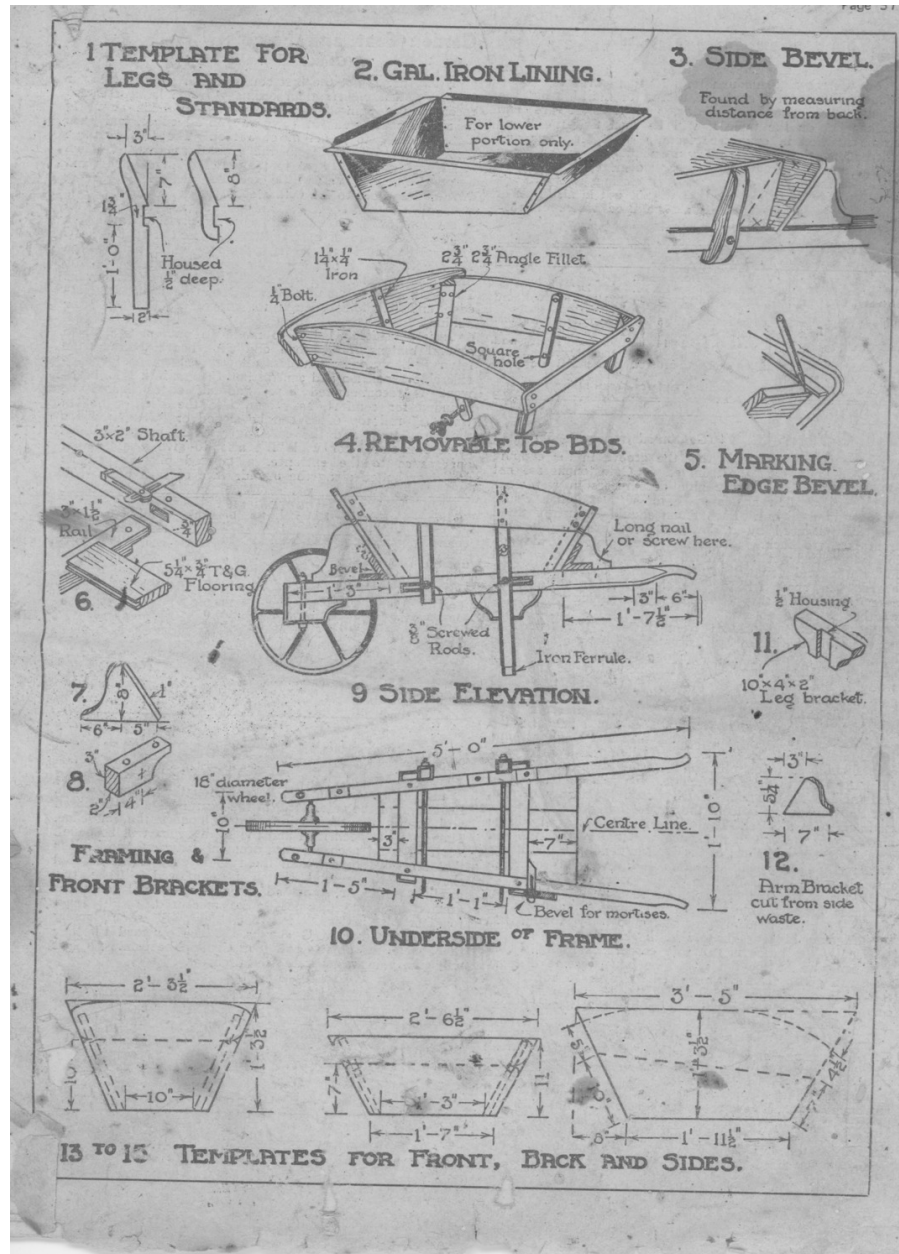
When we finally got an indoor toilet, Ern dug the huge pit in heavy clay for the septic tank, and the long trench for the terracotta pipes draining its outlet. The idea was that the nutrient rich water from the septic tank would disperse evenly along the line through gaps between the short sections of pipe. Unfortunately, the block sloped markedly and there was often an unpleasant smell at the downhill end of the line of pipes. In consequence a Prior Lisbon lemon tree nearby grew to an enormous size and produced abundant crops of huge, juicy fruit.

Ern maintained a huge vegetable patch, and pretended to be annoyed when Jenny and I 'stole' carrots, beans, tomatoes, peas etc. He was in endless but futile tomato-ripening competition with his

brother Ray who also loved gardening. Ray always won because Rutherglen's climate was warmer than Beechworth's – to Ern's envy, Ray usually had ripe tomatoes for Christmas.

I remember Ern making me stand away while he slaked quicklime but I have no idea why he had dangerous quicklime rather than already hydrated lime. Whenever we children asked what he wanted for Christmas, he always said, "a bag of manure."

He built a large fish pond with large granite boulders forming a waterfall into it. There were waterlilies in the pond, and more than six decades later they, or their descendants, are still growing in Michele's pond. Margaret's adoptive sister Pam gave us a concrete frog to be mounted on a plinth in the centre of the pond. Jenny and I were fully involved in choosing the colour of the paint to be applied to it. I know one of the chosen colours was 'coral pink' but it's not a colour I've ever seen on a real frog. Michele still has the frog.



Wheelbarrow plans from *Carpentry and Concrete*. Ern didn't make the galvanised iron lining.

Ern planted trees, both for fruit and for decoration. We had a blood plum tree which bore exceptionally delicious fruit, and a papershell almond which delivered generous crops, both of almonds and of the parrots enjoying them.

He loved flowers and so did Margaret. He ended up with more than 50 varieties of fuchsia which he mostly maintained in a bush house covered with clematis. In an external corner of the house,

next to a daphne bush, there was a tree fuchsia, just outside the window next to our built-in kitchen dining setting – think booths in American diners from the fifties. We all loved spotting the different types of honey eaters which came to drink its nectar. Ern absolutely loved the natural world and had an encyclopaedic knowledge of birds, plants, reptiles, and geology. He used to take us driving through the forests around Stanley – everyone loved the dark woods where Douglas firs had grown over the forest track to such an extent that headlights were needed.

Next to the bush house was a concrete wading pool which we kids enjoyed in summer.

Ern and Margaret were the builders of the house. They saved up, and kept an account book of all their purchases. We still have it. They employed carpenters but Ern did a lot of the work himself. For some reason (slowness of saving, perhaps) the verandah around the house wasn't completed until I was old enough to get in the road of the carpentry work.

Cousin Lynette tells me that Margaret would take on a spell of teaching whenever some significant expenditure was required, such as the septic system. We have the receipt for the purchase of the family's first refrigerator in April 1954. It cost £110 (equivalent to \$4,308 in 2022).

3.12.1 Remember, remember the 5th of November. Powder, Treason and Plot!

In the 1950s and 1960s, Guy Fawkes night⁴³ was a big deal. It would be considered too much of a fire danger now, but in November Beechworth would be dotted with huge pyres. It would be considered too much of a risk to pets and children now, but anyone could buy fireworks from the newsagent – Roman candles, Catherine wheels, Mount Vesuvius, sky rockets, and a full range of 'bungers' from Tom Thumbs to threepenny bungers. The latter were very powerful and destroyed not a few letterboxes. I never blew up a letterbox but I confess to a few risky activities with crackers.

Ern got into the spirit of bonfire night, piling up prunings and scrap timber on the nature strip in the days leading up to the 5th of November. Sometimes he was able to add a couple of old car tyres. On top was the effigy of Guy Fawkes (said by some to be the only person ever to enter parliament with honest intentions!) To make the effigy, Ern would donate some worn out clothes and stuff them with grass or straw.

Soon after dark, friends would gather round the pyre, Ern would light it and everyone would be hit with a blast of radiant heat. Then the fireworks would be lit. "Ooh!" "Ah!" Bang. Bang.

I never wondered whether the catholics in town joined in the ritual burning of Guy.

Ern's anaphylaxis

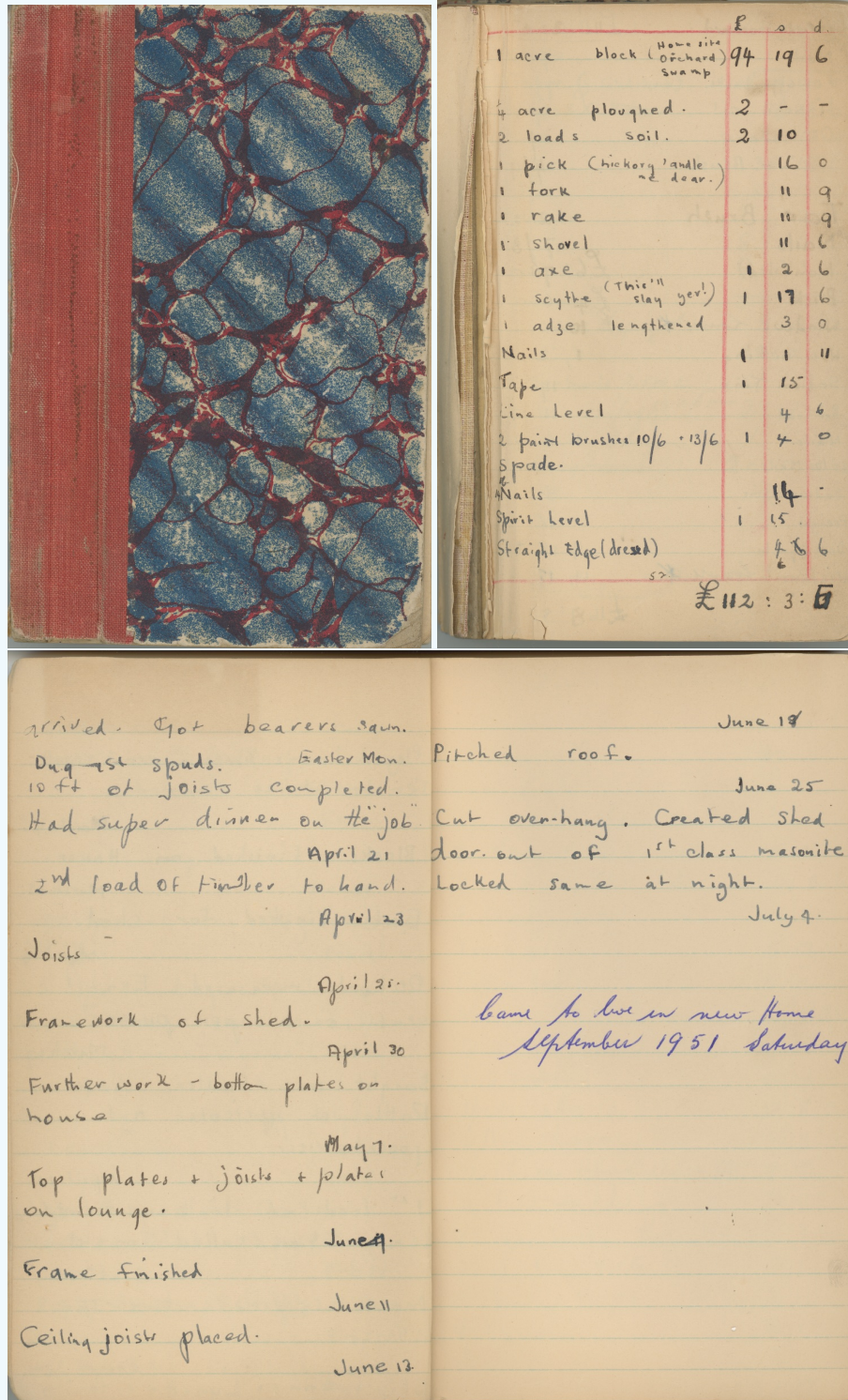
Ern used to snore and went off for surgery on his nose. That's when he discovered he was prone to anaphylactic reactions – this time to the anaesthetic drug Pentothal (Thiopentone). When given the injection his pulse rate jumped to 300 but the ENT specialist Dr Coghlan continued with the surgery. Despite this he snored even louder.

In later life he returned to Wangaratta Base Hospital for removal of his gall bladder. Unfortunately, he was given Pentothal again and this time he died on the operating table. He was grateful to the surgeon who broke his ribs while bringing him back! For a much later prostatectomy in Melbourne the hospital was very careful to keep the Pentothal tightly corked!

He was also highly allergic to seafood, and was rushed to hospitals several times after eating fried rice or other dishes claimed to contain no seafood. People expressed amazement that he had lived more than 50 years before eating a prawn. I was grateful that I'd already eaten seafood prior to his marine anaphylaxis discovery.

⁴³https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Guy_Fawkes_Night

Margaret and Ern's housebuilding account book and journal.



From one end, this little book recorded purchases and money spent. From the other end it was a diary recording decisions taken and milestones achieved. The last two pages (lower image) of the diary section record that they moved in in September 1951.

Somewhere in the middle of the book, Ern started another diary section from August 1960, after Margaret's cancer diagnosis. This section is all about plants, giving lists of the botanical names of plants ordered and received.

Yet another section started in 1970 when he recorded all the purchases relating to building a room on the verandah for Auntie.

Tucked into the book are documents from the settlement of the block purchase and a receipt for the cost of the electrical installation.



A picture of Margaret teaching in 1958, extracted from a class photo (Beechworth Higher Elementary School, Form III) by one of her students, Paula Thompson.

Paula Thompson was taught by Margaret in the late 1950s and says that at that stage she was teaching full time. Paula's sister Nina recalls (Page 261) Paula saying Margaret was hilarious and a great teacher. That sentiment was echoed by Vivienne Harvey⁴⁴ who says she'll never forget Margaret walking around the class room reciting poetry while relief teaching Grade 4.

Margaret worked at one stage as an interviewer for Gallup polls. I still have the clipboard they gave her for interviewing. She also taught piano at various stages. I remember her being very stern with one of her pupils and deciding that piano was not for me.

There was a large lump of granite protruding from the middle of our front lawn and Ern planted a ring of crocuses around it. Having done that, he proceeded to walk on his hands from the front gate past the rock down to the house. We children thought that was wonderful, particularly when all the coins fell out of his pockets.

Keeping the grass under control on a one-acre block with a one metre annual rainfall was challenging. I remember that, for a while, we had a billy goat tethered next to the verandah on the western side of the house. I also remember Ern using a scythe and a manual cylinder push mower – far too hard even for him when the grass grew long. He then had a series of petrol mowers which found endless reasons for failing to start.

⁴⁴Face to face conversation in Beechworth on 22 Feb 2024.

Ern and Margaret paid £90 for the one-acre block. Eventually they realised that it was too big to manage and sold half of it for a very similar amount to Joe Maier who built a house on the lower quarter of it.

In the early years, Ern spent a lot of time with a nailbag around his waist and carpentry tools in his hand. He was capable of quite careful carpentry but could also be a “bush carpenter” when he chose – I saw him ‘measure’ the length of a sill for a window in the shed by eye. It was remarkable how accurately he did it, but there was still a one centimetre gap at the end!

I certainly adopted Ern as a role model. At a young age I dug deep holes in the back yard with adult tools and hammered nails into inappropriate places and made saw cuts in the stumps under the house. Instead of punishing me, my parents bought me a full-size claw hammer when I was three. Unfortunately, I dropped it in church. Undeterred I used some one-pound and ten-shilling notes I’d been given for Christmas (plus a parental subsidy) to go up with Ern to Cameron’s hardware and buy a panel saw. I still have it, and I still remember the smell of the pre-decimal notes.

3.13 Paternal sympathy ... or lack thereof!

As mentioned previously Ern was very stoic about his own injuries. He was never big on sympathy for us either, treating our misfortunes and fears with humour.

– “Daddy, I’ve hurt myself.”

– “Look on the bright side. It could have been worse, it could have been me!”

Many’s the time one of us would climb a tree or a rock and ask for help:

– “Daddy, I can’t get down.”

– “Of course you can. Just shut your eyes and move about.”

But one day when Jenny, aged about three, climbed a very tall ladder he left leaning against the verandah roof, you should have seen him spring to the rescue – Up the ladder like a monkey to save his daughter from the dangers of a terrible fall and nearby power lines.

3.14 Travel without a car

Most journeys in the family involved walking or cycling, but sometimes lifts were cadged from friends. I remember riding with Margaret to Wangaratta on the front seat of an FJ Holden utility owned and driven by Mr Punenovs, a ‘new Australian’ from Latvia. I also remember riding to Melbourne with Margaret in the sportscar (could it have been a Jaguar XK-120?) driven by Leo the Lion. On one occasion I came back from Melbourne with Ern and Margaret riding in Dorn Scanlan’s Baby Austin. It was an eventful journey as we only got as far as Tallarook before the engine blew a gasket. It was already dark as I recall, but amazingly we found an open garage and a mechanic willing and able to supply and fit the gasket, despite the hour. We must have arrived very late in Beechworth but by then I guess I was sleeping soundly.

Motoring in those days was very primitive. The Hume Highway was narrow and had only a single lane in each direction. In those days it passed through dozens of towns on the way to Wangaratta, each with a sign like “Badaginnie – Please slow down” rather than a specific speed limit. There was also a derestriction sign on leaving each town. There was no speed limit on the open road but you could be penalised for speeding if the police and the magistrate thought that your speed was excessive. Speeding for most cars was out of the question because of their feeble engines. In the 1950s the hill known as Pretty Sally⁴⁵ constituted a formidable obstacle. It was the scene of many boiled

⁴⁵<https://tomelbourne.com.au/the-story-of-pretty-sallys-hill-near-wallan/>

radiators, breakdowns, and accidents. Ern recounted a trip back from Melbourne at Easter one year which took eight hours to reach Seymour (about 100km) because of issues on Pretty Sally.

We travelled to Melbourne sometimes by train, stopping at every metropolis along the route, such as Longwood and Violet Town. I loved travelling on the Wangaratta to Melbourne train, but I'm not sure how we got to Wangaratta to catch it. There was a steam train passenger service from Wangaratta to Beechworth and beyond but I have no clear memory of using it, with a couple of exceptions. In 1959 Beechworth Primary organised a school steam train excursion to Wangaratta to watch the "royal train" carrying Princess Alexandra pass by. She stood on a small observation deck at the rear of the train and waved to us as we waved our flags at her. Princess Who???

I have a memory of travelling to Yackandandah by steam train but I read on the web that the last passenger service ran in July 1954. I couldn't possibly remember that, but perhaps there may have been a special train organised a couple of years later – we travelled with a group of friends to enjoy the journey and without any particular reason to be in Yackandandah.

I remember my parents telling me that I flew to Adelaide (from Melbourne I assume) at the age of two, but I don't remember the flight, and no-one told me why we went – presumably to visit Pam and Dudley Jenke. I do have memories of staying with Neny while Ern and Margaret travelled to Melbourne. I think that they may have travelled to the Melbourne Olympics in 1956, and I'm sure they went to *My Fair Lady* after its opening in January 1959.⁴⁶



An FC holden like ours for sale in 2019. I believe the colour scheme was similar to ours. This particular example featured in a 2018 episode of *Julia Zemiro's Home Delivery*. Our registration was GVV241.

Photo: <https://www.justcars.com.au/cars-for-sale/1959-holden-fc-special-sedan/JCM5198850>

3.15 The first family car

In August 1958 Margaret and Ern bought their first car – an FC Holden Special. According to the sales invoice from Donovan-Brush Motors, Wangaratta, it cost a total of £1242 (equivalent to \$44,000

⁴⁶<https://ovrtur.com/production/2901787>

in 2022) and its colour scheme was India Ivory / Flame Red. The web tells me it had a 2.2l engine producing 54kW. That compares with 3.0l and 185kW for the least powerful VF Commodore sold in 2017 when GM Holden stopped production in Australia. Of course GVV241 had no seatbelts, airbags, ABS brakes, or onboard computers. Its windscreen wipers were driven by engine manifold vacuum and used to significantly slow down going up hill when the engine had to work hard. GVV241 featured a three-on-the-tree manual transmission⁴⁷ compared with the six-speed automatic in the VF Commodore. But in GVV241 you could stack lots of people on the front bench seat as well as the back.

Despite the FC's limitations, the arrival of the car caused joy and excitement. Nina Crosthwaite recalls (See Page 261) that:

When Margaret gained her driving licence she drove to Wangaratta soon after and told me that she felt as though she were flying!!

Margaret organised a birthday party for me which involved a drive to Stanley for activities in the bush. On return, with a large number of children on board (my memory is 14) we ran out of petrol and had to be rescued.

After we got the car, we would sometimes drive to Pioneer Bridges on the Ovens river for swimming and picnics. Margaret knew an Italian family who lived in Markwood just across the river. They were tobacco growers and planted vegetables at the end of the rows of tobacco plants. A visit to them resulted in a carful of melons, tomatoes and sweet corn. We also went on scenic drives through the forests around Gapsted, Porepunkah, Mt Buffalo, Yackandandah, and Stanley. There are some fascinating place names we visited in that area: Barwidgee, Mudgegonga, Nug Nug, Porepunkah, Eurobin, Dandongadale, Wandiligong.



Somers 1958. Ern and I are on the far left; Margaret and Jenny on the far right; Dorn kneeling in front.

⁴⁷Three forward gears and one reverse, selected by a clunky lever on the steering column.

3.16 Holidays

We spent Christmas 1958 in some sort of Christian camp at Somers on Westernport Bay. Fortunately Santa Claus managed to find us and to overcome the lack of a chimney. I remember being excited to receive a pot of honey in the shape of a bear. Spending all day on the beach one day, I was severely sunburnt on my back and had to be treated with Ungvita vitamin A ointment, and to be shielded from further damage the next day by a trip to the Melbourne Museum, then in the State Library building.

The Camerons had a beach house at Rye, and I think we holidayed there twice. Rye beach was said to be ideal for children because of its shallowness – you could walk hundreds of metres out and still not get your knees wet. One day we went over to Rye Back Beach and conditions there were frighteningly different – huge waves roaring in. The Cameron girls were older and I think one of them may have swum, but there was no way I would have been allowed and no way I would have wanted to.

We went to Geelong once but all I can remember is the traffic lights showing multiple coloured lines which allowed you to tell how long before the next light change.

3.17 Rogue's view

At my request John Stanley Martin (Rogue) wrote a lengthy essay about Margaret which I have reproduced as Appendix A. Here are a couple of his paragraphs which sum up his view of 'Camelot'.

As time progressed, I became aware of how well Margaret and Ernie were suited to each other and how they complemented one another. Margaret had a dynamic, expansive and outgoing personality; she had a voracious appetite for sociability; she loved meeting people and sharing ideas and experiences with them; she had an overwhelming concern and compassion for others. Margaret had a highly refined sense of humour and of the ridiculous, and hence she was keenly aware of the comic tragedy of the human condition and was endlessly fascinated by all who came within her orbit. She had a deep religious commitment and the resultant sense of wonder and delight illuminated her whole being. Margaret was an essentially good person. Another enchanting quality was her vivid imagination; she had the ability to transform the mundane into something gripping, something exciting. Margaret adored Ernie, well aware that he was her anchor, who kept her flights of fancy in check.

Ernie Hawking was a very different type of person; he was gentle, quiet and reserved. He stood aside from the external world and carefully observed, identified and analysed it. He loved the three kingdoms of nature, which he regarded with the same sense of awe as an Aboriginal. Ernie was a true environmentalist before the concept had been discovered by others. He was a self-educated expert in geology, botany, and zoology and moreover was keen, in a self-deprecating way, to share his enthusiasm and knowledge with others. He also observed with great astuteness the members of the human race in the town, the factory, and the church. Ernie had a keen and gentle wit. Meeting Margaret had totally transformed his life; she gave him warmth, joy, excitement and a zest for living.

3.18 What a decade!

I hope I've managed to convey the spirit of Margaret and Ern's decade together. No beer and skittles, no sign of either turtle soup or a gold spoon, but a decade of hard work building a house, a home, and a family. A decade of love, shared pleasures and common purpose. A really happy family.

Ern and Margaret were quite religious but I have no idea how they managed to fit the tragic end to this wonderful decade into the concept of a merciful god and their mysterious ways.

Chapter 4

Tragedy: 1960/61

Early in 1960 our mother became pregnant with Michele. That seemed like wonderful news until a lump was discovered in Margaret's breast and she was referred to Mr Hal Stanistreet, a renowned surgeon in Wangaratta.¹ Ern told me that Stanistreet had recommended a mastectomy and that our mother had asked what effect that would have on the baby.

- "You'll probably lose it."
- "Well I won't do it!"
- "You're either a very brave woman or a fool." ²

As a seven-year-old I had no understanding of what the effect of this disastrous news was on my parents.

More turmoil happened around the same time when Ern's career took a radical turn. In July 1957 the Zwar Bros tannery had been taken over by Michaelis Hallenstein & Co³ and it was initially very profitable for them, as the Beechworth tannery had the only machine capable of producing a particular type of leather finish. Michele remembers Ern showing her a sample of leather ideal for ballet shoes.

The 1957/58 financial year proved very profitable for the new owners. This was the year for perforated leathers and demand was high. The only machine in Australia that could supply leather with this finish was in Beechworth. This machine was purchased in 1938. Many other lines of leather were eliminated by the new owners and so when the fashion driven demand for perforated leathers diminished, it left the tannery in a terrible plight.

From <https://becker-zwar.com/zwar/notable-people-events-and-places/beechworth-tannery/>

When demand for that finish waned, business quickly declined and in 1961⁴ Ern saw the writing on the wall. Rather than consider the option of a transfer to the Michaelis Hallenstein tannery in Footscray, he jumped ship and became a trainee psychiatric nurse at the Mayday Hills mental hospital – Beechworth's largest employer. The Beechworth tannery closed in December 1961.

Ern did well in the nurse training course, and was particularly interested in the material on anatomy, teaching me about all the parts of the digestive tract. I also learned about the different types of mental illness. I think his interest in the course and his need to master a new job may have helped take his mind off Margaret's tragic illness and death.

¹Stanistreet was in 1967 serving in a medical team in Vietnam. https://archival.collections.slsa.sa.gov.au/prg/PRG941_15_PeterLast_Letters.pdf

²Rogue's recollection of Margaret's account of her meeting with Mr Stanistreet is a little different. See Page 257.

³<https://vwma.org.au/explore/memorials/4387>

⁴I'm pretty sure that this was the year. A letter from Norah Cameron written in the Shiba Park Hotel in Tokyo on 15 Nov 1962 expressed gratitude that, "... your new job is turning out all right Ern. Do you know I can't visualize you any where but the tannery & I'm so glad you're getting used to it." A handwritten letter from the Mental Hospital dated 19 May 1962 informed Ern that he would soon be attending a PTS course (Preliminary Training School for psych. nursing).



Ern (back right) graduating from psychiatric nurse training. At front right is Dorn Scanlan's sister Bobby Hayes and at back left is Graham Ahrens, later Jenny's husband.



Margaret watching over Michele, the daughter she would only so briefly know.



Cancer-suffering Margaret on the steps of Neny's house with Jenny and Michele.

Michele was born in the Ovens District Hospital in Beechworth, unlike Jenny & me who were born in Wangaratta Base Hospital. I remember being allowed to look through the window to see Margaret and Michele from outside the hospital.

After Michele's arrival I remember a series of events related to Margaret's developing cancer. Margaret went to Melbourne for radiotherapy at the Peter MacCallum clinic. I remember staying with Pam and her family: Dudley Jenke and children Stewart and Bronwen. We went into the city and bought bendable drinking straws and a tray with legs which could be used in bed. We took them to Margaret in hospital.

I remember her being sick in bed at home and our house being deluged with visitors including people who didn't otherwise visit – a woman who I think was the widow of Keith Zwar (tannery owner) delivered a stack of Vogue magazines.

I remember Margaret using a breast pump and discarding milk from the cancerous breast. This

was at Neny's house where I think we spent a fair bit of time.

Paula Thompson remembers her sister Nina (Nina Crosthwaite, a close friend of Margaret's) looking after baby Michele for a period around this time.

I remember visiting Margaret in hospital and how old and shrunken she looked. Decades later, Ern told me that I had said, "That's not my mother!" – I know I was only seven or eight, but what a terrible thing for her to hear! I can't help feeling shame.

I know Ern showered her with flowers. In the few months before and after her death, he started writing in the housebuilding journal again. He didn't write about feelings, of course. What's written is a list of the flowering plants he bought and planted, no doubt to provide flowers for Margaret.

When Ern told me that Mummy had died (on May 31, 1961), I knew that it wouldn't do to cry, because big boys didn't. I don't think I reacted, but what he told me and where he told me is engraved in my memory.

I didn't grieve for my mother until I was 31, when it spontaneously burst out of me. I cried often and I felt great sadness for her. I felt aggrieved that I had missed out on her presence in my life and felt a strong desire to know more about her. The latter was frustrating because all my memories of her were from a child's perspective. How sad I was that I couldn't know her as an adult. Would we have been close or would her religious upbringing have proven too inflexible to tolerate me living with Kathy and occasionally drinking alcohol? Lacking visual imagery I couldn't even remember her face.

Auntie Lil told me that despite the continuing deterioration in Margaret's condition that she and Ern were in denial about her dying.

We children didn't attend the funeral. I remember being on Neny's verandah while it happened but I have forgotten which adult was looking after us. Margaret is buried in the Beechworth Cemetery and Ern shares her grave.⁵

After the funeral, friends and relatives assumed that Ern couldn't look after two children and a baby and flooded him with offers to take children. Jenny is miffed that there were fewer takers for her than for the baby and the boy. Auntie Helen and Uncle Ray offered, and someone told me that another friend had even gone as far as to load up their car with Michele's baby stuff.

As a major positive from that terrible period, Jenny and I gained daughter/sister Michele for whom we are very grateful. And, of course Ern gained a better job – more intellectual stimulation, less exposure to chemicals, and less hard labour.

Wilma Wells & the birthday cakes

A lovely woman called Wilma Wells who lived at Baarmutha on the Myrtleford Road, promised Margaret that she would take on Margaret's role as birthday cake maker for Michele. Says Michele:

She promised our mum she would make me a birthday cake until I was 21 ... and she did. She was the most beautiful, gentle and kind lady with a great sense of humour. I adored her.

More breast cancer in the family. ☹️

In December 2006, I felt a tiny hard lump in the left hand side of my chest. Although I was not consciously aware that men had breasts, I was hyper-aware of breast cancer,^a and knew I should have it checked out. Kathy firmly agreed and I was referred for an ultrasound scan with optional fine-needle biopsy. The ultrasound doctor was confident that what the ultrasound showed was a sebaceous cyst, and asked if I really wanted to have the biopsy. I said yes, "if there's bad news I want to have it early."

⁵You can find the grave by searching at https://www.wikitree.com/wiki/Space:Beechworth_Cemetery%2C_A_to_H.

The GP phoned soon after to ask me to come in. Kathy, who took the call, immediately concluded that the lump had been found to be cancerous. I thought it more likely that something had gone wrong with the test. ☹️ Kathy was right.

My breast surgeon, who provided an unheard-of level of care, sent me off for a long series of tests and scans and booked me in for a mastectomy – “you’re a man so there are no cosmetic issues.” He told me that he’d operated on more than 2000 women, and I was the tenth man. Surgery was successful and I had no radio or chemotherapy, though I have had follow-up mammograms in each of the following 17 years.

Having a mother with early-onset breast cancer and a brother with rare male breast cancer seemed likely to dramatically increase Jenny and Michele’s chances of acquiring it too. They asked for genetic testing, but were told that they could only be tested under Medicare if I had been shown to have one of the BRCA1 and BRCA2 genes.

Naturally I submitted to testing and we all (Kathy, Jenny, Michele) trooped up to Sydney for a meeting with a genetic oncologist. There were three positive things in her report: I didn’t have either of the genes; my sisters’ level of risk wasn’t as high as it might have been; and she called me a ‘delightful man’. 😊

^aKathy’s mother had had it too, around the same time as Margaret.

Chapter 5

1961–1968 In the care of amazing ladies

Michele, Jenny and I have all written about this era in our biographical notes starting on Page 11.

After Margaret's death, Ern was resolute that the family should stay together. He rejected offers to take one or two of the three of us. Instead he enlisted the help of Neny (then aged 76) and Grandma Hawking (75) in caring for us – I'm pretty sure they volunteered. They moved into the large bedroom which had been added on to our house by the builder Harry Shade. I have Shade's hand-written quote, unfortunately undated, for £482-11-10.

Ern's brothers didn't want Grandma to take on the awesome responsibility of rearing us but she did. She completely ignored her doctor who told her she had a heart condition and should not do physical work. She and Neny performed the role for seven and a half years until both were well into their eighties and even after Neny had suffered at least one stroke.

Grandma was a strong independent woman, stern but with a good sense of humour and a great love of children. Jenny remembers that she had wanted to adopt the children of a Rutherglen woman who died – Grandpa wouldn't let her.

Jenny also remembers that Grandma's best friend died on the SS Titanic. Cousin Lynette confirms the story but neither she nor Jenny know the name, and searches on Trove, Google and Bing have given no clues as to who it might have been. Lynette said that Grandma became very sad when newspapers published articles commemorating the sinking. She also said that a cousin of Grandma's operated a hotel in Fiji and unsuccessfully attempted to persuade Grandma to come for a holiday.

Grandma told Jenny about her life with young children – boiling up the copper for washday and the endless starching, folding, ironing with an iron heated on the stove, candle and soap making and butter churning.

Fortunately for us Grandma soon took on sole responsibility for cooking – caterpillars on lettuce wasn't our idea of a salad! Grandma made delicious desserts including a wonderful trifle, and had a repertoire of biscuits and slices, e.g. hedgehog, white rock. She made great scones (plain, fruit, pumpkin and potato) and I have warm memories of sitting in front of the open fire on a cold, damp winter afternoon eating butter-soaked potato scones warmed by the fire. She preserved everything with the trusty Fowlers Vaccola apparatus: beans, tomatoes, stone fruit.

I remember her going "up the street" to "do the messages", meaning do the shopping, and I think I was sometimes entrusted with the task. She was skilled in all the domestic arts, including knitting, embroidery, crochet, and sewing, though she needed our young eyes to thread the needles. She made and adapted clothes for us. I was very proud of a black mohair jumper she knitted me.

She looked after the chooks and we remember a terrible occasion when a Rhode Island Red rooster attacked her while she was collecting eggs. She was knocked off balance, fell over and emerged heavily bruised – not a recommended experience for eighty year olds! I think that experience may have been followed by an exercise in poultry plucking. Michele shares this and many other memories:

The rooster attacked her and she was black and blue all over her legs. A ghastly grey meat appeared on our dinner plate a couple of nights later and the rooster was never seen again.

Her bag always had PK chewing gum and she constantly sucked Quickeze indigestion tablets. She

used to take Marie biscuits in her handbag to church and feed them to me for the entire hour. She used to tell us to “sing up”, although she never sang herself. Her plum puddings were amazing and she kept the silver coins for them in a plastic money box shaped like a football.

I used to holiday with her at Auntie Helen’s. We went up into town on Fridays and they both wore coats and gloves. Grandma had the fake fur coat that she wore everywhere. She wore stockings, corsets and big bloomers but switched to hot pink witch’s britches to keep her legs warm when she was in Beechworth hospital. She delighted in flashing them at the doctors. At home, she always wore an apron with big pockets for vegetables and eggs.

I’d drop into the hospital at school lunch break and watch *Days Of Our Lives* with her. She taught me to crochet squares in her final days.

She gave the best cuddles and she used to read to me in front of the lounge fire. We’d eat twisties and read. She was very close to her much younger sister Mabel Kelly.

At a very elderly age she used to be able to squat low enough to piss into an enamel gazunder (goes under the bed). I remember the parade of piss pots being carried to the outside dunny in the morning at Auntie Lil’s.

We often ate rabbit (sometimes called ‘underground mutton’). A distant relative, Gary Jarvis, who lived across the road, used to catch and dress rabbits and sell them to Grandma at 3/6 a pair – approximately \$6 in 2023.

She asked for very little and had few needs, but she kept a glass bottle of coloured sands from the Isle of Wight in England. We don’t know where she got it but it obviously had significant meaning to her.

Grandma enjoyed reading *New Idea* and Mills and Boon romances, and took us to see both *The Sound of Music* and *Mary Poppins*. She loved listening to *Blue Hills* by Gwen Meredith,¹ a radio serial which ran on the ABC for 27 years. It came on at 1.02 pm, after the news, and was repeated in the evening.

Contemporary culture had little attraction to Neny who preferred ‘dipping into’ the bible or one of the classics. She often quoted from Dickens, E.g. “Barkis is willing” – “Peggoty’s waiting” from *David Copperfield*. Whenever it rained heavily she would say, “Listen to the rain, Mrs Caudle.” For a long time we didn’t know where that came from but it’s from *Mrs Caudle’s Curtain Lectures* by Punch, published by Carey and Hart, Philadelphia 1845.² A favourite proverb was, “It will all be the same a hundred years hence.” When administering medicine it was, “Down the little red lane.” Getting up “betimes” meant getting up early, and superficial cleaning or washing was described as, “a lick and a promise.”

Jenny has grateful memories of being read to by Neny. There is a definite pattern to the titles she remembers: *Girl of the Limberlost*, *Anne of Green Gables*, *Little Women*, *Pollyanna*, and *John Halifax, Gentleman*. I remember Neny’s admiration for ‘great men’ of the nineteenth century such as David Livingstone and General Gordon. She also treasured a letter from her brother on the Western Front, saying that he was living a “clean life and not going to the dogs.”

We appreciate Neny and Grandma’s sacrifice and are incredibly grateful to them for their care of us. As Michele says, there is no doubt they loved us. However, as I became a teenager, I found Neny’s religiousness and ideas of how to behave very restrictive. I remember her standing in silent remonstrance at my bedroom door as I played pontoon for matches with friends. Even this sort of gambling was a sin.

As I left for school, Neny would always ask, “Have you got a clean handkerchief? Have you got your ruler?” The implication that I was still a little boy rankled. Her statement that I was not strong like other boys rankled even more. I’m sure it was a factor in driving me to work hard and to feats of strength. At school I tried to demonstrate my strength (stupidity?) by punching and being punched on the upper arm by other boys and by showing that my knuckles could dint the steel cupboard housing the school’s gas cylinders.

¹[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blue_Hills_\(radio_serial\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blue_Hills_(radio_serial))

²<https://www.gutenberg.org/files/44904/44904-h/44904-h.htm>



1961: Neny nursing baby Michele.

Ern was remarkably kind to us during this period. When JFK was shot in November 1963, I was in bed with hepatitis A, having been one of the later victims of an epidemic affecting pupils at Beechworth Primary. Realising how bored I was, Ern picked up me and my bed and transported me to where I could watch him working on some construction project.

Another much-appreciated thing he did for us was to take each of us separately on a driving holiday when we were somewhere around seven to ten years old, visiting tourist sights and staying in motels. He took me via the Olympic Way to Jenolan Caves and Katoomba. He thought about going into Sydney but was deterred by the traffic so we went directly to Canberra instead. I particularly remember enjoying Phar Lap's heart at the Institute of Anatomy (now the Film and Sound Archive) and touring the telescopes at the Mount Stromlo Observatory.

Jenny's tour was similar but missed out the national capital. Michele was seven when he took her on her road trip – not long before he married Dorn. Michele recalls one night in a motel:

The motel had a coin-operated television and a coin-operated vibrating bed. While Dad was in the shower, I loaded up the vibrating bed with the coins he'd saved to watch *Madam Butterfly* on the TV. The look of shock on his face was something I'll never forget when the bed wouldn't stop vibrating. I think he managed half the show before the remaining coins ran out.

We also used to make up words for the number plates on cars we followed. EYK was Eat Your Kangaroo and I thought that was hilarious! We followed that car all the way to Katoomba.

Arriving at high school in 1964, I'd become absolutely fascinated with science, particularly Chemistry, aided no doubt by my experience in the Baillieu Library. In Year 7, I used to hang around with the science boys from Year 10 – Victor Brandt and John Clemens. John gave me a slide rule which I still have, minus the cursor. Victor and I exploded hydrogen balloons to flatten vegetables, and we singed off our eyebrows making and lighting great bubbles of acetylene.

Instead of clamping down on this activity, Ern built me a chemistry laboratory on the back of the house. It's floor area was about 2m x 3.5m and it had a window, a door, and a solid wooden lab bench. He built it in a day. Who else's Dad does that?

The only restriction he placed on me was that I should never work with chloroform or ether. I obeyed that restriction but I did a few things which might have had equally serious consequences. In the service of my 'research' into rocket fuels I bought quantities of perchlorates, nitrates, magnesium and aluminium powder from John and Verna Downes's pharmacy and that of John Maher which might these days be regarded as suspicious. I also bought concentrated acids and used vats of caustic soda. On one occasion, riding home from the pharmacy with a newly obtained bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid in my pocket, I felt a burning sensation around my thigh. By the time I got home my shorts were soaked with acid leaking from the lid. When I rinsed them large areas of fabric disappeared.

An explosion from a particularly successful batch of rocket fuel stunned me but fortunately didn't maim me. I never found the tube containing it. With a friend from across the road, I used 'twopenny bungers' and a steel pipe to make a lemon mortar with which to lob lemons onto distant neighbours' roofs. With Mark Sewell I made a supercharged metho burner and used it to learn glass blowing. At school, I used to go into the back room behind the science room during sport periods when I wasn't selected for a team and sometimes before school in the morning.

Having started reading murder mysteries by Agatha Christie, Georgette Heyer and Ngaio Marsh, I was quite keen on the idea of toxicology. After reading a description of the Marsh test for arsenic, I set up an elaborate apparatus in the back room and turned on the burner. Just before the experiment reached its exciting conclusion, it exploded in a shower of glass, and the bell rang for start of classes. I think I quickly tidied up and stealthily exited through the class in progress, but I do remember jumping out of the back room window on at least one occasion.



A birthday party at the Willetts' around 1968. L to R: Ern, Auntie Lil, Uncle Skipper, me, Michele, Grandma Hawking, Neny, Jenny and Judy at front. Photo: Dorn Petschel before her marriage to Ern.

Turning my expert hand to electronics, I tried to make an electronic organ using salvaged radio parts. It used valves and a salvaged 385 volt per side transformer. While trying to adjust something I found my hand across the full 770 volts. I could see my flesh sizzling but was unable to pull my hand away. Fortunately I fell and pulled out the power cord.

My interest in electronics drew me briefly to a true eccentric, Tom Porritt, who repaired radios, TVs and washing machines. He also set metal type for the *Ovens and Murray Advertiser*, which his family formerly owned. He lived with his sister Amy and her extensive clowder of cats in Finch Street. He also had a house in the centre of town which was a graveyard for domestic appliances and a valuable source of spare parts.

Tom owned an ancient Ford Prefect which travelled less than a thousand miles a year. To save fuel Tom would switch off the engine and coast down hills. One evening he telephoned a family in Stanley to confirm that it would be convenient to return their now repaired television. They were surprised at how long it took him to get there until they realised that he had transported the television on the handlebars of his bike – 10km distant and with 240m of elevation gain! If I remember the story correctly he accepted the offer of a cup of tea and settled in for an evening of TV watching.

We didn't have a TV so I frequently went across the road to watch favourite shows, such as BP Pick a Box, Red Skelton, and F Troop, with my friend Simon³ and his family. At that stage World War 2 seemed recent and Simon was fascinated by it. He built models of military aircraft and warships and knew their speeds and armaments. To the amusement of my family, he made the sounds of rifles, machine guns, and artillery.

He equipped himself with army surplus webbing belts, haversacks and water bottles – and a machete. Together we spent large amounts of time on manoeuvres among the rocks and trees of the gorge reserve. With his machete and my sickle we cleared the gorse away from the crossing over the creek on the old tannery track.

Simon's older brother had a connection with the army and brought us a large biscuit box full of .303 ammunition. Of course Simon had a bandolier and we wandered over to the gorge with his father's bolt-action .303 rifle and proceeded to shoot down trees. For those of you unfamiliar with the technology, a .303 rifle was standard issue in the Australian Army, had a range of more than 2km and was considered accurate to about 750m.

Looking back it's hard to believe that we actually did this and that we were allowed to, but Beechworth in that era was characterised by lots of guns and extremely lax controls. Among many stories: A farmer accidentally shot several of his own cattle; A teenage host of a drunken party threatened a rival with a shotgun he 'knew' to be unloaded, then touched the trigger and blasted a hole in the ceiling; A Citizens Military Force detachment returning from exercises in Wangaratta fired their rifles into the dark after they heard a shot; Simon himself received a bullet hole through his heel.

In his teenage years Simon experienced serious psychological issues and relied on support from his art teacher. In one particular crisis he couldn't reach the teacher on the phone and, in frustration, fired .22 bullets into the public phone box and into the police car.

Thank goodness for John Howard's 1996 gun controls.

I haven't seen Simon for more than 50 years but my sisters saw him not so long ago and as far as I know he's doing OK

5.1 Wow!

Still five years short of the age at which Grandma and Neny recommenced their roles as housekeepers and childminders, I am stunned that they were able and willing to take us on.

In my teenage years I was at least internally rebellious and lacked any real commitment to religion. This put me at odds with Neny who was exceptionally religious. Looking back I have to say that she was loving and kind, and was a very positive influence on our upbringing – and that of Margaret.

At the time, I felt closer to Grandma who was less religious and much less strait-laced. She too was an abundantly positive influence.

³Name changed for reasons which may become obvious.

Chapter 6

1968 – The coming of Dorn

Doreen Nita Scanlan, known as Dorn or Dor'n was born into a large family living near Lake Kerferd, a few kilometres out of Beechworth. We're aware of two brothers (Ronnie and Mick) and three sisters (Pat, Winnie and Bobby). She was a close friend of Margaret's and was her bridesmaid. At some point she had a job in a solicitor's office.

She also worked as a cottage mother in one of the cottages at Tally Ho! in Burwood, Melbourne.¹ It was a home for neglected or badly behaved boys.

Later on she worked at the Victorian School for Deaf Children (originally the Victorian Deaf and Dumb Institution) on the corner of St Kilda Road and High Street, Prahran.

In around 1960, Dorn married Arthur Petschel from Hamilton. They had a daughter Judith Ann (Judy). Unfortunately, Arthur developed cancer and died in severe pain. After his death, Dorn returned to Beechworth.



Dorn's wedding to Arthur Petschel. Arthur and Dorn are on the left.

¹<https://www.findingrecords.dhhs.vic.gov.au/collectionresultspage/Tally-Ho-Training-Farm>

Sometime after her return, she attended a party at Emily Christiansen's in Baarmutha. Geoff Beel was there and he asked me whether Dorn had got married. I replied that yes, she had got married, with a vague feeling of foreboding. He went over to her and asked how married life was treating her, and was shocked when she burst into tears.

In Beechworth, Dorn became housekeeper for Roy Warner, who was Neny's nephew. He provided board for Dorn and Judy in return for housekeeping services. In yet another connection, Roy's late wife Thelma née Smith was the sister of Olive Gwendoline Hawking – Allen Hawking's wife and our Auntie Ollie.

Dorn left the housekeeping role and lived in a house on Lower Stanley Road. On Page 21 Michele describes the unfolding of events leading to her marrying Ern and coming to live with us.

I wasn't as opposed to the marriage as my sisters because I thought that it might be a way of eliminating conflict between my teenage self and Neny. In my previous interactions with Dorn I didn't really like her occasional silliness, but hadn't encountered her in a situation in which she had power.

It soon became clear that there was a very angry, aggressive side to her personality. No-one wanted to be near her when she was tearing around the house cursing. Sometimes she would complain about no-one lifting a finger to help, but when I offered help she would refuse it! The change in atmosphere in the family was dramatic in the extreme.

When friends or relatives of Ern's came to the house she would noisily vacuum under their chairs and make them feel as unwelcome as possible. When Kathy slept in our house in the room with my sisters, Dorn would lean over her, violently raise the blinds and vacuum under the bed. "Alright for some, lying in bed half the blessed day!" (At 7am!) Each day started with her turning on the radio at high volume to catch the Voice of the North East, and clattering about to ensure that *nessun dorma*.

By Easter 1969 I was considered mature enough to be left by myself in the house while the rest of the family drove to Hamilton to meet up with Dorn's former in-laws. On the day of their departure the house was wonderfully silent. I watched TV in the evening and went to bed at a normal time but the next day I was woken by the sun shining into my room – a little surprising because my room faced west! Yes, I had slept for about 17 hours. Each of the next two nights I slept for no more than 11 hours, having set an alarm to stop me sleeping away the days. I guess it was a combination of prior sleep deprivation, unaccustomed silence and the absence of anger and tension.

When I helped Ern with projects, Dorn accused us of conspiring against her. She sometimes ordered him about and screamed that if he got up a ladder and fell off, he needn't think she would be looking after him.

Our family was meek but it was clear we were never going to inherit the earth. Ern supported her at every turn and thereby gave her absolute power, because we were all afraid of how she would treat him in the unlikely event that we fought back.

Were her behaviours learned or practised at Tally Ho! or the Deaf School? We shudder to think!

On one occasion, when she was unreasonably criticising me, I bit back. To my astonishment she backed off, making me realise that if we'd all stood up to her, life would have probably been much more pleasant for everyone. We were so conflict-averse!

She was very keen on getting bargains and would pay over the odds for something because it was allegedly discounted or on special. She seemed to think that representatives from Alan Capp Motors would drive a new model 35km from Wangaratta for her to test drive because they wanted to offer an especially cheap price. She made Ern use cheap paint which was so poor it was almost transparent and lasted for months rather than years. Jenny's then husband Graham Ahrens lined up a friend with an excavator and truck to dig up a tree on Ern and Dorn's block which was in the road of a planned subdivision. Dorn came out and wanted the friend to pay for the tree!

Graham managed Dorn better than any of us but once, in frustration, he told my father, "Jesus, Ernie, I don't know why you don't drop her on her fuckin' head." To which Ern replied mildly, "Don't speak like that, Graham."

On another occasion when a family Christmas lunch was held at Jenny and Graham's, Dorn and Judy arrived very late and wanted to open presents. Graham said, "Jenny's been preparing this meal

for three days. You're late. Sit down, shut up, and eat!"

We soon realised that Dorn had another name, 'Others', as in "Leave some for Others" or "Think of Others." She also tried to lean on friends and relatives to do unpaid work for her. Michele's husband Bruce was often in the frame – She'd get 'Bruce and them' to do that.

We found that many friends around the town were totally unable to see what went on in our home, and attributed our occasional negative comments to our belief in the 'evil stepmother' stereotype. One exception was Dorn's sister Bobby Hayes who gave support to Jenny and Michele and made it clear that she knew how Dorn was behaving. Our Auntie Lil was also very aware of it, and regretted that her beloved brother had 'some sort of streak' which let Dorn get away with it.

I'm not sure that it was all due to weakness on Ern's part. I think that he'd seen that the arrangements with the grandmothers had become untenable. Michele was only seven at the time of the wedding and the grandmothers were well into their eighties. Once he'd decided to marry Dorn – I guess he must have liked her – he was determined to see it through.

Dorn considered herself an expert driver, but she wasn't. When we went to Tyabb for a family holiday, she insisted on setting off in the Holden Kingswood at around 3am to avoid the Melbourne traffic. She worked herself into an incredibly stressed and angry state. Reversing out of our driveway, I could see that she was going to run the car off the bridge, and no doubt others could too, but no-one dared say anything. Off the bridge we went! We had to wait nearly four hours for 7am when Ian Downs, our next door mechanic, opened his service station and brought a tow truck.

Dorn did occasionally show a good side. She was kind to a profoundly deaf orphan from the Deaf School (David Hughes), and he stayed with us for many holidays. We all learned a little sign language to facilitate communication. As he got older his relationship with her became less to his liking and our sign language was good enough to understand that the things he was saying about her weren't flattering.

Occasionally Dorn would engage in pleasant conversation and provide good advice for us teenagers, but you could never be sure when she would flip and Angry Dorn would appear. I remember relaxing times on the lawn at 49 Camp Street being brought to a crashing conclusion when Dorn made unprovoked nasty remarks. "You think you're so smart, but you're not." "What would you know about the Beatles? I know much more about them than you do."

Inconsistency was the hallmark of her dealings with young children. She kindly looked after Jeanine Newbound's son Mark (her sister Bobby's grandson) and did a lot of childminding for Jenny's son Luke, but she couldn't always stop losing her temper with them. When she did and they burst into tears, she'd suddenly back pedal and shower them with lollies.

Luke is now a Child Psychologist, so he'd know better than me, but it seems to me that parental consistency is a very desirable attribute in child rearing. In any case, the first few times I met Luke he was in Dorn's care and I thought he was an ill-behaved brat. Imagine my surprise to find an engaging, interested little boy when I spent an afternoon with him and Ern while Dorn was in Melbourne.

Because Jenny was a working single mother, Luke spent a lot of time in Dorn's care, often spending the night at 49 Camp Street. Dorn liked this and argued against Jenny taking him home when her shift finished around 5pm, seemingly trying to push Jenny out of the primary carer role. After Jenny married Graham Ahrens he sorted that out: "We appreciate you looking after Luke when Jenny's at work Dorn, but Jenny's his mother and he lives with us."

6.1 Ern's death

On Page 24 Michele describes the awful circumstances of Ern's death. It's shocking to say this, but the sadness of his death also brought liberation for me. Once he was gone, Dorn no longer had power. After the funeral and subsequent arrangements, I cut off ties with her. Unfortunately, that meant we missed some family events and we were unable to maintain a relationship with Judy. I thought that severing relationships with Dorn might mean that Dorn had less power over my sisters, but that didn't really work out.

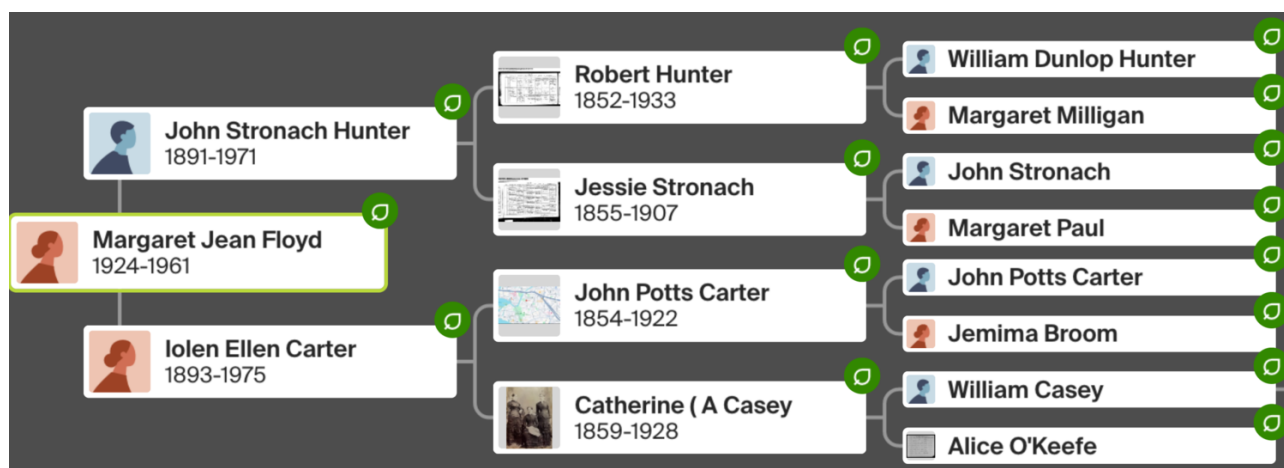
On the night of Ern's funeral,² we three siblings, with Bruce and Kathy, got together at Michele's house and dragged out the old wind-up gramophone. We felt very close and to me it seemed as though the original Hawking family which had gone into hibernation for the Dorn years, immediately sprang back to life. We're still very close.

When Dorn died, her estate (mainly inherited from Ern) was evenly divided between Judy and each of the three of us. I donated a third of my share to charities I thought Ern would have approved of and, knowing that Michele and Jenny were less well off than Judy and me, gave them a third each. I gave a sizeable donation to the National Breast Cancer Foundation in honour of Margaret, and, in line with Ern's interest in Beechworth history, a sizeable donation to the Beechworth Powder Magazine and the Burke Museum.

²The night before the funeral, our son Jack (aged 2) managed to poison himself by eating fluoride toothpaste and Kathy and I tried to follow instructions from the Poisons Information Centre to keep monitoring him overnight to make sure he didn't lose consciousness. Kathy was more successful than me.

Chapter 7

Margaret and her family



Margaret's family tree, back three generations. Screenshot from Ancestry.com

D1 Margaret Jean Hawking née Hunter 1924–1961 b. Melbourne, Vic., d. Beechworth, Vic.

Margaret Jean Hunter was born in November 1924. Her parents were Iolen Ellen Hunter née Carter and John Stronach Hunter who had migrated from Glasgow, Scotland in about 1911. Margaret had an older brother Charles Francis (Charlie), born in 1919.

In 1926, another brother John William Hunter was born, known as 'Billy'. In 1928 a fourth child, Mary Eileen Hunter, was born. Soon after, Iolen developed a post-partum psychosis. This was the beginning of what must have been an incredibly sad and frightening period in Margaret's childhood – and those of her siblings.

From a 20 April 1928 entry in a register maintained by Kildonan Children's Home (North Melbourne):¹

Mother— Iolen Ellen Hunter (née Carter): At present in Melbourne Hospital. She has mental sickness and is to go to a receiving home.

Relations— These children were living with their grand-mother, Mrs Carter in East Caulfield. She became ill and was taken to Alfred Hospital where she died. The children were taken by the Police to Royal Park Depot & brought before the Children's Court 19th April, 1928. The father applied for them to be committed to our Home and Sister Monica applied for them to a Roman Catholic Home. The court discharged them into the custody of their father.

¹<https://www.findandconnect.gov.au/ref/vic/biogs/E000147b.htm>

On the same day Margaret's father signed an agreement with the Presbyterian and Scots Church Children's Aid Society to take care of his children. Florence McHutchinson was the manager. Its content is as follows:

Melbourne 20th April, 1928

I *John Stronach Hunter* agree to pay 5/- per week for each of my children, this day transferred to the care of the above Society.

Should I fail to pay this sum, I am aware that I will lose my children for they will be placed with people who wish to bring them up as their own, and I will only be able to hear of them through the Manager.

Signed by J S Hunter and witnessed by Florence McHutchison

A slightly different version of events appears in the Kildonan Committee Minute Book for 20 April 1928:

Received under Transfer of Guardianship. The mother of these children has been in a Mental hospital several times, and is about to be admitted to Mont Park. The father has no home for his children and they have been living with their Grandmother in Caulfield. The grandmother was recently admitted to the Alfred hospital and died there on the 18th April. The children were arrested as Neglected Children on the 13 April and admitted to the Royal Park Depot.²

The Roman Catholic Probation Officer applied for the children to be committed to a RC home, but the father would not agree to this. . . . They were discharged to the care of their father and he asked the Society to take the Guardianship. He agreed to pay 5/- per week for each child. The same day Charlie was placed with Mrs Thomas of Moorabbin, and Margaret³ and John (Billy) with Mrs Munro [sic], Nathan Grove, Caulfield. The baby (Mary) is still with her mother at the Women's Hospital, but will not be able to go with her mother to Royal Park. When the Home is out of quarantine, the three children will be admitted, and Mrs Munro [sic] has offered to take the baby without board being paid, but not for adoption.

The records suggest that the three children were held in the Royal Park Depot for almost a week – from 13 April to 19 April.

Neighbours in Caulfield.

It seems that Mrs Bond (who cared for Margaret when Kildonan receiving home was in quarantine) and the Munroes were likely to have been close neighbours of Kate Casey. Kate's death certificate give her address as Jupiter Street (no number given), Caulfield. Mrs Bond also lived in Jupiter Street, and the Munroes lived at 2 Nathan Grove which is effectively on the corner with Jupiter Street.

After the merger of the Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches as the Uniting Church, the new church formed a Heritage Service which allows past residents and their families to access records from out-of-home care facilities operated by the individual churches. Jenny contacted this organisation and requested information about Margaret's time under the care of the Presbyterian Children's Aid Society / Kildonan. Led by Catriona Milne, and with the aid of volunteers, Uniting Heritage trawled through their records and photocopied everything relevant to Margaret's and Mary's cases – and a lot more. They also applied under the Freedom of Information Act to the Department of Families, Fairness and Housing (Vic) for records relating to Margaret and her siblings but none were found.

In 2021, Jenny, Michele, Kathy and I travelled to Melbourne and joined Margaret's sister Mary Warburton, and her daughters Jenny and Kerryn at a long meeting at Uniting Heritage in which

²<https://www.findandconnect.gov.au/guide/vic/E000118>

³It seems fairly clear from other records that Margaret was briefly placed with Mrs Bond, rather than Mrs Munroe.

Catriona went through the material and handed over 4 copies of the documents: one each for us and one for the Warburtons. We are very grateful to Catriona and Uniting Heritage for their efforts.

The records⁴ show that guardianship of all four children was transferred to Kildonan on 19 April 1928.

V I C T O R I A

H 7414

IN THE COUNTY COURT }
at Melbourne }

IN THE MATTER of the adoption
of Children Act 1928
a n d

IN THE MATTER of the County
Court Act 1928
a n d

IN THE MATTER of an infant
Margaret Jean Hunter.

B E T W E E N

ALICE ADDISON WARNER Applicant
a n d

MARGARET JEAN HUNTER Respondent

I FLORENCE McHUTCHISON Manager of Presbyterian Scots Church
Childrens Aid Society of Russell Street Melbourne make oath and say:-

1. That I am informed and verily believe that the said female infant Margaret Jean Hunter is of the age of six years having been born at Melbourne in the State of Victoria on the Ninth day of November 1924.
2. The said infant together with other children of her family was shortly prior to the Twentieth day of April 1928 charged with being a neglected child and John Stronach Hunter the Father of the said infant was advised by the Magistrate of the Children's Court on such hearing advised to transfer his guardianship in the said infant, and in his other children to a Children's Aid Society.
3. The said John Stronach Hunter did by transfer of guardianship dated the Twentieth day of April 1928 commit the said infant to the care of the Presbyterian Scots Church Children's Aid Society in pursuance of Section 67 of the Neglected Children's Act 1928.
4. The document evidencing such transfer is now produced and shown to me and marked with the letter "A".
5. Since such guardianship was transferred as aforesaid neither of the parents of the said infant has contributed to the support of the said infant.

S W O R N at Melbourne in the State of }
Victoria this Twenty sixth day of August } Florence McHutchison
1931.

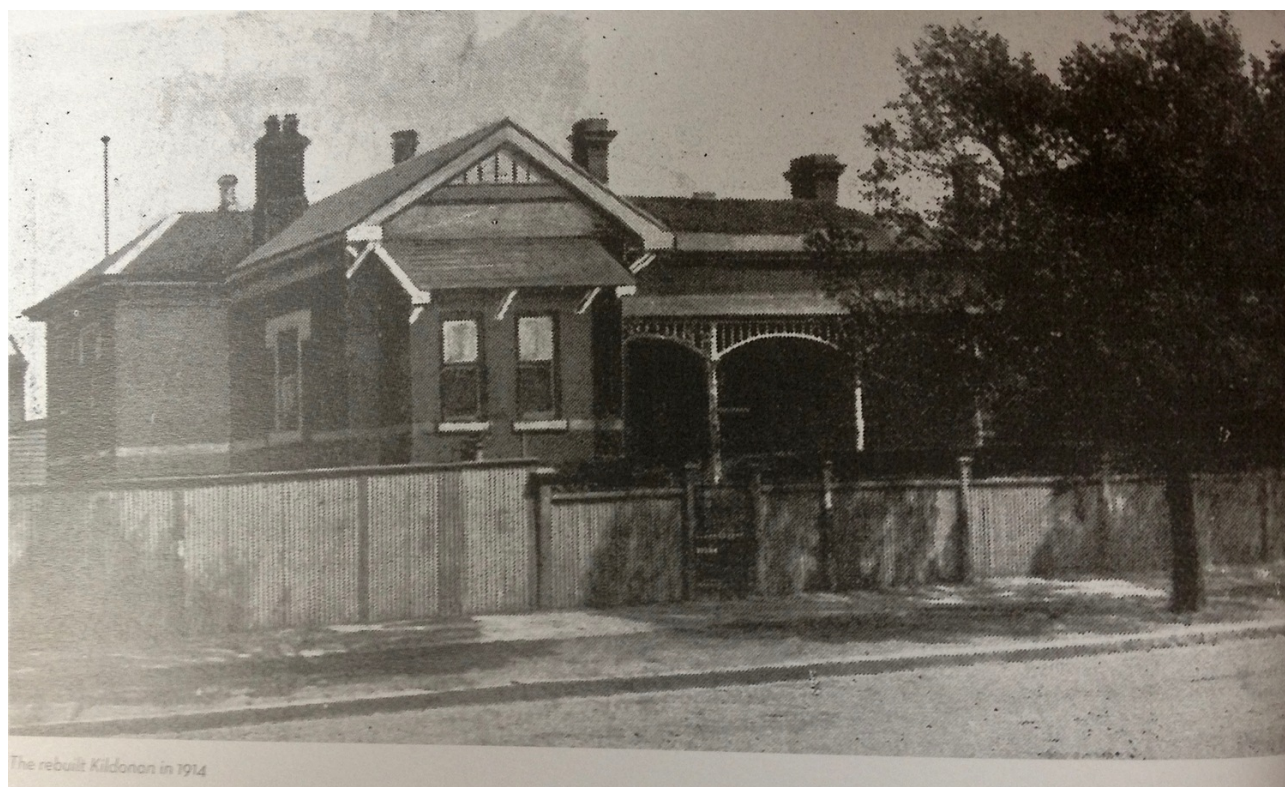
Before me *James ...*

We find this affidavit quite shocking. How could the system charge a three-and-a-half-year-old with being a neglected child, as though it was somehow her fault? How little support there was for families in 1928 – no childcare, no social security benefits.

⁴I have copies of the Transfer of Guardianship (from John Stronach Hunter to Kildonan) for the three older children and the Warburtons have a copy of the one for Mary.

On the same day, the three older children were transferred to families in East Caulfield as the Home was said to be in quarantine. Charles, Billy and Mary were taken in by Mrs [Olive] Munroe, Margaret by Mrs Bond. Charles, Margaret, and Billy returned to Kildonan on 05 May 1928 but Mary remained with the Munroes. She was fostered by the Munroe family and changed her name to Munroe but was never formally adopted. See Chapter 9 for the story of this remarkable woman.

As for Margaret, a 27 February, 1930 entry reads: "Miss Warner, Loch Street, Beechworth. In view of adoption." A subsequent affidavit reveals that this terse entry actually meant that Miss Warner had taken custody of her on that date. That means that Margaret lived in the orphanage at 149 Flemington Road, Melbourne from 05 May 1928 to 27 February 1930, a total of more than 21 months.



Kildonan. Photo from

<https://frankgoldring.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/07/Kildonan-NM-2.jpg>

7.1 What would it have been like at Kildonan?

The only information I've found about what conditions were like at Kildonan comes from a former resident Bill Smith in the Kildonan chapter of his book, *Better off in a home*.⁵ Bill and Margaret overlapped in 1928 and 1929, though Bill was a few years older.

Bill says that the food at Kildonan was boring and sometimes unappealing, though it was better than the food he'd had at home. He looked forward to stories, like *Black Beauty*, and religious stories, which were read after the evening meal.

Staff at Kildonan ranged from the very kind to the very strict. Punishments were common. Bill himself was caned in front of the class when he dropped a piece of chalk in order to look up a girl's dress.

All children were required to do chores such as bedmaking, boot cleaning and duties in the kitchen and around the building and grounds. Children were a mixture and he recalls friendships along with instances of cruelty, bullying and theft. Sometimes boys and girls played together but mostly they played separately.

⁵Smith, Bill. *Better off in a home*. ISBN 0 9592991 0 6.

On Saturday afternoons, children were taken across Flemington Road and allowed to play in Royal and Princes Parks. This was very enjoyable but some children sat by the picket fence, anxiously hoping for relatives coming to visit. Visits were exciting and often resulted in treats and toys being shared with other less lucky residents. Two children who never received visitors because their parents had died were persecuted and teased. Bill was selected for adoption but returned to Kildonan when he and the daughter of the family were caught exploring each other's bodies.

Visits to galleries and museums were sometimes organised and at Christmas everyone was taken to Williamstown for a beach holiday, involving boat trips, visits to Luna Park, and viewing of Christmas decorations in the city.

Marjorie Robinson writes^a that in the 1920s, it was decided to move Kildonan to another location in the country or outer suburbs of Melbourne. The North Melbourne home was experiencing overcrowding, and the inner city environment was not thought to be good for the children. Furthermore, there were concerns that the boarding out system or fostering of children was "open to abuse" (cheap labour) and therefore the concept of keeping children all together in care for a much longer time became Kildonan policy.

^aRobinson, Marjorie. *Kildonan: One hundred years of caring 1881–1981*. The Council of the Uniting Church Kildonan Homes for Children, Camberwell, 1981. Quoted in <https://www.findandconnect.gov.au/ref/vic/blogs/E000147b.htm>



Margaret, after arriving with Neny.

7.2 Margaret's adoption

Margaret was legally adopted by Alice Addison Warner on 21 September 1931. We have copies of a number of legal documents relating to the adoption. An affidavit from Florence McHutchison appears on a previous page. Among other things, Neny swore:

6. I reside with my Mother in an eight roomed house (including a bath room) at Loch Street Beechworth aforesaid which house is situated on a large block of land and is furnished appropriately and amply sufficiently for the comfort and well being of said infant.
7. The said infant attends the State School at Beechworth aforesaid where I am employed as a teacher. The said infant has become very attached to me and appears to be most content with her present state of living.
8. I am of the age of Forty seven years.
10. My income as a Teacher at the State School Beechworth is £ 9.11.10 per fortnight and I have sufficient means to properly feed, clothe and educate the said infant.



From left: A Hunter wedding: Iolen Ellen (our grandmother), Billy, Shirley, John Stronach (our grandfather).

Charlie Hunter worked as a farm labourer before joining the navy in November 1935, aged 16. His service record⁶ is largely illegible but it is known that he sailed with an Australian crew to England in 1939 to collect a British cruiser HMS Amphion which was transferred to the Royal Australian Navy as HMAS Perth. The Perth sailed back to Australia via the USA, representing Australia at the New

⁶<https://recordsearch.naa.gov.au/SearchNRetrieve/Interface/ViewImage.aspx?B=5400106>

York World's Fair.⁷ Back home, Charlie applied to visit his sister Margaret but was rebuffed. He soon transferred to HMAS Parramatta and sailed for the Mediterranean. He was killed in action off Tobruk on 27 November, 1941. He is remembered at the Plymouth Naval Memorial in Devon, UK.⁸

Oral history in our family has it that Billy came to Margaret and Ern's wedding but was chased away by Neny. We have little knowledge of his life but in about 2018 Michele and Jenny tracked down his widow Shirley in an aged care facility in Melbourne. She told them that Billy had been struck by a train and killed in September 1999. "He shoulda looked. Ah well, life goes on." She gave them a photo of Billy and Shirley's wedding. See above.

Jenny later applied for and received the coroner's report on Billy's death. Billy had suffered severe memory loss for several years due to chronic alcoholism and was said to repeatedly wander off and become lost. On this occasion he was walking along the railway tracks at Darebin station. Seeing a train coming, he attempted to climb onto the platform but was crushed by the train which was unable to stop in time.



Billy and Shirley's house at 114 Fulham Road, Alphington, Vic. Photo: Michele.

7.3 Margaret at school in Beechworth

Margaret's time at Beechworth Higher Elementary School (BHES) left occasional traces in the local paper *The Ovens and Murray Advertiser* (OMA). BHES offered five years of post-primary education, finishing with Leaving Certificate Level.

At the BHES speech night in Dec 1939, Margaret⁹ gained a Form III Proficiency Certificate and won a Special Homecraft Prize.¹⁰

At the corresponding event in 1941, it was recorded that in 1940 Margaret had gained the Intermediate Certificate with five subjects – 1941 results of external examinations were not available in time for speech night. However Margaret was Senior Prefect, Captain of Mayday House, and was given a Prefects' Prize. It was reported that Margaret's friend Nina Crosthwaite¹¹ had in 1940 gained a Leaving Certificate and Matriculation.¹²

I have browsed all the December 1942 issues of OMA and have been unable to find a report of a

⁷Christine Gee's father Allan was on the same voyage, remaining on the Perth until it was sunk. See *A Long Way from Silver Creek* <https://catalogue.nla.gov.au/catalog/2180486>

⁸<https://www.awm.gov.au/collection/R1691335>

⁹Then Margaret Floyd.

¹⁰<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/268229293>

¹¹Then Nina Thompson.

¹²<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/268232272>

BHES speech night. That is a pity because it should have been recorded that Margaret had gained her Leaving Certificate.

7.4 Keeping Margaret from her biological parents

The documents provided by Uniting Heritage include copies of a number of letters but some are either undated or have only the day and month but not the year.

Neny wrote to Children's Aid informing them that the two girls in her care were known as Margaret and Pamela FLOYD and that any correspondence should be addressed to those names. She was anxious that their original names should not be known if it was possible to avoid it. Neny also expressed a wish that Margaret's people should not be allowed to know of either the new name or the town in which she was residing.

7.5 1942: John Stronach Hunter's efforts to communicate with Margaret

We have no record of communication between Margaret and her parents prior to 1942. It may be that the death of Charlie in 1941 prompted more urgent efforts to establish communication. Alternatively, Kildonan may not have retained copies, although they did in the cases below.

Iolen Ellen Hunter to Margaret, 06 June 1942, 7 Railway Place, South Kensington

Dear Margaret,

Just a few lines hoping this finds you quite well. Did you receive my letter. How did you enjoy your school holidays. Do you still like teaching. Mary had a weeks holiday, she likes going to school. She hopes to get her merit this year. Billy is getting on well at his work. My brother and his wife came to see us on Sunday. I am going to get a photo of Charlie for you. We have had some very cold days. Margaret how are you getting on with your music. I hope your cold is better. Your father is kept busy working on the boats, he said he is going to write to you. Billy sent you a letter. Mary said she is going to write to you. I got her a nice coat and jumper. Mary is getting a big girl. Well Margaret I think this all the news at present. We all send our love to you. Write soon.

From your loving mother,
E. Hunter.

Interestingly, John Stronach Hunter writes with a very clear and even hand and writes as an educated person though the first letter below is lacking paragraphs and punctuation.

John Stronach Hunter to Margaret, 09 June 1942, 7 Railway Place, South Kensington

Dear daughter Margaret,

In answer to your letter dated 11th April 1942 I am sorry for the delay in writing to you. I hope you like your new job teaching. It is bad luck to be among strangers and I can understand how you feel but you have one consolation in knowing that they are not any more strange than your own parents your mother, sister & brother and myself. Anyhow I am glad that you adore kiddies. You are only a kiddie to your mother and I still. You won't be eighteen until November 9th 1942. Am glad you like teaching. My father used to teach Sunday School and always impressed on me the fact that the children taught him more than he taught them through asking questions that gave him food for reflection. A friend of ours died some time ago and left three young children, all boys. Your mother and the rest have gone to the theatre tonight the proceeds of which will go to the widow and children. I hope it is substantial. I would have gone also but I came home a bit late. I hope your watch is keeping good time. It had a thorough overhaul. Of course you can regulate it yourself. Take off the back. It is quite simple and if it is going slow shift the regulator to F 1 point for every 2 minutes it loses in 24 hours. If it gains shift the regulator to S 1 point for every 2 minutes it gains.

Well Margaret I am going to shave very shortly and when I do I always think of you. I am still using the stick you sent me from W N A. Charlie and I used to exchange sticks. I was going to say swap

but I thought you might not understand the word. I have still got his soap. It was awful but I believe soap improves with age and if I have any hair left when it does I will try it. I hope you have a very comfortable abode and nice warm fire to sit at of an evening. Wood is very scarce here although I can get plenty by carrying it home on my back which I do. I wonder how we would get on if we had to endure great cold as they do in other countries. I think it is a disgrace that with all our Parliaments and politicians and after over two years at war which has only been brought close to the majority in the last few days we should be short of tea, wood, tobacco, beer, medical supplies, clothes, tools "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark". Anyhow enough of that. I suppose you miss your friends with the classical names. I can't spell them. I mean the cat and the ??? Well Margaret I remember the things you wanted cocker spaniel pup, horse [?] [A tiny sketch of a bicycle] that's meant for bicycle. How are you getting on with your music?

Your mother will see about Charlie's photo. In fact you have not sent one recent photo of you. I thought you had a camera. Mary is getting a tall girl now and Billy or John is tall also. I always thought you would have been like myself in stature. Anyway we will see for ourselves in the near future. I will now close hoping this finds you well as it leaves me at present. Trusting you have got rid of your cold while I have been writing this letter which is nearly as bad as yours. The fire has gone out so I will have to hurry and shave. Write soon to your Dad.

PS. I won't be so long in answering your next. Dad.

It's clear that Margaret's father is angry about their forced separation from Margaret. He is bitter that Charlie's attempt to see his sister during his shore leave in Australia was rebuffed. It appears that he knows that Margaret is training as a teacher and that she is boarding. The Kildonan Manager responds with a dead bat, and repeats that Margaret will have the option to contact them when she turns eighteen. [Now only a few months away.]

John Stronach Hunter to Committee, 23 June 1942, 7 Railway Place, South Kensington

To committee,

Owing to the unsettled state of the country and the fact that leading authorities advocate greater parental control my wife and I wish to know the whereabouts of our Margaret Jean whom we are informed is boarding with total strangers. We have not seen her for over twelve years. In case you were not aware of the fact I wish to inform you her brother Charlie who had just returned from active service abroad and was going away again was refused permission to visit his sister. He was later killed in action off Tobruk. An early reply will oblige.

Her father,
John S Hunter.

Manager to Mr J. S. Hunter, 13 July

Dear Mr Hunter,

In reply to your letter of 23 June, I should like to inform you, as I believe you have been told before, that when Margaret is eighteen years old, your address will be given to her, and she can then do as she pleases with regard to leaving her foster family, and communicating with you etc.

Until then, I can assure you that Margaret is in very good hands, and at present is learning a profession.

Yours faithfully,
Manager

7.6 1942: Margaret meets her 'people'

The following Kildonan notes and subsequent correspondence record Neny's kind response to the report that John Stronach Hunter had met with a severe accident. She and Margaret immediately caught a train to Melbourne and visited Margaret's father in Williamstown Hospital. Their visit coincided with the presence of her birth mother and her siblings Billy and Mary. The meeting was very successful, though stressful. Neny recognised the pain Iolen must have been experiencing in

seeing Margaret going off on the train with her, but reiterated her insistence that Margaret should remain with her until she was older.

It's interesting that Mary's foster mother Mrs Munroe played a leading role in organising the meeting.¹³

Kildonan notes: 11 September 1942

Mrs Hunter, Billy, Mary and a friend Mrs Munroe, who has looked after Mary for years, called at Office.

Mrs Munroe did all the talking and in a very authoritative tone of voice, ordered that Margaret's name be made known to them. Manager asked why. It appears that Mr Hunter has met with a very bad accident, and had a foot amputated and has had head injuries. Mrs Munroe became exceedingly unpleasant about Margaret, and what the society had done. Manager turned and ignoring Mrs Munroe talked to Mo., who seemed pleased that she was not to be ignored. Manager said she would do what she could about the matter.

Mgr in touch with members of c'tee. Agreed to ring Miss Warner & tell her of the matter.

Rang Rev. Patterson. Beechworth.

Miss Warner rang – would come down 12 September 1942 with Marg't.

13.9.42: Saw Miss Warner & Margaret, arranged for them to go to Williamstown Hospital where Mr Hunter is. Marg't wanted to go but upset.

Manager arranged for them to meet and said she would contact family to tell them. Manager went to every Railway Place on Western Line – no luck in finding Hunters.

Met Miss Warner and Margaret at Hospital. Introduced Margaret to her mother & Billy and Mary. All very pleased, got on well together. Mr H pleased to see Margaret but very ill. Mrs H said she was thrilled with Margaret, & how beautifully she was brought up.

Manager to Miss Warner: 17 September 1942

Dear Miss Warner,

Mrs. Hunter has telephoned to say that, if anything, Mr. Hunter is a little better, but he is still greatly troubled with his lung.¹⁴ Mrs. Hunter's purpose in ringing was to thank you and us for what we did in bringing Margaret to him. She really is grateful, poor soul, and I do not think she will cause any difficulty. I do not think that Margaret's father will cause any trouble either. Legally, they have no hold on her, and they do not know where she is.

I was very pleased that everything went off so well on Sunday, and I think Margaret's poise had a great deal to do with it. I think, as Mrs. Hunter does, that she is a great credit to you. I wondered, however, if she would suffer a reaction after Sunday, and have a very bad headache, for it was a strain on her, and indeed on you both. I wondered what her first impressions of her people were.

Give her my love when you write. Love to Pam too.

Yours sincerely,

¹⁴I'm not sure what the lung problem was. Maybe the manager mistakenly typed 'lung' instead of 'leg'.

Manager to Rev Paterson, "The Manse", BEECHWORTH. 17 September

Dear Mr Paterson,

Thank you very much for the trouble you took to deliver the message to Miss Warner. I do not know how I could have contacted her otherwise. I did not like to send a telegram, for the matter was confidential.

Miss Warner and Margaret came to Melbourne during the week end and Margaret's father is, if anything, slightly better.

Thanks again for your help.

Yours faithfully,

Manager.

¹³According to Mary, Mrs Munroe was later critical of Margaret, saying something along the lines of, "Don't bother with her, she's made no effort to contact you."

A. A. Warner to Miss Game: 19 September 1942

Dear Miss Game,

Thank you for your letter. I was glad to receive it.

I had been thinking that I would like to write & thank you for all your trouble & help. It did not seem at all right that your Sunday had been given up. Your tired face has been before me all the week.

I am glad that you feel content with all that passed, also that the family enjoyed Margaret's visit. We were both relieved to have it over. Yet I felt so sorry for Mrs Hunter as they went off on a train & that I had her big girlie with me. Some things are hard to understand. We must wait. I do want Margaret's home to be with me while she is forming & she would not want any other I know. Later when she is older, if she feels that her first duty is to her people, well it must be so. But I do so hope we will not be found at present. Margaret's father asked if she lived near Wangaratta or something to that effect, said he had traced her within 11 miles. She said that she had been in Wangaratta. I do hope that no hint of our home town has been given unconsciously by any of us. But no good will be served by worrying will it? We have done our best to serve [?] all these fears & our loving Father will still guide us.

Thank you for everything Miss Game.

Yours sincerely,

A. A. Warner.



A group of trainee teachers at Melbourne Teachers College. We think that Margaret is at top left and her good friend Pauline Gleeson at top right.



MTC trainee teachers “en route for Healesville, Dec 1944. Floydie I did not make it up.” Margaret at front.

7.7 Margaret’s free spirit

We suspect that Margaret was something of a free spirit, but of course, we know very little of how she reacted to Neny’s very strict religious upbringing. Dorn told us once that, as a teenager, Margaret occasionally shortened her dress and applied lipstick once she had passed out of Neny’s front gate. Margaret’s 1948 diary once records, “Had wine!!”

7.8 Margaret’s teaching career

*Information below obtained from Margaret’s teaching record.*¹⁴

Having completed her schooling at Beechworth Higher Elementary School, Margaret was appointed as a student teacher to Broadford primary school on 23 March 1942, along with Kathy’s mother Pat Threlfall, whose teacher number was one below Margaret’s. They both boarded with Mrs Conder. As related in *My Superstar Wife, Kathy Griffiths and her family*¹⁵ Kathy and I may never have known of this close connection.

Records kept by Kildonan state that Margaret started at Melbourne Teachers College (MTC) on 01 February, 1942, and that she was living at 11 Duke St, Kew. It’s not shown in Margaret’s teaching record but I assume she attended MTC for six weeks of basic training before being assigned to Broadford.

Nina Crosthwaite (Page 260) shares a lot of memories of Margaret and her teaching career.

In May 1943 Margaret was rated, “a very good student teacher: is capable of taking charge of a rural school.” In June 1943 she transferred to the tiny school at Myrree, presumably as the only teacher. The record says she ceased on 31 Dec 1944 but I think the year must be 1943, as she enrolled at Melbourne Teachers College on 01 Feb 1944. Like me, 29 years later, she was on a bond. On 9/11/1943 (her 19th birthday) she was stated to have, “Completed Rural Training.”

¹⁴<https://prov.vic.gov.au/archive/3A5C91D1-F7E4-11E9-AE98-77CB98FBDED7?image=290>

¹⁵<https://david-hawking.net/books/kmgWeb.pdf>

Margaret completed a second year at MTC to gain a Trained Infant Teachers Certificate. Aunt Mary has a memory that Margaret studied piano at the nearby Melbourne Conservatorium of Music in Royal Parade, though we have no record of qualifications gained. Sir Bernard Heinze was the Director during that period.

We have quite a few photos of groups of Margaret's classmates at MTC but they're not of very good quality. Several of them have joking scribbles on the back written by Pauline McMullen¹⁶, who called Margaret 'Floydie'.

Her first teaching assignment after MTC was at Yea, from January 1946 to mid 1948, when she transferred to Yackandandah. There she was reported (19 August 1948) to have been "much handicapped by ill-health". I presume that this must have been due to the red-back spider bite and its aftermath, as described in Nina Crosthwaite's recollections on Page 260.

On 01 January 1949 she was awarded her TITC (Trained Infant Teachers Certificate). On 29 July 1949 she was rated highly by her supervising teacher 'Crosthwaite'.¹⁷ Margaret resigned as a teacher on 02 October 1949, shortly before her wedding.

7.8.1 Teaching in Yea

Information gleaned from Margaret's 1948 diary.

In the first six months of 1948, while assigned to Yea, Margaret maintained a diary. It was tiny and accordingly the entries are tiny and often barely legible.

Margaret reports being fed up with boarding and she missed her dog Butch who remained in Beechworth. She also records a few nightmares – hardly surprising given the trauma of her early childhood. She seems to have compensated for these unhappinesses by spending a lot of time socialising with a lot of different people – lots of dinners, afternoon teas, and picnics. Dorn features quite a few times, phoning and getting together in Beechworth, Seymour and Melbourne, and at least once giving her flowers. Back in Beechworth Margaret seems to have related well with her adoptive sister Pam, often referred to as Pamela.

There are quite a few descriptions of the clothes she wore and the clothes Ern wore. For example: "Wore hair piled up & grey tweed suit with white accessories, blue jumper and ear rings"; "Wore white & green frock & floral hat to Cricket"; "Ern wore his new sports coat & tie. Looked marvellous." She quite often records "setting her hair", including one occasion when Ern set her hair.

She was totally in love with Ern and managed to be with him quite a bit considering the length of travel between Yea and Beechworth – possibly entirely by steam train. A diary entry on 07 February reports "talk of easter engagement." The diary contains a few entries in ALL CAPITALS. The entry for 01 February ends with MARRY ME. The entry for 03 April is labeled THE BIG DAY but it's not clear why. That for 15 May is surrounded with hearts and the day is highlighted – I think that's when Ern and Margaret's engagement was announced because the 17 May entry reports a wealth of congratulations and telegrams.

Margaret and Ern's relationship seems to have been quite romantic, full of flowers, letters, presents and phone calls. The old hospital grounds were a favourite spot for kissing and cuddling. Ern must have taken quite a lot of time off from the tannery because, as well as a joint New Year holiday in Walwa, Wodonga, and Rutherglen, they met up in Yea, Geelong, and Melbourne.

¹⁶Then Pauline Gleeson

¹⁷Not Nina. Her name was still Thompson until early 1950. I believe that this Crosthwaite was Inspector of Schools.



Ern and Margaret early in their relationship.

By 22 April things were getting serious. The entry for that day records her discussing Dr Stopes' book – *Married love. Love within Marriage* I assume – with Ern.

Her relationship with Ern sometimes indirectly caused her sadness. A couple of references involve upset or crying – Auntie (Neny) was cross about Margaret and Ern going on holiday together [12 January], and it seems Auntie wrote her a negative letter about the couple getting engaged. [17 February]

John Mulvaney: While in Yea, Margaret met John Mulvaney,¹⁸ later known as the father of Australian Archaeology. In 1943 John joined the RAAF and was posted to Britain. When he came home he did a BA at the University of Melbourne, finishing in 1947. Before starting his MA he spent the summer with his parents in Yea where his father Richard (Dick) taught at Yea Primary School.

When Margaret started at Yea in Feb 1948, Dick invited her for a meal at the family home. She obviously got on really well with the family and it seems clear that John liked her a lot – there were many meals at the M's, she and John went riding and to the pictures, and he wrote her letters. She records trying on his flying officer's uniform.

An odd connection is that the woman (Jean) who John eventually married was a friend of Kathy's mother Pat. By the 1970s the Mulvaney's were living in Canberra and John was a Professor at ANU in the Department of Prehistory and Anthropology. The Mulvaney connection is one of the reasons that Kathy decided to attend ANU. Finally, John and Jean's daughter Clare lived with us in our share house in Yarralumla.

7.8.2 Spells of temporary teaching

From 09 October 1950 to 29 August 1952 Margaret worked as a temporary teacher at Beechworth. By the end of that period she was pregnant with me. In 1958 she returned for brief periods of temporary teaching in Beechworth.

¹⁸<https://humanities.org.au/our-community/tribute-john-mulvaney/>

7.9 Margaret's adoptive sister: Pam

(N1) Pamela Sybil Jenke (Floyd) née Holyoake. 1928 – 2016 b. Murrabit, Vic. d. Adelaide.

Pamela Sybil Holyoake was fostered/adopted by Neny in about 1934.¹⁹ Pam's father Ralph Gerald Holyoake had served in the British Army and moved under a soldier settlement programme to Murrabit, Vic – near Swan Hill on the Murray River. Pam's wife Bertha was a Londoner and together they had five children. Pamela told Bronwen that Bertha²⁰ would sink to the floor and pass out (due to heart issues). Bertha loved kids and was a Sunday school teacher, very popular with local children.

The family's harsh and impoverished life in Australia is in stark contrast to their distant cousin Keith Holyoake who was Prime Minister and later Governor General of New Zealand.



The Holyoake family (minus Ralph) at Murrabit. Photo supplied by Bronwen & Glen Donges

A 2018 Australian War Memorial article²¹ features Pam's older brother Derek. Derek records the following tragic tale about their family:

Now 93, Holyoake was just three months old when his family arrived in Australia in 1924 and settled on a 40-acre block at a Murrabit on the Murray river. "My mother was a London office girl, and it was so hard," he said. "We couldn't afford shoes, [so] we used to go to school in bare feet. And there were snakes under the house and in the wood heap, and there was no phone, no electricity, and mum used to have to go and buy unbleached calico to make our shorts and shirts."

But life got even harder after the 10-year-old Holyoake travelled to Melbourne with his mother and three of his siblings in 1934. "[She] put us in [a church] home and then she took herself off to the Melbourne hospital," he said. "But she never came out."

After his mother's death, Holyoake remained at the children's home until he "got too old"

¹⁹Information from Pam's son Stewart Jenke who has his mother's memoirs.

²⁰Bertha Edith Holyoake née Ellis

²¹<https://www.awm.gov.au/articles/blog/derek-holyoake>

and was sent to live with one of his father's army friends. He was reunited with his father in Bendigo in country Victoria, but the reunion was short-lived. His father joined the army and Holyoake joined HMAS Hobart as an ordinary seaman and sailed for the Mediterranean in June 1941.

After arriving at Neny's Pam went to school in Beechworth and later trained as a mothercraft nurse. Like Margaret, Pam took on the Floyd surname. Also like Margaret, she played the piano.

When Pam's piano teacher retired²² Pam took over her piano and it, apparently along with keyboard playing talent, has been passed down to daughter Bronwen and is still in the family.²³

Unfortunately, Pam had an accident in which her inner forearm was crushed in a clothes wringer. Pam's arm retained the large scars all her life.²⁴



Margaret and Pam on Neny's front steps. Photo supplied by Bronwen & Glen Donges

Bronwen said that Pam's developing career as a mothercraft nurse took her to the Memorial Hospital in Adelaide, where she met Dudley Jenke. He came from Eudunda in the Barossa Valley and was then studying for a science degree.

Pam (24) married Dudley (28) on October 18, 1952 in Melbourne.²⁵ Interestingly, while The Advertiser lists Pam's name as Floyd, Births, Deaths and Marriages lists it as Holyoake.

Dudley was an industrial chemist who may have been working for Fauldings²⁶ in Adelaide. Their

²²I think that this was probably Miss Manton, mentioned in OMA <https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/268232268?searchTerm=Margaret%20Floyd>

²³At one stage Bronwen worked at KeyGlo Organ Studios in Penrith, promoting sales by playing tunes on a type of organ whose keys lit up as you played.

²⁴From a long phone conversation with Bronwen on 28 January 2024.

²⁵<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/47423552>.

²⁶<https://www.faulding.com.au/our-story/>

son Stewart was born in 1953. In 1955, Pam, Dudley and Stewart sailed to London on the SS Moreton Bay²⁷ and spent approximately 18 months there. Stewart thinks that Dudley may have worked for Boots and undertaken some research into spectroscopy with a UK university. Bronwen was conceived and born in London in 1956, benefiting from the care of the NHS. She is pleased that, as a result, her daughters have been entitled to work in the UK. The trip to England was clearly very significant to Pam, who retained souvenirs of London until she died. When we visited as children, the placemats featured double-decker buses, Picadilly Circus, and other London landmarks.

On return to Melbourne Dudley worked at ICI but later trained as a teacher and taught science and mathematics.



L: Pam in her nurse's uniform. Photo supplied by Bronwen & Glen Donges. R: Dudley and Pam outside their house at 37 Willonga Street, Strathmore North – very close to Essendon airport. I remember noisy commercial aeroplanes flying very low over the house.

²⁷<https://www.poheritage.com/Upload/Mimsy/Media/factsheet/93825MORETON-BAY-1921pdf.pdf>



Stewart Jenke, me, Bronwen Jenke, Jenny, and Ern.

Pam was very religious and migrated to pentecostal churches. She and Dudley moved from Melbourne to Malmsbury before moving again to Castlemaine, where they set up a Christian bookshop in an old hotel. It had lots of space and part of it was eventually converted to a bible school run by the Apostolic Church. Glen Donges attended a retreat there and he and Bronwen fell in love and married. Pam and Dudley followed Bronwen and Glen to western Sydney and later to Adelaide where Bronwen and Glen now live close to the water in Christies Beach. They have four daughters, one of whom is a Dreamliner pilot.

Stewart has lived in New Zealand since 1979 working for 44 years as a broadcast technician for Rhema Media. He married Cathy, a courier / newsreader at the radio station back in 1979, and they have three children: Matthew, Brendan, and Evelyn.

7.10 Margaret's parents

ⓓ2 Iolen Ellen Hunter née Carter 1893–1975 b. Murrumbena, Vic., d. Parkville, Vic.

ⓓ2 John Stronach Hunter 1891–1971 b. Glasgow, Scotland, d. Greenvale, Vic.

Margaret's father was John Stronach Hunter and her mother was Iolen Ellen Hunter née Carter. Iolen is a very unusual name and she was mostly known as Eileen.

There are three John Potts Carters in the story which follows. Let's call Iolen's father John Potts Carter II (JPC2), and his father John Potts Carter I (JPC1). Iolen had a brother John Potts Carter III (JPC3).

7.10.1 Marriage of Iolen Ellen Carter and John Stronach Hunter, July 1918

Iolen and John were married in St Patrick's (catholic) Cathedral, Ballarat, Vic. on 03 July, 1918. Iolen's occupation was Waitress and John's was Shipwright. The marriage certificate was witnessed by Iolen's father John Potts Carter (JPC2) and her sister Mary Alice Carter (Topsy).

Their present residences were listed as Ballarat and their usual residences as Adelaide. When their first child Charles Francis (Charlie) was born nine months later (26 March 1919), they were living in Melbourne. We have no information about how or when John traveled to Australia and what he did in the years after his arrival. How did John and Iolen meet? Why was a shipwright living in landlocked Ballarat?

John and Iolen's life together was blighted by poverty, tragedy and alcoholism. Like her father JPC2, Iolen suffered several periods of mental illness. Poverty was intergenerational – Iolen and her siblings were declared Neglected in 1898 and committed to the care of the Department of Neglected Children. See Extract 29 on Page 275.

John and Iolen's stories have been mentioned earlier in this book. See Section 3.8 on Page 65, and the beginning of this chapter.

7.10.2 Iolen's mental health

After the birth of her son Charles Francis in March 1919, Iolen suffered a mental illness and was committed to a Hospital for the Insane²⁸ in August 1919, with her husband John Stronach Hunter signing the 'request to receive'. The 'causation of insanity' was given as 'Puerperium / Heredity'. (See Page 115.) Tragically, JPC2's psychiatric notes²⁹ show that he was an inmate of Kew HI at the time.

Iolen's 'mental and physical condition' was listed as follows:

Complains of insomnia, is always growling about her home, is worried over trifles. Lack of attention & concentration is marked. She is at times impulsive & smashes a window. General condition poor.

She was discharged in October 1920.³⁰

After the birth of her daughter Mary Eileen in March 1928, she again suffered a psychosis and was admitted to a mental hospital.

Given Iolen and JPC2's documented histories of psychiatric illness, it is tempting to speculate about a familial link, and ask whether JPC2's ancestors or Iolen's descendants have been similarly afflicted. The only known psychiatric admission by such a person seems to have been Iolen's niece Pauline Francis Hunt who was admitted to Sunbury Mental Hospital, but her death certificate lists 'severe mental impairment' and makes no mention of psychiatric illness. Although one may question the origin of JPC1's erratic behaviour, there appears to be no record of inherited psychiatric illness beyond the two generations.

Oral history has it that Margaret suffered 'a breakdown' after being bitten by a red-back spider in 1948 but we have no documentation of any psychiatric admission.

7.10.3 Iolen's trip to Scotland, 1951–1952

When Iolen travelled to Scotland on the *Strathaird*, the passenger lists show her arriving in London on 20 October 1951 as 'Eileen' and departing from London on the same ship on 22 May 1952 as 'Iolen Ellen'. There is some evidence that she was also sometimes known as Dolly.

²⁸The form says 'Royal Park' followed by 'Kew 1919'. This is probably because Royal Park operated a psychiatric receiving centre in which patients were supposed to be kept for no more than two months.

²⁹<https://www.ancestry.com.au/discoveryui-content/view/36338:61566?tid=194066946&pid=222535056861&queryId=346f1770-73cf-4311-aed0-514cf93ad268&phsrc=fhi129&phstart=successSource>

³⁰Iolen's psychiatric record obtained under FOI in papers from Kildonan.

There are a number of mysteries associated with Iolen's trip to Scotland. Since she and John Stronach's life was associated with chronic poverty, how could she afford a return passage to the UK? She stayed with Jean Wilson née Hunter at 26 Strathyre Street, Shawlands, so maybe the Wilsons paid? (See Section 7.14.1 on Page 129.)

A second question is why Iolen went but John Stronach didn't – He had extensive family connections in Glasgow and Iolen didn't have any. It could have been due to his amputated foot but there may have been other reasons. We don't know why he left Scotland – perhaps for the same reason he didn't want to return.

7.11 Iolen's siblings

N2 Mary Alice (Topsy) Hunt née Carter. 1886–1940. b. Carlton, Vic. d. West Brunswick.

Our Aunt Mary remembers being taken by Iolen to visit Topsy, Iolen's eldest sister, in Coburg. "I remember she was very fussy and we had to step over the highly polished front door step." Topsy married Stanley William Hunt in Brighton, Vic in 1924.

According to John Ogden:³¹

Stanley Hunt changed his name from SCHIEB shortly after moving to Australia from England. Reported by Peter Hunt to have been in the Lighthorse attack on Beersheeba.

Topsy and Stanley had a daughter Pauline Frances Mary, born in about 1926, who Aunt Mary thinks became a nun. However, according to the same email from John Ogden, Pauline became a ward of the state and was admitted to Sunbury Mental Hospital, possibly after Topsy's death on 09 Jan 1940,³² and is buried in the Roman Catholic section of Fawkner Cemetery.³³

N2 William Carter 1889–1940. b. Caulfield, Vic. d. Heidelberg, Vic.

A descendent of Iolen's older brother William³⁴ is John Ogden, living in Sydney. John Ogden's mother Veronica Ogden née Carter was William Carter's daughter. Thus John is our second cousin.



William Carter. Photo: John Ogden

³¹Email 16 Dec 2023.

³²Topsy's death certificate reports Pauline Francis (aged 14) as her only child.

³³<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/212442080/mary-alice-hunt>

³⁴William was born on 31 Jan 1889. I have his birth certificate.

John says:

William is my maternal grandfather. He married Alice Siney (née Horne) after the death of her first husband. I believe that she had some seven children already when she met William, and they had five children together: three girls and two boys. William was said to be fond of a drink and, anecdotally, he was eventually asked by the older children from the first marriage to move on. But none of his children claimed to know him and rarely spoke about him. My cousins referred to him as 'The Phantom'. He enlisted into the army shortly after his brother Francis was killed at Gallipoli, but his own war record is far from heroic.

(N2) Francis Thomas Carter 1891–1916 b. Elsternwick, Vic. d. Lemnos, Greece.

Iolen's brother Francis died in the Gallipoli campaign and was buried at sea in the Mediterranean. His cause of death was listed as 'enteric fever' but we understand that was probably contracted as a result of wounds to the abdomen sustained at Gallipoli.³⁵



Melbourne Age, Friday 25 September, 1916. Death notice for Francis Carter.

In Francis's death notice in the Age (above), William is called Willie, Iolen is called Eileen, and John Potts III is called Jack. Francis's father was erroneously named J. C. Carter rather than J. P.

Although only about 24 years old at the time of his death, Francis's employment as a carpenter had enabled him to buy a block of land in Elsternwick and to accumulate £177 in savings and wages owed by the Army. His mother Kate was his sole beneficiary.³⁶ Francis's war record shows that Kate also received a war pension of 30 shillings per fortnight, later increased to 40 shillings.

Despite the tragedy, Francis's death turned around Kate's fortunes³⁷ and enabled her to live in the 'nice' suburb of Caulfield. Also in the National Archives war records³⁸ is a 1919 Application for Assistance by Kate for 22 shillings per week. It was rejected on the grounds that she had no need to support her husband who was a patient in Kew Hospital for the Insane. In considering the application the Department of Repatriation noted that she was earning six shillings a week from each of three children then boarding with her.

(N2) John Potts Carter III (JPC3) 1894–1960. b. Murrumbeena, Vic. d. North Melbourne.

There are three people in this story called John Potts Carter: grandfather (JPC1), father (JPC2) and son, Iolen's younger brother Jack (JPC3).

Note: JPC2 and Kate had previously had another son called John (possibly John Potts) who died at age 18 months of malnutrition (marasmus exhaustion).

JPC2's mental hospital notes (see Page 115) record that it was JPC3 who took his father to Kew Mental Hospital for his final admission in 1911. In 1920, JPC3 played seven games of football for Fitzroy in the VFL and was known as Johnny Carter.³⁹

³⁵Francis Carter's war record is online at <https://recordsearch.naa.gov.au/SearchNRetrieve/Interface/ViewImage.aspx?B=3212453>.

³⁶<https://www.ancestry.com.au/imageviewer/collections/61315/images/00028-p0003-000625-0080-00000?pId=490002>

³⁷Remembering that in 1998 her children were charged with being neglected.

³⁸<https://recordsearch.naa.gov.au/SearchNRetrieve/Interface/ViewImage.aspx?B=152842>

³⁹[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Johnny_Carter_\(footballer\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Johnny_Carter_(footballer))

Our second cousin Anthony Carter Owen

By a strange coincidence our second cousin Tony Owen (grandson of JPC3) lives less than a kilometre from me in Canberra. His mother is Alma Louise Carter (b. 02 April 1926) daughter of John Potts Carter 3 (JPC3) and Jessie Merle Carter née Carter – same family name but unrelated.

Alma married an American soldier Don Owen, and followed him to the US in 1947 on the second boat load of war brides. Alma and Tony returned to Australia in 1959 and Alma and Don's divorce was finalised in 1961.

Tony Owen has provided some memories of his grandfather JPC3:

Tony Owen's memories of his grandfather JPC3

A couple of things about my JPC3. He could look at a long column of figures in pounds, shillings, and pence, and immediately reach the total in his head.

He was a successful gambler, especially on Euchre, Poker, and Horse racing – he would place a large bet on one horse in only one race. In the middle of the Great Depression he could bring home £2000 (enough for multiple houses at that time), but could drink and carouse it away in a few days.

He was self employed as what was then called 'a dealer'. Buying and selling various commodities like hessian sacks in bulk, etc, and selling them at a profit. My mother accompanied him as a teenager all over the state, and she also had some of his calculating skills. She only had six years of education, started school at seven and left when she was 14 (St John's in Hoddle Street, where JPC3 also went to school). Her first job at 14 was in a doll factory at 14/6 – Her mother Jessie got the 14 shillings, and my mother got the sixpence. However, when she died a millionaire in 2006, it was all due to her own work.

The Vet she worked for would leave her to do various castrations, speying of cats, by herself – using the specialised anaesthetic machine and injectables, while he went to another surgery – he had three. She never had any unsuccessful surgical outcomes.

7.12 Iolen's forebears

As shown in Iolen's birth certificate (Extract 22 on Page 273), her parents were John Carter, wood-sawyer, aged 39, and born in London, and Kate Carter née Casey, aged 34, and born in Tasmania. They were living in Murrumbena, a suburb south-east of Melbourne.

7.12.1 John Potts Carter (JPC2)

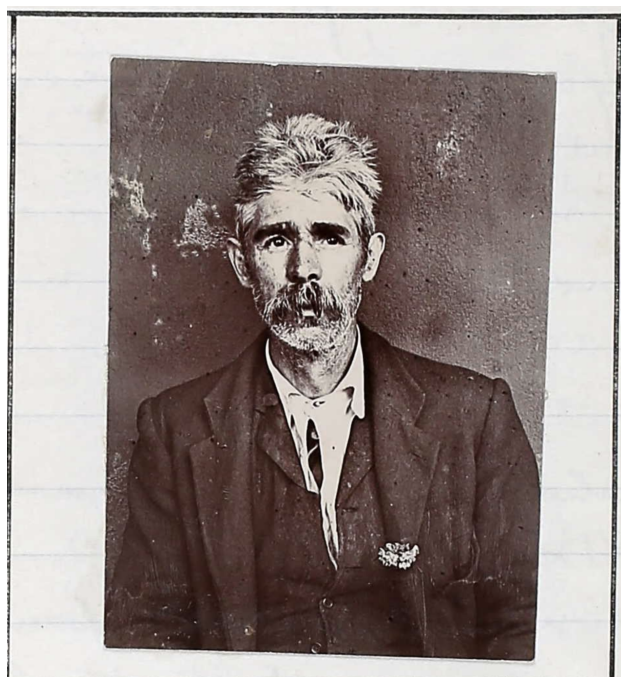
Although Iolen's birth certificate doesn't show middle names we believe that Iolen's parents' full names were John Potts Carter (JPC2, middle name confirmed on Kate's death certificate) and Catherine Agnes (Kate) Casey. Accurately tracing *their* parents has turned out to be quite challenging.

(D2) John Potts Carter (JPC2) 1854–1922 b. London, England, d. Kew, Vic.

The marriage register entry in Extract 15 on Page 271 shows that JPC2 was a 31 year old, widowed, London-born sawyer when he married Kate on 23 August 1884. His parents are listed as John Carter and Jemima Carter, formerly Broom.

Timeline for our great grandfather John Potts Carter (JPC2)

- 19 Jan 1854** John James Carter (JPC2) was born at 22 Church Row, Limehouse (now Newell Street). See Extract 6 on Page 268. Soon afterward JPC1 apparently abandons Jemima.
- 19 Apr 1857** JPC2, now called John Seal Carter, is baptised at St John's Church in Waterloo (Anglican). He is three years old and this is four months after his father JPC1 has bigamously married Ellen Jackson 500km away in Durham. JPC1 is named as the father on the baptism record but he probably wasn't there. JPC2's new middle name is the married name of his aunt Sarah Seal, formerly Carter. See Extract 7 on Page 268.
- 1878** A John Carter, goldseeker, travelled to Melbourne, Australia on the *Kent*. This is probably not JPC2, unless he returned to England before 1881. See Extract 5 on Page 267.
- 10 Oct 1881** John James Carter (JPC2) marries Ellen Townsend in Walworth. John P Carter (JPC1) is a witness. See Extract 8 on Page 269.
- 1882** Possible death of JPC2's first wife Ellen Carter in Lambeth. See Extract 9 on Page 269.
- 23 Aug 1884** John Carter (JPC2), widower, marries Catherine Casey in Collingwood, Vic. See Extract 15 on Page 271.



PHOTOGRAPH ON ADMISSION.

Unfortunately JPC2 was admitted to Kew Hospital for the Insane on several occasions and was diagnosed with manic depressive insanity (now known as bipolar disorder). He seems to have spent almost all of his final 11 years in Kew mental hospital.⁴⁰ The adjacent photo was included in the medical notes of his 1907 admission to Kew HI. The 1907 admission⁴¹ records previous admissions in 1885 (age 31), 1894, and 1902. It gives the cause of admission as 'overwork & worry'. It says, "he refers to himself as General Carter, and gave me instructions to 'wait' & gave me a piece of newspaper with a mark on it he has made himself, informing me that I was to take that to head-quarters as the Russians are threatening us from Wilma, E. Prussia"

7.12.2 John Potts Carter (JPC1) and Jemima Broom

(D4) Jemima Broom 1828–? b. Clopton, Suffolk, England, d. ?

(D4) John Potts Carter (JPC1) 1828–1917 b. Somerset, England, d. Stepney, England.

⁴⁰https://www.ancestry.com.au/discoveryui-content/view/36338:61566?tid=194066946&pid=222535056861&queryId=dc5d45d5-35be-4e71-bafa-4cf86a6fe46b&_phsrc=fhi123&_phstart=successSource

⁴¹https://www.ancestry.com.au/discoveryui-content/view/26591:61566?tid=194066946&pid=222535056861&queryId=8491c172-57c4-43ed-8f9c-32a6c778d3be&_phsrc=fhi135&_phstart=successSource

In trying to trace JPC2's parents, the mystery thickens. The records which Kathy and I have found, with assistance and confirmation from Hannah Smith, a UK genealogist, paint a sad picture.

John Carter (JPC1) was born on 18 April 1828 in St Cuthbert Wells, Somerset and baptised on 08 June in nearby Ashwick. His parents were James Carter and Mary Potts (spelled Potes in the marriage register) and James was a basket maker. [See Extract 1 on Page 266.]

A *Jemima Broom* was born in Clopton, Suffolk and baptised in 1828, father Job Broom, mother Elizabeth Pooley. [See Extract 2 on Page 266.]

Banns of marriage were published on 24 April and 01 and 08 May, 1853 in the Church of St Mary, Newington, Kennington Park Road, Southwark, between John Potts bachelor and Jemima Broom spinster, both of the parish. The marriage took place in the same church on 16 May 1853. [See Extract 4 on Page 267.]

We've found no other records for a Jemima Broom in the relevant time frame. It seems very likely that the couple who married in London in 1853 are the parents of JPC2. It seems likely that JPC1 called himself Potts to reduce the chances of discovery that he was already married. (See below.)

There are a number of records which we believe relate to the father of JPC2. Assuming they do relate to the same person, it is fairly clear that that person is a bigamist (or trigamist, or even quadrigamist?) who plays fast and loose with official forms, uses multiple aliases, and beats and deceives women. Unlike his father who is always recorded as a basket maker, JPC1 is variously a sawyer, an engineer, an engineer/draughtsman, a machinist, a saw sharpener and a coffee shop proprietor.

Here's a speculative timeline for this dubious character JPC1. Here where I record his name, I use the name as it was written in the official records. I try to link each entry to an extract from the official records. Occasionally that's not feasible and the extract is a link to a page on Ancestry.com. To follow those links you will unfortunately need an Ancestry.com subscription.

Is this all the one devious man – John Potts Carter (JPC1) – our great great grandfather?

1828 John Carter is born in St Cuthbert Wells, Somerset. His *father James Carter is a basket maker*. [See Extract 1 on Page 266.]

1852 John Potter (a sawyer) marries Caroline Adams in the Parish Church of St Luke in Middlesex. John's *father James Potter is a basket maker*. A certified copy of this marriage entry was produced in 1888 during JPC1's divorce from his third wife. [See Extract 3 on Page 266.]

1853 John Potts, having become an engineer, marries Jemima Broom in the Church of St Mary, Newington, Kennington Park Road, Southwark. John's *father James Potts is a basket maker*. [See Extract 4 on Page 267.]

1854 John James Carter (JPC2) is born.

1856 John Potts (born 1829, claiming to be widowed, father James Potts) marries Ellen Jackson in St Peter, Monkwearmouth, County Durham. [I can't find an online image of the register entry. Presumably father James Potts is still a basket maker.] [See Extract 10 on Page 269.]

1866 JPC1 dissolves his sawing and packing case making partnership with Thomas Woodman. [See Extract 11 on Page 269.]

1877 John Potts Carter (now a 48 year old machinist whose *father James Carter is a basket maker*) and Ellen Jackson marry again in the Register Office in Southwark. The first marriage was invalid because JPC1 was found to have had a wife still living. [See Extract 12 on Page 270.]

1880 In a Post Office Commercial Directory, John Potts Carter is shown at coffee rooms, 151 Upper North Street, Poplar. (East London). [See Extract 13 on Page 270.]

1881, 1883 JPC1 assaults and threatens Ellen.

1883 After the last threats, JPC1 allegedly went to Australia and never returned to live with Ellen. Instead, it seems he actually went to Ireland.

- 1883 JPC1 dissolves coffee tavern partnership with Joseph Sidney Bray. [See Extract 14 on Page 270.]
- 1884 JPC1 bigamously (trigamously?) marries Mary Jane (Jane) Holmes in Ballinderry in what is now Northern Ireland. See Extract 16 on Page 272.
- 1885 – 1887 JPC1 lives in various coffee shops in London with a woman whose name is unknown to Ellen. [It's no doubt Jane.] The new couple have children.
- 1887 – 1889 Ellen files a successful petition for divorce from John Potts Carter, claiming adultery and cruelty. The papers state that John and Ellen had no children. [See Extract 19 on Page 273.]
- 1891 The England census shows John P. Carter (born Frome Somerset, coffee house keeper) living in Limehouse London with his wife Jane (allegedly born in Leith, Scotland), daughters Caroline (born Bethnal Green, London) and Susan (born Ireland) and a servant Eliza Merrifield (born Poplar, London). [See Extract 20 on Page 273.]
- 1892 The Electoral Registers for Tower Hamlets show John Potts Carter living at 150 Narrowstreet, Limehouse. [See Extract 21 on Page 273.]
- 1895 Susan and Caroline Carter (father John) were admitted to Latchmere School, Wandsworth. [See Extract 23 on Page 273.]
- 1901 The Ireland census shows John Carter (sawyer, aged 60[?], born County Cavan[?]) living at 5 Park Road, Portadown Urban, county Armagh, Ireland with wife Jane (aged 35, born County Armagh), daughters Caroline (14, born England), Mary J (9, born England), Maggie (6, born County Tyrone), Violet (3, born County Armagh), and son William (7, born England). All of them apparently adhered to the Church of Ireland. [See Extract 24 on Page 274.]
- 1911 The England census shows John Potts Carter (now an 83 year old saw sharpener, born in [?] Hill, Ireland) living in Limehouse with wife Jane (now aged 48, working as a trouser finisher, and born in County Tyrone), and their children Mary (18), William (17), Maggie (15), Violet (14), and Lily (7). [See Extract 25 on Page 274.]
- 1916 John Potts Carter (born 1828) was admitted to the Bromley House workhouse in Tower Hamlets, Stepney, London. [See Extract 26 on Page 274.]
- 1917 John Potts Carter dies. [See Extract 27 on Page 274.]



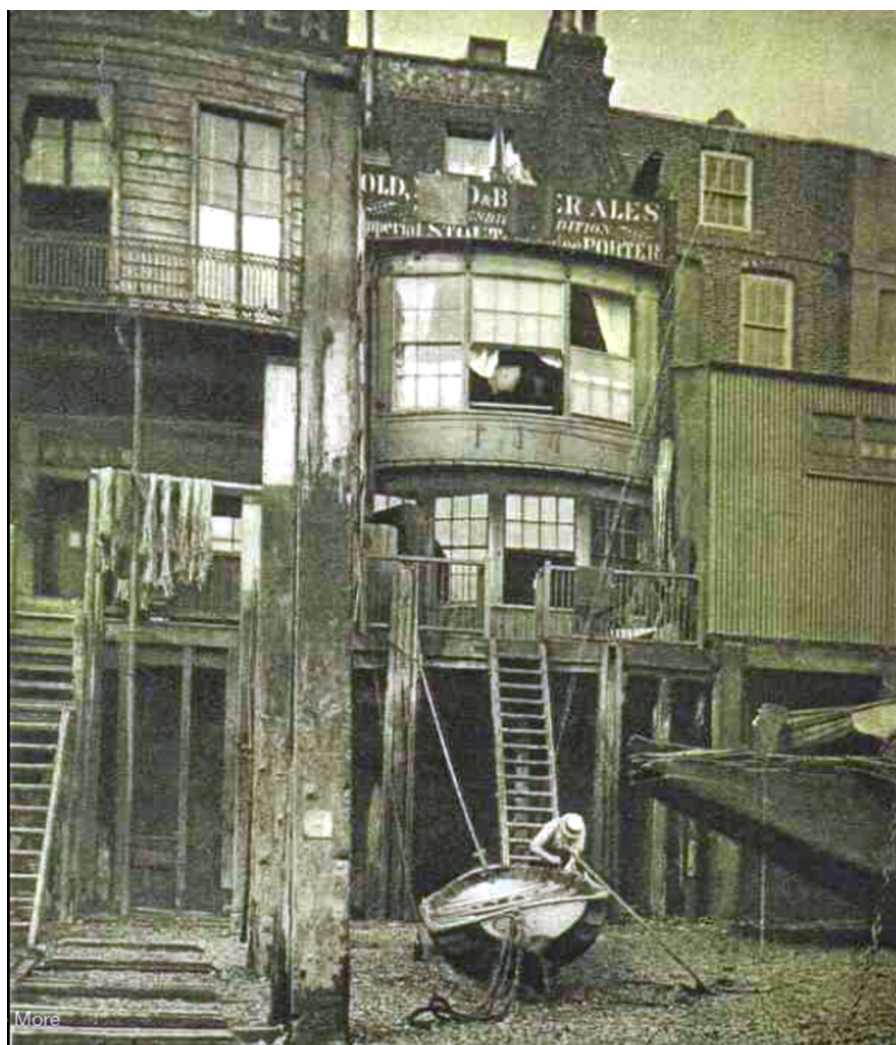
The only known photo of JPC1's fourth wife Jane Carter née Holmes, apparently driving a boat. Unfortunately we have no photo of JPC1. *Photo courtesy of Wendy Ashburner.*



LtoR: Maggie Lena Barrett (née Carter, daughter of JPC1 and Jane), her husband, her daughter Lilian, and her daughter Eileen (Wendy's grandmother). Photo courtesy of Wendy Ashburner.



c. 1925: Limehouse Cut, a canal linking the Lea River to the Thames, looking south from Commercial Road. Photo: Licensed from London Metropolitan Archives.



The Grapes, a famous pub at 76 Narrow Street, Limehouse, backing onto the Thames. Charles Dickens is known to have spent time there. He also visited his godfather Christopher Huffam at 5 Church Row (now Newell Street), later occupied by JPC1 and Jane. JPC1 and Jane also lived at 150 Narrow Street. *Photo believed taken from Wonderful London, Ed. St John Adcock, Fleetway House 1926.*

Wendy Ashburner, a link to JPC1 and Jane Holmes

Late in the writing of this book I was thrilled to make contact, through Ancestry.com, with Wendy Ashburner who lives in Kingston upon Thames, England. She's our step third cousin! She tells me: Thank you so much for your email and attachments – I can't tell you how exciting it was reading your information (and so much of it matches my knowledge which I've been building over the past 20 odd years!).

I live close to London and am a descendant of John Potts Carter and Mary Jane Holmes. Their daughter Maggie Lena (who may have been Magdalena) is my great-grandmother. Unfortunately, I never knew her as she died before I was born but I grew up listening to stories from my Nanny Eileen (Maggie's daughter) of both sides of the family.

Nan was always very curious about JPC1 – he married my great great grandmother when she was very young and he was much, much older. Having said that, they went on to have several children and as far I know stayed together until his death. I'm not sure how happy their marriage was. Unfortunately for you, I don't have very much to add to your research. Anecdotally, Nan (and her sister Lilian) told me Granny Carter (Mary Jane) drank away the coffee shops (with her sisters). The Carter descendants were in Poplar until after WW2 but then were re-housed in Dagenham (Essex).



The woman in the black floral dress is our step third cousin Wendy Ashburner. To Wendy's left is her mother (a descendant of JPC1 and Jane Holmes) and to her mother's left is Wendy's sister.

Photo courtesy of Wendy Ashburner.

7.12.3 What happened to abandoned wives?

Assuming the above profile for JPC1 is accurate, it seems likely that JPC1 left three abandoned wives:⁴² Caroline Adams, Jemima Broom, and Ellen Jackson. We don't know whether Caroline had children, but Jemima had JPC2. We have had little luck in tracing the subsequent lives of these unfortunate women but can only imagine how bad their circumstances must have been living in poverty in the seedy, crowded, unsanitary, poverty-stricken streets of east London.

7.12.4 JPC1's older brother James

In JPC2's 1907 psychiatric admission, his relatives are listed as cousins: Mrs White of Sydney St, Murrumbena, and Mrs Dowling of Lang Lang. This seemed very mysterious until we became aware of a brother of JPC1, James Carter, migrating to Australia in around 1850. JPC1's sisters posted newspaper advertisements in 1891, trying to contact him. See Extract 30 on Page 276. Presumably Mrs White and Mrs Dowling are daughters of James.

D3 Catherine Agnes (Kate) Casey 1859–1928 b. Hobart, Tas., d. Melbourne, Vic.

⁴²It's possible that Jemima may have died soon after the birth of her son, but we haven't been able to find any record of this.



Iolen's mother Catherine (Kate) Carter. Photo courtesy of John Ogden.

Kate Casey married JPC2 in August 1884 in a registry office in Collingwood, Vic. The marriage certificate claims that Kate was born in New Zealand, a common ploy to hide convict parentage.

Kate's children have been written about in Section 7.11 starting on Page 112. Kate's parents William Casey and Alice O'Keefe were Irish convicts transported to Van Diemens Land (Tasmania). Kathy has extensively researched their stories and the results appear in Chapter 11. A great photo of many members of the family appears on Page 197.

7.13 Neny (Alice Warner)

(A2) Alice Addison Warner 1884–1973 b. Beechworth, Vic., d. Beechworth, Vic.

Much has been written about Neny in preceding sections. As noted, she played a major role in the upbringing of the three of us and of Margaret and Pam.

Neny and her family were mainstays of the Beechworth Congregational Church. An *Ovens and Murray Advertiser* clipping from 1969 marks the final service held in that church and focuses on the 80+ year connection of Neny's brother Councillor Charlie Warner with it. (Neny herself was unable to attend or be interviewed as she was in hospital.) It gives some detail of Neny's background.

... Asked of his long association with the Congregational Church Cr. Warner said his family came to Beechworth in 1856, two years after the first Warners came to Australia.

James Warner, his father, had a butchers shop where Downs Service Station now operates. [That's the old location between the Hibernian Hotel and the fire station in Camp Street.] Cr. Warner was born there. [There is a water bubbler in the town hall gardens erected in honour of James Warner, but the metal plaque has relatively recently disappeared.]

He has vivid memories of his Sunday School training in the church hall in Loch street. Professor Albert Rivett⁴³ and a boy named Wheeler were among his classmates. ...

⁴³Father of David Rivett and grandfather of Rohan Rivett. See <https://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/rivett-albert-8218>

The article mentions that the Warners moved from Camp Street to the property known as Dane-tree (see Page 67) in Black Springs on the outskirts of Beechworth.

According to Margaret's adoption papers, Neny's mother Anna was living with her in Loch Street at the time of the adoption. Anna died in 1934 aged 79. Neny's father James died in 1925 at the age of 88. Neny's brother Roy Thomas was born in 1891 and died in WWI. He joined in April 1916, went to France (Étaples) in November 1916, was promoted to Lance Corporal in June 1917, was wounded in action and awarded the Military Medal in the same month, returned to action in August and was killed in action in Belgium in October 1917. He is believed to be buried in Tyne Cot cemetery, Passchendaele but has no known grave. Charles Warner died in 1973 aged 86. His son, born in 1918, was named Roy Thomas after his uncle.



A studio portrait of Alice Addison Warner (aka Neny, aka Auntie) taken in Bairnsdale where she taught early in her career. I have a vague memory that she also taught at the Lake Tyers aboriginal settlement near Lakes Entrance. When we asked her why she never married she said, "No-one ever asked me." Neny also taught at Bowman's Forest, Murmungee and recounted trying to catch and harness a recalcitrant horse to make the journey from Beechworth.



Neny with duck in the front garden of her house.

7.13.1 Rogue's view of Neny

At my request John Stanley Martin (Rogue) wrote a lengthy essay about Margaret which I have reproduced as Appendix A. Here's an extract which sums up his view of Neny:

I have been in the presence of Pope John, the Dalai Lama and Mother Teresa, but Miss Warner is the person that I have encountered nearest to be endowed with sanctity. I do not think that she knew what evil was; she would even have found at least one redeeming feature in the devil. She epitomised for me all that was good in the now unfortunately much maligned Victorian Era and with none of its negative aspects. Miss Warner was gentle, kind and good and was a pillar of the Congregational Church in Beechworth. I came from a totally different and perhaps more worldly environment, and was struck by someone who lived a life completely according to the Gospel. She held her beliefs with a zeal and steadfastness and yet was tolerant of others who thought and behaved otherwise. For example, she would not undertake any commercial activities on a Sunday, but did not seem to be fazed by me who did.

7.14 Hunting Hunters

In 1994, Jenny and Michele became motivated to learn more about our mother Margaret and her family. Jenny applied to Victorian Births, Deaths, and Marriages for details about Margaret. (They're otherwise suppressed due to the adoption.) They found an address for Margaret's brother Billy in Alphington, Melbourne, and Michele and husband Bruce drove there. Hearing Billy out the back yelling at the horse racing on the radio, Michele changed her mind and went home again.

We celebrated Christmas 2010 on the banks of Seven Creeks in Euroa.⁴⁴ After we'd eaten and drunk our fill and some of the party had departed, we started talking about family. Michele said that she sometimes hated her mother – for abandoning her to a life without a mother and with a less caring stepmother.

We responded by pointing out how terrible it must have been for Margaret to miss out on seeing her children grow up, and to have known her baby daughter for such a fleeting time. Michele, like Jenny and I, had felt fierce determination to live and protect at least until our children were adults.

At that point, Michele flipped around and felt a burning desire to know more about her mother and her family. The very next day she and Jenny drove to Melbourne to find Margaret's brother Billy, only to discover that he was already dead. (See Page 99.) They were told by a neighbour that Billy's widow Shirley was in an aged care facility. Michele and Jenny visited Shirley and were given the photo which appears on Page 98.

Aided by the rarity of the names 'Stronach' and 'Iolen', and powered by her indefatigable enthusiasm for research, Kathy started searching and soon found that a person called Johnnie Hunter had been seeking information on Ancestry.com about John Stronach Hunter. He'd been given a photo (see below) labelled on the back 'John Stronach Hunter, Australia' and was very curious to know his story.



John Stronach Hunter, Australia

⁴⁴That's my clear memory. Kathy's clear memory is that it was at the Seven Creeks Hotel across the road. Michele and Jenny have no clear memory of it.

Johnnie was stunned to receive an email from us while on holiday in Lanzarote, and said he'd fruitlessly posted the same query for ten years in a row and had finally decided to give up. A flurry of communication by email, Facebook and phone ensued, and Michele was in a state of high excitement. Here was a connection to our mother's side of the family!

By coincidence, I was scheduled to attend a conference in Glasgow in November of that year. I arranged to take a couple of days leave and to meet Cousin Johnnie. Recognizing a degree of potential risk in meeting unknown relatives, this was a good opportunity for us to check each other out.

My hotel in Glasgow was on the Clyde, close to the Squinty Bridge and the Finnieston Crane. The latter was all that remained of major port infrastructure in central Glasgow. I learned from Johnnie that John Stronach's brother used to drive the mighty crane!

Johnnie picked me up in his sporty convertible and we went on a wonderful family history tour with the top down and the heater roaring. We visited Milngavie, Bearsden, New Kilpatrick cemetery where John Stronach Hunter's grandparents are buried, and the Gorbals – all with strong Hunter connections.

We went to Hunterston Castle, seat of the Hunter Clan, and drove around the grounds. When we parked a man strode up and fiercely demanded, "What are you doing here?" Johnnie told him that we were Hunters and he immediately changed tack and invited us for a personal tour of the castle. It turned out that he was Clan Chief Madam Pauline's older brother. He couldn't get on with his father and spent seven years in Australia to avoid him. In normal circumstances he would have inherited the title of Clan Chief and also the property but his father disinherited him in favour of his younger sister. According to him, "He and his sister had achieved a modus vivendi in which she dressed up and ponced about while he got on with running things." ☺



2011: The Finnieston Crane,⁴⁵ capable of lifting 175 tons and used for loading locomotives onto ships; the Mint hotel where I stayed; and the Squinty Bridge, aka the Clyde Arc.⁴⁶

⁴⁵https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Finnieston_Crane

⁴⁶https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Clyde_Arc crossing the Clyde.



2012: Johnnie in a family-connected corner of Milngavie.



South Portland Street Bridge, Glasgow. Crossing this bridge to the other side of the river Clyde takes you to the notorious Gorbals area. John Stronach Hunter grew up near the Gorbals end of the bridge.



2012: Johnnie and Hazel Hunter at home in Strathaven, south of Glasgow.

Madam Pauline is a leading light in the Ancient Society of Kilwinning Archers,⁴⁷ founded in 1483, and claimed to be the oldest continuously active archery club in the world. The society is most famous for the 'Papingo' held annually in June, in which archers stand at the base of the tower of Kilwinning Abbey and attempt to 'ding down the doo'. I.e. they fire their arrows vertically and attempt to hit a wooden pigeon 30 metres vertically above them.

The castle is rather wonderful, despite a former owner having bashed a great hole in the base of the tower to provide a place to park his car. That's been [clumsily] restored now.

We've met quite a few of Johnnie's many siblings, but none are quite as interested in family history as Johnnie: Mairi, Mike, Pauline, Colette, Tim, Rosaleen, Teri. Kevin died recently, Liam lives in Thailand, and Brian lives in Texas. Chris lives in Strathaven too, but we haven't met him.



2017: Notre Dame de Paris before the terrible fire.

In subsequent years, we've established a great relationship with Johnnie and his lovely wife Hazel. My work and holidays have taken me to Glasgow many times and Jenny and Michele have visited several times. In 2017 when Jenny, Michele, Kathy and I shared a luxury apartment on the bank of the Seine just opposite Notre Dame de Paris, Johnnie and Hazel came over to join us.

⁴⁷<https://kilwinningarchers.net/>



Jenny and Michele bought me this souvenir print of a 1986 painting of Hunterston Castle by John C. Mackie (DA). It hangs in pride of place in our kitchen.



2019: Cousin Johnnie took us (again) to visit the Hunter Clan Seat, Hunterston Castle, located between West Kilbride and Largs on the Firth of Clyde. We were again lucky to meet Madam Pauline, Laird and Clan Chief.⁴⁸ From left: Michele, me, Madam Pauline, Jenny, Kathy. *Photo taken by Johnnie Hunter.*

⁴⁸<https://www.clanhunterscotland.com/madam-pauline-hunter/>



John Stronach Hunter's sister Jean at front with her new husband Cecil Wilson. Behind are John and Jean's sister Agnes Hunter Hineman and Cecil's brother Bob Wilson. *Photo supplied by Johnnie Hunter, 02 April 2020.*

Jean Hunter Wilson to David Hawking

26 Strathyre St, Shawlands
Glasgow S.1., Scotland
Thursday, 7th Dec 1961

My dear David,

Please find enclosed this little 'Christmas Reminder' which I hope you will enjoy, and share with Jennifer.

Since I understand Jennifer is now at school, perhaps by next Christmas she will be able to write her own name, then she can have her own portion sent direct to her, but meanwhile I leave it to you as a 'man' to do the 'honours'.

Hope this finds you fit and well, and sticking into school.

Wishing you a very merry Christmas, with love from

Aunt Jean.

7.14.1 John Stronach Hunter's sister Jean Hunter Wilson

(N2) Jean Hunter Wilson 1889–1962

John Stronach Hunter had quite a few siblings in Scotland but his sister Jean was the only one we know to have maintained contact with the Australian branch of the family. She sent silver tea services to both Margaret and Mary when they married.

To my astonishment Michele recently produced a letter written by Jean to me at age eight. I had no recollection of it whatever. Its text is reproduced above.



2019: The tenement at 26 Strathyre Street Shawlands, in typical Glasgow sandstone. Jean Hunter Wilson lived there with her husband Cecil Wilson. Cousin Johnnie took Michele there in 2019. *Photo: Michele*



The silver tea service (minus sugar bowl) sent by Jean Hunter Wilson to Margaret on the occasion of her marriage. Michele now has it. *Photo: Michele*



2012: Me in the New Kilpatrick cemetery next to the headstone commemorating our great great grandparents William Dunlop Hunter and Margaret Milliken/Milligan, their daughter Elizabeth Dunlop Hunter and her husband Thomas Walker. *Photo: Johnnie Hunter*

7.15 John Stronach Hunter's Scottish forebears

(D3) Jessie Stronach 1855–1907 b. Elgin, Scotland, d. Glasgow.

(D3) Robert Hunter 1852–1933 b. Milngavie, Scotland, d. Glasgow.

(D4) John Stronach 1821–1905 b. Elgin, d. Edinburgh.

(D4) Margaret Paul 1824–1888 b. ? Scotland, d. Alness, Scotland.

(D4) Margaret Milliken/Milligan 1830–1905 b. Carnwath, Scotland, d. Paisley, Scotland.

(D4) William Dunlop Hunter 1831–1886 b. Craigton, Scotland, d. Milngavie, Scotland.

John Stronach Hunter's mother was Jessie Stronach, a domestic servant from the North East of Scotland, around Elgin and Lossiemouth. His father Robert Hunter lived close to Glasgow, about 300 kilometres from Lossiemouth – it's a mystery how he and Jessie met. Robert worked in the potato industry, rising to be a potato merchant. However, he clearly wasn't rich, as cousin Johnnie has found an application for Poor Relief from a time when Robert broke his leg and couldn't work for an extended period. Jessie's application for relief indicates that she and Robert were separated at the time.

Johnnie Hunter has undertaken extensive genealogical research in Scotland and has written a summary for us, which I have included as Appendix C, starting on Page 262. I decided not to paraphrase it here.

Chapter 8

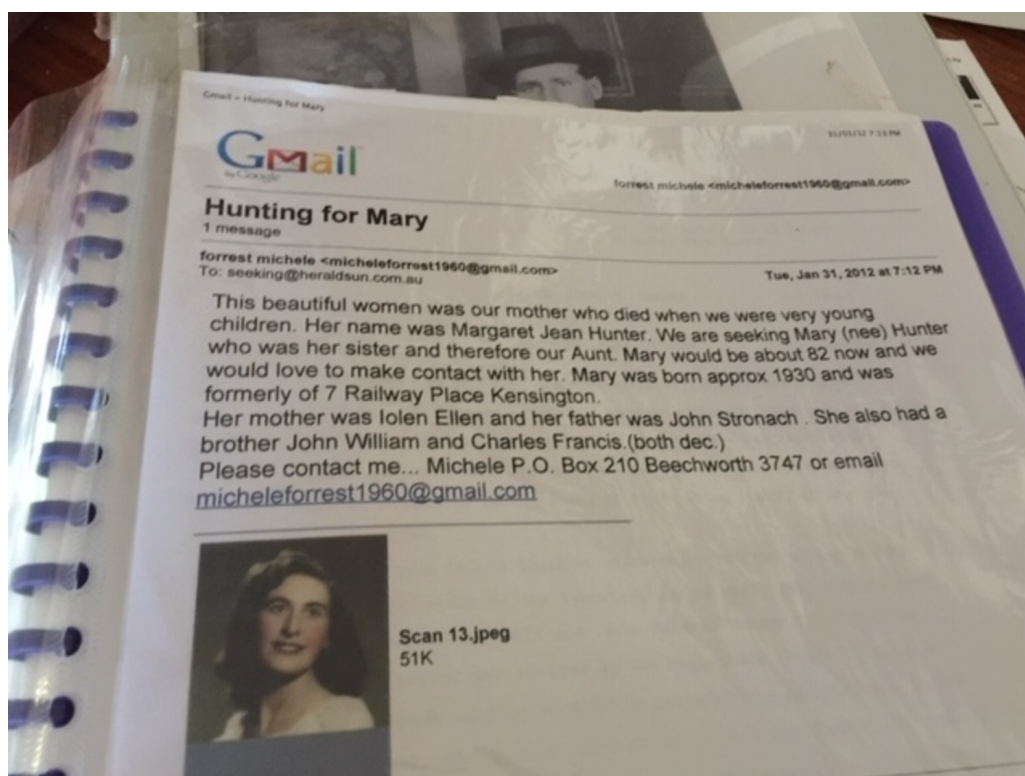
Finding Aunt Mary

Throughout the book so far you will have seen references to 'Aunt Mary' and to her daughters Jenny and Kerry. They're important people in our lives now, but until 2020 we didn't know of Jenny and Kerry's existence, and had all but given up hope of Mary being alive, let alone being able to make contact with her. This is an account of how we finally made contact with her. Jenny Warburton has written up Mary's story and has generously allowed me to quote and summarise from it. That appears in Chapter 9 starting on Page 136.

8.1 Hunting for Mary

In Section 7.14 on Page 123, I described our efforts to make contact with Margaret's relatives and the resulting relationship with second cousin Johnnie Hunter.

Realising by now that Margaret's parents and brothers were all dead, our only hope of a close family connection was her elusive sister Mary Hunter, who had almost certainly changed her name either through adoption or through marriage or both. Could she still be alive? Could we find her? In 2011, Michele placed an ad in the Melbourne Herald Sun – 'Hunting for Mary', but received no reply. We later found that Mary read the Age, not the Herald Sun. ☺



Resigned to never finding Mary, we were compensated by a growing relationship with Johnnie Hunter and his wife Hazel. Since then we've had Zoom meetings with Johnnie, stayed with Johnnie and Hazel, met several of Johnnie's siblings, and explored even further in Scotland. We're incredibly grateful to Johnnie and Hazel for their hospitality and regret that we've never been able to welcome them to Australia.

8.2 "I think we've found Mary!"

In 2020, we received an excited message from Johnnie. A person called Kerryn Warburton had contacted him, saying that she thought she was the granddaughter of John Stronach Hunter.

Eventually we established contact with Kerryn who told us that yes, Mary was still alive, and that Kerryn had a sister Jenny who worked in higher education. Kerryn was quite guarded and cautious on behalf of her mother because, prior to her husband's death, Mary had never told her daughters that their grandparents were in fact foster grandparents and that Mary had been born Mary Eileen Hunter. Why Mary was so guarded about her upbringing is explained in Chapter 9

We were very anxious to meet Mary and her daughters and, after finding a Jenny Warburton working at Melbourne University, I wrote her an email saying, "I think I may be your first cousin." Realising that this could be construed as a scam, I also invited her to verify my credentials with two senior academics at Melbourne University who knew me well.

Having passed this hurdle, Jenny and I arranged to check each other out at a coffee shop at Melbourne University. Unfortunately, the COVID pandemic began to bite and we had to cancel. We arranged a number of Zoom meetings, with Mary, Kerryn, Jenny, Michele and sometimes Johnnie, in attendance. At the time Mary was 92 but she's quite competent with smart phones and computers. She plays online bridge.

Finally, in November 2020, COVID rules allowed us to meet in person at our farm at Creighton, near Euroa. Since then we keep in touch via WhatsApp and meet in person quite often.

A curious coincidence became apparent on one of our get-togethers. We decided that it would be nice to give Mary something we had inherited from Margaret. We chose a patterned china cake stand and presented it to Mary. She exclaimed that her tea set was of exactly that pattern – Royal Albert bone china, Serena design. Jack had bought it for her as an engagement present. Fortuitously she didn't have the cake stand.



Feb 2021: Margaret's cakestand meets some of Mary's tea set.



Nov 2020: First meeting of the descendants of John Stronach and Iolen Ellen Hunter. LtoR standing: Me (with COVID hairstyle), Jenny, Jenny Warburton, Michele, Kerryn Warburton. Mary Warburton seated at front.

Chapter 9

Mary Warburton née Hunter (by Jenny Warburton)

[DH: This chapter is almost entirely excerpted from Jenny Warburton's document with minor edits. Material written by me is clearly marked. I have left out some material which I have already covered and some which is of greater interest to Mary's descendants. Jenny's document contains more information and photographs – if you are interested, please contact her: jrwarb@gmail.com]

N1 Mary Eileen Hunter 1928– b. Carlton, Vic.



L: Mary as a child at the Munroes. R: Mary with foster mother Olive May Munroe. *Photos from the Warburtons.*

Mary, like many people of her generation, chose to keep her sad, early family circumstances hidden from her children until late in life. Like others who were removed from their parents, we believe the sense of abandonment and shame for Mary was long-lasting. In Australia there have Royal Commissions and Senate Inquiries into the 'Forgotten Australians' (children in institutional & out-of-home care) and 'Stolen Generation' (indigenous children taken from their parents) and the

stories that emerged document the deep shame for those children. So sad for something not their doing. Many in Mary's generation have buried many secrets.

Jenny and Kerryn learnt that Mary had been fostered, and that our 'grandparents', Nan and Pop Munroe from Caulfield South were in fact Mary's foster parents. We had no idea as Mary had officially changed her name from Hunter to Munroe as a teenager, despite not actually being formally adopted by the Munroes. That revelation led to Kerryn's family history quest.

Kerryn's foray into Ancestry.com uncovered interesting detail and in 2020 we were connected with living relatives in both Australia and Scotland. It was discovered that due to dire family circumstances Mary and her three siblings were placed under guardianship of the Presbyterian and Scots Church Aid Society in 1928, when Mary was one month old. Whilst Mary's siblings were placed in care, it seems that a private arrangement was made between Mary's parents and her foster parents, the Munroes. Throughout her early childhood Mary moved to and fro between the homes of her birth parents Iolen Ellen and John Stronach Hunter and the Munroes.

In 2021 the family were given a collection of documents relating to Mary and her siblings' early care by the Uniting Heritage Service. Documents from the Service report on the Hunter family history up to 1942.

While painful for Mary to dredge up old memories, we believe it has been good for her to share her story. How wonderful for Mary to meet a lovely group of long-lost living relatives who have made good lives for themselves and their families. It must be cathartic to finally lift the burden of secrecy. It has been an interesting journey to learn the family history to gain some insight into why Mary's parents came to the situation that led their children to being removed and the long lasting impact.

9.1 The Early Years, 1928 –

Mary was born on 21st March 1928 in the Smith Ward, Women's Hospital in Carlton, to Iolen Ellen Hunter (formerly Carter) aged 32 and John Stronach Hunter, a Scottish-born carpenter aged 36. Her siblings at the time were Charles (9), Margaret (3) and John William (1).¹ Mary was described as a "very small baby, but healthy."

[DH: The Hunter family tragedy after Mary's birth has been described earlier in connection with Margaret's story and I chose not to repeat it here.]

Kildonan was a Home started by the Presbyterian Church in 1881. It started as the Scot's Church Neglected Children's Aid Society. The policy of the Society at that time was to place children with families where practicable, rather than place them in the Home. The Home was located at 149 Flemington Road, North Melbourne. At the time the Hunter family was connected with Kildonan, the Home was largely run by a Committee, based at Scots Church in Russell Street, Melbourne. Kildonan was also known as the Presbyterian and Scots Church Children's Aid Society.²

While Mary's father signed a document transferring guardianship of her to the Society, Mary never actually lived at the Home. Additionally, neither Mary nor her siblings were ever Wards of the State. This was confirmed by a 2021 Freedom of Information request for a search of wardship records. The Department of Families, Fairness and Housing (Victoria) report that they found no records of wardship or adoptions relating to Mary. This indicates that the government did not have any intervention or formal contact with Mary during her time in care. Therefore it is likely that informal or private arrangements were made between Mary's parents, and her foster parents, overseen by Kildonan Home.

From the 28th April 1928, Mary was cared for by the Munroe family in Caulfield South. Mary spent much of her childhood, adolescence and early adulthood with the Munroes. There seems to have been much movement between foster and birth family homes due to changing circumstances.

¹From Mary's 1928 birth certificate.

²Source: Cover letter from Uniting Heritage Service 2021.

“Hunter Mary. 4 weeks. Taken from Womens’ Hospital and placed with Mrs Munro, Nathan Grove, Caulfield. Free house.” ^a

^aSource: Kildonan Home Committee Minutes, 28 April 1928, p.67.

Mary recalls her birth mother telling her she was christened Catholic, however all documentation lists her faith as Presbyterian.

9.1.1 Official Kildonan Home Committee Notes regarding Mary

Subsequent History of Child³

- 20.04.1928 In Melbourne Hospital with Mother
- 28.04.1928 Mrs Munroe, Nathan Grove East Caulfield. Free home
- 23.02.1929 Visit to Mrs Munroe re Mary
- 16.08.1930 Returned to the care of her parents and living at 77 Lambeth St, Flemington W1 (2 years old). Transferred at the request of Mrs Munroe, and with the approval of the Committee. Mrs Munroe has had Mary since she was five weeks old.
- 03.01.1941 Returned to the Office with her mother regularly.
- 19.01.1941 HM (home visit?) by Mgr. Mrs Hunter reports Mary living with Mrs Munroe. Has obtained Merit and has had two years at Tech. Is working as a dressmaker (earns 1 pound, keeps 7/6. Comes home weekends, is well and happy, home clean and tidy.
- 14.11.1944 ML visits 2 Nathan Grove, good home atmosphere. Every evidence that Mary is a fortunate daughter. All concerns well satisfied. Mary excellent dressmaker and works with Miss Munroe. Mrs Hunter quite agreeable that Mary be adopted when ever Mr & Mrs Munroe decide to do so and they are willing because Mary wishes it. No need to visit again. ML

9.1.2 Name change

When Mary was 15 years old, she chose to stop visiting the Hunters, preferring to stay with her foster family, the Munroes. Later, despite never being formally adopted by the Munroes, Mary Hunter legally changed her name to Mary Munroe on 29 May 1947. ⁴

9.2 Interview with Mary

In January 2024 Mary was interviewed by her daughter Jennifer. Mary’s recollections have been paraphrased, with some direct quotes included. Mary approved the use of this interview transcript for this document.

Q1. When you were staying with the Hunters, where were they living? Was it 7 Railway Place, South Kensington? Did they move?

Mary recalls staying in the house in Railway Place, South Kensington. She recalls also living in Macauley, and at an address at Weigall Street. She said that the house in Railway Place had a good front room, and a tin bath, however there was no hot water. She thinks the house was built on railway land and that at some point the railways acquired the land, but was not sure where the family resettled. She recalls severe flooding when the family had to evacuate to a hall. Mary recalls the proximity of Railway Place to the notorious Dudley flats, a shanty town built by the homeless.⁵

³Source: Kildonan Home Individual: File Mary Eileen Hunter. (Presbyterian and Scots Church Aid Society)

⁴The legal document effecting the name change is reproduced in Jenny Warburton’s document.

⁵Flats refers to ‘river flats’ rather than ‘block of flats’.

Additional research: Dudley Flats

“During the Great Depression of the 1930s (and also possibly from an earlier date), the site was visited and then occupied by Melbourne’s poor and homeless who scavenged for scrap and rags from the tips, and built humpies out of discarded rubbish such as old timber and corrugated iron, even lino and hessian sacking. By 1935, over 60 humpies had been erected along the waterways and around the rubbish tips.”^a

Headlines in the Argus newspaper on 26 December 1933 reported: “Fierce Storms Flood City”, “Anxiety at Footscray and Kensington”. “Canal Bursts Banks. Damage at Kensington”. “People Trapped in Homes”.

^aSource: https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dudley_Flats. Accessed 19 February 2024.

Before she was 15, Mary remembers moving between the Hunters and the Munroes homes. She recalls overnight stays and brief stints with the Hunters. She recalls the unaccompanied public transport journey as ‘harrowing’ for a young child. The journey entailed a bus to the Elsternwick station, a train to North Melbourne station, then a solo walk to Railway Place. She remembers once being followed by a man and running away.

Mary recalls going to a primary school in the Kensington area for a short time. It was perhaps Boundary Road Primary School, in North Melbourne (1883-1996). She recalls playing in the playground, once falling off the slide.

She stopped visiting the Hunters when she was 15 years old, the age when she was allowed to choose for herself ...she says she chose never to go back, preferring to stay with her foster family, the Munroes in South Caulfield.

Q2. What do you remember about Billy? When did you lose contact with him?

Mary doesn’t remember much about her brother John William, known as Billy. She doesn’t remember going to school with him. She does recall playing football with him, playing with a home-made football - a rolled-up newspaper tied with string.

According to official documentation, Billy was placed temporarily with the Munroes when he was a toddler, when Iolen was in hospital in 1928. However, Mary doesn’t remember him visiting the Munroes at other times.

Mary recalls seeing Billy on one occasion whilst visiting her mother Iolen in the Royal Melbourne Hospital with Olive and Clytie Munroe. Iolen had had a Gastrectomy (surgery for a peptic ulcer). Billy was sitting outside the hospital in a car, and he asked Mary to mind his dog so he could visit his mother. She minded his little dog. Not sure which year.

Mary didn’t stay in touch with Billy, however through yearly lunch meetings with Iolen (for Iolen’s birthday) she learnt as an adult, that Billy worked as a linesman with the State Electricity Commission (SEC), and that he lived in Alphington with his wife Shirley.

Q3. Tell me about your contact with your oldest brother Charlie Hunter.

Mary recalls meeting Charlie once when she was about 11 years old. Mary met him at North Melbourne station. She liked him. She recalls he hoisted her up on his shoulder and carried her. He’d been on the HMAS Perth⁶ when it represented Australia at the New York World’s Fair (1939) and he gave her postcards and coins. She recalls that Charlie had a white ‘nuggetted’ sailor cap. She thinks he joined the Navy when he was 15 or 16, and first served on HMAS Perth. Iolen proudly told Mary he had a friend that lived at Pott’s Point (Sydney).

Sadly, Charlie died on 27 November 1941 after his ship, the HMAS Parramatta,⁷ a supply ship, was torpedoed by a German submarine off Tobruk, and sank, killing 138 of the 162 people onboard.

⁶<https://www.navy.gov.au/hmas-perth-i>. You may have to navigate from the homepage.

⁷<https://www.navy.gov.au/hmas-parramatta-ii> You may have to navigate from the homepage.



The only known photos of our Uncle Charlie Hunter. (Retained by Mary.) Photo top left shows him as a boy. The other two were taken on his world tour aboard HMAS Perth in 1939. The bottom photo shows him in uniform on the steps of a Salvation Army hall which we believe is in Kingston, Jamaica.

Q4. Do you remember John Stronach Hunter (JSH) going to work? Anything about the work?

She remembers JSH being 'on call'. He would go down to the waterfront in the morning, but some days there was no work. Years later, Mary saw an exhibition at the Polly Woodside and saw a photo of waterside workers. JSH was sitting in the front row. It was labelled John Hunter 'Smokey'. She ordered a copy of the photo and still has it in her possession. [Photo yet to be located. See poor quality version below.]



Jenny Warburton found this poor quality photo on the National Trust website, relating to a Polly Woodside exhibition. She tried to obtain a better quality version but the original had been transferred to a museum and regrettably seems to have been discarded by them. The online photo has been removed from the National Trust site.

Additional research: Waterfront conditions 1928.

In 1928 there was a Waterfront Strike over conditions. Waterside workers were required to line up twice each day for work. If unsuccessful in the morning, the workers had to wait around on the docks all day for the chance of work later in the day.^a

"Wharfies desperate for income would wait at wharves hoping to be picked up for shifts that saw them working in unsafe conditions lugging extraordinarily heavy loads between wharves and ships for impossibly long hours. ... in Melbourne, workers would gather at stevedores' offices on Flinders Street for the twice-daily pick-ups, competing against each other for work. Those that missed out often gathered against a brick retaining wall on the opposite side of Flinders Street that became known as the Wailing Wall."^b

^aSource: <https://www.oldtreasurybuilding.org.au/lost-jobs/on-the-water/the-docks/>

^b<https://archives.anu.edu.au/exhibitions/struggle-solidarity-and-unity-150-years-maritime-unions-australia/bull-system>

Q5. You've talked about going with Iolen Ellen Hunter (IEH) to retrieve JSH from some drinking den. Any more detail? More than once?

Mary says that JSH "drank himself silly" every Saturday night. He went to the hotel/pub every Saturday night. She recalls him singing, "I belong to Glasgow" at 2 am when very drunk. She recalls going with Iolen to a venue once, possibly, a sly-grog place, and her mother pleading for him to come home, but he didn't. She recalls finding and collecting coins on the floor dropped by the drunks from a pub in Dynon Road.

She recalls that JSH's leg had been amputated as a result of an accident involving a train. She thinks JSH was probably inebriated and fell off a train between the platform and train. She recalls going to Williamstown Hospital to visit him with Olive and Clytie Munroe. It was there she saw

Margaret – “but she never spoke to me.” After recovering from the accident JSH had an artificial leg.

JSH died in 1971 in grim circumstances. Mary recalls receiving news that JSH had been drunk, had fallen on the steps near the house at Railway Place at night, had remained on the steps all night, had developed pneumonia, and had died. Mary didn't go to JSH's funeral.

JSH was buried in an unmarked grave at Fawkner Memorial Park (Cemetery). IEH was later buried in the same grave. Upon discovering this in 2022, David Hawking (their grandson and Mary's nephew) coordinated the commissioning of a plaque, on behalf of Mary, her daughters, and Margaret's children. The plaque was installed in 2022 at Presbyterian E, Grave 3119.⁸

Q6. Did you like the Hunters?

Mary said she felt happiest when she was with the Munroe family. “To put it bluntly”, Mary said that she “felt ashamed of the Hunter family and their circumstances. I was snobbish.” When she travelled to visit the Hunter family, she was afraid her Caulfield friends would know that she was going to Kensington, at the time an impoverished part of Melbourne.

Her early visits were during “The Depression” and she recalls lining up with her father for ‘sustenance’ handouts.⁹

“You can't have two mothers. I saw ‘Mud’ Munroe as my mother.” Mary recalls that there was no affection from the Hunter family. She said that Iolen seemed to have “no happiness with JSH”. However, she does not remember any abuse or domestic violence. JSH was a happy drunk. Subdued on a Sunday, JSH would sit in the back shed and read. She felt he was ‘well read’. She recalls falling over once and JSH administering iodine to her gravel rash.

Mary remembers visiting Topsy, Iolen's sister in Coburg. Aunt Topsy was very fussy. She had highly polished steps which you had to step over.

There was some contact between Iolen and Mary when she was an adult, however that contact was kept a secret from Mary's girls. Once a year on Iolen's birthday Mary would take her mother to lunch and to see a film at the Rapallo Theatre in Russell Street.

In the early 1960s Mary arranged for Iolen to meet her granddaughters Jenny and Kerryn for lunch at the lakeside cafe in the Botanical Gardens on a number of occasions. Iolen was introduced as ‘Auntie Marg’. This was before Jenny and Kerryn were old enough to attend school, and they don't recall these meetings.

“I should have helped Iolen more and given her money.” Mary recalls Iolen telling her that when she was cold she would open the gas oven to keep warm.

Q7. Where did you play when at the Hunters? What toys did you have?

Mary can't really recall where she played, possibly in the small backyard or lane. She had no toys (except for homemade newspaper and string football), no presents, or parties. She recalls JSH entertaining her with hand shadow ‘puppets’ of animals on the wall at night. When she was older she recalls that JSH gave her a copy of Jane Eyre from the Cole's Book Arcade. She recalls that JSH would try to teach her to do the Highland Fling.

Mary recalls Mrs Olive Munroe and her daughter Clytie visiting Mary in Kensington and bringing a beautiful doll in a box. She wasn't allowed to take it outside into the street.

Mary remembers playing with a cat called Dinty. A sad memory is that Dinty gave birth to kittens and Mary remembers watching her father drown her kittens in a sack.

⁸<https://www.gmct.com.au/deceased/1720428>.

⁹Unemployment affected many Australian families in the 1920s and 1930s. The 1929 NY Stock market crash known as Black Tuesday, had repercussions around the world. Unemployment in Australia more than doubled to 21% in mid-1930, reaching a peak in mid-1932 when almost 32% of the Australian workforce were out of work. A sustenance scheme was established for the relief of individuals unable to find employment. Sustenance payments were made on the basis of 8s 6d per week for man and wife with an additional 1s 6d per week for each additional child up to a maximum of 20s 6d per week. In addition individuals received an identification card which enabled them to get groceries, meat, bread and milk for a four week period. Sustenance also included the provision of babies' food, clothing and footwear for school children, firewood and rental assistance. Source: <https://localhistory.kingston.vic.gov.au/articles/510>



2022: Family gathering at the JSH/IEH grave at Fawkner Memorial Park after installation of the plaque. L to R: Jenny Warburton, Jenny Ahrens, David Hawking, and Michele Forrest (JSH/IEH's grandchildren) with Mary Warburton. Kerry Warburton had COVID and couldn't attend.

She recalls a kind neighbour, Mrs Gregg, a single mother with a couple of children, making the most of dire living circumstances in Railway Place. She thinks she played with the children. She also remembers a large double-story house nearby with a mulberry tree – possibly there was a child living there to play with.

Mary remembers her mother IEH occasionally taking her to the Loco Theatre in North Melbourne at night to see films. Mary remembers walking home from the Loco Theatre along dark streets.

Q8. You spoke about Olive Munroe visiting the Hunters and retrieving you because there was no food in the house.

Mrs Olive Munroe and Clytie visited the Hunter household at some point and reported no food in the house. They took Mary back to Caulfield South, where food was plentiful.

Mary doesn't recall IEH cooking. She cannot remember meals with the Hunter family, but recalls going with Iolen to the grocers, the butcher and the green-grocer, where shopping items 'were put on tick' (credit account). A bag of broken biscuits was a treat. Mary remembers a kind grocer giving her a bag of boiled sweets.

Q9. Can you remember the sleeping arrangements with the Hunters? Mary recalls sleeping in a second bedroom in single beds in the small house. She shared the big bed with Iolen on a Saturday night while waiting for JSH to come home really late.

Q10. The Munroes. Who were they? How did they treat you? Where did they live?

Mary's foster parents:

- Mrs Olive May Munroe (née Andrawartha) – born 1892 died 1969.¹⁰ Home duties. Known as 'Mud' (short for Mudder). Jenny and Kerryn knew her as Nana.
- James Archibald Pepin Munroe – born 1890 died 1966 (aged 76 years). He worked for the Gas & Fuel Company. He owned a number of cars over the years which the family used on weekends and on family camping holidays. He rode his bike to work. Mary learnt to ride on his large bike. Jenny and Kerryn knew him as Pop.

Mary's Foster Siblings:

- John James (known as Jock) Munroe was 18 years older than Mary. He married Jean and they had three children: Barry, Beverley and Karen.
- Lillian Munroe, a dress designer, was 15 years older than Mary. She was married briefly to Eric Hind and had two children, Gwendoline and Graham. Gwen was Mary's flower girl.
- Clytie Munroe, a dressmaker, was the youngest and was 12 years older than Mary. During the war Clytie sent food parcels to Scotland to someone called Jean. She married Frederick Morcom and had two children Wendy and Allan.

¹⁰Search on Vic BDM.



2 Nathan Grove, Caulfield South. 17 February 2024, photo taken by Kerry Warburton

The Munroes lived at 2 Nathan Grove, South Caulfield, in a well-maintained house with garden. When Mary first arrived the Munroes didn't have a bassinet for her, so Mary initially slept in a drawer. Later Mary slept in the 'sleep-out' – a sort of enclosed verandah intended for sleeping in the fresh air (wire covering on window/no glass). It was very cold in winter. The house was built by Pop Munroe's brother Bert Munroe, who was a builder. The photo above shows a window on the left for the main bedroom, whilst the lounge room was on the right.

In later years the Munroes had a modest holiday house at Inverloch, in South Gippsland.

Mary recalls no great affection from the Munroe family, however she is grateful that they provided a safe and stable home for her. Clytie, the youngest Munro daughter, was very kind to Mary. She was a talented dressmaker and made all of Mary's clothes. Lillian and Jock were not so kind, often teasing Mary.

For a year or so (1939?) the Munroes rented out the family house at Nathan Grove, and moved to a shop in Glenhuntly Road, near Kooyong Rd – to enable their eldest daughter Lillian to set up a Dress Designer shop. There was a sign in the window: "Own material made up". Mary remembers being dispatched to get buttons covered in fabric from a place in Orrong Road.

At the Munroes, Mary undertook a lot of the domestic chores. She recalls scrubbing the floors, vacuuming, and scrubbing the wooden kitchen benches with sand soap. On Monday washing days, she chopped the kindling and cleaned the 'copper' with lemon and salt. There were three washing troughs: two for rinsing and one for blue water. Mary's least favourite task was going into the street, to collect fresh horse manure from the horse and cart deliveries, to be used on the garden. She was always afraid the neighbouring Wiffen girls, who went to MLC, would spot her collecting dung.

She was given a bike in grade 6, enabling her to run all the errands and do the shopping.

Mary enjoyed tennis lessons at Eumeralla Road, Caulfield.

Mary accompanied the Munroe family on numerous holidays, such as camping on the Murray river, and East Gippsland.



Tambo Crossing, East Gippsland. Mary seated right on steps. Jock standing second from left. Clytie in jodhpurs, far right.

Mary joined the Girl Guides with her good friend Joan Marshall. She enjoyed attending Girl Guides very much. At one point due to the Second World War (WW2) 'brownout' (dimming the lights of Melbourne and its suburbs)¹¹ the Girl Guides stopped meeting at night, and met on a Saturday morning instead. Unfortunately Mary had to give up attending the Girl Guides meetings, and also tennis matches on a Saturday, as she had Saturday morning errands to run for the Munroe family.

During the WW2 Nathan Grove was a "War Savings Street" and Mary recalls being recruited by Mrs Knight to collect donations from the Nathan Grove residents.

Additional research: War savings credits

During the Second World War the Australian Government created a means for the public to support the war effort at a low cost that would also be of benefit to them in the future. These were called War Savings Credits, which were a form of war bond. These bonds could be purchased for a small amount of money and redeemed after seven years for the amount printed on the certificate. These could be bought for as little as three shillings (approximately \$19.64 today) and cashed in for five pounds (approximately \$613 today) at the end of the bond period.

Ref: https://engage.burnside.sa.gov.au/FOCUSOnBurnside/news_feed/windback-wednesday-war-savings-street

Mary remembers the neighbours: the McCullochs, Miss Pierce (who went into business) and the O'Connors (devout Catholics). Apparently Mrs McCulloch had very grey washing as she used the wrong brand of washing powder.

¹¹<https://blogs.slv.vic.gov.au/our-stories/ask-a-librarian/brownout-melbourne-during-world-war-ii/>

Mary remembers that Mud gave away her clothes, books and postcard collection from Charlie, when she went off to nursing.



1946: Mary dressed for debutante ball.

Mary was a debutante with her best friend Joan Marshall in 1946 with the Austin Hospital Younger Set. Dance rehearsals were conducted by Madame Bingley at the Elwood Life Saving Club and Tudor Court in Kooyong Road. The debutantes were presented to the Mayoress at the Caulfield Town Hall. Mary's dance partner was Jack Warburton's best friend, Alec Wilson.

Schooling

Whilst living with the Munroe family, Mary went to Gardenvale Primary School. Later she went to Caulfield Primary where she met her lifelong friend Joan McIntyre (nee Marshall). There were stints at Boundary Road Primary School in North Melbourne when she lived with the Hunters.

Mary went to The Brighton Technical College for Girls, known as *Cora Lynn*, located at 45 Cochrane Street, Brighton. Entry to the school was by examination - she came 16th out of 250 applications. She obtained The Girl's Junior Technical Certificate, at the higher level, in 1942. The headmistress recommended further study, however disappointingly for Mary the Munroes took Mary out of school.

Q11. You remember going somewhere in the city (next to a cathedral?) to tell the 'guardians' where you wanted to live.

It was possibly the Scots Church office. I remember highly polished brass handrails.

End of Interview



L: Mary in nurse's uniform. R: Mary's favourite photo of her husband Jack Warburton.

9.3 Adult Life

Career – Nursing days

On Australia Day 1947. Mary commenced General Nursing training at Prince Henry's Hospital in St Kilda Road. The hospital was demolished and is now the site of *The Melburnian* apartment complex.

- 1947** 1st Year: Mary lived in the Nurses' Home (Homeopathic Wing). She attended Preliminary School for 6 weeks, before placement on the wards. She worked on the Childrens' Ward. At the end of first year she sat the First Professional Nursing Exam (State of Victoria)
- 1948** 2nd Year: Mary had exams every 3 months. She lived in the Nurses' Home in Queens Street, opposite the Old Mint/Births, Deaths and Marriages Office.
- 1949** 3rd Year: Mary chose to live at Nathan Grove, Caulfield South which was tortuous for a 6:30am start, travelling on the number 64 tram.
- 1950** Final Exams. She successfully sat her final exams in full uniform at Wilson Hall, at the University of Melbourne. Oral exams were passed too. She commented that in the written exams she noticed that quite a few nurses had formulas and cheat notes written on the inside of their skirts! (Note: The old Wilson Hall no longer exists as it was destroyed by a fire in 1952.) Following her Final Exams, Mary worked in various private hospitals for six months.
October: Mary commenced Midwifery Training at the Queen Victoria Hospital in Lonsdale Street. This consisted of 9 months of intensive training. She lived in the Nurses' Home on the corner of Swanston and Lonsdale Streets. The Queen Victoria Hospital was demolished and is now the site of the Queen Victoria Women's Centre, and the QV retail and housing complex. One of the original towers remains.
- 1951** Qualified midwife – in charge of Observational Nursery (now known as Intensive Care Nursery) at the Queen Victoria.
July: Mary married Jack Warburton and worked in the private hospital system.

- 1952 – 1957** Brighton Community Hospital - midwifery (now Cabrini Brighton).
 St Kilda Surgical Clinic, Middle Park with the 'handsy' Professor Hill.
 Nursing home in Red Bluff Street.
 Moira hospital. GP practice (Drs Speck, Price, and Pierce).
- 1975** Refresher course at Dandenong District Hospital (general & midwifery). Worked in Special Care nursery. Midwifery bookings.
 Receptionist and Practice Nurse for Obstetrician and Gynaecologist, Dr Peter Lee.

Married life

Mary met Jack Desmond Warburton (born 17 September 1927) at the age of 16, three days before her 17th birthday. They met at the Scout Hall in East Brighton. Friend Joan had previously pointed out 'Jackety' Warburton to Mary outside Warburton Sanitarium Health Food Factory, whilst holidaying in Warburton. They dated on and off for six years before marrying. Mary and Jack were married for 56 years until he passed away in October 2007 aged 80.

- 1951** Mary and Jack married on 22 September 1951 at St Catherine's Church, Kooyong Road, Caulfield South. The reception was held at the church hall. Mary was 'given away' by James Munroe. Aunt Jean from Scotland sent a silver teapot, jug and sugar bowl as a gift. Initially they lived with the Warburton family in a bungalow at Duncan Street, Sandringham.
- 1949** Land in Wilson Street, Highett bought for £250.
- 1950 – 1952** House at 3 Wilson Street, Highett built - 13 month build. Mary and Jack moved in in October 1952 with no electricity (power cord from neighbour), no running water or sewage. The sewage was connected for Jenny's Christening in April 1958.
- 1951 – 1952** Mary had gynaecological issues, major gynaecological surgery, and 3 miscarriages before she became pregnant. When pregnant with Jenny was confined to 'bed rest' for the first trimester.
- 1957** Jenny born on Margaret's birthday at the Jessie Mcpherson wing, Queen Victoria Hospital.
- 1961** Kerryn was born at the Jessie Mcpherson wing, Queen Victoria Hospital.
- 1975** Land at Somers purchased for \$6,700.
- 1978** Building of the family beach house at Somers, Mornington Peninsula commenced.
- 2007** Jack passed away on 16 October 2007, one month after his 80th birthday.
- 2014** Mary sold the family home and moved to Mayflower. 361 Norman Place, Centre Road Brighton.

[DH: Mary has three grandchildren: Anna Hatzisavas, Lucas John Hatzisavas, and Holly Catriona Clayton.]

Volunteering

Mary volunteered her time at the girls' primary school, Sandringham East P.S. She was a member of the Mothers' Club and worked in the Canteen with Hazel Hawke (wife of Bob Hawke, then President of the ACTU, and later Prime Minister). She also volunteered in the canteen at Highett High School.

She was active in the Guiding movement. She was the Secretary of the Sandringham Guides Local Association before taking leadership roles in the 2nd Sandringham Brownie Pack, first as Tawny Owl (2IC), then Brown Owl (1IC)

Sports and Clubs

[DH: Mary played hockey at school, and weekday tennis at Royal Avenue, Sandringham. Later she played croquet, bridge and mahjong. She was a member of various Probus clubs in Brighton and Beaumaris. She and Jack were members of Southern Golf Club for 25 years, regularly playing competitions and often winning. In 1993, she hit a hole-in-one on the 15th.]



Mary, aged 90, in a rigid inflatable boat, off the Kimberly coast.

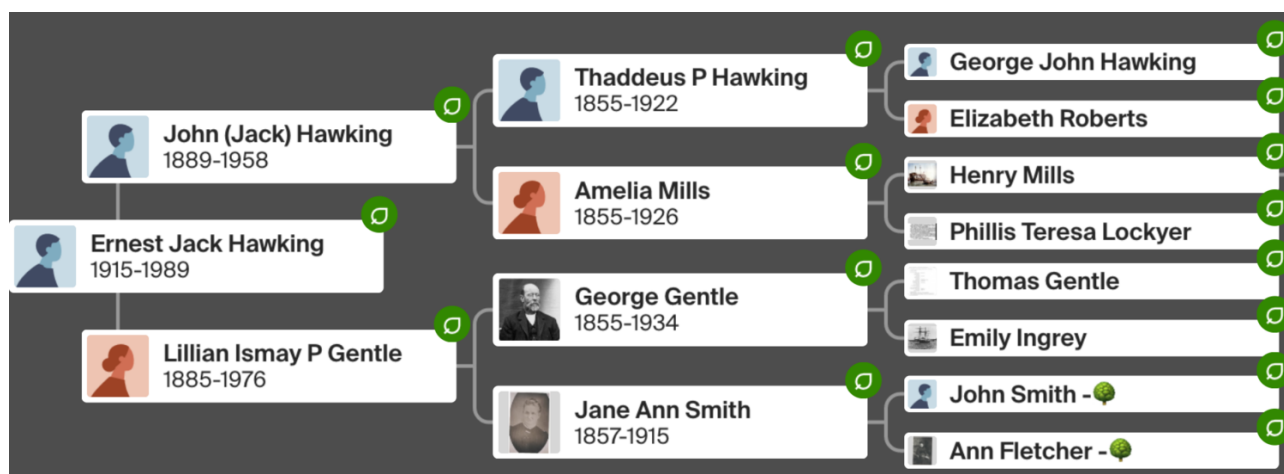
Holidays

[DH: Mary enjoyed many adventurous holidays, sometimes with Jack, sometimes with family, and sometimes with friends.

Michele, Jenny and I were amazed to learn that, to celebrate her 90th birthday, Mary went on a cruise around the Kimberly Coast which involved excursions by Zodiac inflatable boats. On one occasion, she pointed out to the crew that her Zodiac was taking on water. Despite her age, the mid-water transfer to another Zodiac was effected without incident.]

Chapter 10

Ern and his family



Ern's ancestors, back three generations. Screenshot from Ancestry.com

(D1) Ernest Jack Hawking 1915–1989, b. Rutherglen, Vic., d. Wangaratta, Vic.



Ern at age 5 months.

Ern was born in January 1915 to John (Jack) and Lillian Ismay Phyllis (Phyllis) Hawking née Gentle. His older sister Lillian Amelia was aged about two. Three brothers Allen Joseph, Raymond George, and Norman Henry were born later.

The family lived in a house on the corner of Murphy and Culbertson Streets, Rutherglen, Vic. It had a long 'sleep-out' – a closed in verandah where all the Hawking boys had slept. The front door featured red, blue and yellow sidelights and highlights. As a child I liked sitting in the hall among the pools of coloured light. Of course in the country no-one uses the front door – when we visited we parked in Culbertson Street and came in the side gate past the manual water pump on the well. On arrival Grandma would ply us with home made lemon syrup. Her recipe tasted very different to other lemon cordials and was very tasty.

I was fascinated by a large manna gum whose leaves were said to be koala food, though there never seemed to be a koala in residence. There was a shed serving as Grandpa's bicycle workshop, and a long clothesline at the back. It had a prop in the middle. When you hung out clothes you dropped the prop for easier pegging and then you propped up the line for better drying.



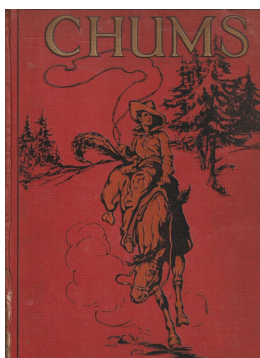
c:1920: Ern and big sister Lil in a gig at the Gentles. *Photo from Gordon Hawking*

Ern went to school in Rutherglen. He told a couple of stories about high school teachers. One was a Colonel who was proficient in French based on WWI experience and who instructed his pupils with military discipline. It clearly worked since when I studied Form 5 French Ern could conjugate verbs better than me, despite the passage of nearly 40 years. Another teacher smoked a pipe and used to absent-mindedly put it in his pocket, still burning. On one occasion when it burned a hole in his trousers one of Ern's colleagues circled the exposed skin with an ink pen.

I have a vague memory that Ern stayed an extra year at school due to the onset of the Great Depression. He was said to be very good at gymnastics. It seems that he excelled at sport too – we have a box of his ribbons, mostly blue. Unfortunately they don't indicate which events he won.

Hard times during the Depression instilled parsimonious habits which remained with him throughout his life. I was stunned when I found him unravelling worn-out woollen jumpers to make twine to tie up his tomato plants. He also straightened and re-used nails extracted during renovations.

From him I inherited a *Coles Funny Picture Book* and a 1929 edition of *Chum's Annual*. The latter was set in the context of a bygone era of English public schools. There were stories of 'spiffing japes', 'jolly wheezes', junior boys 'fagging' for prefects, references to 'pater and mater', visits to the tuck shop, curiously named 'Remove' classes, and boys called 'Johnson Minor'. I read it avidly and liked jokes such as:



MacDonald: Have you seen McTavish lately?

McGregor: No I thought I saw him the other day and he thought he saw me, but when we got up to each other it was neither of us.

A signpost in a small town between Glasgow and Edinburgh indicates 'Glasgow' in one direction and 'Gentlemen' in the other.

During the Depression, Ern and Skipper¹ rode pushbikes around north-east Victoria looking for work. They found labouring jobs on projects such as the State Savings Bank of Victoria Residence in Beechworth and the mine at Woolshed Creek. Ern told a story of how a building supervisor used to cheat to save costs during construction. He progressively reduced the size of his measuring bucket for the cement powder by dampening before each dip into the supply. Despite this, I believe the bank residence is still quite solid.

In 1938, Ern, his brother Ray, and a friend Alan Gollings, travelled to Kyogle in far northern NSW to stay with Uncle Viv Gentle. This was a momentous journey, the visit being prominently reported in the local newspaper. There is a report of another visit in 1940.

Kyogle Examiner (NSW : 1912; 1914 - 1915; 1917 - 1954), Tuesday 4 January 1938, page 2

FAREWELL PARTY

Pink roses and dahlias, decorated the interior of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Gentle on Thursday evening, when they entertained about 20 young people at a farewell party to Messrs. Ernie and Ray Hawking, and Mr. Alan Gollings, of Victoria,

who have been spending a few weeks holiday with them.

Games, competitions and community singing, formed the entertainment. Competitions were won by Allan Lattimer and Mrs. Lattimer.

Report of a 1938 farewell party in Kyogle for Ern, Ray and Alan Gollings. Clipping courtesy of Julie Wilson.

During WWII Ern worked at the Zwar Bros. tannery in Beechworth. Cycling home from work in 1943, he endured a shocking bicycle accident, when his generator slipped into the spokes of his front wheel near the bottom of Newtown hill. According to Grandma he was black and blue, had broken ribs and a fractured skull. Ern belatedly discovered a fractured vertebra in his neck when he bumped his head on the side of the Beechworth Baths.²

The tannery played a vital role in equipping the army in WWII and employment there was considered a reserved occupation. During the war, a number of workers of Italian origin applied to work there and the matter was put to a vote among the workers. The Italians were refused employment. Decades later I met the father of cousin Gordon's wife Anne-Marie Bortoli who told me that he had been one of the applicants and that he suspected that Ern had voted No.

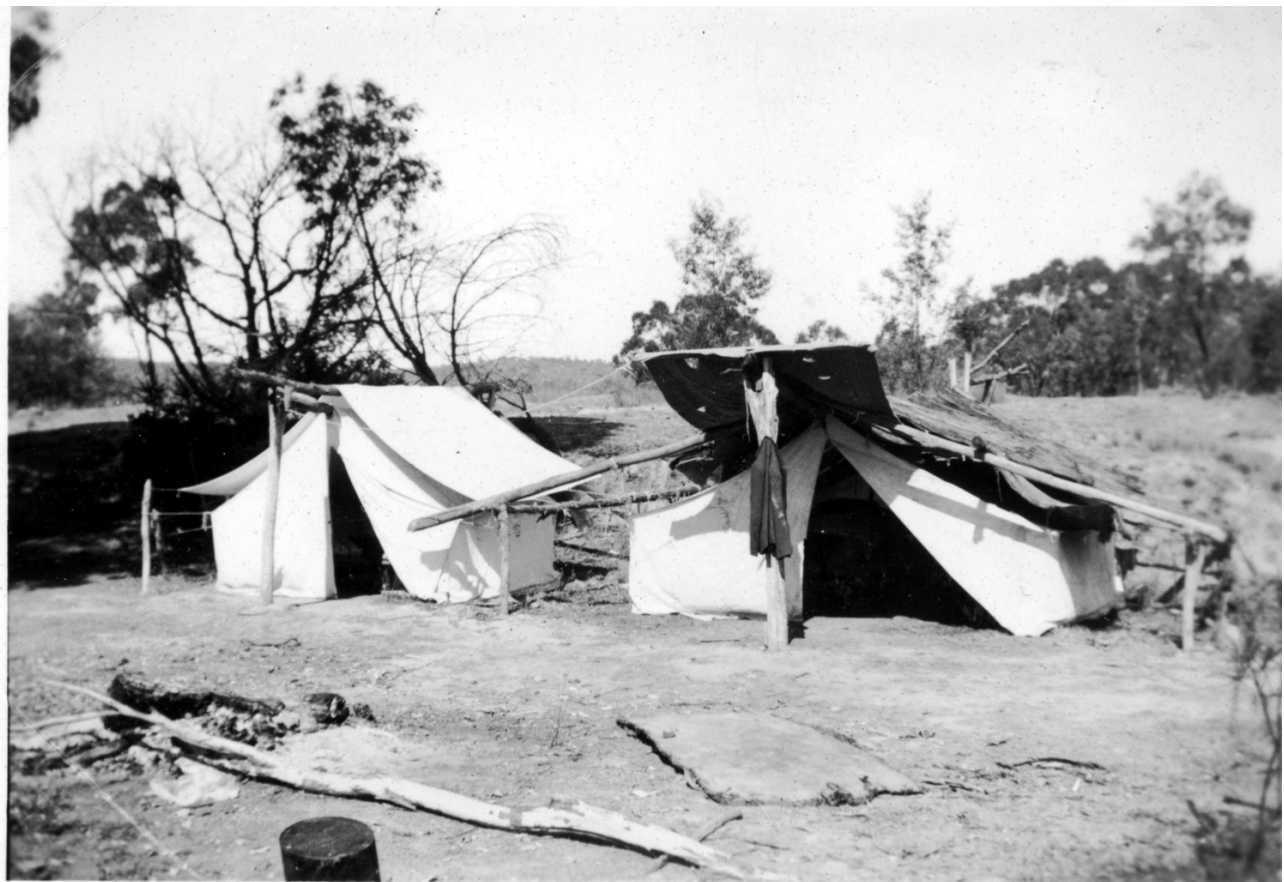
Ern's later years have already been covered in earlier chapters.

¹Ira Willett who later married Auntie Lil.

²See Ovens and Murray Advertiser, 15 Sep 1943, <https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/268251777?searchTerm=Ernest%20Hawking>



Building the State Savings Bank residence at Beechworth. Ern middle left, Skipper back right.



Workers tents at Woolshed Creek, cookhouse on right. The job was to build six cabins and an engine house for a mine.

10.1 Grandma

D2 Lillian Ismay Phyllis Gentle 1885–1976 b. Rutherglen, Vic., d. Beechworth, Vic.



Grandma in her younger days. She was a milliner and probably made the hat. The bottom of the photo was labeled, "With fondest love, Phyllis." It's not clear to whom the love was directed.

For someone so important in my life I know relatively little about my wonderful Grandma, apart from the period when we were in her care. (See Chapter 5.) I know that she grew up in *Kiewa Villa* in Murphy Street, Rutherglen and that she worked as a milliner. Michele says that she used to make costumes and dresses out of crepe paper. Cousin Lynette informs me that in that era, elastic bands were not generally available. Men wore braces and women wore vests to which lower garments were buttoned. The vests were starched and ironed.

Grandma's father was George Gentle and her mother was Jane Ann Smith. She had five siblings: Emily, Vivian, Ida, Ernest and Mabel. Ernest, actually John Thomas Ernest, was killed at Pozières in 1916 and is buried in Bécourt Military Cemetery near Albert in the department of the Somme, in France.

Grandma had a number of funny sayings. When criticizing poor garment quality she would say, "It must have been sewn with a red hot needle and a burning thread!" When criticizing an inferior

pie, "If that's a chicken pie, the chicken must have walked through on stilts!" Jenny remembers her saying, "If wishes were horses beggars would ride." She was fond of the word 'directly', meaning sometime soon-ish, was intolerant of 'tommy rot', meaning naughty behaviour, and called strict disciplinarians, 'tartars'.

Jenny used to have nightmares in which she was threatened by 'boogeymen'. Grandma told her not to worry as the boogeyman would "drop her at the first lamp post!" Jenny also remembers her being fond of the phrase "woe betide" as in, "Woe betide you if ...".

Once Grandma met a friend in the street who told her that one of her family (me I think) had been mentioned on the radio. "What have we Hawkingses done now?? I'm too old to go to gaol!"



HAWKING—GENTLE.

On Wednesday morning the Rev W. Jarrett officiated at the marriage ceremony of Miss Phyllis Gentle, third daughter of Mr and Mrs George Gentle, of Rutherglen, to John Hawking, second son of Mr and Mrs T. Hawking. The marriage ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Kiewa Villa, Murphy Street, at 6.30 a.m. in the presence of a number of friends. Mr Gentle gave his daughter away, and she was attended by Miss C. Smith (cousin) as bridesmaid, while Mr H. Nash was groomsman. The bride was becomingly robed in a pretty bridal gown of white silk trimmed with lace, and the bridesmaid wore a cream silk costume suitably trimmed. After the ceremony was concluded, and the newly wedded couple had received the congratulations of their friends, the wedding breakfast was partaken of. The Rev. W. Jarrett presided over the festive table, and in a very appropriate speech proposed the "Health and happiness of Mr and Mrs Hawking," which was suitably responded to. Mr Nash responded to the toast of "The Bridesmaid," and Mr Daldy proposed "The Parents." Mr and Mrs Hawking left by the morning train to spend their honeymoon in Melbourne. The bride's travelling dress was a torquise blue costume. The bride received a large number of valuable and useful presents.

1912: Grandma and Grandpa's wedding day. Photo from Gordon Hawking. Wedding report from Rutherglen Sun 09 Feb 1912.³ I guess the 06.30 wedding was to enable bride and groom to catch the train.

In contrast to my father and stepmother, Grandma warmly welcomed my [de facto] wife Kathy to the family. In her eighties she gave Kathy a tablecloth which she had embroidered herself.

After Grandpa died, Grandma was totally heart broken and couldn't face living in the house at Murphy Street. For a while the family home was rented out but later Uncle Allen, Ollie and their five children moved in while Grandma lived with Uncle Ray and Helen in Scott Street, Rutherglen with occasional sojourns to Auntie Lil in Wodonga.

When Uncle Ray was dying of cancer in September 1976, Grandma, aged 91, was in hospital in Beechworth. When Ray died, Ern and his siblings didn't tell her but their sad faces must have communicated enough. Grandma said, "It's Ray isn't it?", and died herself within a day or two.

³<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/268634762?searchTerm=hawking%20gentle%20marriage>

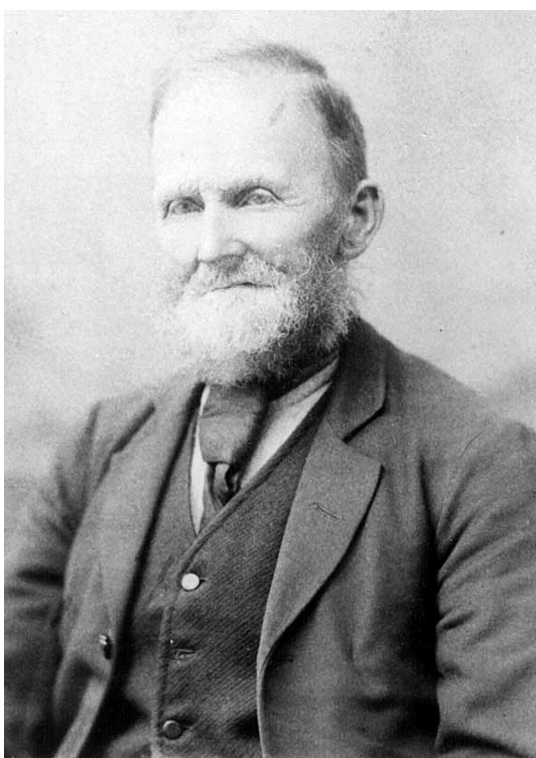
10.2 Grandma's forebears

ⓓ Thomas Gentle 1828–1902 b. Ashwell, England, d. Tangambalanga, Vic.

ⓓ Emily Gentle née Ingrey 1829–1890 b. Newnham, England, d. Tangambalanga, Vic..

ⓓ Ann Smith née Fletcher 1828–1909 b. Gateshead, England, d. Rutherglen, Vic..

ⓓ John Smith 1819–1900 b. Berwick, England, d. Rutherglen, Vic..



Thomas Gentle 1877 – 1902, our great great grandfather. There are no known photos of his wife Emily. The family story is that their son Mark married Lee Monk, who belonged to a church which considered photographs idolatrous, and she burnt them all.

For information about the Gentles and Smiths I am very grateful to my second cousin Julie Wilson who has written about their histories in *Survived Gallipoli, Died in France. – John Thomas Ernest (Ernie) Gentle (1888 – 1916)*,⁴ I am grateful too to my third cousin (once removed) Vivienne Harvey who produced by hand in 1984 a most remarkable Gentle family tree which includes information about the Gentles in England. Viv gave out copies at a family reunion in Eldorado in the 1980s.

The Gentles grew up around the villages of Ashwell and Newnham (Hertfordshire), and Stotfold (Bedfordshire) working as servants, labourers and grooms. Thomas Gentle married Emily Ingrey in Ashwell in 1852 and they sailed for Australia on *Calliope* the following year, arriving in Port Phillip in May, 1853.⁵

⁴ISBN 978 0 646 86319 1.

⁵The Nepean Historical Society list of 'Ships in Quarantine' shows *Calliope* entering quarantine on 16 May 1853. <https://nepeanhistoricalsociety.asn.au/history/quarantine-station/ships-in-quarantine/>

The 1856 Electoral Roll shows Thomas living in Crown Street, Richmond and working as a labourer. Five children (including Grandma's father George) were born in Richmond. Three died and are buried at Melbourne General Cemetery along with Emily's brother, Charles Ingrey.

Thomas walked to Eldorado, Vic. in search of gold. He built a house there. He later returned to Richmond and brought Emily, George and Ann to Eldorado in a bullock dray. Sarah and Mark were born at Eldorado. There were also 2 babies who died shortly after birth.

The surviving children went to Eldorado School. Thomas gradually bought land at Tangambalanga and at some point moved there. According to my second cousin and genealogist Julie Wilson, between 1885 and 1897 he bought a total of 337 acres.⁶ It was prime land along the Kiewa river, and a minor road connecting Tangambalanga with the Gundowring Road is called *Gentle Road*. For some years Hollywood actor Mel Gibson owned some of the land previously owned by Thomas.



The house at 10 Ramsay Rd, Eldorado, Vic. put up for sale in 2021.⁷ The vendors claim that it was built by Thomas Gentle in about 1858.

⁶Email from Julie.

⁷<https://www.realestate.com.au/news/eldorado-oldest-standing-cottage-for-sale-in-victorias-own-city-of-gold/>



Thomas and Emily (Ingrey) Gentle's home in Kiewa/Tangambalanga. *Photo indirectly from Hilda Trabant, a distant relative of ours who may be one of the girls on the verandah.*

The Smiths came from the North East of England – John Smith born in Berwick-on-Tweed and his wife Ann Fletcher in Gateshead, now famous for the *Angel of the North* sculpture. They married in 1847 in Jarrow, later famous for the 1936 Jarrow Crusade,⁸ a protest against unemployment and poverty.

John sailed for Australia in 1852, attracted by the discovery of gold in Victoria and moved from one goldfield to another until he returned to England to bring out his family.

In 1857 John and Ann Smith migrated to Australia aboard *Castilian*, a fully rigged⁹ wooden sailing ship. The highlight of the voyage was, no doubt, the birth of their daughter Jane Ann Smith approximately 10 degrees North, 27 degrees West, between the bulge of Africa and the bulge of South America.

According to Julie Wilson's history of the Smiths/Fletchers, John and Ann originally settled in Chiltern, Vic, but moved to Rutherglen in 1860:¹⁰

John worked for the Rutherglen Council for many years. In 1863 he was appointed to supervise the construction of Rutherglen streets. Murphy Street, where the Smith Family lived was one of the first of seven streets to be constructed. John was paid £3/12/6 per week. By October when the Borough of Rutherglen was declared, Main Street was a well-formed metal road and the road was lit at night by kerosene lights. By the end of 1863 the roads were so advanced that John's work was reduced to two days a week and only paid £2 per week. In addition his duties included cleaning and lighting the street lamps. John became a rate collector in 1865.

By 1870 John had become a 'Collector and Inspector'. In 1874 his job was expanded to include Town Hall keeper, lamp lighter and dog officer.

In his retirement, John proved himself a talented painter in oils, in addition to general house painting. Julie's book includes an excellent example.

⁸https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jarrow_March

⁹https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Full-rigged_ship

¹⁰Julie H. Wilson, *Survived Gallipoli, Died in France. – John Thomas Ernest (Ernie) Gentle (1888 – 1916)*, ISBN 978 0 646 86319 1. p. 27

Ann Smith's occupation at her death was recorded as 'nurse'. In her obituary in the Rutherglen Sun of 21 May 1909¹¹ we find:

In the early days, the late Mrs Smith was looked upon as a good Samaritan among young mothers on the field and wherever sickness was she was bound to be found administering to those who were in pain and trying to help others who were sitting at the death bedside, with good cheer until the services of a doctor could be obtained from Chiltern and in later years from Corowa. It is known that on many occasions, in the depth of winter on a cold and wet night she would respond to the call of a neighbour, or settler living miles out of the town, leaving her home to go and assist at the bedside of a sick mother and child.

Twenty years ago, and previous to that, when there were no medical man residing in this town, the late Mrs Smith, like the late T.H. Ready, was always to be found in the home of both rich and poor when some member of the family was stricken down. Many a young man and woman of the district have had their lives preserved in the time of sickness by the good offices of the deceased lady.

Having one of those fine genial dispositions, which is loved by everybody and so often found in the fine old pioneers of this State, the patients at once had confidence in the nurse. In the history of Rutherglen for close on 49 years, thousands of generous acts can be attributed to the deceased lady and during her residence of nearly half a century everyone knew her – old and young- always had a kind word and a word of praise for her.



1900: Ann Smith née Fletcher, Grandma's grandmother.

¹¹<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/268708671?searchTerm=ann%20smith>

10.2.1 Grandma's parents

D3 George Gentle 1855–1934 b. Richmond, Vic., d. Rutherglen, Vic..

D3 Jane Ann Gentle née Smith 1857–1915 b. at sea, d. Rutherglen, Vic..

According to Julie Wilson's book,¹² George Gentle was a miner in Eldorado when he married Jane Ann Smith in Rutherglen in 1877. Four years later he became an employee of the Victorian Railways, stationed in Wangaratta, and the family moved to a house in Murphy Street Rutherglen. He travelled from Rutherglen to Wangaratta each Monday morning and returned for the weekend. George was described as a skilled labourer and, at the time of his retirement, worked as a ganger on the Rutherglen-Springhurst line. He was retired from the railways in 1911 after being found to have defective vision.

George and Jane had two sons and four daughters. When Jane died in 1915, the cause of death was listed as "disease of the brain: convulsions",¹³ from which she had suffered for seven years. A year after Jane died, their son John Thomas Ernest (Ernie) was killed in France, having survived Gallipoli.

Julie records that, when George died in 1934 (arteriosclerosis and heart failure), he left a piano to his granddaughter, our Auntie Lil. Michele remembers it in her house in Wodonga. He also left land in Murphy Street to his eldest daughter Emily Maria Skey.

George and Jane are buried in Carlyle Cemetery, Rutherglen.



c. 1902: George and Jane Gentle's home in Murphy St Rutherglen, known as Kiewa Villa, since destroyed by fire. L to R: Phyllis Gentle (Grandma), Ernest Gentle, Mabel Gentle, Ann Smith née Fletcher, Jane Ann Gentle née Smith, Ida Gentle. The three children (front right) are from the Fiddes family, who are somehow related. Photo from Gordon Hawking.

¹²Julie H. Wilson, *Survived Gallipoli, Died in France. – John Thomas Ernest (Ernie) Gentle (1888 – 1916)*, ISBN 978 0 646 86319 1. pp. 11–15

¹³Epilepsy?



c. 1903: Four generations: Harold Skey (Grandma's nephew), Jane Ann Gentle (Smith, Grandma's mother), Ann Smith (Fletcher, Grandma's grandmother), Emily Skey (Gentle, Grandma's sister).



L: 1910: George Gentle, Grandma's father. R: A pair of Wedgwood Dolls brought to Australia in the 1850s by the Gentles. They are about 45 cm high and for some reason Auntie Lil thought I should have them.

10.3 Grandma's relatives

Grandma's brother Viv (William Harold Vivian) Gentle followed his wife Edith's family to Kyogle, NSW. He lived there for many years and, as mentioned previously, was visited by Ern and his brother Ray on more than one occasion. In 1947 Viv and Edith moved to Camperdown to live with their daughter Norma. Unfortunately, three weeks after arrival Viv lost most of his arm in a chainsaw accident. He was fitted with a leather prosthesis with a screw fitting at the end. Norma's husband Ed helped modify a fork and spoon to fit the prosthesis.¹⁴ I remember visiting the relatives in Camperdown in the 1960s and being impressed by Uncle Viv's proficiency.



c. 1936: Ern with Norma Gentle (Ern's cousin, Viv's daughter, and Julie Wilson's mother) in Kyogle. *Photo from Gordon Hawking.*

Grandma Hawking's aunt Sarah Gentle married William Harvey in 1885¹⁵ and three of their children lived in land along Loch Street, Beechworth. Ruby May Harvey married Albert Marks and they lived with Ruby's widowed sister Elsie at 27 Loch Street. Ruby's brother Roy Harvey lived on Loch Street too, at 2 William St. Ruby and Albert had daughters Heather and Shirley, and son Graham. Shirley eventually married an Englishman Les (Sandy) Powell and they lived in a house between Roy Harvey's and the Markses, at 1 William St. In 1949 Heather married the Rev Reginald Huxtable who died in 1953 and for a long time Heather lived with her mother.

¹⁴Email from Norma's daughter Julie Wilson 14 Nov 2023.

¹⁵Vic. BDM

Prior to marrying Margaret, Ern had boarded for many years with the Marks family – he used to ride his bike from his home in Rutherglen on Sunday afternoon and return to Rutherglen at the end of the working week. The ride was quite challenging – 28 miles (45km) and a very steep climb up the La Serena hill on a heavy bike without gears. Coming down La Serena was usually easy but Ern told me that riding down it on a freezing day once caused his arms and fingers to seize up, resulting in him falling off. Another challenge was Gidleys Gap, steep enough to require dray drivers to cut down trees at the top of the hill and drag them behind to enable a safe descent.

Until Ern married Dorn he used to visit Les and Shirley Powell quite often.



1943?: Shirley and Les Powell on their wedding day.

The interesting story of Les Powell

[DH: *The material presented here is summarized from a Tribute presented at Les's funeral and from discussions with his daughter Robyn Meurant.*]

Les Powell (later known as Sandy, presumably after the popular British comedian) was born in Hammersmith, London on 13 September 1919. I believe his parents were Ethel and Ernest Powell. He came to Australia at the age of two, with his grandmother, his mother's sister Winifred Bates, and her husband. It's not clear why Les's parents didn't keep him. Possibly because his grandmother died, he ended up in an orphanage on Phillip Island at about age 14.

At the time he enlisted in the army^a (08 September, 1941) Les was working as a farm hand on a property in Devenish in Victoria. In April 1945, he joined the 73rd Australian Transport Platoon as a truck driver and was sent to New Guinea.

In early 1943 Les was stationed in Bandiana (Wodonga) and walked, in uniform, past Shirley Marks, who was at the time staying with Auntie Lil and Uncle Skipper in Wodonga. Shirley and Les got talking, fell in love, and married soon after. The photo above was taken on their wedding day. Two weeks after the wedding Les was back in the army.

Les came home from the war suffering from malaria. He and Shirley bought a block of land at 1 William Street, Beechworth and built a house next to Shirley's parents. Les worked at the tannery with Shirley's father Albert, and presumably with Ern. He worked there until the tannery closed, after which he delivered soft drinks for Murray Breweries. He then went to work for Shirley's cousin Roy Harvey at the newsagency in Camp St. When Roy sold up, Les opened a gift shop in Ford St.

Shirley and Les had three children: Cheryl, Robyn, and Glenn.

Les was an inveterate committee member. Shirley said he was in everything but the Girl Guides. For example he was Secretary of the Fire Brigade for 44 years, Treasurer of the Football Club for 49, President of the Progress Association, President of the Ovens District Hospital, and Shire President for a term.

As a footballer he played on the wing and, after retiring as a player, served as a charismatic goal umpire.

Driving to Melbourne very early in the morning with Cheryl for the funeral of his uncle, he fell asleep and crashed into the stone bridge at Avenel. In those days, cars had no seatbelts, airbags, crumple zones, steering autocorrection, or emergency braking. He spent three months in Royal Melbourne Hospital and emerged with a lifelong limp. Cheryl fortunately defied predictions that she would not live.

^aInformation about his war service from <https://recordsearch.naa.gov.au/SearchNRetrieve/Interface/ViewImage.aspx?B=6629610>



John Thomas Ernest (Ernie) Gentle, Grandma's younger brother.

(N2) John Thomas Ernest (Ernie) Gentle 1888–1916, b. Rutherglen, Vic, d. Pozières, France.

Ernie Gentle lived with his brother Viv in Kyogle before joining the AIF and being sent first to Gallipoli and then to the Western Front. His story is very well documented in Julie Wilson's book, *Survived Gallipoli, Died in France*.

10.4 Grandpa

(D2) John (Jack) Hawking 1889–1958, b. Vaughan, Vic, d. Rutherglen, Vic.

Jack Hawking was an authoritarian figure. Auntie Lil said that, at dinner time, Grandma and the five children would sit down at the table, then Grandpa would knock on the door to signal the time for silence. In addition to his work as a grocer he also repaired and sold bicycles. Cousin Gordon says that he imported bicycle parts to build bikes. After Grandpa's death they found a stack of brand new mudguards separated by oiled paper.

Grandpa punished Ern severely after he damaged his bike when he rode it into a drain. He himself was forced to learn to swim when accompanying his father Thaddeus to the Great Southern Mine. He and some other young boys were rolling pipes into an 80 foot (24m) deep mine shaft full of water when a foreman caught them. He threw them into the shaft, heedless of their inability to swim, as a punishment!

Corporal punishment in the 1950s and 1960s



1960s: Primary teachers at Beechworth State School: Back row: Heather Malsem, Isabelle Rosengren, Mrs Coad, ?? Burns, Mary Greig. Front row: Barry Cruickshank, Kevin Nicholl, Jack Shilcock, Keith Bernaldo. I was taught by Rosengren, Cruickshank, Nicholl and Bernaldo. *Photo posted by Doug Malsem on on Historic Photographs of Beechworth Australia. A comment says, "Mr Cruickshank was the best teacher ever."*

Those were the days as far as punishments were concerned, and they continued into our

childhood, though NOT in our family. One of my classmates at primary school sometimes had bruises where his father hit him with the plug end of the iron cord. Ern told me never to flick a tea towel, as a small boy in town lost an eye as a result of a towel flick by his father. In Grade 5, our teacher was Mr Cruickshank who, several times a day, took boys into the back room and gave them 'the cuts' with a leather belt to the held-out hand. One day he was particularly irascible – "The next person to make a sound will get to shake hands with the black devil." A boy called Laos Balog whispered, "That won't be me!" But it was. Strangely, we students loved Mr Cruickshank and, by the end of the year, strappings were at a minimum.

Late in his life Jenny asked Ern, "You never once punished us or hit us when we were children. How come?" He said, "Ah, that must have been where I went wrong!"

Jack Hawking was captain of the fire brigade and whenever the town had need of a parade they would call upon him to lead it. In his uniform and mounted on a horse he cut quite a dash. He retired from the Rutherglen Urban Fire Brigade in 1951 after 37 years of continuous service. An article in *The Border Morning Mail*¹⁶ reported on a social evening held to honor him. Many tributes were reported including:

Mr Fullerton also said that Capt Hawking was a grand leader. The discipline that had been taught to the younger members of the brigade had caused the Rutherglen unit to rank high throughout the state. As a footballer, cyclist and member of the Rutherglen Brass Band he was always held in high regard.

In responding, Grandpa Jack was reported as follows:

... It was his wife and family who had often made it possible for him to carry on. When the bell summoned them [him?] to a fire one would pop on his helmet and another would have his cycle out on the road.

These days it must surely be rare that a fire captain turns out to a fire on their bicycle!

Cousin Lynette says that after retiring as Captain, Jack deliberately stopped attending meetings to help his successor establish his authority. After a while his successor asked him to resume attending and sit at the back as his presence was necessary to maintain order! Lynette also says that he was asked to play a similar role at gatherings of a district-wide methodist youth group. He must have had quite a presence. It is interesting that two of his grandparents were convicts.

In those days, fire brigades held competitive demos (demonstrations)¹⁷ and even quite small towns boasted a demo track. This was a wide bitumen track with fire hydrants at one end and a mobile tower with a target at the other. In one type of event, competing brigades would line up at one end of the track, run the hose reel to the other end to roll out the hose, plug in a hydrant connect up the hose and then blast the target with water from the hose. Ern was very fond of the demos and took us to events in Beechworth, Rutherglen and I think Myrtleford too. Les (Sandy) Powell (see Page 164) was a member of the Beechworth fire brigade from 1946:

"[Les] was a fast sprinter in his day and was made the hydrant man. He ran with the hose and reel at all the demonstrations until one day the reel ran over his foot, breaking it."

[DH: From the Tribute read at Les's funeral.]

¹⁶<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/267886018?searchTerm=Capt%20Hawking%20Fullerton>

¹⁷<https://www.vfbv.com.au/index.php/champs/championships/history>



Grandpa Jack leading a parade in Rutherglen.



L: Grandpa Jack in his uniform. R: Grandpa Jack dresses as a student at a 1948 Rutherglen school 'back to'.

Grandma and Grandpa claimed to be the first in the district to have a wireless. I think there was another first-in-the-district claim but I don't remember what it was. They were also early adopters of motor cars. Cousin John says that they had a 1934 Chevrolet and before that possibly a 1926 Chevrolet soft top. Cousin Lynette remembers Grandpa cleaning the car every Sunday morning. It was expensive to run and Grandpa used to claim that it cost a pound to drive it out of the garage and clean it!

Lynette remembers driving with cousin Gwenda and Grandpa to pick up cousin Neil (and presumably Auntie Ollie) from Springhurst after Neil had been in hospital in Melbourne. She says that the car had no boot and that suitcases were put on the running board and secured with a leather strap through the window. In 1951, Grandpa and Uncle Skipper drove to the Morris Medal¹⁸ count to see if Uncle Norm had won. When driving to the football Grandpa would not display the Rutherglen Redlegs colours but if they won, the flags and ribbons would be flying proudly on the way home.

Lynette says that Grandpa was interested in buying a small car, probably a Morris Minor which debuted in 1948, but he couldn't fit behind the steering wheel.



A 1934 Chevrolet Standard Sedan. Photo from <https://collectableclassiccars.com.au/sold-cars/just-arrived-1934-chevrolet-standard-sedan>

Grandpa Jack died when I was only five but I remember visiting him at the grocery shop (Aitken and Fullerton) where he worked. He gave me a pictorial book, bound in tartan, of Scottish tartans. At the time I didn't fully appreciate it and didn't understand the reason he gave it to me. It was possibly because of Margaret's Scots connection. (Aitken was a Scot who was the founding president of the Caledonian Society of Rutherglen with daughters called Fern and Thistle, but he died in 1937.¹⁹) I still have the book (which doesn't include a Hunter tartan) and I sometimes wonder what he thought about Margaret's adoption – whether he thought that there should have been more connection between Margaret and her biological parents.

¹⁸For Best and Fairest player in the Ovens and Murray Aussie Rules league.

¹⁹<https://artsrutherglen.com.au/portals/portal-1-aitken-and-fullerton-grocers/>

10.4.1 Jack Hawking's forebears

This section relies very heavily on genealogical research carried out over years by our cousin Gordon, to whom I am very grateful. I have made extensive use of the *Gordon Hawking Family Tree* on Ancestry.com (owner HAWKINGG).

D3 Thaddeus Paul Hawking 1855–1922, b. Stoke Damerel, Devon, d. Mooroopna, Vic.

Grandma used to tell us that the Hawkings came from Cornwall. It turns out that that's almost but not quite true. Jack's father Thaddeus Paul Hawking was born in the parish of Stoke Damerel,²⁰ now part of Plymouth on the Devon side of the border with Cornwall. His father George John Hawking, son of Thomas Hawking and Sarah Down, was also born in Stoke Damerel. On Thaddeus's birth certificate George's occupation is said to be 'mason' and on his death certificate George is said to be a 'police constable'. The 1881 UK census lists him as a Master Mason, employing 3 men and 2 boys. Perhaps 'police constable' was a guess or even a joke. Probate granted to his widow in 1884 shows his estate was valued at £420, worth about \$A85,000 now.



2019: Stoke Damerel Church. St. Andrew with St. Luke. A history of the church²¹ records that, in the century following the establishment of the naval dock, Stoke Damerel became the "largest [English] town west of Bristol." Eventually Stoke was absorbed into Plymouth.

There is a stronger Cornish connection on Thaddeus's mother's side. His mother Elizabeth Roberts, daughter of Solomon Roberts and Margaret Langsford, was born in St Pinnock, a village near Liskeard in Cornwall. Liskeard was the centre of a mining district very active in the middle

²⁰https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stoke,_Plymouth

²¹<https://www.stokedamerel.church/Publisher/File.aspx?ID=278101>

decades of the 19th century. Margaret Langsford was born in Landulph on the Cornish side of the Tamar River, close to Isambard Kingdom Brunel's famous Royal Albert Bridge.

George and Elizabeth had seven children of whom Thaddeus was the eldest.

(D5) Thomas Hawking 1787–1855 b. ?, d. Stoke Damerel, Devon.

(D5) Sarah Hawking née Down, 1791–1861, b. Knackers Knowle (Plymouth), Devon d. Stoke Damerel, Devon.

(D5) Solomon Roberts 1799–1852 b. Liskeard, Cornwall, d. Liskeard, Cornwall.

(D5) Margaret Roberts née Langsford, 1803–?, b. Landulph, Cornwall d. ?

(D4) George John Hawking 1829–1884 b. Stoke Damerel, Devon, d. Stoke Damerel, Devon.

(D4) Elizabeth Hawking née Roberts, 1855–1895, b. Liskeard, Cornwall, d. Stoke Damerel, Devon.

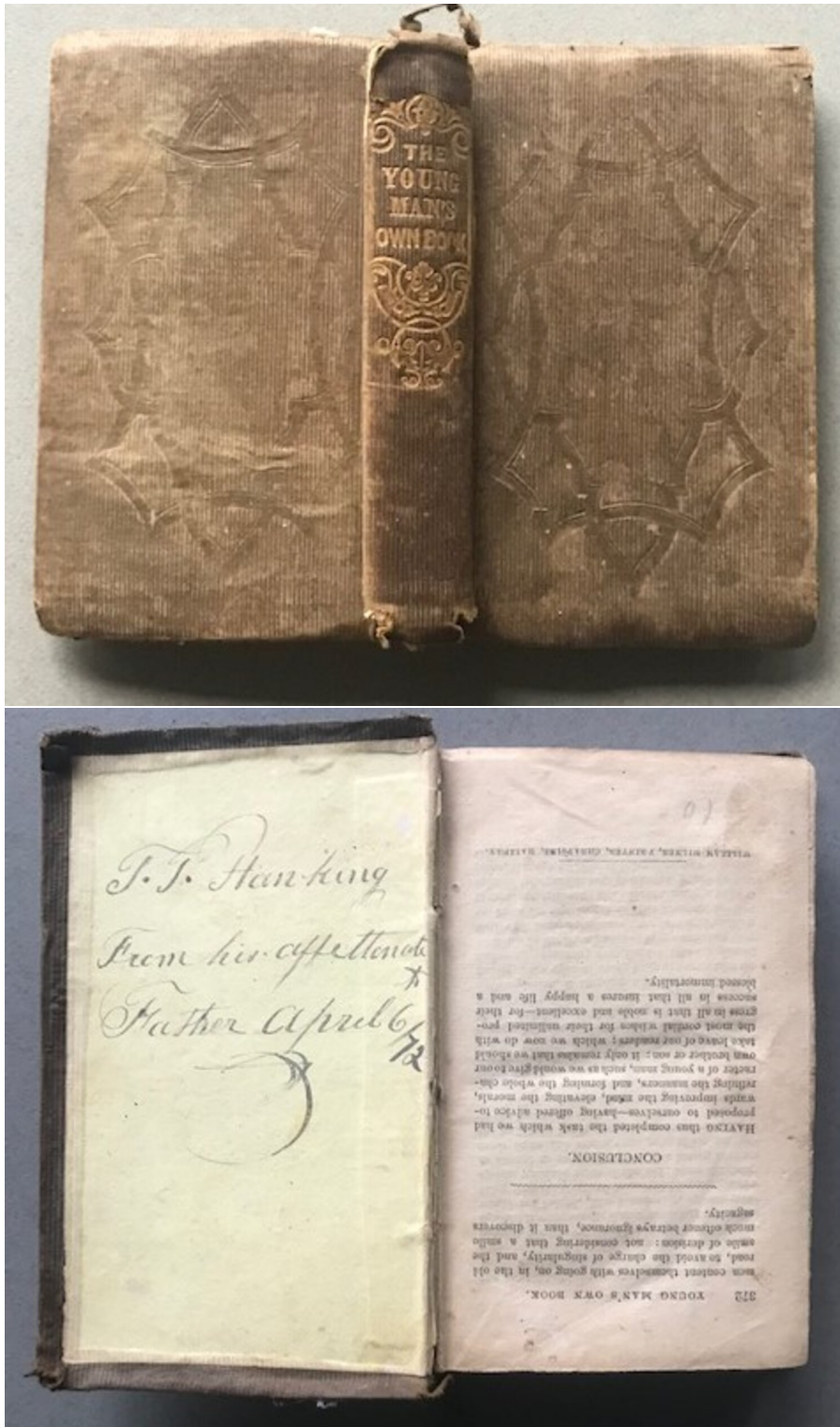
Cousin Gordon has traced the family a fair bit further back, including using DNA searches, and suspects that there are family connections to Captain Jack Hawkins (naval hero, pirate and slave trader), Sir Francis Drake (naval hero), and Stephen Hawking (famous cosmologist).

In 1872, when Thaddeus left Plymouth on the *Queen of Nations* for Melbourne he was a 16 year old baker. I presume he went to Victoria in search of gold as in 1877 was listed as a miner in Vaughan, Victoria. There was a family attraction to Vaughan:

- Thaddeus's uncle Solomon Roberts (1826 – 1885) migrated from Liverpool to Australia in 1857 and died in Vaughan in 1885. His wife Jane Wood had died in Menheniot (near Liskeard), Cornwall in 1853.
- Solomon's daughter Elizabeth Ann Roberts (1850 – 1876) migrated to Melbourne in 1863, married Joseph Tinker in Castlemaine in 1869 and gave birth to four children in Vaughan. She died in Vaughan in 1876.

At the time of her marriage to John Williams in 1892, Elizabeth's sister Mary Emma Roberts was also living in Vaughan, though, according to the UK census, she was still living in Cornwall in 1881.

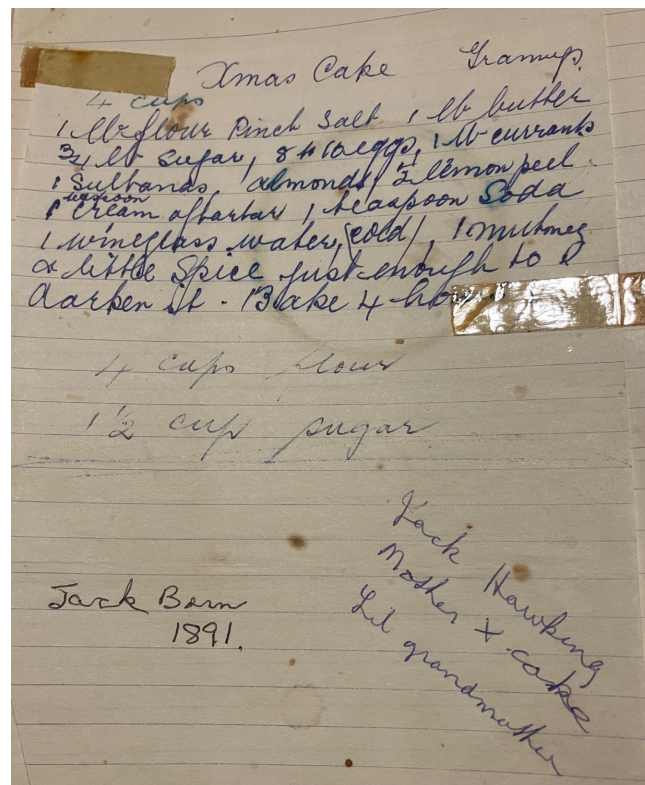
A few days before Thaddeus's departure from Plymouth his father gave him a book. By a small miracle that book is still around today. It was found on the Rutherglen tip by someone who knew the family and gave it to Auntie Lil, who passed it on to cousin Gordon. The most likely explanation is that it had been in the possession of Thaddeus's daughter (our great aunt) Alice Ready and was thrown out when her house was cleared after her death.



The book given to Thaddeus Hawking by his father George in 1872: covers, and inscription written upside down in the back. *From The THADDEUS HAWKING STORY Part 1 7/9/2021 by Gordon Hawking.*

D3 Amelia Hawking née Mills 1855–1926, b. Launceston, Tas, d. Rutherglen, Vic.

In 1877 Thaddeus married Amelia Mills in nearby Castlemaine. Amelia was the daughter of convicts Phillis Lockyer and Henry Mills who had been transported to Van Diemens Land. Their stories are told in Chapter 11 starting on Page 187.



Amelia Hawking's (née Mills) Christmas cake recipe, recorded in Auntie Lil's recipe book, now in Michele's custody.

Tragedy struck Thaddeus and Amelia in 1889, in the form of 'black measles', a severe form of measles characterised by bleeding under the skin. According to an item in *The Australian Town and Country Journal* of 12 October 1889²² three of Jack's siblings died of this disease and other lives were in the balance. By the time of Thaddeus's death, six of his 12 children were already dead.

Black Measles.

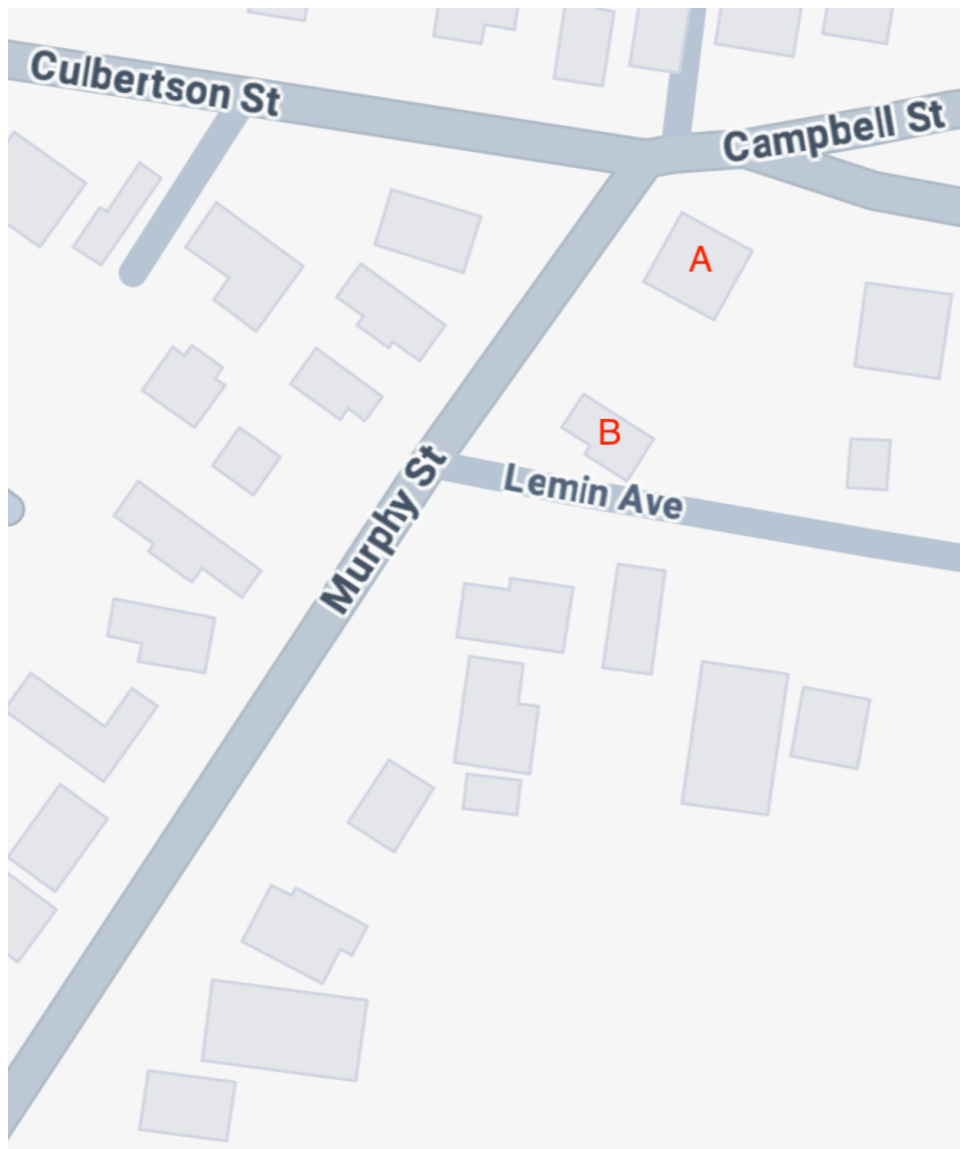
MELBOURNE, Saturday.—A third member of the Hawkins family at Vaughan, has succumbed to the disease known as black or German measles. Several other members of the same household are in a very precarious state from the same disease, and other families in the district are affected.

According to electoral rolls Thaddeus moved around Victoria quite a lot. In 1903, 1906, and 1909 he was a miner in Rutherglen. In 1912 and 1913 he was mining coal in Wonthaggi. In 1914 and 1915 he was in Tallangatta working in rail construction. In 1922 he was a labourer in Rutherglen.

Curiously, Amelia's oldest child (making a total of 13 births) was called Mills (his mother's name) rather than Hawking. George Robe Mills was born in 1875 in Fryerstown, two years prior to Amelia and Thaddeus's marriage. George's birth certificate records his father as U.Mills – presumably U stands for 'Unknown'.

At some point the family moved from Vaughan to Rutherglen. In 1922, Thaddeus went to Shepparton to visit his daughters Phyllis and Louisa. Unfortunately he became ill there and died in the Mooropna hospital. He is buried in the Shepparton cemetery.

²²<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/71124452?browse=ndp%3Abrowse%2Ftitle%2FA%2Ftitle%2F52%2F1889%2F10%2F12%2Fpage%2F5435574%2Farticle%2F71124452>



Murphy Street Rutherglen. The ‘wine bottle water tower’ is a short distance up Campbell St. At some point in time, Jack’s parents Thaddeus and Amelia bought the house marked B, and the house marked A was occupied by the Dunbar family. George Robe Mills married his next door neighbour Catherine Ann Elizabeth Dunbar. They had two children. For some period of time the Gentle family lived in another house in Murphy Street, and Lillian Ismay Phyllis Gentle (Grandma) married her neighbour Jack Hawking. Later, Jack and Phyllis acquired house A and lived there together until Jack’s death in 1958. The Smiths also lived in Murphy Street! – “That’s when good neighbours become good friends!”

10.4.2 Jack Hawking’s siblings

(N2) Phyllis Hawking 1883–1931, b. Vaughan, Vic. d. Mooroopna, Vic.

According to electoral rolls, Jack’s sister Phyllis was: a Saleswoman in Rutherglen in 1903 and 1909; occupied with Home Duties at the Terminus Hotel, Bairnsdale in 1913; and Housemaid in Mansfield in 1916 and 1917. In 1920 the *Police Gazette* reports that she was a victim of jewellery theft while working as a barmaid at the Victoria Hotel, Shepparton.²³

²³https://www.ancestry.com.au/discoveryui-content/view/711716:60885?tid=&pid=&queryId=f91a1092-7669-462d-b2e6-8888280e3c21&_phsrc=fh1197&_phstart=successSource

HOUSEBREAKING AND STEALING FROM DWELLING-HOUSES.

ADAMS, W., agent, Victoria Hotel, Shepparton, reports stolen from a bedroom, in the hotel, on the 27th or 28th inst., a dark navy-blue serge suit of clothes, "J. Melvor, maker," on inside of collar.

HAWKING, PHYLLIS, barmaid, reports stolen, at the same time and place, a gold chain necklet, green stone in centre, and green stone drop.—O.17174. 31st October, 1920.

In 1920, she appeared in the Petty Sessions Court, Shepparton in connection with running an illegal lottery (actually a sweep.) She was fined £2.²⁴

(N2) Henry George Hawking 1885–1949, b. Vaughan, Vic. d. West Melbourne, Vic.

Jack's brother Henry had a reputation for drinking. He joined Victoria Police at their Russell Street headquarters but was dismissed after less than 18 months for drunkenness. He lived the rest of his life in Melbourne and worked on the railways.

(N2) Joseph Paul Hawking 1892–1951, b. Box Hill, Vic. d. Rutherglen, Vic.

Joseph enlisted in the army in Tallangatta on 28 Feb 1916. He transferred to the the 10th Light Trench Mortar Battery on 8 August 1916, and proceeded to France on 20 November 1916, before being wounded in action on 20 January 1917, later diagnosed with shell shock. He had a miserable war, spending 56 days in hospital with gonorrhoea, before returning to Australia on 03 March 1919 suffering from defective vision. He was discharged from the army on 28 June 1919. Prior to enlistment Joseph was a railway porter, and may have worked on the construction of the railway between Wodonga and Cudgewa.

I suspect Joseph was scarred for life by his war experiences and remember Ern telling me that Grandpa Jack had once rushed off to rescue his brother in crisis.

The 10th Light Trench Mortar Battery was part of the 3rd Division, AIF which was raised as part of the expansion of the AIF in 1916. The 3rd Division was commanded by General John Monash. Quoting from a War Memorial article about Joseph's Battery, it's clear that operating a trench mortar was not a pleasant activity.

Trench Mortar Batteries would have been high on the list of priority targets for enemy counter battery fire – fired by heavy artillery. Mortars have a distinctive firing signature and tend to draw unwanted attention to themselves and their neighbours. This meant they may not be the most welcome of companions in the front line! Many of the casualties sustained by mortar battery personnel would have been thus inflicted. The other vulnerability lay with their being relatively close to the Front Line and thus potentially vulnerable to gas attack and enemy infantry raiding parties.²⁵

²⁴https://www.ancestry.com.au/imageviewer/collections/62626/images/i3118338-00984?treeid=&personid=&rc=&queryId=db049cfc-d3a8-47a8-b024-18987685a427&usePUB=true&_phsrc=fh1194&_phstart=successSource&pId=2075244 - https://www.ancestry.com.au/discoveryui-content/view/2075252:62626?tid=&pid=&queryId=00db7d3b-28b5-4c8c-81b4-ffe206fdd822&_phsrc=fh1192&_phstart=successSource

²⁵Last paragraph of <https://vwma.org.au/explore/units/452>



This photo (dated 25 April, 1919) of the Hawking family taken after the return of Joseph Hawking from the 1914 – 1918 war. Back row: Phillis Hawking, Joseph Hawking, Fred Pallot, Alice Ready (née Hawking), Jack Hawking [our grandfather]. Front row: Amelia Hawking [our great grandmother], Louisa Pallot (née Hawking) & Margery, Phyllis Hawking (née Gentle) [our grandmother] & Allen, Thaddeus Paul Hawking [our great grandfather] & Lillian. *Caption supplied by Lillian [our Auntie Lil].*

N2 Alice Ready née Hawking 1894–1972, b. Box Hill, Vic. d. Rutherglen, Vic.

Jack's sister Alice married Royston Ready (1891 – 1969) and lived in High St., Rutherglen (number 92 when street numbers came in) a short distance from Jack and Phyllis. The house is now a BnB called Ready Cottage. A web site for the BnB,²⁶ states: "Built in the late 1890s by Roy Ready, it was the family home for many years. Roy was a local builder, undertaker and served on the local council." [DH: That refers to Alice's husband's father who was also called Royston.] I remember visiting Auntie Alice with Grandma and sitting on the verandah. We had to walk past the convent and Grandma warned me not to go out with a catholic girl – "They'll make you turn!"

Downsides to both of Royston Ready's occupations.

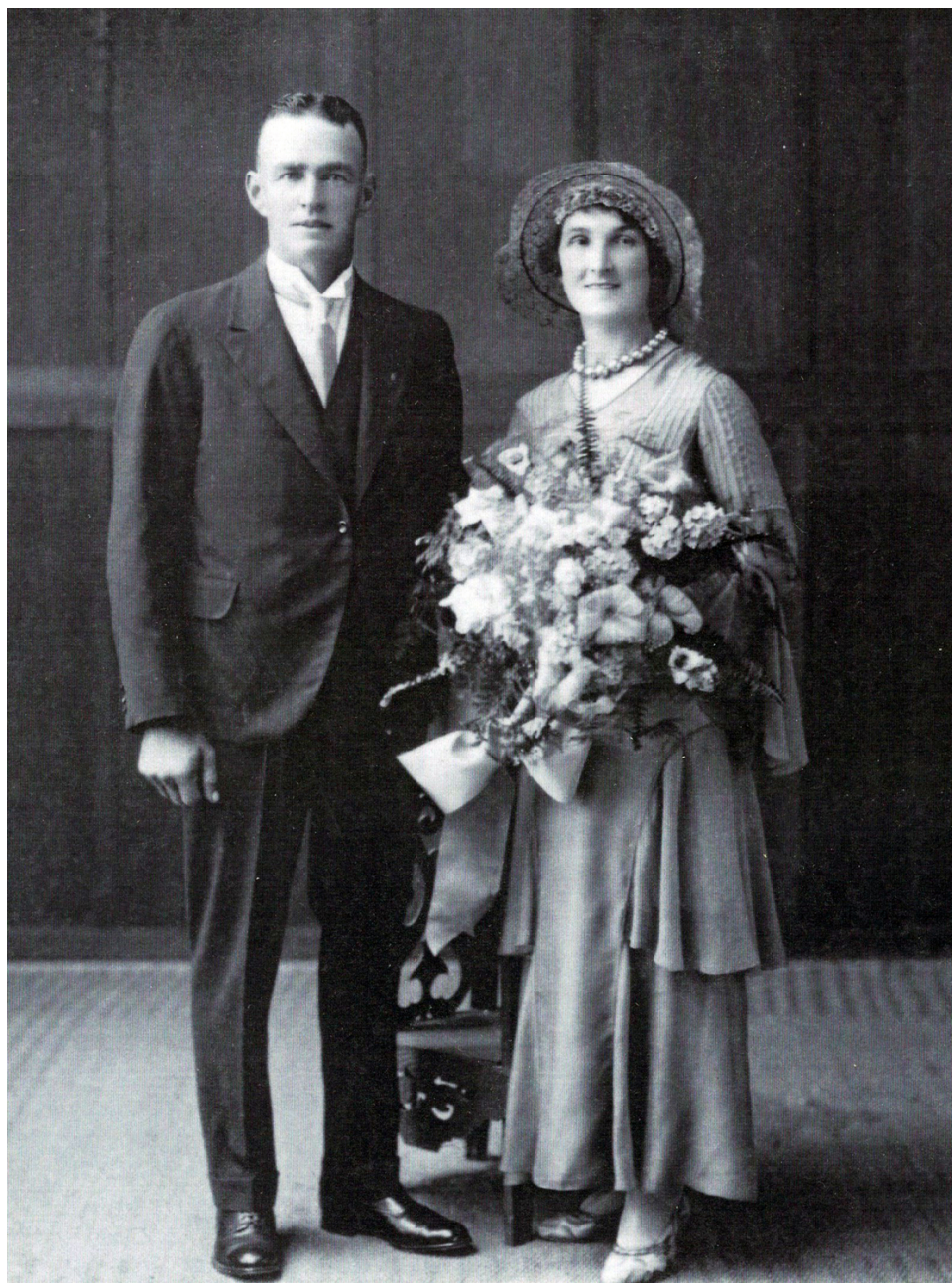
Cousin Lynette spent holidays in Rutherglen, and was often in the company of cousin Gwenda. Lynette also occasionally had lunch with her great aunt Alice. She remembers two occasions when Alice's husband Roy came home for lunch in an unhappy state.

Once was when, as undertaker, he was required to exhume the body of a woman buried four months previously, to retrieve a valuable ring mistakenly left on the body.

The second was when, as a builder, he'd installed a septic tank for a client. It wasn't working, so Roy had taken the lid off his own septic and extracted a container of bacteria-rich soup to activate the client's.

Despite this unpleasantness, Lynette says that Alice delighted in acquiring, wearing, and modelling the latest fashion.

²⁶<https://www.truelocal.com.au/business/ready-cottage/rutherglen>



1931: The wedding of Alice Hawking and Royston Ready.

(N2) Louisa Pallot née Hawking 1898–1974, b. Rutherglen, Vic. d. Adaminaby, NSW

Louisa, known as Louie in the family, was Jack's youngest sister and she was very musical. The *Federal Standard*, Chiltern, Vic reported two performances in Barnawartha in 1915.²⁷ The report of the first, held on 06 March 1915 under the auspices of the Barnawartha cricket club, stated:

A feature of the entertainment was the singing of [Miss] Hawking, who rendered no less than five items. Her numbers were – 'In the garden of my heart', 'My hero', 'Rose of my heart', 'Killarney', and 'Summer dreams'.

For the concert on 19 May 1915 in aid of the Roman Catholic church, the report said:

The programme supplied was one of the best presented to a Barnawartha audience for some time, the items rendered by Miss Hawking (Rutherglen) being well worth the price for admission alone.

²⁷<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/130650641?searchTerm=barnawartha%20concert%20hawking>

Louisa married Frederick Pallot in Corowa, NSW on 09 May 1918. At some point they changed their family name to Palmer-Pallot. Descendants call themselves Palmer.

10.5 The lure of gold

In the second half of the nineteenth century, the Victorian gold rushes proved a strong attraction to our forebears, as illustrated in the following table:

Forebear	Arrived in Vic.	Goldfield	Ship
John Smith	1852	Bendigo	Brooksby
Thomas and Emily Gentle	1853	Eldorado	Calliope
Henry and Phillis Mills	1856	Fryerstown	Maid of the Yarra ²⁸
John and Ann Smith	1857	Chiltern, Rutherglen	Castillian
Thaddeus Hawking	1872	Vaughan	Queen of Nations
John Carter	1878	?	Kent?

The John Carter arriving in Melbourne on the *Kent* listed his occupation as 'goldseeker' but he doesn't appear to have gone to a goldfield and he may not be Iolen Hunter's father John Potts Carter (JPC2).

Amelia Mills was only a year old when she made the voyage from Launceston to Melbourne with her parents. She would have been about 17 in 1872 when Thaddeus Hawking arrived in Vaughan, only 6km from Fryerstown. They married in 1877.

Fryerstown and Vaughan are quite close to Castlemaine but, unlike it, have declined significantly since the goldrush days when large quantities of gold were extracted. *Reminiscences of Fryerstown*²⁹ includes a table of large gold nuggets found in the area, of which the largest was the *Heron*, weighing 1023 ounces of near pure gold. Today³⁰ the gold price is A\$3651 per ounce, meaning the nugget would now be worth A\$3.7m! Ironically, when extracted it was found to have three or four pick marks made by a very unlucky previous fossicker!



2024: Fryerstown Cemetery

²⁸https://www.ancestry.com/imageviewer/collections/62625/images/i3199019-00796?treeid=194066946&personid=222528567604&queryId=8ccc7949-2698-43b2-9226-131a29790b4c&usePUB=true&_phsrc=mha117&_phstart=successSource&pId=127178

²⁹By G.O. Brown, 1983, ISBN 0959209107

³⁰16 April 2024

Fryerstown and Vaughan each have their own cemetery set in peaceful bushland, but most of the old graves are in very poor condition and unmarked or confusingly marked.

The *Find a Grave* web site³¹ shows three Hawkings buried in Vaughan – these were the children of Thaddeus and Amelia who died of black measles in 1889. (See Page 173.)

Find a Grave records³² show several Millses buried at Fryerstown, including our great great grandfather Henry Mills. Unfortunately, on a recent visit, Kathy and I found no relevant headstones or markers apart from Jane Glen's. She was Henry's daughter and she married Robert Glen.



2024: *The Duke of Cornwall* Cornish engine house at Fryerstown, erected in 1869 by R.L.M Kitto for the Australian United Gold Mining Co. It is possible Henry Mills worked at this mine. The engine house initially housed a mighty 75hp beam engine³³ for pumping water out of the mine. Its beam was 7.7m long and it had a flywheel weighing more than 20 tonnes. A 20hp engine drove the winding gear used to raise ore (and miners) out of the shaft. A third 15hp engine drove the stamping battery used to crush the quartz ore. Despite its superior equipment *the Duke of Cornwall* yielded less gold than other mines and was never profitable.

³¹<https://www.findagrave.com/cemetery/2657044/memorial-search?lastname=Hawking&cemeteryName=Vaughan+Cemetery>

³²<https://www.findagrave.com/cemetery/2350465/memorial-search?lastname=mills&cemeteryName=Fryerstown+Cemetery>

³³https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cornish_engine



2024: The gold diggings at Vaughan.

As previously noted, our home town of Beechworth was a major gold mining town. According to the Pick and Shovel monument (see Page 41) the amount of gold leaving Beechworth through official channels between 1852 and 1856 would be worth A\$11.4B at today's³⁴ prices – not bad for a district of about 40,000 then and 4,000 now. However, our family's connection with the town started after goldmining had ceased.

The goldfields provided many employment opportunities beyond sluicing or digging for gold. The Great Southern gold mine,³⁵ located between Chiltern and Rutherglen, became a village with church, hotel and store. We used to drive past the Great Southern's enormous tailings heaps when we drove to Rutherglen through Chiltern Valley rather than Chiltern town. The tailings heaps are largely gone now, having been used in roadmaking.

I believe three generations of Hawkings worked at the Great Southern. Auntie Lil recalls that Thaddeus supplied groceries to the site and was known as 'Water Barrel Tommy.' I think Grandpa Jack did the same. Both Ray and Ern worked there too. Ern worked there in the phase when the tailings dumps were being reprocessed with cyanide to extract gold missed during the initial processing. He described handling 32 pound blocks of sodium cyanide without the benefit of protective gloves – workplace safety wasn't really a thing in those days.

³⁴16 April 2024

³⁵<https://www.victorianplaces.com.au/great-southern>



The Great Southern mine in its heyday.

10.6 Ern's siblings

(N1) Lillian Amelia (Lil) Willett née Hawking 1912– 2011. b. Wangaratta, Vic. d. Baranduda, Vic.

(N1) Ira Leslie (Skipper) Willett, 1907–1972. b. Wangaratta, Vic. d. Wodonga, Vic.

Ern was very close to his older sister Lillian Willett (Auntie Lil). She lived at 52 High Street Wodonga, and used to visit us in Beechworth on Johnny Cox's bus. In those days the Hume Highway ran parallel to the railway line from Melbourne, then took a sharp turn across the line in central Wodonga, protected by wooden gates. It then changed name to High Street. Lil's visitors would ask how they coped with the deafening noise of trucks passing their door. "What trucks?"

She married in 1937. Her husband Ira (Uncle Skipper) was a quiet man who worked as a carpenter on the army base at Bandiana. I've indirectly inherited a lovely set of tools belonging to him. They all have 'IW' prominently gouged into their surfaces. The tool he was most proud of was a 'Stanley 45' plane which had a huge choice of cutters enabling the cutting of mouldings. (I have it now.)

Skipper was a member of the Civil Construction Corps, and during the war he worked away from Lil in Puckapunyal and Tocumwal. At Tocumwal, he helped build an air force base for the US Army Air Corps. After the war, about 200 Tocumwal houses from the airbase were transported to Canberra in response to a housing crisis. They're grouped together about a kilometre from us and now form a heritage precinct.³⁶

One of Skipper's unofficial projects was to take the reflector from a wartime searchlight, mount

³⁶https://www.library.act.gov.au/find/history/search/Manuscript_Collections/hmss_0074_tocumwal_houses_archive

it in a chunky wooden frame and cover it with a disk of glass to serve as a coffee table. Quite serviceable, but a bit disorienting when you looked into it.

Skipper was very fond of Hawaiian steel guitar music and used to play records for us. He was also fond of Lucky Starr's *I've been everywhere man*.³⁷

Skipper was the victim of a workplace accident in which he fell through a floor, breaking ribs and puncturing a lung. His life after that was never the same as he suffered a series of illnesses including pleurisy and double pneumonia. His lung condition was no doubt aggravated by smoking. He'd often sit quietly smoking on the edge of a family gathering.

We kids loved Auntie Lil. She was always welcoming and pleased to see us and always had delicious cakes and slices to offer. Up until her death at age 99, she retained her sharp wit, kindness, competence, and wicked sense of humour. When she encountered a friend dressed unusually she would say, "The things you see when you haven't got a gun!" When someone acquired a new possession or painted their house, she would say, "You won't know yourselves!"

Living at home in her mid nineties she sustained a terrible fall in the kitchen while her daughter Lynette was out. She hit her head and knocked herself out. When she regained consciousness, she found the kitchen awash with blood and her head streaming. She staunched the flow, cleaned up the blood, called a neighbour to arrange for transport to hospital, and had the presence of mind to turn off the gas and leave a note for Lynette. When we saw her two weeks later her face, neck, and chest were black from the forehead down.

N1 Allen Joseph Hawking, 1917–1987 b. Rutherglen, Vic. d. Rutherglen, Vic.

N1 Raymond George Hawking, 1920–1956 b. Rutherglen, Vic. d. Rutherglen, Vic.

N1 Norman Henry Hawking, 1923–1993 b. Rutherglen, Vic. d. Rutherglen, Vic.

We frequently travelled to Rutherglen to visit Ern's parents and his brothers Ray, Allen, and Norm. On some of those trips we didn't see a single other car on the 90km round trip, even though we often travelled for a short distance on the Hume Highway, which in those days passed through the centre of Chiltern. I remember the very emotional experience of cruising along in the dark wrapped in a tartan rug on the front bench seat, next to Margaret, all singing the Skye Boat Song which I'd learned at school. I didn't know then that Margaret's birth father was a Scot.

There was a vacant block next to Grandma's house and when Allen and Ollie moved in it became a cricket ground for cousins Lindsay, Rodney, and Neil and their friends. I don't remember much about the older siblings, troubled Kelvyn who ended up living in Leigh Creek in remote South Australia, and Gwenda. Kathy and I caught up with Rodney and his wife Ann, when they were operating a garage and shop in Barnawartha.

On our visits to Rutherglen, we would visit all the brothers' families, though it was clear to me that Ern got on best with Ray and Helen. Their house was on Scott Street, with Seppelts winery across the road and Chambers winery a distance behind. Ray and his sons John and Gordon seemed to be always involved in projects. In the vacant land beyond their block, they made a lawn tennis court after levelling out the ground and rolling it.

I remember them importing an ancient Chevrolet which had been converted into a sawbench. It was quite drivable but unregistered so they got another car to 'tow' it, using a length of cotton as the tow rope. But the joker driving the car took off too fast and broke the cotton.

When John was in high school, he and his father embarked upon a project to build a 6-inch

³⁷<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dpRvAnhHfmc>

reflector telescope. For weeks John walked round and round a table grinding the concavity into the glass mirror with the aid of a glass blank and grinding paste. He did finish it.

When working in the back yard Ray would often pull a valve radio out onto the lawn and connect it up with a dodgy extension cord to enable listening to the football or the cricket.

When I knew him, Ray, like Allen, was a State Electricity Commission (SEC) linesman while Norm was a butcher. Allen's son Lindsay remembers that his father had a government supplied telephone and was constantly on-call for the SEC.

There was an SEC shop in High Street Rutherglen which served as a depot for the linesmen but it also sold electrical appliances and probably also accepted payments. The shop was run by a humorous Englishman called Dave Gray who boarded with an elderly woman. He said that he couldn't bear to see her chopping wood in the back yard ... so he pulled down the blind. Cousin John Hawking used to walk her greyhound.

Prior to the SEC, Ray had worked as a postman and, before and after WWII, at the goldmines near Rutherglen, including the Great Southern.

Ray would sometimes borrow his parents' 1934 Chevrolet and bring his family to Beechworth to visit us. On other occasions, Dave Gray drove them. I absolutely loved those visits – I got on very well with Gordon and John and thought Dave Gray was tremendous fun.

One day the SEC closed down the Rutherglen office and Allen and Ray's depot moved to Wodonga, more than half an hour's drive away. Their working day started in Rutherglen, where transport was provided to take them to Wodonga. Because of their familiarity with the electricity infrastructure around Rutherglen they were often assigned jobs there, requiring them to drive a truck back to Rutherglen and then back to Wodonga at the end of the day to catch the transport home.

All three of Ern's brothers served in the army, all of them fighting in the Pacific. You can find their military records online at the National Archives of Australia. Ern did not, being in a reserved occupation making leather.

Ray suffered badly from his service, contracting malaria and losing unhealthy amounts of weight. Despite this, Ray volunteered to join the British Commonwealth Occupation Force (BCOF)³⁸ in Japan and was sent to Japan from Moritai, disembarking at Kure, 25km from the Hiroshima devastation, on 23 Feb, 1946. His sons Gordon and John have photos he took in the radioactive ruins of Hiroshima. According to Auntie Lil, one of his first jobs was burying babies in Hiroshima, but I have no independent verification of that. She blamed the Hiroshima experience for the cancers he endured in his fifties. However, Gordon and John are sure that his father's cause of death was lung cancer in turn caused by the smoking habit he acquired in the army.

Ray had a distinctive voice, possibly associated with smoking, a ready laugh, and a habit of attributing acts of vandalism, stupidity, daring, or foolhardiness to 'some joker'. E.g., "Some joker installed the sign upside down."

Despite the Japanese atrocities during the war, Ray seemed to have gained some affinity with Japanese culture. I remember him showing Ern dolls, fans and other cultural souvenirs and giving him a cloth bound rice-paper book written in Japanese. Ray's son John recalls his surprise during a flight in Australia when he found his father seated next to a Japanese man, conversing in Japanese.

Ray's service record is available online in the National Archives.³⁹ It shows that his army designation was 'Craftsman' and he was assigned to the BCOF base workshop. He arrived back in Sydney on 08 Feb 1947. His discharge papers reveal that his continuous full time war service totalled 1932 days, including 848 days overseas. That's a long time!

Ray's wife Helen was born in Benvie near Dundee in Scotland but her family migrated to Coolamon, NSW when she was very young. She later worked for a retail firm which had branches in Coolamon and Rutherglen. Her transfer to the Rutherglen shop explains how she met Ray. She was a lovely, very hospitable person who was very kind to us. Her shortbread did full credit to her Scottish heritage. She took care of all the tomatoes Ray grew, preserving some and turning others into tomato sauce and chutney. After Ray died in 1976 she took on more gardening and continued with

³⁸<https://www.awm.gov.au/articles/atwar/bcof>

³⁹<https://recordsearch.naa.gov.au/SearchNRetrieve/Interface/ViewImage.aspx?B=6061956>

large-scale produce processing. The last time I saw her, in her old age, she was as hospitable as ever and had huge supplies of tomatoes lined up on shelves and window sills.

Uncle Norm ('Butch') was a champion Aussie-rules footballer, winning the 1951 Morris Medal as Best and Fairest player in the Ovens & Murray League, then regarded as one of the strongest leagues outside Melbourne. Remarkably he initially played in the ruck, a role normally dominated by very tall players, although he was only 175cm tall. A newspaper reporter asked him how this could be, and he attributed it to his natural leap. The Wikipedia article on Rutherglen FC⁴⁰ includes Norm Hawking as centre half forward in the team of the century. An article about Bill Comensoli,⁴¹ another great footballer from a somewhat later era includes the following:

He [Comensoli] used to ride his bike down to Barkly Park, to watch Rutherglen training. Red-leg great Norm Hawking was his hero.

"He was about 5'10" (178cm) and was a phenomenal mark. He could play anywhere and I thought, if ever I get to play, I'd like to emulate him."



Grandma Hawking's 80th birthday. Her children from Left: Norman, Allen, Lillian, Ernest, Raymond. I thought it was a wonderful party and had a whale of a time with my cousins.

Cousin Lindsay tells me that his father Allen was also a strong footballer who played for Rutherglen Redlegs and tried out for Carlton in the VFL. After retiring as a player he and Ray were trainers for the Redlegs. Allen never missed a Rutherglen match and was a staunch supporter of Melbourne in the VFL.

Norm's wife was Margaret Jackson and she seemed very kind but quite emotional. Their son Michael was also a talented footballer and, at age 19, played games for North Melbourne in the VFL. He later played in Tasmania, and for Caulfield in the VFA.⁴²

⁴⁰[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rutherglen_Football_Club_\(1893\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rutherglen_Football_Club_(1893))

⁴¹<https://kbonreflection.wordpress.com/2017/04/05/as-hard-as-a-hogs-head/>

⁴²https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Michael_Hawking



Norm Hawking running onto the field for his 150th game for the Rutherglen Redlegs.

After retiring from football, Norm served in the fire brigade and took up golf, playing with a low handicap. In golf, he was outshone by his daughter Louise Briers, née Hawking. Cousin Michael tells me that he was also very talented at cricket and tennis.



2018: Louise Briers, née Hawking inducted into Victorian Golf Industry Hall of Fame. Photo: <https://www.facebook.com/CommonwealthGolfClub/posts/commonwealths-louise-briers-was-inducted-into-the-victorian-golf-hall-of-fame-at/2334822929869164/>

The highlight of the night was the induction of five new Members to the Victorian Golf Industry Hall of Fame. The Class of 2018 included Louise Briers, ...

Louise Briers was inducted due to her stellar amateur career that included seven Ladies Club Championships at the Commonwealth Golf Club, five Riversdale Cup titles, three Victorian Amateur Championships, Australian Amateur Champion in 1991, representing Australia on numerous occasions and a pennant career that has spanned 42 years.⁴³

10.7 Male behaviour patterns in the Hawking family

Ern and his brothers didn't speak unnecessarily and avoided showing emotion. One day when Ern was quite old I drove him over to see Norm. They sat at diagonally opposite corners of the lounge room and said virtually nothing, but occasionally communicated with grunts. After a while I realised that they really enjoyed each other's company but didn't see the necessity for a lot of talk.

Growing up, I saw terseness and suppressed emotions as signs of strength and tried to model that behaviour. I was impressed with my father's ability to work hard. In those days, there were very few machines or power tools, and even fewer workplace safety rules. Carpenters used hammers and handsaws; council workers used picks and shovels. I was mightily impressed by tales of the Elmer brothers who loaded gravel trucks with snow shovels and unloaded grain trucks on the run, carrying two bags of wheat – a total of 160kg.

My adult relationship with Ern was along the same lines as that between him and Norm. We used to really enjoy working together on outdoor projects. We didn't talk much but it really felt as though we were on the same wavelength.

Late in Ern's life I listened to Eric Bogle's *Scraps of paper*,⁴⁴ a song expressing Bogle's sadness at learning important things about his father after his father's death. I found it very moving and felt motivated to find out more about my own father's life and his inner self. I unsuccessfully tried to engage him on what he felt about things before realising that he was very uncomfortable with that. The quiet, non-emotion-expressing person was actually the real him.

⁴³<https://pga.org.au/news/victorian-golf-industry-celebrates/>

⁴⁴<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9PfcPKiCSP8>

Chapter 11

Our convict ancestors (by Kathy Griffiths)

[DH: *Some people try to hide their convict ancestry. Others are proud to claim convicts in their family tree. Like it or lump it, we have four convicts in ours, all of them transported to Van Diemen's Land (VDL) / Tasmania.*

Both maternal grandparents of our grandmother Iolen Ellen Hunter, William Casey and Alice O'Keefe, were transported from Ireland during the potato famine of 1845 – 1850. Both maternal grandparents of our grandfather Jack Hawking, Phillis Lockyer and Henry Mills, were transported from England.

My wife Kathy Griffiths has done a very large amount of careful research on these four and her write-up is presented here. Notes appear at the end of the chapter.]

11.1 William Casey, Iolen Hunter's maternal grandfather

D4 William Casey, 1829–1903 b. Tipperary, Vic. d. Murrumbeena, Vic.

William was born around 1829 in Ireland.¹

Although written records have not yet revealed his exact place of birth, we do know that by 1846 William was living in Clogheen in the County of Tipperary as it was in this year that he was first imprisoned for stealing.²



Maps of Ireland showing (a) Clogheen in Tipperary where William lived [left]; (b) Waterford where William was first imprisoned [centre]; and (c) Cork where William left for Van Diemen's Land [right].

Source: Google maps.

11.1.1 Clogheen and Waterford prison

At that time the Clogheen area, was in the grip of the Great 1845–1850 Famine due to the failure of the potato crop, the staple diet of much of the rural population. The land around Clogheen was fertile, growing vast quantities of wheat which were then processed by mills in the town. The wheat crops were unaffected by the fungus that ruined the potato crops but most of the resulting flour continued to be exported to England. Exacerbating the situation, oatmeal could only be purchased at exorbitant prices.³ Early in 1846, a riot broke out in Clogheen, the residents looting mills and bakeries.⁴ Convoys transporting the flour from the Clogheen mills to the coast for export were attacked frequently by starving people.⁵

D5 Catherine Casey, 1811–? b. Tipperary? d. Tipperary?

It was in this context that on 11 November 1846, 17 year old William and his 35 year old mother Catherine Casey were found guilty of stealing a sheep and each sentenced to 12 months imprisonment at hard labour.⁶ They served their sentences in Waterford Prison which was situated in the Brickwell area of the city of Waterford.⁷ At the time of William's incarceration he was a labourer, 5'2" (157 cm) tall, with grey eyes, brown hair and a fresh complexion. He and his mother were Roman Catholic and neither had an education. Catherine had brown eyes and hair, a fresh complexion and was a 'plainworker', an old term for one who performs plain needlework (sewing)⁸ as opposed to embroidery.

A month after William and Catherine were incarcerated, a soup kitchen was established in Clogheen by Pauline Grubb, the wife of the mill owner⁹ and early in 1847 the British ruling government passed 'The soup kitchen act'.¹⁰ The resulting kitchen successfully fed half of the population in the Clogheen area, but the kitchens were closed in September, 1847, two months prior to William and Catherine's release from Waterford. A Workhouse had been established in Clogheen in 1842 and was operational throughout the famine.¹¹ However, such institutions were not a panacea. According to the testimony of one inmate in April 1848, the Clogheen Workhouse was poorly run and, "on one day alone, I saw 16 dead of whom 14 were children."¹² Starving people were resorting to eating grass.



Teenage William's home town Clogheen, in Tipperary, was a place of greatly contrasting wealth and poverty. Shanbally Castle (pictured above) was the residence of Lord Linmore, who supplied wheat to the mills of Clogheen for export to England. At the same time Linmore chaired the Board of Guardians that oversaw the Clogheen Workhouse¹³. Around the time of William's incarceration, the Linmores were also feeding 100 starving people daily at Shanbally or at their homes.¹⁴ The Quakers (Grubbs) who owned the flour mills were also highly instrumental in establishing initiatives to address the famine. Shanbally Castle was demolished by the Irish Government in 1960. (Photo: J.C. Gaule, "Shanbally Castle Clogheen. Front façade," *Tipperary Archive*, <https://www.tipperystudiesdigital.ie/items/show/5527>)

It is perhaps not surprising then that some four months after his release from Waterford Prison, on 31 March 1848, the now 19 year old William was again found guilty of stealing food. Again, he was tried in County Waterford this time being sentenced to seven years transportation. He had stolen mangold wurzel¹⁵ (elsewhere described as mangel wurzel), a root vegetable which can be used to feed livestock or people. Boiled, it can be mashed and served like potato. A later convict indent indicated that William reported he had a sister Peggy.¹⁶ It is likely that a Margaret Casey, aged 20 years, also from Clogheen, Tipperary and charged on the same day with the same crime as William at County Waterford was William's sister.¹⁷ A first offender, Margaret was sentenced to six calendar months of hard labour, being discharged from Waterford prison in September 1848. The prison records described her as 5' 3³/₄" (162cm). Like her brother she had grey eyes and brown hair and a fresh complexion and was described as a labourer. Like her brother she was committed by Sir Benjamin Morris Wall. She was released from Waterford on 30 September 1848. The fate of Margaret (Peggy) and mother Catherine is not known.

11.1.2 Incarceration on Spike Island

William was transferred from Waterford Prison to Spike Island on 01 November 1848,¹⁸ an infamous prison site located in Cork harbour. Originally the site of a 7th Century monastery and subsequently of a series of fortresses, the Island was converted to a prison in 1847.¹⁹ This was in response to overcrowding in Ireland's existing prisons due to an increased rate of crime during the Great Famine and particularly a need for space to accommodate those sentenced to transportation.²⁰ Here William and other prisoners were kept prior to transportation.

One of its most famous inmates John Mitchell, an Irish hero, had been incarcerated there for three days some six months earlier in May 1848 after being sentenced to 14 years transportation for treason (advocating armed rebellion against the British). By the time William arrived the prison housed 1200 men²¹ double the number when Mitchell arrived.²² By the mid-19th Century, the prison was said to be the largest in the then United Kingdom.



'Part of Spike Island' (centre) in August 1849 as portrayed in water colour by Queen Victoria the day after she arrived in Cork on her visit to Ireland. William was on the Island at the time. As noted by McCarthy and O'Donohue in their book on Spike Island, the convicts would most likely have heard the guns and noticed the colourful ships that greeted Victoria.²³ Permission requested: Royal Collection Trust / © His Majesty King Charles III 2024



Spike Island as it appears today. Photo: John Crotty.²⁴



A Block at the prison on Spike Island as it appears today. This was the block in which the first prisoners were housed in 1847. On his arrival, William would have been housed in A Block or B Block, the latter accommodating prisoners by the end of 1848.²⁵ Photo: John Crotty.²⁶

From the time of its opening, the prison had a hospital and a school, the latter staffed by a school master and his assistant²⁷. The first School master provided a picture of the climate on Spike Island as follows:

The island is very high, and the winds seize upon it fearfully. I went at three o'clock to look out over the harbour from the ramparts, and was forced to lie down in the blast.²⁸

When William arrived, the School master was Thomas Fitzpatrick who was later replaced in April 1850 by Richard Allen. Their reports indicate the prisoners received two hours schooling per week.²⁹

One of the impediments to schooling was poor vision, attributable to Vitamin A deficiency associated with the famine.³⁰

In the year William arrived at Spike Island, the authorities appointed a resident Catholic chaplain, Fr Dennis O'Donoghue.³¹ He reported that "with very few exceptions" the prisoners attended Church services (held in the School room) on Sundays. It seems likely that William was one of them. By 1850, Fr O'Donoghue had been replaced by Fr Timothy Lyons who noted that he and his assistant spent the majority of their time ministering to prisoners in the Island hospital, and presided over many burials.³² Indeed, the death rate at the prison was 10% and over 1000 prisoners died in the first 6 years of its operation.³³

Fortunately for his descendants, William survived the 32 months he spent on Spike Island. We can only wonder about William's feelings as he departed. However, it seems unlikely that he was sorry to leave this prison that was subsequently labelled 'Ireland's Alcatraz', even if 170 years later the settlement won the World Travel Award for Europe's 'leading tourist attraction'!³⁴

11.1.3 Transportation to Van Diemen's Land (VDL): 1851

William departed from Queenstown [Cobh], Cork opposite Spike Island at 2pm on 29 July 1851, one of 310 convicts on board the *Blenheim*, a ship built in 1845 in South Shields in England. The temperature was a mild 62° F [17° C] and the ship was fanned by a north westerly wind.³⁵ The scheduled departure was a day late due to unfavourable winds on the previous day. When William and his fellow convicts from Spike Island boarded the ship on 26 July, they joined prisoners from other parts of Ireland who were already aboard. The ship itself had departed from Kingston earlier in the month.³⁶

The *Blenheim*, an 808 ton wooden clipper³⁷, was built for speed rather than for transporting freight. The ship's captain was Alexander S Molison, the Surgeon Superintendent Dr John Smith³⁸ and the Religious and Educational Instructor the Reverend Charles Woods.³⁹ William would have met or at least seen the Reverend on his two visits to Spike Island before William boarded the ship.

The day after boarding, William was present as the Reverend "Performed Divine Service on board for Prisoners and exhorted them as to the necessity of good conduct on board during their voyage".⁴⁰ These Divine services were to be repeated every Sunday for the entire voyage. On 04 August, William attended school run by Woods who instructed prisoners in 'Reading, Writing and Arithmetic' and the 'Christian Doctrine'. Due to the narrowness of the prison, the convicts were divided into two groups with one group attending school in the morning and the other in the afternoon with the group not attending school sent up on deck. At one point the group was divided into three due to the stifling conditions near the equator. Except in inclement weather or on Sundays this schooling continued daily for the entire voyage. At one point in the voyage Woods laments the lack of books suitable for literacy instruction, emphasising the unsuitability of the available religious texts for those who were unable to read or write. How William or any of the prisoners were able to learn in a group of 150 convicts without suitable text books is not clear. Nor is it easy to understand how Woods could familiarise himself with the progress of each of the 300 prisoners. Nevertheless, by the end of the trip the instructor proclaimed William 'attentive to school', improved in reading, and greatly improved in morals.⁴¹ Some of his fellow prisoners were less compliant with Evans complaining of the "necessity of rebuking" them "for their neglect and ignorance" and threatening "to punish them for their absence." By the time he reached VDL on 31 October, 1851 William was able to 'read a little' and his occupation was described as a shoemaker.⁴² How he learned the skills of a shoemaker is unclear, but this was an occupation which he retained for the rest of his working life. It is probable that he learned the shoemaking trade while in prison in Ireland. Certainly, there are records of inmates in other Irish prisons of the time engaged in shoemaking.^{eg,43}

During the voyage William was guarded by men known as *Pensioner Guards*.⁴⁴ The term might conjure up an image of 'dad's army' for some. Actually, these men were members of the military who were capable of the duties required but who had either been pensioned out due to partial disability or who had served their time in service. They were paid for 6 months on full pay and promised land grants in Australia in return for their service on the ship and being available for duty in the

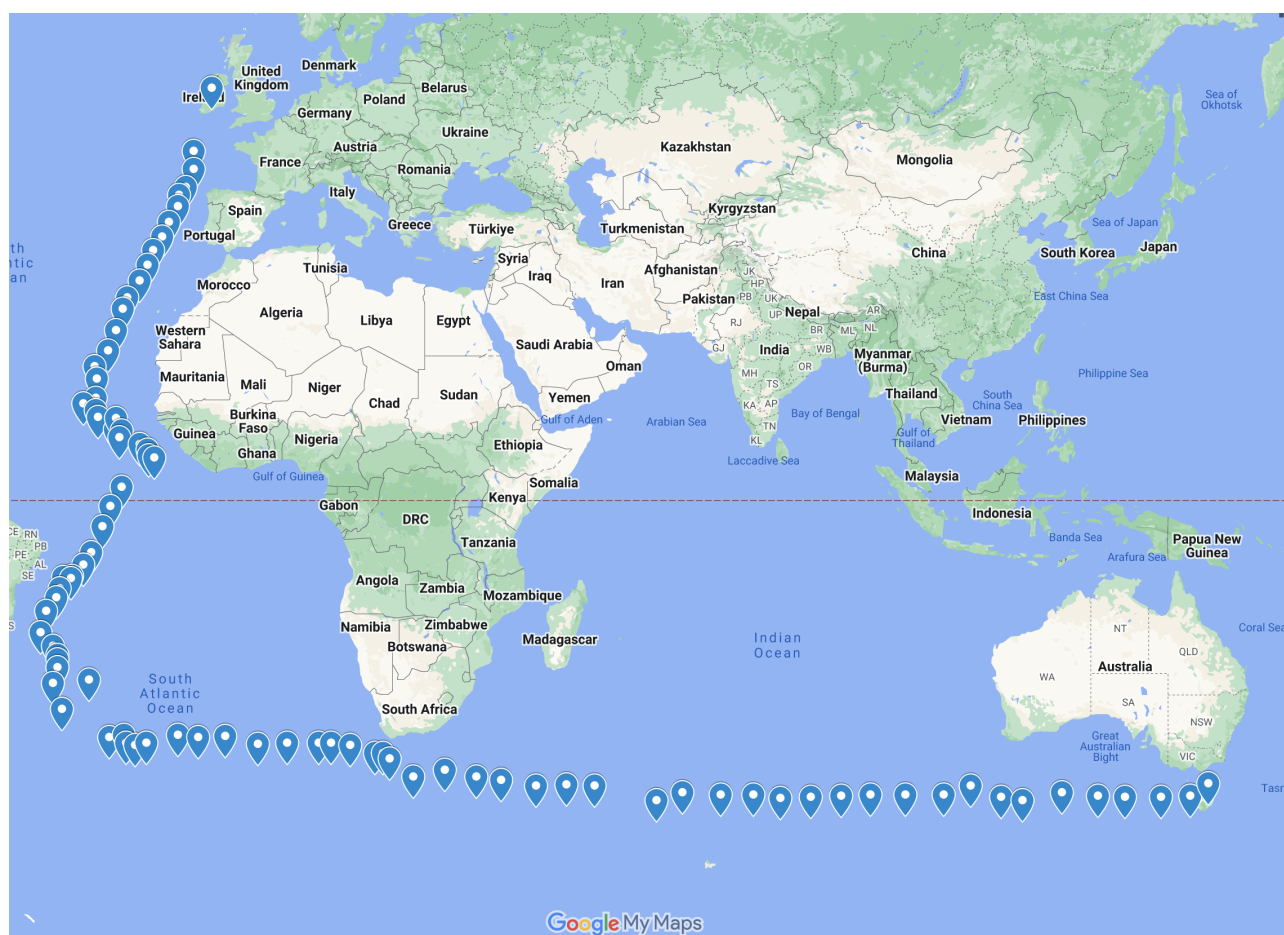
event of unrest in or threats to the colony. A primary aim of the initiative was to increase the non-convict population in Australia. The 30 pensioners⁴⁵ who guarded William sported a colourful blue and red costume specific to their force (see below). Thirty wives and their children accompanied the Pensioner Guards.



Attire of the Pensioner Guards as portrayed by the Illustrated News London.⁴⁶

The ship followed the route below. A little over a week after departure if William was on deck he would have been able to glimpse Madeira which was visible some 40 miles to the west of the ship. William crossed the equator for the first and only time in his life on 29 August 1851, one month after his departure from Ireland. By 24 September William passed Tristan da Cunha, the most remote inhabited island in the world, 3 days later crossing the meridian of Greenwich. There followed a month apparently unrelieved by land sightings. In contrast to some of the crew, it is unlikely that William, ensconced behind bars below deck, glimpsed Van Diemen's land at 3 am or the island of Mewstone off the south coast at 6am on 31 October. That would need to wait the few hours until the ship arrived in Hobart.

The weather during the first part of the 93-day voyage was said by the Surgeon to have been "mild and moderate". However, from the time it reached the Cape of Good Hope the *Blenheim* was faced with "heavy gales with cold cutting winds accompanied by hail and sleet" almost continuously until the end of the journey.⁴⁷ Rev Woods described "rain going down the hatchways" (19 August 19), "The Prison . . . inundated by heavy sea and rain" (17 September), "a heavy rolling sea down the hatchways" (04 October), "Shipping heavy sea" (11 October), "Prison wet so as to be unfit for school" (16 October 16), "Prison wet by rain and heavy seas" (18 October), and "Prison being wet . . . no school was held" (27 October).⁴⁸ On such occasions William along with his fellow convicts was engaged in drying the prison and their clothes. Fires were lit during these periods. Perhaps the ship was too wet to be in danger of catching on fire.



William's 1851 route from Ireland to Van Diemen's land based on the daily records of Woods, the Religious and Educational Instructor on Blenheim.⁴⁹

Over the trip the temperatures climbed to the 80s (Fahrenheit) as the ship moved south towards the equator and later steadily decreased to the 40s as it sailed across the Indian Ocean north of the Antarctic.⁵⁰ However, it is likely that below in the prison, temperatures during the hottest part of the trip were very much higher than those recorded above decks. The surgeon on another convict ship pointed out that the temperature in the prison in the tropics was 10 degrees higher than on deck below shade especially.⁵¹ Consistent with this, other ship records indicate that "often the temperatures at night below was between 90 degrees and 100 degrees F, although the day time temperature at noon in the shade was commonly between 76 degrees and 82 degrees".⁵²

When weather permitted the prisoners were allowed to spend time on deck. How they were employed there is typically not mentioned in the relevant journals for the Blenheim. Perhaps they spent their days scrubbing the decks or 'picking oakum' (unravelling old rope) and cleaning below deck. However, we do know that there were days on the voyage when the convicts danced on deck in the evening.⁵³

The soup and barley provided to prisoners did not impress Dr Smith to whom it "appeared to be a very unpalatable article of diet and although sound it was insipid. Many cases of it were condemned in a state of putrefaction."⁵⁴

During the voyage, two convicts and four children died, with six births. Smith, the Ship's surgeon kept detailed individual records of most illnesses and treatments provided to the convicts and other passengers. William was not ill during the trip or if he was it was not recorded by the surgeon. The latter did however state that so many of the prisoners suffered from coelitis that he did not record their illness on the official list "as it would have been swelled out to a great extent".⁵⁵ None of the passengers suffered from scurvy and the surgeon duly noted that he had returned the citric acid to the captain for delivery to the Admiralty at Somerset House (in London).⁵⁶ Woods who also visited the ill, delivering the last rites to two of the convicts and performing burial ceremonies for the men and children who died. His journal entries were brief:

Administered the last Rites of Religion to John Fitzgerald. Convict. [12 October]. Died at 4 o'clock in the morning. John Fitzgerald. Prisoner. Committed after 'funeral Service' the body of deceased to the deep [13 October].⁵⁷

Both men were 20 years old. Unlike William they were never to reach VDL or leave behind a trail of direct descendants who might one day uncover the story of their lives.

11.1.4 Arrival at Van Diemen's Land

On Friday morning, the 31st October, 1851, William's ship sailed into Hobart Town harbour, arriving at its destination at 9am.⁵⁸ The following day four of the ill passengers were sent to the Infirmary in Hobart Town. Meanwhile William and his fellow prisoners remained on board, attending prayers and Sunday Divine service as usual. By Monday 3rd, the 3-4 day process of registering William and the other surviving 307 convicts commenced. William was not among the first tranche of 106 men who disembarked on 06 November but he and the remaining convicts did step on land around 2pm the next day.⁵⁹ William spent his first night at Van Diemen's Land Prisoners Barracks (PB).⁶⁰

The arrival of the *Blenheim* was reported in the newspapers of the day.⁶¹ The *Courier* went so far as to opine that the "The *Blenheim* has had a splendid passage from York", proceeding to report that "Four children died upon the passage ... Two prisoners died".⁶² Whether those who had endured the heavy storms would have agreed we do not know. However, the greatest media excitement was reserved for the London news contained in the July newspapers that arrived with the ship. Vandemonians were regaled with the news that Queen Victoria had "once more honoured her . . . subjects by her August presence" and that her subjects in turn had "showed by the splendour and enthusiasm of her reception how ardent is the loyalty they bear her". If the colonists were thrilled at learning that the Marchioness of Ely had been appointed the 'Lady of the Bed Chamber in Ordinary to the Queen' then this was surely countered by the sad news that a Mr Roebuck "was seriously indisposed after being bitten by a dog". It is not clear 170 years later why the people of Hobart would wish to know about Mr Roebuck's unfortunate fate although we do note that a Mr John Roebuck held a seat in parliament at the time and perhaps it was he that was the subject of the unfortunate news.

Not everyone was happy to see the arrival of the *Blenheim*. On the evening of the ship's arrival the *Colonial Times*, under the heading "Breach of faith" asked "How long will the British nation allow the name of their Queen to be associated with a falsehood? The British Sovereign is pledged to the cessation of Transportation, and yet it continues unabated!"⁶³ Three weeks later in a letter to the Secretary of State of the Colonies (Earl Grey III)⁶⁴, the Council of the League of Southern Tasmania protested that the arrival of yet more convicts to the Colony was a "wanton breach of faith by her Majesty's Government."⁶⁵ They accused the government of being "utterly indifferent to the welfare of the Australian colonies". Writing that the Secretary had promised in 1847 that transportation to the colonies would cease they accused him and "other members of Her Majesty's Government" of evasions that "must lower the dignity of those who attempt them, but cannot annul the promise which has been made." Of course, as was the custom of the time, they conclude "We have the honour to be, my Lord, your most obedient servants".⁶⁶

Although the anti-transportation sentiment was strong in the Colony, not all of the residents in Van Diemen's Land were so annoyed by the landing of the *Blenheim*. Apparently, the Registry office was inundated by requests for 'farm servants' from outlying properties.⁶⁷ A Mr Drury was compelled to write to the newspapers asking that the public be advised that the recently arrived convicts on the *Blenheim* were not available for private work. By the time William arrived in VDL, the previous assignment system, whereby convicts were typically immediately assigned to work without wages for a private citizen was replaced by the probation system in which convicts were required to work in government service until they were eligible for a pass to work for private citizens. On arrival, taking into account time elapsed since he was first incarcerated, William was required to work for 14 months under this system.⁶⁸

At the time of his arrival William was still described as having grey eyes and brown hair but his height is registered as 5 ft 8 inches.⁶⁹ This apparent growth is unlikely to be attributable to the bracing sea air on the ship. In addition, he is described as being single,⁷⁰ having a fair complexion, light

brown eyebrows, a medium sized head, no whiskers and oval visage, a medium visage, forehead and nose and a cross inside his left arm.⁷¹ Although he is listed as aged 20 it is more likely that by the time he reached VDL he was 24 years old given the elapse of 5 years since his first conviction.

Initially William was assigned to the Prisoner's Barracks (PB) in Hobart but by 04 December, 1851 he was living at the Old Wharf Probation Station (OW)⁷². At that time inmates of the station were engaged in building the New Wharf.⁷³ In June 1852, the employment returns for the barracks included two shoemakers, one of whom may well have been William.⁷⁴

However, on 21 August 1852, he received a Pass (pass holder) which enabled him to enter private service on 24 August.⁷⁵

On 24 January 1853, a William Casey from the convict ship *Blenheim* (only one was listed in the relevant *Blenheim* indent records)⁷⁶ applied for permission to marry free woman Catherine McKenzie.⁷⁷ The official response that the couple must wait a further 4 months and reapply must have been disappointing. Whatever their feelings, it appears the pair went their separate ways, for Catherine McKenzie does not appear further in connection with William in subsequent written records. Rather, later the same year, Alice O'Keefe, a female convict, applied for permission to marry William on 12 December 1853, a request which was granted on 14 December 1853.⁷⁸ The couple were married in St Joseph's church, in Hobart Town on 09 January 1854.⁷⁹

Meanwhile William had received his ticket of leave on 06 December, 1853⁸⁰ a level of freedom that would have permitted him to work for wages. This was approximately 13 months after he disembarked from the *Blenheim* and one month earlier than the predicted 14 months of his probation. He was recommended for a conditional pardon on 13 December of that year, the latter being approved on 31 October 1854⁸¹.

Within 3 months of marrying Alice, the couple had a child, Maria who died one week later from a cold.⁸² The couple had a further eight children, two of whom (John and Elizabeth) predeceased William. Alice died in 1871 leaving seven surviving children aged 11 months⁸³ to 16 years. Further details of Alice and these children can be found in Alice's story. See Section 11.2 on Page 199.

It is possible but uncertain that William and Alice continued to live in Hobart in 1854⁸⁴. Later William took up residence in the Glamorgan District (by 1857), working as a labourer for some time. Details of his exact location are uncertain. However, there is a possibility that he was already in the region in 1855, residing in the coastal town of Bicheno, about 180 km north east of Hobart.⁸⁵ If so, it is likely that William was familiar with the Bicheno blowhole, now a well-known tourist attraction.

By 1862, William had moved north to White Hills, a small agricultural centre in the District of Morven. The town is located approximately 9 miles . . . South of Launceston. At that time William was one of eight shoemakers in the larger Morven district which had a total population of 3164 people.⁸⁶ The population of White Hills at the time is not recorded but 15 years later it was said to be 50. William could well have been the only shoemaker in the town. Perhaps William patronised one or both of the licensed premises, the Farmers Arms or the White Hills Inn, that stood there at the time.⁸⁷ The rendered brick Farmer's Arms building survives to this day, now a private house known as *Egerton*.⁸⁸ In January 1861, a post office was opened under the management of the PostMaster, Mr John Richardson.⁸⁹ Tragically, the post office which was operated from Mr Richardson's house burnt down early in the morning when a boy was playing with matches in bed.⁹⁰ Whether William had moved to White Hills by the time of the demise of the post office we do not know. Nor do we know if the post office was replaced by the time William left the town. In 1853 there was a school at White Hills, conducted according to a school board examiner by a 'disreputable looking' teacher in a school house 'in wretched repair'.⁹¹ Even if this school was still open in William's time, it is unlikely that he could have afforded fees of 6/- per week fees (9/6d in summer) for each of his children. Further all but one of the attendees in 1853 were from the Church of England. A public primary school did not open in White Hills until 1866,⁹² by which time William and his family had moved on.

In June 1864, the family had relocated to Launceston.⁹³ How long they remained there is unclear but certainly by 1867 William and his family had moved further north, this time settling in the small rural community of Pipers Brook,⁹⁴ situated north of Launceston and around 20 miles (33 km) east of the coastal settlement of Georgetown⁹⁵. But it would seem that Launceston had its attractions, the family apparently returning to the town by 1871 where William's wife of 17 years died at the age

of about 40 years.⁹⁶ In 1872, now a widower, William was living in Wellington Street in Launceston when he became involved in what the Launceston newspapers at the time described as a 'curious' court case.⁹⁷

Apparently William had sought to intervene in proceedings against a certain Mrs Julia Hanofane (Hanofan), a widow who ran a dairy business in Launceston. The text of the newspaper report in the *Launceston* was as follows⁹⁸:

CURIOUS INTERPLEADER CASE

An interpleader summons case, William Casey v. John Mahoney, was heard, before the Commissioner, John Whitefoord, Esq., in chambers, yesterday.

Mr Crisp for complainant. Mr R. B. Miller for defendant.

This case arose out of one tried in the Court of Requests on the 4th instant, John Mahoney v. Julia Hannifan. John Mahoney of Westbury claimed payment for 41 bags of potatoes which he had entrusted to Mrs Hannifan of Launceston, to sell for him last year. She only paid him for three bags at 4s per bag, and 1s 6d as a final settlement. The defence was that Mahoney was to pay 1s 6d a week for a room to store the potatoes in, until they were sold, to pay for the board and lodging of Denis Leary (Mahoney's father-in-law), who lived with Mrs Hannifan, and that Leary sold the potatoes and said he would pay Mahoney. Leary said the way he came to live with Mrs Hannifan was, that he took a piece of ground from Mr Reading and went to work it. Mrs Hannifan told him she would have no husband to govern her, she would be her own master. He had been living with her about three years. The potatoes had nothing to do with paying for his board and lodging. The result of the case was a verdict for Mahoney for £7 10s 6d. Execution was issued and the Sheriff's officer last Friday, seized four cows for the debt. William Casey then took out an interpleader summons for Mahoney, that case came on for hearing at 11 o'clock yesterday.

William Casey, examined by Mr Crisp, deposed—I am a shoemaker residing in Launceston; Mrs Hannifan sold me four cows on the 3rd of April last; I gave my acceptance, for the amount, £17; I got possession of the cows they were on Mr Sullivan's land on the Swamp.

Cross-examined by Mr Miller—I am not engaged to marry Mrs Hannifan; when I bought the cows I did not know her case was coming on in the Court of Requests. I did not know she had a case. An agreement was drawn up between me and Mrs Hannifan by a man named Bevan on the same day I bought the cows. There was not another agreement made out after the Court day. I did not remove the cows from Sullivan's ground after I purchased them. Mrs Hannifan milked them afterwards, and went round with my girl to show her the customers. Mrs Hannifan is a milkwoman by trade; I am a shoemaker; I have not agreed to sell one of the cows to Sullivan I know nothing about any of them being offered for sale to Sullivan; I agreed to pay Mrs Hannifan 5s a week for taking round the milk and showing my girl the customers, and I paid her 5s a week; I received the proceeds of the milk from Mrs Hannifan; she is not staying at my house; she has not moved her things there; I paid her no cash for the cows; I only know she had a case in Court by hearing Mr Miller now allude to it; I took to the milking trade being a shoemaker, because shoemaking did not agree with me; I first began to bargain about the cows on the 3rd of this month; Mrs. Hannifan asked me in the street if I would buy the cows; I might have known her for 12 years; Bevan drew up the agreement directly after we went up to his house; we then went to Mr Crisp's; the cows were kept on the Swamp; I did not go to look at them; I said I would give £17 for the cows; I did not arrange what was to be paid for each; without looking at them I said I would give £17 for the four cows, and she said she would take it; I saw the cows a good many times coming backwards and forwards and on the Swamp; I am to pay Sullivan 5s a week for the pasturage of the cows; I paid Mrs Hannifan nothing for the good will of the milk walk; she did not ask for any cash on account of the purchase of the cows; I did not know her except just to speak to; I have bought the cows and Mrs Hannifan's means of living for the acceptance (£17) and 5s a week while she shows my daughter the customers; I live in Wellington-street; there is no stable or cow shed there; I have not seen the cows since I purchased them; a man named Ryan told me they were seized; Mrs Hannifan told me afterwards, and I went to Mr Crisp on Saturday last.

Re-examined by Mr Crisp — The cows seized are those I bought from Mrs Hannifan; I arranged with Mr Sullivan to let them run on his land, and he looks to me for payment; the acceptance is a fact; Mrs Hannifan has it. The transaction is a bona-fide one; I have not the least idea of marrying Mrs Hannifan; I am a widower.

The written agreement referred to was produced, a condition of which was that William Casey shall not dispose of the cows and shall return the cows to Mrs Hannifan if he does not duly meet the acceptance. Mr Crisp enquired what objection Mr Miller had to that?

Mr Miller said as regarded the question of fraud the document was very much what he expected it would be. Mr Casey, a shoemaker, goes up to Mrs Hannifan in the street and purchases four cows without seeing them; gives an acceptance for £17 but on condition that he has no power to dispose of them and must return them if he does not take up the acceptance. And Mrs Hannifan in consideration of this acceptance which may never be met, gives up her cows, her milk walk, her sole means of livelihood, to Mr. Casey. The transaction bore evidence of a dishonest bargain on the face of it.

Mr Crisp proposed to call another witness, but

The Commissioner was of opinion that it would be impossible for any witness to make the case out more clearly against Casey than he had himself in his own evidence, and, therefore, he (the Commissioner) would give judgement for the defendant with costs.

Mr Crisp— But what is the objection to the agreement produced?

The Commissioner— That it shows the transfer of the cows not to have been by bona-fide sale and purchase.



The Casey family. Source: L.Pethick family tree on Ancestry.com.au. Iolen's mother Kate Carter is at left front with Topsy (Mary Alice), Iolen's eldest sister. We believe that this photo was staged in the St. George's Studio in Bourke St, Melbourne,⁹⁹ hence the knife and the shotgun. The original caption read: Great grandfather Bill Casey, Aunt Nellie, Grandad, Grandma, Topsy Carter, Aunt Kate, Cassam, Aunt Alice, Lallah Ford¹⁰⁰. We have no idea who Cassam is. We believe that Grandad and Grandma are James and Margaret Heffernan. Nellie (Ellen), Margaret, Kate (Catherine Agnes), and Alice (married name Ford) were Bill's daughters.

11.1.5 William moves to Victoria

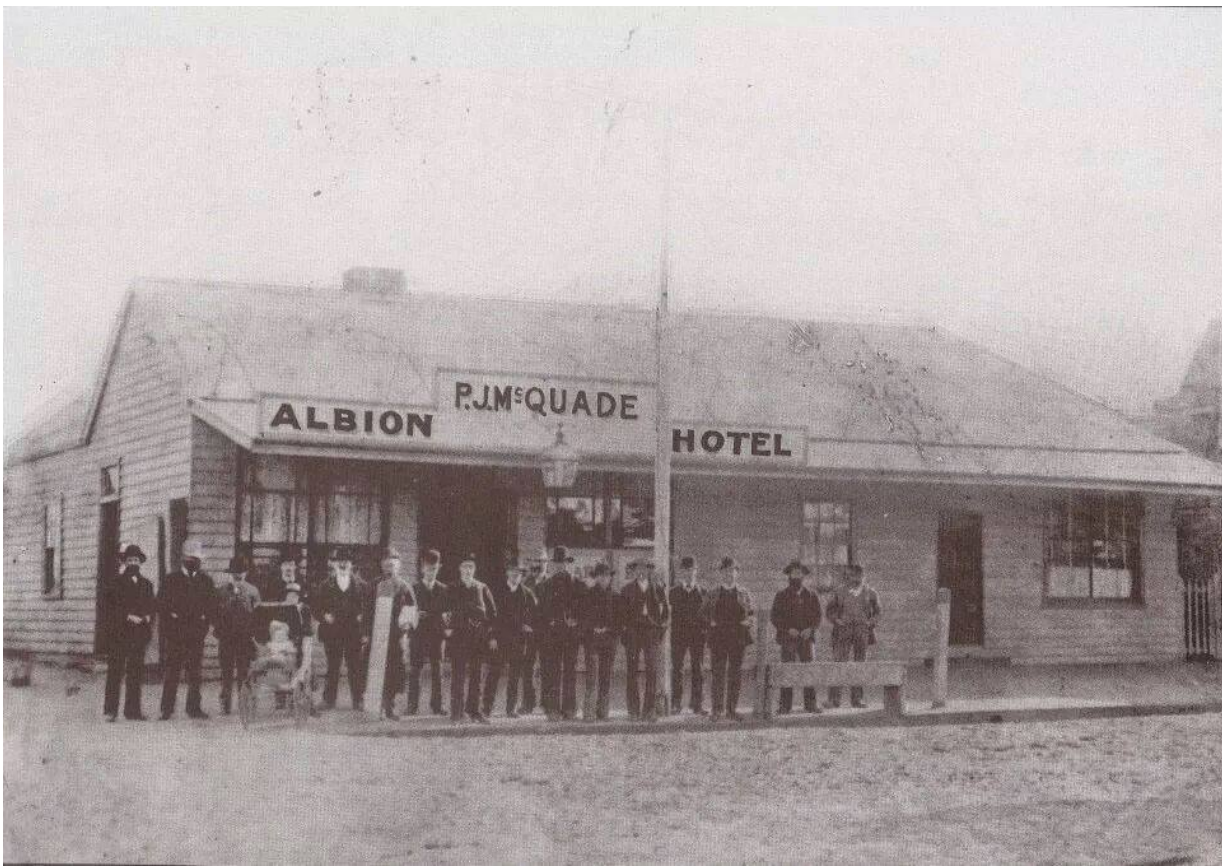
Perhaps the above case explains why soon after William moved to Melbourne in Victoria. Further, it would appear that whatever his relationship with Mrs Hanofane at the time of the court case they

later knew each other well enough that on 23 November 1874 the couple married in St Ignatius Church in Richmond in that city¹⁰¹ and that they were both living in Richmond at the time.

The now Mrs Casey (formerly the widow Hanofane) had come to VDL in September 1852 as Julia (Jude) Clifford, a convict transported for 7 years aboard the convict ship *Martin Luther*.¹⁰² A 'servant' and native of County Kerry,¹⁰³ Ireland she had been convicted for stealing calico having been jailed three times for previous convictions for stealing, in one case turnips and in another a shirt. In VDL she had an illegitimate child in 1853. In 1856 she married Michael Hannifane and subsequently had two other children. None were surviving at the time she married William.¹⁰⁴

At some stage after they moved to Melbourne, William and Julia relocated to nearby Dandenong, William being recorded on his son William's prison charge sheet as living there in December 1884.¹⁰⁵ At the time the couple was living in this fast growing market town, the population doubled in 10 years from nearly 500 in 1881 to over 1100 in 1891.¹⁰⁶ In 1890, after a 3-month period of illness Julia died from 'bronchitis and exhaustion' and was buried in the Dandenong Cemetery.¹⁰⁷

A remarkable 1890s studio photograph (previous page) believed to be of William with his family, has survived. William (labelled 'Bill' in the photograph) is slim and sports a long grey beard typical of many of his generation while his son-in-law favours the more 'modern' and stylish (at that time) moustache. A watch chain can be seen peeping out from William's vest.



The Albion Hotel (1881-1890) in Dandenong¹⁰⁸ which was replaced soon after Julia's death and would have been there at the time the couple was in residence. Perhaps William is one of the bearded characters in the photograph!

An old age pensioner, William died of 'natural decay' and 'general debility' in 1903, over half-a-century after he landed in Van Diemen's Land. He lived long enough to witness the Federation of the Colonies and emergence of Australia as a nation in 1901. At the time of his death William was living in Sydney Street, Murumbeena, in Melbourne.¹⁰⁹ Given that census records indicate that his daughter Catherine and son-in-law John Potts Carter were living in the same street at that time, it is probable that William resided with them at least in his final days. Although said to be 79, William was probably closer to 76 when he died.



Murumbeena railway crossing soon after William's death (circa 1905). The railway station was established in 1877. The photograph is from the Collection of the Glen Eira Historical Society.¹¹⁰

William was buried in Brighton Cemetery (Caulfield South), where he now shares an address with such notable Australians as the painters Frederick McCubbin and Arthur Boyd, as well as the famous engineer and General Sir John Monash. William never received the public accolades enjoyed by these men. Nor despite his convict credentials, did he share the infamy of another fellow resident gang leader Squizzy Taylor. However, it is impossible not to marvel at his capacity to endure incredible hardship, to raise a family and to survive to such an old age despite the obstacles which he encountered on his journey to building a new life in Australia. Now his memory lives on in the walled garden of his great great grand daughter Michele Forrest who planted a crop of mangel wurzel there in his honour.

11.2 Alice O'Keefe, Iolen Hunter's maternal grandmother

(D4) Alice O'Keefe, 1828–1871 b. Tipperary, Vic. d. Launceston, Tas.

(D5) John Gallivan, ?–? b. Tipperary?, Vic. d. Tipperary?

(D5) Honora Gallivan née Crow, ?–? b. Tipperary?, Vic. d. Tipperary?

Alice O'Keefe (also known or recorded as Alice O'Keefe,¹¹¹ Alice Keef,¹¹² Alice Kief,¹¹³. Alice Gallinan,¹¹⁴ Alice Gallisan,¹¹⁵ Alice Gallivan¹¹⁶) was born around 1828¹¹⁷ in Tipperary, Ireland. Although known for most of her adult life as O'Keefe or a variant thereof her 'proper name' is listed as Alice Gallivan on her convict records. An Alice Gallivan whose parents were John Gallivan and Honora Crow was baptised on 02 August 1831 in Cahir, Tipperary.^{see 118} We certainly know that Alice had a brother named Patrick.¹¹⁹ Cahir is located just 8 miles (14 km) from Clogheen so if Alice was indeed from Cahir perhaps she knew William Casey, her future husband, and a native of Clogheen, when they were growing up.

11.2.1 Stealing a cow: From workhouse to prison in Ireland

They died on the roads, and they died in the fields; they wandered into the towns, and died in the streets; they closed their cabin doors, and lay down upon their beds, and died of actual starvation in their houses.¹²⁰

Whether or not Alice was a native of Cahir, by 1849 during the Great Famine, she was living in a workhouse in Limerick.¹²¹ To be have been admitted, Alice must have been in dire straits. The workhouse only admitted the destitute, 'paupers' with no other means of obtaining food and shelter. Alice was one of over 3800 people accommodated in the Limerick workhouse at the time¹²² with at least another 17000 people in receipt of food outdoors.¹²³

The destitute Alice might have been considered fortunate to find refuge at the workhouse. There was no shortage of gentlemen pronouncing the virtues of the Limerick workhouse, proclaiming it to be clean and orderly.¹²⁴ However, there is also ample evidence that all was not well in these workhouses. In June 1850 one reverend wrote that residents were in a:

piteous condition. They were dirty in the extreme; their clothes for the most part mere rags, evidently infested with vermin.

He went on to state that:

The condition of the yards was such that no kennelman would keep his place another day whose hounds were found on floors in such a state.¹²⁵

A letter to the local paper late in 1849 had already accused the Limerick workhouse of being an engine of oppression, stating that guardians "pack them in like herrings in a barrel, until the edifices become Pesthouses."¹²⁶ Earlier that year, women inmates rioted in protest against the reduction in their rations.¹²⁷ The local newspaper took the women's side, arguing that although the food was 'uneatable' the women were not protesting about the poor quality but rather the inadequate quantity of the food. Three hundred of these women were thrown out of the poorhouse onto the streets.

The famine coincided with disease outbreaks and cholera was particularly rampant in Limerick when Alice was there. Indeed in the 10-month period until May 1849, 2000 residents died in the workhouse.¹²⁸ In Alice's last week at the workhouse, 17 people died.¹²⁹ Rules were strict: silences were enforced, residents were locked in at night and could not have visitors during the day, and families were split up. There was little to occupy inmates. It is perhaps not surprising that some people in the poorhouses sought a means to escape the confines of the house. One English visitor to Limerick told the story of meeting a severely ill man lying by the side of a lane who, desperate for a breath of fresh air before he died, had crawled out of the workhouse and back to the area he knew.¹³⁰

It was in the context of these oppressive conditions that, on the morning of 02 November 1849, Alice and three other women left the workhouse, travelled seven miles, and attempted to steal a cow. They were caught in the act and arrested by a policeman.¹³¹ On 10 January 1850, all four women were found guilty of the crime in the Limerick County court,¹³² each being sentenced to 15 years transportation.

On the day of her arrest Alice was committed to the Limerick County gaol.¹³³ At the time the prison was severely overcrowded with one report claiming that "between 100 and 200 prisoners

were placed in cells provided only for the accommodation of 15."¹³⁴ Ventilation was a problem, with a number of female cells being damp.¹³⁵ Alice would however have been guaranteed two meals a day comprising 7oz (200 g.) of Indian meal (corn) and ½ pint (300 ml) milk for breakfast and 12 oz (350 g.) bread and ¾ pint (450 ml) milk for dinner.¹³⁶

After spending five months in that overcrowded county gaol Alice, along with her three accomplices, was transferred to Grangegorman prison in Dublin on 04 March 1850.¹³⁷ During the transfer Alice would have been accompanied by an armed guard and probably travelled by the train which now connected Limerick and Dublin and was used to transport prisoners between the two cities.

Grangegorman depot received prisoners from around Ireland pending their transfer to Van Diemen's Land by boat. The prison which was opened in 1836, was the first exclusively female prison in the UK.¹³⁸ The aim was to improve the moral welfare of the inmates and to furnish them with useful domestic skills. Alice would have spent her time there sewing, knitting, cooking, undertaking laundry work and cleaning to render her more suitable for employment in VDL.¹³⁹ She may also have received lessons in reading and writing at the Depot. Her diet would have been similar to that in Limerick County prison (Breakfast: 7 oz (200 g.) of Indian meal and oat meal and a pint (600ml) of milk. Dinner: 1lb (450 g.) bread and 1 pint (600 ml) buttermilk).



The building which once housed Alice and the Grangegorman Depot. Now part of the Grangegorman campus of the Technological University of Dublin.¹⁴⁰

11.2.2 A victim of the times? With little doubt.

Alice was not alone in the actions. It is unlikely that she would have ended up in gaol or on a convict ship were it not for the particular circumstances in which she found herself. Charles Smith, the Ship's Surgeon on the convict ship on which she was travelled to Van Diemen's land stated that the two-thirds of the passengers on the ship were from country Ireland and that:

many of them [had] been driven to commit offences in the Famine of Ireland who originally had very good characters.

He noted that these women "once convicted were certain of being well fed and taken care of."¹⁴¹ Similarly, another expert on the topic considered it likely that:

Unusual circumstances drove most of these women into crime and that many were basically honest. The disruption of the Irish economy and the starvation resulting from the famine left some with no choice except to steal animals for food.¹⁴²

It is telling that animal stealing accounted for 16% of women transportees from Ireland to VDL but only 1% of British transportees.¹⁴³

Certainly, it is not surprising that during the famine crime increased dramatically and gaol was seen by many as a refuge.¹⁴⁴ Some prisoners stated that they had broken the law so that they would be transported. Whether that was the case for Alice we do not know. We do know however that this was her first¹⁴⁵ and – in her lifetime – only offence with no previous convictions in Ireland and no record of misconduct in VDL or Australia.¹⁴⁶

11.2.3 Transportation to Van Diemen's Land

Unless otherwise indicated, most of the information in this section (but not the description of the Reverend Kirby) is based on the journal of the Ship's Surgeon.¹⁴⁷

One of 200 women convicts, Alice set sail on 08 July 1850 on the *Duke of Cornwall* from Kingston (now known as Dun Laoghaire) near Dublin. On board were two of her three accomplices, Mary A Sarsfield¹⁴⁸ and Margaret Meade¹⁴⁹, with the third woman (Margaret Miller) being returned to Limerick gaol due to ill health.¹⁵⁰ The *Duke of Cornwall*, a 580 ton ship built in Bristol in 1843¹⁵¹ also carried the 32 children of the women convicts.¹⁵²

The day that Alice left Kingston harbour was, described as “fine. . . but somewhat tempestuous.”¹⁵³ Before their departure a Reverend Dr Kirby the Chaplain of Grangegorman prison travelled by barge out to the ship and delivered mass and an address to Alice and her fellow prisoners below deck. According to the newspapers of the time, “The scene altogether presented an aspect as solemn and impressive as if that worship were offered beneath the stately roof of the grandest cathedral.”¹⁵⁴ In a speech that might have been worthy of his fictional counterpart Mr Collins in *Pride and Prejudice* the Reverend thanked a “noble lady, whose munificent benevolence enabled him to prosecute his mission of charity even in the hold of the convict ship” and asked that the women “offer their prayers for the temporal and eternal welfare of this lady.” How Alice really felt about being told that the “wages of sin is death” as she prepared to embark on the long and potentially dangerous sea voyage we will never know but according to the report as he left, “the side of the ship was thronged with these poor creatures giving him thanks and blessings.”

Alice was apparently well during the journey to VDL, not being among the 64 passengers who consulted Mr Smith, the Ship's surgeon nor the two women who died. A total of 27 convicts on the ship were diagnosed with ‘hysteria’, Smith variously describing inability to speak, paralysis, laughing, weeping, and hallucinations among these women. The doctor treated one woman by extracting “10 oz (300 ml) of blood” before “she became faint.” When the condition returned with greater severity “the head was shaved and vinegar and water poured from a height on the naked scalp.” It is difficult to locate information about the accepted treatment at the time, since the journey preceded the later, much better known work on ‘hysteria’ of Charcot in the late 1850s and Freud in the latter part of the 19th century. However, a contemporary textbook published in 1840 did indeed prescribe blood letting and ‘cold effusion of the head’¹⁵⁵ for ‘hysteria’ suggesting that the surgeon may have been following accepted practice at the time. Smith himself attributed the high number of cases of ‘hysteria’ to the fact that the women “were crowded together between decks in a Transport, where the heat is often 82° of Fahrenheit (28°C) and the atmosphere oppressive.” This he believed caused a derangement of the nervous system. He further opined that “the very well known law – of sympathy operated powerfully in exciting this remarkable complaint in others.”

Neither Alice, nor her partners in crime on board the *Duke of Cornwall*, were diagnosed with hysteria. However, the prevalence of the symptoms in other women must have been unsettling and no doubt testifies to the trauma that all of the women experienced as a result of their incarceration, the severing of ties from their homeland and families and the terrors of travelling on a ship.

The prison was located between decks and locked overnight. Every morning at 6am Alice emerged from the prison to wash herself up on deck. During the day her bed was rolled up and stored away to be taken back down again in the evening. There was a great deal of emphasis on keeping the prison clean. Flannel dipped in zinc chloride was hung in the mess to ward off bad smells which were particularly bad in the vicinity of the toilets but also in the hospital. Zinc chloride

was also sprinkled on the decks.

In contrast to William's experience, if the Surgeon is to be believed, Alice ate well but perhaps like the other women she eschewed the cocoa and instead opted for the more familiar oatmeal gruel. Smith believed in keeping the women occupied, prescribing exercise, sewing, knitting, reading and writing during the day. "In this way their time was completely occupied", he wrote, "and idleness, that most foolish cause of sickness and discontent in a great measure is avoided."

Whereas for William's journey the following year it was possible to reproduce the route and to understand the prevailing weather conditions based on the Religious and Educational Instructor's journal, no such details are readily accessible for the *Duke of Cornwall*. However, the Surgeon's log indicates that four convicts were injured in the rolling seas so it is likely that the *Duke of Cornwall* encountered some bad weather which must have added to the trauma of the women onboard.

11.2.4 In Van Diemen's Land

Alice's ship arrived in Hobart, Van Diemen's land (VDL) on 27 October, 1850.¹⁵⁶ She was processed on board the ship, the description at the time indicating that Alice was short in stature (5'0", 152 cm), had a fresh complexion, oval head, brown hair and "full visage", medium forehead, brown eyebrows, hazel eyes, long nose, large thick lips, a short chin and no distinguishing marks. She was Roman Catholic and could read, even on her arrival at Grangegorman, but she could not write.¹⁵⁷ Only 37% of Irish women convicts could read.¹⁵⁸ Although Alice, along with the majority of women in Grangegorman Depot,¹⁵⁹ had no trade at the time of her arrest in Ireland she was listed as a country servant on her arrival.¹⁶⁰

Once again, the British newspapers arrived with the ship, this time Vandemonians learning that prior to the ship's departure a certain Robert Pate, a former member of the 10th Hussars had struck Queen Victoria over the head with a cane.¹⁶¹ I could not restrain my curiosity. Did the British homeland dispense of the offender on a convict ship to Australia, perhaps hoping he might mete out his peculiar form of punishment to the more recalcitrant members of the Colony? In fact, based on expert and other testimony in his court case at the Old Bailey it is clear that Pate was of 'unsound' mind.¹⁶² This did not prevent him from being sentenced to seven years transportation and despatched soon after in August 1850. It is doubtful that the VDL newspapers who reported on Pate's crime were aware that within a matter of two weeks of their publication he would arrive in Hobart Town. In comparison with Alice, Pate's status as a gentleman ensured that his experiences as a convict prior to his arrival in VDL were less harsh than hers. Moreover, within seven years he had married a rich heiress in Hobart, his life very different from the future ahead of Alice.

Meanwhile back to the *Duke of Cornwall*. An advertisement in the *Cornwall Chronicle* at the time advised that the women who arrived on the *Duke of Cornwall* would be "distributed to private service direct from the ship." Interested parties were to proceed directly to the ship.¹⁶³ By 05 November the Convict Department advised intending employers to hire the women from the *Duke of Cornwall* from Bricklands or New Town farm.¹⁶⁴ Based on the probation system, Alice was not yet eligible for such service. Certainly she was not among those women who were hired directly from the ship because on disembarkation, the record shows that she was received at the Brickfields hiring centre in Hobart.¹⁶⁵

As Alice was preparing to disembark the *Duke of Cornwall*, the Launceston Anti-Transportation Association passed a motion protesting against the arrival of the ship and the "introduction of these females into the colony" and against the government and all those who connived to transport the women to the colony "against the wishes of the large majority of its inhabitants."¹⁶⁶ Alice, it would seem, was by no means universally welcome in her new home.

Alice's first year in Van Diemen's land was spent at Brickfields (over four months) followed by eight months at Her Majesty's Colonial Hospital (18 March 1852 – 12 November 1852).¹⁶⁷ This hospital primarily provided medical treatment to convicts. Convicts were also in service in the hospital in a variety of roles. The nurses were convicts who lived on the wards.¹⁶⁸ Though perhaps not a nurse it seems likely that Alice had a service role in the hospital, especially given that the name of a specific employer was recorded on her convict record for the latter half of her stay. A two-story sandstone building erected in 1820 to replace the tents used to treat ill convicts, the Colonial Hospital incorpo-

rated four wards, two on each level plus a smaller building behind. The hospital was intended to accommodate 56 convicts.¹⁶⁹

However, according to the local newspapers, all was not well at the hospital at the time Alice was there. For example, in a series of articles on the topic in 1852, the Hobart Guardian referred to “the dark deeds of this prison house”, stating that “no one who witnesses the number of coffins leaving the establishment, can doubt the efficacy of pseudo-medical skills in the way of *quieting* patients”¹⁷⁰ There were reports of damp bedding and neglect of patients.¹⁷¹ Calling for an enquiry into the hospital, the paper described the convict patients as “helpless, forlorn, and unhappy creatures without, perhaps, a single friend to comfort and console them.” It continued, “anyone with a spark of benevolent feeling in their bosom would, one would suppose, behave to them with kindness and attention. Not so, however, is the case; and it is high time that some course should be adopted to remedy evils which, we regret to say, are too prevalent.”¹⁷²

It is likely with some relief that, after eight months at the Colonial Hospital and a year after her arrival in VDL, Alice was assigned to private employment at Battery Point¹⁷³ so named due to the gun battery stationed there to ward off threats from the sea. The suburb now boasts an association with Queen Mary, Queen Consort of Denmark and the famous Hollywood movie actor Errol Flynn, both of whom were born in the maternity hospital there. Alice’s employer was Jessy Spurling. Little is known of Jessy Spurling but a *Statement of the Annual Value of Houses in Hobart City* lists only one Mrs Spurling and she was living in Portsea Place at the time, an area which is at Battery Point.¹⁷⁴ It is likely that Alice worked as a servant there where she would have lived on the premises. The government received her salary as she was not yet eligible for a Ticket of Leave. Her employer provided her with food and clothing and was responsible for her medical treatment should she require it.

A little over a year later, at the end of 1853, Alice was sent back to the House of Correction (The Cascades).¹⁷⁵ Although we cannot be certain of the reason for this recall, no crime being recorded on her conduct record or elsewhere, we can hazard an educated guess.¹⁷⁶ Based on the subsequent sequence of events, it is highly probable that Alice was pregnant at the time. Unmarried convicts who were pregnant were returned to the House of Correction as they were considered unfit for service.¹⁷⁷ If they had an illegitimate child they were subject to further punishment. Alice escaped the latter fate through marriage. Two days before her transfer to the House, she applied for permission to marry William Casey, also a convict¹⁷⁸ (see Section 11.1). A recommendation to that effect was recorded on 14 December 1853,¹⁷⁹ the day Alice arrived at the House of Correction, and the marriage took place on 09 January 1854 at St Joseph’s church in Hobart.¹⁸⁰ Three months later Alice gave birth to her first child, Maria, who died one week later of a cold. There is no record of how Alice and William met. Perhaps, coming from the same region they were already known to each other; perhaps they first met in Hobart and found comfort in their shared Irish background.

The following year, Alice was granted a Ticket of Leave (10 July 1855). Now she had more freedom and could earn wages or work for herself. However, she was required to stay in a particular area, to report regularly to authorities and to carry her Ticket of Leave at all times. There was also a stipulation that, where feasible, the Ticket of Leave holder was required to attend church services.¹⁸¹ Perhaps however Alice’s new baby, born in 1855 occupied her time. It must have been a relief to Alice when, on 17 June 1856, she was granted a conditional pardon (recommended 10 July 1855).¹⁸² She could now live freely provided that she did not return to Ireland or the UK.

Alice was never to return to her homeland even after, on 10 January 1864, she was declared ‘free by servitude’ her 15 year sentence having elapsed. Over the years, Alice and William moved northwards, finally living in Launceston. The details of the places they resided are contained in William’s story. Alice and William had nine children between 1854 and 1870 (see Appendix E) of whom two predeceased her (Maria from a ‘cold’ as noted above, John from ‘diarrhoea’). Gastric illnesses were the primary cause of death in the 19th century and infants were at particular risk.¹⁸³ Alice’s youngest child, Elizabeth may also have died in childhood but no record can be found of the death. All but one (William Jr) of Alice’s remaining children married and themselves had children. It seems likely that at least some of the girls remained friendly, with Catherine sharing a grave with Mary Theresa and son-in-law Thomas McInerny and Ellen and Alice also sharing a plot.



Two of Alice and William's children: L: Ellen¹⁸⁴ R: William¹⁸⁵



Three more of Alice and William's children: Catherine, Mary Theresa and Alice Casey.¹⁸⁶

Alice did not live to meet any of her (at least) 24 grandchildren for she died of dysentery in Launceston in 1871. At the same time she was spared the agony of seeing her son William Jr arrested and incarcerated in jail as a young man (see William Senior's story) for surely she would have been distressed to see history repeating itself, her only surviving son experiencing the deprivation of liberty which she herself had experienced in young adult life. Alice's descendants of today would be forgiven for wondering if the course of William's Jr's life might have been different had Alice not died so young.

What happened to Alice's accomplices?

But, again, I was curious. What happened to Alice's two young accomplices who were transported to VDL with her on the *Duke of Cornwall*. According to the *Female Convicts of Tasmania* database, Margaret Meade was less compliant than Alice. After showing insolence and failing to obey orders Margaret was transferred north to the Launceston House of Correction in 1851. The following year she married another former convict, John Leary. If the *Female Convicts of VDL* database is correct, Margaret had returned to Hobart by 1853 and was still there in 1854.¹⁸⁷ Perhaps it is no coincidence that the witnesses at Alice and William's wedding in Hobart earlier that year were a couple named Margaret and John Leary.¹⁸⁸ Sadly, Margaret died in childbirth in 1859. She left behind two children (John b. 1854 and Cornelius (Con) b. 1857) whom her husband left with an unrelated couple promising to pay for their support. However, he deserted the children, failing to pay maintenance, and the two young boys were admitted to the Queen's Orphanage School. It was surely a very hard life for these children.¹⁸⁹

The life of Alice's other accomplice who was sent to VDL, Mary Sarsfield, has been documented by Snowdon.¹⁹⁰ In October 1851 Mary wrote a pleading letter to her parents back in Ireland.¹⁹¹ In the letter she explained that in late 1849, then only a recent visitor to Limerick, she had innocently come across three other girls who were driving a cow along a road. She wrote that she, "had spoken only a few words" to the others before they were all taken into custody by a constable. Although, she protested, she had not been involved in the theft of the animal she too was found guilty of the crime and sentenced to 15 years transportation to VDL. Since arriving in VDL she had married and was now expecting a baby. However, her husband who had been recommended for a conditional pardon, wished to depart to Sydney and if this occurred Mary would be "returned in to Government and what then My Dear parents?"

She pled with her parents to ask their Reverend to intervene on her behalf to obtain a conditional pardon or a reduction in her sentence. She sent her letter via the Reverend. The latter did appeal to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for a remission in her sentence. However, it was refused after the Limerick Assistant Barrister consulted his notes and discovered that she and Alice and the other two women had in fact travelled together from the workhouse to commit the crime.

Mary must have been disappointed by the outcome but 170 years later I was excited to discover that my curiosity had led to details of Alice's life in Limerick that were not available either in the currently available prison records or the newspapers of the time. Meanwhile, back in Van Diemen's land, Mary's husband did not leave her for the attractions of Sydney but he did die in 1863, leaving Mary with five children including an infant. Now she was destitute. Mary tried to keep the children. However, in a story sadly reminiscent of the fate of Margaret Meade's children, she was forced by her circumstances to place all four of the older children in the Queen's Asylum for Orphans by the end of 1863.¹⁹²

It is clear that Alice and her fellow transportees lived hard lives. There must have been times when they regretted their decision to drive that cow down a road in Limerick. Alice died a free woman. She was only 42 but I would like to think that by the time of her death Alice had achieved some level of happiness and satisfaction 12,000 miles away from that road where it all started in Ireland.

Details of all of Alice and William's children are given in Appendix E.

11.3 Phillis Lockyer, Jack Hawking's maternal grandmother

D4 Phillis Lockyer, 1820–1903 b. Ratcliff, London d. Rutherglen, Vic.

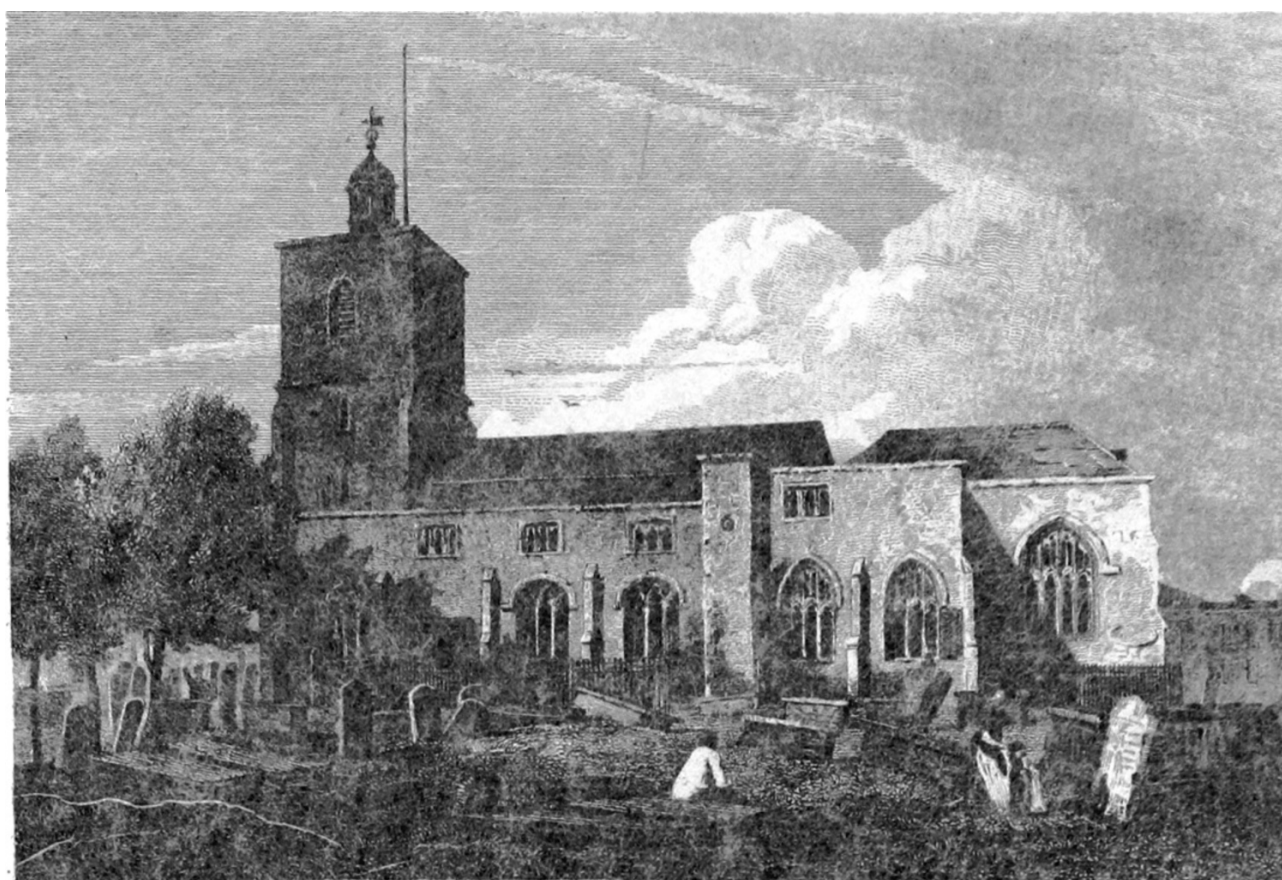
Phillis Lockyer (also known as Phillis Lockyear) was born in Ratcliff, Stepney in London's East End in 1820.¹⁹³ The second child of Samuel Lockyer and Sarah Neal, she was one of seven children.¹⁹⁴ Phillis and each of her siblings were baptised in St Dunstons, a 14th Century church in Stepney.

Situated on the north side of the Thames, the already severe overcrowding in the area of Stepney worsened as the population grew rapidly and the existing population was displaced by the demolition of houses to build dock systems and warehouses.¹⁹⁵ The population of Ratcliff, where Phillis and her family lived, rapidly increased in the 20 years after she was born from 6,973 in 1821 to 11,874 in 1841.¹⁹⁶

Many accounts of 19th century Stepney portray the area as a dirty, poverty stricken and rife with crime.¹⁹⁷ According to one writer, "Thieving and the buying and selling of goods became integral to East End culture".¹⁹⁸ The area of Ratcliff was also known for its brothels. Sanitation in the area was appalling in Phillis's time, with overflowing cesspits and open sewers running down the centre of the narrow streets. The Thames itself was described as 'a sewer like sump' in the period between 1800 and 1850 when Phillis lived by its banks.¹⁹⁹

(D5) Samuel Lockyer, 1791–? b. London? d. London?

(D5) Sarah Neal, 1797–1837 b. London? d. London?

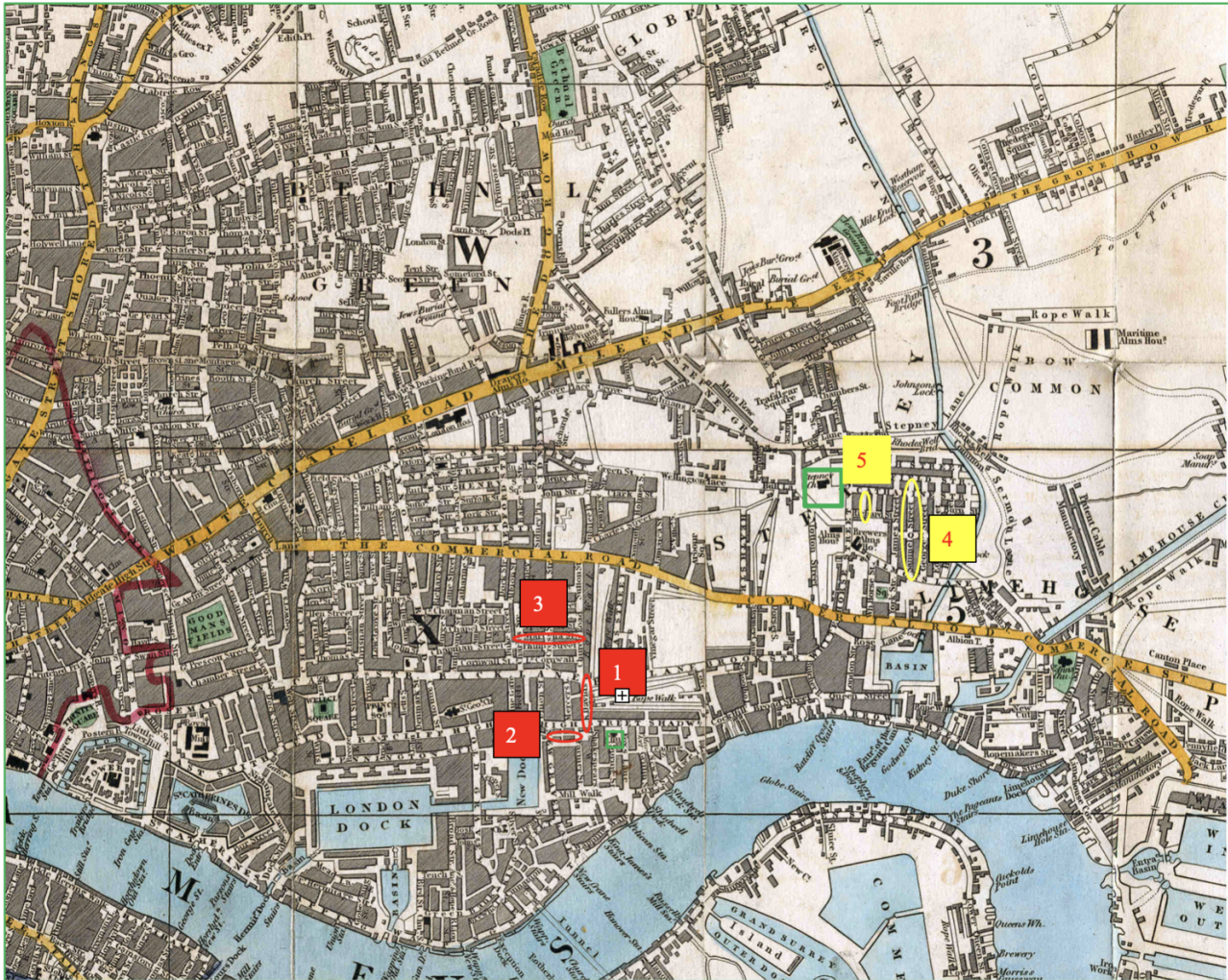


STEPNEY CHURCH,
Middlesex.

St Dunstan's church in 1820, the year and place where Phillis was baptised. Source:²⁰⁰ The bells of this church feature in the well-known nursery rhyme *Oranges and Lemons*. Since Stepney would have been well within the sound of the Bow Bells (at the church of St Mary-le-Bow), Phillis was a Cockney.

Phillis's parents married in October 1816 at St Mary Whitechapel in Tower Hamlets, London.²⁰¹ Her father Samuel was a ropemaker and sometime labourer.²⁰² Ropemakers twisted natural materials such as hemp into long ropes using a rope walk, a long building or straight street on which the threads were laid out before they were assembled into rope. The demand for rope during Samuel's time must have been immense given that each ship required up to 31 miles of rope for its rigging and other functions.²⁰³ There were about 10,000 rope makers (compared to over 1 million labourers) in London in 1841.²⁰⁴ After Phillis's mother died, probably between July and September 1837,²⁰⁵ Samuel married a widow Mrs Maria Darby on 01 October, 1838.²⁰⁶ We can be certain that Phillis

was not a witness to the proceedings, confined as she was on that day to a convict ship awaiting transportation to Australia (see below). At the time of their marriage Samuel and Maria, were living at 29 Samuel Street in Limehouse (see map below). However, by 1841 they had moved to nearby Anchor Street along with Phillis's six siblings and Maria's two youngest children (see map below). Just a street removed from St Dunstan's church, the couple and two of Phillis's siblings were still living at 5 Anchor Street 10 years later.



Cruchley New Plan of London, Stepney 1831. Phillis was accused of stealing from (1) King David St, Shadwell; (2) Elbow Lane, Shadwell; and (3) Martha St, (where she also once lodged). Phillis's family were living in (4) Samuel St in 1838 and in (5) Anchor St in 1841 and 1851. Note the Rope Walk just north of Bow Common (upper right). Map source:²⁰⁷

11.3.1 The Old Bailey and the notorious Newgate Prison

But let us return to 1837, the year that Victoria ascended the throne and Phillis's mother died, for it was in that year that the teenage Phillis first appeared before the Central Criminal Court ('The Old Bailey'), charged with stealing in nearby Shadwell (see the above map). Aged 17, she had been working as an occasional servant for George Baker, a cheesemaker, who lived in King David's Lane Shadwell. After Phillis left his house on 13 August 1837 the cheesemaker noticed that his wife's shoes and a handkerchief were missing from the house. Suspecting that Phillis was the culprit, he searched for her in vain. Curiously, however, Phillis visited his shop one week after the alleged theft, at which point Baker had her taken into custody and charged with stealing the boots and handkerchief as well as stockings. The arresting policeman testified that he had found "the boots and stockings in her apron." Why Phillis visited the shop while carrying the 'stolen' goods is very puzzling. In her defence she claimed that, "As I was going out, I asked my mistress to lend me the things, and when I went to return them she sent for a policeman and had me taken." The jury was not convinced.

On 18 September 1837, they found Phillis guilty of stealing but recommended that the court show her 'mercy'. In response, the judge 'respited' her sentence and she was permitted to go home with friends. Perhaps the jury was hedging its bets in this rather curious case. It is unlikely that Phillis would have been represented by a lawyer and the experience of appearing in the Old Bailey must have been extremely intimidating for a young Phillis.

Phillis's first experience in prison must also have been a shock for she was held at the notorious Newgate prison in the period between her arrest in August and her appearance in court.²⁰⁸ She was one of 61 women and girls and 301 men and boys confined to Newgate in the calendar year of 1837.²⁰⁹ Newgate Prison and the Old Bailey were located next to each other so Phillis would have walked down a narrow passage between the two for her court appearance. According to a law enacted the year before Phillis was remanded in Newgate, only prisoners who had not yet been tried would be confined in Newgate.²¹⁰ That said, condemned prisoners were still kept at the prison and executions continued outside and (later) inside the prison.

Phillis was fortunate that she found herself in Newgate after rather than before the reforming efforts of Quaker Elizabeth Fry and her Association for the Improvement of Female prisoners at Newgate. From 1816, Fry worked tirelessly for the cause, personally overseeing changes at Newgate.²¹¹ She ensured that the women's section of gaol was overseen by a matron and female attendants instead of the male 'turnkeys' who were their previous gaolers, that the women were provided with clean clothes and that they were employed making garments which generated income that contributed to their collective wellbeing. Under the influence of Fry the women's side of Newgate was said to have been transformed from one of beings who were "scarcely human, blaspheming, fighting, tearing each others' hair, or gaming with a filthy pack of cards for the very clothes they wore (which often did not suffice even for decency)" to "a scene where stillness and propriety reigned."²¹²

While she was there, along with other women, Phillis slept on the floor on a rope mat and had three rugs to cover her.²¹³ In the morning she rolled up the bedding and hung it on the wall of the ward. She would have smelled the stench of the water closets.²¹⁴ Despite the good work of Mrs Fry, once the 'Ladies' disappeared, she would have been exposed to 'dreadful' language and fights between other women and stories of their crimes.²¹⁵ Had she been incarcerated one year earlier, Phillis would have had no alternative but to wash in public view in the yard²¹⁶ without the benefit of a towel²¹⁷ and regardless of the weather, but in 1837 a washing area and towels were provided.²¹⁸ Other improvements that year included better facilities for washing clothes,²¹⁹ and increased ventilation and light from windows, although care was taken to ensure that prisoners could not see out the windows.²²⁰ During the three-times weekly visiting hours, Alice was permitted to speak to her friends one at a time through two grates separated by four feet in one part of the exercise yard. If she could afford it Alice was permitted to purchase one pint of beer each day.²²¹

11.3.2 'On the town' and a return to Newgate

After her release from prison Alice turned to prostitution.²²² The 19th century prostitute was often forced into the life by poverty and the trade was common in port areas including the docklands of Stepney. The wages of working class women were very low and often insufficient. Now encumbered by a criminal record, Phillis likely experienced particular difficulty in securing conventional employment from wary employers.²²³ It is also possible that her family abandoned her following her arrest and release. Certainly, her father was not discouraged from remarrying as Phillis was about to be transported 12000 miles away. However, such a rift seems unlikely given that Phillis later named her own children after her parents and that a number of her other children shared the first names of her siblings.

Whatever Phillis's previous experiences with Newgate, it was not very long before she found herself back there in 1838. She was one of 656 women (and 68 girls, 2048 men and 301 boys) in Newgate who were committed for trial in the 12 months prior to the 19th September 1838.²²⁴ On average, during the year that Phillis was incarcerated there were 43 females and 143 males in Newgate at any one time, with the greatest number being 87 and 291 respectively. In Newgate over one week Phillis's rations included 112 oz (3.2kg) of bread, 21 oz (600 g.) meat, 1 ¾ lbs (800g.) of potatoes, 7 pints (4

litres) of soup, and 14 pints (8 litres) of gruel.

Phillis was again tried in the Central Criminal Court in May 1838,²²⁵ this time on two separate counts of stealing. A certain James Cuthbertson Sibbald, Master of the brig *James and Agnes* had accused her of stealing 13 sovereigns on 16 May 1838.²²⁶ She was taken into custody on 17 May,²²⁷ and her hearing took place on 19 May. According to Sibbald's account he had accompanied Phillis to Elbow Lane where he went to bed after removing 2 shillings from his purse. He returned the purse containing 13 sovereigns to his trousers on the back of the chair next to the bed. Noticing Phillis "fumbling among my things" he "asked ... what she was doing." She replied that she intended to "put her gown on to go downstairs" which she did. On her return she told Sibbald that she did not like the house they were in and would take him to a better one. It was then that he discovered the missing money which had not since appeared. He denied that he was drunk. For her part, Phillis denied any wrong doing, claiming that she "was going by Shadwell Church [two blocks from Elbow lane], and saw Sibbald talking to a woman but that she had never seen his money." She was found not guilty by the jurors.

Phillis was not so fortunate on the second count of stealing on 11 April 1838.²²⁸ She had been lodging in Martha Street, St George's with a Mr and Mrs Vaughan. After she left the establishment Mr Vaughan "broke the door open" and discovered two missing sheets worth 3 shillings, one counterpane (4 shillings), one candlestick (6d). On the stand, Mr Vaughan stated that he "went to the police office, saw the prisoner there, and asked her how she came to do it – she said she was persuaded, and that she pawned the things at two different places – a person went to those places, but the things were not there." Mrs Vaughan testified that "the prisoner came back to me about a fortnight ago, and said she came to give herself up about the things – I said I did not know what to do, as my husband was not at home – she said she would come again at five o'clock, but she did not." Phillis replied that "I offered to make amends for them." The jury found her guilty and the judge sentenced her to seven years transportation.

The timing of the two events – the Vaughan and Sibbald allegations – is at first somewhat puzzling. How could Phillis be in a position to steal from Sibbald in May 1838 if she had been detained for stealing from Vaughan in April 1838. The only explanation is that she was not charged with the first offence until after she was arrested for allegedly stealing from Sibbald and that it was in the latter context that Mr Vaughan saw her in the police office. The paper work is also confusing. The Newgate records only provide detail about the Sibbald charge with a finding of guilty and transportation in contrast to the Old Bailey Proceedings which found her not guilty of stealing 13 sovereigns (About \$A2400 in 2024). To further confuse matters, the convict conduct record compiled in VDL on arrival reports that the Phillis stated that she was convicted of stealing "per Mr Brown", a name that does not appear in any of the court records. It seems more than one person was confused including (possibly) Phillis herself although the official recording her statement may have suffered from poor hearing. Whatever the finer details, it is not in dispute that Phillis was sentenced to seven years transportation for stealing, a sentence which was reported in no less than 13 English newspapers at the time.²²⁹

11.3.3 Off to Millbank

Ten days after her trial Phillis was transferred from Newgate prison to Millbank Penitentiary, awaiting transportation.²³⁰ Completed in 1821 at the huge cost of £500,000 (about \$A1 billion in 2024), Millbank was built on a marshy area by the river Thames. Long since replaced by London's Tate Gallery, one 19th Century writer described the then Millbank penitentiary as "a well known gloomy pile by the river side, with its dull exterior, black portals and curious towers."²³¹

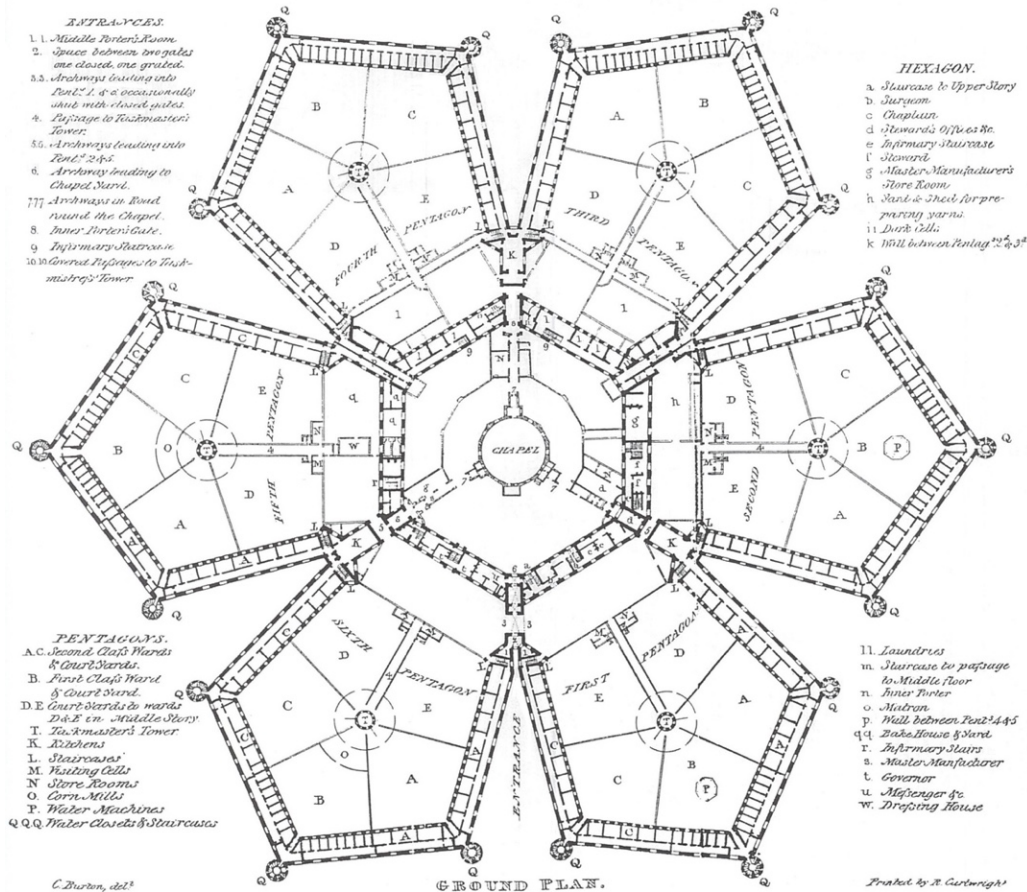
The prison was constructed of six pentagons arranged in the shape of a hexagon (see next page) surrounded by a wall and a moat. The buildings occupied 7 acres of land. So complex was the design of the penitentiary that even the warders became lost in the dark maze of corridors. Perhaps the design was a cunning plot to prevent prison escapes by bamboozling the potential escapees.

By the time Phillis walked through the gates of Millbank the previous chaplain of the prison, the Reverend Nihil, had recently taken over as Governor. Given his vocation, it is not surprising that his

emphasis was on reforming the prisoners through religion. He considered that the female prisoners were "frightfully disorderly." He was not alone:

It is a well established fact in prison logistics that the women are far worse than the men. When given to misconduct they are far more persistent in their evil ways, more outrageously violent, less amenable to reason or reproof. Source:²³²

As for Phillis, her behaviour at Millbank was described as 'indifferent' and she was punished for taking bread 'not her own', no doubt because she was hungry.²³³



The ground plan of the Millbank Penitentiary where Phillis occupied a cell.²³⁴

Following the Prison Act of 1835, Nihil put in place the 'separate' system whereby prisoners spent most of their time in a solitary cell. The aim of the system was to prevent the spread of bad behaviour between prisoners and to provide them with the opportunity to reflect on their lives. Phillis slept alone in a ten foot by seven foot cell. It had two doors, one wooden and one made from open iron. There was a window in the cell but a wooden shelf angled upwards prevented her from seeing out.

*At the first bell, every morning about daylight, the prisoners were let out to wash, about six or eight at a time; and they then returned to their cells for the rest of the day, except during their two hours' exercise, and twice a week when they attended chapel and school. Their meals were brought to them in their cells by other prisoners let out for the purpose.*²³⁵

Phillis would not have been permitted visits from friends and family while she was incarcerated in Millbank.

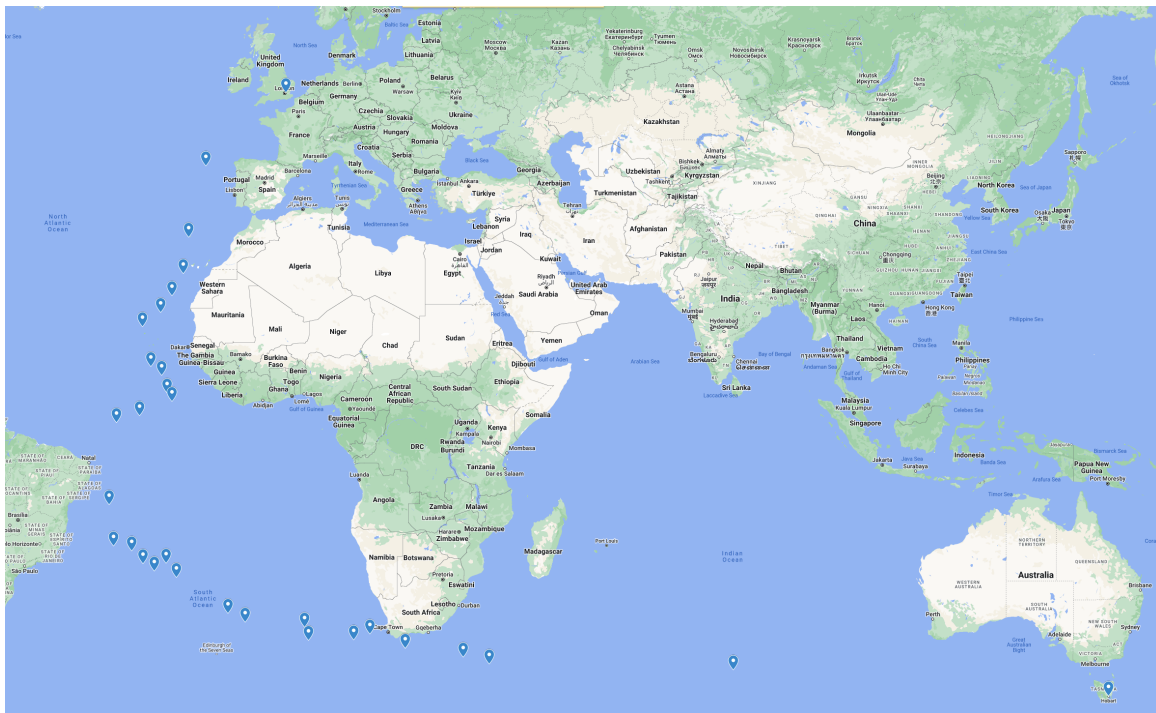
The separate system was strongly opposed in some quarters on the grounds that it was detrimental to physical health and triggered psychiatric disorders.²³⁶ The women were also forbidden to communicate with each other ('the silent system'). Fortunately, it was not until a few months after Phillis had departed the penitentiary that the Governor instituted changes to actually enforce the system of silence.²³⁷ Thus, Phillis may have escaped the worst excesses of the system.

Nevertheless, Millbank was not a healthy place, the death rate from consumption and related diseases being four to five times higher among inmates than among the citizens of London.²³⁸ It was fortunate for her and her descendants that she did not spend more than three to four months in the institution.

11.3.4 A (not so) 'Majestic' trip to Van Diemen's land

In September 1838, Phillis was transferred, probably by boat, down the Thames, from Millbank to the *Majestic* at Woolwich,²³⁹ the site of a naval dockyard. As she arrived at Woolwich, Phillis would have observed the floating prison hulks housing other convicts. It was a mild day, the thermometer reading 67°F (19°C) at noon,²⁴⁰ a temperature which was maintained for the six days the ship remained at anchor in Woolwich. In all probability, during this time Phillis and her fellow convicts were farewelled by Mrs Elizabeth Fry who remarkably, with one exception "visited every transport which sailed from England between the year 1818 until her final illness in 1841."²⁴¹ Phillis was one of 123 prisoners on the 345-ton *Majestic* which was captained by G Williamson and overseen by Superintendent Sergeant Peter Fisher.²⁴²

By 04 October the ship was at sea "running along the land of the downs" and by the 6th she was at sea in the English channel.²⁴³ During the 111-day trip Phillis spent her time during the day on deck when the weather permitted. Her conduct during the trip was described as 'orderly' by the surgeon. On most days eight to ten convicts scrubbed the lower deck, the cleaning overseen by two other convicts.



Phillis's route on the *Majestic* from Woolwich to Hobart based on Surgeon Superintendent's recording of longitude and latitude on medical records²⁴⁴ and using Google maps.

The route taken by the Phillis's ship is shown above. The *Majestic* headed south and then somewhat westerly towards South America before heading east to the British Colony at the Cape of Good Hope, then also known as Cape Colony. It was there at Cape Town that ships often replenished water and supplies before continuing on their journey to Australia. Phillis was treated by the Surgeon on two occasions during the trip. On 22 November, she received medicine for a violent headache. Her pulse was only 54 bpm. She recovered after two days. On 04 December, Phillis reported to the infirmary with a "burn of [her] left forearm in two narrow stripes caused by a fall on the ribs of the Galley Grate" the previous evening. The surgeon "dressed it with a piece of lint, applied a bandage and diluted aq Lith Acet." That night Phillis was sea sick, vomiting "a good deal due to much motion

of the ship." However her arm was "not very painful" the next morning and after further treatment Phillis was able to eat rice for dinner. The next day Phillis's arm was again dressed and treated with 'cerate lotion' after which she ate pudding for dinner. By 07 December Phillis was proclaimed to be "doing well," the surgeon commenting "omnia ut heri contr." (A Latin scholar I am not but my best guess is that the phrase means "Everything is the opposite of yesterday", meaning the patient is substantially improved.) Fortunately, on 08 December, Phillis was declared 'healed' with not a Latin phrase in sight.

11.3.5 Van Diemen's land

The Superintendent Surgeon pronounced that the prisoners disembarked at Hobart more healthy than when they boarded the ship. Indeed, there were no deaths on the voyage with all 123 convicts including Phillis arriving safely at Van Diemen's Land on 22 January 1839.

Meanwhile on the *Majestic's* arrival the *Colonial Times* newspaper opined that the *Majestic* "brought the worst ever cargo ever shipped into this colony, – the women, generally, being of a very abandoned character. One woman has been, we understand, ironed, nearly all the voyage, and kept in a sort of cage, which is occasionally used on board women's ships. This, in the present satisfactory state of domestic servitude, is very agreeable intelligence!"²⁴⁵

The *Majestic* brought with it the latest English news, providing the residents of VDL the important intelligence that the Queen had been at Windsor "riding about the Park, with the adhesive Lord Melbourne ever at her side"²⁴⁶ and that two non-participant observers of a duel in London had been found guilty of murder after one of the combatants had been killed. While these men were detained for only 12 months before being pardoned, Phillis faced 7 years in Van Diemen's Land (less time already served).

The now 18-year-old Phillis could neither read nor write. Measuring 5 ft 1 inch (155 cm) in height, she had hazel eyes, light brown hair and brown eyebrows, a ruddy complexion, and a freckled face round head, high forehead, small nose and medium sized mouth and chin.²⁴⁷ Phillis was destined to spend the next 16 years in the Launceston region including East and West Tamar and Launceston town.

Phillis arrived in VDL in the last year of Assignment period when convicts could be immediately assigned to work for private citizens throughout the colony. Each landowner was required to accept one or more convicts for each 100 acres they owned and to provide them with food, clothing,²⁴⁸ bedding and lodging.²⁴⁹ Phillis was assigned to work for a Mr Henry Griffiths, a farmer, from West Tamar near Launceston.²⁵⁰ Henry was the youngest son of the highly successful NSW, VDL, and Victorian colonist Jonathon Griffiths, a former convict, boat, wharf and bridge builder and ship owner who acquired a large tract of land (7000 acres) at Fresh Water Bay on the west bank of the Tamar near Launceston.²⁵¹ Henry was also granted land nearby and by 1866 owned 5000 acres on the river Tamar, including some land originally granted to his father.²⁵² It is probable that Phillis, who had listed her trade on arrival as a house servant and needle worker²⁵³ was put to work as a domestic servant in Henry's household.

The river Tamar extends 43 miles north from Launceston to Bass Strait and is Tasmania's largest estuary.²⁵⁴ Griffiths was situated at the point where the estuary transitions from sea to freshwater (Fresh Water Point). We can only wonder what Phillis thought of her new situation. Surely the quiet, sparsely populated world of the banks of the Tamar with its fresh air, rich alluvial soil and treed rolling hills could not have contrasted more with the busy Thames and the smelly, overcrowded streets of Stepney or the confined quarters of the *Majestic*. Did Phillis see the beauty of this new land or was the space and isolation and the real and constant threat of bushrangers frightening to a young girl who had only ever known the streets of London and now had no family or friends to support her?

Phillis, however, was not alone long. Two years after she arrived at VDL, she married a fellow convict, Henry Mills in May 1841.²⁵⁵ Although Henry had been granted a ticket of leave 12 months before the marriage it is possible the couple first met while Henry was assigned to a nearby farmer, George Atkinson in Rosevears. The marriage took place at St John Church of England in Launceston,

being conducted by the Reverend WH Browne, a well-known character who challenged the orthodoxy of the time.²⁵⁶ It is not surprising then that the reverend “fell out with some leading citizens” but according to the Australian Dictionary of Biography “being Irish, he enjoyed the controversy!” Later Browne was to become a prominent opponent of penal transportation. Although many in this movement were driven by concern about the ‘stain’ and ‘moral contamination’ effects of transportation, it is likely that Browne’s activism was prompted by a humanitarian concern for the convicts themselves.²⁵⁷

Muster records show that Phillis was still assigned to Henry Griffiths on December 31 1841.²⁵⁸ By this time Henry, his family and four convicts assigned to him were living at *Lovely Banks*²⁵⁹ at Legana (the local Aboriginal term for ‘Fresh Water’). Griffiths’s wooden house - which was no doubt built by convicts with timber harvested from his property - was incomplete at the time. Whether Phillis ever lived in this house we do not know. However, despite the muster record, it is unlikely that she was residing there at the end of 1841 since the only female convict recorded at *Lovely Banks* in the census at that time was single and by that time Phillis was married. At the time, her husband Henry was working on the other side of the river at Mount Direction. By 1843 Phillis was certainly living on the east bank of the Tamar at Spring Bay north west of Launceston.²⁶⁰ By 1846 she had moved to Launceston where she remained until the family’s departure to Victoria in 1856.²⁶¹ Further details of the movements of the family during this period can be found below in Henry Mills’s biography. See Section 11.4 on Page 216.

Phillis was granted a Ticket of Leave in February 1845²⁶² and a Certificate of Freedom in May 1845²⁶³. Why it took so long to obtain her Ticket of Leave and why she was not granted a conditional pardon at some stage is a mystery given the lack of evidence of misconduct. Once she had achieved her freedom, Phillis was not alone. By 1847 approximately 40% of the 10,000 strong population of Launceston were either convicts or former convicts.²⁶⁴

Phillis had ten children (see Appendix F for details). One died at age 12 months.²⁶⁵ There is no record of the birth of her oldest child, Thomas. At the time of writing, all the family trees on well-known genealogy sites listed Thomas as being born in 1839. Indeed, if Thomas and his father’s death certificates are to be believed Thomas was born in 1839 or 1840.²⁶⁶ However, for female convicts, a birth out of wedlock was a punishable offence resulting in the woman being sent to a house of correction. Phillis’s conduct record contains no mention of any punishments; nor does it record a birth out of wedlock. Fortunately, there is a source of more contemporaneous information supplied by the parents themselves in the form of a passenger list from Launceston to Melbourne which recorded Thomas as 13 years of age in 1856.²⁶⁷ Given that Phillis’s second child, Jane, was born in November 1843, it seems likely that Thomas was born in wedlock in 1842. Jane, at the age of eight years was the informant for the birth of her brother Samuel in 1852. It is impressive that at such a young age she relayed all the required information such as her brother’s date of birth, her parents’ names including her mother’s maiden name, and their current street address!

In the summer of 1849, while Phillis and family were living with the family in Patterson Street in Launceston, their house was burgled. The story was reported in the local newspapers: Below is an extract of the report from the Launceston Examiner.²⁶⁸

DARING BURGLARY.—The house of Mr. Henry Mills, general dealer, residing in Patterson-street, was burglariously entered on Thursday night last, and a quantity of wearing apparel, about £2 in copper, and a small amount in silver stolen. The thieves effected an entrance through the front window, and ransacked nearly every drawer in the house; they went into the room where Mr. Mills and the family were asleep, and examined all the pockets in the bedroom without disturbing any one of the family, and made their exit.

It would seem that the couple had accumulated sufficient assets that in Australia they had now become the victims rather than the perpetrators of larceny. It can also be deduced that despite or perhaps because of their hard lives, Phillis and Henry were able to sleep well in Australia.

In 1856 the family started a new chapter in their lives, crossing Bass Strait to Victoria and the goldfields. Phillis's three youngest children were born in the region of Fryerstown, a thriving mining area (see Henry's biography). Life was hard for women on the gold fields. They laboured washing, cooking, cleaning and sewing with, in the early years at least, only a tent or rudimentary hut to shelter them from the heat of the day and rain in the winter.

Many of Phillis's children remained or returned to live in the area during Phillis's lifetime. Sadly, her youngest child Daniel died at the age of 19 in Fryerstown of cholera. Five years later, in 1885, a Spanish physician successfully used a vaccine to prevent the disease – an important development in medicine but too late for Daniel.²⁶⁹

Her eldest daughter Jane married a Scotsman Robert Glen who had travelled to the goldfields in the early 1850s. Robert had generously supported the establishment of a Presbyterian Church in Fryerstown.²⁷⁰ The wooden building was completed in 1861 just in time for Jane and Robert to be the first couple to be married there. The Glens and their children maintained a strong association with the church²⁷¹ with Jane and Robert being buried side by side in the Presbyterian section of the beautiful Fryerstown cemetery.



2024: Grave of Robert and Jane Glen née Mills at Fryerstown, Vic.

At some stage after Henry died (1896) Phillis joined her daughter Amelia, the great grandmother of Dave, Jenny and Michele in Rutherglen for it was in that quiet little Victorian town that Phillis died in 1903 at the age of 83 years.²⁷² This hardy woman was survived by five of her children.

Phillis had spent 64 years of her life in Australia. Could she ever have contemplated as a 17-year old in Stepney that a child of hers would live to 93 (Emma)? Did she derive satisfaction from seeing her grandchildren enjoy the freedom of the Australian bush, and a life so different from her own upbringing? Did she miss her London life even as she grew older. We will never know. However, who cannot but admire the sheer strength of character and determination that it must have taken for Phillis to navigate successfully the many hardships, obstacles and challenges in her life.

Details of Phillis and Henry Mills's children are given in Appendix F.

11.4 Henry Mills, Jack Hawking's maternal grandfather

D4 Henry Mills, 1816–1896 b. Kidderminster, Worcs. Vic. d. Fryerstown, Vic.

D5 Thomas Mills 1790–? b. Wolverley d. ?

D5 Maria Tyers, 1795?–? b. Wolverley d. ?

Henry was baptised at the gothic St Mary's and All Saints church in Kidderminster, Worcestershire, on 19 January 1816, the son of Thomas and Maria Mills. Thomas was a cordwainer (shoemaker) and Henry was one of eight children. At the time of Henry's birth and on many occasions subsequently, Henry's family lived in Blackwell Street, a wide main street that may have dated back to medieval times.²⁷³ They also lived at 3 Broad Street.²⁷⁴ At some stage a young Henry contracted smallpox, leaving him with a deeply pitted face.

Kidderminster is located on the river Stour, 19 miles (31 km) from Birmingham and 15 (24 km) from Worcester. In the period of Henry's residence it was a market town and Britain's leading centre of carpet weaving²⁷⁵ with a population of over 10,000 residents.²⁷⁶ Late in the 1830s there were over 4000 adults and children working in the Kidderminster carpet weaving industry, and 2000 carpet looms (mostly Brussels looms) and 24 manufacturers in the town.²⁷⁷

11.4.1 The Weavers of Kidderminster

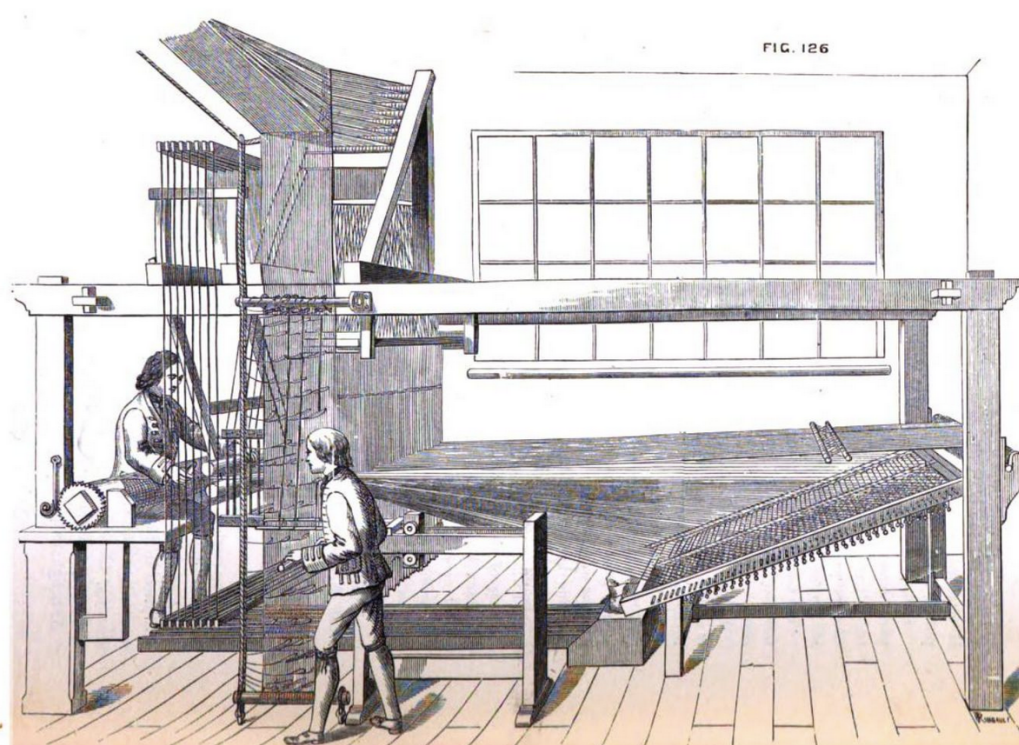
In 1833, Henry was variously described as a shoemaker²⁷⁸ (like his father) and a carpet weaver²⁷⁹ like at least three of his brothers (James, Charles, William)²⁸⁰. Weavers were employed on a piece work basis, and paid by the yard of carpet. They wove strips of carpet on a hand loom²⁸¹ in a shop or 'factory' (some of which were very small) based on a 'draft' (instructions and pattern) provided by the manufacturer. They were responsible for hiring their assistants (usually children), maintaining the looms and lighting and heating their work area.²⁸² Weavers typically worked 12 or 13 hours per day,²⁸³ and working through the night to meet a deadline was not uncommon.²⁸⁴ An average weaver might weave 21 yards of carpet in one week.²⁸⁵ Once the piece was completed the weaver delivered the strip to the manufacturer on whose premises the strips of carpet were sewn together.²⁸⁶

The relationship between the weavers and their employers was fraught.²⁸⁷ In 1817, soon after Henry was born, the weavers of Kidderminster went on strike for several weeks after their pay was reduced. The army was called in to quell the resulting violence and arson. Relations did not improve over the following decade. Further strikes occurred in 1825 and for 5 months in 1828 when the workers were close to starvation. Feelings ran high. A Reverend Humphrey Price was jailed for 12 months for having the temerity to issue an 'inflammatory' handbill containing a poem entitled *The Complaint of a Kidderminster Weaver's Wife to her Infant*.

The poem indirectly accused the manufacturers of being "cruel, cruel masters", questioned whether they could expect to reach heaven, and warned them to "count the price of your own cursed avarice", ending with the somewhat ominous warning: "And count it well, ere taught too late to dread than ours a far worse fate."²⁸⁸ The strike failed; wages had fallen by 34% between 1816 and 1828. The army was again called in 1830 when hundreds of workers rioted, attacking the houses of the manufacturers and a factory.²⁸⁹ In 1832, workers attempted to set factories alight, trade in the town was described as 'deplorable' and 779 heads of families were receiving out-door relief weekly.²⁹⁰ In short, "living conditions were harsh."²⁹¹



Present day St Mary's and All Saints Church, Kidderminster. Source:²⁹²



A draw loom depicting the weaver and his assistant (draw boy/girl). Source:²⁹³ The assistant was usually a child or relative who subsequently graduated to weaving.²⁹⁴

If Henry and his brothers were caught up in the riots and unrest they do not feature among those arrested and tried for these crimes. However, it is likely that the Mills family was struggling in the late 1820s and early 1830s. The turmoil and resulting poverty in the community adversely affected trade in the town²⁹⁵ and may also have threatened the livelihood of men who were not weavers including shoemakers like Henry's father. In speaking about the plight of British hand loom weavers more generally, in 1835, members of parliament pointed to the association between destitution and crime, with one asking:

Was it, in short, surprising that when by honest industry, by work night and day, not excepting in some cases Sundays, [the hand loom weavers] were unable to maintain themselves and families even in health, that they should resort to pilfering?²⁹⁶

11.4.2 Imprisoned in a Castle

This was the economic and social context in which, at the 1832 MidSummer Session of the County of Worcestershire, the then 16-year old Henry was found guilty of knowingly receiving stolen goods. He and his 13-year old accomplice who had stolen the purse containing 16s. 6d. were sentenced by Sir Christopher Smith to 3 months in Worcester County Prison, including one week in solitary confinement and a whipping.²⁹⁷

Built in 1813, this all-male prison was designed in the style of a castle. It comprised 90 cells, accommodating 162 prisoners daily (759 for the full year) in 1833.²⁹⁸ Due to its architectural style, the street in which it was situated (Salt Lane) was renamed Castle Street.²⁹⁹ While it may seem curious that a prison should be built in the form of a castle, perhaps the architect was inspired by the fact that this jail replaced one at Worcester Castle. The latter was considered unsuitable, not least because it was insecure.³⁰⁰ By contrast, during its 125 year service only one prisoner ever escaped from the replacement building³⁰¹ and it was not Henry. The £13,000 price tag for the building fell substantially short of the price tag for London's MillBank Prison in which Henry's future wife was held only a few years later. As was customary at the time, the judge did not specify the tool to be used or the number of lashes to be administered to Henry as part of his sentence, it being left to the discretion of those charged with carrying out the order.

Whatever the precise punishment administered to Henry he soon found himself back in Worcester County prison. In January 1833, he was charged along with a Miles Flynn with stealing a till containing (£5/10- from a shop owned by a Mr J Dalton of Bromsgrove. Henry was also charged with stealing a till containing 5/- from another shop owner, Mr J Griffiths.³⁰²

Henry was tried on 28 February 1833 and sentenced to 14 years transportation. About two weeks later he was transferred from Worcester County prison to a hulk ship, the *Cumberland*, at Chatham where he remained for 4 months.³⁰³ Miles was acquitted but soon after he was sentenced to 7 years transportation to VDL for another crime (stealing a till from a shop keeper in Kidderminster).^{304,305}

11.4.3 "Floating Hell"

There are many aspects of the British prison system which have earned the description of 'hell on earth'. Hulks earned the description of a 'floating hell'.³⁰⁶ These were unserviceable, decommissioned ships that had been converted into floating prisons to accommodate convicts. Masts and rudders and other sailing mechanisms were removed and in later years cells were built below deck.

The *Cumberland* was first used as a hulk in 1830 having originally been a 74-gun Royal Navy ship. The 1720-ton ship's claim to fame was that it had once transported King William I of the Netherlands during the Napoleonic wars. The *Cumberland*, now moored on the Medway river at Chatham close to the dockyard, could house up to 300 convicts. Hulks were known to be extremely unhealthy, teeming with rats and rife with infectious diseases such as cholera, typhus and dysentery. Indeed there was an outbreak of cholera on the *Cumberland* while Henry's was there, with 33 deaths recorded on the hulk in 17 days in the month before his departure.³⁰⁷

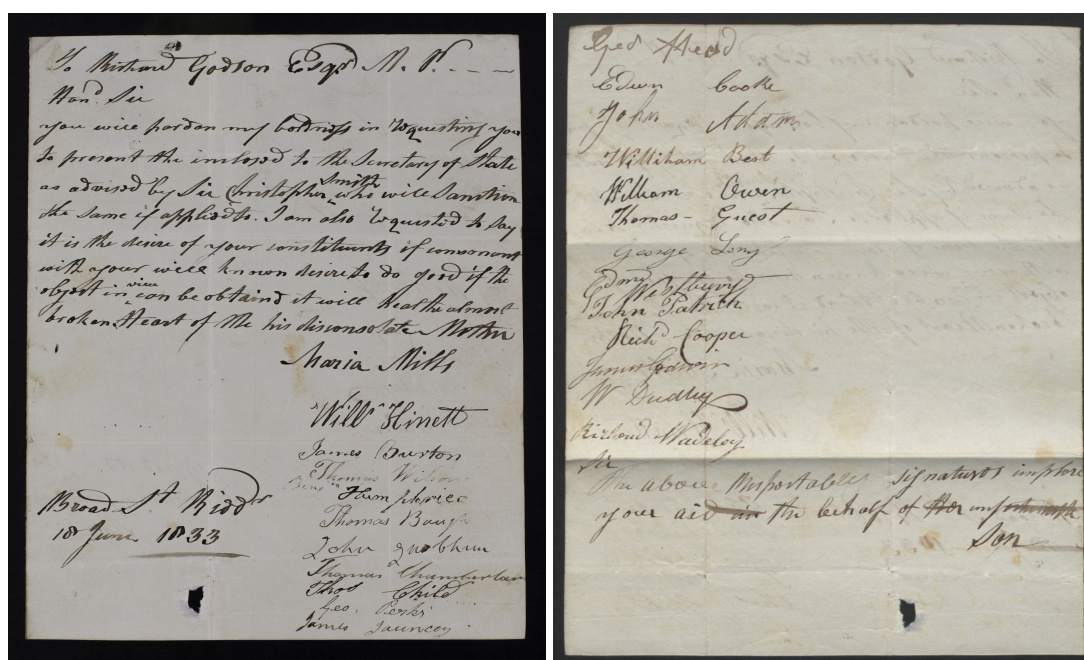
On his arrival Henry was required to strip and wash, don a prison jacket and trousers and wear irons on his legs.³⁰⁸ Each day, guarded by soldiers the prisoners were rowed to the shore to work in chain gangs along the riverside. The labour was very hard and dangerous.³⁰⁹ There were at least two separate escapes while Henry was there.³¹⁰ Although the hulk records stated that on arrival Henry's "character disposition connexions and former course of life very bad",³¹¹ he was declared of good behaviour and healthy in June 1833 according to the quarterly returns of prisoners in Hulks.³¹²

11.4.4 A mother's broken heart: A plea for remission

Meanwhile Henry's parents were living in a different type of hell. While Henry awaited transportation his distressed mother Maria submitted a petition seeking remission of Henry's sentence. She directed the application to newly elected Member of Parliament Richard Godwin who as a barrister had successfully defended weavers charged during the riots.

The letter was also signed by 23 others with the notation: "Sir, the above <?> signatures implore your aid in the behalf of my son.

Curiously, among the signatures on the petition was a Mr Griffin, "Prosecuter Bromsgrove" [sic]. The town of Bromsgrove lies nearby to Kidderminster and was where Henry had stolen a till from shopkeeper Mr Dalton. The petition was submitted to Lord Melbourne's office by Richard Godson. The proforma reply dated 22 July 1833, that came back from Whitehall to Godwin was bad news for Maria and Henry.³¹³



Maria Mills's 1833 petition letter (transcribed below) and signatures.³¹⁴

Transcription of Maria Mills's 1833 letter to Richard Godwin

Dear Sir,

You will pardon my botherings in requesting you to present the inclosed to the Secretary of State as advised by Sir Christopher Smith who will Sanction the same if applicable. I am also requested to say it is the desire of your constituents if consonant with your well known desire to do good if the object in view can be obtained it will heal the almost broken heart of me his disconsolate Mother.

Maria Mills.

Broad Street, Kidderminster,
7th June 1833.

Maria Mills's petition to the Secretary of State

To the Right Honorable the Secretary of State.

This the humble petition of Maria Mills Showeth that Her Son Henry Mills was at the Journal Sessions Worcester convicted by Sir Christopher Smith of Felony and Sentence to 14 years transportation. She humbly implores if consonant with your well known Clemency A commutation of Sentence he being A youth only seventeen and ignorant of the enormity of his crime was a dutiful child and Well respected by all who knew Him and also his employers who would employ Him could he return as will be seen by the following respectable signatures who are Neighbours. I therefore humbly hope to receive such A commutation as will much console the almost broken Heart of his unhappy Mother and for such Favor I Will as in Duty bound Ever Pray.³¹⁵

Lord Melbourne's reply.

Sir

Viscount Melbourne having had under consideration, the Petition which you presented in favor of Henry Mills, a Convict under Sentence of 14 years Transportation; I am directed to acquaint you that the circumstances attending this Case are of such a nature as to preclude his Lordship from recommending the Prisoner to HM for a mitigation of his Sentence.

I have . . .

S M Phillipp.

There was no limit on the number of times a petition could be submitted and it appears that another attempt was made on Henry's behalf soon after the rejection of the first.³¹⁶

Maria Mills's second petition

To the Right Honorable Lord Melbourne I hope your Lordship will Pardon my botherings in humbly requesting you to Review the Petition Henry Mills and present the same to his Majesty as his character before this time bore the strictest scrutiny and the ? begs for Mercy on account of his youth and the unsullied character of that of his parents who by his Folly are plunged into the Abyss of Grief and can alone be consoled by A commutation of Sentence which I hope his Majesty through you will be pleased to communicate and for such Favor comforted we his Parents and Friends will as in Duty Bound Ever Pray.

Kidderminster Broad ST

6th August 1833.

This petition was signed by a Curate. Lord Melbourne was unmoved.

The reply from Whitehall to Richard Godwin on 4 September 1833 again refused the request.³¹⁷ Maria was never to see Henry again.

Lord Melbourne's second reply

Sir

Viscount Melbourne having had under consideration the Petition which you presented in behalf of a Henry Mills, who was Convicted of Stealing Money at the Worcesor Quarter Sessions in February last & sentenced to 14 Years Transportation I am directed to acquaint you that his Lordship sees no sufficient ground to justify him consistently with his Public Duty recommending the Prisoner to HM for a mitigation of his sentence.

I am . . . ,

G. Lamb.

11.4.5 By the ship *John* to VDL

Meanwhile Henry had been transferred from the hulk to the ship *John* on 20 July 1833.³¹⁸ The 464-ton *John* had been built in Chester (England) and launched in 1810.³¹⁹ This was its fifth trip carrying convicts to Australia, having previously travelled to Sydney three times and Hobart once. It is unlikely that Henry knew that the *John* had previously collided with another ship in 1819³²⁰ or that in 1820 it had lost its main topsail and a foresail in a hurricane and spent hours on its side in the water.³²¹ Nor would he have known that on the first of its five voyages to Australia the ship's surgeon had died by suicide or that there was a claim that on that trip the guards had suppressed a mutiny by firing on the convicts.³²² Of course, standing on the deck of the *John*, Henry could also not have known that two decades hence the ship was destined to sink off the English shore with the loss of almost 200 lives, its master's behaviour being described as 'reprehensible'³²³ Fortunately, the captain on Henry's ship, Samuel Lowe had safely sailed the *John* from England to Australia in 1832, just one year before. Strangely, all the prison records list NSW rather than VDL as Henry's destination. We assume that it was a clerical rather than a navigation error by Master Lowe that Henry arrived in Hobart!

The *John* carried 260 male convicts, and the Surgeon Superintendent Arthur Savage, a detachment of some 32 members of the 21st regiment of the Royal North British Fusiliers, 36 crew, 6 women and 4 children.³²⁴ Also on board was the newly appointed Treasurer of Van Diemen's Land, John

Gregory,³²⁵ and his servant and another male passenger.³²⁶ They sailed from Spithead on 06 August, 1833, the ship having initially commenced its journey at Deptford on the Thames. It is probable that the fusiliers accompanied Henry and his fellow convicts from Chatham, the location of their barracks, to the *John*. By what means they travelled I have yet to discover but it is quite possible that they marched to the ship.

One of the ship's crew, a sailmaker, died of cholera while the boat was still sailing down the Thames.³²⁷ In a commentary on the times the surgeon opined that this man's 'advanced age' (he was 55!) combined with 'the poverty and squalor in which he was prior' to boarding the boat left him with little chance of survival. Fortunately, the cholera did not spread through the ship. There were three more deaths during the journey, all among the convicts but Henry was apparently well throughout, not being recorded on the sick list.



Uniform of the 21st Fusiliers. Source:³²⁸

As might be expected the temperature and weather varied greatly during the trip. It rained frequently in the final two months of the voyage, the ship rolling incessantly for some days making it difficult to keep the prison dry.³²⁹ However, according to the Surgeon Superintendent the food was of good quality and ample quantity, and the prison was kept clean according to the regulations. Furthermore, Savage claimed that the surviving convicts "were landed in many instances in better health than they embarked", perhaps not surprising given the awful conditions in the hulks.

11.4.6 In Van Diemen's Land

The *John* arrived in Hobart on the morning of 01 December 1833.³³⁰ To distinguish it from the earlier voyage of the ship to VDL – which also carried a Henry Mills – the 1833 trip was noted on VDL records as *John* [2].

On his arrival Henry (Prisoner 1166) was 18 years old and stood 5 ft 7 ½" (172cm) tall. He had brown eyes, black hair and eyebrows, and no whiskers. Brown in complexion, he had an oval head, a round forehead and a large mouth above a dimpled chin. He was thickly pock pitted and sported a tattoo of a mermaid on his left arm and the initials HM (presumably for Henry Mills) on his right arm. Clearly when he acquired these markings Henry had not been planning for a future on the run.

The ploughman

Although Henry was apparently employed either as a shoemaker or a rug weaver in England, by his arrival in Van Diemen's Land his trade was recorded on the appropriation list as a 'ploughman'.

It would seem that the *John [2]* was quite a training ground for ploughmen, since the Hobart Gazette reported that 31 ploughmen disembarked from that ship.³³¹ Appropriation lists detailed each person's stated trade and the department to which or the person to whom it was intended that they should be first assigned. Why was there a discrepancy between the trade given on the hulk list and that on the appropriation lists? Perhaps Henry fancied being assigned to the country rather than a road gang. Alternatively, sometimes convicts claimed that they were ascribed an occupation by officials "and you know I must not contradict them."³³² On the other hand there is a chance that Henry worked at some point as a ploughman in rural Woucestershire. Skilled weavers elsewhere in England sometimes took on this role.

The convicts disembarked on the 6 December, 1833. Like William Casey, on disembarkation, Henry would have spent his initial nights in the Prisoner Barracks in Hobart. He had been assigned to a Mr George Atkinson who lived in northern Tasmania. The usual practice was for a 'master', in this case Mr Atkinson, or his agent, to pick up an assigned convict from the Barracks in Hobart and remove them to the farm. However, there are two puzzling aspects to this assignment. First, Mr Atkinson was reported to have been from *Lincoln Grange* but that property was owned by a Mr Robert Therkhill.³³³ It is true that the latter had rented out his property while he himself was in custody having been found guilty of stealing, but Therkhill was on a Ticket of Leave by mid-1833. Moreover, there was no evidence that Atkinson was renting *Lincoln Grange* or was located in that region at the time. Mr Atkinson, in fact lived on the west side of the Tamar river near Launceston. Perhaps the confusion was produced by a simple clerical error in describing Atkinson's address.

The second mystery was that Henry's recorded location two weeks after the disembarkation of *John [2]* suggests that he was in Campbell Town, possibly assigned to public works although the writing and abbreviations are unclear.³³⁴ Although assignments did change, especially if the private settler did not collect the convict in a timely fashion, there is no doubt that Henry was working for Atkinson by the 1835 convict 'muster'.³³⁵ Could Henry have been reassigned to public works for a period and only afterwards been claimed by Atkinson? Perhaps George Atkinson did not recognise or learn that he had been assigned a convict because the assignment incorrectly listed Atkinson's address as *Lincoln Grange* and any advice incorrectly directed. The other curious facts are that *Lincoln Grange* was not a huge distance from Campbell Town and that the assignment for the *John [2]* were not published until 20 December. Could Henry have been transported there by the colonial authorities so that he would be nearer Mr Atkinson? The matter remains a puzzle, the solution to which may be buried in some currently less accessible record in the Tasmanian Archives.

Whatever the finer details, Henry did end up on the Tamar working for Atkinson for many years (see map below). Originally from Yorkshire in England, Atkinson had arrived in Van Diemen's Land with his family in 1828 as an indentured servant for the Van Diemen's Company which had acquired extensive land holdings in north-west Tasmania. His voyage was an eventful one, the ship having been held up on the way by Spanish pirates who, finding no treasures, instead kidnapped two sheep, thoughtfully leaving two of an inferior breed in their place.³³⁶ After two years Atkinson was granted 320 acres at Rosevears in West Tamar, not far from the Griffiths properties where Phillis was located. Atkinson ran sheep on his property which he named *Craythorne*.³³⁷

*I rebel – therefore I exist*³³⁸

At this time convicts who transgressed the rules in any way, including by engaging in disrespectful behaviour toward their 'masters' or 'mistresses' could be brought by their Master before a District Magistrate. This was convenient for Atkinson for, across the river from his property, lived an honorary Magistrate, namely Dr Matthias Gaunt. Gaunt had been a medical doctor who emigrated to VDL in 1830.³³⁹ Abandoning his vocation, Gaunt received a large land grant on the east side of Tamar river 15 miles from Launceston which he named *Windermere*. At *Windermere* he built a house, and established a saw mill, subsequently converted to a steam-powered flour mill, and planted a vineyard. According to an early map Gaunt also had a large land grant at West Tamar that shared a boundary with *Craythorne*.³⁴⁰ Clearly Atkinson and Gaunt knew each other well.

Henry's list of transgressions on his conduct record indicate that Atkinson had him brought up before Magistrate Gaunt on a number of occasions.³⁴¹

On the first, in January 1839, Henry was charged with: "*Insolence, indolence & general insubor-*

dination." Henry appeared before Gaunt at *Windermere*, the magistrate's own residence³⁴² and was sentenced to 36 lashes.^{343, 344}

The details of this particular type of punishment and its effects are sickening. The instrument used varied across locations. However, a common method involved a 'cat-o-nine tails' comprised of nine strands of rope attached to a wooden handle, each piece of rope being knotted and hardened with tar. The prisoner was tied to a triangle, the flogging typically administered by another convict. In Van Diemen's Land a doctor was legally required to be present during judicial floggings to ensure the prisoner did not die. Contemporary first-person descriptions of the effects of whipping leave no doubt as to its cruelty and exceptionally painful nature. Such treatment was designed to subjugate, humiliate and debase. It often left the victim less rather than more compliant with authority, regardless of the consequences. Further, it could be a lifelong sentence. It is quite possible that Henry carried the physical scars of his whipping throughout his life. If so, he could never escape or entirely conceal the evidence that he had been a convict in his early life.

Henry could have been said to be unlucky in another respect. Although the popular image of convicts in Australia is of universal floggings, such punishments among those on private assignment were not as common as might generally be believed.³⁴⁵ In 1836, 9% of male convicts under such assignment were whipped.³⁴⁶ Perhaps this is why Henry's whipping features in an account of the history of the district.

George Atkinson also had trouble with one of his convict servants, who he reported to the magistrate on the opposite side of the river. The magistrate took the matter seriously, and in his official capacity personally viewed the administration of the thirty-six lashes, in company with a clergyman and a medical man.³⁴⁷

The above account illustrates the way in which history has often been recounted from the perspective of those in power. The blurb on the cover of *The West Tamar people* promises that book will include "the background history of some of the convicts & free settlers." But it is not an equal telling. Presumably Atkinson did find Henry 'difficult' or at least disrespectful. But what of Henry's view of Atkinson and of Gaunt and of the demand that he constantly defer, without exception to his 'masters'.

Although insolence was used by some convicts with the aim of being reassigned to a new situation, others aimed to challenge and undermine the power and authority of their masters.³⁴⁸ The following contemporary quote resonates: "*He is a slave, and he revenges himself on his driver by doing as little for him as his own safety permits, and by doing that little as badly, subject to the same limits, as he can.*"³⁴⁹

Henry was brought before Gaunt on two further occasions. In April 1837 he was charged by Atkinson with "*Negligence, insolence & disobedience of orders.*" On this occasion he was sentenced to 10 days solitary confinement.³⁵⁰ Finally, in December 1838, Atkinson charged him with "*disgusting and abusive language to Mr Ewart.*"³⁵¹ This time he was not punished since the charges were not substantiated. Nevertheless, Gaunt reprimanded Henry.

In 1843, Gaunt provided land and some funds to erect St Matthias church at *Windermere* (1843). The Atkinsons crossed the river to attend the church and the family of Henry's future employer was also part of the St Matthias congregation. Convicts including those with a ticket of leave were required to attend church if one was available but Henry had achieved a pardon by the time the church was built. Would he have attended this church when he was working on the east side of the Tamar, particularly given its association with Gaunt? Eventually both Gaunt and Atkinson were buried at St Matthias. Over the years the church was vandalised and robbed of an 1840s communion cup.³⁵² No doubt the perpetrators would have been in for a shock had Atkinson materialised and referred them to the ghost of Magistrate Gaunt to be tried for their misdeeds.

11.4.7 East Tamar and Launceston

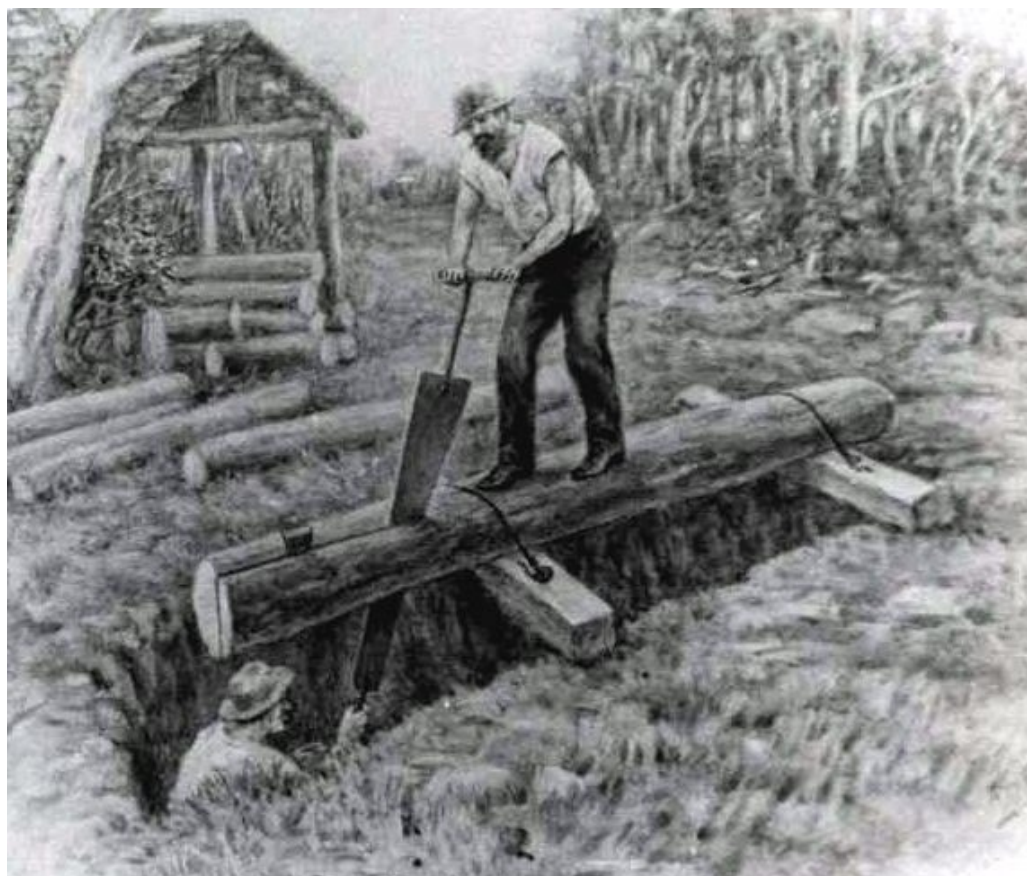
Henry was granted his ticket of leave in 1840.³⁵³ In May 1841 when he married Phillis Lockyer, Henry was recorded as a sawyer. A sawyer worked in a two-person team sawing tree logs into planks. The

more skilled of the two (the top sawyer) stood on top of the log guiding the direction of the saw along its horizontal surface, and the other stood in a pit sawing from below, the two men alternating strokes. The job required great stamina and strength and the bottom or pit sawyer spent a lot of time deluged in wood dust. The logs were held in place by beams known as 'dogs' leading some to conclude that the phrase 'top dog' might owe its origins to the top sawyer but there is no evidence to support this deduction.³⁵⁴ It is likely that Henry's skills would have been sought after as there was a huge demand for wood in the colony for everything from fence posts and gates to bridges, buildings and ships.³⁵⁵

It may have been in this capacity that in September 1841 Henry was working for Mathew Curling Friend in the region of Mt Direction.³⁵⁶ Friend had an interesting history before arriving in VDL, having been a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy and serving on a boat which escorted Napoleon to St Helena.³⁵⁷ A keen scientist and inventor he had also been made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London and was a friend of the Sir Joseph Banks, the then President of that organisation and the botanist who accompanied James Cook on his voyage to Australia in 1770.³⁵⁸ In the 1830s Friend was appointed Port Police Magistrate and Port Officer at Georgetown and was responsible for establishing a line of communication between Georgetown and Launceston.³⁵⁹ This involved erecting signal stations on hills including Mt Direction (also formerly known by other names such as Mt Royal) with each successive station communicating visually to the next by means of semaphore to warn of incoming ships. Convicts were involved in the operations of Mt Direction. By 1841 Friend had acquired land below Mt Direction and bounded by the Tamar river³⁶⁰ in the vicinity of Swan Bay north-west of Launceston. It may have been on this land that Henry was employed.



Henry's locations: (1) W Tamar (Atkinson); (2) Mount Direction E Tamar (Friend); (3) Swan river E Tamar (Kerrison); (4) Spring Bay E Tamar; (5) Launceston; Phillis's location (6) W Tamar (H Griffiths). Source:³⁶¹



Pitsawing. Source:³⁶²

In early 1842 Henry was working for Stephen Kerrison at Swan Bay.³⁶³ On his arrival in VDL in 1835, Kerrison had worked for James Cox,³⁶⁴ a wealthy landowner south of Launceston who in 1838 erected the grand 3-story Clarendon House which is now owned by the National Trust of Tasmania. Based on his land acquisitions, Cox appears to have resembled a real-life monopoly player but on super-charged steroids.

Later in 1842 Henry earned a conditional pardon allowing him to work and travel freely throughout the colonies.³⁶⁵ However, Henry was to remain in VDL for the next 13 years or so.³⁶⁶

By late 1843, Henry was working as a 'splitter' in Spring Bay on the east side of the Tamar, north of Swan Bay. Splitters produced shingles, palings or slabs by cleaving timber along the grain with the assistance of a wedge. The splitter needed to be skilled in identifying trees that were suitable for splitting. It was not unusual for splitters to live in the bush during the week where they were close to their work and return home at weekends. They typically worked on a piecework basis, their income depending on their output.

By 1846, the family had moved to the Launceston where Henry continued his connection with the timber industry, establishing himself as a 'timber dealer' living at 'Wharf' and a 'timber merchant' (1848) living in Patterson Street. By 1849, still living in Patterson Street, he had broadened his interests to that of 'shopkeeper' and 'general dealer'.

11.4.8 Henry the publican

In May 1850 Henry was granted the licence to the Cross Keys inn in York Street near Bathurst Street in Launceston. The comment by one of the justices makes for interesting reading:

Henry Mills applied for a transfer of the 'Cross Keys' inn in York Street, from Robert Blake. This application having been read and put to the vote, Mr Robertson observed "that, he was very glad to vote for a transfer, and he trusted that Mr Mills would keep the house better than it had been kept by Mr Blake. It was made by the latter a place of gambling, and of every irregularity." Granted.³⁶⁷

Henry wasted no time in informing the public that he had taken over as publican at the Cross Keys. Henry also made it clear in advertisements reproduced below and another advertisement in June that he had been and was still engaged in timber dealing both before and after his took on the Publican role stating that "he has a large stock of all descriptions of the best sawn and split timber, at moderate and reduced charges."³⁶⁸

Downstairs the Cross Keys contained a large bar together with a bar parlour, a private sitting room and snugery.³⁶⁹ Upstairs there were four bedrooms for guests and 'extensive' accommodation in the attic. The Inn also comprised a large kitchen and various outbuildings and a large kitchen. In addition to providing drinks, food and lodging, Henry offered regular entertainment at Cross Keys.

CROSS KEYS.
THIS house having been transferred with the good-will of the business, to the undersigned, he trusts, that the public will afford him that patronage and support which it will be his best endeavour to merit by a good supply of everything that customers may desire. The Wines, Spirits, Malt, &c., will be of the very first description, and dinners on the shortest notice. The accommodations are first-rate for visitors to Launceston, and the stables are good and under the care of an excellent ostler. The timber trade hitherto conducted by the undersigned in Charles-street will be carried on in future in his yard, adjoining the Cross Keys at the usual low prices.
 HENRY MILLS,
 Cross Keys, York-street.
 May 9th. 1823 a c

**"CROSS KEYS" INN,
 YORK-STREET.**
HENRY MILLS
BEGS to acquaint the lovers of music and jollity that on every Monday evening, at his house, will be held a 'Free and Easy' of the most amusing kind. The very first-rate singers of Launceston have been engaged, and every accompaniment calculated to pass a pleasant evening.
 March 22. (m)

Sources:³⁷⁰³⁷¹



A photograph showing the Cross Keys inn in 1886, two years before it was demolished and 15 years after it lost its licence.³⁷²

Henry's licence was confirmed in September 1850³⁷³ and renewed in 1851.³⁷⁴ However, by December of that year Henry, like his predecessor was advertising a sale of goods at the hotel including furniture, oil paintings, engravings, carpets and rugs, a bagatelle table (similar to a billiard table), crockery and cooking utensils together with an allotment of land in Ashby Street.³⁷⁵ The land was opposite the house of Rev John West on Windmill Hill, a Congregational minister, author of a 2-volume History of Tasmania and later the Editor of the Sydney Morning Herald.³⁷⁶ Henry also sold "one very superior clock with spring figure to denote the day of the month."³⁷⁷

What had happened to Henry? He had been the publican at Cross Keys for less than two years before relinquishing his licence to Abel Blades in February 1852.³⁷⁸ Perhaps Henry decided that the particular demands of the hotel business were not for him. Perhaps economic circumstance forced him to sell, although there is no evidence that Henry was insolvent at this time. Nor in contrast to some other proprietors of the establishment is there evidence that he had encountered trouble with the authorities. It is notable that both the licensee before him and the publican after him stayed for even less time than Henry.

Over the years the Inn deteriorated physically and became a 'house of ill repute'³⁷⁹ before being demolished around August 1886.³⁸⁰ Long after Henry's time and years after the house was no longer licenced the site was described by the Police Magistrate as: "a den for immoral characters, the most notorious in the town."³⁸¹

11.4.9 Gold fever: Henry the miner

One reason that Henry might have sold up his hotel business was to seek his fortune with a pick and shovel. Thousands of people travelled from around the globe to the Victorian goldfields at that time. Could Henry have been one of them? Around the time of his departure from the Cross Keys, a Henry Mills did travel to Victoria via the *Shamrock* but it would appear that this was the Henry Mills who arrived in Australia on the *John [1]*.³⁸² Not 'our' Henry then.

We do know that in August 1852, the family was again living in Patterson Street, with Henry described as a 'General dealer'.³⁸³ But did Henry remain in that role for the entirety of the family's remaining four years in VDL? Perhaps not, I thought, as I discovered that a Henry Mills travelled from Launceston to Melbourne via the *Clarence* with his ten-year old son in July 1853³⁸⁴ and a Henry Mills occupation 'digger', returned to Launceston 4 months later with a 10 year old named Thomas Mills on the same ship.³⁸⁵ It sounded promising. How many people called Henry Mills with a 10-year-old son named Thomas could have been residing in Launceston at that time? As it turns out, probably more than one as on further investigation I found that the Tasmanian records do not record this Henry as a former convict as they should have if it were our Henry³⁸⁶ and Henry's age and country of origin on the return trip in November are recorded as only 28 and Scottish respectively.³⁸⁷

On the other hand, there is no doubt that our Henry Mills (of the *John [2]*) did travel by himself to Victoria in February 1854 in steerage class on board the *Lady Bird*.³⁸⁸ The *Lady Bird* was a 252-ton passenger and cargo 3-mast steam ship built in 1851. It appears that Henry returned in May 1854 on the same ship with each of the steerage passengers, including Henry, recorded as a 'digger'.³⁸⁹ On this occasion and perhaps on the outward journey to Melbourne, the ship was captained by Thomas Robertson, a well-known professional artist at the time, who regularly captained the *Lady Bird* between Launceston and Melbourne in 1854 and 1855.³⁹⁰ Among his works was a painting of the *Lady Bird* which now resides in the Mitchell Library in Sydney and another of the *Frances Henty* with the *Lady Bird* pictured to one side.³⁹¹ I am looking forward to reading the book *Where light meets water*, a novel by Susan Paterson based on Robertson's life although I doubt that I will find mention of passenger Henry Mills.

Despite this apparent brief foray into mining in 1854, we know that the family was still living in Patterson street in Launceston in 1855 when Dave, Jenny and Michele's great grandmother Amelia was born. Further, Henry was still described as a 'general dealer' at that time. That said, it seemed that Henry had caught the mining 'bug' after all because in March 1856, he boarded a ship to Victoria along with Phillis and his children Thomas (11 years), Jane (9), William, Henry (Jr) (5), Samuel (3) and Amelia (1)³⁹². They travelled as steerage passengers on the 82-ton *Maid of the Yarra* (Captain J

Lowden).

For the next 40 or so years, Henry and Phillis lived in Fryerstown (also known as Fryer's Creek³⁹³), a gold field town some 7 miles (11 km) south of Castlemaine and 86 miles (138 km) north of Melbourne where gold had been discovered in 1851. We cannot be certain that the family travelled directly to Fryerstown from the boat. After all, there were a number of popular goldfields in Victoria at the time. However, Henry was recorded as a miner at Fryerstown on all relevant birth and death records from 1859 until his death.³⁹⁴ Particular places at Fryerstown where the family lived included: Red Hill at the rear of the Post office (1861),³⁹⁵ Castlemaine Street (1880) the main road in the town³⁹⁶ and East [?] Luke St (1898).³⁹⁷

When the Millses arrived in Fryerstown there was a school and post office in the town, churches,³⁹⁸ and a cricket team.³⁹⁹ Soon there was also a courthouse, a less than adequate police station/jail, and a Mechanics Institute (1863).⁴⁰⁰ The Mechanics Institute, which still stands today, was intended to provide a source of education for the miners, many of whom had little or no formal schooling. However, given the small size of the miner's houses it was also an important gathering place where citizens could meet and socialise and celebrate milestones.⁴⁰¹ It is not too fanciful to imagine the Mills children attending the weekly dance at the Institute, celebrating their marriages there and eventually grieving the loss of their loved ones, including Henry, there. It was named the Burke and Wills Institute in honour of the explorer Robert O'Hara Burke who had been a well-regarded Castlemaine Police superintendent and lost his life in his ill-fated 1860-61 expedition to the Gulf of Carpentaria.⁴⁰² Despite these facilities in Fryerstown it was, at least in the first decade after the discovery of gold, not blessed with good roads. Indeed, one writer stated that the Fryerstown area "had the dubious title of having the worst roads in the whole of the Mt Alexander goldfields area."⁴⁰³ While it is most likely that the Mills family, like many others, walked to towns such as Castlemaine, they must have been pleased when in the early 1860s the first bridges were constructed over Fryer's Creek and nearby rivers, these waterways previously only negotiable in dry weather.⁴⁰⁴

Many writers suggest that the population at Fryerstown peaked at 15,000 eg.⁴⁰⁵ and that in its early years the district boasted 25 hotels. Brown, in his book *Reminiscences of Fryerstown* stated that the town's population was 15,000 in 1858. However, according to the 1857 Victorian census the population in Fryer's Creek was 3932 of whom most (3,448) were living in tents. Males outnumbered females three to one⁴⁰⁶ and about one-quarter (1000) of the town's population were of Chinese origin. There were also said to be over 1200 inhabited houses and 10 uninhabited houses.⁴⁰⁷ Most of the houses were made of canvas (1096) although a small minority were built of wood or stone (125) and most were comprised of one bedroom (882). My own paternal great great grandparents and their family were living in Fryerstown at the time, having arrived there by 1853 and possibly earlier. I wonder if Henry and Phillis, Dave, Jenny and Michele's great great grandparents, knew them. It seems very possible. However, unlike Henry and Phillis, my ancestors left Fryerstown in the very early 1860s. They were not alone. By 1861 the population in Fryerstown had dropped to 696 people, with 213 inhabited dwellings,⁴⁰⁸ and again to 326 (83 dwellings) by 1871.⁴⁰⁹ It rose a little to 542 (124 dwellings) in 1881,⁴¹⁰ before dropping again to 386 (91 dwellings) in 1991,⁴¹¹ five years before Henry's death.

It has been written that in 1858, the Fryerstown school had 74 pupils, and that the enrolment had increased to 400 by 1868.⁴¹² No doubt some of these children came from the surrounding district. Whether any of the Mills children attended the school we do not know but it is possible in the case of the youngest children since by 1872 schooling was both free and compulsory.⁴¹³ It is also possible, that Daniel attended Fryer's school with Frank Tate,⁴¹⁴ an innovative and internationally respected educationalist who became Victoria's first Director of Education and who was awarded the French Chevalier [Knight] of the Légion d'Honneur in 1927 and a Companion of St Michael and St George in 1919.⁴¹⁵

When Henry arrived at the goldfields, the hated Gold Licensing Act and the extremely costly Gold Licence had been abolished and replaced with the Miner's Right which could be purchased at a reasonable fee,⁴¹⁶ This entitled the holder not only to mine on crown land (provided it was not allocated for another purpose) but also to vote in State elections (males) and to build a house on a piece of land.⁴¹⁷ By this means Henry would have been eligible to build a house for his family from

which they could not be ejected provided that he renewed his Miner's Right. As a former sawyer and splitter who had no doubt built rudimentary huts before in VDL, Henry would have brought important skills to such a venture. An 1881 Act allowed the Miner's Right's holder to bequeath their house to their heirs or to sell their improvements when a right was transferred.⁴¹⁸ Henry died before a 1910 Act which would have entitled him to bequeath his house without going through the process of probate. However, there is no record of a probate grant for Henry. This suggests that if he had ever owned a house in Fryerstown, either he had already sold it or he had previously transferred it to family.

We have no knowledge of the exact type of gold mining in which Henry engaged, whether he worked with other miners or with his sons, or whether he ever worked for any of the mining companies in the district. He could have applied his entrepreneurial skills to supply other miners with goods or to run a hotel but there is no evidence that he did that.

Back in Kidderminster

While Henry was living in Tasmania life continued to be challenging for the citizens of Kidderminster where mechanisation threatened the livelihood of the rug weavers. Eventually the introduction of power looms led to an exodus of carpet weavers. In 1852, 90 men, women and children, emigrants to Australia whose passages were paid by the Emigration Commissioners, made their farewells to family and friends in Kidderminster shouting "Goodbye old Kiddy" as they left.⁴¹⁹ No doubt theirs was a much more public affair than Henry's departure for his government-funded compulsory passage to Australia 20 years earlier.

In 1871, a 70 year-old Maria Mills (possibly Dave, Jenny and Michele's great great great grandmother) was living with her widowed 40-year-old son Charles and her 10-year old grandson Charles at 71 Blackwell Street Kidderminster along with another couple.⁴²⁰ By now a widow, she was described as a pauper while Charles was a carpet weaver and young Charles was at school.⁴²¹ A 56-year-old shoemaker, Thomas Mills, also now widowed, was living next door. Although I cannot be absolutely certain I believe this to be Henry's family and I like to think that his mother was able to keep some of her sons close by. I also like to think that she and Henry found a way to correspond at a distance.



A view of Castlemaine Street in Fryerstown, possibly 1890s. Source:⁴²²

11.4.10 An unmarked grave

Henry survived the perils of transportation, the bush and the dangerous conditions of the goldfields to live to an old age. It seems ironic that he avoided so many dangers including cholera outbreaks in Kidderminster in 1832 and later on the *Cumberland* hulk and the *John* [2] in 1833 only to lose his youngest son, a shoemaker, to cholera some 50 years later.

Henry died on 31 December 1896 and was buried in the Fryerstown cemetery two days later. No gravestones bear the Mills name although his daughter Jane Glen's plot is marked. That may seem sad to his descendants, but perhaps Henry would be pleased that, in contrast to his early life where his every move was monitored and recorded and the slightest infraction punished, he truly lies in peace, protected from the public gaze. The Fryerstown bushland setting in which he rests could not contrast more with the crowded hulk where the 17-year old Henry started his journey to a foreign land. There could be few more beautiful places for his descendants to contemplate that journey and Henry's life.



2024: Fryerstown Cemetery

Notes for Chapter 11

1. National Archives of Ireland (NAI), Dublin, Ireland; *Ireland, Prison Registers, 1790-1924*. Prison: Waterford. Year: 1846. Name: William Casey. Repository: Ancestry.com.au
2. NAI, *Ireland Prison Registers, 1790-1924*, Prison: Waterford 1846. Name: William Casey.
3. E O'Reardon. The famine in the Clogheen area, p. 97. <https://tipperarystudies.ie/wp-content/uploads/2021/10/The-Famine-in-the-Clogheen-area.pdf>.
4. <https://www.tipperarylibraries.ie/around-our-town-ep-43-famine-flour-in-south-tipperary/>
5. O'Reardon, p. 97, p. 98.
6. NAI, *Ireland, Prison Registers, 1790-1924*. Prison: Waterford, 1846. Names: William Casey. Catherine Casey. I have assumed that Catherine Casey was William's mother, as the entries in the prison register were adjacent, and the offence identical ("maliciously killing and skinning a sheep"), the place of residence (Clogheen, Tipperary) and the date of the trial the same. They also had the same Barrister (Walter Barwick Esq from Lismore) and each was committed by a B.W Shaw Esq.
7. The prison in which William was incarcerated no longer exists. It was rebuilt in 1861, but in 1949-1954 that building (no longer a prison) was demolished after a wall collapsed in 1943 resulting in fatalities. (1) <https://www.buildingsofireland.ie/buildings-search/building/22502990/waterford-garda-siochana-station-ballybricken-green-waterford-city-waterford-waterford>. This entry states that the prison in which William was held was designed by Sir Richard Morrison. It is possible that only the Court house section of the jail in which William was held was designed by Sir Richard as only the court house is mentioned in the list of his designs and the Waterford Council website claims that the building was enlarged in the early 1800s (2). <https://waterfordcouncil.ie/services/culture-heritage/researching-your-family-history/>.
8. J Hewitt & P Hewitt, *Dictionary of Old Occupations*. Family Researcher. <https://www.familyresearcher.co.uk/glossary/Dictionary-of-Old-Occupations-jobs-beginning-P5.html#Plain-Worker>.
9. O'Reardon, p. 98.
10. N Kissane, *The Irish Famine: A documentary history*. Syracuse University Press, 1995, p.102
11. O'Reardon, p. 96.
12. D G Marnane. The famine in South Tipperary. p. 147. <https://tipperarystudies.ie/wp-content/uploads/2021/10/The-Famine-in-South-Tipperary-Part-Two.pdf>.
13. O'Reardon, p. 97.
14. O'Reardon, p. 98.
15. NAI; *Ireland, Prison Registers, 1790-1924*. Prison: Waterford. Year: 1848. Name: William Casey.
16. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60): Indents of male convicts. CON14-1-42 Blenheim(4), March 1851-October 1851.
17. National Archives of Ireland, *Ireland, Prison Registers, 1790-1924*. Prison: Waterford. Year: 1848. Name: William Casey & Margaret Casey. (Ancestry.com.au)
18. NAI, *Ireland Prison Registers, 1790-1924*. Prison: Waterford. Year: 1848. Name: William Casey
19. C McCarthy & B O'Donnabhain, *Too beautiful for thieves and pickpockets: A history of the Victorian convict prison on Spike Island*. Cork: Cork County Library and Arts Service, 2016
20. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, pp. 9-10
21. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, p. 41.
22. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, p. 39.
23. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, p. 58
24. J Crotty, *Spike Island emergence: The natural formation of Ireland's historic island*. <https://johncrottyauthor.com/spike-island-history-the-natural-formation-of-the-island-spike-cork-and-irish-history/>. Crotty is a former CEO of Spike Island and is due to release a book on the history of Spike Island in 2024.
25. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, pp.39-40, FN 5. A further 'Timber prison' was erected in March 1849.
26. J Crotty, *Ireland's greatest prison escapist*. 16 September 2023. <http://johncrottyauthor.com/spike-island-history-irelands-greatest-prison-escapist-cork-limerick-and-irish-history/>.
27. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, p. 209
28. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, p. 210. (Autumn, 1847).
29. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, p. 214
30. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, p. 216
31. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, p.186.
32. McCarthy & O'Donnabhain, p. 189
33. Spike Island Cork, *Famine era prison - 1847*. <https://www.spikeislandcork.ie/famine-era-prison-1847/> Last accessed December 28 2023.
34. Cork County Council, <https://www.corkcoco.ie/en/visitor/cork-county-council-owned-and-supported-attractions/spike-island>.
35. TAHO: Woods, C. Ship *Blenheim*. *Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. CON76-1-1_15. <https://libraries.>

- tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1_15
36. The National Archives of the UK (TNA). *Convict Ships: Blackfriar, Blenheim, Blundell, Borneo, 1828 – 1851*. J Smith, *Surgeon Superintendent's Journal. Blenheim*. July 1851- November 1851. TNA: ADM 101/1-75/12. AJCP Ref: <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-1591937071/view>. Image 171.
 37. Tyne built ships. A history of Tyne ships builders and the ships that they built. <https://www.tynebuiltships.co.uk/B-Ships/blenheim1845.html>.
 38. TNA. J. Smith, *Surgeon Superintendent's Journal. Blenheim*. July 1851- November 1851. TNA: ADM 101/1-75/12. AJCP Ref: <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-1591935405/view>. Image 168.
 39. TAHO: C Woods. *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. CON76-1-1_02. https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1_02.
 40. TAHO, C Woods, *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. CON76-1-1. Unless otherwise indicated, the Instructor's journal is the source of the information for this paragraph.
 41. TAHO, C Woods, *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. CON76-1-1_13. https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1_13.
 42. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Conduct registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the probation system, CON33-1-104 p68 (1840-1853)*, <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON33-1-104P68>. Name: William Casey.
 43. Athy's 19th century prison. Frank Taaffe's Eye on the past. 08 December, 2015. <https://athyeyeonthepast.blogspot.com/2015/12/athys-19th-century-prison.html>.
 44. Hopkins-Weise J, *Enrolled pensioners or 'fencibles' in Australasia 1840s-50s: a forgotten Imperial Military Force, The Volunteers*, 45 (1).
 45. Shipping: Report: Arrivals, *Hobart Town Advertiser*, 4 Nov, 1851, p. 2. 30 guards arrived in VDL. None died en route.
 46. *Illustrated London News*, 7 Nov 1846, p.293. Jeff Hopkins-Weise research collection. In: J Hopkins-Weise, *Enrolled pensioners or 'fencibles' in Australasia 1840s-50s: a forgotten Imperial Military Force, The Volunteers*, 45 (1), p. 12.
 47. TNA. *Convict Ships: Blackfriar, Blenheim, Blundell, Borneo, 1828 – 1851*. J Smith, *Surgeon Superintendent's Journal. Blenheim*. July 1851- November 1851. TNA: ADM 101/1-75/12. AJCP Ref: <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-1591944461/view>. Image 184. Last Accessed 20/1/24.
 48. TAHO, C Woods. *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1>. Various pages.
 49. TAHO: C. Woods. *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. CON76-1-1_1 - CON76-1-1_22. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1>. The beginning and starting points have been added by KG. The 3rd and 2nd last data points appeared to include typographical errors which were corrected by subtracting 10 degrees from the Latitude readings. There are two missing observations.
 50. TAHO, C Woods. *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1>. Various pages. Based on the daily temperatures recorded by Woods.
 51. UK, *Royal Navy Medical Journals, 1817-1856*; McLaren, Allan. *The Maitland, 1833-1834*. Images 31 & 32 (Repository Ancestry.com.au).
 52. C. Bateson. *Convict Ships. 1787-1868*. AH & AW Reed. Artarmon, Australian Edition, 1974, p.71.
 53. TAHO: C Woods. *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1>.
 54. TNA, *Convict Ships: Blackfriar, Blenheim, Blundell, Borneo, 1828 – 1851*. J Smith, *Surgeon Superintendent's Journal. Blenheim*. July 1851- November 1851, Image 184, <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-1591944461/view>. The word 'barley' appears to have been spelt 'barlee'. It is possible that it refers to some other food.
 55. TNA, J Smith, *Surgeon Superintendent's Journal. Blenheim July 1851- November 1851*, Image 185, <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-1591945061/view>.
 56. TNA, J Smith, *Surgeon Superintendent's Journal. Blenheim July 1851- November 1851*, Image 185, <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-1591945061/view>.
 57. TAHO: C Woods, *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1_20.
 58. TAHO: Woods, C. *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1_22.
 59. TAHO: Woods, C. *Ship Blenheim. Moral and Religious Instructor's journal*. https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON76-1-1_22.
 60. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Conduct registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the probation system, CON33-1-104p68 (1840-1853)*, <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON33-1-104P68>. Name: William Casey.
 61. Latest English News. *Courier* (Hobart, Tas.: 1840-1859), Saturday 1 Nov, 1851, p. 3. (2) The empire. Latest English News. *Empire* (Sydney, NSW : 1850 - 1875), 08 Nov 1851: <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article60125129>. (3) The Great Extraction. *The Courier* (Hobart, Tas. : 1840 - 1859) 5 Nov 1851: 3. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article2959965>. (4). Shipping News, *The Courier* (Hobart, Tas. : 1840 - 1859), 1 Nov, p. 2. , <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article2959986>. (5). English and Irish News. To 20 July. *Hobarton Guardian, or, True Friend of Tasmania* (Hobart, Tas.: 1847-1854), Saturday 1 Nov, 1851, p. 3, <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article173060503>
 62. Latest English News. *Courier* (Hobart, Tas.: 1840-1859), Saturday 1 Nov, 1851, p. 3.

63. Breach of faith. *Colonial Times* (Hobart, Tas.: 1828-1857), Friday 31 Oct 1851, p.2. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article8770255>. See also: Local. *The Tasmanian Colonist* (Hobart Town, Tas. : 1851 - 1855) 3 Nov 1851, p3. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article226526599>.
64. Earl Grey III was the son of Earl Grey II, the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. For a history of Earl Grey and his interactions with the Colonies see: J M Ward, 'Grey, Henry George (1802–1894)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <https://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/grey-henry-george-2126/text2693>. Last accessed 8 January 2024. It is of interest that Earl Grey attempted to protect, at least in part, the rights of Indigenous Australians to hunt and to increase the reserves available for their benefit.
65. Protest of the Council of the League. *The Tasmanian Colonist* (Hobart Town, Tas. : 1851 - 1855) 24 Nov 1851: 2. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article226522330>. Last accessed 8 Jan 2024. See also Protest of the Council of the League. *The Sydney Morning Herald* (NSW : 1842 - 1954) 31 Dec 1851, p. 2. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article12933257>.
66. A copy of the ensuing series of communications on the subject between the Council of the League and the Colonial Secretary's Office was published in the *Empire* (Sydney, NSW : 1850 - 1875) 2 Jan 1852, p. 3. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page6008736>.
67. (1) Drury, R. To the Editor of the Advertiser. *Hobart Town Advertiser* (Tas.:1839-1861), Friday 7 Nov 1851, p. 3. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article264611298>. (2) Drury R. Editor of the . *Hobart Guardian* (Tas.:1839-1861), Saturday 08 November, p.3. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article173060566>.
68. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Conduct registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the probation system*, CON33-1-104p68 (1840-1853), <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON33-1-104P68>. Name: William Casey.
69. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60). *Indents of male convicts*, CON14-1-42P383 *Blenheim*(4), March 1851-October 1851. William Casey
70. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60). *Indents of male convicts*, CON14-1-42P383 *Blenheim*(4), March 1851-October 1851. William Casey
71. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Conduct registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the probation system*, CON33-1-104p68 (1840-1853), <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON33-1-104P68>. Name: William Casey
72. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Conduct registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the probation system*, CON33-1-104p68 (1840-1853), <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON33-1-104P68>. Name: William Casey
73. J Thompson (2001) *Old Wharf Probation Station*. Tasmanian Historical Research Association Papers & Proceedings (THRA P&P), 48 (3a), p. 221
74. Thompson, Old Wharf Probation Station p. 226.
75. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Conduct registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the probation system*, CON33-1-104p68 (1840-1853), <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON33-1-104P68>. Name: William Casey
76. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Indents of male convicts*, CON14-1-42 *Blenheim*(4), March 1851-October 1851.
77. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Marriage permissions*, CON52-1-6 (Jan-Feb 1853), <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON52-1-6P020>.
78. (1) TAHO: *Register of women's applications for permission to marry*, CON53-1-1p.77, 1853-1854. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON53-1-1> (2) TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Marriage permissions*, CON52-1-6 (C-Oct-Dec 1853). <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Record/NamesIndex/1248071>.
79. TAHO: *Marriages: District of Hobart*. RGD37/1/13 no 624 Image 247. 1854. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Record/NamesIndex/848295>.
80. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Conduct registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the probation system*, CON33-1-104p68 (1840-1853), <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON33-1-104P68>. Name: William Casey
81. While this information is included in the Conduct register (CON33-1-104p68), and William's name is listed in the Conditional Pardons Issued register (Image 92), the latter does not include any dates.
82. Maria Casey. (1) TAHO: *1864 Births in the District of Hobart*. RGD33-1-5. No 684. Image 72. March 20 or 21 1854. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-5-p031j2k>. (2). TAHO: *1864 Deaths in the District of Hobart*. RGD35-1-4 No. 1101. Image 111. March 27 or 28 1854. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD35-1-4p111j2k>.
83. It is possible although not probable that the baby (Elizabeth) had died by this time as there is no record of her date of death. However, she was alive at the time of her baptism on 10 May 1871, 2 months prior to her mother's death on the 23 July 1871.
84. Based on the childrens' birth certificates. Their first child was registered in Hobart Town and William and Alice were married there which suggests that William was living in the region. The address on the birth certificate appears to be Murray St, a Hobart location, although it is difficult to be certain. On the other hand, William was not listed in the 'Alphabetical Register of Male ticket of Leave Holders, showing Place of Residence' for Hobart so the question remains unresolved. TAHO: Hobart Police (TA1872), POL354/1/1, 1852-1854; Thankyou to Gary Croton for searching this record in-person at the archives.

85. The Female Convicts of VDL database attributes to Alice a child to who was born in Bicheno in 1855, the same year that Mary Theresa/Teresa would have been born according to William's death certificate. The child is registered under the name of 'Maria' to a father William Casey, shoemaker, and a mother Ellen Casey (formerly Sullivan). There is no listed informant. Neither the father nor the mother signed the register with their mark. Could it be that the informant incorrectly conveyed the name or the Deputy Registrar incorrectly registered the details of the child's and mother's name? There is no evidence of an Ellen Sullivan marrying a(nother) William Casey or of her having another child in Tasmania. There is an Ellen Sullivan (convict) in VDL at about the same time but she was located in Launceston and was the defacto wife of a Mr Hall. The birth of Mary Theresa/Mary Teresa is not otherwise registered. Her mother is listed as Alice O'Keefe on her death certificate. (1) Maria Casey. TAHO: Registrar General's Department. Register of Births in Hobart, Launceston district and Country Districts. *1855 Births in the District of Great Swan Port and Spring Bay*. RGD33/1/33 no 344. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-33P379>. (2) Mary Theresa Casey. Victoria State Government, *Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages Victoria*. Death Registration No. 6783/1927.
86. Mr Colonial Treasurer, *Statistics of Tasmania for the year 1862*. Parliament of Tasmania, 1863 (Second Session). https://www.parliament.tas.gov.au/__data/assets/pdf_file/0027/33399/ha1863s2pp2.pdf.
87. M Tassell, *Rural Launceston Heritage Study: Report of the Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery*, Project No. 9011. Launceston, 2000, p.26.
88. Tassell, *Rural Launceston Heritage Study*, p.26.
89. (1) Government Gazette. *Hobart Town Advertiser : Weekly Edition*. (Tas. : 1859 - 1865) 19 January 1861: 2. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article264716825>. (2) Board of Education. *The Mercury (Hobart, Tas. : 1860 - 1954)* 20 Jun 1866: 3. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article8839977>
90. The Post Office was operated in the house of Mr Richardson. The telegraphic despatches. *The Mercury (Hobart, Tas. : 1860 - 1954)* 15 Mar 1861: 2. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article8796955>.
91. TAHO: Photograph - Thomas Arnold the Younger, Inspector of Schools 1850-56 [Includes his rough notes on school at White Hills written 1853]. Visit 1 Jul 1853. Item No. NS3704/1/1. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/NS3704-1-1>.
92. (1) Hobart Town and the South. Board of Education Hobart Town. *The Cornwall Chronicle (Launceston, Tas.: 1835 - 1880)* 3 Feb 1866: 5. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article72358345>. (2) Board of Education. *The Cornwall Chronicle*, 23 Jun 1866: 5. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article72362835>. *The Mercury* 20 Jun 1866, p.3.
93. According to John's death certificate. John Casey. TAHO: *1864 Deaths in the District at Launceston*. RGD35/1/33 no 668. Image 76. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD35-1-33p76j2k>.
94. According to Elizabeth and Ellen's birth registrations. Both births were recorded by the Constable at Piper's river but whereas Elizabeth's record includes the father's address (Piper's creek) this has been omitted for Ellen but has been assumed to be Piper's creek here. (1) Ellen Casey. TAHO: *1867 Births in the District of Georgetown*. RGD33-1-45 No 541.1. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Record/NamesIndex/1016601>. (2) Elizabeth Casey. TAHO: *1870 Births in the District of Georgetown*. RGD33/1/48 no 562. Image 127. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Record/NamesIndex/927937>.
95. C J Denison. *Where in Tasmania, A compilation of place names and their histories in Tasmania*. Dennison Publications, Glenorchy, Tas, 2003, Entry: Piper's Brook, p. 43.
96. According to Alice's death certificate. Alice O'Keefe (or Casey). TAHO: *1871 Deaths in the District of Launceston*. RGD 35/1/40. no 1542. Image 21. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD35-1-40p21j2k>.
97. My attention was drawn to this case by entries in the records of Alice O'Keefe and Julia Hanofane in the Female Convicts of VDL database. It seems likely that the database is correct and that the William Casey referred to in the article is indeed 'our' shoemaker widower William Casey. (1) Court of Requests Launceston. Curious interpleader case. *The Tasmanian*. (Launceston, Tas. : 1871 - 1879) 13 Apr 1872: 4. (2) Court of Requests Launceston. Curious interpleader case. *The Cornwall Chronicle (Launceston, Tas.: 1835-1880)* 12 Apr 1872: 3. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article66022497>.
98. Court of Requests Launceston. Curious interpleader case. *The Tasmanian*. (Launceston, Tas.: 1871 - 1879) 13 Apr 1872: 4.
99. It operated in Bourke St, Melbourne from 1891-1897. Thanks to distant cousin John Cubitt for pointing this out.
100. William had a granddaughter, Alice Ford, born to William Ford and William's daughter Alice Esther in around 1896/7. We know from William Ford's death notice that his granddaughter Alice was known as "Lallah". However, the child who appears in the photograph is older than 1 or 2 years and is certainly not 10 years younger than the child labelled Topsy who was born about 1886. It is possible that "Lallah" is mislabelled or that her date of birth has been incorrectly recorded. If the photograph was taken in 1891 the most likely candidate from the child would be Bridget Heffernan born in 1883 to Margaret and James Heffernan who are present in the photograph.
101. Initially drawn to my attention by Female Convicts of VDL database. The marriage is between widower William Casey Shoemaker and widow Julia Clifford, Julia Hanofane's maiden name. The latter is recorded as Anothan/e on William's death certificate, a surname that sounds like Hanofane with the 'h' dropped. It is possible that the informant only knew Julia by her former married name. It is however curious that William lists his mother's name as Anty Duncan when the evidence from his indent is that she was Kathleen or Katherine, consistent with the court records. William's death certificate states that he had been living in Victoria for 30 years at the time of his death suggesting he moved there in around 1873. (1) William Casey & Julia Clifford. *Victorian Births Death & Marriages, Marriages in Richmond in the Colony of Victoria, 1874, #4266/1874*.

102. Female Convicts of VDL database. Name: Jude Clifford.
103. Julia is listed on her death certificate as from County Cahir. However, the convict records that list her native land as County Kerry are more likely to be correct.
104. William Casey & Julia Clifford. Victorian Births Death & Marriages, *Marriages in Richmond in the Colony of Victoria*, 1874, #4266/1874.
105. Public Record Office of Victoria: Penal and Gaols Branch, Chief Secretary's Department; *Central Register for Male Prisoners* 26296 - 26786 (1893-1894), 1894, VPRS 515/P0000, vol 48, p. 351, image 367.
<https://prov.vic.gov.au/archive/1C9D15A5-F3A9-11E9-AE98-1DAE2E178D55?image=367..>
106. NB: Town not Shire population. (1) Hayter, H. *Census of Victoria, 1881*. Office of the Government Statist, Melbourne, 1883, Summary Table XXV. https://hccda.ada.edu.au/Collated_Census_Tables/VIC-1881-census_02.html. (2) Hayter, H. *Census of Victoria, 1891*. Office of the Government Statist, Melbourne, 1893, Summary Table XX. https://hccda.ada.edu.au/Collated_Census_Tables/VIC-1891-census_01.html.
107. Julia Casey. Victorian Births Death & Marriages, *1890 Deaths in the District of Dandenong in the Colony of Victoria*, 19 August 1890, #11457/1890.
108. Photograph posted on the "Old Dandenong Facebook page". Facebook: Old Dandenong. Albion Hotel, Lonsdale Street, Dandenong, about 1890. <https://www.facebook.com/olddandenong/photos/albion-hotel-lonsdale-street-dandenong-about-1890shortly-before-being-replaced-b/1625296104359428/>. Posted 28 June, 2016.
109. William Casey. Victorian Births Death & Marriages, *1903 Deaths in the District of Murrumbidgee in the State of Victoria*, 15 May 1903, #7017/1903.
110. History of Murrumbidgee Village. <https://www.murrumbidgeevillage.com.au/history/>. All online sources last accessed January 2024.
111. Tasmanian Archives (TAHO): Convict Department (TA60); *Description lists of Female Convicts 1828-1853, Duke of Cornwall*, Alice O'Keefe, 27 Oct 1850, CON19-1-9 Image 44. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON19-1-9>.
112. Childrens' birth registrations: 1854, 1857, 1862. See details in Appendix E.
113. Child's birth registration: 1857. See details in Appendix E
114. TAHO name index
115. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Conduct Registers of Female convicts arriving in the period of the probation system 1844-1853*, Alice O'Keefe, CON41-128P165. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON41-1-28P165>.
116. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Indents of female convicts, 1831-1853*. Alice O'Keefe, 1850, CON15-1-6 Image 272. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON15-1-6P272>.
117. I was unable to find a birth certificate based on a search using O'Keefe or any variant of Gallivan. Alice was listed as age 22 in 1850 on her Conduct Register (CON41-128 Image 165) and Description List (CON19-1-9 Image 44). She was listed as 26 on marriage registration in Jan 1854. This would suggest she was born in 1828. Her age is recorded as 40 years on her 1871 death certificate, suggesting she was born in 1831. Normally earlier dates - presumably based on self-report - are more accurate than that of the informant for her death certificate. However, see below.
118. According to Female Convicts Research Centre (FCRC) database Alice O'Keefe was baptised as Alice Gallivan in the Parish of in Cahir in the Catholic Church on 2 August 1831. Perusal of the record on Roots Ireland, indicates that in one entry FCRC incorrectly ascribed to her mother the name of her Sponsor/Informant's (Costigan). The actual registration shows her mother's name to be Honora Crow. Alice's father was recorded as John Gallivan. No other likely baptism entry is listed for an Alice Gallivan within a 5-year period on either side of 1830. No parents are listed on the Indent record prepared prior to disembarkation in VDL. Perhaps they were deceased. However, the latter does list a brother, Patrick from Tipperary.
119. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Indents of female convicts, 1831-1853*, Alice O'Keefe, 1850, CON15-1-6 Image 273. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON15-1-6P273>.
120. W. Steuart, *Trench, Realities of Irish Life*. London, 1966, p. 88. Writing of the south and western regions of Ireland.
121. Letter from R. Tighe, Assistant Barrister, County Limerick. *Convict Reference Files 1852*, CRF s5-W21, Mary Ann Sainsbury, CRF 1852/S31, Image 180-181. [AJCP ref: <http://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-2307198408>].
122. Limerick Archives: Limerick Union Board of Guardians, *Minute Book* (17 March 1849 - 14 November), 03 November, 1849BG/110 A/12, Item 401.
123. S. Hall, *Life and death in Ireland, as witnessed in 1849*. London: JT Parkes, 1850, p. 35.
124. (1) *Limerick Reporter*, 1 Sep 1849, p. 4; (2) *Limerick & Claire Examiner*, 29 Aug 1849, p. 2;
125. The Limerick Union, *The Limerick Chronicle*, 29 June 1850, p. 3.
126. J. McCarthy, The poor law - local administration. The ratepayers of Limerick. *Limerick & Claire Examiner*, 21 Nov 1849, p. 2.
127. Outbreak in the workhouse. *Limerick & Claire Examiner*, 10 Apr 1849, p. 2.
128. Deadly fruits of Whig policy, *Limerick and Clare Examiner*, 10 Oct 1849, p. 2.
129. Limerick Archives: Limerick Union Board of Guardians, *Minute Book* (17 March 1849 - 14 November), 03 November 1849BG/110 A/12, Item 401.
130. S. Hall, *Life and death in Ireland, as witnessed in 1849*, p. 37.
131. (1) Findmypast.com: Irish Prison Registers 1790-1924, *Registry of Female Convicts, Grangegorman Depot*, Alice O'Keefe, Prisoner number 2232, 1850, Book No. 1/9/7. Item no. 3. (2) Convict records. <https://convictrecords.com.au/convicts/okeefe/alice/146033>. (3) Convict Reference Files 1852, CRF s5-W21, Mary Ann Sainsbury, CRF

- 1852/S31. Image 180-181. [AJCP ref: <http://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-2307198408>].
132. (1) TAHO: *Conduct Registers of Female Convicts arriving in the Period of the Probation System*, Alice O'Keefe, 1850, CON41-1-28 Image 165; (2) TAHO: *Indents of female convicts*, Alice O'Keefe, 1850, CON15-1 Image 272. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON15-1-6P272>. (3) Also Findmypast.com: *Irish Prison Registers 1790-1924, Registry of Female Convicts, Grangegorman Depot*, Alice O'Keefe, Prisoner number 2232, 1850, Book No. 1/9/7. Item no. 3.
 133. Letter from the Governor of the Limerick County Gaol dated 16 October 1852 regarding Mary Sarsfield, one of the four women who stole the cow. He stated that Alice O'Keefe (Alicia Keefe) was admitted to the gaol on 02 November 1850. At the time of writing the details of their incarceration in Limerick were not revealed by a search of the Irish prison. *Convict Reference Files 1852*, CRF s5-W21, Mary Ann Sainsbury, CRF 1852/S31. Image 185. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-2307200472>
 134. *Limerick Chronicle*, 17 April 1850, p.2
 135. UK Parliamentary papers: Inspector General, Prisons of Ireland, 29th report of the Inspector's-General on the general state of the Prisons of Ireland 1850. Presented to both House of Parliament by command of Her Majesty the Queen, Dublin: 1851, p. 90.
 136. J. Kavanagh, From vice to virtue, from idleness to industry, from profaneness to practical religion: Grangegorman penitentiary, undated. https://www.ria.ie/sites/default/files/from_vice_to_virtue_grangegorman_penitentiary_1.pdf
 137. Findmypast.com: *Registry of Female Convicts, Grangegorman Depot*, Alice O'Keefe, Prisoner number 2232, 1850, Book No. 1/9/7. Item no. 3.
 138. L Lohan, Sources in the National Archives for research into the transportation of Irish convicts to Australia (1791-1853), 1996 [Originally published in *Journal of the Irish Society for Archives*, Spring 1996]. https://www.nationalarchives.ie/topics/transportation/Ireland_Australia_transportation.pdf.
 139. J Kavanagh, From vice to virtue, from idleness to industry, from profaneness to practical religion. https://www.ria.ie/sites/default/files/from_vice_to_virtue_grangegorman_penitentiary_1.pdf
 140. QuasiHuman, Grangegorman Penitentiary.jpg, WikiPedia Commons, 2010. <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=17364141>.
 141. Ancestry.com.au: UK, Royal Medical Journals 1817-1856. C Smith, *Surgeon's Journal of her Majesty's convict ship the Duke of Cornwall (between 05 July and 04 November 1850)*. Original Source: TNA: Adm 101/20/03.
 142. J. Williams, *Irish convicts and Van Diemen's Land*, PhD Thesis, University of Tasmania, Hobart. p. 127. <https://doi.org/10.25959/23241119.v1>
 143. J. Williams, *Irish convicts and Van Diemen's Land*, p. 125.
 144. J. Williams, *Irish convicts and Van Diemen's Land*
 145. Female Convicts of VDL database, Alice O'Keefe, ID no 3542: *Grangegorman Depot Register*, Alice O'Keefe, Prison no 2232, p. 196.
 146. TAHO: *Conduct Registers of Female convicts arriving in the period of the probation system 1844-1853*, Alice O'Keefe, 1850, CON41-128P165. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON41-1-28P165>.
 147. Ancestry.com.au: C Smith, *Journal of her Majesty's convict ship the Duke of Cornwall*
 148. (1) Convict records, Mary Sarsfield, <https://convictrecords.com.au/convicts/sarsfield/mary-a/146034>. (2) TAHO: *Conduct Registers of Female convicts arriving in the period of the probation system 1844-1853*. Mary Sarsfield, 1850, CON41-1-28p191. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON41-1-28P191>.
 149. (1) Convict Records, Margaret Meade, <https://convictrecords.com.au/convicts/meade/margaret/146032>. (2) TAHO: *Conduct Registers of Female convicts arriving in the period of the probation system 1844-1853*, Margaret Meade, 1850, CON41-1-28P135. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON41-1-28P135>. According to the Grangegorman Depot register, the fourth woman involved in the theft, Margaret Miller, was sent back to a county gaol to serve out her sentence.
 150. Sent back in August 1850. See Letter from the Governor of the Limerick County Gaol, *Convict Reference Files 1852*, CRF s5-W21, Mary Ann Sainsbury, 16 Oct 1852, CRF 1852/S31. Image 185. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-2307200472>.
 151. G. Farr, *Bristol ship building in the nineteenth century*. Bristol Branch of the Historical Association Pamphlets, No 27, 1971. <https://archive.org/details/bha027/mode/2up>.
 152. Ancestry.com.au: C Smith, *Surgeon's Journal of her Majesty's convict ship the Duke of Cornwall (between the 05 July and 04 November 1850)*. Original source: Adm 101/020/03
 153. The Duke of Cornwall's Transport Ship: Embarkation of 200 female convicts. *Freeman's Journal (Dublin)*, 11 July 1850.
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 156. Ancestry.com.au.: C Smith, *Surgeon's Journal of her Majesty's convict ship the Duke of Cornwall (between 05 July and 04 November 1850)*. Original source: Adm 101/020/03
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160. Findmypast.com: *Registry of Female Convicts, Grangegorman Depot*, Alice O'Keefe, Prisoner number 2232, 1850, Book No. 1/9/7. Item no. 3.
161. English Intelligence. *Colonial Times (Hobart, Tas: 1828 - 1857)* 29 Oct 1850, <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article8768148>.
162. Old Bailey Proceedings Online, Trial of Robert Pate, July 1850, t18500708-1300. <https://www.oldbaileyonline.org/record/t18500708-1300>
163. Advertising. *The Cornwall Chronicle (Launceston, Tas: 1835 - 1880)* 31 October 1850: 757. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article65977334>.
164. Advertising, *Colonial Times (Hobart, Tas: 1828 - 1857)* 05 November 1850: 1 (Supplement). <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article8768175>
165. TAHO: *Conduct Registers of Female convicts arriving in the period of the probation system 1844-1853*, Alice O'Keefe, 1850, CON41-128P165. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON41-1-28P165>.
166. Anti-transportation Association, *Launceston Examiner (Tas: 1842 - 1899)* 2 Nov 1850: 4. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article36267368>.
167. Apart from one day at Brickfields on 02 July 1852 (CON41-128P165; <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON41-1-28P165>)
168. R. Everist, Hooray for Hobart's matron Florence, *Hobart History*, 12 Mar 2020. <https://www.hobarthistory.com.au/hooray-for-hobarts-matron-florence/>
169. R Everist, Medical care in colonial Hobart – how bad was it? *Hobart History*, 6 May 2020. <https://www.hobarthistory.com.au/medical-care-in-colonial-hobart-how-bad-was-it/>.
170. The Colonial Hospital, *Hobarton Guardian, or, True Friend of Tasmania (Hobart, Tas: 1847 - 1854)* 4 Feb 1852: 2. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article173061162>.
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172. The Colonial Hospital, *Hobarton Guardian*, 28 July 1852: 2. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article173062339>.
173. Placed 01 November 1852. TAHO: *Conduct Registers of Female convicts arriving in the period of the probation system 1844-1853*, Alice O'Keefe, CON41-128P165. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON41-1-28P165>.
174. Advertising, *The Hobart Town Advertiser (Tas: 1839 - 1861)* 21 April 1853: 4. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article264627093>.
175. Sent to House of Correction on 14/12/53. TAHO: *Conduct Registers of Female convicts arriving in the period of the probation system 1844-1853*, Alice O'Keefe, CON41-128P165. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON41-1-28P165>.
176. The December 1853 entries in the "Register of offences and punishments ordered at the Hobart House of Correction" does not include a reference to Alice. (Convict Department (TA60), Female Factory Cascades (TA866), CON138-2-1, Index O P151, 1852-1854). The Female House of Correction General Records, Female Factory House of Cascades (TAA 866), A591, 1848-1869) for the period do not mention Alice.
177. FCRC: Returned to the government. <https://femaleconvicts.org.au/convict-institutions/punishments?view=article&id=368:returned-to-government&catid=69>. Another possibility is that Alice was returned because pass holders were not placed longer than 12 months in a particular private service.
178. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); *Women's application for permission to marry*. Alice Kief, 12 December 1853, CON53-1-1p77. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON53-1-1>.
179. TAHO: *Alphabetical register of applications for permission to marry 1853-1854*. William Casey & Alice Kief, 14 December 1853, CON52-1-6P027. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON52-1-6P027>. (C- Oct-Dec 1853)
180. TAHO: *Marriages: District of Hobart*. William Casey & Alice O'Keefe, RGD37/1/13 no 624 Image 247. 1854. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD37-1-13p247j2k>.
181. National Library of Australia, Tickets of Leave/Certificates of Freedom/Pardons. <https://www.nla.gov.au/research-guides/convicts/tickets-of-leave>.
182. Ancestry.com.au: New South Wales and Tasmania, *Australia, Convict Pardons and Tickets of Leave 1834-1859*. Tasmania, Pardons 1854-1855. Class HO 10, Piece 63.
183. M. Willem De Looper, Death registration and mortality trends in Australia 1856-1906. PhD thesis. Canberra: ANU, 2014, p.164. <https://openresearch-repository.anu.edu.au/bitstream/1885/16791/1/De%20Looper%20Thesis%202015.pdf>.
184. Courtesy of Victoria Briggs (descendent of Alice Ford) via John Ogden, Personal communication 15/12/23.
185. Prison photo of William Casey aka Smith. (1) Public Record Office Victoria (PROV): Penal and Gaols Branch, Chief Secretary's Department (VA1464); *Central Register for Male Prisoners 25311 - 25809 (1892-1893)*, William Smith, Prisoner no. 25652, VPRS 515/P0000, Image 349, Volume 46, p. 343. <https://prov.vic.gov.au/archive/1C9ACBB3-F3A9-11E9-AE98-BBF9E30316B5?image=349>
186. Source: Ancestry Canning Family Tree, Leanne Pethick.
187. According to the Female Convicts of VDL database Margaret was in the Cascades Factory in September 1853 when she was discharged to her husband (see Research notes). Also, the RCRC database records that Margaret's son John Leary was born on the Hobart district on 30 September 1854. Female Convicts of VDL database, Margaret Meade,

- ID no 1052. The birth record (RGD33/1/5 no 1382) states that the father was John Leary tallow chandler but the mother is said by TAHO to be listed as Margaret Ward (rather than Meade but writing not legible) and the child's first name is not listed. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-5-p100j2k>.
188. TAHO: *Marriages: District of Hobart*. William Casey & Alice O'Keefe, RGD37/1/13 no 624 Image 247. 1854. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD37-1-13p247j2k>.
189. Little is known about John and Con's subsequent lives although Con apparently married twice and it is possible but by no means certain that he is the Cornelius Leary who featured in a number of Tasmanian Police Gazettes and who was at one point sued by his wife for desertion. In 1915, Cornelius, by then a 'local identity' in Devonport, was out shooting rabbits with his brother John and two children when his gun discharged and killed him. According to the attending constable the gun was 'in a bad state of repair', 'part of the barrel being rusted away', the remaining barrel rusty inside and the 'left hammer broken off'. His brother testified that Cornelius was very casual in handling it, keeping it fully cocked as he walked through the bush. (Devonport fatality, *The North West Post (Formby, Tas: 1887 - 1916)* 28 Sep 1915. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article200152113>. (2) Devonport shooting fatality. *The North Western Advocate and the Emu Bay Times (Tas: 1899 - 1919)* 28 September 1915. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article64615086>.) The death was ruled an accident, contemporary newspapers reporting that the unfortunate Leary 'left a widow and a large family in poor circumstances'. (Shooting fatality, *Daily Post (Hobart, Tas: 1908 - 1918)* 27 September 1915. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article190244350>).
190. D. Snowden, Expect the unexpected: My dear father and mother. FCRC Seminar Paper, 8 Oct, 2017. <https://femaleconvicts.org.au/docs2/seminars/ExpectTheUnexpected-DSnowden.pdf>.
191. *Convict Reference Files* 1852, CRF s5-W21, Mary Ann Sainsbury, CRF 1852/S31. Image 185. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-2307200472>.
192. Mary's plan at the time was to obtain a service position that would allow her to support herself and her baby. According to Snowden, Mary eventually relocated to Melbourne where she died in 1888. All five of her children survived into adulthood (Amelia White died 17/5/1920: Family Notices, *The Mercury (Hobart, Tas: 1860 - 1954)*, 19 May 1920. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article11473741>. James Michael Jones died in 1940: Vic BDM, Death, 534/1940 [Abstract]; George Jones (Griffiths) and Esther Caulfield were alive in 1923). Indeed at least four of Mary's children outlived her by over 30 years. The fate of the other child, her second born, Henry William, is something of a puzzle. According to newspaper reports at the time, when Mary's first-born child, Amelia, died in 1920 she left a legacy of £1000 (a not insubstantial sum at the time) to be shared between her four siblings. I was first made aware of this story by a note in the Ancestry GoodFellow Family Tree. Henry William had left Tasmania 47 years earlier to work as a boundary rider on the Darling in NSW. After some letters back to his fiancée he was not heard of again by his family. To resolve the issue of the distribution of Henry William's quarter share of his sister's legacy, advertisements were widely placed in newspapers seeking Henry to come forward. There was no response and in 1923 Henry was officially declared dead. (Away for 47 years: Legatee presumed dead, *World (Hobart, Tas: 1918 - 1924)*, Jul 24, 1923, p. 6. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article190305366>.) I wondered if Henry might have survived but not seen the advertisements? Coincidentally, while searching for the newspaper descriptions of Henry's disappearance I came across a 1924 story of a Henry William Jones who had discovered a body in Queensland. No doubt there were many men with this name across Australia. In the interests of not straying too far from the topic of Alice I had just decided to resist the urge to pursue the fate of Henry further when I discovered an updated history of Mary written by Golden. In this history Golden claims that contrary to the judge's decision Henry William Jones had indeed survived, marrying and living a long life in South Australia before his death at age 84. (D. Snowden. Voices from the orphan schools. Mary Ann Sarsfield: 'A convict woman's offspring.' *Tasmanian Ancestry*, March 2018, p. 199-204. https://www.tasfhs.org/downloads/Volume38Number4_2018.pdf.) It would seem that Henry William had risen from the dead.
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194. FamilySearch: "England, Middlesex Parish Registers, 1539-1988", Samuel Thomas (Ratcliff), Birth 6 Aug 1819, Baptised 26 Dec 1819; James Lockyear (Shadwell), Birth 8 Apr 1823, Baptised 15 Jun 1823; Daniel Lockyer (Ratcliff), Birth 8 Aug 1825, Baptised 9 Oct 1825; Amelia Ann Lockyear (Ratcliff), Baptised 21 Sep 1828; Sarah Ann Lockyear (Ratcliff), Baptised 10 June, 1832; John George Lockyer (Ratcliff), Baptised 12 Oct 1834.
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198. D. Hobbs, The history of east London: A stroll down felony lane, p. 150.
199. W. Luckin & P. Thorsheim, Introduction. Environment and daily life in London. 1800-2000. In W. Luckin & P. Thorsheim, *A mighty capital under threat. The environmental history of London, 1800-2000*. University of Pittsburgh Press, 2020.
200. E. W. Brayley, J.N. Brewer & J. Nightingale, *A Topographical and Historical Description of London and Middlesex* (1820), vol 5, p. 31 [Wikimedia - Stepney Church, Middlesex.jpg]. [https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Brayley\(1820\)_p5.031_-_Stepney_Church,_Middlesex.jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Brayley(1820)_p5.031_-_Stepney_Church,_Middlesex.jpg),
201. London Metropolitan Archives: London Church of England Parish Registers; Samuel Lockyear & Sarah Neal, 14

- October 1816, P93/MRY1/035. [Ancestry.com, Image 334].
202. Described as a labourer in Phillis's and James's baptism records and on his second marriage. Described as a ropemaker in the baptism records of the remaining children and in the 1841 census.
 203. The historic dockyard Chatham. Rope making. <https://thedockyard.co.uk/master-ropemakers/about-us/our-buildings/>
 204. A vision of Britain through time. 1841 Census of Great Britain, Occupations. Rope and cord-spinner and maker. Labourer. Agricultural labourer. [1]
 205. England and Wales Death 1837-2007, Civic deaths and burials, GRO Death index for St George East, Sarah Lockyear, Jul-Sep 1837, Vol 2, p. 399 [Index].
 206. London Metropolitan Archives: London Church of England Parish Registers; Parish of St George, Samuel Lockyear & Maria Darby (nee Harridane), 1 October 1838, P93/GEO/049. [Ancestry.com, Image 83].
 207. <https://www.mernick.org.uk/elhs/maps/maps2.htm>. NB: Although Anchor St and Elbow St are not labelled by the cartographer on this map, the streets are drawn. The two streets were identified by consulting maps of the era.
 208. Findmypast: The National Archives, England & Wales, Crime, Prisons & Punishment, 1770-1935, Index to Register of Prisoners: Newgate Prison, 1830-1839, Phillis Lockyer, August 1837, PCOM2, Piece No. 224, p. 146, Image 81.
 209. Third report of the inspectors appointed under the provisions of the act 5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 38. to visit the different prisons of Great Britain. I. Home district. London: UK Parliament, 1838, p. 153.
 210. Prisoners no longer to be sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate. *The English Chronicle and Whitehall Evening Post*, Oct 22, 1836.
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 216. (1) Reports of the Inspectors appointed under the provisions of the act 5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 38. to visit the different Prisons of Great Britain I. Report on the Home District. 1836, p.16 & p. 33. (2) The alterations in Newgate, *Morning advertiser*. 6 Oct 1837, p3.
 217. Reports of the Inspectors appointed under the provisions of the act 5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 38. to visit the different Prisons of Great Britain I. Report on the Home District. 1836, p. 33
 218. Second report of the inspectors appointed under the provisions of the act 5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 38. to visit the different prisons of Great Britain. I. Home district. London: UK Parliament, 1837, p. 204
 219. (1) Second report of the inspectors appointed under the provisions of the act 5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 38. to visit the different prisons of Great Britain. I. Home district. London: UK Parliament, 1837, p. 203 & p. 204. (2) The alterations in Newgate, *Morning advertiser*. 6 Oct 1837, p3.
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 222. TAHO: Return of female convicts removed from the general penitentiary at Millbank to the *Majestic* convict ship at Woolwich. 14 Sep 1838, CON77-3-1_1. https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON77-3-1/CON77-3-1/CON77-3-1_1.
 223. Digital panopticon. A guide to researching female offenders. https://www.digitalpanopticon.org/A_Guide_to_Researching_Female_Offenders.
 224. Fourth report of the inspectors appointed under the provisions of the act 5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 38. to visit the different prisons of Great Britain. I. Home district. London: UK Parliament, 1839, p. 255.
 225. She was tried in the 14 May 1838 session. Such sessions extended over several days and Phillis's cases were not heard until 19 May 1838.
 226. Old Bailey Proceedings, Trial of Phillis Lockyer, 14 May 1838, t18380514-1322. <https://www.oldbaileyonline.org/record/t18380514-1322?text=t18380514-1322>.
 227. Ancestry: The National Archives; Habitual criminals registers and miscellaneous papers. Newgate Prison, London, Register of Prisoners, Phillis Lockyer, May 17 1838, PCOM2, Piece No. 205, Image 147 [Ancestry]. Note that most records list the court session as occurring on May 14 1838. This is due to the convention of recording only the first day of multi-day court hearings in the official record system.
 228. Old Bailey Proceedings, Trial of Phillis Lockyer, 14 May, 1838, t18380514-1323. <https://www.oldbaileyonline.org/record/t18380514-1323?text=t18380514-1323>.
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244. P. Fisher, Surgeon's journal of Her Majesty's female convict ship *Majestic*. 19 Sep 1838- 26 Jan 1839. Adm 101-46-4.
245. Domestic Intelligence, *Colonial Times (Hobart, Tas : 1828 - 1857)* 22 Jan 1839, p. 7. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article8749345>.
246. Latest English News, *Colonial Times (Hobart, Tas.: 1828 - 1857)* 22 Jan 1839, p. 7. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article8749345>.
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259. TAHO: Census of the year 1842. Henry Griffiths. CEN1/1/29-3. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CEN1-1-29/CEN1-1-29-4B>
260. Daughter Jane's birth certificate. See Appendix F.
261. Childrens' birth certificates. See Appendix F.
262. TAHO: Convict Department (TA 60); *Conduct Registers of Female convicts arriving in the period of the assignment system*

- 1803-1843, Ticket of Leave, Phillis Lockyer, 25 Feb 1845, CON40-1-6P218. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON40-1-6/CON40-1-6P218>.
263. *Hobart Times Gazette*, 29 Apr 1845 cited by FCRC database: **Phillis Lockyer**, ID no 7962, Levels of Freedom, Certificate of Freedom 14 May 1845.
264. I. Terry & N. Servant, *Launceston Heritage Study: Thematic history*. Launceston: Launceston City Council, 2002, p.12
265. The names of 9 offspring, all of whom survived to adulthood, are listed on Phillis's death certificate together with a note that two (unnamed) children died in infancy (see Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages. Deaths, **Phylus** [sic] **Mills**, 1339/1903). One of these children was Sarah Maria (1848-49) who died at 12 months old. I could not find records for the other. More importantly, on both Daniel and Maria's birth certificates, there is a record of one previously deceased child (in one case the informant was Phillis; in the other it was Henry). The parents are likely to be more accurate historians than the informant (son Samuel) on Phillis's certificate. This suggests that one child not two died in infancy and that Henry and Phillis had ten children.
266. There is no record of the birth of a Thomas Lockyer (or Mills) in Tasmanian birth records or in *Baptisms of Children of Convicted Women, 1833-1854*. Based on Thomas's death certificate, his Funeral Notice and *Find A Grave* entry he was born between Feb 1839 and Feb 1840. (Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages. Deaths, Thomas Mills, 2912/1901 [Abstract]; Funeral Notices, *The Age*, 20 Feb 1901, p. 10; *Find a Grave*, Memorial Thomas Mills, <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/201672736/thomas-mills>). Based on father's death certificate he was born between 1 Jan and 30 Dec 1840 (Births, Death & Marriages Victoria, Death, Henry Mills, 31 Dec 1896, 1559/1897, Thomas listed as 56). Taken together these events suggest a birth date between 1 Jan-19 Feb 1840.
267. Coastal Passenger records dated March 1856 (Maid of the Yarra) showed Thomas Mills as aged 13 years suggesting he was born before March 1843 and after March 1842. Given the birth of another child in November 1843, an 1842 birth year seems most likely. However, if there was a concession on tickets for children under a certain age then parents might have an incentive to understate a child's age.
268. *The Market, Launceston Examiner (Tas: 1842 - 1899)*, 20 Jan 1849, p. 5. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article36256526>. (The robbery was also reported in *The Courier (Hobart, Tas.: 1840 - 1859)*, 24 Jan 1849, p. 3. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article2966985>).
269. E. Guardiola & J. E. Banos, Jaume Ferran I Clua: Ferran Vaccine. In *Catalan Physicians' contributions to medicine: a historical view through eponyms*. Barcelona: Dr Anatoní Esteve Foundation, 2021, p. 51-62. <https://www.esteve.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/10/3.-Jaume-Ferran-i-Clua-Ferran-vaccine.pdf>
270. G. O. Brown, *Reminiscences of Fryerstown*, p. 107.
271. G. O. Brown, *Reminiscences of Fryerstown*, p. 107.
272. Note however that a Phillis Mills appears on the 1903 electoral roll as living with a Samuel and Catherine Mills at 35 Whitehouse Road in Footscray. Samuel did not have a daughter named Phillis and his niece Phillis (father Henry William) was too young to vote in 1903 (dob: 1888) raising the possibility that Samuel's mother was living with him at some point prior to her death.
273. A. Mindykowski, *Case study Kidderminster*. Worcestershire: Worcestershire County Council & Historic England, 2020, p.6. <https://www.explorethepast.co.uk/wp-content/uploads/2021/01/20th-century-case-study-Kidderminster-2.pdf>.
274. TNA: Public Record Office, Admiralty records, 1673-1957. Register of convicts on the *Cumberland*, Henry Mills, Received 15 Mar 1833, ADM 6, File 418, AJCP Rel No: 1760. Image 166. <https://nla.gov.au/tarkine/nla.obj-950498552>.
275. M. McFadden, *Nineteenth-century British carpet patterns*. Masters thesis. Ann Arbor: University of Delaware, 1993, p.4
276. S. Lewis, *A Topographical Dictionary of England*, 1831. <https://parishmouse.co.uk/worcestershire/kidderminster-worcestershire-family-history-guide/>.
277. W. Miles, *Report on the West of England and Wales*. Reports from Assistant Hand Loom Weavers Commissioners, Part V. London: House of Lords, 1840, p. 530.
278. Newspaper report of Henry's second crime (shoemaker). Worcestershire Adjourned Sessions, *Worcester Journal (Worcestershire, England)*, 7 Mar 1833.
279. Hulk report (carpet weaver). TNA: Public Record Office; Admiralty records, 1673-1957, Register of convicts on the *Cumberland*, Henry Mills, Received 15 Mar 1833, ADM 6, File 418, AJCP Rel No: 1760. Image 166. <https://nla.gov.au/tarkine/nla.obj-950498552>.
280. (1) **James Mills, Charles Mills**: Ancestry.com: TNA: Public Record Office; 1841 England Census, HO107, Piece 1208, Book 1, Civil Parish Kidderminster, Worcestershire Enumeration District 3, Folio 44, p. 5, GSU Roll 464214, Image 4. (2) **William Mills**: Ancestry.com: TNA: Public Record Office; 1851 England Census, HO107, Piece 2038, Civil Parish Kidderminster, Worcestershire, Folio 186, p. 32, GSU Roll 87446, Image 31. (3) **Thomas Mills** was listed as a shoemaker on his marriage certificate in 1837. (4) Henry's fifth brother was **Edwin Mills** (born 1823). I have been unable to find him in UK census records. Not to be confused with his nephew Edwin Mills (born 1848 son of Charles Mills), a carpet maker who migrated to the USA.
281. The introduction of power looms was delayed until the 1850s, being the subject of major industrial dispute.
282. M. McFadden, *Nineteenth-century British carpet patterns*, p. 16-17
283. W. Miles, *Report on the West of England and Wales*, Reports from Assistant Hand Loom Weavers Commissioners, p. 532.
284. M. McFadden, *Nineteenth-century British carpet patterns*, p. 17.

285. W. Miles, *Report on the West of England and Wales*. Reports from Assistant Hand Loom Weavers Commissioners, p 532.
286. M. McFadden, *Nineteenth-century British carpet patterns*, p. 27
287. R. Groom, *The conduct of parliamentary elections in Kidderminster 1832-1880*. PhD thesis. Coventry University, 2010, p. 24-27
288. T. Turberville, *Worcestershire in the Nineteenth Century*. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1852. <https://www.gutenberg.org/files/44040/44040-h/44040-h.htm>.
289. (1) Disturbance at Kidderminster. *Leicestershire Journal* (Leicester, England), 3 Sep 1830, p. 3. (2) R. Groom. *The conduct of parliamentary elections in Kidderminster 1832-1880*.
290. T. Turberville, *Worcestershire in the Nineteenth Century*.
291. A. Toplis, The non-elite consumer and 'wearing apparel' in Herefordshire and Worcestershire, 1800-1850. PhD thesis, Univ Wolverhampton, 2008, p. 155.
292. M. Fascione, St Mary's & All Saints' Church/ CC-BY-SA/ 2.0. 14 Jul 2007. <https://www.geograph.org.uk/photo/499230>.
293. A. Barlow, *The history and principles of weaving by hand and by power*. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, 1884, 3rd edition. p. 138.
294. W. Miles. *Report on the West of England and Wales*.
295. T. Turberville, *Worcestershire in the Nineteenth Century*.
296. Hand loom weavers. *Hansard, House of Commons debate*, 28 Jul 1835, 29, 1152-83. <https://api.parliament.uk/historic-hansard/commons/1835/jul/28/hand-loom-weavers>.
297. (1) Worcestershire Midsummer sessions. Tue Jul 3. Before Sir CS Smith: Imprisonment. *Worcester Journal (Worcestershire, England)*, 5 Jul 1832. (2) Findmypast: Criminal registers, England and Wales, 1805-1892, Henry Mills, 1832, HO27, Piece 44, M-Y. (3) It is possible that Henry had previously been jailed for an additional offence. His conduct record indicates that he stated his previous offences as stealing (3 months) but also 'again for ?Vagrancy 7 weeks.' There is a water mark over the word that could be 'vagrancy'. No record was found elsewhere of the latter 'crime'.
298. R. Crone (with L. Hoskins & R. Preston), *Guide to the Criminal Prisons of Nineteenth-Century England*, 1918, p. 1277. <https://www.prisonhistory.org/wp-content/uploads/2018/06/Guide-to-the-Criminal-Prisons-of-Nineteenth-Century-England-R1.pdf>.
299. Worcester prison, Capital punishment UK. <https://www.capitalpunishmentuk.org/Worcester%20prison.html>.
300. T. Turberville, *Worcestershire in the Nineteenth Century*.
301. Worcester prison, Capital punishment UK. <https://www.capitalpunishmentuk.org/Worcester%20prison.html>.
302. *Worcester Journal (Worcestershire England)*, 7 Mar 1833.
303. TNA: Public Record Office, Admiralty records, 1673-1957. Register of convicts on the Cumberland, Henry Mills, Received 15 Mar 1833, ADM 6, File 418, AJCP Rel No: 1760. Image 166. <https://nla.gov.au/tarkine/nla.obj-950498552>.
304. Findmypast: England & Wales Crime, Prisons & Punishment, 1770-1935, Registers of convicts in the hulk 'Cumberland' moored at Chatham, with gaoler's report, 1830-1833. Miles Flynn. (Conviction 8 Apr 1833), ADM6, Folio No. 175, Piece no. 418, Entry No. 2992. 3
305. Worcestershire Easter sessions, *Wolverhampton Chronicle and Staffordshire Advertiser (Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, England)*, 17 Apr 1833. Flynn's life in VDL was far from smooth with his original sentence extended by several years due to stealing and poor behaviour (TAHO: CON31-1-14 Image 98. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON31-1-14/CON31-1-14P98>). He was reconvicted after he was granted his freedom. (TAHO: Con 37-1-3 Image 342. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON37-1-3/CON37-1-3P342>).
306. A. McKay, Floating hell: The brutal history of prison hulks. *BBC History Magazine*, 1822. <https://www.historyextra.com/period/victorian/prison-hulks-britain-conditions-escapes-transportation-social-reform-charles-dickens/>.
307. A. Robinson, Treatment of the malignant cholera on board the Cumberland, convict hulk.: **Efficacy of Mustard Emetics—Failure of the saline treatment and venous injections—Evidences of contagion.** *The Lancet*, 18 (466), 4 Aug 1832, p. 557-59. 33 people died on the Cumberland in 17 days in June, 1832.
308. Convicts in the hulks, *Old England. (London, England)*, 30 Dec 1832, p. 7.
309. A. McKay, Floating hell: The brutal history of prison hulks.
310. (1) Escape of a convict from Chatham. *Warrick & Warrickshire Advertiser (Warrick, England)*, 20 Jul 1833. [Matthew Bart] (2). Escape of a convict, *Morning Post (London, England)* 13 Apr 1833. [John Heeler]
311. TNA: Public Record Office, Admiralty records, 1673-1957. Register of convicts on the Cumberland, Henry Mills, Received 15 Mar 1833, ADM 6, File 418, AJCP Rel No: 1760. Image 166. <https://nla.gov.au/tarkine/nla.obj-950498552>.
312. TNA: Home Office records, 1779-1871. Quarterly list in prisons and on hulks. Sworn list of the Cumberland Convict Hulk 30 June 1833, Henry Mills, Fonds HO, Series HO8, File 36, AJCP Rel No: 5184. Image 277. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-1035092388/view>.
313. TNA: Home Office, Criminal Entry Books, HO13, 63 [Findmypast: p. 48]
314. TNA: Home Office, Criminal Petitions, HO17, Piece 37, Part 3, No. ES 36 [Findmypast: p.1062-63]

315. TNA: Home Office, Criminal Petitions, HO17, Piece 37, Part 3, No. ES 36 [Findmypast: p.1067]. It is not possible to be sure if this was the first or the second petition.
316. TNA: Home Office, Criminal Petitions, HO17, Piece 37, Part 3, No. ES 36 [Findmypast: p.1065]
317. TNA: Home Office, Criminal Entry Books, HO13, 63 [Findmypast: p. 198]
318. TNA: Public Record Office, Admiralty records, 1673-1957. Register of convicts on the *Cumberland*, Henry Mills, Received 15 Mar 1833, ADM 6, File 418, AJCP Rel No: 1760. Image 166. <https://nla.gov.au/tarkine/nla.obj-950498552>.
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320. The Marine List, *Lloyd's List, London*. Jan 26, 1819. No. 5355. <https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=hvd.32044050816529&seq=37>.
321. The Marine List, *Lloyd's List, London*. Sep 19, 1820. No. 5527. <https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=uc1.c2735030&seq=312>.
322. H. Stooks Smith, *The Annual Military Obituary*, 1856. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts, 1857. James Stopford, p. 35.
323. (1) Loss of the ship John. *Dublin Evening Mail (Dublin, Ireland)*, 18 May 185, p. 3. (2) The Wreck of the Ship John. The Glasgow Sentinel (Glasgow, Scotland), 11 Aug 1855, p.3.
324. (1) Report of the arrival of at the Port of Hobart Town of the ship John. 1. Dec 1833. CSO-1-684-15119, Image 3. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CSO1-1-684-15119-3>. (2) TAHO: Colonial Secretary Office General Correspondence 1824-1836; Disembarkation return of the detachments undermentioned. 06 December 1833. (John [2]). CSO-1-684-15119, Image 16. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CSO1-1-684-15119-16>. (3) TAHO: Colonial Secretary Office General Correspondence 1824-1836; 21st Royal North British Fusiliers. State of a Detachment of the above Corps on board the "John" Convict ship. Hobart Town Dec 1 1833, CSO-1-684-15119, Image 17. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CSO1-1-684-15119-17>.
325. R. L. Wettenhall, Gregory, John (1795-1853), Australian Dictionary of Biography, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <https://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/gregory-john-2123/text2687>, published first in hardcopy 1966
326. TAHO: Colonial Secretary Office General Correspondence 1824-1836; CSO-1-684-15119, Image 21. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CSO1-1-684-15119-21>.
327. A. Savage. Journal of the John Convict Ship 16 Jul 1833 – 6 Dec 1833
328. J. Clark. *Historical record and regimental memoir of The Royal Scots Fusiliers. Formerly known as the 21st Royal North British Fusiliers*. Edinburgh: Banks & Co., 1885. Figure opposite p. 42. "Uniform of the Royal Scots Fusiliers 1827".
329. A. Savage. *Journal of the John Convict Ship 16 Jul 1833 – 6 Dec 1833*, TNA: ADM 101/804. [Ancestry.com: UK, Royal Navy Medical Journals, 1817-1856.]
330. Henry Mills (John [2]) should not be confused with Henry Mills Prisoner No. 849, bookbinder who arrived on the John [1] in 1831.
331. *Hobart Gazette (Hobart, Tas)*, 3 Jan 1834, p.6. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/TGG/TGG-3-6-4-1>.
332. R. Read, Convict Assignment and Prosecution Risk in Van Diemen's Land, 1830-1835. PhD thesis. Hobart: University of Tasmania, 2019, p. 117-8.
333. *Hobart Gazette (Hobart, Tas)*, 20 Dec 1833, p. 823. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/TGG/TGG-2-3-2-1>.
334. It is also puzzling that it was not until 20 December that the assignment was advertised in the Hobart Gazette.
335. Ancestry: New South Wales and Tasmania, Australia Convict Musters, 1806-1849. Tasmania, List of convicts, 1835. HO 10/50. Image 260. Unfortunately, there was no muster in 1834.
336. L. Nyman, *The West Tamar People*. Launceston: Regal Publications, 1996, p. 28.
337. L. Nyman, *The West Tamar People*, p. 28.
338. After Atkinson's "I rebel – therefore we exist". A. Atkinson, *Labour History*, 37, 1979, p. 50.
339. Death of Dr Gaunt. *Launceston Examiner (Tas. : 1842 - 1899)*, 12 May, p. 2. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article52892947>.
340. Reproduced in L. Nyman, *The West Tamar People*, p. 16.
341. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); Conduct Registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the Assignment System. Convict surnames beginning with 'M'. 1833-1837. Henry Mills, CON31-1-31, Image 8. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON31-1-31P8>.
342. See annotation at bottom left of upper figure, L. Nyman, *West Tamar People*, p. 29. It was not unusual that trials were conducted at the home of the magistrate (see R. Read, Convict Assignment and Prosecution Risk in Van Diemen's Land, 1830-1835. p. 127-8).
343. TAHO: TA60; Conduct Registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the Assignment System, Henry Mills, Jan 27 1836.
344. Although the sentencing took place at *Windermere*, it is probable that the 36 lashes were administered at the Launceston Police station, presumably in Launceston (R. Read Convict Assignment and Prosecution Risk in Van Diemen's Land, 1830-1835, p. 146-147). The results of each hearing were to be communicated to the Police Magistrate at Launceston (R. Read).
345. P. Edmonds & H. Maxwell-Stewart. 'The whip is a very contagious kind of thing': flogging and humanitarian reform in penal Australia. *Journal of Colonialism and Colonial History*, 17(1), 1-16, 2016. <https://doi.org/doi>:

- 10.1353/cch.2016.0006. The average lashes for private assignees fell to 2.6 per prisoner annually by 1835. Unfortunately, the paper is focused on average lashes rather than median lashes or the percentage of prisoners receiving the punishment.
346. H. Reynolds. *A history of Tasmania*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Books, 2012, p. 154.
 347. L. Nyman, *The West Tamar People*. pp. 29-30.
 348. B. Hindmarsh. *Yoked to the plough: Male convict labour, culture and resistance in rural Van Diemen's land, 1820-40*. PhD thesis. Edinburgh: University of Edinburgh, 2001, p. 132-3.
 349. F. M. Innes. The convict system of Van Diemen's Land. *Monthly Chronicle*, May 1840, p. 433. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-248637531>.
 350. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); Alphabetical convict conduct registers Northern Tasmania H to P. 1822-1844. Henry Mills, 10 Apr 1837, Henry Mills, CON78-1-2, Image 75. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON78-1-2/1356091-9-75>.
 351. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); Alphabetical convict conduct registers Northern Tasmania H to P. Henry Mills, CON78-1-2, Image 75 1822-1844. Henry Mills, 5 Dec 1838, Image 75. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON78-1-2/1356091-9-75>.
 352. (1) Historic Windermere church in need, *Examiner (Launceston, Tas: 1900 - 1954)*, 29 Oct 1857, p. 13. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article52167278>. (2) M. Carter. 'Substantial reward' offered for the return of 1840s relic from Tasmanian church. *ABC News*, 17 Feb 2019. <https://www.abc.net.au/news/2019-02-17/stolen-relics-leave-parishioners-distraught/10819738>.
 353. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60); Henry Mills, CON31-1-1-31, Image 8. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON31-1-31P8>.
 354. G. Martin. The meaning and origin of the expression: Top dog. The Phrase Finder. <https://www.phrases.org.uk/meanings/top-dog.html>.
 355. J. B. Dargavel, *The development of the Tasmanian wood industries: a radical analysis*. ANU PhD thesis. Canberra, 1982. p. 53.
 356. TAHO: Convict Department (TA60), Register of Passes to Convicts in the North, Together with Quarterly Muster Rolls. 04 Sep 1841 - 02 Nov 1844, Henry Mills, Prisoner No. 1166, 4 Sep 1841, CON82-1-1, Image 8. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON82-1-1P10JPG>.
 357. P. K. Cowie, *Mathew Curling Friend (1792-1871)*. Australian Dictionary of Biography. Vol 1, National Canberra; Melbourne: Melbourne University Press, 1966. <https://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/friend-matthew-curling-2069>.
 358. The late commander Friend, R.N., F.R.S. *Weekly Examiner (Launceston, Tas: 1872 - 1878)*, 4 May, 1872, p. 7. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article233099346>.
 359. P. K. Cowie, *Mathew Curling Friend*.
 360. Advertising, *Launceston Advertiser (Tas: 1829 - 1846)*, 30 Apr 1840, p. 1. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article84751370>
 361. J. H. Hughes. Map of the Northern located portion of Van Diemen's Land [cartographic material] [544127], 1839. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/AUTAS001131820938/AUTAS001131820938-1>. (Section only).
 362. Latrobe Photographic Collection, National Trust of Australia (Tasmania). (Wikimedia: https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Saw_pit.jpg)
 363. TAHO: Register of Passes to Convicts in the North, Together with Quarterly Muster Rolls 4 Sep 1841 - 2 Nov 1844. 2 Feb 1842, CON82/1/1, Image 36. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON82-1-1/CON82-1-1P38jpg>.
 364. It is not clear how long Kerrison worked for Cox. Biographies state Kerrison had moved to Swan Bay by 1845 but the fact that all but one of his children from 1836 onwards were born in Swan Bay and that Henry was assigned to Kerrison in 1842 suggests Kerrison was not located further south where Cox himself resided. If Cox had land interests in Swan Bay I was unable to find them.
 365. (1) TAHO: Conduct Registers of male convicts arriving in the period of the Assignment System. Convict surnames beginning with 'M'. 1833-1837. Henry Mills, 8 Sep 1842, CON31-1-1-31, Image 8. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON31-1-31/CON31-1-31P8>. (2) Government notice. No. 233. *The Courier (Hobart, Tas: 1840 - 1859)* 16 Sep 1842: 4. Pardon date: 8 Sep 1842. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article2953769>. (3) The following lists the pardon date as 24 Mar 1843, but it is among the Sep 1842 entries so it appears to be a clerical error: TAHO: Tasmania, Australia, Convict Court and Selected records, 1800-1899, Pardons, Leave, Discharge, Registers of Conditional Pardons issued 1842-43, Henry Mills, CON56-1-1, Image 24. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/CON56-1-1/CON56-1-1P-26JPG>.
 366. Residences and occupations in this section based on his childrens' birth certificates and Sarah Maria's death certificate. See Appendix F for references.
 367. *Chronicle (Launceston, Tas: 1835 - 1880)*, 8 May, 1850, p. 290. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article65976056>.
 368. Advertising, *The Cornwall Chronicle (Launceston, Tas: 1835 - 1880)*, 12 Jun 1850, p. 373. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article65977302>.
 369. Advertising, *The Cornwall Chronicle (Launceston, Tas: 1835 - 1880)*, 5 Jul 1853.
 370. Advertising, *The Cornwall Chronicle (Launceston, Tas: 1835 - 1880)*, 11 May, 1850, p. 295. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article65975081>.

371. Advertising, *The Cornwall Chronicle (Launceston, Tas: 1835 – 1880)*, 22 Mar 1851.
372. TAHO: Launceston collection of photographs of place, events, buildings and general subjects, 1886, LPIC 147-4-214. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/LPIC147-4-214/LPIC147-4-214>. I acknowledge Monissa.com, Monissa's Place which first pointed me to this photograph. "York Street: A disreputable neighbourhood".
373. Annual licensing day, *Launceston Examiner (Launceston, Tas: 1842 - 1899)*, 4 Sep 1850, p. 3. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article36266929>. (Licence granted 2 Sept 1850).
374. Annual licensing meeting, *The Cornwall Chronicle (Launceston, Tas: 1835 - 1880)*, 3 Sep, 1851, p. 556. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article65575670>.
375. Advertising, *Launceston Examiner (Tas: 1842 - 1899)* 20 Dec 1851: 7 <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article36262047>.
376. J. Reynolds, 'West, John (1809–1873)', *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <https://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/west-john-2784/text3965>, published first in hardcopy 1967
377. Advertising, *Launceston Examiner (Tas: 1842 - 1899)* 20 Dec 1851.
378. Legislative Council, *Launceston Examiner (Tas: 1842 - 1899)*, 4 Feb 1852, p. 6. <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article36262411>.
379. Child murder at Launceston, *The Mercury (Hobart, Tas: 1860-1954)*. 14 Aug 1876. <https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/8947151>.
380. Advertisement. Auction sales, *Launceston Examiner (Launceston: Tas)*, 22 Jul 1886;
381. *The Tasmanian (Launceston, Tas: 1871-1879)*, 7 Dec 1878, p. 7. <https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/198910359/22043480>. I acknowledge Monissa.com, Monissa's Place which first pointed me to the later history of the Cross Keys. "York Street: A disreputable neighbourhood". 23 Mar 2020. <https://journal.monissa.com/a-bit-of-york-street-or-a-visit-to-a-disreputable-neighbourhood/>.
382. TAHO. Departures. Return of outward bound vessels from the Port of Launceston, Steamer "Shamrock" for Melbourne, Henry Mills, 18 Jan 1852, POL220-1-1, p. 532. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/POL220-1-1/POL220-1-1P268>.
383. Samuel's birth registration. See Appendix F.
384. Public Records Office of Victoria: Inward Passenger Lists (Australian Ports) Jul 1853 Tasmania, VPRS944/P000, Henry Mills, 27 Jul 1853 [arrival date], image 5. <https://prov.vic.gov.au/archive/6447F767-FA01-11E9-AE98-39E49A62CC4F/content?image=5>. Henry is recorded as age 38; the accompanying 10 year-old son is unnamed.
385. Victoria Prov: Outward passengers to interstate, UK and foreign, Nov-Dec 1853, Henry Mills, Nov 1853. VPRS 948/P0001. <https://prov.vic.gov.au/archive/2359306A-F7F0-11E9-AE98-350225408EA9?image=120>.
386. TAHO: Departures, Return of outward bound vessels from the Port of Launceston, *Clarence* for Melbourne. Henry Mills, 25 Jul 1853, POL220-1-3, p. 240. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/POL220-1-3/POL220-1-3P120>.
387. Victoria Prov: Outward passengers to interstate, UK and foreign, Nov-Dec 1853, Henry Mills (recorded as age 28), Nov 1853. VPRS 948/P0001. <https://prov.vic.gov.au/archive/2359306A-F7F0-11E9-AE98-350225408EA9?image=120>.
388. Findmypast: Australia, Inward, Outward & Coastal Passenger Lists 1826-1972, Tasmania Departures 1817-1863. Henry Mills, 8 Feb 1854. The transcript lists Henry as arriving on the emigrant ship "John" and as "free by servitude." TAHO. Departures, Return of outward bound vessels from the Port of Launceston, Steamer "Shamrock" for Melbourne, Lady Bird for Melbourne. Henry Mills, 8 Feb 1854, POL220-1-3, p. 456. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/POL220-1-3/POL220-1-3P228>. Lists Henry as having arrived on the emigrant *John* [2] as "free by servitude".
389. Victoria Prov: Outward passengers to interstate, UK and foreign, May-Jun 1854, Henry Mills, May 1854, VPRS 948/P0001, p. 2, Image 62. <https://prov.vic.gov.au/archive/235D00FD-F7F0-11E9-AE98-A1809AF4A169?image=62>. Henry is listed as age 40.
390. Design & Art Australia Online, Thomas Robertson b. c.1819. <https://www.daa0.org.au/bio/thomas-robertson/biography/>.
391. T. Robertson, *Portland showing the ship Frances Henty*, 1858, State Library of Victoria. <http://handle.slv.vic.gov.au/10381/91541>.
392. Public Records Office of Victoria: Inward Passenger Lists (Australian Ports) Mar 1856, Henry Mills (and family), 8 Mar 1856 [arrival date], VPRS 944/P0000, Image 61. <https://prov.vic.gov.au/archive/6D48F5ED-FA01-11E9-AE98-1F6B11457041/content?image=61>. There is no doubt that this is our Henry and Phillis based on the family names but for unknown reasons both Henry and Phillis are recorded as age 30 years.
393. The name 'Fryers Creek' was changed to 'Fryerstown' in 1854 but the former is used in some official records including birth certificates after that date.
394. 1859 (Maria's birth certificate), 1861 (Daniel's birth certificate), 1880 (Daniel's death certificate), 1896 (Henry's own death certificate).
395. Daniel's birth certificate.
396. Daniel's death certificate.
397. Henry Sr's death certificate. No street resembling this name appear on current maps.

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400. G. O. Brown, *Reminiscences of Fryerstown*, 1983, <https://catalogue.nla.gov.au/catalog/2389258>
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406. Historical Census and Colonial Data Archive (HCCDA): Vic 1857 – census. Part 1. Population tables. Inhabitants and houses. Melbourne: Registrar General's Office, 1857. Table V. Gold fields. 'Fryer's Creek'. https://hccda.ada.edu.au/Collated_Census_Tables/VIC-1857-census.html.
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417. (1) G. O. Brown, *Reminiscences of Fryerstown*, 1985, p. 16. (2) Miner's Right. https://www.eurekapedia.org/Miner%27s_Right. Note, however, Henry is not listed in the list of citizens in the area of Fryerstown who on 14 May 1856 were entitled to vote. Legislative Assembly. *Mount Alexander Mail (Vic : 1854 - 1917)* 27 May 1856: 5 (Supplement to the Mount Alexander Mail). <https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article202633949>.
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Appendices

Appendix A

Rogue's memories of Margaret Hawking

[DH: *Written by John Stanley (Rogue) Martin, BA, DipEd, MA, MEd, PhD, BTheol, MTheol, Knight of the Royal Swedish Order of the Polar Star.*]

Some years ago, I promised David Hawking in Canberra that I would write a few lines on my memories of his mother, Margaret. I thought that it was going to be an easy task to be completed in a short time. But I kept putting it off. Then as I tried to roll away the mists of four decades, I found that it was not so simple an undertaking. I did not realise that the emotional attachment to the memories of Margaret and Ernie Hawking, of the many happy times we spent together, and then her tragic illness and death, which would create a barrier between me and the promised narrative. It was only when I met her daughters, Jenny and Michele, on 10th March 2002 at the 40th anniversary of the move of Beechworth High School from the old State School building to its new site near the Beechworth Hospital and felt that in them I was meeting Margaret again that the spell and emotional barrier were broken and that I could fulfil my promise to their brother, David.

After a year's teaching in Nathalia upon the completion of my Diploma of Education, I was appointed to Beechworth Higher Elementary School. I had applied for Tallangatta, where I could have lived with a wonderful cousin, but, in retrospect, I am so glad that it was Beechworth. It was there that I had three very happy and fulfilling years - firstly from 1956 to 1957, and then again in 1960 after two years abroad to do research for an M.A.

The Beechworth district was the cradle of my mother's family. Her grandparents emigrated as assigned servants to pioneering families in the Western district, one couple with the Hentys at Portland and the other with a squatter at Port Fairy. When their time of service in the Western District was over, my mother's maternal grandparents moved to Stanley and her paternal grandparents to Yackandandah. My own grandparents had married in Yackandandah in 1880 and moved to Tallangatta, where my grandfather was the first blacksmith. Going to teach in Beechworth was like entering my own family's early stamping ground in the New World.

At first I stayed at The Hibernian Hotel, owned and conducted by Mr and Mrs Joe Wallace. It had been recommended and even organised by our 80-year-old piano tuner, Mr Henry Robinson, whose father had conducted a piano-tuning business in Benalla from at least the 1890s. Mr Robinson Jnr had taken over his father's business and on retirement in Melbourne had kept his customers in Beechworth and a selection of his favourite customers in Melbourne, including my family. His father had even tuned my grandparents' piano in Tallangatta from the 1890s. When he heard that I was appointed to Beechworth, he rang and said that the only possible place to stay was The Hibernian, where he always stayed.

After some weeks, I then moved to stay with George and Lizzie Johnston opposite the railway station. She was my mother's cousin and I had a great time living there for two years.

Another introduction beside that to the Wallaces was to Margaret Hawking from our neighbour in Mont Albert, Mrs Gleeson. Her daughter, Pauline (later McMullen), had been a friend of Margaret's at the Melbourne Teachers' College. She recounted that I had met Margaret, when she had visited the Gleeson home in Mont Albert, but I could not remember the occasion.

The first meeting with Margaret took place a few weeks after my arrival in Beechworth in Febru-

ary 1956. She was walking along Loch Street, accompanied by David on a tricycle and came over to me on the opposite side of the street to introduce herself and invite me to visit her the following afternoon.

Consequently, I made my way the next day to the Hawking residence in Last Street to meet Margaret. Her husband, Ernie, came home early from Zwar's Tannery to meet the neighbour of Margaret's friend from teachers' college. We all got on so well that I soon became a part of the family, as did some other teachers. The house in Last Street¹ became for us a home away from home. By the time that the evening had come to an end we had exchanged potted biographies.

Before Ernie had arrived home from work, Margaret had explained her personal history, that she had been adopted by Miss Warner of Beechworth who had brought her up along with Pam, another adopted girl. She described her schooling, studies in Melbourne and teaching career. She was pregnant at the time and hoped that it would be a girl. When Ernie came home we started again on the biographies and he explained that he had come from Rutherglen and outlined his work in the Beechworth tannery. Because he was of a much more reticent disposition than Margaret, he did not give much away.

I stayed till quite late, having dinner with them. I remember that it caused consternation at The Hibernian when I did not turn up for dinner. They wondered whether I had got lost because I had booked in for dinner and did not appear.

As time progressed, I became aware of how well Margaret and Ernie were suited to each other and how they complemented one another. Margaret had a dynamic, expansive and outgoing personality; she had a voracious appetite for sociability; she loved meeting people and sharing ideas and experiences with them; she had an overwhelming concern and compassion for others. Margaret had a highly refined sense of humour and of the ridiculous, and hence she was keenly aware of the comic tragedy of the human condition and was endlessly fascinated by all who came within her orbit. She had a deep religious commitment and the resultant sense of wonder and delight illuminated her whole being. Margaret was an essentially good person. Another enchanting quality was her vivid imagination; she had the ability to transform the mundane into something gripping, something exciting. Margaret adored Ernie, well aware that he was her anchor, who kept her flights of fancy in check.

Ernie Hawking was a very different type of person; he was gentle, quiet and reserved. He stood aside from the external world and carefully observed, identified and analysed it. He loved the three kingdoms of nature, which he regarded with the same sense of awe as an Aboriginal. Ernie was a true environmentalist before the concept had been discovered by others. He was a self-educated expert in geology, botany, and zoology and moreover was keen, in a self-deprecating way, to share his enthusiasm and knowledge with others. He also observed with great astuteness the members of the human race in the town, the factory, and the church. Ernie had a keen and gentle wit. Meeting Margaret had totally transformed his life; she gave him warmth, joy, excitement and a zest for living.

In the background was Miss Warner, who had brought Margaret up. I have been in the presence of Pope John, the Dalai Lama and Mother Teresa, but Miss Warner is the person that I have encountered nearest to be endowed with sanctity. I do not think that she knew what evil was; she would even have found at least one redeeming feature in the devil. She epitomised for me all that was good in the now unfortunately much maligned Victorian Era and with none of its negative aspects. Miss Warner was gentle, kind and good and was a pillar of the Congregational Church in Beechworth. I came from a totally different and perhaps more worldly environment, and was struck by someone who lived a life completely according to the Gospel. She held her beliefs with a zeal and steadfastness and yet was tolerant of others who thought and behaved otherwise. For example, she would not undertake any commercial activities on a Sunday, but did not seem to be fazed by me who did. I am eternally grateful to Miss Warner, Margaret and Ernie for inspiring me to a deeper spiritual commitment.

Miss Warner had an impish wit, even if it was sometimes concealed, as was seen in an incident, which occurred in 1957. Every year she would go out in Mr Price's long taxi to stay for a few days

¹DH: The residence was on the corner of Camp and Last Streets, and the address was Last Street until house numbers were introduced and it became 49 Camp Street.

with Miss Christiansen in her isolated but wonderful Victorian house at Baarmutha or Three Mile, in the middle of what a century before had been busy gold-diggings. During each visit, Margaret and perhaps some friends would go out in the same taxi to see that she was alright. In 1957, prior to Miss Warner's annual excursion, I sent her a Bon Voyage card, which had a pole with signs of some famous cities and the number of miles. I added another with 'Baarmutha - 3 Miles'. While she was there, Miss Warner wrote a letter of thanks in which she commented that "travel broadens the mind." Then she added a P.S. "You are a rogue." From then on, Margaret gave me the appellation of 'Rogue'.

The Hawking household was a very happy one. A little group of male teachers became part of the household. When Jenny was born in May 1956, we all became immediate uncles as we were to David. The world around that house in Last Street was transfigured by Margaret's concern and her vivid imagination. She created a fairy-tale atmosphere for David. I often wondered if Margaret was unconsciously making up for an earlier deprived childhood. David's interests were centred on A. A. Milne's writings, especially those concerning Christopher Robin. My being a rogue was added to the world of imagination and make-believe. It was discovered that The Rogue should provide 'strengthening medicine' for David and so we periodically went up to the shops after school, he on his tricycle and I walking, to Borschmann's Cafe to partake in lemonade miraculously transformed into 'strengthening medicine'.

The Hawkings' life was illuminated by the local Congregational Church. The church itself was an old building and was redolent of the Victorian era. So were the furnishings. There was no settled minister and indeed, no fully ordained minister. Instead a Mr McCullough came across from the manse in Rutherglen at regular periods, probably once a month. He was a tall, imposing man, who really was only 'home missionary'. But that did not deter him; he dressed in black with a stock and clerical collar and looked more like a Roman Catholic priest than a Congregational home missionary.

I have tried to find out more about Mr McCullough without success. I contacted the archives of the Uniting Church and the Congregational Section is defective. Only a few dates of his being at Rutherglen were available. I rang the Rev. Judy McLeod, the current minister at Rutherglen. She asked around amongst the older people, but again I drew a blank.

Mr McCullough came over to conduct divine service once a month in Beechworth. I attended whenever I could. He was a tall man with a ruddy complexion. He was a truly Dickensian character. His worship and preaching were theatrical and couched in 19th-century forms with all their dignity and elegance. His sermons were literary masterpieces and very often the climax would be a tear-jerking deathbed confession. Margaret enjoyed his performances enormously. I dared not sit near her in church, because we would both burst out laughing at the deathbed confessions.

I took the opportunity in Beechworth of learning about the different Christian traditions. I became a member of the Presbyterian Church, which usually had its service in the evening. So I went to the Methodists in the morning. Joy Wilson, the secretary at the school, was involved with the Baptists, which had a service once a month on Sunday afternoon. A new young minister from Wodonga came and she invited me. He was brilliant and so I went there once month, finally relieving Joy at the squeaky harmonium. Then Margaret invited me to go to the Congregationalists and I went there once a month in the afternoons.

Mr McCullough would at times, when in Beechworth during the week doing parochial visiting and pastoral visitations, sneak over into the bar of The Hibernian Hotel and furtively consume a pot of beer with his clerical collar artlessly hidden behind a large white handkerchief. In those days ministers would not normally be seen in hotel bars!

Equally Victorian was the ever-faithful Mr Skidmore, who sat at the front of the congregation, next to the Communion Table, facing the people, whom he surveyed with an eagle eye. From time to time he would emerge, solemnly to make announcements. Margaret enjoyed his role-playing, while at the same time admiring his sterling integrity and dedication as he always sat there during the celebration of divine worship.

Margaret had a delightful event to relate. A few years previously the Beechworth Congregational Church celebrated its centenary. Crowds came from all points of the compass and Mr Skidmore had quietly done most of the work in preparing for the centennial celebrations. All sorts of people were honoured in the speeches, people who may have played a part in the life of the congregation many

years before, and then vanished. But there was no mention of Mr Skidmore. At last an irate Mr Skidmore rose and pointed out that he had sat in his seat near the Communion Table 'man and boy' (as Margaret vividly expressed it) and felt that it was important that his valuable contribution be acknowledged. Of course, the omission was quickly rectified, and Mr Skidmore resumed his seat beside the Communion Table, quietly satisfied. After hearing the story, I could not look at him up there in his divinely-appointed place with a straight face.

When we had unusual experiences to narrate, Margaret listened with delight. Particularly after my return from two years in Europe, I would tell her of gripping experiences and unforgettable people. One local story that Margaret loved to hear was how I managed to wangle an invitation to afternoon tea at the Beechworth Brigidine Convent. It is hard today to realise how Protestants and Roman Catholics lived in totally different worlds. Roman Catholics were told that, if they wished to attend a wedding or a funeral in Protestant Church, they would have to obtain permission from the priest before attending. We felt this apartheid very keenly in our formerly Roman Catholic family because on both sides most of our relations were Roman Catholic and we were alienated by them. It was only after the breaking down of the barriers by the Second Vatican Council (1962-1965) that we began to meet our extended family. It is ironic that our clan gatherings of the Carrucan family (of which we are members) are now organised by a committee of four, including my brother, a Uniting Church minister, myself, a Brigidine nun (who has taught at Beechworth) and another Roman Catholic relation. It would have been impossible when Margaret was alive!

When I returned from Europe in 1960, an old lady, a friend of mine, came to spend a weekend at Beechworth in April. She stayed at The Hibernian, but spent much of the time at my little house near the racecourse, hearing about my trip and looking at the inevitable slides. On the Sunday afternoon we went for a walk. Turbulent storms had been predicted for the evening, but we felt safe in the early afternoon. Because of my friend's age, I booked a taxi from the inevitable Mr Price to take us a few kilometres out of town, and then arranged for him to pick us up a little further along the track two hours later. On the way we saw three nuns out for a walk and greeted them politely. Just as we reached our destination, a severe and unexpected thunderstorm hit Beechworth. The rain pelted down. We were able to shelter under the cover of an immense tree until Mr Price arrived in his long taxi. By then the nuns would be about four or five kilometres ahead. So we asked him to take us out to pick them up. We came across a gaggle of drenched sisters trying to shelter under inadequate cover and offered them a lift home. It was good that Mr Price had his long "sausage-dog" taxi - the one that Margaret loved. My old lady friend and I sat in the front and the three wet nuns sat in the back. We took them to the convent and by then the storm had passed. They politely invited us in. I just could not refuse the invitation to enter the forbidden territory of a nunnery. So we thanked Mr Price, paid him and let him go home for a cup of tea. Our nuns apparently went off to change and another contingent, led by the mother superior, took over. They all knew who I was as a teacher at the high school and knew quite a bit about me. They brought in the most delicious afternoon tea I have ever seen. But, as the custom then was, they did not join us because nuns did not eat in public. We were all terribly polite to each other, but one nun had the temerity to joke with us, Hers was the only name that I could remember - she was Mother Conleth. This was the story as far as Margaret heard it, and I had to repeat it on numerous occasions as it was rare for Protestant gentleman to penetrate the convent walls.

Margaret would have delighted with the sequel, but she did not live long enough to hear it. When I returned from Copenhagen in 1966, having done research for my Ph.D., the Assistant Dean in the Arts Faculty at the University of Melbourne, who was in our Old Norse (i.e. Old Icelandic - the Viking language) reading group and had spent a year in Iceland, told me that he had just interviewed a nun who was seeking admission to the University of Melbourne the following year. This daring move for a nun was in the wake of revolution caused by the Second Vatican Council. On his desk he had a copy of an Icelandic saga and she, noticing the strange writing on the cover, asked him what language it was. When she was informed that it was Old Icelandic and that he had lived in Iceland, she said, "The only person whom I know who has been to Iceland is John Martin." He informed her that I had just returned from Copenhagen the week previously and that I would contact her. She was in Traralgon. I duly rang her and a few weeks later I drove my parents there to show the nuns my

slides of Iceland and of Scandinavia. She has now become a good friend. Margaret would have loved the story as well as another one.

In the mid-1970s, having completed her studies, Sister Conleth (the teaching nuns had by then all changed from 'mothers' to 'sisters') won a scholarship to go to Israel. I cannot remember where she was stationed at the time. By then the Brigidine nuns had begun to simplify their habit (i.e. their clothes), and now they go in normal ladies' garb. But then they still wore a modified habit. She was strongly urged not to go in her nun's habit, but to wear 'civvies'. So she was given some money and came up to Myers to buy some outfits suitable for the potentially anti-Christian environment, which she would encounter in Israel. She decided to leave Myers proudly clad in some of her newly-bought attire. She had to call in at the university and came to my room. I got the shock of my life. Having deserted the world about 35 years before and not observing the changes in fashion, she was dressed in the most unsuitable, ill-matching and badly-fitting clothes. She asked me what I thought of her purchases. I must have been possessed by an evil spirit. Out I blurted, "Oh, Sister, you should have taken me down with you to buy your clothes. I am very experienced in how ladies dress and undress!" She collapsed in laughter and got the message. Later she told me that she took the clothes back to Myers and changed them, asking the saleswoman for advice! If only Margaret had been here to hear the tale!

Life in the Hawkings' house was vibrant. Margaret was compulsively sociable; she loved people and needed the stimulation that social interaction brought. Indeed, she was excited by meeting new people with different life styles. Ernie also enjoyed the constant flow of people, but only to a certain extent. When the hilarity got too great, he would slip out into the garden to look at his beloved flowers.

I have mentioned the teachers from the school. I became very friendly with Geoff Beel in the primary part of the school - if I remember correctly, he had Grade 4. His family lived in Wangaratta. He was full of fun, but in a rather dry way and Margaret loved teasing him. Another primary teacher was John Geake. He was a tall, dark and good-looking young man. We three teachers formed a rather comic trio, egged on by Margaret's sociability.

Geoffrey Beel was a dedicated Methodist. He was a lad with a translucent integrity and a subtle wit. But he consorted with people of a rather extreme Evangelical tradition. For both Margaret, Ernie and me this was somewhat unusual, and there was constant teasing. Geoff Beel knew a certain George Buckle, who, I think, was a teacher in a rural school somewhere in the backblocks beyond Wangaratta. He was preparing to be a candidate for the ministry, if I am not mistaken. I know that Margaret found him an engaging character the few times that he visited the Hawking household.

One Friday evening Geoff and George were going to be there and it was assumed that I would inevitably turn up. (This I often did just before mealtimes and, when pressed hard to share the Hawkings' humble repast, graciously accepted their most generous and unexpected invitation.) On that particular evening, I was rather late in arriving because I had been working on a thesis on the schools for my Bachelor of Education degree, which I was doing by correspondence, as well as writing centenary histories for several of the churches. When I arrived, Margaret was in tears - because the two lads had not turned up. She had gone to unusual efforts to prepare a magnificent meal. Pressed to stay, I easily succumbed and assured Margaret that I would do more justice to the table groaning with food than the two scallywags, who had shamefully forgotten their appointment. We never let them forget their sinful negligence.

In Geoff Beel's circle were two old very devout ladies from either in or out of Wangaratta, called Miss Silver and Miss Black. They were highly charismatically inclined and may have even been Pentecostals. I think that Margaret may have met them, and she relished the stories about them. They were both eccentric and again the sort of people whom Charles Dickens would caricature in his novels. They were addicted to prayer meetings and once, when I stayed with Geoffrey Beel in Wangaratta for a weekend, I found that, before I could protest, I was in the middle of a prayer meeting. In my Presbyterian congregation, where I grew up, that sort of thing did not happen. I, the visitor, was placed next to one of the old ladies and they started praying going anti-clockwise. As it was getting towards me, my panic was intensified. Finally it came my turn. I got the cue from the others and the old ladies said at the end that they were delighted by my performance. Margaret was

highly amused and kept threatening that she would run a public prayer meeting and that I would be billed as the star attraction.

Indeed, Margaret loved to hear about my next prayer meeting in 1959 when I was staying at the Salvation Army or *Armee du Salut* in Quebec. I was called from my room for what I thought was a meal and it turned out to be a prayer meeting in French. I was asked to give testimony as well as pray in French! The good thing about it was that I was given a free meal and next day did not have to pay for the night there. Not to be sneezed at when an Australian voyager was nearly broke! When I returned to Beechworth in 1960 and Margaret heard about Quebec – I was silly to have mentioned it – she thought that she should conduct a prayer meeting and that I might give a repeat star performance in French!

Margaret's circle extended beyond the school. A fascinating couple arrived in Beechworth about 1960. David Biles, an Englishman, was appointed education officer at the Beechworth Gaol. He did so well that he appeared some years later as an expert in criminology. I presume that he went ahead and did an Arts or Sociology degree in his rise to fame. His wife, Judy, became a friend of Margaret's, and her visits were highly appreciated. We lower middle-class teachers were all rather similar, but Judy and David from overseas represented a totally different world of human experience.

Other very good friends were the Camerons, who had lived in Beechworth before my time there. I think that they may have run the hardware shop. They had moved to Belmore Road in Balwyn and I can remember that Margaret asked me on a few occasions to deliver something to them.

Margaret was fascinated by some of the more cultured people in Beechworth. There was Mrs Radcliffe, whom I got to know at the Presbyterian Church. She was a lady from a very simple background – her father had grown watermelons along the Buffalo Creek; we never heard what he did in other seasons. Without much formal education, she read widely and had an elegance, which made her stand out from the mob in Beechworth. She was glad to invite teachers to her home for her delightful afternoon teas. She saw Margaret as a teacher. She loved to mix with the educated and the wealthy. For many years she had known a lady, who miraculously fulfilled both criteria: Mrs Ferguson from Bowman's Forest. She was a wonderful, expansive and hospitable 'grande dame', who gratefully accepted Mrs Radcliffe's adulation. We all – Ernie, Margaret, Geoff Beel and I – went down to visit Mrs Ferguson and relished relating the memories of the event for the rest of our contact.

One of the most charming and yet tragic personalities was Mrs Muriel Catherine Dunne. She loved to use her full name. She lived in an old house in Newtown. She had come to Beechworth to be near her brother, Victor Tolstrup, who was an inmate in the Mental Hospital. His mental illness was not so severe for him to be locked up. He spent hours daily tending the gardens at the Presbyterian Church. So beautiful was the result of his labours that people came from near and far to inspect the gardens. Even the Pioneer Bus Tours (very popular at the time) put it on their itinerary. Mrs Dunne, in her 70s, was at times 'away with the birds'. She attributed it to the fact that her ethnic mix of industrious Danish (Tolstrup is a very Danish name) and exotic Spanish with sober Scottish genes could not help but to lead to disaster. She had been married several times, the last husband was rumoured to have been Mayor of St Kilda.

Mrs Muriel Catherine Dunne had been trained as a concert pianist, but had lacked the consistency to become the celebrity, for which she obviously had the talent. Growing up in a wealthy home in Toorak, she had all the right contacts, and we were fascinated to visit her and hear tales of the vanished world of her childhood. In Beechworth she was really a 'fish out water' and craved the contact with people of Margaret's and Ernie's calibre, with whom she could communicate and who valued her. She was stricken with arthritis and slaved in her garden, yet when she put her fingers on the ivory keys, she could evoke a world of wonder and delight. The memories of those musical evenings are still redolent with the ecstasy of having been transported to another world. Now, all those years later, I realise the tragedy of Mrs Dunne, who could not cope with the practical exigencies of this world. Greg and Mary Forrest gave her immense support emotionally, practically and financially. But for them, this gentle soul would have gone totally to pieces.

Before we left Beechworth for the Christmas holidays in 1957, Margaret got the idea that we should sing Christmas carols. We gathered together a motley group, had one hilarious practice and went around to such people as Miss Grace Stevens, Mrs Radcliffe and Mrs Dunne. The latter was the

last recipient of our Yuletide harmony. She had already gone to bed and woke up to see over a dozen apparitions dressed in white, holding candles which lit up their beaming faces in the darkness of the night. She must have first thought that we were a heavenly apparition, but then exclaimed in a loud voice, "They're not angels – there's Margaret Floyd!" We screamed with laughter.

Beechworth was a fascinating place to be in the 1950s. There was a large number of 'identities' as in other smaller former gold-towns in Victoria. Some of them were quite eccentric. Margaret took a delight in some of these interesting characters and their escapades. She had a very strong sense of the bizarre. There was Clara Lynch, who was not the full 'two bob', but had a heart of gold as she wandered around the streets talking to everyone she met. Harry Londrigan was an odd-jobs man, who lived in a shack. He was courted by the evangelists of various sects and readily accepted their advances and the following hospitality, including free meals, until the evangelists woke up to the fact that he was only a parasite. He spoke warmly of his brief contact and the free meals with 'them Jehovahs' and 'them Seven Day Inventers'. He worked frequently with Mrs Dunne and she regaled Margaret with stories of Harry.

There was Mr Cutting who was an illiterate wallpaper hanger, but could make the most complicated calculations in his head and do an excellent job. He was friendly with some of the staff at The Hibernian and Margaret delighted in the stories I had to tell her of Mr Cutting's escapades. Then there was Miss Grace Stevens, a very old recluse, whose father had built the Beechworth Anglican Church, the Albury Railway Station and a pavilion at the Randwick racecourse in Sydney. She emerged on Sundays to teach a Sunday School. Even if she were a recluse, she was well aware of much that was going on in the town. When I arrived in Beechworth, she knew of the fact and somehow knew of my Stanley and Yackandandah connections. Possibly through two of my second-cousins, who attended the Anglican Church? She could remember some of my great-grandparents and was very curious to meet me. A strange message came to me to report to her house in Finch Street (? – I always forget the names of streets) on a certain day at a certain time. That began a long friendship and Margaret was very interested in what went on in Miss Steven's house. There was no water, gas nor electricity and her house was in a time-warp of the late 19th century.

Then there were the twins in Stanley, I think that their name was Kennedy or perhaps it was Kelly. They had rarely been beyond Beechworth. They were rather rustic and simple. One of them worked for the doctor and he invited her to drive one Saturday with him to Wangaratta, where he had to attend an all-day conference. She would only go if her twin sister could go as well. Dr Collins was sure that there would be enough for them to do. But after walking up the main street and then down the main street several times, they were in a quandary about what to do next. Then one of them hit upon a brilliant idea, "Let's go to visit the bishop", she said. They found out where he lived and knocked on his door; after he had bidden them to sit down, one said to the other, "You'll have to mind your bloody manners while you're here." The bishop had never met such fascinating people and as soon as possible visited my second-cousin in Stanley to find out more about his amusing rustic visitors. Margaret loved this story.

What fascinated Margaret was the arrival of immigrant families from Europe, whom we called 'New Australians' at the time. When I arrived in Beechworth, it was only ten years after the end of the Second World War and six since Australia had opened its doors to what became the vast migration scheme. Many of them were given menial jobs at the Mental Hospital and Zwars' Tannery. Many of them were well-trained, but forced to start at the bottom of the ladder on arrival in Australia. It took quite some time for Australians to accept these newcomers, especially in a closed society like Beechworth. Hence, when people like Ernie and Margaret Hawking offered them the hand of friendship, they responded warmly.

Before I arrived in Beechworth, the Hawkings had stories of all sorts of exciting adventures visiting some of these European immigrants, of the exotic food and strange experiences, such as being not able to refuse highly alcoholic aperitifs, which they normally would have refused.

The Hawkings introduced me to Elisabet and Julius Zentelis, who lived over towards the Gorge Road and both worked at the tannery. She was from Günzenhausen in Germany and he from Lithuania. I got to know them very well and often visited them. It was an excellent opportunity for me to practise German, because I was doing my fourth year honours in German as well as the B. Ed. while

I was there. Ernie, Margaret and I were frequently invited to visit them and for Margaret it was the next best to a visit to Europe.

One visit was unforgettable. We three were the only Anglos (I am really mostly "Celto" with my predominately Irish Roman Catholic ancestors), and the rest were a collection of German, Austrian and various Eastern European nationalities. Two participants whom I remember were Herr and Frau Krautschneider from Austria. Their name means 'cabbage-cutter', which delighted Margaret. The reason was that Julius had received a letter from his parents in Lithuania after a long silence because of fears of persecution by the Communist government. Therefore, he felt that the reply had to be written with utmost caution because of the possibility of drastic reprisals from the oppressive government. Margaret was exhilarated – as we all were – and we felt like spies with a very important mission to execute. The letter from Kaunas was translated into German and then I translated it into English for Margaret and Ernie. It contained so much veiled information, which Julius's mother had included. Julius had to explain in utmost detail the character of his parents and their family's life-style. One example was that the mother wrote that the father was too lazy to work. Julius explained that he was in reality a workaholic and realised that he had lost his job, presumably because his son had emigrated. We spent a whole Saturday and then several evenings before a totally acceptable version was drafted. It was really a brilliant idea to have a censorship board, and it gave Margaret and Ernie an insight into the fact that many of these immigrants, commonly perceived as 'factory fodder' were really highly intelligent, cultured and educated people.

Next to the Zentelises lived the Wallensky family from the Ukraine. I taught their son Alex at school and he was a most impressive boy. His parents, who worked at the tannery, spoke broken English. I communicated with them in German, which was the lingua franca of many of these displaced people, who left their homelands with the retreating Germans as the war was coming to its conclusion, because the experiences they had endured under Communists made them feel that Germans were the lesser devils.

One memorable Saturday Margaret, Ernie and I were invited to the Wallenskys because they had stuck a pig in the true Ukrainian style and invited their friends to the banquet. We lost count of how many dishes were made from various parts of the pig and how many different sorts of drink were proffered to the happy guests. For us three this experience was an entree into a totally and to us unimagined world.

Then there was the Punenovs family living at Stanley. The family hailed from Latvia and were actually living in a house which my great-grandfather was said to have built. Father Punenovs was a peasant farmer, who on migration, wanted to cast off his past, especially his wartime experiences, behind him and decided to settle in Stanley. His current wife, who was at least his third wife, was a brilliant botanist. From his first wife he had a daughter, who was married to an Englishman in the Anglican Church in Beechworth in either 1956 or 1957 and left the district. Then there was a son, who had left home, and finally Dzintra. Whether both or only Dzintra were born of Mrs Punenovs no. 2 I can't remember. On fleeing from Latvia with the retreating Germans they settled in a displaced persons' camp in Germany. There Mrs no. 2 died and Punenovs married Mrs no. 3 without delay. She had obviously married him for security, but they were totally mismatched. She was an intellectual and he was a good-hearted, over-sexed peasant. On arrival in Australia she, in her loneliness, brought up the children in the Australian bush in the fantasy world of Latvian folklore. The son, wandered around Victoria, doing manual work and desperately seeking an identity. He came across a group of Seventh Day Adventists, amongst whom he found warmth and acceptance. He changed his name to John Ralston and vanished from the scene. Since Dzintra Punenovs was nursing in Wangaratta, she was only occasionally at home. She had attended the Higher Elementary School in Beechworth and had left impressive memories amongst the staff still there. On finishing school she had gone to Wangaratta to train as a nurse and she must have finished about the time that I was there.

Margaret became friendly with the Punenovs family and loved to go out to visit them in Stanley. Their life-style differed from that of the other 'New Australians' because Mrs Punenovs no. 3 was a very cultured and highly educated person and responded to Margaret's personality and cultural interests.

My stay at Beechworth was interrupted by my spending two years abroad from January 1958 to January 1960. Having studied French and German at the University of Melbourne, my intention was that, when I had finished my bond with the Education Department, I would go to Europe. During the three years teaching I had completed the fourth year honours (I was not permitted to do so during my course, because the Education Department, from which I had received a studentship, including a very generous living allowance, limited honours courses to the first three applicants and I was the fourth!) I spent 14 months studying, seven in Iceland, six in Vienna and one in Paris, and 10 travelling to and fro and around Europe in a youthfully frenetic and historically and culturally enriching search for my European roots. It was unusual to receive two years' leave from the Education Department, but it had been strongly supported by Mr Crosthwaite, the inspector of schools for the North-Eastern Region, whose centre was in Beechworth.

The return was a shock. Not only was it hard to settle down, but also it was a frustration to be in the newly established Beechworth High School. While I was away the old Higher Elementary School was divided into two entities: a primary and secondary school. The two schools were still in the same premises, but an additional hut having been added for the High School. The problem was that I was no longer under Patrick Cullen, who had been in charge of the Higher Elementary School, but now was in the Primary School. He was one of the most impressive and competent people that I have met. I was unaware upon return that I would not be under his direction. Instead there was a Mr Costello (I cannot even remember his Christian name). It was not that he was incompetent, indeed elsewhere he would have been considered quite effective. But in contrast to Pat Cullen he – and also most other principals – would pale into insignificance.

Margaret and Ernie were well aware of my disillusionment upon return and gave me very strong and valued support. I loved being at Beechworth and felt privileged to have wonderful students, but the weak running of the school was a constant thorn in the flesh, especially with my memories of two wonderful years under Pat Cullen. I had hoped to write up my M.A. thesis, but did not achieve even one word. I sought a transfer and was sent to Balwyn High School at the beginning of 1961.

Not long after my return Margaret organised a slide night, an institution so popular in the 1950s and 1960s. If anyone made a trip – even to such places as the Grampians or the Gold Coast – one would return with boxes of coloured slides and endlessly entertain one's travel-hungry friends. To have someone who had been from Iceland to Istanbul was for Margaret an exciting catch. She invited a large group of her friends - including the teachers, Mrs Dunne, Mrs Radcliffe, other locals and the ministers - one Saturday evening at the end of February. I was personally anxious to tuck into the excellent supper, under the weight of which the tables were groaning, but Margaret could not have enough. At last I demanded to be fed, but even then Margaret had to see all of my slides again. One of the guests, Mr Dick Galbraith, who was one of the little and very remarkable group of Christadelphians in the town, was not given to elaborate pomposity of speech, commented dryly at the end of the evening, "After all this gallivanting, John is just the same as ever. He's totally unchanged." It brought the house down. When I made my last visit to a very ill Margaret in hospital, the memory of that evening and the laconic comment of Mr Galbraith brought a smile to her face. That evening was the first of many of viewing my slides. Margaret never grew tired of them.

While I was in Beechworth, the Hawkings bought a new car. When their friends first saw it, they were speechless. It was violently red! But we gradually accepted the fact, even if we were not reconciled to its brilliant hue.

As I have already commented, Margaret was passionately fond of new and exciting experiences: meeting new people, making trips to new as well as familiar places. The arrival of the red car added to the attraction. Often there would be a note sent to school to see whether I would be available after school to go to Stanley or some other place or to go on Saturday or Sunday afternoon with the Hawkings. It was great to go out with Ernie because of his vast knowledge of the natural world. We made trips to Woolshed, El Dorado or in the other direction to the hills called The Zig Zag.

One memorable and historic trip, which was not by car. It was a picnic at Indigo Falls, an attempt by Margaret to re-live a childhood experience of Misses Christiansen and Warner. In their childhood, which would have been in the 1880s and 1890s – now far back in past history – it was the custom to hire a 'drag' (a flat conveyance drawn by horses), dress up in one's best clothes and drive off with

hampers laden with food to an exotic place to have a picnic. The Indigo Falls had been one of the favourite places for such an outing. Mr Price, the ever-faithful and resourceful taxi man, managed somehow to acquire a drag and horses and off we went with a group of at least dozen people, all clad in our finest apparel, all hilarious and all conscious that we were taking part in an historic reenactment. (Mr Price came along in his taxi to convey the two old guests of honour.) The old ladies were thrilled and we felt transported to past times as we disported in the Australian bush in our Sunday best.

We often went to Stanley. On one occasion, shortly after my return from Europe, we went on a Saturday outing in the little red car to Mount Stanley. On the way we picked up Lorna Crawford at Stanley. If I remember correctly, Lorna was a kindergarten teacher, but I have the vague impression that she had taken early retirement. The exact details are all rather dim now. Margaret greatly enjoyed Lorna's company. She was highly sensitive and probably highly-strung, with a wicked wit, vivid imagination and a superb command of English. I had met her at the Hawkings' place on several occasions. It was obviously towards the end of February 1960, which must have been leap year. Lorna was lamenting the fact that she was an unclaimed treasure and that the men had just passed her by. Margaret whimsically commented that I was unmarried and might be available. I did not want to rub it in and point out that I was about 30 years younger. I tried unsuccessfully to change the topic, but Lorna became quite excited. "And it's leap year", she said. I cannot remember on which day of the week the 29th February fell, but I can remember going to Wangaratta to be out of town. It may have been a weekday and I would have gone down after school or during a weekend. Fortunately, I entered the month of March single and unscathed!

When I returned to Beechworth in 1960, I rented a little cottage opposite the Beechworth Racecourse and behind the last house to the right of Victoria Road. It had been the residence of a Chinese gardener from about the 1880s, someone told me, probably Miss Stevens. There was a small kitchen/living-room, a very small bedroom and an even smaller bathroom. Margaret gave my minuscule residence the name of 'The Little House' and that stuck. I adored my little abode and was able to entertain my friends, which I had not been able to do before I went overseas. Indeed, we had some very wild parties; at least they were 'wild' to us but they would have been considered 'tame' in modern times. Margaret and Ernie loved to call in and, when they could get a child-minder, they came to dinner on a few occasions.

During the year one of my aunts, who must have been about 80 at the time, came up to stay. She slept in my bed and I slept on the floor in the living room. She had just stopped working for her son, who had given up a news agency. She was a dynamo and it was she who arrived first at the news agency, sorted out the papers, organised the newspaper-boys and had everything ready for her son's arrival at 9.00 a.m. She just couldn't be unoccupied and decided to come up to help me. She stayed for weeks. There were lavish dinners every evening and she was keen to meet some of the older people of whom she had heard in her childhood. She had grown up in Tallangatta but often visited family in Beechworth, Stanley and Yackandandah. She knew all the gossip about many families' past, of which the current generation knew nothing. She was a hit. One of the best dinners she prepared was when Margaret and Ernie came to dinner. She excelled herself.

One day early in the school year in 1960 a note came to school to ask me whether I would be able to out to Stanley after school. I was mystified. What could it be? So I was waiting outside the school and the little red car arrived. Margaret was unusually silent at first and, having gone through Stanley, having noted the house where my great-grandparents had lived, she stopped at a clearing by the side of the road with a breathtakingly wonderful view. She had some news. "I'm pregnant", she said. "I'm just so happy that I had to tell someone. Ernie suggested that I should take you out to Stanley". – "I haven't told anyone else yet", she added. I felt quite honoured that I was the first person outside the happy couple to know the tidings. I knew that Margaret was keen to have more children, but they are not topics which are discussed with the young, unmarried gentlemen who visit the house.

I cannot tell how much later it was, but it was not long, there came another note to school to ask whether I could go out to Stanley again after school. I had imagined that it might be a visit to Mrs Punenovs to have afternoon tea. But we passed the Punenovs' house. Margaret, who had been

bubbling over with joy only a few weeks before, was unusually silent. We stopped at the same place and as I was looking out over the spectacular scenery, she started talking. "There is something that I have to tell you and I want your advice," she said. I was mystified. "I have been diagnosed with cancer and have been to see Mr Stanistreet in Wangaratta and he said that I should have an abortion. But I just can't. What do you think?" (Mr Stanistreet was, at the time, a brilliant surgeon located in Wangaratta with a fine reputation ranging from Sydney to Melbourne. People came from far and wide for treatment.)

I was struck dumb. "Margaret, you cannot ask a young, unmarried man to advise on such matters." She explained that Mr Stanistreet had fully pointed out the consequences, but had recommended an abortion. Margaret said that she and Ernie had prayed about what to do, and both felt that it was best not to have an abortion. I replied that I would respect the decision they made.

Margaret and Ernie went to Melbourne soon after for a weekend. Whether they sought another opinion there, I do not know and I could not ask. One important reason was to visit the Camerons in Balwyn on the Saturday. No doubt their advice was also sought. I happened to be in Melbourne that weekend and my parents had invited them to call in for a meal on the Saturday evening and they had accepted. The Hawkings did not turn up and after waiting a few hours, we sat down to a rather dried chicken dinner. My mother perceptively understood that there was a valid reason why they did not appear. When I saw them the following Monday or Tuesday, I said teasingly that we waited for ages with our delicious chicken dinner and ended up eating it in silence. Normally Margaret would grasp that I was teasing and would respond appropriately. She so enjoyed playing with words and situations. But not this time; I realised that I had overplayed my cards because she took me very seriously. The next day a letter was delivered to the school by David with a long apology and hoping that my parents were not put out. I went down to Last Street that afternoon and had to explain my misfired and inappropriate joking.

During the rest of the year Margaret and Ernie came a few times to visit me in The Little House and I prepared tasty dinners. The last one was not long before Michele was born. I know that Margaret valued coming so much and that it was a relief from the seriousness that was now enveloping them. Looking back, I see that it had the tension of a classical Greek drama. We were mute and powerless spectators of something devastating that was about to befall. We wanted to jump onto the stage, overturn fate and change the course of events. But we – actors and spectators – were all powerless.

I left Beechworth a week before Christmas. I was still very tired after burning the candle at both ends in Europe. I went with my parents to spend a month with an aunt at Austinmer, just north of Wollongong and slept most of the time. We had just returned before I started at Balwyn High School. The first day there I came home and my mother reported that she had received a telephone call from her sister in Austinmer. My aunt had informed her that, her best friend's grandson from Sydney had visited his friends in Albury during the Australia Day weekend, had dived into the Murray in a swimming area, hit his head on an unseen snag, broken his neck and was flown to the Austin Hospital in Heidelberg as it was the nearest centre and the best in Australia. My mother, already in her 60s, went across immediately by two buses to visit him and walk up a steep hill in a temperature of nearly 40°. There she met his mother, who was about to have a baby 16 years after his young brother was born; the father was also very ill, too ill to fly to Melbourne. The mother had to return to Sydney the next day and there was nobody to look after him. When I got home at about 6.00, I was told that I was going to drive my parents to the hospital and that began daily visits, the following evenings and weekends spent with him. This long account is to indicate how it was not possible for me to visit Margaret, especially when she was in hospital at the end. Geoff Beel had also moved to Melbourne. He drove me up one weekend and I went up another by train and bus.

Dzintra Punenovs was also in Melbourne, nursing at the Freemasons' Hospital in East Melbourne. We became much closer in frequent telephone calls informing each other about the latest news from Beechworth. I became infatuated by her, but nothing came of it. She always maintained a distance and on various times failed to turn up at a decided meeting place. Then suddenly I heard that she was on a ship on the way to Europe. Only later after her tragic death in February 1965 did her nursing friends and I in constant mulling over the past realise that she had schizophrenia.

My last visit to Margaret was a shock. She was in the Beechworth Hospital and the cancer was very advanced. She looked about 90 and I tried hard not to show any reaction of shock or horror. She was glad that I had come, but could say little. I was relieved that she was aware that my infrequent visits were caused by the need to support the boy in the Austin. We both knew that it was the last time that we would meet on this earth. I was confused and did not know what to say. Ernie came in and I went outside to wait for him. He came out and commented that Margaret had greatly appreciated my visit and that it had cheered her up. He also told me that the doctors had informed them that her terminal illness was not caused by the pregnancy and that the cancer would have caused her death in any case.

A short time later the dreaded telephone call came from Edith Hardingham on the last day of May. Margaret had died. My mother had taken the message and was distraught. I could not face driving up for the funeral alone. Fortunately, Geoff Beel kindly offered to drive me up.

We knew that it would be a very sad funeral. Everyone was overcome with grief. But something wonderful happened. A feeling of triumph suddenly took over as if Margaret's strong personality and courage came to the fore. Mr McCullough had driven across to conduct the funeral and it was his greatest performance, including Margaret's last memorable conversation with him. In the midst of everything, as the sun shone through, illuminating the beautiful chapel, I realised how Margaret would have smiled at the thought of Mr McCullough, whose Victorian pomposity and histrionics had so amused her, conducting her own last rites, with the ever-faithful Mr Skidmore sitting up in front next to the Communion Table.

Meeting Jenny and Michele at the 40th anniversary celebrations of Beechworth High School in March this year made me more than ever aware that I must finish this account of my memories of their mother. The sadness of her death has been something that I had not faced squarely and fairly. I had suppressed all my feelings. But seeing these two lovely young women and at the same time seeing Margaret in them broke the spell. Knowing that they and David have triumphed against overwhelming odds and memories of Margaret have given me courage to face the computer again and finish this narrative of memories.

I also realise how Margaret's faith in God has had an immense and hitherto unrealised influence on me and I can see that chaos is transformed into order, how sadness is transformed into joy and tears become laughter. Margaret has taught me the meaning of the Gospel. May she rest in peace and awake to a glorious resurrection.

John Stanley Martin 23rd September 2002

Appendix B

Nina Crosthwaite's letter about Margaret

[DH: *Written by Nina Crosthwaite née Thompson to Auntie Lil, c. 1992*]

Dear Lil, These photos [DH: *There was only one enclosed. It appears on Page 74*] have been on my dressing table for ages, so can you please pass them on?

The photos are taken from a school group. Paula said Margaret's jacket would have been burgundy and her skirt bluish. They have brought back so many memories of Margaret. I think it's a good likeness. I also met Mrs Riddington with whom Margaret boarded in Yackandandah. She can well remember Margaret stitching away by hand at either a satin nightie or slip and the many laughs they had together, using the old lights we had before electricity.

....

Margaret was in Form E when I first met her at Beechworth Higher Elementary School. I was one year ahead of Margaret but we must have been in the same 'house' – Rivett – this was for sport, etc.

I remember her as tall with long legs, long arms, two very long pigtails and a lovely wide smile. I can also remember her striding out at lunch time as she didn't bring lunch to school and it was quite a walk to home. From memory, Miss Warner used to stride it out at lunch time too.

On casual days¹, Margaret used to wear a brown dress, probably a pinafore. She was before her time as she wore black stockings with it.

My memories are rather dim about parts of our school days. We both became teachers and were sent out to one-teacher rural schools because of the shortage of teachers due to the war. I know Margaret taught somewhere out of Wangaratta – possibly at ?? Creek or Myrree [DH: *It was Myrree.*]. We used, in the holidays, to go to Wangaratta just for a day out.

We went to Teachers College in Grattan St Carlton in 1944. I boarded at a hostel in Drummond St; Margaret, I think, had private board. I can remember Margaret standing for election as a representative on what would have been the Student Council. She had to make a speech in front of all the students – It was quite a funny speech!

Margaret stayed a second year in College to complete a Trained Infant Teacher Certificate – I left after one year as a Trained Primary Teacher.

Margaret, I think, went to teach at Yackandandah and lived with a ?? Mrs Frank Riddington. I remember her telling me of her 'clashes' with Charlie McMaster the head teacher, who didn't approve of her reading so many stories to her infant room pupils. Charlie McMaster was very much a traditional teacher.

Margaret must also have taught at Yea or somewhere in that region [DH: *It was Yea.*] because she was ill and on sick leave for some time as the result of a red-back spider bite. Luckily, the matron of the hospital recognised the symptoms as Margaret was given the appropriate treatment. While she was ill, Ern was also recovering from a fall from his bike. [DH: *I think Nina's memory failed her here because Ern's major bike accident was several years earlier.*]

Charles², Ern, Margaret and I went to Melbourne for part of one school holidays and stayed at

¹DH: Occasional days when students were allowed to attend school out of uniform.

²DH: Nina's husband.

Milton Place (??) which was, I think, somewhere in Little Collins St. I remember Margaret telling me what lovely brown eyes Charles had (and still has). That must have been when Margaret was searching for her wedding dress – I remember her saying that she wanted to buy it as she didn't want to see it in the making. However, I think she eventually did have it made.

She and Ern, after they were married, lived with Miss Warner while their house was completed. I can remember her telling me that she made 'mushrooms' (those little pastry cakes that take ages to make) for the workmen who were building the house!³

Mr Harvey, the Methodist minister from Myrtleford married Margaret and Ern.

When Charles and I were married, Margaret decorated the Beechworth Methodist Church for us. She also offered to buy my sister's hat at our wedding – my sister was my matron of honour and her hat *was* very pretty.

Margaret was a lovely, warm, impulsive person who crammed a great deal into every day.

After we were married Margaret and Ern visited us and I can clearly see Margaret sitting up in bed in our spare room admiring a nightie that Ern had given her for her birthday. I think then she was pregnant with David. Margaret also declared that she knew the exact moment when she became pregnant with her three children.

I can also remember when she had her long hair cut in a shorter style. I think Ern was a little disappointed as he'd loved her 'sleek' hair – Margaret's description was 'sleek'.

Margaret loved flowers so it gave her great joy to see Ern's garden flourish.

Margaret did some teaching after she was married – I remember her teaching English at Beechworth HES. She said she did her correction while cooking tea – sometimes with disastrous results for her students' work which was returned with marks, comments, and the odd splash.

David may remember but I think Margaret taught him to read before he started school. [DH: *She did.*]

When Margaret gained her driving licence she drove to Wangaratta soon after and told me that she felt as though she were flying!!

We used to write to each other – our handwriting was not our strongest point – our thoughts raced so far ahead of our hands. Margaret didn't ever bother to write 'ing' – her 'ing' was [squiggle].

In the spring, I always remember Margaret and Ern because one day when I visited Margaret when she was ill, Ern had been out in the garden and had gathered all the sweet smelling blossoms for her. So when I smell the woodbine in the spring, I'm once again with Margaret and Ern.

The only photo I have of Margaret is one taken on Miss Warner's steps with Jenny and Michele when Michele was a very tiny baby. If you'd like a copy, let me know and I'll get one for you. My sister, Paula Thompson, found a photo of Beechworth HES when Margaret was evidently a form teacher. I'll see if I can get some taken off.

She taught Paula, who said she was hilarious and a great teacher.

Lil assures me that some of this 'trivia' will be of interest to you.

Nina (Crosthwaite), RMB 1080 Wodonga 3691.

³DH: Ern was actually the builder but he employed carpenters and other tradespeople.

Appendix C

Johnnie Hunter's genealogical notes

Our second cousin Johnnie Hunter from Strathaven, Scotland compiled the following to fill in Aunt Mary on her Hunter family background.

'Some' of the Family and Ancestors of Mary Hunter Munroe Warburton.

This is a wee 'Hunter' thing, a short history (of sorts) about some of the family connections to Mary Hunter Munroe Warburton, concentrating mostly on the Hunter line. Hopefully it reflects, reasonably accurately some of the family heritage, siblings, parents, cousins, some distant cousins and a couple of generations of ancestors.

This is not all my own work and there has been contribution from Hunters around the globe. They're everywhere! From Scotland to New York, Australia to Florida and Boston to New Zealand ... all of whom appear to originate from around Glasgow and Central Scotland. When I started this research about 1998 I had no idea of the good practice adopted by many and as such I didn't record all of my 'sources', therefore (unfortunately) I can't credit the various parties for their contribution. All errors and omissions are mine (hopefully to be corrected!)

John Hunter Strathaven, Scotland, April 2020

C.1 What did John Stronach Hunter leave when he left Scotland?

This is not perfect, but I think it's a close reflection of what he might have left behind on his journey to Australia:

His Dad, four sisters, two brothers, half a dozen aunts and uncles and more than a dozen cousins. I think this was a tightknit family, they were all very "local", often in the same street, certainly in the same towns or local surrounding areas. Hopefully this gives a little more insight and detail.

C.2 Mary's Parents

John Stronach Hunter (son of Robert Hunter & Jessie Stronach) was born April 14, 1891 at 404 South Wellington Street, Glasgow, (south being "south" of the river Clyde). John was only 16yrs old when his mum died in 1907 and within five or six years he set off for Australia. By this time he was a qualified shipwright, most likely having served an apprenticeship in the shipyards on the river Clyde in Glasgow. He married Iolen Ellen Carter (Dolly) 3rd July 1918 at St Patricks Cathedral in Ballarat, Vic, Australia. Dolly was born in 1893 and is the daughter of John Carter and Catherine (Kate) Casey. John and Kate married in Victoria in 1884. Within a year of marriage John and Dolly are living at Lennox Street in Richmond.

C.3 Mary's Grand Parents

Scotland: Robert Hunter was born 1852 in Milngavie (pronounced Mull-Guy) just north of Glasgow, he served his time and became a Master Baker before establishing a career as a Potato Merchant in the south side of Glasgow. On 17-07-1877 Robert married Jessie Stronach in Branderburgh (now Lossiemouth) in the North of Scotland. Jessie was originally from this area (Elgin) and from a family steeped in farming. This location is 200 miles from where Robert lived near Glasgow so I'd love to know how they met. Jessie died in Glasgow, 1907 at 52yrs old from pneumonia and Robert died in 1933 aged 80 whilst living at his oldest daughter Jessie's house in Victoria Road, not far from the heart of Glasgow.

C.4 Mary's Great Grand Parents

Scotland (Central area): William Dunlop Hunter was born 1831 in Craigton in Dumbartonshire, not far from Milngavie. Like many of this generation he worked the land and is recorded through time as having been a 'dyer', a 'steam-washer' and a 'cotton printer', all associated with the flax / cotton industry. On 31-12-1851 (Hogmany – First Foot!) William married Margaret Milliken when she was 21yrs old in the local parish church. (Her name is sometimes seen as Milligan). They had 11 children during their 35yr marriage but unfortunately William died at the relatively young age of 55yrs from Hepatic Disease (Liver). The little cottage he died in still stands in Milngavie. After his death Margaret moved to Paisley nearer Glasgow city and lived with three of her older children, a son in law and four of her grandkids. She died there in 1905 at age 74yrs after complications when she fell from her chair and broke her hip.

A wee footnote (and another generation): Margaret Milliken was the daughter of Archibald Milliken (1806-1890) and Janet Witherspoon (1809-1890). Janet hailed from a small town in Lanarkshire called Carnwath and her father John Witherspoon (1785-1850) 'might' be the brother of one of the guys who signed the Declaration of Independence in the USA. If this is the case, then we can all claim American actress Reese Witherspoon as our 5th / 6th / 7th cousin... Or something like that! I need to do proper research on this bit before we get the flags out!

Mary's Great Grandparents from the North of Scotland: John Stronach was born 1821 in Elgin, Morayshire and was the oldest of four children born to James Stronach and Elizabeth Harrold. John married Margaret Paul in 1851 when he was 30yrs old and she was 27. They had a family of 8 girls and one boy, Margaret died in 1888 and is buried in Alness in the North of Scotland. After that it appears John travelled a little, he shows up in Stirling, then living in the centre of Glasgow at the turn of the century and then moving to live with his daughter Margaret (Sharp) in Edinburgh. He died in Edinburgh in 1905 at the age of 83 and was buried with his wife in Alness. This place is worth a visit!

C.5 Mary's Great-Great Grand Parents

Scotland: Robert Hunter 1789–1861 was born in Paisley but lived most of his life around Craigton / Milngavie, like his son William, he worked the land and was a 'bleach-field worker' when he married Agnes Moses (1786–1861). They had 6 kids, two of whom had the middle name 'Dunlop'.

C.6 Hunter — Dunlop Connection

This is the first record I see of this middle name however it is very prevalent throughout the next 180+ years in the family and carries to the current generation. There are many (many) Elizabeth / Margaret / William / John: 'Dunlop' Hunters out there. My best (educated!) guess is that it came from the marriage of William Hunter and Janet Dunlop about 1800. I need to verify this bit! If this is the case then I guess that Janet was a formidable lady to have her name carried for so many generations.

C.7 Aunts – Uncles – Nieces & Nephews of Mary

By the time John Stronach Hunter is born his parents have already had seven other children, with two more to follow after his birth.

The Clark Family: John's oldest sister (Aunt) **Jessie Hunter** was born in Elgin 1877, not far from where the Stronachs were farming at Whitfield in Elgin (this is also worth a visit!). After her birth the family move to the Glasgow / Milngavie area where the rest of John's siblings were born. Jessie married **John Clark** and they only had one child. Young John Clark (1904–1974) is 1st cousin to Mary and he worked most of his life as a book binder / printer in his own company in Glasgow. Back in those days there was no easy access to pension and (according to his son) John worked at his desk until he took his last breath. Jessie had two grandchildren, Austen Stronach Clark (1936) and Sandra Bell Clark (1944) both of whom still live close to Glasgow. I've had recent contact with Austen.

John's oldest brother, (Uncle) **Robert Stronach Hunter**, was born in Allander Terrace, Milngavie in August 1879. Unfortunately, Robert died at age 11 in April 1891 in South Wellington Street, Glasgow from TB. His death occurred only two weeks after John Stronach Hunter was born.

The Mackenzie Family: John's sister, Aunt **Maggie Hunter** was also born in Allander Terrace in Nov 1881 and she married **John Mackenzie** in Glasgow Nov 1905. They went on to have 3 first cousins for Mary, Malcolm Mackenzie (1907-1986), Robert Hunter Mackenzie (1909-1965) and Jessie Stronach Hunter Mackenzie (1911-1990). Some of Maggie's family now live in California.

Jessie's oldest son, Malcom Mackenzie is our connecting factor between Australia and Scotland! He had three kids, **Marion** (1934-2018). **Isobel** (b1936 and lives 10 miles from me). **Ian** (currently lives in England). Marion's daughter (**Evelyn Rich**) contacted me through Ancestry about 2005(ish) and sent me the photographs of 'John Hunter Australia'.

The Hineman Family: In 1883 John's sister Aunt **Agnes Hunter** was born in Allander Terrace. In the 1901 census she is recorded as being a 'Tobacco Factory Girl'. She married **Charles Hineman** in 1932 when she was 49yrs of age. They married at 26 Strathyre Street in Glasgow the house of her sister Jane/Jeanie and also the house where Dolly stayed in 1951/52. Agnes and Charles both married late and there is no record of children.

Baby **Betsy Stronach Hunter** was born and died in 1885, she barely lasted two months. By this time the family are living in South Wellington Street, Glasgow. This is a move of less than 10 miles from Milngavie.

The Hunter Family: Uncle **William Dunlop Hunter** (my grandfather) is born in 1886 at South Wellington Street and he married **Ellen Gilfedder**, they went on to have five children who were first cousins to Mary. He shared the same occupation as John Stronach Hunter and they probably worked closely together in the Glasgow shipyards as Shipwrights before John took off for Australia.

Mary's cousin **Robert** was born in 1912 and died prematurely in 1943 from TB. He was married to Elizabeth (Betty) Warren and they had one child, Katherine who also died of TB at age 3. Betty was my aunt and never recovered from the loss of her husband and daughter within a year of each other.

Mary's cousin **Felix Gilfedder Hunter** (1917-1993) married Mary Walsh and they had five children. Kathleen, Eleanor, Robert, Moira and Felix and they all currently live around the Glasgow area, I see them often.

Mary's cousin **William Dunlop Hunter** — my Dad (1919-1981) married Rosina Waters and they had 13 children all of whom (surprisingly) survive to this day. Oldest to youngest: Liam(1948), Kevin, Pauline, Martin, Brian, Timothy, Colette, Rosaleen, Theresa, John, Marie, Michael and Christopher(1970).

Mary's 1st cousin **Mary Veronica Hunter** (1922-2001) was the only girl in this family. She lived a crazy life in New York, had three children, Terence, Maureen and Harry all three of whom still live in or around New York. I could write a book about this family! Mary Veronica was a lovely Aunt to me, very loving and caring. . . . did I tell you she was crazy??

Mary's 1st cousin **John Anthony Hunter** (1924-1987) was the youngest in this family and lived most of his life in Canada with his Scottish wife Catherine O'Neill. They had four children, two boys born in Scotland Colin and Ian (John), then two girls born in Canada, Doreen and Eileen. (Ian is the

native Scots name for John, he was baptised John but was called Ian to prevent confusion between him and his dad when growing up).

The Wilson Family: Marys Aunt, **Jane Stronach Hunter (Jane / Jean / Jeanie)** (1889-1962) married Cecil James Wilson and they lived at 26 Strathyre St in Glasgow for at least 20yrs. This is the house where Dolly stayed during her 6 month visit to Scotland. Jane/Jean and Cecil appear / may have had two children. The census of 1951 shows a William and Elizabeth Wilson living in the same house, I'm assuming that these are the son and daughter of Jane and Cecil but it could have been his brother (cousin) and a wife (or sister). I need to do more research to sort this but unfortunately the research facility is shut due to the virus. IF these two are children of Jane and Cecil then there is a possibility they were born early 1930's, would therefore be about 85yrs old and might just remember Dolly visiting! I'll let you know if I find anything.

It's most likely that the Tea Pots sent to Australia from Scotland for the weddings of Margaret and Mary came from Jane / Jean Wilson.

John Stronach Hunter (1891-1971) Australia! You know more than I do.

Uncle James Stronach Hunter (1893-1895) Died at age 23 months from whooping cough in the family home at 166 Caledonia Road Glasgow.

Uncle Charles Simpson Hunter (1896-1917). This lad was the youngest member of the family and the only one to go to war. I have researched Uncle Carl endlessly to understand his story. I've been to WW1 war sites in France every year since 2015 in search of the detail.

He was in the trenches of France from the age of 18 and tragically died the week before his 21st birthday. During the battle of Arras his battalion were sent "over the top" at 3:45am on 3rd May 1917 at what became known as the Battle of Greenland Hill. It was dark (apparently one of the first night attack of WW1), there was confusion / miss information and he died under fire from his own side. Many men died that night and 79 lads were never recovered from the battlefield. He has no known war grave but is recorded at the Arras Memorial in France. According to Marion Mackenzie (our connecting point) Carl was revered by the family as a war hero and his military portrait hung in his sister Jessie's house for many years.

C.8 Aunts – Uncles – Cousins of John Stronach Hunter

Beyond his four sisters and two brothers, **John Stronach Hunter** left many Aunts, Uncles and cousins in Scotland.

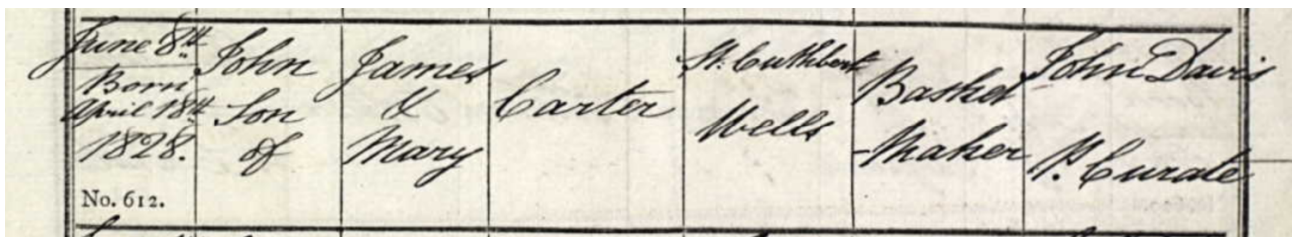
- His Dad Robert (Potato Merchant) was the oldest of 11 children!
- Both his Uncle Archibald (1855-1857) and Aunt Janet (1857-1857) died in infancy.
- His Aunt Agnes Moses Hunter married Charles Richardson at age 46yrs. There is no record of kids.
- I need to research his Aunt Margaret (1861-1940?)
- His Aunt Mary (1863-1928) married Alexander Wishart and they had 8 children. She lived in Allander Terrace where some of Johns siblings were born. Many of her kids grew up and lived here also, she lived two doors down from her daughter Mary!
- His Aunt Jessie married John Wark and they had 4 children.
- Uncle William Dunlop Hunter (I) only lasted 6 months (1867-1868)
- Aunt Elizabeth Dunlop Hunter (1869-1901) was married to Thomas Walker but no record of children.
- Uncle William Dunlop Hunter (II) married Annie McLeod in Glasgow then went to Canada at the same time John Stronach Hunter set off for Australia. William and Annie had no children.
- Aunt Marion Hunter (1874-1955) married John Reid Smith but I see no record of children.

Appendix D

Extracts from official records

D.1 Margaret's side

Extract 1:



1828: John Carter (JPC1) baptism 08 June 1828, Somerset. He was born 18 April 1828 in St Cuthbert Wells. <https://www.ancestry.com/discoveryui-content/view/744892:60857>

Extract 2:

1828: Jemima Broom was christened on 14 September 1828 in Clopton Suffolk. Her parents were Job and Elizabeth Broom. <https://www.ancestry.com.au/discoveryui-content/view/3197264:1351?ssrc=pt&tid=194066946&pid=222535631781>

Extract 3:

2050
CERTIFIED COPY of an Entry in a REGISTER of MARRIAGES,
(6 & 7 Wm. IV., cap. 86.)

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE,
SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.

SUPERINTENDENT REGISTRAR'S DISTRICT *Saint Luke, Bradford*

1852. Marriage Solemnized at the *Parish Church* in the *Parish of Saint Luke* in the County of *West York*

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
291	July 12 th	John Potter	full	Bachelor	Sawyer	Watson Place York Street	James Potter	Basket Maker
		Caroline Adams		Spinster			Thomas Adams	Shoe Maker

Married in the *Parish Church* according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the *Established Church* by *Samuel Robert Plencol* by me,

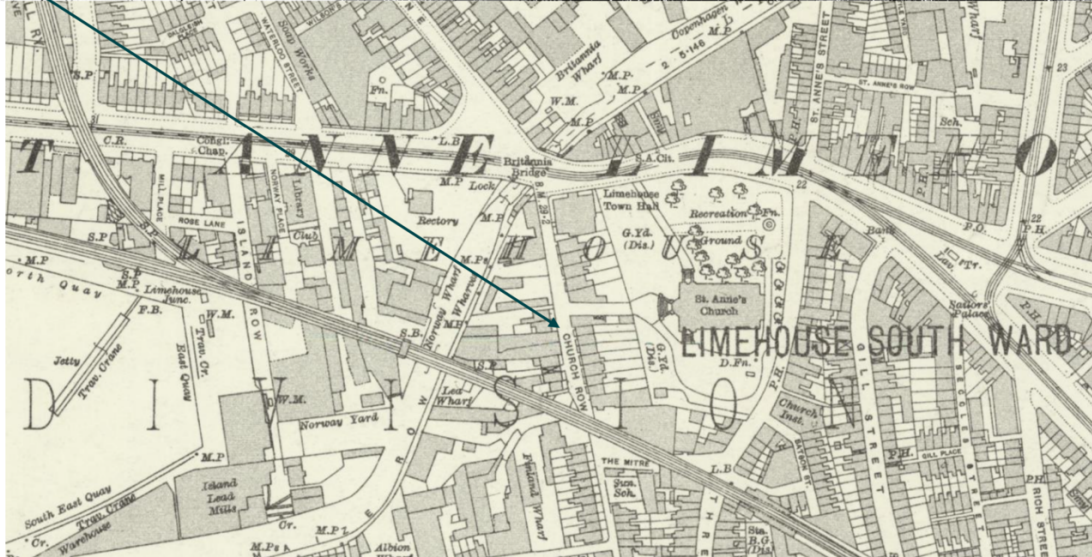
This Marriage was solemnized between *John Potter* and *Caroline Adams his wife* in the Presence of us, *Thomas Adams* and *Jane Adams*

CERTIFIED to be a true Copy of an Entry in the Certified Copy of a Register of Marriages in the District above mentioned.
Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON, under the Seal of the said Office, the *15* day of *June* 1852.

1852: This certificate of marriage between 'John Potter' (JPC1) and Caroline Adams was produced in evidence in the 1877 divorce of John Potts Carter and Ellen Jackson. The surname is different but John Potter is a sawyer and his father is a basketmaker. <https://www.ancestry.com.au/discoveryui-content/view/57285:2465>

Extract 6:

<i>Nineteenth Century 1854 22 Church Row</i>	<i>John James</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>John Carter</i>	<i>Jerima Carter formerly Hroon</i>	<i>Mariner Lawyer</i>	<i>John Carter Father 22 Church Row Limehouse</i>	<i>Nineteenth Century 1854</i>	<i>John Carter Resident Vigilante</i>
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1854: JPC2's birth in Limehouse. His middle name is James, but later it was Seal, and then Potts. Copy of record sent by Hannah Smith, <http://www.familytreesbyhannah.co.uk/>. <https://www.ancestry.co.uk/discoveryui-content/view/36534796:8912?ssrc=pt&tid=196638751&pid=332569541918>, <https://maps.nls.uk/geo/explore/print/#zoom=17.6&lat=51.51196&lon=-0.03151&layers=168&b=1&o=100>

Extract 7:

BAPTISMS solemnized in the Parish of <i>St John Waterloo</i> in the County of <i>Surrey</i> in the Year 18 <i>57</i>						
When Baptized.	Child's Christian Name.	Parents Name.		Abode.	Quality, Trade, or Profession.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
		Christian.	Surname.			
<i>19 Jan 1854</i>	<i>John Seal</i>	<i>John</i>	<i>Carter</i>	<i>Bowlington</i>	<i>Lawyer</i>	<i>J. H. Carter</i>
<i>No. 968.</i>		<i>Jerima</i>	<i>Carter</i>	<i>Lawyer</i>		

1857: JPC2's baptism at age 3. His new middle name of Seal reflects the married name of his aunt Sarah who had married John Seal. <https://www.ancestry.co.uk/discoveryui-content/view/4021684:1558?ssrc=pt&tid=196638751&pid=332569541918>

Extract 8:

1857. Marriage solemnized at <i>St John's Church</i> in the parish of <i>St John Walworth</i> in the County of <i>Surrey</i>								
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
357	<i>Feb 10 1881</i>	<i>John James Carter</i> <i>Ellen Townsend</i>	<i>full</i>	<i>Bachelor</i>	<i>Lawyer</i>	<i>266</i> <i>Walworth Road</i>	<i>John Potts Carter</i> <i>Thomas Townsend</i>	<i>Machinist</i> <i>Laborer</i>
Married in the <i>Church</i> according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by after <i>Banns</i> by me,								
This Marriage was solemnized between us,		<i>John James Carter</i>	in the Presence of us,		<i>John Potts Carter</i>	<i>F. J. Potts</i> <i>vicar</i>		
		<i>Ellen Townsend</i>			<i>Mary Nash</i>			

1881: JPC2's first marriage, to Ellen Townsend. Note that John P Carter (JPC1) is a witness. <https://www.ancestry.co.uk/discoveryui-content/view/1848982:1623?ssrc=pt&tid=196638751&pid=332569541918>

Extract 9:

1882: Death of an Ellen Carter, possibly JPC2's wife. https://www.ancestry.com/imageviewer/collections/8914/images/ONS_D18824AZ-0782?pid=5644716

Extract 10:

1856: On 15 Dec, John Potts (JPC1, born 1829, age 27, father James Potts, falsely claiming to be unmarried, married Ellen Jackson in St Peter, MonkWearmouth, County Durham England. [No image available.] <https://www.ancestry.com/discoveryui-content/view/7261711:9852?tid=194066946&pid=222536214631&hid=1050046899436>

Extract 11:

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Partnership heretofore subsisting between us the undersigned, John Potts Carter and Thomas Woodman, carrying on business as Sawyers and Packing Case Makers, at Vauxhall-walk, in the county of Surrey, under the firm of Potts and Woodman, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due to and owing by the said partnership will be received and paid by the said Thomas Woodman, by whom the said business will henceforth be carried on.—As witness our hands, this 18th day of June, 1866.

John Potts Carter.
Thomas Woodman.

1866: JPC1 dissolves his partnership with Thomas Woodman. *London Gazette*, 22 June 1866.

Extract 12:

1877. Marriage Solemized at the Register Office in the District of St. Pancras Southwark in the County of Surrey

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
101	Fifteenth December 1877	John Potts Carter Ellen Carter formerly Jackson	48 years 40 years	Previously married on the 15th December 1856 at St. Andrew's Church Sunderland Durham	Machinist	56 Webber Street 56 Webber Street Southwark	James Carter Henry Jackson deceased	Basket maker Farmer

Married in the Register Office according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the by Certificate

Before me, Frederic Charles Fitch Registrar
George Stephen Copeland
Deputy Superintendent Registrar

This Marriage was Solemized between us, John Potts Carter } In the presence of us, Louisa Booker
Ellen Carter formerly Jackson } Henry John Little

I CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE WRITTEN IS A TRUE COPY OF AN ENTRY IN THE REGISTER BOOK OF MARRIAGES IN THE DISTRICT OF St. Pancras Southwark

BOOK, No. 25 Extracted this 15th day of December 1877 Frederic C. Fitch Registrar

1877, also on 15 Dec. This was the second marriage between John Potts Carter (JPC1) and Ellen Jackson. It ended in the 1887 divorce.

Extract 13:

1880: The Post Office London Commercial Directory shows John Potts Carter (JPC1) operating coffee rooms at 151 Upper North Street Poplar, East London. <https://www.ancestry.com/discoveryui-content/view/15416269:61265?tid=194066946&pid=222536214631&hid=1050046899424>

Extract 14:

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Partnership heretofore subsisting between us the undersigned, John Potts Carter and Joseph Sidney Bray, of No. 40, New Kent-road, in the county of Surrey, as Coffee Tavern Keepers, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent; and that the said business will hereafter be carried on by the said John Potts Carter alone.—As witness our hands the 3rd day of February, 1883.

John Potts Carter.
Joseph Sidney Bray.

1883: JPC1 dissolves his partnership with Joseph Sidney Bray. *London Gazette*, 09 February 1883.

Extract 15:

SCHEDULE D.

1884 MARRIAGES solemnized in the District of *Collingwood*

No. in Register.	Where and when Married.	Name and Surname of the Parties.	Condition of the Parties.			Birthplace.
			Bachelor or Spinster. If a Widower or Widow, Date of Decease of former Wife or Husband.	Children by each former Marriage.		
				Living.	Dead.	
80	<i>Twenty third August 1884</i> <i>At the office of the Registrar of Marriages</i> <i>Stoddle Street</i> <i>Collingwood</i>	<i>John Carter</i> <i>Catherine Casey.</i>	<i>Widower</i> <i>1882.</i>	<i>Nil</i>	<i>Nil</i>	<i>London England</i> <i>New Zealand</i>

I, *William Davie*, being Registrar of Marriages for the District of *Collingwood* do hereby certify that I have, this day, at *my office Stoddle Street Collingwood* duly celebrated Marriage between *John Carter of Fairway Place Collingwood, Lawyer* and *Catherine Casey of Fairway Place Collingwood Domestic Servant* after Notice and Declaration duly made and published, as by law required (and with the written consent of _____).

Dated this *Twenty third* day of *August* 188*4*

Signature of Minister, Registrar-General, or other Officer *William Davie*

SCHEDULE D.

in the Colony of Victoria.

Rank or Profession.	Ages.	Residence.		Parents.	
		Present.	Usual.	Names. (Mother's Maiden Name)	Father's Rank or Profession.
<i>Lawyer</i>	<i>21</i>	<i>Fairway Place Collingwood</i>	<i>Fairway Place Collingwood</i>	<i>John Carter and Emma Carter (Maiden name Brown)</i>	<i>Lawyer</i>
<i>Domestic Servant</i>	<i>25</i>	<i>Fairway Place Collingwood</i>	<i>Fairway Place Collingwood</i>	<i>William Casey his and Emily's (Maiden name O'Keefe)</i>	<i>Postmaster</i>

Marriage, after notice and declaration duly made, was solemnized between us } *John Carter*
according to the provisions of the 28 Vict. No 268. } *Catherine Casey*

Witnesses { *Charles William Smith*
Frederick Smith.

1884: Marriage entry for Kate Casey and John Potts Carter (JPC2). Split in two for improved legibility

Extract 16:

1884. Marriage solemnized at *Irish Church* in the *Parish of Ballinderry* in the *County of Down*

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
40	14 th 1884	John Potts Carter	36	Widower	Engineer	Ballinderry	James Carter	Farmer
		Jane Holmes	36	Spinster		Ballinderry	James Holmes	Farmer

Married in the *Irish Church* according to the rites and Ceremonies of the *Church of Ireland*, by licence by me, *Thomas Torrens B. Curran*

This Marriage was solemnized between *John Potts Carter* and *Jane Holmes* in the Presence of us, *William H. Cochrane* and *Annie Holmes*

1884: JPC1 marries Jane Holmes in Ballinderry, in what is now Northern Ireland. <https://civilrecords.irishgenealogy.ie/churchrecords/details-civil/a05db52295018>

Extract 17:

<i>Jemima Carter</i>	<i>Newtown</i>	<i>May</i>	<i>56</i>	<i>Thomas</i>
		<i>14th</i>	<i>4th</i>	<i>Williamson & Bull</i>
				<i>Vicar</i>
No. 923.				

1885: Jemima Carter buried on 14 May, Paulton, Somerset. Unfortunately this is not the right person – see next extract. <https://www.ancestry.com.au/discoveryui-content/view/363282:9840?ssrc=pt&tid=194066946&pid=222535631781> also <https://www.ancestry.com.au/discoveryui-content/view/4907125:60859>

Extract 18:

81	<i>New Town</i>	<i>Jacob Carter</i>	<i>Head</i>	<i>Married</i>	<i>Coal Miner</i>	<i>Paulton</i>
		<i>Jemima</i>	<i>Wife</i>	<i>Married</i>		<i>Paulton</i>
		<i>Mary</i>	<i>Low</i>	<i>1</i>		<i>Paulton</i>
		<i>Thomas Carter</i>	<i>Bothered</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>Pauper</i>	<i>Paulton</i>

1861: Extract from 1861 England census shows that the Jemima Carter buried in Paulton is NOT our ancestor. She's married to Jacob Carter.

Extract 24:

[Census Years](#) / [1901](#) / [Armagh](#) / [Portadown Urban](#) / [Park Road](#) / Residents of a house

Residents of a house 5 in Park Road (Portadown Urban, Armagh)

Show all information

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Relation to head	Religion	Birthplace	Occupation	Literacy
Carter	John	60	Male	Head of Family	Church of Ireland	Co Cavan	Sawyer	Read and write
Carter	Jane	35	Female	Wife	Church of Ireland	Co Armagh	House Keeper	Read and write
Carter	Caroline	14	Female	Daughter	Church of Ireland	England	Scholar	Read and write
Carter	Mary J	9	Female	Daughter	Church of Ireland	England	Scholar	Read and write
Carter	William	7	Male	Son	Church of Ireland	England	Scholar	Read
Carter	Maggie	6	Female	Daughter	Church of Ireland	Co Tyrone	Scholar	Cannot read
Carter	Violet	3	Female	Daughter	Church of Ireland	Co Armagh	Scholar	Cannot read

1901: Ireland Census, 5 Park Road, Portadown Urban, Armagh. (JPC1) http://www.census.nationalarchives.ie/pages/1901/Armagh/Portadown_Urban/Park_Road/1030380/

Extract 25:

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.
Mr John Potts Carter	Head	53	Married	26	8	7	1		Low-sharping 646			at home	Ireland Red Hill British	
Mrs Jane Carter	Wife	45	Married						Finishing trousers 270	4	Washer	Ireland County Tyrone Subject		
Mary Carter	Daughter	17	Single						Finishing -		Washer	England Limehouse 34 by		
William Carter	Son	17	Single						Labourer 330	0	Washer	England Limehouse Passage		
Maggie Carter	Daughter	15	Single						Tayloring 270	4	Washer	Ireland Corktown 24		
Violet Carter	Daughter	14	Single						Shohlat dipping 929	1	Washer	Ireland Belle glas 24		
Lily Carter	Daughter	7	Single									England Bow		

1911: England Census, Limehouse. (JPC1) <https://www.ancestry.com/family-tree/person/tree/194066946/person/222536214631/hints>

Extract 26:

1916: John Potts Carter (born 1828, JPC1) was admitted to the Bromley House workhouse in Tower Hamlets, Stepney. <https://www.ancestry.com/discoveryui-content/view/10221318:60391>

Extract 27:

1917: John Carter (JPC1) of Stepney dies. <https://www.ancestry.com/discoveryui-content/view/17918908:7579>

Extract 28:

<p>17 April 1928</p> <p>ALFRED HOSPITAL ALBERT WARD CITY OF MELBOURNE COUNTY OF BOURKE U. R.</p> <p>Jupiter St Caulfield</p>	<p>Catherine Casey</p> <p>Female</p> <p>67</p>	<p>Matilda Stevens George Allen Hunt Fadden Jean J. Harrington 17 April 1928</p>	<p>William Casey Brookwater Ellen Casey Maiden house Melbourne</p>	
<p><i>[Signature]</i> AUTHORISED AGENT, ALFRED HOSPITAL</p>	<p>19 April 1928</p> <p>Brighton Cessington Ernest Walker</p>	<p>Francis Sullivan W. R. Hurst</p>	<p>Hobart Tasmania 20 years in Tasmania 49 years in Victoria</p>	<p>Collingwood 25 John Potts Carter Melbourne</p> <p>Mary 23 William 59 Francis 36 Eden 32</p>

1928: Death certificate for Kate Casey. Split in two for improved legibility

Extract 29:

<p>Review on the 5th May 1898 at Oakley neglected children within the meaning of the Neglected Children Act 1890.</p>	<p>Each of the five children are committed to the Department for neglected children</p>	<p>5 Mandates 27/5/98 <i>[initials]</i></p> <p>Chas Polingbrooke J.P. D.W. Nicoll J.P.</p>	
<p>119</p>	<p>Edwin Ryan Reverend Constable of Police</p>	<p>Mary Alice Carter William Carter Francis Carter Ellen Carter John Potts Carter</p>	<p>mother</p>

1898: Kate Carter's children, including Iolen, committed to the Department for Neglected Children. From the Register of Convictions, Orders and other Proceedings in the Court of Petty Sessions at Oakley, Vic. P. 149, 05 May 1898.

Extract 30:

Reynold's Newspaper Sunday 22nd March 1891

CARTER.—If this should meet the eye of James Carter, native of Wells, Somerset, who left England about 1850 for Australia, his sisters, Sarah Seal Wido, or Caroline Pearson, will be glad to hear from him. Address, 8, New Margaret-place, Mill-lane, Bedminster, Bristol. Australian papers, please copy.

Reynold's Newspaper Sunday 13th September 1891

CARTER.—If this should meet the eye of James Carter, who left Newcastle-on-Tyne about 1840 for Australia. Either in the farming or butchering line. Last heard of about nine years ago, when he wrote to the Vicar of East Wells Church, Somerset, his native home. His two sisters, Sarah Seal and Caroline Pearson, will be pleased to hear of him. Address, 8, New Margret-place, Mill-lane, Bedminster, Bristol, England. Australian papers, please copy.

1891: Advertisements placed by JPC1's sisters Sarah Seal and Caroline Pearson, seeking their brother James. <https://www.britishnewspaperarchive.co.uk/viewer/b1/0000101/18910913/034/0004> (needs login.)

D.2 Ern's side

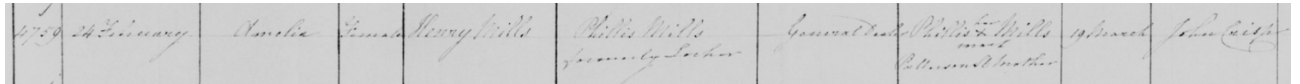
See also genealogical detail for Gentles and Smiths in: Julie H. Wilson, *Survived Gallipoli, Died in France.* – John Thomas Ernest (Ernie) Gentle (1888 – 1916), ISBN 978 0 646 86319 1.

Extract 31:

REGISTRATION DISTRICT		STOKE DAMEREL								
1855 BIRTH in the Sub-district of Stoke		in the County of Devon								
Column-	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
No.	When and where born	Name, if any	Sex	Name and surname of father	Name, surname and maiden surname of mother	Occupation of father	Signature, description and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar	Name entered after registration
99	South Devon November 1855 Stoke Damerel	Thaddeus Paul	Boy	George John Hawking	Elizabeth Hawking formerly Roberts	Mariner	Elizabeth Hawking Mother 37 Tavistock Street Stoke Damerel	Twenty seventh November 1855	W. M. Richards Registrar	

1855: Birth of Thaddeus Paul Hawking in Stoke Damerel, Devon.

Extract 32:



1855: Birth of Amelia Hawking (Mills) in Launceston, Tasmania.

Extract 33:



1877: Marriage of Thaddeus Hawking and Amelia Mills in Castlemaine, Vic. From *The THADDEUS HAWKING STORY* Part 1 7/9/2021 by Gordon Hawking

Extract 34:

2365	5th August 1885 Murphy Street Borough of Rusheydown County Down	Lillian Tommy Phillis not present	to male	George Leslie Stoblayes 29 years Richmond Victoria	16th November 1877 Rusheydown 2 Emily Maria Angery 6 yrs William Harold Tirau 4 yrs Ada Ann Elizabeth 2 yrs	born in Kent formerly Smith 29 years at sea between England and Australia
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1885: Birth of our Grandma (Lillian Ismay Phyllis Gentle (Hawking), Rutherglen, Vic.

Extract 35:

1890. BIRTHS in the District of *Vaughan* in the Colony

No.	CHILD.			PARENTS.		
	When and where Born.	Name and whether present or not.	Sex.	FATHER.		MOTHER.
				(1) Name and Surname, Rank, or Profession of the Father. (2) Age. And (3) Birth-place.	(1) When and Where married. (2) Issue living and deceased.	(1) Name and Maiden Surname of Mother. (2) Age. And (3) Birth-place.
1145	20 th November 1889. Vaughan. Shire. County. Tallbot.	John. Not present.	Male.	(1) Shaddow, Paul Hawking. Minor. 35 years. Able. Broomsfield England.	(1) 17 th August 1877. Edith Florence 13 Elizabeth Street Hobart Amelia 94 Phyllis 8 Haddock dead Henry, George 47 William, James dead McLachlan, Annie dead	(1) Amelia, Hawking. M. A. Mills. 35 years. Lanarston. Tasmania.

1889: Birth of our Grandpa (John (Jack) Hawking), Vaughan, Vic.

Extract 36:

1631	August 22 1903 Murphy Street Borough of Rutherglen County Bogong	Phyllis Mills no occupation	Female Years 80	1 Broncho Pneumonia 14 days Dr J.R. Harris	Lockyer unknown Phyllis Lockyer unknown	11339
				August 22 1903		
11339	Samuel Mills Son Rutherglen	Samuel Youngman August 24 1903 Rutherglen	Male August 24 1903	Carlisle Cemetery W. Gill	London England Tasmania 10 years Victoria 46 years Henry Mills	Unknown Unknown Thomas dead Jane 61 years William dead Henry dead Samuel 81 years Amelia 87 years Emma 47 years Maria 48 years Daniel dead 2 died in infancy

1903: Death of Phillis Mills (Lockyer), Rutherglen, Vic.

Extract 37:

(1) No. in Register.	(2) Where and when Married.	(3) Name and Surname of the Parties.	Condition of the Parties.		(7) Birthplace.
			(4) Bachelor or Spinster. If a Widower or Widow or Divorced, Date of Decree of former Wife or Husband, or Order Absolute for Divorce.	Children by each former Marriage. (5) Living. (6) Dead.	
5.	Mr. Scuttles Residence Rutherglen Feb 7 th 1912	John Hawking Lillian Emma Phyllis Scuttle	Bachelor.		Vauclaw Rutherglen

(8) Rank or Profession.	(9) Age.	Residence.		Parents.	
		(10) Present.	(11) Usual.	(12) Names. (Mother's Maiden Name.)	(13) Father's Rank or Profession.
Broccer	22	Rutherglen	Rutherglen	Paul Thaddeus Hawking - Miner Annela Hawking (Mills)	Retired Railway Workman
Domestic duties	26	Rutherglen	Rutherglen	George Scuttle Jane Scuttle (Smith)	

1912: Marriage of Grandma and Grandpa (John (Jack) Hawking), Rutherglen, Vic.

Extract 38:

156	30 th August 1922 Mooroopna Hospital Rodney Shire County, Rodway Rutherglen	Thaddeus Hawking Laborer	Male 67 years	Chronic nephritis 2 years Anemia 2 weeks D. A. L. Bennett 30 th August 1922	George Hawking Police Constable Elizabeth Hawking Wife Robert.	10532 10532
H. S. Bowen Authorised agent Shepparton	Francis Hebbard 31 st August 1922 Mooroopna Shepparton W. Bowen	Shepparton Cemetery	Male 41 years	Deven England in Victoria	Castlemaine 21 years Annela Mills.	Elizabeth } Dead Thaddeus } Annela } Hawking 40 years. Thaddeus } Henry George 37 years William James } Dead Richard Daniel } John 32 years. Joseph Paul 29 " Alice 28 " Louisa Fall 23 "

1922: Death of Thaddeus Paul Hawking in Mooroopna, Vic.

Extract 39:

No.	DESCRIPTION.			(1) Cause of Death. (2) Duration of last illness. (3) Legally qualified Medical Practitioner by whom certified, and (4) When he last saw Deceased.	Name and surname of Father and Mother (Maiden Names if known), with Occupations.
	(1) When and where Died.	(2) Name and Surname, Occupation.	(3) Sex and Age.		
2576	21st July 1926 Maddy Street Rutherglen Shire of Rutherglen County Baysong	Amelia Hawking Home Duties	Female 72 years	Chronic Nephritis Cardiac Failure = 7 weeks Dr. A. Hyland 21st July 1926	Mills occupations unknown Phyllis Teresa Mills Maiden Name unknown

11721

Name, Description, and Residence of Informant.	Relationship of Registrar (1) Date, and (2) Where Registered.	IF BURIAL REGISTERED.			IF DECEASED WAS MARRIED.	
		(1) When and where buried. (2) Registrar by whom notified.	(3) Name and Religion of Minister, or Name of Witnesses of Burial.	(4) Where Born, and how long in the Australian States, stating which.	(1) Where and at what (2) Age, and (3) When.	(1) Name, in order of Birth, the Dates and Ages.
Roydon Readey, Authorized Agent Rutherglen	Blackman 21st August 1926 Rutherglen	21st August 1926 Caryle Cemetery R. Readey	M.C. Carrick Methodist Robins 5 Adcock	Tasmania Victoria 70 years Tasmania 2 years	21st August = 19 years 2 Hadden Paul Hawking	Hadden Hadden Hadden Elizabeth Amelia Phyllis Mary John Joseph Ethel Louise 42 years 41 34 32 28

1926: Death of Amelia Hawking (Mills) in Rutherglen, Vic.

Appendix E

Children of Alice and William Casey

Name	Birth & Baptism	Marriage	Death
Maria	1854 ¹ Hobart, Tas	—	1854 ² Hobart, Tas
Mary Theresa (Teresa)	1855 ³ Great Swan Port & Spring Bay (Bicheno), Tas	1889 ⁴ Thomas McInerney, Vic	1927 ⁵ Melbourne South, Vic Buried: Brighton Cemetery. RC J181
Margaret	1857 ⁶ District of Glamorgan, Tas Baptism: 1859, St Joseph's, Launceston, Tas (SJL)	1878 ⁷ James Heffernan, Vic	1929 ⁸ Melbourne Benevolent Asylum. Cheltenham, Vic Buried: Cheltenham Cemetery 105*ACE*O
Catherine Agnes (Kate)	1859 ⁹ Tas Baptism: 1859 St Joseph's, Launceston, Tas	1884 ¹⁰ John Potts Carter, Collingwood Registry Office, Vic	1928 ¹¹ Alfred Hospital, Collingwood, Vic Buried. Brighton Cemetery. RC J181
Alice Esther	1861 ¹² Tas	1887 ¹³ William Ford, Vic	1938 ¹⁴ Cheltenham, Vic. Buried: Brighton Cemetery RC D204
John	1862 ¹⁵ White Hills, Morven Dist. Tas Baptism: 1863, St Joseph's, Launceston, Tas	—	1864 ¹⁶ Launceston, Tas
William	1864 ¹⁷ , Tas Baptism: 1864, St Joseph's, Launceston, Tas	Single	1923 ¹⁸ Melbourne Hospital. Melbourne East, Vic Buried. Brighton Cemetery
Ellen Elizabeth (Nellie)	1867 ¹⁹ Piper's Brook, District of Georgetown, Tas Baptism: 1867, St Joseph's, Launceston, Tas	1893 ²⁰ Arnold Joseph Cubitt, Elsternwick, Vic	1958 ²¹ Private Hospital, Malvern East, Vic Buried: Brighton Cemetery RC D204
Elizabeth	1870. ²² Piper's Brook. District of Georgetown, Tas Baptism: 1871, St Joseph's, Launceston, Tas	—	Date of death unknown. After May 1871; Prior to June 1903. ²³

Notes for Children of Alice and William Casey

1. TAHO: 1864 Births in the District of Hobart. **Maria Casey**, RGD33-1-5. No 684. Image 72. March 20 or 21 1854. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-5-p031j2k>.
2. TAHO: 1864 Deaths in the District of Hobart. **Maria Casey**, RGD35-1-4 No. 1101. Image 111. March 27 or 28 1854. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD35-1-4p111j2k>. 4
3. Based on Father's death certificate Mary Theresa would have been born in 1855. Victorian Births Death & Marriages, 1903 Deaths in the District of Murrumbreena in the State of Victoria, William Casey, 15 May 1903, #7017/1903. There is a possibility that Mary Theresa was born on 8/9/55. Female Convicts of Tasmania database attributes the following birth to Alice: TAHO: 1855 Births in the District of Great Swan Port and Spring Bay [Town: Bicheno]. Maria Casey. RGD 33/1/33 no 344. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Record/Archives/RGD33-1-33>. However, there is some question as to the validity of this attribution, the mother being recorded as Ellen Sullivan. See previous note in William's story.
4. Registry of Births Death & Marriages Victoria, Marriage. **Mary Theresa Casey & Thomas McInerney**, 1889, 7644/1889 [Abstract].
5. (1) Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, Death. **Mary Theresa McInerney**, 1927, 6783/1927 [Abstract]. (2) Deaths. Date of death: 22 April 1927. Age (Melbourne, Vic.: 1854 - 1954), Sat 23 Apr 1927, p.5. <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page18711566>. (3) Burial: Funeral Notices. Age (Melbourne, Vic.: 1854 - 1954), Sat 23 April 1927, p.6. <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article205820667>. Also Find a Grave. Mary Teresa McInerney. <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/215582514/mary-teresa-mcinerney>.
6. (1) TAHO, 1857 Births in the District of Glamorgan. **Margaret Casey**, 28 April 1859, RGD 33/1/35 no 612, image 69. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-35p775j2k>. Last accessed 19/1/24. (2) Baptised in St Joseph's church Launceston on 15/5/1859. Personal communication John Ogden.
7. Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, Marriage. **Margaret Casey & James Heffran** [sic]. 1324/1878 [Abstract].
8. (1) Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, Death. **Margaret Heffernan**. 13755/1929 [Abstract]. (2) Died 22 Nov 1929. Deaths, Age Newspaper (Melbourne) 23 November 1929, p. 13. <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article203253552>. (3) Burial: Funeral Notices. Age Newspaper (Melbourne, Vic) 23 Nov 1929, p.14. <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article203253561>. (4). Location of death.
9. Based on Father's death certificate: Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, 1903 Deaths in the District of Murrumbreena in the State of Victoria. William Casey, 15 May 1903, #7017/1903. No birth registration for **Catherine Casey** in TAHO Names Index. (2) Baptised in St Joseph's church Launceston on 15/5/1859, (NS1052/20, p161), Personal communication John Ogden.
10. Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, Victorian Births Death & Marriages, 1884 Marriages solemnized in the District of Collingwood in the Colony of Victoria. **Catherine Casey & John Potts Carter**, 23 Aug 1884, 5174/1884.
11. Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria 1928 Deaths in the District of Prahran in the State of Victoria. **Catherine Carter**, 17 Apr 1928, 7423/1928. (2) Catherine is buried with Mary Theresa and James Heffernan. Plot #J 181. T Sellers, Researching the Brighton General Cemetery.
12. Based on father's death certificate: Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, 1903 Deaths in the District of Murrumbreena in the State of Victoria, William Casey 15 May 1903, 7017/1903. No birth registration for **Alice Casey** in TAHO Names Index.
13. Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, Marriage. **Alice Casey & William Ford**, 1887, 5073/1887 [Extract only].
14. (1) Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, Death. **Alice Ford**, 1938, 1/1938 [Extract only]. (2) Died 1 Jan 1938. Deaths: Age (Melbourne, Vic.: 1854 - 1954), Wed 5 Jan 1938, p.1. <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article206754697>. (3) Find a Grave, <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/215566111/alice-ford#source>.
15. (1) TAHO: 1862 Births in the Morven District, **John Casey**, 15 Aug 1862, RGD 33/1/40 no 1084. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-40p471j2k>. (2) Baptised 19 Jan 1863. Secondary source. FCRC Female Convicts in Van Diemen's Land database, Alice O'Keefe, ID no 3542. <https://femaleconvicts.org.au/registration/access-the-database>.
16. (1) TAHO: 1864 Deaths in the Launceston District. **John Casey**, 29 Jun 1884, RGD 35/1/33 no 668. Image 76. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD35-1-33p76j2k>.
17. (1) Based on father's death certificate. No birth registration for **William Casey Jr.** (2) Baptism 25/6/1864. St Joseph's Launceston. Secondary source: Personal communication, John Ogden
18. 11499/1923. (2) Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria 1928 Deaths in the District of Melbourne in the State of Victoria. Melbourne Hospital. **William Casey [Jr]**, 28

- Aug 1923, 11499/1923. Buried 30 Aug 1923 Brighton Cemetery. See also *Find a Grave*. William Casey. <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/146800362/william-casey#source>.
19. (1) TAHO: 1867 Births in the District of Georgetown. **Ellen Elizabeth Casey**, 17 Apr 1867, RGD33-1-45 No 541. Image 135. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-45p062j2k>. (2) Baptised 8 May 1867. Secondary source: FCRC Female Convicts in Van Diemen's Land database, Alice O'Keefe, ID no 3542. <https://femaleconvicts.org.au/registration/access-the-database>.
 20. Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, Marriage. **Ellen Casey & Arnold Cubitt**, 1893, 5936/1893 [Extract].
 21. (1) Registry of Births Deaths & Marriages Victoria, Death. **Ellen Cubitt**, 1958, 11232/1958 [Extract]. (2) Date of Death, 15 Sep 1958 & Burial place, FCRC Female Convicts in Van Diemen's Land database, Alice O'Keefe, ID no 3542. <https://femaleconvicts.org.au/registration/access-the-database>. Also *Find a Grave*, <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/215560216/ellen-elizabeth-cubitt>.
 22. (1) TAHO: 1870 Births in the District of Georgetown. **Elizabeth Casey**, 20 Aug 1870, RGD33/1/48 no 562. Image 127. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-48p077j2k>. (2) Baptised 10 May 1871. Secondary source: FCRC Female Convicts in Van Diemen's Land database, Alice O'Keefe, ID no 3542. <https://femaleconvicts.org.au/registration/access-the-database>.
 23. **Elizabeth Casey** was alive at the time of her baptism in 1871 but was recorded as deceased on her father's death certificate in 1903.

Appendix F

Children of Phillis and Henry Mills

Name	Birth & Baptism	Marriage	Death
Thomas	About 1842 ¹ Tas	1865: ² Allison Scott, Vic 1873: ³ Ann Mather, Vic	1901: ⁴ Homeopathic Hospital (now Prince Henry's), Sth Melbourne, Vic Buried: Melbourne General Cemetery. COE-Comp-EE-No-1171C
Jane	1843: ⁵ Spring Bay, West Tamar, Tas	1861: ⁶ Robert Glen, Vic	1929: ⁷ Castlemaine, Vic Buried: Fryerstown Cemetery
William	1846: ⁸ ?Wharf, Launceston, Tas	1868: ⁹ Mary Jane Hallo, Vic	1898: ¹⁰ Fryers Creek, Vic Buried: Fryerstown Cemetery
Sarah Maria	1848: ¹¹ Patterson St, Launceston, Tas	—	1849: ¹² Launceston, Tas
Henry	1850: ¹³ York St, Launceston, Tas	1888: ¹⁴ Annie Galway, Vic	1901: ¹⁵ Fryerstown, Vic Buried: Fryerstown Cemetery
Samuel	1852: ¹⁶ Patterson St, Launceston, Tas	1873: ¹⁷ Catherine Williams, Vic	1937: ¹⁸ Buried: Necropolis Spring Vale, Vic COE, Comptmnt F, Sect 2, Grave 14.
Amelia	1855: ¹⁹ Patterson St, Launceston, Vic	1876: Thaddeus Paul Hawking, Vic	1926: ²⁰ Murphy St, Rutherglen, Vic Buried: Rutherglen Cemetery
Emma	1856: ²¹ Vic	1880: ²² Mathew Henry Rowe, Vic	1949: ²³ Sale, Vic
Maria	1859: ²⁴ Fryerstown, Vic	1880: ²⁵ Benjamin Bray, Vic	1936: ²⁶ Alfred Hospital, Prahran, Melbourne, Vic
Daniel	1861: ²⁷ Fryerstown, Vic	—	1880: ²⁸ Castlemaine St, Fryerstown. Buried: Fryerstown Cemetery

Notes for Children of Phillis and Henry Mills

1. See chapter text and associated footnote
2. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Marriages: **Allison Scott & Thomas Mills**, 1865, 1213/1865. Allison was born in Scotland and died in 1868 aged 30 years (Victorian Births Deaths and Marriages. Deaths, Alison [sic] Mills, 3880/1868). Buried Fryerstown Cemetery (*Find a Grave*, **Alison Mills**, 1868, <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/228612941/alison-mills>).
3. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Marriages, **Ann Mather & Thomas Mills**, 1873, 3991/1873 [Abstract].
4. (1) Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages. Deaths, **Thomas Mills**, 19 Feb 1901, 2912/1901. Died of a stroke. Buried 20 Feb 1901. (2) Funeral Notices, *The Age*, 20 Feb 1901, p. 10. Died 3 Palmer St, South Melbourne (son's residence). (3) Burial: *Find a Grave*. **Thomas Mills**, Melbourne General Cemetery, MGC-COE-Comp-EE-No-1171C. <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/201672736/thomas-mills#source>.
5. TAHO: 1843 Births in the District of Launceston. **F. Mills** [F=female=**Jane**], Parents Henry Mills & Felice Mills (formerly Lockett), 25 Nov 1843, RGD33-1-23, p. 746, Image 146. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-23/RGD33-1-23-P746>. SpringBay was later renamed Triabunna.
6. Victorian Births Death & Marriages, Marriage. **Jane Mills & Robert Glen**, 1861, 4029/1861[Abstract].
7. (1) Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Deaths, **Jane Glen**, Castlemaine, Vic, 88/1929. (2) Australian Institute of Genealogical Studies: Reference: M89, **Jane Glen**, 6 Jul 1929 (death date), Fryerstown [Ancestry.com: Australian Cemetery Index 1808-2007]. (3) *Find a Grave*, **Jane Glen**, Death 6 Mar 1929, Fryerstown. <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/228610044/jane-glen>. (4) Note the 4-month discrepancy between dates for *Find a Grave* and AIGS. The actual grave stone states 6 Mar 1929.
8. TAHO: 1846 Births in the District of Launceston. **William Mills**, 1 Apr 1846, RGD33-1-23, p. 832, Image 210. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-23-P832>. Informant was Henry at ?Wharf (writing unclear).
9. Victorian Births Death & Marriages, Marriage, **William Mills & Mary Jane Hallo**, 1868, 2415/1868 [Abstract]. Mary Jane died in hospital in Castlemaine in 1912 and is buried in Fryerstown Cemetery (*Find a Grave*. <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/214602813/mary-jane-mills>). She was previously married to William Hallo (Victoria Births Deaths and Marriages, 94/1863) of Fryerstown who died in November 1867 and was buried on 08 November, 1867 in Castlemaine General Cemetery ((https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/240878739/william_frezise-hallo). Mary Jane's maiden name was Martin.
10. (1) Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Deaths, **William Mills**, Vic, 1898, 2359/1898 [Abstract]. (2) *Find a Grave*. **William Mills**, 1898, Fryerstown. <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/228612937/william-mills>.
11. TAHO: 1846 Births in the District of Launceston, **F Mills [Maria Sarah]**, 29 May 1848, RGD 33-1-23, p. 2075, Image 269. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-23/RGD33-1-23-P891>.
12. TAHO: 1849 Deaths in the District of Launceston, **Maria Sarah Mills**, 2 Jun 1849, RGD 35-1-16, no 29, Image 190. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD35-1-16/RGD35-1-16P190>.
13. TAHO: 1850 Births in the District of Launceston, **Unknown Mills [Henry]**, 22 May 1850, RGD33-1-23-P936, Image 314. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-23/RGD33-1-23-P936>.
14. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Marriages, **Annie Galway & William Mills**, 1888, 6309/1888 [Abstract].
15. (1) Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Deaths, **Henry Mills**, 9671/1902 [Abstract]. (2) Burial: *Find a Grave*, **Henry Mills**, Fryerstown Cemetery, <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/228612936/henry-george-mills>.
16. TAHO: 1852 Births in the District of Launceston, **Samuel Mills**, 12 Aug 1852, RGD33-1-24-P055, Image 47. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-24-P055>. Informant: Jane Mills (sister).
17. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Marriages, **Samuel Mills & Catherine Williams**, 1873, 2561/1873 [Abstract].
18. (1) Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Deaths, **Samuel Mills**, 7 Jan 1937, 217/1937. Died heart failure. Buried 9 Jan. (2) *Find a grave*. **Samuel Mills**, <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/231336200/samuel-mills>. 86 Lothian St, North Melbourne, Vic.
19. TAHO: 1855 Births in the District of Launceston, **Amelia Mills**, 24 Feb 1855, RGD33/1/33 no 574, Image 59. <https://libraries.tas.gov.au/Digital/RGD33-1-33/RGD33-1-33P437>.
20. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Deaths, **Amelia Hawking**, 21 Jul 1926, 11721/1926. (2) Family Notices, *The Argus (Melbourne, Vic: 1848 - 1957)* 4 August 1926: p. 1. <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article3799901>. (3) *Find a grave*, **Amelia Hawking**. https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/186464220/amelia-hawking?_gl=1.

21. Parents' death certificates. Not registered in Tasmania and not listed on ship journey in 1856 so assume born in Victoria. Unable to locate Victorian birth certificate.
22. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Marriages, **Annie Galway & Mathew Henry Rowe**, 1880, 5145/1880 [Abstract].
23. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Deaths, **Emma Rowe**, 1949, 23731/1949 [Abstract].
24. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Births, **Maria Mills**, 9 Sep 1859, 15928/1859
25. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Marriages, **Maria Mills & Benjamin Bray**, 1880, 1408/1880 [Abstract]. Benjamin's parents were also convicts.
26. (1) Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Deaths, **Maria Bray**, 1936, 1950/1936. (2) Family notices, *The Age (Melbourne, Vic)*, 5 Mar 1836, p. 1. Died 3 Mar 1836.
27. Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Births, **Daniel Mills**, 4 Dec 1861, 22811/1861.
28. (1) Victorian Births Deaths & Marriages, Deaths, **Daniel Mills**, 11 Dec 1880, 10056/190. Died of cholera. Unmarried; shoemaker. Buried in Fryerstown Cemetery.

Index of People

Making indexes is hard to get right. If you have access to the online PDF version, I'd instead suggest using the search facility in your PDF viewer to find things.

- Adams, Caroline (JPC1 wife), 116, 120, 266
Ahrens, Graham, 45, 70, 80, 90
Ahrens, Luke, 20, 91
Ashburner, Wendy, 117, 119
Atkinson, George, 213, 222, 223
- Baker, George, 208
Barrett, Eileen, 118
Barrett, Lilian, 118
Barrett, Maggie Lena née Carter, 118
Beel, Geoff, 51, 55, 90, 252, 259
Bijeka, Victor, 62
Biles, David, 64, 253
Biles, Judy, 64, 253
Blake, Robert, 225
Blume, Miss, 18
Boehm, Jim, 13
Bogle, Eric, 186
Bond, Mrs, 95
Bortoli, Anne-Marie, 153
Bouchier, Mr, 65
Brandt, Victor, 86
Briers, Louise, 185
Broom, Elizabeth, 115
Broom, Jemima (mother of JPC2), 114–116, 120, 266, 267
Broom, Job, 115
Brown, Rev William Henry, 213
Browne, Dr David, 56
Buckle, George, 252
Burke, Robert O'Hara, 228
Burt, Peter, 45
- Cade, John, 45
Cameron family, 78, 253, 258
Cameron, Anne, 59
Cameron, Charles, 58
Cameron, Joan, 59
Cameron, Noel, 59
Cameron, Norah, 58, 79
Carter, Alma Louise, 114
Carter, Caroline (JPC1 daughter), 117, 273
Carter, Francis Thomas, 113
Carter, James (JPC1's father), 115
Carter, James (JPC1's older brother), 120, 276
Carter, John Potts (JPC1), 110, 114–116, 266, 267, 269, 270, 272–274
Carter, John Potts (JPC2), 110, 114–116, 178, 262, 267–269, 271
Carter, John Potts (JPC3), 110, 113, 114
Carter, Kate née Casey, 114, 115, 120, 188, 197, 204, 205, 262, 271, 275
- Carter, Lily (JPC1 daughter), 117
Carter, Maggie (JPC1 daughter), 117
Carter, Mary, *see* Potts, Mary
Carter, Mary Alice (Topsy), 111, 112, 142, 197
Carter, Susan (JPC1 daughter), 273
Carter, Violet (JPC1 daughter), 117
Carter, William, 112
Carter, William (JPC1 son), 117
Casey family photo, 197
Casey, Alice (later Ford), 197, 204, 205
Casey, Elizabeth, 195, 204
Casey, Ellen (later Cubitt), 197, 204, 205
Casey, John, 195, 204
Casey, Julia formerly Hanofane née Clifford, 196
Casey, Margaret (later Heffernan), 197
Casey, Margaret (William's sister), 189
Casey, Maria, 195, 237
Casey, Mary Theresa, 195
Casey, Mary Theresa (later McNerny), 204, 205
Casey, William, 120, 187–199, 204, 206
Casey, William Jr., 204, 205
Christiansen, Anna, 68
Christiansen, Emily, 18, 68, 90, 249, 256
Clark, Jessie née Hunter, 264
Clayton, Holly Catriona, 149
Clemens, John, 86
Coghlan, Dr, 72
Collins, Dr E.B., 45
Comensoli, Bill, 184
Conder, Mrs, 104
Costello, Mr, 256
Courtenay, Bryce, 16
Cox, James, 225
Crawford, Lorna, 61, 257
Croom, Bill, 18
Crosthwaite, Charles, 260
Crosthwaite, Nina née Thompson, 65, 77, 82, 99, 260–261
Cruickshank, Barry, 166
Cullen, Patrick, 256
Cutting, Mr, 254
- Dalai Lama, 123
Daldy, Ida née Gentle, 155, 161
Darby, Mrs Maria, 207
Davidson, Rodney Disney, 44
Dick, Dr Thomas, 45
Donges, Bronwen née Jenke, 107
Donges, Glen, 110
Dowling, Mrs (JPC2's cousin), 120
Down, Sarah, 171
Downs, Ian, 91

- Duggan, Leo, 55, 75
Dunne, Muriel Catherine, 253
- Elliott, Florrie, 18
Elmer brothers, 186
- Floyd, Margaret, *see* Hawking, Margaret
Flynn, Miles, 218
Forrest, Amanda, 24, 25
Forrest, Bruce, 23, 24, 91
Forrest, Greg & Mary, 253
Forrest, Scott, 24, 25
Forster, Marnie, 36
Friend, Mathew Curling, 224
Fry, Elizabeth, 209, 212
- Galariniotis, George, 43
Galbraith, Dick, 256
Galbraith, Dick and Marg, 66
Game, Miss, 102
Gaunt, Dr Matthias, 222, 223
Geake, John, 252
Gee, Allan, 12, 98
Gee, Christine, 12, 15, 29, 45
Gee, Kath, 12
Gee, Margaret, 13, 45
Gentle, Emily née Ingrey, 157
Gentle, George, 155, 161, 162
Gentle, Jane Ann née Smith, 155, 161, 162
Gentle, John Thomas Ernest (Ernie), 155, 157, 161, 165
Gentle, Norma, 163
Gentle, Sarah, 163
Gentle, Thomas, 157
Gentle, Thomas & Emily, 178
Gentle, Thomas & Emily photo, 159
Gentle, Vivian, 153, 155, 163, 165
Gieler, Gert, 62
Glen, Jane née Mills, 179, 215, 230
Glen, Robert, 215, 230
Godson, Richard, 219
Gollings, Alan, 153
Gray, Dave, 183
Gregory, John (Treasurer, VDL), 220
Grey, Earl, 194
Griffin, Prosecutor, Bromsgrove, 219
Griffiths, Harold, 17
Griffiths, Henry, 213
Griffiths, Jonathan, 213
Griffiths, Kathy, 17, 27
Griffiths, Pat, 17, 104
Griffiths-Hawking, Erika, 18
Griffiths-Hawking, Jack, 18
Griffiths-Hawking, Nami, 18
Grubb, Pauline (soup kitchens), 188
Görög, Tommy, 62
- Hamer, Rupert, 44
Hanover, Inga née Millers, 62
Hardingham, Edith, 259
Harvey, Roy, 163
Harvey, Vivienne, 74, 157
Harvey, William, 163
Hatzisavas, Anna, 149
Hatzisavas, Lucas John, 149
Hawking Burnett, Judy née Petschel, 21, 87, 89, 90
Hawking family photo 1919, 176
Hawking, Allen, 151, 156, 182
Hawking, Amelia née Mills, 172, 178, 277, 280
Hawking, Ann (Rodney's wife), 182
Hawking, Dorn née Scanlan, 21, 23, 75, 77, 89–92, 105
Hawking, Elizabeth née Roberts, 170, 171
Hawking, Ern, 11, 20, 24, 44, 45, 84–88, 90, 91, 106, 151–154, 163, 167, 180, 186, 249, 252, 260
Hawking, George John, 170, 171
Hawking, Gordon, 182, 183
Hawking, Gwenda, 169, 176, 182
Hawking, Helen née Craig, 85, 156, 183
Hawking, Henry George, 175
Hawking, Jack, 48, 151, 156, 166–180
Hawking, John, 182, 183
Hawking, John (Jack), 279
Hawking, Joseph Paul, 175
Hawking, Kelvyn, 182
Hawking, Lindsay, 182–184
Hawking, Louise, *see* Briers, Louise
Hawking, Margaret, 11, 20, 49, 84, 93–106, 108, 130, 182, 248–261
Hawking, Margaret & Ern, 47–83
Hawking, Margaret née Jackson, 184
Hawking, Michael, 184
Hawking, Neil, 169, 182
Hawking, Norm, 151, 182, 184, 186
Hawking, Ollie née Smith, 90, 156, 182
Hawking, Phyllis (Jack's sister), 174
Hawking, Phyllis née Gentle, 20, 48, 84–88, 151, 155–156, 161, 169, 174, 278, 279
Hawking, Phyllis, 80th party photo, 184
Hawking, Ray, 151, 156, 180, 182, 183
Hawking, Ray and Helen, 82
Hawking, Rodney, 182
Hawking, Thaddeus Paul, 166, 170, 178, 180, 276, 279
Hawking, Thomas, 171
Hayes, Bobby née Scanlan, 46, 80, 89
Heffernan, James, 197
Hineman, Agnes née Hunter, 129, 264
Holmes, Jane (JPC1 wife), 117, 272, 273
Holmes, Moir, *see* Mahony, Moir
Holyoake, Bertha, 107
Holyoake, Derek, 107
Holyoake, Ralph Gerald, 107
Hughes, David, 91
Hull, Rev. R.E.D, 45
Hunt, Pauline Frances Mary, 112
Hunt, Stanley William, 112
Hunter (JSH and IOH) descendants, photo, 135
Hunter, Agnes née Moses (1786–1861), 263
Hunter, Betsy Stronach, 264
Hunter, Billy, 65, 93, 95, 98, 99, 101, 123, 139
Hunter, Charles Francis, 93, 95, 98, 100, 111, 139
Hunter, Charles Simpson, 265
Hunter, Elizabeth Dunlop, 131
Hunter, Hazel, 28, 35, 127, 133
Hunter, Iolen Ellen née Carter, 65, 93, 94, 98, 100, 101, 110–121, 137, 142, 262, 273
Hunter, James Stronach, 265
Hunter, Jessie née Stronach, 131, 262
Hunter, John Stronach, 65, 67, 93, 94, 98, 100, 101, 110–111, 126, 137, 140, 142, 262, 265
Hunter, Johnnie, 28, 35, 124, 127, 133, 134, 262–265
Hunter, Johnnie's siblings, 127
Hunter, Margaret, *see* Hawking, Margaret
Hunter, Margaret née Milliken, 131, 263
Hunter, Mary, 95

- Hunter, Mike, 33
 Hunter, Robert (b. 1789), 263
 Hunter, Robert (b. 1852), 131, 262
 Hunter, Robert Stronach, 264
 Hunter, Shirley, 98, 124, 139
 Hunter, William Dunlop (b. 1831), 131, 263
 Hunter, William Dunlop (b. 1886), 264
 Hunter, William Dunlop (b. 1919), 264
 Huxtable, Heather, 163
- Jackson, Ellen (JPC1 wife), 115, 116, 120, 269, 270, 273
 Jardine, Ross and Elva, 68
 Jarvis, Gary, 85
 Jenke family, 81
 Jenke, Dudley, 108
 Jenke, Pam and Dudley, 76
 Jenke, Pam née Holyoake, 71, 100, 105, 107–110
 Jenke, Stewart, 108
 Jensen, Bev, 56
- Kalejs family, 62
 Kalejs, Alfons, 63
 Kalejs, Aurelija, 63
 Kathy's great great grandparents, 228
 Kelly, Mabel née Gentle, 85, 161
 Kennewell, Peter, 12, 16
 Kerrison, Stephen, 225
 Krautschneider family, 61, 255
- Langsford, Margaret, 171
 Leary, Cornelius (Con), 206
 Leary, John, 206
 Ledger, Barbara, 16
 Lindner, Lynette née Willett, 21, 72, 155, 169, 176
 Linmore, Lord, 188
 Linssen, Hans, 12
 Lister, Gordon, 15, 17, 36
 Lockyer, Phillis, 206–215, 223, 224, 227, 278
 Lockyer, Samuel, 207
 Lockyer, Sarah née Neal, 207
 Londrigan, Harry, 254
 Lowe, Samuel, 220
 Lynch, Clara, 254
- Mackenzie, Maggie née Hunter, 264
 Madam Pauline, Hunter Clan Chief, 125, 127, 128
 Maher, Pat née Scanlan, 89
 Mahony, Moir, 15, 16
 Main, Edna, 68
 Main, Rhoda, 68
 Maltby, Peg (artist), 52
 Manton, Mrs, piano teacher, 52, 108
 Marks, Albert, 163
 Marks, Ruby May née Harvey, 163
 Martin, John Stanley, 11, 55, 61, 68, 78, 123, 248–259
 Martin, Mr, 65
 Masclef, Pierre, 25
 Mason, Barry, 43
 McAlpin, Helen, 25
 McCredie, Andrew, 16
 McCullough, Mr, 259
 McGuffie, Bea, 52
 McGuffie, Lisa, 21, 23, 24
 McHutchinson, Florence, 93, 98
 McInerny, Thomas, 204
 McIntyre, David, 13
 McIntyre, Joan, 147
- McKenzie, Catherine, 195
 McLean, Mr, 65
 McMahon, Billy, 16
 McMaster, Charlie, 260
 McMullen, Pauline née Gleeson, 65, 103, 105, 248
 Meade, Margaret, 202, 206
 Melbourne, Lord, 213, 219
 Meurant, Robyn née Powell, 55, 165
 Mieziš, Arthur, 62
 Mieziš, John, 62
 Miller, Margaret, 202
 Millers, Beate née Kalejs, 63
 Millers, Margers, 63
 Milliken, Archibald, 263
 Milliken, Janet née Witherspoon, 263
 Mills, Amelia (later Hawking), 227
 Mills, Daniel, 214, 215, 228
 Mills, George Robe, 173
 Mills, Henry, 179, 216–230
 Mills, Henry & Phyllis, 178
 Mills, Henry Jr., 227
 Mills, Jane, 214, 227, 241
 Mills, Maria, 214, 216, 219, 228
 Mills, Phillis, *see* Lockyer, Phillis
 Mills, Samuel, 215, 227
 Mills, Sarah Maria, 214, 225
 Mills, Thomas, 214, 216, 227
 Mills, William, 227
 Milne, Catriona, 94
 Mitchell, John, 189
 Mother Teresa, 123
 Mulvaney, Clare, 106
 Mulvaney, Dick, 106
 Mulvaney, Jean, 106
 Mulvaney, John, 106
 Munroe, Clytie, 141, 142, 144
 Munroe, James, 144, 149
 Munroe, Jock, 144
 Munroe, Lillian, 144, 145
 Munroe, Olive, 94, 95, 102, 136, 141, 142, 144
 Myer, Joe, 62
- Neny, *see* Warner, Alice Addison
 Newbound, Jeanine, 91
- O'Keefe, Alice, 195, 199–206
 Ogden, John, 112
 Owen, Donald Wilson, 114
 Owen, Tony, 113
- Pallot, Louisa née Hawking, 177
 Pate, Robert, 203
 Paterson, Rev., 102
 Pearce, Bernadette née O'Loughlin, 23, 24
 Pearson, Caroline, 276
 Pelech, Antin, 62
 Petschel, Arthur, 89
 Phillips, Rod, 16
 Pirner, George, 62
 Pooley, Elizabeth, *see* Broom, Elizabeth
 Pope John, 123
 Porritt, Tom, 87
 Potts, Mary, 115
 Powell, Cheryl, 165
 Powell, Glenn, 165
 Powell, Les (Sandy), 15, 163, 164, 167

- Powell, Les and Shirley photo, 164
 Powell, Shirley née Marks, 163
 Price, Goronwy, 15
 Price, Huw, 12, 16
 Punenovs family, 61, 75, 255
 Punenovs, Dzintra, 62, 255, 258
- Radcliffe, Mrs, 253
 Ralston, John né Punenovs, 255
 Ready, Alice née Hawking, 176
 Ready, Royston, 176
 Rickard, Pam, 15, 17
 Riddington, Mrs, 260
 Rivett, Albert, 121
 Roberts, Solomon, 171
 Robertson, Thomas, 227
 Rogers, Bill, 46
 Rogue, *see* Martin, John Stanley
- Sarsfield, Mary, 200, 202, 206
 Saunders, Reg, 23
 Savage, Arthur (Surgeon on the *John*, 220
 Scandrett, Rev. George, 67
 Scanlan, Mick, 89
 Scanlan, Ronnie, 89
 Scanlan, Winnie, 89
 Seal, Sarah née Carter, 115, 276
 Sewell, Mark, 13, 87
 Shade, Harry, 84
 Sibbald, James Cuthbertson, 210
 Simpson, Rev., 21
 Skey, Emily née Gentle, 155, 162
 Skey, Harold, 162
 Skidmore, Jack, 44, 250
 Smith family, 174
 Smith, Ann née Fletcher, 157, 159, 162
 Smith, Bill (author), 96
 Smith, Elsie née Harvey, 163
 Smith, John, 157, 159, 178
 Smith, John & Ann, 178
 Smith, Mrs (JPC2's cousin), 120
 Smith, Sir CS, 218
 Spurling, Jessy, 204
 Stanistreet, Hal (surgeon), 79, 257
- Stevens, Miss Grace, 253
 Stronach, Elizabeth née Harrold, 263
 Stronach, James, 263
 Stronach, John, 131, 263
 Stronach, Margaret née Paul, 131, 263
- Tarrant, Margaret W. (artist), 52
 Tate, Frank, 228
 Therkhill, Robert, 222
 Thompson, Paula, 74, 82
 Townsend, Ellen (JPC2 wife), 115, 269
 Tully, Norm, 15
 Tully, Robert, 13
- Vaughan, Mr & Mrs, 210
 Victoria, Queen, 189, 203, 213
- Walker, Thomas, 131
 Wall, Sir Benjamin Morris, 189
 Wallensky family, 61, 255
 Wallensky, Alex, 255
 Warburton, Jack, 147–149
 Warburton, Jenny, 94, 133–135, 137, 142
 Warburton, Kerry, 94, 133–135, 137, 142
 Warburton, Mary née Hunter, 65, 93, 94, 101, 133–150, 262
 Warner, Alice Addison, 18, 20, 65, 76, 84–88, 96, 98, 100, 101, 121–123, 249, 256, 260
 Warner, Anna née Floyd, 66, 98, 122
 Warner, Charles, 66, 121
 Warner, James, 121
 Warner, Roy, 90
 Warner, Roy Thomas, 66, 122
 Warner, Thelma née Smith, 90
 Wells, Wilma, 82
 Willett, Ira (Skipper), 21, 50, 87, 153, 169, 181
 Willett, Lil née Hawking, 21, 48, 82, 87, 151, 156, 181
 Willett, Lynette, *see* Lindner, Lynette
 Willett, Sister E.J., 56
 Wilson, Jean née Hunter, 111, 129, 130, 149, 265
 Wilson, Julie, 157, 159, 163
- Zentelis family, 61, 254

Index of Ancestral Locations

Making indexes is hard to get right. If you have access to the online PDF version, I'd instead suggest using the search facility in your PDF viewer to find things.

- Lincoln Grange*, Tas., 222
Windermere, Tas., 222, 223
- Acropolis, Athens, 35
Alness, Scotland, 263
Ashwell, Hertfordshire, 157
Atlantic Ocean, 161
- Ballarat, St Patrick's Cathedral, 262
Ballinderry, Northern Ireland, 117
Battery Point, Hobart, 204
Bearsden, Scotland, 125
Beechworth Higher Elementary School, 106
Beechworth, 49 Camp St., 50
Beechworth, Vic., 38–46
Bendigo, Vic., 178
Berwick, Northumberland, 157, 159
Bethnal Green, London, 117
Bicheno, Tas., 195
Branderburgh/Lossiemouth, Scotland, 28, 262
Brickfields, Tas., 203
Broadford, Vic., 104
Bromley House workhouse, 274
- Cahir, Tipperary, 198, 199
Campbell Town, Tas., 222
Cape of Good Hope, 192, 212
Carnwath, Scotland, 263
Castlemaine, Vic., 228
Chatham, England, 218
Chiltern, Vic., 159, 178
Clogheen Workhouse, 188
Clogheen, Ireland, 187
Clopton, Suffolk, 116
Clyde river, Scotland, 125
Collingwood, Vic., 115
Cork, Ireland, 187
Craigton, Dumbartonshire, 263
Cross Keys Inn, Launceston, 225, 226
- Dandenong, Vic., 198
Dun Laoghaire, Ireland, 202
Durham, Tyne & Wear, 115
- Eldorado, Vic., 157, 158, 178
Elgin, Scotland, 28, 262–264
- Fresh Water Point (Legana), Tas., 213
Fryerstown cemetery, 179
Fryerstown, Vic., 178, 215, 227
- Gateshead, Tyne & Wear, 157, 159
- Gentle Road, Vic., 158
Georgetown, Tas., 224
Glasgow, 166 Caledonia Rd, 265
Glasgow, 26 Strathyre St, 130, 264, 265
Glasgow, South Wellington St, 262, 264
Glasgow, the Gorbals, 125, 126
Grangegormon prison, Dublin, 201
Great Southern mine, 166, 180
- Her Majesty's Colonial Hospital, Tas., 203
Hobart Prisoner Barracks, 222
Hobart, Tas., 194, 213, 221
House of Correction, the Cascades, 204
Hunter (JSH and IEH) grave, 142, 143
Hunterston Castle, Scotland, 125, 128
- Jarrow, Tyne & Wear, 159
- Kidderminster, Worcestershire, 216
Kildonan receiving home, Nth Melb, 95
Knackers Knowle, Devon, 171
- Landulph, Cornwall, 170, 171
Launceston, Tas., 195, 204, 213, 214, 222, 225
Launceston, Tasmania, 172
Limehouse, London, 115, 117–119, 208
Limerick, Ireland, 200, 206
Liskeard, Cornwall, 170, 171
- Madeira, Portugal, 192
Melbourne, Vic, 227
Menheniot, Cornwall, 171
Millbank Penitentiary, 210
Milngavie, Scotland, 35, 125, 126, 262–264
Monkwearmouth, Tyne & Wear, 116
Mooroopna hospital, 173
Mount Direction, Tas., 224
Myrree, Vic., 104
- New Kilpatrick, Scotland, 125
Newgate Prison, 208, 209
Newnham, Hertfordshire, 157
- Old Bailey, the, 208, 210
Old Wharf Probation Station, Hobart, 195
- Paisley, Scotland, 263
Pipers Brook, Tas., 195
Plymouth, Devon, 171
Poplar, London, 116, 117
Portadown Urban, County Armagh, 117
Prisoner's Barracks, Hobart, 195

Ratcliff, London, 206
Richmond, Vic., 158
Rosevears, Tas., 213, 222
Rutherglen, Murphy Street, 174
Rutherglen, Vic., 151, 159, 161, 172, 173, 215

Santorini, Greece, 35
Shadwell, London, 208
Shanbally Castle, Clogheen, 188
Sifnos, Greece, 35
South Kensington, Vic., 138, 142
Southwark, London, 116
Spike Island, Cork, 189
Spring Bay, Tas., 214, 224
St Dunstan's church, Stepney, 207
St John CofE church, Launceston, 213
St Joseph's church, Hobart, 195, 204
St Matthias church, Tas., 223
St Pinnock, Cornwall, 170
Stepney, London, 117, 206, 209
Stoke Damerel, Devon, 170, 171
Stotfold, Bedfordshire, 157
Swan Bay, Tas., 225

Swan river, Tas., 224
Tallangatta, Vic, 173
Tamar river, Tas., 213, 222, 224
Tangambalanga, Vic., 157
Tower Hamlets, London, 117, 207
Tristan da Cunha, 192

Vaughan cemetery, 179
Vaughan, Vic., 166, 171, 178

Walworth, London, 115
Wandsworth, London, 117
Waterford prison, Ireland, 188
Waterford, Ireland, 187
Wells, Somerset, 116
White Hills, Tas., 195
Wonthaggi, Vic, 173
Woolwich, London, 209, 212
Worcester County Prison, 218
Worcester, England, 218

Yackandandah, Vic., 105
Yea, Vic., 105

Michele, Jenny and I grew up in great ignorance of our family history. Our mother had been adopted and died of breast cancer before we were old enough to ask her about her birth family. Later, like most young people we weren't really interested in the past and didn't pay much attention when we were shown photos of all those old people in quaint clothes.

When we did start delving into the past we didn't find dukes, bishops, sea captains, generals, lawyers, suffragettes, or scientists. There was no wealth or splendour, no significant influence on the course of history. Our connection to Stephen, the most famous Hawking, is rather distant, as is the link to Captain Jack Hawkins, naval hero and evil slave trader.

Our forebears were ordinary people – groomsmen, domestic servants, farmhands, reluctant soldiers, shipwrights, miners, tanners, teachers, prolific mothers, railwaymen, trouser finishers, coffee shop proprietors, grocers, bicycle repairers and potato salesmen. Some of them suffered terrible poverty, family dispersal, mental illness, and untimely death. Quite a few of their children died in their infancy and, twice, whole families of children were taken from their parents and made wards of the state.

Some of our forebears were criminals and one worked as a prostitute. Four of them were transported to Van Diemens Land, two of them for daring to take measures to avoid starvation. Another played fast and loose with aliases and appears to have been a trigamist. A sibling of one of them was a recidivist guest of Victoria's Pentridge Prison.



Not only did we find photos, gravestones and records of family members but we found actual people — first, a long lost second cousin, Johnnie Hunter, and his many siblings in Scotland. Indirectly through Johnnie, in 2020 we found our mother's birth sister Mary, in Melbourne. Desperate to know our mother and her family, finding Aunt Mary was a delightful miracle. She's a wonderful person, now 96 years old, and she has two daughters of whom we are very fond.

For all their ordinariness and their faults, our forebears' stories are nonetheless interesting and shed light on the social context in which they lived.

If you read this book you will, like us, experience emotional roller coasters – tales of incredible kindness mingled with those of cruelty or sadness; lives of terrible deprivation and poverty contrasting with periods of true happiness.

On the whole it's a wonder we turned out as well as we did.