

The



Compass

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In this issue:

From the Editor's desk.

Page 2.

ANDFHG news and gossip column.

The President's Report.

Page 3.

The 12th AFFHO Congress on genealogy and Heraldry was held in Auckland in New Zealand

A Success Story.

Page 4.

A real life success story, of how two previously unknown English Cousins found their Australian family connection through ANDFHG's website.

Missing People on the 1861 Census.

Page 5.

We discuss the reason why so many records have proven to be so frustrating in our search, especially in regards to the 1861 Census.

Introducing the 1911 UK Census.

Page 8.

A review of the 1911 Census, what is covered and the costs involved. A topical and valuable discussion.

Growing up during the WW2.

Page 9.

What was it like growing up as an Australian boy during the events of World War 2? How did children amuse themselves? This insight into one child's experience may well bring back memories to the reader.

2012 Adelaide Congress.

Page 11.

Introduction to the 2012 Congress, and how can participate as a volunteer towards its success.

Computer Talk.

Page 12.

Ivan Randall explains how using a computer in your family tree research. He offers sound advice on purchasing and using a computer as well as touching on the essential safeguards when using the Internet.

What's New on the Web. Late News.

Page 14.

A regular column introducing new and interesting websites, as well as Research news.

The UK Interest Group.

Page 15.

Barbara Such introduces the new UK Interest Group of ANDFHG and its functions

Cemeteries are not just dead places.

Page 15.

A thought provoking article in which is discussed many of the misconceptions and myths surrounding cemeteries, and why many people hold an antipathy towards them.

Members Contributions.

Page 17.

A Life's Journey, from UK to Australia.

Page 18.

The challenges and successes of an English immigrant, starting life in a new land during the 1960's, a thoughtful tale by member Peter Lunn.

Images appearing in this Issue.

"How not to be remembered." **Page 11.**

"The Old Spot Hotel circa 1910." **Page 19.**

"The Old Police Station Salisbury" **Back Cover.**

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From the Editor's Desk.

This is the inaugural edition of "**The Compass**" quarterly Journal, we hope that you like it, and welcome your comments on its content, presentation or any other matter what-so-ever.

Since the inception of **ANDFHG**, we have been issuing a Newsletter on a monthly basis, over the last few months the content of the Newsletter has been getting more and more involved publishing items of interest relating to family history research.

The idea behind the Newsletter was to keep members informed on the work of the Committee, and to be an educational tool, discussing items that would hopefully assist everyone in their research endeavours. However, a problem arose when it was

found that the Newsletter was becoming too large to publish on a Monthly basis, and if we wished to keep to the original concept of being an informative and educational tool, it would be more advantageous to revamp the Monthly Newsletter to a quarterly one.

Many of the sister Family History organisations throughout Australia and the UK publish on a quarterly basis, and we decided to follow their lead. We will however, be issuing a monthly news sheet to keep all members informed of coming events, such as Guest Speaker's Nights etc, these will be distributed in the same manner as the old monthly Newsletter.

The name of the new publication was chosen by unanimous decision of the Committee, to be "**The Compass**" the reason behind this being, as a compass helps to steer a true course, likewise hopefully the articles and other content will do the same for your research, which is help to keep you on course.

"**The Compass**" will feature regular items such as computer talk by Ivan Randall, as well as other features. From time to time, some items under discussion will prove to be too large for one issue and these discussions will be carried over to the next quarter.

The Editors hope that this publication will be to everyone's liking and we ask everyone to contribute in some small way, with items of interest either from their research or with stories of interest from their experiences, we look forward to receiving them.

On 20th November 2008, **ANDFHG** held a Christmas breakup, with a BBQ and a visit from Father Christmas. This proved to be a very enjoyable afternoon, and from the reports received from the large number of attendees everyone it seems enjoyed the occasion, Children and the young at heart of all ages ranging from 8 to 78 took the advantage of having a photograph taken with Santa Claus and sitting on his knee. We hope that we might be able to persuade him to return next year.

Since the breakup in November, certain committee members have been busily working behind the scenes, to bring to the Group better facilities and resources; these are now available for your enjoyment, a big thank you to Peter Applebee, Ivan Randall, and Margaret Flaiban for their untiring efforts.

In January under the guidance of Barbara Such, the newly formed UK Interest Group had its first meeting, and was well attended; this group is necessary for all those researching their ancestry in the UK. Barbara has written an article in this issue explaining the objectives and the group's function. If your research has, or likely to take you back to English ancestors, please become involved in the group's activities, and learn how to undertake this sometimes complicated research.

Should you wish to contribute an article or respond to any article appearing in "**The Compass**" You can do so by either email or snail mail to our Post Box and addressed to the Editor. Your queries and concerns may be included in the Journal. Please submit a precise, short and to the point query or comment. If asking for assistance in your research **Do Not** send a complete resume of your family history, and please ensure your name and address appears on each piece of paper sent to the Editor. This will ensure that items separated they can be quickly identified.♦



The President's Report.

12th AFFHO Congress held in Auckland New Zealand.

After a 4hr flight from our home here in Adelaide, I arrived at Auckland Airport. Congress Representatives were on hand to meet us and arranged a Shuttle Bus, to the venue, one of New Zealand's Best Private Schools, Kings College. I was checked in, fed and accommodated. I had, due to flight times arrived a day early so I had plenty of time to settle in to the wonderful grounds, which I viewed in depth. Some killed the first day with a Tour of the Auckland Archives, but we South Australians set up our stall to promote the 13th congress in Adelaide in 3 years time. That night, we were whisked to the event opening cocktail party at New Zealand War Memorial Museum. The Maori dancers were wonderfully entertaining, but best part was the interaction and chit-chat between a room full of Genealogy Tragics.

Saturday morning it all started in earnest. Speaker after Speaker, we whiled away the days. There were Americans, English, Canadian, Australian and of course New Zealand Speakers, just to name a few and over 400 delegates. One was a live satellite link up with Elaine Collins from the UK of the Find My Past 1911 Census Project, which is now available online. The highlight was the evening coffee in the common room of the accommodation blocks with the Genealogy Tragics, again. But I was unable to show up every night, due to meetings.

The Banquet on Monday night held at Eden Park, home of the "All-Blacks" New Zealand's International Rugby team, most of us from South Australian managed to land the same table (due to some insider trading) along with those from Western Australia and Cora Num, and the Closing Ceremony on Tuesday afternoon, where the batten was handed over to us from South Australia for 2012 congress. The Promotional presentation did our state proud.

The AFFHO Meeting.

Being my first AFFHO meeting, I was bit intimidated, I must admit. But these people are just like us. The meeting was chaired by President Lesley Berry, with Andrew Peake doing the minutes. Although this was not a full meeting by any stretch of the imagination and the membership were quite casual, it was pleasant to sit through. Lesley Berry is

a very down to earth person, and comments made to me, by other members of the group, reinforced we are on the right path with what we are doing in General. At the end of it all, I left the meeting with a more open picture of what is required of us by the membership present, and that some of us in South Australia had been presented with an unrealistic picture of the standard.

The Guild of One Name Studies Meeting.

It had been planned that Peter Walker, the Current Chairman of the Guild of One-Name Studies would chair the meeting, but due to illness in his family he had to cancel his trip. The meeting was chaired in his absence by David Evans from Australia; he is an Australian area representative. We had presented two visitors from the UK, Sandra Turner of Hampshire and Mary Rix of Suffolk both very active members of the guild. Much of the discussion at the meeting involved their website.

Particularly the Guild Marriage Index, which is a project which Mary is very much involved with which in the long term will enable guild members to target parishes, which have a high proliferation of their surname both from Male, as well as the Female line, as well. Another Project is the Marriage Challenge; this seems to be a very useful tool as well. Members in different locations do surname searches for other members for their surname interest, in other words offering them the Challenge. For example, if we as Appleby researchers know that there is a high proliferation of Appleby's in Stratford-upon-Avon and there is a guild member there, the challenge is offered to him/her.

Another subject covered was DNA, and it use in a One-Name Study. David Evans, the chair of the meeting is in the process of doing a DNA study of his choice of surname including the variants, i.e. AKEHURST, ACKEHURST, ACKHURST, AKHURST, AKURST It appears that through this DNA Study that the Name AKURST that particular family can now be culled from this Study as they appear from early findings to be those of a different family. ♦

ANDFHG President
Australian Representative of Appleby Research Organization

♦ ♦ ♦



"Is it true that Family Historians visit cemeteries, hoping to dig up an ancestor or two?"



A Success Story attributed to ANDFHG website.

I am telling this story here as an inspiration to all members. In June 2007, I received an e-mail from Peter Applebee (President ANDFHG) telling me that a relative had contacted **ANDFHG** and was looking to make a connection with me, attached was the forwarded copy of the email from a person whom I had never heard of before. Apparently, this person, who turned out to be a chap called Mike Cooke, resided in Cheltenham in Gloucestershire in the UK, and claimed to be a relative of mine.

I have been researching my family tree for over 30 years, and have a good memory of people attached to the tree, but the name did not ring any bells at all, however he did mention in his mail, that he was descended from members of my family tree located in Lympstone, Devon. So curiously, I answered his mail, and was pleasantly surprised for it turned out that he was descended from my G-G-grandfather Richard Withall, who had married for the second time when his first wife died in 1830.

According to the family history of Richard, his first marriage produced 3 daughters, but between his remarriage in 1831 and his death in 1851, he had fathered another 3 daughters and one male child, my G-Grandfather. It turned out that Mike Cooke was a descendant of one of the daughters from Richard's first marriage.

Over the period between our first contact, we had traded a whole lot more family history, for it turned out that Mike was a Local Historian, and had written numerous papers on the history of the homes of our mutual descendants in both Lympstone and Exmouth in Devon. Sadly, one of the houses no longer stands having been destroyed by fire back in the 1850's, but all the other homes are still being occupied today.

Along with this information and photographs of the various homes and history of them, I have been able to put layers of flesh upon some of the ancestor's bones. Over the months that followed, we discovered much history of our forefather's activities in the Newfoundland Fishing Industry of the 17th to the 19th Century.

Mike later visited Newfoundland in 2008, where he discovered even more historical facts about our common ancestors'. In May of 2008 he and his

wife Tina, came to Adelaide, and spent some memorable time visiting with me and mine. From the first time we met he broke the ice by saying "we're family; don't stand on any ceremony with us." Both he and Tina are down to earth people, and have proven to be more than a distant cousins but dear friends as well; we still correspond almost on a daily basis.

However, the story does not end there, for in October last year, another person who had also located me through my **ANDFHG** website postings contacted me. This person proved to be a Mrs. Kath Ward who lives in Sheffield in the UK.

Her family interested lay in Plymouth with her Husband's ancestors, and we have now discovered that my 2 times Great Grandfather, Philip, was accidentally shot in the 1790's. After his accidental death, his widow Sarah, remarried to Patrick Shea a widower in 1798 and lived in Plymouth. It was from Patrick Shea's first marriage that Kay's husband descends.

It seems that Sarah bore 3 sons and a daughter from her later marriage to Patrick. In 1830 their daughter Ann, married a man called William Salter, who immigrated to South Australia in 1839, unfortunately Ann died soon after arriving, but William and his sons went on to found Saltram Wines in the Barossa Valley. The Saltram Winery is still in production today.

I am so well pleased that both Mike and Kay located me through my published name interests on the **ANDFHG** web site pages, I previously had no way of knowing about the accidental death of our 2x G-Grandfather ancestor, until contacted by Mike. Nor of his widow's remarriage or the connection to the Saltram Wines, had it not been for Kay Ward. It just proves the value of being a member of **ANDFHG**.

I have attached their e-mails for general information of our readers. We blanked out their email addresses for security reasons only. As you can see from Kay's email a lot of information is included, some of which was completely new to me. ♦

Colin Withall. Editor

From: **ANDFHG**

Date: 6/8/2007 7:09:05 AM

To: lcepick; mcogvdde@hotmail.com

Subject: [Fwd: Trying to contact Colin Withall]

Here you are Colin, a Relative looking for you.

Regards Pete

----- Original Message -----

Subject: Trying to contact Colin Withall

Date: Thu, 07 Jun 2007 13:27:07 +0000

From: Mike Cooke mcogvdde@hotmail.com

To: andfhg@yahoo.com.au

I am descended from the Withalls of Lympstone, Devon, England. I understand that Colin Withall of Adelaide/South Australia is also. I was looking at the Adelaide Northern Districts Family History Group's Website, when I found his listed interests.

Please would you forward this message thank you.

♦ ♦ ♦
Regards, Michael Cooke

Subject: Withalls of Lympstone, Devon, England
To Colin Withall

I was doing a simple search for Withall at the Genes Reunited website and you're your entry Philip, born 1723, Lympstone, and some others.

As I am not a full member of Genes Reunited, I thought I would try and contact you another way, I found reference to you on The Adelaide Northern Districts Family History Group hence this email I am descended from the Withalls of Lympstone, and I have done a lot of research into this family. So, I would be pleased to be in touch with you.

Did your line go out to Australia around 1850????
Another Withall, who married a Crutchett went out at about that time - 1848? Do you know about them? Looking forward to hearing from you.

Regards, Michael Cooke

wardkpg@blueyonder.co.uk

To:

colandus@ozonline.com.au

Subject: Philip Stafford

Withall

Hello Colin.

I have just found some references to you in reports of the Adelaide Northern Districts Family History Group and I see that your ancestors were Withalls and Stafford's from Devon. I am particularly interested in the Withall side as Sarah, widow of Philip Stafford Withall who was shot accidentally, married my Husband's 4 x great-grandfather, a widower named Patrick Shea, at St Andrew's Church, Plymouth, on 10 May 1798. My husband is descended from a daughter of Patrick's first marriage but I am also interested in

following up the Withalls. Do you by any chance know Sarah's maiden name? I have been unable to trace her marriage to Philip although I have the baptisms

of their son Richard and daughter Sally in Dartmouth in 1786 and 1788 respectively, plus the baptism of another daughter, Ann, at Batter Street Presbyterian Church, Plymouth, in 1790. I guess that this Ann must have died as Sarah and Patrick had a daughter, also named Ann (e), who was Baptised at Batter Street Presbyterian in 1809. Incidentally, this second Ann (e) married William Salter in Plymouth in 1830 and emigrated with him to Australia in 1839. Anne Salter died not long after but William and his sons went on to found Saltram Wines in the Barossa Valley.

I have the wills of Patrick Shea (1812) and of Sarah (1831) and I am currently attempting to establish where they were buried. Patrick owned property on Lamhay Hill and was licensee of the Admiral MacBride pub, which still stands next to the Plymouth Barbican.

I hope this is of interest to you.

*Best wishes,
Kath Ward
(Sheffield, UK)*

◆ ◆ ◆

Name and Surname of each Person	Relation to Head of Family	Condition	Age of		Rank, Profession, etc.
			Male	Female	
Elizabeth Miller	Serv	Free	16		Housekeeper
Elizabeth Carter	Serv	Free	57		Cook
James Weaver	Serv	Free	27		Porter &c
Rebecca Chipps	Serv	Free	74		House B.
James Giles	Serv	Free	23		General B.
James C. Smith	Head	Free			Police B.
Frederic B. B.	Wife	Free	28		Wife of James
Harriet B. B.	Serv	Free	6		Young
Harriet B. B.	Serv	Free			
Harriet B. B.	Serv	Free	21		Book
Wm. West	Free	Free	20		Boys B.
William Foster	Free	Free	23		Boys B.
John F. Foster	Free	Free	18		Boys B.

Missing People on the 1861 Census.

Have you ever had problems finding people on the 1861 census? You know what I mean, suddenly

that ancestor and his family disappeared from their usual place of residence, where they were listed on the 1841 or 1851 census and some of the surviving members have been recorded on the 1871 census, but where did they disappear to in 1861?

As we shall see,

Then why can't we find people on some of the 1861 census returns? Well, this may be because some of the pages of the census books, and even some of the full census returns themselves are missing from England's National Archives.

Many, believe or not, have been stolen or lost over time, and in some cases for reasons not known, some enumerator's books were not returned at all, and only the Statistics were submitted, this occurred particularly in the Welsh Counties of Pembrokeshire and Camerthenshire in South West Wales, and Monmouthshire in the South East of Wales.

Missing sections are mainly in the beginning and the end pages of the enumerator's books that have been returned, this may have been because the original books were either stored or handled without care. the

bindings on these enumerator's returns were not too sophisticated, often resulting in pages falling out. They after all were only meant to record the census, and when once finished being statistically recorded, they were then to be stored away.

However, some pages were stolen possibly as souvenirs, this is the case of the census for Buckingham Palace, and most of Belgravia, which is a district of central London in the City of Westminster, and situated to the south-west of Buckingham Palace, stolen before the originals could be microfilmed in the 20th Century. This obviously meant that someone in the past was very interested in the Victorian Royal Family, and their household, possibly for some private historical published work.

There are a number of the original enumerator's books missing, or at least part of the books. In an attempt to help identify which books have been lost or stolen, and assist you in your research, we have listed the following table of the affected areas by county.

The entries marked with **(Ms)** indicated those books known to be missing, and those marked **(In)** are incomplete, that is to say, those books that have been returned, contain missing pages.

Numbers that appear at the end of the Parish name indicates the number of books missing from that area ♦

◆ ◆ ◆

The missing 1861 Census Returns Index.**English Counties:**

Middlesex	Islington	Islington East (2)	Islington	Ms
Middlesex	West London	West London North (1)	St Bartholomew the Less	In
Middlesex	West London	West London South (2)	Barnard's Inn	Ms
Middlesex	London City	London City SW (1)	St Augustine Waiting Street	In
Middlesex	London City	London City NE (5)	St Christopher i.e. Stock	In
Kent	Greenwich	Woolwich Arsenal (6)	Woolwich	Ms
Kent	North Aylesford	Northfleet (1)	Ifield	In
Kent	Mailing	East Peckham (2)	Wateringbury: Lily Hoe	In
Kent	Maidstone	Loose (3)	Barming: West Barming	In
Kent	Eastry	Weingham (2)	Goodnestone	In
Sussex	Battle	Battle (3)	Penhurst	In
Sussex	Brighton	The Palace (3)	Brighton	Mi
Hampshire	Winchester	The Worthys (2)	Lainston	In
Berkshire	Windsor	Egham (1)	Thorpe (Surrey)	In
Hertfordshire	Hemel Hempstead	Kings Langley (1)	Flaunden	In
Buckinghamshire	Wycombe	Princes Risborough (5)	Illmire	In
Oxfordshire	Woodstock	Woodstock (2)	Wootton Stonesfield Coombe Woodstock Blenheim Bladon Hensington Begbroke Shipton on Cherwell Hampton-Gay Hampton-Poyle Kidlington Gosford Thrup Water-Eaton Woolvercot Yamton Cassington Worton	Mi

Northamptonshire	Wellingborough	Higham Ferrers (2)	Irchester Irthlingborough	In
Cambridgeshire	Ely	Ely (3)	Ely Trinity Ely College	Mi
Cambridgeshire	Ely	Ely (3)	Ely St Mary Stuntney Chettisham	Mi
Cambridgeshire	Wisbech	Leverington (1)	Tydd St Giles Leverington ; Parson Drove	In
Norfolk	Yarmouth	Yarmouth Northern (2)	Great Yarmouth: Cobham Island	In
Norfolk	Depwade	Fornsett (4)	Great Moulton Aslacton Fornsett St Peter Fornsett St. Mary Hapton Ashwellthorpe Fundenhall Bunwell Carleton-Rode Tibenham	Mi
Staffordshire	Wolverhampton	Tettenhall (1)	Pattingham: Rudge (Shropshire)	In
Warwickshire	Rugby	Rugby (1)	Newbold-upon-Avon: Little Lawford	In

			Long Lawford Monks Kirby Easenhall	In In In
Leicestershire	Lutterworth	Lutterworth (1)	Claybrooke: Wigston Parva	In
Lincolnshire	Horncastle	Wragby (1)	Hatton Baumber a.k.a. Bamburgh Gautby Waddingworth	In In In In
Cheshire	Great Boughton	Chester Castle (2)	Chester St John the Baptist	In
West Yorkshire	Halifax	Halifax (4)	Halifax	In
West Yorkshire	Leeds	West Leeds (3)	Leeds NW Ward	Mi
North Yorkshire	Guisborough	Marske (2)	Marske: Redcar	In
Durham	Durham	Lanchester (2)	Brancepeth: Hedley Hope	In
Northumberland	Castle Ward	Stamfordham (2)	Newburn: Black Callerton Butterlaw East and West Whorlton Newbiggin East and West Denton Newburn Hall Sugley	In In In In In In In

Welsh Counties:

Cumberland	Carlisle	Wetheral (1)		In
Monmouthshire	Monmouth	Dingestow (2)	Garway (Herefordshire) Skenfreth	In
Monmouthshire	Pontypool	Pontypool (1)	Mamhilad	In
Monmouthshire	Newport	Caerleon (1)	Goldcliff Llangattock Kerneys Inferior Tredunnock Llanhennock Llanmartin Magor: Redwick Witson a.k.a. Whitson Nash Caerleon	In In In In In In In In In Mi
Monmouthshire	Newport	Newport (2)	St Woollos & Newport	Mi
Monmouthshire	Newport	St Woollos (3)	Michaelstonevedw Llanvedw (Glamorganshire) Bettws Malpas Henllis Risca Llanvihangel Llantarnam	In In In In In In
Monmouthshire	Newport	Mynyddslwyn (4)	Machen: Upper and Lower; Rhydgwern (Glamorganshire)	In In
Glamorganshire	Cardiff	St Nicholas (3)	Welsh St Donats	In
Glamorganshire	Bridgend	Bridgend (3)	Ewenny Merthyr Mawr Laleston Tythegston: Lower Tythegston	In In In In
Carmarthenshire	Llandilofawr	Llandilo (4)	Llandilofawr: Llandilo Town	Mi
Carmarthenshire	Llandilofawr	Llandeibie (5)	Llandeibie	In
Carmarthenshire	Carmarthen	St Clear's (2)	Laugharne Llansadurnen Llandawke St Clear's	Mi M Mi Mi
Carmarthenshire	Carmarthen	St Clear's (2)	Llandunnock	In
Carmarthenshire	Carmarthen	Conwil (4)	Llanllawddog Merthyr Abernant	In In In
Pembrokeshire	Narberth	Llanboidy (1)	Llanfallteg	In
Pembrokeshire	Narberth	Narberth (4)	Crinow Cilymaenllwyd; Castle-Dyrran (Carmarthenshire)	In In
Pembrokeshire	Pembroke	Tenby (1)	Caldy & St Margaret's Islands	In
Pembrokeshire	Haverfordwest	Milford (1)	St Bride's Hasgurd	In In

Introducing the 1911 Census:

The 1911 Census is now available on the internet at <http://www.1911census.co.uk>. This is a pay to view site, and partnered with FindMyPast and the UK National Archives. Whilst partnered with FindMyPast, it is not available for viewing from them, although they do have a link to the census. However, it will be available from FindMyPast later this year.

What cost is involved?

1911census.co.uk as we have explained is a pay to view site, and to view the result of a search of one single household, one must first register with 1911Census first before being able to purchase credits. These range in cost from 8-12p each, £1.20 GBP or (at the time of writing this review) \$2.67 AUD which will buy 12 credits.

To sight a transcript of the Census costs 10 credits, and if one wishes to sight the original page 30 credits or approximately £3.60 (calculated at 12p per credit) or \$8.00 AUD. This can become quite expensive to undertake a whole lot of searching to find the correct household, or to trace down several families.

If however, if you are registered with FindMyPast, you can use your sign-in details at 1911census, along with any findmypast.com credits that you may have.

The good news is that the UK National Archives have only granted exclusive licence to 1911census for 6 months from the final content launch, after that time other genealogy websites will be able to provide online access to the Census at more affordable rates.

How much does it cost to view an image?

Viewing the images of the household pages uses 30 credits, which costs from £2.50 to £3.48, depending on the package of credits that you buy. The images have all been scanned in very high quality colour – all previous censuses have only been available in black and white – giving much clearer images and greater legibility than previous censuses.

For this price you will also be able to view all the associated images for the family: this includes both sides of the household form; the page from the enumerator's book, which lists the head of household for all the neighbouring buildings; summary statistical pages for the registration district and details of the enumerator's walk. For most searches this means that you will get at between two and seven images for your 30 credits.

How does it differ from other Census?

The 1911 Census differs from all previous censuses in that, it is the original householder's schedules, that have survived, and not the Enumerators' books we are familiar with, so researchers are actually able to

view their ancestors' actual handwriting when looking at the 1911 census entries. The Census holds more information than the 1901 census, or any other Census before it.

Some of the Census returns contain such things as doodles, comments like *"None of your Bloody Business"* *"Why ask about dead children from 50 years ago"* *"My age is my business not yours"* and answers to the question aimed at women asking *"How many children have they had"* brings forth many a comment. The Census by asking this sort of question and others relating to women's child bearing, has resulted in this Census being dubbed *"The Fertility Census"*

Some Counties are not available:

There is a listing of all the counties presently available albeit it is limited at present, but other counties will be included as soon as possible. Nottingham and West Riding of Yorkshire, according to information received will be available very soon.

From 3 January 2012, the public will have full access to the entire 1911 census, including the information not accessible in 2009. Researchers anywhere in the world will be able to search across the fields of the census by name, address, or The National Archives catalogue reference, and download high-resolution digital images.

Some search Problems:

Having conducted a tentative search, we found the website is very user friendly, easy to negotiate and the results are displayed promptly. A search can be made either by name or address (if that be known) using the site's search engine.

The problem being as we said previously, the expense of viewing a household to ensure that you have the right person can become exorbitant. For example, I searched for William Williams of Surrey, by way of an example to quantify the search capability.

The results were displayed on five pages, on count there were 46 William Williams residing in Surrey during the Census period, plus numerous persons having William as part of the full Christian name.

The only way to ascertain for definite the correct person, was to know exactly where they resided, or their age at the time of the Census. However, in the case of William Williams, nine of the resulting number lived in Guildford in Surrey.

If this were a legitimate search in an attempt to find the right person, and wishing to view the original page of each household, to ascertain that, then these nine results would cost \$63 AUD. ♦



Growing up during WW 2 ...An Australian schoolboy's story. By Colin Withall.

It was 1939, and my family was working on a dairy farm at Narrung in South Australia. My father had been a share farmer at Darke's Peak on the Eyre Peninsula, and when the owner died, and the farm fell into receivership, he moved his family to Narrung. It was a great life on the dairy farm especially for an adventurous young boy, Lake Alexandrina was adjoining the property, and there were excursions down along the lake side, mushrooming and during the duck season, the Dairy Farmer, and my father would take all the children down to the lake for a picnic while they were off duck shooting.

Suddenly one day the wireless (that is what radio was called back then) crackled, as it always did in those days, being a dry cell battery powered affair.

Nevertheless, this time there was something different about the news broadcast from the ABC (5CL in those days), the voice faded in and out with an echoing sound, it was the Prime Minister talking. I recall my mother calling out to my father, "*we're at war, it has finally happened.*" Dad came running up from the dairy and we all gathered around the radio.

Things seemed to be different after that day, and when several months later, Dad got a letter from the Government, telling him that we had to move from the dairy, and be prepared to move to Whyalla, under something called Man Power.

Man Power was a Government instituted program, requiring people whose livelihood was deemed not to be essential to the war effort, to move off the land and other jobs, and move to Adelaide and Whyalla, where they were conscripted into jobs contributing to the war effort. Our home Town was Kadina on Yorke Peninsula that being where we all originated from, and it seems that we fell under the requirements to be relocated to Whyalla, rather than Adelaide. My father was seconded to work in the Whyalla shipyards building ships of war, and my mother worked in a factory making shells for the war in what was called the "Shell Annex" in the shipyard area. The reason why women were compelled to work was that there was large deficit of male workers because of the compulsory enlistment of fighting fit men.

At the time my father had three children, so he was exempt from war service, I of course was the eldest and had just started school before we moved to Whyalla. There were no housing at all there, and people lived in shacks located right on the beachfront and were made up of corrugated iron with white washed hessian interiors, quite roomy and warm, especially with a wood burning stove in the kitchen. The shack faced north, and the seaside was behind our house, which was only about 40 meters from the water line, Mum was always sweeping sand out of the kitchen area.

Nearby lived my cousins, whose father had been working in Wallaroo in the wheat sheds, together we had a marvelous time, young boys with their dogs, running wild barefoot along the sand, crabbing, and always in the water or exploring the local refuse dump for treasure, or chasing rabbits and kangaroos in the scrub down the ways.

When I started into school at Whyalla the teacher was a middle-aged woman with silver hair (all the younger teachers had been called up for service in one of the forces) and to me she seemed old, but probably only 50 or so. I was a compulsive talker, and constantly in trouble for talking in class the topic was always the war, in those days School teachers

had the power to impart corporal punishment; and she usually eagerly administered this with a heavy blow or two from her heavy ruler to the backs of the hands. This was more effective on cold mornings because it stung more.

Everyone wanted to kill Hitler and that included all us kids of 7 to 12 years old, in the playground, we took on some element of rivalry in thinking up ways to do just that. War games were big things at lunchtime, playing at dogfights with makes believe spitfires. Schoolboys would pull the back of their jumpers up over their heads, so they looked like pilots, and with arms extended sideways for wings, would run around with their thumbs pointing forward making like guns, roaring with engine sounds, and the rat-a-tat-tat of firing, shooting down the enemy fighters or bombers. Often this would end up in a real rough and tumble mainly because someone claimed that he had shot down one of the enemy planes, and the other denied this, saying that his opponent had missed, because at the last moment he did a barrel roll, or something. However, the schoolyard English fighter pilots always won the battle.

Every morning before class all the kids (I use that term because that's what we called ourselves back then) would line up for assembly and saluted the flag and give the National Salute as it was raised. At that time the flag was the Union Jack, and in those days we were all called British. Everyone faced the flag, as it was raised on the staff, the boys gave a salute but the girls bowed, and then everyone standing at attention, all the assembly including Teachers and children with hand on heart recited the oath

"I am an Australian, I love my country the British Empire, I honour our King, King George the 6th, I salute our flag the Union Jack, and I promise to obey her laws."

Afterwards we all marched to the beat of a bass drum, thumped by some boy in grade 7, into our respective wooden buildings ready for the day's lesson. Before the lessons got under way, the Teacher would call for donations for the Soldiers, and every one would walk forward and place a penny piece on her desk (never ever did find out how my penny got to the soldiers or what they did with it)

I said before that I was a talker in school, and when after assembly we entered the classroom, I was always in trouble from the teacher for talking in line. She would tell me to go outside and stand in the adjoining cloak room and wait, this always meant that I was for it, a cut (as we called them) or two across the back of the hand with that darn ruler of hers. After a couple of times of this treatment, I soon discovered that the teacher's mind could be played with, so after being sent out to await the inevitable, as soon as I heard her say "*Pennies for the Soldiers*" I would walk in, give my penny and then go and sit down, thereby escaping the ruler. This worked 4 or 5 times until one day she woke up to the ruse, I received the ruler bit, but after that she never ever applied it again, I guess she just gave up in the end.

Patriotism was a huge thing to everyone, we were all in the War regardless of age, and helping to win was the main objective of everyone. There was a scheme called the "School Patriotic Fund" or SPF, every child attending school, had an oval badge edged in Gold, the background was Royal Blue, with the letters "SPF" embossed Gold. We wore the badge pinned to our shirt or jumper with pride,

because we all were doing something to win the war.

A schoolchild could progress along the award system by contributing towards the Patriotic Fund. This entailed such things as saving silver paper, which often was managed by collecting discarded cigarette packets or anything else that contained silver paper wrappings. Adding it to an ever-growing ball of the stuff, some kids had balls of silver paper as big as a grape fruit before turning them in at school.

Another way to earn more points was to collect or I should say donate aluminum, and many a pot, pan, or kettle suddenly disappeared from the home, only to end up on the school scrap heap. Toothpaste and shaving cream tubes were made of zinc and very collectable, Newspapers, rags, old bones, and scrap metal such as empty jam tins, condensed milk cans, rubber and even glass, and of course, there was the inevitable donation of a penny.

If you were an extremely good collector, on reaching a specific target, you were awarded a special Service SPF Medal. This Round Silver Medal bore the state emblem of South Australia, and the letters SPF and underneath the word "Service." The more a child contributed with money or scrap, they were awarded points, the more points gathered entitled the wearer to be rewarded with bars, inscribed with the word "Service." These bars were then worn attached to the Medal, some children had as many as 12 bars and a couple of aeroplanes (a higher award) on their medal, and I personally only had 6 bars.

Money was tight in those days, but every morning my mother would give me 2 pence to go to school, one penny being for bus fare to school and again home. However we only lived a couple of miles out of the main city of Whyalla, so if you gave your penny to the Soldiers, then one had to walk home, there again if you spent it and bought a big bag of gob stoppers, the walk home didn't seem to take that long anyway. One day walking home from school, and across the oval near the where we lived, and clutching the treasured bag of boiled lollies, bought with my bus fare penny, I encountered my first brush with electricity.

Living in shacks on the beach near us, was a family of half-caste aborigines, the boys all hung around with our group, and were friendly enough. However, on this occasion, I encountered one of the older boys, and he spying that I had a bag of lollies, offered to show me something extra special on the oval if I gave him a lolly, so innocently I agreed.

Now on the oval there was a wooden electric light pole, and half way up was a wooden platform, on that platform was a fuse box...without a door... we climbed up onto the platform, and he, pointing to the fuse box, told me that if I "*wet your finger and touch that there, you'll get a huge surprise.*" After some refusals on my part, and after much encouragement on his, I eventually agreed and sticking the right index finger in my mouth, I wet the tip, and touched the thing he indicated (an exposed broken fuse but I didn't know that what it was then, besides electricity was virtually unknown, we all had kerosene lamps and candles). Next moment, **blam!** It was as if someone had dropped a huge boulder on my toes, I was thrown backwards and nearly off the platform, and I had a terrible dry taste in my mouth. By the time I had recovered my senses, he was gone and so were my bag of boiled lollies. It was then, that I learned never again to trust anyone, who offered to show me something special.

Every School, City, Town throughout Australia was

dotted with Air Raid shelters; the schools had slit trenches dug in strategic places throughout the School grounds. Every child was issued with a khaki cloth satchel bag, containing a piece of red rubber tubing about 3 inches long, an identity tag, in case you were blown up identification could be made, and some cotton wool and bandages.

Wherever anyone were, when the Air Raid Sirens wailed everyone ran to the air raid shelter. This proved to be a great treat for us school kids, because it interrupted the school lesson, and gave us a chance to get outside for 30 minutes or so, this could happen a couple of times a day and was the highlight of the school day.

The children and teachers would run out of the classrooms, sit in one of the slit trenches, place the rubber tube between the teeth, and ram cotton wool into our ears. The idea of the rubber tubing was to prevent our eardrums from bursting from the concussion from the blast of any bombs dropped, and the cotton wool was to soften the sound of the blast.

No one was allowed to leave the shelters under any circumstance, everyone stayed in the shelters until the all clear siren was sounded.

On the Hill, overlooking Whyalla there was a gun emplacement, and every night the searchlights would scan the sky for invading Germans, and later, after Darwin had been bombed, Japanese planes. From time to time, the guns would fire their salvos, and the windows shook in the shacks, dogs howled, but we boys thought it was great fun, and would sit for hours watching the searchlights play across the sky, and from time to time, the boom of those heavy guns would echo across the bay. Of course, they were probably only blanks they were firing, but to us it was not a drill, so real, and extremely exciting.

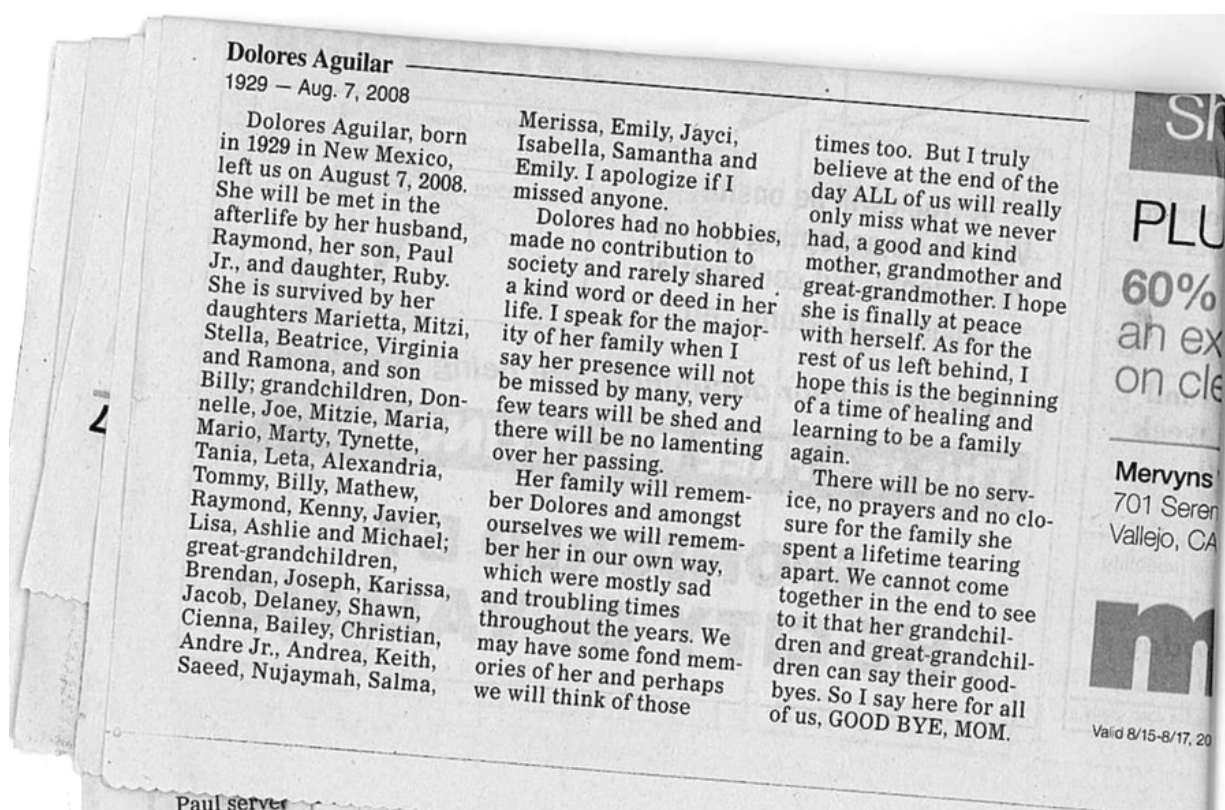
Cars never ran on petrol, that was rationed, they were equipped with huge inflated bags of gas on their roofs, and gas producers at the back, and you could smell them before seeing them. Their headlights were blacked out except for a small slit of clear glass across the centre of the lamp. House windows were taped up, and had blackout blinds, black heavy thick things; shop windows had blackout paint on them.

Lights were not allowed to be visible from the streets, because that would give the enemy a target bearing, and the town was a strategic target because of the shipyards, and the armament factories. Air raid wardens patrolled the streets looking for any lights emitting from buildings homes, knocking on doors, and yelling "*Put that light out.*"

Ration Books were issued to everyone; often ration coupons were traded like money. No one could buy anything without supplying the necessary ration ticket, these were coloured for different commodities, Black for tea, Green for sugar, yellow for butter, red for meat, and others for clothing etc, so if someone did a job for someone else, they were paid in ration tickets. Eventually in 1943, we moved off the beach to a place near where Lacey Street Whyalla is today, there were three large water tanks on the hill then, and the area known as "*Siberia.*" My Aunt moved into the same road (loosely named actually a dirt track then) at that time she was the last house on the road, beyond that was just thick scrub. She stayed there until her death in 1963, by that time the street was a major road, and the brick house she eventually built on that spot, was only about quarter of the way along the road.

We later moved to Adelaide just before the end of the war, and although childhood was still a big adventure, things never seemed as free, or gave as much fun as they did back during the war years. ♦

How not to be remembered.



From an actual U.S Newspaper Obituary Notice.



The 2012 Adelaide Congress.

The Official Logo



We trust that you have read the preceding Presidents report, on the New Zealand 12th Congress of the Australian Federation of Family History Organisations (AFFHO), and by now gathered that Adelaide South Australia will be hosting the 13th Congress in March 2012. A number of pre Congress tours are planned including a visit to an Archive and a Cemetery tour, as well as organised tours of the partners of attendees and who are not interested in the family history.

The Organising Committee, which includes among others our own representatives from **ANDFHG**, Peter Applebee, and Ivan Randall, are working on the program ensuring that the right mix of speakers and topics, and above all ensuring that the speakers have the skills and the right mix of topics and subjects. So far and according to all reports back from New Zealand's Congress, all speakers proved to be knowledgeable and presented their subject matter in

extremely interesting manners.

A large number of attendee's of the New Zealand Congress vowed and declared that they will be attending Adelaide in 2012

Whilst Family History is considered a hobby, speakers need to be remunerated for their time, many travelling from the US, the UK, and interstate. Consequently, subject material will be available for sale such as CD's and books at the venue

As time draws closer, the Organising Committee will be seeking volunteer supporters to make the Adelaide Congress as successful as that in Auckland, particularly as meet and greet representatives at Adelaide Airport, and elsewhere remember, "Many hands make light work." For more information, go to the Congress 2012 website at www.congress2012.org.au, which includes a link enabling you to register your interest.





Computer Talk... by Ivan Randall.

Quote *"A computer lets you make more mistakes faster than any invention in human history --with the possible exceptions of handguns and tequila or vodka."* Anonymous

Using Your Computer for Family History.

Many people are unsure how they can use a computer to help them with their family history.

There are varieties of ways in which they can be used to help in this popular pastime. The most common, but by no means limited ways are:-

- Accessing the Internet to make use of online resources, such as interesting genealogical websites.
- E-mailing relatives and other people that you have found in your research.
- Using Family History Programs to store and organise your efforts.
- Using scanners and digital cameras to convert photos and documents to digital storage.
- Using printers to produce hard copy of your labours.

These are but a few of the ways that you can use a computer to help with your Family Tree.

However, what if you do not have a computer and want to get one, what do you need? This can be answered simply by purchasing what you can afford. If you are unsure what features you should be looking for, then here are a few suggestions based on my own experience.

One source worth considering (and the most economical way) is the hand me downs or cast offs from you children or grand children or second hand. If you are only going to use it for Family History, it does not need to be too fancy. Here are some of the things that I would look for:-

- The operating system is at least Windows XP make sure that it comes with the original Windows install disk.
- Has at least 512 Megabytes (Mb) of random access memory (RAM).
- A hard disk of at least 20 Gigabytes (GB).
- At least two Universal Serial Buss (USB) ports.
- A DVD/CD burner. (for external storage and backup)
- A screen of 17" (Easier to read text on the screen)
- A telephone modem (for Dial-up Internet) or Ethernet port (for ADSL modem – some modems can use a USB port)

It is important to remember that:-

- Anything that attaches to the computer such as the Monitor (viewable screen) DVD/CD player/burners, printer/fax, mouse, modems, speakers, keyboards etc are known as **"Hardware."**
- Everything that the computer uses to operate such as the Popular Windows Program, Adobe Photoshop, Microsoft Office and Internet Explorer or any other program that comes to you on a DVD or a CD or downloadable from Microsoft or elsewhere, is called **"Software."**

Equipment like mouse and keyboard are easily replaced cheaply if necessary. However, there are some things to be aware of and look out for before taking possession of a used computer:-

- A Noisy fan may indicate that the power supply is likely to fail or that the Central Processing Unit (CPU) may overheat and fail in the near future.
- If the screen is out of focus and the colours are not correct the monitor is probably near the end of its useful life, and be no end to headaches.

However, bear in mind that all of the above points should be well covered by the purchase of a new computer, where the only decision to make is whether to buy a desktop, or laptop. This decision is one that only you can make based on usage and space constraints. Laptops are certainly small and lighter and of course easily portable whereas a desktop is going to take up space somewhere permanently. Whatever your decision, I suggest that something in the mid price range of approximately \$800 - \$1000 for a desktop and \$1000 - \$1300 for a laptop will be more than adequate for Family History purposes.

I should point out here, that by purchasing a new computer although it may at first appear to be expensive, and in the very long run, it can prove to be the cheapest alternative. With a new computer (always purchased from a reputable computer dealer), you have a warranty period of 12 months or more depending upon the computer company, although there are some distributors who do offer an extended warranty of several years. On the other hand, whilst a second hand computer may be cheap to start with, it can fail in a short time. Some computer dealer's offer for sale reconditioned computers, this is also a cheap way of purchasing, but then the warranty given may only last for 3 months in some cases, after which time you are without any recompense for any failure on the computer's hardware.

Now let us examine how you might use a computer for Family History:-

When exploring or downloading anything from the internet be it e-mails, or research information sent from other people or a website, it is essential that you have an anti-virus/anti-spyware program installed and kept up to date. This is because some malicious people out there in the wide world of the internet, take pleasure in writing and passing on what is known as viruses, which is a program that can invade your computer and cause it to crash, or completely take over your computer to access your personal data such as bank account information or passwords. Some innocent person may send you an email not knowing that they are passing a virus onto your computer. The byword here is always keeping your virus protection updates current.

Never open emails unless you know and trust the sender, especially if it has an attachment. Avoid getting

into chain mails; whilst these can be fun, many are virus containers.

Your most likely use will be to explore the internet and e-mail systems in pursuit of relevant information. You may also wish to purchase things over the internet such as BDM certificates and programs.

If you do this, only use reliable and well-known sites and if in doubt ask someone that has used such facilities for advice. Most banks can issue a low limit credit card for such use and you can set up special accounts to use (PayPal is one). Be aware that not everything that you may want to find is accessible from the internet etc. still has their place in the scheme of things.

The internet can be accessed in different ways:-

- Dial-up access where you have to use your phone line to connect to your Internet Service Provider (ISP) and your phone is not usable while you are connected. Suffers from slow download speeds.
- Asymmetrical Digital Subscriber Line (ADSL) where your modem is connected via your phone line at all times but your phone is still usable. Download speeds are high and can be very high depending on which style of connection that you are able to afford. This is known as broadband.
- Wireless Broadband. This style uses the mobile phone network to provide the service, so make sure that you have good coverage from your chosen ISP.

All of the above methods work well and your choice will depend on your own needs and usage, but you need to keep a watch on the amount of data you download as there are so many different plans available it is difficult to give advice and the situation changes almost daily. With broadband, make sure that you are aware of any excess data charges, or if your ISP (Internet Service Provider) merely slows you to dial-up speed if you exceed your monthly limit.

The next thing that people want to do is construct their family tree. I have seen many methods used but I recommend using one of the many specialist Family Tree Programs that are available. You will buy many an argument as to which is best and of course, there is no real answer to that question. You should try as many as you can access and use the one that you like best or comes at the right price. I will list the most popular ones in random order to give an idea of what is available:-

1. Most Popular.

- Family Tree Maker 2009
- Legacy Family Tree 7.0
- Personal Ancestral File (PAF) 5.2.18.0
- Roots Magic 3
- Reunion for Mac 9

-
- The Master Genealogist 7.03
- Ancestral Quest 12
- EZITREE Plus
- Genbox Family History 3.7.1
- Family Historian 3.1
- Relatively Yours 3

2. Older Programs

- Reunion for Windows
- Generations

All of these programs have similar features and you will have to decide what suits you. Ask other people what they use and see what features they like and are they the ones that you want?

How we get information into the computer.

The most used way is to input data via the keyboard, but documents and photos can be input via a scanner. Any scanner will do the job as long as it has an optical resolution of at least 300 dots per inch (dpi). It would be a very old scanner if it did not meet this requirement.

Another way is to photograph them with a digital camera. Any camera with a resolution of greater than 3 megapixels with a close up setting will do a reasonable job. Any recent camera will exceed these criteria but your old one should do the job, so no need to buy a new one.

Of course, now that we have our information in the computer, we will want to get it out again. If we want paper copies, then we need a printer and any of the cheap printers on the market are adequate. You will have to decide whether to go for an inkjet or laser, based on your likely usage, as inkjet cartridges are quite expensive, but laser printers are more expensive to buy particularly if you want colour. A good compromise these days is to purchase one of the all-in-one printers which both scanner and printer in the one device. These are quite cheap and have the advantage of being able to use them as a photocopier.

It is generally cheaper to get your photos printed at one of the commercial outlets than to do it yourself. To do this you need some way of transporting your photos to the store. Some do have an internet service, but these are generally more expensive and slower than going to the shop. The most common ways to take them to the shop is on a CD or USB storage device.

All of the above is based on my own experience using and repairing computers, and is meant as a guide only. There are many ways to do things and if you have a better or different method of doing things, I would be pleased to hear about it. On the other hand should you need any assistance or advice concerning computers, write to me at the **ANDFHG** address. ♦

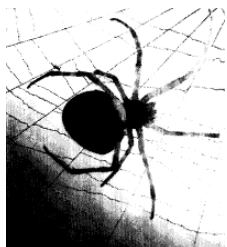
Ivan Randall,
ANDFHG

WIFE vs. HUSBAND

A couple drove down a country road for several miles, not saying a word.

An earlier discussion had led to an argument and neither of them wanted to concede their position.

As they passed a barnyard of mules, goats, and pigs, the husband asked sarcastically, "Relatives of yours?" "Yep," the wife replied, "in-laws."



What's New on the Web....

We received the following e-mail (*duly edited*) from Elspeth Grant, and we include it here for the information of everyone who may be researching his or her English/Australian Family connections, especially those ancestors who were part of the Farm Apprentices scheme 1913-14. This scheme was an incentive of the Sth. Australian Government of the day, and the precursor of the later "Barwell Boys" scheme of 1922.

From: Elspeth Grant
To: elspeth_g@hotmail.com
Sent: Thursday, January 08, 2009 8:29 PM
Subject: New website

Dear all

I am pleased to advise that I have launched a website about South Australia's British Farm Apprentices of 1913-14, as a successor to my blog:

<http://www.safarmapprentices.net>

It is a work in progress, so your feedback is very welcome (by email or on the message board).

I would greatly appreciate if you could forward this email to anyone else who might be interested or publicise the site through your own websites, newsletters, message boards, networks, etc.

Let's hope the website helps us to expand our knowledge of these youth migrants and share their fascinating stories with a new audience.

Thank you for your ongoing support.

Kind regards

Elspeth



For anyone who is researching their ancestors in the UK, or wants to learn more about Family History research, or other historical facts, then this site is necessary. An initiative of the National Archives of England. This Website features "Podcasts," that is online voice broadcasts of lectures on a variety of subjects. Our comment, "**highly recommended**" <http://feeds.feedburner.com/TheNationalArchivesPodcastSeries>

Have you ever spent time searching the Internet, looking for family history information but still not being able to locate that vital link to help in your research? Well a visit to one site may possibly provide the answers.

http://pricegen.com/english_genealogy.html features hundreds of links to such informative WebPages as Genuki, Burial Indexes, Probate records, Occupations, Railway employee index,

Naval, Teachers, Merchants from Southern Netherlands listings, One name studies, Worldwide Surname distribution maps, Old handwriting, Latin in Genealogy, IGI Batch Numbers, and much more. "**This site is well worth a visit**"

The website of "**Old Mersey Times**" Liverpool and Merseyside, information being transcribed from old newspapers, and features among many other things Births from 1849 to 1913, Marriages 1849-1941, and Deaths 1849-1941. Many other subjects such as Murders, Divorces and Merseyside graveyards and Memorial Index are also covered. The site is "**well worth a visit**" from anyone with Liverpool connections. Located at

<http://www.old-merseytimes.co.uk/index.html>



Late Breaking News

Access to Archives

The link www.a2a.org.uk is being superseded by a new service, which resides on The National Archives website at <http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/a2a> you should be redirected there automatically in 30 seconds unless you choose to go elsewhere. The functionality of this new service has recently been

Improved following user feedback; please start using it and update your bookmarks and links as soon as possible. The **original A2A website** is due to be withdrawn by the end of March 2009, as the software for this website can no longer be supported.





The UK Interest Group...by Barb Such.

We had our first UK Interest Group meeting on Saturday the 24th January 2009. Ten members came along to join us as well as a number of committee members. The venue was very pleasant and sociable, with that casual informal atmosphere that one associates with friends meeting for a chat over a cup of tea and discussing many common subjects.

Some brought along with them some of their personal resources, such as one I provided of the 1828 original edition of the UK Directory covering Southern and South Western England. Several of the members there at the time, spent pleasant periods pouring over the book, and the sound of enthusiastic comments echoed around the room, as one after another found a reference to their long departed ancestor.

I have heard the comments that the UK Interest Group is only for the recent English Immigrants. This cannot be further from the truth.

Our whole concept is having regular monthly get togethers, or meetings, of a group of people who were interested in tracing their roots back in the United Kingdom. The basis of the group is to be informal, where discussions can take place on any problem anyone may have concerning their research in the

United Kingdom, and where we can each assist one another in our individual research.

It should be emphasised that we are solely a self-help group, rather than a research group where someone takes over and undertakes the research for another. Rather we will offer assistance by helping to steer you on a course, whereby you may locate documentation's such as Census returns, Wills, BDM's and Parish Registers, particularly in records dating before civil registration became compulsory in 1837.

As time goes by, Australian citizens who are interested in Family History, regardless of their ethnic origins, will eventually have to turn their research to such places as the United Kingdom. Our group is dedicated solely to the United Kingdom family research and should that be where your research has taken you, having exhausted your Australian links, or have an interest or topic relating to the UK, and would like to research then please come along and join us, you will be very welcomed.

Notification of our monthly meetings appear in our monthly news sheet, or I may be contacted via email at andfhg@yahoo.com.au Please enter "UK Interest Group" in the subject line ♦



Cemeteries are not just dead places...By Helen Stein

It is Midnight, and dark clouds drift across a full moon, making the night suddenly seems darker; a creaking sign overhead raises the hairs on the back of the neck, moving on along the gravel path the crunch underfoot seems louder than it did during the day. The sound of clinking chains comes to the ears, wanting to run, the hands are clammy and wet with perspiration, there is a tingling sensation down the spine and the heart is pounding in the chest, a sudden breeze rustles the leaves of the trees along the perimeter.

There, in the dark something moved, suddenly nearby an ear piercing scream comes from just off to the left. The heart is thumping like a drum, and fear given rise to a sudden burst of energy, with eyes wide open and running forward towards the lights in the distance, now sure that someone or something is following close behind.

Suddenly reaching the gate, pushing against it to open, why won't it open? Then realising that the gate opens inwards, and a sense of relief now flows through the body as the gate opens and you enter the roadway outside of the dark cemetery grounds, at last feeling safe.

Once calmed down you hear the wailing and growling of cats coming from inside the grounds, and the clinking of chains? Caused by the rattling a nearby gate by the wind.

This is a typical reaction from anyone, who dares to walk alone through the darkened cemetery at night.

But the fear is caused by what? Not the dead, they cannot harm you. So what is this phobia most

humans have about cemeteries? Really, what is there to be afraid of?

The fear of cemeteries particularly at night is something that may be inherent in the subconscious, the fear of the unknown, or the fear of the dark and things that go bump in the night may be just the cause of this human phenomenon.

Vampires, zombies, and ghosts, all are capable of being instilled in the subconscious, by stories from childhood, people may not realise of what they are afraid of, just that they are very uneasy at the thought of entering a cemetery at night.

However the situation is quite different in the daylight, one can see what is around them, just blocks of stone standing erect side by side, but at night, they become something else, doorways to the underworld, ready to open and draw one into the darkness of death.

In their youth, many people welcomed a dalliance with a loved one in the local cemetery at night, the one place where one was sure to get privacy, and there was no fear of the unknown then. Were we braver then? Or was it that we were accompanied by another person, someone before whom we certainly did not want to show fear, to the contrary possibly a whole lot of bravado, even when silently praying for the will to stay calm.



There have been many types of people that have never feared cemeteries at night over the centuries, resurrectionists or grave robbers, who stole into the cemeteries at night to dig

up and carry off the freshly buried corpse, to provide medical knowledge to the student doctor or surgeon. Another with no fear are the vandals that visit at night and damage headstones, bringing with them havoc and heartbreak to families of the loved ones interred.

Then there is another class altogether and that is the thief, who goes at night to steal valuable objects like copper vases, or fresh flowers off graves to be sold to mourners next day.

These people all need the cloak of darkness to carry out their foul and despicable deeds. They may be the exception among us, but greed or destruction does not travel with fear for them. They are bringers of fear, to the loved ones of the deceased, the cemetery authorities whose duties it is to protect and supervise the cemetery grounds, and to the public at large, because normal people cannot believe that another human being can be so callous to desecrate a cemetery, a place to which we will all be residents someday.

Cemeteries can be a wonderful place to visit, consider the history recorded therein, they are the libraries of the dead, readily giving reference to those who went before, the epitaphs read like books, setting out the history of the person in such short lines. In more enlightened times of our grandfathers, tombstones recorded a lot more about the person, little ditties or short stories of their life abound. No there is nothing to fear about a cemetery, that is nothing but fear itself.

Phobias and Cemeteries.

There are many phobias associated with cemeteries, all well documented.

- *Colimetophobia* is an intense, irrational fear of cemeteries, which may cause persons suffering from this phobia to avoid going to the funerals of their loved ones, or visiting their graves.
- *Placophobia* is a fear of cemetery headstones.
- *Taphephobia* is the more common fear of being buried alive.

Very few people fit into these extreme categories, mostly people just feel uneasy about visiting Cemeteries. Possibly, it is facing up to their own mortality, or in some cases, fear of the spirits or 'ghosts' of the persons buried there. The impact of horror movies depicting ghosts and zombies all add to this uncertainty and fear.

Over time there have been many myths surrounding misfortunes that may befall any person that inadvertently does the '*wrong thing*' within a cemetery, adding to people's discomfort:

Some Myths

It is very dangerous to disturb a grave, and still more to rob it. The dead man, roused prematurely from his rest, may haunt the neighbourhood, or take direct revenge upon the offender. This includes prehistoric burial sites.

Even in Egyptology, the '*curses*' that were suspected to have been placed upon the persons discovering the tombs of ancient Kings were well documented in the press at the time, and widely believed. No better example than that of

Tutankhamun – any death, that occurred amongst

the archaeology team following the discovery of the tomb, no matter how natural, was automatically attributed to the '*Mummy's Curse*'.

It is unlucky to walk or tread upon a grave. To do so is disrespectful not only to whoever lies below, but also to all the dead buried nearby.

If the grave trodden on happens to be that of a stillborn or unbaptised child, the offender runs the risk of contracting the fatal disease known as Gravemereles.

Once you have left a cemetery, if you remember something you have left behind (a scissors for cutting flowers, a trowel for planting blooms) you cannot go back for it and must leave it there because you risk bringing death away with you if you do.

Sometimes the dead return asking you to do work they left unfinished, or to undertake other tasks. You can oblige them and then you have the grateful dead on your side. Annoy them by refusing to carry out their wishes and they may seek revenge on you.

Some epitaphs can be quite haunting, adding to a person's fear of death, such as this particular verse:

All you that now my grave pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, so you will be,
Therefore, prepare to follow me.

In reality, cemeteries are fascinating and very interesting places. Cemeteries are not just for the dead, but very much for the living also. Not only is there a wealth of information to be gleaned from headstones for the Genealogist, but many tell fascinating stories of the persons buried there. They contain so much history of the people who founded the areas and the hardships encountered in their times.

It can be very interesting to spend an afternoon in a cemetery, reading the inscriptions and losing yourself in the atmosphere of the times. The older cemeteries are especially interesting, as they give so many insights into the hardships experienced in the lifestyle of the times.

Many newborn and premature babies are buried alongside their mothers who died in childbirth from complications that these days would be quite treatable. Some graves contain several young children of the same family who died within weeks or days of each other, which one could assume would have been caused by epidemics such as Scarlet Fever or Whooping Cough, which killed so many young children last century. Deaths from buggy accidents and untreatable workplace injuries that would be uncommon in modern times are mentioned frequently on older headstones.

Some cemeteries, due to space and monetary restrictions are reclaiming old graves whose leases have expired. This is especially sad in older cemeteries where so much history is lost and people forgotten. But the dead deserve respect. They have lived their lives, contributed to society in their own small or significant way, and affected the lives of all around them. ♦

Why do we research our Family History?

Submitted by: Sandra Francis Member Number 008.

We are the chosen? My feeling is that in each family there is one who seems called to find the ancestors. To put flesh on their bones and make them live again. To tell the family story and to feel that somehow those who went before know and approve.

To me, doing genealogy is not a cold gathering of facts but, instead, breathing life into all who has gone before. We are the storytellers of the tribe. All tribes have one. We have been called as if it were in our genes. Those who have gone before cry out to us; "Tell our story." So, we do.

In finding them, we somehow find ourselves. How many graves have I stood before now and cried? I have lost count. How many times have I told my ancestors, "You have a wonderful family; you would be proud of us."? How many times have I walked up to a grave and felt somehow there was love there for me? I cannot say.

It goes beyond just documenting the facts. It goes to who I am, and why I do the things I do. It goes to seeing a cemetery about to be lost forever to weeds and indifference, and saying I can't let this happen. The bones here are bones

of my bone and flesh of my flesh. It goes to doing something about it. It goes to pride in what our ancestors were able to accomplish.

How they contributed to what we are today. It goes to respecting their hardships and losses, their never giving in or giving up, their resoluteness to go on and build a life for their family. It goes to deep pride that they fought to make and keep us a nation. It goes to a deep and immense understanding that they were doing it for us, that we might be born who we are, that we might remember them. So we do.

With love and caring and scribing each fact of their existence, because we are them and they are us. I tell the story of my family. It is up to that one called in the next generation, to answer the call and take their place in the long line of family storytellers.

That is why I do my family genealogy, and that is what call those, young and old, to step up and put flesh on the bones.

[Author: Della M. Cumming ca 1943.] ♦

Memories.

It seems that this old couple are having trouble remembering things, so they sign up for a memory course. The course is wonderful; they come home and tell all their relatives, friends, and neighbours about it. Some months later, a neighbour approaches the man as he tends the garden.

Neighbour asks, "Say, Ed, what was the name of the instructor of that memory course you liked so much?"

Ed replies, "Well, it was...hmmm...let me think a minute... What's the name of that flower, you know, the one that smells so nice, but has thorns on the stems...?"

Neighbour says, "You mean a rose?"

Ed replies, "Yeah, that's it... (Shouting toward house) Hey, Rose, what was that memory course instructor's name?"

♦ ♦ ♦

A little girl asked her mother, 'How did the human race appear?'

The mother answered, 'God made Adam and Eve and they had children and so was all mankind made.'

Two days later the girl asked her father the same question.

The father answered, 'Many years ago there were monkeys from which the human race evolved.'

The confused girl returned to her mother and said, 'Mum, how is it possible that you told me the human race was created by God, and Dad said they developed from monkeys?'

'Well, dear, it is very simple. I told you about my side of the family and your father told you about his.'

♦ ♦ ♦

A Life's journey, from England to Australia. ...By Peter Lunn. Member Number 053.

"I was born in 1930, in Hull England. My wife was born in Blackburn in 1933.

In the afternoon of 31st March 1968, our migrant ship the "*Castel Felice*" was approaching Outer Harbour, Adelaide. It was the beginning of a new adventure in our lives. There was my wife Mavis and our two children aged 10 and 8. Other migrant passengers during the five-week voyage from England had said that they would not start looking for work initially, but wanted to have a look around Adelaide first.

We decided that whilst they were looking I could try to find work immediately and we could then do the looking around after I had taken employment. I had been a Police Officer in Hull, and later had become a driving test examiner working for the British Government. As a result, I had a letter of introduction to a Mr. Scriven of the South Australian State Public Service.

My wife's sister and husband met us in at Outer Harbour, and we were to be staying with them at their Housing Trust house in Ingle Farm, a northern suburb of Adelaide.

We decided that the next morning Mavis and I would find our way into the Government Buildings in Franklin Street, Adelaide. My brother in law lent us a street directory and instructions about getting into the city by bus.

We attended at the Government offices about 10.30am on 1st April (April Fools Day) and entered the reception area. I presented the letter of introduction telling her that I was hoping to find work; the receptionist asked how long we had been in Australia looking at my watch I said, "About 14 hours." "My, you must be keen" she said. I said I was.

She left us in the waiting area and presently returned and invited me in to see Mr. Scriven. He said that by a coincidence a vacancy had just come up in the Traffic Section of the Highways Department. He said that if I was interested I could see the Commissioner of Highways a Mr James Crinion in the Highways building in Walkerville later that day. Of course, I said I would and we then found our way back to Ingle Farm after having a stroll through the Victoria Square gardens and some of the streets in the area.

I went on my own that afternoon, saw Mr. Crinion and accepted the job as a traffic checker, to commence on the Thursday of that week. It was a casual position. So I had started only work four days after we arrived. I knew the wages would be poor, but it was a job and got us started. The work involved checking railway crossings of which there were some 4,000 throughout SA. This involved calculating the safe approach speed of motor vehicles approaching with regard to obstructions to sight by drivers. A new programme had started with a view to improving road traffic safety across railway crossings.

There were three teams of men checking the crossings and I joined one of the teams. It transpired that one of the team members had left and was in fact heading back to England on the same ship in which we had just arrived. The very interesting work took me all over the outback of SA as well as in the metropolitan areas. The method of being paid by the Department was however very demeaning. We had to go to the Pay Section and knock on the glass

partition. The clerks in there would look at us and deliberately carry on with their work leaving us standing there.

However, a few years later I got my own back on one of them after I had obtained a much better position elsewhere. From time to time, one of the other checkers and myself would remain in Adelaide, collating the plans formulated by other team members, including our own. I stayed with the Highways Department (as it was called in those days) for some ten months until I heard of a vacancy in the Legal Advisory Section of the Royal Automobile Association in Adelaide. I applied and to my good fortune, I was appointed. The salary was about 50% higher than the pittance I had been paid by the Highways Department.

It was very interesting work and we were interviewing members of the Association who had some traffic related legal problem or a motor insurance difficulty. There were three other advisers as well as the Manager of the Section.

About two or so years, after I had started with the Association I saw one of the Highways Department Pay Office clerks in our waiting room. I checked and saw that he was down to see me. I made him wait and then switched on my light for the receptionist to send him in. I dealt with his problem and as the interview was ending, I asked him if he worked in the Highways Department.

His face lit up and said he did. I asked him if he remembered me, but he replied that he didn't. I then told him that like so many new migrants, I had taken any job just to get started and I had been a traffic checker. His face fell when I commented that I was sorry I had had to keep him waiting. I think he knew what I was saying, and it quite made my day!

I had always been interested in our family history and was pleased when in 1969 my great uncle in England wrote giving me a lot of information about our family. I knew that our family had originated in Hampshire, in the area to the west of Fleet.

My great grandfather John Lunn had been born in 1841 in the hamlet of Pilcot near Dogmersfield. He was classed as a gardener and in about 1866 he met Elizabeth Anne who was Lincolnshire born. In 1867, they married and settled in Maresfield in Sussex, where he was working at the time. Shortly after the birth of their first child in Maresfield, Elizabeth Anne had apparently become homesick and they moved up to Lincolnshire.

Elizabeth Anne had been in service, and our family had always believed that her maiden name had been Bemrose, however genealogy searches by Ivan Randall at the **ANDFHG** research centre, it transpires that her correct name had been Parker. It seems now that at some stage, the unmarried mother, also called Elizabeth had moved in with a Mr. Bemrose of Withern, near Mablethorpe, also in Lincolnshire and mother and daughter had apparently adopted his surname. The mother did not marry Bemrose until some time after the marriage of Elizabeth Anne to my great grandfather John Lunn. As has so often been said, another skeleton in the cupboard.

At the end of 1973, my parents as well as my sister and family joined us over here. My parents had been given the name of a couple who lived in Modbury, SA. as it turned out were related to some of their friends, and my parents were invited to contact

this couple. However, after several attempts when there was no reply, they ceased trying.

Some 25 years elapsed and of course, we had made many friends.

In about 1998, the husband of one such couple invited us to his birthday celebrations at Angaston in the Barossa Valley. I knew only three or four people of those present, and so was not much involved with the conversation. However, in a lull I spoke to the man sitting next to me, and commented that his accent was familiar. He said he did not have one, so I said he must come from Hull. He said he did and he said his wife was visiting in Hull at that time.

After some conversation, he gave me his name and later I mentioned it to my mother and she said the name sounded familiar. She managed to find the original note given to them so long ago, and it turned out that this chap and his wife were in fact the couple

that my parents were invited to have met in 1973. It proves that it is after all a small world.

Because of my stroke in 1986, which caused me to lose power of speech and other memory problems, I had to take early retirement. It was only a few months later, when my wife had a massive heart attack and was rushed into hospital. She suffered several more, and therefore she was not expected to live, she did so, but her meaningful life finally ended when on our Wedding Anniversary in 2000, she passed away.

Returning now to the story of my life, I became a Justice of the Peace in about 1970. Later that year I was promoted to deputy head of the Legal Section and a few years later I was appointed Manager which position I held until I had to take early retirement in 1987. I gave up the commission as JP following my stroke" ♦

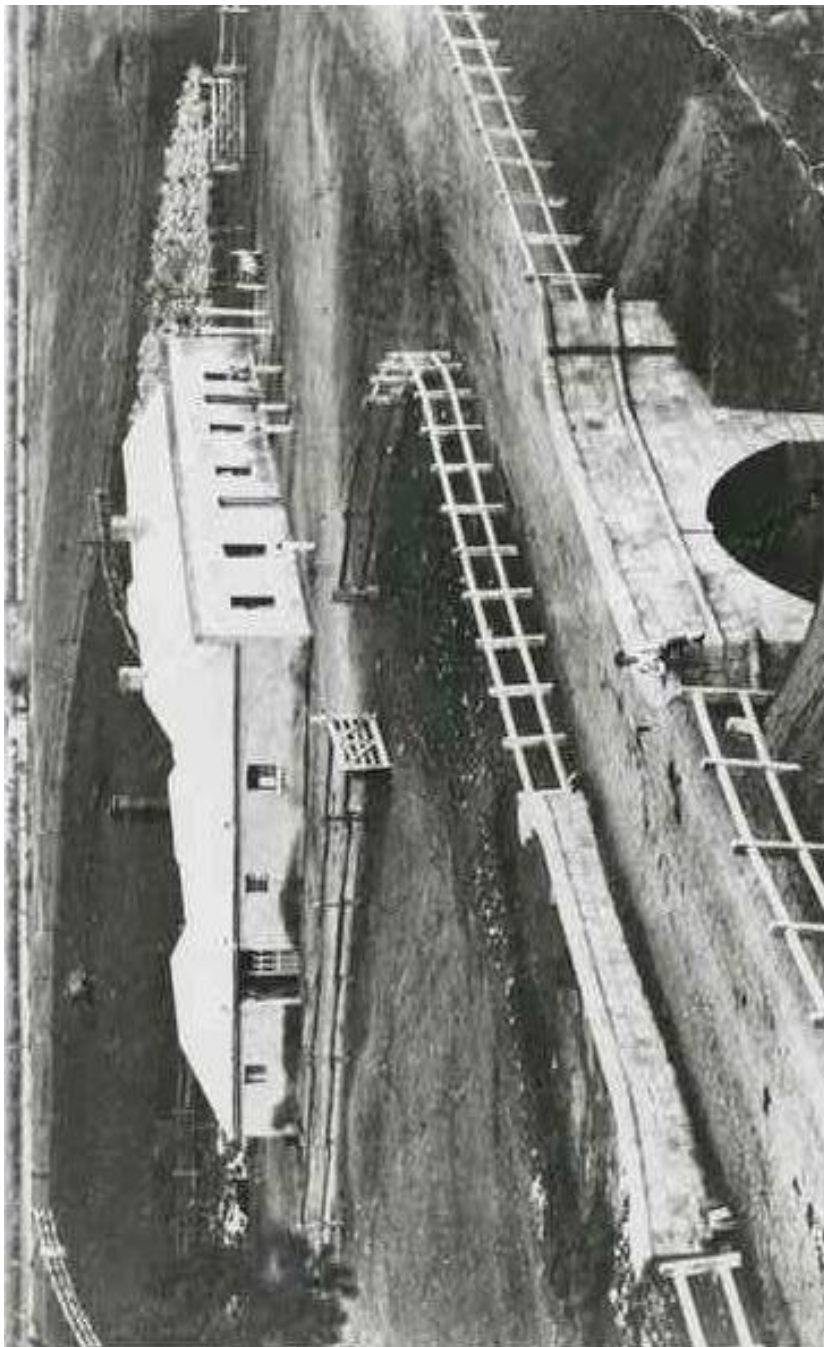


Image published courtesy of the State Library of South Australia.
SLSA: B 14954 - Old Spot Hotel, Salisbury, ca. 1910.



*The Home of Adelaide Northern Districts Family History Group
The Old Police Station" Ann Street Salisbury Sth. Australia*

The ANDFHG meeting rooms are open every Thursday from 10am to 4pm for Family Research, members, and visitors are welcome.

Open days are held on Saturdays twice Monthly between 1pm to 4pm. Volunteer Genealogist Researchers are available to assist and guide in Family History matters.

Resource Services are Free to browse. Photocopying and Printouts are available at 30 cents per sheet.



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