

the Black Sheep

Combined Journal of the East Gippsland Family History Group Inc. and the
East Gippsland Historical Society Inc. March 2016



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The *Black Sheep* is the official journal of the East Gippsland Family History Group Inc. and the East Gippsland Historical Society Inc., who are both members of the East Gippsland Heritage Network. It may be mailed to non-members anywhere in Australia for receipt of \$20 per annum.

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Cover:

Some of the soldiers of East Gippsland. images from the EGFHG website dedicated to the servicemen and women of East Gippsland and who feature in the next *Bairnsdale Advertiser* supplement issued 25 April 2016

Www.theirdutydone.com

bethink

treasure Trove under threat

Hands up all those who have used *Trove* ?

Oh, that would be everyone!

Hands up those who use it constantly in their research ?

Oh, that would be everyone - again!

Our Treasure Trove is under threat and what are YOU going to do about the current threat to OUR most valuable resource?

Once upon a time in the “Land of Innovation” the King in his wisdom declared that there would be a Great Keeper of collective history. And the Great Keeper worked with all the others in the land and they gathered together a great amount of history of the kingdom and in their wisdom he, with the King’s approval and support, made the history available to all the peoples of the land and all the people’s of other lands. And the King saw that it was good and was pleased with the Great Keeper’s work. Other lands saw how good the Great Keeper’s work was and copied what he did for their lands and peoples and much regard was placed on the collective history. But the King was over thrown

National Library had an idea ... what if all the newspapers and photographs from all the libraries in Australia were digitised and available online ... now that would be ground breaking and a world first.

That would be too good to be true—that would be a fairy tale, a dream come true for researchers — **and if we are not careful that dream is going to be shattered !**

It all comes down to

funding. Funding that is being reduced.

This cut in funding is forcing the National Library to rethink what it can afford to digitise

Australia is a big country and having access to our history is important to all Australians, not just those fortunate enough to live close to either a State Library or the National Library. When *Trove*

33 billion for infrastructure

The entertaining little ad on the right is bought to you courtesy of *Trove*

We don’t all have the ability to travel to the libraries on an irregular basis let alone for regular research. The costs of public transport and/or fuel and t

Having *Trove* means we can all research equally and, for once, rural Australians aren’t disadvantaged.

Having *Trove* means 70,000 users are not contributing to the degradation of our roads or the traffic congestion.

Having *Trove* means the elderly, the house bound and the shift worker can access our amazing records.

Having *Trove* means the history

The National Library of Australia developed Trove into a world class digital collection of resources from all around Australia. It is admired by its counterparts in Europe and the USA, and yet budget cuts to the library are forcing them to reconsider what material they can afford to keep digitising and adding to the collection.

It’s used by 70,000 people every day searching for information on their

Public Notice.

As a Reward for the Encouragement of growing Peaches for the purpose of making Cyder, it is His EXCELLENCY's pleasure to announce, that the person who will produce in the next Peach Season Two Hogsheads of Peach Cyder, which when One Year old is judged by him to be the best, shall receive a Cow from Government as a Reward.

By Command of his Excellency.
E. Griffin, Sec.

Sydney Gazette and New South
Wales Advertiser 21 Dec 1806 p.1.

TYHANK YOU

Neil Teresa Wayne and Dorothy

A huge effort to get the write ups done for the third supplement of WW1 soldiers in the paper We are not pulling anymore 18 hour shifts and finishing at 4am !!

And a pre-emptive thank you to Martin for getting them all up on our web iste

In all the projects around I consider ours gets 5 gold stars for the amount of effort and information that is gleaned for each of our soldiers. And everyone is getting enthusiastic about doing cold calls trying to find photos from distance rleations !!!

Keep an eye open ... a programme of planned Saturday meeting activities will be landing in your email soon (possible with this edition of Black Sheep.) If you haven't got one, be sure to pick one up next time you are in the rooms, or check our facebook and website pages.

I wish I had future.
Guy Black



A penny drops twice !

MARGARET MILNE

With a little help from her friends - new member Margaret Milne discovers how to identify that unnamed photograph in her collection.

At the beginning of 2016 I was once again well enough to continue my research into my family history. Boundaries of investigation were important if I were to achieve any goals, accordingly I decided to limit myself to four generations before mine, and to select some interesting people to research in depth, with the goal of writing about them some time in the future. I would begin with my paternal grandmother Esther Jane Cannon. I knew she was a Herrett for my siblings and I grew up knowing that the 'Herrett' part of my father's name was his mother's maiden name. At least a starting point.

Esther Jane was, for me, an obvious choice for my first 'study'; as a young girl I knew without a doubt that she loved me. For many years our family visited Grandfather, Grandmother and Aunty Mavis every Sunday afternoon; it was part of the Sunday ritual. While my siblings delighted in climbing the narrow stairs to Grandfather's dimly-lit grocery store, Grandmother would sit me on her lap at the dining table. It was covered with a thick floral cloth, but that didn't detract from the card games that she taught me: Snap, Old Maid and Happy families.

On January 16, from my filing cabinet I retrieved an envelope of *Cannon photos and papers*, which for many years



A family photograph without names may be just as much use as a photograph without faces.

had been carefully stored. Mixed emotions tore at my heart and mind as I opened the envelope. There were very few photos of Grandmother's generation, and some not labelled.

The one that particularly captured my attention was: Who were all these people? When was it taken? But most importantly, **why had Esther kept this photo all her adult life?** I was keenly aware that she had been dead a long time; I later worked out it was 50 years. I had recently joined the East Gippsland Family History Group, and some of the more senior members happily assisted me in learning how to use various resources to solve this picture-puzzle. I well remember the afternoon when Dorothy and Helene went searching for a book they were

sure the centre had, and that it would assist me. But its name eluded them...as did its author. But they were determined to find it, and while I continued with other research they were back and forth from shelves to table, muttering *It has to be here. What's the name of it? The Shire library has a copy...* Eventually they had success: *Dating Family Photos 1850 - 1920* by Lenore Frost.

One of Grandmother's labelled photos was a small one of her mother wearing a huge fashionable hat; on the back: *My mother Mrs A C Scott*. Now I'm finding that for every solution often more questions appear. This lady was obviously the same lady as in the centre of the group photo, but 'Scott' as a surname? So I changed my approach and searched for information on Herrett. With

Judy's help I had more success with that search. That day, as I was leaving, I casually mentioned that there was a family rumour that Esther's father had drowned in the Yarra River. Before I had packed my belongings in the car, Dorothy came rushing out: *Judy's found it, if you want to come back.* Did I want to? Too bad if I were late for my appointment! I didn't need a second invitation. Via *Trove*, there the newspaper report was: James Herrett fell in the Yarra River while intoxicated, and was discovered on 25 December 1886. Perhaps Esther's mother remarried. Did that help with sorting out who the adults and children were in the photo, considering there was a wide age-range in the children? Esther's mother, Amelia, was 34 when her husband died; Esther was two years old and had 6 older siblings.

With Wayne and Judy's help, over several weeks I was able to use *Digger* to compile a list of Esther's siblings, and their ages, to see if any of them may have been in the photo. At the same time marriages were being noted, and I discovered that a brother and a sister of Esther's lived in Zeehan, in those years a vibrant, large mining town close to Queenstown. Sorting out Esther's sisters was challenging for me as their names were similar: Gertie, Lottie, Lily, Etty. I also copied Amelia's death notice, and a newspaper article about it. I had, by this time, decided that the photo must have celebrated a significant event and wondered if it were 1900.

Photo comparisons became significant at this stage.

A large-group photo, taken when Esther was about eight, had a note attached in my mother's writing: *Esther back row third from right.* But I had discovered that mum's notes were not always correct. I had three photos that I knew were of Esther, and another I was pretty sure was her, and I concluded that mum's note was correct, and began to suspect that the girl at the back, on the right, was Esther. I had a photocopy of a photo of Esther's sister Lily when aged 18, and thought maybe the young lady at the front-right may have been her. I had one certainty, two possible, many questions, and no more clues. Allowing for one sister in Tasmania, there was still two possibilities for the remaining young lady on the left of the photo.

* * *

In 1912, when Esther was expecting her first child (my father), she & Grandfather lived in Queenstown. In October that year there was a terrible mine disaster there, and rumours had it that an uncle of Esther's died in the accident. My mother had saved a 1986 newspaper report commemorating the disaster, and accompanying the report was a photo of Leonard Scott. Was this Esther's uncle? Was he related to the Scott whom Esther's mother had married? More questions trundled along each thread I investigated! Searching for related Scotts was far more difficult than Herretts and brought no answers, and no satisfaction either.

Ummmm. I decided that to get further with the search again I needed a different

approach: find out who the children were, and from there who were their mothers'. So back to *Digger* I went for the names and ages of all Esther's nieces and nephews. Quite unexpectedly this search was interrupted. I decided to read Amelia's death notice **past** the date and address, and there at the bottom were two more children than I had in my list. No surnames, just their given names: Lenny (dec); and Charles. So I abandoned the children (temporarily in the care of a nanny), to find Lenny and Charles. More digging and searching, but with success. They had the surname Scott, and their father was James Sydney.

On the morning of February 19, as golden light was transforming the landscape, I was in that hazy zone between sleep and awake, and I heard a penny drop!



Lenny. Lenny (dec). Leonard Scott. THE MINE DISASTER. Suddenly I was wide awake, and retrieved Esther's file. The photo of the young man killed in the disaster was the same person as the young boy on Amelia's right in the photo! Leonard Sydney Scott, aged about 10 I guessed. The likeness to the man behind him was striking; obviously his father, James Sydney Scott. And then I found the marriage details, and Leonard's birth record to support this. So it wasn't an uncle killed, but a half-brother.

Bouyed by this success I returned to the children. Here, again, I was fortunate to have the help of Dorothy. Where would I have been without the continual

help and training of these experienced EGFHG volunteers? Through *Ancestry* I was able to contact a distant relative in Geelong; his Grandfather was one of Esther's older brothers. Some of this brother's children were born in South Africa, but the details on *Ancestry* enabled me to complete that part of the list.

Getting a strong magnifying glass and using the original photograph enabled me to glean details which before eluded me. The girl with the glasses, whom I thought may have been Lily was wearing a locket with a photo of a baby on it. In 1893 Lily had a baby girl who lived seven months. In 1897 she had a son, and they lived in Melbourne. So now I was pretty certain that Lily was

the lady in the photo, and her hands were on her three year old son, Arthur, **IF** the photo was taken in 1900.

So that left two possibilities for the lady on the left of the photo. In 1900 Etty had no children. It was highly likely that she was in Tasmania, where she was married in 1901. Gertie, who was 28 years old in 1900, and lived in Melbourne was married, and again the magnifying glass was used to identify a wedding ring. She had children: and suddenly a penny dropping broke the silence.



James was between eighteen months and two years, and Mavis was born in 1900; Amelia's first living granddaughter. To Judy's initial question *Is the position of the hands of the ladies to the children significant?*, I had to say *I don't know*. Now the answer would be a resounding **YES**.

So now I had them. I am convinced that the family were celebrating a special event and that's my next search for this section of the family. I suspect that it was Mavis's baptism, but only time and digging will tell. In the meantime many thanks to the volunteers for their encouragement and skilful help.

And for those of you wondering—is new member Margaret Milne any relation to John Milne who also has an article in this issue? No—they are not related—at least not yet! Ed.



They now all have names as well as faces - standing at the back is James Sydney Scott; on the left is Amelia Gertrude Ryder (nee Herrett) 28 years with her son James, about 18 months in front of her. Next is Leonard Scott, about 10 years beside his mother Amelia Catherine Scott (formerly Herrett nee Martin) who is nursing infant Mavis Gertrude Ryder. Standing on the right is Esther Jane Herrett, 16 years with her sister Lily May Hall (nee Herrett) 25 years seated in front of her. Lily's son, Arthur Ernest Hall, 3 years stands at her knee.

Wedderburn whets the appetite

JOHN MILNE

EGFHG member John Milne recently travelled to Wedderburn and reckons the museum there is well worth a visit.

On a recent trip north of Bendigo to visit family, I had occasion, along with a couple of family members to stop in Wedderburn.

Whilst my companions attended to some business in town I went to check out some of the local places of interest and came across The Coach House Gallery and Museum complex.

A quick inspection certainly whetted the appetite of one with an historical bent, so once the business was completed I suggested we spend some time exploring the Museum as the others, although living in the district, had never visited - and what a treat we were in for !!

We found the whole place of great interest.

Entry is through the Gallery which features frequently changing exhibitions by local and visiting artists in a range of media. Work of the Wedderburn Photographic Group was the featured display when we visited. Of particular interest to myself were a number of finely crafted



small inlaid wooden boxes for sale at very reasonable prices considering the quality of workmanship on offer. Needless to say, I felt the need to carry one off as a memento of our visit.

The Museum we found intriguing. It is an old General Store next to the Gallery and it retains many of the original fittings from when the business was in operation. The old shelves are still there, along with the bulk bins for flour and other produce. The old counters remain and even some of the original merchandise is on display. Items used in the day to day operation of the shop are also there, such as measures, scales, weights, slicers and rulers.

The office in the rear of the premises is as it was left when trading ceased and large stone flagged storage cellars give some idea of how produce was stored prior to sale.

The cellars open on to a loading bay at the rear, and a carriage shed and forge house a number of horse drawn



vehicles, both commercial and domestic. A hearse complete with coffin fills centre stage, looking rather sombre in black with funerary urns as roof top decoration. Black plumed horses along with black draped mourners would have been the order of the day.

The place is well worth a visit if in the area.

Wedderburn is approximately 75km north of Bendigo on the Calder highway and was established following the gold rushes that played such a large part in the settlement of that region. A good place to stop right on the banks of the Loddon River is the new caravan park at Bridgewater. The facilities there were all washed away in the 2011 floods and following considerable council redevelopment the park is now open for holiday makers and tourists. Nine km further along the highway is the town of Inglewood which is of interest, it boasts a number of outlets selling old wares which are keen to attract the passing trade.



WW1 : Slang usage

We continue in this issue with the abbreviations commonly found in WW1 correspondence and files. While some terms have been well and truly lost you can see where some terms that are in common use today have come from and still being used 100 years later.

FED UP: Disgusted and weary, surfeited, sick or tired.

FEED BAG: A variety of Gas Helmet used early in the war.

F.F.F: Completely miserable; frig[ged], f__d, and far from home; forlorn, famished, and far from home.

FEVVERS: A Cockney woman.

FINANCE: Lover, corruption of "fiancee"

FILL-AN-EYE: To punch in the eye.

FILOOSH: Money. From the Arabic.

FINNY: Finish. From French "*finis*"

FIXED BAYONET: Vin Rouge [sic] (red wine)

FLAG - think of the: An exhortation to do one's job. Mostly used jocularly.

FLAG WAGGER: A Signaller.

FLAKER: Synonymous with "Gutzer."

Flaming Onions

FLARE KING: A soldier who fires rockets from the front line. Germans were frequently referred to collectively as flare kings.

FLAT-FOOTED: To go flat-footed, is spoken of an airman without an aeroplane, or a member of the tank corps travelling on foot.

Flattening out

FLAT SPIN: To be in difficulties. (Only applied to airmen)

FLEA BAG: An officers [sic] valise.

FLIP: An aeroplane flight.

FLOATING KIDNEY: A soldier unattached to any unit, or without definite duties.

FLOG: To express chargin [sic]; to sell an article.

FLOP: To hit or strike. "To flop him one."

FLOWERS ON HIS GRAVE: Fastidious; hard to please, also port holes in his coffin.

FLUTTER: An attempt, "give it a flutter."

FLY: To be no fool, to know a thing or two, to be fly, to give it a fly, to make an attempt.

FLY BOG: Jam.

FLYING INCINERATOR: An incendiary shell.

FLYING-PIG: A heavy trench-mortar shell.

FOCH'S RESERVES: A humorous reference to the Chinese Labour Corps.

FOOT SLOGGERS: Infantry.

FOOKER: An English Private.

F.O.Q: Fly off quickly; f__ off quickly. See *P.O.Q.*

FRAY BENTOS: Very Good. A brand of preserved meat. The phonetic similarity between the first words of this name and the French "*Tres Bien*" caused its frequent use in place of the latter.

FRAME-UP: A scheme; a conspiracy.

FREEZE -A: A catch word satirically applied to a popularity-hunter. Corruption of "For he is a jolly good fellow."

FRESH FACES IN HELL: Phrase used after a successful attack to indicate that many Germans had been killed.

FRILL: Flashness, ceremonial.

FRITZ: The German, individually or collectively.

FROG - FROGGIE: A Franc, or an oak. A Frenchman.

FRONK: A Franc.

FUNK: High degree of fright.

FUNK HOLE: A Government job or similar refuge used by a shirker, especially one anxious to avoid Military Service; recess in a trench, or embankment into which a man could get for partial shelter from shell fire.

FURPHY: This term originated in some of the camps of Australia, where the vehicles used for scavenging and water supply purposes were made by Mr. Furphy of Shepparton, Victoria, whose name was prominently painted thereon. This and the fact that unfounded rumours seemed as a rule, to originate among the sanitary squad, or from conversation among men visiting latrines, caused the word to be used in this way.

FURPHY-MONGER or King: One who eagerly circulates "Furphys."

GABBARY: A Military Prison near Alexandria, a goal [sic].

GADGET: Any article, but chiefly a tool of some sort.

GAG: An insincere reason; an idea; a joke.

GAME: Courageous, prepared to attempt what may be put before one.

GAS-GONG: Boy - from the French "*Garcon*."

GASOMETER: Respirator.

GASPER: Cigarette.

GAY and FRISKY: Whisky.

GEEK: Look.

GENERAL WEBB'S ENTANGLEMENT: Webb equipment.

GET: "Get you in one," I get you Steve. "Get you in large lumps." Understand.

GET AN EYEFULL: See "*Eyefull*."

GET ONE'S GUTS IN A KNOT: Give way to anger.

GET THE STRENGTH. (or strong of): Become possessed of sufficient information to enable one to form correct judgement in regard of the matter in question.

GEZUMPER: A big shell.

GIBBIT: Give. (Pidgin English)

GIDDY: A boy scout; abbreviation of "giddy gout."

GIGGLE HOUSE: A Lunatic Asylum.

GINNER: See "*Bluey*."

GIPPO: A native of Egypt.

GIVE IT A FLY: To make the attempt; to try a certain course of action.

GIVE IT A PASSAGE: "Throw it away."

GIVE YOUR ARSE A CHANCE: Shut your mouth, stop talking.

GLASSY EYE: A look of disappointment.

GLIM: A light. Probably a corruption of "gleam."

GLIMMER: "The Eye."

GO CROOK: Become angry or abusive.

GODDAM-GUY: An American.

GOGGLE-EYED: Dazed.

GOLDIES: Teeth.

GONE WEST: Died; gone to the unknown. This term is probably a relic of pioneering days in Australia when those who travelled west and further westward into the unknown country were not heard of by their friends until they returned if that ever happened.

GOOD - to make: To succeed, to pull through, to deliver the goods. To carry out one's promise.

GOOD OIL: "True information."

GOOSED: Spoilt.

GO TO THE KENNEL: Shut up, take yourself off.

GO TO THE PACK: Deteriorate.

GOOD BLOKE: See "*Freeze-A.*"

GOOD GUTS: Information; similarly, good oil.

GO YOUR HARDEST: Do your worst or best, as the case may be.

Grandma

GRAPPLING IRONS: Spurs.

GRASS: Issue tobacco, hair. (Papuan Pigeon English)

GREASY: A cook or butcher.

GREASIES ANTI-AIRCRAFT: A Field Cooker.

GREENIE'S: Abbreviation of "green envelope" a specially printed envelope in which soldiers might despatch correspondence without being subject to Unit censorship.

GROUSE: Grumble.

GROUSER: One who frequently growls.

GROUTER: The acquisition of something for nothing, or on extremely favourable terms.

GUN-FODDER: Men and Horses, ammunition.

GUTS: The entrails, courage, determination. The substance or essential part of a matter; information.

GUTZER: Removal from Office; a fall physically, the failure of a scheme, the removal from a comfortable appointment to one more or less remunerative. The term originated amongst swimmers as descriptive of a dive in which the diver instead of striking the water with hands head or feet first strikes with his stomach. A painful experience.

HAIRY-BELLY: A sycophant.

HAIRY MOB: A Platoon.

HANGING TO: Resulting from "Anything hanging to it." Any result likely to arise from it.

HARD CASE: An inveterate humourist, one who defies convention and etiquette.

HARD WORD: An outrageous demand. A request for a favour vigorously expressed.

HASHMAGANDY: An insipid and monstrous army dish.

HATE: The daily artillery bombardment by the Germans.

HATE STUFF: Ammunition fired by the enemy.

HEAD: A person of high rank or standing.

HEAD-EM: To toss the pennies used in the game of "two up" in such a way that both heads are uppermost when the coins reach the ground.

HEADS ARE RIGHT: A "two up" term indicating that the heads of both pennies are uppermost.

HEAVIES: Heavy guns.

HEAVY-STUFF: Heavy Projectiles.

HORSE VALET: A groom.

HOT-STUFF: An energetic, clever, unscrupulous or otherwise formidable person.

HOUSE OR HOUSEY: A legalised game of chance.

HUGHESILIER: Name applied to men compulsorily placed in camp for so-called home defence purposes after the failure of the 1916 conscription referendum for service overseas in Australia. The idea being that once in camp [a] number of the men would volunteer for the A.I.F. The scheme was only partially successful.

HUMM: To cadge.

HUN: A German, applied to the Germans in allusion to the Ex Kaiser's exhortation to his troops sent to China during the Boxer rising to emulate the merciless conduct of the Huns.

HUNG ON THE WIRE: Absent; missing.

HURRY UP: Vigorous banter; forced to travel with greater rapidity than was intended.

IGAREE: Quick (Arabic) A peculiar feature of A.I.F. slang was the combination of words adapted from different languages i.e. "Igaree at the toot," run away quickly from the latter portion of the phrase being derived from the French "toute."

INKED: Drunk.

IMSHEE: Go away (Arabic)

IN THE GUN: Under disfavour.

IODINE KING: A regimental Medical Officer; the A.M.C. Corporal in a battalion.

IODINE LANCERS: Nursing section of the A.A.M.C.

IRON FOUNDRY: Very heavy shell.

IRON RATIONS: Ammunition. Officially the tinned preserved meat and biscuits that all the troops carried but were only supposed to use when absolutely necessary.

ISSUE: A portion; "to go one's issue" - to be killed; to get the whole issue of a shell, to be struck bodily by a shell.

ITS A NICE DAY FOR IT: A sardonic phrase applied to anything unpleasant, e.g. an attack which is likely to prove costly.

JACK JOHNSON: A large German or Austrian low-velocity shell. Facetious use of personal name.

JACKO: Nickname for the Turks used by the A.I.F. on Gallipoli and in Palestine.

JACKS: Military Police.

JAG: A Drinking bout.

JANE: A Girl.

Jericho Jane

JERKS: Physical exercise.

JERRY: A nickname for the German soldiers and aeroplanes. It was more commonly used amongst the English troops than Australians. Also used as a question. "Do you jerry" - do you understand: To "take a jerry" - change (for the better) ones [sic] course of conduct.

JAKERLOO OR JAKE: "Jake" was in use before the war, in Australia by drivers and others to indicate that the load and harness were secure and everything ready for a start. It was also used to indicate that all was well with the speaker. The addition of the last two syllables appears to have been made in the A.I.F. abroad; perhaps the outcome of the observation by certain members of the "force" of the opportunity to associate it with "Bakerloo" the name of the underground railway that connected Waterloo station with Baker Street, both in London. Some contend that the term was introduced on the Western Front by the Canadians and that it is a relic of the French Revolution when the plotters were known as "Jaques 1", "Jaques 2" etc. in order to avoid detection.

JIT: A cigarette.

JOB: Employment, a hit or punch.

JOCK: A Scotch soldier.

JOEY: A Military Policeman (Also "Pretty Joey")

JOINT: Any Place, anywhere, but principally a place of amusement or restaurant.

JONAH: One who brings misfortune to a party.

JOY-JUICE: Rum, whisky etc. chiefly rum.

JOY-STICK: See "*Beer-pull.*"

JOY WATER: Champagne.

Yerong Creek ANZAC Centenary

JOAN WASHINGTON

It pays to go back to the place where family lived as long time member of the EGFG, Joan Washington, recently discovered with her road trip to Yerong Creek in New South Wales.



Brothers Ted (left) and Hugo (right) Cullen who both died on the Gallipoli Peninsula during WW1.

I've been tracing my family for thirty years, and part of the reason for this is belonging to one of the closest, most loving families you can imagine. Whenever we drove to Bendigo to visit my grandparents and great grandmother, I'd enter great-granny's room and see the two large portraits of her two sons who died at Gallipoli, Edward Henry (Ted) and Hugo James Cullen. They were so young and so handsome.

The Cullen family grew up at Yerong Creek, near Wagga Wagga in NSW. So did my grandfather's family, the Breeds and Vincents. The Cullen family, widowed mother Jane and her seven children, had the contract to water the travelling sheep from Oak Hill, a few miles

out of town on the stock route. This involved pumping water from the Government dam at Oak Hill into a 50 gallon tank drawn by goats - 1 shilling per tank. They were also paid money per hundred head for watering the travelling sheep.

Granny would tell us all about her childhood and married life (and thereby hangs a most interesting tale) and she lived to 102, but she wouldn't mention the war.

Great Granny never spoke of the war and her loss, but my Grandmother Joyce Breed nee Cullen, the boys' sister, used to tell me tales about them. I saw the letters the boys sent home from Cairo, telling of their great

adventure, climbing the pyramids, visiting exotic markets. I saw, and wore, the beautiful hand-embroidered silk scarf Hugo sent home from Cairo for Nanna's birthday. I still treasure it today. Nanna also told me that the night Ted died his dog howled all night, and his mother just knew that he was dead, long before the telegram arrived. Ted was killed on landing at Gallipoli on the 26th April 1915. Poor Hugo lasted until 7th August and died at Hill 971 near Chunuk Bair, part of the August Offensive.

The town took up a collection for the Cullen family, as well as enlarging and framing Ted and Hugo's enlistment photographs. Great Granny bought a piano with the

money. Perhaps the music helped ease her grief.

My cousin Graeme, who lived behind Nanna and Grandpa and Great Granny, told me that Granny hated guns, and that he was firing a cap gun and running around the yard, as you do when you're only five. He put the gun down to do something else and saw Granny hurl his cap gun into the wall, smashing it. He said he feels really guilty, now he knows the story, that he hid her favourite garden trowel under the house in retaliation.

I'd long been in touch with distant family from Yerong Creek, met through our joint interest in genealogy. I was asked to share the information I had amassed over the years about Ted and Hugo, as well as my Grandfather Harry Breed, his brother Victor, and Ted and Hugo's eldest brother James who also enlisted, as the town was producing a book about the sixty Yerong Creek residents who enlisted in WW1, and about the 15 men who died. I was then invited to Yerong Creek for the Centenary, to unveil two plaques in memory of Ted and Hugo, and to attend the luncheon after the ceremony.

I drove up to Yerong Creek with my Auntie Helen nee Breed, who is only seven years older than me, and my cousin Geoffrey. We hoped to meet distant cousins and to explore the town and try to find Oak Hill and Mundawaddera School, which Nanna and Grandpa both attended, as well as the Cemetery and various places where the Breeds, Vincents and Cullens lived.

After we settled in we drove to the Bowling Club, the social hub of the Town now that the beautiful old pub has closed. It's also the only place to get a feed. I saw an old chap coming out of the Club and asked him if he knew where Oak Hill and Mundawaddera School were, not expecting much luck. He said, "Of course I know. Jump in your car and follow me." Turns out he was Noel

Bowling Club.

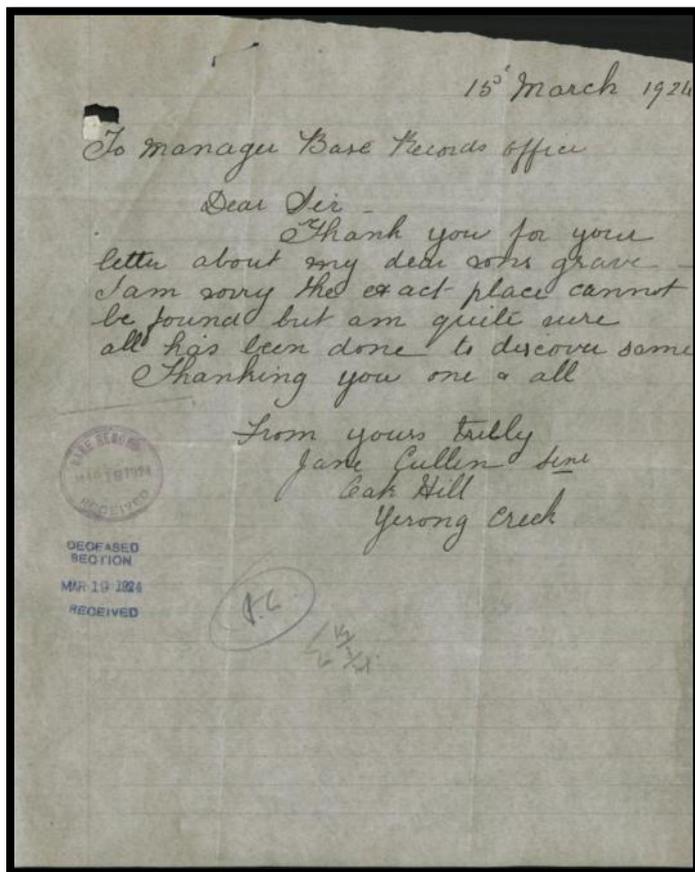
Next day, after the very moving Anzac ceremony, we all went back to the Bowling Club for lunch. As the whole town was attending, with excellent food supplied by the townspeople themselves, we were hoping to be at a table with someone we were distantly related to. We sat down and an American man and his Chinese wife asked if they could share

our table. My little heart sank because they were probably the only people in town we couldn't be related to. However, we got talking and it turned out that they owned Mittagong Station, the home our Vincent family once owned which was managed by John Breed, Grandpa's grandfather. Guy and Jennifer invited us to visit them next day and they showed us all around the property. Guy had made a plaque commemorating all the people who had died on the property in the 1860s, which had been recorded in some of the old station records. I was able to help them with more information about most of them. Again, we couldn't have met nicer, more knowledgeable

people in our quest to retrace our family.

Yerong Creek is the friendliest little country town, full of lovely, helpful people. We had such luck with our quest, but then again, was it luck? Do you ever get the feeling that someone is up there guiding us, helping us to discover the human stories which have shaped us through the generations?

Sometimes I wonder.



From the NAA Attestation file for 1178 Hugo Cullen, where his mother regrets their being no known grave.

Driscoll, the town historian, who helped compile the Yerong Creek School Centenary Book in 1981, which my grandmother gave to me years ago. We could not have asked a more knowledgeable, or a nicer, person.

Noel spent over an hour showing us around places we never could have found by ourselves, before continuing on to Henty, just a little late. We found our way back to town and had a lovely dinner at the

In Memorium



JOHN DAVID ADAMS
9.9.1935 - 13.09.2015

John Adams was a long-term Royal Historical Society Councillor and former member of the East Gippsland Historical Society. John died on 13 September last year at Trafalgar, just after his 80th birthday. Raised in Trafalgar and educated at Yallourn, John trained as a primary school teacher and

then librarian. In 1971 he completed his masters degree in history and lectured at RMIT for 25 years.

John was dedicated to history and could often be found in the reading room at Latrobe Library researching his next project. He focussed his efforts on the history of Gippsland and was responsible for several local publications that have stood the test of time and are used regularly by local historians today. The history of the Tambo Shire and *Path Among the Years* for the Bairnsdale Shire will be found on most of our book shelves.

For almost fifty years he indexed the *Victorian Historical Journal* until just before his death.

His lifelong dedication and contribution to Victorian History through his newsletter editorship, his writings and indexing projects will be missed by many in the local history field in Gippsland.

Condolences and Get Well wishes

EGFHG and EGHS members extend their condolences to members (and sisters) Judy Richardson and Heather Armit.

Not totally unexpectedly, the girls lost their Mum, Ellen Hammond on 3 April and then within a few days of her funeral, Judy's husband Trevor died most unexpectedly. We know that they are both "strong" and capable women but we all feel for their loss.

EGFHG member Pam Sullivan's husband John has had an extended stay in hospital and EGFHG members Cheryl and John Brooks have also been in the wars.

Maurice Harper who visits the Resource Room when on respite care is undergoing hip replacement surgery in early May and we wish him a speedy recovery so that he can call in again soon.

Lucknow PS class at EGFHG rooms and tour cemetery

Lucknow PS children visited the family history group rooms at the end of last year to learn more about the resources available, get some guidance on making order of their archives and, after an EGFHG sausage sizzle, visited the cemetery. It was a full day of activities as half of the children worked on researching soldiers—they have already proven themselves to be competent researchers of WW1 men with the publication of their book, - and half of them learning about processing photographs for their own school archive. Midway through the session the groups swapped so that all children had a hands on experience in both areas.

For those who are unfamiliar with their efforts in publishing take a look at the book *Our 28 Men* which they have donated to the group. The class discovered the school WW1 Honour Board languishing in a storeroom and determined to find out more about the men whose names appeared on the board. The 28 names were divided up between the students and they all researched them to write up their stories. Under the guidance of their teacher Cat Stanley, and with help from Debbie

Squires at the group, they discovered the NAA records, the AWM records, learnt how to use Trove to read articles about them men.

With assistance, they located the daughter of one of the men who lived in Melbourne and arranged a "virtual" visit of the class with her.

Dorothy Wakefield, 98 yo, embraced the technology of the ipad and recorded answers for the questions that the class asked.

They then faced the challenge of financing the publication of the book and had fund raising events at school to raise the necessary funds and printed 100 copies of the book. This meant that every child, who was acknowledged as the author of each of the men, obtained their copy free of charge and the remainder generated enough money for the sought after reprints.

At our Lecture Day the class presented a copy of the publication to Tim Hogan for the State Library collection. Unbeknown to either party, but confirmed by Tim the following day, they had researched two of his uncles in the project much to their mutual delight.

The class also learnt the basics techniques of photograph mounting and cataloguing and how to handle newspaper clippings.

The group hosted the class to a sausage sizzle where they enjoyed burning off energy running around our enclosed green area after consuming many sausages. Cheryl Brooks kindly provided delicious fruit platters for them which they also devoured with great gusto.

It was a hot afternoon but they were determined to travel out to the cemetery and place markers on the graves of the WW1 soldiers they had researched who were buried there and to learn more about the history of the town from those buried there.

It was an absolute pleasure to have the class as all the volunteers who came in the day were equally impressed with how they conducted themselves.

We look forward to working with the school again in this capacity. It was a great day for all.

“Using the Resource Rooms without using Computers” Workshop report



On Saturday 20 February EGFHG ran a very successful workshop on using our resource rooms without accessing anything more than the library computer. With a maximum of 25 participants being able to fit into the rooms it was necessary to repeat it a fortnight later to accommodate the second twenty we couldn't fit in the first time round.

Five subjects were covered in the afternoon with thirty minutes being devoted to each subject in small groups of five participants. This saw the groups moving from location to location during the afternoon and having hands on experience rather

than being lectured about the systems. This proved most popular and successful with everyone appreciating the opportunity to get “hands on”.

The subjects were : *Utilising the library* led by Wayne and Helene; *How to read (and understand) a parish plan* led by Neil and Debbie; *What can you find in the card index* led by Judy; *Why you should use the old fiche and film* led by Lorna and *Hidden treasure in the newsletters and journals* led by Dorothy.

Guideline notes have been produced for all the sessions and

these were handed out to all the participants to help them not forget what they had learnt. A full set of the notes is available in the rooms.



... and at Five Minute Follies we learnt

- what happens when a Brooks meets a Brooks on a riverbank and how it leads to a suitcase full of photographs....
- about the difference between Caine and Kane and lessons of checking family names
- that the 1851 Scottish census helped find a Blake ancestor but that a marriage certificate is still elusive
- that one of our members who had been looking for an aunt for years eventually found that she had lived in very close proximity before her death
- that while the online NAA/ AWM records are fantastic that there are holes and missing documents and files that you will never find
- that few records exist for British soldiers
- that mementos are very important to finding family history
- that you need to make “every minute count” and that brag books as a pdf on thumb drives can be very useful.....
- that the school registers of Omeo and Benambra are being transcribed
- that you should always go back and re-check for missing records that become available twenty years after the original research
- that you never know where you will find relatives that you didn't know you had
- that a copper kettle can become the integral part of a good family story
- the difficulties in finding a cousin with a common name (try the Electoral Rolls, not easy, but possible)

Hopefully our next session of Five Minute Follies will have more participating and learning from the experiences of our fellow members.

the Black Sheep

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EAST GIPPSLAND FAMILY HISTORY GROUP INC.

21 Morgan Street, Bairnsdale
(off Moroney Street - look for the red door)

P.O. Box 1104, Bairnsdale 875
Telephone: 5152 5590

Email: egfhg@egfhg.org.au

www.egfhg.org.au

OPENING HOURS

TUESDAY	10am to 4pm
THURSDAY	10am to 4pm (or later)
SATURDAY	10am to 12noon (or later) (except 2nd Sat. of month 10am to 4pm)

DAILY RESEARCH FEE
RESEARCH FEE (by committee)
MEMBERSHIP FEES

\$10 per day (non-members)	
\$25 minimum fee	
Joining Fee	\$5
Ordinary Member	\$30 (due 1 July each year)
Extra Family Member (same address)	\$15.00

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EAST GIPPSLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.

40 Macarthur Street, Bairnsdale

P.O. Box 8, Bairnsdale 3875
Telephone: 5152 6363

Email: eghsoc@bigpond.com

www.eastgippslandhistoricalsociety.com

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WEDNESDAY	1pm to 4pm
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SUNDAY	1pm to 4pm

MUSEUM ADMISSION CHARGES

Adults \$5: Conc/Student \$4 :Children \$2

The museum houses furnishings, artefacts, machinery and memorabilia of local history, *Calejero* log cabin c1880 and Union Bank coach house.

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