

# GENIE ALLERGY



**Journal of Coffs Harbour District Family History Society Inc.**



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Journal Published Quarterly by

**COFFS HARBOUR DISTRICT FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY INC.**



**Mail: PO Box 2057, COFFS HARBOUR, 2450**

**New Location: Coffs Community Village (behind Coles) Block C, Rooms 1 & 2**

**Phone: (02) 6648 3605. Email: coffsgenie@gmail.com**

Website: <https://www.coffsharbourfamilyhistory.com>

Hon. Solicitor: Adam Todd



ABN NO: 22 081 981 363

**OFFICE BEARERS:**

President:	Fiona Hulbert	Treasurer:	Ruth Doward
Vice President:	Robyn Little	Public Officer:	Fiona Hulbert
Secretary:	Cheryl dal Pozzo		

**COMMITTEE MEMBERS:**

Exchange Journals Officer:	Lyn Brotherton	Seminar/W'shop Co-ordinator:	Cheryl dal Pozzo/Fiona Hulbert
Journal Editor:	Sharon Ingersole	DNA Group Co-ordinator:	Vacant
Membership Secretary:	Bev Salter	Workshop/Seminar IT & Sound:	Jim Holmes
Monitors' Co-ordinator:	Kerry Meagher	Research Co-ordinator:	Bill Buckler
Resources/Library Officer:	Rosie Doherty	Equipment Officer:	Vacant
Webmaster:	Leonie Baker	Publicity Officer:	Ted Mitchell
		Special Projects Co-ordinator:	Stephen Goundry

**MEMBERSHIP FEES:**

Annual Membership Fees:	Single .....	\$45.00
	Joint (2 persons at same address).....	\$60.00

*A fee of \$10 will be charged if you would like your "Genie Allergy" posted.*

**RESEARCH:**

Library Hours: Tuesday to Thursday 10.00am – 12.00pm then 1.00pm – 3.00pm  
Saturday: 10.00am – 12.00pm then 1.00pm – 3.00pm (except 4th Saturday of the month)

Library Fees: Members - free on production of current membership card. Visitors - \$10 for half day or \$20 for whole day. Duty Monitors are available for advice and assistance.

Library Rules:

- \* Current membership cards are to be worn in the rooms.
- \* Attendance Book to be signed on arrival and departure.
- \* Bags to be left in area indicated by Monitor.
- \* Pencils only to be used in Library.
- \* Photocopies available through duty Monitor and will be charged according to price schedule.
- \* One microfiche only (do not remove plastic sleeve) to be removed from drawer.

Correspondence Inquiries: Research will be undertaken for a fee of \$30.00 per hour  
For more information, email [coffsgenie@gmail.com](mailto:coffsgenie@gmail.com)

**Workshops: are held on 4th Saturday of each month or as otherwise advertised.**

**RECIPROCAL RIGHTS** – Reciprocal rights are offered to members of all family history societies who visit our rooms to do research. Proof of current membership is required.

The Society does not hold itself responsible for statements made or opinions expressed by authors of the articles published in "Genie-Allergy". All care is taken to be accurate, however the Editor reserves the right to publish abridged articles/special features due to space constraints.

Contact Persons: President – Fiona Hulbert 6653 3866	Secretary – Cheryl dal Pozzo 6652 5145
Vice President - Robyn Little 6651 2529	Treasurer – Ruth Doward 0413 841 911

Please contact Fiona or Cheryl if you are interested in filling the vacant positions on the Committee

## Our President's report.....



*Hello Everyone,*

*Welcome to a new year of research. Hopefully it will be a fruitful one for all. Our rooms have seen some activity since re-opening on 17th January. Remember our monitors are there to assist and guide you with your research.*

*Over the last couple of months, we have had some new books added to our research library – both for in-house research and borrowing. Look out for the list of new items elsewhere in this journal.*

*A quick note about 'housekeeping' in the rooms. It has been brought to the attention of the committee, by other tenants in the building, that on days when we are not in the rooms, some visitors avail themselves of our tea/coffee supplies. A chain and padlock have been installed to reduce the rapid depletion of our supplies. Paper cups have been supplied as some of our china mugs have also disappeared. Should you wish to bring your own mug, please do so. The key for the cupboard is located in the President's drawer, clearly marked. Monitors are requested to ensure that the cupboard is locked at the end of each day.*

*Our first workshop for the year is rapidly approaching so don't forget to register your intention of attending. Looking forward to seeing as many of there as is possible.*

*Do you have an individual ancestor or family that is proving to be elusive? Why not fill out a 'Member's Interest' form and submit it for publication in the journal. 'Genie-Allergy' is sent to many societies across New South Wales as well as interstate and you never know what or who might 'pop up'. Ask the monitor on duty for a form, and wait and see what happens.*

*Until next time, happy researching*

*Fiona*

## WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS



A warm welcome to our new members. We hope you will make yourself at home and find us to be a friendly and helpful group. Don't be afraid to ask the Monitors on duty for help – they will do their best to steer you in the right direction with your research.

## **MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS, CONTACT DETAILS ETC.**

### **Memberships are due for renewal on 1st JULY 2023**

From now on you will be issued with a membership badge replacing the current membership cards. Badges will display your name and membership number and if required prior to the renewal of your membership, they will be available for \$6.50 with a pin or \$7.50 with a magnet. If you are interested, please let Bev Salter or Fiona Hulbert know.

When renewing your Membership:

1. A completed membership form **MUST** be completed for all payments made. Be sure to complete Section 2 with your Membership type, how you would like to receive your quarterly journal, sign the form and show the method of payment. Note: The completed form is used to ensure our records are kept up to date and therefore it is vital we receive a form to cover all membership payments.
2. Membership will now be \$45 a single and \$60 a double + \$10 if you would like your "Genie Allergy" posted to you each Quarter. They will no longer be available for collection but will be emailed to you.
3. Payment methods:
  - (a) Cash is payable only in person at our Research Room.
  - (b) Cheque is payable in person at our Research Room or by mail to PO Box 2057, Coffs Harbour 2450.
  - (c) EFT/Direct Deposit: BSB, Account No., etc. as details on our membership form and you must quote your member number and/or name at the time of payment.
    - (i) Online through your financial institution; OR
    - (ii) In Person at a BCU branch (Banana Coast Credit Union).

Following payment by EFT/Direct Deposit, IT IS ESSENTIAL that a copy of the completed membership form be emailed, mailed or delivered to our Research Room. Renewed membership badges will be placed in the Badge Box on the Admin Desk in our Research Room for your collection if you haven't included a stamped addressed envelope with your renewal.

Membership forms are available on our website <https://www.coffsharbourfamilyhistory.com>

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### **MEMBER'S ENTITLEMENTS**

**Use of Society's resources including books, microfilms, microfiche, computer system, etc**  
**Receive quarterly Journal Genie-Allergy**  
**Attend meetings and monthly workshops**  
**Guidance with research in our library**  
**Resource borrowing scheme**  
**Free entries in Member's Interests Directory**  
**2 hours free research per year for members who are resident 50km or more from Coffs Harbour.**

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### **EXCHANGE JOURNALS**

As exchange journals are no longer being printed, they will now be available for viewing by members from the Admin. desktop at our rooms. Monitors can access these journals and you can download them onto a USB. If anybody would like particular journals emailed to them, please contact Lyn via email at [lynette.brotherton@gmail.com](mailto:lynette.brotherton@gmail.com)



Surely your research has provided you with a story to tell. I need your stories for our Journal and without them, the "Genie-Allergy" will cease to exist.

- Perhaps you have a problem that someone else can help you with?
- Perhaps you do have skeletons in the cupboard which makes life interesting?
- Did you have a convict in your family and what was his/her crime?
- Do you have nobility, aristocracy, or royalty in your tree?
- Do you have an interesting story or an article to share?  
Include photos if you have them - they always add interest.
- You may want to share humble origins, or a grand adventure, wars, marriages, or even why you became interested in Family History in the first place.

If you do have a story, I would love to hear from you. Please email me on [shaz@ingersole.com](mailto:shaz@ingersole.com)

Articles need to be received by the deadline to be included in the next available issue. The closing date for the June Issue is 1st May 2023.

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Do you need some help? Have you hit the proverbial brick wall? If you have please send your query/questions/problem to the Editor for publication in the Journal. Someone may have already encountered this or a similar problem previously and may have an answer for you.

They could also have some suggestions for you.



## Funny Things

Funny things occur when you are “growing” your family tree!

1. I was born in Paddington Women’s Hospital in Sydney, worked in Sydney all my working days, retired in 1995 and recommenced doing my family history research when I arrived in Coffs Harbour.

Between retiring from work and arriving at Boambee Gardens in 2009, I built a small 100 acre farm at Willawaran near Kempsey. One of the boundaries was Mungay Creek. Some time later I discovered that my Great Grandmother had been born on Mungay Creek, Willawarin in 1863. Funny – no one in my family had ever spoken of Willawarrin, knew of Willawarrin or been to Kempsey!

2. Having lived for 13 years opposite Maureen Gray in the same street, during a chance meeting at the letterbox, I told Maureen I had been to a Coffs Harbour Family History Meeting. She told me that she had been doing family history for some years also. I showed her mt family tree chart. She in turn showed her daughter who noted that we had similar named ancestors.

Further research and DNA test results indicated we are cousins (6<sup>th</sup> cousins, once removed) from two sisters born back in the 1700s.

Funny things do happen.....living opposite your cousin for thirteen years and not knowing of the relationship!



**Jim Holmes Member No. 1834**

## UPCOMING WORKSHOPS AND SEMINARS 2023

Date	Speaker	Topic
25 <sup>th</sup> February 1.30pm	Martin Bouma	Workshop - Protecting the heritage of Coffs Harbour and district
25 <sup>th</sup> March 1.30pm	Grafton Library	Workshop - Nola Mackay Collection
22 <sup>nd</sup> April 10.00am to 1.00pm	Tony Perkins	Workshop - Aboriginal History of the area
27 <sup>th</sup> May 10.00am – 4.00pm	Kaye Vernon & Susan Voytas	Seminar – “Looking for Gold & finding Gems” and “The plight of children in the 19/20th centuries” “From Famine to Feast - Irish Research” and “Unusual tips for Family History Research”

Our Workshops and Seminars are held on the 4<sup>th</sup> Saturday of the month – Workshops are at the Community Centre and Seminars at Cavanbah Hall and we would love to see you there. Please advise our Secretary, Cheryl dal Pozzo, that you will be attending. We try to provide topics of interest to members and a lot of time and organization goes into the planning of these events. If you have a suggestion for a workshop, please let Cheryl know and the committee can try and source a potential speaker for that topic.

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### NEW RESOURCES IN OUR LIBRARY R – Research B – Borrowing

Title	Location	R/B
<b>German Census Records 1816-1916</b>	<b>929.6 MIN</b>	<b>R</b>
<b>Finding your Italian Ancestors</b>	<b>929.3 ADA</b>	<b>R</b>
<b>The Medical Profession of sub-tropical Coffs Harbour: Its Life and Times</b>	<b>921 BEA</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>Life in Victorian Britain: A Social History of Queen Victoria's Reign</b>	<b>942 PAT</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>Letter from the Bay of Islands: The Story of Marianne Williams</b>	<b>920 WIL</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>The Complete Book of Heraldry</b>	<b>929.6 SLA</b>	<b>R</b>
<b>Transport: An Australian History</b>	<b>388 LEE</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>Convict Lives: Female Convicts at the New Norfolk Asylum (Tasmania)</b>	<b>994.402 SNO</b>	<b>R</b>
<b>Convict Lives: At the George Town Female Factory (Tasmania)</b>	<b>994.402 ALE</b>	<b>R</b>
<b>Convict Lives: At the Ross Female Factory (Tasmania)</b>	<b>994.402 FRO</b>	<b>R</b>
<b>Discovering British Regimental Traditions</b>	<b>940 BEC</b>	<b>R</b>
<b>Discovering English County Regiments</b>	<b>940 BEC</b>	<b>R</b>
<b>Canvas Documentaries</b>	<b>994 COL</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>Born in the Colony of NSW 1801-1810</b>	<b>929.4 SME</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>Born in the Colony of NSW 1811-1820</b>	<b>929.4 SME</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>Births, Baptisms, Marriages, De Facto Relationships, Deaths &amp; Burials 1788-1800</b>	<b>929.4 SME</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>Births, Baptisms, Marriages, De Facto Relationships, Deaths &amp; Burials 1801-1810</b>	<b>929.4 SME</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>Births, Baptisms, Marriages, De Facto Relationships, Deaths &amp; Burials 1811-1820</b>	<b>929.4 SME</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>Births, Baptisms, Marriages, De Facto Relationships, Deaths &amp; Burials 1821-1830</b>	<b>929.4 SME</b>	<b>R</b>

***“Please come to afternoon tea cousin Jacki”.....***

Who doesn't have an interesting story handed down the line but with no proof to back it up? I have one such story but have never been able to prove validity. Until now!

I laughed when I was told that our family have connections to Jacqueline Kennedy, wife of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the American President who was assassinated 12.30pm Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> November 1963. When my father's cousin passed away, I inherited numerous photos, newspaper articles, letters and books on this family that had belonged to her mother. I always thought that my great aunt was just a collector of anything Kennedy. Well, it appears I was wrong.

Recently while using Family Search and with no research planned, I typed in Jacqueline's name and using her maiden name of Bouvier, I had many hits. I found her parents (which I also knew were correct according to the many books written on the Kennedy family) and slowly worked my way backwards. Through this search I have been able to verify that we are definitely connected, as 6 generations back, Jacqueline and I have the same grandparents.



**Jacqueline Kennedy (Bouvier)**



**Cheryl Dal Pozzo (Whaites)**

John Vernou Bouvier	<i>Parents</i>	Ronald Victor Whaites
Maude Francis Bouvier (Sergeant)	<i>Grandparents</i>	Hurtle Edward Whaites
Edith Matilda Sergeant (Leaman)	<i>Great grandparents</i>	Emily Whaites ( <u>Bayldon</u> )
Andrew Valentine Leaman	<i>Great Great grandparents</i>	Eliza Matilda Bayldon (Leaman)
<b>Andrew Leaman</b>	<i>Great Great Great grandparents</i>	<b>Grace Valentine</b>

The names of Bouvier and Leaman are very dominant so now I can try to put all the photos and articles into order. Here are a few of interesting items.

One of the twins with their niece Jacqueline taken when John Kennedy was inaugurated as President in 1961





There are photos of the famous Bouvier twins Michelle and Maude when they were flower girls for their sister Edith Ewing Bouvier who married Phelan Beale and a copy of the large portrait of them both aged 21, done by Albert Herter measuring 40" x 48".



Jacqueline's aunt, Edith Ewing Beale was a famous socialite and singer but was renowned for being reclusive and eccentric in her lifestyle. When Edith and her husband Phelan divorced, she kept the family home called "Grey Garden" situated in East Hampton, a block from the Atlantic Ocean. It was built in 1897 and had been bought by the Beale family in 1924. It had 7 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms in a 6000 square foot house set on 1.7 acres. After her mother died in 1977, Little Edie sold the home in 1979 to Benjamin Bradlee. In 2017 when it went for sale the asking price was \$19.995 million American dollars which is \$29,808,498.83 Australian dollars. However that is not the only story of "Grey Garden"!



Edith who was known as 'Big Edie' lived in the house with her unmarried daughter Edith who was known as 'Little Edie' but they never maintained the home.

In 1971, the police raided the home and found the house so full of litter and bad smells with so many cats, which was against local ordinances, that they prepared to evict the women due to the unsafe conditions of the property. As a result of the publicity, family members paid huge amounts of money to refurbish the property, settle back taxes, along with providing money for the women. The eviction was then dropped.

In 1972, Albert and David Maysles were hired to make a documentary about the Beale family. The documentary was the basis of the 2009 television movie "Grey Garden"

The moral here is never to pass a handed down story off as exactly that – an interesting story, until you have done a thorough search and never throw out articles you are given, thinking they are someone's dreams. They may just contain hidden gems to back up your research and validate the family 'story'.

I wonder what would happen if did send a letter to the American Ambassador to Australia, Caroline Kennedy, who is Jacqueline's daughter and asked her to come for afternoon tea to meet her relations.

## ADDICTION

My fingers shake so badly, they cannot hold a thing - all my limbs are trembling like a puppet on a string,  
The sweat is pouring off my brow, every pore is open wide- there's a deep gut-wrenching feeling tearing from inside,  
My scalp is prickly sensitive, I can feel each single hair - I'm squirming and fidgeting in this little swivel chair,  
A red-hot burning fever is scalding through each vein - like a liquid molten fire that's enveloping my brain,  
All my nerve ends are a tingle in a kind of super tension - and I look around, quite guilty, in fear and apprehension,  
My breathing is loud and laboured, I'm hyperventilating - and the agony increases every moment I'm kept waiting,  
The torment is hard to suffer as each second slowly ticks-for you know that I am an addict and I need my weekly fix  
So hurry with that microfilm, I'm not asking for the stars - but I am desperate to delve into the High Kirk OPRs,  
To find my great, great grandpa on the maternal side you see - 'cos he's the damned illusive figure on that branch of my Family Tree

John Millar 2009

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## PICTURE POSTCARDS



*Deltiology* comes from the Greek word *deltion* which means small writing tablet and is the study and collection of picture postcards. They have a surprising history!

Postcards originated in Austria in 1869 and a year later, postal cards with a halfpenny stamp printed in the corner, were officially issued in Britain for 6d a dozen. One side was for the name and address, the other for the correspondence. On the first day the public demand was so great that the police had to regulate the crowds at the General Post Office. By 1871 cards were being mailed at the rate of one and a half million a week and in 1899, half the address side was allowed for correspondence and the reverse side was free for advertisement or pictures. Picture Postcards had arrived!

Photographers, artists and colour printers soon appreciated the possibilities of this and by the turn of the century, the collecting of picture post cards was becoming a craze, reaching its height around 1904 when 16 million post cards were being handled by the post office each week. Many millions were also collected in 'mint condition' and almost every home had its album. In America and the British Colonies, the craze came a little later but the craze died out with the advent of WW1.

A member of the Ayrshire FHS received a letter and copy of a post card..."I found an article about the "Scotia" and the Antarctic Expedition of great interest because of family involvement.....I recollected that a postcard was in the collection of the mementoes of my father-in-law. The card depicts a few ships in Troon Harbour and foremost is 3 masted ship with an arrow pointing to it as the "Scotia" and underneath was this message "*Wrought on this vessel, the "Scotia" now at the Antarctic*". The postmark is dated Ayr, 6.30am August 3, 1903. Allan Stoddart was 26 years of age and a master shipwright in the employ of the Ailsa Shipyard when he 'wrought' on the "Scotia" and the card was sent to his future wife.

Not only do they give an insight into the life of the writer but also to historic events of the time.

Betty Anderson Ayr FHS

## FIVE DANGERS OF ONLY DOING GENEALOGY ON-LINE

1. **Health** – Too much time at the computer or on your tablet can lead to eye strain, back problems and loss of fitness. In the past, we would walk to the archive, physically go to the filing cabinet and get the film, wind it on the reader and go back to the cabinet for the next film. Now we risk RSI from typing and mouse clicking!
2. **Record Context** – We become divorced from the context of the record and no longer feel or smell the paper or parchment. No untying of ancient string bundles and no more dirt on the hands either. It is better for the documents not to be handled but all of the romance is lost. Not only that, but even if you have the images on-line in front of you, you don't always have the front and end pieces or even the whole page or what may be written on the back. You probably have not looked at a catalogue so don't understand how the record fits in with the other records in the series or set either.
3. **Speed** – It all happens so fast that we tend not to make notes or record what we do. Click, click, now I have lost where I was and I am looking at something totally different.
4. **Descriptions Confusion** – There needs to be a new language for describing results found on-line; some of the old definitions are creaking under the strain. What do we really mean by source or record in an on-line context? Some of the citation advice is overly complex and off-putting to many and we need a common and standardised way of telling others or reminding ourselves where we found things that is not overly complicated yet takes into account the shifting, changing nature of online resources. The big data websites do not help by using different language to describe the same source or not being accurate in their description of what it contains. If we don't describe things accurately then confusion reigns.
5. **Too Many Results** - As data websites get bigger and bigger and include more and more record sets from around the world, it becomes increasingly difficult to drill down and find what you need to search. Blanket searches across more and more data sets bring in far too many results, yet knowing what indexes are available on any website and how reliable they are, is becoming more and more important. One example is when the IGI or Findmypast was mentioned, we knew where the researcher had looked. Family historians are not educating themselves as to what a website actually contains and it makes it really difficult to be sure of their research and what a website actually contains. It therefore makes it really difficult to explain which databases are more trustworthy than others, if indeed any of them are. Perhaps we will come full circle and start teaching people that they will have to look at the original records in an archive office because only then will they know what they have actually looked at.

I used to be a big advocate of on-line Genealogy but I now find it frustrating. I don't know what it must be doing to those who don't have a sound background in the original records.

What do you think?

Helen Osborn, Pharos Tutor

### ONLINE GENEALOGY COURSES

Helping you become a better genealogist



## **Haunting at Bungle Creek Deserted house on Bungle Creek Headland**

In this fantastic story of the haunted house at Bungle Creek, a traveller, Chas, writing in a Sydney paper on April 4<sup>th</sup>, 1885, 117 years ago – tells of his overnight experiences when riding from the Bellinger to the Clarence a few days previously. Any person who has travelled from the Clarence River to the Bellinger by the coastal route will remember Bungle Creek, and the deserted house which stands on a headland at its mouth. For the benefit of those who have not made the journey, I must state that Bungle Creek lies at a distance of 14 miles north of the Bellinger River. It is very nearly half a mile broad at the place of crossing and was once dreaded on account of quicksands. Being a tidal creek, it is only crossable at low tide and even then, it is extremely dangerous for anyone unacquainted with the crossing.

On a headland jutting out into the sea on the northern side of Bungle stands an old house which as in the case with old and deserted houses, has a reputation of being haunted. It is truly a lone-looking structure, standing by itself many miles from any other houses, on the narrow neck of land which has the ever-moving sea in front – Bungle Creek on one hand and on the other another dangerous tidal creek, Boambi, about two miles away. These creeks were dreadful bugbears to travellers between the Clarence and the Bellinger a few years ago, and most persons obliged to make the journey entered it with much of the same feelings as travellers in the old days between London and York, who generally made their wills before starting, and took leave of their friends as if they had small hopes of ever meeting again. When the road from Coffs Harbour to Bellinger is completed there will be no necessity to undergo any danger in crossing these creeks, as they will have substantial bridges erected over them at points higher up than where they are crossed at present.

On one occasion while travelling the route I reached Bungle Creek at sundown to find that the tide was high. The creek, therefore, was uncrossable and I had no alternative but to camp for the night. As there was every appearance of rain, instead of camping out, as I should have done, I determined to make for the haunted house and sleep there. Accordingly, I turned my back from the creek and rode up to the house. After hobbling my mare, I proceeded to gather wood enough to keep up a fire burning through the night. This was the more desirable as, having no blankets, I should be obliged to sleep on the boards and it was the depth of winter. I made my bed, using my saddle for a pillow, the cloth from the bedclothes and some dry ferns for a mattress. I then remembered that I had left my supper (some bread and cheese kindly given to me by a selector that morning) outside at the spot where I unsaddled the mare. On looking for it, however, there was nothing to be found but the wrapper. Some crows had flown away with the bread and cheese and were, at the moment of my appearance, on the scene busily cawing out their satisfaction at the delicacy of the repast. Being exceedingly hungry after my long ride (I had come about 40 miles and had no food for 12 hours) it may well be imagined that the loss of my supper did not tend to raise my spirits. Fortunately, the rocks below the house were covered with fine fat oysters and a few dozen of them made a very satisfactory meal. When they were eaten it was quite dark. As I stretched myself upon my resting place for the night, with the bright fire crackling in front and sombre shadows of the empty rooms appearing to dance and flicker behind, I thought for the first time of the report which I had heard that the house was haunted.

Now, I was never a brave man in the matter of ghosts. When a boy I was under the care of a French maid who took an especial delight in repeating to me stories on supernatural being of all kinds. The more horrible and unearthly, the better. Then it must be owned, that my position was not a very enviable one. In a dark night and far from human beings, suffering from an attack of melancholy, consequent upon my lack of food and long ride, and in a large empty house reputed to be haunted, it is not to be wondered that I glanced rather nervously into the dark corners of the rooms, and started suddenly as some large rats rushed noisily across the rotting floors. The fantastic tradition which has been repeated only to me that morning, was to the effect that several years before a young lady had been shot by a man in one of the rooms of this house whilst playing a piano. She was reported to have been seated at the instrument singing when the terrible deed was perpetrated. The story told to me went even further. My informant said that the sounds of her playing had often been heard at night since, with other strange noises. He added that flashing lights had

been seen to accompany the sounds of the piano. When told of all this I laughed at the whole ridiculous narrative, much to the indignation of the narrator.

However, when alone in the silent house, without any light but the fitful gleams of the fire, which served only to intensify the gloom that enshrouded everything, a tremor ran through my whole frame. I wished myself anywhere but where I was, but nature will assert herself, and in spite of ghosts and other terrors and wearied out by my long ride, I soon fell asleep. But as I slept, I dreamed. My dream was this....

As I lay there wrapped in my sweaty saddlecloth, with one side of me nearly roasted by the fire, and the other almost frozen by the cold of the empty rooms, I fancied that from the largest corner of the adjacent rooms, a figure appeared, at the sight of which my heart almost ceased beating. Habited in a long white garment, his face pale as death, eyes staring from their sockets, every line in his face, every nerve in his body witnessing the dreadful state of his mind, shaking from head to foot, and carrying a gun in his hand, the figure was before me. For a moment he appeared as if intently listening, then he stealthily crept across the room to the door. Cautiously, and as if in dread of being overheard, he opened it. To my surprise, the inner room to which it opened was brilliantly lighted and furnished in the most elegant style. Books, bric-a-brac and ornaments arranged as only a lady could arrange such things, were spread about the room. At one side, plainly seen from my position, for I had raised myself on my elbow purposely to see the interior, was a piano and seated at it a young lady of about 18 years of age. Even at the risk of failing to do her justice, I must endeavour to describe the beautiful thing that now met my sight. Tall and with a fully developed figure, she displayed all those charms of person that, even without a good face, are always sufficient to secure for a lady with numerous admirers, but which added to the beauties she displayed, would have made her an object of worship wherever she had resided. Her long hair, black and glossy, fell in the greatest profusion upon her snow-white neck, which appeared almost dazzling by contrast. Her face was pale but lighted by the most glorious brown eyes which ever shed tears.

To be continued.....

*The Coffs Harbour Advocate Tuesday July 23, 2002 p13*

#### OUR HISTORY - TERROR IN BAYLDON HOUSE

A brave man who would stay there alone at night.

From the Advocate July 16

Truth, kindness and tenderness were shown by them if ever eyes reflected those qualities. Her fingers appeared to be wandering idly over the keys of the piano. She had not noticed the opening of the door, for only subdued tones were produced at intervals. The intruder gazed on this girl I have attempted to describe, with a fiendish expression. For a moment he looked fixedly at the unconscious inmate of the room. As he did so, faint at first, but gradually growing stronger, the strains of melancholy tune came from the piano. The intruder paused and to my terror, looked round. Although he did not appear to notice me, I caught a glimpse of his face and shall never forget the expression on it. Huge beads of sweat stood out on his ashen forehead. He shook as if with palsy. Louder and louder swelled the plaintive notes. Now they were accompanied by the tones of a strong, rich contralto voice. At this point the man appeared to make up his mind. Limbs felt powerless. He again turned towards his victim with a look of determination on his face that augured badly for her. Raising the gun to his shoulder the intruder paused for a moment to me a dreadful moment of suspense! I tried to scream but my tongue refused its office, I tried to rise from the ground but my limbs were powerless. Though I could not move, I saw the firelight glow dancing along the barrel of the gun. I still heard the sad strains proceeding from the piano. Then there was a loud report. The sound of a thousand echoes and screams of agony. And then, trembling from head to foot as I leaped to my feet, everything was in darkness. I trembled with fear, immense drops of perspiration rolled down my face, I rushed to the gap in the slab that admitted the moonlight. Then I paused. The moon rays that entered the house served to show me that it was perfectly empty, save for the rats that, startled by the noise I had made, were scampering in various directions over the sounding floor. I continued to gaze fearfully still! Then came a cheery voice how pleasant it was. Rouse up there, mates; let's have a look at ye! and then followed the sound of a cracking stockwhip.



I walked out into the bright moonlight to see a stockman riding up to the old house. Gladly I heard he intended to spend the night in the deserted house too. He had blankets and enough food for both. After we had supped and were enjoying a comfortable smoke before a replenished fire, I told him of my dream of a short time before his arrival. He laughed; rather quietly though, and looking over his shoulder into the darkness behind, said: "And so ye mistook my whistling and singing, Sweet Spirit hear my Prayer, for the pianner and the lady's voice, did ye? Rather flattering for me anyway!" Yes, I answered, and the report of your whip for the crack of a gun! But what was the flashing light I saw and the scream I heard?

Well, the light was most likely that of Solitary Island yonder! The scream was me imitating a native dog as I came up to the house. They do give a most unearthly yell, to be sure.

We both slept comfortably for the rest of the night rolled in his blanket. In the morning we parted he went his way, I went my way,

I have since passed that place many times but never without an involuntary shudder as I think of my night in the haunted house. A haunted Place.

It was generally accepted amongst the early Bongil settlers that the first home established by the Bayldon's, and later deserted, was a haunted place. Although many travellers used the homestead to rest in during the early 1880's it was claimed that he would be a brave man who would stay there alone at night. And 'bravery' in those days had a greater degree in intensity of meaning than it has today. The Inland Road, as it was then designated, passed close by the Bayldon's home in 1884.

After Bayldon's deserted it, following futile efforts to prevent the loss of cattle and horses to marauders, the home provided shelter for through travellers moving north and south. It was close by the creek and there were many holdups with travellers because of flooded streams, high tides and so forth. Beside the cottage there was an area of about two acres under fruit trees, and fruit was in abundance in season up till about 1886 when bushfires wrought havoc with the trees. The old Bayldon home was mooted for its stability, the wide slabs used in the walls, and their great strength. Some of the slabs were carefully trimmed to make a snug fitting. Inside the home there was a long table in the main room made from one huge flooded-gum slab, 32 inches wide and eight foot in length. Although at present 99 years of age these slabs are still perfectly sound and are rendering a good service in the shed recently directed on the site.

Submitted by Cheryl dal Pozzo Member 1259

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## **DEFINITION OF POMME/POMMIE**

If you have English ancestry – and most of us do – you may be interested in this.

The definition of POM/POMMIE was often thought to be P.O.M.E – Prisoner of Mother England/Product of Mother England, as Australians were moving away from the shame of having a criminal (convict) in the family tree to one of pride. The definition of P.O.M.E therefore is thought to be a product of this change in sentiment. Articles of clothing worn by British prisoners in the late 1880s were branded P.O.M.E as an acronym of 'Prisoner of Mother England' or 'Prisoner Of Her Majesty.' However, this has been widely debunked, as none of the sketches or remaining clothes from the period (which still exist in lots of museums) bare any such markings.

Another suggestion is that POMMIE was a corruption of "Tommy" from WW1 but according to Trove, the term POMMIE occurred from 1912 onwards and referred to English migrants because of their sunburnt pink skin. It is also said that it originated as a contraction of "pomegranate" and according to this explanation, "pomegranate" was Australian rhyming slang for "immigrant" (like "Jimmy Grant"). The term "ten-pound Pom", (also ten pound migrant, ten quid migrant, and ten pound tourist), is first recorded in the 1970s and refers to those people from the UK who migrated to Australia under the Assisted Passage Scheme, a scheme run by the Australian Government after the Second World War.

## The Workhouse

A few years ago I transcribed numerous Wills for the Sussex Family History Society and have just transcribed Workhouse and Asylum records for them. If like me, you had an ancestor who was unlucky enough to spend time in one of these places, you may be interested in this. *Sharon*

The Poor Law Unions created by the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 had been responsible for poor relief. The Unions were a collection of adjacent Parishes managed by a Board of Guardians who administered the provision of poor relief within the framework of rules and regulations laid down by the Poor Law Commission with considerable local initiative in the provision of the relief and the operation of the Workhouses. Unions inherited these workhouses built in the 18<sup>th</sup> century whether seasonally or at times of economic depression, and built new facilities to a prescribed design. Conditions depended on the calibre of the staff and the wealth and generosity of the ratepayers. The workhouse was intended to be the last resort for the truly destitute and the environment and the regime was designed accordingly. The inmates were a mixture of sick and elderly, abandoned mothers and children, lunatics and those without work. Usually, the old and infirm were the largest group of inmates, followed by able-bodied women deserted by their husbands and families, widows and pregnant women. Once they passed through the doors they would encounter the Porter and be sent to the Relieving Ward pending a medical examination. Nearby there was a Casual Ward for vagrants which was an unwholesome place deliberately intended to deter any but the desperate. Sometimes there was a 'foul' or 'itch' ward for those with skin diseases or venereal disease.

In the Relieving Ward, personal possessions were taken away, to be returned on departure. The pauper was then bathed and disinfected, had their hair crudely chopped and were given ill-fitting workhouse uniforms and a pair of boots, clogs or slippers. After the medical examination, the sick were sent to the Sick Ward and the able bodied classified into one of the seven classes and sent to the appropriate ward. Those classes were – infirm through age men/women, able bodied above 15 men/women, children above 7 boys/girls and children 7 and under. Husbands were separated from wives, parents from children and boys from girls. Pregnant women were expected to work until they went into labour and were then transferred to the Lying-in Ward,

The daily routine was deliberately disciplined and monotonous with a time-table drawn up by the Poor Law Commission which accounted for every minute of the day. Inmates were woken at 5.00am for a roll call followed by prayers and breakfast. They would work until 6.00pm with an hour off for lunch, supper was followed by prayers and they were expected to be in bed by 8.00pm. The diet matched the conditions; food was regarded as sufficient, monotonous but three meals a day were guaranteed. Unions could follow one of six diets set out by the Poor Law Commission providing 150 ounces of solid food per week and by comparison, prison inmates received 290 ounces. Food was served in the presence of a Master, eaten in silence at the roughest wooden tables and backless benches. Utensils were of battered tin or ceramic plates. In larger workhouses there were separate dining rooms for men and women otherwise there was a shared room but with meals eaten at different times. Smoking, alcohol, cards and games of chance were forbidden and apart from the Bible, adults had nothing to read and the children nothing to play with.

The Union was only required to provide relief to those who had a right of settlement in one of its constituent Parishes. At some time after being admitted to the Workhouse, a Settlement Examination by the Relieving Officer to determine the rightful Parish of settlement was carried out. If the Parish was elsewhere, a Removal Order would be made and the pauper and his family would be transported to the Union boundary, transported to more distant Parishes or left to make their own way to the only place they were legally entitled to receive relief. There was a steady traffic of pauper removals both in and out between the various London Unions with Unions in other parts of the country. Removal Orders were bundled and tied with a ribbon; once signed by the Magistrate, the Clerk would write to the Union advising them of the Order. These Orders were a pro-forma in which the Clerk to the Guardians inserted the relevant details from the Settlement Examination. Usually the reply was "I am instructed by the Guardians of this corporation to say that they will accept the chargeability of the above-named pauper".

## THE FUTURE OF FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETIES

Professor Nick Barrett from Nottingham University has this to say....

“Family history has been charted as the development of family history from genealogy which he says, is the attempt to link an individual to families of aristocracy and royalty. This moved into a more modern family history research model as the commencement of national registration and censuses made tracing descendants easier for everyone. This has developed more recently with digitisation, social media and programmes like “Who Do You Think You Are?” Family history has always been regarded as the poor relation of historical studies but with the availability of mass data, this is changing.

Unfortunately, there is always a price to pay. In the past family historians had researched their trees through much reading and searching of local records. Some have disregarded this as an irritating diversion from hunting down ancestors but it gave us a unique context in which our ancestors lived. We did look around the censuses to see where they lived and who lived nearby as families tended to stay close together. In fact this is historical research.

Modern methods allow you to trace a tree back 200 years in an afternoon even though we won't know anything about who the people are or their lives. Research can be compared with searching!

Family History Societies have a large fund of people with broad skills in historical research – community expertise. But most societies have noticed a fall in membership over recent years whilst family history companies have had increased incomes. Companies seek to collect more and more data to put on-line hence more and more income. Family history societies should not rely on income from these companies for this data but should find a model whereby they could exist on subscription income again.

The University of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Age is now also contributing to Family History and although they have leaders, there is not a lot of expertise. They do have however, a social aspect of their meetings which is important in an aging population.

He noted that there is a lot of potential for family history tourism although not so much in Australia apart from the larger cities. Many people in the “old Commonwealth” are keen to return to their roots and need guides. That expertise is in abundance in the UK and can guide them towards house roots as well as archival roots. Training can be offered on-line as well as face to face to people. Subscriptions could be based more on expertise and less on tracing names. The value of the subscription would be explicitly what can be offered and not just information that is increasingly going to be on-line anyway.

He expressed concern at the family history companies and their voracious demands for data. We can't hold on to the information as we don't own the originals after all but we cannot become dependant on the income from these companies and must use our expertise to make us secure for the future”.

This is more relevant to Family History Societies in the UK with their thousands of members but it is food for thought as to what we could do, as a small society, to look after our membership.

Sharon Ingersole # 1548

## **Did you know.....**

**Coffs Harbour** owes its name to John Korff, who named the area Korff's Harbour when he was forced to take shelter from a storm in the area in 1847. The name was accidentally changed by the surveyor for the crown when he reserved land in the area during 1861.

The traditional inhabitants of the Coffs Harbour region are the Gumbaynggirr people, who have occupied the land for thousands of years, forming one of the largest coastal Aboriginal nations in New South Wales. Their nation stretches from the Nambucca River in the south to around the Clarence River in the north and to the Great Dividing Range in the west.

It is a city on the Mid North Coast of New South Wales, Australia, 540 km north of Sydney, and 390 km south of Brisbane. It is one of the largest urban centres on the North Coast, with a population of 78,759 as per 2021 census.

By the early 1900s, the Coffs Harbour area had become an important timber production centre and before the opening of the North Coast railway line, the only way to transport large items of heavy but low value, such as timber, was by coastal shipping. This meant sawmillers on the North Coast were dependent on jetties either in rivers or off beaches for exporting their timber. Timber tramways were constructed to connect the timber-getting areas with the sawmills and jetties built into the ocean at Coffs Harbour. Over recent decades, tourism has become an increasingly important industry for the city. Once part of a region known as the Banana coast, today the tourist city is part of a wider region known as the Coffs Coast.

Once the hub for a thriving banana industry, its biggest attraction is the Big Banana, one of the first of Australia's Big Things (it celebrated its 50<sup>th</sup> birthday in 2015), with the World's Largest Banana celebrating the region's best-known export.

The Coffs Harbour Jetty is an historically important timber wharf where coastal shipping once moved the timber from the hinterland. It was listed on the NSW State Heritage Register on 25 June 2021, recognizing its significance "as the longest coastal timber jetty built by the Harbours and Rivers Section of the NSW Public Works department in the 19<sup>th</sup> century." The jetty area is the subject of planning from 2018 by Council and consultants to develop a cultural precinct and rejuvenated residential area.

Nearby, the Solitary Islands Marine Park preserves a diverse underwater ecosystem that mirrors the terrestrial biodiversity, covering the southern limit of northern tropical species and the northern limits of the southern temperate species. Mutton bird Island is accessible by walking along the breakwater from the harbour, with the nature reserve protecting a significant wedge-tailed shearwater breeding site. The Mutton bird Island footpath leads to a viewing platform where whales are often spotted between June and November. There is also a popular underwater diving spot on a small natural reef. There are many national parks, reserves and marine parks surrounding the city,

The city has a campus of Southern Cross University, and a campus of Rural Faculty of Medicine University of New South Wales, a public and a private hospital, several radio stations, and three major shopping centres. Coffs Harbour is near numerous national parks, including a marine national park.

There are regular passenger flights each day to Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane departing from Coffs Harbour Airport. Coffs Harbour is also accessible by road, by NSW Train Link, and by regular bus services.

According to the 2021 Census, the population of suburban Coffs Harbour is 27,089. This is an increase from 25,752 in 2016. 52.6% of the population is female in contrast to the national average of 50.7%. The average age is 43, which is higher than the national average of 38. Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people made up 5.6% of the population. 75.5% of residents reported being born in Australia; higher than the national average of 66.7%. Other than Australia the most common countries of birth are England (3.2%), New Zealand (1.3%), Myanmar (1.1%), India (0.9%) and Germany (0.5%). 62.2% of residents also reported both their parents being born in Australia, considerably higher than the national average of 47.3%. 82.1% of people spoke only English at home.

The top religious affiliations in Coffs Harbour are Catholic 20.0%, Anglican 17.9% and Presbyterian and Reformed 3.9%.

## Aboriginal Place Names in the Coffs Harbour District

Before European settlement, Coffs Harbour was known as *Gitten Mirra*. In the local Aboriginal dialect this means “Big Moob” as the moon appeared to rise out of the sea where it broke over the reef, now buried over the northern breakwall. A camp at the southern end of the harbour was known as *Cornabirra* “Red Cake”.

**Boambee** is a corruption of the aboriginal word *Bo-wamba* which means “to hit”.

**Bongil Bongil** is “a place where one stays a long time”. The first settler in the area named it Bonville.

**Bellingin** was derived from *Billingin* or *Belleegin* which meant “cheeky fellow or one who talks too much”.

**Bucca** was shortened from *Bucca Bucca*. By repeating the word meant “great man” or “very large numbers” and therefore *Bucca* which meant “bendy” became “very bendy” by repeating the word twice.

**Bundagen** was derived from *Bemdagen* meaning “good camp”. Rain making ceremonies were held here and a magic woman was believed to have lived out on the reefs and was sometimes seen wandering amongst the trees like mist.

**Coramba** means “sight of the sea” and originally only applied to the mountain where the mobile tower now stands.

**Corindi** means “a tree”.

**Karangin** means “wild duck”

**Korora** means “where the waves make a loud noise”.

**Moonee** was originally *Munee* meaning “a small wallaby which was found in great numbers in the area”.

**Nambucca** means “a bendy stream”.

**Nana Glen** – *Nana* is the name of a small lizard found in the area.

**Orara** means “where the Perch live”.

**Urunga** means “a long beach” which stretches from Bonville to Hungry Head.

**Woolgoolga** is the corruption of the aboriginal word *We-gull-ga* the name given to a native plum plant with berries about the size of a thumb.

**Womboyneralah** was the name given to the whole of the Coffs Harbour area. It means “where the Kangaroo camps”.

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I have shared this “Tree” before, but am sharing it again!

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You  
2 Parents  
4 Grandparents  
8 Great Grandparents  
16 Great Great Grandparents  
32 Great Great Great Grandparents  
64 Great Great Great Great Grandparents  
128 Great Great Great Great Great Grandparents  
256 Great Great Great Great Great Great Grandparents  
512 Great Great Great Great Great Great Great Grandparents  
1024 Great Great Great Great Great Great Great Great Grandparents  
and after just ten generations you then have  
2,048  
4,096  
8,192  
16,284  
32,568  
65,136  
130,272  
260,544  
521,088  
1,042,176  
One Million in only twenty generations!