

TULLE

Issue 136, Volume 35, No 3 (August 2017)

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The Journal of the Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais Inc.

Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais Inc.

Meeting Time & Place:

ASLC meets at Don Bank Cottage, 6 Napier Street, North Sydney, NSW, on the third Saturday in February (AGM), May, August & November each year. All meetings commence at 1pm. You are invited to bring a plate to share with other members at afternoon tea and fellowship which follows.

Future Meetings: Saturday, 19 August 2017
Saturday, 18 November 2017
AGM Saturday, 17 February 2018
Saturday, 19 May 2018

ASLC Website: <https://www.lacemakersofcalais.com.au>

Want to Join or Membership Contact Hon. Secretary ASLC

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Contributions to *Tulle*: email jimlongy@gmail.com
: post Jim LONGMIRE, Editor *Tulle*,
80 Gibson St, Goulburn NSW Australia 2580

Cover: Australian Light Horsemen, symbolic of horses featured in this issue of *Tulle*. Courtesy: *Bong Bong Picnic Racebook* 2016

Coming Meeting: Saturday, 19 August 2017, 1.00pm

Guest Speaker: Jim Longmire

Topic: A Tale of the Lacemaker Ship *Baboo*; plus Indexes of the 1846 Census of St Pierre lès Calais & Much More To Do

Tulle is published by the Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais Inc. (ASLC), a non-profit entity. *Tulle* is released in February, May, August and November each year. Our journal is designed to foster family history and camaraderie amongst members and others. Original and creative content is encouraged. Secondary material must be cited. Use the author-date method as in this or recent issues. With permission of the author(s) lengthy articles may be made available online to members in digital form with excerpts published in *Tulle*. Please submit all contributions to the Editor. We want to publish your stories and research in *Tulle*. All styles will be accepted and modified for consistency. Photographs and various other art forms are most welcome. Please submit your stories for the sake of all readers of *Tulle* and for posterity. ASLC associates with like societies.



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Contents

President's Message – Megan FOX	2
Secretary's Report – Stephen BLACK	3
Editor's Comment – Jim LONGMIRE	4
Trusted Friends of Descendants of Lacemakers – June HOWARTH OAM	5
Gold, Honey and Horses: Recurring Themes of the FOSTER Family in Australia – Megan FOX	8
vale: Alice May GOLDFINCH	15
Judy Gifford and Lindsay WATTS make Presentations to Local Family History Society	16
The Last Parade (<i>excerpts</i>) – A.B. (Banjo) PATERSON	17
National Family History Month launched on 1 August 2017 (the birthday of all horses down under)	18
Centrefold Photographs	19
Feedback of the Index of Surnames 1846 Census of St Pierre lès Calais – JIM LONGMIRE	20
Farming with Clydesdale Horses at Kybunga, South Australia – Les LONGMIRE (1913-2002)	21
Song of The Wheat – A.B. (Banjo) PATERSON	33
Nick Vine HALL Award to ASLC – The Bolter	35
Coming Events 2017 & Searching Online for Events	35



President's Message

Sustainability is a word we hear all too often these days. At our May meeting, we spent some time discussing how we can keep our Society going with the limited resources we have. Like many member-based organisations experience, our next generation of Lacemaker descendants is less inclined to join clubs and societies. They are relying more on online collaboration and communication through social media channels. Many of our members present expressed the belief that perhaps we will not be around in five or at most, ten years.



As researchers, we are all proud of the discoveries we have made. When we have invested our valuable time, effort and money into uncovering our family story, it can be hard to think of just giving away access to our information and sources. However, if we do not have a plan for preserving, protecting and passing on our work, where will it end up if we are not around?

As our Committee ponders this question for ASLC, I encourage you to do the same about your research. We will be adding more Lacemaker family information to the website in the coming months in the form of simple family biographies, similar to those published in our publication *The Lacemakers of Calais*. We hope this will help newcomers to family history research discover their Lacemaker heritage. We'd love you to contribute to or review the biography for your family before it is published at the website.

August is National Family History Month in Australia. There are many exciting and interesting events scheduled. Make sure you check out the website www.familyhistorymonth.org.au to find out what's on in your local area. You can enter to win some great prizes too. Check out the Sponsors page for entry details and prizes.

Megan Fox, President



Secretary's Report

This report was compiled while Carolyn and husband Allan travelled our wonderful country.



Our May meeting was well attended at Don Bank on a sunny autumn afternoon. Megan FOX (*Agincourt*) gave us a very-interesting presentation on some of her family after they trekked to Maitland NSW. Many stories akin to Megan's are yet to be told and published.

Megan stated that more grant money is being sought to provide greater service to members, particularly younger ones. Most of the meeting was given over to discussion about our Society's future. In particular, how to:

1. improve and expand our website and keep it up-to-date
2. capture, preserve and distribute the stories, images and family histories of our members collected over the years.

To expand and update the website, guidance from members is sought. Please feel free to speak up, drop us a line, call us, email us or have your say on our member's facebook page. The website will be an important communication vehicle for our Society well into the future.

As time goes by the need to collect and conserve our Society's knowledge is increasingly urgent. It would be a great loss if the vast wealth of stories and photos in our members' homes was not made available to future members (and selections to the wider public.)

Our committee will be meeting before the coming meeting at Don Bank to consider these important matters. Please have your say on these issues which are vital to the Society's future.

Stephen Black,
Treasurer & Stand-in Secretary



Editor's Comment

Jim Longmire



For some years now this journal has carried the story of Ned LUDD and his conspirators who smashed frames and machines including those for lace. Not only that, the *Luddites* threatened lives of those who were introducing machines to replace workers in the industrial revolution. The intention of *Luddites* was to save jobs for poor workers. They fought against change.

As Editor of *Tulle* I have been a *Luddite*. I have tried to maintain and promote the traditional way of submitting to and writing for this journal. This included in the May issue (in the Editor's comment) a small picture of Lord KITCHENER encouraging submissions by you. It has not worked. Increasingly ASLC members are communicating in new ways and not submitting articles in the old format.

Those who have submitted in any way to this issue, thank you very much. Horses are featured. The stories indicate how horses were an important part of our aussie way of life years ago and how lacemaker families moved into other lives and fields of work in Australia.

Like the drover's wife I waited in hope - for the rains and Clancy to return – waiting for the big flood of submissions. And felt sad that these did not come and that the drought of articles continued.

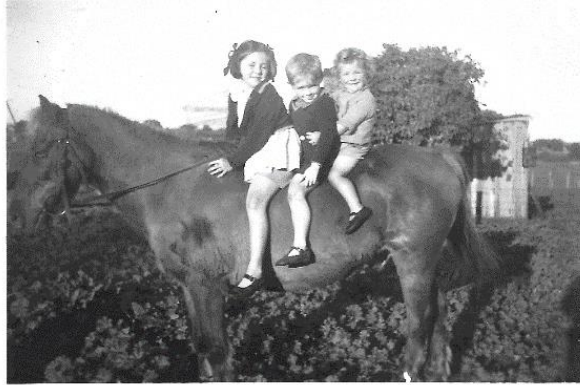
In future I will prepare *Tulle* with digital material emerging regularly online. A print version just like this one of 36 pages will be mailed out quarterly, with the same style as of today. The new approach will provide a more-dynamic journal. All traditional submissions will be highly-prized and welcome. This journal has news both sad and bright added at the last minute. For that reason it is late via the post. Now more than ever, please ...!



Trusted Friends of Descendants of Lacemakers

June Howarth OAM

I had a wonderful childhood. For the first 18 years of my life I lived at *Concord*, Kurri Kurri in the Lower Hunter of NSW. Our farm had good rich soil to promote the growth of corn, sorghum and lucerne for our dairy cattle. The spacious



June Howarth (aged 6), brother Jack (4) and Neighbour Max (3) atop *Taffy*

1880s brick residence had a white rose trellis at the front entrance and the kitchen garden had a trellis in which grew *Isabella* grapes. In summer we feasted on these and in the autumn and winter we could be found up the Mandarin trees. There was a pear tree in the pony's paddock and its fruit was only fit for jam making.

In this paddock for many years with Father's champion black show pony *O'Shea* who won many ribbons at Maitland show. A special pet was *Togo* a tricky white pony who had an appetite for fresh white bread. One day the baker called and left bread on the kitchen table and I looked up in time to catch sight of *Togo* at the door and coming into the kitchen. He was very old when he died and was so well loved that Mother and Father did not call for the knackers. Dad and the menfolk buried him, a huge task and planted a tree on his grave.

From a subsequent letter to June's original contribution:

*Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my home, once stole a leg of beef!*

Our beloved organist at St Peter's East Maitland was Mr Tom PRITCHARD, born in Wales and of course his nickname was *Taffy*. I had many musical friends at Kurri Kurri who had come from Wales. On occasions I sang with a local harpist (a very good one) Madam Elsie DAVIES, from Wales of course!

Another Maitland show winner was my Father's magnificent white saddle horse *Paddy*, an animal with a beautiful nature. For years, in fact through the war years, mother drove us to school in Maitland and the sulky horse was *Taffy*. We were told by a reliable person that *Taffy* was about 45 to 50 years old and had worked around the Kurri Kurri area. He deserved his retirement! After *Taffy* came *Mary* who had been a milk-cart pony. She could be very naughty and if she felt like it she would bite.

My mother was a Sydney girl who had lived in Narrabri and large towns. It was *infra dig* (*dignitatum*) for her not to have a car at her disposal. Dad was not interested in cars and had never learned to drive. With wartime petrol rationing we had no problems. Furthermore we were the envy of our schoolfriends as we had a horse.



***Plum & Bawley* pulling a sled, June's Father on Reins. Note the dog**

Our draft horses were indispensable. *Plumb* was a cart horse as well as a plough horse. *Bawley* was much taller and was also a plough horse. In the pictures the horses are pulling our sled. It would

be loaded with sorghum and the horses would drag it up the slope with hungry cows following. Jack and I used to love to get on top of the load and gradually roll off down the hill! Our adopted sister Edna was no horsewoman but she and her fiancé provided this cute photo. O'Shea's daughter just known as *The Black Filly* sadly died from the dreaded tetanus - deadly to horses and humans. She was versatile as a saddle horse and sulky horse.

Another horse called *Smoky* was used at times in the sulky but he was a fine saddle horse. Descended from a champion thoroughbred bloodstock, he was swift. He needed a skilled rider and I was not allowed to ride him. A young local woman asked to ride him at Maitland Showground Gymkhana and won several events including the flag race. Sadly *Smoky* was killed in Maitland when a thoughtless act caused him to shy and jump into the way of a semitrailer. In that incident *Smoky* was killed and my father spent several days with a broken shoulder in Maitland Hospital.



***Mike* the black & tan kelpie, another trusted friend**

Horses are a faithful steeds and friends. The countryman needs and appreciates the well-trained cattle or sheep dog and this is why I include *Mike* my father's black and tan kelpie. Father always said that a good cattle dog could be as good as another paid farmhand. And dear *Mike* died from a tick bite in 1957. The wonder serum was not easily available in those days.

p.s. The plough horses were hitched to a single plough, a cultivator with many cutting edges and a 'harrow' which broke up clods and helped to eradicate weeds. Very few farmers in those days had rotary hoes and tractors – a sign of the times.



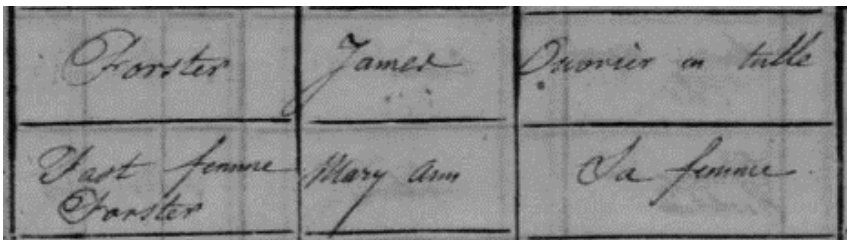
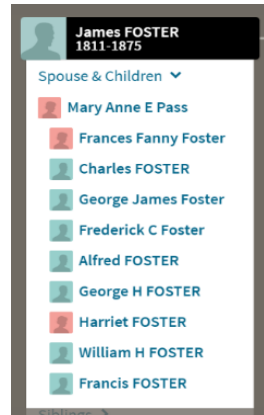
Gold, Honey and Horses: Recurring Themes of the FOSTER family in Australia

Megan Fox

Have you come across strange coincidences or recurring themes when researching your family? What are the threads that connect your family story? For my FOSTER Lacemakers, they were gold, honey and horses.

Before 1848

The FOSTER clan moved about in the years before arriving in Australia. James FOSTER and Mary Ann PASS were married in Loughborough Leics in 1828. Their first three children were born there, before they moved over the county border to Nottingham. Their next three children came along before they headed to Calais sometime between 1838 and 1841. They had three more children there, so boarding the *Agincourt* were 11 FOSTERS, the nine children were aged from 19 down to 2 years.



James FOSTER ('FORSTER' recorded) and Mary Ann (née PASS – 'PAST' recorded) in the 1846 Census for St Pierre lès Calais, p.86 in the online version. The street in which they are recorded is *Rue de la hospice* (or slight variations thereof), Section F in the Census

Bathurst and Beyond

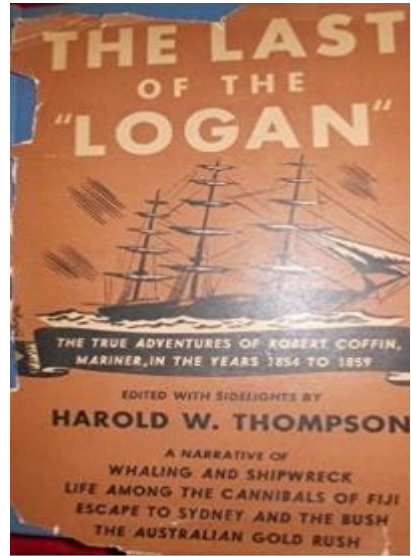
The entire family headed over the Blue Mountains with the Bathurst-bound Lacemaker contingent. Within three years, the family found itself in the midst of gold fever. Male family members took out mining leases and at the same time James opened a public house in the heart of the Long Creek and Pyramul goldfields. In 1856 he was the licensee of *The Spread Eagle Inn*.

Tales from 1858

By chance or a certain interest in the adventurous, the FOSTERS and some other Lacemaker families crossed paths with American Robert COFFIN in 1858. He was a whale-boat captain when his ship was wrecked in the Fiji Islands. He found his way to Australia and decided to try his luck on the NSW goldfields. During this time he kept a detailed diary of his adventures. After his death, his diaries were published (THOMPSON 1941.) He provided vivid descriptions of the people, places and native creatures he met in his travels, including the FOSTERS.

All this region, i.e. Pyramul and Long Creek belonged to a Mr SUTTOR... James FOSTER came and built a public house opposite WARD's store. He had quite a family: his wife, Charlie (27), Johnnie (25), Alfred (23), Peter (21), and Harriet (18) besides Thos. WHEWELL, a sometime habitue about 30, a quiet decent chap. Living so near I became well acquainted with all of them except the old man, who had a "lode star" and "affinity" in Bathurst, sixty miles away, and disappeared suddenly. There was another boy younger than Harriet. (pp161-162)

James turns up again in the mid 1860s. With sons Frederick and Alfred, he heads to Forbes, the site of the latest gold finds. Mary Ann



and the remaining family members stayed in the Pyramul district. Daughters Fanny and Harriet married miners and all the sons had mine leases and farm holdings. Most are buried in the small Pyramul Anglican Cemetery.



Liquid Gold

Having introduced the FOSTERS, Robert COFFIN shares more stories of his time in their company. It seems the two younger boys, William and Francis, had a liking for life in the bush, including a taste for wild honey.

The young FOSTER boys took to bee-hunting, and whenever they found a tree, they came to me to gather the honey. I stipulated that they should cut the tree down and then run away so far the bees would not notice them. In that way we got a number of buckets of honey. Then they found a tree about three feet through with a large hollow, almost a mere shell, and it was alive with bees in the top. The boys were excited and begged hard to stay and see me take up the honey. I told them if they would stand off a hundred feet or more, keep perfectly still, and never strike a blow even if a bee stung them- "Oh, yes, we'll do that", said they. They soon felled the tree and rushed to their viewpoint, and I stepped up with my axe to lay the tree open. There was a great swarm of bees, the air was filled with them, I raised my axe, struck one blow, glanced toward the boys, and their arms were going like windmills; the dazed buzzing of bees changed to an angry note, the boys scuttled home for dear life, and I dropped prone not an instant too soon... soon I was cutting out slabs and lay bare a great mass of honey, largest of wild honey I ever saw. By the time I had opened the tree, the boys had ventured back, and they took out ten or a dozen buckets full. (pp 168-169)



The pursuit of wild honey could be dangerous, as William and Francis' nephews discovered 66 years later.

And just to prove the FOSTER descendants affinity for honey, we meet Frederick Arthur FOSTER, great grandson of James and Mary Ann. His parents were William "Brickie" FOSTER and Ada "Kate" KELLY. He was born after his more famous relative, Uncle Edward "Ned" KELLY had been hanged, but was raised by his grandmother Ellen KELLY in Greta, Victoria after the apparent suicide of his mother when he was 9 years old.

Frederick joined the Australian Infantry Force and was killed in the *Battle of Bullecourt* on 15 April 1917. His enlistment papers show his occupation was Beekeeper.

The Sport of Kings

One of the earliest forms of entertainment in the colony of NSW was horse racing. It was popular across all sections of society, with racing well established in the 1820s.

Pyramul may be little more than a sign on a back road between Mudgee and Bathurst but it's racecourse was the place to celebrate Easter 1874.

Killed by Falling Tree

WINDEYER RESIDENT'S DEATH.

Fate seems to have been against Francis John Bolton, of Windeyer, who on Saturday promised his brothers he would not fall a certain tree. He changed his mind later in order to get the honey, and was subsequently found among the debris, dead. Mr. Bolton lived with his two brothers, all bachelors, at Lon-Creek. On Saturday morning at about 10 o'clock he left his brothers at their home stating that he was going to their camp at Nuggetty Creek, about three miles distant where they had a slicing claim. Deceased inquired about a box for honey, and suggested to his brother that he would probably fall a tree where they knew there was a bees' nest. His brother dissuaded him and deceased left for the camp. He, however, took the box and two axes. On

Pyramul April 74: Being 150 miles from the metropolis, I was at a loss how to spend my Easter holiday. A friend suggested a visit to the old Pyramul Goldfields to witness the Pyramul annual races and athletic sports. After a pleasant ride of twenty miles we arrived at the post town of Upper Pyramul. After refreshing ourselves and horses, we started for the racecourse, which is about one mile from the village, and, in my humble opinion, a country racecourse (such as I saw at the Pyramul) has a good effect upon the people. Two booths for the sale of fermented and spirituous liquors, and a confectioner's stall, kept the public well supplied. The Windeyer police managed to keep very good order, although their services were little required, for throughout the whole day I saw only three cases of drunkenness; and there was not a single blow struck, which I thought most extraordinary, and almost impossible, for four or five hundred people to congregate together on a country racecourse on such an occasion, without using the hand as well as the tongue to settle their little disputes. After witnessing four horse races and an equal number of foot races and jumping matches for various prizes, my friend and I left the course, well satisfied with our day's enjoyment. About 200 people sat down to a first-rate supper, provided by host Marshall, to which ample justice was done.

Spring forward to 1930 and we have one of the most famous horse races in Australian folklore – *Phar Lap's* win in the Melbourne Cup. Ten lengths behind the winner, an aged *Donald* was battling it out for 3rd place. *Donald's* owner and trainer was Eric FOSTER SMITH, great grandson of James and Mary Ann FOSTER.

Eric was a successful thoroughbred breeder, trainer and owner from the 1920s to 1960s. He learned about bloodstock from his uncle James FOSTER, who owned a thoroughbred stud, *Cullengoral*, near Gulgong – another NSW gold mining town.

Shortly before his death, James fought unsuccessfully to prevent *Cullengoral* Gold Sluicing Co. from operating on his property. A



generous allocation of shares appeared to sweeten the deal and once again the FOSTER family was back in the gold game.

CULLENGORAL GOLD: Difficulties Overcome

THERE Is some excitement and speculation in mining circles over the prospects of the Cullengoral Gold Sluicing Co. which is operating on Mr J.F. FOSTER's property near Gulgong. Shares in the company have risen in a remarkable manner, and it is stated that they will go much higher when the Stock Exchange reopens within a week...The present owner of the property was diffident until recently about mining on the area, and when the Placer people inspected in present company has apparently overcome any difficulties with the owner, by allocating a share interest to him for the shares of the company.



Some Racehorses and Stories

Some great thoroughbred horses associated with my ancestors were in the racing news over the years. And we have a trophy cabinet full of prizes for these horses. These included *The Miller, Bradford, Venusta, Burnley, and Barnsley* (above.)



Bred Burnley, Sire And Dam

By "Verax"

Accepting a cocktail cabinet, trophy for winning the Mackie Handicap with Burnley at Newcastle Tattersall's Club's meeting at Broadmeadow on Saturday. Mr. E. F. Smith said he had received a lot of pleasure out of the win because he had bred Burnley's sire and dam.

Burnley is by *Bradford* from *Venusta*.

Mr Smith said he had also won a trophy with *Donald* at the previous meeting hosted by Tattersall's at Broadmeadow.

Source: *Newcastle Morning Herald & Miner's Advocate*. 5 June 1950. p.8,
<http://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/135307442>

On this page one excerpt from a newspaper gives a flavour of some of the achievements of Eric Foster SMITH. The link between gold, honey and horses is strong in my FOSTER family history.

Reference

THOMPSON, Harold W. 1941. ed. *The Last of the Logan: the true adventures of Robert Coffin, mariner in the years 1854 to 1859 wherein are set forth*

his pursuit of the whale, his shipwreck on rapid reef, his life among the cannibals of Fiji and his search for gold in Australia / as told by himself. Illustrated Edition. Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press. <http://trove.nla.gov.au/version/13572588>

The Miller (right)

(& In the Trophy Cabinet)



vale: Alice May GOLDFINCH

A funeral service for the treasured and much-loved member of our Society Alice GOLDFINCH was held on 2 August 2017. Alice the widow of Lionel GOLDFINCH died late last month and she will be missed lots by many members. Both Lionel and Alice were very keen contributors to ASLC and rarely missed a meeting at Don Bank.

At our previous meeting at Don Bank Cottage Alice sat front and centre while discussing important issues about the future of our Society (see centrefold page.). Normally she would commute by train from Ingleburn to North Sydney and then she walked very athletically from the station up Miller Street to Don Bank Cottage. I recall once being assigned the job of accompanying her back to the station. I was waylaid a few minutes before leaving. Then I dashed for the station but she was nowhere to be seen. She could walk at a very fast pace even late in life and she was on the train and gone.



Alice May GOLDFINCH
Portrait courtesy: Richard LANDER



Judy GIFFORD and Lindsay WATTS make Presentations to Local Family History Society

Recently, keen family historians Judy and Lindsay and stalwarts of ASLC made interesting presentations on various recollections and findings to their local family history society. A very-detailed set of photos and talking points was prepared by Judy about growing up in the East Gosford District. I am sure she will be pleased to share her wonderful photographs and slides with you.



Lindsay and Judy after their presentations

Lindsay pointed out that her father and uncle were very keen horsemen from the Hunter Valley and went on trips to India with the *Walers* or sometimes termed *remounts*. A.B. Banjo PATERSON went to the Boer War as a Remount Officer and the photo below shows remounts being prepared for loading. Courtesy: NLA.



The Last Parade (excerpts)

A.B. (Banjo) PATERSON

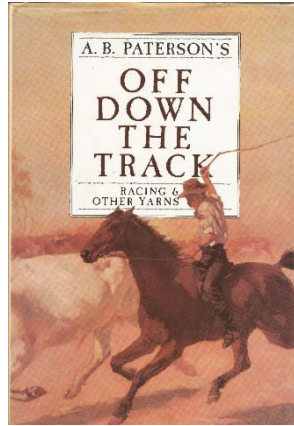
Weary they were and battered.
Shoeless, and knocked about;
From under their ragged forelocks
Their hungry eyes looked out.

Over the seas you brought us,
Over the leagues of foam:
Now we have served you fairly
Will you not take us home?

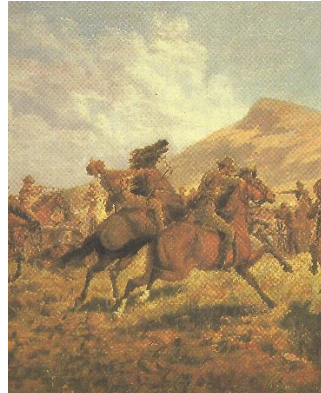
Home to the Hunter River,
To the flats where the lucerne grows;
Home where the Murrumbidgee
Runs white with the melted snows.

“This is a small thing surely!
Will not you give command
That the last of the old campaigners
Go back to their native land?”

They looked at the grim commander,
But never a sign he made.
“Dismiss!” and the old campaigners
Moved off from their last parade.



**Source of Poem: pp.
238-9 in the above.
North Ryde NSW:
Angus & Roberston.
1986**



**Excerpt of 1904 Painting
by Charles HAMMOND,
*Australians & New
Zealanders at
Klerksdorp.* op cit p.221**



National Family History Month launched on 1 August 2017

The launching of NFHM was held at the Sydney Office of the National Archives of Australia (see www.naa.gov.au). We were represented by Secretary Carolyn, her husband Allan and myself (Editor). A very-informative presentation was given by Bryan SCALES of the Sydney Office, on 20th Century immigration to Australia and on records held by the National Archives of Australia and how to find them. Basically if you go to the website of the archives much can be learned from fact sheets and other information.



Dr Perry MCINTYRE and our Secretary Carolyn at the launch of NFHM 1 August 2017

After his address the Botany Bay Family History Society was awarded the Nick Vine Hall Award for best family history journal for Society's with less than 200 members. Our Society was awarded the Runner Up to this prize (see photograph in Centrefold & p. 35.)

We then heard the keynote opening address by esteemed family historian Dr Perry MCINTYRE on *Family History 30 years after Australia's Bicentennial: Who is Looking Now?* Perry reminded us that we are the custodians of the nation's heart and soul. Accordingly we should go out of our way to document as much as possible with well-annotated and credible sources. We should all look back over the past thirty years and look forward too. The family histories of the future will be very different as the mix of our population changes and as new means of communication and storage rapidly evolve.





Attendees at the May Meeting of Our Society at Don Bank Cottage with Alice GOLDFINCH sitting front and centre



Attendees at the Launch of National Family History Month at the Sydney Office of the National Archives of Australia, 1 August 2017



Feedback on the Index of Surnames of Lacemakers of Calais in the 1846 Census of St Pierre lès Calais, France

Jim Longmire

A preliminary index of surnames of our ancestors was published in *Tulle* 135, pp. 31-3. Some feedback is now reported. Firstly, the surname of the ROGERS ancestor(s) has not been found in the 1846 census report - yet. Judy ROGERS reported that her ancestor(s) lived in *Rue des Prairies* which runs N-S on the south side of *Boulevard la Fayette* which is a major link road in St Pierre. We will keep searching and indexing in the hope of discovering much more overall about our ancestors, and resolving the ROGERS omission (if it is one?) For other omissions or errors in the index please advise.

Currently Stephen BLACK and I are planning to obtain considerably more information from the 1846 Census. I am working on an index of streets by page number of the report. With that, rather quickly we can search for the ROGERS name, for example, without having to scan through the 180 pages or so of the whole Census Report online.

Stephen is considering how we might compile a very substantial database of all our lacemaker ancestors and their wives, children, domestics etc. recorded in the census. He was intrigued to see one BROMHEAD relative in the 1846 report. Between the two of us and others who would like to participate I hope we can build a very-good picture and map of who lived where in St Pierre, the family, their occupations (if listed) and age as recorded in 1846. This may include portraits of the individuals where they are available.

Ultimately we want this to be related to the superb information Gillian has compiled and published, particularly in *Well Suited to the Colony*. For your information and discussion as soon as possible.



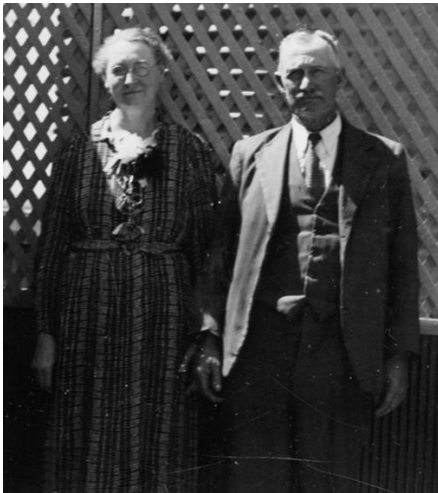
Farming with Clydesdale Horses at Kybunga, South Australia

Selected Stories of Les Longmire (1913-2002)

[**Jim Notes:** In keeping with our theme the stories which follow paraphrase some yarns of Les, the father of the current Editor of *Tulle*. These were told to me over the years, and I noted most here in 1996.]



Les on Micky c1927



Edith and Will (Wm) LONGMIRE. He was a grandson of Lacemaker of Calais Hiram LONGMIRE and wife Ann (née WHILDON)

the south at *Howard's Corner*) and the family of Ted BEST working on the farm.

On our farm in the old days my father William (Will) LONGMIRE the proprietor insisted that no person should sit down to eat before all the animals, working ones and pets, were fed and watered (at daybreak and evening.)

Dad (Will) slaughtered a 'killer' sheep most Mondays. He kept a quarter of the carcass and Uncle Walter (*Wop*) and Auntie Myrtle LONGMIRE over the road received a quarter. Peg was their daughter. The rest was divided between Eric HOWARD's family (a WWI returned soldier living a mile to

The dogs got the scraps and some offal, although *lamb's fry*, onions and mashed potatoes inevitably was served at home the next day - one of my favourite dishes. The sheep's carcass was hung and covered in a meat bag and cut up when set a day or two later. The longer it hung the more tender the meat and the busier the blowflies around the meat bag! After being cut up the meat was kept in the safe cooled by water splashed on hessian bags covering it (another job for the girls and women.) The meat safe was on the back veranda and the dogs used to sniff around a bit. Meanwhile the sheepskin was hung over the rails in the shearing shed where it dried and meat was picked from it by crows. Later the sheepskins were sold to the wool and skin merchant who came around occasionally.



Wool and Skin Merchant John O'BRIEN, Goulburn NSW

My Mother Edith L (née VEITCH) always did the washing on Monday. She used a copper heated by wood chips to boil water for the linen and the dusty or very-muddy work clothes. The clothes line was a strand of light cable and was secured by posts set well in the ground. Later these were to be replaced by rotary *Hills Hoists* possibly the most-recognised invention of South Australia. Wooden laundry pegs were strong then. We had a chip heater for a bath after work. I started shaving with a razor and strop. The *Gillette* safety razors came later.



We had big canvas waterbags on the veranda and carried the smaller portable ones out to work. Always a dog or two slept on my bed in



LONGMIRE and DAWSON ancestors at Alva House, 2 miles S of Kybunga

the back room of our home known as *Alva House*. It was named after the town in Scotland where our maternal ancestors the DAWSONs lived. They emigrated from there to South Australia in 1856 (IRELAND, 1972, Appendix B.) The women and girls were always very busy and worked

hard doing various jobs, milking, gardening, weeding, sewing, making things, cooking great *tucker* and so on.

Most weeks my Dad Will LONGMIRE went to the neighbouring town of Blyth on a Friday and he would bring home *fritz* and sausages from the local butchers of German descent. We loved the *fritz* in cold salads and sandwiches. Friday was a great day out for the *cockies* (farmers) who would meet in Blyth. All of them would be there. Anyone with a new car, their first, didn't let the women drive it. Old Mr JERICHO had been to Adelaide and driven home rather wildly along some rough tracks north of Mallala. He said to Dad: 'Mr LONGMIRE, I've just bought a new chiseller with a duck-oh finish!' having just purchased a *Chrysler* with a *duco* finish.

When I was about 12, my twin sister Dulcie and I managed to borrow *a few quid* from our older brother Stan at the Blyth Agricultural Show. This paid for a joyride over the showground in a tiger moth-like biplane which I arranged. Imagine us two young farm twins lapping around the show scene in a biplane piloted by some *Biggles*-like character. Much later I acquired the nickname *Ginty*.



[**Jim notes:** Recently I searched for the origin of that nickname so decided to *google it*. The most notable *Ginty* of those times in Australia was a WWI ace pilot with that nickname and the name P.J. MCGINNESS. He was a co-founder of QANTAS and a strong promoter of rural air services in Australia. I suspect that the nickname *Ginty* came after Les and twin sister Dulce went on that joyride.] When my father Will heard about the biplane saga at the show he said ‘You cranky young beggars!’

The railway line ran along the eastside of our property and a steam train would pass by both ways daily - northwards in the morning and back to Adelaide in the afternoon. Our horses were attuned to the train choof choofing along and to its whistle. So they had learnt about the big iron machine and were not spooked by it.

However, horse teams coming in from further west with waggon loads of wheat were spooked by it. Many times after being stirred up by the train these horse teams bolted down the road westwards past the Kybunga primary school towards the seven cross roads junction, at Bowillia. They were heading home while the reinsman was trying to pull up the team before the bags of wheat were strewn everywhere. Often it took a mile or two to stop the teams, if at all. And a fair few hessian bags (weighing 180 lbs or 80 kg) had to be picked up, rebagged and sewn again later on. There were some really bad *trolley* accidents because of the train. Too many great horses died.



The grand champion at the Blyth Agricultural & Horticultural Show, ears pricked, in centre c1925



Embers from the train started a few fires on our place but we always ploughed firebreaks around crops and pasture. The *mouldboard* plough cut the best firebreaks and we could back burn off the last furrow cut. We never lost too much crop or grass to fires. Once the small block over the railway was burnt out. I don't recall big fires on the rest of our land. We made lots of *sheaved* hay with *binders* and the haystacks were always neatly built to shed moisture. The draught horses ate a lot of feed which we grew at home. We fed them in a huge trough and they used to line up in the same order each feed.



Les Longmire Cutting the Edge of a Wheat Crop to Make a Firebreak and to make Sheaves of Wheaten Hay with a Binder, c1935



LONGMIRE horse team & tip dray [with Les LONGMIRE & Stan (Smokey) & Rex MCSKIMMING, good mates] with a few bags aboard.





Kybunga Primary School Children and Teacher, 1913

We used to go two miles to primary school at Kybunga in a horse and cart in the early 1920s. One day we had a minor incident on the way home from school with neighbours the MCSKIMMING children in another cart. My sisters, Dulce and Jean and I were in our cart which was drawn by *Bob*. With nobody hard on the reins as usual he decided to run between the telephone pole and the fence. This was down by ROBERTS' farm not far from Kybunga. Woops! Out the *Longys* went - all of us! We hit the dirt on our backsides. No seatbelts then! *Bob* just wanted to catch up with the neighbour's cart horse *Lanky*. In their cart were Jim, Dulce, Joan and Lex and they all laughed their heads off. The MCSKIMMINGS had the wildest laugh around. Dulce my twin sister, Jean and I were dumped. But we hit good red earth and tussock grass so apart from a few dirty marks on our clothes and a sore backside there were no dramas fortunately. Mum and my oldest two sisters Edith and Ann did the washing then but we all had some explaining to do..

Bob HUNT began work for Uncle Stan TILLER and was sent out with five harrows and a five-horse team one day. He was told to harrow up and down the paddock. Uncle Stan TILLER said 'He didn't get over the paddock very quick. What is he *blarn* well up to?' Guess what? Bob harrowed up and down all day over the same



ground! He was a newcomer and did not know he was meant to move over a 5-harrow width having done one row. The *Clydesdales* must have been rather confused but had a light day's work harrowing very fine fallow all day.



LONGMIRE *Clydesdales* harrowing dusty fallow, c1930. Lead horse right has big blaze and no blinkers while the rest have leather blinkers. All horses have leather collars chained to harrows. Horses seem bored.

I loved working with the horses. They were big. They probably ranged in height from 17 to 19 hands (1.7-1.9 metres tall at the withers or shoulder.) Most probably weighed 800-900kg but some maybe a ton. I was just over 6 foot tall so had to stand on tiptoes to look over one. We had some wonderful draught horses who knew when to turn and when to stop. They'd work long hours all day too. All were different in character. They loved their work and the daily routine. The horses and we farmers worked very long hours and they knew by call or whistle what to do. But often that was not needed.



Trucks carting hay from LONGMIRE farm Kybunga, c1940

Kate was my favourite lead horse, but we had *Donald*, *Micky*, *Tommy*, *Rosie* and numerous others with simple names. *Kate* would turn always when she should without even a twitch of the reins, whistle or call when working the field and all the team of horses would follow her.

We used to take some to the local shows but they never took out many prizes. There were ploughing competitions in the early days. This was with a single-furrow plough and one horse only. Our horses worked in teams mainly with wheeled farm implements made of cast iron. Grandma won more prizes with the apricot and fig jams in the local shows. We loved the various jams with fresh cream on homemade bread. They were our staple diet.



LONGMIRE *Clydesdale* teams carting wheat to Kybunga Rail Siding, c1930 in the depression. Note: Les is on the reins on the rear waggon. *Alva House* in Background. Teams are on right hand side of road. Neat haystack and edge of stables top left.

In the depression, wheat prices dropped back to one shilling and sixpence a bushel, or five bob a bag (i.e.25 cents per 80 kg). Our wheat was sold then to the same agents. My Dad Will LONGMIRE sold his wheat through *Louis Dreyfus*, an international grain trading company. He always seemed to get a better price with them. They were in a pretty big way with wheat exporting from South Australia. *Dreyfus* always used to be able to offer a loan from Adelaide if Grandpa needed some money. The banks were pretty tight in those days.



Uncle Kite took up land at Lock on the *West Coast* (the local name for Eyre Peninsula, South Australia). He went ‘*arse up*’ during those early days and Dad bought him out. It was a good farm but it put my Father under a lot of pressure financially. My older brother Stan took it over. I went over there to work for about six months on the farm when I was about 18 or 19. During that time Stan got crook. It was good country, about 3000 acres of *mallee* land. The crops were taken off with strippers, the swathe (mainly grain and *cocky chaff*) was *winnowed* by horse-powered machines and the grain was carted to Lock, an important receival point for bagged grain then. All bags were of hessian and when filled they had to be sewn with twine, another hot job after harvest for farmers until bulk-handling of grain came in the 1950s. Sadly Kybunga missed out on a big wheat silo and dwindled quickly as a grain siding to nothing by the 1960s.

A very important job for one *Clydesdale* horse hitched to a machine was bag lifting. The bags then weighed 180lbs (80 kg), considerably more than the 20kg standard bag for fertilizer or garden soil today. The bag lifter was a simple machine fixed to the ground. It was worked by a single draught horse hitched by collar, chains and swivel to a frame that would lift a bag from ground level to the height at which it could be lumped on to the shoulder of the *wheat lumpers* standing on the floor of the waggon. The floor was about 5 feet above ground. The horse had to be accurate and steady with this job as the bags were lifted about 10 feet above ground level. Some could do it without a person leading them. But of course a bloke would be putting the bags to be hoisted on the lifter at ground level.

The PRATT family of Blyth bought a place at Lock on Eyre Peninsula too. To help farm the West Coast properties the LONGMIREs just south of Kybunga and the PRATTs about 5 miles west of Blyth walked *Clydesdale* horses the 50 odd miles to Wallaroo with a mob of 40 to 50 working horses all together. They were shod by local smithies but walked without even a halter. At Wallaroo they were taken out on to the jetty one by one and walked via a wide loading plank on to the main deck of a coaster and



shipped across Spencer Gulf to Cowell. Old Mr PRATT was seasick almost before he left.



MUGGE Clydesdales running from the sound of a meteorite, Blyth South Australia c1940. Courtesy Barrie & Winsome MUGGE

One of the PRATT horses jumped overboard while out to sea. I saw them get the horse back by winching it out of the deep blue water. One of the sailors slung rope under the horse while it was swimming out in the briny sea. Neither horse nor sailor worried about the great white sharks who never appeared fortunately! What a great job the seaman did. He made a sling with thick *coir* rope which then was tied to the chain of the ship's crane to hoist the horse aboard. And that *Clydesdale* weighing not much short of a ton was brought back unharmed. We all got home to Blyth and Kybunga OK. The horses came home in great condition. Horses were valuable those days. We needed them to make a quid and we looked after them accordingly.

[**Jim notes:** I heard a story recently of a *thoroughbred* horse who was being exercised by swimming along a beach facing the Pacific Ocean near Sydney. For some reason he started swimming out to sea and the handler could not stop him, eventually letting him go. They went out in a boat to try to retrieve it but the weather and seas got rough and they could not find the horse. They did the same for the next two days. On the third day the horse returned ashore, rather tired but none the worse for wear. *As told to me recently by highly-respected trainer Danny WILLIAMS of Goulburn NSW*]



The *Clydesdales* did their job in the mallee country on the West Coast but were happy to return to the red soil plains of Kybunga and Blyth. One thing about farming then which you do not see now is this. It was full of life with many workers and horses about and hard work for all including the women who kept the home going, the smaller enterprises and so on. Today farming is still hard work but is all about much bigger machines and modern *thing-a-me-jigs*. Farming is different now. I preferred the old days of the draught horse, mouldboard ploughs and waggons.



MUGGE 10HP team cultivating red earth. Note limestones which were later picked. Courtesy: Barrie & Winsome MUGGE



MUGGE *Clydesdales* most likely brood mares at pasture, Blyth, South Australia. Courtesy: Barrie & Winsome MUGGE





Longmire Team of Clydesdales hitched to a ground-driven wheat harvester with an Australian Front (long combs - *Sunshine* Make)



A Clydesdale Stallion and his Quarters on the LONGMIRE Farm at Kybunga c1930. Note slab poles of mallee from further west.

Reference

IRELAND, Kingsley. 1972. *The DAWSON Family*. Appendix B in *The Family History of Hiram LONGMIRE 1814-1880*. Self-published: Marananga via Greenock, South Australia. [Available upon request from jimlongy@gmail.com] Kingsley advised me on 28/7/2017 that the year of arrival of the DAWSONs at Port Adelaide is 1856, not 1846 as published in 1972. See: <http://www.theshipslist.com/ships/australia/amazon1856.shtml> .



Song of the Wheat (*excerpts*)

A.B. "Banjo" PATERSON

We have sung the song of the droving days,
Of the march of the travelling sheep;
By silent stages and lonely ways
Thin, white battalions creep.
But the man who now by the land would thrive
Must his spurs to a plough-share beat.
Is there ever a man in the world alive
To sing the song of the Wheat!

Furrow by furrow, and fold by fold,
The soil is turned on the plain;
Better than silver and better than gold
Is the surface-mine of the grain;
Better than cattle and better than sheep
In the fight with drought and heat;
For a streak of stubbornness, wide and deep,
Lies hid in a grain of Wheat.

Green and amber and gold it grows
When the sun sinks late in the West;
And the breeze sweeps over the rippling rows
Where the quail and the skylark nest.
Mountain or river or shining star,
There's never a sight can beat –
Away to the sky-line stretching far –
A sea of the ripening Wheat.



When the burning harvest sun sinks low,
And the shadows stretch on the plain,
The roaring strippers come and go
Like ships on a sea of grain;
Till the lurching, groaning waggons bear
Their tale of the load complete.
Of the world's great work he has done his share
Who has garnered a crop of wheat.

Postscript from Jim, Editor Tulle: I read these verses at the funeral of my father Les (Leslie Veitch LONGMIRE.) He is buried at Clare Cemetery, South Australia alongside my mother Kathleen Francis (née MOYLE.) Barrie MUGGE of Blyth was one of the pallbearers of my father's coffin. William and Edith LONGMIRE are buried at Kybunga Cemetery, South Australia. The son of Hiram and Ann LONGMIRE who emigrated to Australia from Calais France, Hiram LONGMIRE Jr and his wife Ann (née DAWSON) took up land south of Kybunga in the late 1870s and my family farmed it until 1965. Hiram Jr and Ann are buried at Kybunga Cemetery also. When my brother Ian last visited that cemetery he saw a huge brown snake. The place is little visited by humans these days so the birds, animals and reptiles make good company.

Ian was a very keen member of *The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais Inc.* and shared with me a number of the photographs in this article. Sadly he died at Esperance Western Australia in 2008. He is buried in the lovely white sands of Esperance and magpies were carolling as we lowered him in his grave. This article is dedicated to my family, all generations past and present, particularly my brothers Ian and Bill, my parents and my children. It is also written to thank the many South Australians and friends met with good times in other places at home and abroad. Also a very special thanks to members of *ASLC* and their ancestors who have been great mates over the generations.

---oo0oo---



Nick Vine Hall
Award
2017



Tulle, Runner Up, Awarded
1 August 2017, Small Society
Category, AFFHO Inc.

The Bolter, in Paterson op cit.
p.187

Coming Events 2017 (Selected)

19 August: (Saturday 9.30-3.30) Central Coast FHS: Regional Seminar, Gosford City Lions Hall, Contact RAHS \$20

6 September: (Saturday 1-2pm), The Aboriginal People of Coastal Sydney. History House, Sydney. Contact RAHS

20 September: (Wednesday 11am-1pm) RAHS Trove – a Flagship Discovery Service. \$32-\$35. Contact RAHS

22-24 September: 2017 Annual Conference of NSW/ACT Association of Family History Societies Inc., Orange NSW (02 6393 8120) – ASLC will attend as per usual

19 October: (Thursday 12.30pm) *The Emigrant Ship Baboo and Lacemakers of Calais* by Jim Longmire, Editor *Tulle*, Luncheon Address to Pioneers Association of South Australia (PASA) Contact PASA <https://www.pioneerssa.org.au/>

28-9 October: Royal Australian Historical Society, Annual Conference 2017, Contact RAHS 02 9247 8001



Finding Coming Events in Family History & Genealogy Online

Jim Longmire

Many many coming events are listed in the following websites. Of course any simple search by google or other search engines will allow you to discover much more than the websites listed here. A few key words generally will do the job but be careful and precise.

<https://www.lacemakersofcalais.com.au/> (lists our regular Don Bank meetings, 3rd Saturday of Feb, May, Aug & Nov @ 1pm)

www.affho.org (Australian Federation of Family History Societies)

www.rahs.org.au

<http://familyhistorymonth.org.au>

<https://nswactfhs.org.au/conference/>

<https://www.sag.org.au> (Society of Australian Genealogists)

<https://www.genealogysa.org.au> (Genealogy South Australia)

www.sog.org.uk (London Society of Genealogists)

www.nottsfhs.org.uk (Nottinghamshire Family History Society)

www.lrfhs.org.uk (Ditto for Loughborough, Leics)

https://familysearch.org/wiki/en/Pas-de-Calais,_France_Genealogy
(Note: I found this by searching for the words 'Calais Family History Society'. The same also brings up ASLC old and new websites).
Good luck with your searching!!!



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Please note that you can access old issues of *Tulle* at our website:

*<https://www.lacemakersofcalais.com.au> and click on *Tulle**

Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais Inc.

Who are we?

Our Society was formed in 1982 with the aim of gathering a group of people whose ancestors were machine lacemakers of Calais who came to Australia in 1848. These 'Lacemakers' were mainly from the Midlands of England who undertook two migrations in the 1800s.

The first migration or 'exodus' was to leave the English Midlands and to move to Calais France. Our Lacemaker ancestors generally migrated there in the 1820s, 1830s and 1840s. There they helped develop a European hub for machine lace. Their skills were treasured. Many children were born in Calais or nearby and marriages with French people occurred. The future seemed assured but collapsed suddenly during the 1848 French Revolution.

Most Lacemakers and families decided that a future in a new land was preferable to returning to England's Midlands. So their second exodus with wife and children was in 1848 to colonies in Australia as assisted emigrants. They were sponsored by the Colonial Office of the British Government on the condition that they never manufacture lace 'down under.' They were well-suited to the colonies.

Most emigrants sailed from England to Australia aboard *Agincourt* (Sydney), *Fairlie* (Sydney) or *Harpley* (Adelaide.) Others came on the following vessels: *Andromache*, *Baboo*, *Bermondsey*, *Emperor*, *General Hewett*, *Harbinger*, *Navarino*, *Nelson* and *Walmer Castle*.

All descendants of lacemakers and others interested are invited to apply for membership. Members, families and others are invited to various activities of ASLC, to contribute to *Tulle* and to access our online material. We encourage you to enjoy our gatherings and contact. We engage actively with other like societies. For more see <https://www.lacemakersofcalais.com.au>

