

Tulle

Volume 20 Number 3
November 2002



"THE SQUATTER'S FIRST HOME" c. 1846

*The Journal of
The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais*

**MEETING DATES
2002**

Saturday August 17, 2002
Saturday, November 16, 2002 when
we celebrate with a Birthday Party

**Donbank Cottage
6 Napier Street, North Sydney
Meeting Time 1.00**

Train to North Sydney or bus from Wynard

NEXT MEETING

Saturday, August 17, 2002

**Who are we at ASLC? Join us for an afternoon
of memories of twenty years & of people stories**

**See page 31 for details of this extremely
interesting afternoon.**

New members very welcome

Looking for us on the net?
www.angelfire.com/al/aslc/

Want to join? Membership due?
**Annual Fees \$30, to the Treasurer
PO Box 209
Terrey Hills NSW 2084**



Tulle

Volume 20 No 3, August 2002

From the Desks of.....	2
Celebrating Twenty Years.....	6
Medical Matters in Victorian Times, A report of Dr Fluit's Address, Richard Lander.....	8
South Australia Bound 1848, from notes of Marion McLeod.....	11
Joseph Clarke, Sarah Timons and Kingsley Ireland,	14
Somerville Family Reunion.....	15
News from Calais in 1848.....	16
The Wrongs of Woman, Chapter III , Sorrows and Struggles, Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna	17
Saywells and the Titanic.....	29
Think On It, Mignon Prestont.....	29
The Story Tellers.....	30
Who Are We? Richard Lander.....	31
For the Genealogist - British Burials in Calais	33

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Dear Friends,

Our 20th birthday year is providing some memorable highlights. Those of us who attended the May meeting were taken back to the late 1800s and given a glimpse of how the practice of medicine treated the ill and infirm.

The address by Dr John Fluit and some of the surgical tools he brought with him made us thankful that we lived in a more enlightened age. I'm sure that we all wondered how those hardy souls who arrived here in 1848 managed to survive some of those downright dangerous 'cures' long enough to ensure that their descendants would come together in 2002 as hale and healthy men and women.

The group given the task of devising a theme for 'our year' came up with a brilliant way to celebrate the event. It was suggested that by looking back at different aspects of life in the late 1800s we would be able to appreciate the rigours and hardships experienced by ordinary folk as they went about their daily lives. To do so, guest speakers who have expertise in different aspects of this historical period would be invited to share their knowledge with us. Our thanks go to Robin Gordon for bringing us Dr Fluit.

There is another treat in store for us at the November meeting when Associate Professor Carol Liston, the President of the Royal Australian Historical Society will speak on the social issues, mores and values which were predominant during the mid-1800s. More information will be available at the August meeting and through *Tulle*.

So do keep free Saturday 15 November for this very special occasion. Meanwhile I look forward to seeing as many members who have managed to escape the run of winter ills at Don Bank Cottage on 17 August 2002.

Elizabeth Bolton
President.

AND THE SECRETARY'S

Godfrey's Cordial

How can we be sure what ingredients are contained in some of the drinks popular with our young and not so young today?

I was intrigued by the reference to Godfrey in the last issue of Tulle (*The Wrongs of Woman* by Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna) and sought an explanation from the Oxford English Dictionary. Other members may be interested to know the OED records that on 17 February 1722, the following appeared in Applebee's Original Weekly Journal. "To all Retailers and Others. The General Cordial formerly sold by Mr. Thomas Godfrey of Hunsdown in Hertfordshire, deceased, is now prepared, according to a Receipt written by his own Hand, and.. is now sold by me Thomas Humphreys of Ware in the said County, Surgeon. Godfrey's was chiefly a mixture of infusion of sassafras, treacle, and tincture of opium.

Sassafras comes from the nut or the bark of the root of a tree that belongs to the Laurel group and has an aromatic taste and smell. It was used to make both soap and a kind of tea. In fact, prior to about 1830 the vending of tea and coffee was almost unknown because of their cost.

The favoured drink was saloop which the OED describes as a hot drink consisting of an infusion of powdered salep (the edible dried tubers of various orchids) or (later) of sassafras, with milk and sugar, formerly sold in the streets of London in the night and early morning.

Treacle in old pharmaceutical language was a medicinal compound, originally a kind of salve, composed of many ingredients. It had a reputation as an alexipharmic against and as an antidote to venomous bites, poisons generally, as well as malignant diseases. Garlic was known as 'poor man's treacle'. However, even in 1722 treacle was also the sickly sweet, cloying, thickened saccharine fluid that we know today.

Opium, the sedative and destructive narcotic drug, with its heavy smell and bitter taste needed the sassafras and the treacle to make it palatable, possibly even attractive to young tastes.

The story of Godfrey's Cordial is a little like all our family stories. Some stories are sweet, some are bitter. Some leave a nice aftertaste. Some just put us to sleep. But all are our stories and all significant ones should be recorded in some tangible and lasting form. If it weren't for the fabulous resource offered by the Oxford English Dictionary most of us would never have known what Godfrey referred to. Surely we owe it to our descendants to record as much of our heritage as we are able.

Richard Lander
Secretary

AND FINALLY, THE EDITOR'S

And now we are twenty! What a difference twenty years makes. We are all just that much older, there is a new generation of descendants of the Lacemakers, and some of the older generation are sadly no longer with us.

The twenty years before 1848 saw enormous upheaval and change in Europe - and technology was part of that upheaval. Industrial revolution in England and social upheaval in France led our lacemakers to Australia.

So what of our last twenty years? Without dispute, technology has

again made the greatest differences to all our lives. In 1982 the home computer was a dream. Our first issues of *Tulle* were produced with a typewriter with the old carbon ink ribbons. The logo was hand drawn, as were any lines. The process, in comparison to today's world of desk top publishing on a home computer, was laborious and unforgiving of mistakes.

The exquisite preciseness of computer produced text enables us to enjoy high quality publications at an affordable price. It has made an enormous difference to the world of publishing.

Twenty years ago 'they' said one day we would bank and shop by computer - the Internet was not even dreamed of, and no one seriously imagined that computers would do the work of ten men in mere instances, but here we are!

I bank by Internet, I pay bills by Internet, I research by Internet and keep in touch with old friends as well as make new ones. At times I don't believe how much I can do from this desk.

Yes, computers have changed the work force, and daily we see job losses as a result - banks, shops and even printers no longer employ the numbers they once did. But the field of Information Technology has opened up an enormous world of employment opportunities. The balance has shifted - as the balance shifted for the framework knitters when the patent on Heathcoat's machine expired.

Can we speculate where the world will be in another twenty years? I simply cannot imagine.

Gillian Kelly
Editor



*Celebrating Twenty
Years*

*The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of
Calais*

*requests the pleasure of the company
of all members and friends*

at its

*Twentieth Birthday Luncheon
at Donbank Cottage*

on Saturday November 16, 2002.

*Lunch will be served at 1pm, followed by
an address by our very special guest speaker*

Associate Professor Carol Listen.

Cost \$10 per person

RSVP November 1

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, CAROL LISTON

We are delighted to announce that Carol Liston will be the guest speaker at our Birthday Gathering.

Carol Liston BA, Phd, DipFHS, is this year again President of the Royal Australian History Society, a position she has held previously for a five year term followed by nine years as Vice President.

She is currently Associate Professor of History at the University of Western Sydney, Nepean campus.

She has written histories of Campbelltown and Parramatta and as well as being a Fellow of the RAHS, she has been a Councillor of the Society of Australian Genealogists for many years, and is the Convenor of the Australian Biographical and Genealogical research Committee.

Associate Professor Liston's passions in life reflect our own - history and genealogy. What a fitting way to celebrate!



MEDICAL MATTERS IN VICTORIAN TIMES

Address given by guest speaker Dr John Fluit at the May meeting of ASLC

My particular interest is in medicine in the Victorian period – the late 1800s. We hold all sorts of romantic notions about this period. In fact, it was pretty rugged! It was a period marked by chronic overcrowding, poor sanitation, and lack of sewerage. Rubbish was dumped in the streets causing rat plagues; and night carts tipped their collections into the very rivers and streams which became the city's water supply. Recycling of the very worst kind!

There were very few regulations relating to the handling of food and most meat was allowed to hang in the open air, covered with flies. Unsurprisingly, there were significant outbreaks of typhoid fever and influenza in Sydney in the 1880s.

There were very few hospitals and during epidemics, those treating the ill had to rely on tent hospitals. The main problem relating to health during the Victorian Era was undoubtedly hygiene. For example, it was not unusual for a doctor to perform a gynaecological examination immediately after being involved in a post mortem without any hand-washing or change of clothing between the two procedures. Doctors usually just wore a blood-encrusted apron over their street clothes for all operations.

On the positive side, microscopes had achieved a level of real sophistication and vaccinations had commenced. The body of medical knowledge amongst doctors was growing rapidly but there was little attempt to disseminate it to the population at large. Even knowledge of what particular disease a person had might not save their life. Often there was no known cure. Funeral processions were common.

Pioneer women had to cope with all manners of things. The three leading causes of death in the 1880s were all infections (caused by poor hygiene, not poor knowledge) - pneumonia, tuberculosis, and diarrhoea (including enteritis). These accounted for about a third of all

deaths. Many additional deaths were the result of operations going wrong. Today more than half of all deaths are caused by either heart disease or cancers. In the 1880s many people did not survive beyond childhood and life expectancy was somewhere in the forties. There was a certain degree of fatalism and death was much more accepted and expected than it is today.

Because people had little access to professional medical care, most had a reference book such as “Modern Medical Counsellor” on their book-shelf. Also popular were the large number of “Quack Cures”. Most of these were useless and some were positively dangerous. Typical of these cures were:-

- Holloway’s Ointment “for the treatment of gout and rheumatism, inveterate ulcers, sore breasts, sore heads and bad legs.”
- Warner’s Safe Cure (which was almost 100% alcohol)
- Mrs. Winslow’s Soothing Syrup (which consisted of sugar, alcohol and opium)
- Beacham Pills (for indigestion, flushing, nervous afflictions, scurvy, kidney and liver disorders) containing aloes, ginger and soap.
- Wood’s Great Peppermint Cure for coughs and colds.
- Owbridge’s Lung Tonic
- Castor Oil
- Dr. Wansbrough’s Metallic Nipple Shields (which contained lead)

Many “cures” contained either arsenic or strychnine. Some contained morphine. Some cigarettes (especially those containing cannabis) claimed to cure coughing!

Many devices for bottle feeding babies involved bottles which were almost impossible to clean satisfactorily or which used unsanitary teats (pickled pigs teats were commonly used). Enemas were used to try and cure all sorts of ills.

Some problems arose because of the kinds of instruments used by surgeons of this era. It was not uncommon for scalpels and other surgical tools to have either ebony or ivory handles with metal blades. This made them impossible to sterilise. Later, sensibly, they were manufactured from one piece of nickel.

Hygiene took an enormous leap forward after a Hungarian physician called Ignaz Semmelweiss (1818-1865) decided that doctors in Vienna hospitals were spreading childbed fever and other diseases while delivering babies.

Semmelweiss immediately instituted a disinfecting procedure whereby physicians were required to wash in a chloride of lime solution after autopsies and with soap and water between patient visits. Doctors also had to change into clean lab coats before examining patients. As a result, hospital mortality rates from infectious diseases declined dramatically. The doctors objected, however, and stopped washing despite the decrease in cases. Incidences of the disease skyrocketed, and it was not until Lister that doctors began routinely using antiseptics.

The use of electricity to cure almost anything was popular from about 1870 onwards. Dr. Fluit demonstrated a popular device from the time. This consisted of a small timber box containing a hand-cranked magneto connected by wires to two brass tubes. The electrical charge produced by the magneto causes a small tingling sensation in the area touched with the brass tubes.

Blood letting and cupping were also popular, especially to relieve one of "the bad humours" which were formerly thought to determine emotional and physical disposition. These humours were any of the four bodily fluids (blood, phlegm [1], choler (or yellow bile) and melancholy (or black bile).

Dr. Fluit exhibited an interesting array of knives as well as a 13-bladed "scarifier" and a "fleam" (a lancet which was driven into a patient's vein or artery with the assistance of a wooden mallet) which were all used for blood letting.

Leeches were also often used for drawing blood – especially blood from heavily bruised areas and in large skin grafts. Also on display was a cupping glass (sometimes called an artificial leech) which was heated and then placed on a patient's skin. As it cooled a partial vacuum was created which drew blood to the surface of the skin for slow bloodletting.

Dr. Fluit's address was interesting and stimulating and we all wondered at the amazing medical advances which have been made in a relatively short period. Mrs. Robin Gordon proposed a vote of thanks to him and this was carried by acclamation.

Richard Lander
May 2002

SOUTH AUSTRALIA BOUND 1848

John Freestone of the *Harpley* didn't find work easy to come by in Adelaide. When he wrote home to his family in Nottingham in November 1848 he said, because he didn't find work in Adelaide in the first week, :

' ...making all the enquiries I could ... I determined to march straight into the bush at once, and not turn back until I had got work of some sort or other.'

He found employment when he stopped for respite and refreshment with his companion Ben Holmes at the *Old Spot* in Gawler. There has never been any indication as to why Freestone had the courage to go north until he found work, but one has to wonder whether he met James Masters in Adelaide. James Masters owned the Commercial Hotel in Grenfell Street in Adelaide. He was known as a generous man who would always do a good turn for anyone.

In the early 1840s Masters, who had arrived in South Australia on the *Africaine*, took up vast areas of land abutting the Wakefield and Gilbert Rivers. Masters shared this venture with his nephew Charles Swinden to whom he entrusted the management of the runs. Between them they ran huge numbers of sheep - all guarded by shepherds over a very wide area. Perhaps John Freestone had had discussion about the availability of work with James Masters in his Adelaide pub.

The owner of the *Old Spot* at Gawler was Nottingham born Henry Calton and John had worked in Nottingham with Henry's brother Charles. In his letter home John said, 'When we arrived at Gawler

Town, we called on Mr Calton.....'. He spoke as if he knew Calton was there. Calton later said he had two sheep farmers in the house - and introduced John and Ben to one of them. It is most likely that this man was Charles Swinden who then employed John Freestone and Ben Holmes to guard James Masters' sheep.

In *Old Times in the Bush of Australia*, James Kirby described the process of establishing a station:

There was a lot of work to be done before a station could be got into anything like ship shape order. Every slab, sheet or bark, and all saplings for rafters, had to be carted from the forest, which in many instances would be a distance of ten or twelve miles. This was always done by bullock teams belonging to the station.

About the next thing to be done would be the building of several shepherd's huts at from three to five miles distance from the home station, and about five or six miles apart from each other, thus forming a circle around it. These huts would generally consist of two rooms, one for sleeping, the other for meals, and were placed where water could be had, otherwise they would be useless in summer time. To each of these huts it was customary to erect a brush yard to put the sheep in at night. The occupants of a hut would be a shepherd and a hutkeeper.'

John Freestone said, in his letter home dated December 1848 '...I believe my mud cabin is in one of the healthiest spots in all South Australia, being in a valley within four or five miles of a range of mountains, and within twenty yards of what is called the River Gilbert. But they call anything a river here. The Gilbert is no bigger than the Tinker's Leen in Nottingham Meadows, and is only a river in the rainy season; in summer time it is nothing else but a string of water holes.'

Masters and Swinden held the land under occupation licence. This meant the occupier had to give up the land when the Government wanted it for agriculture - but they would be compensated for any improvements they had made. Masters would travel with his nephew from his hotel in Grenfell Street, out to his holdings. He made a dashing sight speeding through the Adelaide streets in his express

buggy drawn by Arab ponies. But, visit his shepherds he did, discussing the season, the lambs, the crops and the weather with them, before moving on to the next shepherd's hut.

Masters eventually built himself a house that he called Saddleworth and as time went by, he and his partners realised that they could not just sit on such choice land while there was growing demand for agricultural holdings. In 1853 the land was surveyed and Masters bought a great deal of the land around his house. In 1856 he laid out the town of Riverton on the River Gilbert on part of his holding.

By this time there were many small settlers taking up land in the district and a township provided an attractive incentive to stay settled. Many of the lacemakers appear to have spent time in Riverton. John Freestone and friend Ben Holmes with their families, Edward Lander took up land there, Cornelius Crowder worked there and for a time Elizabeth Sumner also lived there.

Masters himself did not live long enough to really enjoy the fruits of his labours. In 1861 he returned to Yorkshire for a visit and died there. His wife came back to Riverton, but she died in 1864. They had no children, so James' nephew Charles Swinden became the sole beneficiary.

The harsh life seemed to take an extraordinary toll on its young pioneers. Charles also died at the early age of 35 in 1866. His death left his two young sons extremely wealthy men - and they lived a lifestyle that matched the money. Years of extravagance and the inevitable successive droughts dwindled the fortunes until the Swinden sons had entirely lost their inheritance - cutting the last link between the town of Riverton and its founder.

From information provided by Marion McLeod
***Tulle* Volume 14, No 4, November 1995**
***Tulle* Volume 15, No 1, February 1996**



JOSEPH CLARKE, SARAH TIMONS AND KINGSLEY IRELAND

Joseph Clarke was listed in the Adelaide Gazette as a passenger on the *Harpley*. He travelled with his wife and a child, neither of whom were named. The family has not been traced from the day they reached Adelaide.

In Adelaide on August 12, 1849 a baby girl, Sarah Ellen, was born to a Joseph Clarke and a Sarah Tinson or Timson or variant.

By careful research, Kingsley Ireland was able to eliminate most of the Joseph Clarke's who appear in the South Australian records; he also found

- no marriage for this couple in SA
- no deaths for this couple in SA
- no other births for this couple in SA

So we can conclude that:

This Joseph was married when he arrived in SA. It is most likely he arrived around 1849; it is most likely he left SA not long after. Was this the Joseph Clarke of the *Harpley*?

A check of the marriages for Nottingham show that on July 11, 1841 a Joseph Clarke married a Sarah Timons at Blidworth. Sarah was born there November 4, 1818, the daughter of Joseph Timons and Sarah née Clarke!! On the 1841 census for Blidworth, Sarah is still living at home with her mother and father - the surname spelling is given as Timmons.

The next checks will be to see if there is any evidence of a Joseph Clarke and Sarah and daughter Sarah in Victoria or NSW in the early 1850s. We will look for a marriage for Sarah Ellen and perhaps a remarriage for Joseph Clarke.



Seeking
EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

for
a **FAMILY REUNION**

for the descendants of

GEORGE AND REBECCA SOMERVILLE

who arrived in NSW on board the Bee, 6th January 1856
and who settled at Miller's Forest, Raymond Terrace, NSW

and their ten children and spouses

Christopher Somerville + Margaret Blakely

John Somerville + Jane Blakely

Ann Somerville + John Goswell

Rebecca Somerville + William Deane

Sarah Somerville + William Warren Wakely & John Henry
Hawley

Andrew Somerville + Rebecca Blakely

Mary Jane Somerville + James Puxty

Sidney Leah Somerville + James Elkin

Elizabeth Somerville + Thomas Fitzpatrick

James Somerville + Deborah Law

We would appreciate hearing from any descendants who would be interested in participating in and attending the reunion (the venue and program yet to be decided).A tentative date of the week end of 7th & 8th January 2006 has been suggested.Further suggestions and / or ideas, plus contributions and/ or photographs for a 150th commemorative booklet would be most welcome.

CONTACT: Mrs Diane Papandrea, PO Box 200, Round
Corner, NSW, 2158
E-mail: dianep@optushome.com.au

NEWS FROM CALAIS IN 1848

On April 19, 1848, the *Industriel Calaisien*, stated:

Following the closure of our lace factories, many unemployed English workmen have left our city. Many of those workmen leaving have enlisted for the English colonies of Port Phillip and Adelaide. Most sold their personal belongings at rock bottom prices. Many were suffering great distress, and some charitable ladies worked to collect, in the city and Calais, old effects, to support the children during the long voyage that their fathers are undertaking.

By May 10th, they were saying:

Our city is really sad; the English have left in large numbers, and one sees empty houses everywhere. Forty five English embarked Thursday last for England, from where they will sail to Australia.. Men, women, young boys and girls - all were sad and many cried hot tears.

It is not surprising; a great many of these emigrants have lived in St Pierre for many years; some had been born here, others married here: all had spent happy days here.

By 7 June the papers reported:

We have procured the numbers of English workmen who have left our city, with their women and children, in order to find a peaceful existence in Australia, The departure of April 27 was composed of 77 individuals; that of May 3, composed of 221 and June 6, some 157 followed. This does not include the workmen who have left our city alone or with families. The total according to us, must not be less than 600.

and on page 3, *Tonight, the steamboat, Tourist, left with 157 passengers, nearly all emigrants from St Pierre who are going to embark on a boat from Gravesend that will take them to Australia.*

**From the *Industriel Calaisien* 1848,
Joel Brismalin**

THE WRONGS OF WOMAN

Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna 1790 - 1846

Part IV, The Lace Runner

(continued from *Tulle Volume 20, No 2, May 2002*)

Chapter III SORRIWS AND STRUGGLES

AND now Kate begins to understand that other and greater hardships than those of sitting still and straining the eyes all day over fine work belong to the business in which she is an unwilling labourer.

Up to this time, she has seen no indications of actual want, no failure of such food and drink as the hardworking poor are accustomed to, though certainly nothing in the shape of indulgence either in that department or in dress has she witnessed beneath the roof of her employers.

Now, however, the scene begins to change; the unavoidable expense and short cessation from work attendant on the poor woman's confinement, together with the present loss of Sally's services, and of the time absolutely necessary to devote to attendance on her and the baby; the absence also of the child who brought the measles there, and of two other girls whose parents feared the infection, all continue to diminish the slender incomings of the family, while their expenditure is increased; and Kate finds the best possible solace for her many discontents in the opportunity thus given for calling all her kinder feelings into play.

She endures cheerfully more than her share of bodily privation, takes both her own turn and that of others in nursing, and tries hard to accomplish as much of the lace work as if her hours of employment at it were not interrupted. All is seen and felt too by the unhappy mother, who, having heard the parish doctor's opinion that the infant cannot possibly survive, together with an earnest entreaty that she will never

again, by dosing a healthy baby with narcotics, prepare it to fall a victim to the first attack of disease, sits down on a low chair, with none but her sympathising servant girl present, and, with her apron over her eyes, gives way to such an agony of weeping as Kate hardly supposed that one so coldly calm could indulge in.

In a little time the burst of sorrow having somewhat subsided, Mrs. Collins looks up and says, " You are the best girl Kate, that ever was sent to comfort a poor family in their troubles. I saw that long afore; and though you must have thought me an unfeeling, ill-natured body, because, having help for it, I am forced to be cold-hearted like even to my own flesh and blood, I can tell you, you've been a help and a blessing to me all along.'

Poor Kate ! such words are more to her than silver and gold; she twists her apron, and sobs out, " Indeed, missus, I wish I was able to do you any good."

" So you do. I could hardly have treated myself to a cry before my own children, for fear they'd think they might work on my feelings, some day, to shorten their tasks. That's why I never let them see me moved. But O Kate, do you think when you are trying to beg off that little darling from her sore long work, that you felt more for her than the mother that bore her ?"

And again her tears gush forth, as she goes to the bedside, and kisses the crimson face of poor little Sally, who lies in a heavy stupor, panting thick and short. Then, suddenly wiping first her swollen eyes, and next her hands on the ever-damp towel, she draws her frame towards the fire, and prepares to resume her embroidering.

Kate interposes: "No, no, missus, don't work now. It's past twelve, and you'll blind yourself after so much crying. Let it be till morning."

" No, I'll work now. Morning will bring more sorrow. Take the baby on your lap, Kate, and I'll talk to you, for it is some comfort to let my thoughts out." The paper covering is removed from the delicate lace on which she is tracing an intricate and elaborate pattern. Some blooming bride will probably shade her face with that costly veil, amid the

sumptuous preparations for a wedding, in the prospect too of luxuries, the means of providing which may possibly be traced to some successful speculation on the productiveness of pauper industry.

But what may be the fate of her embroidery, the poor woman Collins neither knows nor cares — the acquirement of a few additional pence towards providing a decent coffin for her babe is all that she has in view by this extra work at the midnight hour.

She fixes the glasses on her swollen eyes, and while carefully following her beautiful pattern, thus vents some page pent-up thoughts to the compassionate ear of Kate, who is the more willing to promote such diversion of the mother's attention, because something tells her that the infant is even now gasping away its spirit on her trembling knees.

"When I married, things hadn't come to the pass they're at now, though they were getting worse and worse every day; steam-machines being so expensive at first cost, and wanting to be altered or changed so often, made the labour of hands and feet worth a deal more than they are now; and Bob and I being both able and willing to work, we began life with a better lookout than some others.

Well, the one thing that I set myself against was the bad custom of putting young children to toil when they ought to be playing or learning their book, or both; and as to giving Godfrey, or any such stuff to a baby, I vowed I'd sooner die than do it.

We went on, making a decent penny, and I kept to my word, till Robert was two years old, and Nancy was well nigh four; but when Tom was born, and times got worse and worse, I found I must give in, or let them starve. I had always a way of my own, plain speaking and plain doing; so I got some of the neighbours about me that had been always prophesying how I couldn't hold out, and told them they were right in that, but I called them all to witness that when I began to put my little one to slave, I knew it was wrong and wicked; I did it because I was forced to do it; I laid the sin of it at the door of the rich manufacturer, to answer at the day of judgement for whatever harm might come to the bodies or souls of me or mine, from such unnatural starving."

Then suddenly turning her red eyes, glaring through the magnifying glasses that covered them, towards the infant whose life was quietly ebbing away, she repeats, in a voice that makes Kate start, " Ay, and THEY SHALL ANSWER it!"

The delicate thread has snapped — the thread that she was drawing through her lace; and while she pauses to remedy the mischief thus occasioned, with lips still quivering from the stern energy of that exclamation, the yet more delicate thread of the infant boy's mortal existence breaks too, though of the fact no one is yet conscious.

O happy, to flee away and be at rest ! Washed from the defilement of Adam's nature in the atoning blood of Jesus; taken away from the evil to come, temporal and eternal; accepted in the Beloved, and admitted to see the face of a Father in heaven, who, though a woman could be taught in the school of bitter necessity to forget her sucking child, never forgets one among the poorest of His redeemed on earth, or suffers one word of His good promise towards them to fail,—happy indeed the soul that escapes to His bosom !

" Kate, don't think me revengeful," resumes the lace-worker, when again her threads are righted, "but there is such a thing as justice; and if the poor — them that are able and willing to labour, but can't get the half of their toil's worth— are denied justice in this world, it must be got somewhere else. Nancy, my first child, died when she was six, of a galloping decline; and soon after, little Robert coming to bring me my dinner at the factory, where I then worked, got caught in some open machinery and maimed, so that he never could move again, though he lived for a year.

I never after that could bear to go among the wheels and pulleys, so I took to the running line, and settled myself to do what the neighbours do, all but the Godfrey. I suckled her carefully enough, as I did all the others afore her; but times get harder every day, and my heart, somehow, gets hard with them.

But it stands to reason too, that if the children must either earn a penny or want a penn'nrth of bread, do what I will to earn it for them, 'tis best they should work. Truth to say, I had a sore fight with myself to make

up my mind about the Godfrey, before that boy was born; but once I make my mind up to anything, it's as good as done. I found I couldn't now possibly spare the time to nurse him properly; and to have him crying for suck would turn my head, and take away the power of working, and of managing the rest. I couldn't help it, I couldn't help it," she piteously repeats, wringing her hands as she looks towards the little corpse; while Kate, half suspecting the truth, yet willing to hope that he sleeps, more carefully shades the still face with the end of her ragged shawl.

" Now look here," says Mrs Collins, " at the fine piece of work I'm about. A short time ago, eleven or twelve shillings would be paid for running such a veil as this, and I'm only to have two and sixpence for it, and I shouldn't have got so much, only a neighbour came in, when I was with the agent, and I found she was to have that for another of the same pattern, while the woman was trying to beat me down to eighteen or twenty pence.

'Tis a sore task, for eyes and fingers too: if a flaw is found, she'll make that an excuse to take off a slice of the miserable pay I can expect. Kate, a tear will stain, and a stain is a 'flaw, and now girl, do you wonder if I *y to be like a cold dry bit of stone over my work, and to teach them that's about me the same lesson~ Ah, well may they get iron and wood and leather straps to do their business for them, for such things can't give out tears of hunger and sorrow and pain ! How is he, Kate, dear, think ye, now ?" and she spares one anxious look of inquiry towards the girl.

" I—I don't know, missus; he's very quiet: maybe he's asleep." And the faltering voice betrays the fear that she will not utter.

" Has he been quiet long, Kate very quiet ?"

"As still as - as any thing.'

" Is he warm ?"

" No," shuddered Kate, as she touches the clammy brow.

The mother speaks not; she takes off her glasses, covers up her work,

removes the frame, and approaches the girl with a steady step and collected manner, but so deadly pale !

Uncovering the face, she gazes on it for a moment, then lifts the little corpse in her arms, lays it on her bosom, and clasping it with a crush that would have well nigh extinguished life had any remained, she turns up a look of unutterable desperation, clenches her teeth, stamps her foot, groans from the depth of a mother's desolate heart, and then quietly lays the senseless body on a table, covers it with her apron, and stands muttering in sullen indignation,

" Ay, there you lie, my baby, and the doctor says true, I killed you; for I robbed you of the natural milk that was bubbling out o' purpose for you, and all to earn what should feed and clothe others that had as good a claim.

And I gave you the drug, that you shouldn't feel the wrong, but sleep away, and leave me to toil on. Do they say I killed you? O, it's false, it's false ! God knows I did not neglect you for pleasure nor for gain, nor for any thing I'd get by iS myself. I ain't guilty; I ain't the murderer ! and them that are shall answer it.

They SHALL answer it at the great day, Kate" — and turning to address the companion of her night-watch, she sees her on the floor. A superstitious horror of death had ever been one of Kate's many weaknesses, and she would not have believed all the gold in the world could bribe her to touch a corpse.

Perhaps it could not; but her kind feelings had a power that gold possessed not, and she had held one on her lap for half an hour. The consciousness of having so done was too much for her; and on the removal of the fearful charge, and the sight of the mother's stern, silent anguish, she had fainted.

On the next evening Mrs. Collins, who had finished the veil beside the table where still lay the little body, while the father, who had slept from home for a few nights, patched up a coffin for it, prepared to set out on a walk to the manufacturer's; she finds her means wholly inadequate to meet present expenses, and on the ground of her good and respectable

character, thinks that she may possibly get a loan in advance.

She has never yet had recourse to the pawnbroker, and will not commence that ruinous custom until every other help has wholly failed. Kate having continued very hysterical all day, she rightly judges that a little change will be good for her, and bids her put on her bonnet and warmest shawl.

Kate is surprised to find herself so unequal to a brisk walk: she who could so lately hoyden in the road and fields the livelong day, and think it good fun to trip a dozen miles without resting, now staggers and droops, and becomes fatigued at the end of two or three streets.

However, she says nothing to induce her companion to slacken a pace always rapid because her moments were precious; and in a short time they arrive at the office, where Mrs. Collins knows that she shall find the principal, that being a night on which he always inspected the clerks' and agents' books. He has also just taken into partnership his eldest son, a very promising assistant in the estimation of those who can best appreciate the features of his character: and the delighted parent now sits apart, watching the progress of his heir in getting through the business which, for a trial, is committed entirely into his hands this evening.

Mrs. Collins calculates on gaining some advantage through the good humour that prevails; and having given in her work to the agent, and stood patiently by during a searching examination into its quality, and received her pittance with some grumbling complaints of defects, which, however, are not pointed out; she boldly taps at the office door, and enters, followed closely by Kate, who is not a little moved by the imposing appearance of the young manager, and the presence of his father, the great man himself, dressed for a party, to which they are to adjourn after the business of the hour.

Collins began to address her old master, but is referred, with a wave of the hand, to his son, to whom she simply relates her ten years' industry in the em-ploy of their house, the sudden calamity of illness brought into it by one of her working girls, the death of the baby, the danger of his sister, and the consequent absence of several helping hands.

While she speaks, the young man listens with great good-humour, evidently disposed to enter into the subject; and her heavy heart seems somewhat lightened by the tale that she is thus encouraged to tell. Meanwhile the elder gentleman sits with his foot resting on the fender, his eyes fixed on the fire, attentively listening to the dialogue.

" Well, Mrs. So-and-so, it seems you want to get an advance in money from us, on the strength of work to be done in time to come: is that it?"

" If you please, sir."

" Now, we have—let's see, Wilkins, about how many hands have we, in one line and another, employed upon your fabric?"

" About four hundred, sir," answered the clerk; " or, to be within the mark, say three hundred and eighty."

" Of all these three hundred and eighty, no doubt a great many are much worse off than you, and very few better: and do you think in your conscience, my good woman, that there are ten of them who, if we were willing to lend five shillings, would not stretch out their - hands to take them! Come, answer me, yes or no."

" Indeed, sir, the working people are so badly off, that I don't suppose many would refuse."

" Very fair: next, supposing it was understood that we were willing to lend five shillings to any who made out a good case of distress, do you think so many as the odd eighty would refrain from applying to us?"

" I don't know, sir; but I know that I never asked before; and a week ago I would not have asked. Keeping out of debt has always been my plan, while I could."

" Very right; and you had better stick to so excellent a plan."

" But, sir, sickness and death,—

" Stop; the chances of sickness and death in a household must be

regulated by the number and ages of those composing it. Now, by the last census, it appears that the proportion of deaths among children under two years" - here a very fine, bold-looking boy of fourteen, with a fresh colour and brilliant black eyes, and handsomely dressed, bouncing into the office, shouts out, " Papa, ma says if the carriage is kept waiting much longer"--

"Hold your tongue, Frank," says the father, " and let your brother proceed with his argument."

Frank looks annoyed; however, he is silent; and after fidgetting about the office a little, places his folded arms on his brother's desk, and pushing his hat half off, looks from one party to the other, as the dialogue proceeds.

"Such being the proportion of deaths," pursued the new partner, " it follows that the chances are every way increased by the excess of children in a household. How many have you 7"

" Five living."

" And dead ?"

" Three dead, sir;" and the mother writhes under the slow torture to which she is subjected.

" Eight in all: the youngest, a little infant, dead too; and, of course, every chance, under the present system, of its place being supplied. Now, what inference do you draw from these facts ?"

" I don't know, sir, I'm sure."

"No? it's plain to demonstration. In the first place, the chances of sickness and death in your house are not only great, but increasingly so; and the same chances are against your being able to pay a loan, or, having obtained one, to avoid running further into debt. The other inference is no less palpable - you ought not to have burdened yourself with a family of children.

Marriages among those who have nothing to live upon but their chance earnings are the root of pauperism."

Here Frank bluntly interrupts " Where the deuce would you find threaders, and all that sort of little slaves if the poor didn't marry ?"

" Mind your own business, my fine fellow," answers his brother; but before he could resume the thread, of his feeling and instructive discourse, the natural spirit of the poor woman prompts a remark,

" The very beasts and birds, sir, are allowed to rear young ones, though they have nothing laid up, nor any thing to depend on, but that when God sends mouths he will send meat."

"Your case is not analagous, my good woman; birds and beasts soon get a snug covering for their skins, without paying tailor or draper; and they are able to shift for themselves in fewer days than it takes years for a human being to become independent."

" Sir, I can 't agree with you: I only know that I'm greatly distressed for a little help to bury my dead babe, and nourish the sick one; and that if I can be favoured with a very few shillings in advance, after working steadily for your house over ten years, I'll faithfully repay it, and me and mine will be beholden to you as long as we live."

"I have proved to you that we cannot consistently do any such thing."

"Then, sir, I can't help wishing you had said no at first; and I wouldn't have troubled you so long. But O, sir, the poor cannot live by their honest labour: the wages we get are so low, we cannot keep life and soul together upon them."

" I dare say not in your case, owing to your imprudent marrying: but that young girl may do better. She's good-looking enough, and may find ways of helping you out, as many others do."

Deeply colouring with indignation, Mrs. Collins takes Kate's arm, as if to protect her from danger, and silently curtsies, preparing to withdraw, when young Frank shouts out,

" Pa, where are the ten shillings you promised me ?"

" You'll get them to-morrow."

" I won't; I'll have them now."

"Don't encourage his self-will, father," interposes the elder. " Go along, good woman."

But Master Frank sets his back against the door, and with a menacing air, draws from his waistcoat pocket an elegant little gold watch, which he swings at the end of a short chain, saying, "If I don't get the ten shillings this minute"-

A half sovereign is immediately chucked to him by his brother, which he catches and triumphantly holds out to the astonished Mrs. Collins, saying " There, bury your poor little baby, and buy something nice for the sick one, and stick to the good old saying about mouths and meat."

"No, sir; I did not come to beg, but to get an advance. God bless your kind young heart!"

But the elder brother gives a complaisant nod, saying, " You may take it," and Frank at the same moment thrusts it into her hand, opens the door, and says " Good-bye," with great glee.

" You are a fool," says his brother, while he carelessly makes an entry in the book before him. "You will never do for business."

" I don't want to have to do with your dirty business, not I. I'll be a gentleman, and give my money to the poor."

" While it lasts," remarks the father, exchanging a smile with the elder son, as he closes the book; and they adjourn to the evening party.

" O missus," exclaims Kate, " what a sweet beautiful young gentleman that was, and how generous ! You've a lot of money now."

" Ay, Kate; but depend on it 'tis down in the book as an advance: I saw the sly look that cold-hearted young man gave to his father, and how they both nodded, and agreed. The young boy won't know it, but his gift is down as a debt, and they'll make it up to him some other way."

However' I'm very thankful to have got it, to work out; 'tis a rich sum to me."

"Missus did you mind how the gentleman said I might make up some other way what we can't earn at our lace? How shall I do it? I shall be so glad to help you."

"His meaning was bad, my dear, and sinful, and wicked; don't think of such a thing."

" Ah," mutters Kate, " if that was it, my dad would think little of cracking his fine pate with a loaded whip-stock."

Mrs. Collins was right as to the loan: Frank, a regular spoiled child in a wealthy family, was not to be contradicted, and would have thought nothing of selling his watch for a guinea when he had made up his mind to do a thing for which he had not the means.

The loan was, therefore, duly recorded; and on the following morning the lad starts for: school again, no loser by his generosity, nor any thing the wiser as to the channel into which it has been turned; and to prevent the spreading of any rumour of half-sovereigns being given away at the office, a communication is made to Mrs. Collins that instalments of a shilling per week will be accepted until the money is repaid.

Next Issue: Restlessness

in which the struggles of the Collins family weigh heavily on Kate as she feels trapped by a devastating and debilitating trade into which she had been tricked, and she looks to other ways to support herself.

SAYWELLS and the TITANIC

In the *Cresco Times Plain Dealer*, Iowa, U.S.A October 19 1994 I read the obituary about Sarah Elizabeth Bessie Saywell.

I bring here only a little bit of it:

"Her ashes will be returned to Manitoba and buried with her parents in Woodland Cemetery. She was born April 2 1904 in Nottingham, England, the daughter of Frank and Maude Saywell.

In 1912, the Saywell family emigrated to Br. Columbia, Canada. They were scheduled to sail on the *Titanic* but family illness prevented that and they sailed on the *Lusitania*, which sank on its return voyage" It seems that Sarah had no children, but lots of nieces and nephews. Sarah had lived in Cresco since 1919.

Di on the Internet

THINK ON IT

Next time you are feeling rather unimportant try a little arithmetic trick based on the fact that it took two people, your parents to get you here. Each of your parents had two parents, so in the generation prior to that of your mother and father there were four people whose pairing off and sharing love contributed to yur existence.

You are the product of eight great grand parents, sixteen great-great grandparen5ts, thirty two great-great-great grandparents etc. Keep on multiplying by two. If you figure on an average of 25 years between each generation you'll discover that a scant 500 years ago there were 1 048 576 people on this planet beginning the production of You!

Contributed by Mignon Preston, WA

THE STORY TELLERS

We are the the chosen.

My feelings are in each family there is one who seems called to find the ancestors.

To put flesh on their bones and make them live again, to tell the family story and to feel that somehow they know and approve. To me, doing genealogy is not a cold gathering of facts but, instead, breathing life into all who have gone before.

We are the story tellers of the tribe. All tribes have one. We have been called, as it were, by our genes. Those who have gone before cry out to us, 'Tell our story.' So, we do. In finding them, we somehow find ourselves.

How many graves have I stood before now and cried? I have lost count. How many times have I told the ancestors, 'you have a wonderful family, you would be proud of us?'

How many times have I walked up to a grave and felt somehow there was love there for me? I cannot say.

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

The bones here are bones of my bone and flesh of my flesh. It goes to doing something about it. It goes to pride in what our ancestors were able to accomplish. How they contributed to what we are today. It goes to respecting their hardships and losses, their never giving in or giving up, their resoluteness to go on and build a life for their family.

It goes to deep pride that they fought to make and keep us a Nation. It goes to a deep and immense understanding that they were doing it for us. That we might be born who we are. That we might remember them. So we do. With love and caring and scribing each fact of their existence, because we are them and they are us. So, as a scribe called, I tell the story of my family. It is up to that one called in the next

generation to answer the call and take their place in the long line of family storytellers.

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

Unknown Author

WHO ARE WE?

A guide to developing a picture of those around us.

It is difficult to know where to start sometimes - but what do we know about our own family members? Is it enough to hand on to future generations? Are we leaving enough of ourselves behind so that those who follow will know us a little bit? Do we think our lives are not interesting enough to record?

Aren't we all spitting that we don't know enough of the people behind the names on the shipping lists? For twenty years many of us have belonged to ASLC, welcoming new members, discovering our own families, but always sharing the bond of one trade, three countries and a batch of ships. This is a very special heritage. We've gathered the histories, traced the families and bemoaned the fact that so many forebears left behind so little of their story.

But what of ourselves? Are we any better at it than they were? What are we leaving behind so that those who follow will know who we were and where we fitted in our family scheme of things?

Why did you become interested in genealogy? How did you become involved with ASLC? Richard Lander has begun a set of questions that might get the grey matter turning over and get you started. At the August meeting we plan to answer some questions -

Who Are You?

1. Who would you most like to meet?
2. What is your favourite plant, shrub or flower?
3. Who has been the most important influence on your life?
4. Why?
5. Which talent do you wish you had?
6. Which of your friends or relatives has been the most important to you? 7. Why?
8. What is your favourite book? 9. Who is your favourite author?
10. What is your favourite film?
11. Which is your favourite Australian town or city?
12. What is the most exciting thing you have ever done?
13. What is the most dangerous thing that you have ever done?
14. What is the naughtiest thing you have ever done?
15. What do you fear most?
16. Which human quality or value (honesty, fidelity etc.) do you consider the most important?
17. Which invention in your lifetime do you consider the most important?
18. Which invention during your lifetime has had the most positive effect on your life?
19. Which invention during your lifetime has had the most negative or detrimental effect on your life?
20. What is your favourite colour?
21. What is your favourite food?
22. What is your favourite drink?
23. What do you consider to be the greatest evil?
24. Who is your favourite singer?
25. Who is your favourite politician, alive or dead?
26. If you had to live on a desert island and could take only three items with you, what would they be?
27. What is your favourite animal?
28. What is your favourite bird?
29. Who, alive or dead, do you most admire and why?
30. What is the nicest thing your spouse ever gave you?
31. What is the nicest thing your spouse ever did for you?
32. Which of your spouse's qualities do/did you most admire?
33. Which of your spouse's characteristics most annoy/annoyed you?
34. Which of your mother's characteristics do/did you most admire?

35. Which of your mother's characteristics most annoy/annoyed you?
36. Which of your father's characteristics do/did you most admire?
37. Which of your father's characteristics most annoy/annoyed you?
38. What would you most like to be remembered for?
39. Which human characteristic do you least admire?
40. What is your favourite season?
41. Who is or was your best female friend and why?
42. Who is or was your best male friend and why?
43. What do you consider to be your greatest achievements?
44. **Who are you?** Just try to answer this!



FOR THE GENEALOGIST

BRITISH BURIALS IN CALAIS SUD BURIAL GROUND

(continued)

The following records are taken from registers held at the PRO London and are from register RG 33/53 recorded by Thomas Clark.

Anderson	Elizabeth	7.3.1845		59
Anderson	Mary Anne	20.9.1845	16 days	
Andrews	Henry	29.1.1845		3
Andrews	Ellen	17.12.1847		26
Bailey	Elizabeth	24.9.1846		69
Barker	Frank	18.3.1846		6
Barwick	Edward Albert	8.5.1846		5
Bell	James	8.6.1847		48
Bestwick	Harriett	2.8.1846	17 months	
Biederman	Anne	30.12.1847		70
Biederman	Henry Augustus	30.7.1845		32
Blagrove	Joseph	1.3.1845	86yrs11mths	
Boot	George	27.11.1846	2 months	
Borough	Richard	18.2.1847		63

Briggs	Charles	19.2.1845	8 months	
Briggs	Fanny	4.11.1847	7 weeks	
Brown	Fanny	30.10.1847	16 months	
Cave	Mary	19.10.1846		49
Clark	Frances	8.10.1846		68
Darsh	George	11.1.1845		20
Davies	Elizabeth	26.1.1846	9 months	
Davis	William	19.1.1847		10
Dowers	George	10.2.1847		63
Eaton	Elizabeth	23.1.1845	32 months	
Elliott	Sabina	25.2.1845	4yrs 5mnths	
Elliott	Anne	6.5.1845		60
Elliott	Mary	28.11.1845		31
Gamon	Peter	4.8.1846	19 months	
Garde	Charles Broderick	6.2.1847		60
Gaskin	Mary	13.4.1846		49
Goldfinch	William	10.11.1845	3 months	
Goldfinch	Anne Mary	15.4.1846		32
Grant	Robert	17.5.1847		75
Griffiths	Thomas	2.5.1845		68
Harrison	Sarah Anne	14..11.1847	14 weeks	
Harvey	Henrietta Bellenc		8	
Hazledine	Thomas	14.2.1845	5 weeks	
Henderson	Frances C J	12.10.1847		44
Henry	Nina	19.2.1847		25
Holmes	Sarah	7.3.1845		37
Hopewell	Elizabeth	8.1.1845	14 days	
Hopkins	William	1/9/1847		54
Houghton	Naomi	15.9.1845	3 months	
Huddleston	Mary	9.9.1845	1 month	
James	MAry	20.2.1847	2months	
Kennedy	Patrick Nevy	6.11.1846		67
King	Jane	8.7.1846		53

King	Jane	8.7.1846		53
Lewis	Elizabeth	23.6.1845		76
Marsh	delia	4.1.1847		60
Marshall	Samuel Gregory	27.1.1846		60
Martin	Matthew	2.4.1846	5 weeks	
Maxton	John	21.7.1846		64
Maxton	Anne	1.3.1847		61
Moreton-Dyer	Edward Knatchbu	30.3.1845	14 mths	
Officer	Charles	8.4.1847	3 months	
Ogle	James	3.8.1847		27
Parsons	Benjamin	22.9.1845	5 weeks	
Pearson	Frederick	24.5.1845	25 days	
Pepper	Frederick	26.3.1846		14
Pepper	Hester	2.11.1846		65
Sallis	Rosetta	16.9.1845		45
Scott	John	7.11.1846		46
Sewell	Matthew	27.4.1847	3 weeks	
Shaw	Job	20.1.1846		31
Shaw	Walter	30.1.1846	8 weeks	
Shaw	Hannah	15.7.1847	5y6months	
Shaw	Jane	3.11.1847		17
Simpson	John	2.2.1847	80yrs9mths	
Skeavington	Sarah Anne	27.4.1845	26 days	
Smith	Sarah Anne	16.2.1846		15
Stevenson	Francis	11.7.1845		4343
Strong	Elizabeth Victoria	11.1.1845	8 months	
Stubbs	Mary	29.4.1847		77
Taylor	Mary	11.8.1846		42
Tomlinson	Mary Anne	17.3.1845	16 mths	
Walker	Samuel	2.4.1845		4
Wallace	Samuel	13.1.1846		32
Wallis	Sarah	24.1.1845	2 weeks	

West	William	5.9.1845	3 weeks
West	Robert	1`2.5.1847	56
West	Mary	31.5.1847	52
Wightom	Powdrill	20.9.1846	36
Wilcox	Elizabeth	11.11.1847	30



A VERY USEFUL NET ADDRESS

<http://www.rat.de/kuijsten/navigator/>

This clever site allows you to search many databases around the world with just one entry.

- Go to the above address
- Bookmark your country first.
- Put in a name.
- Different windows open, one over the other.
- It searches a half dozen data bases at once for you.

Some of the sites are more useful than others but try selecting Australia as your country, and then searching for your Lacemaker names.

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