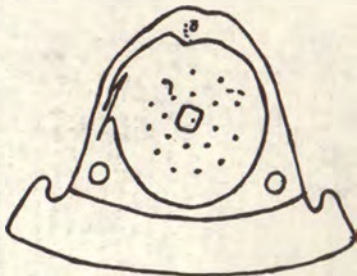


8
TALLC

The Australian Society
of the
Lace-makers of Calais



The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais meets in the Meeting Room, downstairs in the NSW State Archives, 2 Globe Street, Sydney at 1 p.m.

THE MEETING DATES for 1984 are:

Saturday, 18th February, 1984

Saturday, 28th April, 1984

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Saturday, 14th July, 1984 (Bastille Day)

Saturday, 3rd November, 1984

Issue 8 ... July 1984.

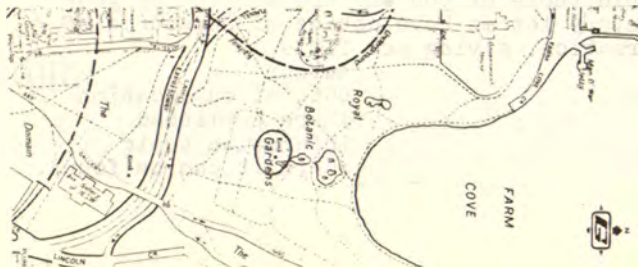
Another year up for "A.S.L.C." and TULLE to look back over with satisfaction, and another year to look forward to with anticipation.

Our November meeting will include a guest speaker talking about "Sources of History", and I feel sure there will be a report of a visit to Calais, Nottingham and the West Country, from a member who is lucky enough to be going over later this year.

At our last meeting Gillian Kelly gave us a fascinating talk based on the correspondence from various members of our family, past and present. The letters tell of events, attitudes and mores of days past. Old letters from Nottingham to Binda (near Crookwell, N.S.W.) written in 1878, told of hard times and poverty. Later letters written in 1917 between Binda and Goulburn, give gentle, veiled advice about letting people know of the Rector's wife's pregnancy! Gillian also had our grandmother's wonderful set of postcards collected during her world trip of 1905.

One theme that ran through all the correspondence spanning over one hundred years, was the question common to all letter-writers "Why haven't you written?"

Our second Annual General Meeting is imminent and will be well worth attending. We have decided to make it as social as possible, as it is often the only meeting some of our members can attend. This year we are holding it at The Kiosk, Botanical Gardens, Sydney, where luncheon facilities are available to us. From past experience we know that the food is delicious and



at prices varying from about \$3.50 for a club sandwich to about \$9.00 for a full two course meal. The Kiosk is licensed and serves house wine, soft drinks, tea and coffee. Please note the change of venue and time for the Annual General Meeting. We are not holding it at the Archives.

OUR NEXT MEETING: Annual General Meeting
When: 14 July, 1984
Bastille Day
Where: The Kiosk
Botanical Gardens
Sydney
Commencing at: 11.45 am!

We need to be at the Kiosk before it opens in order to hold our tables. The Kiosk does not have booking facilities, so it must be first in, first served. We have notified them to expect about sixty people. We would love to see as many as possible and to meet other members of your families. Do come and enjoy the day. An open fireplace in the restaurant suggests that log fires are an enticement in the winter time!

We will have the pleasure of a guest speaker - Baiba Berzins, the Chief Librarian at the Mitchell Library. Her talk, together with at least one very interesting annual report that I know of will make for a grand end to our second year and start to our third year.

My reference file has started but so far I have had no contributions to add to my small collection. Please could those of you who are working on your family history let me have notice of the source of your information, giving me:

Title
Author
Date of publication
Where published
Information topic
Where it can be found.

I will then collate this and on the request "Can you tell me where I might be able to find out about ..." I shall be able to reply with a possible source. If it works it should be a great help to everyone.

Paul Gaskin of 8 Wadham Pde, Mount Waverly, Vic. (phone 03 - 2773044) has offered to act as contact in Melbourne. He has copies of a few things Melbourne Lacemakers might find interesting and will have application forms for any new members who may like to join from that part of Australia.

For those who listen to the ABC radio on Sundays at 9.00 am for Family Favourites with Bob Hudson, keep an ear out for a letter from Marjorie Brown who is asking for information about any of our ships or Lacemaker families in Nottingham.

Marjorie also suggests a possible Lacemaker descendant gathering in 1988 to coincide with our Bicentenary year. Heather Bovill has also suggested that we give thought to some form of celebration in that year - perhaps an exhibition.

Don't miss our letter from Elizabeth in this issue, a long one that explains her long silence. She sends us lots of encouragement and we return ours to her for a full recovery to health as soon as possible. It is difficult to imagine oneself in Elizabeth's situation, and for so long. We all send best wishes to herself and Margaret in Paris who has not been in top form either.

Don't forget that elections for office bearers for the next year will be held at the A.G.M. As far as I know the committee are all prepared to stand again, but any other nominations would be very welcome.

Claire Loneragan

A hint.

Pam Harvey sends this hint for whitening yellowed lace: Lay the lace on clean white paper, cover it

with Magnesia Powder and then cover this with another piece of clean, white paper. Leave the lace under pressure for three days and it should look "like new".

Thanks Pam.

Subs ... now .

1984/85 subscriptions are now due. They are still \$15.00 per family and are payable to:

Mr Terence Higgins

Villa 3

14 Albert Street

BEXLEY NSW 2207

As our main source of income is yearly subscription, and our main expenditure is the production of Tulle I hope you understand when I say you cannot have one without the other.

A Letter from Elizabeth .

My Dear Friends,

It seems to me that some sort of explanation is about due to you all as to why there has been such a LONG silence from me - and I am truly ashamed to find that it is very close to a whole year!

I think you know that when I met with you all in Sydney I was at the very start of my Australian tour - this was a total of 8 weeks and took me over more of Australia than I think most of you have seen! By the time my husband and I flew out of Perth towards the end of July I have to admit I was very tired indeed.

When I reached home - for the very first time ever (and I have flown many thousands of miles in my time) my ankles were all swelled up and I couldn't walk at all for nearly two weeks. The arthritis in my hip

had taken something of a marathon punishment. I had been away from home for over 3 months and been required to do a considerable amount of walking - for all I ducked out of as much as I possibly could!

There was the usual mountain of mail awaiting my attention - and of course family to see after such a long time away - and of course it was summer in England and I had suffered so much from a COLD Australia. Somehow August just evaporated. In September my hip was bad enough to approach the surgeon to ask how far up the waiting list I had got (I had been on this already for over a year!) To my surprise I was told I would be called in to hospital in October. I had already started my autumn teaching and this meant I had to find a suitable substitute to carry on for me. I arranged this - set up all the food for my husband for the period I should be away (about 10 days they said) sorted out suitable tapestry work for me to do whilst laid up - and so on - even sorted as much of my outstanding mail as I could!

In the event I was actually called in to hospital on the last day of October, it seems that they take you in a whole week in advance - for tests and things. On the third day the surgeon came on his ward rounds - took a look at my Xray and said 'There is a whole year's life in this hip yet. Go home and get worse' ... naturally I fled! But once at home I began to think more rationally - I was all set to have this done, everything was ready - including me. I approached him again - had a private appointment with him and explained my whole situation. Reluctantly he agreed to take me in again and indicated that I would have to agree to the unpopular time of Christmas!

All over the Christmas weeks I awaited the call - I couldn't settle to anything at all at home, I expected a letter every day. It got to the middle of January before I plucked up enough courage to telephone the hospital - to find my name was not even on the list - I had been forgotten! Phil played a fair bit

of merry hell, beginning with the Hospital Administrator right at the top of the pile! The result was the operation was duly arranged for the 6th February. This meant going in the week before and going through all those tests again.

On Monday the 6th of February I actually had a new hip fitted - I can remember coming around after the operation. The rest of the week is a blur. By the Thursday it was realised that all was not right with me and doctors came and hung over my bed which was moved to the top of the ward - always an ominous sign, but I was too dulled to realise this at the time! I was sent for Xray at 10.00 pm - a poor relief was called in twenty miles to do it! It was then decided that I must have a blockage and would have to be sent to a general hospital about 6 miles away (I was in the orthopaedic hospital of course). The transfer was duly arranged and an ambulance shot me through the darkened streets. I do remember asking that someone should let my husband know what was happening. I arrived at the new hospital and within the hour Phil was standing by my bed holding my hand whilst we waited for a team to be mustered to put me onto the operating table again (I was there eventually by 1.30 in the morning).

Whilst we waited they brought along the consent form which all patients are required to sign to allow the surgeons go in there and generally mess one about. I was barely conscious and remember saying - let my husband sign for me. This he duly did. I then felt my hand being taken - the form was laid on the bed somewhere beyond the bulge of my grossly distended belly - my hand was guided towards it - a pen thrust into it ... and I was told to 'make a cross'! I tell you this to warn you that you should be very wary of documents bearing crosses!

When I awoke from this second op, again I didn't seem to be pullin around properly - more doctors hanging over me and coming back and forth rather too often. I was on drip feed and had been since the

the first op. Eventually it was agreed that my entire inside had rebelled and simply gone on strike to the extent that I couldn't be fed anything at all by mouth - even the gastric juices had to be stopped from going down - and I remained on drip feed to await the awakening of my insides. This condition can take from a couple of days to who knows how long - mine took another three weeks! Not a drop passed my lips all this time - altogether I was over a month on drip feed - I lost a stone in weight - well there has to be a bonus surely!

By the time I was allowed to take 20 mls of water each hour I didn't even want it and in fact simply couldn't take it. Luckily I had been given some potted plants - they were on my locker and were well watered for a week or so!

Eventually my insides woke up and gradually I was reintroduced to solid food - and discharged back to the orthopaedic hospital where I had to be taught how to walk again - to my amazement my legs seemed to have withered to nothing! Within the week I was sent home - I had been over 5 weeks instead of 10 days! There was another mountain of mail - much of this such warm hearted good wishes for me to get well, that I was indeed heartened to GET well.

I have virtually been struggling to do this ever since. At first I was on crutches - then two sticks and am now down to one stick. I can just manage to walk about the house without a stick but Phil says I look like a Chinese with bound feet - and I constantly trip over rugs and mats - I have to learn to pick my feet UP again!

This is how a whole year has vanished - I am really concerned that I haven't written to anyone at all during this time - except to send you off Christmas cards which I did terribly early anticipating my hospitalisation to be from November onwards meaning that I wouldn't be able to get to shops and send them off later and at a more appropriate time.

Now I am at home - I am getting better - and I am house bound and getting pretty bored with it all. My daughter is moving house from Manchester to Nottingham - her husband changed his job and has lived with us for over a year now whilst they tried in vain to sell their Manchester house. I think the solution to all this is almost upon us - I hope that within three weeks she will be here in Nottingham and this will make an enormous difference to me. A complication is that she is expecting her third baby in the middle of June - the first two are Samantha now 3½ and Michael now 2½ - I expect to have to look after these two and am praying that the weather will be fine enough for them to play outside a lot!

I am concerned particularly for those with whom I stayed - and there were so many of you - I've even got some of you a bit jumbled up in my mind - I hope you will understand how things have been for me since I got home and forgive me for taking so long to explain why you haven't heard at all.

To add to all this Margaret went into hospital in Paris earlier this month for a hysterectomy - she expected to be out in 8 days - I haven't heard from her - perhaps I will ring her up to see if she is home yet. I know that she was working all the hours there were before she went in to get the lacemakers onto her computer - and she will be telling you herself all about this as soon as she is able.

When we two old crocks are better enough to go out again we'll be picking up the research for you. I have had to hand over all my professional work to my colleague who took over my teaching - this I hope will have been a very good move. Different people work in different ways and her new thoughts and ideas might have helped a lot to further some of the research on which I had reached stalemate. I handed her the SHORE work and am about to give her also the BROMHEAD work. I have hated to do this, but know she will give it back to me and I have high hopes that she will give it

back to me in a much healthier state!

Meanwhile I have been reading TULLE as it arrives and have noted the wonderful way in which the movement is spreading and more people are coming in - hopefully with more of the story to tell us all. I like particularly Claire's list of suggestions in Issue no. 7. Small snippets sent in by anyone could help to spark new ideas in others. Lindsay's suggestion of a Profiles section compliments the urge there is right now for Biographies of early settlers as you move towards your important bi-centenary, and a general collection of research material is an outstanding idea. If everyone tells where and how they found out their bit, it will undoubtedly help everyone else.

There is a very great deal to find out as yet - photos to be 'found' especially of the three ships and of the land they found when they arrived - newspaper articles of life in the colony then - we desperately long for a ship board diary - there is so much, it is really exciting to be at the very beginning of such an important story. We all have lots to do. You can count on Margaret and me to help.

Elizabeth Simpson
Nottingham, April 1984.

The Archer Story Pt.6

CHARLES ARCHER, in his 30's was the champion "iron quoits" player of Bathurst. Each hotel in the Bathurst-Orange district had at its rear a specially prepared clay playing area. The iron ring quoits were made in two different sizes or weights, probably senior and junior, a little heavier than the horse shoes used in a similar game.

CHARLES ARCHER (my grandfather) married SARAH ANN JACKSON of Bathurst, and earlier Vittoria, on

27th December, 1869. Charles was 20 and Sarah 18. Consent of both FREDERICK FRANCIS, the groom's father, and ROBERT JACKSON had to be given for the marriage. CHARLES was a saddler working at Daltons leather factory in Orange. Shortly after his marriage he took up farming in the Parkes district. CHARLES and SARAH had nine children, the first four of whom were girls all born in the Parkes district.

Next they moved to Orange where CHARLES worked as a painter for his brother. Here in 1878, their first son HERCULES was born. The next child, a girl, died at birth.

In about 1880 the family had moved back to Bathurst and my father FREDERICK ROBERT, a 24th generation of the clan was born in 1882. The last two children, girls, were born here. In 1910 CHARLES and SARAH moved to Sydney and lived in MarlboroughSt near Goodlet Street in Surrey Hills. CHARLES often went fishing in the Cooks River in his later years.

SARAH FRANCIS ARCHER (CHARLES' sister) was born in Bathurst on 3rd June, 1853 in the main street - William Street, near the Police Station. She married CLAUDE ? COMBES and had three or more children. A brother-in-law E. COMBES in 1872 was a Member of Parliament for Bathurst. Some of SARAH's descendants moved to Sydney and lived in the Earlwood/Marrickville area. SARAH died of asthma.

FREDERICK FRANCIS ARCHER senior, died on the afternoon of 15th July, 1883 whilst those of the ARCHER family, then living at the George Street, Bathurst home, went walking to the Bald Hills following a dinner of roast pork. He was the sole member of the family to stay home, as he was suffering a stomach ache and died with the kettle on the hob, still boiling; he wanted to make tea for the hikers. He had taken an overdose of chlorodyne, certified Ben Lee the Coroner. He had given up working at "Saltram" and by 1885 was working at Bathurst as a painter for his two sons FREDERICK and CHARLES. He had been in the

colony for 34 years.

My grandfather CHARLES claims that when he worked at Parkes he had found a gold reef - however its whereabouts he kept a secret. It is thought to have been in the Reedy Creek area.

A story is told about my father who when about six years old had a broken arm. At the time they lived in one of the tenements of 'Archer Terrace' in Piper Street, Bathurst; curiosity got the better of him and he went down to the communal latrines at the rear of the block where he undid his splint and disposed of the bandages. The result was a real mess!

The Australian Connection of the ARCHERS is collated in a full list family tree beginning with FREDERICK FRANCIS ARCHER (1816-1883) and MARY MARVIN (1818-1862), a copy of which is available on request.

It finishes with ALBERT FREDERICK NORMAN ARCHER (Bert) and his sister MYRTLE ETHEL ARCHER. Bert married and had two children who have both married and between them have five children. Bert's grandchildren are 27th generation of the clan and 5th generation Australian.

We acknowledge this document as being an important part of our "Lacemakers' Story" and are very grateful to Bert for allowing us to share it.

Next issue we will begin the story of a Harpley immigrant, Hiram Longmire. His story is in a different setting, but has many similarities - I hope you enjoy it as much as I do.....Ed.

From the Editor

Looking back over my first editorial written a year ago makes me realise how lucky I have been this year. Taking on the production of Tulle has meant a lot of work and a few anxious moments - how does one explain double expenditure to our excellent treasurer? Mariane and I have let many cups of coffee get cold, have rung each other up at 07.00 and again at 22.30,

and at one stage "Comet" came in for some irate demands as to why it took 3 days to get our precious copy from Queanbeyan when I could have done it in 8 hours return? The last few days before this little news-sheet hits your postbox is chaos on my dining room table, food is at the best average and the phone runs hot; and yet I said I feel lucky (now some of you KNOW I'm mad). I have had the priviledge of getting to know some lovely people all of whom have been a great help. You all have great stories to tell with fascinating snippets of information. You have all made me ask more and more questions and with your wonderful words of encouragement have made me want to make Tulle the best newsletter we can make it.

I said in my first editorial that to make all this work you must add your spoke to the wheel to make it turn evenly. Well - you have, and we are gathering pace. Contributions keep coming at a regular trickle. Don't stop even if you have written once - become a regular writer! And to those who are still thinking about it, try just once and see how easy it is, and who knows, it may be the first of many.

I congratulate each one of you, and thank you all for helping, encouraging and reading Tulle. I am lucky to have met so many new people and value your friendship.

Claire Loneragan.

PS "The Saywells", "Shoes and Ships..." and Papers Relative will all continue in later issues.

The Gaskins

At least one family in Australia is descended from Calais lacemakers, but their presence here is unrelated to the 1848 immigrant ships.

In July, 1824 in Calais, the birth of John GASKIN was registered. His parents George and Ann

were laceworkers from Nottinghamshire. When registering John's birth, George indicated that he was a mechanic, and two lacemakers - William SHIPMAN and Patrick WALSH - were witnesses.

Ann HOLLAND had married George GASKIN in August, 1823 at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire. Both were just 23 years old. George had been baptised at St Peter's, Nottingham, while Ann's baptism took place in North Collingham, near the Lincolnshire border.

Two further children were born to Ann and George in Calais. George junior died in April, 1830, aged 14 months, and Sarah Fanny was born just a year later. However, she too is believed to have died in infancy.

It is not clear whether George and Ann returned to Nottinghamshire, or even to England.

John GASKIN, the sole surviving child, lived in Nottingham for much of his working life. In 1847, aged almost 23, and listing his occupation as lace manufacturer, he married Helen THORNTON, daughter of another lace manufacturer, Charles THORNTON.

THORNTON appears to have been well established. In Orange's Directory of Nottingham of 1840, Charles THORNTON appears in three classifications - as lace-maker, lace blond maker and Bobbin and Carriage maker. His address was Castle Terrace, and John Gaskin was also living in this street when he married.

Here, too, John and Helen set up house. By 1851, when the census was carried out, John was described as a lace manufacturer, who employed six men. The first two of their children had been born, and they had a fifteen year old girl in the house as general servant.

George Charles was their first child, born early in 1848. Between 1849 and 1862, there followed Helen, Sarah, John, Richard, William, Harriett and Esther.

George Charles established the Australian connection, but not for another generation. Family tradition has it that he had been known as the handsomest man in Nottingham, but he married a Dubliner,

Susanna Maria GILBERT in 1875 in St Peters Church in Dublin. At his marriage, George Charles listed himself as a 'merchant', and his address as 18 Stoney Street, Nottingham.

Their first child, another George, was born in June, 1876. Helen Marguerite and Susan were born in the next few years. So too was another boy who died in infancy.

George Charles' fortunes seem to have declined, though the only evidence is his statement of occupation:

At marriage, 1875 - merchant
At George's birth, 1876 - lace merchant's manager
At 1881 Census - commercial clerk (as was his brother Richard, then living in his house in Raleigh Street).

Were these declining fortunes the trigger for the move to Australia? Certainly it was soon after, probably 1883, that they left for this country. George, their son, was left at school living with his grandparents, John and Helen, who by then were living in Dover. (Was this where the Calais George settled when he returned to England?) John owned several houses in Dover, though whether he still had any connections with the lace business is not known.

George Charles and his wife and daughters appear to have travelled from Sydney to the Ballina district. Late in 1890, Susanna died and, soon after, George Charles disappeared, leaving the two young girls - the older one only 13 - without family in Australia.

It must have been a year later before they were reunited with their brother George. He, now 17, travelled from Dover to join them, and soon found work as a clerk, and later as a newspaper reporter. All stayed in Australia, and married.

Paul GASKIN
Melbourne May 1984

A Bromhead First.

1848

Introducing Joseph and Sarah and daughter, Sarah, and son John and his wife Jane: also Sarah BROMHEAD, daughter of John and Jane aged two years, born in Calais, France.

After troubles in France, families returned to England and sailed for Australia in the sailing ship, Agincourt arriving in October, 1848.

Little did they imagine that nearly 140 years later that about 140 descendants would be gathered in Maitland (only a few miles from where they landed in Morpeth) from all parts of New South Wales - Bathurst, Wagga, etc. One descendant complained that nothing ever happened in Cunnamulla Queensland, and then her son's wedding and the reunion coincided on the one weekend.

Lindsay Watts is deserving of the greatest congratulations on the organisation of the day. Even the weather went her way even though it rained everywhere else in New Sout Wales.

Her easy to read genealogical charts adorned the walls of the hall, one for each member of the family of John and Jane Bromhead, and were a great source of interest with bits and pieces being added to complete the lines. Each family was given name plates with different coloured ribbons e.g. Sarah's being green, which corresponded with the key of the charts.

A Service was held in St Paul's Anglican Church, where many of those present had been associated and baptised and a memorial window had been dedicated to George Bromhead.

Later a meeting was held in the Hall chaired by Lindsay Watts and Joan Latter giving the history of the Bromhead family.

Gifts were presented to the oldest visitor aged

93 years, the widow of a Bromhead; to the oldest descendant aged 83; and to the youngest, aged a few months.

One heard everywhere "from whom are you descended?" and tracing relationships, second and thirs removes etc.

After lunch photos were taken of visitors and family groups.

Everyone was able to purchase wine glasses suitably embossed with St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, and the date and place of the Reunion on them as a reminder of the happy day spent as one big family.

Congratulations to all the organisers and helpers who made the Bromhead Day; meeting strangers who became a family.

Mildred E. Brunton, M.B.E.
Sydney. May 1984.

Nutt..s !!

My short story began a few years ago when I read a paragraph by Philip Geeves in the Sydney Morning Herald regarding Lacemakers, and giving Elizabeth Simpson's address in England.

My father had told me many years before that my forebears had gone to France as Lacemakers, and that was all I ever knew until I contacted Elizabeth who told me of my great grandfather and his family coming to Australia aboard the Agincourt.

Elizabeth also gave me Christine's address and I eventually contacted her and was invited to the Annual Meeting of the Lacemakers in 1983, where I introduced myself to Elizabeth and told her who I was. She remembered my letters and told me this humorous story.

Elizabeth was in her office and a friend came in and during their conversation the friend said, "I expect you have a lot of nuts writing to you." And she said, "Yes, I have a letter from one in my hand now!" It was my letter inquiring about the NUTT family who had gone to France as Lacemakers. I was born a Nutt, married a CHINNER, and our daughter married a Broadhead. How will that look on the family tree?

Gwen Chinner. Sydney. April 1984.

THE AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY OF THE LACEMAKERS OF

CALAIS

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