

# The Gympie Researcher

*The newsletter of the  
Gympie Family History Society Inc.*

Nov 2014 No. 77

I.S.S.N 1035 - 3534



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<b>MEMBERSHIP FEES:</b>	Annual fees are: All due by 31st August each year Single Membership \$35 Family Membership \$45 (Two members of an immediate family residing at the one address) PRO RATA till 31st August 2015:		
	Dec to Feb	Mar to May	Jun to Aug
Single Membership	\$30	\$20	\$10
Family Membership	\$40	\$30	\$20
<b>INFORMATION:</b>	Views expressed by contributors are not necessarily those of the Gympie Family History Society Inc.		
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**PAST EDITOR'S COMMENT**

**Our newsletter is published March, July & November.**

WE HAVE A NEW EDITOR—Lyn Fleming so please send in your snippets...

**weslyn@bigpond.com**

**Thank you to Lyn Fleming for being brave and taking over the magazine**

**PS—Don't forget if you would prefer to receive "The Gympie Researcher" by email—let Lyn know and we are more than happy to do this as it is quicker—you can search for names easily and it saves us postage. - we will send it as a PDF file so it is smaller to download.**

Di Woodstock

**MEMBERS**

**Currently we have had 44 members renew their membership.**

**It's a privilege to welcome new members, especially ROWENA ROBERTSON, someone our Society owes a debt of gratitude to, for all the Articles she has published in the Gympie Times supporting our Club and our activities.**

**Also JENNIFER CHANTRELL has rejoined after a break, I'm sure some of our older members will remember her. She has written her personal story which is in this edition. Welcome back.**

**There may be some members who have been away or not renewed their membership as yet, I hope you will consider rejoining. Our Society is blessed with the Committee and helpers we have who work together without argument ensuring our rooms and functions are of a high standard. Congratulations everyone.**

**NEW EDITOR'S COMMENTS; HELP !!! Di amazes me with her ability to multi task, our Society has prospered with the effort she puts in to every job she undertakes, as well as run her own business. She is always there to help anyone who asks and never loses patients with us. I agreed to take over the position of Editor to try and relieve her of some of her duties, I am a novice but I'll try my best. I know I can always count on Di's help when I falter, which will probably be regularly, so come on everyone send me some stories and help me along. I have tried to have stories in this edition showing the perseverance of our pioneers. Lyn Fleming**

**RESEARCH FEES**

Members            Free (when visiting personally to the rooms and doing your own research although we are happy to help guide you or if you are from interstate and are not able to do your own research)

Non Members    \$5 per visit to rooms (at our discretion)

Mail & Internet Inquiries

**\$30.00 Australia**

**\$35.00 overseas**

**For Research Requests:**

email c/- [gfhs@spiderweb.com.au](mailto:gfhs@spiderweb.com.au) or mail to: GFHS, P O Box 767, Gympie QLD 4570

**The Research Process Explained:**

You make your enquiry, we then look to see what information we can find quickly—then we contact you to see if you wish to proceed and advise of the fees.

If you do, we ask for \$30 (or \$35 overseas—to cover extra postage). Once payment is received, we then investigate either your specific queries or start at the beginning and check cemetery records, BDM registers, local registers, school registers, pedigree charts, some shipping, local history books, Gympie Times records, previous cemetery crawl presentations, previous research requests, mining, electoral rolls and so the list goes on.

We hold a lot of various local registers and cuttings and basic items you would find in a local history library. We also have access to the internet and can often suggest websites and ways of searching that you may not have thought of.

We do many hours of ongoing research and then either email the information to you as we go, or mail packets to you so you have the hard copies. We then also keep the information we have researched for you on file and it is then available to future people who may be researching your names too. Many times we have put people in touch with other searchers of their own trees.

Our research people do so much more work than you would realise to help you in your search for information. Please feel confident that everything possible is done by our volunteers to supply you with any relevant information we may have in our library.

The funds raised from your payments for our research, assist us with obtaining further records and to produce books and CD's for easy access of family details in Gympie and the surrounds.

Payment can be by either cheque sent to our P O Box as above or direct deposit into our Bank account is another option for those who feel comfortable with the method. Details of our bank account are: BSB 645646 Account# 101763948 and is with Wide Bay Australia. We ask that you confirm by email to [gfhs@spiderweb.com.au](mailto:gfhs@spiderweb.com.au). if possible when you have made the payment. Then we can allocate your payment and get on with the research!

**Our research officer is Faye Kennedy.**

**Research Requests that have come into the research officer...**

Jill Cawthan, Draper :- Re William Mc Vay, Family Photos,

Lyd Dryden, Gatton :- Re Joseph Andrew Dryden and Margaret Alice Spencer,

Ian Hands, Glenwood :- Re James Davies—escaped Convict whom the Durramboi area was named after.

Keith Kenneth, Gympie :- Re Ada Jane Craig, Harry Otto Potter, Wilfred Kennedy of Victoria.

Lorna Jeffress :- Re John (Jack) Sorrensen AKA Venning, Born 1922, Name change inquiry.

Editing/Indexing on the Gympie Crematorium Book 2005-2013 is progressing slowly, I'm up to 2011. Once it is finished it needs to be cross-referenced with the Burials Book.

FAYE KENNEDY

**Did you know the Computer swallowed Grandma? Yes honestly it's true.**

**She pressed 'Control and Enter' and disappeared from view. It devoured her completely, the thought just makes me squirm.**

**She must have caught a virus or been eaten by a worm.**

**I've searched through the recycle bin, and files of every kind; I've even used the internet, but nothing did I find.**

**In desperation, I asked Mr.**

**Google my searches to refine.**

**The reply from him was negative, not a thing was found 'online'.**

**So, if inside your "inbox" my Grandma you should see, please 'copy, scan and post' her And send her back to me.**



## 2015 GYMPIE CEMETERY CRAWLS



**Wednesday 4th Mar**  
**MID YEAR date to be confirmed**  
**Wednesday 28th Oct**

6.30 pm start

\$7.50 per person incl light supper & the  
 booklet {\$5 for GFHS Members}

**Phone : 0419 224 628 (Di)**

(bookings preferred for catering & printing purposes)

RAIN, HAIL or MOONSHINE—It is always on!

The supper is lovely and the stories are pretty good too!

*We now have a fruit & vegetable tray raffle as well, drawn on the night,  
 so bring a few extra \$\$\$ with you*

- *Meet at the shed at the Two Mile Cemetery*
- *Wear suitable clothing as it can be a little cool in the evening*
- *Wear good walking shoes as the area may be wet—dependant on the weather*
- *Bring a torch if you wish—but this is not necessary.*

### Cemetery Crawls report

The last crawl for 2014 was very interesting and has connected some more families together. Sometimes “they” just tell me that they want their story told and the JOBLING story is one of those. There are three new contacts to this amazing story of gibbeting in 1832 in Durham.

We had the pleasure of the company of relatives of Annie SKYRING {nee MURPHY} who were very keen to learning more on this side of the family. We also had a granddaughter of the WHITMORE family but this was not revealed until later after the crawl.

**The next “crawl on tour” will be in early 2015 {possibly May} and will be a trip to Kilkivan and Wondai as it has been requested by a long term member. If you have family in these areas—please feel free to contact me and we can include them in the Crawl.**

**If you are interested in doing the Kandanga Tour as you missed it—let me know and if we get enough numbers, we can do it again.**

## AN OLD LETTER IPSWICH--GYMPIE FOUNDING NEWSPAPERS.

Mr. J. J. Kidner, Manager of the Warwick branch of the Bank of Australasia, formerly of Ipswich and Harrisville, who is the son of one of the original proprietors of the "Gympie Times," recently wrote from Warwick congratulating the "Times" on its Diamond Jubilee number, which reached him through a friend. Mr. Kidner's father, Mr. Francis Kidner, was one of the original proprietors of what is now the "Queensland Times," who went to Gympie to establish a newspaper. Mr. Kidner has in his possession a letter written from Ipswich by his late father, dated May 20, 1868, to a relative in England, after his return from Gympie on establishing the paper, which commenced publication on February 15, 1868. The following are interesting extracts from the "Queensland Times" Office, Ipswich, May 26, 1868. "Here I am back again, having started the first newspaper on the first rich Queensland goldfields. Parkinson went up last Christmas to look at what was then thought to be just a rich patch, but is now proved to be part of a very large goldfield. I was sent up afterwards to give my opinion as to the desirability of starting a paper, and I quite confirmed Parkinson's opinion, that it was a splendid opening. I sent for the plant by telegraph, and in fourteen days had it up at the diggings, an office built, and the first issue out. People all said it could not be done, but I said it must be, and it was. I never worked harder, and never had so much anxiety in my life before; an unsatisfactory editor, and only a half organised staff, no conveniences to do the work properly; and everything in a hurry. I almost broke down when the excitement began to pall; but Parkinson relieved me, telling me I had done wonders, and that none other of the firm could do it.



"The digger's life is a strange one but must be very fascinating to many men. You will see them blasting through perhaps one hundred feet of rock, spending all they made at their last lucky claim, to find a quartz reef and when the reef is found, it is perhaps "a schiser," contains no gold. I wonder what the shaft sinking and tunneling done on that field, for which no returns have been obtained, would have come to if done by contract many scores of thousands. "The gold got at Gympie has been immense; I handled a nugget containing eighty pounds (troy) of pure gold (about 1000 ounces), I have seen many nuggets three, four, five, six, eight, and ten pounds each; and I saw an old friend pick out of his cradle a full can full of nugget gold as one day's work. This last man has been in his claim about three months and his sixth share had amounted to 1500 ounces ( £ 5000) the week I left. Another claim, the owners of which were nearly starving, and was condemned as a schiser, is now yielding eight or nine pounds in gold per day; and many such instances could I quote. It is an intensely exciting occupation; you meet men there from all parts of the globe; everybody is free and easy; Jack is decidedly better than his master, and there is a sort of reckless independence-a kind of feeling of bad luck to day, maybe good tomorrow , which is utterly wanting among the general population of towns and the agricultural districts."

Qld Times 7<sup>th</sup> March 1928

**General Meetings are now held on the 1st Saturday of each month at the Gympie Family History Society rooms in Gympie at 2pm. All members are more than welcome to attend and in fact are encouraged so you can participate as well.**

**Dates till the end of 2014: 1st November & 6th December**

**Saturdays are proving to be easier for members and we are getting good participation so come along and have a chat and a laugh— oh & help your society along the way.**

**UPCOMING EVENTS:**

**OPEN DAY 8TH NOVEMBER AT ROOMS**

**CHRISTMAS PARTY : SATURDAY 29TH NOVEMBER 1 PM TO 4 PM TO INCORPORATE “SHOW & TELL” BRING ALONG YOUR TREASURES AND TELL US YOUR STORY IT IS ALWAYS A GREAT DAY.**

**A FEW THINGS TO THINK ABOUT FOR NEXT YEAR: THE UNVEILING OF OUR BRASS CHINESE PLAQUE INCORPORATING A CRAWL SOMETIME IN MARCH. WE NEED HELPERS TO PUT THIS TOGETHER.**

**ANY ONE INTERESTED IN RESEARCHING THE 1925 TRAVE-STON TRAIN CRASH., IT WILL BE THE 90TH ANNIVERSARY IN JUNE NEXT YEAR. OUR MID YEAR CEMETERY CRAWL WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO TELL SOME OF THESE STORIES.**

**OUR NEXT CRAWL ON TOUR IS AROUND MAY? KILKIVAN, NEERDIE AND PIKE CEMETERY—ANYONE WITH RELATIVES TO INCLUDE.?**

**NEXT YEAR IS THE 35TH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR SOCIETY, VAL BUCHANAN & MARJORIE HEAD HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO GET THE BALL ROLLING. TELL THEM YOUR SUGGESTIONS ON HOW YOU WOULD LIKE TO CELEBRATE.**



**LIBRARY HOURS**

**Wednesday 9.30am to 2pm**  
**Friday 9.30am to 12pm**  
**Saturday 1pm to 4pm**



Otago Witness .

A little more information on James Fitzgerald Barry “did he die in Gympie or did he get eaten by cannibals?” James was born in Kuri Bush, Clutha, Otago, New Zealand on the 10th April 1858. He was a Mathematic Guru and submitted 270 puzzle questions in the Otago Witness paper from 1877 to 1882. Using the name Fitz. Barry.

... p.m. Fee, ...  
 ... and Pupil-Teachers' Class every ...  
 ... Thursday, from 6 to 7 p.m., Free.

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**MISSING FRIENDS.**

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**£5 REWARD.**—Left the Kuri Bush on Monday, the 7<sup>th</sup> inst, a BOY—**JAMES FITZGERALD BARRY**—15 years old, tall, slight, about 5ft 5in or 5ft 6in high, light hair, dark eyes, rather thin faced, black wideawake hat, dark coat and vest, grey trousers, dark stripe up side.

TWO POUNDS will be paid for sufficient information that will lead to his finding; or FIVE POUNDS will be paid for handing him to

**WILLIAM BARRY,**  
Kuri Bush.

The Kalgoolie Western Argus on the 12 th January 1915,  
 James Fitzgerald Barry and his sister Ellen listed under missing beneficiaries,  
 next of kin and heirs, children of William Barry of Otako, New Zealand.

A few of his mathematical puzzles.

**PUBLISHED OCTOBER 2ND,**  
**295. By Fitz. Barry, Kuri Bush :—**  

$$£3\ 15s \times 733 \div 150 = £18\ 6s\ 6d.$$

I learn that the Rotomahana can steam a distance of 51 miles in 3 hours; how long would she take to go from Dunedin to Sydney, a distance of 2250 miles?

**262. By Fitz. Barry, Kuri Bush :—**  
 How many inches are in 1025 links?

### **Presidents report October meeting:**

Welcome once again, our rooms keep improving in many ways. We have our Show and Tell coming up on the 29th November along with our Christmas get together. We are not closing for so long this time. Open day is on 8th November.

I wish you all a happy, safe Christmas and look forward to a rewarding New Year.  
Bye for now Margaret.

### THE LONELY SOLDIERS CAKE.

This was printed in the Hull Daily Mail in 1915.

Young women were encouraged to write to servicemen fighting on the front line, to kindle relationships – and some eventually led to marriage. This is one of my favourites.

Mary was a house maid. She gave sixpence to a Tobacco Fund, the fund sent a parcel, with a return postcard, to a lonely soldier.

He knew who was the benefactor because Mary's name and address were written on the parcel.

He sent his thanks on the postcard. Mary subscribed another 6 pence to the fund. Another parcel of 2 ounces of tobacco, 35 cigarettes and some matches went out to him.

This time he had his photograph taken, "Somewhere in France", and sent it with a cheery letter to Mary in London.

An inspiration came to Mary (we ought to print this part in very small type because the censor may not approve of it) She baked him a large cake – a queer cake, very heavy. There was a bottle of whisky in it.

The soldier liked this so much that he asked if he might call on Mary. The opportunity came – 72 hours leave. Back to "Blightie" as Tommy copying his Indian Comrades likes to call the homeland.

No they didn't get married in 72 hours, but they got engaged. If the war spared him, he says he will certainly marry Mary.

**SHANTY TOWN CHRISTMAS:**  
**from THE QUEENSLANDER CORRESPONDENT.**

Christmas Eve at Nashville was given up to perambulating Mary Street from one end to the other. The Milky Way was ankle deep in dust, but it mattered not to the tide of life that rolled over it. Shops and stores were crowded, some even into the street.

Of the Public Houses, some gave forth vocal strains, others attracted with performances of the light fantastic toe, whilst others again staked their chances of success upon the attractions and persuasive powers of comely maids told off to preside over the decanters.

Butcher's meat hung in profusion at every dozen paces on either side of the street. Being half bled and green crested, the beef, at most, found sale as on ordinary occasions and, there being no attempt at lighting up beyond the dim flicker of the slush lamp, nothing complementary of the meat stores transpired.

The twenty-fifth broke upon us with as many choruses as years in the present era. Hundreds who had lain about in the toilets on the previous day opened their eyes to the morning sun in partial consciousness, and drowned the spectre of their imagination in a fresh libation.

The day thus begun ended in many strange freaks, revelries and excesses which, being shared in by hundreds and witnessed by thousands, made Nashville a place to be remembered. Sections of the more circumspect held religious services.

Boxing day was celebrated with foot racing, jumping, etc., but the largest business was done at the fountains of spirituous enjoyment. Every hour wound up with a free fight in which no one was hurt. Three balls and Old tom suppers were provided for the evening.

On the 27th all was quiet and an enormous stillness succeeded the excitement of the two former days. Business men complained at the dullness in trade., and only in sticking plaster, pills and quinine were there signs of activity.

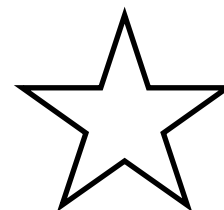
GYMPIE GOLD by Hector Holthouse



**JOSEPH KEYSER—FISHERMAN**

Joe was the first white man to live at Weyba. He was also the first man to net fish at Te-wantin. With the discovery of gold in Gympie in 1867 thousands of prospectors came to the area to try their luck. Joe could see the opportunity to sell his fish, and make a little money. He wheeled the smoked fish to Gympie in a wheelbarrow with his son Elijah in the lead pulling on a rope attached to the wheelbarrow. This he did until he got money to buy a horse and pack saddle. He then packed his fish on his horse, walking and leading his horse all night in time to reach Gympie at daylight. This he kept up until he got enough money to buy a saddle horse and riding saddle. The distance he travelled was 32 miles. At this time another fisherman joined Joe, George Tedford, together they packed only the largest mullet, gilled, bled and gutted, and took them to Gympie every Thursday night. They sold their catch for one shilling each.

Short cut to Gympie Gold. D.W. BULL

**CHRISTMAS PARTY.**

**WHEN :- 29th NOVEMBER 2014**

**WHERE :- SOCIETY ROOMS, OLD RAILWAY STATION**

**TIME :- 1 PM TO 4 PM**

**FOOD :- PLEASE BRING A PLATE (WITH FOOD)  
TO SHARE.**

**THEME :- SHOW AND TELL. BRING ALONG YOUR  
FAMILY HEIRLOOMS OR ANYTHING OF  
INTEREST AND SHARE YOUR STORY.**

**OUR PAST 'SHOW AND TELLS' HAVE BEEN A LOT OF  
FUN, SO COME AND JOIN US.**

**A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND HEALTHY PROSPEROUS  
RESEARCHING NEW YEAR.**

**THE COMMITTEE  
GYMPIE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY**

## Researcher Article for November Issue 2014

My name is Jennifer Chantrill. I was born in Adelaide in 1954 and baptized into the Catholic faith. My sister Lenore was baptized 5 years later with a different surname spelling. No family researcher would be surprised at that! I was reasonably well acquainted with the history of my mother's family, back a few generations at least, and it has been well documented by several sources. It follows therefore that my father's family history would be the more motivating to investigate. A walk down an arcade in 2000 where I spied a pamphlet in a shop window inviting the community to research their family tree the Gympie Family History Society (GFHS), led the way to the discovery of a fascinating family history.

To begin with, with a surname as rare as Chantrill in the British Isles, you would think it would have been relatively easy to find my direct line. Not so, although Chantrill and its variants were present in the International Genealogical Index (IGI), in the year 2000 the parish records were still being transcribed. It was not until later additions and the engagement of two family researchers in England, that I discovered what is probably my direct family line. In the meantime however, lot of interesting material emerged from a variety of sources.

My father Robert Graham Chantrill was born in Sydney in 1933, so I discovered a lot of information from the New South Wales (NSW) Pioneer Register; it's a source of great relevance for those with roots going back to the colonial era. This led me to discover the progenitor of the Chantrill surname in Australia was one Henry Chantrill, a British convict, who was sentenced to seven years for larceny, and transported to Botany Bay in 1827 on the ship 'Dick'. Henry died in Bathurst in 1839; he left a wife, Ann (nee McDonald) and one son, William Henry. Ann later married John Foster, but Henry's son retained his father's surname 'Chantrill' as is attested on his wedding certificate.

As space is limited I will relate some of the more interesting (and scandalous) history that emerged, and much of it was discovered in the library of the GFHS. My father's grandmother was Sarah Bullivant. Sarah was the direct descendent of Charles Bullivant Sn and his wife Maria Ikin, daughter of Obadiah Ikin and his wife Sarah. Obadiah's story is recorded in the book by his descendent Graham Thom 'Obadiah Ikin; the story of a Shropshire Soldier' (1). Bullivant Sn was a young Ensign in charge of convicts when he arrived in Australia in 1816, and he later owned about 6 hotels in his lifetime after discharging from the Army as a Lieutenant. His famous hotel the Rag and Famish at St Leonards (2); it is the oldest hotel still standing in Sydney's North Shore.

Charles Jn married Sarah Turnbull (2); I am his direct descendent through his son Andrew Bullivant, the father of the aforementioned Sarah Bullivant. The Sydney Morning Herald October 1858 records that the 'William' arrived from the South Seas with Mr and Mrs Bullivant and their child. I can confirm that Andrew was born on Aneityum (Anatom) Island, now part of the New Hebrides (3). Two of Charles Snr. sons married two Turnbull sisters from the Hawkesbury River Settlements (NSW). The Turnbull family had suffered a nasty scandal. Their great aunt Mary Ann Turnbull, was married James Wright who subsequently strangled her in the belief she was having an affair; Wright was later hanged in 1825 (4). This unfortunate lady was my ggggg-Aunt.

My paternal grandmother Veronica Hunt also hailed from interesting stock. She was the great-great granddaughter of Sgt John McCrohon and his wife Amelie Ducroix; John had served in France and Portugal during the Napoleonic wars, and their first child was born in Portugal. John discharged from the Kings Own 4<sup>th</sup> Regiment in Sydney and became the Chief Police Constable at Newcastle (NSW). Their descendent Maxwell McCrohon went to America as a foreign correspondent for the Sydney Morning Herald; he stayed and eventually obtained the post of Chief Editor of the Washington Post in the time of President Ronald Reagan.

Getting back to the Chantrills, my search at the GFHS came to an abrupt halt, as we could not find a birth or baptism (1792) for the convict Henry Chantrill. Years later, another IGI search revealed that a Henry Francis Chantrell (notice the 'e' in the spelling) was baptised at Hockcliffe Bedfordshire in 1792. At last I had a possible, but it could not be confirmed on the name and date alone. Several brothers and sisters were also baptized, to a John and Catherine Chantrell. I decided to seek the assistance of two professional family tree researchers in England. One of them dug up GOLD.

She researched the Chantrells of Hockcliffe and found the father and three of his sons in the records of the Buckingham Militia under the Chantrill variant; the boys were originally enlisted as 'Musicians', a great clue as you will soon see, and gave their birthplace as Hockcliffe. The researcher told me that Musician was a rare occupation in that era. It just so happened on my Henry's Australian Ticket of Freedom that his occupation was listed as 'Musician'. Short of being disproved by a DNA test, I am happy to 'claim' the Hockcliffe Chantrell ancestors as my own.

Speaking of DNA testing, I had a Family Finder test done with Family Tree DNA of America (Ancestry.com also does a similar test). The test not only introduced me to genetic cousins, it also provided an ethnic profile by percentage. I am allocated a 77% of Western European origin, and my mother's rich heritage of Aboriginal, Asian, and Indian (Afghan) was revealed.

The family tree search is not over, but one wonderful outcome of my journey inspired me so much that I enrolled in university and gained a Bachelor of Arts in Aboriginal Studies, with a focus on colonialism, and multiculturalism. I am now near to completing a Master of International Relations at Griffith University in Brisbane. I end my story here with a big thank you to the Gympie Family History Society; it changed my life in a wonderful way.

[http://books.google.com.au/books/about/Obadiah\\_Ikin.html?id=K5u1AAAACAAJ&redir\\_esc=y](http://books.google.com.au/books/about/Obadiah_Ikin.html?id=K5u1AAAACAAJ&redir_esc=y)

<sup>2</sup> <http://www.ragandfamish.com.au/about-us/>

<sup>3</sup> <http://www.australianroyalty.net.au/individual.php?pid=I71558&ged=purnellmccord.ged>

<sup>4</sup> <http://grthom.info/cjbjunior.html>

<sup>5</sup> [http://boards.ancestry.com.au/thread.aspx?](http://boards.ancestry.com.au/thread.aspx?mv=flat&m=5748&p=localities.oceania.australia.nsw.general)

[mv=flat&m=5748&p=localities.oceania.australia.nsw.general](http://boards.ancestry.com.au/thread.aspx?mv=flat&m=5748&p=localities.oceania.australia.nsw.general)

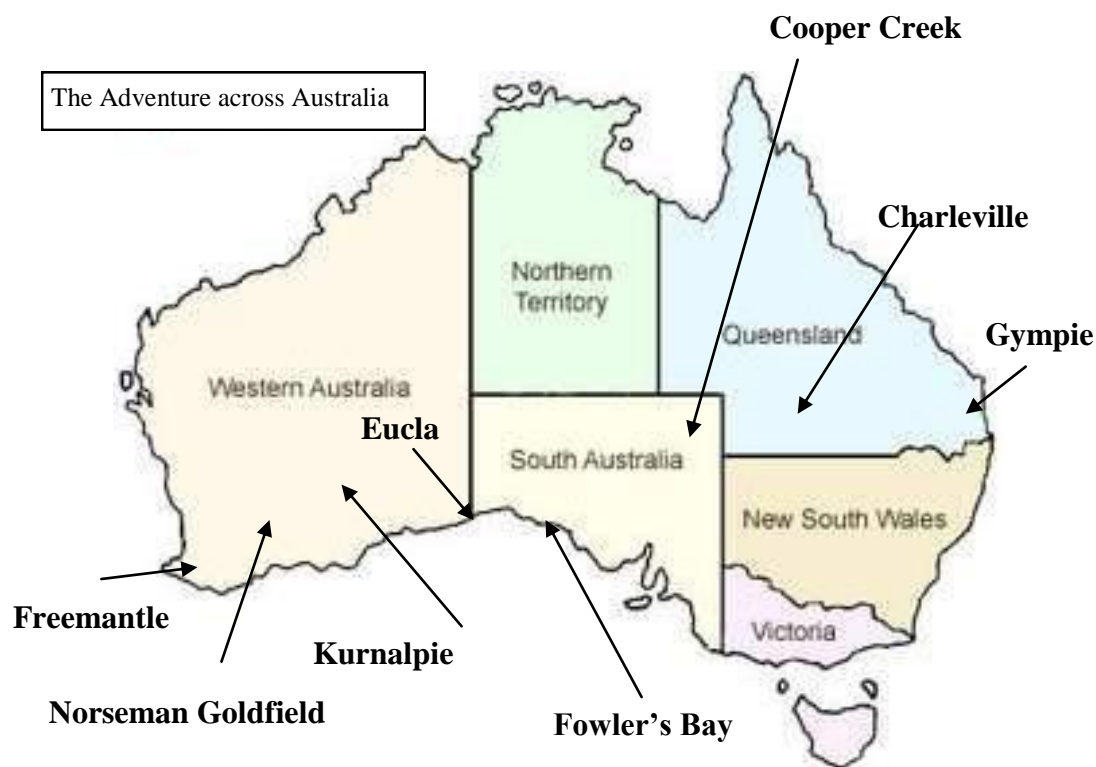
### **Overland to Coolgardie. ACROSS AUSTRALIA FROM EAST TO WEST.**

It is now two years since the announcement, was made in various Queensland papers that Mr. Thomas Whitmore had started to travel from Gympie to the West Australian gold fields with teams. Mr. Whitmore accomplished his arduous task success fully, and has lately returned to his farm near Gympie. He has given to the "Gympie Times" an interesting account of his trip, which we reprint in an abridged form :— Two years ago last March (said Mr. Whitmore) I started from Gympie with a horse team and two bullock teams, the drivers being my two sons—Tom (better known in the neighbourhood as Dick) and Charlie. My intention was to push right through to Western Australia. However, when I got to Charleville I was blocked in the mulga country on account of the drought and the dry state of the roads to the west of that place. It was about nine months before I could make a fresh start, and before doing so my son Charlie returned home to help his mother on the farm. When the drought broke up I loaded the teams with goods for the rabbit-proof fence on the South Australian border, and encountered the usual difficulties of travel ling in Western Queensland during flood time, for the drought had been succeeded by floods. After delivering my loading I crossed the South Australian border at the Diamantina, south of Birdsville. and followed that river up to Cooper's Creek. Owing to the creek being in high flood I had to run it down as far as White's Crossing, near the Missionary Station, before I could get over. As many Gympieites may not know what a Western creek or river is like, I may explain that in flood time they usually have several channels. Where I crossed Cooper's Creek there were four narrow currents as channels, from the first to the further one being from five to six miles. I swam the teams across these currents without un yoking. You look Incredulous, but it is a fact. The channels being narrow there were always some of the animals with footing on dry ground. After getting safely over I steered south to Hegott sixty miles, and then ran the overland telegraph line up to a small township called The Coward. As far as here the country had been good generally, but now we had to enter on poor grass and bad water, and to the end of my journey, except at one place, the water was brackish. After passing The Coward we got on to gravelly soil, which was very hard on the bullocks' and horses' feet, in fact, I was told I should never be able to get through without having the animals shod. One hundred and sixty miles past Mount Eva station brought us to Paddykillyan (I believe this to be the name of a plant that is said to take the place of water with stock) station, where was the only fresh water creek I saw between The Coward and the time I left Western Australia. Here I sold one of the teams of bullocks. Then commenced the desert, and seventy miles of desolation, to which I got accustomed long before the end of the trip, brought us to Woolgeena, which is a sheep station. I found the only chance I had of getting on was taking or following the "camel pad" across the sand ridges to the Fowler's Bay-road, owing to there being a sixty-mile dry stage on the Streaky Bay-road, which I had been following. No teams had ever been along the camel pad, and I was told that all the bullocks on Woolgeena would not be able to take a waggon over the sand hills. When making a start from this place we had 260 miles before us of desert and knew there was one stage thirty miles and one of thirty-five miles with out water. We found that the Woolgeena people were quite right when they described the sand hills as being as steep as the roof of any ordinary house, and also found that many of them were from a half to three-quarters of a mile long on the slope we had to pull up. The camel pad zigzagged up the side, but with the teams we had to face the straight pull. The long dry stages we had to do without water for the horses (until we lost them) and bullocks, as at this time I had not any tanks. At the sixty-two-mile well I lost the team of horses, and I believe them to have perished wandering about looking for water." For nine days Dick was away looking for the horses, but he was unable to find them owing to there having been a shower

of rain. Just sufficient to obliterate the tracks. During this time I lived on salt water and plums, as I had to stay at the well to bail water for the bullocks, and the waggons having been taken eight miles further on so as to shorten one of the long dry stages. Not being able to find the horses, we had to abandon the horse, dray and harness. After striking the Fowler's Bay-road we made our way towards the coast about 140 miles, crossing one stage of forty miles without water. On the Fowler's Bay-road about every fifteen miles the Government have ejected small sheds, connected with each of which there are a series of tanks, holding in all about 1000 to 1200 gallons of water, caught from the roof where rain falls. These were originally put up for the use of the workmen while building the telegraph line. At the time I passed along these tanks were all nearly empty owing to the farmers having been carting their wheat to Streaky Bay for shipment. Fowler's Bay is a small settlement and landing-place for coasting vessels. Here the police collected the sum of £19 10s. from me as border duty on the team of bullocks I sold at Paddykillyan for £60. What do you think of that? One-third of the money realised! From Fowler's Bay we travelled about 130 miles along the coast, where the roads were a little more favourable, till we came to Nellorbarr Plains, a sheep station at the commencement of the Great Australian Bight. On the road I had provided myself with one 400-gallon and two 200-gallon tanks, as I was told that after leaving Nellorbarr Plains we should have a stage of 120 miles with out water. We could only get salt (brackish) water, and so loaded up our tanks with 4 tons of this from the Government well, and, bidding good-bye to Nellorbarr, and possibly to the world, we tackled the 120-mile dry stage. The road was fortunately good and sound, and after five days we reached Eucla on the West Australian border, very little the worse for our trying experience. Eucla is an important, though small, township, as there is a very large telegraph office, with a strong staff of operators. I had cause to know that I was passing into another colony, as I was again mulcted of £22 as duty on the cattle, horses, &c—£1 10s per head on the bullocks, £1 per head on the horses, and £2 on the waggon, gear, &c. Still along the coast and sixty miles without water, brought us to Kennedy and M'Gill's station, at which place I made the mistake of disposing of the bullock team and providing my self with two horses and a dray. I did this because it was strongly represented to me that I could not possibly get through with the team. These representations I found out afterwards were made from interested motives, and I was later on offered more than double the price for which I had sold. After leaving Kennedy and McGill we had another waterless sixty miles distance to travel before we reached a deserted station, then across the "Sand Patch" ninety miles dry, and another stage of seventy miles without water brought us to Ponton Bros' station. When eighty miles from Kennedy and M'Gill's we lost one of the horses I bought there, and Dick did a bit of tracking that would be a credit to any bushman, and is, I think, worth recording, particularly as the lad is not yet 19. When the horse got away we thought he would make straight back for the station, and Dick went after him. Not finding the horse, he returned for rations, as the tracks did not follow the road, but went off into the bush. The next morning, making another start, he followed the tracks 120 miles through the bush, and found the horse only four miles from Eucla. It was six weeks before he got back, bringing the horse with him, and during that time I did not have a mouthful of meat, though, as I was with the dray. I had plenty of flour, tea, and sugar. At Ponton Bros. I loaded up a supply of rations, and made my way to the Kurnalpie goldfield, distant about 250 miles, and on reaching there I considered my trip finished, as I had reached the Western Australian dig gings. Kurnalpie field was considered one of the best alluvial fields in WA and there is very little reefing. There is no run or lead of gold on any of the fields I visited. The country being quite flat, and a very small rainfall, the gold has not travelled, but is found just where it is blown from the reefs. All the alluvial work is surfacing, termed "specing," and a good deal of the gold has been found actually on the surface with out breaking the ground. When I was on Kurnalpie there were about fifty men on the



ground, and some good slugs (nuggets) had been found, but take it all through it is the poorest ground I ever saw worked in my life. I took a mate with me who had tools, and pushed on to a new rush called "Pendenie," and, though we expected to be among the first there, we found from 700 to 800 men on the ground, and should judge there to have been about twenty on payable gold. My mate and I gutted two claims out in about a fortnight for 2oz. of gold, which was recovered without water, as is all the gold, by shakers or dry blowers. I did not stay there three weeks, drinking water was getting scarce and rations very dear—flour 1s. per lb, sugar 1s., butter 2s. 6d., tinned meat 1s. 9d. and 2b. per lb, and so on, other articles being at proportionate prices. I never saw so much poverty in my life as on this field. One afternoon I saw seven men come in wheeling their tools, rations, and water on barrows, scarcely one of them had a decent pair of boots, or sufficient clothes to cover their nakedness. I was on several of the other small fields, including the Norseman, and don't think much of any of them. My general opinion of the Western Australian goldfields I visited may be summarised as follows:—(1) The gold is very patchy; I have never seen a good, denned, permanent reef in any of the fields. (2) I would caution any one against going to Norseman without means. There are very few really experienced diggers to be met with, the majority of the men being of a very undesirable class. Leaving Dick behind me I sailed for Esperance Bay—the port for the Norseman—six weeks ago in the steamer Helen Nichol for Adelaide, and came on via Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, arriving home last Saturday, the 14th—and very glad I was to get back to Queensland. *The Queenslander 4th January 1896*



Thomas Richard Whitmore and his wife migrated to Australia around 1865-66. He was a carter between Gympie and Maryborough from 1868-82. He also used his bullock teams to haul logs from the scrub above the police paddock.. In 1890, for some reason, Thomas decided to 'walk to Perth' Thomas and Jane are buried in the Gympie Cemetery along with some of their children. Thomas passed away on the 20th May 1925 and Jane 3rd April 1912. CEPB 232 & 233.

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