

# ON TRACK

## Newsletter of The Mid Gippsland Family History Society Incorporated

<http://home.vicnet.net.au/~mgfhs/>

Association No A0023846S

ABN 88 735 748 406

P.O. Box 767, Morwell 3840

### PRESIDENT

Jeanette Rennie  
[jeanetterennie@optusnet.com.au](mailto:jeanetterennie@optusnet.com.au)

### VICE PRESIDENT

Dawn Cowley

### SECRETARY

Peter McNab  
[mgfhs.inc@gmail.com](mailto:mgfhs.inc@gmail.com)

### TREASURER

David Grant  
Phone 03 5127 505  
[dkgrant14701@gmail.com](mailto:dkgrant14701@gmail.com)

### PUBLICITY

Dawn Cowley

### EDITOR

Vacant

### WEBPERSON

Florence Butcher  
[mgfhsweb@gmail.com](mailto:mgfhsweb@gmail.com)

### LIBRARIANS & RESEARCH

Brian & Vaughan Knox  
Phone 0351 671869

### COMMITTEE

Wes Halket  
[mowesh@bigpond.net.au](mailto:mowesh@bigpond.net.au)

### HOSTESS

Vicki Evans  
[victoria@sympac.com.au](mailto:victoria@sympac.com.au)

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### **MEETINGS:**

Meetings are held on the fourth Thursday of each month, except December, in the Meeting Room of the Moe Library, Kirk Street. The entrance for evening meetings is via the rear door of the library. Our library will open at approximately 7 p.m. With meetings to start at 7.30p.m.

**MEMBERSHIP DETAILS:** 2012-2013,  
Single member —\$25.00 Family membership —\$30.00

### **LIBRARY HOURS:**

Our library is open to the public on Wednesday afternoons between 1p.m. and 4p.m. Volunteers from our group are available to assist with research at this time. The library is also available to members at any time that the Meeting Room has not been booked by any other organizations. (Check with library staff.)

Gold coin donation per visit for non-members.

### **RESEARCH:**

A minimum research fee of \$20 applies, plus a stamped, self addressed business size envelope. There may be additional charges for large amounts of photocopying and/or postage. Enquiries need to be clear and concise.

### **CEMETERY LOOKUPS:**

For registers which we hold, we will provide you with the register details plus a transcription of the headstone if there is one. \$2 per transcription. Please supply a SSAE with your request. Contact: The Research Officer, PO Box 767, Morwell, 3840

### **THIS EDITION:**

The Louse – camp life during the Great War  
The Evacuation of Gallipoli  
WILLIAM KNOX – mystery in the family tree  
UK National Census  
Keeping in Touch with Facebook.  
The Pitfalls of emails.

### **CONTRIBUTORS:**

Peter McNab, Vaughan Knox, Brian Knox, David Grant

## The Louse.

Les McNab enlisted in the NZ Expeditionary Forces as a private in the Mounted Field Ambulance. He had many experiences during the Great War in the Ambulance corps, the ANZAC Field Laboratory and in the Royal Flying Corps, which he recorded in his diaries, some of which were damaged in a fire. The following is based on his musings on camp life in Zeitoun Camp, Cairo.



Things we have to put up with. (Les McNab).

Friday 16/3/1916

Scientific Notes on the *Pediculus vestimenti*.

There are several branches of the louse family. The Scotch variety is the most famous on account of the "Ode to a Louse" by Bobbie Burns, one of the most touching poems ever written.

Unlike many other insects they fortunately have no wings, or God knows what the end of us would be. They have simple eyes like a cow's and not compound like a fly's. The three pairs of legs, well developed like a Swiss Mountaineer's from much hill climbing, terminate in powerful claws.

The nits or eggs are in the shape of small acorns which the female lays with great frequency. It is bad luck that unlike the fowl she does not sit on the nest of 60 - 70 eggs which she makes in the seams of our clothing. Otherwise we would catch her more easily.

The person on whom this insect is at the moment crawling is known as the Host. Where I write this there are many hosts.

They say they feed only twice a day, but having bad manners and without considering the host's convenience they have irregular meal-times.

The greatest known authorities on lice are military privates, as like the poor these insects are always with them. Privates would constitute the best collecting grounds for entomologists, who would always be welcome on this account.

Most people try at first to shake them off. Lice are perfect bores and they extend this side of their nature to trenching and tunnelling in our bodies. By boring funk holes and dugouts they distort the pristine shapeliness of the human form. Shaking them off is impossible. The eggs are best popped off with matches or the glowing end of a cigarette. There are always some that survive.

Due to the inscrutable ways of Nature they can imitate the various stripes and colours of our shirts.

These are three effective methods of destruction: -

Refrigerating: Originally discovered in the snow blizzard on Gallipoli, but useless in Egypt.

Cremating the clothing: Depends on the kit, the state of finances, or the generosity of the Quarter-master.

Disorienting: This is the most ingenious. It can be practised by the even lowest in the army, even those who have only the clothes they stand in. The idea is simple and lies in the fact but lately discovered, that if the clothing be reversed each day the hungry louse roams backwards and forwards. If perchance he finds a communication sap to his A.S.C. dump so to speak, through a button-hole the constant repetition day in and day out befuddles his little brain, so that overcome by fatigue and starvation he frets and can be trodden under foot.

Alternative Food: While preferring human flesh for the main meal, the Authorities have issued various insect powders which have a powerful attraction for them. But they are merely a decoy and not a deterrent as we at first expected.

When I return after the war I intend to submit this as a thesis for my degree of Doctor of Science.

~ ~ ~

## Evacuation of Gallipoli.

Les McNab enlisted in the NZ Expeditionary Forces as a private in the Mounted Field Ambulance. He had many experiences during the Great War in the Ambulance corps, the ANZAC Field Laboratory and in the Royal Flying Corps, which he recorded in his diaries. The following is from his handwritten record of the evacuation of Gallipoli. At the time he was a stretcher bearer.

### Monday 13/12/1915

Rumour is rife again that we are leaving, possibly for Salonica where things are far from good.

### 7 o'clock

Great excitement- orders to have stores at Williams pier at 8 A.M. tomorrow. Only valuable stuff to go. Probably working all night as it will have to be manhandled. Have to leave a lot of stores behind.

### Tuesday 14/12/1915

Got to sleep last night about 2.30. Spent most of today discussing more or less seriously our chances of getting off, as everything points to a general evacuation. We may possibly, as an Ambulance, have to leave just behind the firing line so things won't be too pleasant. Everything here is to be left standing, stretchers etc, and apparently medical stores for the wounded, as it will be impossible to remove all wounded in an evacuation of this sort. They will have to be left to the mercy of the Turk. It might sound callous in writing but there is a chance that we may be amongst them ourselves, or like some of the troops, get off scot free before the storm breaks. We are camped at present, packs and blankets packed waiting for word.

I feel very pessimistic about the whole business if it is to be evacuation, considering the lives that have been lost here already. However, we shall know more about it later that's certain.

### Wednesday 15/12/1915.

4<sup>th</sup> Field Ambulance has left and their hospital (all tents standing) is being given the appearance of life by the presence of fatigues [*troops*], in case of aeroplane reconnaissance. Nothing known about our further movements except that possibly a small squad will be left behind. As I am at present the stretcher bearer corporal it is almost certain I will have to stop. The uncertainty of all this and the lack of definite orders makes the situation intensely nervy: the gradual thinning out of our troops until only a thin line remains, and not knowing how much the Turk actually knows thro' their spies. They may know everything and be simply waiting for the critical moment when the last men start to leave.

### Thursday 16/12/1915

As I thought, I was assigned corporal in charge of 3 men, to report 4<sup>th</sup> B<sup>de</sup>. Aust Inf.

At present at the M.O's [Medical Officers] 13<sup>th</sup> Battalion, waiting more orders, loaded up to the neck with field dressing morphine etc.. I have chucked away most of my kit and feel at present that a man will be lucky if he gets off as he is. Had quite a "lamb going to the slaughter" farewell from the last of the Ambulance who are probably leaving tonight. There are 10 left altogether. Corp Mackay in charge of the other squad who are with the M<sup>tds</sup> [Mounted Rifles- the NZ equivalent to the Light Horse].

Estcourt, Bowen, McLennan, with me

3/432	Corp	McNab L M
3/860	Private	Bowen F E
2/430	"	Estcourt W H
3/1060	"	McLennan

Friday 17/12/1915

Still hanging on, the evacuation is going on steadily. We of course can notice the absence of life. There is now only a thin band lining the trenches. A German plane was over this afternoon but got a hot reception and retired. It would be interesting to find out how much he noticed. I was thinking seriously of sleeping with boots on tonight but have decided to chance it.

I thought we should all be going tonight but apparently will still have another day to go. Every day increases the Turks chances of finding out, worst luck.

Sunday 19/12/1915

Still another day & night gone by.

Some of the 13<sup>th</sup> [*trench*] moved out last night and the remainder are holding both the 13<sup>th</sup> & 14<sup>th</sup> trenches. The same with 16<sup>th</sup> who are holding the 15<sup>th</sup> trenches so the line is pretty thin now. They are putting up fixed rifles by means of string and a candle etc, and the can of water gradually dropping water into another, so that when bottom can reaches a certain weight the trigger is pulled back. Wouldn't it a joke if we all got right away.

I believe the Turks are busy building trenches etc as tho' they expect an attack. Three of our planes were up yesterday and perhaps that scared them. The place is so empty now that there is only about 30 or 40 mules left out of thousands and these can carry sufficient water and food for the men left. They have fatigue parties walking up and down the sap and leading mules about the beach to give it the appearance of life.

I believe the Apex and other positions are mined so the Turks won't have it all their own way.

Where we are at present is about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile below our position up Chalek Deri when we were here before. It is called Durrant's Post.

[6 o'clock pm]

Well we're off soon. The first echelon has already left, the 2<sup>nd</sup> are ready to go at 9, & the last at 1. We will be with the 2<sup>nd</sup>, and the last amb to leave. Wounded are to be made comfortable & left with morphia  $\frac{1}{2}$  grain. An Aust Amb & Eng C.C.S [*English Casualty Clearing Station*] are to be left prisoners to gather the wounded tomorrow. All being well, there perhaps will not be many. There are to be no amb left with the last echelon, which will be probably mostly machine gunners. They have the rottenest job. However its an honour for me to be practically last if it pans out all right. Our own amb is away long ago I suppose.

Monday 20/12/1915

1 am

Every passed off beautifully as far as we were concerned. At present on board boat "Cairo" just weighed anchor, probably bound for Lemnos. Well I suppose we should shake hands with ourselves. I would have liked to stop and see how the last few got on. There were only 30 left to take the place of 2000 after we left and about 70 left with us, so it shows how thin the line was at the finish. I want to hear now that everyone got off safely and then I would like to see Jacko's face and be content.

~ ~ ~

*Submitted by Peter McNab*

## **WILLIAM KNOX.**

Many of us have mysteries in our family trees, which despite our best efforts we are unable to solve. Mine concerns the origins of William KNOX, my great grandfather, born 27.2. 1833, died 11.6.1915.

He arrived at Milawa in the north east of Victoria at Christmas time in 1856. On 25.5.1861 he married Mary THOMPSON at Beechworth. Both had listed their address as Oxley Plains. William and Mary took up a small holding on the Tea Garden Creek at Milawa where they had a family of four boys and two girls. The first three boys included twins and were not registered. The last two children, a boy and a girl died at five and two years respectively. I am descended from the eldest son Edward Thompson KNOX.

William planted hops and built hop kilns which proved to be unsuccessful. He built many schools in the area, undertook road works and built the Orange Lodge Hall at Oxley. He was listed as a farmer and a contractor on the electoral rolls.

On 24.4.1907 William was invited to a banquet given to honour the early pioneers of the pioneers of Milawa.

William remained at Milawa for the remainder of his life except for the last couple of months when he went to live with his daughter to whom he left his entire estate. His death certificate stated he was from Norfolk in England and named his parents as John KNOX and Elizabeth MUSK.

William never spoke of his life before Australia and proof has not yet been found of his parents, his origins in Norfolk, or even the ship which brought him to Australia. Family story has it that he was a ship's carpenter, so that could explain his building skills. Perhaps he was among the many men who jumped ship looking for a better life. We hope that one day all will be revealed, but the perhaps it will always remain a mystery.

Brian Knox

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## **NATIONAL CENSUS OF UK**

The census for England was conducted from every ten years from 1801 and each census contains varying degrees of information. Of those taken from 1801 to 1831 few remain as most were destroyed. Of the remaining records some mention just the head of the household, a few may contain other members, and some have no names at all. From 1841 census returns give us much valuable information about our families.

Due to WW2 there was no census conducted in 1941, however a mini census was held on Friday 29.9.1939 for the purpose of issuing National identity cards.

On 19.12.1942 there was fire at the store in Middlesex which destroyed all the 1931 census records for England and Wales. The records for Scotland were not affected as they were housed in Edinburgh.

### UK Census Dates 1801-2011

The dates when the census was taken are shown in the following table - in general the details recorded should have been of people present at each dwelling at midnight at the end of this day, although in later years the rules were clarified to include those, such as night shift workers, who returned to the dwelling the following morning, having not been counted elsewhere.

1801 Census Tuesday 10th March 1801  
1811 Census Monday 27th May 1811  
1821 Census Monday 28th May 1821  
1831 Census Sunday 29th May 1831  
1841 Census Sunday 6th June 1841

1851 Census Sunday 30th March 1851  
1861 Census Sunday 7th April 1861  
1871 Census Sunday 2nd April 1871  
1881 Census Sunday 3rd April 1881  
1891 Census Sunday 5th April 1891  
1901 Census Sunday 31st March 1901  
1911 Census Sunday 2nd April 1911  
1921 Census Sunday 19th June 1921  
1931 Census Sunday 26th April 1931  
1941 Census None Taken  
1951 Census Sunday 8th April 1951  
1961 Census Sunday 23rd April 1961  
1971 Census Sunday 25th April 1971  
1981 Census Sunday 5th April 1981  
1991 Census Sunday 21st April 1991  
2001 Census Sunday 29th April 2001  
2011 Census Sunday 27th March 2011

Vaughan Knox

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### **KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH FACEBOOK.**

**Social Media may seem like a waste of time to some people with silly time wasting comments about all and sundry it can be put to good use by researchers if used correctly. I am not a person to comment on daily events or advertise when I am doing the most mundane activities but I do regularly look at Facebook as a research tool for genealogy.**

**I have found that relatives who are slow to respond to requests for family information and photos for the family tree are only too proud to display every detail of their social activities and latest photos of themselves on Facebook for all the world to see.**

**Apart from the photos which can be downloaded it also keeps you up to date with family births deaths and marriages. I have found several wedding and births on Facebook that relatives hadn't let me know about. I downloaded the pictures and then made contact to seek permission to incorporate them in the family tree.**

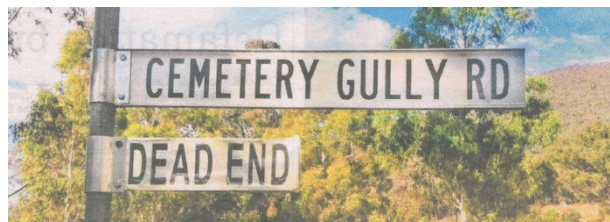
**I have also incorporated a photo gallery of the different branches of the family on the Facebook site. When you add another photo each relative gets a memo that there is a new photo added and this can generate more contacts. It also encourages other members of the family to put historical family photos on the site as well. Whereas persons may be reluctant to write a letter and send information they have no qualms about posting the information and photos on the site for all to see.**

**David Grant**

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT - LATROBE CITY

The Mid Gippsland Family History Society Inc would like to acknowledge the sponsorship of the Latrobe City with their supply of sufficient funds to purchase three new computers for the research room. The upgrading of the computers and their wireless attachment to the internet has greatly enhanced the research facilities available to our society and visitors to the research room.

**No matter how good a researcher we are we all end up on a similar path:**



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## Top Ten Reasons Why Genealogy is Better than Sex

10. No shame in doing it alone or with a group.
9. The magazines have better articles.
8. Not creepy to think of your grandparents doing it.
7. Madonna will never write a book about it.
6. Can do it online without sending the kids to bed.
5. Doing it Register style won't throw your back out.
4. Only protection required is a backup disk.
3. Can hire a professional without risking arrest.
2. People don't stare when you do it at the library.
1. Disrobing is optional.

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## Web Sites

[www.francisfrith.com](http://www.francisfrith.com) has photos maps and places in England and Scotland

[www.one-place-studies.org/list-contents.html](http://www.one-place-studies.org/list-contents.html) for information on towns and villages of England

## The Pitfalls of emails

A Tasmanian couple decided to go to Darwin to thaw out during a particularly icy winter. They planned to stay at the same hotel where they spent their honeymoon 20 years before. Because of their hectic schedules, it was difficult to coordinate their travel schedules, so the husband left Tasmania and flew to Darwin on Friday, and his wife was flying up the following day.

The husband checked into the hotel, and unlike years ago, there was a computer in his room, and he decided to send an email to his wife. However, he accidentally left out one letter in her email address, and without noticing his error, sent the email to the wrong address. Meanwhile somewhere in Melbourne, a widow had just returned home from her husband's funeral. He was a minister who was called home to glory after suffering a heart attack. The widow decided to check her email, expecting messages from relatives and friends. After reading the first message, she screamed and then fainted. The widow's son rushed into the room, found his mother on the floor, and then glanced up and saw the computer screen which read:

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To: My Loving Wife  
Date: Friday, October 13, 2005  
Subject: I have arrived!

Dearest Love:

I know you are surprised to hear from me. They have computers here now, and you are allowed to send email to your loved ones. I have just arrived and have been checked in. I see that everything has been prepared for your arrival tomorrow, and look forward to seeing you then.

Hope your journey is as uneventful as mine was.

PS. It sure is hot down here.

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"Articles for this newsletter are accepted in good faith and while every effort is made to ensure accuracy, the editor and committee of Mid Gippsland Family History Society Inc., takes no responsibility for submitted items."



Newsletter #150

P.O. Box 767, Morwell,  
Victoria 3840, Australia