



KITH 'N' KIN

The Newsletter of The West Gippsland Genealogical Society Inc

ISSN No. 1440 -8341

Issue 63

October 2008

INSIDE

Features

Murder Mystery	P2
Sailor's Secret taken to a Watery Grave	P4
Athlone Primary School Centenary	P5
Lost, Found and Lost Again	P6
Researching Your Family History on the Internet	P7
Good Old Days at Early Trowutta	P8 &9
The Dash in our Lives	P8

Regulars

Recent Library Acquisitions	P3
Missing Books	P3
Program and other Details	P10

MEREN's MUSINGS

The year is very quickly drawing to an end. There are only two more general meetings for the year to which both guest speakers sound very interesting.

On October 23rd - Laele Pepper will speak about the book she was commissioned to write on the 100 year history of the Warragul Hospital

On November 27th – Ken Wilson (a local History teacher) will speak about the two faces of Gallipoli. Including the next student trip he is organising to Gallipoli next year.

Organisation of a better way to keep you informed about up and coming events is underway, so those of you on the internet with e-mail will start to receive this information. Everyone will all still receive the Newsletter 'Kith & Kin' by snail mail which will also have most of this information in it. The e-mails will take the form of reminders about our monthly meetings (as we are having difficulty getting the information into the local paper – which a lot of people do not get anyway

What topics being discussed at the next CAM (Computer & Monitor) meetings and our up and coming 25th birthday celebrations, early next year. Please let me know your e-mail address if you are newly attached or have changed it and likewise if you do NOT want to receive these reminders. E-mail me on kimperry@sympac.com.au

We will celebrate the West Gippsland Genealogical Society Inc.'s 25th year of operation with an Anniversary Dinner at the Elizabethan on 23rd April next year, please mark your calendar

The new monitor roster for 2009 is being drawn up at the moment, so if you would like to help in the Library as a monitor please let myself or Sue Hill (Librarian) know. There will be a couple of training sessions scheduled before the end of the year, so that old and new monitors can be updated on library expectations and problem solving, I hope to see you at these.

Meren

MURDER MYSTERY

Submitted by Janice Swan. Member no 17

When I began researching my family history in 1983 family legend had it that "Maud" was murdered in Paddington, Sydney and the murder was witnessed by her daughter. They were "in hotels" in Kalgoorlie, Western Australia in 1908.

Maud was my grandmother's cousin.

Maud married in 1909 in Kalgoorlie to Richard Trembath Maddern whose family had an hotel there.

A daughter was born in 1910.

Maud was born in Victoria to Robert Adam McArthur and Sarah Daw. Her father

Robert died in 1900 when Maud was fourteen.

Sarah McArthur died in 1924 and stated "Maud dead".

For twenty years I searched and re-searched , Inquests, Deaths, Cemeteries and Newspapers, not a sign of Maud anywhere.

The little daughter Marjorie had been raised by relatives in Melbourne and died aged forty. Her name had been changed to the surname of her aunt and uncle with whom she lived. Her death certificate made no mention of her ever living in New South Wales; only five years in W.A. and thirty-five years Victoria. She died without issue.

I kept putting this mystery on the back burner. A friend who is also researching the same family rang me with great excitement in 2006. She had found War Service records for Richard Trembath Maddern dated 1917 and they stated he had been divorced in Victoria.

This narrowed the time frame somewhat. I went to the Public Records Office in Melbourne and photo-copied the copious divorce papers, which were quite colourful and named Maud and also a co-respondent named John Grieve. This was quite a break through.

The penny dropped, and I thought of the Police Gazettes. I went to the Victorian State Library in Melbourne to see if they had the New South Wales records. They are not

housed in Melbourne, so I applied to have them loaned in, but that was not an option either as they are not loaned out.

I rang the New South Wales State Library and spoke to Julie Short. She helped immensely. I explained about the murder and time frame and said "It should be quite easy because you only need to look for a murder". I left it with her and we had several calls back and forth. She was as excited as I was and she even looked in Newspapers as well and sent me a copy of the entry from the Police Gazette and the newspaper article also.

Maud was murdered on 16th November, 1921, at Redfern , Sydney by Holly Copeland the man she was living with. The following day he committed suicide in the police cells by taking cyanide which he had concealed in his shoe.

They were lying side by side in the morgue and were buried together in a paupers grave in the Rookwood cemetery.

When she died her name was Marie Maud McArthur or Ward. I have not been able to find a marriage for her to a Mr. Ward. My brother Ross Dawson photographed the area where they are buried in the Rookwood cemetery. There is no headstone, and it looks very over-grown.

Below is an article from the N.S.W. Police Gazette
16 November 1921

V. O. LAGGARD

Murder and Suicide.

Redfern.—On the 16th ultimo, **Maud Marie McArthur (or Ward) (39)**, died in the Sydney Hospital from injuries inflicted upon her by **Holly Copeland (46)**, at 36 Redfern-street, Redfern, on the previous day; and Copeland, arrested by Sergeant 3rd (Phillpott and Constables Roadley and Boswell, in charge of murder, afterwards, on the 17th idem, committed suicide. At an inquest held on the 2nd inst. before the City Coroner the following verdict returned:—"That the said Maud Marie McArthur (or Ward), on the 16th November, 1921, died from injuries inflicted upon her by Holly Copeland, striking her on the head with a hammer on the previous day, and that the said Holly Copeland died from the effects of poison, self-administered, on 17th November, 1921."

Recent Library Acquisitions

22.47 IND	Index to Launceston Examiner vol. 8 1882 - 1885
2.2 PWM	PWMU Drouin Branch Centenary History 1908 - 2008
2.164 WED	Wedding Belles : extracts from the Warragul / Drouin Gazette Jan - Dec 2007
8.0 MAY	The Victorian Undertaker
8.0 HIL	Picture Postcards
8.0 CHA	Illuminating Your Family History with Picture Postcards
8.0 SHR	Family Photographs and How to Date Them
10.38 WEL	Welsh Family History : a guide to research
1.19 PRE	Preserving the Past and the Present for the Future
1.112 FOW	A Guide to Military History on the Internet
7.0 HAI	Doctors at Sea : emigrant voyages to colonial Australia
32.0 IRV	Finding Your Canadian Ancestors
Network CD	Cambridgeshire Burial Index
8.0 WAL	My Ancestor was an Agricultural Labourer
8.0 FAM	Family Journeys : stories in the National Archives of Australia
8.0 KER	New Lives for Old : the story of Britain's child migrants
13.0 RES	Research Directory & Bibliography of Swiss and Italian Pioneers in Australasia 2002
8.0 MAY	The Victorian Clergyman
1.0 GRU	A Dictionary of Medical and Related Terms for Family Historians
8.0 JAR	The Victorian Shire Engineer
8.0 MIT	The Victorian Hospital
8.0 WIL	The Slate Industry
8.0 RUT	The Victorian Asylum
17.0 HUN	The Huntsman No. 59 March 2008
2.88 WAR	Wgl Gazette Community Classifieds Book 14, 20th March 2007 - 29th April 2008
22.47 IND	Index to Launceston Examiner vol. 9 1886 - 1889
Network CD	Eaglehawk Historic Cemetery Monumental Section

Missing Books

I have been putting barcodes on all the books in the library recently so that they can be borrowed out via the computer, which should, hopefully, make it easier to keep track of the books. Whilst doing this I have noticed that there are many books missing from the shelves. Could everyone please check their bookshelves at home in case any of our library books have inadvertently become mixed up with personal collections and not returned to the library.

Thank you to everyone who took the time to fill in and return the library survey form. Your comments will help us with improvements to the library. If you haven't as yet returned the survey, they can still be left in the box in the library, emailed to me, or posted to the address on the form.

I will start working on the library roster for next year shortly and will hopefully have it available by the November meeting.

Sue Hill

Librarian

SAILOR'S SECRET TAKEN TO A WATERY GRAVE

WHEN Robert John Kennedy went to his grave with the other 644 crew of HMAS Sydney in November 1941 he took with him the key to a secret which was to remain hidden from his family for more than 60 years.

Before leaving Fremantle for the ship's final, fateful voyage, the stoker second class and his fiancée, Marie Keseling, conceived a child.

When the German raider Kormoran brought his life to a premature end, Kennedy was unaware that he had become a father for the first time, and his family back in Sydney was not told. Ms Keseling's family, concerned about the social stigma that attached itself to any woman who had a child out of wedlock, regardless of the circumstances, kept the pregnancy a secret.

We knew Robert had a fiancée, but we only ever saw pictures," Robert Kennedy's brother John said. "We never knew that he had a child."

Two-and-a-half years later the young mother contracted severe rheumatic fever and had an extended stay in Hospital.

While she was there her family decided without Ms Kesler's permission to put the young child, Dorothy May Keseling, up for adoption. Dorothy May Keseling became Heather Carina McLean and for many years her connection to the Sydney's fateful voyage was lost.

"My parents didn't tell me I was adopted until I was 23," Heather Larke, nee McLean, said yesterday. "It was just what you did in those days - if you were adopted you became their child and that was it."

It took another remarkable discovery - that of the rusting wreck of the Sydney - to bring the family together for the first time. With the re-emergence of the vessel, the Australian navy set up a support service for the relatives and friends who wanted to attend yesterday's official memorial service.

It was during a brief phone call about the church

service that Ms Larke learned of her long lost kin. "I registered as the daughter of one of the HMAS Sydney sailors and I just asked if there were any other family members. The lady on the other end of the line said, "Yes, there's his brother" – and my heart skipped a beat."

The conversation set in motion a chain of events that culminated in an emotional reunion at yesterday's HMAS Sydney National Memorial Service.

Through a series of phone calls and emails, the Kennedy family arranged to meet Ms Larke on the steps of St. Andrews Cathedral, beside a navy honour guard.

"It was incredible – today I met my father's family for the first time," Ms Larke said. It was incredibly emotional. I fell as if my father was here, as if my sons finally know who my grandfather is.

"My parents met in Western Australia and so I had always thought that's where my father was from. I must have tried just about every Kennedy in the West Australian White Pages, but I never found them."

The members of the Kennedy family were equally emotionally. "It's like Bob has come back, like I'm meeting my uncle for the first time," Ms Larke's cousin, and Herald journalist, Les Kennedy, said. "Until three weeks ago we didn't even know she existed – it's incredible."

John Kennedy said he knew Ms Larke was his long-lost relative the moment he saw her. "It was just an incredibly happy and emotional moment," he said.

I can still remember the last time I saw my brother. He was decked out in his full navy gear and had his rig slung over his back.

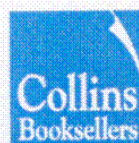
He was such an amazing presence in my life – I was completely wrapped up in him and to have Heather in our lives after all this time is amazing.

"It's a wonderful, happy ending to a tragic story."

Visit the Society's

Web site

www.vicnet.net.au/~wggs



**Heather and Terry Quirk
Collins Booksellers Warragul**

Shop 2, 9 Napier Street
Warragul VIC 3820
Ph: 03 5622 1011 Fax: 03 5622 1053
Email: collinswgl@bigpond.com



The Athlone Primary School is celebrating their centenary on the long weekend in March 2009. This is a photo of students and teachers taken at the original site of the school in Invermay Road, Athlone prior to 1927.

It would be appreciated if someone may be able to identify anybody in this photo. We are also seeking school memorabilia, old photos and stories etc. If you have anything to share with us, please contact Gwenda Davies on 5627 5626 or Leesa Williams on 5627 5577.

WANTED

Articles for Kith n Kin

**To be submitted by email
preferable, but can be left
at the library.**

**Next edition closing date is
12th February 2009**

FREE

GENEALOGY HELP IN U.K.

Contact : Valerie Pickard

108 Lister Road,

Atherstone, CV9 3DF, Warwickshire

Tel: 01827 711863

Fax: 01827 713497

Email: vpickard1@aol.com

LOST, FOUND, AND LOST AGAIN.

When Andrew and Ellen Ballantyne and their family came to Tasmania in 1883, they brought with them Ellen's nephew, 14 year old Victor Cadger. His mother, Ellen's sister Sarah, had died when Victor was 3 years old; his father John Cadger had married again, and there were then two small children. Perhaps Victor did not get on with his stepmother, maybe she did not want him; it would seem they were in poor circumstances as Andrew Ballantyne had paid for the grave for, Sarah to be buried in 1872.

Whatever the reason, Victor came to Australia, family story says unwillingly. After a very few years, Victor ran away to sea. At one stage Ellen heard that his ship was in port in Penguin, in the north-west of Tasmania, so she went to the wharf, found Victor, and "gave him a piece of her mind" ! He was never heard of again, so the story goes.

I looked for crew lists, maritime records, any record of his death around Australia and at sea, all to no avail, and had really given up, until one day when I was on duty at the Library and all was quiet, I idly put his name in the Victorian Federation Index, and there he was! He was living in South Melbourne, married in 1890 to Margaret Kirwan daughter of Michael Kirwan and Elizabeth Shea - when he was 21. So the age fitted, also his birthplace quoted on the marriage certificate as Luton, Bedfordshire, England, his father's name John, and interestingly he stated his mother was Elizabeth Ballantyne. (Ellen was "Ellen Elizabeth"). I felt this was reasonable as his mother had died before he was old enough to remember very much, and he probably never knew she was "Sarah Cartee".

Victor and Margaret were married in the Vestry of St.Peter and St.Paul's Catholic Church, South Melbourne, on April 22nd., 1890; Victor was listed as a Labourer, previously a seaman. Having got on the track of the family, I was intrigued to follow them up and spent a small fortune on certificates!

A number of children were born -

William Richard, born 1891; Lillian May, born 1892; Victor Junior, born 1894; Mary Ann, born 1896, and died that year; Catherine, born 1897 and died 1897; - all these at South Melbourne. Then twins Elizabeth Mary and Victor (why another Victor?) were born at the Carlton Womens' Hospital in 1898, but neither survived.

To add to all this tragedy, Victor's wife Margaret died in 1899 at the Austin Hospital, Heidelberg, apparently after suffering from Tuberculosis for two and a half years. The "Informant" named on her death certificate was her brother, Edward Kirwan, so where was husband Victor ?

Here once again I lose track of Victor. Was all this trauma, so common in that era, and three small children to look after, too much for him, and did he return to the sea ? I do not know the answer.

I have traced the surviving children - William Richard was an enameller by trade; he married Asphodel Winifred Stimpson at Carlton in 1915, then went to World War 1, where he lost both legs; medical reports say he walked well on his two artificial legs. He died in 1963, aged 72, in Caulfield, having no children.

Lillian May married Arthur Trewhella in 1922, but died in Bendigo, aged 30, in 1923, as a result of a traumatic childbirth; the baby also died.

Victor Junior died in the Bendigo Benevolent Home in 1939, aged 41 years. He was not married and had no children, and his death certificate states he had been working as a labourer at Kooweerup. However Benevolent Home records state he was admitted there in 1934 from Echuca Hospital - Complaint - Deformity; Bendigo Hospital lists an admission for him in 1925, so it would appear he led a sad life.

So it appears that no descendants of Victor Cadger survive today, and I have not solved the mystery of his death.

Avon Ballantyne.

RESEARCHING YOUR FAMILY HISTORY ON THE INTERNET

I filled in my Members Interest form and gave it to Faye Vandyk who added it to our "web page" not being very hopeful, as I had put my entry in the Genealogical Research Directory on several occasions without making contact with anyone who had a connection to any of my families. .

I am the GGGGG grand daughter of John THEOBALDS and Ann BRAY from Steeple Morden in Cambridgeshire, England

You can imagine my surprise when I received the following e-mail

Hi. I am Margaret Wilson and I live in England. I was browsing the internet when I came across the West Gippsland Genealogical Soc. and noticed your interests. I am the G GGG granddaughter of John Theobalds and Ann Bray and have been researching the Theobalds family for many years. We have often been to Steeple Morden and if should you like a photograph of the church or any other info I should be pleased to email it to you. Do you know when your family went to Australia as I should be interested to hear their story. Also where do you fit in on the tree ??

Regards

Margaret Wilson

I have been researching the THEOBALDS family for some years, I found on the Victorian indexes that Ann THEOBALDS married Isaac GEEVES / JEEVES in 1853 in Independent, Church., East Melbourne. Then I found on the passenger lists that she had arrived in Melbourne August 1850 on the "Duke of Portland" with her parents, Gamaliel THEOBALD and Elizabeth HEGGART. Next, I went to the IGI and I was able to piece together my family: William Bray THEOBALDS was the father of Ann, and John THEOBALDS and Ann BRAY his parents.

Since the initial contact, Margaret has sent me many family photographs and so much information from her visits to Steeple Morden. Contained in them are photos of the church where our family was married in 1763. So now it is a matter of exchanging information in the future as we come across it.

So you never know where you will come in contact with someone who has a connection to your family. It just pays to enter your interests either by paper or by the internet you never know what may happen in the future.

Thanks to WGGGS member, Colin Silcock whose CROPLEY family came on the same voyage as my THEOBALDS family, I have been able to add further information to my family tree.

Joy Watts

The writer of this article, (to the right), Helena Mary Whish-Wilson was the eldest daughter of Frederick Charles Crole and Martha Helena Phillips who were the first family unit to move into the Trowutta area of North West Tasmania. This is her description of life in this area in the early 1900s.

Submitted by Dot Winterton and June Harvey

The Dash In Our Lives

*I read of a man who stood to speak
at the funeral of a friend,
he referred to the dates on his tombstone
from the beginning..... to the end.
He noted that first came his date of birth,
and spoke of the following date with tears,
but said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.
For the dash represents all the time
that he spent alive on earth,
and now only those who loved him
know what that line was worth.
For it matters not, how much we own;
the cars.. the house....the cash,
what matters is how we live and love
and how we spend that dash.
So think about this long and hard
Are there things you 'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
that can still be arranged,
if we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real,
and always try to understand
the way other people feel.
And be less quick to anger,
and show appreciation more,
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.
If we treat each other with respect
and more often wear a smile,
remembering that this special dash
might only last a while.
SO, when your eulogy is being read
with your 1ife's actions to rehash,
would you be proud of the things they say
about how you spent your dash*

'GOOD OLD DAYS'

*I was born in Western
Australia, but at the age of two,
with my parents, I went to Victoria
where we lived till 1908.*

My father then decided to come over to Tasmania. He took up 40 ha (100 acres) of heavy bush land in Trowutta, leaving his wife and family in a small cottage in Edith Creek till he cleared enough land and built a home on it.

After about three months he realised this could not be done as soon as he expected, so he arranged for us to go

from a round loe with iron hoops for tyres.

Here the six bullocks were hooked up, and the furniture with mother and the family, moved towards our new home 2 to 3 km (five to six miles) away. It was almost dark when we arrived at our new home which was a one-roomed hut where five men had been camping for the past 12 months, and

By Mrs H. M. Whish-Wilson, of Smithton

out to Trowutta. Our only transport was by six bullocks and a sledge.

With furniture piled up on the sledge, mother and the four youngest children on top, we got out as far as the Duck River bridge (or should I say the Duck River for there was no bridge at the time). There the so-called road ended and from there up to the top of the Trowutta hill all the furniture had to be carried piece by piece.

At the top we found another stretch of so-called road and a wagon which one of the men had made, using wheels made from sawn blocks

when mother looked in she burst into tears saying, "Oh, Fred, I can't go in there: I can't."

Can you imagine what it was like? The old bush fireplace was filled with jam tins, sauce bottles, fish tins, egg shells and goodness knows what else. There was a hole for a window, but no window — just a beam nailed up which dropped down over the hole at night and was thrown up over a nail in the daytime.

Mum was just about broken-hearted when one of the men said, "Don't worry Mrs Crole, you sit on that loe out there and we'll soon clean it out."

This they did and then lit the two candles which was the only light available till mother had unpacked and found her kerosene lamp. For the 12 months we lived in this one-roomed hut. Every night my mother put a double-bed mattress on the floor for the three boys to sleep on, the baby boy in bed with her and Dad, and I on the couch all in the one room.

This hut we lived in was the only wooden building in the district. There were a few tents in which the men lived, but our nearest woman neighbor was 16 km (10 miles) away at Edith Creek, and mother lived out there for three months without seeing a woman's face.

At last Mr Harry Ryan brought his wife and family to Trowutta to live, but with 4 km (three miles) of dense bush between us we did not see much of them but

Early Trowutta

• From previous page

mother always said "We do at least know there is someone else about."

Thus life went on: My father scrubbed and cleared 2 ha (five acres) of land, then split the necessary timber out of a tree to build a seven-roomed house. All this had to be carted 4 km (three miles) by horse and sledge, then, with only my feeble help, he finally had the building far enough advanced for us to move into and furnished it as time and money permitted.

After getting settled in my two elder brothers and I had to start snaring wallabies. Dad showed us how to make snares on mother's sewing machine and we soon had a few hundred snares set out.

One day we found a queer looking creature in a snare and this was a Tasmanian Tiger. My nine-year-old brother and I were too frightened to kill it so we went home and told dad and he killed it. Its skin tanned and mother used it as a bedside mat for years. The tiger measured two metres (seven feet) from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail. I have caught, killed and skinned dozens of wallab-

ies but I was not brave enough to tackle a "Tiger."

In 1911 my first sister (now Mrs Lou Miller) was born. When mother came home from hospital with her new baby, transport for the last few kilometres was by horse and sledge with a box to sit on. Twenty months later another baby was due. About a month prior to the birth mother became very ill and was confined to her bed for several weeks. As the time drew closer, mother had to get to hospital. To do this she had to be carried on a stretcher for about 9 km (six miles).

The men were slipping and sliding in the mud and mother said she didn't know which end of the stretcher was going to drop first.

As the years went on my father got part of the farm going and we had a few cows to milk, calves and pigs to feed, along with some cropping. Our first post office in Trowutta was a hole in a hollow tree and as our roads were impassable in the winter time we had to get our supply of groceries in the summer.

Mr Howard Kay, of Smithton, can tell you all about this as he was one who helped bring our

groceries out on pack-horses.

Mr Harry Butler was the "handyman" of the district. He could do anything from shoeing horses to stitching up human body wounds. I remember one day my brother, Arthur, was out in the bush when he fell on his axe inflicting a nasty cut in his stomach. Mr Butler always carried his "first aid kit" as he called it, which was an ordinary needle and a reel of silk.

With this he put five stitches in Arthur's stomach and sent him home. There were no doctors near in those days. Harry was the bullock driver, rough as bark, hard as iron, but a very good-hearted fellow, and where-ever help was needed, Harry was there. Some years later my son married his daughter.

In 1914 war broke out. In February, 1915, a terrific bush fire swept the district, claiming the lives of a man and a woman. People were blinded for several days with the smoke, and many animals — dogs tied up, cats, rats, wallabies, cows and horses — suffocated. It was really terrible.

A few months later my brother (Arthur Crole) enlisted and went overseas. In 1916 my father answered the call and this left me and my 14-year-old brother to help carry on the farm. On May 8, 1917, my father was killed. Mother, with our feeble help, carried on the farm.

To plough the paddocks for a few hectares of cropping, my younger brother and I would take it in turns to plough the paddocks. He would take the horse and plough around a few times, then I would take it a few rounds. Thus we got our small crops — oats, potatoes, swedes. There was no money to pay men.

There was no school in the district for some years, therefore I have had no schooling since I was 10. No wonder I am such a "dill" now! By the time the school was eventually built I was too old to go.

However, I was

Our first church service was held in the bush. We just sat around on logs after travelling several kilometres with bullocks and wagon.

Canon Bridges was holidaying with relatives in Trowutta at the time, so he took the service. Our children laugh when we say: "They were the good old days."

I have written of my first years in Trowutta. Today it is one of the richest farming districts in Circular Head and I am a grey-haired old woman living at Emmerston Park in Smithton.

I am the mother of five sons and three daughters and I have 26 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

Program for 2008

26th June -	Mystery speaker
24th July -	Mrs F Vandyk -Internet & Web Pages
28th August -	Mr L Huffer -Trafalgar History Society
August 2nd - 10th -	National Family History Week - weekend Introduction to Family History - TBC
25th September -	Bring a Friend -Beginners night - TBC
23rd October -	Speaker – Laele Pepper – History of Warragul Hospital
27th November -	Speaker - Ken Wilson -Two Faces of Gallipolli

Return address: PO Box 225

WARRAGUL VIC 3820

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Genealogical Society Inc.

THE WEST GIPPSLAND

GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY INC

Inc No. A0023591F

An inaugural member society of the

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ISSN 1440-8341

The Newsletter of the
West Gippsland Genealogical Society
Published in February, June, October.

Distributed by Australia Post.

Subscription is \$5 for non-members.

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LIBRARY INFORMATION

Location

First Floor,
Old Shire Council Offices,
SE corner Queen & Smith Streets,
Warragul.

Opening Hours

Wednesday to Friday	10 - 2pm
Second Saturday of month	10 - 3pm
Last Sunday of month	1 - 4pm
Meeting nights	6 - 7.30pm

Visitors welcome

Librarian: Mrs Sue Hill
Telephone: 03 5623 1703 AH

**Printed by
Education Centre Gippsland**