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The Quarterly Journal of Logan River Family History Inc

(Member of History Queensland Inc)

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Library Hours: Thursday 9.30am—1.30pm Friday 9.30am—1.30pm Saturday 9.30am—1.30pm Other times by appointment Closed Public Holidays

Meetings: All Meetings and/or Guest Speaker days commence at 9.30 am

General Meetings to be held in February, May, August and November.

Annual General Meeting to be held in October

See page 13 for calendar of meetings and guest speaker days for this year.

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Dates to Remember

February 3	General Meeting & Guest Speaker, Dr Hilda Maclean
14 February	Sausage Sizzle
March 7	Guest Speaker—Kaye Nardella
April 6	Guest Speaker
May 2	General Meeting & Guest Speaker

Appreciation

The Committee and Members of Logan River Family History Society Inc would like to thank Shannon Fentiman MP for Waterford and her Staff for their support in printing our Journal

Presídent's Message



Hello Members

I welcome you to a new year of researching ancestors. It matters little whether you have only recently embarked on this journey or have been following this road to your past for many years and have a millennium of ancestors neatly stored and grafted onto the family tree, all hanging from their correct branch. There is always more research we can do to understand those who came before with more clarity and learn **from their successes, failures, and mistakes.** What we don't want to do is ignore them. Who knows? This year might be the year that Pam successfully buries her Granny Greenhaulgh!

We are presently improving the physical resources in our society thanks to the funds we obtained from the Gambling Community Benefit Fund grant. We spent a little last year on our new chairs, data projector stand (which I discovered also serves well as a handy podium desk) and a library trolley. The balance will enable the purchase of new computers and various IT peripherals, which will help us in the necessary research and management that needs to be done to ensure that we operate as an effective genealogical society.

Last year we had several displays in our local community, and I am hoping that we can continue and increase that outreach into our area through the coming year. To ensure that the society continues to operate and grow, one crucial factor is a growth in member numbers and the increased range of skills, talents, and interests that would mean. From a succession viewpoint, it is important that management positions are not static and that new people take on the responsibility of filling these. This means that new ideas and directions could be taken that could refresh our group. Stagnancy is never healthy. I am still hopeful that volunteers will come forward to form a fundraising committee. See me if you are interested. By the time you read this, you may know that we have joined the Containers for Change scheme as an eligible charity, a fairly simple and environmental way of raising funds for our group. I am not sure about the Jigsaw Jumble fund raiser. If you would like to see it continue, you will need to start hiring some jigsaws.

Above all, can I encourage all of you, our members, to become as involved as possible; whether that is in coming along to the rooms to do your own research, joining the Writers Group, working on a research project, helping others with their research, or doing some needed jobs around the rooms. We grow in strength as we support each other and collaborate.

May you all have a great year of building your family trees.

Cheers

Blue

Rob Thomson President LRFH

Some days I just si t

and remember

From the Editor

Hello Members and friends,

Welcome to 2024. I hope you have enjoyed the break, and feeling enthusiastic about doing some research and perhaps joining in some of our activities.

Here is your first journal for the year, a little smaller than usual. There are several stories from members, including those from our recent display on the subject of 'Fashion' I hope you enjoy.

I look forward to catching up with you in our research room soon.

Val Watson, Editor

DUGULLUMBA

The Aboriginal name for the Logan River meaning Home of the Hornet

Logan River Family History respectfully acknowledges the Traditional Custodians of the lands across the City of Logan. We extend that respect to Elders, past and present. They hold the memories, traditions, cultures and hopes of Australia's First Peoples

2024 Display Topics

Jan-Mar 2024 your	<u>Hobbies, Toys & Games</u> - What hobbies did family have? What were their favourite toys and games? Help us enjoy these as well, with photos and stories
Apr-Jun 2024	<i>Air force & Aviation</i> - Photos and stories of our air force and aviation ancestors. Stories of exploits during wars or on commercial flights. Stories of different aircraft, air shows, etc.
July-Sep	<i>Picnics and Gatherings</i> - Photos and stories of family picnics, parties, gatherings, outings, socials, etc. etc
Oct-Dec 2024	<u>Shops & Shopkeepers</u> - Did you have an ancestor who owned or worked in a shop? Did you have a corner shop nearby? We would like stories and photos to tell us all about them.

Your story doesn't have to be long. Photos make your story interesting but are not necessary, jut a photo by itself is great as well. After the display the stories are published in the Society Journal. Don't forget to add your name, membership number and any source references.

Thank you in advance for your contribution...

Please email your story and/or photos to the Librarian, Heather Cuthbert

cuthbertheather@gmail.com

Christmas Raffle and Lucky Number Board

Prizes were drawn at our Christmas party at the Rec Club

Winners of the 100 Lucky Number board

Anne Mitchell Keith Watson Janis Downes

Christmas Share the Cash Raffle (including \$50 Gift Cards)

Val Watson Pam Hayes Heather Cuthbert Joan McGregor Ian Mitchell



Many thanks to Logan City Councillor Jon Raven; Federal Member for Forde, Bert Van Manen and State Member for Logan, Linus Power for their donations of gift cards for the raffle.

Also to Esma and Pam for putting the hampers together.







These awards were presented at our Christmas party



President Rob presenting Elizabeth Lamb with the Helen Kent Memorial trophy for her story **'Floods, Droughts and Fires'**

Heather Cuthbert receiving her Highly Commended Certificate for her story 'House Fire and Building a New House'

Heather also won the Top Contributor award



Our thanks again to Rebecca Johnson, author, for judging the stories

Honorary Lifetime Member

Graham Popple receiving his Honorary Lifetime Membership certificate at our Christmas party.

Graham was awarded this for his longtime service to our Society over many years.



Congratulations Graham!

DR hilda MACLEAN Local Heritage Specialist Logan city council local studies library

Our guest speaker at our February meeting is Dr Hilda Maclean; her topic: *TROVE RESEARCH*

Hilda holds monthly talks at the Logan Central Library, and her next one will be on 21 February. Her topic: ORGANISING YOUR FAMILY HISTORY

Hilda's talks are always interesting and very informative. If you would like to attend, please book with the library.

https://loganlibraries.org/whats-on/event/organising-your-family-history/?



Logan River Family History

Writers Group

The start of 2024 and The Writers Group is continuing.

Our ongoing project of producing posters summarizing the biographical information of early Logan settlers for Family History displays is proceeding well. Some members are more adept at the design part than others and are designing some very eye-catching pieces. Personally, I prefer the research side. Hopefully we will soon have a library of posters to use at our displays.

We will still be participating in writing guidance lessons at each session and be assigned a theme to compose an article about before the following meeting. I have been reliably informed that the theme for February will be "Our Parents."

All members are welcome to join at any time. The meetings are held on the 1st Monday of the month unless it is a Public **Holiday then it's the 2**nd Monday.

Hope to see some new faces this year.



Pam Hayes Member 151

MEETINGS - 2024

MONTH	MANAGEMENT	GENERAL	VISITING SPEAKER & OTHER
JANUARY	19 January		
FEBRUARY	16 February	3 February	
MARCH	15 March		Guest Speaker – 7 March
APRIL	19 April		Guest Speaker – 6 April
MAY	17 May	2 May	
JUNE	21 June		Guest Speaker – 1 June
JULY	19 July		Guest Speaker – 4 July
AUGUST	16 August	3 August	
SEPTEMBER	20 September		Guest Speaker – 5 September
OCTOBER	18 October		AGM – 5 October
NOVEMBER	15 Novenber	7 November	
DECEMBER	-		Christmas Lunch – 2 December

MY BOYHOOD HOME

39 AGNES ST TORWOOD

I vividly remember sitting on the sloping concrete path that ran from the front gate to the bottom of the front stairs. I was gazing in fearful wonder at the flames that leapt from our house and was getting soaked by the water from the firemen's hoses running down the path. I often dreamt of fire after Dad had burnt off the collection of prunings, dead weeds, and other flammable detritus, and this night was no different. It is also the last night that I recall wetting my bed!

The bonfire area was at the bottom of the backyard, not far from the chook house, and surrounded by Dad's vegetable gardens. As you walked up the yard to the house you passed between an orange and a lemon tree, both underplanted with freesias. Between the citrus trees and the house was an expanse of grass, a favourite play area for myself and my siblings. This was lined on each side by garden beds along the wooden fences that separated our yard from the neighbours'. From here I could look east to see the building in Brisbane and, once it had started operating, read the weather forecast on the weather beacon atop the MLC Tower. During the 1950s I could also watch the searchlights scan across the sky, a reminder that World War 2 was still a quite recent memory.

The house was perched on wooden stumps that got longer the farther you walked from the front to the back of the house. There were about eight front steps and possibly 20 steps at the back. Under the house was all dirt except for a small concrete slab in front of the cement wash troughs, three in all. Behind the wash troughs rose a rainwater tank and a gas copper was beside the troughs. This area was redolent of soap and washing powder, except for the days when a rooster was prepared for the table by Dad boiling water in the copper in which to dip the headless bird prior to plucking.

Stored beneath the house was a lot of my Grandma's furniture, brought there when she went to live with her other son, my Uncle John. As we grew up, my brother and I made many a foray into that maze, clambering in, through, and under those reminders of another age. We found many treasures left behind in the drawers and cupboards of that Adventureland of a Past Age.



The perfume of sweet peas always places me on the back steps. Dad grew them each year on a trellis of wire netting that he erected alongside the steps. These were one of Mum's favourite flowers.

When they were in season, we almost always had a vase of them inside to enhance the room with their beauty and perfume. By the beginning of November their now brown, crisp vines had to be removed before Guy Fawkes Night. We could not risk a real conflagration of our house started by Threepenny Bungers, Jumping Jacks or falling spent Rockets igniting the tinder-like remains of the sweet peas.

There were two doors at the top of the stairs. One that led off the back landing into the toilet, a flush toilet with a chain from the cistern high on the wall, and the other door to inside the house. Directly in front was the hallway that led directly to the lounge room at the front of the house. On the right was the kitchen and to the left was the bathroom. There was no hot water system so, in the kitchen a kettle was boiled on the gas stove for hot water, and, in the bathroom, there was a gas water heater beside the bath, so bath time was announced by the smell of a burning twist of newspaper used to light the heater. Mum found a direct line of sight from the kitchen where she was preparing tea very convenient for keeping order during bath time, and she had no trouble racing in to quell some out-of-control water shenanigans with a wooden spoon on wet, bare flesh! If you turned right from the back door you entered the kitchen and walked past the fridge that had a Bakelite mantel radio sitting on the top; Mum needed that nearby so she could keep up with the doings at Blue Hills as she worked. There was a wooden table in the middle of the kitchen. It was used as the everyday meal table, and for meal and baking preparation. The sink was on the right beneath the window that looked out on the backyard and the kitchen cabinet was on the opposite wall. At the far end of the kitchen, beside the sink, was the gas stove, and, in the opposite corner, the pantry. Mum's treadle sewing machine was against the wall between the stove and the pantry.

Off the hallway, beside the bathroom, was the dining room, commanded by a solid silky oak table with matching chairs. A sideboard with a marble top (which had once been a washstand in a grandparent's bedroom), a day bed and a wooden traymobile were arrayed around the walls. The gastronomic delights of Christmas Dinners and other important feasts are imprinted on my memories of that room.

The next door down the hallway, on the right, led to the bedroom occupied by my brother and me. Two beds, a chest of drawers, a wooden table used as a desk, a small toy cupboard, which had once been the cabinet for a wireless, and a wardrobe, furnished the room.

As to the state of the room, well, it was occupied by two young boys, so tidiness was an issue and the aroma was that of long forgotten uneaten lunches in cardboard backports left to mature under the beds. This was the yearlong state of the room, but there were a few weeks just prior to Christmas when the room was tidied and cleaned in preparation for Santa's visit!

Further down the hallway was the lounge room and immediately to the right was the door to Mum's and Dad's room. We were always welcome in there – well, almost always.

As well as the bed there was Mum's wardrobe with a mirror in the door and a large drawer at the bottom, Dad's lowboy and Mum's dressing table. As a small boy I was fascinated by the eiderdown that covered the bed and more than once would find a feather poking out of the material. Of course, I pulled it all the way out!

Out in the lounge room furniture was arrayed around the walls: a lounge suite that I find I have no clear memory of, a cabinet radio where I would listen to the Argonauts and Yes, What!, a small table that almost always boasted a vase of flowers from Dad's garden, and a cutlery chest that was mainly opened prior to Christmas Day for cleaning the cutlery for the Christmas table, and, while our hoop pine Christmas Tree was still short, used as a stand to give it more height. French doors led out onto the front, semi-enclosed verandah; but, before we go there, there are two more things to remark on in the rooms we have passed through. The floor covering in every room was lino, wall to wall, except in the lounge. The floor there boasted a lino square with bare, polished floorboards around the perimeter. Thinking of this reminds me of the smell of floor polish and the amount of rubbing that we did during spring cleaning to bring it to a high sheen. And, as Mum was an artist, the walls of most of the rooms displayed the framed watercolours that she had created.

The front verandah had a floor of bare floorboards which Mum would try to make look more presentable with wood polish. There was a hall stand, an old chest that contained sewing materials and memorabilia from Mum's family, and a low day bed. This day bed consisted of a number of wooden fruit cases set side by side on the floor, with some type of bedding over the top. The openings on the verandah could be partially closed with roll-down slat blinds that did not afford much protection from either wind or rain. The front door had an artistic design of wood pieces that also allowed the weather free access.

Outside the door were the front steps that led down to the path where my dreamlike state had placed me to observe the fictional conflagration of our house; a house that still exists in the memories of my mind and in modernised reality.

> Submitted by Rob Thomson Member 229



By Heather Cuthbert, Member 83

When I was growing up it was the fashion to dress up when you went to church, town, travelled, etc. We took time and energy to have matching shoes, handbag, gloves, hat, etc.

When you were poor you made your own hat but it was an experience to go to a hat shop and choose a new one. Hat shops had numerous hats on display stands and plenty of mirrors so that you could see yourself clearly. Under the mirrors would be drawers and shelves with many other hat styles and colours that were available for sale.

> Fashion is Part of the daily air And changes all the time



My cousins, Leonie and Maxine all dressed up with gloves, hats, handbags and shoes, ready for church c1960's

The Cuthbert's at Sydney Airport c1960's





The Cuthbert's & Christiansen's all dressed for a visit to the Auckland Zoo c1940's

Fashion – The Changing Times

It is amazing how times and fashions have evolved over the years. A photo tells many stories. This takes me back to my childhood from the 1940's onwards.

Sometimes we were invited with our parents to their nieces and nephew's weddings. We went to Sunday school and church. We were always dressed to the nines. This was a very exciting time. Our Mum was always making our dresses from materials she had purchased from sales in Brisbane. She would catch a train into South Brisbane then a tram across Victoria Bridge to Queen Street and sometimes continue to Fortitude Valley. Back then materials were purchased to make many household articles such as bedding, towels and face washers, tablecloths, tea towels, curtains. You name it. Everything that you can buy readymade today, was all homemade. Mum would come proudly home well laden with her purchases. My Dad would be waiting at Loganlea Railway Station for her to take her home in the horse and sulky. She would also buy some special delights such as lovely donuts and beautiful fresh fish from Allan & Starks which in later years became Myer.

We looked very smart in our new dresses, hat and gloves and a cute handbag, socks and shoes, and my father dressed in a suit, and my brother in shirt and tie and long leg shorts some of which Mum would have made. This was standard dress code, and everyone was dressed for the occasion. A pretty good-looking family. In the 1960's when I started work, I saved my pay and purchased a Lady Sunbeam Portable Hair Dryer. My sister did the same thing. We lived in the country nowhere near hairdressers, so this was a great asset. Most Saturday afternoons my sister and I would prepare to go out for the evening to the local dances, balls at the Beenleigh School of Arts Hall, or to the movies in Brisbane. We would wash our hair, then put the rollers on. We felt rather elegant sitting with Sunbeam hair dryer cap on, with the hose plugged into the Sunbeam cap. Switch on the power and off it would go. Of course, we had to go the whole hog and read our magazines. Can you imagine? This was so much fun.

The Sunbeam came in a carry case and had a few extras such as clothes drying bag which could also be attached to dryer. Hang it up, switch it on and one would have nice dry clothes. Also, a hair drying wand to plug into our hair curlers just in case our hair was still a little damp. We felt very proud of our home salon.

The Lady Sunbeam Hair Dryer, Sunbeam Corporation Ltd. 1960's.

Elizabeth Lamb Member 7



Fashion

Hats have been a popular fashion accessory for many decades. Milliners have crafted many styles made from various materials including felt,



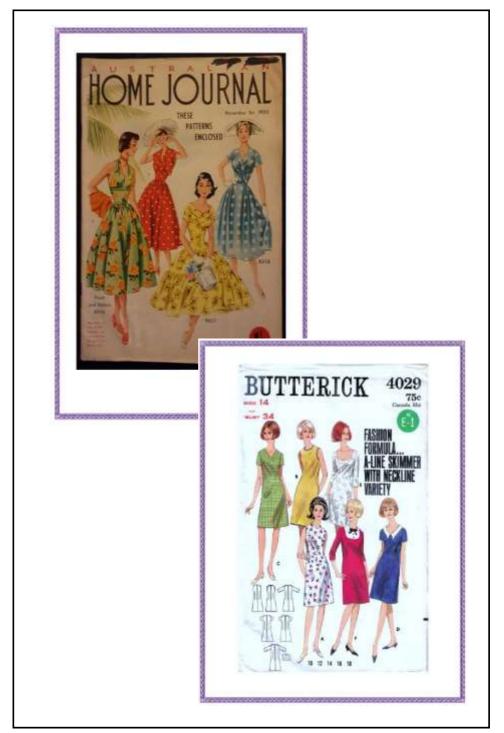
From left. Aunts Gwenda Baumann, Gwen Baumann, Betty Baumann, Mother of the bride.

straw, fur, and mink. Hat styles included wide brimmed, pill box, petal and bucket hats. The pill box hat was made popular when Jacqueline Kennedy, wife of the President of the U.S.A. wore this style during the 1960's.

It was usually unadorned with accessories, except for a coloured net veil, or single pin or jewel. The hats in the photo were worn at sister Denise BAUMANN'S wedding to Kenneth PETERSON at the Baptist Church Nambour on the 30th December 1968. Shoes and handbags would match the outfit. Dress and skirt lengths

were shorter in the 1960's due to the introduction of the mini skirt.

Diane Schulz Member 168.





Sliding Doors



There has been a film and

subsequent references to it, about a seemingly inconsequential, unexpected change of plan that had a profound impact on the person's life. Other people have used the term 'slender threads'. While, technically, not a Family History topic, such an event in earlier generations in one's family tree could have resulted in a different branch of one's family altogether!

My 'sliding doors' moment occurred when I was visiting my grandparents in Scotland as a 17 year old. I had two weeks in the London area staying with relatives before returning to South Africa and had made an appointment to tour one of my favourite magazines in London. I was to spend one week with my mother's relatives and the second with my father's uncle and aunt. They were close to London by train but the trains left from completely different railway stations. At the last minute, plans were changed and I had to reverse the order of my visits. I successfully visited the magazine and caught the train just after 5pm for Hornchurch. The train I would have caught left Waterloo for Beckenham and, because of heavy fog was involved in a collision and a derailment with many people killed or injured. My poor mother knew of the accident but International calls were not a common thing and many households did not have their own telephone, so it was a while before she was reassured. I could easily have been one of the fatalities.

Another family that might never have happened was of a friend of mine. She had been heartbroken by a fellow who was two-timing her and she was refusing to go out on any of the dates her flat-mates tried to set up. Eventually she went out on a blind date but did not bother with make-up (which in the sixties was quite dramatic and colourful!) and dressed very sedately – not in the mini-skirt of the day. He was a young Hollander and they got on well. He subsequently asked her out again and this time she put on her 'war-paint' to impress him. He was a very conservative young man and was horrified and asked her to take the make-up off. They later married and had two children which would never have happened as the make-up would have put him off from the very beginning.

Slender threads indeed!

Submitted by Anne Mitchell Member 178

From the Journals

We receive several quarterly Journals from other family history societies on a reciprocal basis from both Australia and overseas. These books are available to Members and can be borrowed from our library for a period of 2 weeks at a time and must be signed out by a room attendant. Because of postage some Journals are emailed to us and can be read via Dropbox or from one of the computers in our rooms.

I enjoy reading these journals and magazines and you just never know what you may find that might help you with your family history journey.

IRISH ROOTS MAGAZINE, 4TH Quarter, 2023

<u>Finding Irish Teachers & Students in the Convent Archives</u>. It is hard to emphasise the importance & significance of Irish religious sisters. The Magazine has listed various types of records where information can be found.

Adopt a Monument

The "Scheme" engages with local communities to take an active roll in preserving & protecting their local heritage. Throughout Ireland in recent years community driven projects have become a common way for groups and general public to be involved with their history, heritage and archaeology.

<u>Local Resources for Family History Research - County LOUTH</u> LOUTH is Ireland's smallest County and this article deals with local records and/or are only available within the County.

On Page 22 there is a list of over 50 common surnames which have specific links to the County and too many to list here individually. Each surname has brief information and origin as well.

TIMESPAN" JOURNAL Nepean FHS—December 2023

Travels with my Ancestors: The LITTLERS from Essex, England

In 1841 a newly married couple arrived at Launceston, Tasmania. They were Charles LITTLER & Ann (or Annie) SUMMERS leaving behind their families, home and community in Essex, England. What did they know of Van Diemen's Land, as it was called? Why had they chosen this place as their new home and how did they, and later generations of LITTLERS, fare in Australia?

DNA Snips Chronicles: Tracing Heritage Through Genetic Genealogy.

If you've taken a DNA test for genealogy purposes, you might have found yourself looking at a long list of matches and not knowing where to start. This is where the Shared Matching Tool becomes a valuable asset. It operates as a filter on your DNA list, highlighting individuals who share DNA with you and a possible traceable match. Further information is available in this Journal.

The 1923 Royal Wedding Cake

On 26 April 1923 the Duke of York, second son of King George V, married Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon in Westminster Abbey. The couple would later become King George VI & Queen Elizabeth (the Queen Mother).

Their wedding cake was 9 feet (almost 3 metres) high and weighed 800 pounds (about 363 kgs). The "Nepean Times" published a description of making the cake and can be read in this Journal. This is a very interesting article and well worth a read.

"TRACES " MAGAZINE - Edition 25, 2023

St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne

The construction of St. Patrick's Cathedral was an expensive and challenging undertaking that took more than 80 years through times of boom & bust. The Cathedral was one of the two largest churches to be completed in the 19th Century. The other was St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

Colonel GIBBES - Bigamist of Imposter?

When unravelling the life of Colonel John George Nathaniel GIBBES, there was one question that proved difficult to answer, was he a bigamist?

Elizabeth MORROW verses Colonial Misogyny.

The past we know is a foreign country, yet, there are strong continuities, including how women coped with repressive attitudes. Colonial nurse Elizabeth MORROW was one woman who fought the treatment of women in a way that appears surprisingly modern.

Enjoy the Read Esma King

HOW ONE PIONEER LEARNT HIS NAME

WE have received a letter from Mrs7E James (nee Toogood) 26 of Hillcrest Avenue, Ringwood asking us for any information we may have about one of her forebears, a certain Thomas Toogood who worked on squatting stations in the Morwell area in the early days of Gippsland.

From the Hazelwood Cemetery records we find that Thomas Toogood died 18-3-1910 at the age of 70. Therefore he was born in 1840, one year before the discovery of Port Albert, and the beginning of settlement in Gippsland. His wife, Mrs Elizabeth Toogood died 27-12-1905, killed by a falling tree. Thomas and Elizabeth Toogood lived at Driffield and they had a family of six children.

From the pages of the Morwell Advertiser of 60 and 70 years ago, we found that in September 1992, a Miss Toogood married J. Watson and that in April, 1908, Mr Thomas Toogood junior. of Driffield was bitten on a finger by a snake. He chopped off the hitten part, and rode into Morwell to be treated by Dr J. S. McLean

Finally, in April 1915, there is a report of a given send-off to **Private Ronald**, Private **Toogood and Sergeant** McCrae, who were leaving Australia to

IVAN MADDERN

fight in the First World War. Maybe Private Ronald, whom we take to be our well-known Alf Ronald, will be able to tell us something about the Toogood family.

OUR third source of information is from the history articles about Morwell written in 1942 by the late Llew Vary, a son of Samuel Vary, the last squatter to hold the Merton Rush Station. Here is what Llew Vary wrole about Thomas Toogood:

"One old identity, Tom Toogood, was wellknown on all the for stations miles around. He later selected some timber country on the old Mirboo Road near the Mountain Hut Hotel.

"He was born at Box Hill and came to Morwell before the railway line was built. working on the stations, stock-riding. fencing and bullock-driving. He was a strong, thick-set man, who, it was claimed, could load more railway sleepers on a wagon than any two men, in the same time.

On one occasion, he had his leg broken while working alone in the bush. He crawled to his horse, managed to climb on its back, and then, supporting his broken leg with the stirrup-strap rode several miles home

He had never learnt to write since he was born 32 years before free and compulsory education was introduced. But some good samarilan had taught him to sign his name.

He just printed two capital "T"s, then six small "o"s after the second, adding a stroke down the third "o", and a stroke up to the last "o", and so completed his name as we have written it above.

It seems pretty obvious that our Thomas Toogobd, born at Box Hill in 1840, must have been the son of Thomas and Edith Toogood of Box Hill, who married in 1836. It is possible that there are descendants of the Toogood family still living in Gippsland.

Latrobe Valley Express, 1977

Thomas and El izabeth Toogood

I thought I would share one my research adventures when looking for Thomas and Elizabeth, my husband Keith's great-grandparents.

Thomas born in 1844 at Box Hill in Victoria; Elizabeth was born to Thomas Halliday and Caroline (nee Kirton) in 1856 at Deloraine in Tasmania.

Elizabeth was married to Bryan Byrne in 1878 at Sale (Vic) and they had a daughter, Mary Ellen in 1879. Some time after that, Elizabeth's husband deserted her, and I don't think she knew anything of him after that.

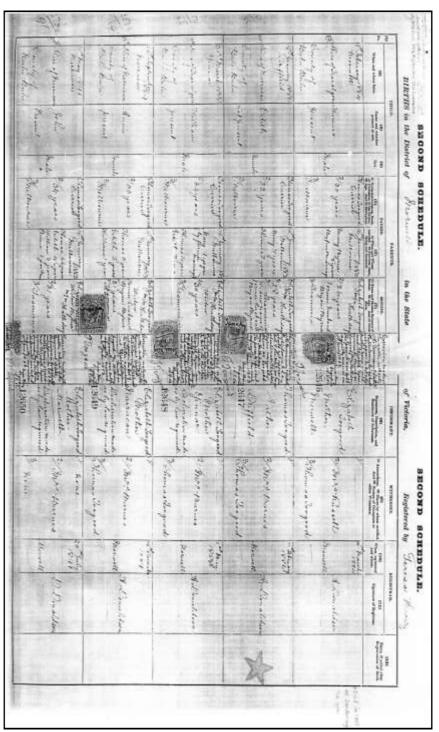
By 1884 she had met Thomas Toogood as their first child Thomas was born in 1884 at Morwell. They went on to have nine children, including two who died in infancy.

The children were registered under Elizabeth's married name, Byrne, with no father's name.

I remember having some trouble when first researching the family, not knowing about Elizabeth being deserted during that time. Imagine my confusion when I sent away for their daughter Edith's birth certificate, registered as Toogood) and received a full page of register entries showing five of their children's births - I wasn't expecting that! (*this was in the days when we applied for certificates in writing, waiting* for 3 weeks for it to arrive.) How things have changed.)

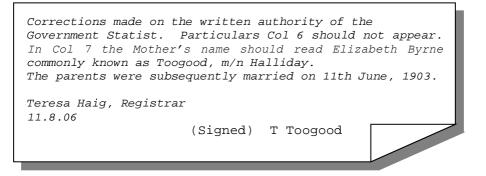
In the meantime I found that Thomas and Elizabeth had married in 1903, up in Melbourne. On the certificate it showed that Elizabeth had been a deserted wife for 22 years. It had me thinking they had found that they could marry after a certain number of years. (Bryan Byrne was killed in a wagon accident in South Gippsland in 1905.)

Certificate showing the births of some of the children, when Thomas went to Melbourne to have the corrections made. The births were registered previously under the Byrne name



It wasn't very long after their marriage when tragically Elizabeth died, cause of death - *Accidentally killed by being struck by a falling tree*. That was in December, 1905. I have read the inquest report that was published in the Morwell newspapers, it is very 'descriptive' - poor Elizabeth, she died a terrible death. It was said in the family that Thomas was broken-hearted ever after that, until his death in 1910

It took me a long time to work it all out, and it pays to study every bit of information on all certificates. (see certificate opposite) Very good information in the middle column, it's hard to read so here it is transcribed:



When you note the date Thomas made the corrections, it is after Elizabeth's death.

Thomas and Elizabeth are buried together in the Hazelwood Cemetery (near Morwell) in an unmarked grave.

Of course there is much more to their story, They are all part of who we are today.

Toogood	Elizabeth	29-Dec-1905	Pres.	Q	36	Unmarked
Toogood	Thomas	17-Mar-1910	Pres	Q	36	Unmarked

Val Watson Member 35

GRAMZOW.

A farming and sugar-growing district, 30 miles from South Brisbane. Rail to Beenleigh, thence hire 8 miles.

STATE SCHOOL-Head Teacher, V. Nichols.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

DAIRY-A. Sommer.

FARMERS—H. Cameron, C. Clifford, A. Heidenreich, A. Lehmann, J. Raedel, J. Shears, junr., J. Stacey.

GRAZIERS-W. Bramisch, P. Burke.

SUGAR PLANTERS—Appel and Musch, A. C. F. Bahr, M. F. Bahr, C. W. Brauer, F. Brauer, W. Brauer, A. Heidenreich, C. F. Kruger, C. H. Lehmann, G. A. Marks, W. J. Marks, W. J. Marshall, F. Schroeck, W. F. Sommer, A. Stern, O. Wilkie.

DAISY HILL.

A farming and fruitgrowing district, on the South Coast. Rail to Kingston, thence hire 5 miles.

STATE SCHOOL-Teacher, Miss Kelly.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

BUTTER FACTORY-W. G. Winnett, Secretary.

FARMERS—Joseph Dennis, Mrs. M. Dennis, Chas. Harris, W. Howcroft, F. Mollenhauer, B. Murray, D. Murray, C. P. Nilsson, R. Ramsay, A. Shailer, junr.

FRUITGROWERS—S. Float, R. Gomersall, A. Shailer, H. Shailer, F. Shailer, T. Usher, T. Usher, junr., W. G. Winnett, junr. POULTRY FARMER—W. Smith. Extracts from Pugh's Almanac & Gazetteer, 1916

> Courtesy: Trove—NLA

A recent project of our Writing Group was to produce a poster showcasing pioneers of the Logan district. On the opposite page is one created by Diane Schulz on the Stollznow family



STOLLZNOW

LOGAN RIVER FAMILY HISTORY www.loganriverfh.org.au

Ferdinand Stollznow was born on the 23rd May 1826 at Gunterberg, Prussia.

Ferdinand was taken into the care of the Schmidt family after the death of his mother Sophia Stollznow. He tended the Schmidt farmland and in due course became manager of the Schmidt estate, taking a keen interest in botany and agricultural science. This interest led Ferdinand to introduce new varieties of grapes in the vineyard section.

The marriage to Ida Caroline Henrietta Lindow took place on the 13th December 1861 in Grieffenberg Prussia.

Ferdinand and Ida, pregnant with their first child emigrated to Australia from Hamburg aboard the ship 'Suson Godeffroy' September 1863. Ida Caroline was born at sea on 15th December 1863.

The family arrived on Australian soil at Moreton Bay, January 1864 with other German immigrants. Ferdinand purchased a large land portion of 86 acres at the bend of the Albert River. Wine was produced on the farm from the grape cuttings bought back from the homeland. The property was named *Weinhill*.



Herdinand and	ida had 11 children during	g meir marnage.
Ida Caroline	Paul Traugott H. Ferdinand	Carl August Ferdinand
1863- 1908	1866 - 1946	1870 - 1936
August Traugott Gustav	Traugott Johannes	Gustav Adolph Wilheim
1872 - 1950	1874 - 1938	1877 - 1956
Christian Frederick	Johannes Martin	Withelm Heinrich
1878 - 1952	1880 - 1949	1881 - 1971
Helen Louise		Anne Elizabeth
1883 - 1963		1885 - 1960

Ferdinand died 15th June 1910, and Ida Caroline 11th December 1910. They are both buried at the Eagleby Cemetery, Queensland.











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