

AUSTRALIAN WAUGH FAMILY SOCIETY

Newsletter #13 2014

Editor: Neville Maloney

15 Colin St

Bangalow 2479

02 66872250

neville@cottonsoft.com.au

Dear Fellow Members,

A reunion is in the planning stages. We need feedback on those who may attend and if the dates suit. The proposal is for **September the 12th or 19th 2015** (most likely the latter date because it is the weekend directly before the school holidays) The location is **Macleay in northern NSW**. There is accommodation in Macleay, Yamba, Brooms Head and Grafton is only 40km away.

The reunion has been suggested by Rosemary Waugh as part of her 90th birthday milestone, but in fact she will be just past 91 when the reunion takes place. Rosemary owns Taloumbi Station, just out of Macleay, and some of the reunion activities will be on her property. The plan is for it to be a weekend gathering providing plenty of time for interaction and sharing of information with a dinner on the Saturday night. For the somewhat self-sufficient traveler, those with caravans, and motorhomes, Rosemary has suitable land available for you to "camp" for the weekend.

Details and invitations will come early next year but an indication from those who may attend and an idea of how many in your family that may be as well would help. See section at the bottom of the last page of the newsletter

If you have ideas, suggestions or want to help out with planning please contact me asap.

FACEBOOK - The "**Waugh Family Society In Australia**" is now a facebook entity. **If you are on facebook or someone in the family is get them to link to the site. It is a closed group so request entry.**

In April, Paul London made contact with me and he has an interesting story to tell about a line of the Waugh's who live in New Zealand. He also provided a story recounted in 1962 about an event in 1820! Below is an edited copy of the email Paul sent the full copy is on the website.

My relationship to the greater Waugh family comes through my grandmother: **Catherine Waugh, b. 04 Dec 1874** at Eastfield, Greenlaw, Scotland, d. 27 Apr 1952, Feilding, New Zealand. She married in New Zealand on 24th May 1893, at Kimbolton (formerly known as Birmingham) Note: not to be confused with those two towns in England. She married my grandfather: Charles London (Jnr): b. 25 Mar 1863 at Mia Mia Flat, Amherst, Victoria, Australia, d. 16 Apr 1945 at Tauranga, New Zealand.

They had three children, two sons and one daughter. My father was the youngest son:

Harold David (aka Jack or Boydy) London MBE, JP b. 28 Aug 1906 at Kimbolton, New Zealand, d. 29 Mar 1980 at Palmerston North Hospital, New Zealand. Father died on the weekend of 29 March 1980 while attending our NZ Waugh family reunion. Needless to say I inherited his archive, piles and piles of paper – all pre-internet days.

My father in his capacity as president of the Whakatane District Historical Society and later as secretary, was contacted in the mid to late 70's by a man named Dick Waugh (living in Sydney) seeking information regarding an early boat builder who lived in the Whakatane district in the 1800's. In his reply, dad included a footnote commenting on Dick's surname and wondered if there was a family relationship. Some months went by and Dick wrote again with further questions about the boat builder. Father replied, and when on say his mother was a Miss Waugh and provided a whole heap of genealogical details. According the dad, it seemed within days he had a

reply, saying yes your mother is one of our Waugh family's "missing links". For Dick Waugh was an avid genealogist, and through his company, which I believe had the Westinghouse Brake agency for the whole of Australia, was a job that took him around the world and allowed him to pursue his hobby – genealogy.

Arising from that rather fortuitous "encounter", Dick Waugh encouraged dad to do the NZ Waugh family tree, which combined in a reunion over the weekend of March 29th, 1980. Amongst those attending was a Waugh from Sydney. No - not Dick, as he stayed behind because of his brother's ill health, and sadly during that weekend was killed after falling off a scaffolding while painting his house. The Australian Waugh was a reporter working for the Sydney Morning Herald and on his return prepared an article that was later published by Reader's Digest, title "Finding Peace Amongst the Waughs", his account of the family reunion.

Some months earlier Dick Waugh's wife (whose name I've forgotten) and daughter (Yolland from memory) visited dad, and I by chance also met them, and have often wondered what became of them.

But what really started this whole Waugh thing off again now was a recent Melbourne visit, which gave rise to an incident not unlike that of Dr Waugh's as described by Lady Gwendda all those centuries ago. So:-

"What are the chances of two complete strangers who live many thousands of kilometres apart in two different countries, and yet on the same day they unknowingly pass one another other in a town which neither had ever visited before and yet a few days later end up corresponding with each other?"

Yes, that happened to me during my visit to Bill Rudd, my 96-year-old research colleague of 24-years, in fact it was the same day our Greek friend, George Paspatis died in Athens. Amongst Bill's archive was a letter written to him by a lady (Fran Looby from Western Australia) who at that time (and some years earlier) had recently returned from a five month (back-packing) trip around Greece, Crete and Italy where she retraced and recording her late father's WWII and later POW experiences. Bill gave me her contact details in order to follow up on her findings.

On Saturday (22nd March 2014) our Torquay based family suggested we all drive down the south coast to a little seaside town of Lorne, an area I'd not visited before. Apart from calling into a second-hand bookshop, strolling out on the pier and viewing an Arts festival we absorbed the R and R the location offered. Later that afternoon while in search for a suitable cafe we drove pass a wedding party which was now in full swing, and as a "goodwill" gesture my brother-in-law tooted the horn of his Ute. The ladies of course were interested in what the bride was wearing and us men folk were rather envious of the beverages being served.

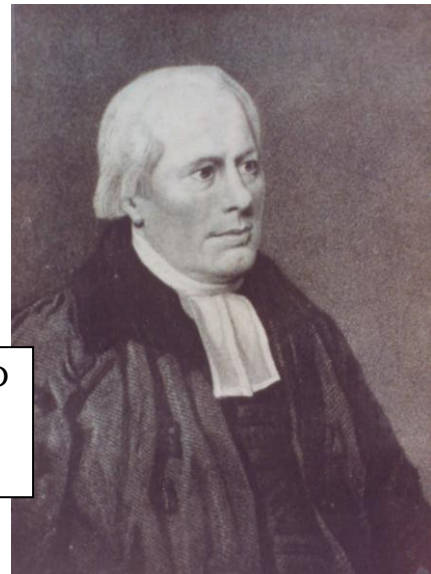
On arrival home (in NZ) I placed a phone call to Fran only to find the number given was disconnected and so turned to the internet (white pages) and rather fortuitously discovered she had not changed her mailing address, and now had her new phone number. My unanswered calls went to her voice mail where I left my contact details including an e-mail address and the reason for calling her.

About a week later I received an apologising e-mail for the delay which was due to her and her husband's attendance at a wedding which took place in a Victorian seaside town neither she nor her husband had ever visited before - Lorne on Saturday 22nd March! Imagine her surprise when I was almost able to describe the bride's wedding dress! Coincidence or fate or one of George's jokes? Perhaps shades of *déjà vu* reminding me of my astonishing encounter with him in Athens all those years ago? Another strange but true tale for you to dine out on- not unlike Alexander Waugh's encounter?

With kind regards and best wishes

Paul London
254 Ngaumutawa Road
Solway
Masterton 5810 – NZ
Home: +64-(0)6-378-2388

Alexander Waugh DD
1754 – 1827
(Story next page)



AND an attached file from that email on 15/4/14

Alexander Waugh D.D.

Introduction:

While preparing some of his Waugh family history, amateur historian and researcher, Paul London has stumbled across a rather interesting incident regarding a distant forebear of his. The man in question is the Reverent Alexander Waugh D.D., an Anglican clergyman and principal spokesperson in early British Human Rights. He co-founded the London Missionary Society and was instrumental in advancing England's argument for the Abolition of Slavery. The following story was found in a letter written between two family relatives, an Aunt to her niece. The Aunt in question is Lady Gwendda Waugh and her niece is Zarita Mattay nee Waugh, formerly of Hungary who at the time of writing was living in Tasmania, Australia. The letter reads:

40 Portinscale Road
Putney
London
10th October 1962

My Dear Zarita,

This is not really a letter. I wrote to you a few days ago. This is to tell you of an incident in the life of the Rev. Alexander Waugh D.D. (i.e. Dr. Waugh, which took place about 1820), who was your father's great grandfather. I feel that I am perhaps the only person left nowadays who knows it and in case you don't I pass it on to you as I think it is so delightful and so important; too good to be lost and am sure you will want to pass it on to your children. It is a true story.

Dr. Waugh was staying in Plymouth and one hot summer evening in August he went out after dinner to sit by the sea. There he found an old fisherman waiting for the tide to go out and fish, and they sat together and talked for a long time. So long that they heard the church clock strike midnight. They both counted the strokes and to both of them it seemed to strike thirteen. "Well", said the old fisherman. "I've lived here forty years or more and I've never heard that old clock strike thirteen before. The tides turned so I'll be off. Goodnight, Sir".

Dr. Waugh then went home and retired to bed. A week or so later, he woke up in the night and though he heard a voice saying, "Go to Launceston – Go to Launceston". He said to himself; "I must have had indigestion. What have I had for dinner?" and went back to sleep again. A second time he was awakened by a voice saying, "Go to Launceston", and again a third time.

So in the morning he went to Launceston, where the coach drew up at the village inn. Dr. Waugh got out, not knowing exactly why he had come. He asked the landlord, "Is there anything special going on at Launceston now?" "Only the assizes, Sir", said the landlord. So Dr Waugh went to the court where the Assizes were being held. There he saw the old fisherman in the dock accused on that night in August when they had both sat by the sea. Dr. Waugh at once said, "My Lord, I beg to be sworn", and he went into the witness box and gave evidence that he was sitting with the fisherman all that evening at Plymouth. He particularly remembered they were there until midnight as they had both though the church clock had struck thirteen. He had made a note of the date in his diary.

And the old fisherman was acquitted.

Very much love,

Aunt Gwendda.

In January this year **Patricia (Pat) Grinter** died. Pat was one of the family historians, she kept the flame alive in the years when it was much harder to research and communicate. Pat lived for many years in Moree. The following 3 pages were written by her brother Dr Ian F. Waugh and I have reproduced the hand written letter from Ian because it in itself is now an historical document of the family.

1/15A Wingham Avenue
Bor Beach, NSW, 2300

6.3.2014

Dear Neville,

It is difficult to condense 85 years of Pat's life. Please edit my recollections as you see fit.

Patricia Marion Waugh was born in Tenterfield on 14/5/1928. She lived on "Larkburn" "Dunmyre" some 10 kms north of Tenterfield. The property was settled by Thomas Waugh, his mother Frances who moved from the Raymond Terrace Area in 1870's. Some 1000 acres bordered by the New England Highway and the Northern Railway line to Wallagarra. The Tenterfield Creek ran through its length. The top paddock bordered by granite rocks and a mountain range. Towards the west was the Bruxner Highway with a Union Church built by Thomas Waugh & a Public School, School Residences with Post Office and a horse paddock. In the 1930's some 19 souls lived on "Larkburn" in 3 separate dwellings. This was an area of leisure lamps, wood fired stoves, axes and crosscut saws with horse drawn transport. William Waugh's only car was a 1926 Chevrolet touring which was still reliable when he died in 1947.

Larkburn was sold to Towered Bros Pty Ltd in 1940's. William Waugh moved to Tenterfield in 1946.

Pat gained her Leaving Certificate from Heriotes High School then worked in the Tenterfield office of Edgar Jennings, family solicitor and friend. She married Stan Spinks an employee of the Rural Bank in Tenterfield in January 1954. At her wedding breakfast (which cost me some £35) Edgar Jennings concluded his speech

addressing the newlyweds 'when the going gets tough
STAND PAT and PAT STAN'.

Stan's career in the Rural Bank took them on a tour of New South Wales from Colar, to Temora East Maitland, Forbes, Marree, Coffin Harbour, Yass Bega and finally to Moree where Stan was Branch Manager. Stan had symptoms of coronary disease and died in his office in Moree as the result of a heart attack aged 46 years on 16/8/1976

Pat had 3 daughters Robyn, Susan and Wendy. Susan and Wendy married in Moree in 1978 and 1980, Robyn finished Teachers College and married John Mendes also a teacher and settled in Baulkham Hills. Susan Keith Walton lived in Caringford. In Moree Pat looked after her grandsons Brooke & Nathan Hoone, who school finished as Wendy worked in Rural Bank. When it came to school projects Brooke described "Gaz" as she was known to her 7 grandchildren as his "secret weapon".

In Moree Pat was an active member of the Presbyterian Church and the Probus Club.

She became interested in family history and when in Marree she addressed the local Historical Society with photos, inkwell & walking stick belonging to John Orley (William Waugh 1808-1854 married Frances the daughter of Orley and his assigned convict Charlotte Thorne). Pat later obtained William Waugh's birth certificate from Scotland and his death certificate from N.S.W.

I then found 'The Murder of Mr Waugh' in the microfilm files of the Maitland Mercury and later the grave of William Waugh in what is now called WINTON PIONEER CEMETERY.

- Pat visited Reese Waugh in Dorrigo
and Rosemary Waugh in Maclean

Pat was keenly involved with the Waugh Family
Society particularly the Terrestrial Reserve in 1996.

In 1996 only a sign marks the site of
Seaside Railway Platform, the Church was demolished
in 1964, the school gone, the Seaside Public Hall
still there.

Pat had her 70th birthday in Moree in 1998.

Deaf. Wendy Howe later moved to Toowoomba.

We last visited Pat in Moree in 2011 and had a quick
visit to Terrestrial and Seaside, "Trestburn" was
being subdivided, A road sign on Bruxner Highway 'SUNNYSIDE'?

Pat became a great grandmother when Brooke
Horne and his father introduced twins Angus and Eabella
into the family.

In 2012 she was saddened by the death of her
daughter Susan Walton.

Pat moved to a Retirement Village in Toowoomba
and appeared settled till the diagnosis of breast cancer
which progressed despite radical surgery and subsequent
treatment and she died on 2/1/2014.

She organised her own funeral in Moree where she
was buried in Stan's grave along with Susan's ashes
& added photos of William Waugh's grave, Waugh Family
grave in Terrestrial. Her nephew John Waugh
piped "Mourning Dove" and the lament "Flowers of the
Forest" as the casket was lowered in Moree Lawn Cemetery.

On the Waugh Family tombstone in Scotland

Chiselled in stone is JOB 5:26 "Thou shalt come unto
Thy grave like as a shock of corn cometh in his season"

Pat did just this and now rests in peace.



Patricia Marion Grinter (nee Waugh) 14/05/1928 - 2/1/2014
Daughter of William Henry Waugh (1881-1947) & Mabel Hingston
Grand-daughter of Thoams Waugh 1841-1913 & Emily Warley
Great-grand-daughter of "Aussie" William Waugh 1808-1854.

Below: Pat with her brother Ian Waugh (the author of the 3 pages above).



Max Livingston Kelly 12/11/1928 – 16/07/2014.

Max was a Murwillumbah lad attending school at the local primary and High School. He spent almost 2 years in the Army and then moved to Eungella. He married Doreen Johnson and lived on that farm until illness forced him to Brisbane for treatment. He spent the last 2 years with his son Lester

Max had a fine appreciation for music and was offered a scholarship to Sydney Conservatorium of Music, but chose not to go. He was a gifted musician playing the Violin, then later enjoyed several Organs.

He was a deep thinker and pondered many issues and ideas. He spend many hours enjoying the company of his uncle Jack Maloney after Doreen died and every week without fail he visited and they spent many hours on the back verandah discussing the old days (the time before World War II) and solving all the problems the newspapers bought up both locally and world-wide.

Max has 2 sons Paul (1952) and Lester (1953).

On the 11th August a memorial service organised by Max's sister, June, was held in Murwillumbah to celebrate the passing of Max and it was yet another opportunity for the clan to gather and say goodbye.

Max is the Great Great Grandson of William Waugh (Aussie) 1808-1854. Great Grandson of Alexander William Waugh 1850-1907 & Grandson of Mary Jeanette Waugh 1882-1948. His mother was Linda Maloney and his father Cecil Kelly.



Max in 2002 with his aunty Elsie Daves in the background



Max in the 1940's

Lima Esmond 1925 – 2014

On the MALONEY line the daughter of Fred Maloney (1891-1962) Lima died in Brisbane 23rd October 2014. Some of my cousins may remember Lima when she lived in Murwillumbah and spent a lot of time with Mum and Dad in the 1960s and early 70's. She had a sister Eileen and brothers Lance and Lester. Lester died in 2008 and Lance is still alive. Lima has two sons Hugh and Michael.



Lima with her brothers Lance & Lester

More information online at <http://cottonsoft.com.au/waugh/>

All the best for the coming festive season
Neville Maloney
Oct 2014

The Reunion

Send an email neville@cottonsoft.com.au indicating your interest and how many might attend.

Any suggestions and ideas are very welcome. I must stress this is very early stages and we will need help.

The dates are either 12th or 19th September 2015.

The preliminary plan is for an informal gathering on Saturday from 10am at Taloumbi (near Maclean) and a function at either Maclean or Yamba on Saturday evening.

We expect to be able to provide a firm date soon and more details early next year (February or March)

At the moment there is a committee of 3: Robert Eady, Christine Van Gulik and myself. That needs to triple or quadruple so let me know if you want a job.

Neville Maloney