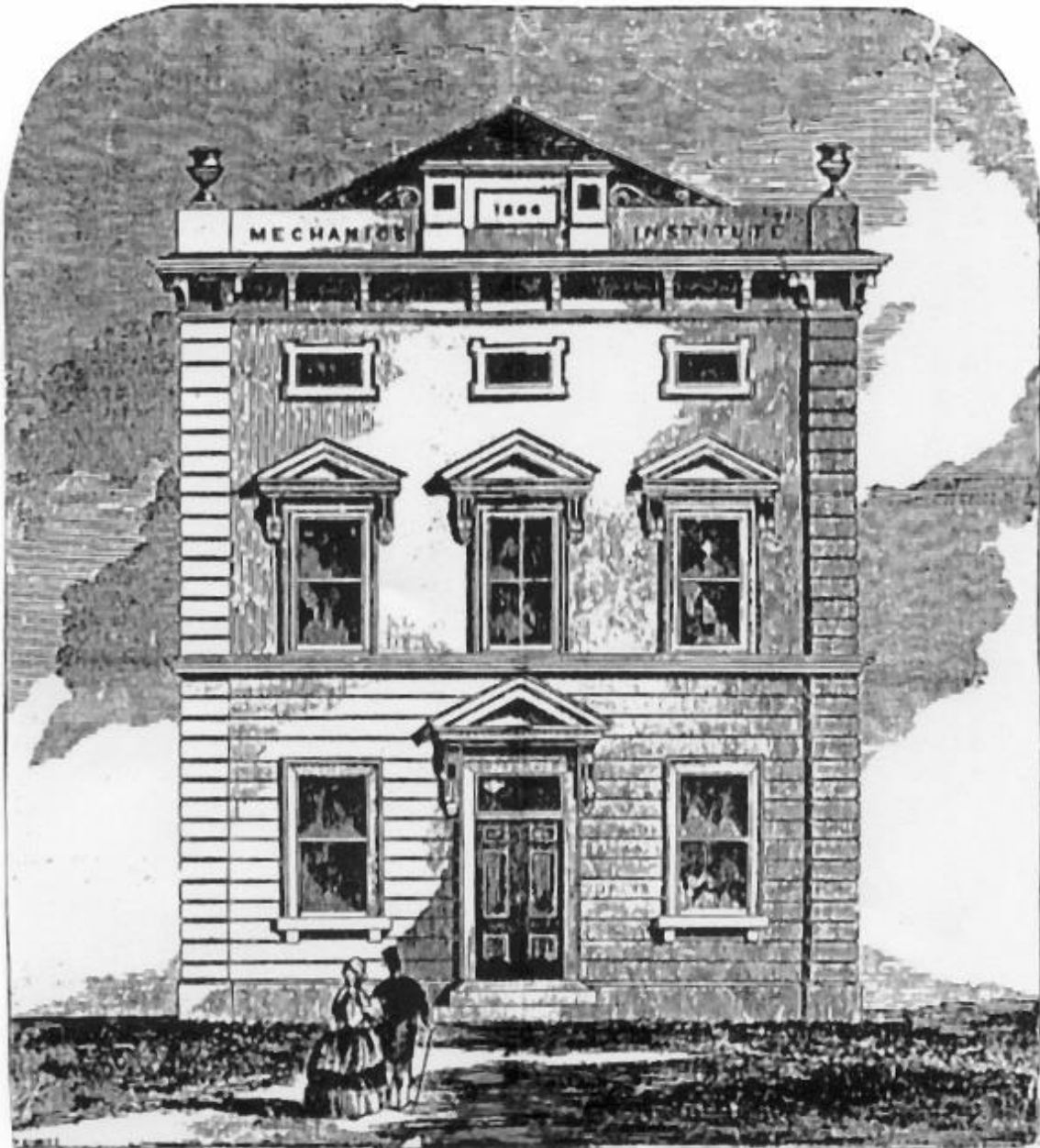


The Patrick Plains Gazette

Newsletter of the Family History Society Singleton Inc

Volume 35- Number 2-August 2018



**34 YEARS OF COMMUNITY SERVICE IN SINGLETON – NSW
ARMISTICE THE 11TH HOUR OF THE 11TH DAY OF THE 11TH MONTH**

“LEST WE FORGET”



FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY SINGLETON Inc

GENERAL MEETING: 3rd Saturday each month at 11.30am. Please confirm.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING: 3rd Saturday in February at 3pm.

LIBRARY: Ground floor Mechanics Institute 74 George Street, Singleton 2330
Open Mondays 6 pm to 8 pm; Wednesdays 12 noon to 3 pm; Saturdays 1 pm to 4 pm.
Closed Public Holidays and for a period in December & January .
Use of Library facilities free to members Non members \$5-00 per visit

MEMBERSHIP: Dues commence 1st February each year \$30 Single \$35 per family.

POSTAL ADDRESS: PO Box 422, Singleton NSW. 2330

RESEARCH ENQUIRIES: Non members \$20 per letter of enquiry plus costs. Out of town members up to 3 free enquiries per year.

EMAIL ADDRESS: famhissocsinginc@yahoo.com.au

**ALL RESEARCH ENQUIRIES SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE SECRETARY
AND SHOULD INCLUDE THE DUE FEE AND A4 STAMPED SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.**

----- OFFICE BEARERS-----

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----- PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE -----

Singleton District Pioneer Register \$30 including postage 128 pages, 1,000 individual entries with Index and contributors Index.

Volume 1. Broke, Bulga, Doyle's Creek, Glenridding, Howes Valley, Jerry's Plains, Mount Thorley, Putty, Warkworth, Wylie's Flat. \$20 each plus \$5.50 postage per copy.

Volume 2. Whittingham, Anglican 2nd edition. \$20 plus postage \$5.50 per copy.

Volume 3. Queen Street Catholic Cemetery including the Sisters of Mercy Cemetery, Catholic Columbarium and the Old Methodist Cemetery [now Uniting].
\$20 plus \$5.50 postage per copy.

Volume 4. Sedgfield Cemetery .Updated version. \$20 plus \$5.50 postage per copy.

Volume 5. Branxton and some graves without headstones for the Singleton & Branxton Districts.
\$20 plus \$5.50 postage per copy.

First Edition Cemetery Inscription Books are available on request.

Volumes 1, 3 and 4 covering Sedgfield, Old Methodist, St Clements Camberwell, Clifford Private, Sydenham Private, Gowrie Private, Carrowbrook Roll of Honour, Spottiswood, Mount Pleasant, Reedy Creek, Glendon Brook, Burdekin Park Cenotaph, Bungaraby (Howes Valley), Noisy Point (Howes Valley), Carrowbrook, Belford, Glendon, Busby Private (Belford), Goorangoola, Queens Street Catholic, All Saints Cremation Plaques Singleton, Dangar Mausoleum All Saints Church Singleton.
\$20 each plus \$5.50 postage per copy.

The Graveyard & Its Stories: Camberwell District NSW, St Clements Burial Ground. By Carol Garvie. (Camberwell Cemetery Only) \$30.00, plus \$5.50 postage per copy.

The Caledonian Hotel Singleton; The first hundred odd years by Martin King.
\$35.00 plus \$5.50 postage per copy

Information used to produce articles for the Gazette may have been contributed by our members, correspondents and consolidated by the author's own research. We sincerely thank these contributors and regret that space does not permit us to include all their names. Where space allows sources will be published but may otherwise be available.

WHILST ALL EFFORTS ARE MADE THE SOCIETY TAKES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ACCURACY OR THE AUTHENTICITY OF ARTICLES PRINTED IN THIS NEWSLETTER.

Front Cover Mechanics' Institute Singleton, Built 1866. Woodblock c1880.

Woodblock Donated to the 74 George Street Management Committee by the Robinson Family Collection

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WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Donna White, Leo Herbert, Jacqueline Brown, Debra Murray and Dianne Sneddon
We welcome you and wish you every success in your research endeavours.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

I am pleased to announce a donation from Singleton Council of \$500 to help continue preserving our Family History Library and Records. We have also been allocated extra space at the Mechanics Institute however this will not be available for some time due to the need for the room to be renovated before we take it over.

Life gets in the way at times and the past months have taken a toll on the availability of our dedicated Duty Librarians and Newsletter Committee hence the late arrival of this newsletter. Whilst we have been able to juggle things around to facilitate opening hours; it has shown that we need more back up to ensure Library opening hours are not compromised so I am hoping that some of you may have a couple of hours to give us some assistance in the future. Ideally it would be great to have two people on duty during opening hours. I would like to thank Duty Librarians George Standen and Di Gee who filled in during those extra times of need.

We continue to correlate information received and ask if you have made sure your family history is backed up in our Library, you never know who will walk through the door looking for you.

I think most would feel 2018 has slipped past so fast it sees many of us are still trying to catch up with the years 'to do' list; we now have Christmas decorations forced upon us in the shops. Time, Time, Time is what I want for Christmas, but it will be here before we know it and the new year will be upon us once again and no doubt we will begin 2019 making another new 'to do list'.

Hope all's well with you and yours

Cheers and thank you



Lyn MacBain

DUTY LIBRARIANS

Dot Clayworth, Di Gee, Miriam Knight, Lyn MacBain, Pauline McLoughlin, George Standen, John Tindale

YOU ARE MOST WELCOME TO JOIN US AND ASSISTANCE APPRE



WHERE'S BERT REGINALD WHITTEN DOOHAN ?



It was brought to our attention that Bert Doohan was missing from our April newsletter article of those who died in 1918. However, when looking at the master document Bert is there. How Bert was missed is unexplained but maybe he deserves a special mention when you realise he was amongst those who enlisted first and survived Gallipoli and later died in France in 1918.

Pte. Bert Reginald Whitten Doohan was just 19 years old when he enlisted in Singleton on August 22th 1914; some records indicate the 20th. Bert travelled to the Randwick Camp the same day. His service number was 35 and was firstly appointed to the Second AIF Battalion and for a short time the ANZAC Provost in England before re-joining the 2nd Battalion again. He embarked on the HMAT Suffolk on October 18th, 1914 heading to Egypt.

Ten stone, five foot five and half inch, grey eyed, brown haired Bert had been born in Singleton in 1895 and was the son of Michael Doohan living at 215 John Street, Singleton and later of Macquarie Street. Michael was the son of Irish parents Patrick and Mary Doohan nee Scanlon and was born at Whittingham. Michael had remarried Clara Wright daughter of James and Amelia Wright nee Lea in 1903 after Bert's mother Anne's death in 1901. Anne was the daughter of Joseph and Johanna Whitten nee Devitt of Liddell. Bert and brother Leslie and were joined by Murielle later Mrs. M. Noble, James, Colin, Wilbur and John who all retained their mother's maiden name Wright as their second name. Bert never saw John who was born in 1916. The family were Roman Catholic and when he joined his occupation was an Engine Cleaner, Bert had been employed in the Loco Department at Singleton Railway Station.



Bert was wounded in Gallipoli on April 25th, 1915; a date which would become significant for us all. It was apparently a brass oil bottle that stopped the bullet from entering his heart and saving his life. The bottle was sent back to his father who displayed it in his shopfront window. Bert was evacuated to hospital in Malta and four months later sent to England where he was hospitalised in various places for the next nine months. John Theodore Doohan aka Jack was Bert's cousin, not his brother as some believe. They joined the same day and embarked the same day and Jack's Service Number 36 followed Bert's. They were the same height, weight and had the same colour eyes, hair and complexion. They must have looked almost like twins. Son of Denis and Ellen nee Houlahan, Jack was killed in action at Gallipoli on May 2nd, 1915 his body was never recovered. Jack is commemorated at Lone Pine Cemetery panel 17.

Due to his health circumstances Bert found himself on garrison work at the Officer's Headquarters at Warminster, Salisbury Plains. During this time in England Bert married Clara Poulton of East Molesey in Surrey on April 7th, 1916. From January 1st to September 12th, 1917 Bert was assigned to the ANZAC Provost before re-joining the 2nd Battalion.

On May 1st, 1918 Bert departed England for France. Twenty-three days later on May 24th he died of gas poisoning at the Second Clearing Station although some records report he died of wounds perhaps it was both. It would appear from official documentation that Bert's father had not heard from him as regularly as before he was sent to England and seemingly not aware of his marriage to Clara at St. Marys Church of England, East Molesey. Prior to this several articles appeared in the *Singleton Argus* from letters the family received. The family found out about Bert's death on June 1st by cable of only three words *Bert Passed Away*. Bert was survived by Clara and their then three-month-old son, Reginald Michael Walter Doohan.

On June 11th, 1918 Bert's family held a Requiem Mass at St Patricks' Church. Bert is commemorated in the Ebbingham Cemetery, Ebbingham, Nord Pas de Calais, France. Bert's records hold several letters from his father requesting information about Bert, his medals and one in 1967 from Bert's brother Leslie Errol Doohan of Adamstown. The *Singleton Argus* of April 24th, 1919 interviewed Clara on her arrival in Singleton, another article in the following September speaks of Clara's departure to Adelaide to visit her brother. Given that official records show Bert's Medals were awarded to Clara in November 1922 in England and his father was still seeking them in 1923, it would be reasonable to think that the family may had little contact with Clara or their grandson after their return to England, but I hope this was not the case.

Researched and Compiled by Lyn MacBain:Sces; Australian War Memorial, Australian National Archive, *Singleton Argus*, Australia's Fighting Sons of the Empire [NSW & QLD], FHSS Library resources, BDM NSW, Ancestry. NB. Whitten also found as Whitton

IN BERT'S WORDS

The *Singleton Argus* Thursday 10 June 1915 p 3

FROM THE FIRING LINE THE LANDING AT GALLIPOLI

Letter from Singleton Soldier.

Mr. Bert, Doohan, eldest son of Mr. M. Doohan, of Singleton, who has been wounded at the Dardanelles, writes an interesting letter concerning the landing of the Australian forces at Gallipoli Peninsula. Private Doohan, who was among the first batch of enlistments from Singleton, writes from the military hospital at Malta, an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

"We left Alexandria, Egypt, on April 4th," he says, "by the s.s. *Dereflinger*, a German captured ship; but did not know where we were going until we found we had anchored in a bay of the Island of Lemnos, off Greece. We put in some days there, leaving for Turkey on the 24th April, and landing the following day (Sunday) in the Gulf of Saros. Here we had it handed out to us pretty hot. The Turks met us on the beach, as we came ashore in life-boats, with shrapnel, machine guns, and rifle fire, so you can guess what sort of a welcome we got. At the start we had only the bayonet to rely on, as orders had been issued not to load our rifles till we landed. A few were killed in the boats, others were wounded, while some had shots put in their water-bottles and packs.

"When we got close enough, several made a jump into the water up to their chests, and then they got the cold steel to work. It was not long before the Turks were off for their lives, but not quite quick enough, for our boys had their bayonets stained with Turkish blood. The forts were shelling us, too, while we were landing, but the battleships kept them in hand pretty well, and then silenced them altogether. When we got the Turks on the run we kept them going for about three miles.

"Then the real thing started. Lead was falling like rain from the Turkish shells, but the shooting was too good for the Turks. I am nearly sure the gunners were Germans, as the Turks cannot shoot with their rifles well enough to hit a man. If we had been entrenched on the beach like they were, and

they were attempting to force a landing, the Turks would never have got to the beach, let alone go miles inland, as we did. When we got inland, and formed a firing line, you could not see a Turk while our bullets lasted.

"We went too fast for the transport to keep up, so had a long wait for a supply of lead. As soon as our fire dropped they got a bit brave, and stood up to see where we were; but all of us had not ran out of ammunition, and the volley that met them kept them down for the time, and our fresh supply arrived, which silenced them. Could we have got our heavy guns up we would have been a lot further inland on Sunday than we were, but with only machine guns and rifles we could not keep their guns quiet. They fired the deadly shrapnel over us as fast as five shells per minute, and with great range. Being in their own country, they knew all the different ranges too well; but the boys fought well and strong, and kept their ground.

"It was about 2.30 or 3 p.m. on Sunday, April 25th, when I got my turn. Five shells burst right over where my section was, and the second carried my piece of lead. It struck me a fraction of an inch above the elbow, and came out about three or four inches up the arm. No bones were broken, but I was put out of action, and had to drop back. Six of us were wounded in arms and legs with one of the five shells. I think Lord Kitchener was a little out when he said the war would begin in May. We were a few days early. The six wounded were:—Sergeant T. Abbott, Wingen; Lance-Corporal R. Turton, Armidale; R. R. Dawes, Double Bay, Sydney; E. Charles, from Branxton, native of Victoria; W. Walsh, England; and myself (E. R. Doohan, Singleton). Abbott was shot in left calf and right hand, Turton in left thigh, Dawes right arm above elbow, Charles small of back, Walsh right hip, myself left arm above elbow.

+ Now, for the after part. We got back to a gully, where Sergeant Abbott put my field dressing on for me. Another chap, a stranger, put Abbott's on for him. Then, with my shoulder for a rest, I got the sergeant down to the second field hospital. Then another, who was not wounded as badly as I was, got him to the beach. I have not seen him since, as he was taken on a different boat to me.

"We left on 27th April for Alexandria, arriving there on the 29th; but only a few of the worst cases were taken off there. We left for Malta on 30th April, and arrived here yesterday (Tuesday), May 4th. We are now in beautiful barracks, which have been turned into hospitals for us. We are on a point, with the ocean on three sides, and the view is beautiful. The people are giving us a real royal time. I for one will be sorry in a sense to leave here again, when we are right, to try and get a little of our own back with the Furks. Facing us, not a quarter of a mile across the harbor, is Valletta.

"The strange part is that Australian money is no good up to date here, but the paymaster will fix that up for us soon. One shilling is worth 6d., and 2/- is worth 1/6. That is no good, is it? The people here have gone so far as to open their homes for soldiers to be billeted when they are well enough, or the hospitals want more room. That is what they think of the Australians in Malta.

"We have had issued to us a shirt, towel, and socks, and to-morrow, I believe, they are going to give us another uniform. You ought to see the way we are in rags—tunics torn off, the same with pants. Some have no putties, and others no hats and boots. We are really broken down soldiers now. I heard one fellow say, 'Before I joined the army I had not a rag to my back, and now I am all rags.' And so are the most of us; but we can say we have done our bit, and are willing to try again when we are better and fit, which I hope won't be long."

In a letter to his father, Private Doo-han says:—"I am sending you, or going to send, an oil bottle that was in my tunic pocket and stopped a piece of lead, that would have entered just under the heart. The lead is still in the bottle, and the bottle bent up. It will be a bit of a freak for you."

Singleton Argus Saturday 26 June 1915, p. 6

CURIO FROM THE WAR

Mr. M. Doohan received on Thursday from Malta an oil bottle, which was carried by his son, Private Bert. Doohan, in the pocket of his tunic when he went into action at Gallipoli on the memorable landing day, April 25th last. The bottle, as it is termed, is of brass, and tubular shaped, being 4ins. long and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter; but it has lost its symmetry through being struck by a Turkish bullet. The leaden missile hit the bottle $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the cap, causing a depression half-way through the tube, and embedded itself in the ridging of the cap. A clean-cut mouth in the bullet serves to show the force at which it travelled. The bottle reposed just under Private Doohan's heart, and his escape from death was miraculous. The bottle and bullet, together with a photograph of the young soldier, are now on view in one of the windows of Mr. M. Doohan's business premises in John-street.

For Your Information

There have been 99 Victoria Crosses awarded to Australian's over six campaigns of war. Commencing with the Boer War 6 awarded, WW1 64 awarded, North Russian 2 awarded, WW2 20 awarded, Vietnam 4 awarded, Afghanistan 3 noting these 3 are Victoria Cross for Australia as of November 1st, 2012.

AUSTRALIAN PRESENCE IN THE NORTH RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR 1917-1921

It could be said that the war didn't finish on November 11th, 1918 as it would take a long time to get all of our Australian forces back home and for some it would be years before they were united with family and friends. There were those delayed by injury and sickness and those who went on to fight elsewhere.

Having been introduced to books by author Peter Watt and having trouble putting them down due to their content of fiction entwined with Australian History, I found myself intrigued by the revelation that some Australian soldiers went on to fight with the British Royal Fusiliers in Russia against the Bolsheviks in what is now known as the Russian Civil War 1917-1921.

This campaign or war I would suggest is relatively unknown by most Australian's and in fact the Prime Minister of the day the Honourable William 'Billie' Hughes was against supporting Britain in this endeavour and refused to give an Australian commitment, so it seems strange then to find Australians involved. Whilst the number who served is a guesstimate, it is recorded that about 150 infantry men whilst still awaiting repatriation to Australia committed to the North Russian Relief Force and others to the North Russian Expeditionary Force where it is documented that there were 70 officers and 500 enlisted men in all who had volunteered and were under the command of British Major General Edmund Ironside. Even more surprising was that these actions were instigated in early 1918. We even had HMAS Swan engaged in intelligence gathering late in 1918 and one known Australian pilot Ira Jones served with the British Royal Air force in North Russia.

The North Russian Expeditionary Force Aussies were broken into two companies in the 45th Battalion. These Australian Volunteers were discharged from the AIF and joined the British Forces however, they still retained their Australian uniform and committed to serve only one year. The volunteers it seems were under a veil of secrecy and their destination was not revealed to them until they had left the Port of Newcastle in England.

The Force was broken into two Units: the Syren Force in the Murmansk region and the Elope Force in the Archangel region. Many served as advisors to the White Russian's and White Finnish Units. Sadly, they were not only in danger from the enemy but also from mutinous men they commanded or advised; sadly, one such incident saw the murder of Captain Allan Brown on the 20th July 1919, he was the only Australian murdered, but many others had lucky escapes as more and more Russians mutinied due to the deplorable conditions, harsh climate and futility of their endeavours.

The Allied forces were withdrawn from both Murmansk and Archangel and by October 12th, 1919 the men found themselves bound for Britain aboard a various consortium of troopships and escorts.



Cpl. Arthur Sullivan

Two Australian's received the only Victoria Crosses awarded during this campaign. Sergeant Samuel George Pearce 1897-1919 and Corporal Arthur Sullivan 1896-1937. Sergeant Pearce was award posthumously, he was buried in probably the most remote place from Australian soil beside a railway line at Obozerskay, Northern Russia.



Sgt. Samuel George Pearce



Briefly researching this episode of Australian Military history revealed another small group of Australian Volunteers served as part of the Dunsterforce and Malleson Mission in an attempt to stop the Turks access to the Middle East and India. If you have someone who served in any of these campaigns I would love to hear about them.

Written and Compiled by Lyn MacBain SCES. Australian War Memorial, FHSS resources, Australian Dictionary of Biography, Wikipedia.

THE CRICKETERS ARMS TO THE CLUB HOUSE

It's been a long time between drinks since compiling James Henry Sheehan leasing of James Neal's Plough Inn in John Street, Singleton and changing the sign to the Cricketers Arms in 1874. [See Pubs and Publicans [2] December 1999.

The *Singleton Argus* 22 June 1877 had advertised the Inn FOR SALE for James Neal of Bingara, with 8 rooms, kitchen, servants' rooms, large 4 stall stables and outhouses and now known as the Cricketers Arms; Rental was 30 shillings per week. It was purchase by James Henry Sheehan, a keen cricketer and a popular member of the Singleton Cricket Club.

The *Singleton Argus* 24 March 1881 reported "Extensive renovations are being carried out in John Street for Mr. J.H. Sheehan's Cricketers Arms Hotel, another storey being built over the existing structure and are an entirely new from erected to John Street, with spacious balconies and verandas. By means of these alterations Mr. Sheehan will obtain seven additional rooms. Mr. George Browne of West Maitland is the architect and Mr. William Burnett of Singleton is the contractor for the alterations." William Burnett is said to have lost 300 pounds [£300] with this contract. The hotel then became licenced as the Club House retaining the cricketing theme. Following his wife Henrietta's [nee Jarmain] death on 19 August 1897, James Sheehan sold the hotel in May 1898 to Thomas Longworth. The licence was transferred to Adam Maher also a keen cricketer and he retained the Club House sign.

James Sheehan returned to Singleton nearly a year later following a trip to England. He later opened a hairdressing salon and tobacconist. His health soon failed, and he died on 10 July 1901, he was 56years old. He was buried in the Catholic Cemetery, Queen Street beside his wife and was survived by 3 sons and 2 daughters.

Adam Mather came to Singleton with his mother Elizabeth [nee Keppie] and siblings following his father Adam's death in 1870. His mother had remarried Henry Pinchin in 1877. On 24 November 1886, Adam Mather married Ada Grace Budden, a daughter of Elijah Budden and Harriet Cowles/Cole. Adam's mother in law was better known as Mrs. Harriet Percy of the Percy Hotel George street. Widowed Harriet had married William Hotspur Percy a widower on 3 May 1875 at Muswellbrook. A 1913 flood photo shows an addition on the northern side of the hotel. Adam Mather died on 31 August 1917, he was 53 years old.

The *Singleton Argus* 29 July 1917, advertised the Club House for Lease for 7 to 10 years, and on 29 November 1917 the licence was transferred from Grace Mather to Archie Stoddart McPhee. On 14 May 1921, the *Singleton Argus* reported the Club House renovations and building of a full veranda and colonnade for Archie McPhee.

Archie Stoddart McPhee died on 9 May 1926 aged 57 years and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery Queens Street Singleton. Mrs Theresa McPhee became the licensee and was followed by their son Ken after her death in 1948. Charles Kenneth McPhee married Bessie Kathleen Abington and had a son Bruce and daughter Margot. The 1928-31 Valuation showed the hotel at 142-124 John Street, with a frontage of 66 feet by 176 feet.

In 1971 Ken McPhee formed a private family company and the hotel was conveyed to become the Club House Hotel Pty Ltd, Ken died in 1972 and Bessie in 1973. After 57 years the Club House passed from the McPhee family.

In 1975 a hotel syndicate undertook extensive renovations and additions. A Drive Thru Bottle Shop for liquor sales was added on the northern side, this was leading up to the 1979 centenary of the hotel. licensee Douglass Williams was a moving force behind the renovations, expected cost 300,00.00 dollars. Another mine host of note was Milton Summerfield, licensee from about 1993. With his wife Anne they received their second outstanding Business Award in June 1999 in the Leisure Category. Publican's come and go and the Club House continues to be a presence with its recently painted works highlighting its attractive façade.

Written by Dot Clayworth.





'When I Was Young'
Dianne Sneddon nee Worms



"I was named Dianne Kim Worms but most people call me Di.

I was born on May 29th 1963 in Singleton.

I am the daughter of Henry Kaye Worms & Margaret Anne nee Wood.



Mum and I at my Christening



Karen Worms, Edna Wood, Lynne, Rev. Parker, Enid Worms, Darien Higginbotham, Mum & Dad at my Christening

I am the granddaughter of Lewis Henry & Enid Irene Worms nee Roberts known as Nan & Pop and Roger Evan Herapath and Edna May Wood nee Whalen known as Gran & Birdie. Birdie got that name off his first grandchild Lynne because of a game he used to play with her and it stuck. I am waiting to see what my first little grandson calls me before I claim a name.

I am the sibling of Lynne, Roger, Sarah, Catherine and I am the middle child. Hmmm!!!!

I am the wife of Rodney Stephen Sneddon who is the son of Geoffrey and Jillian Mary Sneddon nee Crebert. We married in 1983.

I am Mum to Louis Roddi & Charles Roddi, the Roddi comes from combining Rod & Di



Mum, Dad, I'm holding Charles and Rodney is holding Louis, Rod's parents Geoff & Jill at Charles' Christening.

I am a very new Grandmother to a beautiful grandson Kingsley Blu.

As a child we lived in King Street for a few years and then 40 William Street.



40 William Street, Singleton

The house we lived in was owned by the company Dad worked for. I remember planting a giant Norfolk Pine, a gift from our grandparents Lou & Enid. Years later the new residents cut it down but gave me a piece, so I could create something with it. It remains part of the support system holding up our shed, I am not any way creative like that. We loved living in William Street.

My Dad was a coal miner at Liddell State Mine in the Coal Prep Plant and worked hard for his coal mine bonus which was a bucket of coal. He was a precious man to us all and passed a June 22nd, 2016. I miss him so much, we all do.

My Mum is amazing, she sacrificed a career to care for her family. She is the matriarch and the one I go to. She was a talented golfer and is a Life Member of Singleton Golf Club.

Church: I attended All Saint's Anglican Church back then and loved Sunday School.

Transport: The Brown Bomber; a brown ford falcon we'd all pile into with our dog Henry; a dashound with 9 lives; no seat belts back then.

Our neighbours were the Blyton, Robinson Moore, Tierney, Kelly and Hadley families.

I attended Singleton Public and then King Street and later Singleton High School.



First Day at School

My favourite teacher Joy Poole without a doubt, and Dorothy Walker and Jenny McDonald.

My best friends Loyce Cox, Julie Midwinter, Sandy Warfield, Elaine Hipwell, Debbie George, Glynis Cox and Regina Wright.

The nearest shop well Mollies Lollies might not have been my nearest but it definitely my favourite.

My favourite treats fresh white bread with jam and cream, my Nan's scones and my Gran's baked dinners.

My favourite pastime Netball! lived and breathed it and swimming at the local pool in Gowrie Street. Mum would make our swimmers on a singer sewing machine and at one stage I had seven pairs; my favourites were the purple ones with the black lace and buttons.



At the pool with Regina Wright; we were in year six.

The biggest event of the year had to be the Singleton Show and the golf club Christmas Party and Dad's work Family Christmas picnic

My first job was as a Cadet at the *Singleton Argus*. Then later I was a Dental Nurse, then joined *Newcastle Herald* and turning full circle back to the *Singleton Argus*

My best memories: I treasure the memories of our family holidays at Ulladulla and boating on Lake Macquarie. When I was about 12, I was at the pool with Julie Midwinter and a big storm came over and they closed the pool and sent everyone home. John Street was deserted, not a car in sight so Julie and I danced down the middle of road singing the 10 CC song, The Things We Do For Love. I remember that vividly.

Comment; Don't take it too seriously. Try and be kind and do what you can when you can because there will be a time when you can't."

In Addition

The Worms' Family name originates from Germany. The family arrived in Singleton around 1892 from the Windsor area . Louis W. Worms and sons Henry & Charles established a business Worms & Company firstly in George Street and later in Campbell Street. Upon his father's death the business became known as H.W. Worms. .Henry William Worms' store in Campbell Street is now Singleton Tyres & Battery Service. The family home was built next door for Di's Great grandmother Ethel Elizabeth nee Lane but sadly burnt down about ten years ago. Henry was a keen shooter and a member of the Singleton Rifle Club which was established in October 1887, upon Henry's death the H.W. Worms Memorial Trophy was established by the Club; wonder if it survived the intervening years?



The present day premises of H.W.Worms' store.

Di is a new member of the FHSS. She has received many accolades and is passionate in all her endeavours. Never afraid to speak her mind, her love of Singleton and its residents is renown. Amongst her credits is Singleton's Citizen of the Year in 2013.



Di with renowned Journalist, David Sommerlad second son of Ernest Christian Sommerlad at the E.C. Sommerlad Awards.

Under Di's leadership the *Singleton Argus* won the prestigious E.C. Sommerlad Award for their category three times. For over 25 years Di was a respected journalist and editor; resigning when Fairfax rationalised Rural Newspapers. She continues to raise awareness of issues and events in the Singleton Shire and Hunter Valley. You can hear Di on the Drive Program with Paul Bevan on Tuesdays on ABC 1233 radio.

Documented by Lynette MacBain August 2018.

For Di To Continue Singing In The Rain

The Things We Do for Love
10CC

Too many broken hearts have fallen in the river
Too many lonely souls have drifted out to sea
You lay your bets and then you pay the price
The things we do for love, the things we do for love

Communication is the problem to the answer
You've got her number and your hand is on the phone
The weather's turned and all the lines are down
The things we do for love, the things we do for love

Like walking in the rain and the snow
When there's nowhere to go
And you're feelin' like a part of you is dying
And you're looking for the answer in her eyes
You think you're gonna break up

Then she says she wants to make up
Ooh you made me love you
Ooh you've got a way

Ooh you had me crawling up the wall
Like walking in the rain and the snow
When there's nowhere to go

And you're feelin' like a part of you is dying
And you're looking for the answer in her eyes
You think you're gonna break up

Then she says she wants to make up
Ooh you made me love you
Ooh you've got a way

Ooh you had me crawling up the wall
A compromise would surely help the situation
Agree to disagree but disagree to part

When after all it's just a compromise of
The things we do for love, the things we do for love

Songwriters: ERIC STEWART,G. GOULDMAN ©
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Back Page Bits

PAULINE'S PONDERINGS

I have pondered what other people ponder so decided to have a look; and yes on the internet where I found a whole lot of weird and wonderfals, so thought it might be a bit of fun to share some of them.

Why is it that when we "skate on thin ice", we can "get in hot water"?

If money doesn't grow on trees, then why do banks have branches?

Why does the Easter bunny carry eggs? Rabbits don't lay eggs!

Why are there no 'B' batteries?

How can someone be dirt poor, and another be filthy rich?

What is another word for "thesaurus"?

BY GOSH! BY GEE! BY GEORGE!

A post office worker at the main sorting office finds and unstamped, handwritten envelope addressed to God. He opens it to discover it is from an elderly lady, distressed because some thief had robbed her of \$100 dollars. It says she will be cold and hungry for the rest of the month if she doesn't receive some divine intervention.

The worker was moved and organizes a collection amongst the other postal workers who dig deep and come up with \$96 dollars. They send it by special courier that same morning.

A week later the same postal worker recognizes the same handwriting on another envelope addressed to God.

He opens it and reads "Dear God, Thank you for the \$100 dollars. This month would have been so bleak otherwise. Imagine his dismay when he read P.S. It was four dollars short but that was probably those thieves at the post office.

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MIRIAM'S FIND

Where Did That Saying Come From

Draw a Blank

The reference here is to lottery tickets: only those tickets with motifs or words printed on them won a prize, pick a blank ticket and you win nothing. By coincidence, a very similar phrase *-to draw blank-* was used in hunting with much the same meaning. To *draw*, in the language of hunting, is to scour a forest or hillside for game: *to draw a blank*, accordingly referred to an unsuccessful quest for quarry. Both idioms later passed to general use, though to draw a blank now suggests the failure in any search or endeavour.

Thoroughly Modern Granny

I have a little Granny, She's really very old
But also unconventional in a most unusual mould
She doesn't wear her spectacles perch upon her nose.
She's into contact lenses and vanishes her toes
Unlike some other Grannies who are home before dark
She's dressed up in a tract suit and jogging in the park.
And when I sometimes wish that she would stay and tuck me into bed,
She's off to study yoga and standing on her head.
Some Grannies sit in rocking chairs and crochet shawls indoors.
My Granny jumps upon a horse and rides across the moors.
She goes on day trips with her gang- the over fifties club.
They rocket around the countryside and end up at the pub.
And on the homeward journey like a flock of singing birds,
They harmonise old favourites with very naughty words.
I love my little Granny, I think she's really great.
If that's what growing old is like,
I simply cannot wait.
