



MOXONS DOWN UNDER

A Newsletter for Moxons living in Australia & New Zealand

May 2013

Editorial

Welcome to this edition of the Moxons Down Under newsletter, the first by your new editor.

Firstly a big thank you is due to Margaret Moxon of Brisbane who has coordinated Moxons Down Under and edited the newsletter for some ten years. Margaret did a sterling job and we all have a great deal to thank Margaret for.

As members of the Moxon Society you all receive the Moxon Magazine (MM) which is produced in the UK.

In general, the MM publishes serious articles on Moxon history – articles which have been well researched, authenticated, documented and edited.

I'm inclined to want to publish similar stories about Down Under Moxons in this newsletter.

But I would also like to publish members' recollections, some of those "family stories" (family folk lore) which have been handed down through the generations, which may not be 100% correct or perhaps even verifiable. And I'd also like to include fictional stories based on known facts.

This edition will contain at least one example of each so please let me know what you think.

I'll be waiting for your feedback – so please send some. And what else would you like to see in this newsletter? Ideas, please.

Regards for now.
John Bruce Moxon
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New Members

A big welcome to the following new members of the Moxon Society who live Down Under:

- Shirley Cilia, Toomina NSW
 - Penelope Shorne, Rostrevor SA
 - John A Moxon, Orange NSW
 - Lynne Raskow, Kianga NSW
 - Dee Watts, Greenbank QLD
 - Bev Gauci, Lake Heights NSW
 - Pauline Drake, Banksia Park SA
 - Jenny Ford, Rosemeadow NSW
- and **re-joining** us is:
- May Fowler, Killarney Vale NSW

New Zealand News

Archbishop David Moxon, Archbishop of the New Zealand Dioceses, has been appointed as the Anglican Communion's most senior representative in Rome.



Archbishop David Moxon

The Archbishop's duties, commencing in May 2014, will be two-fold: the Archbishop of Canterbury's Representative to the Holy See and Director of the Anglican Centre in Rome.

Moxon Families

How many Moxon families are there in Australia and New Zealand?

That's a very good question and one that, at the moment, we don't have an answer to.

Margaret Tucker Moxon of Northmead, NSW has searched the shipping and convict records and has found the following 19th century arrivals in Australia:

Free settlers

Robert and Sarah Moxon from Stewkley, Buckinghamshire and their family, 1849 on the Sophia.

They settled around Bathurst, NSW and have many descendants.

Joshua Middleton Moxon, his wife Louisa Mary (nee Wilkinson) and their one year old son George Joshua migrated on the Samarang, arriving in Moreton Bay in 1867.

They established themselves in Sydney and have many descendants (including your editor) in Sydney, NSW Central Coast, Wollongong, Snowy Mountains and Orange.

Eliza Moxon - single girl (amongst many others), 1871 to Sydney on Hawkesbury from London.

John Walter Moxon (1850-1914) and his wife Sarah Ann (nee Pearson) arrived in Melbourne in 1875 on the Lincolnshire from Gravesend.

His ancestors had migrated to London from Cawthorne, Yorkshire 100 years earlier.

Robert Julius Moxon, arrived 1883.

Anglican archdeacon at Grafton, NSW.

William Ernest Moxon (brother of above) 1887

State manager of Adelaide Steamship Company (Queensland and WA)

Thomas Frank Moxon, (also brother of William Ernest and Robert Julius) arrived 1887.

A highly successful businessman, coastal shipping and timber industry. Established Moxon and Co Pty Ltd in 1903.

And Margaret has found these

Moxon convicts:

Thomas Moxon, third fleet convict, 1791.

Although there were no Moxons on the first or second fleets which came to Port Jackson (now better known as Sydney Harbour) in 1788 and 1789, a Thomas Moxon, convicted at York Assizes in March 1788 was transported on the Matilda, part of the Third Fleet, on 1st August 1791. His term of seven years expired in 1795, but he settled in New South Wales.



Blues Point on left and Lavender Bay on Sydney Harbour.

His heritage is the name of a street - Moxon Road, Punchbowl (Sydney).

More information can be found in *The history of Punchbowl*.

See

<http://www.canterbury.nsw.gov.au/www/html/870-history-of-punchbowl.asp>

The Spring 2013 edition of Moxon Magazine will contain Thomas Moxon's story.

John Moxon, convict on the Larkins 1, 1817.

John Moxon of Ferrybridge in Yorkshire, born about 1795, was convicted of highway robbery at the York Assizes on 8th March 1817, aged 22.

He was sentenced to death, but like many others at the time, this sentence was commuted to transportation for life.

John Moxon, convict on the Lord Sidmouth, 1819

Two years after the first John Moxon to be transported, another arrived. He was John Moxon, a seaman born about 1798.

This John Moxon married Susannah Blue the daughter of Billy Blue, a convict who gave his name to Blues Point on Sydney Harbour.

In 1834, Susannah Moxon (nee Blue) married George Lavender who gave his name to Lavender Bay at North Sydney. We are not sure what happened to John Moxon.

Robert Moxon, convict on the Adamant 1821

Robert Moxon was convicted at Nottingham Town Assizes of shop robbery on 11th January 1821 and transported for seven

years. This was his second conviction.

Jacob Moxon, convict on Heber, 1837

Jacob Moxon, a soldier born about 1806 in Yorkshire, was convicted of desertion at Dublin Barracks in 1837. He had a wife and two children, a son and a daughter.

He was transported for 14 years. He is mentioned in a surgeon's journal which can be found at <http://www.jenwilletts.com/ConvictShipsH.htm>.

William Moxon, convict on the Tortoise, 1842

William Moxon, born about 1801 in Stewkley, Buckinghamshire was convicted of sheep-stealing at Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire on 9th March 1841. He was sentenced to transportation for 10 years and arrived in Van Dieman's Land (Tasmania) in February 1842.

What do you know?

Of course, a lot of Moxon stories have been published in earlier editions of Moxons Down Under newsletter and we are working towards up-loading them to the members only area of the Moxon Society website.

But there has been very little published about many of the families.

So, can you add to our list of Moxon families, particularly ones that arrived in the 20th and 21st centuries?

Can you add detail to any Moxon family?

Do you have stories, photos, press clippings or any other information we might find interesting?

Please contact us if you can add to our knowledge.

And if you believe that our information is incorrect, can you please tell us so we can correct it?

Joshua Middleton Moxon family muster.

A family reunion for descendants of Joshua Middleton Moxon and or his wife, Louisa Mary is being held in Parramatta on the Sunday of the October long weekend in 2013. (6 October 2013)

We are planning to make this a truly memorable occasion with lots of information, photos and even the odd video or two on display.

It will be an opportunity for cousins who have never previously met to come together and share their family's stories.

The venue is an event centre so the weather will be no problem.

And the location is right next to the beautiful Parramatta River.

Afternoon tea and coffee will be served – all for the small contribution of \$40 per head.

Children and younger family will be especially welcome.

Booking and pre-payment is essential and should be made before 31 July 2013.

All enquiries should be directed to:

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We have a World Champion!

Steve Moxon of Ballarat, Victoria is the current world champion Kick Boxer in the welterweight division.

Steve fights under the name of "Cold Stone" and has an impressive record both in kick boxing and boxing.

His kickboxing record to date is:

39 fights, 32 wins 6 loses
And his boxing record:
4 fights, 4 wins (3 by KO).

All we have to do now is find out his family heritage and get him to join Moxons Down Under.



You can find out more about Steve on his website www.stevemoxon.com

Mary Grace Williams Meets Herbert Percy (Bert) Moxon

The following story comes from May Fowler, granddaughter of Herbert Percy Moxon.

May tells us that the story is as told to her by her mother but it has also been embellished to convey more fully the circumstances of their meeting.

It was 1913 and the big day of the year in Narrandera was

'show day'. This was the one day of the year when everyone from miles around, downed tools and headed for the show-ground nestled in the bend of the Murrumbidgee River on the outskirts of town.

There were stalls, sideshows, competitions, races and the exchange of tall yarns and true, egged on by a copious supply of home brew supposedly sold on the sly but in full view of the authorities.

This was also the time of the year when most marriageable girls found their chance to 'nab' a husband.

Mary and her sisters spent weeks hand sewing their 'show' dresses and decorating hats by using pictures out of magazines.

When Mary first set eyes on Bert she burst out laughing. There he was prancing around on a makeshift stage, dressed up like the fanciest 'dandy' she had ever seen. He was bellowing out to passers-by about 'worker's rights' and the Labor Party.

Mary and her sisters stood for a while staring at this 'city slicker' trying to hide their mirth.

Once he had caught someone's attention, his piercing blue eyes held them spellbound. They wouldn't dare look away until Bert had imparted all his views.

Her mirth did not go unnoticed by Bert and he stored her away in his mind as a person he must approach later and win her over. She fascinated him. "Later", he thought, as he bellowed once more, "RIGHTS FOR THE WORKERS."

A few affluent 'cockies' strolled slowly past and one said, "Get off your soapbox, sonny and head back to Sydney where you belong. We don't want your type here."

"DID YOU HEAR THAT, EVERYONE!. They don't want my type here. That's because I've come to tell you the law. You have rights. Do you want to have better working conditions, better pay?"

"Come on," said Mary, "I've had enough of him."

Mary was repulsed and fascinated by this city 'bloke' from the Labor Party.

As the sun eventually fell beneath the never-ending horizon and left its final farewell, a crimson outline against the darkening sky, barefoot, toffee-faced children were rounded up and taken home.

Everyone's attention was now focused on the grand dance to be held in the Mechanics' Institute Hall.

And Bert did win Mary's heart that night at the dance. He argued away every objection she threw at him as to why she shouldn't marry him, and he won every time.

So, in the end Mary succumbed and six months later married Bert for better or worse.

She approached her employers and asked for a day off to prepare for her own wedding to which they gave an emphatic refusal. Her employers maliciously found extra work for her to do that day. She was up at the crack of dawn, stripping beds and boiling up the fine linen in the large copper.

Mary had six brothers and never was there a family more loyal. When they saw Mary arrive home that day all hot and dishevelled they immediately put a plan of revenge into action.

It had been one of the worst droughts in Narrandera's history. Every day the hot winds whipped up the bare, red soil and ran 'willie nillie' blowing it through cracks in walls and windows, never satisfied until a layer of red powder coated everything in sight.

While the line of white linen was still dripping little puddles into the red dust a small 'commando' of impish boys camouflaged in red dust, darted from bush to bush. They dropped to all fours and scrambled on their bellies when they felt it necessary.

They eventually got close enough to cut the line attached to trees holding the white linen. Down it all went squirming and flapping until there was no white left.

They ran home on skinny legs whooping in victory. Proudly they told the horrified Mary what they had done.

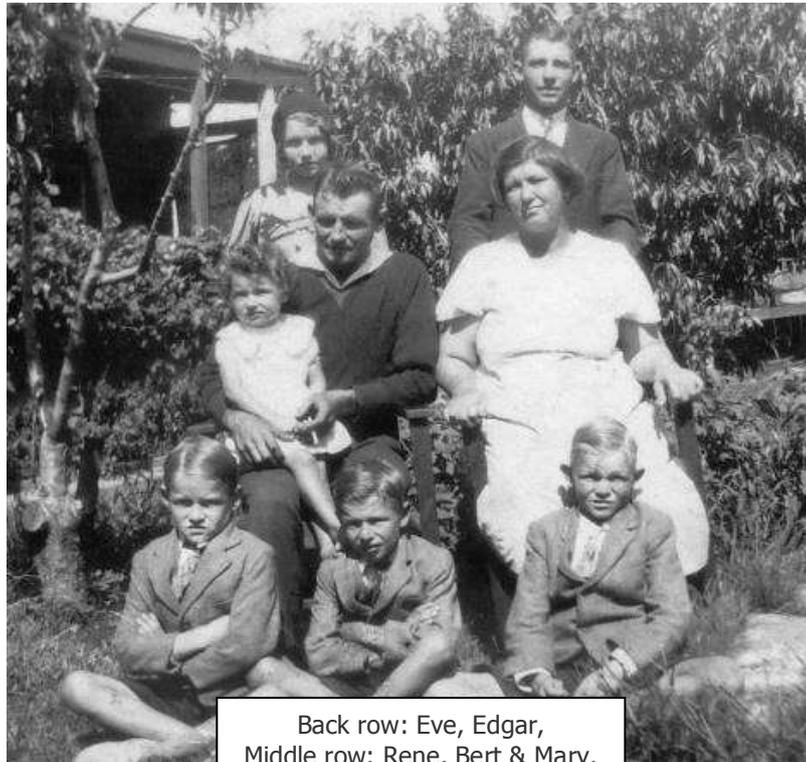
A smile slowly broke out on her face and then she laughed heartily. After all she never had to see her employers again. She was off to the 'big smoke' with her debonair husband. Serve them right she thought. Hurrah!

Then Mary looked at her brothers' impish faces. Oh! how she loved them, and how she would miss them.

May Fowler 2013



Herbert Percy Moxon 1891 - 1962 and Mary Grace Williams 1889 - 1986 on their wedding day



Back row: Eve, Edgar,
Middle row: Rene, Bert & Mary,
Front row: Ken, Frank & Jack.

“Who was that old man, Dad?”

His answer surprised me.

“That was your grandfather, son. But you don’t want to know him.”

I was about 10 years old. My father and I had just visited my uncle’s home where I was told to “stay in the car”.

Years later my father told me he had had a “terrible row” with his father and had not spoken to him since.

But he didn’t tell me what it was about. Nor did he tell me what kind of man his father was, or why I wouldn’t want to know him.

Curiosity eventually got the better of me and I’ve started to piece together my grandfather’s life.

Henry Percy Moxon was known as Harry and he was born in 1869 in Balmain, a suburb of Sydney on the harbour and not far from the city centre. His parents, Joshua and Louisa Moxon had arrived from England just two years earlier.

His death certificate (1950) says he was a “retired picture show man”. I’ve found this to be true. Sometime around 1922 he built and operated the first picture theatre in Lake Cargelligo, a country town 550 km west of Sydney where the railway had arrived in 1917. In the 1920s Harry also repaired



bicycles. And he built rain water tanks.

Later, he built and sold a racing bicycle “The Lake Flyer”, riders of which, reputedly, were rarely beaten at the local sports oval where Harry and my father had built a banked track. People came from hundreds of kilometres around to compete.

In 2009 I visited The Lake and met locals who remembered Harry as “shortish and stout”, “grumpy” but “OK”. One remembered Harry living in a house jammed with spare parts for bicycles and motor bikes with just a narrow passage to get through the house. Apparently Harry had a white cockatoo which perched on his bed head, leaving a pile of droppings on the floor – no woman in that home, it seems.

My father told me he (my father) went to Sydney once,



probably in the early 1930s, and he returned with news of “talking pictures”. Harry dismissed the news as “a fad – it won’t last”.

In the 1930s Harry sold BSA motor cycles and reopened his picture theatre when the more modern one burned down (it was more modern in the sense that it had a roof, something Moxon’s Arcadia Theatre lacked). It doesn’t rain often in Lake Cargelligo.

Before he lived in Lake Cargelligo, Harry had lived in Wrightville, a copper mining town quite close to Cobar, also a copper mining town which is 700 km north west of Sydney. In 1908 Harry was elected Mayor of Wrightville and he made at least two visits to Sydney for the NSW Local Government and Shires Association annual meeting. Harry was a member of the Labor Party.

Wrightville had a population of 3000 or so in 1900 – today, nothing remains. The mines closed around 1919 and the town slowly died.

My sister visited Wrightville in 1990 and claims she found the last brick – but she moved and now that “last brick” has gone too.

My father, Herbert John Moxon, was born in Wrightville in 1902, but was raised in Sydney by relatives after his mother didn’t take him home to Wrightville in 1906 when she had a daughter in Sydney. The story I’ve been told is that the family couldn’t afford the train fare for my father who had turned four and so needed a ticket for the return journey.

Despite Harry being in Sydney in 1912 and 1913 to attend meetings, my father remained in Sydney until about 1917 when he returned to Wrightville. Why didn’t Harry take my father home when he had the chance?

Was the answer in his past? From 1871 to 1883 the family lived on a farm in Bankstown, a suburb of Sydney about 30 km from the city centre.

Harry away from home in 1883 when he was 14. His mother, Louisa, also left about the same time. And later that year Harry’s father was to be jailed for three months for beating Harry’s six year old brother with a rope. Clearly, it was not a happy household.

So, was Harry a violent man, like his father? Certainly his marriage also failed. His wife, Ellen, moved to Sydney in about 1919 with her daughters, and the only rec-

ord I can find of my grandmother in Lake Cargelligo, except for her funeral notice (1944), which states “late of Lake Cargelligo”, is an electoral role entry for 1943 when Ellen was listed as living in Lake Cargelligo but at a different address from Harry.

Harry moved back to Sydney from The Lake sometime after 1943 and, until he died, lived with one of his other sons, my uncle Percy, in Haberfield (where I saw him on the veranda in about 1948).

So, that’s what I know, as of now.

But do I now really “know” my grandfather? Certainly not. Not yet, anyway.

And I guess the real question is: do I want to know him?

Or was my father right? And I don’t want to know him?

*John Bruce Moxon
2013*

Moxons Down Under Newsletter is produced for the benefit of the members of the Moxon Society who live in Australia and New Zealand.

Contributions are very welcome.

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