



Fowke/Fooks Focus



Family Newsletter for the surnames Fowke, Fooks, Foulke, Fookes, Fowkes, etc.

Volume 1 Issue 3

Produced by Ray Fowke and Steve Fooks

July 2000

Hello, and welcome to the third issue of **Fowke/Fooks Focus**.

Subsequent issues will be produced periodically so return to this site regularly for new and up-to-date information and stories.

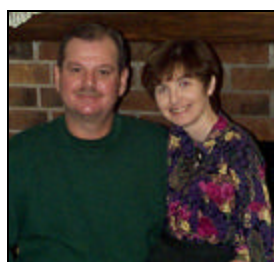
EDITORS' CORNER

As we put together the third issue, we are glad to report that family members and friends from all over the world are receiving, and hopefully enjoying, the **Fowke/Fooks Focus**. This widespread interest is a indicator of how international our family has become and how far we have spread from our English roots.

This newsletter is a means for everyone interested in sharing and learning more about the history of our family. As we go on, we hope that others will share information about themselves, their family or their research to be published in this newsletter. Treasured family stories are another way to share your "living history" with others. We are interested in publishing your story as a way to share family memories with "cousins" around the world. Contact either Ray or Steve if you have any memories to share.



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Steve & Vicki Fooks,
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PEOPLE MEETING PEOPLE

You are welcome to contact the following individuals who would like to hear from you about your family, country, and your interests.

E-mail:

Ray Fowke, New Zealand: rayfowke@clear.net.nz

Steve Fooks, FL, USA: Steve@fooks-robb.com

Let us know if you would like to be listed here

FAMILY NOTICEBOARD

Having a get-together or family reunion? What are your genealogy interests? What are your hobby and travel interests? Looking for someone? Announce hatches, matches and dispatches. List them here.

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Profile

on

FOWKE FAMILIES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

by Ray Fowke of New Zealand

Charles Edward Fowke, his wife Margaret, and their five children stepped ashore in New Zealand at the Port of Lyttelton, near the South Island settlement of Christchurch, on Saturday, 22nd July, 1865. The South Pacific Colony of New Zealand was then, very much in its infancy, the first four ships of colonists from Great Britain having arrived at this very same spot some fifteen years earlier in 1850.

There is no official record to indicate what prompted this family to leave their homeland, family and friends in South Wales to sail to the other side of the world but no doubt the promise and excitement of a new beginning in a new land attracted them in the same way as it did for thousands of others before and after them. That their passage was paid for by the New Zealand Government would also have been an incentive as the family was not wealthy.

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The ship, Indian Empire, commanded by Captain Black, had made two earlier voyages to New Zealand, the journey taking from between 83 to 107 days to complete, depending upon the weather encountered. Earlier arrivals had been placed in quarantine because of deaths from scarlet fever en route but this particular voyage was reported as being 'exceedingly pleasant' with no deaths and only one birth recorded. Under the heading of Assisted Government Emigrants on the Ship's Passenger List appears, "Fisherman - Charles Fowke, wife and five children - Pembrokeshire".

Charles Edward Fowke was born in 1824 in the Welsh township of Tenby, situated on Carmarthen Bay, South Wales. He was the oldest of twelve children born to Charles and Anne Fowke. His great grandfather, Joseph Fowke was Governor of Bengal for a time in the mid-1700's, and his grandfather was a repatriated Nabob who made a fortune in India. But that's another story. The lineage can, however, be traced quite clearly back to William Fowke (1403) of Brewood, Staffordshire, England, as can the majority of Fowke lineages throughout the world.

Charles married Margaret Nicholls at the Pembroke Registry Office in 1846 and their children, Thomas Morgan Fowke (b.1847), Charles Edward Fowke (Jr) (b.1849), Sarah Jane Fowke (b.1853), William Robert Fowke (b.1855) and John Nicholls Fowke (b.1859) were their pride and joy.

Following their arrival at Lyttelton the family was transported over the Port Hills to Christchurch by Cobb and Co coach as the railway there, the first line to be constructed in New

Zealand, was yet to be born. Thomas Morgan Fowke, the eldest son, later became one of the first employees on that first railway site. He married Charlotte Rogers in Christchurch in 1873. The second son, Charles Edward Fowke, married Elizabeth Scott and settled in Ashburton, just south of Christchurch. Sarah Jane Fowke married Benjamin Verden and lived for a time in Timaru, south again from Ashburton. William Robert Fowke married Agnes Gee, also settling in Ashburton, and John Nicholls Fowke, who married Emma Wagstaff in 1883, became a well-known national sportsman in the English game of cricket (1880-1907).

The majority of Fowke individuals in New Zealand descend from this early pioneering family. Others are closely related having arrived in later years from Australia and other locations around the Pacific rim. Charles Edward's brother, Edward Fowke emigrated to Australia as did Charles, their father, in December, 1865. Their mother had died some years earlier, in 1853.

Footnote: Charles Fowke (1805-1882) and Anne, nee Prosser, had twelve children. The information in the above article is the immediate genealogy of their first child, Charles Edward Fowke (b.1824). Whilst I have some data pertaining to the other eleven children and some of their families, I am keen to make contact with any of their descendants. - Ray Fowke: Email: rayfowke@clear.net.nz.

Herbert C. Fooks and the The Fooks Family

I am interested in
by anyone that
of Herbert C.

The Fooks
family as per my

2. I can be
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being contacted
has knowledge
Fooks, author of
Family, and his
article in Issue
contacted by
Fooks, 3511
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CAN'T FIND YOURSELF IN OUR TREE?

Steve and Ray, along with a number of other researchers worldwide, have spent many hundreds of hours over many years researching the Fowke and Fooks surnames, plus a few others. We know, of course, that there are still many family groups throughout the world that are not represented in the Tree which can be found on this site:

Steve & Vicki's Genealogy -
<http://www.fooks-robb.com>

If you can't locate your name or other members of your family line in the tree please contact us. With your permission we will seek your answers to a number of genealogy-based questions which will, hopefully, help us to locate your ancestors. We can never be absolutely sure that we will succeed but we will try very hard and will keep you informed of progress.

Perhaps you have prepared a family tree of your own and would like to have it included as part our world-wide surname study. We would be delighted to receive any material that you may have.

FOWKE FAMILY TREE PUBLICATION

If you are interested in learning more about the above book and how you can obtain a copy, e-mail Ray Fowke without delay. Copies of the fifth edition are still available and the sixth edition is expected to be published towards the end of at 2000 or early 2001. Ray Fowke rayfowke@clear.net.nz

JOURNEY INTO UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND CANADA

(Holiday, Adventure and Genealogy Expedition)

Friday, 4th June to Monday, 5th July, 1999

It is most interesting to produce a family tree starting with your own family group and tracing ancestors through the ages! It is absolutely fascinating to expand your knowledge of the family surname by making contact with 'distant cousins' world wide! It is tremendously exciting to have the opportunity to travel to distant lands, and combine that with visiting people with whom you have corresponded for some time, and shared a common interest.

Through the wonders of the Internet and e-mail, fifteen months of planning, and advice and hosting from many generous people, this extensive holiday, adventure and genealogy expedition produced a wonderful experience, and life-long international friends.

All this is what Ray and Mavis Fowke from Hamilton, New Zealand, were able to do during 1999, and this is their account of that wonderful journey. (See chapter one in last newsletter)

CHAPTER TWO

Friday, 11th June

At 1.20 am we arrived at Columbia rail station and were met by Jessie and Arnold Sims who had assured us that picking us up at that hour of the morning would not be a problem.

Jessie is the daughter of Fitzhugh Lee Fowke and, like most of the Fowke family members in this part of the country, is descended from Gerard Fowke, 1629-69, who arrived in Virginia from England in 1651.

We had been communicating with Jessie and Arnold by e-mail and letter for more than two years due to a mutual interest in genealogy, but this was our first encounter face to face. Indeed, it was Jessie's initial invitation some fifteen months before, to visit and attend a Fowke family reunion in this area, that set in motion the arrangements for our whole trip to USA and Canada. Through the exchange of photographs recognition was immediate upon arrival. After a short car ride and lots of excited conversation and exclamations of how great it was to be finally here, we arrived at their home and settled down for some necessary sleep.

At a more respectable hour we were up and about again ready to experience the sights and sounds of Columbia, South Carolina. Jessie and Arnold had informed us before we left New Zealand that there was a lot of places that they wanted to show us, and we had suggested that they kept that part of their plans a secret until we arrived. On our tour around the city the sightseeing included -

(1) The Staff Development Center, part of Richland County School District One, on Bluff Road at Olympia Avenue. This is part of the Olympia School Building where Jessie's office was located prior to her retirement. At first she worked in the department called Instructional Technology, which in earlier years worked directly with teachers in computerisation of their classrooms. That Department and the former Department of

Media Services have been incorporated into the Department of Educational Technology which combines all library, computer and other media services in order to assist both individual teachers and entire schools. At the Teacher Center, also located at Olympia, we were shown the materials and ideas provided for teachers to use in their classrooms. It was here that we purchased some fun slogan buttons to give to our grandchildren.

(2) The Williams-Brice University of South Carolina Football Stadium where, during a short video interview with John, the USC defensive line-backer, he revealed that he was well aware that in New Zealand we played, "a real man's game of football" (his words not ours). Here too, just outside the stadium complex, we were fascinated by a row of old railway Caboose's that had been lovingly restored. These are used by local companies for entertainment purposes prior to and after football games. Jessie indicated that people often slept in these unusual but functional quarters overnight as well.

(3) The State Farmers' Market, one of the largest produce markets in the Southeast located just across from the stadium, where fruit and vegetables arrive daily by the truckload. Much of the produce had already been sold by the time we arrived but it was interesting to see the size of the place and the diversity of fruit and vegetables displayed there.

(4) South Carolina Education TV Building where local programmes such as Nature Scene are produced and aired.

(5) Stadium Restaurant, near the USC Football Stadium, was especially chosen by Jessie and Arnold as a very suitable place to have lunch. The 'southern' food was excellent although, unfortunately, the previously recommended Okra special was not available.

(6) 'Tunnelvision' situated on the corner of Taylor and Marion Streets. This is actually a very large, realistic mural on the side of a building adjacent to a car park picturing a two-lane tunnel (one way) with lane markers and arrows, through a rock cliff face, with rolling hills and a rising sun visible through the far end of the tunnel. The guide book describes this as a very clever optical illusion by artist Blue Sky which tempts drivers to take the "tunnel route" through the wall of the federal Land Bank Building. Watchful angels have, apparently, prevented fatal consequences so far!

(7) The State House, built in 1850 to replace the original built in 1788, which stands on the corner of Main and Gervais Streets. Here we were treated to an excellent tour of the recently renovated home of the General Assembly and the Governor's office. Arnold and Jessie presented us with a paper weight fashioned from a piece of heart-pine shelving removed from the walls of the library of the building at the time of renovation, and attached to the face of it is an impression of the historic State House made from copper off the original dome (c.1903). Stained glass windows, large paintings of battle scenes and beautiful high domes are just some of the features of this stately building. On the western exterior wall of the State House large bronze stars show the pockmarked locations of cannonballs fired by General Sherman's Army.

(8) The historic Horseshoe (the original 19th Century campus) on the grounds of the University of South Carolina off Sumter Street where, among beautifully manicured lawns and gardens, and large trees, we spent some time watching and filming squirrels and birds including crows and a most

attractive robin.

Saturday, 12th June

On the road again with Jessie and Arnold, this time travelling south-east on route I-26 towards the coastal city of Charleston. On the way we stopped off at the home of Jean Gantt and her son, Charles, located in Summerville. Jean's late husband, John Drayton Gantt was the son of Charles Drayton Gantt and Jessie Evalyn, nee Fowke. Jessie Gantt died when their son, John was just 6 years old, and John and his brother and sister were brought up by their father, Drayton, and two of Drayton's sisters. One of the interesting features of the Gantt home was the existence of a joggling board on the veranda, an item which features in many homes throughout the South. A joggling board is a long, thick piece of milled timber, generally yellow pine, set between two 'easel' ends. It is a very strong and supple seat and three or four people, or more, can sit on it and bounce (or joggle) up and down. Naturally we tried it out. Quite relaxing really! Legend has it that the first joggling board was built at Acton Plantation in Sumter County, SC, in 1803. It was reconstructed following a model sent by family members in Scotland. Joggling boards share a place in history with the Civil War, and are still made by a company in Charleston and shipped around the world.

Next door to Jean's place is an original plantation house, built c.1820/30, and nearby one of three original buildings used as servants' quarters. The original landowner had had four acres which included Jean's home and another behind it. Initially, the area, known locally as Hickory Hill, is thought to have been surrounded by a large cotton plantation with some 1000 slaves. Surrounding the cottage was an interesting garden containing a wide variety of plants, trees and shrubs. After a wander through the grounds we all travelled to a little restaurant called 'Reminisce' where we had a very nice lunch in gracious surroundings.

After lunch we carried on to historic Charleston where our first port of call was the Visitors Information Center situated in Meeting Street. Here we viewed a large range of crafted souvenirs and gifts including a wide variety of sweetgrass baskets, and a very comprehensive slide-show presentation tracing the history and culture of the area and the city. From just outside the Visitors Center we boarded a D.A.S.H. (Downtown Area Shuttle) motorised tram which conveyed us along King Street to the Old City Market on Market Street. Built in 1841, The Old City Market features small shops, restaurants and a flea market displaying everything from produce to antiques. The flea market is housed under long shelters which, we were informed, were originally used for conducting the slave markets. The variety of goods on display, crowds of shoppers, and horse-drawn carriages full of tourists travelling down narrow streets either side, made this a very colourful, bustling and interesting place. In the open-air at the end of one of the shelters two ladies of African descent were hand-weaving sweetgrass baskets. We purchased a small, attractive example of this interesting art form from one of the ladies and it now has pride of place in our living room. Sweetgrass is a native, perennial, warm-season grass found growing in the coastal dunes extending from North Carolina to Texas. The technique of basketmaking crossed the Atlantic in slave ships and is a three-century old African-American tradition. Although originally made to carry rice and other

goods, baskets today are used mostly for decoration. The materials used are Sweetgrass, Bulrush, Long Leaf Pine Needles and Palmetto Leaves which together produce an interesting mixture of russet and yellow colours throughout the woven basket.

After spending some time at The Old City Market we returned by trolley-car to the Visitors Center and then drove across the long, and distinctive Cooper River Bridge to Patriots Point in Charleston Harbour where the National Congressional Medal of Honor Museum is located. Here the Aircraft Carrier "Yorktown", named after World War II's famous "Fighting Lady", along with the Destroyer, "Laffey", Submarine, "Clamagore" and Coast Guard Cutter, "Ingham", are permanently moored. We took a self-guided tour of the aircraft carrier, an opportunity we were unlikely to come across again in our lifetime. The original carrier, commissioned in 1943, was 888 feet long, 27,100 tons, with a crew of 3,460 officers and enlisted men, fought in many historic battles during WWII, and was sunk just after the Battle of Midway. It's namesake, which we were investigating, patrolled the western Pacific during the Cold War and Vietnam, and recovered the crew of Apollo 8, the first manned spacecraft to circle the moon. The flight deck and hanger deck, together with fighter planes, engine room, and many working and living areas such as the ship's hospital, bridge and ready rooms are all available for inspection. We walked from one end of the flight deck to the other, and investigated numerous work stations connected by seemingly miles of corridors, on goodness knows how many decks, right down to the engine room amongst the pipes and boilers. From the deck of the carrier across the harbour it was possible to see Fort Sumter where, according to many historians, the Civil War began in 1861.

From Patriots Point Arnold drove us to the famous Trawler Seafood Restaurant on Shem Creek in the city of Mt Pleasant. We must have arrived at full tide because a large portion of the car parking area was covered by salt water. There were vehicles that had been parked here earlier, with water up to their hubcaps! We sat for a while in the restaurant's outdoor bar beside the wharf, where sea-going craft of all types were moored, listening to excellent music played and sung by a female soloist. Nearby, a host of keen fishermen were boarding a vessel ready for an evening fishing trip out in the Atlantic. The weather was mild and the food absolutely scrumptious. The trip back to Columbia is a little hazy. Maybe we dozed a little!

Sunday, 13th June

In spite of the fact that this was going to be a big day for Jessie and Arnold, along with a whole host of other families, we were treated to a home-cooked 'Southern Breakfast' including eggs, bacon and grits. Then we were off on highway 321 to the town of Barnwell in Barnwell County and the community of Boiling Springs. We passed through the townships of Gaston, Swansea and Blackville. In Barnwell we stopped at the old Red Hill Baptist Cemetery where the grave and recently renovated gravestone of Dr Richard Chandler Fowke (1809-1857) and his son, Julian, is located. (*See reference in FFFocus Volume 1, Issue 2 - Profile on the Fowke Family in South Carolina*). The cemetery is close to the County Courthouse in the centre of the town. Dr Richard

Fowke graduated from South Carolina Medical College as a M.D. on 19th March, 1830. This ancestor is Jessie's great, great grandfather. Adjacent to the cemetery is a stand of old Live Oaks with long, thick strands of Spanish Moss hanging down from the branches. A very 'southern', picturesque scene.

After a short drive along highway 3 we arrived at Boiling Springs (now called Lyndhurst to prevent confusion with another place called Boiling Springs in Spartanburg County). Here we visited a property on which stands a very old cottage, set back quite a distance from the gateway. Built by Cater Dupont Fowke, this was originally the home of Fitzhugh Lee (Hugh) and Margaret Fowke, and where they brought up their family, Jessie Charlotte and Fitzhugh Lee (Lee) from the late 1920's. The house is now used by Lee Fowke and his wife, Iva, as a holiday home. It was here that we came across another jogging board. Lee and Iva showed us around the cottage which still contains much of the original architecture, furniture, and family portraits. From here it was Lee's turn to 'take us under his wing' and drive us around the area where we visited two additional cemeteries containing the graves of many Fowke individuals. Readers not much into genealogy may wish to 'pass over' the following notes. The list is certainly not complete but the following gravestones were noted -

At The Fowke Cemetery in Allendale County:
Annie Laurie Havener, Feb 5, 1874 - Dec 22, 1932 (wife of John C. Fowke)
John Cargill Fowke, Feb 5, 1868 - Feb 19, 1944
Carroll Irwin Fowke, May 5, 1902 - Jan 18 1974
John Cargill Fowke, April, 1837 - Mar 6, 1908 (father of John above)
Fitzhugh Lee Fowke & Margaret Jackson
Myrtle Bennett Fowke, May 30, 1899 - Dec 28, 1971 (wife of Walter B. Fowke)
Walter Bernard Fowke, May 1, 1900 - Mar 25, 1974
Cater D. Fowke, Aug 4, 1871 - Aug 27, 1918 (who built the house mentioned above)

At the old Baptist Cemetery, where once stood a small church:

Laurie Cargill Fowke (devoted husband of Mary M. and (2nd wife) Ruth G. Fowke)

Charlotte Eleanor Fowke, daughter of Laurie and Ruth.

There is also a marker here for Laurie and Mary's daughter, Sarah Helen Hensley Fowke, who had requested to be cremated and her ashes scattered at sea.

After travelling along an un-named, unsealed clay roadway for a short distance we came upon an old homestead, built c.1835, which, Lee explained, originally stood on a operational cotton farm. Here, too, was an avenue of very old Live Oaks with long strands of Spanish Moss hanging down from the branches. We also visited the Boiling Springs Presbyterian Church which was founded in 1842. The sign on the outside stated, "The little church with a big welcome". Nearby was the original old schoolhouse which we were able to enter and look around inside. Also nearby was the lovingly restored ante-bellum (pre American Civil War) home of the family of Ed Smith, an Allendale attorney. The house was built by John J. Cater as a plantation home and in its heyday would have been surrounded by fields and slave cabins.

Lee drove back to the cottage where we picked up Iva and

then headed for the Fowke Family Reunion venue about an hour's drive away. On state highway 125 we passed through the Savannah River Plant US Atomic Energy Commission Reservation. This large site (816 sq km) was established in 1950 for the production of nuclear materials for national defense. Today the site's principle missions are processing of scrap nuclear materials and cleanup of nuclear waste. Nowadays about 14,000 are employed, down by a factor of 2. We saw very little activity. Signs indicated that through traffic only was permitted so there wasn't much for us to see!

The Misty Lake Club House near Belvedere, North Augusta, venue for the Reunion, is set in park-like surroundings beside a small lake. There were many people already assembled when we arrived and we were barely into the building before they were introducing themselves to us and making us feel very welcome. Ah, those famous 'southern hugs'! Ray was pleased that he was able to recognise some of the faces, having reproduced a number of photographs in his family tree book. However, much of the time was spent talking and putting recognisable names to unrecognisable faces. Lunch was then served, followed by a welcoming speech from James Fowke who was the Master of Ceremonies for the day. During the afternoon the senior person from each family group formerly introduced each member of their family to the assembly, and Ray was given the opportunity to talk a little about our own family and about the history of the Fowke families in New Zealand.

It was very interesting for us to note that the surname, Fowke, is pronounced in this region, exactly the same way as many of do in New Zealand - "ow" as in 'cow'. However, the extended family in New Zealand has adopted two common pronunciations, the other being 'oak' as in oak tree, and it depends upon which part of the country one lives in or was brought up in, as to which variation is used.

Group photographs were also part of today's programme and Mavis was kept busy with the camera recording as many people present as possible. There were some 90 individuals in attendance and, with the later assistance of Jessie who was able to write the names on the reverse of the photographs for us, we are able to list the main family groups here. Ray will be happy to share further genealogy details with you if you are interested.

Jessie FOWKE Sims, Arnold Sims, Becky SIMS Johnston, Jeff Johnston, Chris Johnston. Jean Gantt, Charles Gantt. John FOWKE, Patsy Fowke, Jim FOWKE, Joy Fowke, Michelle FOWKE, Kimberly FOWKE, Sandra FOWKE Cooper, Susan Cooper, Clayton Cooper, Amanda Cooper, Amy FOWKE, Katie FOWKE. Rev Louis FOWKE, Connie Fowke, Patricia FOWKE Wood. Caroline FOWKE Richardson, Sue FOWKE Carter, Ray Ward, Sue Ward, Billy Selman, Richard Selman, Bobby Selman, Malin Selman. Frankie Fowke, Gerard FOWKE. Havener FOWKE, Nan Fowke, Michael FOWKE, Vonda Fowke, Helen FOWKE Kline, Kevin Kline, Kristie Kline, Cathy FOWKE, Mark FOWKE. James FOWKE, Margaret Fowke, Claire FOWKE McElmurray, John McElmurray, Beth FOWKE Burbage, Greg Burbage, Olivia Burbage, Spencer Caroline Burbage, Jordon Burbage. Norman FOWKE, Jane Fowke, Sherrie FOWKE. Drayton Gantt, Lisa Gantt, Louis Gantt, Tammy Welborn, Rebekah Welborn, Morgan Welborn, Megan Gantt, Lindsay Gantt, John Morris,

Gina Morris.

The family of Bill and Callie Besson and Holly Besson and her family (these names not recorded). Phyllis FOWKE Laughridge, Dick Laughridge. Lee FOWKE, Iva Fowke, Sue FOWKE Smith, Hugh FOWKE. A great bunch of very friendly people! Many had travelled some distance to be at this gathering. John and Patsy Fowke live in Florida! Our only regret is that there just wasn't time to talk at length with everyone.

Late in the afternoon families began to depart and Jessie and Arnold rounded us up and took us to the home of James and Margaret Fowke in North Augusta. After viewing the most attractive garden and grounds surrounding James and Margaret's home, James took us, and Arnold, on a tour of the city and as we drove around James pointed out some of the very fine buildings and churches that grace this area. James also indicated after we had passed over the Savannah River that we had also crossed the state line into Georgia. Of the places we saw and visited, those that we can recall clearly are;

Augusta National Golf Club (2604 Washington Road) where, after a short conversation with the main gate attendant (the course was closed) we were able to step inside the gate onto the driveway and Ray was able to video the avenue of trees and flower beds leading to the front entrance of the club house building. Several souvenir score cards were also offered to us to take home to New Zealand.

The old Government House (Georgia) where a very large, old Ginkgo tree stood proudly in the grounds. James approached one of the staff at the front entrance to the building and he and Ray were permitted to enter and video some of the very luxurious and ornate rooms.

The bronze statue of golfing-great, Arnold Palmer which he unveiled himself on 9th April, 1996, located outside the Radisson Riverfront Hotel on Augusta's Riverwalk

The Railroad Plaque beside the Augusta railway bridge on the bank of the Savannah River. On the South Carolina side of the river the colonial town of Hamburg a major port for cotton and logging shipments to Savannah, Georgia, was located. Hamburg was the western extent of the South Carolina railroad over which the 'Best Friend' travelled between Hamburg and Charleston. The 'Best Friend' used a wood-burning engine and was the first passenger train in the United States.

In Augusta we saw the site of the founding place of the Southern Baptist Church in 1845. The SBC is the largest non-Catholic denomination in the U.S. Other historical churches were also viewed as was King Mill, a cotton textile mill dating back to the 1800's. The mill derives hydro power from the Augusta Canal and is still in operation today.

Fowkewood Court and nearby Caretta Avenue and Sadie Street, just off Georgia Avenue in the suburb of Belvedere, North Augusta. The area once encompassed a house and property owned by John Cargill Fowke (1837-1908), and later by other members of his family. Fowkewood Ct is located approximately where the old house once stood and the streets were named after Harietta Caroline Fowke (b.1876), John's sixth child and second daughter known as 'Caretta', and his ninth child and fifth daughter, Sadie Chisolm Fowke (b.1881). Both, we understand, were spinsters.

James is an excellent tour guide and we saw quite a lot of

Augusta and North Augusta in the short time that was available. We are grateful to James for his time and selection of sights for us to see.

By now it was getting dark and we still had to travel back to Columbia with Jessie and Arnold. On arrival back in Columbia there was just time for a meal before 'hitting the hay!' (That's Kiwi-speak for 'going to bed').

Monday, 14th June

The main attraction to be visited today was the Congaree Swamp National Monument administered by the National Park Service and the U.S. Department of the Interior. The Congaree Swamp is formed by the flooding currents of the Congaree River and its characteristic meandering which can gradually cut off one of its many bends to form an oxbow such as Weston Lake which is part of the swamp area. Flooding of this area occurs on average ten times per year although this was not happening right now. Time permitted just a short stroll on the broadwalk from the Ranger Station to Weston Lake and back by a loop route.

On the outer wall of the Ranger Station was a 'mosquito-meter' which displayed, in very graphic form, the mosquito density expected in the park during the day. Today the arrow was pointing to '3' which was 'moderate'. The meter ranged from '1' - coast is clear, your lucky day, to '2' - light, to '3' - moderate, to '4' - heavy, to '5' - take cover, to '6' - war zone, don't inhale!

As we progressed along the broadwalk we noted a wide variety of trees and plants, most of which, however, we did not recognise. With help from an information brochure we were able to identify Sweetgum, American Elm, Cherrybark Oak and Loblolly Pine, some of which were up to 250 years old and one hundred and sixty feet high. Here also was a large stand of Baldcypress trees with their buttressed bases and rounded 'knees' poking up through the ground everywhere. It was quiet here under the canopy, the only sound was of millions of mosquitoes humming in the undergrowth! Here and there were large pools of water left behind after the last flood. Small lizards and Chameleons played hide and seek among the timbers of the broadwalk, and in Weston Lake we spotted fish and turtles. The work of Woodpeckers was also evident in the dead trunks of a large tree. Mavis was first to see the King Snake as it slithered its way from one side to the other, underneath the timber walkway. It stayed in view long enough to be videoed. All of this was a 'far cry' from the sights and sounds of our own rainforest areas back in New Zealand! No snakes in our part of the world, thank goodness!

At our next stop we were welcomed into the home of Richard and Phyllis Laughridge. Phyllis is the daughter of Laurie Cargill Fowke and sister of James Fowke whose home we had visited in North Augusta following the reunion yesterday. Here we shared a most enjoyable lunch with most hospitable friends before it was time to return to Arnold and Jessie's home and repack our suitcases in preparation for the next leg of our journey.

At 5.30 pm we were 'checking in' at Columbia Airport, saying our farewell's to Jessie and Arnold, and thanking them for the wonderful time that we had had in their company. We vowed to return again to South Carolina in the not too distant future.

The two-hour flight to New York was a little late in taking

off but eventually we were airborne and contemplating what the next three nights and two days in the 'big apple' would be like. Little did we know what was in store for us in the more immediate future! After about an hour or so into the flight we had the distinct feeling that the aircraft had begun flying in a wide circle as there were certain ground formations that had appeared more than once as we looked out of the window. Just when we and other passengers had confirmed this fact the Captain informed us over the speaker system that there was a severe storm over New York and that we were in a 'holding pattern' until Air Traffic Control could establish whether we could touch down at Newark Airport or not. A few more circuits later we were told that landing at Newark would not be possible and that it would be necessary for this service to return to Columbia, there to receive further instructions. An hour or so later we were back inside Columbia Airport once again where we were informed that all further flights out of Columbia had been grounded, also due to pending bad weather, and that there was a possibility that our flight to New York would be cancelled completely! After a further hour of waiting it was officially announced that the flight had, in fact, been cancelled, as had all remaining flights out of Columbia for the remainder of the evening. This announcement produced a lot of wailing and gnashing of teeth from many passengers but all to no avail of course. Naturally, we New Zealanders were calm and serene, our 'she'll-be-right' attitude being particularly useful at this trying time! Eventually, we learnt that our best option was to re-book on another flight departing for New York at 6.10 am on Tuesday morning, and this we did. Ah, well, what next?

After some too-ing and fro-ing the airline, at their expense, transported us across town to some appropriate accommodation where they provided us with a meal (supper) and a room for the night. It was well after 10.45pm so we were ready for some sleep! As we towed our bags across the forecourt of the Motel and past the attractive pool towards our unit we were sprinkled by a few drops of warm rain which accompanied the beginning of quite a spectacular lightening storm. This was probably one of those 'southern' summer storms that we had heard so much about! The air temperature remained very warm and humid as we settled down for the night.

Tuesday, 15th June

No time for breakfast this morning as we dragged ourselves and our baggage into the shuttle bus at 5.30 am. Our aircraft departed at 6.10 am, right on time, but what we hadn't realised (although the airport staff may have informed us last night and we had forgotten) was that the flight was not direct to New York. We had to change aircraft at Atlanta! Although the waiting time at Atlanta was not long it was late morning before we set down at Newark Airport.

We had pre-purchased this part of our tour as a 3-night, 2-day New York Ministay which included airport transfers, accommodation, bus tours and harbour cruise. We had lost almost half a day of our city sightseeing already! We checked in at our Manhattan hotel located on Broadway near 75th Street, then, after getting our bearings from maps supplied, set off on a 'leisurely' walk towards Times Square. This took some time because, as well as needing some lunch, we had some 33 blocks to negotiate! Fascinating though! We had seen

pictures and movies of the skyscrapers and read all about the traffic and hordes of people, but actually being there and experiencing it all at first hand was another matter altogether!

Our ultimate objective early this afternoon was to locate the Sightseeing Terminal on 8th Avenue and 42nd Street and board a double-decker bus for The Grand Tour. Eventually we achieved this and for the next 5 hours we travelled past, viewed, and heard about, every attraction the city has to offer. These included the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, Greenwich Village, Wall Street, United Nations, Central Park, Museum of Natural History, Cathedral of St John the Devine, Soho, Chinatown, Harlem and Times Square, to name just a few. As we passed through Times Square the tour guide pointed out the special booths where cheap tickets to all the Broadway shows were sold daily. Although we were keen to 'take in' a show the thought of standing for hours in the long queues that had formed outside the booths did not appeal to us. We just didn't have that sort of time available!

At 7pm we boarded a second tour which took us across the Brooklyn Bridge into Brooklyn where, after a short walking tour of charming Greenwich Village, we arrived at the Brooklyn Promenade where we had breathtaking views of the night-time Manhattan skyline. The bus returned to the terminal by way of the Manhattan Bridge. After enjoying a 'fast food' dinner we hailed our first ever ride in a New York taxi back to our hotel.

Wednesday, 16th June

Not wanting to miss a minute of the time available to us today we had an early breakfast in a small diner adjacent to the hotel then walked along 74th Street to Central Park West, then along the boundary of Central Park to Columbus Circle. This gave us an opportunity to see some of the 'classy' apartment buildings and provided some good views into Central Park itself. At Columbus Circle we entered the park and walked a short distance on a pathway through the trees, away from the traffic noises in the street, then back to Columbus Circle again. From there we continued on our walk through Times Square (again) to the bus terminal on 42nd Street (again), where we made enquiries about our pre-booked Circle Line Tour of the harbour. The tour boat departure point was only about three blocks away so we walked to the wharf, presented our boarding vouchers, and settled down on the upper deck ready to enjoy The Circle Line Cruise around the island of Manhattan.

Our cruise began by heading south on the Hudson River, which separates Manhattan from the state of New Jersey. We proceeded past Battery Park then, on our right, the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island in the Upper New York Bay. From here we could also see Staten Island in the distance. Rounding the southern tip of Manhattan Island we had a magnificent view of the city skyline, and had no difficulty recognising (among others) the twin towers of the World Trade Center, the World Financial Center, Chase Manhattan Plaza, and the New York Plaza buildings. We then sailed north on the East River, passing Brooklyn and Queens, both of which are located on the western end of Long Island, and passing under Brooklyn Bridge and Manhattan Bridge. Along this stretch of river we also viewed the Empire State and Chrysler Buildings and the United Nations before sailing under Queensboro Bridge near the New York Hospital and Cornell Medical Center. We

continued on into the Harlem River passing the Bronx, the only one of the five boroughs on the mainland. Here too, we had a good view of Yankee Stadium and, a little further on, the large, white letter "C", for Columbia University, which took students ten years to paint onto the cliff face. Apparently the students would hang down from the cliff top on ropes but every time they commenced painting the police would arrive and chase them away. At the northern tip of Manhattan Island we sailed through the Harlem Canal by Spuyten Duyvil Bridge, and back into the Hudson River where we travelled under the George Washington Bridge, passed the Little Red Lighthouse and the Passenger Ship Terminal, to complete the thirty-five mile trip.

Back at the Terminal we boarded another double-decker bus and spent another couple of hours taking in the sights and sounds of this exciting place. It was almost 6 pm when the bus passed the TKTS Booth in Times Square again. We noticed that there was only several people standing in the queue so we quickly disembarked from the bus and took our place in line. On reaching the booth we were asked what show we were interested in seeing this evening! This question took us completely by surprise because we had assumed that we would be told just what available tickets were left to choose from. From a theatre brochure we decided that, of the shows we had not seen in New Zealand or Australia, Miss Saigon would be most acceptable. The ticket-seller said that he had two excellent seats and that the tickets were \$40 each, half price! For us to see a show on Broadway was now possible so, after asking again to ensure that the seats were ideally located, we took delivery of the tickets, managed to flag down a taxi in the now, peak-time traffic congestion, and return to our hotel to change into something more suitable to fit the occasion.

Getting to the hotel in the taxi during peak traffic was also quite an experience! New York traffic at 6pm has to be seen to be believed. The taxi driver was compelled to drive like a demented idiot and take a route to our hotel which, to us, seemed ludicrous. One minute we were crawling along an avenue surrounded by vehicles, pedestrians and skyscrapers, the next, with horn sounding continuously, we were speeding through Central Park in what appeared to us to be the wrong direction. Thirty minutes later we arrived at our hotel, a trip which on another occasion had taken about nine minutes! Now what we have to say next says a lot for the New York taxi system and New Yorkers. The driver only charged us \$3 more than we had paid for the nine-minute trip the previous day! Perhaps he took pity on a couple of Kiwi foreigners but, whatever his reason, we proffered a generous tip. We changed our clothes and returned to the Broadway Theatre on 53rd and Broadway, also by taxi, in time to have a quick bite to eat before the show started at 8pm.

The "Miss Saigon" musical was fantastic. None of the names of those in the cast were familiar to us but many of the musical numbers were, and the staging and special effects were exceptional. We were extremely glad that we had managed to obtain seats to a Broadway show after all. And what happened after the show? Another short taxi ride and another snack before sleep overtook us!

Thursday, 17th June

Once more an early start was necessary because we were off to Manchester in New Hampshire today. The shuttle

picked us up at 6.15am sharp! Where did our time in New York go? We will have to come again and do all the things we missed out on.

At Newark Airport we were directed down a flight of stairs and out onto the tarmac where we boarded a bus. This was our transportation to Flight 3548 due to depart at 8.15am. After quite a long trip along the perimeters of several runways, from one side of the airport to the other, we pulled up adjacent to a small, 20-seater, pencil-like aircraft. We boarded and our luggage was stowed. After a short while one of the two pilots announced that, unfortunately, too much fuel had been pumped into the aircraft and because of the weight now on board, some fuel would have to be pumped out again. We waited patiently in the now, very warm cabin while the fuel tanker arrived and then extracted the liquid necessary to permit safe flight. Once this had been achieved (it all takes quite a time) the pilot set the propellers in motion, testing first the port side, then the starboard side. Off we taxied, and we taxied, and we taxied, until we thought that we were going to taxi all the way to Manchester! Just when we thought that there couldn't be any more runway left to taxi on, the pilot announced that a little red light on his instrument panel was indicating that there was something wrong with the starboard engine and that we would have to return to the aircraft boarding point. So, all the way back we taxied! By this time several passengers were grumbling, one going so far as to say that he could have driven to Manchester in his car faster than this flight was going to get there. Back at the embarkation point we disembarked and stepped once again into the waiting bus. After several minutes the bus stopped at, yet again, another small aircraft which, now that we had had a lot of practise, we boarded quite quickly. Now, you might think that all that is left to say is, "and off we go", but not on your life. Fate plays some very interesting tricks sometimes. We could hardly believe our ears when, having buckled ourselves securely into our seats, we were informed that the aircraft had too much fuel on board and some would have to be extracted before takeoff could get underway!! Finally we successfully departed Newark Airport and arrived, a little late, at Manchester, safely into the waiting arms of Tom Fowke who, along with his wife, Gertrud, were to be our hosts until tomorrow afternoon.

Thomas and Gertrud Fowke reside in a lovely country area called Deerfield, located to the north-east of Manchester, New Hampshire. To get there Tom drove us passed Candia and through the township of Deerfield. A smiling Gertrud, and their daughter, Diane (who lives on the northern outskirts of Concord), were at the house to meet us and show us to our room for the night. Tom, his daughter, Diane, and his two sons, Thomas and Mark, who all live in different locations, are descendants of Erasmus Samuel Fowke who arrived in Canada from England in 1817. Tom is the first Fowke of this family line that we have met on this trip.

To our delight Gertrud and Tom had invited four additional people to visit and say "hello". The visitors were Donald and Janet Fowke from Harvard, Massachusetts, and Eldena (Tom's sister) and Richard Steinberger from Hudson, Massachusetts. Tom, Eldena and Don share the same ancestor, Erasmus Samuel Fowke, 1794-1866, mentioned earlier, but Tom and Eldena's line descends from Erasmus' first son, Thomas, 1823-

90, and Don's line descends from Erasmus' second son, Erasmus (Jnr), 1825-78. This is really interesting stuff from a genealogists point of view and we were honoured that these two families had arranged such a meeting to coincide with our visit. We spent a lovely time together among Gertrud and Tom's beautiful flowers and plants (we particularly remember the Clematis blooms), and investigating an old cemetery located on their property, which they maintain. Here are buried members of the Griffin, Dearborn, Fogg and Fosse families and, although the graves are not connected to the Fowke family in any way, their connection to the early settlement of the area was most interesting. The earliest burial to be found there is, Climena, daughter of Timothy and Sally Griffin, died March, 1816, age 6 months.

Tom and Gertrud's property currently consists of some 9.76 acres, but was originally part of a much larger property. The Deerfield area was initially surveyed into 'Ranges' and 'Lots'. The Ranges were laid out as range roads about one mile apart with the land between the roads divided into 'Lots'. Tom and Gertrud purchased the 'Griffin' property in 1965 and at that time it was two lots listed as, "182 acres more or less". Gertrud and Tom subsequently subdivided and built on their existing property in 1968. The Griffin family received the property sometime in the mid-1700's as a 'King's Grant'. Bounded on one side by a forest containing some beautiful trees it was difficult for us to picture this whole area covered in snow, which, of course, occurs quite regularly during the winter months. From Tom we learnt about the skill of erecting temporary fence lines across the property during the cold times to create snow drifts well away from the vehicle access to the house. "Saves a lot of shovelling", we were informed. How could anyone from New Zealand imagine all that without such first-hand knowledge!

From Tom and Gertrud's home we all travelled to the attractive home of Mark, Barbara and master Thomas Fowke, located in the area of Auburn which is East of Manchester, not too far from Massabesic Lake. Mark is a Sergeant in the K-9 section of the New Hampshire Police Department and Barbara is a Veterinarian. Tommy is 12 years of age. Here we tucked into an excellent barbecue followed by a stroll around their property and up the road to a wooded area where, after a short distance along a track through the trees, we were able to view Spruce Lake and a large flooded area created by beaver dams. Beavers are animals that we know very little about other than the fact that they build log dams everywhere and create headaches for farmers and authorities! Seeing the amount of land and forest that can be covered by flooding we could understand the concerns. Deer flies and other 'biting' insect things were noticeably vigilant in this vicinity also! Back at Barbara and Mark's house there was time for group photos before departing. A painted sign above their garage provided some amusement. It said, "I believe in Santa Claus"!

Friday, 18th June

This morning, by way of 'the back road', Tom and Gertrud drove us to Concord, where, among other things, the State House is located. We spent some time in the grounds and display area within the State House learning a bit about the history of the State of New Hampshire. Tom and Gertrud presented us with a very fine piece of recycled, hand pressed glass, displaying the image of the New Hampshire State

House. Made by Old Hancock Glassworks using a technique that is hundreds of years old, the piece displays an outline of the building together with the inscription, 'Oldest State House with Legislative Chambers in use'. It looks great hanging in our lounge window with the light shining through it. We returned to Deerfield by way of Chichester and Epsom, passing Pleasant Pond as we drove back down route 107 to the house.

Finally, it was time for us to leave for the airport and another leg of our journey. We had enjoyed our short stay in New Hampshire very much, and like so many other places we have briefly visited, vowed to return for a longer period in the not too distant future. From Manchester we were headed for Ottawa but in order to get there it was necessary for us to fly back to New York (without mishap or hold-up), wait awhile (time for dinner and to watch the busy runways as aircraft arrived and departed continuously), then after a one and a half hour flight, arrive there at 10.09pm.

At the Ottawa airport to meet us, in spite of the hour, were Elizabeth and Ron Toop, yet another couple we had been in close contact with by email. Elizabeth is the daughter of Flora Adeline Nicholls, nee Fowke, another descendent of the afore mentioned, Erasmus Samuel Fowke, this time through his third son, Job Wilson Fowke, 1826-96.

Libby and Ron live in a one-hundred and fifty year-old stone house in the country region of Toledo, about one hour's drive south of Ottawa towards Kingston and Lake Ontario. As we travelled that distance in their car, in the dark, our conversation covered many topics including genealogy, ice storms and the weather in general, Ontario history, and what we might do and see over the next couple of days.

Part Three in the next issue,

Ray and Mavis Fowke.

HOW ABOUT A HOLIDAY IN NEW ZEALAND DURING DECEMBER OR JANUARY OR FEBRUARY?

Family members in North America could experience a wonderful South Pacific summertime vacation during your winter, by taking advantage of the excellent travel and exchange rates that currently prevail. What's more, you could also contact Ray and Mavis Fowke in New Zealand who would be very happy to host you for a few days of your tour and show you some scenic attractions and 'Kiwi way of life' that other tourists would not have the opportunity to experience. We would welcome the opportunity to meet distant 'cousins'.

Email Ray and Mavis Fowke at rayfowke@clear.net.nz