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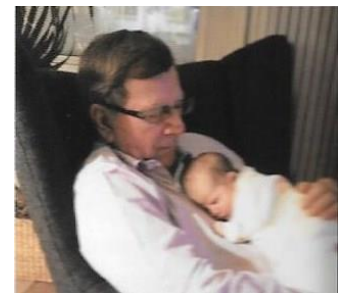
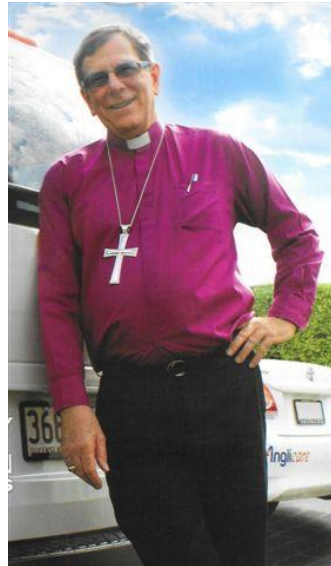
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Our Patron Retires



Some of the many faces of our Patron –
1. At St Matthew's Church in Drayton.
2. 'On the road again'.
3. Being grandpa.

A REPORT FROM THE PRESIDENT



Well, well, March already. That means we are only three months away from the Reunion and AGM in Warwick. Please do try to come along. We always have a good time and Margaret Stewart is busy organising the fun.

It will give most of us the first opportunity to see our "Founders' Room", so generously completed due to your donations. I can't wait. When I was there in October I could see the potential, and all reports say that it looks quite magnificent.

Our AGM will be held in the room which is quite fitting.

Sincere thanks to my committee, especially Peter Ramsay who has been the man on the ground, liaising with the Warwick Christian School principal and administration regarding the setting up of the room. I hope you can all met the school's Principal Terrence McCorkell and the school administrator Sharron DeCourcy who have both been so supportive of our dreams for the "Founders' Room".

What else has happened? Ah yes, our beloved Patron, Bishop Rob Nolan has retired and I hope he may be able to join us in Warwick to let us know what he is going to do now. We would love to see you in June Bishop Rob (Ret).

I would like to send prayers to our many members who are on the land and suffering through the current drought. While we were on our way back to the north last year we went just slightly inland and we could see the devastation the drought has caused. Next time we have a cyclone up here I will try to will it to become a rain depression and send you all wonderful, soaking rain.

I am not sure if there will be another Kinawah before the AGM, so I will start to prepare my farewell address which shouldn't go for much more than ten pages (only kidding). I look forward to welcoming you all to the Slade Campus of Warwick Christian College and to all the activities planned.

Ray

REUNIONS

2014 AGM and Reunion 7th and 8th June Warwick

More details and appropriate forms to complete will be in the next issue of Kinawah.
If you haven't already booked accommodation perhaps you should do so soon.

Dear Past Students,

We need your help please!

This year, 2014, it will be **fifty years** since the Senior Class of 1964 left St Catharine's Warwick!

In 1989, after twenty-five years, we managed to contact almost all those who had been in the class for Scholarship 1960, Junior 1962 and Senior 1964. There was a great reunion in Warwick. Since then there have been a few small reunions and a group who meet every year or so in Brisbane.

We would like to re-establish contact with as many fellow students as possible, for a reunion on **August, 16, 2014**. For this to occur we need your help to find everyone. With the wonders of modern technology, it is a lot easier to find people, even if they have changed addresses and names several times since 1964!

The plan is to gather in Brisbane at a venue yet to be decided – to re-live a few memories.

Where we have the reunion will depend on how many plan to attend. Partners are very welcome though not obligatory!

Hence this call to you to assist us in tracing those who attended St Catharine's and did Scholarship 1960, Junior 1962 and Senior 1964.

Please contact one of the below to express your interest in attending the reunion and /or send us the contact details of those whom you know were fellow class mates.

Thank you for your assistance.

Planning group:

Marion Mackenzie (Knowles) macplace@tpg.com.au

Flora Clark (Reis) fbclark@bigpond.net.au

Jill Anthony (Gardner) jillant@bigpond.com

Penny Underhill (Jones) underhill3@bigpond.com

The planning committee doesn't have contact details for the following past students. Can you help?

Mary Bagita
Carol Lewis
Deidre Black
Sue Coles
Pat Coppard
Valda Duff
Roberta Duke
Carole Ellison
Robyn Flick
Jan Giles
Fay Hancock

Sue Robison
Judith Rushton
Pat Schofield
Sharon Searles
Karen Shields
Marise Spork
Cheryl Staff
Madeline Lo
Robyn Stephenson
Bronwyn Sutcliffe
Fay Welsh

Geneve Hungerford
Jan Hunt
Lyn Hutton
Penny King
Raye Legge

Beverly Williams
Mary Roberts
Jennifer Reid
Deidre O'Connor
Jan Maiden

The Seniors of 1964



Back row: Leslie Johnson, Ann Gardner, Flora Reis, Jennifer Baker-Finch, Miss Cant, Robyn Stephenson, Mary Roberts, Betty Reardon, Roslyn Fraser, Jennifer Reid, Madeline Lo.

Front Row: Mary Bagita, Marion Knowles, Rosemary Fox, Jill Gardner, Penny Jones, Cathy Richards, Sue Coles, Sandra Stehr.

.....

1950s Get-together

Dawn Carseldine and Marlene Maher organised a get-together for girls who went to St Catharine's in the early to mid 1950s. It was held at Southbank in Brisbane last week. They had a great time and hope to organise another. If you would like to be involved please contact either Dawn or Marlene.

maherjomarl@hotmail.com or phone 07 5570 1710
graham_c@westnet.com.au or phone 07 32639191



You should have sent me a photo, ladies!

SLADE CAMPUS



Chandeliers plus fitting	\$ 600
Curtains	\$1 000
Credenza	\$ 750
Total	\$26 890

Proposal C

As above plus	
Projector system	\$ 2 700
Restoration of fireplace	\$ 2 000
Restoration of adjoining kitchen	\$ 5 500
Total	\$40 090

Thank you so much to the people who have made further donations.
 A special big thank you goes to Jim Biggam who made a second donation - \$1000 this time.
 Brian Self also made a second donation.
 Other worthwhile donations were received from Bob Zeller and Mike Rippin.

Margaret Stewart

LETTERS

The integrity of a newspaper is measured by its willing-ness to accept criticism, advice and input from its readers. Letters also reveal the insights of its readers who have been inspired by the newsletter to share their life experiences with other readers. If you become so inspired, I urge you to write to The Editor.

Hi Helen,

The reason for my message is to check about a funeral notice in the CM yesterday 3 Jan.. It was for a John Reynolds Schwennesen, late of "Naturl" Yuleba and Toowoomba. I don't know if John was a member of the Past Students Assoc and I didn't know his second name but when using his initials JR it sounds likely that it could be the John who was at Slade when I was there (1940s) and the age 80 seems right. The last time I saw John was during one Exhibition Week about fifty years past.

John had a number of sisters who attended St. Cath's. John was a great swimmer and one year he was a competitor in the Queensland age championships when fifteen or sixteen. As well as swimming he also starred at football and he was a good long distance runner. I don't think he would mind me saying - that during our school years he was a bit of a larrikin.

During our Sub Junior and Junior years seven of us formed a group which we called The Seven Wonders and to this day I have no idea why as we were in different classes but we just got on well with each other. However we were a happy group always willing to help each other.

There was one mid term (and the only one that I recall) when we allowed to go on a picnic along the Condamine where we could go yabbing. We bought so much food we needed to make a bier to carry our goodies. We had a great day and caught so many yabbies that we had to carry all the bought food back to school. We didn't have to visit the tuck shop for a few weeks.

Bargains



**& Busking
Arts Fair**



SATURDAY, MARCH 29TH
 3pm to 6:45pm
 Slade Campus
 70 Horsman Rd.

Artist Displays & Demonstrations
Live Music
Food & Drinks



FIREWORKS DISLAY
 6:45 pm

Founders' Room Restoration Project

How generous you have all been with donations to this cause! With the \$10 000 put up by the association, we had \$22 560 to put towards the restoration of the Founders' Room. Below is a copy of what was sent to the Association by the Warwick Christian College so you can be proud in the knowledge that we have contributed for all the items in proposal A and have money left to put towards Proposal B. Thank you!

Proposal A

Restoration & painting of ceilings and walls.....	\$5 720
Restoration and polishing of floors	\$3 275
Folding round dining tables	\$1 700
Chairs	\$5 560
Total	\$16 225

Proposal B

As above plus	
Air conditioning	\$10 285
Electrical fittings and power points	\$1 000

Just a couple of memories and it would be good to know if the funeral notice was for 'Schwenno'.

Kind regards,
Peter Moore

(Yes, Peter it was 'Schwenno' and you can read his Eulogy further on in this issue.)

Hello Helen,
Thank you once again for continuing to produce your excellent editions of Kinawah and for keeping all of us informed on news of members of the SSPSA. I can assure you that it is very much appreciated.

It is always sad to hear that a member has passed on, and more especially so when it is someone that we knew well and had a close involvement with during our earlier school days. It is your latest Bulletin advising of the death of John Schwennesen that has prompted me to write and relate some of my memories of my days at Slade

I arrived at Slade to commence my Sub-Junior at the beginning of the school year in 1950. John Schwennesen, or "Schweeno" as he was called, who had completed Sub-Junior in 1949, had not arrived back at school at the very start of the term because he was away representing the School in the Queensland Age Swimming Championships. Everyone seemed to be talking about him as he apparently was the first student to represent the school at State level in swimming. The School and his fellow students were obviously very proud of him

Within a day or two of his arrival back at school he and his fellow student and friend, Lionel Hyam, approached me outside the classrooms and said "What's your name?" Being a skinny little "new boy" fresh from the bush, I didn't quite know what to expect next. So I answered "Matthews". Schwennesen replied, "Matthews – Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. So your name is Mark Matthews"

From that day forward, during all my days at Slade, I was always called Mark by both students and teachers, even though up to that time I had never been called any name by my family and friends other than my given name –Richard. And from that day forward, Schwennesen always treated me as one of his friends and I can assure you that being a "new boy", that made me feel very special, and I believe that my outlook and subsequent years at Slade were very much influenced by John Schwennesen. Why he took me under his wing I have no idea. We certainly didn't have any common interests that I am aware of. I came from Dirranbandi; he came from the Mitchell Roma area. It certainly wasn't a swimming connection, because my ability in the water resembled that of a stone

Strangely we never maintained a subsequent friendship after our Slade days. John, I think left Slade after his Junior in 1950, and I can't recall having ever seen him again. But I remember very vividly my first meeting with John Schwennesen, and in an odd sort of way that meeting was a significant event in my life.

Best wishes,
Dick (Mark) Matthews

Dear Helen
Was doing some family tree work the other day and came across the following:

Lola Marion McCowen passed away in Warwick Queensland in 2011. Lola attended St. Catharine's in 1948. Lola was a first cousin to Kelvin McCowen (at Slade from 1945 to 1949) and Royce McCowen (at Slade from 1945 to 1953). Like Kelvin and Royce Lola came from the Tenterfield, NSW area. The only reference I can find in St. Catharine's magazines is her being admitted to the 3rd Warwick Guides on 27th September 1948 along with Janice Hornick (St. Catharine's 1946 to 1949).

In a distant way the McCowen family is connected through marriages to my mother's family.

Regards
Ted

.....
WWW.SSPSA.COM.AU

Log on to view history, news, photos, coming events and much more.

If you aren't on the internet you could visit a library or a friend to see what has been happening. Beware of Bobby Fulton 'look-a-alikes' and a man wearing a kilt!
Enjoy!

IF YOU HAVE AN EMAIL ADDRESS WHICH WE DON'T HAVE, PLEASE LET US KNOW SO WE CAN ADVISE YOU WHEN THE NEXT KINAWAH IS AVAILABLE TO BE VIEWED ON THE WEBSITE.

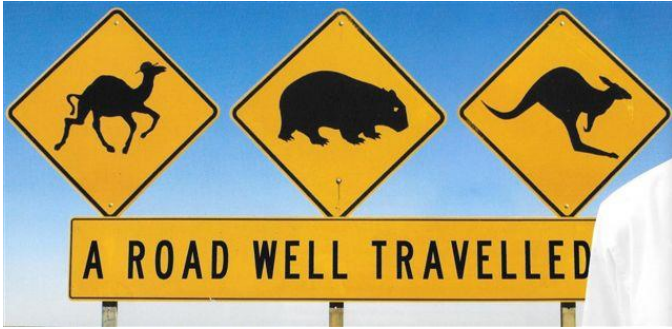
You also receive little bulletins between Kinawahs.

**I'm retired.
I was tired yesterday and**



I'm tired again today!

Bishop Rob Retires



The Right Reverend Rob Nolan, ex Bishop of the Western Region, is looking forward to a rest but he won't be hanging up his purple shirt.

An interview by a 'Focus' magazine reporter with Rev. Robert Nolan



Bishop Rob holding his baptismal bowl.

Why did you decide to retire?

After almost 11 years of Episcopal ministry in the Diocese, it has become obvious to me that driving great distances and old age don't particularly go well together. There have been occasions when I've come very close to drifting off to sleep behind the wheel. I thought while I'm still alive and healthy I would retire. I'm not particularly happy about leaving behind all the wonderful people I have met in the Western Region. I am just not able to keep up that level of concentration anymore. I would imagine that I have driven more than 500,000 kilometres in the past 10 years. It's not pleasurable anymore and I don't enjoy the animals that have died in the process! At last count it was three kangaroos, one wedge-tailed eagle, numerous hares and a few little birds that we don't talk about – it upsets me when they fly into my car.

So you are leaving Toowoomba and the bush?

Yes. My wife Jan and I will be moving to Brisbane. This means selling our house in Toowoomba and moving to the city. Brisbane isn't unknown to us; I spent many years as the priest at numerous parishes in Brisbane.

What will you miss most about the bush?

I was born in Roma. There's a saying that once you drink bore water you keep coming back. I developed a huge affinity with the bush during my childhood. I love the people with their wonderful sense of community, the open spaces and the many gifts of nature. People in the bush are amazingly generous and loving. Even though they live miles apart there is still more of a sense of community out West than you find in many cities. Taking occasional rest stops between parishes, I enjoyed stretching my legs and marveling at little flowers and insects which are not seen at 100 kilometres per hour. There is something about the wildlife, the animals, the birds, the sunrises, the sunsets, the peace and quiet – I will miss all of that.

How can more priests be encouraged to go West?

Over the past 30 years there has been a big decline in the number of people presenting for ordination and being prepared to minister in the bush. There has been a growing challenge of finding stipends to fund parishes. Thankfully the Bush Ministry Fund was established in 1997. It has enabled priestly ministry to continue. Interestingly, I have found people who do not want to go out West in a very short time discover it to be a wonderful, life changing experience. They actually enjoy it. Obviously this life style is not for everyone however many find it life giving and life changing.

What about declining congregations and the closure of churches?

There are many parishes in the Western Region and some in the Northern and Southern that will struggle to exist in the future, without financial assistance from the outside. There is a need for some planning to maintain centres or hubs where people can gather to worship. In days gone by when manual labour was intensive our towns and villages were larger. Most of these places are now smaller or non-existent. This has resulted in the closing of church buildings and encouraging worshippers to travel to the larger centres. This has been made easier with a much improved system of roadways.

How do we get younger people to come to church?

This is a growing problem amongst most denominations, on some occasions I have been one of the younger members present! I believe it is necessary to encourage parishioners of senior years to be affirmed for their faithfulness. They exercise a great love for God and they faithfully keep the doors open on Sundays and the place is neat and tidy for worship. They are holding everything in place for when a revival in Godliness occurs – pray God this will happen soon. There is a story told that a couple of centuries ago the communicants at St Paul's Cathedral in London was six. Today it is a vibrant worshipping community. This example fills me with hope for our Church's future. We need to remain faithful.

What would people be surprised to learn about you?

I think that they would be surprised to learn that I am quite shy. Although this has been less of an issue in recent times, I still find on many occasions it is difficult to enter a room full of people.

What will you do in your retirement?

Sleep a lot and drive little! I believe there is something God wants me to do. There is a seed of an idea that is beginning to formulate in my mind. It's God's message. I don't plan on rushing into anything. Although I am retiring from this ministry, I am more and more certain God is calling me to something else within his church. I shall remain as a Bishop without office. Fortunately I shall still be able to wear purple shirts, which is a blessing because I quite like the colour!

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Bishop Robert Nolan's farewell on Friday, February 21, was a wonderful two hours of lovely tributes conducted in a casual yet reverend atmosphere. St James' Church was filled to capacity with the 'overflow' almost filling the hall next door. Twenty-two clergy from around the diocese, along with Bishop Rob's family, gathered to help celebrate the farewell mass which was lead by Archbishop Philip Aspinall.

In his sermon Bishop Rob spoke about our 'closeness to God moments' referring to our Baptism and Confirmation as such occasions. He shared with the congregation his own such experiences and explained that the bowl he held in the photo on the cover of the service booklet, was one given to him for his Baptism by his grandmother and how it has been used for family christenings ever since.

In his address the Archbishop congratulated Bishop Rob for his dedication to ministry within the Western Region thanking him for his 'stickability' through droughts and floods, providing the necessary spiritual support for the people of the West. Particular reference was also made to his assistance with the Sudanese community.

At the end of the service presentations of crystal glasses, a painting of the Balloo River and flowers, were made to Bishop Rob and his wife, Jan, by his parishioners and the Diocese. The Sudanese community also made a presentation of a wooden bowl and salad servers and a pair of traditional slippers – no doubt being worn by him at the moment as he puts his feet up in his retirement.

P.S. It would have been particularly nice to have received communion from Bishop Rob but being in the hall that wasn't to be. However, I experienced the next best thing - that being to receive it from our female Bishop, the Right Rev. Alison Taylor.

The editor

Congratulations on a job well done, Rob, and we wish you all the best in your retirement.

From our Archivist

Our archivist, Ted Ross, has been looking through his files and has come up with a few gems. Firstly he found a cutting from the Warwick Daily News re Aub Warrener. Secondly he has an article about John Winterflood and his WWII heroic exploits. It's great to read such articles about our past students.

Article in Warwick Daily News on 27 Jan 2006 - AUB Warrener reckons the 1947 turf wicket at Slade Park was a shade greener when he played for Queensland Country in 1947 compared to yesterday. Warrener took 3-47 bowling his left-arm seamers from the Wood Street end in 1947 against the touring Indian side and took a one-handed catch to be the toast of the town. His wickets included the Indian captain and vice-captain. Yesterday, Warrener joined former Test umpire Lou Rowan with the Wheatvale and RSL Diggers captains for the toss at the Australia Day game. The outfield has improved since 1947. 'The new fence is much better, it was just an old picket fence then', he said. The players from each team lined up in front of the clubhouse for the national anthem. Yesterday's game brought back many memories of post-war cricket with former Queensland opener Wilf Brown, the game umpire.

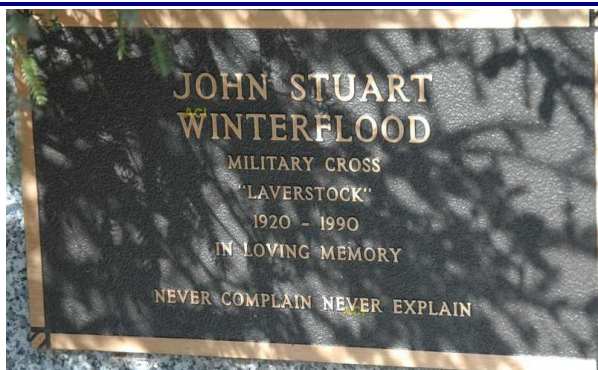
Aub's valet from Slade reads as follows
Warrener, A. W., 1941-42. - Junior, 1942; Athletics, 1942-42; Cricket, 1941-42; Football, 1941-42; Tennis, 1942. Colours in Athletics, Cricket and Tennis.



Photo of Aub from 1942 Slade 1st XV team
Aub had a brother Ray who also went to Slade 1943 to 1944.

A Del Warrener attended St Catharine's. Del was in the 1945 St Catharine's Tennis Team. Do not know if Del is a sister to Aub and Ray. Maybe someone can confirm. Also had heard that Aub married a St Cath's Old Girl – also cannot confirm. As I believe Aub lives in Toowoomba maybe someone can confirm and I can update the data base.

(Let the editor know and it can be passed on.)



JOHN STUART WINTERFLOOD MC

John Stuart Winterflood attended Slade in 1936. The 1937 Slade School Magazine in the Valette indicated that John was in the 1st XI, 1st IV, 1st XV, Athletics and Life Saving teams in 1936. He also completed his Senior in 1936.

It is known that John served in the Army during World War 2. His Service number being QX19168. From this record it was noted that John was born on 10 January 1920 in Sydney, NSW. He enlisted on the 19 May 1941. His locality on enlistment was Red Hill, QLD and Place of Enlistment was Brisbane, QLD. His next of Kin was listed as William Winterflood (assumed to be his father). John was discharged on 2 November 1945 with the rank of Captain. His posting at time of discharge was 2/3 AUST CMDO SQN. He was awarded the Military Cross.

Details of the award are as follows –

Name - Winterflood, John Stuart, Award- M.C. Reg. No. - X 19168, Rank - Captain, Service - A.M.F.

Recommended by Governor-General on 17/11/1943.

Promulgated in London Gazette on 20/1/1944. – G.H.File A.M.F. 1/18

Citation – Outstanding courage at AMBUSH KNOLL on 15 July 1943

Insignia received from London 25/4/1946

Insignia presented by The Governor of Queensland at Government House, Brisbane on 20/11/1946

Address of recipient on presentation date – L'Estrange Terrace, Kelvin Grove, W.1. Brisbane, QLD

Activity at Ambush Knoll was in the area of Salamaua which is near Lae in PNG.

Information from the WEB indicated that John passed away at Laverstock, Bowring NSW (Near Yass) on 29 November 1990. Death notices were published in the Sydney Morning Herald on 30 November and 1 December 1990/ John is buried in the Tangmangaroo Anglican Cemetery (also near Yass in NSW)



VALE



Maurice Edmund Underwood – (Slade 1934) No. 0189 on the roll, passed away November 23, 2013.

John Reynolds Schwensen – (Slade 1943-50)

No. 0476 on the school roll, passed away January 2, 2014. John was a Prefect and received colours in Athletics, Football and Swimming. He had four sisters who attended St Cath's - Desley, Wendy, Judith and Robyn.



Ronald Lee – (Slade 1943-45) Life Member of the SSPSA, passed away January 1, 2013 in Warwick. His funeral service was held at St. Mark's Church, Warwick. Ron was a Cadet and he excelled in both his schoolwork and on the sporting field. He received Half Colours in Football; was in the First XI and was a member of the Athletics' Team.

Ron lived all his life in the Karara and Leyburn district before retiring to Warwick in 1997.

He is sadly missed by his wife Dorothy, children Christopher, Peter, Margot and his four grandchildren.



PER VOLAR SONATA - PATRIBUS DIGNI ESTOTE

(Born to fly upwards – be worthy of our forebears)

EULOGIES

(All of the Eulogies from John's funeral are included here as, even if you didn't know John, these writings are on familiar territory for many Past Students who should enjoy reading them. The articulate writing and reading by John's children was a delight to listen to.)

John Schwensen:

"Wwhadda you know?!" – followed by a shake of the hand and a slap on the back..... or a quick, but certain, rake up the ribs. This was the welcome we all received from John Schwennesen!

Born June 29, 1933, John was the only son of the five children born to Lillian and Stuart Schwennesen. He was born in Laidley and lived on Warkon, Yuleba until

the age of 3, when he moved to another family property, Murilla, on the southern side of the Condamine River.

Here, amongst his siblings and extended family, he grew to love the life on the land, sharing all the duties and responsibilities that came with sheep and cattle management. He had many mentors, amongst those being his uncle on his mother's side, Ben Whitehouse and his uncle on his father's side, Talbot Schwennesen. These men remained his lifelong friends.

As a youngster, he was schooled at home and later at Slade School, in Warwick.

He openly admitted that he was not strong academically but he did excel at sport; especially, football, athletics and swimming. Swimming seemed to come naturally for him - Maybe the necessity of swimming the Condamine River in flood time attuned his feel for the water.

He broke a number of school and inter-school records and went on to represent Queensland. He was immensely proud of his Queensland blazer and record breaking swims. Duncan Thompson, an Australian football and sports legend remarked John was a "person to be watched", and wrote a letter to his father Stuart, saying as much.

Whilst in training for the Australian titles his father intervened and request he withdraw from further competition, and return to the property, where his 'strength and talent could be better put to use'.

It would have been interesting to see where swimming could have led him. But ...having said that, John's telling of having a cigarette and a beer with the coach after a training session may have instead led to a downfall.... too much of a good thing!

Being the only male child it was said that his mother spoiled him rotten. This caused no animosity with his sisters Wendy, Desley, Judith and Robyn. They shared many good times and laughter, and John remained close to his sisters and their partners.

Like most young men he enjoyed the company of friends. On one occasion, one too many ales had him sleeping it off in the local lockup. His mother most thankful for the wisdom of the local police officer for taking him into his care!!

He went to many a dance and party, and at one such outing he caught the eye of a young Tara girl, Dorothy Smith. They courted and the rest is history. They married in 1956, and moved to 'Beechwood, Glenmorgan, which John was managing for his Aunt Amy. They later moved to 'Naturi ', a block that was cut off Murilla.

They had three children, Sandra, a son that died not long after birth, and Debra. The early years were happy ones until Debra caught meningitis at the age of 18 months. This added responsibility began to take its toll on Dot. Audrey, Dot's sister, took Sandra in as a young boarder, and Dot and John saw to Debra's rehabilitation.

Thanks to their persistence, Debra grew into a happy outgoing girl, who idolised her father, and shares many of John's stronger characteristics - including a prevailing stubbornness, a wholesome appetite, a hearty laugh and a cheeky smile.

John had a language all his own. When asked what he was making, he would reply 'a wing-wong for a goose's

bridle'. When asking someone's name - 'what's your handle?' And when looking for a home in Toowoomba he would make comment by saying 'that's not a bad shed'

After 25 years the foundations of John and Dot's marriage began to crumble, and they chose to separate in 1984. John still held great fondness towards Dot and was never heard to say a harsh word against her.

John continued to work the property making the shift from sheep to cattle, and producing some of the best steers around.

He loved the thrill of working the cattle, the feel of Rose, his trusted horse, beneath him; the bark and teamwork of his dogs, the crack of his whip, and the smell of the branding iron.

He enjoyed pushing his limits, challenging his men (and daughter); and at the end of a hard day's work - the taste of an ice cold beer or two, unfailingly accompanied by a jibe, and some amusing story telling! While working Naturi, John joined the Masonic Lodge in Meandarra, introduced to him by his father and uncle. From the delightfully anonymous vantage point of the tray of the utility, his daughters would often hear him bellowing the role he was to perform on the next Friday lodge night.

John served as Master, and over the years attained further recognition in the Masonic order. He loved his lodge, and in turn introduced it to the two Roberts, his son-in-law, Robert, and Robert Sedgwick, who both enjoyed the opportunity to bear secret witness to both the history of the Masonic order, as well as the festivities that took part after.

Another source of pride, and source of a story or two, was his involvement in the local Murilla Shire Fire Brigade.

He had occasion to fight several local fires, one of which was carried by a fireball onto his own property from a neighbouring paddock.

Sitting down, dog tired, and covered in soot after many hours fighting the flames, and never short of a witty quip, he was heard to say the man next to him, "are we the only black fellas here!?"

Sandra and Robert moved to Murilla in 1984, giving John a new lease on life. He enjoyed teaching Robert the bush ways, having a good laugh at and with Rob along the way, but proud in the knowledge that he trained him well enough to take charge of the properties.

His grandchildren, Jessica, Nikki, and Darcy were dear to his heart, and he spent a dollar or two buying dairy milk chocolates and lemon squash for them. He'd often be found sending them scurrying to the cold room to fetch these treats, and of course, while they were at it to collect another beer or two.

He took delight in his grandchildren. There was definitely a soft side to John that many would not have had the privilege to witness.

He refused to have his grandson's chocolate covered handprint cleaned from the glass china cabinet in his living room. Jessica and Nikki, still treasure the ragged old teddies they received from Grandad many years ago. Oh, to be a fly on the wall when he was purchasing them!.

One of the many passions transmitted down to his grandchildren is waterskiing, a pastime that John keenly took to on weekends with his cousins Alfred and Ennis.

A few years later he renewed his acquaintance with Pam Newcomen. After a few drives to Toowoomba; and invitations to Pam and her family to come out fishing, John decided that this was the lady for him.

He sold his property and bought 20 Colonial Street, where they spent over 20 happy years together supporting their grandchildren whilst they were schooled in Toowoomba. John and Pam had plans of travelling around Australia, but John suffered a stroke which along with his diabetes left him incapacitated.

Pam has been his stalwart and a saint in her care for John. The laughter they shared and love they had for each other is heart-warming and immeasurable.

He had another long time friend, and aid, that assisted him throughout his years of illness – a walking stick once pre-loved by his grandfather, Les, stayed close to his side – to assist with getting about, for retrieving items and tossing things, and of course to annoy those close by. Its spindly spine was broken twice, to be repaired more strongly each time. Initially with hose clips, then metal inserts and fibreglass. It had to perform its duty well!

It also proved a type of comfort and security for John, and it was never far from reach right until the end.

John made many friends throughout his lifetime.

John McTaggart, Tony Cleaver, Robert Glennie, Cec Moroske, Jenny and Russell Smith were amongst his dearest and they deserve special mention for the life and laughter they brought to him, and he to them.

From John's only grandson, Darcy, on behalf of his sister Jessica.

Grandad was regarded as the undisputed patriarch of the family. In our eyes he was a heroic figure, forever sharing daring tales of hardship and conquest to our eager, young, and often gullible ears. He was larger than life, both in girth and booming presence, and he instilled an awesome respect. He was brave, audacious and spirited – a man not to be reckoned with in work or play. This is the John that many of you are most probably familiar with.

With his grandchildren however, Grandad was, in *nearly* everyway, a complete softie. Grandparents enjoy a privileged relationship with their grandchildren, one which provides a special loving bond and room for fun without fear of excessive discipline. Our relationship with Grandad was no different. Grandad was our ever-present baby-sitter when we were very young and he was at '*Naturi*' and us at '*Murilla*'. Fond early memories include many long hot days bouncing behind mobs of cattle, where Grandad, despite his relegation from horse to ute, dragged us thick into the midst of the dusty whirlwind of activity – we observed in awe and excitement as he whistled and bellowed at the stock, at the dogs, at Mum and the men who were mustering. From an educational view point, Grandad provided us with a link to our family history, instilled in us a shared love for the land and was key in the development of our moral compass and values. In some of these he

certainly led by example, and others perhaps less so, where 'do as I say, not do as I do' – may have gruffly come into effect. Regardless, he demanded a strong work ethic, and whether from fear or love, we would try our 'belly best' at everything we did – particularly when his eyes were upon us! Most importantly, it was from Grandad that I learnt to respect both my elders and my peers, and I have a keen recollection of the lesson in which he taught me never to pass judgment on others, and to empathise after we have walked a mile in another's shoes.

Grandad was unfailingly a gentleman, and he expected the same of us – that is, that we were to be well-behaved and properly attired. Perhaps in this we may have slipped more than once or twice as its no secret that we all more than enjoy giving a bit of cheek, and sharing in shenanigans and a party– but here, again, we have only John to blame – for he also instilled the importance of taking time-out in order to reflect, to be grateful for what you had, and to thoroughly enjoy life's small pleasures – and that included the company of others and a good party.

Yesterday, as we shed a collective tear, Mum recollected that as a teenager she only ever wanted to return to the property in order to work-beside and spend time with him - her Dad, but also her mate. I voice the same sentiments. Granddad was a mentor to me, and he lives on as my undisputed hero - but over everything else he was a friend. For all his immense 'tough' bluff, he made no secret of his dislike of us being away from him – whether it was that we lived in the 'big smoke', interstate, or worse yet, overseas. He simply wanted us around, so he could bury his bully head in, give us a wink over the table, and a poke in the ribs as he tearfully told us how proud he was of us, and that 'Granddad loves you, you know'.

Your piercing whistle, bellowing cattle yard yell, joyous Christmas Ho Ho Ho's, bone-crunching, vice-like, tear jerking handshakes and rake up the ribs, cheeky, half lip-raised grins and subtle winks will be missed dearly. So long and farewell old mate, you will forever be in our hearts. Goodbye and god-bless.

"Emotions are Wild Horses"

Written & spoken by Nikki

I know I will not find the perfect words
And can't blink all the tears from my eyes
I'll never be as strong as you granddad
In these moments, with no chance of disguise.

But, we never really talked in mushy tales
So I do not wish now to start
Suffice to say, we knew they were there,
Those secret bonds that bind the parts.

But, my God you scared me so
With your voice, your strength, your stick,
As a little girl with much to absorb
I found it best to learn quick.

But in the quiet moments of early evening
dust settling and squatters chairs taken
You offered us lemonade from the cold room
But we knew the mice would awaken...

We would race to the room for the drinks
so scared of little claws on our skin
And return to the back steps with cold cans
And ever-so-enormous grins.

Gingernut biscuits were a staple
And 'soggy mince' a specialty meal
Memories like this seem a lifetime ago
Yet at the same time, so raw and so real.

I can still see you standing in the yards
Pants hanging loose and low
Shirt thin, white and faded
Telling everyone where to go.

You always had a sparkle in your eye
A cheeky tale of some sort to share
A dig in the ribs as we fought free of your hugs
And an ever-decreasing head of hair.

Your car smelled of dirty cigarettes
And the passenger seat became skew-whiff
as you took it as your preference
When those limbs turned a little more stiff.

Your presence was grand and well known
For sure there aren't many of your sort
They sure don't make 'em like they used to
And your style could never be taught.

My final words to you, I lament
were from thousands of miles away
But I think you know why I called
And what I wanted so much to say.

"What happened Grandad? Did you fall off the horse?"
"Something like that..." came your laugh
And a few days on, here we are once again,
Me, still making jokes on your behalf.

Crazy things happen to people who are
so strong, loved, admired and feared
So we make the most of what we have
with who we hold near and dear.

You will always be our much-loved Grandad,
with many memories we will cherish forever.
No matter where you are and who you are with,
we will never forget you. Never.

Written and spoken by Robert.

In-laws.... hmmm...a delicate topic at the best of times.....

I apologise if it sounds irreverent, I assure you no malice intended. Rather than sanitise and risk dulling the memories shared with John, I trust from these stories you can identify being there at some time too.

Getting to know John was a challenge. He loved testing people. One of the first for me was "come out to the bush and I will teach you about life on the land young fella" he said.

I pondered this for awhile and thought why not show this bushy about life in the city instead. Well, seeing him walk down Edward Street in Brisbane, double pocketed

blue cotton shirt, brylcreamed hair, riding boots and Moleskins, automatically announcing 'stranger' to these streets turned out to be a much bigger challenge on my part.

However, as much as he stood out from the crowd in some respects, he was perhaps ahead of his time. I mean people these days wear their pants down around their thighs and call it fashion!

First meetings with in-laws can be awkward ...and during our first drive out to Naturi, Sandy let slip that her Dad had scared off a number of potential suitors ... Apparently you were an alright fella if you had more than two ideas to put together or at least if you knew your own mind....otherwise you weren't up to scratch in John's book. He admired people who stood their ground and even relied on an imaginary piece of 3x2 to make his own point when circumstances required ...but that's another story

We both had our work cut out; learning what each of us was about.

John invited Sandy and me to live on Murilla for a trial period. What that meant was he wanted **his daughter** close to him and **me** even closer. A saying about keeping enemies close... comes to mind...but I'm sure it's not applicable

So what was this big bloke going to teach us...how to treat maggoty sheep, how to complain about the lack of rainfall, how educated idiots in the Government were ruining the bush?

For John, the only qualification worth a spit was from the School of Hard Knocks

As time went on we never knew who the toughest master was. Nature in full fury causing drought or flood or that damned stubborn beast that wanted to poke your horse. Or maybe John at his most vocal barking instructions and profanities as a mob of weaners broke rank.

Well with nature you knew **the seasons** would eventually change and you could **sell** that obstinate beast, but with John.....he had crossed a few dry gullies in his time

To his credit when the day was ended, and we jumped the first cold beer into us ...all was well again. You joked about the day's mishaps and the lessons learned that day.

John possessed a unique mostly laconic way of communicating which he constantly treated us with. Sayings, comments and vivid descriptions suitably appropriate for a given moment. Of course John never swore in the company of women, only in the cattle yards, sheep yards, in the paddock or with mates. Simply quoting a list of his sayings here would degrade their full meaning and trivialise the unique turn of phrase we attribute to being quintessentially John.

One classic being "sell or smell", amongst many others needs some context as did other sayings because these words sometimes evoked **strange** images to the uninitiated

Take for example working cattle on Naturi

Imagine a roasting hot day, not too difficult, started early by dawn, a wedge of cattle, cows & calves growing restless being driven from their grazing paddock a kilometre or two up the fence to the cattle yards.

A toey beast grabs its opportunity to flee the agitated mob, men on horses desperate to cover escape routes. "Block...block comes a loud shout from behind. Tension mounts as the mob nears the dam. No time to drink; just punch the lead past the dam then through the gate. The tempo quickens. A bellow roars in your ears. "Bore it up them, bulge it up them, jam it into them"

The crack of a whip... orders barked layered with language ... the message reaching you with no doubt what you were meant to do or with how much effort. Visualise John conducting proceedings positioning his men, his whip cutting the air closely followed by slicing hide

Finally the goal achieved, the gates shut..."a rare moment of near silence punctuated by the settling words, "Put the billy on, time for a drink a tea..." He loved pitting his skill against the mob, testing his men and the satisfaction of a hard day's work. Afterwards he'd relive all the drama with a wry grin...his enjoyment clear to see.

Not always glamorous, orthodox or delicate, but simple, effective and at times adrenalin filled, he'd always get the job done

According to JR there was three ways to do things, the right way, the wrong way and John's way...but never halfway...and always give it heaps

John enjoyed all manner of company and a loyal dog was never far from his side. When the working dogs had a scrap in the yards...he'd scold them and suggest they pull together! The words delivered ostensibly to the dogs, but more likely to anyone within earshot. A backhanded comment to his men ...an opportunity never missed to emphasise you look out for your mate.

Dogs are willing workers, really good mates, have a stubborn mind of their own and sometimes bloody frustrating to control.

I can't wait to get my next dog....You know, maybe I could even call him John

.....



Maurice Edmund Underwood survived the horrors of prisoner of war camps in Singapore and Thailand then returned to Australia to find the comfort and love of a young woman named Joan Osborn. The couple were inseparable during their 66 year marriage and sadly died within two weeks of one another.

Maurice was the fifth son of a grazier from Delegate in Victoria who travelled to properties throughout NSW before settling in Queensland. Maurice and his two older brothers grew up as typical country boys, shooting

rabbits for pocket money and learning how to be self-sufficient on the land. He learned to do his own mechanical jobs, plumbing and carpentry, skills which he carried throughout his life.

Governesses were responsible for Maurice's early learning and then he attended Shore School in Sydney, being dux in his final year there. During the depression the family bought a property at Warwick with Maurice completing his schooling at Slade School. After finishing school he joined Queensland Trustees in Brisbane and studied accountancy part-time.

Maurice enlisted in May, 1941 and joined the 2nd AIF. His posting as gunner was in Malaya where his brother Geoffrey was already serving with the same regiment. They fought together on the same gun from Mersing to Singapore and were both taken prisoners of war at the fall of Singapore. They spent 2 years as PoWs before being transported to Thailand to work on the Burma railway. Geoffrey was sent to Japan while Maurice remained in Thailand until the end of the war.

Joan was the daughter of the Rev. J.E. Osborne who spent time in Toowong and St James' Parish in Toowoomba before moving to St Mary's at Kangaroo Point. This is where Maurice first met Joan, still a school girl in uniform, before the war.

After attending Glennie School in Toowoomba and one year at St Margaret's in Ascot, Joan went on to study at UQ graduating with a Bachelor of Science Degree. She worked as an industrial chemist in Sydney during the war before returning to Brisbane to work in the laboratory of the General Hospital and the Greenslopes Repatriation Hospital.

On his return to Australia Maurice returned to Brisbane to pursue a career in accounting. Joan came into his life again after a chance meeting. The pair married in 1947 and had three children.

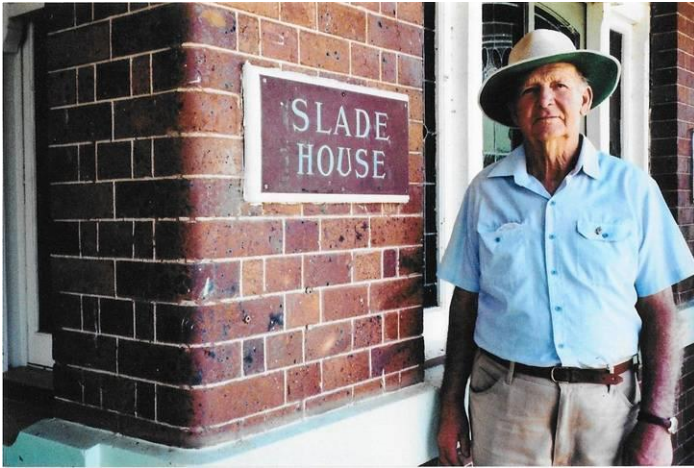
For short periods they lived in Ipswich and Kingaroy before settling in Toowoomba for 20 years, Maurice becoming a senior partner in the accounting firm Cheesman, Underwood and Applegarth. They then moved back to Brisbane setting up M.E. Underwood and Co. – later merging to form Underwood, Palethorpe and Wehl. After a short stint of retirement he opened another firm but reluctantly retired at the age of 91.

They had bought a hobby farm outside Toowoomba where they would spend every second weekend catching up with family and friends.

Both gave their time generously to honorary work and were members of the local branch of the Liberal Party for 40 years. They were actively involved in the PoW Association in both Brisbane and Toowoomba. Joan had a love of research and writing and, kindled with her love of the Glennie School, she published *'Echoes of the Past'* - an account of the St Luke's School (1858-76) and the Glennie Preparatory School (1921-73). In 2008 she wrote *'The Military Hospitals of Toowoomba, Qld, World War 11'*. She was awarded life membership of the 2/10th Field Regiment for her research and publication of *'Mates and Memories'* and *'Medicos and Memories'*.

Joan and Maurice remained in their home in Ascot until 2012 before ill health forced them into residential care. They are survived by children Geoffry, Helen and Elizabeth and their spouses, 13 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

Photo Wall



Ron Lee at the Open Day in 2007



The First XI in 1944 – Ron Lee in the middle sitting.



This photo was taken at a Restaurant at Mitchelton.
Lynne Johnson was visiting from Canberra and we met for lunch.
Seated from left are Lynne Johnson, Pat Spies, and Jenny Schonfisch
Standing Susan Painter and Diana Howcroft.
It was great to catch up and we had a very enjoyable lunch with lots of laughter and reminiscing.

Sub-Junior 1961

