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Changing of the Guard in delayed AGM

A brand new line up of faces looks set to steer the Slade Campus Past Students Association into the next phase of what is a long, proud, if sometimes fractured history, but one in which we did not run from the challenges that often confronted us. The outgoing committee has worked diligently for the past six years to secure the continuity and financial viability of a forward looking Association but without losing sight of what has been lost. For many of our girls, whose connections are closely bound with the Church of England Girls School and St Catharine's, that loss has been keenly felt. However, we are also deeply grateful for all that we are still able to lay hold of. We have done our best to preserve this and maintain a cordial, working relationship with the current owners of the campus which is still known as the Slade Campus, albeit of the Warwick Christian College. Introductions for new committee members following our September 12 AGM will be in this and subsequent issues. Getting together after the meeting, are below, outgoing Treasurer, and now Vice President, Nigel Faulkner with Martin Taylor, new President and Secretary, John Farquhar and Lizzie Adams. New Treasurer, Cris Roy was unable to attend but was elected in his absence. Joan is continuing on as Kinawah editor.



Stepping back in favour of the new executive are below, Jacque Baxter, Peter Ramsay, Leigh Nisbet, Steve Cooke and John Bayliss. Leigh continues in his role as Museum Curator and will now oversee our website and John will continue to maintain the Membership records of the Association during the change-over period. John and Steve will also play an active role in the steering committee for the 95th celebrations in October next year. Others retiring from the front lines are long serving and hard working committee member and former Kinawah editor, Helen Moloney and secretary, Jenny Schonfisch. Both were active members of St Catharine's Old Girls Association and have continued to play key roles in the preservation of 100+ years of what is a proud history and legacy for all of us.



Welcome & Thank You



Farewell & Thank You



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IMPORTANT
Are the contact
details we have
for you current or
about to change?
Don't forget us
when you change
your address or
email service
provider.



IS
YOUR CLASS
celebrating a
MILESTONE in
2021 or
2022?

CAST YOUR
NET WIDER
FOR LOST
CONTACTS
AND
ADVERTISE
HERE!

Editor's Notes...



THIS TIME AS I WRITE, it is occasion for us to think about some of the things the outgoing committee has achieved in its last six years. It is quite a list and forms part of the President's Report which will be distributed with the minutes of the AGM and other AGM reports in due time.

Our Valé details this time sadly contain the loss of two former Slade School Captains, Howard Breden, 1960, and Adam Clark 1951. Both were recipients of the Rhodes Prize in their final year at school and both were extremely well thought of by their peers. As I was digesting Adam's obituary which is featured in this Kinawah, I was struck by how closely his story mirrors my story—right down to the lamp used in the days before electricity was connected!

Adam came from the same district I did and knew my father, Max Clothier, but parallels as seen so far in *Brigalow*, *Billy Cans and Bottle Trees* will immediately be recognisable. If you have never heard of a Tilley Lamp before, it is a remarkably efficient light, still available in more basic camping models. It is powered by lighting kerosene and one of the ones my family used is shown in the photo with me below right. The picture, captioned Brigalow Scrub, behind me in the photo was taken around the time I published the book. Without giving too much away if you are perhaps anticipating what lies ahead, my family didn't get mains power electricity connected until after 1972 which straight away explains why I was transported in an instant back to that time by the outline of Adam's life!

The George Bernard Shaw quote in the Order of Service for Adam's farewell, *A Gentleman is one who puts more into the world than he takes out* is entirely apt. If you, like me, attended Adam's farewell via live streaming, you will have noted that his Slade blazer occupied pride of place atop his casket. The service will be available to view online for several weeks.

I hope you enjoy reading about *The Kindness of Strangers* on page 8. If you have any anecdotes of your own that might sit comfortably under this heading, please let me know.

We continue to monitor the coronavirus situation in PNG and would be grateful to hear back from any of our past students who are living overseas, especially those of you in the United States and United Kingdom.

I conclude with a favourite among Adam's many gems of wisdom: *"We do not inherit the land from our ancestors, we borrow it from our children and grandchildren."*

Until next time, enjoy the extra reading Joan White

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

"Although
no one can go
back and make a
brand new start,
anyone can start
from now and
make a brand
new ending."

Carl Bard



2020/2021 Committee

EXECUTIVE

President	John Farquhar	0401 917 811
Vice President/Membership	Nigel Faulkner	0412 973 831
Secretary	Lizzie Adams	0427 004 673
Treasurer	Cris Roy	0468 883 563
Archivist/Patron	Ted Ross	02 4885 2227
WCC Student Liaison	Timothy Sommerlad	0447 524 324
Kinawah/Contacts	Joan White	0428 344 853

EX OFFICIO MEMBERS

Pastoral Coordinator	Rob Nolan	0439 784 457
Museum	Leigh Nisbet	0418 156 296
Assistant Archivist	Helen Moloney	07 4635 0573
Area Reps	Ray Dickson	0419 702 657
	Paul Masson	07 4623 5307
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peterramsay47@gmail.com
woodsfamily06@hotmail.com



Introducing John Farquhar

DOUGALD JOHN FARQUHAR: born Rockhampton, QLD came to Slade from Boggabri, NSW 1973-78, married to Khri with one son, Lachlan.

- 1979 -1982 Completed Boilermaking Apprenticeship at BHP Iron and Steel Works, Newcastle.

- 1984 participated in 7 month Agriculture Exchange on 12,000 acre wheat ranch near Great Falls, Montana, USA, paid \$2/hr + board. Great life experience.

- 1988 – 1991 Back to school: HSC again at Toowoomba TAFE, Associate Diploma of Civil Engineering at University of Southern Queensland. Simultaneously had a position as Dwyar House Assistant at Downlands College (avoided offers to join the priesthood !!!)

- Commenced career in Civil Construction, building Race Courses, Road Works, Sewerage Treatment Plants etc. Completed Sewerage Treatment Plant Operators Course through Griffith University therefore am a qualified “shit stirrer” !!!

- My small family business, Concrete Fence and Retain, specialises in the installation of precast concrete sleeper retaining walls, concreting, civil works and anything we can make a buck out of.

PLEASE NOTE

DOMAIN NAME NOW for revitalised website:
www.scpsawarwick.com

WHAT'S ON IN 2020

November 7

BREKKY CREEK LUNCH * FROM 11.00AM**

November 11

Remembrance Day***

***** COVID-19 PERMITTING**

A few thoughts as we move forward...

BRIEFLY I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK THOSE IN ATTENDANCE AT THE AGM

for their faith in electing me as the new President of the SCPSA, along with Nigel Faulkner – Vice President, Lizzie Adams – Secretary and Cris Roy – Treasurer. It's already looking like a great team.

- With the guidance of Steve as immediate Past President I am sure there will be a smooth transition. With a little time and experience I have no doubt that our new team will continue developing a strong organization as we reach out to past students of the 80's and 90's along with maintaining the older (sorry, more mature) generations. The retiring Executive Team have done a fantastic job over the last 10 years putting systems in place for future teams, they must be commended for this.

- Now that the AGM has passed for another year we can all come out from behind our hiding places and get on with enjoying functions without fear of being 'tapped on the shoulder'.

- Our next 'mental health' (some uncouth people would call it a 'piss up') function is Brekky Creek on Saturday 7th November. I say 'mental health' in jest however I do not make light of the issue. I am aware that there would be quite a few within our midst that would struggle from time to time and part of our charter is to promote care and companionship for our members. On that note there is always a spare bed at my home, a fire pit for a camp oven as well as room for a camper trailer or a few swags. BYOG and sausages.

- The Roma Roundup was a great success with quite a few using it as an excuse to venture further afield with their caravans and camper trailers. This is something that I would like to promote as an annual event for the Ekka long weekend or maybe move the date to somewhere after Easter. We could also move the location to another town ie the Mitchell Muster, St George Stampede – getting a bit carried away now !!!

- The first issue as that of President that I would like to raise with everyone is that of the electronic receipt of The Kinawah to 500 odd recipients when we have a paid up membership of 160 odd. The question that I ask is “If you were running an enterprise or club, would you consider this fair and or reasonable ??” Your thoughts and responses would be appreciated.

- I personally would like to see a membership of at least 500, and believe that to be a reasonable goal.

Until next time, Johnno

If you don't build your dream, someone else will hire you to help them build theirs. Dhirubhai Ambani

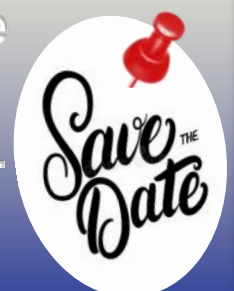
2021 Slade Celebrations: are you on board?



We are pleased to announce our 95 year celebrations set to take place **October 9, 2021** at the Glen Hotel

24 Gaskell Street, Eight Mile Plains.

Expect more details soon.





WARWICK
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
Christ Community Character

What's happening on the Campus

<http://warwickcc.qld.edu.au>



Three WCC students pictured not so long ago in Stanthorpe meeting with the new mayor of Southern Downs Regional Council—SDRC—Cr Vic Penissi. SDRC is the local government body that Warwick, Killarney, Allora and Stanthorpe now belongs to following the amalgamation of local government councils some years ago.

CHRIStIAN SCHOOling IS DESIGNED TO PROVIDE excellent education to families; an education which has underlying priorities in keeping with Biblical foundations and truth. There is no area of life where sound Christian principles are not applicable. Whether it is the teaching of science or art, solving students' social concerns, respecting those in authority, caring for others, understanding people from different cultures, learning about history or geography, discovering leadership, having self-respect or choosing a career path, the truth of the Bible informs a truly Christian way of approaching everything.



Carmelo Rubio, Principal

Getting online with WCC and SCPSA...



If you have not visited the Warwick Christian College website lately or never done so before, I highly recommend doing so. Clicking on <http://warwickcc.qld.edu.au> takes you there for an immediate virtual tour of the Slade Campus in the lofty, picturesque Glennie Heights surroundings secured by the benefactors of the Anglican Schools of Warwick's past. The main menu at the top of the home page displays a direct link to our SCPSA website <http://www.scpsawarwick.com> plus the link to an outline of the history of the Campus. Our hard working museum curator, Leigh Nisbet, is now also in the business of curating our SCPSA website which was originally hosted by Slade old boy, the late Harry Haxton. It has recently been in the process of being renovated and updated with the help of John Bayliss and a bequest from the estate of another Slade old boy, the late Alan Wickham. With all of the negative press about online dangers this is a huge positive for us.



Breakfast Creek Reunion
2020 ANNUAL GET-TOGETHER
Slade/St Catharine's Past Students
2 Kingsford Smith Drive - Breakfast Creek. 4020

- There will be an area set aside for us at the front.
- Buy your own drinks and meals
- Partners etc. are more than welcome
- No speeches or formal proceedings

Saturday, November 7
11.00 AM FOR LUNCH

2020 DATE

TO FIND OUT MORE, CONTACT
Richard Cleal: (07) 3420 6541 0447 447 236

SCPSA 2020 Annual General Meeting and Dinner

A SMATTERING OF FORMER SCHOOL CAPTAINS AND ASSOCIATION PRESIDENTS were in attendance for our Annual General Meeting and Dinner, Saturday September 12. Heather Schnitzerling (Donovan) St Catharine's Head Girl 1949 and Anne Doyle (Dodd) Slade Girls Captain 1979, immediate Past President Steve Cooke and 1980/81 President Jonathon Nantes were joined by new President, John Farquhar, new Secretary Lizzie Adams and a wonderfully convivial group representing a good representation of ages and eras. We are optimistically looking forward now to welcoming a fresh intake of younger past students as we seek to maintain the SCPSA through the coming decades.

Pictured below making the most of the occasion to get together at the Burke & Wills Hotel are

TOP ROW: Helen Cameron, Denise Busk, Joan White, Peter White, Steve Cooke, Peter Cover, John Bayliss, Helen Harris, Leigh Nisbet, David Brownsdon, Jacque Baxter, Helen Cameron, Linnett Cox and John Farquhar.

MIDDLE ROW: Jonathon Nantes, Judy Stevens, Heather Schnitzerling, Jenny Schonfisch, Linnett Cox, John Bayliss and Lizzie Adams.

BOTTOM ROW AND OH SO CANDIDLY CAPTURED: David Schonfisch, Jenny Schonfisch, Judy Stevens, Helen Cameron, Peter Cover, Helen Harris, Jacque Baxter, Peter Ramsay, Leigh Nisbet, Steve Cooke, Lizzie Adams, Denise Busk, John Farquhar partly obscured, David Brownsdon, Peter Moloney, Helen Moloney, Linnett Cox, Peter White and Joan White. Dinner was served in the Glass Room.



9/9, Borrooloola, Northern Territory, 1989:

PLANE CRASH IN THE TOP END, A LUCKY OUTCOME FOR 5 OF OUR OWN

Borrooloola, a fishing community situated on the banks of the McArthur River in the Gulf of Carpentaria was home to fifteen or more of the many students who came to Slade for their secondary education during its later years from our more remote Australian areas. There is a great deal of subtext for us in the following account which appeared in the 1990 May edition of SSPSA News:

This may never have happened at all but for a long ago domestic pilots' strike referred to in the story.

Then, when the closure of Slade first threatened to become a reality, Principal, Eddie Prince, Slade's longest serving staff member, applied for grants to secure government funding so that students from remote communities could pursue an education that would otherwise have been out of their reach.

At this time too, the school's traditional rural enrolment base was exhausted from years of drought. The option by then had also become available for many parents to educate their children more cheaply in State Government secondary schools rather than board them away from home. Thus students with government funding from these remote communities, kept the school open and on a sound financial footing. It might be suggested too, that but for this, the accident involving these students may never have occurred.

In his further efforts to keep the school that he had given the majority of his professional life to, open and viable, Eddie Prince personally manned information booths at education expos overseas securing enrolments from even further afield. The result was that a good many international students added even more cultural diversity to the school until such time as ill health forced Eddie's retirement. At this point the Headmaster appointed as his successor, oversaw its closure, surely one of Eddie's greatest regrets.

As will be seen here, Eddie Prince took his duty of care seriously. Understanding how daunting long and complicated travel arrangements to remote areas could be, he made every effort to see his students safely on their way home for the holidays but he could not have foreseen the outcome on this occasion. There would have been plenty of school holiday stories arising from this incident—neatly labelled a mishap—to retell back at school that year and again, at the 95th celebrations next year!

Five students from Slade School, Warwick, escaped death on Saturday 9th September 1989, when their plane caught fire in flight and exploded after an emergency landing in the Northern Territory.

A cockpit fire forced the single engine Cessna to land in country inaccessible by vehicle about 5.00pm on Saturday. The aircraft disintegrated on impact.

Year 12 student Michelle Connolly, Year 10 student Kaye Shadforth, Year 9 student Darryl Thompson, Year 8 student Brenda Lansen and Leslie Devery and the pilot escaped unharmed.

Twenty-six students took the chartered Brunei Airlines flight from Brisbane airport to Darwin at 9.00am on Saturday. Two Air North aircraft were chartered to take students from Darwin to Borrooloola.

Sen. Const. Mark Kelly, of Borrooloola Police, said the pilot was lucky to get the plane down in the scrub. A helicopter from Tindall Airbase, Katherine, was able to reach the students and pilot and take them to their destination.

"All of them were home safe by 11 o'clock that night," Sen. Const. Kelly said.

"It is unbelievable there were no injuries. The whole town is really happy they escaped."

Slade Principal, Edward Prince said because of the domestic pilots' strike travel arrangements normally organised by the Department of Employment, Education and Training (DEET) had some students travelling to their homes by bus.

The estimated time to travel to the Northern Territory is 45-48 hours.

Mr Prince said students usually left the school within two or three days of the end of term, travelling to Brisbane by special bus to co-ordinate with flights to Brisbane airport.

Students who eventually boarded the ill-fated Air North Flight were among students who departed Warwick at 4.00am Saturday by charter bus with Mr Prince. They left Brisbane at 8.00am on a charter flight to Darwin.

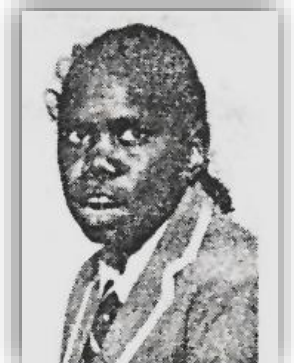
Mr Prince was informed of the mishap by Mr Allen, the father of a Slade student [Michelle Lee Allen]. He is attached to the Borrooloola police.



Michelle Connolly
1985-1989



Kaye Shadforth
1989-1989



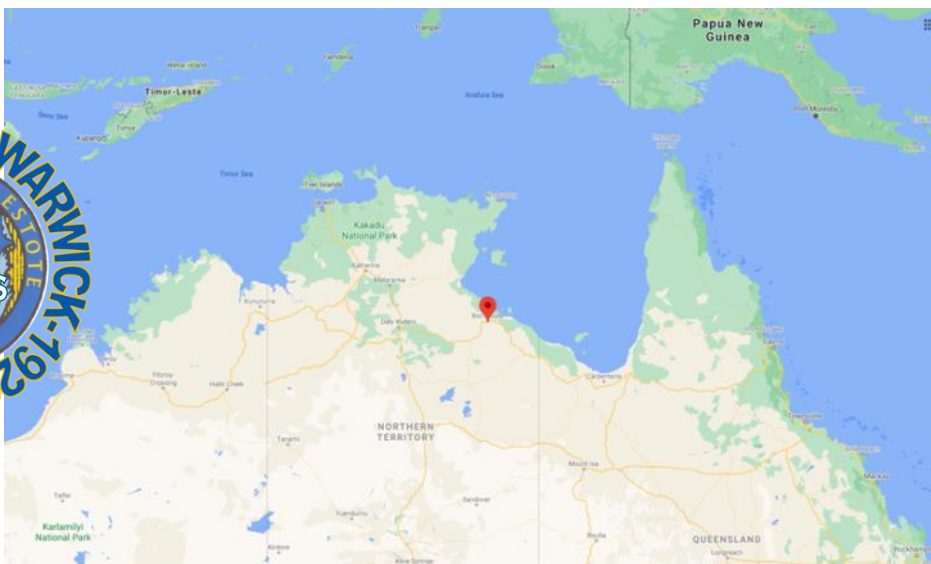
Brenda Lansen
1987-1992



Leslie Devery
1989-1989



Darryl Thompson
1988-1989



Visit to Slade Campus in Photo Essay format

September 18, Slade Old Girl, Lizzie Adams posted: "Had the privilege to visit Slade School in Warwick today where I completed years 9 & 10 in 1980-1981. Whilst it has changed some there were still buildings standing that were familiar & plenty of memories. A big thank u to Leigh Nisbet for organising I appreciate it immensely for those that are interested & didn't know I was recently elected as Secretary on the SCPSA Committee & I lub learning more of the history behind the school." Lizzie comes to us with a nursing background and as a proud Mardigan woman and CEO of Goolburri Aboriginal Health and Advancement.



The kindness of strangers...

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER...

This story has its beginnings on an otherwise unremarkable quiet Sunday morning in Spring, the perfect time of year to visit Toowoomba. The Garden City is always at its blooming best on the eve of its multi award winning Carnival of Flowers festival, but this story has nothing to do with that!

Picture, if you will, a spry, smartly dressed older lady, looking to purchase a bunch of flowers at the front kiosk a little before a large supermarket on the southern end of town is due to open. She has carefully selected the flowers she would like, explaining she is only in town for a little while and needs them to visit a friend whose remains are interred at the Garden of Remembrance not too far away. When informed the shop is not quite open for business yet, she seeks permission to just sit there and wait until opening time and, if it would be alright if she hangs on to the flowers until she is able to make the purchase.

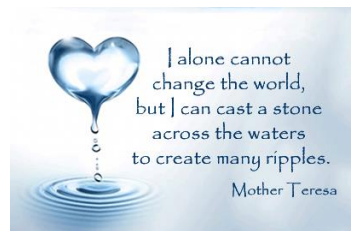
After waiting patiently she makes her way again to the counter so she can pay for her flowers and be on her way. At this point it is made known to her that the policeman who she had seen out of the corner of her eye standing behind her in the background, and who had overheard the earlier conversation, had already paid the sales lady \$10 towards the cost of her floral tribute. He had no idea that the flowers were to be placed in remembrance of a fellow police officer who had served in a country town some 480km west of Toowoomba. He knew nothing at all about the older lady and had never set eyes on her before. He will likely never see her again, but his kind gesture made an unforgettable impression on her.

And our spry older lady? She was none other than our very own, 84 year old Denise Busk who had driven herself up from Taigum in Brisbane for our AGM, held this year in Toowoomba, and was quietly taking the opportunity to pay her respects to a policeman she had known very well who had served in her old home town of Bollon.



A sunny smile on a grey day
A helping hand on a rocky stair
A caring touch in a sea of pain
Gifts of kindness here and there
Brief comfort warming cold despair
If we but dare to stop and share.

Joan Clothier White 2016



And now, to jest for just a moment

✂ I saw a man walking down the road with a sign under his arm that read, "& Emergency".

"Where did you get that from?" I asked. He said "I found it by Accident!"

✂ A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds.

After explaining the commandment to 'honour' thy Father and thy Mother, she asked, "Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?" From the back, one little boy (the oldest of a family) answered, "Thou shall not kill."

✂ Some mysteries of mathematics explained:

Q: Why do plants hate maths?

A: It gives them square roots.

Q: Why was the maths book depressed?

A: It had a lot of problems.

Q: Why is the obtuse triangle always so frustrated?

A: Because it is never right.

Q: Why can't you trust a maths teacher with graph paper?

A: He must be plotting something.

Q: Why was the equal sign so humble?

A: Because she knew she was neither greater nor less than anyone else.

Q: Did you hear the one about the statistician?

A: Probably.

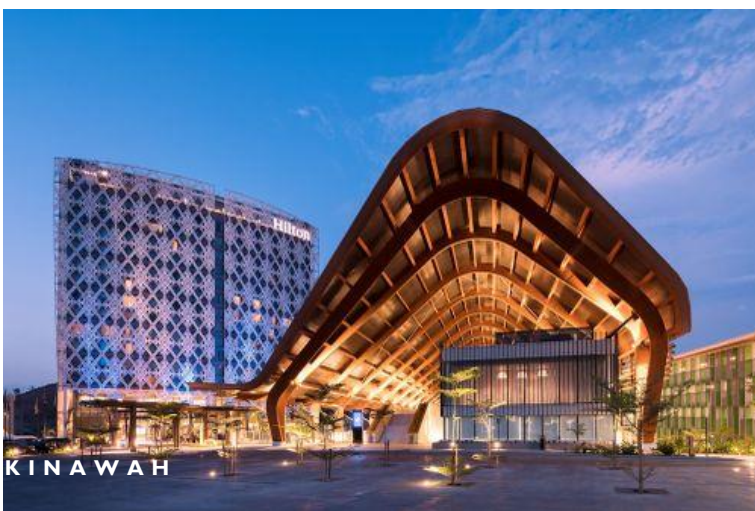
✂ Shaun in Queensland tells us that as a student in the 70s and 80s he did gigs as Disney and Looney Tunes characters. "I always found that my whole demeanour and excitement in my shows improved when I smiled, no matter whose head I was in. My audiences could tell the difference too. Keep smiling Victoria, a smile is still the best contagion."



LOCKDOWNS NOW LIFTED IN PNG BUT



PORT MORESBY: NEAR NEIGHBOUR, CONTRASTING WORLDS



KINAWAH

UNTIL FAIRLY RECENTLY, AS REPORTED IN KINAWAH, IT SEEMED PAPUA NEW GUINEA HAD BEEN SPARED THE FULL BRUNT OF THE PANDEMIC THAT HAS PLAGUED THE REST OF THE WORLD DOMINATING HEADLINES IN 2020.

However, although it has not been extensively reported here in Australia, the virus is now widespread in Port Moresby and even further out from the capital city. This is not good news since several of us maintain close ties and fond friendships from our school days with many PNG nationals and expats.

As we have already been informed, the significantly under resourced health system in the former Australian protectorate was always going to struggle to cope. ABC correspondent for PNG, Natalie Whiting, reported in August that for a country with about 5,000 hospital beds for a population of 8,000,000 people+, community transmission then in evidence was deeply concerning. Until that time, lockdown measures and physical distancing had been in place but had not been adhered to very effectively.

Then, in a departure from containment measures previously recommended, PNG Prime Minister, James Marape, announced 12 August, that residents would have to adapt and adjust to living with COVID-19, saying that if they adhere to simple measures PNG can live with COVID-19 while identified cases are isolated.

While acknowledging that PNG has a medical pandemic as well as an economic crisis, Port Moresby Governor, Powes Parkop argues PNG must focus on measures better suited to the local setting and which can be effectively enforced. He said he had been pushing for a new strategy to fight coronavirus based on "the reality" of life in PNG, noting measures like social distancing and staying home were not being properly practised during the lockdown and were impossible for many residents.

"When I walk around and drive around the city, it's two different worlds," he said.

"What the [emergency] controller is trying to [enforce] and what actually happens on the ground [are] totally different worlds."

At least 40 per cent of Port Moresby's residents live in informal settlements, which are often overcrowded.

People have been told to continue wearing masks in public and to limit travel. Restrictions on gatherings of 15 people will remain but will not apply to shops or markets.

As of September 21, PNG has recorded 516 cases of COVID-19, 232 recovered and six deaths. Of those six deaths three had significant other underlying other medical issues.

While that might be considered low when compared with other countries, this is a sharp increase from the 11 cases the country had in mid-July following an outbreak linked to the lab in the city's biggest hospital and it is thought that there were likely more undetected cases since testing had been relatively low.

Chief executive of St John Ambulance PNG, Matt Cannon, said there's no denying the global opinion that stage four lockdowns work, as seen in some countries like New Zealand. However, with every country being different, this approach may not be possible or successful in PNG.

The Australian Government has provided an extra PGK 1.7million to support the Government of PNG prepare for and respond to Coronavirus (COVID-19).

The funding support will boost the PNG Government's existing commitment of PGK 45million for COVID-19 response.

"The health and safety of all PNG people is our number one priority. Australia has been an important supporter in helping PNG respond to health emergencies", said Minister for Health and HIV/AIDS, Jelta Wong.

"This support will help to ensure PNG's health system is better prepared to fight Coronavirus and protect the community.

The PNG Government and the World Health Organization, alongside the country's leading medical experts, are working around the clock to ensure we have the right tools, information and resources to keep Papua New Guineans safe."

Australia has already provided Personal Protective Equipment for frontline health workers in the COVID-19 response.

PNG looks set to find its own way on managing COVID-19 and we will endeavour keep a close eye on the situation as it unfolds.

Raymond redeems a swag full of memories



Paper Daisies

"They're Paper Daisies." Said the bloke in the shop,
 "Native Plants from Inland Australia."
 "They're hardy and tough and need little care...
 No way that they'll ever fail ya!"

Paper Daisies!...The words took me back,
 To a childhood spent out on the Culgoa,
 Little white flowers with a centre of gold,
 How swiftly the name made the years go!

I saw once again the bumpy old track,
 Two wheel ruts with grass growing tall,
 Belah and Coolibah and prickly Wild Lime,
 And a blue sky spread wide over all.

The Lignum swamps where we hunted wild pig,
 The clumps of Gidyea and Myall,
 The bore drain slowly winding away,
 The river with gums growing tall.

Red 'Roos standing tall and surveying,
 Mad emus sprinting their races.
 Galahs and White Cockies—Grass Parrots galore—
 Brolgas practising dance paces.

Stinking hot days of heart-breaking drought,
 Brown floodwaters lapping the road.
 Crystal clear nights with white stars ablaze,
 The Wool Clip all ready to load.

Sheep Dogs panting in the heat,
 Bush dances at Angledool Hall.
 "Circle Work" out on the claypans,
 At night, the soft Mopoke call.

Even when I'd grown and roamed far and wide,
 From mountains to deserts and sea foam,
 As soon as I'd reached that rusty old gate,
 I knew once again I was home.

"How much for this lot—This one tiny pot?
 Ten bucks!...You thieving mug lair!
 Had I but known—in the days of my youth—
 I was once a multi-millionaire!"

But what price can you put on a memory?
 A good one that lasts through the years—
 That outshines all petty concerns,
 And frustration, heartbreak and tears.

That's all that's left when life is run,
 When all things come to pass,
 The bones of dreams and memories,
 Lying silent in the grass.

"Here's twenty old mate—you keep the change,
 You'll never know what this plant means to me,
 This little white flower will have Pride of Place—
 It's the key to set memories free."

Wild Lime Bushes bring back a few memories for Raymond: "We used
 to collect them and make Lime Cordial.

"If I remember correctly, ratio of Limes/Sugar was One billycan of
 limes to three billycans of Sugar (They were as sour as anything)

"Quandong were a treat too. They were sour, but made good jam.

"We also collected Mulga Apples--these weren't really a "Fruit", but
 the gall caused by a wasp laying an egg in the twigs of a Mulga tree.

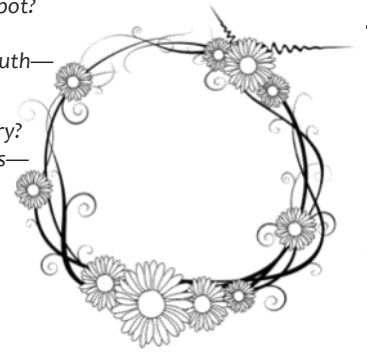
"They were about the size of a big marble, and did taste a bit like an
 apple.

"They also had a small grub in the middle...we ate them grub and all..."

"I once took a five litre bucket of Mulga Apples up to the School
 Of The Air classrooms in Charleville for the Teachers to try..."

"Most of them were fresh from the city...They all commented
 how nice the "Bush Tucker" was..."

"...Until I told them about the grub!"



Paper Daisies is from Raymond Hammond's poems of opal and the bush, Digging Rainbows © 2004



Living in the Bubble...



WE ARE LIVING IN A BUBBLE, NOT THE FUN ONES OF FANTASY we blew in Childhood, but
 an Imaginary One, forced upon us by the Threat of a Virus, hitherto unknown to Health Professionals,
 setting off Alarm Bells in the Political Arena—Where to Now?

Canberra is a 'Bubble', Residents living in a 'Planned City, funded by the Taxpayers', enjoying the Parks
 and Gardens, the Public Buildings in the Parliamentary Triangle, the Galleries, the War Memorial, National
 Library, Old Parliament House, in a relatively Crime Free Environment, under the Auspices of the Australian
 Federal Police and ASIO, naturally, for the Spies. Parliament House is the 'White Building on the Hill', visited
 by Members of The House of Representatives and The Senate, when in Session. Our Elected Representatives are
 not Residents of Canberra, but Visitors to the 'Bubble'.

Inhabitants of the Canberra Bubble are mostly Public Servants and Defence Forces Personnel, add to that a smattering of Professionals
 like Lawyers and Architects, then Service Practices like Doctors, Dentists, Builders et al, making up a Population of People with disposable
 Incomes, living in very Tidily Planned Homes. Sometimes Residents obviously wonder whether they exist simply by Virtue of the Fact that
 this is 'The National Capital', visited by Politicians when they must, by Fellow Australians during **FLORIADE**, the Flower Festival, Excursions
 to the National Gallery and War Memorial, but rarely En Masse. Australians sadly are not overly interested in their National Capital, Lake
 Burley Griffin and the Carillion, with all its Harmony.

A Secondary Bubble has formed, this Time more Exciting for those of us Sports Minded Aficionados, that of AFL Football at Broadbeach,
 the Bubble I always wish to revisit as 'Home'. Teams have embraced this 'Bubble', enjoying their Relocation Period at the End of the
 Season, Suntanned and Fit for a Spot in the Finals. 'The Broadie' may be a Sunny Spot for Pre-Match R&R, Recharging Batteries in Preparation
 for the much anticipated Grand Final at the Gabba.

As a Nation, we look forward to 'The Bubble Bursting', but will it be Pricked or Not? Border Wars persist, the PM insisting that we will
 all be 'On the Bus' by Christmas but apparently WA doesn't want to join our Festivities, so they may be a Thorn in the Side which will Burst
 the Bubble, but to what End Result? Only Time and Patience will tell. Australians are Resilient - Maybe we should all be 'Forever Blowing
 Bubbles' - It's Fun!

Barbara Pfaff (Brown-Beresford) 1962-63

A huge thank you to our Kinawah sponsors

COMPLETLY IN KEEPING WITH THE SETTING OF THOSE SHARED PAST STUDENT CONNECTIONS, KINAWAH sponsorship as we go forward brings a delightful Southern Downs flavour. **Sutton's Juice Factory and Cidery** at Thullimbah, courtesy of David and Ros Sutton, has renewed its sponsorship and we now welcome aboard Fred and Jacquie Alley, hosts of **Jacanda Alpaca Farmstay** at Wallangarra. This vibrant tourist region has much to offer for locals and visitors from boutique wineries and specialist retail outlets with a strong focus on locally grown and sourced produce and industries. We are proud to feature these businesses for the next year or more in Kinawah and hope you will support them in return. A trip to the Granite belt could easily take in both destinations. Be sure to mention your past student connections and prepare to enjoy some fine hospitality.

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And speaking of those Granite Belt connections...

Church of England Boarding School Stanthorpe 1908 QldPics

ST CATHARINE'S, COLLEGE ROAD, STANTHORPE, THE EARLIEST OF THE SCHOOLS WE HOLD IN COMMON



Sisters of the Sacred Advent, Church of England Boarding School

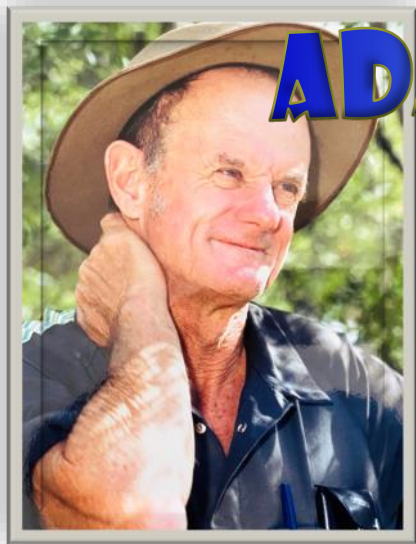
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Principal: The Superior of the Society of the Sacred Advent.

Head Mistress: Sister Evelyn, S.S.A.

Assisted by Competent Staff of Teachers



ADAM CLARK 1933-2020

Adam was School Captain in my first year and, for me, set the standard of what is expected of a Slade boy, decent, open to everybody and trustworthy. In the crowded space of the past I remember him so well. Up to the last, his opinion was sought and respected by Old Boys. Robert Vickers 1951-54

ADAM CHARLES CARR CLARK was born 6th May 1933 in Charleville, the second son of Bernard and Eileen Clark. Adam's brother Mike pre-deceased him in 1990 and brother Bob predeceased him in 2009. Adam grew up at a Clark property near Charleville and then at Cunnamulla where his father worked for a Stock and Station agent. In 1938 the family moved from western Queensland to the property, "Grosmont" near Wandoan then in 1939, the Clark Family moved to "Nunbank" Taroom at the beginning of World War 2.

Until the age of 10 years, Adam's early schooling was by correspondence lessons which were delivered via packhorse to "Nunbank".

Adam then became a boarder at Slade School Warwick, until the completion of his senior year in 1951. Adam was Slade School Captain, Captain of the first XV Rugby side, as well as the Cadets leader at the school. Adam often remarked that as the war progressed and the men in the district met to organise the civilian militia, the children also attended these meetings and were as capable of stripping and reassembling the Bren Gun as their fathers were.

Upon leaving school Adam worked as a Jackaroo at "Bando" Cunnamulla. From "Bando" Adam began his National Service at Wacol in 1952 and then, after completing his NASHO, Adam returned to jackarooing down at Mudgee before returning to Nunbank and starting married life.

Adam met Dorothy Milne at the All schools Dance in St Mary's Hall, Warwick, in 1950. Adam had remarked to a mate Mick Curtis (who was his Best Man at the wedding) that he would marry Dorothy Milne, as she walked past them at the Warwick swimming pool.

Courting was mainly conducted via mail as Dorothy worked at her parents' property at Dalby and nearly all travel was by train.

Adam and Dorothy Married on the 8th May 1954, in Dalby.

Home became the cottage at "Nunbank" while Adam worked for his father until purchasing "Bimbadeen" in 1956.

Adam and Dorothy built a tin shed on "Bimbadeen", at Well Gully Dam from a ton of corrugated iron, which became home to their growing family. As the block was virgin, Adam also had to erect sheep yards, a cow yard and fence around the shed to keep the kids in, with the dam being so close.

There was no phone, power or reticulated water. Water was carted up to the shed by bucket until 12 months later they managed to erect a High Tank filled by a windmill and where the modern amenity of a shower was added underneath, though if you wanted a warm shower you hand pumped the water from a bucket, whereas in summer, the water out of the tank was warm enough. The kitchen had a dirt floor which had to be sprinkled with water each night to keep the dust and fleas down and they often encountered a visit from the odd Brown snake heading to the dam for water.

All light was from a Tilley lamp which Adam and Dot received as a wedding present as well as Hurricane lanterns.

As times were so tough starting off, their grocery bill for the first 12 months was stood by Bloko Adams, owner of Taroom's Haberdashery and Grocery store, until their first wool cheque arrived. Sheep were also worth too much to eat, therefore Emu, Wallabies and Porcupines were eaten for meat.

Children born to Adam and Dot were: Bruce - 1955, Ian - 1956, Karen - 1959, Wendy - 1961, Owen - 1967 and Kevin - 1969.

Karen was tragically taken while drought feeding in the '65 drought and Ian predeceased in 1997.

After five years of living in the shed, a new house was built on "Bimbadeen" in 1961 for the birth of their fourth child. Here running water was put on from a new bore. However 32 volt power was not put on for one - two years.

The main shift for operations on Bimbadeen from sheep to cattle took place after the crippling 1969 drought.

After the '69 drought, Adam moved into agriculture, pioneering the cultivation of Navy beans for the district and an irrigation bore was put in around the mid 70's

The children's schooling was a mixed event. Dorothy taught Bruce while at the shed, then when they moved to the house, they shared a governess with Nunbank where Max and Fay Bennett were managing.

Once Ian started school, they started employing their own governess two of whom became local wives in the district.

Their first vehicle was a short-wheeled based Land Rover, bought by Dorothy's Mum and Dad.

Adam stood for council in 1972 and was a councillor for 15 years. Adam was diagnosed with Bowel cancer in 1990 and was not expected to see his 40th wedding anniversary, however, ended up with 66 years of marriage to his name.

They moved in to Taroom in 1993 and though he had always been involved in Community organisations, such as the RSL, The Graziers Assn, Show Committee, Landcare, Wildlife Preservation Society, Senior Citizens, including supplying a large part of town from his massive garden and of course Politics, he had much more time to devote to his organisations of choice. He was a respected, and greatly admired leader in all of them.

Eventual complications caused by the Radium treatment received in 1990 necessitated the move to Toowoomba in November 2019, however the family remain thankful that the treatments of that era, sustained him for another 30 years.

A limb has fallen from the family tree.

I keep hearing a voice that says, "Grieve not for me."

*"Remember the best times,
the laughter, the song.*

The good life I lived while I was strong.

Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you.

*Keep smiling and surely
the sun will shine through.*

My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest.

Remembering all, how I truly was blessed.

Continue traditions, no matter how small.

Go on with your life, don't worry about falls.

*I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin,
Until the day comes we're together again."*

Valé

“How can the dead be truly dead when they still live in the souls of those who are left behind?”

Howard Breden 1942 - 2020



BREDEN, Howard, late of Yamba, passed away 2nd August at Mclean District Hospital aged 78 years. Howard commenced his secondary education in Sub Junior at Slade in 1956. He was School Captain and winner of the Rhodes Prize in 1960. His two brothers, Stuart Christopher and Gregory Lewis also attended Slade 1954-61 and 1955-59 respectively. All three were in the Slade School Scouts. At the time the boys were enrolled at Slade the family lived at Moree.

As a matter of public record, in 2003 Howard Breden and his wife Jean moved to Yamba on the Northern NSW coast from Bella Vista in Sydney and immediately settled in to become an integral part of the local community.

In April 2015, as part of the local museum committee they put together a professional member profile from which the following information is drawn. Jean, her bereavement still much too recent, when contacted, apologised that she was not in the right frame of mind just now to supply any further information.

For 38 years before returning to Australia, they had been living and working overseas, in Lautoka, Fiji and for two years, Mentor, Ohio USA.

In Fiji, Howard worked as an engineer for CSR at Lautoka Sugar Mill while Jean was secretary for the owner/developer during the development of Castaway Island Resort, Plantation and Muscat Cove Resorts on Mololailai Island.

In the United States, Howard was the Australian Resident Engineer for an American international process instrumentation and control 6 company supplying control equipment for power stations, chemical and food processing plants.

Back in Sydney, the couple's working lives included process control, building management control and defence electronics and software industries for Howard and banking and hospitality environments for Jean after their three children were in secondary school.

Since retiring to Yamba, Howard and Jean's involvement in various Probus, U3A activities, community transport driving, hospital auxiliary, bridge and bowls left them with the oft repeated refrain heard of busy people that they wondered when they had ever found the time to work!

They made the decision to join the Port of Yamba Historical Society following a very interesting and inspiring presentation by Marea as guest speaker at Yamba Probus Club meeting and the realisation that there was a lot of interesting history of Yamba they had been unaware of. This then, quite naturally led to a shared enjoyable involvement as museum guides.

Adam Clark 1933 - 2020



CLARK, Adam Charles Carr, late of Toowoomba, and formerly of “Bimbadeen”, Taroom, passed away 13th September aged 87 years.

Adam came to Slade from “Nunbank” via Taroom in Form IIIA (Grade 5) in 1944. He completed Senior in 1951 and was School Captain, and winner of the Rhodes Prize in that year.

Two of Adam's brothers, Robert Anthony Carr (dec'd) and Michael George Carr (dec'd) also attended Slade 1946-53 and 1943-48 respectively. Two of Adam's three sons, Bruce Robert and Ian Charles (dec'd) were also Slade students 1965-70 and 1967-71 respectively. Adam was always a staunch supporter of the Slade Old Boys Association and in more recent years, also of the re-badged Slade Campus Past Students' Association. Due to the prevailing COVID-19 restrictions, Adam was farewelled by invited family and friends and by those who attended via live streaming 21st September from the Taroom Cemetery.



We need small harbours in our soul
Where we can slip out to sea
To wait a moment and be whole,
A book, a poem, a song may be
Enough, some solitary labour,
A dog, a cat, a garden,
Talk shared with a passing friend
Or neighbour.

Sometimes the merest human touch,
A silent prayer is such a place
Small harbour may be nothing much,
But ah, they have a saving grace.

James Dillet Freeman

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

As always, we are deeply appreciative of information that you are able to contribute about any of our number we have lost. Please be sure to pass on anything that should be included in our Valé or Obituary notices.

worthy of their forebears



Members of the Slade Campus Past Students' Association are committed custodians of the history of Slade School and St Catharine's Church of England Girls School, and of the two schools which preceded the formation of St Catharine's Warwick, St Catharine's Church of England Girls High School, Stanthorpe and CEGS Warwick and the Warwick Christian College. Members of the Association may include past students and members of staff of Slade School or of St Catharine's Church of England School, or of the St Catharine's Church of England Girls High School Stanthorpe, or the Church of England Girls School, Warwick or Warwick Christian College and their descendants, past students of any other school, who have attended the campus and members of staff of any other school, who have attended the campus.



What we're talking about on Facebook...

Facebook is the 21st Century way to find out about all kinds of things. Kathy Fabila established this page as a way for past students to connect with one another in a respectful non confrontational way.

Our aim is to get everyone connected again, to share stories, our families, continue friendships from where we left off decades ago and get some conversations going!

John Farquhar CONVERSATION STARTER 14 September 18:43

Had a good AGM in Toowoomba over the weekend. I've stepped into the Presidents role after a couple of years of softening up from Steve Cooke and John Bayliss. Thank you to the previous committee and all the good work that you have done.

Nigel Faulkner is moving to Vice President after a massive 20 years as Treasurer, Lizzie Adams (Gaulton) has accepted the role of Secretary and Cris Roy is the new Treasurer.

Now is the time for the 70's, 80's & 90's to step up and get involved and reconnect with your old school mates. We also want to hear your stories and what you have been up to since leaving Slade. I've heard a lot of great things on the 'grapevine' so don't be shy.

I also want your money !!! I'll get Joan to attach membership forms with every Kinawah so you can sign up.

We have Brekky Creek coming up on 7th November and will have another 'Roma Roundup' next year.

As more memberships come in we can look at the demographics and other regional areas that would be good for a 'Roundup'. Stay safe and be proud.

Lizzie Adams Thanx John & everyone present at the AGM for

having faith in me to do the Secretary role I can assure you all I will give ¹⁰⁰ of my best to fulfil, also a big thank you to all the previous committee members for paving the way & to everyone I met at the dinner thank you for a great night of much laughter & story telling

Rick Wiseman good on you Lizzie

David Phillips Keep telling myself I will make the next one but life always gets in the way, this time I will set the date, wouldn't mind catching up with some past class mates from 86/87.

Stephen Budge Congratulations John I am sure you will do a great job.

Rick Wiseman Good on you John Farquhar. If you want a hand with anything, just give me a buzz.

John Farquhar Thanks Rick, will take you up on that

Leeanne Smith Well done John and new team... 😊

Kerry N Gail McMurdy Congrats to you John and the new committee on your appointments.

Ray Dickson Congratulations John. Well done. Best wishes for your "reign".

John Stibbard Congratulations to the new committee and a big thank you to the outgoing regime.

John Farquhar Thank you all for your wishes and encouragement, we have a 'deadly' team and look forward to getting more of you involved

James Adams Congratulations to the new committee especially my SIL

SLADE CAMPUS PAST STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Membership Application

PLEASE ACCEPT MY APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

SURNAME	MR	MRS	MISS	MS	
MAIDEN NAME					
GIVEN NAMES					
RESIDENTIAL ADDRESS					
POSTAL ADDRESS					
HOME PHONE				MOBILE	

Don't forget your email address!!

EMAIL ADDRESS		
CALENDAR YEARS AT SLADE/ST CATHARINE'S/WARWICK CHRISTIAN COLLEGE		

MEMBERSHIP CATEGORIES AND FEES

Mark your preferred option in the appropriate box with an X

<input type="checkbox"/>	STANDARD ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP: \$40
<input type="checkbox"/>	ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP: \$20 (non-past students only)
<input type="checkbox"/>	\$180 for five years - 1 July 2020 to 30 June 2025

TO APPLY ELECTRONICALLY, EMAIL YOUR COMPLETED ONLINE FORM TO: scpsa.membership1@bigpond.com

TO APPLY VIA AUSTRALIA POST, SEND YOUR COMPLETED MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM TO:
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	ACCOUNT NO:	90641027	
	ACCOUNT NAME:	SLADE CAMPUS PAST STUDENTS ASSOCIATION	
	REFERENCE:*	YOUR INITIALS AND SURNAME	
<input type="checkbox"/> INTERNET BANKING REFERENCE USED *		DATE:	

<input type="checkbox"/> PAYMENT BY CHEQUE	
DATE:	

Please make your cheque payable to **SCPSA Inc.** and post to:
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PO Box 1145, ARCHERFIELD QLD 4108

Brigalow, Billy Cans and Bottle Trees

Joan Clothier White published 2010

Chapter 8: Stocking the Property

WE HAD NOT BEEN at Numeralla very long before the need for a reliable supply of fresh milk was felt. Dad bought a couple of red, AIS (Australian Illawarra Shorthorn) cows from Harvey's clearing sale, transporting them home carefully with the truck. He had fashioned a wooden pen on the back of the vehicle for this purpose but the steel tray was anything but ideal for carrying stock. After a long slow trip home, and much slipping and sliding on the part of the cows, we reached our destination.

Because both cows had been bought from an operational dairy, they were not accompanied by their calves. Beauty and Pet, as we named them, were producing far more milk than we could hope to use so Dad brought home a bobby calf from David Symes's dairy for us to keep and rear as a poddy.

Now we learned how to milk using the bail in the small cow yard that Dad constructed for this purpose not far from the hut. We learned the truth of the well worn adage "Never get behind a horse, in front of a cow or between a man and a woman"—although the final fraction of this truism was never ever communicated to us. Best not to stray into areas that might get a bit sticky to explain!

We kept the poddy calf, Patch, well fed and it was our job to go and get the cows in when it came time to milk them. We had more than enough milk and the milk from one of the cows, Pet, had exceptionally high butterfat content so we also had plenty of cream to make butter—the long way, of course—if we so desired.

There was no such luxury as a butter churn for us. We *made do*, each of us sitting around in the hut with a coffee jar of cream to shake until the butter had separated out from the buttermilk. We would sit together and shake our jars vigorously while Mum told us stories about her childhood in Sydney and other things.

She told us all about being on hand the day the harbour bridge was officially opened in March 1932, the markets at Paddington and her experiences of living in terrace-houses in the inner city. We heard about happy times spent visiting Bondi Beach and Neilson Park, how she came to meet Dad and who all our aunts and uncles and cousins were.

This far-away city might just as well have been on the other side of the world, so remote was it from our everyday experience but we could always close our eyes and imagine what it all might be like just from Mum's vivid description.

During these extended shake-a-thons, Mum also told us that it was in just the same way as we were now working the cream, that full-cream milk being transported across the desert, on the back of camels in storage bladders, had resulted in butter being produced and discovered in the first place.

Many other families in the district operated dairies, sending cream off to market and raising pigs. Most of these had thirty-two volt power plants with a generator attached to the dairy and these families had lights in their houses that could be switched on and off at the wall. This was unheard of at our place where the lamps had to be filled with kerosene before dark so they might be lit with a minimum of fuss when night fell.

The hut on Numeralla now had one or two small refinements that Mum saved up for and bought with her Child Endowment—later called Family Allowance—money.

She procured a two-person, pine desk so that Kristine and I could work at our lessons and put away our school work without taking over the kitchen entirely, and six stackable Sebel chairs. She insisted that it was quite unreasonable to be expected to sit uncomfortably on kerosene drums for the length of time we needed to be sitting in lessons each day.

In due course the chairs arrived. They had red vinyl seats and black metal legs and you may be certain they were put to immediate good use. Nearly all of these are still being used today, many years later, by some members of the family.

The purchase of a wringer-style washing-machine powered by a petrol motor made doing the washing much less of a chore although noisier by far. This was going to be greatly appreciated indeed when the new baby made his or her appearance. Kristine remembers that it had a thorough workout while Dad was looking after us when Mum was in hospital while the fourth and final infant was born into our family.

This machine gave us the occasional "moment". The most memorable of these was when Leon forgot about the

frog that he had left in the pocket of his pants. Perhaps he was planning to surprise Kristine with it or else use it to go fishing. Your imagination will easily be able to fill in the blanks concerning that which caused the horrified shriek from a poor unsuspecting Mum as she stood there putting the clothes through the wringer!

Mum also sent away for a folding metal Hills ironing board which was the very latest thing and allowed her to iron without taking up the entire table. We didn't have any really good clothes but on those rare days when we went to town Mum wanted us to look, at the very least, presentable.

We were considerably older than this before we were allowed to use the iron which was heated by burning Shellite but were taught to iron a few simple things like handkerchiefs with a couple of flat-irons. These were kept clean and smooth using beeswax and warmed up to just the right temperature near the chimney on the stove top. They alternated with each other to be heated up again when they had cooled off.

Several purchases were made by mail order. The businesses we ordered from have all ceased to exist long since—undoubtedly victims of modern progress. We would sometimes collect an order from QPS (Queensland Pastoral Supplies) or Red Comb and now and again Mum would send for a few small things from MacDonnell and East.

There would be great excitement when a packing case would arrive with our mail order delivery from any of these firms. I particularly remember the courtesy calendar that would be included with an order placed around Christmas with one of them—I can't remember which one. There would invariably be a picture on it of dogs playing poker in a smoky gaming room and this calendar would grace our rough weatherboard walls for the next twelve months.

It was beginning to look as though our temporary accommodation at the hut just might be going to last a little bit longer than was originally anticipated.

As soon as it was possible to accommodate them, and after some private arrangement he made with the local stock and station agent, Elder Smith and Goldsbrough Mort, Dad bought a small mob of breeders and the grazing part of the operation was under way. Back then we did not yet have our own stockyards and were permitted the use of the yards on neighbouring Warraka Downs. All the cattle had to be branded there with Dad's personal MC4 brand on delivery before they were walked across the creek flat between Warraka and our place.

In those days, before artificial insemination was routinely used, it was well nigh impossible to have a cattle breeding operation without a bull or access to a bull and Dad was already thinking outside the square as we say nowadays. At that time it was traditional to raise British breeds such as the white-faced Herefords or else Shorthorns—very few people in these parts raised Angus—but Dad was looking to the future and wanting to breed cattle that would be more drought, heat and tick tolerant.

It just so happened that Owen Perrett had been thinking along the same lines as Dad and had been trialling the introduction of some exotic blood to his herd—he already had been introduced to the Brahman breed, perhaps through his connections with the rodeo circuit. Dad and Owen spent many an animated hour discussing the relative merits of the British versus the Asian or African strains of breeding stock.

After some careful consideration and consultation with the bank manager, Dad bought two Santa Gertrudis - Hereford cross bulls and was rewarded with faster growing and more vigorous progeny from the word go. He also had on indefinite loan from Owen a pure-bred Brahman bull, Buddha. Buddha remained on Numeralla for the latter part of his working life and Owen laughingly used to say that Buddha liked our cows so much that he didn't want to go home.

I have no doubt that Owen was keenly interested in how things might pan out for someone else with similar ideas to his own and this was a way that he could lend a hand—in the interests of arriving at possible best practice, of course.

With these breeding options at his disposal, Dad's yearlings were much more advanced and found a ready sale when he wanted to send them to market according to the terms of his agreement with the agent.

With these radical moves afoot at our place, there were frequent dire predictions from those who favoured the more traditional breeds. They warned in the strongest possible terms that these cattle would be too wild in temperament and that we would never be able to handle them.

Dad bought a few more lots of breeding cows and was selectively working towards a commercial breeding herd that displayed the characteristics, if not the pedigree, of the Droughtmaster breed. More than once, just when he had a herd of breeding cows that were almost all bred on Numeralla, a drought would interfere and he would have to sell off a goodly portion of his stock and start all over again.

He never abandoned his original ideals of the benefits of introducing hybrid vigour and breeding his own line of cattle with all the characteristics he was looking for. All those warnings from the traditionalists came mostly to naught.

The cattle were reasonably quiet when they were frequently exposed to their handlers and Dad made a point of getting out around them often. They could be a bit skittish and very lively on occasion if they were stirred up and there were one or two notable individuals that were almost impossible to keep in the yards but, by and large, they gave few problems.

Today of course, nobody looks twice at a herd of cattle like this. They have long been accepted by commercial breeders as an excellent viable option and are, as Dad realised from the beginning, ideally suited to most of the harsher Queensland conditions, displaying all of the advantages that attracted him to them in the first place.

We also kept a few fowls for eggs. We never called them chickens as people seem to do now. Fowls or chooks were the terms of choice for them in our family. Chickens to us were always cute and downy little newly-hatched pullets or cockerels and it was always exciting when we first caught sight of them as they emerged as hatchlings, all wet and wobbly from their eggs.

Nowadays people make a big fuss about the benefits of free-range eggs but there was no other kind here. Mum had run a couple of hundred laying hens at Yuleba. This was a “little” sideline for her and I clearly remember, when I was tiny, playing in the big hopper bins of bran and pollard that were components of the mash that Mum mixed up for them each day. They had been White Leghorns and Mum took care of them, keeping them away from the foxes and goannas as best she could and packing and selling the eggs in square cartons each holding a gross—twelve dozen.

There was no way she wanted to do this at the hut but we usually kept about a dozen or so, this time, black Australorp, which Dad decided were a more fleshy bird when it came to chicken dinners and, there was no doubt about it, these hens really were free-range. They would scratch happily around for worms and insects as hens like to do and gladly return to roost in their rough shelter at night.

Dad always maintained that hens laid better if they were fed scraps of meat. They were given kitchen scraps as well as the grain they were fed and generally ended up in the pot when they had reached the end of their laying life. There was no dressed-ready-to-cook poultry in those days. I learned how to pluck and clean them but never managed the part that came immediately before this.

We had a couple of memorable instances with broody hens. When they were beginning to get clucky they would sneak off to lay their eggs in their own secret spot. Someone had given us a couple of white porcelain insulators that were effectively able to fool a hen into thinking they were the real thing when we took her eggs away from her—under protest, of course. She would sit on the fake eggs for weeks and weeks, carefully turning them from time to time but, of course, nothing ever happened.

Sometimes we found a hen’s secret clutch of eggs and sometimes we didn’t. A couple of them tried this in the dark sanctuary of the small space under the hut.

One other enterprising little red bantam hen that had been given to us as a pet found an even more interesting spot. One day, we set off up the paddock in the truck only to find an indignant hen flapping and squawking out from under the bonnet.

She had found a spot in the engine bay of the truck and there, on top of the air cleaner, reposed her clutch of eggs, a secret no more. The truck always needed to be started with a crank handle and she had sat there without a peep for the entire crank-up procedure but was forced to decamp when the noise and heat finally got the better of her.

Next Chapter: A New Baby, a New School and a Big Burn