

KINAWAH

VOLUME 2020



NOVEMBER DECEMBER EDITION



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Left to right: Leigh Nisbet '59-'63, Ian Baker '59-'61, Steve Cooke '64-'68, Geoff Orr '57-'64, Trevor Hoare '62-'65, Peter Ramsay '59-'64, Terry Stehbens '62-'65 and Rob Nolan '64-'65



Left to right: John Farquhar '73-'78, Lizzie Adams (Gaulton) '80-'81 and Colleen Hill '76-'78



Left to right: Tony Roy '69-'72, Gary Long '72-'73 with Nicholas Taylor '71-'74, and Ross Thompson '62-'65



Left to right back: Helen McGlinn (Jackson '60-'65), Margaret Stewart (Ree '62-'65), Judy Gillam '62-'65, Margaret Tiller (Fraser '62-'65), Carolann (Jean) Dowding (Gordon '62-'63), Front: Judy Williams (Robb '61-'63), Christina Train (Richards '62-'64), Judy Porter (Deighton '60-'65), Jocelyn Martin (Wright '61-'65), and Nancy Thompson (Aiken '61-'65) '60-'65 were very good years...obviously!

Murray Brown '67-'67 and Di Brown



Lively conversations flowing freely, strong representation from certain year levels and appreciation for yet another opportunity to meet up again as a group were once again the feature of our Brekky Creek Lunch. This 12th gathering of individuals from our school days was always going to be one to anticipate despite all the uncertainty that has defined 2020. Those attending were warmly greeted by SCPSA President and Secretary, John Farquhar and Lizzie Adams. A flurry of old schoolmates filling out membership application forms and updating contact details followed and then everyone very sensibly got down to the much more serious business of catching up and enjoying some fine fellowship and shared memories. A recent new contact, Murray Brown earns the gong for travelling furthest. He and his wife, Di from Goondiwindi were first time Brekky Creek lunchers as were quite a few others. Nigel Faulkner and Cris Roy would normally be there but were absentees this time as they were heading off to drive in the Variety Bash mere hours later. A number of others tendered late withdrawals while several others just dropped in as a result of good old word of mouth and the ever more modern, other methods of networking. The 2021 95th celebrations for Slade, October 9, was a hot topic while the idea of an alternative celebration in lieu of the Brekky Creek lunch for the girls next year was also mooted. A most enjoyable time was had by all.

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celebrating a
MILESTONE in
2021 or
2022?

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AND
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Editor's Notes...



AS I WRITE, most of the placards promoting the smiling faces of our would-be politicians have thankfully been removed for the most part here in Queensland all ready to be recycled at the next election (I am never a big fan of all that clutter) and the lead up to Christmas is in train although even these preliminaries seem a bit more subdued than festive in this thoroughly unimaginable of years. Christmas will be a rather sober and meagre affair for those who have lost livelihoods and loved ones and it remains to be seen how restricted family gatherings will be in places designated as hot spots due to the pandemic. I hope all of us will make some time to contact those we know who have struggled hardest and let them know we are thinking of them.

This Kinawah is to go out just in time for Remembrance Day and after the Brekky Creek Lunch, the latter, a bright spot to look forward to for those who have been sticking close to home.

Remembrance Day articles have come about as the result of several welcome contributions: *Remembrance Day 2020* from Eddie Wickham, pictures of *Bomona War Cemetery in Port Moresby* taken by David Herbert, with a report on Remembrance Day PNG style, stories about *Slade Old Boy*, *Pilot Officer John Francis Pain* from Ted Ross and *Flight Lieutenant John Harrison* via Julie Farrell (Stower) in Hawaii and, last but not least, some old and yet-to-be-positively-identified school cadet photos sent in by David Brown in Weipa. These were taken at Slade, as near as we can tell during the World War II years. I am optimistic that there might be some senior members among our readership who will be able to identify some of the subjects and that we might also pin down a more accurate time frame. We also note here, that in February this year, it was 56 years since the fatal peacetime collision off Jervis Bay in 1964 between the aircraft carrier, HMAS Melbourne and the destroyer, HMAS Voyager. Two of our own past students were caught up in this disaster, *John Sydney Davies*, Slade 1956-59 and 1959 school captain, whose life was sadly lost and *Michael Anthony Brownless*, Slade 1952-59 who survived. Unfortunately, I can tell you little more about Michael whose brother, John, and sister, Judith, are also past students (1954-61 and 1964-65 respectively). If you can tell us anything more of Michael, John or Judy we would love to hear from you. I clearly recall that Judy had a beautiful singing voice...

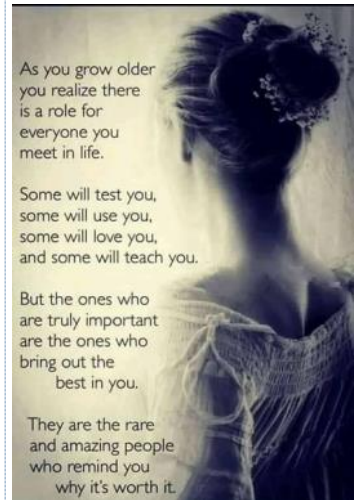
I conclude with this quote from Charles Swindoll:
"Life is 10% what happens to us and 90% of how we react to it."

Until next time, enjoy the extra reading Joan White

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

"When one door of happiness closes, another opens, but often we look so long at the closed door that we do not see the one that has been opened for us."

Helen Keller



2020/2021 Committee

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Johnno's Corner

REMEMBRANCE DAY – ON THE 11TH HOUR OF THE 11TH DAY OF THE 11TH MONTH WE PAUSE FOR A MINUTE TO REMEMBER THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES SO THAT WE COULD ENJOY LIVING IN A FREE WORLD.

■ To me the Slade School motto – Patribus Dioni Estote- ‘be worthy of your forebears’ is a constant acknowledgement to Remembrance Day.

■ Putting aside the politics and behind the scenes hypocrisy that goes with the conflicts that Australia has been involved in since becoming a nation, we in Australia live a charmed life in the best country in the World. You just have to look at world events since January this year and ask yourself ‘Would I rather be living somewhere else?’

■ On this Remembrance Day I hope that we all had a moment to think of the sacrifices our forebears made so that we could live in a country where we have a choice to succeed or fail, to protest and voice our objections to our political leaders without fear of being locked up or shot.

BREKKY CREEK REUNION.

■ Another great day with 60 + fronting up to enjoy spinning a yarn or two. Thank you to all those who made the effort and a special thank you to the ‘first timers’. I hope you will make it a regular event now that you know the drill.

■ Another thank you to new members that signed up.

■ For me it was a privilege to meet a lot of you that I would not normally have and to hear your stories, we have some great people in our midst.

Until next time, take care.

Johnno.

PLEASE NOTE

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

WHAT'S ON IN 2020

November 11

Remembrance Day

November 18

WCC Secondary Awards Night

December 2

WCC Primary Awards Night



REMEMBRANCE DAY
Let Us Forget

In war there are no unwounded soldiers. José Narosky

Making wise use of Wal in uncertain times...

THERE IS ONE PARTICULAR SCENE FROM “CROCODILE DUNDEE” which is embedded in my memory. Dundee (Paul Hogan) is attending a cocktail party in New York. His girlfriend, Sue Charlton, (Linda Kozlowski) tells Dundee her mother has to leave the party early to visit her psychiatrist. “What’s a psychiatrist?” asks Dundee. Sue explains they are people who listen to all your problems and then give advice on how to deal with them.

“Don’t you have them in Australia”, Sue asks. Dundee replies they are not necessary in Australia because he has a friend, Wal. When they go bush he tells all his problems to Wal. When they return home and visit the pub Wal tells everyone all of Dundee’s problems and that fixes that!

From time to time we all need someone like Wal when we are going through difficult times in our lives. Many of us need/have a “Wal”. Hopefully a Wal who can keep his or her mouth shut! There are many things that impact negatively on our lives. Family relationships, financial troubles, ill health, loneliness are major issues in our society.

Sometimes we are embarrassed by what is going on in our lives and find it difficult to speak about it. Bottling up such things is not healthy or wise. From time to time we all need to “vent!” to someone we can trust.

Some time ago I was asked if I would be willing to be a mentor to past students. I am happy to be someone who will listen. Also, I do have a number of connections with people who are specially trained in these matters.

If you wish to have a chat about any issues in your life I am happy to lend an ear or pass you onto someone with the necessary qualifications.

I can be contacted by phone (0439 784 457) or through email (rw.nolan@bigpond.com).

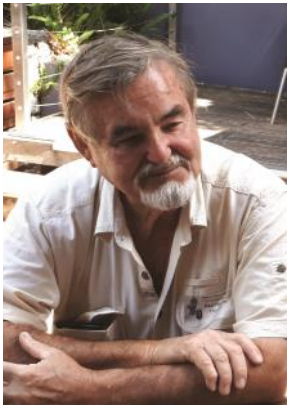
With best wishes as we continue through these uncertain times. Rob Nolan.



More Brekky Creek Pics...



Damien Walsh '62-'65, Djenan Sargood (McDougall) '61-'67, Helen Moloney (Robb) '62-'67, Catherine Wildshut (White) '65-'67, Pam Christopher (Aldridge) '64-'66, Jan Doyle (Aldridge) '63-'65, Jacque Baxter '66-'69, Julie Hornibrook '66-'69, Joan White (Clothier) '65-'69, Trudie Hodges (Redmond) '64-'69



Paul Holland '62-'67, Madeline Blyth (Eagar) '42-'44, Rob Nolan '64-'65, Don Gilmour '70-'71, Peter Gilmour '71-'73, Colin Roberts '52-'53

SCPSA WEBSITE NEWS

As noted in the last Kinawah, museum caretaker, Leigh Nisbet, has also been curating our SCPSA website. Following requests for old school magazines, Leigh has let us know that copies of Slade magazines are now available for viewing on the site. If you are reading your Kinawah on your computer or device you can go there by clicking this link: <http://www.scpsawarwick.com/>
 Note: While the Website is in the process of being updated it is very much a "work in progress" and more magazines from both our old schools will be uploaded as the work progresses.
 Leigh adds that he is planning to start loading photos but that this will be a little way into the future. He also notes that running the Association is not without costs so the support of our past students via memberships is very much appreciated.

Star turn for Rose City

With the recent decision taken by most regional newspapers to be produced in digital format only, the Chronicle is one of the few APN papers that is still being printed in hard copy. Toowoomba's Chronicle now includes a smattering of news from most of the papers that are no longer printed including the Warwick Daily News where I learned that the Rose City will be featuring in four half-hour episodes as part of Australian filmmaker, Pete Konrad's latest *Pete and the Surfaroo* 30 episode series. His shows have been seen in Sydney, Melbourne, Perth and even New Zealand and while restrictions on international travel have been in play, his focus has been mostly on local content. He says there will be bit of humour in the show to look forward to too!



How often have we seen and heard those of a certain age refer with fondness and soft eyes back to the good old days.

With wistful faces, distant gazes, they scorn the here and now in favour of nostalgic things, forget the worst somehow.

Those pleasant old-time memories oil the cogs of rusty minds and screen the things not quite so kind with sympathetic blinds.

But then one dry and waggish sort with a twinkle in his eye said, 'They talk about the good old days like they want them back again but let me tell you this my friend, to go back to the good old days, just forget to pay your bill for phone and fuel and power and you'll get them back, those good old days, in record time, and relive them once again.'



Joan Clothier White 2012

Introducing Cris Roy...

My introduction to Slade came about on the back of some mister meanders on the part of two of my brothers who went there ahead of me! My father, not wanting to take any chances with me, sent me off from Brisbane to Warwick 1974-1978 where I found some great friends.

Once at Slade, I was taught by Russ Marshall, who we found out was actually a Slade legend. He had certain protocols which were to be adhered to, such as Celebrating his Birthday. One of his pet subjects, which those who knew him will remember, was Maths, and in our year, as it turned out, there were a few of us that showed some promise in this subject.

Russ decided that he should take a handful of us through our junior years creating a subject he called "Advanced Maths", and true to Russ' capabilities, we all did well.

On leaving school, I was offered a job in the shipping industry, specifically in a reasonably new system, at that time, called container shipping. I worked in this industry across several shipping lines for about 30 years. When I was made redundant, I started my own business which I sold a few years ago. I am now involved in the storage and distribution of medical equipment driving a truck.



Tim shares his 2020 journey with us



Timothy Sommerlad, the most youthful of our SCPSA Committee members, and Warwick Christian College Student Liaison, reflects that his year was not quite the one he was expecting to have...

I WAS NOT IN WARWICK for the first six months of 2020/COVID/world hysteria. Fresh out of high school, I was off "chasing my dreams", touring with the band 'Iron + Clay' for the first few months before disaster struck and we all had to pack up and head... well, not home, for me anyway. With borders closing around me alarmingly, I was forced to make some tough decisions: namely, where was I going to sleep for the foreseeable future? Given the circumstances, it seemed unwise for me to attempt to venture home to my family in Warwick, so I ended up staying with some relatives near Kempsey while I waited for the storm to pass, as it were.

These were difficult times for me, to say the least. Far from the imagined glory of the artist's life on the road, I now found myself in rather unappealing living arrangements, cooped up in a Winnebago in The Middle of Nowhere, NSW, with family that I had not had much to do with for quite some years!

At the beginning of these uncertain months, I quickly spiralled downwards into some very negative thoughts and feelings. I was anxious about the future, troubled by the past, and forced to deal with the present. At times, I found my faith being severely tested and tried by everything going on around me. Still, "He [God] gives greater grace" (James 4:6), and through the darkness of my circumstances Christ opened my heart to His peace, joy, and healing, changing and rearranging my life from the inside out.

Next, I had some difficult lessons to learn regarding adult relationships in a rapidly changing world. I was blessed to be able to stay connected to a solid group of Christian friends and peers in Warwick via Zoom; they were a constant source of encouragement and positive energy for me in the loneliness of my far-too-small Winnebago. However, I quickly discovered that many friendships formed through my time at school and church in the past were not what I remembered them to be. People change and life moves on, two things that I thought I understood—COVID taught me otherwise! Painful as it was, I had to embrace the reality that my world outside

of school was not the same as the one I had left behind, and it was time for me to let go and "step into the bittersweet joys of the next chapter" (allow me a little poetic flair, will you?).

Life in isolation was not all bad. I enjoyed many a (socially distanced) walk down quiet dirt roads and spent much of my newly-acquired free time engrossed in a great book, or just relaxing in the liberty to be still and watch the world go by. For the first time since my early childhood, I began to experience something I had quite forgotten the pleasure of—serenity. Real, deep-rooted serenity toward myself, others, and the world, in all our beautiful imperfections. I began to know deep in my heart that life is, truly, good.

Eventually came the day when I said goodbye to the rellies and made my way back home to Queensland. After breathing a (deep and extended) sigh of relief to be home with my family, I set about carving out a life for myself as an independent adult. First of all, I was very fortunate to be given back my old job as a casual at McDonald's. I was even more fortunate to be the beneficiary of financial support from our government, funding which I invested in my first car, Stevenson. Little by little, I re-entered life in Warwick, taking on responsibilities and roles around the house, at church, etc. (As it stands, I am writing this from a house where I am boarding with a new friend – independent of my parents, so there!)

I aim to begin studying a Diploma of Ministry in February 2021, through Malyon Theological College in North Brisbane. If all goes well, I'll be studying mainly online, with the occasional visit to the "big smoke" so as not to miss out altogether on the community aspect of learning from God's Word. At the moment, I believe the Good Lord is calling me into the alarmingly vacant position of pastor, and I want to be faithful to that calling with this first small step. Where God leads afterward, I know not, but this I do know:

"The Lord is my Shepherd; there is nothing I lack." (Psalm 23:1)

In closing, I want to wish the readers a very healing and happy Christmas holiday – may you know the love of Christ as you spend quality time with friends and family and enjoy the good gift of life together.

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Finding your funny bone...

Once again I am sharing some of the wit and wisdom that is to be found in Patricia Cameron Hill and Shayne Yates regular Friday Funnies which have included lots of relevant and valuable extra insights this year because of the pandemic.

If we can laugh at something, we can deal with it. This is why jokes (just one aspect of humour) abound in unbearable circumstances to help us cope with all sorts of things we fear – such as COVID-19.

For example: “With all this talk of Coronavirus, the people who make sanitising gel are rubbing their hands together.”

“I sneezed in a bank today. It was the most attention I’ve received in the last ten years.”

Having a sense of humour does not mean that we underestimate the seriousness of this pandemic and its tragic consequences. It just means that we choose to take ourselves less seriously, because we feel it’s good for us. As a testimony to this, the internet is brimming with silly, playful and humorous offerings on social distancing and isolation for children as well as adults. Watch this – make your own dance moves: “Staying Alive” (Thanks to Chris Parsons)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nmUXntG1qFI>

Most of us have a natural capacity for laughter and humour. Sometimes we just need a bit of nurturing to develop this capacity to its fullest. We can then rely on humour and laughter to change the way we think and feel about things – to feel more optimistic, hopeful and courageous.

“Of all the forms of courage, the ability to laugh is the most profoundly therapeutic.” (G. Livingstone in ‘Too soon old, too late smart.’)

A sense of humour is individual, so there is no pressure to find everything funny. In the 20 years Shayne has been sending out his weekly ‘Friday Funnies’ he knows to include a variety of jokes and anecdotes to ensure that there is something for everyone. Shayne also has consistent feedback from people who say they could not have got through their difficult circumstances without ‘the funnies’...

Finding your funny bone:

- Make time for humour. Dig out your funny DVDs, watch YouTube videos and streaming services.
- Share humour with family and friends.
- Thank people for the humour they send to you, even if you don’t think it is very funny. We all need encouragement.

“Humour is a form of sharing, an interpersonal exercise. To share laughter is a way of affirming that we are all in this lifeboat together. The sea surrounds us; rescue is uncertain; control is illusory. Still we sail on – together.” (G. Livingstone)



And now, to jest for just a moment

✂ Celebrating the 100th anniversary of their church, several former pastors and the bishop were in attendance. At one point, the minister had the children gather at the altar for a talk about the importance of the day. He began by asking them, "Does anyone know what the bishop does?" There was silence. But finally, one little boy answered gravely, "He's the one you can move diagonally."

✂ Q: "Doc, help me. I'm addicted to Twitter!" A: "Sorry, I don't follow you..."

✂ I had the toughest time of my life. First, I got angina pectoris and then arteriosclerosis. Just as I was recovering from these, I got tuberculosis, double pneumonia and phthisis. Then they gave me hypodermics. Appendicitis was followed by tonsillectomy. These gave way to aphasia and hypertrophic cirrhosis. I completely lost my memory for a while. I know I had diabetes and acute ingestion, besides gastritis, rheumatism, lumbago and neuritis. I don't know how I pulled through it. It was the hardest spelling test I've ever had."

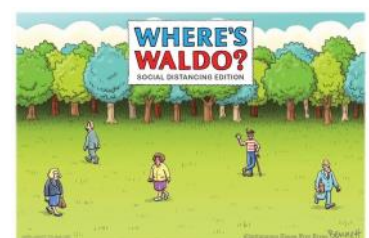
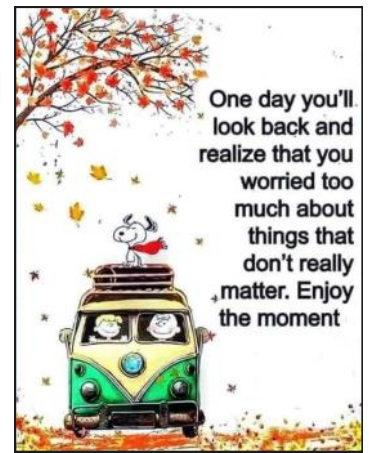
✂ A group of eight ladies, most of them 70 or older, play bridge regularly. Recently they celebrated the birthday of their oldest member by taking her out to lunch. When the waitress came to take their order, one of the ladies happened to mention, "This is a very special occasion. It's Elsie's ninety-fifth birthday."

The waitress made seven instant enemies and one fast friend by asking the question, "Which one of you is Elsie?"

✂ "Opportunity is missed by most people because it is dressed in overalls and looks like work." --Thomas Edison

✂ I have CDO. It's like Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, only in alphabetical order like it should be.

✂ Blessed are they who can laugh at themselves, for they shall never cease to be amused"





P/O John Francis Pain's Battle of Britain

"Never was so much owed by so many to so few" British prime minister Winston Churchill on the 20th August 1940.

As per information published by Wikipedia, the Battle of Britain Monument in London is a sculpture on the Victoria Embankment, overlooking the River Thames, and which commemorates those brave individuals who took part in the Battle of Britain 10 July – 31 October 1940 during the Second World War. Pilot Officer John Francis Pain who attended Slade 1929-33 is one of the Airmen so honoured. This is his story.



32 SQUADRON BASED AT BIGGIN HILL, GREATER LONDON

(rear): Pilot Officer J.P. Pfeiffer, Flight Lieutenant J.B.W. Humpherson, Flight Lieutenant P.M. Gardner, Squadron Leader M.N. Crossley, Flying Officer D.H. Grice,
Pilot Officer J.F. Pain
(front) Flying Officer A.F. Eckford, Pilot Officer K. Pniak, Pilot Officer B.A. Wlasnowolski

JOHAN FRANCIS PAIN WAS BORN IN SCOTLAND where his Australian parents were medical students. He returned with them to Australia as a child where his mother remarried, her new husband was Sir Alan Mansfield, Governor of Queensland.

Accepted as a candidate for an RAF short service commission, Pain sailed for England, August 30, 1939 on the *SS Orama* and arrived at 9 EFTS Ansty October 30 for initial flying training. With the course completed, Pain joined 32 Squadron at Biggin Hill from 7 OTU July 29, 1940.

He claimed a Me109 probably destroyed and a Ju88 damaged on August 15, destroyed a Ju88, probably another on the 16th and on the 18th destroyed a Do17 and very likely another. On this day, in an engagement over Biggin Hill, Pain was shot down in flames by Me109's in a Hurricane P3147. He bailed out, wounded, landed near Horsmonden and was admitted to hospital. He did not return to his squadron until October 31.

Pain was posted to 249 Squadron at North Weald on November 26 but on December 18 he left and soon after embarked on the aircraft carrier *HMS Furious*. He flew off to Takoradi and then flew a Hurricane along the ferry route to Egypt in stages, arriving at Abu Sueir on January 16, 1941. Pain flew a Hurricane to Malta on January 29 and joined 261 Squadron at Ta Kali.

On 1st February he claimed a Ju88 destroyed, on the 4th probably another, on the 12th a probable Me109 and a Ju88 damaged, on the 25th a Me110 damaged, on the 26th a Do215 probably destroyed and a Me109 damaged, on 5th March a Me110 probably destroyed and a Do215 shared, on 18th March a CR42 destroyed and probably another, on 20th April another CR42 destroyed and probably a second and at night on 15th May a He111 destroyed.

In early May 1941 Pain returned to the Middle East and was posted to ADU Takoradi. He was serving with 73 Squadron in the Western Desert in 1942. On 3rd July he destroyed a Me109, probably a Ju87 and damaged another, and on the 10th he damaged a CR42.

After a short spell with 123 Squadron in Persia, Pain returned to England, commanded 26 AACU in 1943 and later in the year was at 20 MU.

In late March 1944 Pain resigned his commission and returned to Australia. He changed his name to Brooker-Pain in 1972.

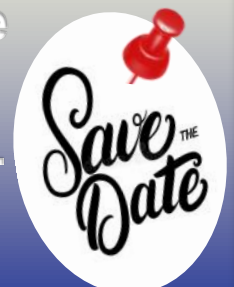
He died on September 12, 1980 and was buried on September 15, 1980 the 40th anniversary of the Battle of Britain.



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.



Flight Lieutenant John Thomas Harrison

During the five years I spent at St Catharine's, 1965-69, one of the things we all grew to expect was the lanky, snowy haired figure of photographer, John Harrison as he made his visits to the campus to take pictures for the school magazine, later available for purchase for those who could afford them. Year in and year out, he and his faithful camera recorded in enduring black and white, house photos, sporting teams, class photos, debating teams and other noteworthy events in the life of our school, most often, posed in front of White House, which at that time featured a large school badge used as a signature backdrop.

We thought him a rather comical figure as he tried to get us to smile in order to capture the best images possible for posterity. He did a great job and we have the photos as evidence of this but most of us had absolutely no idea that the man behind the camera came to us with a previous resumé earned in a respected though lesser known offshoot of military service.

Born in Benalla, Victoria, 19 August, 1904, he came by his fascination with aeroplanes and flying as a very young boy at a time when aviation was in its infancy. He clearly recalled paying two shillings and sixpence to see his first aircraft around 1915 at the Wangaratta Showgrounds. It was Australian made and had been built in the Bacchus Marsh area by John Duigan and is believed to now be in the Science Museum in Melbourne.

John wanted to pursue a career in the air force but substantial hearing loss excluded him from this avenue initially. His expertise as a commercial photographer, however, indeed meant that his future lay in aviation, but as a public relations photographer for the RAAF.

The personalities John Harrison worked with in this role read like a Who's Who of Australian aviation pioneers and military history and a transcript is available online of an interview with him by Daniel Connell recorded in July 1991 for The Keith Murdoch Sound Archive of Australia in the War of 1939-45. John died on the last day in December of that year so it is a good thing that this record of his detailed recollections endures and is available to us.

His service took him all over the South Pacific and his extensive knowledge of all aircraft he flew in meant he was far more than a photographer and at times acted as a one man crew as well as official recorder of things that needed to be documented photographically. Later, when he left Warwick to be closer to his daughter in Canberra, John volunteered for many hours at the Australian War Memorial helping to identify pictures to complete its records.

The two pictures, bottom right were taken at Vivigani, Goodenough Island, Papua C. 1943. Many of the photographs that John took in his official capacity around this time were expressly to show Aussies at home that Australian armed forces were participating in a significant capacity in the Pacific war alongside U.S. armed forces and that this activity was not solely the purview of General Macarthur who was the architect of the famous Brisbane Line and Supreme Commander, South West Pacific Area.

An interesting aspect of John's photographic career for the military was that much of his subject material was classified and therefore he was permitted to keep copies of very little of his own work for himself. The interview transcript reveals a number of items of interest. He was officially on the spot to record from the air the convoy of five of the biggest ships in the world at that time, sailing troops out of Sydney, steaming in line at about 25 knots, *Queen Mary* in front, followed by the *Queen Elizabeth*, the new *Mauretania*, the big French vessel, *Ile de France* and the *New Amsterdam*. They made a magnificent sight.

One of the more unusual assignments pressed on John came not long after both atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He was sent up to Tennant Creek to take publicity shots of Harry Watt's making of the motion picture, *The Overlanders*, starring Chips Rafferty. John had previously met Rafferty at Milne Bay where Chips was entertaining the troops to help keep up morale and so already knew him quite well. He was not given leave to refuse this assignment even though it meant he would miss the birth of his second child, a boy. Word duly arrived to him by signal on set: "Kettle arrived with spout!"

John was demobbed, he noted, the day before April Fools Day in 1946. He began working for Allen Studios which had been taken over by a former Air Force Wing Commander who soon had him doing a lot of aerial photography mainly in Gypsy Moths.

Summing up his war service, John said he knew he was not able to be air crew because of his deafness but he had a good grasp of the whole air force structure and knew most of the top people from the Chief of the Air Staff down. He most certainly made good use of the skills he had in aerial photography and we were unwitting beneficiaries of his undoubted expertise.



RAAF Photographer, Flight Lieutenant John Harrison, Officer in Charge of the RAAF Public Relations Section, seen here in the cockpit of a Wirraway Trainer. This image is one of a set showing aircrew training taken for the Department of Information



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Remembrance Day 2020



During the First World War, between August 1914 and November 1918, there were 102 major battles in twelve areas of operations in which Australia was involved. These areas of operations included: Azerbaijan, Belgium, Egypt, France, Jordan, Mesopotamia, North Sea, Palestine, Persia, Sinai, Syria and Turkey.

Starting in the summer of 1918, the five divisions of the Australian Corps had been at the forefront of the allied advance to victory. Beginning with their stunning success at the battle of Hamel in July, then helping to turn the tide of the war at Amiens in August, followed by the capture of Mont St Quentin and Peronne. Finally, the breaching of the German defences at the Hindenburg Line in September of 1918. In October, the battle-weary Australians were withdrawn for a well-earned rest. They had achieved a fighting reputation out of proportion to their numbers, but victory had come at a heavy cost. During the 1918 offensive, there was some 48,000 Australians wounded and 12,000 killed in action.

On the 11th Hour of the 11th Day of the 11th Month of 1918, the guns of the Western Front fell silent.

With the German army retreating and nearing collapse, the Germans signed an *Armistice*, bringing to an end the hostilities until the signing of the declaration of peace, the Treaty of Versailles on the 28th of June 1919.

Of the more than 330,000 Australians who had served throughout the First World War, 61,573 were listed as killed in action, and some 155,000 wounded. 23,379 Australians were listed as Missing in Action. In their honour, and with respect the search continues.

The initial *Armistice Day* was observed at Buckingham Palace, commencing with King George V hosting a "Banquet in Honour of the President of the French Republic" during the evening hours of the 10th of November 1919. The official *Armistice Day Commemoration* was held on the grounds of Buckingham Palace on the morning of the 11th of November 1919.

In Australia and other allied countries, the 11th of November became known as "*Armistice Day – a day to remember those who died in the First World War*".

The tradition of *Remembrance Day* evolved out of *Armistice Day*, with the renaming brought about after the Second World War and, the Australian Government agreeing with the United Kingdom's proposal for the name change, in order to also honour those lost during the Second World War.

The social effects of the losses and injuries, both physical and mental, incurred in all wars, armed conflicts and peacekeeping operations, cast a long shadow over the ensuing decades.

More recently on *Remembrance Day* each year, one minute's silence is observed at 11.00am, in memory of the 102,873 Australian service personnel who have made the ultimate sacrifice in all wars, armed conflicts and peacekeeping operations.



At this time on this day, as a nation we remember the fallen and all who have served. We offer our sincere thanks to them and their families for what they give in our defence...

Information contained herein was obtained from multiple sources including: The Australian Army, The Australian War Memorial, The Military Shop, Veteran Affairs, Wikipedia and www.alh-research.tripod.com. Every attempt has been made to ensure the information provided is as accurate as possible.

Remembrance Day with a PNG twist



REMEMBRANCE DAY IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA IS OBSERVED EACH YEAR ON JULY 23 TO COMMEMORATE THE SERVICES OF MEMBERS OF THE NATION'S ARMED FORCES WHO PARTICIPATED DURING WORLD WAR I, WORLD WAR II AND IN GENERAL PEACE KEEPING AND LAW AND ORDER ENGAGEMENTS WITHIN THE COUNTRY AND ABROAD.

Port Moresby's Bomona Cemetery is of particular significance to us, since many of those who are buried here were Australian.

Port Moresby's strategic natural harbor and its proximity to Australia placed it high on the Japanese wish list in World War II. After an attempt to take the city by sea was thwarted in the Coral Sea in May 1942, it was decided to approach it overland instead. Japanese forces landed on the north coast of New Guinea in July 1942, and made it as far as a ridge 56 km from Port Moresby before their advance was finally halted in September.

The cemetery contains 3,825 victims of the fighting, 700 or so of whom are unidentified. A memorial with white rotunda at one end of the cemetery commemorates around 750 officers and men of the Australian Army, Merchant Navy, and Air Force who gave their lives during the operations in Papua and who have no known grave. Bomona cemetery, around 18 km north of Port Moresby, is accessed via Pilgrims Way on the road to Nine Mile .

Early in 1942, and almost without resistance, the Japanese built a considerable force developing a base on Bougainville, the largest and most northerly of the Solomon Islands. This they held until Americans and Australians began offensive operations near the end of 1943, when Bougainville was the only one of these islands remaining in Japanese hands. By August 1945, when the Japanese surrendered, most of the island had been recovered.

The graves of those who died in the fighting in Papua and Bougainville were brought in by the Australian Army Graves Service from the areas where the fighting had taken place.

The unidentified soldiers of the United Kingdom forces were all from the Royal Artillery, captured by the Japanese at the fall of Singapore; they died in captivity and were buried on the island of Bailale in the Solomons. These men were later re-buried in a temporary war cemetery at Torokina on Bougainville Island and later transferred to their permanent resting place at Port Moresby.

The cemetery contains 3,824 Commonwealth burials of the Second World War, 699 of them unidentified. There is also 1 non war and 1 Dutch Foreign National buried here.

The cemetery was designed by Mr. A.G. Robertson and was unveiled by the Governor-General of Australia, Field Marshal Slim, on 19 October 1953.

Men of the Royal Australian Navy who died in the south-west Pacific region, and have no known grave but the sea, are commemorated on the Plymouth Naval Memorial in England, along with many of their comrades of the Royal Navy and of other Commonwealth Naval Forces. Bougainville casualties who have no known graves are commemorated on a memorial at Suva, Fiji. [https://www.cwgc.org/visit-us/find-cemeteries-memorials/cemetery-details/2014300/port-moresby-\(bomona\)-war-cemetery](https://www.cwgc.org/visit-us/find-cemeteries-memorials/cemetery-details/2014300/port-moresby-(bomona)-war-cemetery)

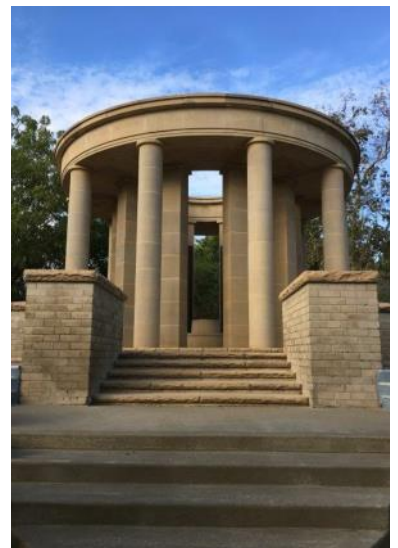
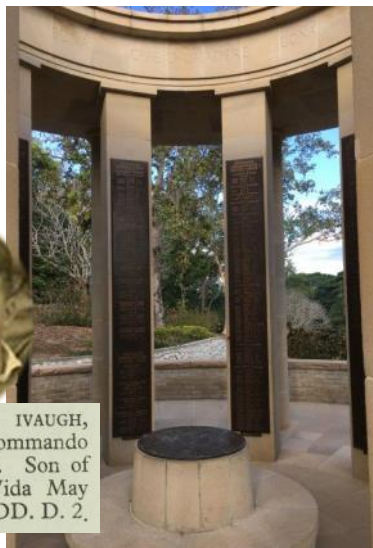
The 2020 PNG Remembrance Day was still a public holiday and a day off but for the first time since 1981, the official ceremony was marked by a Remembrance Day speech by PNG Head of State, The Governor General, from Government House instead of at the Remembrance Park at Ela Beach, Port Moresby because of COVID-19. Thankfully since this July 23 date, the rate of increase of the virus in PNG seems to have been substantially slowed after an alarming spike in July which is welcome news for us. <https://postcourier.com.pg/remembrance-day-and-the-invisible-enemy>

Thank you David Herbert for this collection of his personal photos taken at Bomona War Memorial Cemetery and which help us commemorate Remembrance Day 101 years on now from the signing of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919.

A footnote here re PNG war cemeteries is of relevance to us: SCPSA archivist, Ted Ross, has supplied information that Peter Owen Ivaugh Stephenson (Slade 1937-42) is believed buried at Lae War Cemetery, Morobe Province, PNG. Peter was the fifth of six sons (all Slade boys) of benefactor to our schools, Robert Monserratt Stephenson. Peter's name will be projected onto the exterior of the Hall of Memories on Sun. 31/1/2021 at 12.03am and Wed. 19/5/2021 at 4.32am. Extract at right is from official Commonwealth War Graves Commission records.



STEPHENSON, Tpr. PETER OWEN IVAUGH, QX.53988. A.I.F. 2/9 Australian Commando Squadron. 6th March, 1945. Age 20. Son of Robert Montserrat Stephenson and Vida May Stephenson, of St. Lucia, Queensland. DD. D. 2.



A Memorial befitting Our Fallen



Slade School War Memorial

At the Slade School Old Boys' Association Annual General Meeting, held at the School in Warwick on 16th June, 1958, President Niel Quirk announced that the first stage of the Old Boys' War Memorial, consisting of an Honour Room and a Science Laboratory, erected some years ago at a cost of approximately £10,000, has been cleared of all debt well ahead of schedule.

The fact that so much has been achieved by so few in such a short space of time, bears witness to the wonderfully tireless and unselfish efforts of those Old Boys who have worked for its accomplishment.

The Meeting then decided to embark on the final stage of the War Memorial, which entails the addition of a second Science Laboratory, at an estimated cost of approximately £7,000, and to attempt the completion of this project in no more than five years.

This War Memorial commemorates the memory of all Slade Old Boys who gallantly gave their lives during World War II, so that their country might remain free, and that we might continue to call ourselves "Australians", with every pride in our freedom and independence.

The Slade Old Boys feel there could be no more practical form of preserving the memory and ideals of their Fallen Comrades than in the erection of this modern Science Laboratory, which not only benefits their Old School, and assists them to become worthy Australian citizens in this "Modern Age of Scientific Wonders." Alan Dunstall and Glynn Blackwood have been appointed Organisers of the War Memorial Fund Appeal, and their objective being to raise £7,000 in five years, they have adopted a "Plan", under which all Old Boys and Friends of the School, are requested to guarantee a set donation each year during the five-year period, commencing immediately.

Naturally, "The Bigger, The Better" applies, but those who wish to contribute without being able to afford a great deal, should remember the Old Scottish proverb,—Every mickle makes a muckle"—and the Organisers will be very pleased to hear from anyone wishing to participate in the "Five-Year Plan", or to make any donation whatsoever.

Since this War Memorial Fund is registered as a charity, all donations will form taxation deductions which will reduce substantially the outlay of the donors.

The Slade School Old Boys' Association feels that this project should be well-supported by all Old Boys, who undoubtedly will wish to express their appreciation of the advantages gained from their attendance at the Old School, by in turn, helping to provide better facilities for the adequate training of the generations to follow.

In so doing, they will be paying due honour to the memory of their Fallen Comrades, and will be preserving the ideals of the School motto—"Patribus Digni Estote" ("Be Worthy of your Fore-fathers.")

Alan H. Dunstall Organiser, S.S.O.B.A. War Memorial Fund, P.O. Box 297, Toowoomba.

This story is reproduced exactly as read from an old 1950s era Kinawah

Thank you David Brown (Slade 1967-73) from Weipa who came into possession of these snapshots after both of his parents had passed away. The pictures are clearly recognisable as taken on the Slade Campus and appear to be associated with some long ago, Cadet exercise. Either David's father, Lindsay Brown (Slade 1940-46) or his uncle, Alexander Brown (Slade 1937-1940) are the most likely candidates to have taken them but as both men are now deceased this is difficult to confirm.

The two brothers came to Slade from Moree and Alexander maintained his passion for photography long after leaving school so he may have been the man behind the camera.

Alexander served in the Air Force in World War II and was stationed in Darwin at the time of the 1942 bombings at which time he would still have been a very young man. His two sons, Murray Alexander, and Desmond Charles both attended Slade 1967 and 1968-73 respectively. Their sister, Ella was a boarder at St Catharine's in 1968. It is worth noting that during those years Lindsay and Alexander attended Slade, Australia was on a war footing and for this reason cadet training would have been even more pertinent than it was in later years. Is anyone able to identify the adults in the close ups? Let us know if you can.





Slade Prefects 1960

Immediately following the emailing of the September/October Kinawah, Eric Graham posted this on our Facebook page all the way from Dallas, Texas:

I was saddened to read in Kinawah of the passing of Howard Breden, School Captain, 1960. I attended Slade from 1955 to 1960 and knew Howard and his brothers Stuart and Gregory. This year is the 60th anniversary of the class of 1960. I wonder how many of us are still around?

Eric also posted the photo top left of the 1960 Prefects. They are:

Back: **Doug Johnson, Eric Graham**
 Front: **Ray Menkins, Keith Dan, (dec'd)**
Howard Breden (dec'd), Peter Carter.

Peter Carter's son, Paul, (Slade 1987-89) responded with the news that his father had died some 18 years ago but that he was very glad to see this photo with his father in it as he had never seen it before.



Slade Prefects 1959

1959 prefects are as follows:
 Back: **David Chin, Gregory Breden, Patrick Price, William Crosbie, Ray Menkens**
 Front: **Eric Graham, John Davies (dec'd), Keith Dan, Keith Nagel, Ian Jones**

1958 prefects bottom left:
 Back: **Keith Nagel, John Davies (dec'd), Eric Graham**
 Front: **John Deshon, Ian Bryant (dec'd), Rev Bro Peter Mayhew (dec'd), Graham Littleton, David Hodgson**

If there is a lesson to be taken away from this it would seem to be that tomorrow is not guaranteed for any of us and if you are one of those who thought you had plenty of time to catch up with old school friends it is a good reminder to take advantage of those opportunities to do so when they are offered.



Slade Prefects 1958



Valé

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

Peter Carter 1943 - 2001

CARTER, Peter Wilfred, passed away 3rd June, 2001.

Peter started his education at Slade in Form IIIB (Grade 6) in 1954. Peter and his brother, Alan Ernest, both came to Slade from Hamilton. Peter played in the 1956 Slade Senior Primary XI. His Valette reads: years at school 1954-60, School Prefect; Junior 1958, Senior 1960; Colours in Football; Half-Colours in Cricket, Athletics; Swimming Team; Sacristan. 1955 - Grade VII Proficiency Prize



Joy Caton 1952 - 2020

CATON, Joye, nee Telford, St Catharine's 1957-1968, passed away in the early hours of 30th October, just two days short of her 69th birthday. Joye, the sister of Patricia and Beverley St Catharine's 1947 and 1951 - 1963 respectively is greatly missed. Her funeral service was held Friday, 6th November at St Mark's Anglican Church, Warwick and via live streaming.

Margaret Brock and June Truman

BROCK, Margaret Fay, (nee Boatfield) attended St Catharine's Warwick from 1949 to 1950 completing her Junior year in 1950. The Ryerson Index indicates that Margaret Fay Brock, nee Boatfield, late of Tarragindi, formerly of Amiens and Stanthorpe passed away 21/2/2020. Margaret was the sister of Wynsome Munnings, nee Boatfield, who was at St Catharine's Warwick from 1945 to 1947. Wynsome's passing was reported in the Jan to March 2020 Kinawah.

A third sister June Elma Boatfield also attended St Catharine's Warwick 1943 to 1944 completing her Junior year in 1944. The 1949 St Catharine's Magazine notes June Boatfield's engagement to Malcolm Howlett but our records indicate that June was married to Kenneth George Truman. Assuming our records are correct, re June's marriage, The Ryerson Index lists June Elma Truman's funeral notice in the Courier Mail 16/11/2016 and that she passed away 14/11/2016. Her husband Kenneth passed away 7th December 2015.

St Mark's confirmation records for 28/4/1930, another two CEGS girls can now be added to our data base of past student enrolments:

Meryle Allright and Olive Counsell

ALLRIGHT, Meryle Milleciant, nee Counsell born in Warwick 31/12/1917, died 28/10/2015 Katherine, Northern Territory aged 98. Meryle was the daughter of William Griffith Counsell and Florence May Hansard. Meryle's sister, Olive Victoria Counsell, born 5/5/1919, also attended CEGS. She died 2/5/2001. Meryle married Albert Durrant Allwright on 30/4/1949 at St Augustine's Hamilton QLD. Another long life.



ALLRIGHT—COUNSELL—On April 30th, 4.45 p.m. at St Augustine's Hamilton, by the Ven. Archdeacon F. Birch. Albert, third Son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Allright, of Darwin, to Meryle Milleciant, third Daughter of late Mr. W. Counsell and Mrs. W. Counsell, Ascot.



SOME TIMELESS ADVICE FROM A FARMER'S WIFE...

- Whenever you return a borrowed pie pan, make sure it's got a warm pie in it.
- Invite lots of folks to supper. You can always add more water to the soup.
- There's no such thing as woman's work on a farm. There's just work.
- Make home a happy place for the children. Everybody returns to their happy place.
- Always keep a small light on in the kitchen window at night.
- If your man gets his truck stuck in the field, don't go in after him. Throw him a rope and pull him out with the tractor.
- Keep the kerosene lamp away from the milk cow's leg.
- It's a whole lot easier to get breakfast from a chicken than a pig.
- Always pat the chickens when you take their eggs.
- It's easy to clean an empty house, but hard to live in one.
- All children spill milk. Learn to smile and wipe it up.
- Homemade's always better'n store bought.
- A tongue's like a knife. The sharper it is the deeper it cuts.
- A good neighbour always knows when to visit and when to leave.
- A city dog wants to run out the door, but a country dog stays on the porch 'cause he's not fenced-in.
- Always light birthday candles from the middle outward.
- Nothin' gets the frustrations out better'n splittin' wood.
- The longer the dress hem, the more trusting the husband.
- Enjoy doing your children's laundry. Some day they'll be gone.
- You'll never catch a runnin' chicken but if you throw seed around the back door you'll have a skillet full by supper.
- Biscuits brown better with a little butter brushed on 'em.
- Check your shoelaces before runnin' to help somebody.
- Visit old people who can't get out. Some day you'll be one.
- The softer you talk, the closer folks'll listen.
- The colder the outhouse, the warmer the bed.

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 many things. Kathy Fabila (1972-1975) took the initiative of establishing 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!

Leigh Nisbet 21 September

The 95th Anniversary of the founding of Slade is in progress and planned for October [2021]; the Slade/St Cath's website will be updated as planning progresses.

HOWEVER it would be great if those of you who aren't members of the association would join to help offset costs.

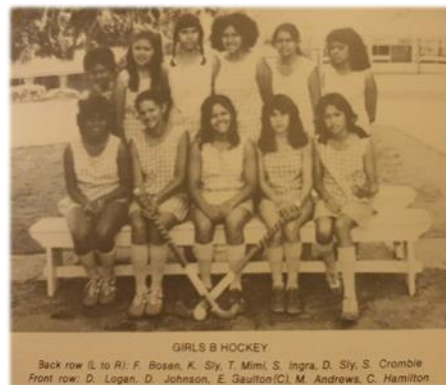
MEMBERSHIP FORMS are downloadable from the SCPSA Website

Helen Moloney 1 August



St Catherine's Church of England Girls School, 1924.

The teacher on the right in the middle row is Rosalie Fox Pollard. No other names unfortunately.



GIRLS B HOCKEY
Back row (L to R): F. Bosen, K. Sly, T. Mimi, S. Ingra, D. Sly, S. Crombie
Front row: D. Logan, D. Johnson, E. Gaulton (C), M. Andrews, C. Hamilton

Roach Ryan

9 July



Claire Smith shared her first post

8 November at 15:43

Hello, My name is Claire Smith. I was Claire Jackes when I was a boarder at St Catherine's from 1942 to 1944. I lost touch with everyone I knew when I moved overseas with my husband in the 1960's and all of my school photos and magazines were lost when my parents moved house. I'm 91 now and live in Brisbane. If anyone has photos or memorabilia from those school years I'd love to see them. Thank you.

Joan Clothier White

Amazingly several girls who were at school in that era are still alive and even manage to get together occasionally.

Mea Mallard

That's awesome to know there are some of the ex students from St Caths still around in that era. Amazing.

Ted Ross

Hi Claire. Would love to be able to supply photos for your period at St. Cath's Warwick. However the earliest photos that we have on record in our collection start from 1945. Great to hear from you. With best wishes. Ted Ross Association Patron and Archivist.

Brigalow, Billy Cans and Bottle Trees

Joan Clothier White published 2010

Chapter 9: A New Baby, a New School and a Big Burn

IN DUE COURSE the time for the new baby to be born was near and several things were about to change dramatically.

The rest of us had been born in Roma as this was where Dr Mayne, who had overseen all Mum's other confinements, had his practice and where the hospital had a small maternity section. Dad had usually been seen by the famously brusque Dr Feather, a real local character, whenever he needed a doctor but Mum had no desire to be attended by a physician she did not know in this most personal of processes. She wanted the reassurance of sticking with the familiar as far as was possible.

Roma, 297 miles north-west of Brisbane, was, and still is, a town which distinguishes itself from most other towns by the bottle trees lining its streets. More than a hundred of them were planted in individual ceremonies as memorials to servicemen from the area whose lives were lost in World War One.

When Mum's due date was getting close, she was offered a lift to Roma with a neighbour in the comfort of a car as opposed to the rougher ride that the truck would have guaranteed. She was to stay in Mrs Cadell's boarding house in Roma until the baby arrived as she had for all her previous confinements and, just like that, our long-suffering teacher was on permanent leave from the classroom.

Mum had put her foot down saying there was no way she could look after a new baby in the conditions we were living in and teach school at the same time. Besides, soon it would be time for Leon to start Year 1. There would then be three of us to teach and she felt, quite reasonably, that she simply could not manage it. So it was that Kristine and I came to be enrolled at Grosmont State School just before Mum set off for Roma.

At that time, in 1960, Grosmont was a small, new, one-room, one-teacher school that several people in the locality had come together to establish less than five years previously. We were able to catch the school bus, at this time driven by Les Thieman, on its regular run. This took in quite a lengthy route to pick everyone up.

Dad had to bite the bullet and drive us the couple of miles to the designated bus stop each morning and collect us in the afternoon. He had always been aware that this option was available but, with all the pressing demands on him of getting his new operation up and running, had been reluctant to sacrifice the time necessary to shuttle us back and forth morning and afternoon.

Later on, there were some memorable times getting us to the school bus on cold and frosty winter mornings by 8.04 a.m. each day. It was bitterly cold down on the creek flats—hence the earlier calculated purchase of the extra army blankets—and it was not unusual for the radiator of the car to be frozen. I vividly remember one morning finding a mouse frozen in the tub of last night's bath water—now *that* was cold without fear of argument.

It was quite a change switching from lessons at home in the kitchen to lessons at school. The modest numbers of students at Grosmont were nowhere near as daunting as they might have been at a bigger school and we settled in well although now Kristine and I were in the same class doing the same lessons at the same time all the time—the very thing Mum had been unable to achieve while teaching us by correspondence.

Here, slates and slate pencils were the things that children in the earlier grades used for writing. Every morning before parade we were assigned the duty of making our way out to the concrete footing of the flag pole—the only cement in the school at the time—and sharpening our slate pencils so they would be ready for the day's work.

These pencils were used right down to the last nub and the writing was easily erased from the slate using a wet rag. It was BYO rag and they easily became a little “on the nose” after they had been used for a while without the benefit of a good wash. Later when we graduated to “real” pencils, hollow metal pencil holders allowed the use of all the last bits of these too.

This was most definitely adhering to the *use it up* principle which was scrupulously adhered to at school as well as at home—for everyone and not just us.

The desks were lined up in rows and we sat at them two to a desk. Children in the older grades did copy-book and

mapping exercises in ink using unforgiving steel nibs. This was always a laborious task and definitely disadvantaged those who were left-handed. I sat next to a boy who was a mollydooker and he had terrible trouble doing any of his work without ink spitting all over both of us as well as the page he was struggling to work on.

Both of us made frequent use of the blotting paper which many people today would be hard pressed to identify. We made a request of the teacher to change places at our desk so our elbows would not be continually bumping and this was granted to us without too much argument. The disposable ball-point pen, when it became available, revolutionised writing for many of us although we still continued to struggle with pen and ink for a couple of special exercises each week.

For some of the more mischievous boys the temptation to dip the pigtailed of the girl sitting directly in front of them into their ink well was one that was far too enticing to pass up. Not so many girls from the practical backgrounds that we all shared had long hair however, so this was not a frequent occurrence.

Before the advent of the proprietary inks, Quink and Swan, ink was mixed up at school and poured into ink wells in the desks. It was a greenish blue colour and was made up from a powder.

Everyone who was in the advanced grades was directed to commandeer the ground-glass stopper from the next bottle of Holbrooks sauce that was finished at home. This would then be brought along to school with great flourish and used to cap the ink well as a prized acquisition. Now, of course, Worcestershire sauce comes with an ordinary cap the same as everything else. The stoppers themselves are collectors' items and I have often looked for them without success in boxes of odds and ends at antique and second-hand shops.

It was interesting to see how a teacher managed under these circumstances but we never ever felt that we were disadvantaged by the one-teacher status of the school and I stand firmly by my conviction to this day.

Eventually we found out by a rather circuitous route that the new baby had made an appearance. A near neighbour who had the convenience of a telephone took the message—it was, by necessity, a trunk line call—and, for good measure, a telegram was also sent. It occurs to me that now both these forms of communication are obsolete with neither used for many years.

Most people who lived any distance out of town in the older settled areas shared a party line and all calls that had to be connected through other exchanges were trunk calls, billed in three minute increments. Our neighbour duly made his way down to us at the hut to pass both communications on.

The baby was a boy and Mum spent a week in hospital and then went to stay with friends, Tom and Daisy Brown, in Yuleba. This was until Dad could make the trip over the following weekend with the rest of us in tow, anxious to see the new arrival, and to pick them both up and bring them home.

Tom and Daisy Brown had been friends of our family for many years. Tom, like Dad, was an ex-serviceman. Their four daughters, Jennifer, Glenda, Susan and Patricia, had been playmates for us too so here was a good chance to renew interrupted friendships. We stayed overnight, kids doubling up in beds head to toe, and drove back to Numeralla in the FJ, somehow fitting in the new baby and a white wicker pram with black metal undercarriage on loan from the Brown family.

After four girls, Tom and Daisy had concluded they would never have a son of their own, but later on, some time after this, they did indeed achieve this impossible dream when Stephen was born and the pram was safely returned to them to do yet another turn.

Now the challenge of finding a new name needed to be met and this resulted in input from every member of the family. About this time I had just learned about King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table and, caught up in the romance of this long ago period in history, put forward the name, Arthur, as my inspired suggestion. This idea was brushed aside, I thought, until Dad hit upon the solution of naming him after, as he put it, the two best men in Australia at the time, Robert Menzies and Arthur Calwell.

Robert Menzies was the Australian Prime Minister then and Arthur Calwell, the Leader of the Opposition. This sealed the deal although the suggestion was made to Dad that a name such as this might place the newest member of the family in danger of growing up with a split personality.

Nevertheless, all objections aside, he duly became Robert Arthur although he was never formally christened as such. None of the rest of us would have been christened either but for the fact that we inadvertently let the fact of this

oversight slip during religious instruction at school. This was not long before we left Yuleba and no more than forty-eight hours had elapsed before Mum and Dad had a visitation from a well meaning parishioner. Without any further delay the three children belonging to our family at the time were sprinkled as a job lot.

Following Mum's three previous confinements she had either Dad's Mother, who we always referred to as Grandma, to come and help for a while, or else Mrs Cann. This time Mum had no one who could come and besides, there was nowhere for anyone to fit in the hut if they had been able to come. She really was not looking forward to finding things in whatever state Dad had left them. Dad had been doing all the cooking while Mum was away and there was more than a little to be put to rights.

Once we had Mum and the new baby home, some provisions needed to be made to accommodate this small, infinitely fascinating being. In the corner of Mum and Dad's room Dad put together a *make-do*, built-in cot. Because it was in the corner, butted up against two walls, the cot needed only to have two sides made for it which Dad fashioned out of slender sandalwood saplings selected from, where else? ... up the paddock!

It was not an insurmountable task to round up some bedding with which to furnish the new cot. Mum simply did what she had done for every other one of her babies—she made a mattress stuffed with wheat chaff which had been sterilised by baking it in the oven. Soon there was the finished, sweetly-smelling result, ready to receive the newest member of the family. One thing that could certainly be said was that of all four children born to our parents, Robert, affectionately addressed as Roberty-Bob—never Bob—was the one who was born directly into our pioneering lifestyle.

He was immediately installed in the new cot and of course he had no idea that his accommodation was anything less than sheer perfection. This homemade creation was rustic by any standards but it was adequate to the task and remained as Robert's bed until he grew out of it and moved in with the rest of us who continued to share the original single room of the hut—very cosily indeed!

Life moved on. Robert was born on Guy Fawkes Day—November 5, 1960. At the time we did not realise that this would be one of the remaining handful of official Guy Fawkes celebrations to be held in our immediate district.

In those days the sale of fireworks was legal and families in the Grosmont community used to gather together for "cracker night" and a bonfire complete with a stuffed "guy" in a ploughed paddock. This was to avoid unnecessary fire risk. Generally, a wonderful time was enjoyed by all, first at Nalder's place and then in later years at Owen and Shirley Bliss's property, "Murrie Dawn". Both were very close to Grosmont and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the excitement of letting off sky rockets, golden rain, double-bungers, Tom-thumbs, Roman candles and Catherine wheels and gaily brandishing sparklers aloft.

Unfortunately, one too many instances of people using these fire works without due care and attention occurred in various places around the country. Some resulting injuries included loss of eyesight and digits and they were banned for domestic use in most of Australia a few years afterwards.

This year, as we were now part of the Grosmont community, we had been included in the general invitation and, shortly afterwards, the Christmas break-up day at the school. For many years we continued to participate in functions centred round Grosmont where we established a long-standing, exceedingly happy association. At these gatherings Cyril Ezzy, another settler from this small settlement, was a regular fixture cheerfully entertaining everyone with his piano-accordion.

In February 1961, as it was now more than twelve months since the scrub on Numeralla had been pulled, Dad had ascertained that this was the time to burn the "pulling". He had discussed the subject exhaustively with those others who had done the same thing before him and chosen what he hoped was the "right" time. Needless to say, the correct permits had to be obtained and neighbours notified so that all the boundaries might be manned for the burn to be properly supervised.

We were at school on this momentous day and I can clearly remember that from several miles away on the hill at Grosmont the smoke was more than just visible: it filled the entire sky from horizon to horizon! Everyone knew that today Clothiers were burning their scrub which was now ready for a clean burn. The red glow in the night sky afterwards is another enduring memory and lingering smoke in the air made for some truly spectacular sunsets for a day or two as well.

Some of the bigger logs continued to burn and smoulder for days and we needed to be on our guard so that none of the posts in our new fences burned to the ground.

The last of the cooler months is often the designated time for burning fire breaks and dry grass along fence lines. This is because then it is warm enough to burn properly but not so hot that the fire might get out of control or its minders succumb to heat exhaustion. It is also close enough to summer for the prospect of rain to get new grass off to the best possible start.

In this instance however, with many acres of fallen timber, as opposed to grass, to be taken into account, a clean burn was the thing that was of primary importance. Everyone was on high alert and all pitched in willingly with no expectation of monetary reward but knowing full well that they could expect the same favour in return when they needed it. The burn proceeded without major incident but was just the next stage in plans that pushed ahead without pause.

This was no time to dilly dally. Once the big burn was accomplished, Dad was ready to turn his attention to the next order of business which was sowing the newly burnt area with grass seed.

Pilot, Ralph Thompson, with his AG AV Tiger Moth was engaged to do this by aerial sowing. Some of the ashes were still hot when the bagfuls of Rhodes grass seed were dispersed from the belly of the plane over the area to be sown. Dad had bought this seed bagged in Hessian sacks that had previously contained buffel grass seed for distribution. As a result, some buffel grass germinated in several places alongside the Rhodes grass.

Here again we availed ourselves of our neighbours. Warraka had a simple grass air strip and this was where the plane took off from and landed to take on and broadcast the next load of seed. The aerial sowing was accomplished in very short order and was an unqualified success. Not only was the seed distributed to full effect but this was followed up by good rain—the perfect combination of circumstances.

In the growing season that followed, when we rode through these paddocks, the grass grew as tall as the horses' withers. This improved pasture was the feed that Dad's first saleable cattle were turned into to graze upon.

Dad regularly drove round the paddocks to keep an eye on the cattle. He always knew which cows were due to calve, which ones had lost their calves and which would be the next crop of steers to be sold. This year the radiator kept overheating because it was continually becoming clogged with grass seed.

The *Valley of Plenty* was showing some promise and Dad was quietly optimistic—so far things were right on schedule to fulfil all the stipulations set out by the Land's Department.

Next Chapter: Sad News from Far Away