



They shall grow not old KINAWAH



VOLUME 2020

ANZAC EXTRA EDITION

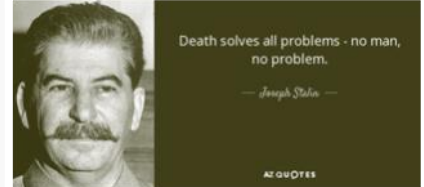
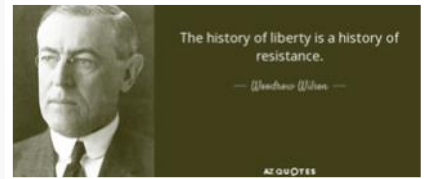
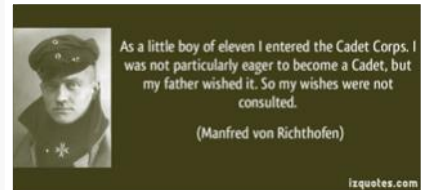
We pause to remember...

IN THIS ISSUE

- 1. We pause to remember...
- 2. Editor's Notes
- 2. 2019/20 Committee
- 3. Cookie's Corner
- 3. Membership
- 3. 2021 Celebrations
- 4. WCC 2020 News
- 4. Gone but not forgotten
- 5. Lest we forget
- 6. In our isolation: extraordinary times...
- 7. Reflections from Ray: Cadets and Regrets
- 8. The best of times and the worst of times...
- 9. Working around food shortages
 Impossible quiche
 Honey cookies
- 9. About Anzac biscuits
- 10. Anzac Day in PNG
- 11. St Catharine's/Slade badges and mottos
- 12. Lonesome soldier always remembered:
 Lt. Cpl. Harry Henry Gorrige
- 13. In Flander Fields
- 14. Facebook Update:
 Say g'day, g'day
 how ya goin'...

Members of our community have each had the opportunity to commemorate Anzac Day in ways that brought their own unique stamp to it this year. Even while complying with the directive to restrict gatherings in the present global circumstances, there was plenty of room to join with the rest of the nation in spirit. Some spent the moments around dawn in quiet reflection while some framed their own formal services modelled on more traditional formats. Countless others tuned in to the service at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra on radio or streamed it through their laptops. There was something utterly poignant about this official national observance. Sparse, simple, dignified and eloquent, it somehow seemed to match the many individual remembrances being observed in the nation's driveways in town and country achieving connection with us all...in our isolation.

This year, for the first time, Warwick Christian College and our Association marked Anzac Day without the late Kel Williamson. Kel was also an ex serviceman and, quite naturally, Anzac Day held great significance for him. This time amid all the seriousness of this special Anzac Extra issue, we take time to remember Kel and the occasion last year when we all had dinner quietly together at Clippers Bar and Grill in Warwick. Our thoughts are also with Kel's family at this time as we too, remember his service to his country and to the Slade Campus. He is greatly missed. Seen here below, clockwise from front left are John Bayliss, Mita Nisbet, Joan White, Lyn Williamson, Leigh Nisbet, Peter White, Kel Williamson, Peter Ramsay and Steve Cooke.



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IMPORTANT
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IS
YOUR CLASS
celebrating a
MILESTONE in
2020 or
2021?

CAST YOUR
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CONTACTS
AND
ADVERTISE
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Editor's Notes...



I have enjoyed putting this Anzac Extra edition of Kinawah together and hope that you enjoy the read. Anzac Day has always held special significance for me. My father was a Bren gunner and found himself out in no man's land when the fighting broke out at El Alamein. There is a chapter about that in my book but that tale still lies a long way ahead! A know a few of us have bought Brigalow, Billy Cans and Bottle Trees and I have been pleased to receive some very positive responses to it. If you would like one, I still have a small number of copies left. The episodes I am attaching each time are a no frills paperback style of presentation with no photos and each designed so that a chapter occupies a minimum number of pages.

The rate of output of Kinawah is set to slow down a bit now. I feel that, of late, I have been flooding the market but there seems to have been a lot to write about! It has been very encouraging to receive all the feedback that has been coming in. It certainly makes the production a much more interactive process.

I have pretty much not strayed too far from the spirit of the Anzac theme this time. This was my intention and for that reason I have held some subject matter unrelated to this over for next time. I always try extra hard to be inclusive and respectful of our entire readership when it comes to choice of material and hope I have not missed the mark!

You will notice when you get to pages 8 and 9 that I have been mining the archives for content relating to my chosen theme that is specifically relevant to us. I think you will find it interesting.

Till next time, Joan White

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

“What lies
behind us and
what lies before us
are tiny matters
compared to what
lies within us.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson



2019/2020 Committee

EXECUTIVE

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Cookie's Corner

I HOPE THIS "ANZAC EXTRA" SPECIAL EDITION OF KINAWAH FINDS YOU SAFE AND WELL.

■ I also trust you managed to commemorate Anzac Day in a way that was meaningful to you and that you are all enjoying the extra reading in your isolation! On Saturday morning I took the time to reflect on our past students who made the supreme sacrifice since we were unable to remember those fallen at the usual WCC service where SCPSA is always represented.

■ Please take the time to give us some feedback and let us know how you are faring. So far we haven't heard of any of our number who have contracted COVID-19 and we are hopeful that things stay that way!

■ With the COVID-19 restrictions being reviewed almost daily I feel very confident of the catch up proceeding as planned at the Brekky Creek. This will be a good chance for you to chat to your school mates about the 95th in Oct 2021 and to start putting your tables together.

■ Please keep those items of interest coming for subsequent editions of Kinawah and help us all to stay connected.

■ It is still too early to advertise anything definite about our deferred AGM but in the meantime we'll let you know as soon as we know!

Life is 10% what happens to me and 90% how I react to it. **Charles Swindoll**

PLEASE NOTE

DOMAIN NAME NOW
for revitalised website:

www.scpsawarwick.com

WHAT'S ON in 2020

July 16 - 26

Jumpers and Jazz in Warwick
doubtful but to be confirmed

November 7

Brekky Creek Lunch
to be confirmed

November 11

Remembrance Day

Membership



"We continue to receive new memberships as we contact people directly bringing them up to date with different issues we are working on through the SCPSA. Renewal invoices, as has been the case for the last few years, will be sent out by the end of May for payment by the end of June.

We would still like to encourage any of those past students who are not current members to consider joining for the small amount of \$40 a year or \$180 for a five year membership.

The funds are being used to continue the work that has always been done with the added initiative in the last few years being an annual bursary to a male and female student at the school. The President highlights the projects we are working on and which have been completed through his article in each Kinawah.

Memberships are the sole source of income we have to enable us to continue the work that the Association was initially set up to do. Our Membership year runs from 1 July to 30 June each year so it is time to join now. Should you have any questions concerning membership please contact me via the membership email at scpsa.membership1@bigpond.com or, alternatively, you can call me on **0418 987 900** to facilitate this."

John Bayliss

2021 Slade Celebrations: are you on board?



We are pleased to announce our 95 year celebrations to take place **October, 2021** at the Glen Hotel
24 Gaskell Street, Eight Mile Plains.

More details to follow shortly...





WARWICK
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
Christ Community Character

Thoughts on Anzac Day



Respect, admiration and gratitude are three of the responses that quite readily come to mind each year as we remember Anzac Day and think on all that it means. So many of those who served in both World Wars were hardly older than those who sit in our classrooms today. They put service before self and many of them sacrificed futures that might have been filled with all those rewards and good things that living in a free world should mean.

Our students and staff were unable to mark Anzac Day this year in the usual way, but this does not mean that it passed unremarked or did not receive the solemn recognition it deserves. We all watched a video presentation in separate classrooms.

Our graphic artist put together a beautiful tribute to the service men and women of our great nation and our Kiwi cousins across the ditch. It was very touching, solemn and sincere and students responded well.

We are grateful for the freedoms we enjoy. We admire the selflessness of those who served, and we respect the tradition of Anzac Day and will continue to honour all who serve in keeping us a free nation – under any and all circumstances.

Having said that, it wasn't quite the same as without any past students here to be cheeky with.

Thank you and God bless you for your ongoing support of the College.

God bless

Carmelo Rubio



Gone But Not Forgotten...

PRESERVE THE MEMORIES ✓ ORDER NOW ✓ PURCHASE DETAILS BELOW ✓

Almost every old girl attending our Centenary Celebrations in Warwick wasted no time in purchasing her own special commemorative souvenir book produced for the occasion. Much of the founding history of the three Anglican schools established in Warwick and its predecessor in Stanthorpe is shared by both male and female past students and of common interest to all of us. We still have several copies available and need only purchaser's name, postal address and payment to dispatch to anyone else who would like one.

\$15 covers cost of the book plus postage and handling (within Australia).

INTERNET BANKING TRANSFER INFORMATION IS AS FOLLOWS:

BSB 124001 Account No 90641027 Account Name SCPSA
Reference 100 yr Book plus YOUR NAME

PAYMENT VIA AUSTRALIA POST

Cheques or money orders payable to **SCPSA Inc** Post to **The Treasurer SCPSA, PO Box 1145, Archerfield QLD 4108**

DIGITAL IMAGES PROJECTED IN THE HALL DURING THE CELEBRATIONS PLUS SELECTED PHOTOS TAKEN ON THE DAY

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Four schools, multiple generations, a myriad of memories...

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*



Lest we forget...

The Other War

The war was fought on foreign soil
some time ago, it's said
Too many died, too many fell
and countless others bled.

The victors limped and made their way
demobbed, dismissed, undead
Back home to their old haunts again
for peaceful paths instead.

But here's the thing:
The war they thought they'd left for dead
lives on and lingers yet...in every head
some hidden pain is never put to bed.

Changed forever by a fight
that others spawned and led
That other war, that other fight
is fought at home, instead.

The terror and the wounded calls
haunt and slice and flay
Remembered by the ones who fought
to live another day.

The peace and freedom of the rest
comes at a fearful price
For soldiers and their loved ones too
the cost is outlaid twice.

And Heaven help the vanquished . . .

Joan Clothier White 2020



Taking part in their own individual dawn driveway remembrances, some of our committee members clockwise from top left: Steve Cooke, John Bayliss with Stuart and Belinda Groat, Peter Ramsay's more rural outlook, Helen Moloney and Joan White.

In our isolation: extraordinary times...



Stephen Hull Slade 1969-1972

It was with deep sorrow and a feeling of great loss of a friend that I read in the most recent edition of Kinawah the passing of Ralph Penny. I enjoyed, even loved my time at Slade. I sadly do not remember all those students I was with during that time but do remember Ralph. I also heard from some of my fellow class-mates that Keith Cox (also a dear and close friend during my time at Slade) had also passed away some years ago but I have not been able to "google" confirm that. Sad times.

Ray Dickson Aitkenvale Slade 1966-1968

Thanks for a wonderful Kinawah. Beautiful stories and fascinating history of the schools and some of our notable past students. And as for your life story, I can't wait for the next chapter. Set a bit further west than my stomping ground, and my relatively easy life in Dalby, but it is so evocative I can really feel your sense of dread yet great anticipation...



John Farquhar Gold Coast Slade 1973-1978

Enjoyed your tales of 'the Brigalow'. I have an elderly uncle that bought a property east of Rolleston (behind Planet Downs) in the 70's. We had great fun as kids mustering and dipping Brahms on their Rockhampton property before they drove them out to Rolleston. Unfortunately, I missed the droving trip. I started life at Capella. Dad's brother drew a block in the late 50's which was part of the failed British Foods experiment. Mum's brother also drew a block. Mum met Dad while visiting her brother in about 1958. Capella was a very tight knit community as there were about 25 x 5000-acre blocks balloted. Everyone helped each other in getting started. 32-volt lighting plants, kerosene fridges and black soil. Lots of great stories and yarns from those times. Dad told us a story about how one fellow met his wife. Two bachelor brothers that were contract fencers needed a cook. They put an ad in the paper for a cook and this lady replies. When she arrives at the Capella train station, she is met by the two brothers. The brothers are straight up with the 'housekeeping' rules and advise her that there is no 'hanky panky', the brothers have their tent and she will have her own tent. At this she says, 'Well if that is the way it is going to be then I'll get on the next train back'. That's when one of the brothers thought he had better marry her!!! All the best John Farquhar

Gayle Avery Pymble 1960-1962

Thank you for doing all these Kinawahs! It is a lot of work on your part that is much appreciated. I also enjoyed your Chapter 1 at the end, look forward to Chapter 2. Warm regards Gayle



Ray Hammond 1962-1969 Tomingley

Here's a few more [nicknames]: Richard Cleal was called "Harry" (I think he still is!) Damien Walsh was called: "Snip "-or "Snipper". One of the Chong brothers (forget his name) was called: "Fatty". One of the Clark brothers (again I forget his name) was called: "Goofy". There was also a multitude of surnames that were shortened and ended with an O—Tommo, Davo etc...I was one of the many that had the last bit of surname removed and an "O "added—hence "Hammo". It must have been a fairly universal practice, since my cousins who went to school in Brisbane and Southport were all called the same. It was rather amusing—we'd all go to the St George or Dirranbandi Show—someone would yell: "Hey Hammo!"—and we'd all turn around! Some of us had the luxury of flying back to school; others travelled by bus or car. We went by train...The "Midnight Horror"...It departed Dirranbandi about 4PM and arrived at Warwick in the small hours the following morning. What we got up to on those trips is best left unsaid...perhaps "censored" would be a better word! No names mentioned—you know who you are! We'd arrive at school Homesick, Hung-over and Hungry. The return trip at Holiday time was much the same; you'd arrive at Dirranbandi and head straight for the Greek Café owned by Spiros Pippas (Spiro) and order a Mixed Grill it was too!...Something you'd been dreaming of for the last term... Because—at School the menu never changed—year in—year out—You could look at your plate at breakfast and know what day of the week it was...Friday was "Battered Fish" (you chucked the fish and ate the batter). There was a choice of golden syrup, strawberry jam—and sometimes—peanut butter (can't say what we called that!) In Winter we played "Chicken"with the syrup....upending the container and the first to pick it up lost. Many a time the contest ended in a "Draw" (Golden Syrup all over the table) No wonder we never had Tablecloths! As an aside:Spiros Pippas bought his Nephew Jerry out from Greece to take over the Dirran' Cafe. At that time, Jerry's Wife Effie knew just four words of English: "G'day" and "See you later." Spiros then moved to Goondiwindi and purchased a business there. He was part of the syndicate that bought the racehorse "Gunsynd."

Judith Gillam 1962-1965

Thank you for the work you do in publishing Kinawah. It must be a huge task collating and sourcing material. I look forward to reading it each time even though I know few people. I was wondering if it is possible to obtain a copy of the newspaper clipping from November 1918 and a copy of the dog meme please. I thought they were worth sharing. Thank you again. Also I would like to become a financial member once more. How do I do it? Kind regards Judith Gillam





Reflections from Ray: Cadets and Regrets

To get the ball rolling re his recent suggestion, Don Hunt has sent in the following from a Kinawah some years ago and which was written by Ray Hammond...

Who can forget Cadets?

- Remember the Range Day when Coxy (Ian Cox) had a round jam in his .303 and swung it sideways to try and clear it...and the scatter it caused?
- How you had to keep your hands away from the bottom side of the Bren guns or risk getting burnt by the hot shells?
- How we used to "borrow" the wire that Queensland Rail used in the fence along the railway line to make tent (hootchie) pegs? (By the time we left, most of the bottom wire was gone and we'd started on the next wire up).
- How (on Cadet Camps) you'd get the small tins of vegemite and drop them into some poor, unsuspecting bastards camp fire?
- How the "Ration Packs" were left-overs from WW2 and you had to soak the "biscuits" to get them soft enough to eat? (Problem with leaving them soaking was that the Possums usually got to them before you did!)
- How the tinned "Butter" was more suited to greasing a Mack Truck?
- How to strip a Bren Gun? C'mon--you remember...Piston, Barrel, Butt, Body, Bipod. For some reason, that stuck--just like some of the poetry that Russ Marshall (Monty) had us learn...when he told you to learn something...by Christ--you learnt it!
- How someone (forget who) ate a cake of soap to get out of going to camp?
- And who was there the day we'd been ambushed (Contacts) all day by pretend Viet Cong and had almost reached home when "Charlie" sprung another contact?
- Seem to remember the Part-Time soldiers (CMF) didn't appreciate being told to "Eff Off" by a mob of Slade Cadets!
- How you had to wade through a bath of Condi's crystals to get to the shower (and some silly B poured it over himself to try and get a tan?)
- And how about waiting in line with a bucket of water to pour into a cut-off petrol drum water heater. (It was a lot quicker to have a cold shower anyway.)

Regrets

It's no good looking back on things that went wrong,
With people and places you knew,
The chances you missed ... The things you regret,
For the Past fades away like the dew.

What's done Mate is done ... There's simply no point,
In wondering: "What if?" ... or ... "Why?" ...
"I should've" ... "I could've" ... "if only" ... "I wish" ...
It's over, so just let it lie!

You can stay awake nights and worry and fret,
How different some things might have been,
If you could somehow go back and start off anew,
With the slate and your conscience wiped clean.

But you don't get a re-run ... There's no second chance,
In this life there's only one go.
So dig your own garden ... Help others with theirs ...
For you reap only whatever you sow.

From Ray Hammond's anthology "Digging Rainbows" © 2007

The monument, below, commemorating local racing legend, the mighty 'Goondiwindi Grey', a white bas-relief representation of Gunsynd, noted by Ray on the previous page, may be found in Goondiwindi's Apex Park. The name, Gunsynd, was coined as Aussie shorthand for Goondiwindi Syndicate.



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The best of times and the worst of times...



AS WAS THE CUSTOM, WHILE THE MEN WERE AWAY occupied in the business of war, the womenfolk were doing their bit to, as the song lyrics say, keep the home fires burning. Staff and students at St Catharine's in Stanthorpe 'soldiered' on in this way all through the dark days of World War I. Concerns were held by the school community for fathers, brothers, sweethearts and others who fought for King and country. One long lived legacy of this is those towns around Stanthorpe which were settled later and echo the names of French conflicts: Amiens, Pozieres, Bullecourt and Fleurbaix. Many returned servicemen were granted land here which they farmed as soldier settlement blocks.

Excerpt from St Catharine's Chronicle No 2, dated May 1916 and priced at 1/- under the heading of "Patriotic".

You might need to persevere with the old fashioned language and style used. I, personally found it to be interesting and delightful.

Throughout the year patriotic work has gone on steadily and in addition to concerts, &c., among ourselves we have also helped at various outside entertainments.

On June 15th we had a most successful concert in the Parish Hall. The play we had to act was one of more than ordinary interest, entitled "To the Day" written by Miss Collison. The whole play was thrilling and we loved taking part in it and acted

Skip over a few decades past the foundation of the two associated Anglican schools in Warwick right along to the end of another World War and we have past students returning home after active service. The following excerpt, from The Annals Of Slade School Warwick, written by foundation student and later, headmaster, Charlie Olsen, speaks warmly about those Old Boys who were returning after being prisoners of war...



We Welcome Them Back

In the 1945 Magazine we were able to report that all Old Boys known to be prisoners of war were safe and had returned home. We had the pleasure of welcoming back to the School, Peter Collas after nearly four years in Germany, Ian Fairbairn who "nearly built" that notorious Jap. railway, Ed Brownsdon and Roger Dent.

We also had news that Maurice Underwood, Geoff Luscombe, Colin Tuckfield and Harry Macartney had all returned.

The question we posed to Peter was "What did happen to the Germans in Bavaria?"

Peter spent most of his time on farms. Twenty or so prisoners were sent to a small village where each P.O.W. was allocated to a small farm to work during the day. They were all locked up at night in the village.

Peter spent the last eighteen months in the tiny village of Grosseibstadt, housed each night on the upper floor of an old Pub. Herr Grubb and his Frau Klara ran the establishment with

and spoke as well as we knew how. The chief characters were – The British Isles, Overseas Dominions, the Allies and their enemies. The principal part of England was taken by Meta Brookes. Mona Williams representing Germany, acted her disagreeable part with plenty of bombastic assurance while little Ray Corden proved to be an extremely attractive child of the Empire. The dialogue, in addition to its literary merit, was of special historic interest, as it cleverly embodied speeches by the King, Earl Kitchener, Mr. Asquith and other British and foreign leaders, political and military Patriotic songs, marches and poems gave the necessary relief and spectacular effect. Most of us made our costumes ourselves and they were very picturesque, being in almost every case the national dress of the country represented. During the course of the evening Mr. Bateman offered for sale a Christmas pudding (kindly donated by Mrs. Greenland), and later the Belgian flag. Bidding was brisk and about £2 was realised this way. Altogether we cleared £18/11s, and we were very pleased indeed as this sum far exceeded our most sanguine hopes. Messrs. Corden, Pierpoint and Brunkhorst who took charge of the door, and Mr. Jobson, who acted as general stage manager, helped us a great deal.

reasonable benevolence – they were simple peasant people.

The Australians (note the Collas touch!) soon woke up to the fact that they could get away with quite a lot because all that the farmers could do to punish them was to send them back to an army prison – and they lost their "workers". So, they put up with Collas and Co.

Working in a field all day on your own is rather boring, so they started some games – like kicking an imaginary football to the bloke in the next field – or playing an imaginary game of tennis with him. The Germans must have thought they were quite mad.

There is an interesting sequel to all this. A few years later Peter and his wife returned to that Pub in Grosseibstadt to be greeted fondly by Frau Grubb who recognised him as "The Australian Peter". It was more like the return of the conquering hero than that of a once scruffy enemy of the Fatherland. It seemed that Klara had sent out smoke signals, for within minutes her friends and relatives arrived to greet him. A truly moving experience.

And now, to jest for just a moment...

A sergeant-major and two privates are walking through a city park and they find an antique oil lamp. They rub it and a genie comes out in a puff of smoke.

The genie says, "I usually only grant three wishes, so I'll give each of you just one."

"Me first! Me first!" says one of the privates. "I want to be in the Bahamas, driving a speedboat with a gorgeous woman who sunbathes topless." Poof! He's gone.

"Me next! Me next!" says the second private. "I want to be in Hawaii, relaxing on the beach with a professional hula dancer on one side and a mai tai on the other." Poof! He's gone.

"You're next," the Genie says to the sergeant-major, "You can have anything you want."

The sergeant says, "I want those guys back in the motor pool after lunch."



Impossible Quiche



Ingredients

125g ham, chopped
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 1/2 cups (180g) grated tasty cheese
1/3 cup (50g) self-raising flour
Salt and freshly ground pepper, to season
4 eggs
1 1/2 cups (375ml) milk

Method

1. Preheat oven to 200°C. Grease a 5 cup capacity or 26 cm diameter pie dish by brushing melted butter generously to coat the inside of a 5 cup pie or quiche dish.
2. Combine ham, onion, cheese, salt and pepper in a medium bowl. Scatter over base of dish.
3. Whisk eggs, flour and milk together in a large jug and pour over ham mixture.
4. Bake about 40 minutes or until puffed and golden. Cool slightly. Serve warm or cold with salad and/or crusty bread.

You might also experiment with additions such as herbed salt, Mexican, Moroccan or Italian seasoning, chopped cooked chicken, capsicum, spring onions, diced bacon, grated zucchini, grated pumpkin or sweet potato. The top of the quiche in this photo was decorated with tomato and zucchini sliced wafer-thin before the egg milk flour mixture was added.

Working around food shortages

THE first prize, onion roly-poly, is cooked in the same pot as corned beef. It is warming fare for a cold night. Serve with the hot meat, good rich parsley sauce, and cabbage wedges.

Do you notice fried bread—savory for breakfast, sweet for dinner—is coming into its own again? Try custard powder blended with the milk for soaking when eggs are short; flavor is good, but food value is lower, of course.

Have you tried fried bread squares topped with spoonfuls of hot apple, sweetened with honey and flavored with spice? They're good!

The eggless cake is one of many entries. This method of boiling the fruit, fat and liquid together before mixing is a well-tried one. Try plenty of grated lemon or orange rind in the mixture.

The distinctive flavor of the crunchy biscuits is due to the browning of the wheatmeal before mixing. You'll like it.

ONION ROLY-POLY

(When potatoes are scarce, serve onion roly-poly. Cook it with the corned beef—it gives the beef a delicious flavor)

Two cups self-raising flour (or 2 cups plain flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder), 1 cup finely chopped suet, 2 large onions, pinch of salt.

Sift self-raising flour (or flour and baking powder) with salt. Mix in suet, then mix to a soft dough with cold water. Roll out, cover evenly with onions finely chopped, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll up and tie in a floured cloth. Boil 1 1/2 hours in the same pot as the corned beef. Serve cut in thin slices.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Lyons, 24 Remington Road, Summer Hill, N.S.W.



TAKE CARE OF THAT ROTARY most precious utensils. Wash thoroughly oil bearings. The smart cook

PIXIE PUDDING

Out squares or triangles of stale bread, 1-inch thick. Soak in sweetened and flavored milk, then drain. Dip in beaten egg and fry golden brown in fuming fat, turning to brown. Sprinkle with sugar, arrange in a circle with the pieces overlapping, and pile jam or marmalade in centre and serve at once. Made for the coat of 1 egg, jam, and a little milk.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Walker, The Outlook, Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.

Honey Cookies

(Eggless and butterless)

3 3/4 cups flour,
4 tablesp. sugar
grated rind of 1 fresh lemon,
1 tablesp. chopped citron peel or orange and lemon peel mixed
pinch cinnamon
9 tablesp. honey
4 tablesp. chopped almonds or any other nuts
1/2 level teasp. nutmeg
1 heaped teasp. bi-carb soda

1. Warm honey in a large basin until it will run freely, then add flour.
2. Stir well and add all other ingredients, keeping bowl in a warm place (or stand it in a basin of warm water)
3. Work to a smooth paste.
4. Roll out on a floured board to 1/4 inch thickness
5. Cut in round or fancy shapes and cook in moderate oven until browned.

May be iced if liked.

These keep well in an airtight tin.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs E. Little, 9 Walton Ave, West Hobart, TAS

Do you have a recipe that is a tried and true, fairly failure free, family favourite? Let's have it and we'll see about sharing it with everyone! Is anyone still in possession of any of these old 'mock' recipes or interested in seeing them published here?

About Anzac Biscuits

The original Anzac biscuit was known as an Anzac wafer or tile, and, together with bully beef, was issued instead of bread (because of its much longer shelf-life) as part of standard rations to our soldiers during World War I.

✂ These biscuits were so hard that many soldiers ground them into a type of porridge to make them more palatable.

✂ The mothers, wives and girl friends of Australian troops back home heard about the terrible Anzac tiles and reportedly were concerned that their boys were not getting enough nutrients. Knowing that oats was a food of high nutritional value, these women used the recipe for Scottish oatcakes as a base and developed what we now know as the Anzac biscuit.

✂ Before being named Anzac biscuits, these biscuits were said to have been called soldier's biscuits. Along with oats, the other ingredients, sugar, flour, coconut, butter, golden syrup and bicarbonate of soda, were used so as to be able to withstand the long voyage that the biscuits had to make to reach the troops.

✂ Eggs, a common binding ingredient in biscuits were purposely not used because of the high likelihood that they would spoil before they reached Gallipoli or the Western Front.

The biscuits remind us of a time in Australian history that was seen as pivotal but also signify women's input to the war effort on the home front and referring to them as cookies is not on!



Anzac Biscuit Recipe

Here's a recipe for chewy Anzac biscuits. If you prefer them to have more crunch, just bake them for a few extra minutes. Makes 24

150g unsalted butter
160g brown sugar
90g golden syrup
150g plain flour
1 tsp bicarb soda
90g desiccated coconut
90g rolled oats



1. Preheat oven to 160C.
2. Line two baking trays with baking paper.
3. Place flour, sugar, coconut and rolled oats in a mixing bowl and mix to combine.
4. Melt the butter and golden syrup together in a small saucepan. Remove from the heat, add the bicarb soda.
5. Stir to combine and then pour over the oat mixture. Roll tablespoonfuls of the mixture into balls and place on to baking paper. Flatten slightly and bake for 15 minutes, or until golden.
6. Remove from the oven and leave to cool completely on a wire rack.

• This is an edited extract from [Just Desserts](#) by Charlotte Ree, published by Plum, RRP \$29.99, photography by Luisa Brimble.

ANZAC DAY IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA



World War II Australian soldiers in Wewak, East Sepik, 1945

Coronavirus has paused Kokoda treks this year, and there's little doubt tour operators will go under April is usually the busiest time of year for the people who live along PNG's Kokoda Track. The 96-kilometre jungle path through the rugged Owen Stanley mountain range has an iconic place in Australian military history as the [site of fierce fighting between Australian and Japanese troops during World War II](#). Normally hundreds of Australian tourists would be there slogging it out ahead of Anzac Day dawn services, either at the picturesque memorial at Isurava on the northern end of the track, or at the Bomana War Cemetery just outside Port Moresby. Not this year.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA'S RELATIONSHIP WITH AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND extends to the colonial era, World War I and World War II, the most memorable being in World War II, when numerous battles raged across PNG - from Kokoda Track to Rabaul. Many PNG people served as service men and women, as well as labourers assisting the allied forces, especially the legendary ANZACs - the Australian and New Zealand defence forces.

Although Anzac Day is no longer a public holiday in PNG, special memorial services are still held every year on April 25th to commemorate the contribution of the Anzacs to PNG history. In some parts of PNG, they also hold special dawn services to commemorate Anzac Day. Australia's High Commissioner to Papua New Guinea in 2015, Ms Deborah Stokes said, "Anzac Day is an opportunity to reflect on the spirit of Anzac forged at Gallipoli and continued in the jungles and mountains of Papua New Guinea, and to reflect on the courage and sacrifice of all service men and women. In World War II, Australians fought alongside men of the Papuan Infantry Battalion and the Pacific Islands Regiment. They were assisted by about 50,000 Papuan and New Guinean civilians who carried supplies, evacuated the sick and wounded, and built bases, airfields and other infrastructure."

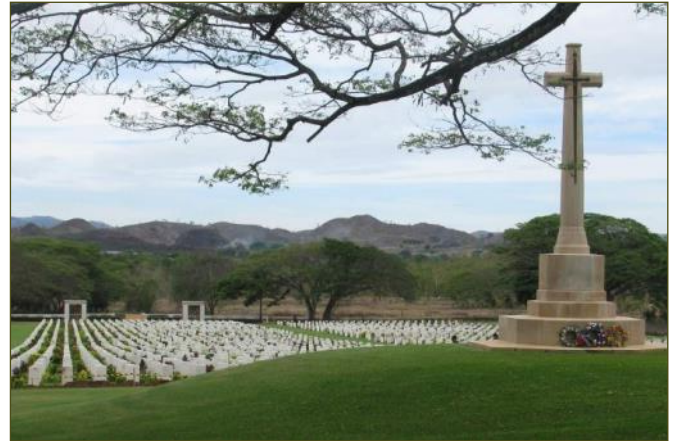
The Bomana cemetery houses the remains of more than 3,000 Australian troops. ↓



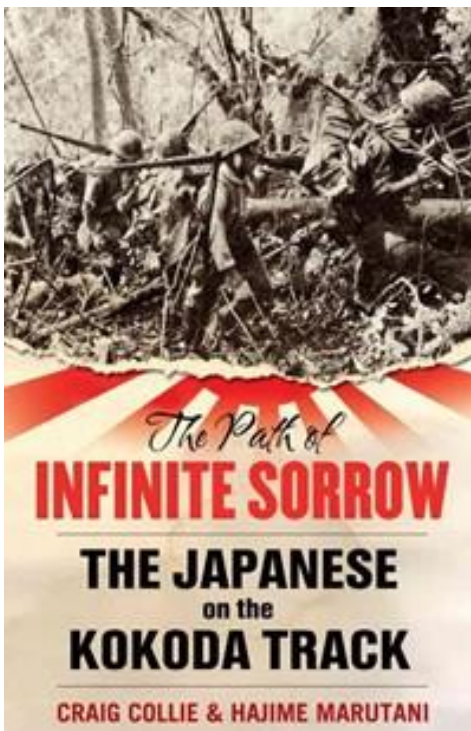
Papuan soldiers of the Papuan Infantry Battalion (PIB) are drilled at Port Moresby after the Battalion was raised on 27 May 1940 by the Australian Army to help combat the Japanese occupation.



Papua New Guinea "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels" guide an injured Australian soldier home, Christmas Day 1942.



Thousands of Papua New Guinean and Australian soldiers were put to rest in this carefully tended World War II cemetery, a heart wrenching reminder of the horrific campaigns in the region. The tranquil site is a 30 minute drive from the city centre on Sogeri Road not too far from the turn off at Sir Hubert Murray Highway.



When Japan brought World War II and the USA to the Pacific with its attack on Pearl Harbour 7 December 1941, the western world was brought face to face with a foe like none they had encountered in battle before. Not long emerged from a feudal style of governance, the Japanese, a conscientious, obedient people, still revered their emperor as owning divine status so when they were commanded to do as he willed, he was met with no argument. Surrender was viewed as the greatest disgrace a warrior could bring upon himself which in part explained the Japanese attitude to their captives, the suicide bombings they were well known for, and the rite of harakiri. However, the fight in Papua New Guinea was about to defeat them in a way that no human enemy could, proving a nightmare for Japanese and Australians alike. *The Path of Infinite Sorrows* tells the story of the Kokoda campaign from the Japanese perspective. There was no term for retreat in the Japanese military lexicon so the phrase 'advance to the rear' was used...

'Two armies, Japanese and Australian, each in turn pushing the other back along a muddy, precipitous track over the mountainous spine of New Guinea. Few prisoners were taken, most were shot. War conventions were routinely flouted, by both sides. Troops were reduced to a primal level, such were the inhuman conditions in which battles were waged. This was the Kokoda campaign of 1942. The Australian experience of Kokoda has been told often and told well. The Japanese, however, remain the shadowy enemy lurking in the dense undergrowth, better known for atrocities than their participation in battle. *The Path of Infinite Sorrows* tells for the first time the story of the campaign from the Japanese point of view. Based on personal accounts and the recollections of six Japanese soldiers, captured diaries and the unit diaries of the Australian forces, this powerful re-examination of Kokoda brings a new perspective to one of the most brutal conflicts in Australian war history.'

Places of WWII significance include Isurava Battlefield, Eora, Brigade Hill (Butcher's Hill), the Golden Stairs (the Stairway to Hell) and Templeton's Crossing.

St Catharine's/Slade Badges and Mottos

In common with other schools established by the SSA, the blue and silver shield at the centre of the still elegant school crests of both St Catharine's in Warwick and its predecessor in Stanthorpe, reflected school tradition.

Blue represented devotion; silver, purity. In the top right hand corner of the shield, the Guild Cross reinforced the school's links with the SSA. The Anglican faith on which the school was founded was reflected in the bishop's mitre in the lower left corner. The diagonal band symbolised strength and stability and bore the initials of the schools. Beneath the shield, the school motto, *Per volar sunata*, recalls an Italian phrase from Dante's 14th Century epic poem, *Purgatorio*, or *Divine Comedy*, widely lauded as "one of the greatest literary statements produced in Europe in the medieval period, and the basis of the modern Italian language": (*wikiquote*)

O gente umana, **per volar sù nata**, O human creatures, born to soar aloft,
Perché a poco vento così cadì? Why fail ye thus before a little wind?

Purgatorio, Canto XII, Line 95 Dante Alighieri

Per volar sunata may also be translated as "Born to fly upwards", "Born to fly higher", or simply "Born to fly".



House colours and mottos from 1947

Barnes House: green/*Dieu et devoir*
Crothers House: gold/*Dieu et devoir*
Neal House: red/*Honour before honours*
Slade House: blue/*Through trials to triumph*

Prior to 1947

navy blue and brown/*Dieu et devoir*
purple and gold/*Altiora in votis*
royal blue and red/*Honour before honours*
red and light blue/*Through trials to triumph*

Slade's School badge and hatband were designed by Miss Mary Harward who also designed the crest for the Warwick Church of England Girls School. Slade's motto, *Patribus digni estote* may be translated as *Be worthy of your forefathers*. A growing appreciation and understanding of the true values of life are implied by these words.

Adventure, patriotism, sport and endeavour, and dedication to a cause are all identified in the quadrants.

Taking inspiration from the pioneering fibre of the founding forces behind both Anglican schools in Warwick, the attributes of faith, chivalry, hope, courage and endurance are encapsulated in the knightly standard, lion passant, ship setting sail and the figure of a runner. Each element is positioned in the quadrants formed by the slender arms of the central cross and following each other anticlockwise from the bottom right hand corner of the shield. All are positioned and bound under the umbrella or guardianship of a bishop's mitre, symbolising the Christian basis and direction of the school. The original Slade crest did not have the scroll underneath. It was added later. The gold highlighting in the badge signifies wisdom, glory, constancy and faith; the blue, or azure, in keeping with conventional heraldic tradition, represents truth and loyalty or devotion in common with the crests of the girls' schools above.



The above is an excerpt from Gone But Not Forgotten, published to commemorate St Catharine's CEGS centenary celebrations held at the Slade Campus in October 2018. Details of how to order your copy appear on page 2 of your Kinawah.

Lonesome soldier always remembered

LANCE CORPORAL HARRY HENRY GORRINGE QX44039 was the brother of Max Gorringe who went to Slade with Barry Riddiford. Yet another younger brother, Scott Gorringe, also attended Slade.

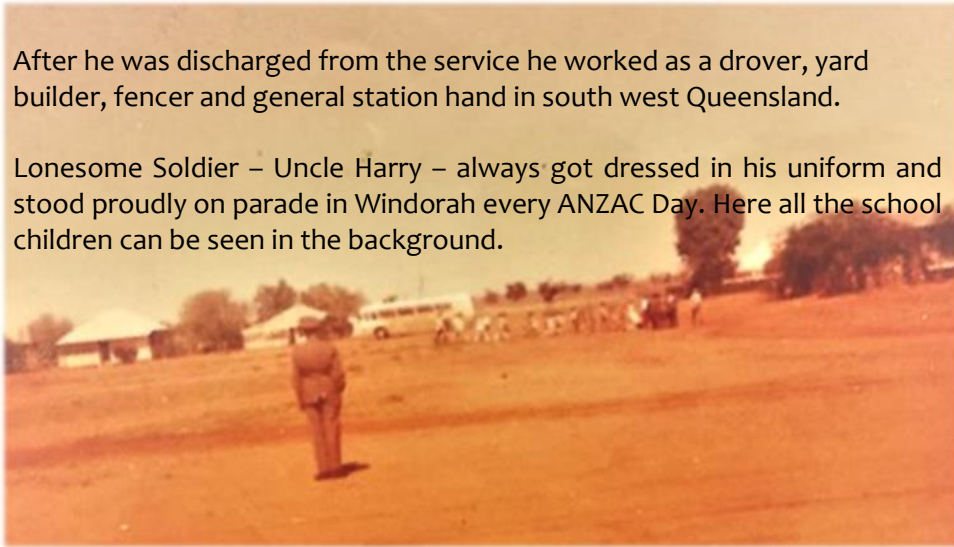
Barry recalls that at least one of Harry's sons, Billy, was at Slade while he was there (1971-1975). Uncle Harry's daughters, Helen and Alice Gorringe are also past students. A grand total of eleven persons with the name, Gorringe attended Slade. Harry did his army training in north Queensland near Mt Garnet, served in the 2/25 Battalion (Papua New Guinea) during World War II then later in the 6th Battalion in Borneo and Japan as a Peacekeeper.

He was his Battalion's Boxing Champion and is well remembered for this skill aboard ship en route to Borneo.



After he was discharged from the service he worked as a drover, yard builder, fencer and general station hand in south west Queensland.

Lonesome Soldier – Uncle Harry – always got dressed in his uniform and stood proudly on parade in Windorah every ANZAC Day. Here all the school children can be seen in the background.



Australian Military Forces
A.A. Form A. 200 (Rev. 1943)

Application to Enlist for Service in Australia or Abroad

To the Area Officer at **WATER ST. VALLEY**

I, the undersigned, hereby apply for enlistment for service in Australia or abroad and I undertake to fulfil the prescribed manner if my application is accepted.

The particulars concerning myself contained in the answers to the following questions, I declare to be true and correct:

- SURNAME: **GORRINGE**
- Christian names to full: **HARRY HENRY** (over this **Parade Station in Campbell Creek N.S.W.**)
- Date of Birth: **14-12-1923** (born at **WATER ST. VALLEY STATION N.S.W.**)
- Military Service: (a) Rank held: **NO** (b) Total period of service: **NO**
- Particulars of any "military" certificates: **NO**
- Are you married? **NO** State dependants and give ages and skills: **NO**
- If single, state relationship of dependants if any: **NO**
- Present Occupation: **Station Employee**
- Employer's Name: **Station** Nature of business: **Station** Address: **Water St. Valley**
- Can you drive motor cycle? **NO** (b) Heavy motor vehicle: **NO**
- Can you type? **NO**
- State any trade qualifications: **Station Employee**
- Did you serve on apprenticeship? **NO**
- Give details of any "trade" or examination certificates: **NO**
- Can you obtain written release from your employer for leave of absence for duration of war, if required? **NO**
- State any physical disability: **NO**
- Are you prepared to undergo inoculation and vaccination if required? **NO**
- Height (in bare feet): **5' 10"** (Check, see appended in back)
- Place: **Water St. Valley** (Signature of Applicant: **H. Gorringe**)

17. CONSENT OF PARENTS OR GUARDIAN (to be completed in respect of all applicants over 21 years and under 25 years of age).

I Herely Consent to the enlistment of my son **Harry** (Full name) **Water St. Valley** for service in AUSTRALIA OR ABROAD.

Father's signature: **Barry Riddiford**
 Mother's signature: **Barry Riddiford**
 Guardian's signature: **Barry Riddiford**

THIS CONSENT MAY NOT BE REVOKED.

18. Reserved occupations: (To be completed if required by War Peace Officer.)

Australian Military Forces
A.A. Form A. 200 (Rev. 1943)

ATTESTATION FORM FOR SPECIAL FORCES RAISED FOR SERVICE IN AUSTRALIA OR ABROAD.

Army No. **QX44039** (Other No. **HARRY HENRY**) **RIF**

Enlistment at **Water St. Valley** (State) **18 Jan 1943** (Date)

A Questions to be put to persons called out or proceeding to training establishments.

- What is your name? **GORRINGE**
- When were you born? **14 Dec 1923**
- In or was the subject born in the State or territory of **N.S.W.**
- Age: **19 years**
- What is your trade or occupation? **Station Employee**
- Are you married, single or widowed? **Single**
- Are you a member of any other military service? **NO**
- Are you a member of any other service? **NO**
- What is your present address? **Water St. Valley**
- What is your religious denomination? (Answer optional) **Anglican**
- Have you ever been sentenced by a civil court? **NO**

B MEDICAL EXAMINATION

I certify the above-named person to be fit for Class **1** (Temporarily unfit) (Agreement)

C OATH OF ENLISTMENT

I, **Harry Henry Gorringe** do solemnly declare that the above answers made by me to the above questions are true and that I am willing to serve in the Australian Military Forces within or beyond the limits of the Commonwealth.

Witnessed by: **Barry Riddiford** (Signature of Attesting Officer)

Signature of Enlisting Officer: **Barry Riddiford** in the State of **N.S.W.**

Signature of Applicant: **H. Gorringe**

Signature of Attesting Officer: **Barry Riddiford**

EC 19.1.43



NOTE: Aboriginal Australians have proudly served since the call to arms was first issued. Regrettably, their service has not always received the recognition it so richly deserves.

Our thanks to Barry Riddiford and the Gorringe family for our being able to include this information in our Anzac Extra special edition of Kinawah.

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.

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



In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.
John McCrae

*“Life is a song — sing it. Life is a game — play it.
Life is a challenge — meet it. Life is a dream — realise it.
Life is a sacrifice — offer it. Life is love — enjoy it.” Sai B*

[John McCrae](#) was a poet and physician from [Guelph, Ontario](#). He developed an interest in poetry at a young age and wrote throughout his life. His earliest works were published in the mid-1890s in Canadian magazines and newspapers. McCrae's poetry often focused on death and the peace that followed.



At the age of 41, McCrae enrolled with the [Canadian Expeditionary Force](#) following the outbreak of the [First World War](#). He had the option of joining the medical corps because of his training and age but he volunteered instead to join a fighting unit as a gunner and medical officer. It was his second tour of duty in the Canadian military. He had previously fought with a volunteer force in the [Second Boer War](#). He considered himself a soldier first; his father was a military leader in Guelph and McCrae grew up believing in the duty of fighting for his country and [empire](#).

McCrae fought in the [Second Battle of Ypres](#) in the [Flanders](#) region of Belgium, where the German army launched one of the first [chemical attacks](#) in the history of war.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/In_Flanders_Fields



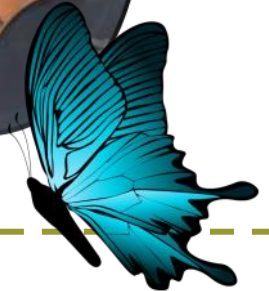


Members of the Slade Campus Past Students' Association are committed custodians of the history of Slade School and St Catharine's Church of England Girls School, and of the two schools which preceded the formation of St Catharine's Warwick, St Catharine's Church of England Girls High School, Stanthorpe 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.



St Catharines/Slade School Facebook

Our Facebook page is 352 members strong as of April 27, 2020...



"Say g'day g'day, how ya goin'?"

Joan White posted April 23 with the following results...

I am trying to confirm the death of Keith Cox. An internet search for Keith David Cox (Slade 69-72) has yielded zero. Can anyone help?

[Jim Wiseman](#) Can't confirm but I believe it was a MVA

[Jim Wiseman](#) [Stephen Hull](#) might know

[Laurence Boyd](#) Yes, I recall hearing in the early 80's that he had died, but unsure of the date it happened, but believe it wasn't that long after leaving school. I also have a vague recollection that his family had something to do with the Augathella pub

[Stephen Hull](#) No sorry guys I don't know and we are referring to the Keith Cox who was at Slade in the early 70s. I asked some months ago about Keith as we were "thick as thieves" at Slade and someone replied to say they thought he had passed away. I tried a google and white pages search with no luck.

[Joan Clothier White](#) Our archivist's records show that his home address at enrolment was Acacia Ridge. Does this ring any bells for anyone?

[Stephen Hull](#) Yes that is correct. I visited there once during our school days.

[David Brown](#) [Stephen Hull](#) yes his mum and dad had a Service station. I also spent a holiday break with him and his family building a buggy out of an old wreck.

[Wal Holcombe](#) I remember seeing Keith at a school reunion, maybe the late 70's from memory his first job after school was at the Wanless wrecking yard at Acacia Ridge, I am sure his wife was one of the Wanless family. From my days at Slade I remember Keith very unhappy

with 1 egg and a piece of toast for breakfast on a frosty morning so he kept it and presented it to Mr Whybird before school started, I don't remember if it did any good, not many fat boys left Slade.

[Des Brown](#) Yes Joan, he was into cars, old Lancers and I had a memory that he came, I thought around Greenbank, and that's close to Acacia Ridge. I think his dad had a servo there. He was a good fella Coxy.

[Laurence Boyd](#) Anyone have a photo? I half-remember his face.

[Stephen Hull](#) This is what Keith looked like at Slade.

[Stephen Hull](#) Yes Keith was into cars in a big way. I hope we all end up with egg on our faces and we find him up to his elbows in grease playing with a car some where. At least he will know he has not been forgotten.



[Joan Clothier White](#) No question that would absolutely be the most desirable outcome!

[Rick Wiseman](#) I remember Coxy was a big fella. I think he played prop in the first XV 1972?

Brigalow, Billy Cans and Bottle Trees

Joan Clothier White published 2010

Chapter 2: *Getting Settled*

THE FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS next morning was the construction of more roomy and weatherproof living quarters for the family. We hoed into a simple breakfast sitting around together on four-gallon kerosene drums under the trees that would be our camp site shelter from now on.

My siblings and I goggled wide-eyed at the shape of the loaf from the baker in what was now our nearest town, Wandoan, twenty-seven miles away.

This bread was unlike any we had ever seen before. It was an extra tall, high-top or marriage loaf as I have since found it to be called. This meant that the slices were, to our eyes, overlarge—and quite a challenge to cut from the loaf. But they were working man’s helpings, Dad informed us as we sat down to bread and golden syrup and Weet-bix with made-up powdered milk. After this we would be ready for anything!

From the time Dad left home at fifteen years of age, he knew that his future lay in regional Australia. Growing up with his mother Ida, two brothers and two sisters on his Uncle Ambrose’s dairy farm at Alstonville, his roots were undeniably “country”. Alstonville, about halfway between Lismore and Ballina in northern New South Wales had become home from the time his parents separated just before the onset of World War One. He was no stranger to hard work, being well used to the labour-intensive slog of dairy farming. Some of Dad’s siblings privately felt they had been used as unpaid labour on this farm in return for food and keep.

Dad’s first paid job was heavy labouring in the form of wheat lumping at a flour mill in Manildra, New South Wales. He faithfully sent home part of his regular pay to his mother but by this time he was chafing at the bit to escape the strait-laced Methodist constraints of his upbringing—his mother was an honest to goodness member of the Temperance Society—and he felt there was a future for him in Queensland which he saw as a land of greater freedom and more wide-ranging opportunities.

Dad had knocked around, lived rough and worked hard up until the time that he enlisted for active service in July, 1940. A letter he wrote to his grandmother on Christmas Day 1936 at age twenty-six reveals something of himself and his sense of purpose even then. Part of this letter is reproduced here.

*c/- Post Office
Wallumbilla
Queensland
25th Dec, 1936*

Dear Grandmama.

... It is Christmas day. I am alone, 12 miles from the nearest town (or village) which in Australian lingo might be described as a “one horse town”.

The day is warm, so warm in fact that I am shirtless and trying to enjoy to the full the day that was and is for “Peace on earth and goodwill to men”.

The cook prepared a pleasant Christmas dinner, the main item on the menu being what I think you would call a baked buttered bread and sultana custard with stewed dried peaches; so while the worms are content and the mental aspect on life is pleasant I have ordered him to pen these words.

I do not know what of my past you have heard or what you would be interested in but:-

After coming to Queensland, this time I embarked upon a venture that was interesting and more or less exciting. That of catching wild pigs.

You see in this district there is a fair amount of wheat farming and dairying done. The ground is very good but the rainfall is inconsistent. In a good season the cows milk well and there is an abundance of pig feed.

In some districts there are things reckoned useless which if in another part of the country would be quite valuable. It was that way with the pigs. In the station country on the Condamine River pigs had bred up wild to such an extent that they were a nuisance and a menace to sheep and wire netting fences, while in this district dairymen were clamouring for pigs to fatten with their surplus milk.

I with another chap went into the business of catching them with dogs and bringing them over here. We sold a good many, but from the time we started there was no rain and the cows went off milk alarmingly so that the majority of farmers are cutting scrub for their cattle and a great many are out of water having to drive their stock many miles for a drink, consequently it greatly reduced the sale of the pigs.

Doubtless you have seen in the papers the condition of the country in Queensland. Although most parts have had good rain lately, this district has missed with the exception of about an inch of rain the night before last.

With all its droughts and faults I still maintain that it is good country with a good manager. The majority of farmers are lazy and neglectful.

When I saw how dull the prospects of the local pig market were I took on weekly work, harvesting and more latterly dam sinking. I have a contract of clearing land to start in the morning. And when finished that a fence to put up, so you see I get a little variety which is the spice of life.

I have just about relinquished a hope which for a long time I fostered:- That of selecting land. The odds against are too great. For two blocks opened at Chinchilla this month there were 1800 applications and that is about the average for any blocks that are worth having, so you see it is too much like taking a bat in a chocolate wheel or a ticket in the lottery as each application costs 10 shillings.

*... I am your sincere grandson,
Maxwell Clothier.*

Dad's letter reveals as much by what is not stated as the news and commentary that he has put into words. Times were tough and finding work was every bit as tough.

For many an Australian man at this time, coming on the heels of the Depression, the war represented the chance of a dependable income which was a welcome opportunity—especially for anyone who was eking out an existence from job to job and who was seeing more mealtimes than meals.

Every man who fulfilled his patriotic duty and signed up understood full well that he may never return but was genuinely grateful for the regular pay cheque that the war effort afforded him. In this regard Dad was no different from anyone else.

When he was discharged in September, 1945 after serving in the Middle-East, he returned to the Wallumbilla area which was named as his locality on his official enlistment papers. He soon saw that mechanisation was the way of the future and so bought the truck, readily finding work as an owner-driver thereafter.

He already owned a very small block of land near Yuleba and set about acquiring another one about three miles out of town. Here he began to build a house for his new family following his marriage to Mum in April, 1950. He ran a few head of cattle but the living he earned with the truck was his primary means of support.

In the 1950s, a government scheme, open to returned servicemen, offered him a lifeline. The opportunity was made available to those who satisfied the criteria to enter in a ballot which was to be drawn by lot. The prize was unimproved land in developing rural areas.

About this time, it seems the Australian government was more than a little sensitive about national security after hostilities had come so close to home during World War Two. To settle some country areas further inland from the coast seemed perhaps prudent and our returned servicemen a reasonable choice to do it.

It was determined to open up substantial tracts of land held by the original pioneers and turn them over to new settlement. War veterans were given priority under conditions where the land had to be cleared and developed. Old grazing leases were resumed and subdivided into much smaller holdings.

Naturally not all returned servicemen were interested in this but here was the opportunity Dad had dreamed about. He entered unsuccessfully into one ballot for a block in the Taroom area and, on inspecting this property, was greatly enthusiastic about the quality of the land in this general locality. He was subsequently successful in a further ballot which led to the selection of a property in the parish of Bundi, county of Fortescue. This was the property which ultimately became our new home.

Winning a block of land in a ballot was not necessarily a guarantee that the successful recipient would qualify to settle on it. Stringent conditions were attached to the War Service Land Settlement Scheme. All applicants were required to have been honourably discharged and needed to prove that they possessed sufficient knowledge, previous experience and financial resources. In addition to this the land had to be developed for use as the government decreed.

By the skin of his teeth, Dad had scraped together enough assets to satisfy the powers-that-be as far as the

“sufficient financial resources” clause in the conditions stipulated. He had managed to find buyers for his two small blocks of land at Yuleba and had no hesitation in claiming the truck, water tank and recently purchased small Cletrac crawler tractor as real and tangible assets.

Ultimately, taking possession of the land was also conditional upon there being some kind of dwelling on the property. Furthermore, the selector was required to be living on it no later than three months after the drawing of the ballot. For us, this was before the whole family could move on to it lock, stock and barrel. Because of this, Dad had already been “batching” for himself in the hut that he built near the billabong for several months.

In the interim, the rest of our family was living in a rented house in Yuleba next to the school. This took care of any foreseeable difficulties which might have arisen about getting to school and procuring groceries since Mum still could not drive and would not have had access to a vehicle in any case.

With his background roughing it as a labourer, Dad was used to pretty basic living conditions. His experiences in the desert during his service in World War Two in the Middle East further cast him in the mould of someone who was quite used to doing without refinements that most people took for granted. *No frills* might have been a term invented to describe Dad.

The motto that many people grew up with: *Use it up, wear it out, make do, do without* did not need to be posted on the wall at our place. This may well have gained fame as the “Motto of the Boston Millionaires” in the Great Depression and the drive to economise in World War Two but it was the *modus operandi* for our family and for most other pioneering families in the district.

It is not difficult to imagine that this means of survival might have been something of a curiosity for those used to a life of privilege but for the rest of the world it was nothing new. As will be seen, our family had all the bases covered on all four counts.

Luxury was a dwelling without a dirt floor that kept the rain off and this was what Dad set about providing for us. Like many an Australian son of the bush, Dad was no stranger to the demands placed upon him of having to manage with what he had on hand. We had every confidence that if he said he would build us a hut then he would most assuredly be able to do so.

We had all seen with our own eyes the stoutly constructed cypress-pine log cabin that he had built and lived in immediately prior to the war. This was on the smaller of the two properties that we had recently vacated near Yuleba east of Roma and Wallumbilla in the Maranoa region.

I vividly remember our wide-eyed childish awe of this cabin. It was made of logs that Dad had chosen and felled himself and, with the bark still on, blended harmoniously into bush of like timber growing on every side. Frank Lloyd Wright, Dad was not, but this structure did look as if it truly belonged amongst its surroundings.

To further add to the mystique surrounding Dad’s log cabin, the doorways and walls were festooned with horse collars and harness trappings that he had used in the horse and buggy days before going off to war. After World War Two, horses were being rapidly phased out in favour of motor driven vehicles and most of this tackle was never used again.

Of course, further up the walls of the cabin were shelves occupied with such curiosities as bottles of strychnine, spirits of salts, Stockholm tar, coarse salt and all manner of other intriguing items. These things in their interesting old bottles were a source of endless fascination for the younger members of the family from time to time when Dad would return there for something that he needed.

At that time, Trooper, the draught horse, that Dad had used for timber getting and dam-sinking with a big iron silt scoop prior to the war, was living out a well-earned retirement in a paddock nearby. We never saw Trooper working but the horse harness hanging around the walls of the cabin was not there for decoration. It had been part of a life that was already in the past. One day Dad found Trooper, aged close to thirty years, dead in his paddock. He had outlived the way of life that he had been born and bred for.

To look at Yuleba now, the casual observer would be hard pressed to picture the importance it enjoyed in its heyday. It was the terminus for the last Cobb and Co stagecoach run in Australia between Yuleba and Surat in 1924. The town once boasted perhaps as many as a dozen pubs although it seems that many of these may have been little more than a shanty. Established in 1878 Yuleba boomed when it became an important rail head the following year. It was also a major rest stop and watering hole for working bullock teams and, of course, their drivers.

Dad had been the proud owner of both a sulky and a dray and I fondly remember many an hour when I was very small playing on both these unique pieces of bush children’s “playground equipment”. It is obvious with the 20/20

vision of hindsight that, as children, we had at best a poor appreciation that these relics were a fast disappearing fact of life in more ways than one—right along with the log cabin.

Now on our new selection, it was painfully obvious that the single room hut that had served Dad's modest needs during the months that he was living there by himself was only crudely sufficient for just one person; hence the necessity for other arrangements to be made as soon as possible. The five of us could hardly be accommodated in this tiny room. Dad, however, had matters firmly in hand.

Immediately after breakfast, we embarked upon the grand adventure of hunting up the raw materials that would soon become the foundations of an additional room adjoining the existing hut.

Over by the creek, all three children watched Dad size up a few half-grown poplar box trees whose trunks were of roughly uniform girth and reasonably straight. He felled them with his home-made, specially modified buzz-saw, trimmed them of extraneous twigs and branches and then snigged them home behind the truck in the same way a lioness matter-of-factly brings her kill back to her den.

Things moved along rapidly. The logs were laid down parallel to each other and evenly spaced on the building site, butting up to share a wall with the existing hut. Three-by-four-inch bearers were placed across them as floor joists. Floorboards were affixed to them and uprights stood for weather-board walls to be nailed on. Next, the rafters were raised until all was in readiness for roofing iron to be fastened in place.

It was just magic the way it all happened. There was Dad, ever the visionary, carving out a niche for us from the wilderness. He was "assisted" no end by three children only too willing to spill the nails, drop the hammer, lose the saw and the tin-snips and get up to all manner of other escapades in the process of getting a new roof over our heads—quite literally.

After no more than a day or two we had a partially finished extra room which meant that Mum and Dad's bed, lowboy and chest of drawers, some of the few items of furniture transported in the move, could now be brought in. There were even spaces for a window and a door although it was some time before we went the length of having an honest-to-goodness window and there were never any doors built in the hut, just doorways.

If home was where the beds were, we now had somewhere we could call home. To be sure, one or two refinements were still lacking but at least now we were out of the weather.

Next Chapter: "I'll show you how to make a damper!"