

SCPSA INC



Helping to create history, not repeat it.

KINAWAH



VOLUME 2020

MAY EXTRA EDITION

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The best of times, the worst of times...

Searching through old school magazines recently to verify some information, my attention was snagged by the brief editorial appearing as the introduction to the 1972 publication. In 1972, I was just a few short years out of school and, although I was a person who appreciated history (thank you, Miss Cant) much of the full import of the events of that extraordinary year as they unfolded was only able to be grasped much later, with the benefit of hindsight.

We are living right now in extraordinary times also. History is being made and time will tell as to how it is seen and recorded in the long term. The youngest members of SCPSA, those recent and soon to be graduates from WCC, are the ones among us who will face most of the fallout in the ensuing decades and we sincerely wish them every success as they put those years of education to excellent use and try to make sense of it all.

The Editorial mentioned above, appears below. The message is as relevant today as it was when it was written and thank you Barbara Pfaff for your contribution at right.

1972 – the year of news. More and more, we become aware of the world and its hopes and its problems. Munich – the scene of the most disrupted Olympic Games in modern history; New Guinea – famine; Tel Aviv – airport massacre; air piracy; Northern Ireland – bloodshed and civil strife.

On the credit side – peace imminent; Mainland China – granted United Nations membership; U.S.A. – joint talks on space and medical research. These are only a few of the events which have taken place in 1972. Who, on 30th November, 1971, would have thought these events possible?

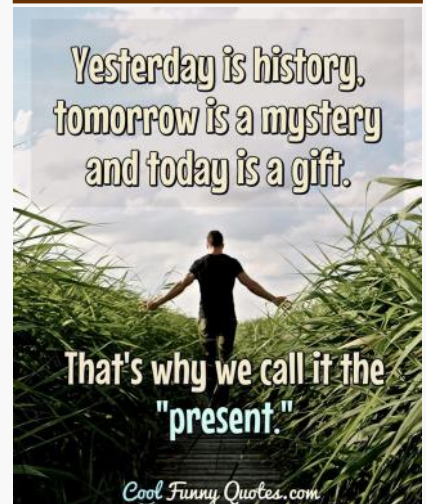
What, then, lies in store for us in 1973? We can imagine many glorious, and many inglorious happenings. But imagination is only part of the story. For the world to progress, we need more. Patience, to wait and see what is going to happen. Courage, to sustain us, no matter what may befall. Perseverance, to continue undaunted with whatever contribution we are endeavouring to make. And, yes, imagination, foresight - call it what we may - to colour the world with beautiful hues, to foresee pitfalls before we are trapped, to elevate downtrodden and ignored ideals.

No matter what may happen, each one of us has his or her part to play. Let us all take heed of our fellow man, doing what lies in our power to make the world a better place to live in.

MILESTONES OF 2020 have come and gone, Easter, Anzac Day, albeit commemorated 'virtually', most of us missing the human element, the camaraderie of returned troops, their special day MIA! AFL football matches always a part of Good Friday and Anzac Day sadly absent from the agenda this year, like the cycle of the seasons, Autumn heralding footy and meat pies! We are conditioned as human beings to associate weather with events which have been part of our lives, 2020 seemingly wiping them off the calendar.

In Canberra, since October 2019, we have experienced, heat waves, fire alerts and smoke pollution, largely destroying the festive season, followed by a hailstorm which decimated homes and vehicles in the Parliamentary Triangle. A new VW Golf was born in our garage, but we are fortunate, as so many others are worse off, particularly victims of the bushfires whose plight has faded into the background in the wake of COVID-19. The drought, ever-present for farmers and graziers, seems now to be placed on the 'Back-Burner' as a pandemic has overtaken the mindset of the nation.

Barbara Pfaff, nee Brown-Beresford



Cool Funny Quotes.com

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



IS
YOUR CLASS
celebrating a
MILESTONE in
2020 or
2021?

CAST YOUR
NET WIDER
FOR LOST
CONTACTS
AND
ADVERTISE
HERE!

Editor's Notes...



As I write I can't help but wonder how our Kinawah readership is managing during the present circumstances. No doubt some of those dusty memories of survival strategies learned at boarding school have come in handy to help us all through troubled times. As the old saying goes, what doesn't kill us makes us strong. A small number of us remain who remember what it was like living through the war years and what it meant to lose loved ones. No doubt a few memories of surviving those times have been dusted off and relived recently. Many of these same, older, past students are now widowed and living alone. While visiting in person is, at present, mostly off the table, a simple phone call can mean so much.

Jenny Schonfisch recently made just such a phone call to Dawa Solomon in PNG. Touching base was wonderful for both of them. Dawa reports that there are eight confirmed COVID-19 cases in PNG, fortunately none of these are known to us, but the caveat *that is known about* is one that should be applied in this instance. Hand sanitiser in shops and the social distancing that we are experiencing are being practised in Port Moresby too. When you stop to consider the instances overseas where these precautions have *not* been strictly observed, we can readily see the need and the benefits.

There are others who are deserving of care and consideration too. Lesley Knezevic (Noon) at school 1969-1977, works in a pathology lab in Cairns. This was the lab that was put into quarantine after a cluster of the virus was identified there a couple of weeks ago. Lesley reports that she is now out of quarantine and has probably done enough jigsaw puzzles to last her for a while! Doubtless there are others of our number who are also health professionals or essential workers in different areas on the front line during the pandemic. Our thoughts and prayers are with them.

Colin Jackson noted that this year it will be 50 years since many of his class came together for Year 9 in 1970. COVID-19 permitting, it would be great if as many of them as possible could get together at the Brecky Creek. Time to seek out those contacts and get ready to make the most of it. Over to you now and let's see you there!

Until next time, Joan White

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

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

Carl Bard



2019/2020 Committee

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WCC Student Liaison
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Cookie's Corner

WE HAVE HAD PLENTY OF POSITIVE COMMENTS AFTER OUR "ANZAC EXTRA" SPECIAL EDITION...TOGETHER IN ISOLATION!

■ Now as we look to the future we need to keep positive thoughts uppermost in our minds to help navigate a path through some of the unknowns that lie ahead. I hope recent and current content in Kinawah is helping to keep our collective equilibrium and sense of humour intact. It has certainly given us plenty to think about and look forward to.

■ I would like to mention here my personal thanks to John Deshon for printing and postage of the recent April Extra Kinawah which he undertook at his own expense. Your willingness to help is greatly appreciated John as I am sure all of our Australia Post recipients will agree.

■ It is also gratifying to keep receiving positive comments from our WCC past students. I endorse the sentiments on page 1 about the legacy that COVID-19 will be leaving them. Again, plenty to think about and plenty of room for us to help forge the best way forward.

■ As always, please take the time to give us your feedback and let us know how you are. We still have no reported cases of the virus among us and I count that as a huge plus. Having said that, our concerns are very real for those of us who are at the front line or who have loved ones who are. This is no time to be complacent.

■ I remain confident that our catch up planned at the Brekky Creek in November will still go ahead. Are you thinking about putting your tables together for the 95th in October 2021? No better time than the present. Time has a way of flying right past us if we let it.

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

■ And finally... **EVERY GOOD WISH FOR A VERY HAPPY MOTHERS DAY TO ALL CONCERNED!**

Until next time, take care and stay safe — Captain Cooke!

PLEASE NOTE

DOMAIN NAME NOW
for revitalised website:

www.scpsawarwick.com

WHAT'S ON IN 2020

2020 AGM!

Still no firm date yet but we hope to be able to confirm a time and venue soon

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

In the end, all that will matter is who you became and how many you helped. **Robin Sharma**

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

Towards a successful 2020 Exit

As the second half of our academic year fast approaches our focus quite rightly, is on the preparation of the whole student. The year may have taken some surprising twists and turns but we have never lost sight of this. Like schools nation wide, our entire college community has needed to accept conditions as they emerge and adapt to meet them—a lesson for all of us, for all of life, but one we embrace.

Our year 12s, again like students nation wide, will be completing their final year of studies, perhaps not in the way they expected but with resilience and a perspective they might not otherwise have gained. Our younger students are also managing changed curriculum delivery and, like all of us, learning together as we go along.

The college website continues to undergo substantial transformations with the great work of two of our talented staff and this reflects some of this change. You are invited to explore and browse a while. It is hoped you enjoy revisiting old haunts and viewing them in a new, optimistic light.

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

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

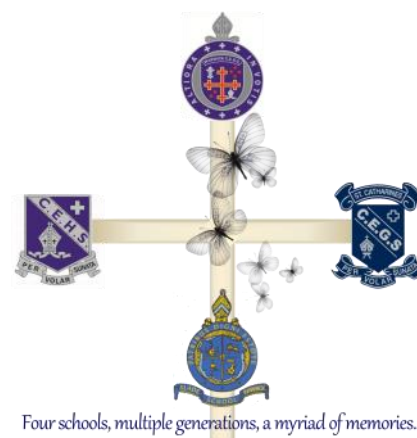
PAYMENT VIA AUSTRALIA POST

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

Complete set @ **\$12** each may also be ordered and pre-paid by contacting Helen Moloney: hmoloney@aapt.net.au (07 46 4635 0573)

BSB 514179 Account Name Mrs Helen L Moloney Account Number 1214350
Reference 100 yr Pics plus YOUR NAME



Madeline front and centre for "Yoogera" christening Nov 26

MADELINE BLYTH, 91, Queensland Maritime Museum's oldest member, christened Brisbane's first double-decker CityCat, officially launching its first passenger service 26 November, 2019.

Lord Mayor Adrian Schrinner noted that christening and naming a vessel before it goes into service was a long-standing maritime tradition which traditionally ensured good fortune and safe travel.

"Ms Blyth is one of Brisbane's living treasures with decades of volunteer service and a long connection to travelling on the river, with her father operating tugboats for the Port of Brisbane from 1926," he said.

"To this day she continues to have a connection with the river and has been involved with the Queensland Maritime Museum for more than thirty years.

"I am so excited to have been able to launch this vessel, 'Yoogera', an indigenous name for "Breakfast Creek at mouth", with such important members of our Brisbane community."

Cr Schrinner also said the 27.2 metre, double-storey vessel was the most modern and accessible CityCat to travel on our river.

"Over the previous ten months 'Yoogera' was constructed by a team of experts at local shipbuilder, Aus Ships at Murarrie, which created forty local jobs," the Lord Mayor stated.

"This 43-tonne CityCat can carry 170 passengers, has enlarged windows and better visibility for all passengers, dedicated wheelchair spaces and bike racks and of course, the upper deck where you can enjoy panoramic views of the Brisbane River.

"Our new CityCat represents the evolution of river travel and provides a truly breathtaking way for both residents and visitors to get around Brisbane and explore all there is to see and do."



Rowing at Slade 1930s

In the early years of Slade there was a push to introduce rowing so as to make use of the splendid stretch of water running just in front of the school and to afford the boys an opportunity of taking part in what is sometimes regarded



as the manliest and most instructive of school sports. After some stops and starts with this initiative a renewed interest in rowing was sparked with the arrival of a new Headmaster, Rev A.E.N. Hughes, an Oxford man. Around about this time, Oxford beat Cambridge in the annual boat race in the UK for the first time in a good twenty years and in high good spirits the Headmaster shouted the whole school to the pictures that night!

Rowing became part of school life in 1936 with co-operation from Warwick City Council who helped by clearing the river of snags and overhanging willows and granting permission to use a structure on the river bank as a boat house. Old boys also rallied around, helping to pay the cost of the first boat which was specially designed by Norman Wright of Brisbane. It was envisaged that each house would compete in its own boat, there being no doubt, even in bad years that there was sufficient water available for boats to race two abreast. A small fleet of canoes was also introduced to cater for the smaller boys.

Meanwhile, the idea of holding "bumping" races made popular at Oxford and Cambridge received traction where the boats are started three lengths apart and it is the object of the second boat to catch and lightly bump the one ahead. Great interest and excitement is generated with crowds of enthusiasts racing along the tow paths urging on their crews. The Queen's Park bank of the river lent itself admirably to this purpose.

SLADE 1937 MAGAZINE:

"Rowing on the Condamine is now definitely established. Since the floods early in the year, which cleared out most of the weed, there has been plenty of water.

"A boat shed has been built on the banks of the river and provides ample room for the two boats and the canoes. The shed can be locked up so the cars and all the gear can be kept there safely. There is little hope of rowing ever becoming an inter-school sport, but it is certainly invaluable as a weekend and spare time recreation. The boats are kept in excellent condition and the oars have been painted in the school colours."

The first regatta, in 1937, as noted by Charlie Olsen in *The Annals Of Slade*, was held in the morning of the Old Boys Reunion in May (see group photo on page 6 of April Extra Kinawah). The event created considerable interest in the town and quite a large crowd gathered on the banks of the Condamine.

Nothing went right for the organisers. A group of young, enthusiastic Old Boys arrived early, took boats and disappeared upstream to visit Scots. Then when the regatta was due to start there were plenty of oarsmen but no boats!

When they did eventually arrive back, some races were held but a series of accidents to the gear marred the sport. The unskilled efforts of the Old Boys were too much for the boats, many rowlocks giving way under the strain and the programme had to be abandoned.

Not long after this, World War II broke out and many of the protagonists enlisted for active service with the Australian Imperial Forces, some of them never to return.

The straw boaters, seen above were no more than a fleeting addition to the school uniform.



In our isolation: extraordinary times...

Some years ago when I was working as a teacher aide, I was fortunate enough to attend a professional development seminar where Patricia Cameron-Hill and Dr Shayne Yates were the guest speakers and the main entertainment. They were unforgettable! This couple has made a profession out of bringing wit, wisdom and inspiration for mental health strategies to people in need of it all round the world—and let’s face it, that’s everyone. During the present crisis, via their regular Friday Funnies column, they have been doing their bit to bolster the spirits of people everywhere. Their following words of wisdom are simply too good not to share...

STAYING ALIVE! How gratitude can make us mentally strong...

IF THERE IS A SILVER LINING TO THE PANDEMIC, it is how people are finding new ways to make do and having some fun along the way. Many communities have come to life with neighbours chatting over the fence, food parcels left on doorsteps, kids dressing up, dancing in driveways, families out walking and animal companions made a fuss over.

Beyond our day-to-day sheltered lives, we can be grateful for the way in which our nation, through quick and decisive action has dealt with the pandemic to flatten the curve. In a life-threatening situation, the desire to give thanks may be strong, especially for front-line workers, including those who risk their lives to provide essential services.

We have much to be grateful for, especially if we are in a relatively privileged position of having a job or financial security, a safe place to live, support from others and our health. We also know that many people are struggling to find anything to be thankful for at the moment as they face an uncertain future.

We’ve written previously about how we can better manage fear and anxiety by working with the mind. It is based on an understanding of the mind-body connection – what flows through the mind can change our brain. We can use our feelings of thankfulness to change our brain for the better. We have a special part of our brain which is designed for our survival. It does this by reacting to anything it sees as a threat to our life by preparing us for ‘fight or flight’. The reaction is automatic and bypasses the thinking part of the brain that would tell us if the threat is real or imagined.

This built-in ‘negativity bias’ means that we are always on the lookout for anything that could cause trouble, and explains why bad news gets our attention, especially the headlines for news bulletins. While this negativity bias is good for survival, it can create ongoing vulnerability to stress and anxiety.

“The brain is like Velcro for negative experiences but Teflon for positive ones.” (R. Hanson ‘Hardwiring Happiness’). Unless we pay sustained attention to positive experiences, they flow through our brains like water through a sieve. They’re momentarily pleasant but have little lasting value in terms of changing the brain. To compensate, we must be more aware of things we can be thankful for and make a point of savouring them and letting our mind rest on them.

Years ago, we came up with an idea to help people become aware of good things that happen in their lives to make a habit of gratitude. These pocket-sized “Six of the Best” cards pose six questions for the end of each day which can be answered during the evening meal with family or at bedtime. Just before bed, our mind is very receptive. And no matter what we may have been worried about or what went wrong during the day, we have the chance to let good feelings ease us into sleep.

Here are our “Six of the Best” questions: Today what was the best thing...

1. I saw?
2. I ate?
3. I did for me?
4. I did for someone else?
5. I received?
6. I found funny?

People tell us that they have developed a more positive focus by doing their ‘Six of the Best’ each night and could feel themselves making more of an effort to be thankful and appreciative. Some families have changed the questions to better suit their circumstances, and for their children, No. 3 could be “What did I learn today?”

Some people find themselves making a mental note during the day of all they have to feel pleased or happy about in preparation for their ‘Six of the Best’. Not least of all, a well-developed ‘sense of humour’.

 * We’re locked in our home in Glen Iris, in the hope of avoiding the virus. *
 * But there's one shaft of light in this season of blight *
 * We’re retirees, so no one can fire us! *
 *

Friday Funnies May 1, 2020





Ray reflects on ... mining for opals

IF YOU CAN IMAGINE A JOB where you pay to go to work, spend all day in strenuous exercise, live in fairly low-standard housing and know that--at the end of the week--you might not get paid-- That's Opal Mining.

Just where/when I inherited the "Opal Bug " as it is known is a mystery...My own father referred to Opal Mining as: "A bloody Mug's Game." My only excuse is that it is genetic...My Great-Grandfather, Joseph, had the first Pub at Lightning Ridge and one of my Great Uncles was one of the first miners at the "Grawin" (opal field west of Lightning Ridge.) So it seems the Opal Mining gene skipped a couple of generations, and I got stuck with it.

Anyone who has watched the TV series: Outback Opal Hunters may have formed the opinion that Opal Miners are a mob of yobbos and ratbags. This is true--to a point. As in any profession, there are the ratbags, mongrels and outright bastards, but overall, most are decent, hard-working people who will do anything to help you out.

I've been Opal Mining--off and on--for over thirty years now; I always promised myself that--if I ever won Lotto--I'd go mining. Well--Lotto never came good, so after a life of looking after sheep and cattle in Western Queensland and down in the Riverina of New South Wales, I've retired and now can finally do what I've always wanted.

These days, mining is getting more and more regulated...Gone are the days when you could just pick up a "Miner's Right" and dig where you liked.

To set yourself up nowadays costs between ten and twenty

thousand dollars...That's a truck, power generator, hoist, jackhammers, lights, shovels and power cords. Just getting a hole drilled can cost in excess of \$1000.

On top of that, there is Claim Registration that has to be paid every year (you can only have two at the one time) as well as a Bond of about \$1000 for each claim (so you don't leave a mess when you leave).

Best times to work are between March and November. The Summer months are just too hard on machinery (not to mention the bloke using it!)

Opal is a great leveller too...The guy collecting rubbish for the Council has just as much chance of making good as the Prime Minister's nephew.

In fact, the bloke sitting next to you at the Bar with an old Jacky Howe singlet, ratty old shorts and boots with the bottoms falling off is likely to be a millionaire!

Believe me, there is no better feeling than striking a patch of Opal and knowing that you are the first to see something that has lain undisturbed for a few million years!

I have seen big, rough miners tear-up when they find Opal--the Colours--the Beauty--it's just indescribable!

One of the "Opal" poems I've written ends with this verse:

*So when--by and by--a bloke he should die,
Let it be down in the clay and the sand,
In a mine shaft's cool air, with the Black Opal rare,
And a jackhammer hot in my hand.
So--if anyone wants to find me--you know where I'll be--
down a hole--digging Opal!*

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

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

I didn't say it was your fault, I said I was blaming you.

In filling out an application, where it says, "In case of an emergency, notify..." I answered "a doctor."

You do not need a parachute to skydive. You only need a parachute to skydive twice.

I used to be indecisive, but now I'm not so sure.

To be sure of hitting the target, shoot first and call whatever you hit the target.

Going to church doesn't make you a Christian, any more than standing in a garage makes you a car.

You're never too old to learn something stupid.

I'm supposed to respect my elders, but it's getting harder and harder for me to find someone older than me.



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

- There will be an area set aside for us at the front.
- Buy your own drinks and meals
- Partners etc. are more than welcome
- No speeches or formal proceedings
- Catch up with old classmates in a relaxed atmosphere

TO FIND OUT MORE, CONTACT
 Richard Cleal: (07) 3420 6541 0447 447 236
 rcleal@bigpond.net.au

We thought he was lost but now he's found...



Keith Cox is 'ALIVE AND WELL!!'

IN THE MONTY PYTHON MOVIE, THE LIFE OF BRIAN, the mother says, 'He's not the Messiah, he's just a naughty boy'. In my case it's, 'He's not dead, he's just social distancing before social distancing became fashionable'.

The truth is, life, family and work have been manic and ever so time consuming for the past 50 years and continue to be, even though I've slowed down. Forty years of marriage, major 'hands-on' renovations to many houses, helping raise four children, travelling overseas, university studies to attain a Master's degree and work commitments requiring my undivided 24/7 attention has kept me busy.

Just after getting married I worked as an Ambulance Officer for the Qld Ambulance Service (QAS) Brisbane. Next, working in Corrective Services for the next 28 years before retiring. The QAS was interesting; however my destiny was Corrective Services. I'm still employed part time supervising offenders in the community in a surveillance role.

I suppose my past contact with different groups and individuals, the years of managing 'the bad, the mad and the sad' and the 'what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas' mindset has undoubtedly influenced my social distancing skills. Working or living in prisons can be very taxing on all individuals. I think Aristotle's comment about humanity says it all, 'At his best, man is the noblest of all animals; separated from law and justice he is the worst.'

I do run into people from the past from time to time, sometimes in the oddest of places.

When I commenced my career at Boggo Road I met an ex Slade person and a couple of distant relatives, all wearing the wrong uniform!!

Throughout the last 50 years I've kept in contact with very few people from my past. A Christmas card to and from Milton Lester who I went to Slade with, probably one person from my single days, no one from the QAS period and a couple of people from the Corrective Services era. The past is the past and the present is now.

So don't be offended with my frugal efforts to keep in contact.

A few years ago I visited the Slade campus on an open day to have a look

around, visit the Museum and to perhaps meet up with someone I might know from my era. I fulfilled the first two desires but, unfortunately didn't succeed with the last.

I was pleasantly surprised so many people remembered me in the newsletter even though some of them thought I had 'transitioned to the light on the other side'. Good God, I hope they aren't privy to something I don't know!!

It's amazing some of the odd things people remember like the egg and toast incident with Horrie Whybird. The comments made by Horrie in my next report card, especially about my attitude, reflected strongly from that incident. I like reading the newsletter to keep up with the latest gossip and news on those people I've known. In my wildest dreams I didn't think I would be featured with so many people commenting.

Once again, just confirming my 'Big Day' hasn't arrived yet and I most definitely hope, not in the foreseeable future.

When it does I'm sure there will be a few mourners, some people paying their respects and others poking me with a sharp stick making sure I'm dead!!

My epitaph will read something like this:

For the people I've been able to assist in any way over the years – it's been my pleasure.

For the people who have provided assistance to me over the years – I sincerely thank you.

For the people I've laughed at and laughed with – keep laughing.

For those who have caused me grief (and you know who you are) – I have a long memory.

And lastly, for the people I've p..ssed off over the years – too bad!!

All the best.... to all of you.

I think it may be time for the 'wake' as I sit back and have another beer.....!!



UNDER 15 RUGBY TEAM 1971, coached by Mr Waite) won all but one game, taking out the premiership against Scots on a waterlogged Scots oval.

Back Left to Right

Peter Houston (breakaway)
Doug Price (five-eight)
Jim Wiseman (lock/second row)
David Lindsay Brown (second row)
Tommy Nauschetz (winger)

Middle Left to Right

Geoff Brown (hooker),
Milton Lester (half back)
Charlie Noon (second row)
Paul McConnell (full back)
Brian Riddiford (in-centre)
Bruce Whybird (winger/full back)

Front Left to Right

Hugh Scholefield (winger)
Colin Jackson (prop)
Stephen Hull (breakaway)
Keith Cox (prop)
Richard Hill (winger)

Richard O'Sullivan, John Mills and Kerry McMurdy also played games as required.

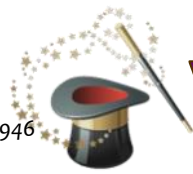
Wouldn't this be a great line up of old boys for a table at the 95th celebrations in October next year.

We are missing contact details for Paul Mc Connell, Hugh Scholefield, Geoff Brown, Milton Lester, Tommy Nauschetz, Doug Price, Richard O'Sullivan and Kerry Mc Murdy. Does anyone know anything at all of them or their whereabouts?

PS, Mr Waite lives quite close to your trusty Kinawah editor here in Toowoomba. He is hale and hearty and remembers his Slade years very well.

Mock ham

Dirranbandi Cookbook circa 1946



Working around food shortages

Today, chicken is cheap and readily available. Australians are among its highest consumers in the world. However, before modern chicken farming practices in the mid-twentieth century, poultry, particularly chicken, was a novelty as our older folk will clearly remember. It was a dish served on celebratory occasions such as Christmas (or when the laying hen stopped laying). My mother, for one, used to say that after she'd killed the hen, plucked it and cleaned it, her appetite for chicken had disappeared. Mock chicken was a popular family recipe in Australia, brought to the table in many forms: mock chicken croquettes, mock chicken mould, mock chicken outlets, mock chicken loaf, and the popular mock chicken pie. Mock chicken doesn't contain any chicken, but this recipe does include an egg! It can be used the same way as chicken, and enjoyed with some veggies, on a sandwich or on a cracker. It was popular at a time when chicken and other meats were considered a luxury.

Nana Ling's recipe, below, is dated December 1941, a time when Australia had just declared war on Japan and learned that 645 crewmen had been lost with [the sinking of the HMAS Sydney](#) following a battle with a German raider off the Western Australian coast. Rationing of food and clothes happened in Australia from 1942.

Mock Chicken Serves 4

Prep Time: 10 minutes Cook Time: 5 minutes Total Time: 15 minutes

Ingredients

- 1 small onion
- 1 tomato, peeled
- 1 dessertsp. butter
- 1 egg
- 1 teasp. mixed herbs

Method

1. Sauté finely chopped onion in a frying pan until clear.
2. Add butter and tomato to pan and cook well.
3. Beat egg and add to mixture along with herbs.
4. Cook and stir in salt and pepper to taste.
5. Serve cool.

Recipe tips:

- Let mixture cool slightly about 5 mins, then use a stick blender for a few seconds to create a smoother-textured Mock Chicken
- You can also add a tablespoon of grated cheese to the ingredients if desired.
- You can serve Mock Chicken as a meal with a side salad, enjoy it with crackers, use it as a sandwich filling and more. www.cookingwithnaling.com

Corned Beef à la Kel

Place a mix of vegetables from the fridge that need using i.e. carrots, onion, potato, parsnip, with corned meat into a slow cooker or large pot on the cook top. Cover with a large bottle of ginger beer mixed with half a cup of brown sugar and simmer until tender. Stock remaining after cooking is done is a hearty base for soups, stews and casseroles.

Corned beef accompaniment with a difference

Most of us have eaten white sauce with onions traditionally served with hot corned meat but you might like to try quickly mixing together 1 teasp. curry powder, 4-6 teasp. brown or white sugar, 1-2 tablesp. white vinegar and a splash of boiling water to help dissolve the sugar. Easy peasy!

Do you have a recipe that is a tried and true, fairly failure free, family favourite? Below is my sure-fire favourite solution as to how best to use overripe bananas. May be enjoyed by itself or with custard, thickened or sour cream or ice cream as a dessert.

Cranberry and choc chip-banana bars

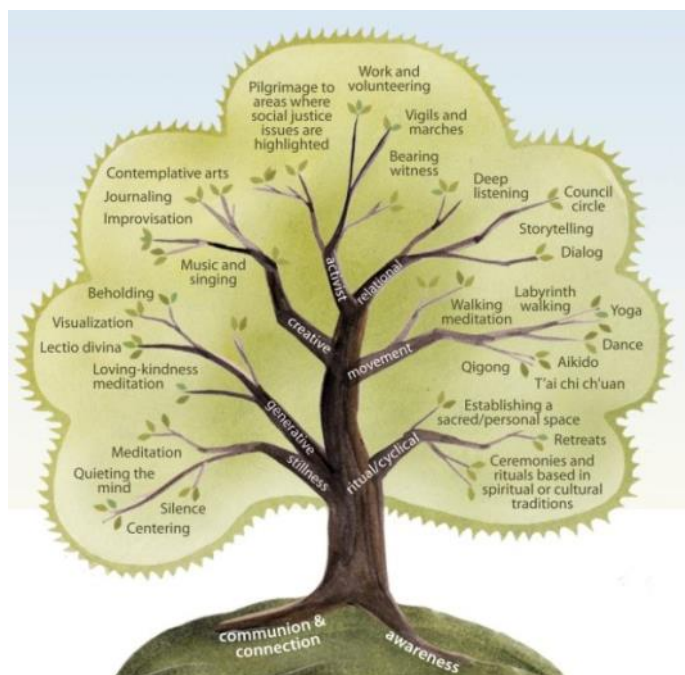
Ingredients

- 5 very ripe bananas about 1½ cup
- ¾ cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup oil any type - I use peanut or olive oil
- ¼ cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1¼ cups self raising flour
- ½ tsp salt
- 1 tsp mixed spice
- 1 cup dried cranberries or craisins
- ¾ cup mini white chocolate chips

Method

1. Pre-heat oven to 180° C. Line a 24x33 cm (or similar) slice pan with baking paper.
2. Peel bananas and mash well. Stir in brown sugar, oil, milk and eggs until combined. Add in dry ingredients and stir. Fold in the cranberries and chocolate chips.
3. Spread the batter into the prepared pan.
4. Bake 18-22 minutes, until a wooden toothpick inserted in the centre comes out clean. Cool completely and cut into squares of preferred size.
5. Enjoy!

"Seize the moment. Remember all those women on the 'Titanic' who waved off the dessert cart." — Erma Bombeck



THE TREE OF CONTEMPLATIVE PRACTICES

Those wonderfully rich PNG connections...



A distinguished, forty-six year nursing career and travel with military service followed an Australian education for Lieutenant Erue Stevens RAANC...

Erue Lawrence joined us at St Catharine's from Papua New Guinea in 1961 and sat for her Junior Public Exams in 1964.

In those few years her skills, as was the case with virtually every single one of our PNG girls, meant she was good enough to take her place in more than one A Grade Netball team even though she was much younger than the other, more senior members of the team and those she competed against.

After leaving school she embarked on her nursing career, completing her General Nursing training 1965 to 1969 at the Royal Brisbane Hospital and Cairns Base Hospital.

Following this, she advanced her nursing skills by working as a student midwife 1972-1973 at the world renowned Sydney Royal Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

From August 1969 to February 1970 Erue worked at Port Moresby General Hospital as she awaited the processing of the paperwork for entry into the Royal Australian Army Nursing Corps. Upon receiving her Officer's Commission in the RAANC she was stationed at 2 Military Hospital, Ingleburn, and 8 Camp Hospital, Singleton, both in NSW, between 1970 and 1972.

Between May 1972 and May 1973 Erue spent a year back at Crown Street Women's Hospital, again as a Student Midwife, marrying an Australian Naval Officer in May 1973 after which she was posted to HMAS Albatross, Nowra, NSW.

September 1973 to September 1974 Erue worked at Shoalhaven District Memorial Hospital in Nowra. A short posting to PNG for her husband's Naval service was next, followed by a posting back to HMAS Albatross and Shoalhaven District Memorial Hospital until August 1979.

1982 saw her posted to Medical Centre 7MD Larrakeyah Barracks, Darwin, NT. During extended service in the NT, additional voluntary service saw Erue as an Army Reserve Officer included in a Bivouac with NORFORCE soldiers at Katherine, NT.

Before her retirement in May, 2015 Erue nursed at Culcain Private Nursing Home, Frankston, VIC, Whitehall Private Nursing Home,

Lindfield, Sydney NSW and Canberra Nursing home/Amity/BUPA Aranda ACT.

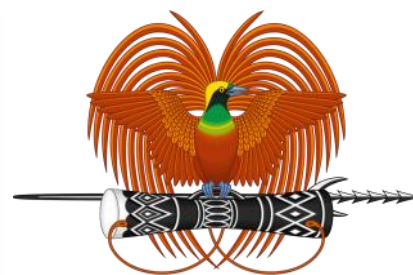
Over the past thirty plus years, Erue has been closely involved with the High Commission of Papua New Guinea, in Canberra. She has attended a vast number of the official functions and community events hosted by the high commission. She has also spent much of her time promoting the culture of Papua New Guinea through public performances of peroveta songs in various languages and through a recent teaching engagement with the Australian National University (ANU). Erue worked with another member of the community, Mr Deveni Temu, in the languages department of ANU, as a tutor. She taught pure Motu language to PHD students who demonstrated their appreciation by writing a children's book in Motu.

During the celebration of Papua New Guinea's 30th anniversary of Independence, in 2005, Erue was awarded a Commemorative Medal for "Leadership in promoting PNG Culture" among the PNG community in Canberra, including the student community.

Well done, Erue! We remain incredibly proud of all our PNG past students and all they have achieved. The 1963 A Grade Netball Team, below showcases the strong PNG representation mentioned.



A GRADE NETBALL TEAM 1963 Left to Right: **Carol Bell** (Captain) Assist. Def. Goalie, **Flora Reis** (Vice Captain) Def. Goalie, **Mary McLachlan** Centre, **Pauline Bona** Assist. Goalie, **Erue Lawrence** Wing Attack, **Buruka Tau** Goalie, **Legu Bate** Wing Def.



Our Most Sincere
70th Birthday Wishes too, to
Mabel Willie Gavera,
Goal shooter Supremo 1964-67,
3 May, 2020

102 YEARS AGO ~ WE LOOK BACK:

Excerpt from 1928 Church of England Girls School Magazine

“Sir Littleton Groom, while speaking to us on a recent visit, likened the school to a stained glass window. Such a window is made of numerous pieces of glass. The members of the school were regarded in the same light; they were tiny pieces or members of a wonderful body.

“A stained glass window sheds a beautiful light, but should one of the minute fragments of glass become in any way dusty or dimmed, then the whole is marred. Thus it is with the school. If one member of it in any way lowers her standard, then she lowers the standard of the whole within its walls and spoils the beautiful light which the school is shedding. Every girl should always be striving to raise her ideals and thus make her light shine brighter and clearer, so that when she leaves the school she may take with her something of this beauty and brightness to the outside world.”



Miss Brown



Miss Phipps

It is a matter of public record that the Church of England Girls' School opened its doors in Warwick in 1918 as the first Anglican girls' school in Warwick operating initially out of School House/White House, the former Mie-Gunyah. It functioned under this banner until the end of 1936. The new academic year in 1937 saw the school amalgamate with St Catharine's in Stanthorpe to become St Catharine's CEGS. Until that time the Warwick school had been in the charge of just two lay Headmistresses. They were Miss Margaret Brown BA and Miss Florence Phipps BSc. Miss Brown took up her appointment in 1925 as Headmistress of the Glennie School in Toowoomba. Miss Phipps relinquished her position when the new school entity came under the control of the Sisters of the Society of the Sacred Advent. A group of old girls hosted a dinner for Miss Phipps in Brisbane, 1937 prior to her departure for New Zealand. Miss Phipps returned to Australia in 1939 just before war was declared. She subsequently took up a post teaching in Victoria but during her time there she returned to Queensland three times a year to co-ordinate the Women's Voluntary National Register, touring the state to encourage women to be involved in the war effort. In 1942 she took up a teaching position at St Hilda's Church of England School for Girls, Cottesloe, Western Australia. She finished her teaching career teaching at Yarrabah Mission in North Queensland. She died in 1957, aged 69 and was buried at Ayr cemetery.

Mytton House in the Church of England Girls' School era. It is one of the few original buildings remaining on the site of the old St Catharine's campus and was donated in 1918 by Mrs Sara Barnes whose maiden name was Mytton.





GABRIEL POOLE 1934-2020

His architectural vision was a practical affordable model in anticipation of future multi-generational requirements and constraints.

IN AN ERA WHEN LARGE BRICK HOMES WERE POPPING UP ALL OVER THE SUBURBS, Gabriel Poole's architectural vision of small, affordable housing was hardly the norm. As house and land prices soared and care of the environment became a priority, Gabriel's thoughtfully conceived model provided viable and necessary guidelines for 21st century living.

Born in Ipswich, 25 August, 1934 Gabriel Richard Poole was one of the most significant architects to emerge from Queensland with his homes attracting accolades and recognition from his peers. His Tent House in Eumundi, pictured below, won both the Institute's prestigious 1990 Robin Boyd Award and the Queensland Innovation Queensland chapter, and Robin Dods Awards.

Michael Lavery, Australian Institute of Architects Queensland Chapter president: "Gabriel's work is defined for me by a unique combination of craft, minimal means and significant innovation, built around an intimate understanding of climate and place.

"In these past few years Gabriel coupled his determination, knowledge and talent with his generosity of spirit and humility, by collaborating on significant work with the next generation of practitioners."

Tent House "dramatically redefined what a house could be and caught the public's imagination in appealing to a sense of freedom through the use of lightweight construction and by reducing dependence on fixed enclosure," according to his Gold Medal citation in [Architecture Australia](#).

Gabriel was also the recipient of the RAIA, Royal Institute of Architecture, Gold Medal for lifetime contribution to Australian Architects. He continued devising and implementing architectural answers to social problems well past his 80th year, espousing multi-generational living as a practical solution to the lack of affordable property, and the need for care of both aged and younger family members coupled with environmental sustainability.

Speaking of the need for extended family living, he said, "There's really not much choice. The government can't afford to keep providing nursing homes and the young people can't afford to buy homes."

In 2014, Gabriel exhibited his ideas in a Queensland architectural show at Mt Tamborine. His design adhered to low cost, modular principles with private areas for grandparents, parents and children. He included aged care facilities such as rails, non-slip floors and wheelchair access across the home.

It is believed that this is a trend that is on the increase. KPMG demographer, Bernard Salt, believes multi-generational living will



see baby boomers disposing of the big family home and setting up financial arrangements with their children to ensure a future home and care for all.

Since one in four Australians will be over 65 of age by 2050, this living style is seen as a creative solution to the ageing population.

Gabriel Poole also talked about the spiritual dimension of housing never losing sight of his intended aim of designing housing for the inhabitants, rather than simply following fashion. He was insistent that his designs must also "lift the spirits".

Gabriel Poole died March 26 aged 85. He is survived by his wife, collaborator and artist, Elizabeth Poole and his four children and two grandchildren.

Gabriel attended Slade in 1942. His brother, Donald Poole, was also there that same year.

This information has come from various sources including an article in the Sunshine Coast Seniors magazine July 2017 written by Gail Forrer.

The Stephenson Boys, Monty and Jon

Monty Stephenson, Slade 1926-1930, was a foundation student with Ken Mardon and Co. His father was manager of the Bank of New South Wales, Warwick and one of the benefactors. His bank issued the original loan for Slade. John Deshon has seen this document signed by him, WB Slade and others, formalizing the arrangement. Monty became a GP, practicing in Sherwood, Brisbane, for many years.

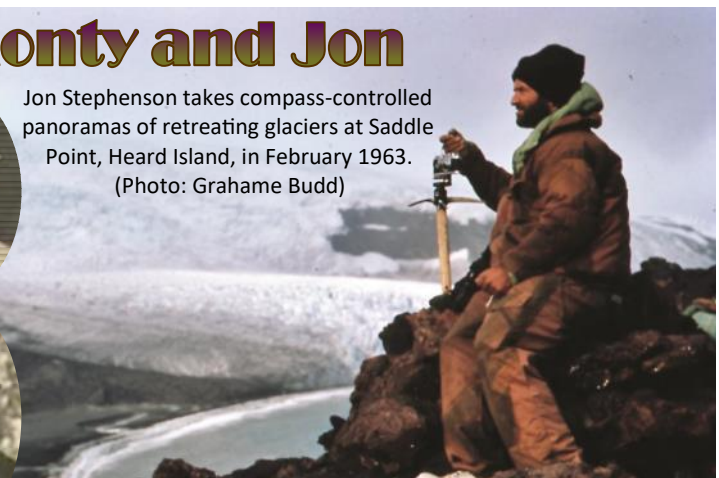
Jon, the younger son, became a geologist. He was the only Australian appointed to Sir Vivian Fuchs' expeditionary team alongside Sir Edmund Hillary which completed the first over-land crossing of Antarctica in 1958. He was Guest Speaker at Slade's Speech Day (about) 1961. John Deshon recalls driving Jon, his very proud mother and fiancée from Brisbane for the event, in Monty's Wolseley. In 1961 Jon established the Department of Earth Sciences at James Cook University in Townsville, and over the next 35 years built it up to be the thriving department it is today. From 1979 to 1982 he was Dean of the Faculty of Science. He was at Slade 1937-1948.

Former Australian National Antarctic Research Expeditions scientist, Dr Jon Stephenson, was awarded a Member AM) in the General Division of the Order of Australia 2012 "for service to the earth sciences as an academic, to the Australian National Antarctic Research Expeditions organisation, and to environmental and resource management".



Jon Stephenson takes compass-controlled panoramas of retreating glaciers at Saddle Point, Heard Island, in February 1963.

(Photo: Grahame Budd)



Jon Stephenson, who died in May 2011, was also a member of the 1963 expedition to Heard Island, where he and two companions attempted to climb Big Ben, the glaciated active volcano that dominates the island. Along the way Dr Stephenson collected rocks for later studies of their age, petrology and palaeomagnetism, substantially extending the knowledge of the island's geology. Stephenson Glacier and Stephenson Lagoon, on Heard Island, were named for him. Academic achievements included establishing the Dept of Earth Sciences at James Cook University in 1961, where he was Dean, Faculty of Science, from 1977-1980. Four more brothers, Alan, David, Paul and Peter also attended Slade.

Valé

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

Neil Chandra 1971-2019



CHANDRA, Neil Ratish. Singh Sonny reported 23rd April on our Facebook page that Neil Chandra passed away Christmas 2019 due to cancer aged just 48. Neil came to Slade from Suva, Fiji in 1988 and left at the end of 1989. He is remembered as a humble person and great friend. Neil was living in New Zealand at the time of his death and his friends have expressed their great sorrow at his loss.

Gabriel Poole 1934-2020



POOLE, Gabriel Richard passed away of natural causes 26th March, 2020 aged 85. Gabriel attended Slade in 1942. His brother, Donald Poole, was also at Slade 1942. Gabriel is survived by his wife, Elizabeth, four children and two grandchildren. Numerous tributes to Gabriel and his contribution to Queensland architecture have been posted online.



*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 Baba Sathya*

Roberta Wade 1945-2018

WADE, Roberta Lottie, nee Duke, passed away peacefully on Tuesday 21st August 2018, Roma, aged 73 years. Wife of Kenneth (deceased), Mother of Roberta and Linda. A funeral service was held for Roberta on Friday 24th August 2018 followed by interment at the Baralaba Cemetery. Roberta came to St Catharine's from Roma in 1957 and left at the end of 1961. Her brother, Robert Henry Duke, attended Slade 1957-1961.

Ethel-May Byrne 1946-2020



BYRNE, Ethel-May, nee Morris, passed away 17th April, 2020, Warwick aged 73 years. Her funeral was conducted by web stream, 24th April, Burstow's Warwick.

Ethel-May's family home was at Victoria Hill while she was a boarder at St Catharine's 1961-1962. She sat for Junior in 1962 and remained a Warwick girl all her life, not minding in the least all that

frosty winter weather we all recall so vividly. Ethel-May was employed in the administrative area for most of her working life but opted for a change, later on, deciding instead to concentrate on her sewing business which had been a successful hobby for some thirty years. Trading as *A Touch of Class*, Ethel-May's dressmaking business prospered in the best of ways—chiefly by word of mouth. She is pictured here with a dress she made for a Warwick State High School formal in September 2014.

Ethel-May is survived by her three children, Karen, Leonie and Stephen and their families.



John Aylward

AYLWARD, John Blich, passed away 1st May aged 83 years. In the April Extra Kinawah, we reported the death last year, of Pat Aylward, nee Keable, in June 2019. The April May Kinawah published Pat's obituary, kindly supplied by her family, which gives an excellent overview of the couple's life together. Now we report on the death of her husband, John, who has been in the care of a Crows Nest aged care facility for some time. Pat attended St Catharine's during World War II along with Betty McKenzie (Thomson), Coolah Cassimatis (Malanos), Joan Austin (Beckinsale), Madeline Blyth (Eagar), Joan Campbell (Hinton), Beth Calcino (Harding) and Joan Waldron (Taylor). These girls happily all met together at The Shore restaurant, South Bank in October 2014 for a delightful get together over lunch. Pat was absent due to ill health and sadly, we lost Coolah in March 2018.

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 forefathers



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.

Check us out on the Web:
www.scpsawarwick.com

Find us on Facebook

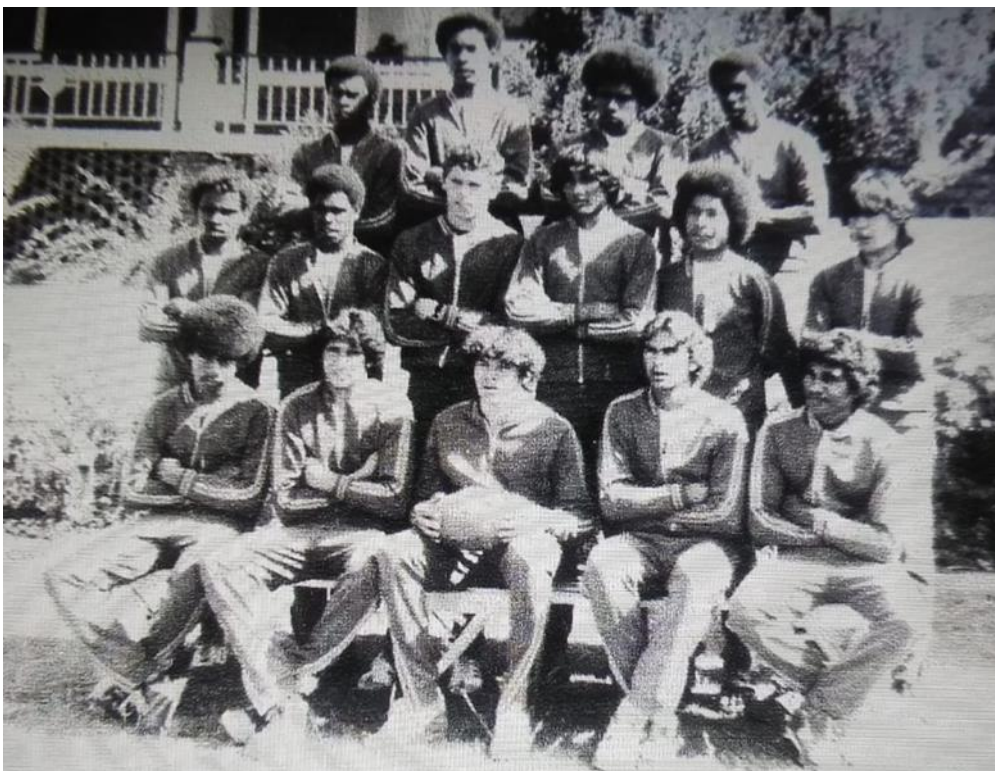


St Catharines/Slade School Facebook

Our Facebook page is 352 members strong as of May 7, 2020...



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



FIRST FOOTBALL

Back Row: Sammy Tamu, E. Diro, Sam Bann, J. Gela.
 Middle Row: D. Tilberoo, E. Warusam, K. Gordon, A. Smith, D. Wari, J. Hagan.
 First Row: M. Nona, A. Martin, G. Wharton (C), B. Jackson, S. Williams.

Ken Gordon posted this picture of the football team he played in while he was at school. He captioned the photo Slade School 1981-82. Happily for us, while the photo lacks some clarity it includes the names of the players. Several of them are members of the FB page group but to the best of my knowledge very few are actually on our contact list. I notice Ted Diro's son, also Edward, appears in this line up. Several families sent successive generations of family members to their old schools, Slade and St Catharine's, and some names crop up more than others but that's a story for another time.

Brigalow, Billy Cans and Bottle Trees

Joan Clothier White published 2010

Chapter 3: "I'll show you how to make a damper!"

THERE WAS NO plumbed water, no telephone, no electricity and very little more than a few sticks of home-made furniture where we were living on our selection.

Water was at first carried by hand from the billabong in buckets for washing and bathing and all the food was cooked over an open campfire under the trees. Mum had some fond girlhood memories from when she belonged to the Girl Guides in Sydney before she married Dad, so she at least had some fundamental grounding in preparing meals this way.

The wood for burning was collected from deadfall in the paddock around us. We were using enamel plates and mugs for everyday use as all Mum's good china and saucepans were still packed away. In the meantime, food was cooked in blackened billy cans balanced and hung over the fire in a kitchen galley arrangement while dodging the smoke.

As every camper knows, smoke has the quirky little trait of following the chef and bystanders no matter where he, she or they happen to be standing. All of us became accustomed to this, claiming gamely that it helped keep the mosquitoes and sand-flies at bay.

For those who might perhaps be a little in the dark on this subject, smoke has long been recognised as a means of deterring biting insects and we employed the tried-and-true bushman's method of burning dried manure in strategically placed old four gallon drums. It was effective, freely available and cheap. All we needed to do was collect it.

Suffice to say, barbecuing lost its appeal for Mum from this time onward! Doing it for every meal in all kinds of weather was no small challenge.

As has been implied, one of the refinements that our new abode was lacking was a stove. Dad kept right on enthusing to an increasingly dubious Mum about the benefits of starting off simply, as he put it, and working up gradually to a more comfortable lifestyle. Nobody, he maintained, appreciated things come by too easily and, furthermore, you couldn't learn this important lesson too young.

So it was that during the first several months while all our food was prepared in true bushman's style, Dad enlarged on the theme that the way to think of it was ... a camping holiday! This was usually while we were all quick-stepping around the smoke in all kinds of weather chiefly because we valued the comfort of our eyes, noses and throats.

And that was another thing—all this wholesome outdoor living guaranteed us healthy appetites. If a steady regimen of meals cooked in billies over the fire ever threatened to become monotonous, there were always those hard earned appetites to counteract it!

This formula worked like a charm until the following episode which found a treasured place in the hearts of our family.

Because we were *starting simply* our camp essentials did not include any new-fangled equipment such as a camp oven that *other* people seemed to consider standard bushman's gear.

Despite all the time Dad had spent roughing it in his earlier years and despite the fact that we had no immediate prospect of coming by a stove—after all, we didn't have a kitchen, so a stove did perhaps seem superfluous—Dad stuck to his guns in declaring that a camp oven was a luxury we didn't need.

Whenever Mum felt the need to make scones or a damper, she *made do* by putting them in her one and only, aluminium baking dish which happened to be a little on the thin side. This had an ill-fitting lid and she had no choice but to carefully bury it in the hot ashes until she thought the scones or damper might be cooked.

At this time, we had a single mail delivery from Wandoan each week. This was also when other necessities such as bread, petrol, kerosene and anything else that we needed was delivered to our nearest neighbour on Warraka Downs.

Warraka fronted onto the road that came in from the main Leichhardt Highway at the Culgowie turnoff. This turnoff at the Culgowie Exchange was about halfway between Wandoan and Taroom and after following the road in for several miles, eventually Warraka and Yeovil came into view.

Both properties, settled by the original pioneers, the Jerrard family, had mail boxes at the main entrance on this road. In the early years our property did not have its own mail box or frontage to any road so every Saturday we would make the trek up to Warraka to collect our mail and supplies. Fresh bread became stale long before the following Saturday so the prospect of any home baking was something to really look forward to.

Baking a cake seemed out of the question in such *simple* conditions but Mum felt she should be able to manage an acceptable result with scones or a damper. The thing was this was not quite as straightforward as might be supposed. The real hazard of the operation came when it was time to retrieve the much anticipated and fragrant offering from the galley pit.

This was fraught with variables not the least of which was successfully hooking the hinged ring-type handles on both the lid and the pan with a long stick and carefully pulling it out without letting any ashes fall into the pan. This was harder than might be expected since the only way to snag the elusive loops was by groping around for them in the hot ashes.

More often than not, one or other of the handles refused to be located and when only one half of the *make do* oven emerged, our smoko would be liberally garnished with charcoal and ashes.

On one occasion, as Dad observed this production from the vantage point of his squatter's chair, he was inspired to demonstrate how it *should* be done. "I'll show you how to make a damper", he pronounced grandly.

He spared no effort in stoking up a good hot fire—he always preferred his food *well cooked*—and knocked up a damper, placing it with great aplomb in Mum's baking dish in the prepared spot. There was no sense wasting a perfectly good fire, so in it went, a little ahead of the right time rather than a little after. We all gazed appreciatively at the spectacle for a little while and then drifted off to more pressing concerns.

A couple of hours later—Dad was engrossed in what he was doing and time got away on him—an extra well-done aroma hung in the air around our camp site and it became evident that it was high time for Dad's masterpiece to be revealed. As might be anticipated, no member of the family was absent as we all gathered around expectantly to pay homage.

There was no getting around it. Dad's damper could not have been more cooked. Roughly resembling an overlarge cinder, shrunken to about the size of an orange, Dad's damper was just about as black as it could be on the outside and nearly as black clear through to the middle!

Dad was in fact a reasonably accomplished bush cook. He used to make pretty good fritters, drop scones and pufaloons that were absolutely delicious but for some reason he was not forthcoming with his recipes and would never tell Mum or any of the rest of us how he made them.

Dad's damper was quite wasted as food for our bellies but it was certainly not wasted as a topic of conversation. You may depend on it that he was never allowed to forget it—*ever!*

P.S. For all those who might perhaps be wondering, we never ever succumbed to the unnecessary and plainly profligate extravagance of a camp oven.

Occasionally we returned to Yuleba for a visit. Dad had been a mover and shaker there in the RSL (Returned Servicemen's League) and had done much of the lobbying to get a much needed bridge built over Yuleba Creek. There were a few people who said that this bridge should have been named the Max Clothier Bridge since it would never have been built without his efforts.

It was, quite simply, impossible to get to town in those days from the Jackson side when Yuleba Creek or "the Tchanning" was up. It goes without saying that Dad's property was on the Jackson side and that he was most anxious for the matter to have a satisfactory outcome which ultimately it did.

Dad had also been instrumental in getting the Yuleba Memorial Hall built. Being of a fiercely practical bent, he had been keeping an eye on the onset of inflation after the war and realised it made good business sense to do this before spiralling costs got way out of hand. I never heard him say so but I suspect he also felt this was an infinitely more *practical* memorial to those who served during both wars than a costly stone monument might have been.

Mum's community involvement had not been insignificant either. As well as being a local correspondent for the *Western Star* published in Roma, she was secretary of the CWA (Country Women's Association) and the RSL Women's Auxiliary in Yuleba.

With great merriment, Dad would sometimes relate the story surrounding one particularly heated discussion at a committee meeting. This concerned the catering arrangements for a supper at a recent function. It seemed that no agreement could be reached until Mrs Cox, Fergus's wife, spoke up with authority that *she* was the one who ought to be able to set the matter straight. And why was this? It was because she had been in charge at the last supper. This

brought about quite a pause until some wag tentatively asked the question:

“Who did you say again was in charge at the last supper?”

“I was!” declared Mrs Cox.

Just the right amount of levity was introduced to diffuse the argument when the wag respectfully responded with “I *do* beg your pardon, I thought it was Jesus Christ”.

At the time we moved away from Yuleba, the Memorial Hall was not yet complete but Mum and Dad were invited back for the grand opening when it took place not too long afterwards.

The new hall now proudly boasted a fine wooden dance floor and a hand-painted mural depicting a stagecoach in full flight as a backdrop up behind the stage—appropriate indeed for a town that history shows was one of the termini for the last Cobb and Co coach run in Australia.

Mum and Dad had made some good friends during their years at Yuleba. Our closest neighbours were Willie and Violet Anscombe who shared a simple home with a beautiful flower and vegetable garden. It was a little bit of an oasis in otherwise dry and dusty surroundings. Violet and Willie ran a goat dairy and a few milking cows and they had all kinds of amusing stories to tell about their goats.

Willie was a “new Australian” and had some interesting turns of phrase. My favourite of these was trotted out by Willie at times of great disappointment when he would drolly note that such-and-such a situation was very *discouraging* indeed.

In the first years of Mum and Dad’s marriage there were no milking cows kept because Dad was often away working for a whole week at a time and Mum had yet to learn how to milk a cow. She would therefore, ride her Malvern Star pushbike over to the Anscombes’ place to bring home a covered billy of fresh milk which would be carefully hung from the handlebars for household use.

Mum and Dad also remained on good terms with both ’Phee and Tommy Murphy from whom they rented the first house that they lived in as a newly married couple. The Murphys owned and occasionally still used a sulky. This sulky and two horses had been Tom’s wedding gift to ’Phee.

We also used to sometimes visit another family not far from our place. They were Harold and Dorothy Harland and their children and they lived close enough for us to walk to their place. I remember their house as being one of those rambling old country homes with wooden exterior blinds and big wide verandahs that used to be found everywhere and as children we loved to explore it.

Other near neighbours included the Hunter family. Mum was fond of quoting one of Mrs Hunter’s favourite sayings which was this, usually uttered with great feeling and emphasis:

“Men! They’re all the same, only some’s worse’n others!”

Mrs Hunter was not the only Hunter who had a way with words. Her son, Jimmy, found some fame as a bush poet. He published using the by-line, J.H. Hunter. The following poem of his was published in the *Western Star* dated April 10, 1959. It is pasted in Mum’s scrapbook of clippings from various sources.

Seems some things don’t change much!

*Two fat politicians were deep in debate,
Discussing their prospects and matters of State,
‘What think you?’ asked one, ‘of our salary rise?’
‘The decision, I think,’ said the other, ‘was wise’.
With the widow’s pension, we must do away,
We must bring in some emigrants, bachelors gay,
To marry the widows. That’s what I say.
The child endowment I’d double—well—yes,
For fifteen or more but nothing for less.
An increase for old age and invalids?—No.
The harder we make things, the sooner they’ll go. J.H.Hunter*

Home for the Clothier family now, however, for better or for worse, was our new selection and we returned there after the hall opening night—but not without the windfall of a second-hand cast-iron wood stove safely stowed in the boot of the FJ.

Con and Bessie Coughlin had kindly handed over this stove which they were no longer using having long since upgraded to a newer model. Mum was looking forward to doing some *real* cooking with this. She badly wanted to be

able to install her heavy-duty, black, cast-iron water fountain complete with long-necked brass faucet on the hob so that she might have hot water for washing up and other things without needing to start up the camp fire. Polishing the brass on rainy days was to become one of our familiar domestic rituals.

We still had no kitchen in the hut so, for the time being, the stove sat out in the open under one of the trees with the chimney only just reaching head height. It was to be some time yet before we were able to stop dodging smoke.

The insert for a copper had been brought with us in our initial move from Yuleba. As he had done before, Dad fashioned a framework to house it out of an empty and now disused forty-four gallon fuel drum. Drums like these were once made of far sturdier stuff than they are now and one would last a few years used for this purpose before it needed replacing. Our *make do* water-heater allowed us to boil water for bathing and laundry done in a round galvanised-iron tub. Each evening the fire under the copper was lit—so long as we had not neglected to collect the necessary firewood before dark.

One by one we would all clean up. If we were really dirty after an especially hard day we would all line up and wash faces and upper bodies first and then take turns doing lower bodies and finally, feet last. When the water had to be carted bucket by bucket, there was more than a little incentive to make the maximum possible use of it.

Dad had come by his expertise in how to make a little water go a long way honestly. In his army days, in Egypt, the men's ration of water had been just one quart per man per day which had to suffice for everything.

After we had finished with the bath water, it would be put on the modest vegetable garden that Mum had started to supplement our diet. Water was almost never just tipped out on the ground if it could be gainfully used somewhere else.

Thankfully these arrangements for collecting water did not stay in place for very long. Dad had brought a 600 gallon tank with us from Yuleba to collect drinking water from the galvanised iron roof. All we needed was rain which we did not have to wait too long to receive. He also bought a 100 gallon tank at a clearing sale. Water was then able to be pumped into this from the billabong about 70 yards away.

Prior to this, on wash days, the tub was carted down to the waterside where the bucketing was a less arduous task. Washing lines were strung up between the nearby trees and the clean laundry smelled faintly of creek water and fresh air.

One of the trees that we had a clothes line tied to had a hollow trunk and in here was hidden treasure in the form of a native bee hive. We never robbed this small hive for its honey but here was an opportunity that was tailor-made for a little instruction concerning the world around us.

These native bees were small and black, even smaller than an ordinary house fly and, unlike their exotic kin, they had no sting. This rendered them quite defenceless but we enjoyed watching them go about their everyday business.

As might be expected, in this setting, there were plenty of other insects of interest as well—especially round our lamps at night which shone like welcoming beacons amid the peace of the evening bush. By day we came into regular contact with mud hornets and paper wasps that most certainly did have stings. At various times, in the hut, these orange and black striped hornets would slowly but methodically construct one or more of their mud nests.

This was yet another opportunity for a nature study lesson and we didn't even have to go outside to see the big, lumbering hornets bringing in the insects and grubs that they were depositing for their young once the eggs hatched into larvae.

Our resident mud hornets were usually quite peaceable and not at all aggressive towards us but paper wasps were a different matter entirely. There was nothing slow or placid about them. They built papery, greyish coloured nests compartmentalised much like honeycomb and stung quickly and angrily with little or no provocation at all. The hollows in rotting posts or stumps were favourite spots for them to set up house and once we found one of their nesting places we made certain to give it—and the architects—a very wide berth indeed.

If we weren't quick enough the blue bag was the thing that was immediately applied. I can't remember whether or not this gave immediate relief. What it did do, however, was announce to one and all by the clearly visible blue splotch generously adorning the afflicted area that the one so treated had suffered a painful injury. Any and all sympathy was gratefully accepted.

In retrospect, this was a unique education. It was also, in most people's terms, pioneering indeed but to us it simply represented day to day life.

Next Chapter: Clearing the Land