



REUNITING OUR PRESENT WITH OUR PAST

KINAWAH



VOLUME 2020

AUGUST EXTRA EDITION

Roma Round Up a Right Royal Reunion

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Top Row: A generously bearded **Gary Long** (1972-73) has a few laughs, with **Allan Saxby** (1970-71), **David Brownsdon** (1960-64) and his wife, **Kathy**, is sitting with **Rob Nolan** (1964-65) and wife, **Jan**. **2nd Row:** **Heather Mawn** (1963-65) and **Margaret Bailey** are sitting across from **Jacquie Baxter** (1966-69) and **Pam Christopher** (1964-66). **3rd Row:** **Margaret Tiller**, **Margaret Stewart** (both 1962-65), **Helen Moloney** (1962-67) and **Helen Spinks** (1972-75) is all smiles in school beret and blazer. **Bottom Row:** **Graham (Scruffy) Henning** (1963-64), **Steve White** (1968-70), **John (Jack) Noon** (1960-65) **John Bayliss**, (1960-65), **Steve White**, **Bruce Mauch** (1963-67) and **Doug Clark** (1966-68)

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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...



There have been many times in my life when I have had cause to reflect that situations and experiences that are ordinary and everyday to one person are extraordinary, even downright unbelievable to others. The account of Lennie and Ginger Mick on page 5, was sent in to me by Wilma Laughton (Morris—St Catharine's, 1955-56) and is a good example of someone who carried out what he thought to be his ordinary duty and went on to achieve something most people will never do and inspire a nation in the process. This true story is of an event that happened long ago during the foundation years of the schools we hold in common. It actually has no connection to us other than to remind us of the challenging times that were the background against which our schools were established. However, it is one that is both heart-warming and meaningful, commodities which are of immeasurable value just now. It is also a nod to those of us who are soldiering on in Victoria amid the ongoing stress, uncertainty and anxiety wrought by COVID-19.

Of course our concern quite rightfully belongs with our fellow past students in New South Wales too and even more so to those of us in Papua New Guinea where the situation has turned serious indeed. Although it hasn't made headlines here, a Google search quickly reveals that as of August 27, there are 419 confirmed cases in PNG with four deaths and 232 recovered. Emily Taule (George) reports that three of those deaths were people with underlying medical issues and that it is suspected the virus has perhaps been there longer than previously thought although there have been fewer obvious presentations. Regardless, our PNG past students need our prayers every bit as much as those in Victoria and elsewhere.

The opportunity to enjoy a little respite from all this was seized by those who were able to attend the Roma Round Up on August 15. A great time was had by all as may be seen from the pictures which John Bayliss and others provided.

Our thanks are due again to Barbara Pfaff for her article, Tracks, which appears on page 9 along with an article about Lizzie Adams.

For now, I leave you with this thought from Mother Teresa:

I know God won't give me anything I can't handle. I just wish he didn't trust me so much.

Until next time, enjoy the extra reading Joan White



“As you grow
older, you will
discover that you
have two hands, one
for helping yourself,
the other for
helping others.”

Maya Angelou



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Cookie's Last Corner

FROM THE MANY GLOWING REPORTS RECEIVED AND THE PHOTOS YOU CAN SEE, IT IS CLEAR THE ROMA ROUND UP WENT OFF WITH A BLAST. IT IS JUST A PITY THAT I WAS UNABLE TO BE THERE. GREAT TO SEE AND WELL DONE EVERYONE! THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR SUPPORT. THE ONGOING CAMARADERIE IS WONDERFUL TO SEE.

■ Those present will have already heard VP John Bayliss mention that I am putting my queue in the rack at the AGM 12/9/20 and that John Farquhar has put his hand up to run for President.

■ The picture, below right, **CHANGING OF THE GUARD**, is timely as our hard-working VP John Bayliss is also stepping down this year. So...if anyone is interested in taking on a Committee position please make your intentions known to our Secretary Jenny. We will, of course, send out details of other Committee positions becoming vacant shortly. This is also a reminder that the AGM is in Toowoomba this year at the Burke and Wills Hotel in Ruthven Street at 2pm on the 12/9. We would love to see you there. With regard, current COVID-19 restrictions, as of 27/8, our AGM function is still good to go. Please RSVP, even late as it now is, ASAP. John Bayliss and I will both be staying on as part of the 95th re-union Committee – (Set down for 9/10/2021)

■ We also have our Annual Breakfast Creek reunion luncheon (2 Kingsford Smith Drive, Albion) coming up on the 7/11, yet another great opportunity to catch up with former School friends. As always, please contact your past colleagues and arrange for them to attend. If you are looking for contact details for anyone, do NOT hesitate to contact John/Joan or myself and we will supply them IF they are known to us.

■ Again, the Brekky Creek function is subject to COVID-19 restrictions but at the time of going to print, it is still on our calendar. I have the feeling that any future arrangements that we might wish to make will be accompanied by this caveat for some time.

Until next time, take care and stay safe — from the good ship SCPSA. Captain Cooke!

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

WHAT'S ON IN 2020

September 12

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING*
Burke & Wills Hotel, Toowoomba

November 7

BREKKY CREEK LUNCH *
FROM 11.00AM

November 11

Remembrance Day TBA*

* ALL COVID-19 PERMITTING

CHANGING OF THE GUARD



The ear of the leader must ring with the voices of the people. Woodrow Wilson

SCPSA Membership

This could well be my last statement as membership officer for the SCPSA as I am standing down at the forthcoming AGM. I have repeatedly stated that the strength of any association like ours relies heavily on membership subscriptions and renewals. Since the current committee has been in place

we have, with the generosity of past students, increased the number of financial paying members from some 30 to a 160.



Most recent recruitment of new members was at the Roma Round Up and although I didn't manage to approach everyone who was there about joining, of those I did ask, there were no refusals with the exception of one past student who said he was not interested because he gets Kinawah. This then leads me to this: How reasonable is it for those of us who are not financial members to expect to continue receiving Kinawah—which Joan White puts so much effort into producing—year in and year out when they have not contributed to the finances of the Association? How many things, in our modern world, I ask you, do we receive that are actually completely free?

Should you have any questions about membership please contact me via the membership email at:

scpsa.membership1@bigpond.com or call me on 0418 987 900 to facilitate your membership.

John Bayliss

I'm thankful for all those who said NO to me. It's because of them I'm doing it myself. Albert Einstein

SCPSA AGM and Dinner 12 September, 2020

Meeting, Dinner and Accommodation AT ONE CONVENIENT VENUE
Burke and Wills Hotel - Central CBD location - recently renovated

554 Ruthven Street, Toowoomba

Phone (07) 4632 2433

<https://burkeandwillshotel.com.au/>

Check in from 2.00 pm. Off-Street Parking for overnight guests.

Meeting: 2.00 pm start

Dinner: 6.30 pm for 7.00 pm

Accommodation: from \$119 per room

2-course alternate drop \$35 pp

Book and Pay for yourself PLEASE QUOTE SCPSA REFERENCE

RSVP: ASAP but no later than 31 August

Jenny Schonfisch bonniedoone07@bigpond.com 07 3279 8197

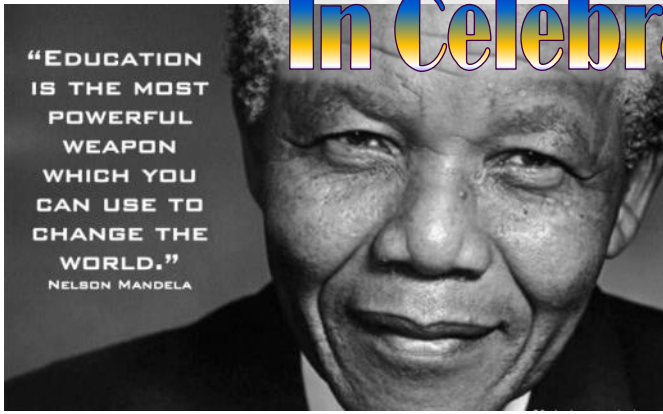
Dinner and use of private meeting room included in \$35 pp package and payable to SCPSA as shown below.

PAYMENT: BSB: 124001 Acc. No: 90641027 Acc. Name: SCPSA Reference: Your Initials and Surname

Toowoomba Sightseeing tour with commentary an option on Sunday if sufficient numbers. Bus seats 23.

OR, for a round of golf Sunday morning at Middle Ridge contact Peter Moloney 07 4635 0573 for details.

In Celebration of Education



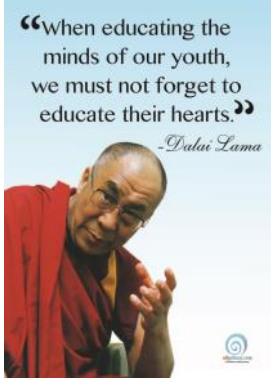
“EDUCATION IS THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON WHICH YOU CAN USE TO CHANGE THE WORLD.”
NELSON MANDELA

“**Education** is the passport to the future, for tomorrow belongs to those who prepare for it today.”

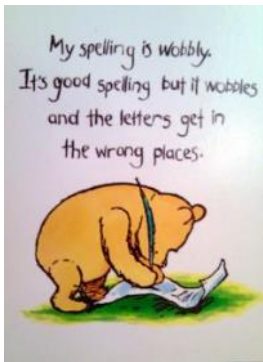
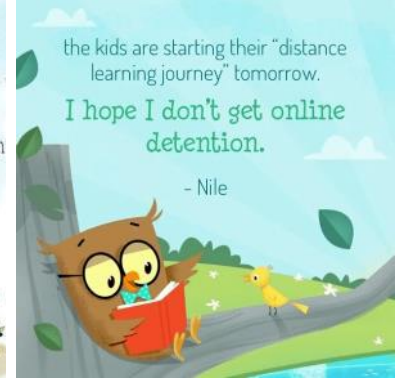
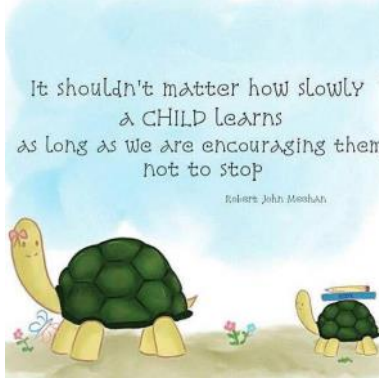
“Your **attitude**, not your **aptitude**, will determine your **altitude**.”

“If you think **education** is expensive, try ignorance.”

“The only person who is **educated** is the one who has learned how to learn...and change.” Aug 11, 2020



“When educating the minds of our youth, we must not forget to educate their hearts.”
-Dalai Lama



Do you have any stories of interest to our readership that you are able to share?

Kinawah is much more enjoyable and interesting publication when there is plenty of input from a variety of sources.

In the meantime, I share the sentiments above, all with an obvious education theme, the thing, which we all hold, in some shape or form, in common with each other.

Lennie the Legend



Lennie Gwyther passing the official dais in the parade for the opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. See over for full story. The story of Lennie and his epic 1,000 kilometre, 33 day solo journey in 1932 inspired a school musical which premiered in 2015

Inspiration in challenging times brought to us from Victoria

THE REMARKABLE TRUE STORY OF LENNIE AND GINGER MICK IT'S 1932 AND AUSTRALIA IS IN THE GRIP OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION. One in three workers is unemployed. Decrepit shanty towns hug the outskirts of the big cities. A scrawny rabbit caught in a trap will feed a family for a week. Country roads are filled with broken men walking from one farmhouse to another seeking menial jobs and food.

On the outskirts of the South Gippsland town of Leongatha, an injured farmer lies in bed unable to walk - or work. World War I hero, Captain Leo Tennyson Gwyther is in hospital with a broken leg and the family farm is in danger of falling into ruins. Up steps his son, nine-year-old Lennie. With the help of his pony, Ginger Mick, Lennie ploughs the farm's 24 paddocks and keeps the place running until his father can get back on his feet. How to reward him?

Lennie, who has been obsessively following one of the greatest engineering feats of the era, the construction of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, dearly wants to attend its opening.

With great reluctance, his parents agree he can go. So Lennie saddles up Ginger Mick, packs a toothbrush, pyjamas, spare clothes and a water bottle into a sack, and begins the 1000+ kilometre (600+ miles) trek to Sydney. Alone. That's right. A nine-year-old boy riding a pony from the deep south of Victoria to the biggest and roughest city in the nation. Told you it was a different era. No social media. No mobile phones. But even then, it doesn't take long before word begins to spread about a boy, his horse and their epic trek.

The entire populations of small country towns gather on their outskirts to welcome his arrival. He survives bushfires, is attacked by a "vagabond" and endures rain and cold, biting winds. When he reaches Canberra, he is welcomed by Prime Minister Joseph Lyons, who invites him into Parliament House for tea.

When he finally arrives in Sydney, more than 10,000 people line the streets to greet him. He is besieged by autograph hunters. He becomes a key part of the official parade at the bridge's opening. He and Ginger Mick are invited to make a starring appearance at the Royal Show. Even Donald Bradman, the biggest celebrity of the Depression era, requests a meeting and gives him a signed cricket bat.

A letter writer to The Sydney Morning Herald at the time gushes that "Just such an example as provided by a child of nine summers, Lennie Gwyther was, and is, needed to raise the spirit of our people and to fire our youth and others to do things - not to talk only. "The sturdy pioneer spirit is not dead ... let it be remembered that this little lad, when his father was in hospital, cultivated the farm - a mere child."

When Lennie leaves Sydney for home a month later, he has become one of the most famous figures in a country craving uplifting news. Large crowds wave handkerchiefs. Women weep and shout "goodbye". According to The Sun newspaper, "Lennie, being a casual Australian, swung into the saddle and called 'Toodleloo!'"

He finally arrives home to a tumultuous reaction in Leongatha. He returns to school and soon life for Lennie - and the country - returns to normal.

These days you can find a bronze statue in Leongatha commemorating Lennie and Ginger Mick.

***Lennie Gwyther (Lennie the Legend) was born in Leongatha, on 18 April 1922 to Australian parents Captain Leo Tennyson Gwyther and Clara (Clare) Amelia Gwyther (née Simon). Lennie had four younger siblings, Beryl Ferrier née Gwyther, Noel Harry Gwyther, Keith Roy Gwyther and Leta Gardenal née Gwyther who was born in 1934, two years after Lennie's journey. They grew up on a farm, known as 'Flers' in the country town.

On 10 June, after his tenth birthday, Lennie Gwyther returned home and resumed with his family commitments on the Leongatha 'Flers' farm. Several years later, at the age of 19, he enlisted in the army for [World War II](#). In that, he followed his father who fought on the [Western Front](#) in [World War I](#) and who was awarded the [Military Cross](#) and bar in 1916 and 1917, respectively. After serving in the [Morotai Islands](#) in the Pacific, Lennie commenced work as an engineer with General Motors' Holden at [Fishermans Bend](#), Victoria and moved to Hampton, Melbourne, Victoria.

Lennie Gwyther married and had a daughter, Mary Gwyther, and granddaughter, Sally Gwyther. He built a house for his mother, Clara (Clare) Gwyther. In later life, Lennie's passion for fishing and sailing was reflected in the fact that he built a yacht, with the intention of sailing to [Tasmania](#) and then to [New Zealand](#). His granddaughter commented in 2015 that "he had a lathe in the shed and he was always turning wood or making tools or tables. There wasn't really anything he couldn't do. I'm sure he would have attempted sailing around the world, that's how adventurous he was."

The [Adelaide Advertiser](#) of 22 December 1951 published news of Lennie's brother, Pte. Keith Roy Gwyther, then serving in Korea. A photograph of Clara and Lennie Gwyther carried the caption: "At her home in Leongatha (Vic.) the mother of Pte. Keith Roy Gwyther looks at his photograph ... With her is another son, Len. Pte. Gwyther was reported killed in action in Korea last April. This week the Chinese Communists named him as a POW". Keith Gwyther was later released and returned to Australia. Lennie Gwyther died of cancer in 1992, at the age of 70. ***https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lennie_Gwyther



More Reflections on our Right Royal Roma Reunion



APPEARING LEFT TO RIGHT IN EACH ROW WE HAVE THE FOLLOWING:

TOP ROW: Colin Jackson (1970-73) , Yolie Price(1974) , Jacque Baxter (1966-69), Margaret Bailey, Lloyd Bailey (1963-68), Adrian Christopher, Pam Christopher (1964-66), Cris Roy (1969-72), Allan Saxby (1970-71)
 2ND ROW: Rob Nolan (1964-65), John Noon (1960-65), Graham Henning (1962-64), Pat Tite (1946-53), Margaret Edwards (1945-46), Ray Hicks (1969-70), Darryl Harland (1964-65)
 3RD ROW: Steve White (1968-70), David Brownsdon (1960-64), Con Larsen (1959-62), Robyn White, Judy Harland, Rita Jackson, Jim Wiseman (1971-76), Kerry McMurdy (1971-72), Gail McMurdy
 4TH ROW: Royal Hotel seating area, Adrian Christopher, Peter Mawn, Peter Moloney, Rita Jackson, Gary Long (1973-74), John Farquhar (1973-78)
 5TH ROW: Bruce Mauch (1963-67), Robyn Hoare, Cheryl Crystalow, Phil Hoare (1962-65), Yolie Price, Helen Spinks (1962-65), Brian Reynolds (1973-75), Pat Noon, Barry Cox, Linnett Cox (1957-59)

Roma Round Up Wrap Up

Amid all kinds of uncertainty because of COVID-19, the Roma Round Up went ahead on August 15 with a good roll up of past students and their partners making the journey from near and far (Jim and Bronwyn Wiseman came all the way from Mt Jukes, near Mackay) to make the most of a wonderful time with everyone at the Royal Hotel. Several of those who had been looking forward to being there were unable to attend due to ill health and other concerns but all those who came thoroughly enjoyed the reunion. Although we never realised it while we were at school those deep connections mean a great deal once we are old enough to appreciate them!

As the captions on the photos reveal, spouses and partners entered into the spirit of the occasion too and made the most of this time, a welcome break after all the restrictions of recent months. A wide spread of age groups and eras was represented and it was great to see so many past students who live in and around Roma enjoying the opportunity to attend a reunion closer to home.

It was pleasing to see Roma girls, Pat Tite and Margaret Edwards, the two most senior of our number in attendance. Margaret's brother, Graham (Scruffy) Henning joined her from Cooroy and Pat and her daughter, Helen Spinks from Mt Abundance both came. Pat and Helen represent two of three generations of girls, who attended three of our schools in Warwick, the Church of England Girls School, St Catharine's CEGS and Slade. Pat's mother was Ada McLean who was a Pro Prefect at the Church of England Girls School around 1927 when Miss Margaret Brown was Head Mistress. Ada, who married Eric Stuart Martyn in 1930, was a passenger on the last Cobb & Co Coach run from Surat to Yuleba 14th August 1924 (by a quite remarkable coincidence, exactly 96 years and one day before our Roma Round Up).

Asked if she had any special memories of her time at school, 1946-53, Pat recalled that she was given the honour in 1953 of being chosen to voice congratulations to the UK from the 4WK studios via co-axial cable on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth II's coronation. She recalled Miss Cant, Miss Spear, Miss Bunton and Miss Gladwell all being on staff while she was there. Pat's brother, Robert John Martyn (deceased) attended Slade 1948-56.

After the reunion wrapped up for the afternoon, everyone went their own way to continue catching up at various other Roma venues.

We hope this will be the first of many other reunions like this one in centres with a more rural base. Congratulations are richly deserved by John Farquhar who was the author and architect of the occasion.



DIFFERENT Perspectives

IN 2020	DURING WORLD WAR II
I've been told I have to stay at home for a couple of months.	They had to leave loved ones at home with the strong probability of never seeing them again.
My kids need fresh air so I think we'll all just go to the park.	Their kids needed to be evacuated and go to live with random good Samaritans for their safety.
I can only Facetime family and friends. I want to see them now.	They could only write letters, with hopes they would be received and a response returned that year.
I have to shop online but it takes too long. I'm craving alcohol, and favourite foods.	They had to queue in long lines for their daily ration of staple foods, frequently unobtainable: this often meant potato soup every day.
I'm allowed to go just out once a day to exercise. I'm going to do what I want.	They didn't venture out, listening quietly to music so they could hear the air raid warning them that more bombs were dropping.
Netflix needs to sort the streaming out. I can't watch a series without it crashing.	They sat in the dark around a candle playing cards to keep as much light as possible from being visible to the bombers above.
I'm stock-piling as much as I can. My needs are of more importance than those of anyone else.	They expressed gratitude for the local communities which rallied to support them: everyone helping each other out when and where they could, in order to stay strong.
It's not hard to see which of the above perspectives we need to cultivate. It may not always be easy but we need to think more about WE and less about ME.	
The image below, of a London Underground railway platform in World War 2 shows it being used as shelter amid one of the many air raids that the city survived during the Blitz.	



Misses Thomasson and Bunton 1952 in front of the late lamented White House and, in the picture beside them, Miss Spear

Reunions, Reunions, Reunions:



Breakfast Creek Reunion

2020 ANNUAL GET-TOGETHER

Slade/St Catharine's Past Students

2 Kingsford Smith Drive - Breakfast Creek. 4020

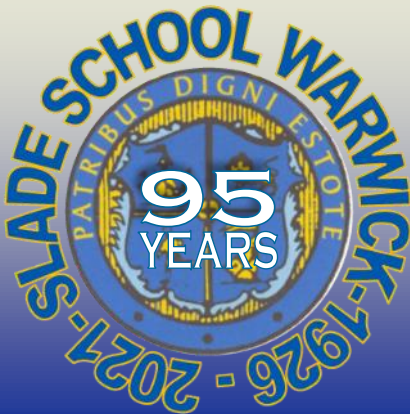
- There will be an area set aside for us at the front.
- Buy your own drinks and meals
- Partners etc. are more than welcome
- No speeches or formal proceedings

Saturday, November 7
11.00 AM FOR LUNCH

2020 DATE

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

2021 Slade Celebrations: are you on board?



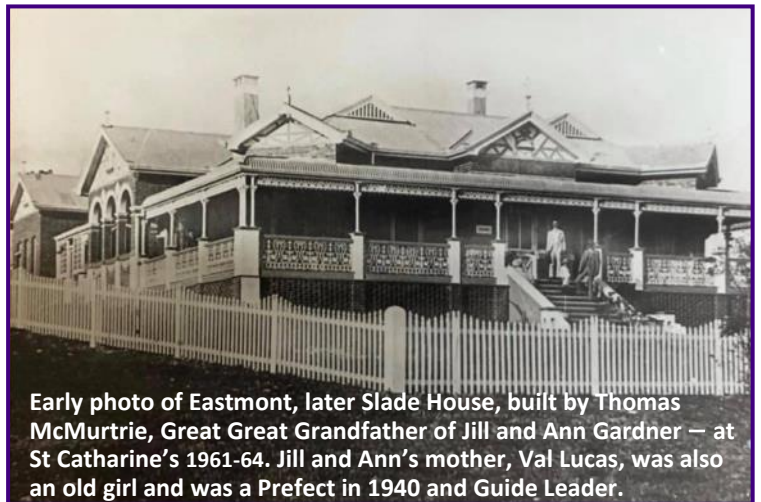
We are pleased to announce our 95 year celebrations set to take place **October 9, 2021** at the Glen Hotel

24 Gaskell Street, Eight Mile Plains.

Expect more details soon.



1946 Slade School Fair
Alan (Augie) Sue See 1944-48
Neil Quirk 1942-46



Early photo of Eastmont, later Slade House, built by Thomas McMurtrie, Great Great Grandfather of Jill and Ann Gardner – at St Catharine's 1961-64. Jill and Ann's mother, Val Lucas, was also an old girl and was a Prefect in 1940 and Guide Leader.



Chapel House Circa 1915

Way back when...

Paving new pathways and better outcomes

WHEN ELIZABETH GAULTON ARRIVED AT SLADE FROM CHARLEVILLE IN 1980 as a brand new boarder, like most of us, she could never have envisaged the shape her life's path might eventually take or that her future might lie not so very far distant from the city of her secondary school days.

Her roots may be firmly grounded in far western Queensland but this is just one of her strengths. Fast forward a few years to 2020, and Lizzie Adams is an influential, community leader in her professional role as CEO of Goolburri Aboriginal Health Advancement. Lizzie has gone on to gain recognition, making her mark this year when she stood as one of 32 candidates for Toowoomba Regional Council in the local government elections in March. Although not elected to council this time, Lizzie nevertheless polled well at booths where people knew her.

All grown up now after leaving school at the end of 1981, and living back on the Darling Downs, with a lifetime's worth of experiences behind her, including losing most of her school keepsakes and other possessions in the Charleville floods in 1990, Lizzie has been involved in Aboriginal affairs since she was 17. This year she stood on a platform of 'giving a voice to the most vulnerable and disadvantaged people in the community of Toowoomba', something she is intimately familiar with, through her professional and kinship ties.

Lizzie, an Aboriginal health advocate, suffered the loss of her son, Jaydon, in a horrific car crash seven years ago and the brutal impact this had on her whole family has been the impetus for launching the Jaydon Adams Memorial Foundation. The Foundation will focus on helping indigenous youth across the Darling Downs who are at risk of negative lifestyle outcomes. The Foundation was kickstarted thanks to grant funding from the Queensland Government's Dignity First Fund. Lizzie says the aim is to create preventive measures so as to ensure indigenous young people stay on good paths in life and envisages engaging 'Aboriginal mental health first aid with the wider community and businesses. To find out more, visit <https://www.jamf.com.au/about>

This community spirit clearly runs strongly in Lizzie's family. Another son, Trent, works with indigenous youth to help give young people a grounding in family and culture through Goolburri Aboriginal Health Advancement's young justice program. We wish them both every success.



TRACKS



TRACKS ARE THE MARKS WE MAKE in the Soil and Sand, Evidence that we have 'Been There', Exploring or Telling a Story. They are usually found in Country Areas, no Room for interesting Tracks in Cities, short Passage Ways called Lanes or Alleys.

Possibly the most famous 'Track' is that on 'The Road to Gundagai', as the 'Track Winds Back to an Old-Fashioned Shack', Nostalgia of Banjo Paterson's Poem, 'The Dog on the Tuckerbox' 5 Miles from Gundagai, still there Today, commemorating the Bush Poet and Travellers on the Track. The Statue of the Dog was broken off by Vandals during the Bushfires creating Uproar amongst Locals, but his Image has now been safely restored. Iconic Images on a Bush Track, the Framework of Australia.

The Kokoda Track, familiar to us as Part of WWII History, so many Australian Troops having been Part of its Construction, Living and Dying in appalling Conditions, the Spirit of Mateship always to the Fore. Since then, many have risen to the Challenge of the Track which their Forebears built, Groups, sometimes Disabled, Returned Service Personnel, some suffering PTSD, Others ordinary People, Females included, who just wanted to Prove to Themselves that they could 'Walk the

Track. Congratulations to All of You!

My Final Tracks are disparate, in the NT and Queensland, the Territory and The Darling Downs, the Latter for which I retain great Affection, Childhood Nostalgia of Warwick, Teaching Memories of Toowoomba at 'Fairholme' on the Range. The Warwick/ Toowoomba Road, a Track full of Happy Memories! Darwin has 'Down the Track', encompassing any Point South along the Stuart Highway to Alice Springs, Towns such as Katharine and Tennant Creek with Spots like Berri Springs and Howard Springs along the Way. Adelaide River, very Social on the June Long Weekend, hosting the Show and the famed Race Meeting, a Melting Pot of Parties for Territorians, near and far. The Birdsville Track in Queensland possibly the closest in Comparison, Race Meetings on Tracks as well. Before I 'Make Tracks', I'll leave you with the Words of Banjo Paterson - He said it the Way we remember it:

'There's a Track winding back to an old fashioned Shack along the Road to Gundagai - Where the blue Gums are growing and the Murrumbidgee's flowing beneath the Sunny Sky - Where my Daddy and Mother are waiting for me and the Pals of my Childhood once more I will see - Then no more I will roam when I'm heading right for Home along the Road to Gundagai. 'Tracks' take you Home. A Tribute to Jack O'Hagan - His Song.

Barbara Pfaff (Brown-Beresford— St Catharine's 1962-63)



Ask us how to become a Kinawah sponsor

Several of our past students are successful business people and have been happy to sponsor Kinawah in recent years. The costs that are offset by this sponsorship are all incurred by the printing and postage of Kinawah in hard copy to those members who do not have email and therefore cannot receive the electronic version that everyone else does. We welcome this support and would like to know if anyone else among us is able to help with this. Your sponsorship would mean that a display advertisement such as those shown below by previous sponsors would appear in Kinawah a minimum of five times. Lots of businesses already have an existing ad that is fit for purpose but your newsletter editor is perfectly capable of designing and producing one if you don't. The preferred format for your ad to be submitted is a JPEG or PNG image. Email kinawah.editor@gmail.com if you can help.

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

A SOUPÇON OF SNIPPETS FOR SENIORS STRAIGHT FROM THE FRIDAY FUNNIES...

Some of you are too young to know what it feels like to take a ton of pictures then have to wait two weeks to find out they all sucked.

Do you ever look at all your kids and think....

THAT ONE will be dropping me kerbside at the nursing home.

THAT ONE will be paying for it.

THAT ONE will visit me the most and

THAT ONE ? He'll be sneaking in the good whiskey and Tim Tams.

I want to be like a caterpillar. Eat a lot. Sleep for a while. Wake up beautiful.

I bought a little bag of air today. The company that made it was kind enough to put some potato chips in it as well.

My wife just stopped and said, "You weren't even listening were you?"

I thought..."That's a pretty weird way to start a conversation."

I often wonder who "Pete" is and why we do so many things for his sake...

A senior citizen drove his brand new car out of the dealership. Taking off down the road, he pushed it to 120 kph, enjoying the power of the car. "Amazing," he thought as he flew down the M1, pushing the pedal even more. Looking in his rear view mirror, he saw a highway patrol car, blue lights flashing and siren blaring.

He floored it to 140 kph, then 180kph, then suddenly he thought, "What am I doing? I'm too old for this!" and pulled over to await the copper's arrival. Pulling in behind him, the copper got out of his vehicle and walked up to the car.

He looked at his watch, then said,

"Sir, my shift ends in 30 minutes. Today is Friday. If you can give me a new reason for speeding – a reason I've never before heard – I'll let you go.."

The old gentleman paused then said, "Thirty three years ago, my wife ran off with a policeman, I thought you were bringing her back."

"Have a good day, Sir," replied the copper.



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

Carol Woods 1966 - 2010



WOODS, Carol, nee Steadman, passed away tragically in a road accident 2010. Carol's hometown at time of her enrolment was Thargomindah. She attended Slade 1981-1982 with her twin sister, Christine, known as Crissy.

Nicole Rainger 1971 - 2020



RAINGER, Nicole Maree, passed away tragically in a road accident on a remote road in Delamere in the Northern Territory, July, 2020 aged just 48 years. Nicole attended Slade 1986-1988

Shirley Walmsley 1941 - 2020



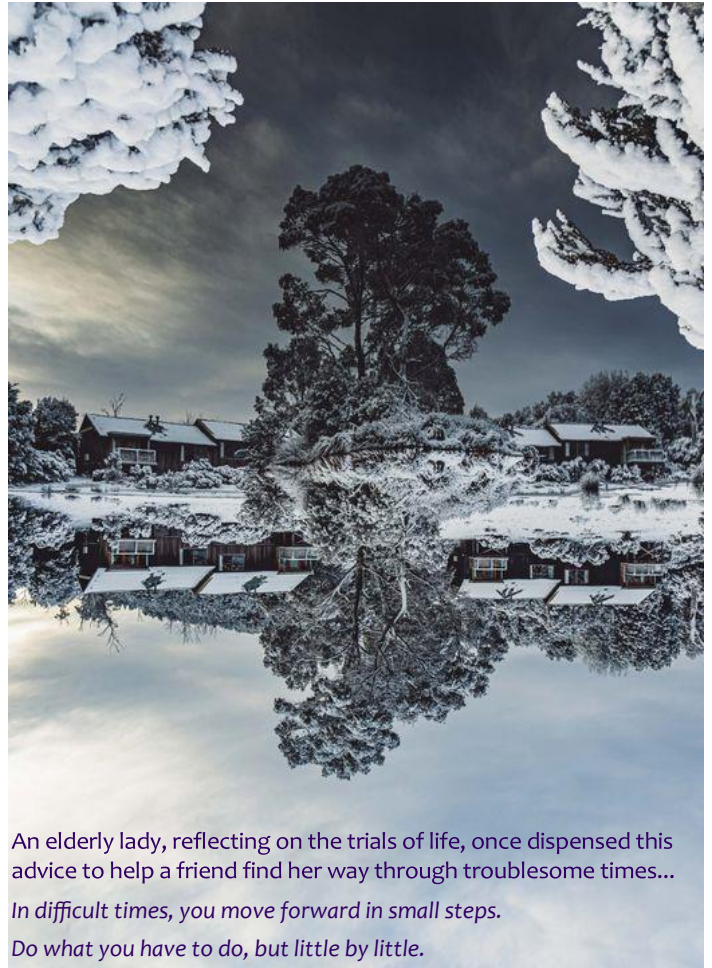
WALMSLEY, Shirley Winifred, nee Noon, late of Toowoomba and formerly of Bangor, Mungallala, passed away suddenly after a short illness 16th July aged 78 years. A farewell service was held for her in Toowoomba Friday 24th July. Shirley is survived by three children, 11 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

One of several siblings belonging to the Noon family, Yvonne (dec'd), Lesley, Charles, John, Richard and Eric (dec'd) who attended both our schools and came from Bandon Park, near Mitchell, Shirley attended St Catharine's 1956-1958. She sat for Junior in 1956 and was a talented craftswoman and quilter.

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



An elderly lady, reflecting on the trials of life, once dispensed this advice to help a friend find her way through troublesome times...

In difficult times, you move forward in small steps.

Do what you have to do, but little by little.

Don't think about the future, or what may happen tomorrow.

Wash the dishes.

Remove the dust.

Write a letter.

Make a soup.

You see?

You are advancing step by step.

Take a step and stop.

Rest a little.

Praise yourself.

Take another step.

Then another.

You won't notice, but your steps will grow more and more.

And the time will come when you can think about the future without crying.

Elena Mikhalkova

Picture is of Cradle Mountain, Tasmania in the grip of deep winter.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

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

worthy of their forebears



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



Slade School Hospital...

The following photo of the Slade School Hospital and accompanying caption generated quite a few comments. Here are just a few of them...



Can you believe this was once upon a time the Slade School hospital. Somebody else may be able to supply more details about precise location and who took care of those who were unfortunate enough to fall ill at school.

Barry Riddiford Jungle juice fixed everything...

Laurence Boyd I remember when half the school was in there with chicken pox

Charles Noon It was between Slade House and the road behind and left of the tuck shop

Nicholas Taylor Spent some time in there

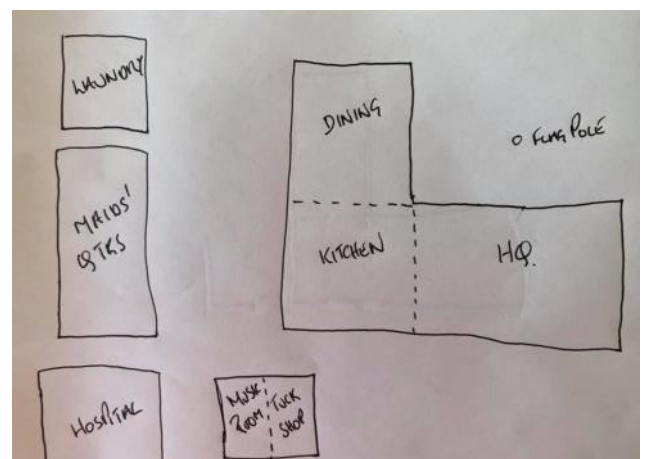
Lesley Kay Knezevic I was in there with chicken pox before it became a girls senior dorm

Duncan Fielding Spent a few nights there, that disgusting Eucalyptus brew in old fruit tins with newspaper round it to loosen up the congestion in your lungs yuk !!

Colleen Hill Yep spent some time in there myself...and brother Ian.

Laurence Boyd There was a building in that area - between the dining hall and the road that were the "Maids' Quarters". It was where the single kitchen staff used to live. Forbidden Territory.

Laurence Boyd Very - repeat very - rough sketch of the layout in the 60's. Not to scale and not the exact positioning. Not to be used for navigation.



Bill Pedler Lorna Gordon was the Matron 1970 1971. She was the Matron at Mt Mulligan coal mine when my Dad was a miner there.

John Stibbard Your recollections are pretty spot on, Boydie. I recall the laundry being at the far end of the "maid's quarters" just around from the dining room.

Trevor Campbell Yes I spent many a day and night in there between 1950 to 1956

Kerry Smith We used to get wild peaches that grew down the rocks (out of bounds) and rub them all over, this would bring on a red rash that would get the matron confused but it got us a day or two off school

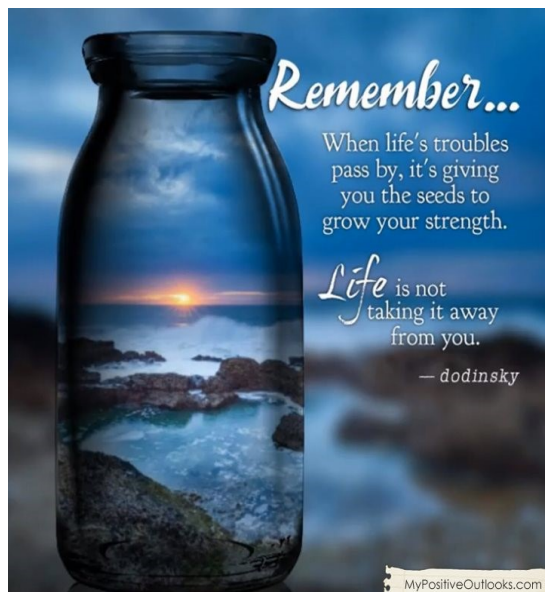


From SCPSSA to YOU

We look forward down
the track to being able to
look back and know...

*the crisis that is taking its toll
on all of us right now in so many ways
is one that came to pass and not one
that came to stay.*

Stay calm,
Stay safe,
Stay well and
Keep the faith



Brigalow, Billy Cans and Bottle Trees

Joan Clothier White published 2010

Chapter 7: Mates, Neighbours and Allies

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND unto himself and although events were marching forward in accordance with Dad's singular vision, some things were next to impossible without help and support from friends and neighbours.

Dad had a long-standing association with Dan Cann and his family, who were at this time, living in the Chinchilla district. Dad had met Dan who was considerably older than he was, quite by chance, years earlier when his motor bike had broken down.

The two men had subsequently teamed up, living rough and finding work together before World War Two broke out. As a result, Dad had come to be regarded as an unofficial member of the Cann family whose children included Mervyn, Eddie, Max, Eric, Len, Norman and Dulcie.

Dad always maintained that he never knew a harder working woman than Mrs Cann and both he and Mum had the utmost respect and affection for her. While Dad was away overseas he had left his horse and sulky with Mrs Cann who used it to take milk and cream to be sold.

When Dad returned home he could see Mrs Cann really needed the sulky to continue doing this, which fact helped him to make up his mind to modernise and buy the truck. The Cann family had in their possession a treasured formal coloured portrait of Dad dressed in his army uniform that we never saw until probably sixty-five years or more after it was taken at which time it was handed over to us. This portrait must have represented considerable expense for either Dad or the Cann family as such things were certainly not part of a working man's budget in those days.

When the time came for Dad to head overseas for the Middle-East, it was the Canns' place that he said his farewells from and their back yard where the photo of him in his uniform, army greatcoat draped over his arm, was taken.

None of the Cann family ever forgot Dad and in the fullness of time, our parents attended the funerals of both Dan and his wife, Nell. One of Dan's sons, Max, was named after Dad who was understandably pretty chuffed by this and maintained a keen interest in his namesake. Max Cann was busy getting established on his own land—and this continued to be a source of real pride for Dad who saw him as a chip off the old block and took a great interest in how he was getting on.

All of the boys, who were grown men by now, continued to hold Dad in high regard and, from time to time, the routine of our days would be interrupted by a visit from Mervyn or Eddie.

On one occasion, Mervyn appeared out of the blue at the hut with a horse for Dad to use. Dad's only saddle horse, Jimmy, a bay, had been brought over with us from Yuleba and was notoriously difficult to catch even though he was getting well on in years. Dad obviously was going to need a horse suitable for stock work and soon, so Mervyn supplied "Chips" to fill the bill. Chips was a big, solid, gentle-natured, dark brown gelding and came to us with something of a pedigree as a camp-drafter.

Chips effectively stayed with us until the end of his working life. He had an innate sense of just where he needed to be positioned in order to steer a recalcitrant cow or bullock back to the main herd almost without the rider doing anything. This proved invaluable if he had a novice rider on his back which, very often, he did.

For Dad, one of the joys of working with Chips was that he had been trained to come for the reward of a piece of bread and easily consented to being caught and ridden when this method was used. For years Jimmy had led Dad a merry chase round and round the paddock when it was time to catch him and Dad fully appreciated the way Chips would willingly be bridled for the simple expedient of a crust of bread.

Chips took the bread ever so delicately between his large mobile black lips and endeared himself to the junior members of the family. Chips, as it turned out, had a weakness for grain and suffered occasional laminitis as a result, we think, of splurging on his favourite food at one time when he was younger. He was sometimes lame because of this but put in many a day working stock on Numeralla over the years.

Both Chips and Jimmy discovered that they quite enjoyed playing in the billabong on hot summer days, splashing and browsing on their favourite water plants. Sometimes they even had to put their heads right under the water to find

what they were looking for. They were a little like members of the family and could often be found lazing around in the shade of a tree near the hut hoping for one of those coveted slices of bread.

Jimmy lived until well into his twenties. He never consented to being caught easily and dropped off in condition as his teeth wore down. This had happened recently to an elderly horse on nearby Warraka occasioning it to be put down. Leon was understandably upset about this. At the time he was about four years old and, having taken note of Dad's dentures, felt that here just might be a possible solution. "Why can't they make false teeth for horses?" he ingenuously wanted to know.

On another occasion, Eddie brought Dad a blue cattle pup, "Rocky" to help with the mustering. Dad would have been the first to admit that he didn't know anything about training a dog. Even so, without the benefit of any expert training, this dog had a fine instinct for chasing after cattle whenever there was stock work to be done and didn't make too many blunders with mustering the animals despite never being properly schooled.

No fancy dog kennels housed any of our dogs. Dad chose what he judged to be the ideal large hollow log from up the paddock and brought it home. When we had two dogs, they were chained up, one at either end. They could safely take refuge inside out of the rain in wet weather and if any of our visitors thought this was a bit odd, they certainly never said so.

Here was the *make do* ethic in action again—no apologies necessary. It exactly mirrored the Saltbush Bill model that so many Australians recognised by sight but never personally experienced. From where we stood, however, this was just another day on the farm.

Dogs in the bush often did not live out their full life expectancy. It was not uncommon for them to be bitten by a snake, take a bait that was intended for a dingo or drink the highly toxic cattle dip used on stock to help control ticks.

Cattle in this area lived with these parasites throughout the life-cycle: hatching in the grass from eggs into larvae they easily attached to the host animal, moulted from larvae to nymphs then nymphs to adults and mated; mature females would then drop off into the grass to lay eggs and die at which time the cycle would begin all over again. The species using cattle as their hosts, the blue tick, was not the scrub tick that so many dogs fall victim to and our dogs were never troubled by ticks of any kind.

Like mosquitoes, ticks themselves did not trouble cattle, so much as the diseases they carried. Redwater was one of these problems that adversely affected stock which were required to be dipped before being transported anywhere. For this reason, it was pretty much mandatory that every stockyard be equipped with a plunge cattle dip that the animals swam through after total immersion in the strong-smelling brew. More modern control measures break the active cycle of cattle ticks. This means dipping is no longer as widely practised and this parasite is not so much of a problem in areas as once they were.

By regulation, stock always had to be dipped twice (the second time, several days after the first dipping to kill any adults that had moulted from the nymph stage in the intervening period) before they were sold and at other times if a heavy infestation meant that they needed it.

About this time Mum discovered that, nearing forty, she was expecting another baby. She was more than a little dismayed by this, undoubtedly due to the downright basic conditions we were living in. She continued to teach our lessons by correspondence although she did not have a well time of it during the pregnancy.

To make matters worse, Dad's health was letting him down too and, somewhere round Mum's second trimester, he had to take one of his trips away to Brisbane for further investigation and treatment in Greenslopes Hospital. Mum and Dad always kept the details concerning the exact nature of his troubles to themselves so we were never informed exactly what was wrong, but in the meantime, life continued as normally as it could as far as was possible.

While Dad was away, one seemingly ordinary morning, we had our first contact with another family which was to become a significant part of our lives. We could always hear a vehicle coming to our place long before we saw it and this time was no exception.

Finally, at our camp site, out of a well-travelled looking Land Rover emerged a more distant neighbour, Jessie Perrett, and her two teenage sons, Bruce and Rodney. Jessie immediately sized up the situation, put Bruce and Rodney to work chopping a mammoth pile of firewood and settled down to visit with Mum.

We were enchanted. It transpired that Jessie's three children were schooled by correspondence too and we had

plenty of common ground to cover. The Perrett family were also pioneers coming from a family who knew all about the demands of “starting out simply” and were able to tell us a thing or two about living off the land themselves.

Jessie’s daughter, Ursula, was close to Kristine’s and my age and subsequently became a friend. Jessie had come over to make herself known to our family as we were newcomers in these parts. She was one of those people who never met a stranger and left us at the end of the visit a lifelong friend.

No more than a few weeks later, Jessie’s husband, Owen, rode over from their property, Kabunga West, leading a Shetland pony, Pam, and bringing with him, a jockey-style saddle-pad.

Owen was a mentor of mentors when it came to horsemanship and camp-drafting, not to mention judging and training judges of camp-drafting. He simply could not conceive of children being reared on the land without learning to ride. His own children had long outgrown Pam and he was loaning us the means to do so too. I am certain I have not remembered incorrectly when I also recall that he left us with a pony-sized bridle for Pam as well.

It was no small ride from Kabunga West to Numeralla but Owen knew this country like the back of his hand and rode cross-country leaving all the gates exactly as he found them in the time-honoured bush tradition. I have never forgotten either his or his family’s many kindnesses over the years.

Dad lost no time in teaching us how to mount, dismount, sit in the saddle and hold the reins and we each took turns riding Pam and following along behind Dad, who was riding Chips, to begin learning how to work cattle.

Owen’s children had belonged to pony clubs and competed at shows and in gymkhanas but we were never schooled in these finer points. We simply revelled in the opportunity that had been so generously handed to us.

Some time later, Owen sent over a larger, full-sized grey pony with the somewhat surprising name of Bottle Tree. On Bottle Tree we could help Dad with mustering and begin to feel as if we might be making a real, grown-up contribution to Numeralla.

It was not until many years later, when visiting the Stockman’s Hall of Fame in Longreach, that we realised what a thoroughly respected bushman indeed, Owen Perrett was. There was one whole corner given over to his contribution to horsemanship in Australia including a bronze bust of him. Yet none of his accomplishments would have been touted by him. He was simply sharing the love of his craft.

Once we had graduated to a full sized horse, Dad had to think about getting another saddle. We took a trip over to Carrabah to see the son of one of the original families to settle in the district. His name was Alf Langhorne. The family property, originally a much larger holding, had been given the name Taroom Station in the beginning and this was the place from where the present-day town acquired its name.

Alf was well credentialed when it came to mending and making saddles and, like our other near neighbour, Bartlett Jerrard, could easily recall many details from the days of early settlement in the Wandoan - Taroom district. There were no stockman’s or equine outfitters in Wandoan or Taroom so repairs or orders for saddlery items, by necessity, had to be placed with any contacts that might be found.

None of the junior members of our family were privy to whatever arrangement Dad made with Alf. I suspect that the saddle that Dad purchased might have been a repaired second-hand one. In any event, a second saddle was acquired and I remember being instructed in the art of cleaning and conditioning the leather with Coacholine, the tried-and-true favourite proprietary brand of leather dressing at the time. This was another one of those jobs for wet-weather days when tasks like this occupied us indoors.

So it was that with the help of a benefactor such as Owen Perrett and the instruction Dad was able to provide, the Clothier children ended up being reasonably proficient at riding and mustering and in due course helped with most of the stock work.

Next Chapter: Stocking the Property