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Australia Day Honours for Ned Winter

Proudly announcing Millmerran/Cecil Plains Cultural Award Winner:

Ned Winter came to Slade as a student 1949-1950 from a property near Mitchell and immediately afterwards embarked upon a career path which truly reflected his country origins. He also has a history as a loyal supporter of Slade Old Boys and Slade Campus Past Students Associations. Some years ago, he catered for an old boys reunion dinner, camp oven style, on an upper floor of a Brisbane High rise complex, of all places, and kept one and all royally entertained in his own inimitable bushman's style. More recently, we welcomed him as guest entertainer at our 2018 Reunion Dinner at the Slade Campus. Ned is a genuine Aussie character and we salute him for his achievements and look forward to seeing more of him in the near future.

The following information was published upon the announcement of his recognition in the 2021 Australia Day Awards Community Cultural category for which he is a most worthy recipient.

Ned spent his early years on the back of a horse as a stockman, before purchasing 'Ned's Corner Roo Retreat', just south of Cecil Plains with his wife and turning the property into a tourist attraction. His on-the-spot reports on regional ABC radio keeping listeners up to speed on local happenings have been an entertaining highlight for many years. Ned's camp oven cooking has also achieved legendary status.

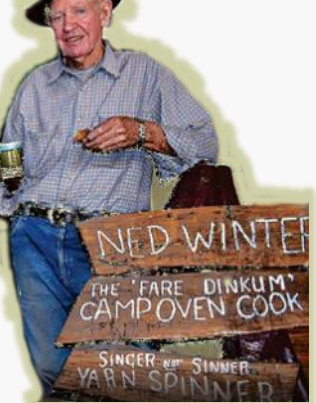
In 1999, with the support of like-minded people in Cecil Plains and Millmerran, Ned instigated the first Millmerran Camp Oven Festival, which has grown into one of Queensland's major tourism events.

Since his retirement, Ned has swapped camp cooking for the stage, where he is a much-loved teller of tall tales and bush poetry.

Ned has developed his musical talents, producing a CD and singing various Australian songs including his original song, 'A Pretty Little Town of Cecil Plains', that describes the history of the region and a few of the attractions of the district.

During the Camp Oven Festival, Ned visits campers at Cecil Plains, Apex Park and the free-stay campsites at Millmerran to share his knowledge of places to visit in the area.

He also entertains campers with his music and poetry and is a self-motivated promoter of his unique and lovely corner of the world.



AUSTRALIAN CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL 1-3 OCTOBER, 2021

Throwing damper is just one of the attractions at the Australian Camp Oven Festival, held biennially at the Millmerran Show Grounds. Visitors are also entertained by a variety of activities including cooking competitions, billy boiling speed tests, horse breaking, whip cracking, poet's breakfast, country music, bush craft displays and much more. Buses transport visitors to other venues such as the Arts and Crafts exhibition at the Cultural Centre, Open Gardens and the Historical Society Museum. From humble beginnings in 1999, when no more than three teams entered the inaugural cooking competition, the festival has become a bustling event that in 2008 attracted over 7000 visitors and sported 12 cooking teams. Local resident Ned Winter, who instigated the festival, still provides visitors with tasty bush tucker at his property, *Ned's Corner*.

Many visitors make the weekend a meeting place for family reunions and to revisit a rural lifestyle known to their grandparents. Every available caravan and camping site is used and many locals billet visitors. In 2008 there were close to 1500 camper sites in the area.

Local and nearby businesses support the Festival and in return receive a financial spin off. Community groups such as the Lions Club, sporting groups, Fire Brigade, school associations and craft groups also contribute. The Festival has provided a real boost to tourism in the area.

Festival organisers have to cope with the usual entrance fee evaders, ablution block stress and at one time even an email complaint about throwing dampers and wasting food. But no need to worry - the dampers baked for throwing are a special recipe and certainly not suitable to eat!

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celebrating a
MILESTONE in
2021 or
2022?

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Editor's Notes...



As I write, Queenslanders in the far north are embarking on an enormous mop up operation after being lashed by the edges of Cyclone Niran although it never even crossed the coastline after forming out in the Coral Sea. For those of us who are affected by this, we wish you well and look forward to hearing how you fared.

As we move into the new year, the conversation is all about the newly released vaccines to slow coronavirus and their effectiveness and availability. Surely there has never been more pressure and urgency to produce a vaccine and it has been a mighty effort from all those involved in its research and development. I am certain that by the time the next Kinawah is published many of us will already be enjoying a measure of protection as a result.

This issue a Regional Roundup section has made its way into Kinawah. Although few of us still live in or the southern Darling Downs, all of us have ties with it and I have cherry picked news items of interest for your information.

I also thank Barbara Pfaff (Brown-Beresford) in the ACT for her recollections of the Warwick she lived in during the early 60's.

Our hard working Archivist and Patron, Ted Ross has been scouring the Ryerson Index in search of any mention of our past students and several of our number are listed in the Valé section on pages 12 and 13. If you are able to supply any further information to help maintain the accuracy of our record keeping we would be most grateful. I sometimes feel the notices in this section can be a bit "hit or miss". They can only be as up to date as the information that is passed on to us but we do our best. Also any group photos from 1959 would be appreciated. We have 1959 Swimming and Juniors but little else.

In recent days, our PNG friends have mourned the loss of Sir Michael Somare who is widely regarded as the father of Papua New Guinea. Many of our past students will be feeling his loss keenly.

Do you have any stories or anecdotes you might share with us. It is always good to hear from those who take the trouble to write back. I look forward to hearing from you.

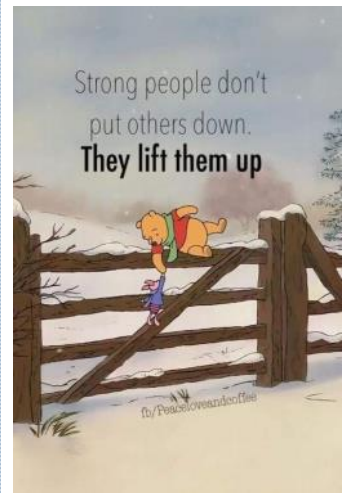
I conclude with this quote from Kevin Cruze:
"There is no such thing as failure. You either succeed or learn."

Until next time, enjoy the read Joan White



"Never interrupt someone doing what you said couldn't be done."

Amelia Earhart



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Johnno's Corner

AS WE MOVE INTO THE NEW YEAR THERE IS PLENTY TO LOOK FORWARD TO...

- Well, what a wet start to 2021, at least in most quarters. It seems much of the southern Darling Downs is still experiencing unfavourably dry conditions. I hope that most farmers, graziers and garden lovers have received the rain that they need.
- On a sad note, Rick Wiseman (School Captain 1976) passed away in January. Rick had been on borrowed time for 15 years with his battle with cancer. Rick's courage and determination to carry on with providing for his family, manage his business and contribute to his community is testament to his inner strength. Most people would have curled up in a corner and given up with what Rick endured. A gutsy effort to the end.
- The proposed 95th celebration for Slade has now given way to a centenary celebration with a date to be selected for 2026.
- As our past students came from a vast geographical area it is not always easy to get to Brisbane or Warwick for reunions. I would encourage anyone in the regional areas to organize a 'roundup'. These regional roundups are also a good excuse for some to hit the road and make a decent trip out of the event. Just pick a date and let us know through Facebook or Kinawah and then send in the photos and stories.
- Brekky Creek, on again this year 13-11-21.
- The Australian Camp Oven Festival is on this year over the October long weekend 1-3 October, 2021. [Home - Australian Camp Oven Festival \(acof.com.au\)](http://acof.com.au) Have a look at their website. This would be a good excuse for a SCPSA 'Millmerran Muster'. Joan's front page story this time is about a colourful, Millmerran, Slade 'Old Boy'. Well done, Ned!
- A lot of Slade, St Cath's and now WCC past students have gone on to do interesting things since leaving school. It would be great to hear some of your stories. It is not about 'big noting' yourself, it is just about life and maybe how you overcame some fears or self doubt. Your story may inspire or help someone else.

Until next time, take care. Johnno.

PLEASE NOTE

DOMAIN NAME NOW
for revitalised website:

www.scpsawarwick.com

WHAT'S ON IN 2021 *

April 23

Anzac Day Service at WCC

July 15 July 25

Jumpers and Jazz in July
in Warwick

October 1-3

Australian Camp Oven
Festival, Millmerran

November 13

Brekky Creek Lunch

November 11

Remembrance Day

* All functions Covid permitting



Definiteness of purpose is the starting point of all achievement. W. Clement Stone



Cancellation of 2021 Slade Celebrations



REGRETTABLY THE DECISION HAS BEEN MADE TO CANCEL the planned 95th Celebrations in October this year.

This decision was not made lightly but arrived at due to the uncertainty still surrounding COVID-19. The number of people able to be immunised in the coming months, possible further outbreaks prior to everyone being immunised, continued social distancing, accommodation and crowd restrictions put together with other considerations were all carefully thought through.

Therefore, cancellation was felt to be the wiser course although an extremely disappointing one. Further, recent smaller get togethers such as the highly successful Brekky Creek Lunch each November and the Roma Roundup last August are felt to perhaps be a better way to move forward.

The Brekky Creek function is still scheduled to go ahead, this year on the 13th November 2021 pending COVID-19 regulations at that time.



New Year News from WCC...

It's all happening at Warwick Christian College! If you have driven by lately, you will have seen all the earth works and changes happening around the Slade Campus. We are anticipating a great year ahead and not just because of our new facilities. As the new Principal, I am dedicated to the success of the College and thankful for the wonderful staff ready to teach our students in creative and effective ways.

Our Preps are coming to an inviting space, designed to engage them through play-based learning with the expertise of our vibrant Prep teacher. It's great to see them embarking on a wonderful educational adventure. Primary students are able to enjoy many beneficial changes this year with new classrooms, extra grassed areas, additional outdoor seating and a new playground on the way. But the greatest benefit of all will be the learning opportunities under our professional, caring and nurturing teachers.

We are also welcoming some exceptional new teachers to our Secondary School team this term. They come with a wealth of experience and a desire to see our students thrive. There are plans underway for the expansion of our secondary classrooms and facilities this year. Opportunities for our Secondary students continue to increase with ATAR subjects and our Vocational Education and Training. Our training rooms are set up as a simulated work environment, accompanied by dedicated Trainers and Assessors with current industry expertise.

Our Flexible Learning Hub welcomes a new Head of Campus, Scott Stone, this year with many exciting and engaging opportunities for those students who have come to us disengaged from mainstream schooling for varied reasons. We have also brought on board our new Head of Inclusive Learning, Debra Stone, who is a leading expert in catering for students with additional needs.

Warwick Christian College is the place to be in 2021, where each child is known by name, valued and inspired, and challenged to succeed!

Regards,

Sean Greenacre | Principal

Epic Final "Variety Bash" for Nigel in 2021



For several years now immediate past Treasurer, Nigel Faulkner has been part of the Variety Bash experience. So, what is the Variety Bash all about?

The **Variety Bash** is not a race or a rally. Rather, it's an adventure with mates driving 30 year old (and older) cars through regional parts of Australia that they might not otherwise see, all in support of **Variety** – the Children's Charity.

2021 marks Nigel's 10th Variety Bash, then after this he will be wrapping up his bashing record to finally retire from this most rewarding of fundraising pursuits.

Over all that time Nigel and his team have raised over \$250,000, met many wonderful like-minded people, and seen parts of Queensland and New South Wales that they would never have otherwise gone to.

Last year was special as Nigel's old Slade Mate, Cris Roy (both were at Slade 1974-78) was able to join him and experience the thrill of watching Sick and Dis-advantaged Children light up as they receive special gifts from Variety and funded by the 300-400 people that participate in each year's Bash.

This year's Bash, 30th August to 8th September, will be an amazing route starting in Winton, venturing down to Birdsville for the Annual Race Event, then back to the East Coast at Yeppoon.

What an inspiring initiative and what an amazing journey!



SCPSA WEBSITE NEWS VISIT <http://www.scpsawarwick.com>

Leigh Nisbet reports that he has uploaded several thousand individual photos of past students to the website. Just go to the site, choose the Slade or St Catharine's menu, select Individuals in the relevant alphabetical category and click on the photo to find the student's name and years they were at school. We are also reminding you that copies of Slade magazines are now available for viewing on the site. If you are reading your Kinawah on your computer or device you can go there by clicking this link: <http://www.scpsawarwick.com/>

Note: While the Website is in the process of being updated it is very much a "work in progress" and more magazines from both our old schools will be uploaded as the work progresses.

Regional Roundup:

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING ON THE SOUTHERN DOWNS

Water Woes for Stanthorpe and Warwick

If you saw ABC Landline's February 28th programme, you will be aware that although the rest of Australia has enjoyed above average rainfall over the summer, south east Queensland is currently enduring the driest season in the country. Ironically, as cyclonic weather sweeps across the far north of the state, in the southern Darling Downs, the drought is far from broken with the region still under water level restrictions of 120 litres per person per day. Stanthorpe is now the centre of the largest water carting project by a local government, bringing enormous concern to the apple and wine-growing region with the town's 5,000+ population now relying entirely on trucked water. To meet the daily 1.3-million-litre requirement, 14 vehicles are carting 42 truckloads of water from Connolly Dam near Warwick to Stanthorpe's Storm King Dam, in a 130-kilometre round trip, this \$800,000 per month solution being fully funded by the state. However, without rain in the coming months, the backup supply will run out by August, after which the whole Southern Downs shire will be looking for a new supply. Currently the shire is in discussions with the Queensland Government about getting access to the Dalrymple and Cunningham alluvium, underground water sources near Allora north of Warwick.

<https://www.abc.net.au/news/2020-01-13>

As of 1 March, dam levels were Connolly Dam 73.3%; Leslie Dam 11.6%; Storm King Dam 21.1%

Recent rainfall has restored the water level in both the Beehive Dam and The Soak to full capacity. Current storage in both these dams has sufficient water to supply water to Wallangarra and part of Jennings for over 18 months. Water is currently sourced from the Beehive Dam. Work associated with sourcing emergency water supply for Wallangarra is now complete and can be brought online as required.

Funding Boost for Warwick festivals

Jumpers and Jazz in July and a brand new Warwick Chamber of Commerce event are set to receive a slice of \$150,000 in government funding as part of a new events initiative.

Councillor Marco Gliori said "The much needed funding will boost high quality, innovative products, events, and experiences

as well as strengthen the Southern Downs and Granite Belt events calendar". The organisations to receive funding for events are Jumpers and Jazz in July, Warwick Caledonian Society, Granite Belt Wine Tourism, Granite Belt Weddings and Events, Granite Belt Art and Craft Trail and the Stanthorpe Festival Association.

Local Shows vs Covid hardship

Battling through years of drought before the cancellation of most agricultural shows under the coronavirus pandemic, the success of this year's events to date has provided a nice morale booster. Slade Old Boy, the late John Boucher, was a great supporter of the Stanthorpe Show Society and his widow, Gillian, continued to fly the flag as Chief Steward for the first show of the season (and Stanthorpe's 145th), January 29-31. Despite the fallout from Covid, worker and water shortages and export market uncertainty all affecting primary producers, Gillian expressed admiration for Granite Belt farmers saying they just hang in there and keep going no matter what's thrown at them.

Morgan Park News

To gratify all those dedicated petrol heads that I know we have among our membership, the following "heads-up" re the Morgan Park Raceway is included here. A new Historic Sports Sedans category was hosted Sunday January 24 and there are a slew of other events you can also attend. For a full 2021 Calendar of events, visit the Morgan Park website: <https://www.morganparkraceway.com.au>

Granite Belt Wineries an Australia Day Hit

A tremendously encouraging Australia Day Weekend for several wineries has given operators new hope for 2021 with thousands of tourists flocking to the region to sample all the features that the area has to offer. People whose friends have visited the region during winter and spring have made their way to the Granite Belt keen to experience the attractions of the area on the strength of stories they have been told.

A good many families took the opportunity to visit for the long weekend, getting out into the orchards and picking stone fruit, meeting alpacas, gathering strawberries, exploring the maze and walking and exploring the area's waterways and national parks. Great to see!

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Two years in Warwick, warmly remembered

Barbara Brown-Beresford's family arrived in Warwick from Brisbane on a cool Sunday night in December 1957 following her father's promotion to Senior Sergeant in Charge of the Warwick Police Station. Here's what happened next...



Law Enforcement became Part of Life from that Time Onwards, as our House, very '50's, Queensland Government Style, was wedged between the Police Station and the Court House. Perhaps seeing so much Law and Order led to Self-Discipline in my own Life which would serve as a Fitting Tribute to my Father - I hope he would be pleased.

Apart from Comings and Goings of Police Cars and the only Motor Bike, proudly ridden by Senior Constable 'Chesty' Bond, ever present from my Bedroom Window, there was always a Drama at Week Ends, the Local Lads who liked a Pint or Two at one of Warwick's many Hostelries, arriving on Saturday Nights, the Standout singing 'I'm a Warwick Boy, Born and Bred in Warwick!' (He only came for a Hot Roast Dinner, cooked by Mrs Pascoe, Wife of the Watch-house Keeper, her Food...Legendary!)

The Worst of the Police Station Occurrences were the Cars bought in after Road Accidents, often needing to be left for some Time if an Inquest or Criminal Enquiry was required. My Father always made my Brother, Peter and I look at the Wrecks, often horribly Blood Stained, as a Caution to us for Road Safety in the Future. Much more entertaining were the Court Cases on the other Side, often scandalous with QC's coming from Brisbane and Toowoomba, Witnesses et al 'milling around' Outside, highly visible from my Parents' Bedroom Window. Some Cases where my Father was prosecuting were deemed unfit for Peter's and my Ears. My Mother banned the 'Warwick Daily News' in our House, but we always heard the Gossip at School anyway!

School began at Warwick Central State School, Peter and I riding our Bicycles the short distance up Guy Street, Peter going into Grade 4 while I became a Member of Mr Hansen's Grade 5 Class - He was known to us as 'Bing' Hansen as he resembled Bing Crosby, having a good Singing Voice, the Movie Star, an Image his Class found most amusing! First Days at new Schools are always intimidating as we all know, but I was fortunate in being entrusted to two Classmates, Elizabeth Wallace and Maureen Bougoure, both of whom became Best Friends, Maureen is still a most valued Friend to this Day. It was Maureen who brought me 'Up to Speed' with St Catharine's and Reunions, connecting with Joan Clothier White, so a whole new Chapter in my Life which is wonderful (Schooldays so Nostalgic)

Warwick Week Ends consisted of Church at St Mark's C of E where our whole Family sang in the Choir, my Music Teacher, Mildred Watt, the brilliant Organist insisting I sing in the Choir. (Barbara is Tone Deaf!) Morning Service and Evensong became a Ritual for us, one to which my Father was accustomed, as his Father was an Anglican Priest, his younger Brother, Tom, also having joined the Fraternity, so the B-B's were 'Steeped in Incense and Liturgy'! On the Opposite Side of Christianity, my Mother's Brother was involved in the Formation of the Uniting Church, so we had Protestantism as well, showing the Meaning of 'Ecumenical'.

Sundays also meant a Drive in the Country to Killarney or Stanthorpe, or more often, a Picnic or Barbeque at a Local Watering Hole such as Sandy Creek or The Washpool. Family Get Togethers with Friends, Mildred and John Watt, Glad and Harry Dodd, beautiful Sun-Drenched Memories etched upon my Darling Downs Days.

St Catharine's, my Choice of School, my First Year, 1962, the Beginning of a Time in my Life when I had wonderful Teachers, absolutely loving School Days, the Best Years! I became a Member of Form 3A, our Form Mistress, Mrs Elwing who was our English Teacher as well. We were privileged as the Academic Class, consisting of only twelve Girls, receiving Individual Attention from our Teachers which helped

so much, although we probably didn't realise it at the Time. Lois Goodwin, Jocelyn Wright, Lesley Baker-Finch, Judy Gillam, PNG Girls, Pauline Bona and Legu Bate, Tanis Martyn from Rabaul, all of us Friends, the Mix of Boarders and Day Girls making Morning Tea Breaks interesting, as we Day Girls were entertained by humorous happenings in the Boarding House! Lois Goodwin and I were Day Girls, in the Minority as St Catharine's was predominantly a Boarding School, attracting Girls from Properties in Queensland and NSW, as well as the Sunshine Coast, Brisbane, and, most importantly, Papua New Guinea, much loved, still 'Old Girls' Today.

Other Teachers, Sister Angela for Religion and Spiritual Guidance, whom we liked immensely as she was young and vital, Mrs Lambart, our French Teacher, very 'Soigne', who, when she and I met up Years later, at Miami High School, asked me whether my Father was 'The Policeman or the Parson', having Taught my Cousin, Margaret, Uncle Tom's Daughter, as well. Miss Cant, responsible for instilling a Passion for Geography in so many Girls, Courtesy her 'Bible', Stenbridge, Mrs McLennan, Wife of a Local Vet, creating Curiosity about Human Anatomy through Physiology, last, but by no means least, Barbara Barnes, doing a '4 Off' with Maths A and B, Physics and Chemistry. She was the 'Stand Out' for me, Young, brimming with Enthusiasm, Niece of CEB Barnes, the Federal Member and Cousin of Jill Barnes, so a PGC Connection, inspiring all of us to do well. Amazing how 2 Schools link up!

The following Year, 1963, brought an Historic Event to our Lives and the History to Warwick also. Uncle Tom Brown-Beresford, my Father's Younger Brother was invited to become Rector of St Mark's C of E. Naturally, 'The Warwick Daily News' created a Photo Opportunity of the Brothers, Leaders of Law and Liturgy, which was a Newsworthy Occasion for the Town. Margaret, my Cousin, came to St Catharine's from St Aidan's in Brisbane, joining Form 3 as a Day Girl, so it was all rather a Family Affair for the Brown-Beresford's, 2 Families in one Town.

Looking back on those days, life in Warwick was very busy, as, apart from School and Church, I had Guides, the Gardner Twins, Ann and Jill, Patrol Leaders at our Company, their Mother Val Gardner the District Commissioner, Guiding such a Character Building Activity for Girls. My Father was Chairman of the Scouts, as well as a Church Warden and a Mason, prompting my Mother to ask quite often 'When are you going to have a Night without a Meeting, Bernard'? Of Course, he did, Weekends 'Off', when we often drove to Toowoomba and Brisbane to visit our B-B Grandparents, Excursions much anticipated always.

My Mother taught Art of Speech at PGC, enjoying it immensely, so she and I were 'Over the Road' from each other, a great advantage sometimes in 'Hitching a Ride' Home at Lunch Time or after School. Teaching at PGC afforded her an Opportunity in her Own Right which she would not otherwise have enjoyed in Brisbane. My Mother also produced Plays for the St George Society to which the Family belonged, Restoration Comedies, even Oscar Wilde, the Members Playing Parts of Characters, much to the Delight of the Audience! Amazing that a Country Town filled our Lives with such Diversity and Happiness, opening Vistas of a Social and Joyful Rural Life.

March 1963 brought a Promotion for my Father, his new Post, Sub-Inspector, Traffic Branch, Brisbane. I certainly didn't want to leave Warwick and St Catharine's, but despite many protestations that I stay as a Boarder, the Decision was 'Brisbane', St Aidan's CEGS, our Sister School. Leaving St Catharine's, Sister Rachel, Sister Angela and my Classmates, as well as my Teachers was devastating, but sadly a 'Fait Accompli', our Family back to Brisbane, Junior, Form 4, St Aidan's.

We were so fortunate, basking in Halcyon Days on the Darling Downs, Paradise Lost in Drought, Paradise Found when it Rains. I can still see the Sunlight through Hazy Days of Wheatfields and Sheep in Meadows. Perhaps my Heart lies There Still.

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



“ We grow up with dreams in our eyes and songs on our lips and we discover that life is not what we thought it would be. And then, we discover nostalgia. ” Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Bells on Sunday at St Mark's and beyond...

An enduring memory for many of us remains those sonorous tones ringing out from St Mark's bell tower, summoning us to church services on Sunday mornings and evenings. While campanology may be a lot like unknown territory for many of us, the following information kindly forwarded by John Deshon helps give us a more in-depth picture...

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH OF ST. MARK'S IS PART OF THE OLDEST MINISTRY ON THE DARLING DOWNS WITH SERVICES HELD IN THE TOWN OF WARWICK FROM AS EARLY AS 1848.

In 1860, the Rev. Benjamin Glennie was appointed to the newly formed Parish of Warwick. He became Archdeacon in 1865 and won approval for a building program, including a new Church and Rectory. On Thursday, 19 March 1868, the foundation stone of the present Church was laid. The portion then built consisted of a Sanctuary, Chancel and Transepts only. This was erected in just three months. Work continued with the erection of the nave and in 1872, the sandstone edifice was completed. In 1874 additions were made to the Church. It is thought the nave was extended, the transept porches were added and the stained glass windows were placed in the western end of the building but the Church remained unconsecrated until 29 October 1896, possibly because ecclesiastical tradition requires a building to be debt-free before it may be consecrated.

Extensive additions were undertaken in 1939 - 1940. These alterations included increasing the length of the nave, a narthex, a new vestry, a side chapel, base of the tower and baptistry, choir gallery and porch. An extension was added to the tower in 1962. Outside, between the western end of the Church and the Church Hall was the bell which called Parishioners to Worship. The bell tower and the bell were erected in 1929 in memory of Francis Grayson. This was dedicated in 1930 by the then Archbishop of Brisbane and has been refurbished. This structure replaced the original bell, located on a single post erected in the 1880's. That bell was able to be rung from the Rectory verandah! The stump of the original is still in position below the 1929 structure. The Bell tower consists of a chime of eight cast by John Taylor and Co. for Gillett and Johnston (Clocks) Ltd, with an overall weight of 28.5 cwt or approximately an impressive 1.5 tonne.

Weights of each bell are:

- 1-1-19 [72.0kgs] • 1-2-14 [82.5kgs] • 1-3-17 [97.0kgs] • 2-2-18 [135.0kgs]
- 3-2-6 [180.5kgs] • 4-0-15 [210.0kgs] • 5-2-6 [282.0kgs] • 7-2-11 [386kgs]

The eight bells, ranging from 18.5" to 34" (the mouth diameter of the bells) are inscribed with pattern #'s, Made in England / Gillett and Johnston (Clocks) Ltd. England Waist: John Taylor and Co. Founders Loughborough England 1961 for St. Mark's Warwick Qld Australia.

St. Mark's Anglican Church, Warwick is acknowledged as an important heritage building. It is entered in the Queensland Heritage Register maintained by the Department of Environment and Heritage Protection. It is also listed by the National Trust of Queensland, and is entered in the Register of the National Estate maintained by the Australian Heritage Commission.

The entry for St. Mark's in The Queensland Heritage Register is under ID # 600943.

The following is an excerpt from the Register:

St Mark's Anglican Church, Warwick demonstrates the growth of Warwick as a provincial centre, and the development of the Church of England in Queensland. The Church has associations with prominent early Brisbane architect, Richard George Suter, and with the first Rector of Warwick, Benjamin Glennie. The Church demonstrates the principal characteristics of a nineteenth century Church of England in Queensland, influenced by the interest in Gothic revival ecclesiastical architecture. St. Mark's is of considerable aesthetic value; it is a well composed building on a prominent site, which is an important element of the surrounding streetscape. The building contains many finely crafted elements including internal joinery such as the ceiling and roof trusses, reredos and seating pews; glazing and stonework. The William Bustard stained glass windows of St Mark's are of considerable creative and technical achievement. The provision of ventilation and diffused lighting via the high level louvred openings is a considerably innovative achievement. The Church as a strong association with the Warwick community and in particular, with members of the Anglican community who have used the building as their Church for nearly 150 years.*



Stained Glass Windows:

Much has changed since 1874. Currently the Church has fifty-two (52) stained and lead light windows by leading Australian glass artists and designers. There is a large group of windows designed by the artist William Bustard and executed by R.S. Exton and Co. Brisbane, Queensland.

Throughout St Mark's the colours of red, green, blue, violet/purple, white and gold/yellow are commonly found in the scenes depicted in the windows. Red or Ruby is the colour of the Holy Spirit, of courage, energy, power, self-sacrifice and martyrdom. Blue is the light of Heaven, of enduring loyalty, of love and of purity. It is the colour of the Virgin Mary. Gold or yellow is the colour of the divine, of the sun. It represents what is sacred. Green is the colour of hope, growth, life and nature, of life over death. Violet or purple is the colour of love and truth, as well as passion and suffering. White is the colour of faith as well as of innocence, serenity, peace and purity.

As the building was renovated and extended, new stained glass windows were added. In the original 1868 St Mark's Church, the nave had coloured glass with simple red and blue borders and the north and south transepts had plain glass windows. In 1874 the plain glass in the transepts was matched with similar windows to those in the nave as described in the Warwick Examiner and Times, 17 January 1874. The beautiful stained glass windows in the Nave are dedicated in memory of many of the early benefactors of the Church. They are known as the six gospel windows and represent The Annunciation, The Incarnation, The Presentation of Christ in the Temple, Jesus Blessing the Children, The Empty Tomb and Peter & John. They are regarded as the finest collection of windows by the renowned stained glass window maker William Bustard. If you look at the window at the eastern end of the Church, you will see in the middle panel, a small winged lion, the symbol of St. Mark.

Over the years the windows have seen damage and deterioration

from the

elements. The structural integrity of a number of the stained glass windows is at risk. There is now a concerted effort to restore these historic windows to their original glory. The conservation of this heritage building is important to the whole community. By conserving the Church we are also sustaining an social service that has functioned for over 150+ years. Parishioners and friends have worked to make St. Mark's a community Church. The Church and Hall are used by the wider community for concerts, dance classes and performances etc.

If you would like to help towards the restoration, your generosity no matter how great or small, will be appreciated.

If you do NOT require a Tax Receipt please Direct Deposit to:

St. Mark's Anglican Church Restoration Fund
BSB: 034226 Account: 810001

or please make your cheque payable to: Anglican Parish of Warwick (a general receipt will be issued)

* Reredos refers to the ornamental screen covering the wall at the back of the altar.



Staying OKAY in the current Covid Climate

Amid the fallout from the global pandemic, most people concur that Australia is a peach of a place to sit out COVID-19. Those of us with friends and family living in hotspots like the USA or the UK are keenly aware of current differences between our lives and daily realities for those enduring the stress and uncertainty of lockdown, home-schooling, infections and deaths among too many acquaintances, lack of contact visits with loved ones and the loss of ordinary support structures that we take for granted, to name a few.

I'll say it again. I am very grateful to be living where I am and know that most Australians feel the same way. That is not to say we are out of the woods yet. There is a reason firm measures have been put in place to take charge of managing the virus here and we only need look at places where this hasn't happened to understand why. A lot of hopes for successfully controlling the virus are being pinned on the vaccine being made available to as many people as possible, as efficiently as possible. We are only in the early stages of this mammoth operation but let's try and keep positive for the best possible outcome for everyone. In the meantime, here are some things that we might consider doing to look after our own mental health and to help others who may need some extra support and care.

Keep informed. Listen to advice and recommendations from your national and local authorities. Follow trusted news channels, such as local and national TV and radio, and keep up-to-date with the latest news from @WHO on social media.

Have a routine. Keep up with daily routines as far as possible or make new ones. Things like getting up and going to bed at similar times every day, keeping up with personal hygiene, eating healthy meals at regular times, exercising regularly, allocating time for walking and resting and making time for things that you enjoy.

Minimize newsfeeds. Try to reduce how much you watch, read or listen to news that makes you feel anxious or distressed. Seek the latest information at specific times of the day, once or twice a day if needed.

Social contact is important. If your movements are restricted, keep in regular contact with people close to you by telephone and online channels.

Alcohol and drug use. Put a limit the amount of alcohol you drink or don't drink alcohol at all. Importantly, don't start drinking alcohol if you have not drunk alcohol before. Avoid using alcohol and drugs as a way of dealing with fear, anxiety, boredom and social isolation. There is no evidence of any protective effect of drinking alcohol for viral or other infections. In fact, the opposite is true as the harmful use of alcohol is associated with increased risk of infections and worse treatment outcomes. And be aware that alcohol and drug use may prevent you from taking sufficient precautions to protect yourself against infection, such as compliance with hand hygiene.

Screen time. Be aware of how much time you spend in front of a screen every day. Make sure to take regular breaks from on-screen activities.

Video games. While video games can be a way to relax, it can be tempting to spend much more time on them than usual when at home for long periods. Be sure to keep the right balance with off-line activities in your daily routine.

Social media. Use your social media accounts to promote positive and hopeful stories. Correct misinformation wherever you see it.

Help others. If you are able to, offer support to people in your community who may need it, such as helping them with food shopping.

Support health workers. Take opportunities online or through your community to thank your country's health-care workers and all those working to respond to COVID-19.

Don't discriminate

Fear is a normal reaction in situations of uncertainty. But sometimes fear is expressed in ways which are hurtful to other people. Remember:

Be kind. Don't discriminate against people because of your fears of the spread of COVID-19.

Don't discriminate against people who you think may have coronavirus.

Don't discriminate against health workers. Health workers deserve our respect and gratitude.

COVID-19 has affected people from many countries. Don't attribute it to any specific group.

<https://www.who.int/campaigns/connecting-the-world-to-combat-coronavirus/healthyathome>

And now, to jest for just a moment

- ✂ I got asked if I'd lost my sense of taste recently at a Covid test centre – I reassured them I'd not and that I always dressed like this.
- ✂ Did you hear about the claustrophobic astronaut? He just needed a little space.
- ✂ Had Lunch with a beautiful vegan, I said let's meat again!
- ✂ Few women admit their age; Few men act it.
- ✂ If you get caught outside in the fog...are you mystified?
- ✂ A sign I spotted on the door of our local music shop... Gone Chopin...Bach in a minute. I wondered if he had a Chopin Lizst?
- ✂ It's not called an imaginary friend anymore, it's called social media.
- ✂ Valentines Day. Single people call this Independence Day.
- ✂ I might never get over this addiction of referencing The Beach Boys, but wouldn't it be nice.
- ✂ Some people think there are insects on the moon, they're Luna tics.
- ✂ 2019: Stay away from negative people. 2020: Stay away from positive people.
- ✂ Does anyone know if we can take showers yet or should we just keep washing our hands?
- ✂ Never in a million years could I have imagined I would go up to a bank teller wearing a mask and ask for money.



Nostalgix...



Following publication of November December's edition of Kinawah last year Mike Rippin noticed the absence of John Allen in the line up. John died some years ago but is noted now in his rightful place.

1959 Slade Prefects are as follows:
 Back: David Chin, Gregory Breden, Patrick Price, William Crosbie, John Allen (dec'd), Ray Menkens
 Front: Eric Graham, John Davies (dec'd - lost in the Voyager disaster), Keith Dan (dec'd), Keith Nagel, Ian Jones



Staff / C.R.G.S.
 (l. to R.) Margaret Glover, Irene Wickham
 Jessie Jones.
 (Front.) Esther Cameron, Jan Fraser.

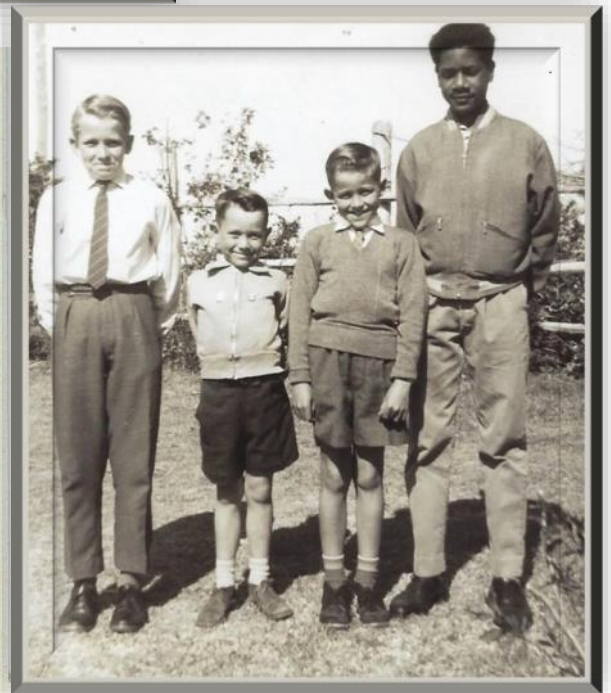


Photo above supplied by Walter Robb
 Left to right: Malcolm Robb, Walter Robb, Ken Robb and Barry Awui C 1965

(Ah yes, contrary to what our grandchildren believe, we were all young once!)



Saturday, November 13
11.00 AM FOR LUNCH

2021 DATE

Breakfast Creek Reunion

2021 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



RICK WISEMAN 1958-2021

A quiet, gentle and compassionate man, a lover of family and a great friend and mate.

RICHARD BOYD WISEMAN WAS BORN IN INVERELL, NSW, 4 DECEMBER 1958, to Harry and Helen Wiseman. With older brother, Jim and sister, Suzie, his early years were spent on *Bedwell Downs*, a sheep and tobacco property on the McIntyre River at Yetman near the NSW QLD border. Simple wholesome bush living laid firm foundations. Like his siblings, Rick, always a quiet achiever, was christened on the Wallangarra wool sheds classing table. The family moved just down the river to *Wongalea* when Rick was eight. Growing up, the Wiseman kids spent time mustering sheep and cattle, breaking in horses, fencing, driving tractors, shooting 'roos, once putting Harry's Holden ute over the loading ramp and even one time into the dam when chasing pigs. One of Rick's many escapades was making a raft out of 44-gallon drums only to have it fall apart halfway across the dam.

The photo of Rick above was taken in the stockyard at his son in law, James and James's brother, Alex's property, Lloyd Hills, at Augathella, 2019 and reveals Rick in his element utterly thrilled to have his grandchild able to enjoy a western Queensland, country lifestyle.

Rick completed primary schooling at Yetman State School then attended Slade as a boarder for six years from 1971. His business skills were noted at cadet camps where he had contraband in excess of his own consumption for resale purposes since he figured everyone would be running out by the end of camp.

To quote one school report from a House Master, "Richard had good control over other members of the dormitory. He made my job much easier than it might have been. His attitude to the school rules on smoking was, however, unfortunate."

In his first year at Slade, Rick played for the Under 14 XI and in 1976, was elected School Captain and was Captain of both the First IV, and Athletics team.

When it came time for one family beach holiday, the junior Wisemans would much rather have stayed home. The boys refused to go out in public for the whole week after Harry had given both boys short back and sides. It was the 70's after all, with long hair the go. Rick had a full head of the latest afro hair style which he thought was pretty cool, and so did the girls.

After leaving Slade, Rick commenced an apprenticeship as an aircraft maintenance engineer at Archerfield Aerodrome. He also had casual employment with Ansett Airways.

In the early 80s the Wisemans lived in Wellers Hill. Harry and Helen, probably thinking it would be easier to keep an eye on Jim, Rick and Suzie if they shared a house in the city, paid a deposit on a house and the three made the regular repayments in the form of rent. Here Rick instigated the building of a beer garden in the back yard, using iron bark logs from *Wongalea*, to construct posts from which hammocks were strung up. During this time, friendships were made. Many enjoyable weekends were spent with beach and boating adventures, partying, camping, and visiting jazz clubs and B and S's.

At the end of Suzie's nursing training, Rick headed off with his sister and her girlfriend on a round Australia trip in his very cool, velvet padded panel van. The trio got as far as Darwin via Birdsville, Ayers Rock and Mt Isa. Suzie and her friend left Rick in Darwin, where he stayed working for a while. Suzie recalls making that panel van work hard pulling the trailer that Harry and Rick had built all loaded up with Rick's bike and dune buggy. She also recalls a very fit Rick running up Ayers Rock.

Rick also cycled around the USA, Canada and Mexico. Sometimes with a friend, sometimes alone. Rick told stories about his trip such as "if they were cycling and it was close to lunch or dinner, especially if they could smell a BBQ cooking, they would

knock on the door and ask to fill up their water bottles. The Americans were so hospitable that they would be invited in for a meal." He came home via Munich, went to the Oktoberfest and London for a few days. Deeming this to be too cold for him, he flew home. Quite a trip.

For a number of seasons, Rick, who was a lover of all things mechanical, joined his parents' contract harvesting business, driving headers. He always got on well with everyone, helped out family wherever needed and dabbled for a time in selling herbal supplements among other things then realising his entrepreneurial skills by starting his own business—Brisbane Audio—a Car audio installation shop in Fortitude Valley.

Rick married his wife, Helen 13th June 1987, having purchased a Queenslander at Hawthorne in 1986. Following their honeymoon in New Zealand, Rick, ever the entrepreneur, was a contractor during the week at Brisbane Hi-Fi, in Mansfield. Here he installed sound systems in vehicles, commercial buildings and luxury homes. On Sundays he worked at Paddy's Market at an electronic pop-up. Rick's dream was to open a boutique audio store.

Excitingly, at the conclusion of 1987, he was installing sound systems, in top secret under a strict confidentiality agreement, in several of the pavilions at Expo '88 on Brisbane's South Bank. With season tickets, Rick and Helen visited Expo several times a week after it opened.

In early 1989 Rick bought a commercial building on Kessels Road, Mt Gravatt and Queensland Audio became a reality. The business grew rapidly with Rick employing ten staff and several contractors. The inaugural Queensland Audio Christmas party was a trip out to Moreton Bay on the *Seafox*, combining Rick's love of the bay and boating. Rick and Helen spent several weekends a year on Moreton Island where Rick discovered his love of beach four-wheel driving.

Amy arrived 27th June, 1991, followed by Sam in February 1993 and Emma in September 1995. The family attended St John's Anglican church, Bulimba, where he embraced his service as warden supporting the minister and members of the congregation.

Queensland Audio continued to grow and Rick and his staff were awarded the contract to install the sound system in Parliament House, Solomon Islands, where, with his audio technologist, Gary, he also enjoyed beachside BBQs and scuba diving with the locals at Honiara. Not long after this, Rick was named one of Sony's top selling Australian retailers and was awarded a trip, taking in LA, Las Vegas and San Diego, combining a conference, themed lunches, dinners and experiences such as hot air balloon flights.

In 1999, Rick decided to sell his audio business in order to spend more time with his family after moving to Wishart.

Amy, Sam and Emma attended the local school, where Rick was President of the Pre-School P and C and Vice President of the School P and C. Here he led the fundraising to build a school

"In 1987, Rick was installing sound systems, under strict confidentiality agreement, in several of the pavilions at Expo '88."

hall and bench seating for the students.

With his close friend and business partner, Rod Colwell, who he met in the late 90's while they were working together at a commercial real estate firm, both men had the opportunity to purchase 200 acres of industrial land, then known as Insight Industrial Park.

Rick, Rod and Rod's father Grahame, formed Insight Group, based in the CBD. The group ended up selling the Yatala industrial land in the early 2000's continuing to develop other projects such as a rural, residential estate, Oak Valley, Townsville, and Insight Commercial Park also in Townsville. Insight Logistics Park was its 2nd industrial project in Yatala, followed by two residential subdivisions in Airlie Beach, and Jacobs Well. The partners also worked together on a 10 ha industrial site in Yatala, a road/rail site in Wodonga and an industrial site in western Sydney.

Rick was integral to the site selection and had a great personality for this type of work. He had no hesitation, walking up and knocking on a door and simply asking! His personality was infectious. He always had a positive attitude, was great to be around and there was never an argument. The partners shared many laughs, a few beers and the odd rum, along the way. Rick, Rod and several of their business associates enjoyed two "study tours" to Hong Kong for the Bledisloe Cup in 2006 and 2008. (It is possible these were more tour than study!)

In 2002 Rick bought an acreage block at Chandler and began a property Development Diploma at Bond University continuing to work in the real estate industry and enjoying a Tasmanian holiday.

Moving on to their secondary schooling, Amy and Emma attended St Margaret's, Ascot, and Sam, Churchie. Rick valued education and was adamant that his three children would have the best he could provide. In fact, Rick fought long and hard so that Emma could enjoy a mainstream education. Having been in Cadets at school, and with family who had served in both World Wars, Rick never failed to commemorate Anzac Day by attending the service at Churchie. The 25th of April was a very important day for him.

Helen and Rick enjoyed many beautiful Whitsunday holidays with Rick's brother Jim and his family on their boat, travelling often to Jondaryan to visit Rick's parents for a long weekend. A return trip to Longreach and Winton, from Brisbane on *The Spirit of the Outback*, and trips to Moreton and Fraser were also memorable. Rick loved nothing more than to drive up the beach from Noosa to Inskip Point and across to Fraser, often saying, "Once I'm on the beach at Noosa, the holiday begins".

In 2004 Rick bought an Ultimate Campervan and prepared to take the family through the Simpson Desert. Each night Rick would plot their course, through the dunes. Averaging seven to ten kilometres a day over six to seven hours, Rick was fully prepared with the latest technology, plenty of water, fuel, safety gear and a satellite phone. Trouble was, he had to climb atop the roof of the vehicle to get phone reception to check in with his parents. After a couple of nights this became a bit of a chore, so he decided to have a few nights off until reaching Birdsville. When he finally checked in with Harry and Helen, there was a plane preparing to take off from Roseberth Station to search for them. Suffice to say Rick never again

failed to check in! A highlight of the desert trip for Rick, was the challenge to drive to the top of Big Red, without bogging his car, which he achieved in just one attempt.

On a first family overseas trip to Fiji in 2005, Rick taught the kids to water ski then in 2006 Helen and Rick travelled with Rick's parents to New Zealand to meet Amy who had spent a term at St Margaret's College, Christchurch, rowing. All enjoyed attending the Maadi Cup Regatta, later touring the South Island.

Rick enjoyed his work selling and leasing commercial real estate. He designed and built his dream home at Chandler, a little piece of bush in the city where Rick, an impeccable host, enjoyed many functions with Helen.

In 2006, at just 47, Rick was diagnosed with Multiple Myeloma. Rick's research found this was to be a terminal illness with a limited lifespan. Philosophically, Rick's response was, "Why worry, I can't change this". He was referred to Dr James Morton, and together they worked to extend Rick's life by an amazing fourteen years. This was even more remarkable considering that Rick was subsequently also diagnosed with Amyloidosis, giving him a prognosis of three months.

During those fourteen years, Rick packed a lot of living in with trips to Hong Kong, Vanuatu, Herron, Hayman, Long, Daydream and Hamilton Islands, returning to Moreton and Fraser often. A recent favourite has been Cabarita Beach, often savouring the delights of "The Paper Daisy" restaurant.

While working in the CBD with Insight Group, Rick enjoyed dining with his staff and clients at some of the city's finest restaurants. This became another of Rick's passions and he always took the family back to those that he had particularly enjoyed.

Rick's other love was cars, mainly four-wheel drives. His Porsche was only a week old when Rick was caught in a violent hailstorm. He found an underground carpark and ripped the boom gate off to let himself and other drivers in. Additionally Richard was not happy when at Double Island Point, he drove the Porsche into a deep washout and water flooded into the car. This meant that many hours needed to be spent at the car wash cleaning the salt water from the wiring and electrics.

Rick is remembered as a fabulous husband, father, grandfather, brother, uncle and mentor.

He always had time for his children and extended family.

Rick was a quiet, gentle and compassionate man, a lover of family and a great mate.


He is sorely missed.

"In 2006, Rick was diagnosed with Multiple Myeloma at the age of 47 and subsequently, Amyloidosis."

Worthy of his Forebears

JACANDA ALPACA FARM STAY 86 Mount Norman Road, Wallangarra 4383 ☎ 0409 194 520

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email: fred@jacandaalpacas.com or visit Jacanda Alpaca Farmstay online to check amenities, availability, and guest reviews...

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

Rick Wiseman 1958 - 2021



WISEMAN, Richard Boyd, passed away Friday 15th January, 2021 following more than a fifteen year battle with cancer. Rick attended Slade from 1971 to 1976 and was School Captain in 1976. His brother, Robert James (Jim) Wiseman and sister, Suzanne (Suzie) were also students at Slade 1970-1975 and 1975 respectively.

Rick is survived by his wife, Helen and their adult children Amy, Sam and Emma and their children. The funeral service for Rick held at Mt Thompson Crematorium, 22nd January was attended by a number of past students both at the service and via live streaming. Donations to the Leukaemia Foundation were requested in lieu of flowers.

Robert Comben 1952 - 2020



The Ryerson Index recorded the death of **Robert Earl Comben** aged 91, late of Kaimkillenbun on 22nd March, 2020 from notices posted in the Queensland Country Life 9th April 2020, Dalby Herald 3rd April, 2020 and The Chronicle (Toowoomba) 4th April 2020. Robert attended Slade 1944-46 (further details appear below). In total four Comben boys attended Slade as follows:

Robert Earl Comben, Slade 1944-46, Deceased 2020; Junior 1946; First XV and First IV.

Frank Edward Comben, Slade 1945-47.

Ronald Joseph Comben, last known to be living at Banora Point, NSW, Slade 1946-49; Captain of the school; Captain of Macansh House; Colours in Cricket and Football; Athletics and Swimming teams; Cadet Lieut.

David Heath Comben, Slade 1956-59, Deceased 1/12/2002; Junior 1956; Senior 1956; Half Colours in Athletics, Cricket, Football and Shooting; Cadet Sgt. - The Ryerson Index recorded the death of David Heath Comben aged 61, on 1st December 2002, late of Highfields, formerly of “Creswick”, Dalby from notices published in the Courier Mail (Brisbane) and The Chronicle (Toowoomba) 4th December 2002 and the Queensland Country Life on 5th December 2002.

This information is detailed here in the hope that someone may be able to put us in touch with Frank and Ronald.

Brian Lawley



The Ryerson Index recorded the death of **Brian Edward Lawley**, aged 92, on 23rd April 2020 as per the notice in the Courier Mail (Brisbane) on 25th April 2020.

Valete - Lawley, B.E., - 1942-5. Captain of School and Dux. Captain of Barnes House. Senior 1944 and 1945. Cadet Lieut. Colours in Football

Prizes - 1943 - Form VIB Prize 1944 - Lomas Prize for Dux of School

1945 - Lomas Prize for Dux of School; Special Prize for Mathematics; Rhodes Prize and Brotherhood Prize

Thomas Laidlaw

The Ryerson Index recorded the funeral of **Thomas Anderson Laidlaw**, aged 91, on 22nd June 2020, late of Seasons, Mango Hill, formerly of Taringa from a notice in the Courier Mail (Brisbane) on 25th June 2020. His funeral

notice mentions him as husband of Pat, Dec'd and father and father-in-law of Robert and Frith, Murray and Sharyn, Ian and Mary, and Jane. A service celebrating Tom's life was held in the Pinnaroo Cemetery Chapel, Bridgeman Downs, 29th June 2020, followed by burial within the cemetery grounds. Valete - Laidlaw, T.A. 1942-44 (April). Junior, 1943.

Brian Horrobin 1952-2020



The Ryerson Index recorded the passing of Brian Charles Horrobin on 16th August 2020 (born 7th April 1952) as per Generation Funerals (Bundaberg) 21st August 2020:

Brian Charles Horrobin, late of Tirroan, passed away suddenly 16th August aged 68 years, buried August 21st, 2020, Bundaberg.

Valete for Brian from the 1969 magazine:

HORROBIN, B. C. Slade 1968: Junior 1968; Rural Youth

The Muller Connection

No. 559 according to the Slade Roll is **Maxwell Robert Muller**
No. 560 according to the Slade Roll is **John Alexander Muller**
The above students were at Slade during 1945 (Maxwell was there from April to December and it appears John, was there for the whole of 1945 and completed Scholarship that year. The roll book does not record dates of birth, parents' names or where they came from.

The Ryerson Index recorded the funeral of a Robert Maxwell Muller, late of Toowoomba, on 30th August 1993, from a notice in The Chronicle (Toowoomba) on 30th August 1993. Could this be our Maxwell Robert Muller?

An Ancestry record shows a Robert Maxwell Muller born 1932 Clifton and died 1993 in Toowoomba. His Father was Oswald Alexander (Ossie) Muller and his mother was Lynda Roberta Saal. Oswald Alexander had a brother Edward Bernard Muller. Little can be found of John Alexander Muller other than an Association address about 1980 showing that he lived at Nobby, Queensland.

Census rolls for 1980 indicate that a John Alex Muller lived at MS 233, Mt Kent, Via Nobby, along with Annmaree Mary, Celestine Mary, John Martin, Myra Catherine and Wayne Edward.

Could Maxwell and John be related? All help appreciated. It seems a good assumption that Maxwell and John are brothers.

No. 580 according to the Slade Roll is **Ronald Henry Muller**
No. 581 according to the Slade Roll is **Phillip Marshall Muller**
The above students were at Slade during 1946 with Ronald there from April 1945 to end 1946 according to the Valete listing in the 1947 magazine even though he was shown to have come to Slade in 1946 according to the Salvete listing in the 1946 magazine. Phillip Marshall Muller does not get a mention in a Salvete or Valete listings. Their parents as per the roll were Mr. E B Muller, PO Box 69, Clifton. (Assumed to be Edward Bernard Muller)

The Ryerson Index recorded the death at 78 of a Ronald Henry Muller on 9 February 2008, late of Hodgson Vale, formerly of Clifton from a notice in The Chronicle (Toowoomba) on 13th February 2008. From the age given this does not appear to be our Ronald. Any information you can provide to help maintain our record keeping would be greatly appreciated.

The 1980 Electoral Roll lists both Ronald and Phillip as living at Clifton and being Farmers.

No. 2342 according to the Slade Roll is **Stephen Robert Muller** (at Slade from 1980 to 1981). Details listed are, Parents, Mrs. D Muller, and address, PO Box 26, Jandowae.

Skip on a few years and Association address records show the following for the Muller students:

As at Approximately September 1980 – E B Muller,

PO Box 69, Clifton and J A Muller, Nobby.
 Assume notices were sent to a parent in E B Muller.
 June 85 address list – E B Muller, PO Box 69, Clifton,
 J A Muller, Nobby and S R Muller, C/- Bank of NSW, Dalby.
 20/11/1990 list – R H Muller, PO Box 20, Clifton and S R
 Muller, 240 Bridge Street, Toowoomba.
 1988 list - R H Muller, PO Box 20, Clifton and S R Muller,
 240 Bridge Street, Toowoomba.

All help would be appreciated in relation to information on each
 or any of these individuals and in particular, any family
 connections or contact details you might be aware of.

If you are able to assist, please email **Ted Ross** at
cro56704@outlook.com or call him on **02 4885 2227**

Lorna Beatrice White attended CEGS Warwick in the 1930s.
 Our Archivist and Patron, Ted Ross is uncertain where this
 information came from originally but confirmation records for
 St Mark's Warwick indicate that Lorna was confirmed on 28th
 April 1930. Lorna was born 16th October 1917 to parents,
 Silvanus Hill White and Beatrice Mary White (nee Beatty).
 According to the electoral roll for 1917, Silvanus White and
 family lived in the Weewondilla Estate, part of which formed
 the Slade Campus purchased around 1918. Around the time
 Lorna enrolled at CEGS their home address was cnr Wood and

Albion Streets, Warwick. Mr White's occupation was listed as
 Photographer.

On the 15th December 1941 Lorna married Mr. Gerald Timothy
 Burgess, also a Warwick man. Of interest, they were married
 by Rev J. A. G. Housden. Rev. Housden was very much
 connected to our school group and indeed his children Anne
 around 1944-45, Ernest James 1949-55 and John 1958-58
 attended our school group. Ancestry records indicate that
 Lorna's husband died 14th September 2013 and according to the
 death notice published in the Courier Mail 14/9/2013 Lorna
 was still alive, at that time approaching her 96th birthday.
 Another long liver. No death date can be found for Lorna.
 If you are able to provide any information missing from the
 above, we'd love to hear from you. The 1930 confirmation class,
 listed immediately below, as can be seen, did extraordinarily well.
 That generation of girls lived through those bracing Warwick
 winters plus a World War and lived long, productive lives!

*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

CEGS GIRLS CONFIRMED AT ST MARK'S WARWICK 28 APRIL, 1930, WERE A GROUP OF LONG LIVED LADIES						
Enrolled Family Name	Married Name	First Names	DOB	DOD	Yrs Lived	Remarks
Addison	Patterson	Marie Elizabeth	2/2/1916	7/6/2010	94	
Benson	Sutton	Phyllis Maurine	10/3/1915	9/5/1999	83	Also Johnson
Caston	Little	Margaret Nelson	4/23/1916	1/16/2012	95	Spent 11 years at CEGS
Cooper	Munro	Evelyn Jane	10/3/1917	12/25/2005	88	Served in the RAAF - WW2
Counsell	Allwright	Merle Millicent	12/31/1917	10/29/2015	97	
Deakins	Radford	Joyce	8/7/1917	3/22/1993	75	Served in the RAAF - WW2
Jones	Rose	Nancy Lee	10/2/1916	8/6/2001	84	
Law	Park	Hilda Berris	7/27/1915	6/27/1982	66	
Overstead	Keys	Jane Alvina	7/7/1917	Not known		
Richards	Poletti	Doris Maud	9/11/1915	3/16/1997	81	
Smith	Jones	Mavis Lorraine	4/29/1917	3/9/2012	95	Also Forrest
Tanner	Isbister	Joan Margaret	1/18/1916	1/9/2000	83	
White	Burgess	Lorna Beatrice	10/16/1917	Not known		Alive 14/9/2013 at Husband's Death
Wickham	Elson	Florence Ethel	5/6/1916	3/3/2010	93	

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.



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



What we're talking about on Facebook...

Facebook is the 21st Century way to find out many things. Kathy Fabila (1972-1975) took the initiative of establishing this page as a way for past students to connect with one another in a respectful, non-confrontational way.

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

These photos were posted 22nd January by William B Frost. His question, who can you pick out of these photos, netted the replies shown.

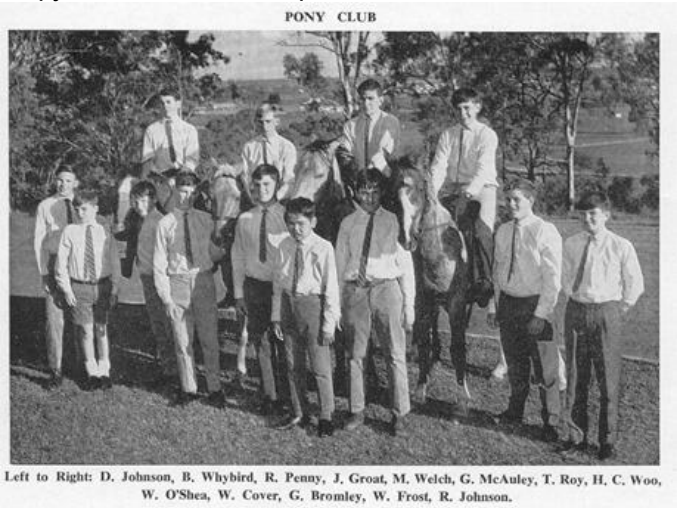


David Brown: Frosty where are you living ? I have been trying to find you for yrs ? I was just thinking of Phillipa Frost the other night when i was talking to my wife. if i remember right she was a good swimmer.

William: hi David long time no hear I am living at Ilfracombe Queensland just south of Longreach. We have been here about 15 years now. I have retired from truck driving now my wife still works so not too bad. Saw Philippa about 2 years ago now she lives on the South coast of New South Wales. Where are you now still at Gund?

David: no this is my 24th year living in Weipa . No longer in the mining game but doing 5.5 hrs a day as groundsman at the Weipa Camping grounds.

Walter Robb subsequently kindly supplied the captioned copy of William's second photo seen here below.



Left to Right: D. Johnson, B. Whybird, R. Penny, J. Groat, M. Welch, G. McAuley, T. Roy, H. C. Woo, W. O'Shea, W. Cover, G. Bromley, W. Frost, R. Johnson.

Joan Clothier White: Philippa's older sister, Helen, now Adamson, was in my class which did Senior in 1969.

Brigalow, Billy Cans and Bottle Trees

Joan Clothier White published 2010

Chapter 12: Sydney or the Bush

MUM HAD NOT ALWAYS LIVED in the country. She had been born in inner-city Sydney on 17th February, 1922 and given the name Dolores Bartlett and we have already seen how popular and long-lived this appellation turned out to be! Julie and Charlie had both scored the Bartlett as a second name so Mum need not have felt unduly discriminated against in that department but she hated both names equally.

Her mother, Alice Lavinia Bartlett, had emigrated to the goldfields in Western Australia from Wells in Somersetshire and had already been widowed before moving all the way across the country to Sydney and marrying her first husband's brother, Charles Golden Simpson.

Life was far from easy for the Simpson family as they brought their children into the world and struggled to raise them with the long shadow of the Depression reaching far over everyone and everything. Our mother was the oldest of the offspring who reached adulthood, but other siblings born before her did not survive. It is not so easy for us to grasp now how very different things were in an era of medical practice that seems clumsy and primitive by modern standards.

Her parents must have wondered if they would ever manage to raise Billie, Julie and Charlie. Mum contracted diphtheria, scarlet fever and an acute ear infection in early childhood and Julie suffered severe hearing loss as the result of a protracted serious post-measles infection. This event contributed in large measure to the paths that the lives of all three children subsequently took.

Mum was a patient in the Infectious Diseases Hospital for one long stretch. This was rather a frightening predicament for a small child to be in with no contact visits allowed from parents. Her childhood ailments didn't end there either. Mum had suffered at least one broken arm, a broken collarbone and she almost died from peritonitis in her early teens and this, it should be remembered, was well before the modern era of antibiotics.

On Mum's birth certificate, her father's occupation is listed as hairdresser and his age as 64. He had already lived a full and eventful life knocking around the world before becoming a family man. Wanderlust still took him at times and he sometimes found work away as a steward on ships but could turn his hand to boot-making if the occasion called for it.

He was also one of the very early photographers in Sydney and had a professional camera which, although it was the very latest technology then, would now be considered a valuable antique. He often took Mum and Julie along as his sidekicks to Nielsen Park where he drummed up business taking people's pictures on the spot for a fee.

Mum always remembered her father as being as old as most other kid's grandfathers. Once or twice she related to us her acute sense of embarrassment when he would write a note to her teacher and spell "Miss" using the long disused and archaic form *Misf*. Mum was an absolute stickler when it came to correct spelling so this was something she did not fail to notice.

Her father was never short of a tall story. He was something of a showman and by all accounts was a colourful character and an enthusiastic Labor Party supporter. He enlisted a girlish Mum to help him campaign for Jack Lang to be elected New South Wales Premier with the catchword "Lang is right". Lang was elected on a platform of "Australia First". His appeal to the voters to serve a second term was that of steering the state out of the Depression.

At any rate we have the photo to show Mum doing her bit to help Lang be overwhelmingly returned as Premier in 1930, whereupon he introduced comprehensive systems of widows' pensions, child endowment, and worker's compensation as promised. Apparently, this picture was printed as signed post cards to be handed out to the audience as this is the form in which our photo has been passed down to us.

What her mother, Alice, thought of all this is not recorded anywhere but, from the post card picture, the preparation of what surely were Sunday-best clothes would have represented quite some effort.

Alice, for her part, provided for her children in severely straitened circumstances and in spite of her own growing deafness. In those days, her hearing aid was powered by a large cumbersome battery and she was extremely self-conscious about this, preferring not to wear it most of the time.

Mum always stoutly maintained that none of the Simpson children ever went hungry but she often told us about how her mother used to make “new” mops for cleaning the floor. She did this by prising open the metal clamps of the already-used mop head and replacing the shreds of the old mop with worn out socks. The *use it up, wear it out, make do, do without* principle was an entrenched way of life for her too!

When it came time for school, Mum started at Blackfriar’s, the first school in Australia to embrace the Montessori method, and was a keen student developing a lifelong love of learning, language and literature.

This, though, was the Depression and Mum was fond of recounting to us how one of her kindly teachers used to supply bread and golden syrup that was paid for out of her own pocket to children in her class who were coming to school with no breakfast. This teacher was practising the basic principle that it was just too hard to concentrate and learn when a child—or, for that matter, anyone—was weak and exhausted through hunger.

Julie did not do so well at school until a perceptive head mistress intervened and arranged for her to attend a school for the deaf which was quite some distance away. From that time on, Julie’s performance at school improved out of sight and, naturally gregarious, she made lots of friends.

Mum, on the other hand, was always more of a loner and envied Julie her ease with other people to say nothing of her curly hair and no need for glasses. When Julie met and married Fred Bradley, a strapping young man from her large circle of hearing-impaired friends, Mum became an almost-member of Fred’s family, getting to know them as well as their next door neighbours in Dulwich Hill, between Sydney Harbour and Botany Bay.

The Bradley family’s neighbours were Joan and Allan Clothier and their three children, Jill, Gay and Joy. The Simpson, Bradley and Clothier families were about to become inextricably entwined as will be seen.

Mum had heard a lot about Allan’s brother, Max, living away up north in country Queensland and an introduction was eventually arranged. After a courtship by correspondence, the two became engaged and married in April, 1950.

For someone who had lived all her life in the city, the honeymoon trip to Yuleba in Max’s Chev tip-truck must have been something of an eye-opener.

Mum’s fine china, good linen and Singer treadle sewing machine, passed on to her by her mother, Alice, upon her marriage, were hardly the thing for her new life in the bush but they were carefully brought along just the same. Little did she know that most of these treasured possessions would remain packed in boxes for many years. Mum had once enjoyed reading “We of the Never-Never” by Mrs Aeneas Gunn. Now she was about to live something very much akin to it.

Dad was at this time mostly earning his living as an owner-driver for the Bendemere Shire Council. The newlyweds’ first home was a rented cottage not far from Yuleba but it didn’t take them long to begin to build a new house of their own on Dad’s block of land. The project was by necessity a weekend and part time one. As was to become a familiar refrain, there was a drought on, so Dad was called on to pull countless dead cows out of bog holes with the truck. This took quite some time so the house was not ready to be moved into for a year or so.

In Yuleba, Mum embraced her new life and soon adapted to doing without things like fresh fruit and milk. She learned to live more than frugally and supplemented the family income in her own way.

It was she who established and ran the poultry farm and sold the eggs with 200 or more laying hens, although it was touch and go who did better out of it—Mum or the foxes and goannas. The house at Yuleba was never ever completely finished and it burned down in a fire not many years after we left the district.

If Mum became renowned for one single thing it surely was that she was a letter writer *par excellence*. With no telephone and no electricity, the chosen mode of communication was the gentle and now almost extinct art of letter writing. There will be no dissension among those who knew her when I say that to get a letter from Mum was an event.

She was unstinting with the details. There were never just one or two pages from her! Twenty pages full of interesting snippets was nothing out of the ordinary and, when she wrote home, there was plenty to talk about with literally everything she had to say completely foreign and unusual to friends and family back home in Sydney. Mum, however, made it all sound so interesting as well because of all those details she never left out.

Our cousin, Yvonne Algie, remembers that whenever one of these thick envelopes arrived at their home in Merewether, the whole family would stop everything and gather round to listen as the letter was read out aloud to everyone.

Mum also maintained an active correspondence with her old Girl Guide leader, Miss Scherring who lived at

Falkenbridge in the Blue Mountains until her death around 1970 and too, with artist, Margo Lewers. Mum had gone to work for Margo in her Sydney pottery when she was fifteen and kept up with all of her exhibitions and those of her husband, sculptor Gerald Lewers, until his untimely death in a horse-riding accident in 1962.

Holidays seemed not to be a word in Dad's vocabulary but Mum saved up the Child Endowment money and paid for a couple of brief seaside stays for us. One was at Ettalong near the mouth of the Hawkesbury River and another at Margate on Brisbane's Moreton Bay including the adventure of a day-and-a-half long train journey in a steam train. If it hadn't been for this we would never have become acquainted with the joys of the beach that she so treasured from childhood visits in Sydney and which she firmly believed every child should experience.

Mum had quite a wide range of interests which kept her mind active. There was no way anyone could justifiably claim that her intellect was shrivelling up out in the bush. She had always been a gifted artist but, art was an expensive pursuit and there was no budget for things like this in our family. She had learned the art of hand-colouring photos using oil paints applied to sepia originals at the East Sydney Tech and the portraits of us as small children that she coloured this way remain cherished possessions.

She actively maintained her love and appreciation of Henry Lawson's short stories. Little did she know when she was first introduced to his work that she would literally be living some of the experiences of which he wrote. One of her most valued personal items was a thick and worn volume of Henry Lawson's complete works and she introduced those of us who showed an interest in it to his story-telling genius with this same copy.

One other book of Mum's created a lot of interest for us too. This was mainly on account of the copious old-fashioned pen-and-ink illustrations between its hard covers because the content remained from then until this day, a total mystery to us.

This was a single edition of Pitman's Shorthand Weekly and because Mum had been adept at shorthand as well as typing in her former life it was easily read and understood by her. She would sometimes sit with this well-thumbed book in quiet moments chuckling to herself as she read and re-read over the content some of which had been written in its original form by Charles Dickens.

One love of Mum's that she was unable to indulge was that of fine music. To hear a piece or two that she truly loved she needed to request that they be broadcast on listeners' choice radio programmes. This she did. Her all-time favourite was the famous duet, "The Pearl Fishers in the Depths of the Temple" from Bizet's opera.

Mum's hand-knitted scarves, beanies, jumpers, knee rugs, and balaclavas kept us all warm in the coldest winters. She would work away at these late at night by the light of the kerosene lamp after everyone else was in bed and after she had finished with the innumerable chores that occupied her days.

She still had some old fashioned skeins of yarn, straight from the spinning wheel, that she had brought with her from Sydney and, when we were small, she would wind them into more manageable balls as we stood in front of her with the skein held on both outstretched widely-spaced arms. After this the yarn would be ready to turn into her next knitting project.

Dad may have felt that Mum did not involve herself in the day to day work of running Numeralla with him but she applied herself with diligence to the task of caring for us and doing all those things that are too often unfairly dismissed as "just house work". She always saw herself as a support act for him and her children and in this role she occupied herself unstintingly.

She may have begun life as a real city girl, but she didn't stay that way and is entitled to be regarded as a genuine pioneer in her own right every bit as much as Dad was.

Next Chapter: "This must be Lucky!"