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What we're talking about on Facebook

Grace Quach, our new WCC Liaison

A NEW FINANCIAL YEAR AND YET ANOTHER AGM, sees us looking forward with optimism to what the coming months and year will bring. The Rose City welcomed us back on July 31st with some of its finest winter weather soon after another colourful *Jumpers and Jazz in July*. This highly successful, more recent local innovation is billed as **Queensland's quirkiest yarn-bombing and music festival** and helps Warwick play up to its well deserved cold weather fame!

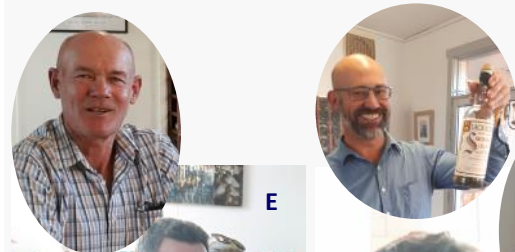
We have the very great pleasure this year of welcoming past Warwick Christian College graduate, Grace Quach—full name—Thien An Grace Quach, aboard as new WCC Student Liaison. Grace could not attend the AGM due to her soon to be completed university obligations. She is in her third year of a Bachelor of Pharmacy (Honours) at QLD University and expressed her gratitude for the way in which we honoured the late and greatly missed Kel Williamson in Kinawah, citing him as one of her biggest inspirations and mentors and letting us know how much he loved being part of our Past Students' Association.



Grace has some exciting and forward thinking ideas about how we might more effectively reach out through integrating more social media platforms to SCPSA. We look forward to working with her and including an *Introducing Grace* snippet in our next Kinawah. For now, here is the photo she sent us of her with Kel Williamson and his wife, Lyn on the occasion of her presentation with her 2019 Australia Day Youth Citizen of the Year award.

Everyone agreed the AGM get together was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. AGM business was swiftly concluded followed by afternoon tea at the Dairy Lounge including a sampling of some fine Scotch for those who partook (seen below with mine host) then Dinner at the Horse and Jockey.

A: Nigel Faulkner, Joan White, Cris Roy, Lizzie Adams, WCC Principal Sean Greenacre and John Farquhar. B: Madeline Blyth, Linnette Cox, Denise Busk. C: Elaine Brierley (a first time AGM attendee and school pal of Denise's) D: Judy Stevens and Jenny Schonfisch with Gloria Mogridge inset E: Nigel Faulkner, Cris Roy, and Lizzie Adams with John Farquhar inset.



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Editor's Notes...



As I write, I can't help reflecting on 2021 being a year for losing some noteworthy nonagenarians. Last Kinawah we read about some of our own special connections to the Royal visit in 1954 and the passing of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh just shy of his 100th birthday. Now, even more personal to us, we have also farewelled St Catharine's teacher, Laurie Forsyth, 98 and CEGS 1949 school captain, Heather Schnitzerling, 90—two ladies who led long, productive lives, well lived and, along with Janice Topp, will be missed. Heather belongs to the greater extended Donovan clan, an integral part of the history of our schools and there will be a story about this in a future Kinawah.

It is so good to report the recent boost to water levels in Leslie Dam. This particular corner of South East Queensland has been doing it tough for a very long time and some more heavy falls concentrated in the Sandy Creek catchment area would be just the shot in the arm that Warwick so sorely needs.

Speaking of shots in the arm, Rob Nolan has again written for us, sharing some of his reflections on coping with life and loss. This is especially relevant in the current Covid climate. Our thoughts are with everyone who is dealing with the consequences of the pandemic, including isolation, throughout the existing status quo, and too, of our friends in PNG where Covid deaths stand at 192 as of August 2.

Happily I am pleased to report that there has been some great reader feedback following the May June issue. Find it all on page 5.

The last three issues of Kinawah I have held over some subject matter concerning the early history of Warwick. I have split it now between consecutive issues with the first part appearing this time on pages 8 and 9 and hope you find it as interesting as I did.

My thanks to all those who responded so generously to my query re gargling at Slade. As always, our Archivist and Patron Ted Ross was able to fill in some of the missing and highly intriguing details, all revealed courtesy of an old and carefully annotated photo album which was passed on to us some years ago. Lots of past history here on page 7, and still more to come in a later Kinawah.

It is always good to hear from Barbara Pfaff in Canberra. For her article on *The Ethos of Independent Schools*, see page 9.

I conclude with this quote from the Dalai Lama:
"There are only two days in the year that nothing can be done. One is called yesterday and the other is called tomorrow, so today is the right day to love, believe, do and mostly live."

Until next time, enjoy the read Joan White



"Use what talents you possess; the woods would be very silent if no bird sang there except those that sang best."

Harry Van Dyke

Sometimes YOU WIN
Sometimes YOU LEARN

2021/2022 Committee

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Johnno's Corner

WELL THIS YEAR IS FLYING BY, have just had the 'Horse's Birthday'.

■ Thank you to the dedicated 15 or so who attended the AGM. That was about 10% of financial members so not a bad turnout when you look at the numbers. As always it was a good day and night with plenty of laughs and a wine or two!

■ The new committee is settling in and getting used to things. Leigh Nisbet is doing a great job with the museum so if travelling through Warwick, take half an hour to drop in. The headmaster, Sean Greenacre, is welcoming of past students and happy for you to avail yourself of the Museum.

■ Sadly the Bunya Pine that was in front of Slade House died and had to be removed. A lot of us can remember breaking open the cones and cooking the nuts in the old Barnes House boiler. I think a few of us can also remember getting the leaves shoved up your trouser leg. The leaves have very sharp ends, the only way out was to take your trousers off.

■ So, who's up for a feed and beer in Charleville ??? As the 'Roma Roundup' was a great success, I'm thinking we need a 'Charleville Catchup' in 2022. My initial thoughts are August. I will contact a few locals in the coming weeks to get some feedback on the best time to visit Charleville. So start planning and stay tuned for updates.

■ Speaking with the WCC Headmaster, there are a few kids who are struggling with school for various reasons. A solution may be a couple of months in a woolshed or stock camp for these kids. I am raising this to test the waters and see if any of us has the capacity to assist, or knows of someone who can. I understand that this can open a huge can of worms re child safety, security, insurance, blah, blah, blah however it is worth a conversation. Please give me a ring if you can assist.

■ On a final note, remember to get in touch with your old school mates, don't wait for them to pick up the phone, you do it, it may just make their day.

Until next time, take care.
Johnno.

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WHAT'S ON IN 2021 *
October 1-3
 Australian Camp Oven Festival, Millmerran
October 18
 Vietnam Veterans' Day
November 13
 Brekky Creek Lunch
November 11
 Remembrance Day
 * The above, all Covid permitting



A negative mind will never give you a positive life. Ziad K. Abdelnour



Saturday, November 13
11.00 AM FOR LUNCH

2021 DATE

Breakfast Creek Reunion

2021 ANNUAL GET-TOGETHER

Slade/St Catharine's/WCC 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





WARWICK
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
Christ Community Character

From the Principal's desk...

The more I think about life, the more I appreciate the power of a story. Everyone has a story to tell, and everyone's story is as valuable as each other's. My hope and prayer this term that your student's story is a good one to tell.

My role as Principal of our College is to keep the Mission, Vision, Values and Expectations before us as staff, families, and students.

What is our Mission?

To Educate for Eternity and Equip for Life. As Christian educators our goal is to show students an eternal perspective and equip them with all the tools they need for a successful and fulfilling life.

What is our Vision?

Known by Name: We aim to know students by their name, whether they are in our own classes or in another section of the College. We really want to get to know them.

Valued and Inspired: We believe that students are made image in the image of God and are loved despite their flaws.

Challenged to Succeed: We try to model inspiration. We want to raise expectations of students.

What are our Values?

Christ: We desire to show Christ through our actions, words, how we treat one another, and how we interact with students and families.

Character: Our hope is to build students of character as well as academic, cultural, and sporting success.

Community: We desire to have harmonious growing community.

What are our Expectations?

Respect: This is a mixture of respect given, expected, and modelled.

Responsibility: We are expecting our students to take ownership in their learning and relationships.

Relationship: We desire that right relationships are the forefront of our minds when we interact with one another.

We are excited about students practicing and performing again this term. Last term we had an amazing Winter Talent Quest.

Along with clubs and other avenues to perform, student will be able to showcase their talents at our **Spring Showcase** in the last week of Term 3.

We are looking forward to the Athletics Carnival and PE lessons that allow our students to exert themselves physically and actively compete against one another and outside the College.

The **Kokoda Challenge** is finally upon us on Saturday 17 July in the Gold Coast. Please pray for and give encouragement to the twelve students and three staff taking on this event.

Regards,

Sean Greenacre | Principal

Coping with life and loss in trying times



We do not need to be reminded we are still in the grip of a very serious pandemic. It is, at present, the centre of our news stories on the radio, the press and television. We are constantly informed of the number of new cases. There is no certainty about the future. Things change constantly – state borders are closed and opened and then

re-closed depending on new outbreaks. It is difficult in our communities to make plans. Shops are closed, workers are stood down, trade is irregular, travel plans are disrupted, weddings are transferred, the sick in hospitals cannot have visitors. Our whole economic and social life has been put on hold. The reality is that this is not going to go away.

Under "normal" circumstances when a loved one dies there is a natural sense of loss and mourning. The funeral service is an important part of the healing process for the grieving. When the number able to attend is reduced to ten, many mourners are denied the opportunity to gather and share their grief. The same applies for all social activities.

A major side effect of this trauma is depression, grief and anger. Domestic violence and suicides have far reaching consequences. It affects not only the family but the whole of the community as well.

The good news out of all this is that there are people and/or organisations within our communities who can "stand by our side" if we give them the opportunity to listen to our story. Just acknowledging the pain can be useful. Trained people who work with **Life Line** or **Beyond Blue** can be very beneficial.

Mateship is another wonderful opportunity to share openly and honestly with those whom we trust. The annual gathering of Slade/St Cath's Past Students is an excellent social activity which is available each November. In the telling of our story, more often than not, we find others who, like us, are suffering too!

I invite you to contact me for a chat or further information on where help may be found if you so desire.

My contact details are: phone **0439 784 457** or email address rw.nolan@bigpond.com.

With best wishes,


Rob Nolan (1964-65)


Committee member: Pastoral Care


You said it: hearing back from our readers




THE MAY JUNE KINAWAH reproduced the above photo taken on the occasion a group of PNG teachers visited St Catharine's in 1961 and asked if anyone might be able to identify any of the girls on the terrace in front of White House. With the two replies below it looks like we may now have a full complement of names! We are in contact with Mea and Erue (both attended our 100 year celebrations in 2018) but, so far as I know, we have no knowledge of, or current contact with Sue Bowden, Denise Welch or Patricia Coppard. So many memories here, especially the iconic badge on the late, dearly departed White House. Siiiigh!

 Mea Mallard (Solomon 1961–65): Names of students 26th September 1961 (page 9 Volume 2021) Buruka Tau, Mea Solomon, Erue Lawrence, not sure of the other 2 before Pauline Bona then I think the other 2 may be Sue Bowden and Denise Welch and Patricia Coppard.


 Flora Clark (Reis 1955–64) ?, ?, Erue Lawrence, maybe Penny King, Roslyn Fraser, ?, ?, Patricia Coppard.

 Vaili Kekedo (Sisa 1966–68) In the last Kinawah it was mentioned that Dawa Solomon was [the Consul General] in Brisbane when it should have been Legu Bate.

The story of the 1954 Royal visit to Brisbane (and Toowoomba the next day) kindled a few memories amongst us. I also recall being in Brisbane for the 1970 visit that David Herbert refers below and, as a country girl slowly getting used to the big city, being more than a little bemused and overwhelmed by the large crowds and all the fuss.

 David Herbert (1965–67) While looking through the 1954 information on the Queen's and Prince Phillip's visit, it reminded me of the 1970 visit between 12 and 23rd April that included Princess Anne. I had not long been with the 7th Signals Regiment, a CMF unit at Kelvin Grove. We were paraded and set up the guard through Fortitude Valley, we were at the City end, and the cavalcade stopped in our section, basically the window of the Rolls in front of me. At the whole age of 20,


my recollection is how almost glowing "white" both the Queen and Anne were, they simply radiated white and this then formed the only serious memory of the whole thing.

 Mike Rippin 1959–60: Re visit of the Royals – Monty Marshall took us to Toowoomba. I remember most of those that went to Brisbane. Geo Martin had a younger brother – his name escapes me – as did Ron Ladner – Peter. Where is he? Meleny? Think Gordon Meiklejohn coached Rugby 3rds 1956 when we were unbeaten. A few of us went on to play for the firsts the next year. Harold Howes and John Perry – where are they? Last I saw of them was in Roma in the mid 1960s.


Editor's Note: Harold Howes died in 2004.


As we move into the new financial year, now is a good time to acknowledge the loyal and generous support of our current Kinawah sponsors and business proprietors. They are JACANDA ALPACA FARMSTAY, Wallangarra, and SUTTON'S JUICE FACTORY AND CIDERY, Thulimbah. Their support helps defray the not insignificant cost to us of those Kinawahs which are still printed out in hard copy

and delivered via Australia Post. Thank you Fred Alley and David Sutton! Jenny and David Schonfisch recently caught up with David Sutton...

 Jenny Schonfisch (Croft 1959–60) We dropped in on Tuesday 29th June at lunch time and I ordered the apple and rhubarb crumble which is made on the premises, and was served with fresh cream and ice cream. It was absolutely scrumptious. David came out of his obviously very busy kitchen and spoke to us, and I asked him how his business has survived during the pandemic. He replied very positively saying that the online shopping of their products has taken off well, and in particular the cider is very popular. People are now dropping in to eat and it was great to see people out enjoying themselves. He reminisced about his memories of the School holidays when he attended Slade, and he was invited to some of his friends' properties. We both agreed that looking back, we have wonderful memories of our School days.

Kinawah enjoys a very wide reaching and far flung readership. It never ceases to amaze me how, at the stroke of a key it can be winging its way through cyberspace to so many different destinations. Just a few words of acknowledgement go a long way towards making the effort worthwhile and are sometimes forthcoming by return email. The following came back almost straight away from Essex in the UK after the May June issue was sent out. As someone whose own daughter and her family are coping with the serious repercussions and restrictions of Covid near Peterborough in Cambridgeshire, I am well aware of some of the challenges being felt there. Our warmest wishes go out to all those we care about.

 Jan Bamberry (1964–65) All your good works are much appreciated. When I next escape from the UK to Warwick, it would be great to meet.

 Denise Busk (Padget 1950–51) called to express her amazement in seeing Edwin Pegler, among the boys in the photo of the first ever Slade group in the May June Kinawah. Edwin was a great friend of her late father but she never knew he was a Slade old boy.

Editor's Note: This "YOU SAID IT" feature is one I would like to keep going in future issues of Kinawah. If you have any short or long, interesting, comical or especially memorable personal recollections (perhaps not TOO risqué!) of your years at school and would like to share, I'd love to hear from you. Just email your prospective contribution to me: kinawah.editor@gmail.com.

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Regional Roundup

A SLICE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING ROUND THE DOWNS...

Trees light up at key Warrego locations

WESTERN DOWNS REGIONAL COUNCIL is installing lighting

features at some notable Warrego Highway sites between the Big Melon and Chinchilla's Visitor Information Centre. These include in-ground, colour-changing LED spotlights and fairy lights to create a festival atmosphere and showcase the town's signature gum trees. The boosting of community



pride and liveability were noted as the objective of the program to activate public spaces at night and make the region a more vibrant and welcoming place...just one more experience for our roaming grey nomad set to embrace.

Superbikes return to Morgan Park August 2021

THE RETURN OF THE AUSTRALIAN SUPERBIKE CHAMPIONSHIPS



Troy Herfoss in the lead at a previous Australian Superbike event at Morgan Park

TO WARWICK has been met with keen anticipation now that Round 5 of the ASB Championship August 20-22 at Morgan Park has been announced. All 5 classes of the championship titles are up for grabs so an exciting week-end of racing is in store at this much loved venue. Go to

<https://www.morganparkraceway.com.au> to find more.

Closing the loop on textile waste

TEXTILE WASTE IS A MAJOR LOCAL AND GLOBAL PROBLEM with about 85% of clothing currently consigned to landfill at end of life. However, a possible partial solution is set to be trialled at our own back door. A cotton farm outside of Goondiwindi is the site of a trial to find out if shredded cotton products could offer benefits to cotton soil health, and a scalable solution to textile waste.

Under the guidance of circular economy specialists Coreo, the project is a partnership between the QLD Government, Goondiwindi Cotton, Sheridan, Cotton Australia, Worn Up and Cotton Research and Development Corporation-supported soil scientist, Dr Oliver Knox of the University of New England.

Around two tonnes of cotton textiles, garments and end-of-life State Emergency Service overalls have been processed at Worn Up in Sydney, transported to "Alcheringa" farm and spread onto a cotton field by local farmer, Sam Goulton.

It is hoped the fabrics will break down in the soil, increase microbial activity and provide cover to improve moisture.



Projections show 2250kg of carbon dioxide equivalents (CO2e) into the atmosphere will be mitigated through the breakdown of these garments in soil, rather than going to landfill. "Returning cotton garments to the farms on which they began would

completely close the loop on a cotton product, providing a win for brands, retailers and consumers looking for circular solutions, and a possible benefit to our farmers, their soils and the planet" said Cotton Australia's spokesman Brooke Summers.

The trial will be completed by cotton harvest in early 2022, with initial results expected shortly afterwards.



Sculptures Outback: Roma

In the newest attraction for the Maranoa, artists from across the country were asked to create pieces which have subsequently enhanced yet another tourist destination along the Warrego near Roma's Big Rig. Around 200 people visited the July 3 opening. Well

known bird sculptor, Lucy McEachern won the Santos acquisitive art prize with her *Baby Australian Magpie* (seen above) while *A Bush Conversation* created by Chinchilla metal sculptor, Dion Cross won the People's



Choice Award. Sculptures will be displayed until September 11.

Leslie Dam water levels on the up and up

Warwick is on track for bumper winter rainfall totals after a weather system brought a month's worth of rain to the Rose City at the beginning of July. It boosted Leslie Dam's capacity to just under 40%, a level not seen since August 2014. This is in stark comparison to the start of the year when it was sitting at under 8% and full-time water carting to Stanthorpe was in full swing. The Warwick Daily News reports that with levels sitting at 38%, visitors and locals are rekindling their love affair with the getaway spot. Now if we can just see Leslie Dam at 100%...

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Nostalgix ~ a peek back into the long ago



Recent inquiries concerning the whys and wherefores of the two photos at left have evoked these memories, some amusing, some a little bit sad, all of them fascinating:

Raymond Hammond 1962-69: Are you sure they aren't playing TWO UP?

Elizabeth 'Ann' Raymond (nee Bennett, 1956-57): I have nothing as an explanation, but I surely don't like the look of that big dark coloured bottle on the bench beside 'Matron'. Perhaps there was a worrying epidemic circulating and they were ordered to take precautions! I'm sure the photos will spark some lively discussions!

Rob Deshon 1952-61: ... must be pre-1952, as I don't recall a paling fence on the southern side of Barnes House during my ten years at Slade... I don't think Matron McCarthy who was matron at that time, dressed like that. However, I was only eight when I started, so I may be wrong. I think you are going to have to find someone really ancient to help you on this one.

Doug Pickersgill 1955-57: An old tradition at Slade during Winter when all the students were coming down with sore throats and the like. Therefore to limit the spread everyone was given a tea mug of, I believe, iodine solution to "Gargle" (Not Drink) then spit out – Tasted Foul... Have no idea who the players are but [this] is why the Matron is in attendance. Looks like around the mid-fifties.

Mike Hill 1955-62: Potassium Permanganate flu prevention

Glynn Blackwood 1945-48: In either 1945 or 1946 we had an outbreak of polio in the school, and as an attempt to prevent it spreading, we gargled two or three times a day – tragically, one senior boy, Paul Newman from Stanthorpe, contracted polio and was badly crippled. Finally, we boarders were all sent home – a difficult decision by then Head, Brother Roberts (the Boss). I doubt however that these photographs were of that time – seems to be from an earlier period. In my years 1945 – 1948 there was no picket fence near the lower corner of Barnes House, where Matron is standing, and a sealed path ran down from Barnes house to the Classrooms – which does not show in the photos. During my time Matron McCarthy was resident medical supervisor- (liberally applied Mercurochrome [which] solved all problems). Also note one boy appears to be wearing a Slade uniform cap - which had all but disappeared

GARGLING AT SLADE AND STILL MORE BESIDES...



during the later war years. Sadly, but inevitably, not many of my schoolfellows [are] still with us today – but remain indelibly printed in my memories.

Mike Rippin: I was there 1951-58 and no white fence. The building in the background would be the sick bay but the tuck shop to the right of the picture is not there. In my time we did not wear coats as [seen] in the picture...

David Carstens 1949-52: Interesting. This deserves a response but I cannot be of help. This was before my time, which was from 1949, and I was a Day Boy in 1949. The picket fence was well gone by the time I remember the grounds and layout. The background features in the photos are very recognisable. I do recollect photos of Slade House with the white picket fence. I cannot put a date on the picket fence photos.

John Bayliss 1963-67: This would seem to be a very early photo to my way of thinking, because photo no.1 is the side of Barnes house and when I started in 1963 there was a path running along and against the base of the building. The dress code also seems to be very early type...

George Martin 1947-54: The photo of Barnes House is the only clue these were photographed prior to 1947 as Slade never looked anything like the photos when I started in 1947 possibly taken before the start of the second World War and I suggest the photographer has passed on.

Kevin (Digger) Donovan 1949-54: ... possibly in the 1940's when the polio was on ... the matron in our time was Matron McCarthy, mother of David, who was a class or two ahead of us .

Eric Donaldson 1950-53: We gargled Potassium permanganate from a very few cups which, with present knowledge, would not have helped with polio. Thank you for bringing back the memory.

Ted Ross 1951-55: Some years ago an album came into our possession from a family called Elkington. Four Elkington's have attended our group of schools. They are Cecily Elkington married an Evans (St Catharine's Stanthorpe 1933 to 1938) David Coldbrook Elkington (Slade School 1932 to 1935) Roderick Michael Elkington (Slade School 1962 to 1963) Prue Amy Elkington Slade School (1993 to 1994). It is possible that Prue is the daughter of Roderick. Now to the photos. I am not sure who gave us the album (Cecily or David) – would suggest David as all the photos are of Slade School. Hence the "Gargling" would have been the Matron of the Day method to ward off some evil virus. The photos were taken during the period that Rev Cecil Newton Mell was Headmaster [1933-36]. It is possible the Matron was Matron Hurford who [also] came to Slade in 1933 but it could also have been Matron Hanford. **Editor's Note: The rest of these fine old images below are from the same Elkington album as the gargling photos and what an absolute treasure they are! This period in the history of Slade was an especially difficult one and will be the subject of a forthcoming Kinawah story.**



Summer House



Rev Cecil Mell



Lining up for pocket money?



Slade Hospital



Matron Hurford or Hanford

The Ethos of the Independent School

Aristotle writes that persuasion is based on three things: the ethos, or personal character of the speaker; the pathos, or getting the audience into the right kind of emotional receptivity; and the logos, or the argument itself, carried out by abbreviated syllogisms, or something like deductive syllogism, and the use of example. Randal Marlin

Ethos' is a Term usually associated with 'Ethics' a Subject studied at University along with 'Philosophy', not widely discussed as most People feel it's 'High Minded', and very Intellectual. Not quite so, as Ethos is the Standard by which we conduct our Everyday Lives, whether Consciously or Unconsciously. Values instilled into us by our Parents, or just 'In the Genes', continuing as Integral Parts of our Existence as the 'Persona' we are, forming Relationships and Friendships, Weaving our Pattern which ultimately delineates the 'Self'.

Education has played a great Part in our Characters, a God-Given Gift, our Parents and Teachers Playing most important Parts in our Lives. Education is Something which Nobody can ever take away from You! My Mother's Sage Advice, so True. I decided as a young 'Bookish' Girl that I wanted to go to a Girls' Boarding School, Courtesy Enid Blyton's 'Mallory Towers' and 'The Twins at St Claire's'. The Compromise, St Catharine's CEGS, Warwick, a Day Girl, but a wonderful School it was!

A humorous 'Aside', Louis Theroux the British Broadcaster, Writer and Documentary Maker attended Westminster Cathedral School as a Boarder despite his Parents' Living a few Blocks away. No Day School for him, as he had read the 'Mallory Towers' Books as a Child, Boarding School Life such fun, with Students living in Dormitories, eating in Dining Rooms, going to Classes together, as well as Playing Sport. All preferable to a boring old Life at Home with Parents, I share that Sentiment with Louis, maybe we are both Eccentric!

Girls' Schools tend to instil a Sense of Service to the Community and People mostly as Part of Attitudes towards Teachers and Fellow Students, the Form known as 'Discipline and Respect'. St Catharine's was a School where those Rules were imbued subliminally, encouraging dignified Behaviour towards Teachers and Classmates. I attended Brisbane Girls' Grammar School later, an extremely strict School, Academic Achievement supremely important sometimes to the Detriment of Individual Creativity. Nevertheless, we were all well-behaved Girls, Grammar Uniform the Epitome of Excellence, Courtesy Gate Inspections each Afternoon as we left the Grounds. Bows in Pigtails, no Combs in Pockets, Gloves, 'Girls Please!' Skirts must not be 'Hitched'.

Boys' Schools I enjoyed throughout my Teaching Career,

possibly as Boys tend to appreciate Female Teachers in a Proliferation of Males. Brisbane Boys' College was a 'Stand Out', the Students very respectful, well-behaved, Seniors even complimenting me on what I wore, commenting 'That's a nice Top, my Mother has one like it!' Not offensive, showing a healthy Attitude towards Females, Courtesy their Mothers.

BBC also fosters 'Service to the Community', something I discovered in a Conversation with the Deputy Headmaster, Reverend Bradley, when I commented how courteous the Boys were towards me. He said that they visit Aged Care and Retirement Villages in the Western Suburbs of Brisbane as well as paying Visits to the Wesley Hospital after School. Apparently an Activity enjoyed by All.

On a further 'Light Note', I had a Minor Personal Victory in the 'School Stakes', persuading a Friend who sought my 'Wise' Educational Advice to send her Son to BBC in preference to a Christian Brothers' School. The Family, Catholic, but it's not about Religion, but Education and Respect.

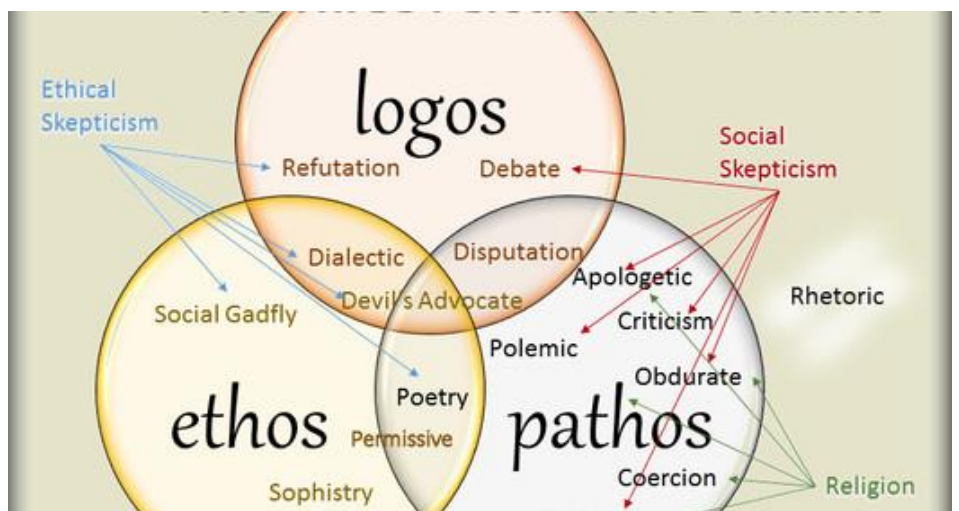
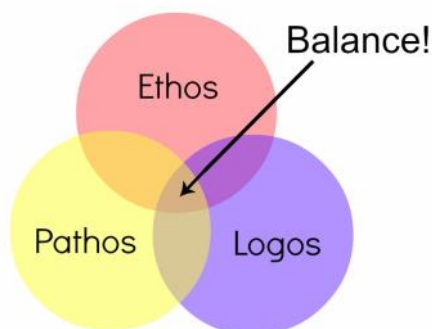
Reading the List of the Fallen in 'Kinawah' to commemorate Past Students of Slade and St Catharine's who gave their Lives for Queen and Country I noticed also the Rhodes Prize for Service awarded at Slade. The Story of Henry Barrymore Rowland was a 'Stand Out' reducing me to Tears on a Cold Autumn Afternoon in Canberra, so much Talent and Ability, his short Life filled as that of a Hero. Appropriately, his old Slade Headmaster, Rev. A.E.N. Hughes who had by then returned to England, buried him.

We can't all be Heroes but we can endeavour to live our Lives with Truth and Integrity, Values we learned from our Schools and our Parents. Today, unfortunately, there are many in Society whose First Response to any given Situation is 'What About Me?' The Narcissistic 'Me' Generation who sadly have only learned to 'Take', not to 'Give',

this Attitude having been gleaned from misguided or uncaring Parents and Schools without 'Ethos'. The Term 'Service' something which is your God-Given Right, totally unrelated to a 'Gift which we Could Give'. Better to Give than to Receive.

As President John F. Kennedy famously told Americans, 'Ask not What your Country can do for You, but What You can do for your Country'. Who are our Leaders now?

Barbara Brown-Beresford (Pfaff)



Cool in the pool in '44



ST CATHARINE'S CEGS 1944 SWIMMING TEAM FROM THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE, THE SAGA, OF THAT YEAR, NAMED LEFT TO RIGHT

- Back Row:** Lyndall Fergusson, Pat Griffin, Beth Harding, Pam Poulson, Gwen Neilson, Pat Schwennesen
- Seated:** Jill Harding, Maureen Kirk (Captain, holding "Nell-Foote" Cup), Mary Arden, Madeline Eagar.
- In Front:** Eileen Poulson

Also in St Catharine's "The Saga" 1944, the following original contribution, titled "NAMEODDITIES OF ST CATHARINE'S" by Beryl Meier, V Form, made an appearance. It contains strong hints of the WWII era occupying so much of the collective consciousness overlaying all things at that time.

She is the sister of Faith and Charity.. HOPE
 Many people only have one built in the air.. . . . CASTLE
 She and her offspring give Hitler
 a headache LANCASTER
 She could be the "oomph" girl's sister SHERIDAN
 You'll know if you strike a brick one WALL
 He's a famous topic in poetry as well as
 being handy with horse shoeing SMITH
 Rosalind and Orlando wooed there ARDEN
 A tributary of the Rhine in Holland MAAS
 It could be a forest if it were bigger WOOD
 Not backward but toward the mill MILWARD
 She's a lovely flower and red for love ROSE
 She ought to be holy as she's a Scottish Church .. KIRK
 She's proud of her Stonehenge necklace.. . . SALISBURY
 This describes many aspiring students.. . . . EAGER
 It's back to front but it should describe
 No. 6 ARMSTRONG
 I wonder if she knows what's inside
 Davy's locker JONES
 Her father might make Self Raising Flour SIMPSON
 Mrs. 'Iggs is absent, alas!.. HARRIS
 She's as sober as one JUDGE
 She's a favourite vegetable associated with
 peas BEAN

And now, to jest for just a moment

- ✦ A little boy opened the big family Bible. He was fascinated as he fingered through the old pages. Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible. He picked up the object and looked at it. What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed in between the pages.
 "Mama, look what I found,' the boy called out.
 "What have you got there, dear?"
 With astonishment in the young boy's voice, he answered, "I think it's Adam's underwear!"
- ✦ Christmas was fast approaching when Dawn reminded her eight-year-old son Ken that he would soon be visiting with Santa Claus. He seemed unusually resistant to the idea.
 "You do believe in Santa, don't you?" She finally asked her son. He thought hard, then said,
 "Yes, but I think this is the last year."
- ✦ A sergeant in a parachute regiment took part in several night time exercises and, seated next to a Lieutenant fresh from Jump School who was looking quiet, sad, and a bit pale, struck up a conversation. "Scared, Lieutenant?"
 "No, just a bit apprehensive." And the difference? "That means I'm scared with a university education."
- ✦ Way down upon the Mississippi, two tugboat captains who had been friends for years, would always cry "Aye!" and blow their whistles whenever they passed each other. A new crewman asked his boat's mate, "What do they do that for?"
 The mate looked surprised and replied, "You mean that you've never heard of... an aye for an aye and a toot for a toot?"
- ✦ Sister Mary Ann, who worked for a home health agency, was out making her rounds visiting home-bound patients when she ran out of gas. As luck would have it, a Texaco Gasoline station was just a block away.
 She walked to the station to borrow a gas can and buy some gas. The attendant told her that the only gas can he owned had been loaned out, but she could wait until it was returned. Since Sister Mary Ann was on the way to see a patient, she decided not to wait and walked back to her car. She looked for something in her car that she could fill with gas and spotted the bedpan she was taking to the patient. Always resourceful, Sister Mary Ann carried the bedpan to the station, filled it with gasoline, and carried the full bedpan back to her car. As she was pouring the gas into her tank, two Baptists watched from across the street. One of them turned to the other and said, "If it starts, I'm turning Catholic.!!"
- ✦ An English professor, outlining his expectations of the class for the year announced, "There are two words I don't allow in my class. One is gross and the other is cool."
 From the back of the room a voice called out, "Yeah? So, what are the words?"



3 schools, 3 distinctive sources of service

THE WORK OF THE SISTERS OF THE SACRED ADVENT (SSA) began in 1892 in Brisbane with the arrival of its founder, Sister Caroline Amy Balguy, who had been professed in the Anglican community of John the Baptist, Clewer, England. She came to Brisbane to do welfare work for young women and girls, and soon also realised there was a need for schooling for girls, noting that in order to "have a progressive and tolerant community, educated women are a pre-requisite".

This, then, was how Eton High School, the establishment that was to ultimately become St Margaret's CEGS, opened soon after in 1894. Although Caroline Amy was the founding Sister of Eton High School, Mother Emma was the guiding force during the period that the SSA became heavily involved in education. It is also pertinent to mention here that this was an era when education for girls was neither a priority or an expectation. Girls may well have possessed the ability and intelligence but were rarely afforded the opportunity. Therefore the ethos of those early sisters was far sighted and ground-breaking.

In all, the SSA became involved with ten educational institutions around the state, founding St Margaret's, Ascot, St Anne's, Townsville, St Gabriel's, Charters Towers, St Mary's, Herberton, St Michael's, Clayfield and St Aidan's, Corinda.

The Sisters were also invited to take over the running of other existing Anglican schools: St Faith's, Yeppoon, St John's Day School, St Catharine's Stanthorpe, (which later merged with the Church of England Girls School in Warwick to become St Catharine's CEGS in 1937), as well as All Saints' Hostel in Charleville.

The Italian motto, *Per Volar Sunata* which has been variously translated as Born to Fly, Born to Soar and Born to Fly Upwards is and was an aspiration that was espoused by the Sisters as a viable option for girls in contrast to the limited choices previously available to them.

One thing we were blithely unaware of during our school days was that while St Catharine's was run BY the Sisters it was being run by them FOR the Anglican Diocese of Brisbane.

From 1965, as secular run state high schools were established around the State of Queensland, the SSA eventually withdrew from all but St Aidan's and St Margaret's. They left Warwick at the end of 1971 at which time St Catharine's became co-educational with its brother school, Slade...the end of one era and the beginning of another, surviving two World Wars and economic woes.

AN ANGLICAN EDUCATION FOR BOYS IN WARWICK had always been planned together with the founding of the Church of England Girls' School in 1918. This had come about at the instigation of a group of influential members of St Mark's parish and those same founders may well have moved sooner to set up Slade, its equivalent for boys at the opposite end of town. However, the advent of World War I with its need for men to enlist plus financial obligations delayed its opening until 1926 when it commenced business with a modest enrolment and quite spartan boarding accommodation by today's standards. From the outset, the school catered for a predominantly rural base.

Acquisition of the requisite parcels of property was carefully and judiciously made but neither of the two Anglican schools would have become a reality without the foresight and generosity of the original benefactors. Successive headmasters saw Slade through the Great Depression until 1936 when the Bush Brotherhood of St Paul took over its running. The Bush Brotherhood was a group of Anglican religious orders providing itinerant priests to minister to sparsely-settled rural districts in Australia and were described as a "band of men" able to "preach like Apostles" and "ride like cowboys". The Bush Brotherhood of St Paul operated out of Charleville and Cunnamulla in Queensland.

They were at the controls of Slade through the difficult years of World War II until the end of 1952 when Brother Byam Roberts left as a missionary to rebuild the Martyr's School at Popondetta which had been destroyed by the 1951 eruption of the volcano, Mt Lamington. He had overseen Slade's absorbing extra students and boarders from city and coastal schools when the imminent threat of invasion during World War II forced parents to send their boys inland to be educated.

Thereafter Slade was run by church appointed lay headmasters but still with a clear Anglican emphasis. It continued to be generously supported by the Old Boys Association who provided improvements such as the Old Boys War Memorial, complete with an Honour Room (far too many of its early graduates died in World War II) a Science Laboratory and brand new swimming pool in the 1960s.

It became co-educational with St Catharine's from 1972 but sadly closed at the end of 1997. Churchie used the campus briefly, then Warwick City Council planned to turn it into a housing estate. CCM bought it and the rest is history.

ESTABLISHED IN 2007, THE WARWICK CHRISTIAN COLLEGE aims to provide quality, Christian education to the families of the Southern Downs.

The Slade campus caters for Prep to Year 12. The WCC Glengallan campus is an accredited Special Assistance School with students studying for Vocational Education pathways in Years 10 to 12. This campus also caters for students in Years 7 to 12 who have disengaged from mainstream schooling and require a supportive and flexible learning environment.

The College strives to create a non-denominational Christian ethos, catering for students and families from a wider variety of Christian backgrounds. In the interest of Christian unity, issues about which Christians differ will be avoided.

Parents who are new to the evangelical Christian faith are encouraged to undertake a "Christianity Explained" course during their child's/children's first semester at the College.

This is considered important because parents need to understand the College's Christian goals and ethos, and be aware of what their children are learning about the Christian faith. The Christian beliefs on what the College's ethos is based are stated in WCC's Statement of Faith.

GOVERNANCE:

Warwick Christian College is a non-denominational, not-for-profit entity, owned and operated by Christian Community Ministries Ltd (CCM).

CCM is a not-for-profit company claiming extensive experience in the management of Christian schools, overseeing twelve schools across Australia and an outdoor education camping program. The CCM Board of Directors is a group of Christians with a passion for seeing the growth of Christian education in Australia by making it affordable to families. The individual experience of the Directors is significant and encompasses the corporate, private, educational and pastoral sectors. Collectively, their knowledge and expertise allow them to effectively govern an expanding ministry.

All Colleges under the care of CCM are members of the Australian Association of Christian Schools (AACS), a national organisation aimed at advocating for the interests of Christian schools nationally.

The College is also a member of Independent Schools Queensland (ISQ), which promotes and supports the interests of more than 200 member schools across Queensland.

To see a Mission Statement for CCM go to <https://www.ccmschools.edu.au/statement-of-faith>

WARWICK CITY FOUNDED ON COURAGE AND FAITH PLANNED BY MEN OF VISION:

The text of the following full length account, written by Firmin McKinnon, was originally published in *The Queenslander*, October 5, 1938 and has many names familiar to us sprinkled liberally throughout.

WE ALL SHARE SOME OF THIS BACKGROUND...

It is not always easy to say precisely when the history of a city actually began. So it is with Warwick. Looking at it through the spectacles of Romance, one might say it began, as Thomas Hall used to say, back in the ancestral home of the Dalrymples in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Thomas Hall, who had a flair for capturing these highlights, says that young Ernest Dalrymple, an officer in the Indian army, was home on furlough and became fired with enthusiasm as he read Allan Cunningham's report of his discovery in 1927 of the Darling Downs, which he called 'The Garden of Australia.'

He was so impressed that he formed a party of 10 adventurous young men to go with him to develop it. That party included Patrick and George Leslie, John Gammie, George McAdam (afterwards a lessee of the Sovereign Hotel in Queen Street, Brisbane), and James Fletcher. They came to New South Wales, bringing with them, some well-bred cattle and horses from Scotland.

All of them gained some colonial experience, and on March 2 1840, young Patrick Leslie set out from Falconer's Plains in Northern New South Wales with a pack horse and a dog to inspect this 'Garden of Australia' of which he had heard so much.

It was the psychological moment. Settlement had been creeping in this direction for some time. The squatters had been following the tracks of the explorers and they had already parcelled out most of Northern New South Wales.

One daring man, afterwards well known in Queensland, John Campbell (or 'Tinker Campbell' as he was called) had taken up 'Kitta Kitta' on the Severn, and it is very probable, as he himself used to say, that his cattle were grazing on what is now the Queensland side of the Severn when Patrick Leslie stayed with him one night in March 1840 and passed on next morning in search of 'The Garden'.

That, however, is a detail. It was Leslie who pushed on to the Darling Downs, and on July 2, 1840, just two months after leaving Falconer's Plains he marked out South Toolburra for himself and Canning Downs for his brother George.

He had arrived on the Condamine early in June, thoroughly exploring the country, and four weeks later taking up his gigantic principality of some hundreds of thousands of acres extending, as he himself put it, 'from the bottom of the Toolburra to the head of the Condamine'.

On that day, began the history of the Darling Downs and the real history of Queensland.

One of the conditions of settlement was that all areas had to be stocked. Leslie could not do that, so he was unable to keep possession of the immense tracts of country within his grasp.

Within three months the whole of the Downs had been parcelled out. Arthur Hodgson (afterwards Sir Arthur) was at Eton Vale with a houseful of jackeroos from English Universities: Dalrymple was at Goomburra: the Gammies were at Talgai; Thane had named Ellangowan; the Gores were at Yandilla; and others had gone farther out.

Though Toolburra actually was the first property that had been taken up, Canning Downs became the first homestead station and the first building erected on the Downs was a shepherd's hut on Canning Downs.

It was built in the very heart of what is now the city of Warwick, and that hut subsequently became the first police station. That was before Queensland had become a separate colony.

Sergeant Thomas McEvoy had been sent by the New South

Wales Government to form a police station and had with him Constables J Hourigan and Jerry Scanlan.

Incidentally, Thomas McEvoy became a prominent citizen of the town, and was elected in 1861 to the first municipal council and became the second Mayor of Warwick, holding office three years later for another term.

That, however, is ahead of the story. In September 1840, Patrick Leslie married a Miss Macarthur of Parramatta, a relative of the determined old Captain Macarthur who had established the merino wool industry, and had fought so bitterly with Governor Bligh.

Leslie brought his wife to the Darling Downs together with some of the Macarthur sheep and about the same time George Leslie married a sister of Patrick's bride. Hall tells us that these ladies like many other subsequent pioneering women had to get permission to come through Brisbane which was then under military control and they rode on horseback to their homes on the Darling Downs.

By that time a rambling shingled building had been built on Canning Downs, a part of which, at least has been preserved by the present owner, Mr J.H.S. Barnes. These two buildings, the homestead and the hut, represent the beginning of the present city of Warwick.

Incidentally, Captain Wickham, afterwards Police Magistrate and Government Resident in Brisbane, built Newstead House, the present headquarters of the Historical Society, on the plans of the old Canning Downs Homestead.

All this happened 20 years before Queensland became a separate colony, several years before the first separation meeting had been held, two years before Captain Wickham came to Brisbane, three years before the first land sale was held in Brisbane, seven before the first land sale was held in Ipswich and nearly 10 years before the first land sale in Warwick.

Mrs Patrick Leslie was the first white woman on the Downs and Mrs Arthur Hodgson, a daughter of Sir James Dowling, afterwards Chief Justice of New South Wales, arrived a few months later.

There was a holiness about these pioneer women, from squatters' wives to the wives of hut keepers who followed their husbands into the wilderness hundreds of miles from civilisation. Fortunately it was repeated in every pioneering district and it was of such women that George Essex Evans wrote about in his poem, 'Women of the West'.

*'They left the vine-wreathed cottage and the mansion on the hill,
The houses in the busy streets where life is never still,
The pleasures of the city, and the friends they cherished best:
For love they faced the wilderness - the Women of the West.'*

Early in 1847, the New South Wales Government saw the importance of the new stations of the Darling Downs and the growing necessity for a township so in that Mr Patrick Leslie was asked to select the site for the township. He selected Canning Downs where George Leslie lived and Mr Christopher Rolleston who had lately arrived as first Land Commissioner, approved of the site.

Officials in New South Wales suggested that the new township should be called Cannington. The Leslies and the Hodgsons realised that that name would be a serious handicap in future years and recommended that it be called Warwick after the beautiful Shakespeare County of Warwick in England, later years became Deputy Lieutenant and High Sheriff.

The site of the township was chosen in 1847. Two years later

**" Warwick is memorable
in the history of Queensland
because it was here that
the real history of the State began.**

**While Brisbane was a
dispirited little village in a forest,
a welter of crudities, vulgarities
and shattered hopes,
a wilderness without a conscience
and a solitude without an ambition;
while Cleveland was still
a Squatters' Dream, soon to be
revealed as Squatters' Blunder;
while Ipswich was still a lonely lime
burners' camp, its first freeman
resident, George Thorn, dreaming
of the time when it would become
'head of navigation'; and while the
site of Toowoomba was still
unsurveyed, the winds of Romance
were sweeping over the wattle
covered ridges and dells that are
now the city of Warwick. "**

the first survey was made by Mr J.C. Burnett who surveyed Drayton, Toowoomba and many other early Queensland towns, and the first allotment of land, a block of half an acre, was bought in July, 1850 by Patrick Leslie for £8.

At the same sale, half-acre allotments, each for £8, were bought by Henry Nugent, W.D. Leslie, Charles G. Miles, George Collins, William Cook, George Hurley, Hugh Shanklin, J.O. Brennan, John Collins, Jeremiah Scanlan, Joseph Hemmings, Patrick Fleming, W. Carter, Marcus Berkman, James Hay and Edward Collins.

Thus it was that Warwick, the earliest town on the Darling Downs, began its history.

The big stations needed supplies and supplies meant business houses. Almost immediately, two stores and a hotel were built. The first bark store was erected by George Walker, a keen-headed Scot who had been storekeeper and book-keeper for Colin Campbell at Glengallan. He sold to Simon Mayer, and Mayer, in turn, sold to Jacob Horwitz and his brother who erected a new building at the corner of Palmerin and Fitzroy Streets. Marcus Berkman who had bought the allotment at the first land sale, built a brick shop in Albion Street, the first brick building in the town. Other early storekeepers were John Bowen, J.J. Kingsford, M.M. Brown and W. Spreadborough.

In all of the early Queensland towns, one of the first buildings was a hotel; in some of them, the hotel came first. In Warwick the first hotel was a much more imposing building than the first hotels in any of the other towns. It was built of sawn timber cut in Harry Kirby's pit saw, and was called the Horse and Jockey Inn. It was owned by John Collins and stood at the corner of Palmerin and Victoria Streets.

This was an important meeting place for the squatters and business men of the town; it was there that great churchman, the Rev. B. Glennie (afterwards Archdeacon Glennie whose name is commemorated in a splendid school in Toowoomba), held the first religious service.

And for a time, before the first wooden church had been erected in 1867, the original St Mark's, the services were held in the slab court house that stood near the present show building.

The Warwick of those faraway days, unlike the splendid city of today, was essentially a sheepman's town. In early Brisbane, the first buildings were barracks, for it was a military settlement.

Ipswich began its proud story as a lime burner's camp in a scrub of gigantic grass trees, and George Thorn, who had charge of it, built the first house and opened the first store. His son afterwards became one of the early Premiers of Queensland. And in Roma, the town actually started from the old Bowen Hotel which had been built as an accommodation house for the big stations and their men.

Warwick was to be the centre of a great industry, and so its first buildings were two stores, a hotel, a blacksmith's shop, a carpenter's shop and a pit-sawyer's shed and shop. Timber was urgently needed, and there was abundance of it in the forests near the township, so a number of persons, Harry Kirby, Joseph Russell, James Craig, Hemmings, Chapman and Winks, soon were engaged in the new industry.

Those were the days of magnificent courage, endurance and resourcefulness. The late Mr Thomas Hall, whose father was one of the first pit-sawyers in the district, has left an interesting and illuminating record of the early history of the town and its industries.

In that history he tells us that a Scottish blacksmith named Craig rode for 100 miles from New South Wales to Bracker's of

Rosenthal, to ascertain what were the prospects of business in the new settlement. Mr Bracker, who was manager for the old Aberdeen Company, saw that a blacksmith would be an asset and promised to assist him.

Back went Craig to his home in Dungog, got together a team of bullocks and a dray that brought his family and his belongings to the Downs and later he built other drays that played an important part in the transport of early Warwick.

These were not bullock wagons such as figure in our later timber history, but the old two-wheeled bullock drays, one of which has been secured by Mr Donald Gunn for the centenary of the Darling Downs which will be commemorated in 1940.

Mr Thomas Hall provides an interesting sketch of the early town. As soon as the stores had been erected, married employees of the stations brought their wives and families to the little village. Most of the houses, he tells us, were built of round posts and slabs, saplings for rafters, stringy bark for the roofs, and clay and ant-bed made first-class floors.

A round hollow log split in two provided the spouting between the chimney and the roof. The slush lamp, at first provided the only illumination at night, but later candle moulds were introduced, and the tallow candle became a boon and a blessing. Those were the days that ought to be recalled with a thrill of pride.

In the early '50s, began the first great struggle between the settlers and the vested interests in New South Wales. It was the battle for Separation, and for the establishment of Queensland as a separate colony.

In 1859 the Separationists triumphed. Queensland became a separate colony, its total population at the time, being 23,530. In that battle, as shown by Henry Stuart Russell, the pastoralists of the Darling Downs played a splendid part.

Two years elapsed, however, before the township of Warwick became a municipality, due largely to the unceasing efforts of the late W.M. Groom, who by sheer force of will, triumphed over powerful opposition and at 29 years of age, became first Mayor of Toowoomba, and two years later, its representative in the State Parliament and the first representative of the Darling Downs in the Federal Parliament.

The first work of the new council of Warwick was to clear tracks as thoroughfares. James Morgan, the father of Arthur Morgan, was a member of the first council.

The council had no money, so the aldermen raised a sum of £100 between them, and cut paths and roads through the dense forest of golden wattle, which covered almost the whole area of what is now the city of Warwick.

Thus one can trace the gradual transformation of Warwick from a wattle scented scrub to the modernised city of today.

The first marked progress of every pioneering town in Queensland began with its municipal council. When the first municipal council was elected in Brisbane in the year of separation, what is now a great city was a struggling, straggling village with a few pot holes in a creek for a water supply, and a few tracks through the vine forest as the beginnings of streets.

So it was in Warwick.

When the first municipal council was elected in 1861 the place was a scented wilderness. Within a few months it had cut several roads and was arranging for a bridge across the Condamine.

That council consisted of James J. Kingsford (first Mayor), James McEvoy (Warwick's first police sergeant), William Craig, James Morgan, James Allen, George Kennedy, Charles Daveney, Patrick Fleming and Dr Samuel Aldred.

Canning Downs c 1859



KINAWAH

Reyburn Foundry and Staff, Warwick 1911



2021 JULY AUGUST EDITION

HEATHER SCHNITZERLING 1931-2021

Heather possessed the qualities of integrity, kindness, generosity, determination, industry and respect. She respected the views of others, their diversity and their cultural activity and had the capacity to develop and mentor others so that their greater aspirations were able to be met.



H EATHER DONOVAN was born 2 February, Inglewood QLD 1931, third child to William Thomas and Priscilla Donovan. She grew up with an older brother, Jack, and sisters, Joyce and Wilma.

Family life centred round farming, church at St Augustine's, Leyburn, dances at the Leyburn Hall, and extended family picnics. Heather rode to Leyburn school on horseback, overseen by Jack. She often helped a friend on a bicycle by using a stick to pull her along behind the horse.

Heather started learning the violin during her early primary school years, encouraged by her family to practise hymns. Before riding to school Heather visited the cow shed at 5.00am to play after which Jack and Heather milked the cows. Frequent disputes about the workload sometimes led to Heather storming out of the shed leaving Jack to finish the milking.

Heather successfully completed Scholarship examinations at Leyburn State School and then went as a boarder to St Catharine's. World War II was in progress and Heather remembered deprivations such as eating tripe and the lack of butter. Consequently, her family were never served tripe and always enjoyed their bread with plenty of butter. Heather did not always get home to Leyburn for holidays sometimes staying at school, occupying herself with music (which she saw as her career path) and tennis.

At St Catharine's, Heather pursued her music studies in violin and piano. To advance her quest to obtain her letters in violin and piano, Heather stayed there until she was 19 years of age and was Head Prefect in 1949. In lieu of boarding and tuition fees she assisted with the schooling and development of the preparatory students. After this Heather returned to Leyburn to work as it was expected she and her siblings work at home on the farm until they turned 21.

She continued studying for her letters in violin and piano at the convent in Clifton, gaining an Associate in Music—Violin, 1950, and in 1951 a Teacher's Diploma in the Art of Violin Playing from Trinity College of Music, London. At 21 years of age, Heather was employed as the music teacher by St Faith's College, Yeppoon.

Heather's time in Leyburn was not always work and study, and included tennis, picnics and country dances. She had started seeing a young Godfrey Schnitzerling. The Donovan and Schnitzerling families had a long association over the years and earlier, Heather's youngest uncle, Rich, had married Godfrey's oldest

sister, Beth. During her year working in Yeppoon, Godfrey visited, took Heather to Heron Island and proposed—two country kids getting engaged on a Barrier Reef Island. Heather and Godfrey married on December 13, 1952 at St Augustine's Church, Leyburn.

They settled in a small house in Leyburn with an adjoining butcher shop. Godfrey was a shearer and had begun a butchery business and Heather attended to the shop front. Their first child, Christine, was born in 1954 and Karen came along 14 months later in 1955. The 1956 floods saw the family evacuate to the Post Office on higher ground.

In 1957 the family moved to the Bungunya district where Godfrey managed a large rural holding, a little isolated, but with regular music parties with neighbouring landholders and homestead church services a regular feature. Here they forged many lasting friendships. Their son, John, was born in Goondiwindi in 1959. In 1960 the family returned to their home in Leyburn so the children could attend school. Heather started teaching piano to local children, and played the organ and initiated choral events in St Augustine's Church, Leyburn.

Many of Heather's piano students advanced through examinations. Son, Greg was born in 1963 and soon after, the couple purchased a shearing contracting business. Heather was often cooking for the shearing team as well as managing the children and teaching music. Her days often began at 4.00 am and finished late into the evening.

A downturn in the wool industry saw the Schnitzerling family move to Toowoomba in 1972. Here Heather immediately started teaching music at Concordia College after doing a stint over the holidays working as a kitchen hand at the White Horse Hotel in Ruthven Street. She then worked for the Education Department as a teacher Aide at the Toowoomba Special School where she worked as a music teacher assisting disabled children. This inspired her to obtain her Diploma of Teaching for the tertiary sector, enabling her to teach music within the Education Department in Toowoomba and the Darling Downs. Heather worked in most of the public schools including Harristown Primary and Secondary, Mt Lofty, Centenary Heights, Gabbinbar, East, Rangeville, South, Pittsworth, Oakey, Clifton, Gatton, Killarney and Goondiwindi.

In this capacity Heather mentored fellow music specialist teachers around the district where she was well known for her pikelets with home-made strawberry jam and cream. She maintained an extremely busy itinerary with her students between the many schools she worked in. She was loved and highly respected by her colleagues and developed a string program in all the schools she served and when the Toowoomba Eisteddfod was on Heather would often have more individual students and school ensembles entered than any other teacher. Her ensembles and students

always featured highly in the awards. In 1994, Heather founded the Toowoomba Eisteddfod Heather Schnitzerling Perpetual Trophy for Primary School String Ensemble. Her students would frequently win this award.

Heather continued teaching until she was 85 which is a truly remarkable record. As she grew older, the students at the various schools, who loved and respected her dearly, would meet her in the car park and help carry her bags and instruments to their classroom.

Heather also played privately with a string quartet called *Highly Strung* which is much in demand to play at weddings and other events. She also played in the Toowoomba Concert Orchestra under the baton of Peter Rork. Heather would say she wasn't one of the world's greatest violin players. Perhaps she was not a virtuoso violinist but she knew how to inspire and teach students to play strings. Her passion for music was contagious. There are hundreds of people today who learned to play strings as well as the joy of music from Heather. Many of them still play today including some in a professional capacity.

Heather's interests also extended to a love of holidaying at Kirra Beach. This started in her early years and extended into holidays with Godfrey and their children. Later the couple purchased a unit across the road from Kirra Beach Surf Club. Here the extended family enjoyed many good times over the years. Heather and Godfrey also travelled through outback Australia and established a network of camping and caravanning friends. In between one of her retirements, the couple travelled to remote stations where Heather was a volunteer teacher for children educated through School of the Air.

Football tipping and the NRL became a passion later in life. In 1979 Godfrey and Heather had moved to Mt Rascal to a house that was built by sons, John and Greg. It was the first house that John built as a qualified builder and Nip was his apprentice. The home was built on a small acreage and this allowed them to keep a few sheep and enjoy country vistas. Godfrey passed away in 2012.

Heather loved her home at Mt Rascal but needed to relocate to a smaller property at Kearney's Spring in 2016. She maintained her connections with her old school, St Catharine's as a member of the Old Girls Association and attended the AGM late last year. Throughout her life, Heather maintained her faith and after leaving Leyburn, was a member of the Parish and choir at St James and attended services at St Mary's, Newtown and St Matthew's, Drayton.

More recently Heather's health was failing but she still enjoyed seeing her family and friends and attending church and music events. In February this year, she celebrated her 90th birthday with her family at the Royal Hotel, Leyburn. Her most recent illness was short and she went to sleep on June 29th and on July 2nd 2021, slipped peacefully away.

Some of our finest work comes through service to others. **Gordon B. Hinckley**

LAURIE FORSYTH 1922-2021



After nine years at St Catharine's Mrs Forsyth worked for a time in the office at St Aidan's until her retirement at Corinda where she enjoyed her extensive collection of memorabilia and beautiful garden.

the girls who by then had moved to what had previously been a "boys only" establishment.

In her first year in the role of Home Science teacher, Mrs Forsyth began what became a tradition, of entering selected student work from the school's Home Science kitchen in various shows with some outstanding results. In that first year, a Highly Commended in the fruit cake section was earned from among 56 entries at the Royal Brisbane Exhibition and from this time onwards winning entries were exhibited in a number of different sections at Warwick and District Shows as well as subsequent Brisbane Exhibitions.

During Laurie's time at St Catharine's her subjects were retitled as Homecraft A and Homecraft B. Since then they have undergone multiple name changes throughout the school system including Hospitality, Food Technology and Textile Design so as to more accurately reflect new and evolving expectations and better cater for possible future student employment options.

Like many others on the teaching staff of our schools, Mrs Forsyth held no tertiary degrees and despite the many successes her students gained as mentioned above, she

always felt she was perhaps underqualified in comparison with her other, more "lettered" colleagues. Others of us, however, are of the belief that ultimate outcomes can speak more eloquently than diplomas and academic citations. Laurie Forsyth is an outstanding example of someone who fits this particular yardstick to perfection.

After leaving St Catharine's Mrs Forsyth spent several years working in the office at St Aidan's CEGS, Corinda, under Sister Rachel until her retirement at Corinda where she enjoyed her extensive collection of memorabilia and her beautiful garden.

She also sponsored a decorated iced cake class at the Royal Brisbane Exhibition up until a year or two before her death. What a sterling effort! Several of her cake decorating peers attended her funeral service held at St Matthew's Anglican Church, Sherwood.

The photo below is of the 2019 winner of the Laurie Forsyth perpetual trophy for Best Example of Fine Piping Skills.

Are you able to name any of the students seen here in Laurie's classes below? Perhaps even remember what you might have been making! We'd love to hear from you if you can!

SRENE LAURA "LAURIE" FORSYTH was part of St Catharine's staff for nine years teaching Home Science from 1960 when this subject was introduced to the school curriculum. Her classes, which were mostly practical in nature, were all taught in the newly opened, purpose-built facility, familiar to those of us for whom Home Science was a compulsory Year 8 subject from 1965. Her homeroom, definitely one of the more modern classroom facilities on the campus, was one of those later moved up to Slade when Eddie Prince was doing his best to preserve St Catharine's assets and press into service all that he could to benefit Slade and accommodate



Queensland Country Life Advertisement 1949

*To give real service
you must add something
which cannot be bought
or measured with money,
and that is sincerity
and integrity.*

Douglas Adams

Coincidentally this QCL advertisement posed in front of White House was first aired the year Heather Donovan was school captain. I wonder if anyone knows who any of the fresh faced young girls in the picture might be or how many of them are still with us.

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

Laurie Forsyth 1922 - 2021

FORSYTH Irene Laura "Laurie", nee Brown, late of Corinda, formerly of Warwick, passed away peacefully 5th June 2021, aged 98 years. Wife of Alexander Ernest (dec'd). Mother of Laraine and Ian and their families. An intimate service to celebrate Laurie's life was attended by family and friends at St Matthew's Anglican Church, Sherwood Friday, 18th June, 2021. As per her wishes, her ashes will be interred beside those of her late husband at St Mark's in Warwick.

Heather Schnitzerling 1931 - 2021

SCHNITZERLING Heather, nee Donovan late of Toowoomba, formerly of Leyburn and Mt Rascal, passed away peacefully 2nd July, 2021 aged 90 years. Wife of Godfrey (dec'd). Mother and Mother-in-law of Christine and Eddie; Karen and Doug; John and Charmane; Greg "Nip" and Mandy. Grandmother and Great Grandmother. Family and friends gathered for a celebration of Heather's life at St James' Anglican Church Toowoomba Saturday, 10th July 2021 followed by interment at Drayton and Toowoomba Cemetery.



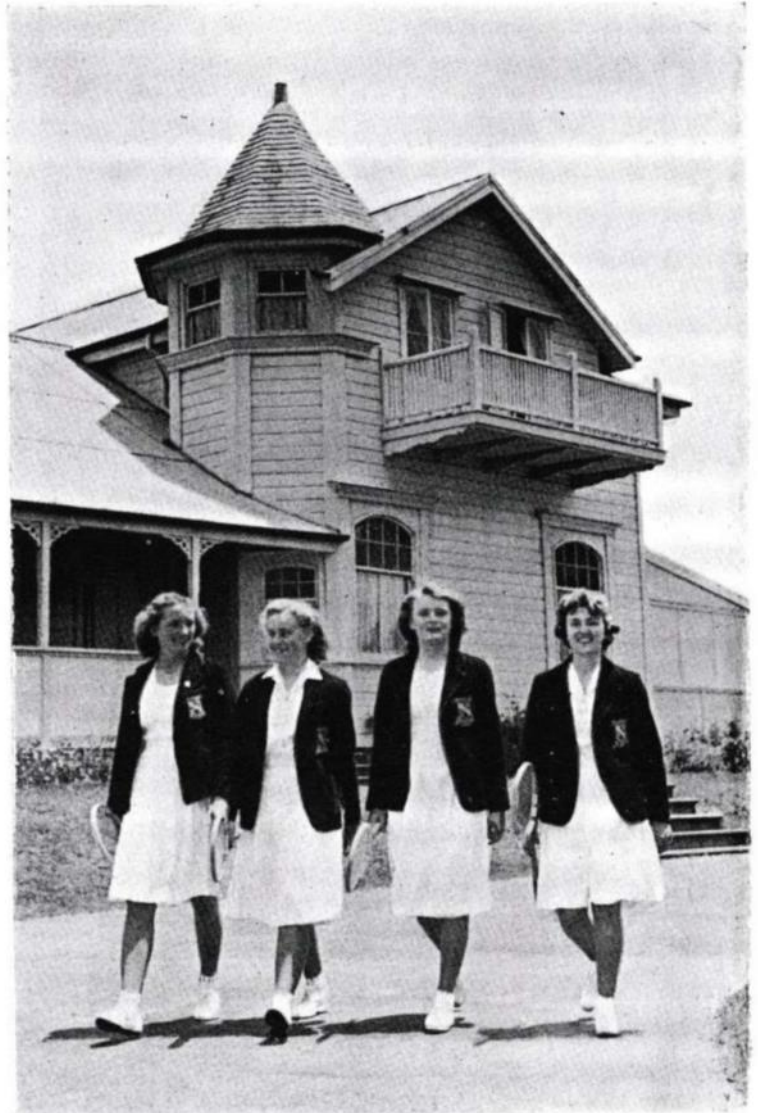
Heather, who was an exceptionally musically gifted student, attended St Catharine's 1945-49. She was a member of the A Tennis Team 1948 and 49, School Captain in 1949 and Captain of Crothers/Barnes House 1948. Following her school years at St Catharine's, Heather went on to pursue a career as a specialist music teacher right up until the end of her working life. She was Music Mistress at St Faith's in Yeppoon in 1952 and taught music in several Darling Downs schools in her later years. Heather was just one of a large number of the extended Donovan clan who attended our schools including the following School Captains—Slade: Bishop Adrian Charles (1944) Ronald George Ladner (1956) and St Catharine's: Patricia Martyn (1953) Jennifer Donovan (1967) Shirley Morrish (1950) and Heather herself (1949).

Janice Topp 1936 - 2021

TOPP Janice Marian, nee Geisel late of Dalby and formerly of 'Janal', Condamine, passed away 26th June 2021 aged 85 years. Wife of Alfred (dec'd), Mother and Mother in Law of Sandra, Russell and Alison, 'Janma' of Matthew, Nicholas, Emma and William, Damian, Lena and Hannah. Janice was farewelled 1st July at St John's Anglican Church, Dalby, and interred at Myall Remembrance Park, Dalby. Janice attended St Catharine's 1950-51. Her older sister, Betty Mary (dec'd) preceded her in 1946 and her brother, Raymond (dec'd) was at Slade 1944. Janice, Beth and Ray were cousins of Joy and Marion Knowles who also came to us from Dalby.



TENNIS TEAM, 1949.



Peggy Johnstone, Esme Tosh, Margaret Watkins, Heather Donovan.

At the time the May June Kinawah was sent out, full details of Mother Eunice's funeral notice had not yet been made public. For those who like to keep track of such details, the additional information is as follows.

The Society of the Sacred Advent MOTHER EUNICE SSA BALL, Eunice Dawn (Sister SSA) late of Symes Grove, passed away peacefully on 14th June 2021. Loving sister of Francis (dec'd), Roland (dec'd), Bernice, Cyril (dec'd), Keith (dec'd), Elaine and Doug. Family and friends attended Mother Eunice's Requiem Eucharist at St John's Cathedral, Ann Street, Brisbane on Thursday, 24 June, 2021.

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.

Born to Soar Aloft



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



St Catharine's/Slade School Facebook

Our Past Students' Facebook page has 477 members as of August 2, 2021 and is growing strongly

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: to get everyone connected again, to share stories, our families, continue friendships from where we left off decades ago and get some conversations going...like this!

RICH DONALDSON 1 JUNE: I am trying to locate my best friend while I was at Slade, Bruce Waterhouse who came from Kyogle in Northern NSW. I have lost touch. He would have been in Senior in 1964.

Jenny Olive: Hi. I remember Bruce. I also came from Kyogle. If I find out where he is, I'll let you know.

Rich Donaldson: Thank you Jenny that is kind of you. In the 80's I lived in Toowoomba and he lived in Brisbane and he visited us. Then lost touch. That would be wonderful.

Joan Clothier White: He's on my contact list but with no contact information. His full name according to enrolment records is/was Wilfred Bruce Waterhouse and he was at Slade 1961-64. This might assist with finding him with an internet search.

PETER STEADMAN 6 JUNE: Hi Peter Steadman here. Have a good question to ask Q what was the war cry Mr Prince wanted us to say at sports days

Albert Dynevor: I think it's the school motto...

Peter Steadman: Yes you are right bungi but what is it?

Albert Dynevor: Patribus Digni Estote.

Peter Steadman: Well done brother that's it.

Albert Dynevor: Patribus Digni Estote per yeysone christian

doniman nostrum armen

Gary Wal: Dip and Prince loved us singing dancing with devil on our back in Chappell

Montgomery Dynevor: Gary Wal sing it then brother

Suzanne Baker Paykel: At St Cath's we use to finish with CEGS, CEGS, CEGS but were later told to say St. Catharines, St. Catharines, St. Catharines.

Joan Clothier White: Yes, because Sr Lois thought CEGS sounded far too much like...SEX!

Suzanne Baker Paykel: I wonder why??!

JIM WISEMAN 17 JUNE: It was very rewarding to catch up with an old school mate and fellow prefect from over forty years ago. Thank you Peter (PK) and Tracey Kleinhans for your hospitality in Perth. Nothing short of amazing.



Brigalow, Billy Cans and Bottle Trees

Joan Clothier White published 2010

Chapter 14: A Visit to the Big Smoke

ROBERT WAS WELL PAST twelve months old and various members of Mum and Dad's respective families were starting to make noises about when we might venture south to visit them for a holiday.

Dad, for whom the idea of a holiday was a totally foreign concept, was resisting heroically:

He didn't have time.

There was too much that needed doing at Numeralla for us to go away for a holiday.

Sydney was too far to go.

The car needed money spent on it before he could consider a trip like that.

A holiday was not in the budget, and why did we want to go all that way anyway?

We couldn't afford it.

After such a negative response, Mum replied to the latest inquiry that a visit to Sydney was not likely at this stage because the car might not make the trip.

Dad's masculine pride was piqued at this.

What did she have to go and say a thing like that for?

What would his family think if he couldn't get the car to make the trip?

Finally, he was persuaded to drive as far as Newcastle where his elder sister, Myrtle, lived with her husband, Jack Algie, and their family. Only Dad knows what arrangements he was obliged to make at home in order to be away for the length of time such a trip would take. Somehow, we all crowded, baby and all, into the FJ with our luggage and whatever else we needed and set off for the adventure of a lifetime.

As a rule, going as far as Miles was about as far afield as we ever ventured. This time we drove straight through Miles with the prospect of an even longer journey still. At this time the new bitumen highway had not long been opened and Dad enquired of a few people in Miles the advisability of taking the new road as opposed to the more established route along the railway line. The consensus seemed to be that the highway was the quickest option but carried a far greater risk of breaking a windscreen.

Which way to choose? Dad decided to chance his luck and go the way he had never travelled before. He was the consummate country man and lost no opportunity in taking a good look at the countryside in different places. This was as good a chance as any to combine business with pleasure and see which crops were being grown, what kind of cattle people were raising and any other recent developments which might have taken place hereabouts.

To say the least, it was pretty crowded in the FJ. There were six of us counting the baby who seemed to be everywhere at once and none of us was used to travelling long distances. Robert grizzled a bit but slept for some of the way, lulled by the motion of the car. Leon, Kristine and I regularly peppered Dad with the expected questions: "Are we nearly there yet?" and "How much longer have we got to go now?" We played endless rounds of "I spy with my little eye" and "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?"

It had been a long day and just as it was coming on dark a hushed "O-o-o-h!" was heard from the back seat. We had just come over a rise and there, in the dip before our very "country" eyes, was spread out before us the lights of Warwick. Never before had the weary younger travellers seen such a wonderland.

Right there ahead of us lights of every colour were twinkling invitingly. Even more amazing, neon lights, which we had never seen before, were blinking on and off and changing even as we gazed at them in wonder! We were simply spellbound.

Robert had been dozing but he woke up at our very audible response. Young as he was, the spectacle was not lost on him either. "Pretty!" he said sleepily and promptly nodded off again.

Dad drove right into town, pulled up to a service station, unfolded himself from the driver's seat to get out and enquired about accommodation. The service station attendant took a long look at us in the back of the car, and then turned back to Dad.

“Look Mate,” he said, “there’s motels here in town for sure but all the rooms are done out in wall-to-wall carpet and they might be a bit flash for you”. Perhaps we were all a bit grubby as well as travel weary. He had obviously sized us up as battlers and gave Dad his best, man-to-man advice. “I reckon you’ll want to be going on the extra hour or so to Stanthorpe and putting up at a pub there. It’d be a lot cheaper for a bloke with a family.”

Dad must have been dead tired but he drove the extra distance to Stanthorpe where we stayed the night. The plus side of this was that in the morning we would be that little bit closer to where we wanted to end up that day.

Next morning we embarked on the next stage of our epic journey. We were travelling down the New England Highway and once we were inspected at the border gates at Wallangarra for forbidden fruit and passed through into New South Wales, we noticed the painted lines on the road were yellow. The first road markings we had ever seen in our lives near the border in Queensland had all been white, and just *look* at the astonishing things to be seen on every side!

The characteristic huge grey boulders on every side were what had given the Granite Belt in Queensland its name. We had never seen such craggy highlands and breathtaking drop offs and it just kept getting better.

Dad stopped near Uralla for us to get out and stretch our legs around one of the biggest outcrops of these boulders at Thunderbolt’s Rock. Blackberry bushes were rambling close by and these were the first ones we had ever seen—or felt. We couldn’t get over the painted advertising all over the historic rock and agreed it should have been kept in its natural state.

This was where the legendary bushranger, “Captain Thunderbolt”, whose real name was Frederick Ward, used to lie in wait to ambush unwary travellers. We listened carefully as Dad told us all about it and had a good look around in case there might be bushrangers but didn’t see any.

Dad had more than a passing interest in colourful characters like this from Australia’s colonial past. For many years in the Roma district the rumour persisted that one of the members of Ned Kelly’s gang, Steve Hart, did not perish at Glenrowan with the others as was always believed. The famous fire and shoot-out definitely put an end to the exploits of the country’s best known outlaws. However, many people remain convinced that Steve Hart made good his escape and lived out his days in the Roma area as “Harry Thompson” who was known to be a recluse, a crack shot and an expert with concealed weapons.

The Roma court house was also where Harry Readford, was tried in 1873 for the brazen duffing of not just one or two, but 1,000 head of cattle from Western Queensland and setting off with them to Adelaide where he planned to sell them. Readford was one of a blend of persons both real and fictitious upon which Rolf Boldrewood is believed to have based his “Captain Starlight” character made famous in “Robbery Under Arms”.

Boldrewood is the pen name of Thomas Alexander Browne JP who was a magistrate and mining warden in Dubbo, New South Wales. Readford must have caught Browne’s attention when he—unbelievably—went home a free man after his Roma trial. The whole affair did, however, give rise to a central system of registering cattle brands in Queensland whereby it became an offence to use a brand not registered in accordance with the Queensland Horse and Cattle Brands Index.

After our on-site history lesson we continued on our way southwards. Dad had been through here before but the towns were all new to us and the names sounded strange to our ears. To us a Scone was something you ate and Muswellbrook—well it sounded something like those fishy-smelling things we knew we had in the creek. All of it was very much out of our orbit.

Eventually we reached Newcastle after another long day and were met with open arms by Dad’s sister and her family in Merewether. I am certain both Mum and Dad were happy at the prospect of staying put for a while. They shouldn’t have made themselves too comfortable however. They hadn’t counted on the perils inherent in taking four exceptionally rustic children to the big smoke.

Dad set off for parts unknown with Uncle Jack next morning and no one noticed Robert who was by now toddling and quite mobile, following along some distance behind them.

In no time at all there was the alarming sound of screeching brakes and strangers calling out in panic. A bus had narrowly missed running over him and just barely managed to stop. The poor driver had suffered a dreadful fright. This experience was more than a little unnerving for all concerned and made both our parents realise pretty quickly that none of their children had any city sense—*whatsoever!*

We had been with our hosts in Newcastle no longer than a week before there was a visit from Dad's brother, Allan, and his wife and family. Allan was quite the smooth negotiator and talked Dad into going the extra distance to visit the family in Sydney with the added incentive that he would give our car a complete overhaul while we were there. Allan was the inventor of a mobile crane and owned and ran an engineering workshop at Glebe in inner-city Sydney so Dad knew he was good for it.

The trip to Sydney turned out to be an unqualified success—at least for the junior members of the family. We saw television for the first time and visited the Museum, Taronga Park Zoo and Luna Park, taking the ferry from Circular Quay. The car was being worked on so we took the suburban trains everywhere which was an adventure all by itself. We had never seen so many people or cars or shops or buildings especially the tall ones and we couldn't get over how *noisy* and *busy* a thing like a city was.

A few intrepid relatives had ventured north to see us on occasion in Yuleba. These included the Algie family and Dad's brother, Keith, and his wife, Hilda and their children, Raymond, Max and Rosemary. Then of course there had been the surprise visit to the hut by the Bradley family. They had all taken plenty of pictures of their country relatives many of which appear in this book! So of course there were photos to reminisce over and even some old home movies to see for the first time.

We could hardly believe that it was possible to show your own movies in your own house without having to go to the cinema in town to do it. We all had a good, long, assessing look and then looked some more and laughed uproariously at the way we appeared and sounded on celluloid.

Sydney and Newcastle were more than a little overwhelming but we thoroughly enjoyed meeting our cousins, Dad's other sister Alice and his elderly Aunt Hilda who lived at Punchbowl. Because Dad was the last of his brothers and sisters to marry, all of our cousins were quite a lot older than we were and I have no doubt that we provided them with plenty of reasons to smile at our very countrified way of speaking and behaviour. Ours was a way of life that was completely foreign to everything that they were used to but nothing was ever said to make us feel anything other than welcome and accepted.

This "time out of time" flew by all too quickly but we made the most of it and visited everyone. Soon, before we knew it, we were wending our way home in a sweetly running car, just as Uncle Allan had promised, straight from his workshop.

On the homeward journey we pressed on to overnight in Toowoomba at a motel near the present-day airport arriving very late at night but accommodated most graciously all the same.

This time, when we drove over the range between Miles and Wandoan, the gorge seemed pretty tame in comparison to some of the more spectacular scenery we had been looking at further south from the back seat of the FJ.

Next Chapter: The Getting of Water