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An optimist understands that life can be a bumpy road, but at least it is leading somewhere. They learn from mistakes and failures, and are not afraid to fail again.
 Harvey Mackay

Memories are made of this...

AS A YEAR, 1965 WAS AN UNFORGETTABLE ONE FOR ME. This was when I left behind the far simpler rural existence in the fairly sheltered, close-knit soldier settlement community where I lived, finally finished up at my former one-teacher primary school, ready to move into Year 8, "the big smoke", or secondary school, in Warwick! Dormitory accommodation, dining far more formal than anything I had ever known, chapel each evening before dinner, church twice on Sundays, lessons timetabled with different teachers for different, and quite new, subjects: all a huge culture shock for this naïve bush teenager.

A few other markers are fixed firmly in my mind. January 30, recorded in the official diary as per St Catharine's 1965 magazine, the entire school sat in the Assembly Hall on hard, backless, wooden forms dutifully listening to Sir Winston Churchill's state funeral radio broadcast from London. A significant piece of history indeed and far removed from the wide open paddocks I was used to roaming around in. Not long afterwards, the student body gathered again, this time on the corner of Pratten and Palmerin Streets as spectators of the colourful St Patrick's Day parade. Warwick's Catholic community impressed as a tour de force!

The year unfolded with early morning swimming training in preparation for the inter-house carnival and practice for the inter-house singing competition. Sister Lois was the incoming Sister in Charge at St Catharine's and she wasted no time in stamping her own brand of authority on the unsuspecting school population. Pig tails were not permitted. A hairdresser was summoned to come and shear the tresses of all girls whose hair was not long enough to be plaited. Sister Lois deemed Julie Andrews' coiffure as seen in the recently released "The Sound of Music" her preferred cut, and the verandah of the school hospital saw mounds of hair removed from most of the boarders' heads until she was satisfied. The one and only school social with Slade during her time was held in first term. Her disapproval of the too-close contact that she judged unseemly between dancing partners resulted in her banning all frivolity of this kind, from that day forward.

Discipline was strictly maintained. Fingernails and shoes were closely inspected every morning on assembly lines before class for shortness and cleanliness—our requisite shoe-cleaning kits were extremely well used! We were, however, exposed to the odd, quite proper, movie screened in the hall on rare Saturday nights, plus cultural events in the Warwick Town Hall such as performances by the wonderfully versatile Young Elizabethan Theatre Players.

By year's end, the school had participated with some success in the Eisteddfod in the middle term, a chilly winter had come and gone, along with the inter-house drama competition, inter-house and inter-school athletics carnivals at Queen's Park. For someone who had never been exposed to loads of religious instruction, the school was diligent in making up for this lack and soon, the end of 1965 was upon us and it was time to do it all over again...in 1966.



1965 MOMENTS

- **General Science now a subject for all Year 8 Students** before 1964 individual science subjects, i.e. Chemistry, Physics, Zoology, Botany were offered separately but only in academic courses in (GPS) secondary schools
- **Hindi** declared the official Indian language
- **New Primary and Secondary Syllabii** for Queensland gradually being phased in
- **Malcolm X** was assassinated
- **The Space Race** was properly under way with space walks recorded by the USSR and the USA plus US Mariner 4 was the first space craft to venture out past Mars
- **Battle of Vietnam** saw deployment of first Australian troops to the conflict as per the "All the way with LBJ" edict

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



IS YOUR CLASS celebrating a MILESTONE in 2024 or 2025?

CAST YOUR NET WIDER FOR LOST CONTACTS AND ADVERTISE HERE OR, ALTERNATIVELY, FACEBOOK!

Editor's Notes...



IF IT SEEMS LIKE THE LAST KINAWAH has not long landed in your inbox, you have not lost all sense of time—the January February issue was a bit late and now we find ourselves nearing Anzac Day with Autumn already here. Local government elections are in our rearview mirrors so the "Corflute Pox" with cheeky edits from all those predictable penmen no longer populates our footpaths and public places.

Page 1, titled "Memories are made of this", recaps my first year away at boarding school and lists some noteworthy events on the world stage that year: 1965 is when Jean Shrimpton introduced the mini skirt to the world and at the end of that year, on Speech Day, Sister Lois roundly declared "The mini skirt is **GONE**" (one was not amused)! I would like to keep the "by the year" concept going a bit longer, especially if some insights from the boys amongst us for 1966 might be offered—1966 was when decimal currency arrived. Who is up for sending me their recollections of Slade that year so I might be able to put together a front page story for the May June Kinawah?

When I requested Anzac Day material which might be included in this issue the response was more than I dared hope. Huge thanks to Stephen Hull for his contribution (P 9-11). Every word hits home for me and is a worthy read indeed. Stephen also added a few pics of various Anzac observances while he was deployed overseas. Thank you too to Eddie Wickham for the photos and poem that he sent in—two former servicemen with loads of personal memories to help us find appropriate focus this Anzac Day.

Preparations are well in hand for the Cobb & Co commemorations in the Maranoa in a few short months. This is a historic occasion indeed and also a good chance to showcase South West QLD.

Re showcasing: after putting in a quiet plug for Jacanda Alpacas last time, I felt some editorial for Sutton's was called for (see P 7).

Sincere thanks to Jan Cover for sharing the tribute to Peter Cover which is included this time. Peter's passing was acknowledged in the last Kinawah. Mourners at his funeral service occupied the greater part of the largest auditorium currently available in Toowoomba.

And, as you will see, I am keeping the "optimism" theme going ...

"While Optimism makes us live as if someday soon things will soon go better for us, Hope frees us from the need to predict the future and allows us to live in the present, with a deep trust that God will never leave us alone but will fulfil the deepest desires of our heart... Joy in this perspective is the Fruit of Hope."

Henri Nouwen

Until next time, enjoy the read Joan White



“Optimism doesn't mean that you are blind to the reality of the situation. It means that you remain motivated to seek a solution to whatever problems arise.”

The Dalai Lama

2023/2024 Committee

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Johnno's Corner

EASTER HAS NOW COME AND GONE. I hope everyone managed to have a restful time and managed to take a little personal time to be with a higher power and to reset life with a new beginning.

■ As we in Australia now focus on the somber celebrations of ANZAC Day, this current edition of KINAWAH is full of inspiration and hope.

■ The poem, "The Anzac on the Wall" submitted by Stephen Hull on pages 9- 10 is a heart wrenching, worthy, read.

■ With current world events fanatically fueled by corporate media it is very easy to end up in a state of depression. However, reading and seeing what is happening at our old school is very inspirational. I believe and know the future is in good hands so long as we give our children a good education and instill within them a strong moral compass.

■ This year's AGM (date to be confirmed but most likely September) will require the Chairman to vacate the position and invite financially eligible members to nominate. I encourage anyone wishing to make a positive contribution to nominate.

■ 2026 is the Slade centenary. A formal organizing committee, suitable dates and a program are yet to be organized. I ask that you put your thinking caps on and email any suggestions to Martin Taylor and or myself.

■ And as usual, 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

SCPSA official website:
www.scpsawarwick.com

COMING UP IN 2024

April 24 WCC Anzac Day Service
10.30a.m.

April 25 Anzac Day

June 21 Winter Solstice

July 18-28 20th Jumpers and Jazz

September 12 RUOK Day

September 22 Spring Equinox

October 11 Warwick Rose Festival

October 7 King's Birthday

October 21-27 Warwick Rodeo

November 2 Brekky Creek Lunch

November 11 Remembrance Day



2026 BE PART OF THE CELEBRATION!

+++ SLADE CAMPUS PAST STUDENTS ASSOCIATION WEBSITE REMINDER +++

Please be aware that **BACK EDITIONS OF KINAWAH** plus **ALL SCHOOL MAGAZINES** (that are downloadable) and that we have to hand for both Slade and St Catharine's are available and accessible on our website. Plenty there to catch up on! Leigh Nisbet



Saturday, November 2
11.00 AM FOR LUNCH



2024 Brekky Creek Lunch
16th ANNUAL GATHERING FOR
Slade/St Catharine's/WCC Past Students
2 Kingsford Smith Drive - Breakfast Creek. 4020

- Get together in an area set aside for us at the front
- Purchase 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

WANT TO KNOW MORE? CONTACT
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WARWICK
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
Christ Community Character

Happenings at 70 Horsman Rd...




March 28: We had an amazingly colourful day at our first ever fun run! Music, slime, obstacles, water balloons, and so much colour made today the perfect end to a great term. Mr Gay and Mr Oosterbeek were great sports getting completely slimed by our highest fundraisers. Big thanks to [Queensland Police Service](#) for adding to the fun! We pray that all of our families will enjoy a happy Easter and a safe holiday. See you next term!





What you said: hearing back from our readers


Your contributions, as always, are greatly appreciated.


 **Michael Rose 1959-59** I and my brother, Hugh, were only at Slade for one year but I promise you, it shaped our lives. 10/03/2024



 **Robert Vickers 1951-54** Thank you for the latest edition of "Kinawah". Well done. It must take a lot of your time. Ted Ross (your offsider) was in my class. I dread to think what will happen when you and Ted put your pen down for the last time. I was surprised to see my photo in the Editor's Notes. Thank you for the compliment you paid me. I am always amazed to see what some of our contemporaries achieved e.g. Qantas pilots, etc. What was the meaning of Kinawah? ... Happy New Year to you 10/03/2024
Editor: See page 6 to address the query re the meaning of Kinawah


 **Greg Tweedie 1966-66** Your efforts on the Kinawah are greatly appreciated. You have serious talent in this area! 10/03/2024

 **Andrew Bode 1959-62**
As always it is a good read covering people, history and places. Your efforts to turn thoughts into words in order to bring memories to the surface are greatly appreciated. Best wishes 12/03/2024

 **Doug Pickersgill 1955-57)** Thank you for a Stirling job as always. Sorry to say I and many do NOT endorse the SCPSA regards the free plug given to the "GREEN" editorial article as regards the "Macintyre Wind Farm" Project – If we have now crossed the line between "Church and State" I do trust "Kinawah" will be open to publishing the opposing viewpoint of Visually Polluting this great country for the profits of overseas manufacturers of these monstrosities – Ever heard of Nuclear Fusion. 12/03/2024

Editor's Response

Good to hear back from you Doug. The Macintyre Project was mentioned solely because it is happening right now in the general vicinity of Warwick, not necessarily because it is endorsed by SCPSA. I would be very interested to see what you might contribute to put the other side of the story across. I try really hard to keep to a fairly neutral line with Kinawah and not promote my own views or political leanings. I believe that anything less would be a clear abuse of editor's privilege and I certainly understand that a range of views (which I firmly believe we have a right to) will surely be represented across our readership. Of the 600 or so that get Kinawah emailed out, I am usually lucky if I get 8 or so responses back so it is good to hear that at least some people read it! Thanks for your feedback. It is much appreciated.

 **Mike Rippin 1951-58** Our youngest son, Chris is in Warwick for 2 weeks [conference/training] and went up to the school on Monday p.m., took photos and sent to me. It would be over 10yrs since I was there----all the new buildings!! I wonder if the students still have cubbies down "the rocks". Chris has taken a video to show me when he comes home. Good to see "Digger" Donovan still going ----us from mid to late 50's are getting fewer. Remember Tom Hoare well----in same class. Hope you're keeping well. Your work greatly appreciated. Cheers Mike 13/03/2024

Our PNG friends remain very much on our minds. The many past students who came to us in Warwick from PNG and again, many others with countless additional PNG connections is even more. Stephen Hull's reflection P 9-11 is a timely reminder of this.

"The most beautiful discovery true friends make is that they can grow separately without growing apart." — Elisabeth Foley

April 1: TRADITION vs FANCY



APRIL FOOLS' DAY, in most countries occurs on the first day of April. According to <https://www.britannica.com>, April Fools' Day received its name from the custom of playing practical jokes on this day – for example, telling friends that their shoelaces are untied or sending them on so-called fools' errands. Although the day has been observed for centuries, its true origins are unknown and effectively unknowable. It resembles festivals such as the **Hilaria** of **ancient Rome**, held on March 25, and the **Holi** celebration in India, which concludes on March 31.

HOW DID APRIL FOOLS' DAY START?

In France a fooled person is called a *poisson d'avril*, or "April fish." Some have proposed that the modern custom originated in **France**, officially with the Edict of Roussillon (promulgated in August 1564), in which **Charles IX** decreed that the new year would no longer begin on **Easter**, as had been common throughout Christendom, but rather on January 1.

Because Easter was a lunar and therefore moveable date, those who clung to the old ways were the "April Fools." Others have suggested that the timing of the day may be related to the **vernal equinox** (March 21), a time when people are fooled by sudden changes in the weather.

There are variations between countries in the celebration of April Fools' Day, but all have in common an excuse to make someone play the fool.

In France, as noted, the fooled person is called *poisson d'avril* ("April fish"), perhaps in reference to a young fish and hence to one that is easily caught; it is common for French children to pin a paper fish to the backs of unsuspecting friends. In **Scotland** the day is Gowkie Day, for the gowk, or **cuckoo**, a symbol of the fool and the cuckold, which suggests that it may have been associated at one time with sexual license; on the following day, signs reading "kick me" are pinned to friends' backs. In many countries newspapers and other media participate – for example, with false headlines or news stories.

This article was last updated March 4, 2024 and has been written and fact checked by The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadow will fall behind you. Walt Whitman

ONE OR TWO READERS ARE AGAIN ASKING about the origins and meaning of the name, Kinawah. A search through the archives back to its very beginnings and an edition of Kinawah, yellowed with age, subtitled **The Slade School News for Old Boys**, published in **April 1948**, edited by C.E. Olsen, revealed the following, reprinted in full for your edification and entirely gratuitous enjoyment ...

We have much pleasure in presenting the second edition of the News-sheet. The favourable reception of our first effort in some quarters has encouraged us to continue and while we cannot produce the same quantity of news as last time, we trust the new set-up meets with your approval.

You will notice that we have acquired a name. When we started work on the first edition we experimented with many names without success, but it remained for [the late] Graham Campbell and Neil Quirk to suggest "Kinawah", familiar to you all from the [Slade] War Cry. We consider this an excellent suggestion and we hope that the new "Kinawah" will bring back many pleasant memories. It will remind some of days of great victories when we shouted it in triumph and some of us of the lean years when a few of us, outclassed and outnumbered, shouted it in defiance.

We have received a few other suggestions for improvements in the sheet, but would welcome further suggestions, opinions, criticisms, etc...

AND FROM THE AUGUST 1951 EDITION:

"In order to save Old Boys from embarrassment when their partners ask this inevitable question we supply the following—According to our notorious Antsinthe Pantologist Peterovich Collarinnil, "Kinawah" is taken from the war cry of the Weewondilla Tribe and means "No Dough." As this aptly describes the chronic state of most Slade Old Boys it was thought to be an apt title for this paper.

EDITORS NOTE: I am led to believe that the derivation of the word, Kinawah, has its origins in Pidgin English. Kina is the currency unit of PNG which accounts for the 'Kina' and a cursory glance at the war cry below clearly includes 'Wah' (in triplicate, as you can see). Also, in the early days, Kinawah was produced on a shoe string. I'll leave it to you to connect the dots!

And now—we revisit the Slade School War Cry for old times sake...

**Tarberetta, Tarberetta, Tarra, Garra, Yah.
Slade School, Slade School, Boys we are.
Kinawah, Kinubra, Kirra, Kirra, Kah.
Chilewah, Chilubra, Farren, Farren, Fah.
Blue Gold, Blue Gold, Wah! Wah! Wah!
Slade School, Slade School, Yah! Yah! Yah!**

Glass half full or half empty?

HOW'S YOUR OPTIMISM METRE TRACKING TODAY ?

As promised, this is part two of the article medically reviewed by Mary L Gavin MD concerning the merits of staying positive which was begun in the January February Kinawah. Information has been sourced from kidshealth.org and may be of help in enabling and empowering us to help ourselves and those we care about. Read on...

OPTIMISM HELPS PEOPLE SUCCEED

■ Optimism goes beyond seeing the bright side of a situation or expecting good things. It's also a way of explaining what has *already happened*:

■ When something good happens, optimists think about what they did to make the situation turn out so well. They see their abilities through the lens of permanent, stable parts of themselves. They think of how this good thing can lead to other good things.

■ When things don't go as expected, it's the reverse: Optimists don't blame themselves. Setbacks are seen as temporary. When something goes wrong, optimists link it to a specific situation or event, not their capabilities. Because they don't see setbacks as personal failings, optimists are able to bounce back from disappointment better than pessimists. Here's an example: Griffin and Jake both try out for the basketball team in Year 10. Neither makes the final cut. Both feel disappointed, but they handle it differently.

■ Griffin is an optimist. He thinks: "There was a lot of talent at the tryouts and only a few openings. That pushed me to practice hard and I played my best — it felt good! The coach gave me great feedback. I'm going to work on the things he suggested and watch all the games this season. That way, I'll have a better chance next year." Griffin is focused on the specific situation, not on personal shortcomings. He doesn't see the situation as permanent. He fully expects to get on the team next year and is already thinking of how to make that happen.

■ Jake tends to be more pessimistic. He thinks: "No wonder I didn't make it — I was the worst one at tryouts and the coach doesn't really like me. I *never* get a break. I might as well face it, I'm just not a great athlete." Unlike Griffin, Jake takes the setback personally. He blames himself, but he also sees outside factors (the coach, life) as working against him. Even worse, he lets this one event make him doubt his athletic abilities altogether.

■ Which of the two is more likely to feel discouraged longer? Who is more likely to practice more and try again? Who is more likely to give up?

OPTIMISM BUILDS RESILIENCE

■ Optimism lets us see disappointing events as temporary situations that we can get past. It strengthens us to try again rather than give up. It allows us to keep our goals and dreams in play so we can act on the motivation to keep working toward them. Because of this, optimistic people feel more in control of their situations and have higher [self-esteem](#).

■ Pessimism influences us to take disappointments and rejections personally. It also makes them seem more permanent than they are. A pessimistic outlook exaggerates the negative aspects of a situation so they overshadow anything positive. Pessimistic thinking makes it harder to cope when things don't go as hoped.

REALISTIC OPTIMISM

■ Optimism isn't about seeing everything as rosy. Optimists don't ignore problems or pretend life is perfect. They just choose to focus on what's good about a situation and what they can do to make things better.

■ Optimists have true confidence because they're prepared: They know they need to study if they want to ace a tough test. They know they can't make the basketball team without practicing.

■ Optimism goes hand-in-hand with action. It's about finding a healthy balance of positive and realistic thinking.

■ We will continue to examine this subject further and next time, will explore the notion of pessimism a little more fully.

Freshest fruit juices, ciders and more besides

David Sutton was at Slade 1960-65. He was in the school shooting, swimming and Rugby Union teams. He has been a proud sponsor of Kinawah for several years for which we are most grateful. This is a little of his family's story.

Located in the coolest area of Queensland only two and half hours from Brisbane is an old packing shed. Just beside the New England highway and diagonally opposite The Big Apple is a bright pink sign saying Sutton's Juice Factory & Cidery & Café, open seven days. Drive in to the old packing shed which, from the outside, gives no clue as to what may be found on the other side of the door.

David and his wife, Ros purchased a traditional apple and stone fruit orchard in 1994 after selling the prawn trawler they had owned and operated out of Lucinda in North Queensland for sixteen years. Fortunately, the orchard's previous owner was willing to help them to learn a whole new industry. Soon they added raspberries and blackberries—well suited to the famously cooler temperatures of the Stanthorpe and Thulimba area—to their business. All three of their school age children became berry pickers during the height of berry season which coincided with the summer school and then holidays.

With a keen eye to exploring trending new options, the family attended Farmers Markets in Brisbane and the Gold Coast each week to sell their fruit and value added products for several years.

During this time Farmer Dave, as he became known, refined his manufacturing skills to produce apple juice, apple cider, apple cider vinegar, apple syrup, apple brandy, liqueurs and preserves.

From modest beginnings the farm packing shed gradually evolved into the shop and café it is today. Remaining true to the philosophy of preservative and additive free, from the farm and Granite Belt all products and café food are made on site keeping in character with a genuine farmhouse style of product.

Being located on a genuine working orchard it is only natural that David and Ros follow a "Farm to Plate" philosophy. Both dessert and cider apples are grown in the orchard with an increasing variety of cider apples planted in recent years. This allows for apples to be picked and processed at the peak of freshness.

Fruit and herbs grown in the café garden and orchard provide produce for the kitchen. Vegetables and fruit grown on the Granite Belt and to a lesser extent, Queensland, ensure that only the freshest of produce is used in the continually changing café menu items. The current day orchard grows both dessert

and cider apples following carefully trialling which varieties were best suited to the Granite Belt climate and soils.

Dessert varieties include: Royal Gala, Granny Smith, Fuji, Mutsu, Jonathon, Pink Lady, Sundowner and Lady William.

Small quantities of other fruit are grown on the orchard and in the café garden for use in the preserves and café food. These include apricots, peaches, mulberries and figs.

All value added products are handmade on site at Sutton's by David. Apples used in the products are picked straight from the orchard during the apple season from February to May. At other times, apples for processing, are purchased directly from local farmers who grow the apples on orchards within a 10km radius of the family orchard. Other fruit used in processing comes from the café garden, orchard, Granite Belt or Queensland.

Quality and quantity of fruit and vegetables is totally dependent on the climatic conditions each season and this dictates the quantity of supplies—a very familiar theme for all those of us who grew up on the land (and there are a good many!)

All juice made at Sutton's is one hundred percent pure without the addition of preservatives, additives, water or concentrates. Juice from other fruits and vegetables is freshly pressed as required.

Once juice is pressed it is either bottled and pasteurised or fermented into apple cider. Apple cider vinegar with 'mother of vinegar' is fermented naturally from apple cider. Sutton's apple cider is also used to distil its own Spirit of the Apple.

Sutton's also makes apple syrup. This is simply reduced apple juice which is concentrated to retain the lovely rich, fresh flavour of the apple.

The recipes used in Sutton's preserves are old fashioned traditional recipes that have been in use for generations. Many of the preserves are based on apples and they are made without the addition of pectin, preservatives, artificial colours or flavours and additives.

Apple preserves include: apple jelly, apple butter, apple chutney, apple sauce, apple and berry fruits, apple and citrus fruits.

Sutton's also make tomato sauce and tomato relish from Granite Belt tomatoes. Browsing the shop shelves shows limited edition preserves made when small quantities of fresh seasonal fruit and vegetables are available. You may also find pickles, chutneys and Sutton's popular cumquat marmalade made from cumquats grown in the café garden.

To find out more about Sutton's check out their website: <https://suttonsfarm.com.au> or better yet, call in for a visit.



CAFÉ • JUICES • CIDER

SUTTON'S
Juice Factory & Cidery

www.suttonsfarm.com.au

Varietal Apple Juice • Preserves
Apple Cider • Apple Brandy
Apple Cider Vinegar • Apple Syrup

Open 7 Days
9.30am - 4.30pm

07 4685 2464

**10 Halloran Drive
Thulimbah**

adj. New England Highway
Ref. J6

CAFÉ OPEN EVERY DAY

Maranoa right on song to celebrate historic past

Have you listened to acclaimed Country artist, Josh Arnold's specially written song celebrating the Cobb & Co Festival yet? Click on the following direct YouTube link to hear it now <https://youtu.be/NJMUI0xDCEE?si=udutpmShipGev8wA>



What will you wear to the Cobb & Co Festival?

OR WHAT WILL YOU WEAR RIDING IN THE COBB & CO COACH on a horse drawn carriage, on the 76km Trail Ride on your horse, to the Cobb & Co Ball/Long Table Dinner or on the Bullock Wagon just to be part of the festival? **Laura Rutherford (pictured), the great, great, great granddaughter of James Rutherford who ran the Cobb & Co Company for over 50 years shares her ideas about period dress of the Cobb & Co era.**

'My dad taught me history, and my mum taught me to sew, so, no surprise I became a fashion history geek. Dressing historically is an easy way to add so much depth and appreciation to this festival, not to mention how much fun it is!

'I've made a guide that can be accessed on the website with some patterns and some inspiration pictures, but if you just want the short version, here it is:

Ladies – long skirts, long sleeves, hats and some closed toe shoes. You can also wear any loose knee length dress, the last coach ran in 1924, so a plain shift dress also does the trick.

Gentleman – long pants, light or cream colours are good, Driza-bones and beat up felt hats will serve you well. You can also add a waistcoat for some razzle dazzle and polish those boots.

Kids – children looked like small versions of their parents but a bit scruffier, so go wild with those dress ups and bring the hems up around the knees for dresses and pants.

The fashion changed a lot from the 1850s to the 1920s, but if you look like an extra from The Man from Snowy River you can't go wrong.'

Check out the fashion guide on the Cobb & Co Festival website:

www.cobbandcofestival.com.au/fashions/

President of the Cobb & Co Festival Committee, our own **Paul Masson (Slade 1967-68)**, advises intended visitors to begin planning now. Businesses and community groups have been asked to organise events, decorate business windows and celebrate. Book meals and accommodation early to avoid missing out. It's going to be HUGE

Key dates:

March 2024 Program finalised (always subject to the whims and changes of animals, small children and bushrangers....). Start planning the key events you need to book or prepare your horses for by viewing the draft program on the Festival website <https://www.cobbandcofestival.com.au>

April 2024 Information packs available for people interested in riding the Cobb & Co Way, or for those interested in bringing horse-drawn vehicles and participating in the ride.

April 2024—9.00a.m. Tickets go live!

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**August 16-25, 2024:
Mark those diaries!**

A deeply personal Anzac Day reflection

Stephen Hull attended Slade 1969-72. Like many of us, he grew up in the aftermath of World War II but unlike most of us, he lived much closer to where the fighting actually took place in the Pacific arena. No one ever forgets the things that so directly and critically shape their lives and Stephen has shared some of his thoughts and ethos with us.

I was born and raised to early high school years in Rabaul, PNG. I grew up surrounded by men who had fought in WWII or may have been Coast Watchers in New Guinea. There were families who had experienced being prisoners of war around the Gazelle Peninsular, some lost loved ones at the Toll Massacre and others in the sinking of the Montevideo Maru. I grew up and went to school with these kids who had lost family members. War and its destruction were everywhere. We played on old Jap tanks, climbed over barges and hid in tunnels used by the Japanese. We could even go into General Yamamoto's underground headquarters and view the map on the ceiling.

My father fought on the Kokoda Track, then was in Lae, out at the Markham Valley and finally in Rabaul to assist in the repatriation back to Japan of some 90,000 Japanese POWs at the end of the war. He rarely if ever talked about the war and went to his grave never forgiving "the Japs" for what they had done. He was greatly loved by all, but the war had its impact on him and this regularly bubbled to the surface throughout his life.

ANZAC day was one of great reverence in the town with row upon row of men dressed in "whites" proudly wearing their service ribbons, followed by those local PNG men who had also served. A contingent of the PNGDF soldiers would march and the catafalque party was either local police barefoot and in their navy lap laps with red trim or on other occasions, PNG soldiers. Everyone in town no matter what ethnic background gathered at the cenotaph.

By the time I arrived at Slade in 1969 I knew I wanted to be a Captain in the Infantry. No doubt from growing up in Rabaul and surrounded by those who had served. I thought it must be the most glorious rank and of course never thought of serving in any other corps except for the Infantry.

I completed just short of 28 glorious years in the Infantry, the Army and served in both Cambodia and East Timor but strangely I have never marched at an ANZAC parade in Australia. Yes, I have been to Dawn Services but I have never felt my service worthy enough to march like my father and those other men I watched march past me as a child. That may be because I always remember what those men had done, the fights they had been in and the conditions they lived under.

The most memorable ANZAC day services and those which have impacted me the most have always been overseas. In Cambodia at the Ambassador's residence surrounded by the various training teams I commanded, up in the hills of Aileu in East Timor where the Falantil were in cantonment and we could see the sun come up over the coast as a platoon or Portuguese soldiers provided us close protection; at the Oz HQ in one of Saddam's Places in Camp Victory when I went with both Australian and Kiwi staff and then again with my staff in Kabul at the NATO HQ. I have stood on beaches around the world and watched the sun come up on ANZAC Day. There is something quite special being at a beach and watching that sun come up over the horizon.

This ANZAC Day I am returning with six other family members to be part of the ANZAC Day services in Rabaul where we will lay wreaths in memory of my father and brother and hopefully, I will get the opportunity to read some poems to those present. Next year I plan to walk the Camino and be somewhere along the way to commemorate ANZAC Day and remember my father and brother and their service to Australia.

The following poem was written by Heidi Holland 25/4/97 about my father, John (Jack) Edward Hull

Jack was a friend of mine

*I chanced him on the road
A swag on his back and bent with a load
There were those as said I would regret
That Jack was a friend of mine.*

*Through shearing and droving and cutting of burrs
Saddles and bridles and ringing of spurs
There were those who said he would never stand true
But Jack was a friend of mine.*

*Through a bloody world war through the cold and the hot
Where our boys were sent to be butchered and shot
Through mud which was rank and food that was worse
Jack was a friend of mine.*

*Through births and deaths and family strife
Through drinking and cursing and blaming his wife
For things he imagined were wrong with his life
Jack was a friend of mine.*

*Well, I sit at the window and watch them march by
Stiff of step and dim of eye
Nobody's marching for Jack today
But Jack was a friend of mine.*

*One who stood the test of time...
Jack is a friend of mine.*

Just in case you are after a few other verses to sprinkle around the next issue. I use these when I am told of a military friend who has passed away.

*And they who for their country die shall fill an honoured grave,
for glory lights the soldier's tomb, and beauty weeps the brave.*

*In the tears that now stream down my upturned face
As our Flag waves above you in her glory and grace.
Freedom was the gift that you unselfishly gave
There is no greater love than this,
No greater call.*

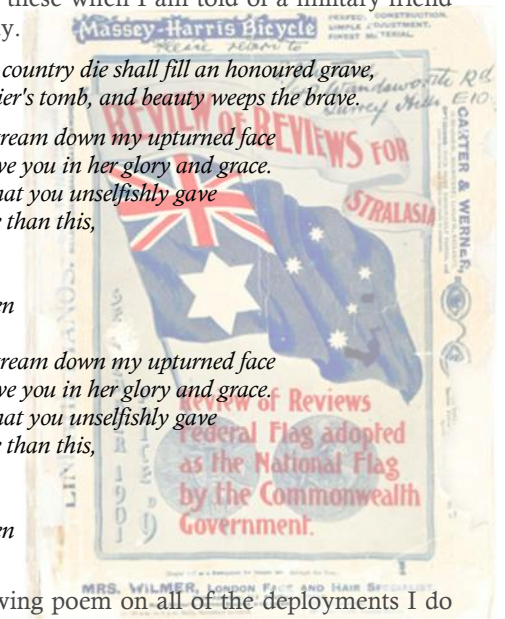
*No greater love at all.
Gone but never forgotten
Lest We Forget*

*In the tears that now stream down my upturned face
As our Flag waves above you in her glory and grace.
Freedom was the gift that you unselfishly gave
There is no greater love than this,
No greater call.
No greater love at all.
Gone but never forgotten
Lest We Forget*

I now use the following poem on all of the deployments I do with Disaster Relief Australia in all of the disaster recovery work I do. I ask 5-6 members of each of the operational waves to read a number of verses. It is quite emotional and brings tears to those who read and also to those who are listening. I recently did four waves for a total of 38 days up around the Gold Coast and the first time we held a service at the Nerang RSL, members of the sub branch came and two of the grown men had to wipe away tear by the end of the reading.

The ANZAC on The Wall Author Jim Brown

*I wandered thru a country town 'cos I had time to spare,
And went into an antique shop to see what was in there.
Old Bikes and pumps and kero lamps, but hidden by it all,
A photo of a soldier boy - an Anzac on the Wall.
'The Anzac have a name?' I asked. The old man answered 'No,
The ones who could have told me mate, have passed on long ago.*



An Anzac Day reflection continued from previous page

The old man kept on talking and, according to his tale,
The photo was unwanted junk bought from a clearance sale.

'I asked around, ' the old man said, 'but no one knows his face,
He's been on that wall twenty years, deserves a better place.
For someone must have loved him so, it seems a shame somehow.'
I nodded in agreement and then said, 'I'll take him now.'

My nameless digger's photo, well it was a sorry sight
A cracked glass pane and a broken frame - I had to make it right
To prise the photo from its frame I took care just in case,
'Cause only sticky paper held the cardboard back in place.

I peeled away the faded screed and much to my surprise,
Two letters and a telegram appeared before my eyes
The first reveals my Anzac's name, and regiment of course
John Mathew Francis Stuart - of Australia's own Light Horse.

This letter written from the front, my interest now was keen
This note was dated August seventh 1917
'Dear Mum, I'm at Khalasa Springs not far from the Red Sea
They say it's in the Bible - looks like a Billabong to me.

'My Kathy wrote I'm in her prayers she's still my bride to be
I just can't wait to see you both you're all the world to me
And Mum you'll soon meet Bluey, last month they shipped him out
I told him to call on you when he's up and about.'

'That Bluey is a larrikin, and we all thought it funny
He lobbed a Turkish hand grenade into the CO's dunny.
I told you how he dragged me wounded in from no man's land
He stopped the bleeding closed the wound with only his bare hand.'

'Then he copped it at the front from some stray shrapnel blast
It was my turn to drag him in and I thought he wouldn't last
He woke up in hospital, and nearly lost his mind
Cause out there on the battlefield he'd left one leg behind.'

'He's been in a bad way mum; he knows he'll ride no more
Like me he loves a horse's back he was a champ before.
So Please Mum can you take him in, he's been like my brother
Raised in a Queensland orphanage he's never known a mother.'

But Struth, I miss Australia mum, and in my mind each day
I am a mountain cattleman on high plains far away
I'm mustering white-faced cattle, with no camel's hump in sight
And I waltz my Matilda by a campfire every night

I wonder who rides Billy, I heard the pub burnt down
I'll always love you and please say hooroo to all in town'.
The second letter I could see was in a lady's hand
An answer to her soldier son there in a foreign land

Her copperplate was perfect, the pages neat and clean
It bore the date November 3rd 1917.
'T'was hard enough to lose your Dad, without you at the war
I'd hoped you would be home by now - each day I miss you more'

'Your Kathy calls around a lot since you have been away
To share with me her hopes and dreams about your wedding day
And Bluey has arrived - and what a godsend he has been
We talked and laughed for days about the things you've done and seen'

'He really is a comfort, and works hard around the farm,
I read the same hope in his eyes that you won't come to harm.
Mc Connell's kids rode Billy, but suddenly that changed
We had a violent lightning storm, and it was really strange.'
'Last Wednesday just on midnight, not a single cloud in sight
It raged for several minutes, it gave us all a fright
It really spooked your Billy - and he screamed and bucked and reared
And then he rushed the sliprail fence, which by a foot he cleared'

'They brought him back next afternoon, but something's changed I fear
It's like the day you brought him home, for no one can get near
Remember when you caught him with his black and flowing mane?
Now Horse breakers fear the beast that only you can tame, '
'That's why we need you home son' - then the flow of ink went dry-
This letter was unfinished, and I couldn't work out why.
Until I started reading the letter number three
A yellow telegram delivered news of tragedy

Her son killed in action - oh - what pain that must have been
The Same date as her letter - 3rd November 17

This letter which was never sent, became then one of three
She sealed behind the photo's face - the face she longed to see.

And John's home town's old timers -children when he went to war
Would say no greater cattleman had left the town before.
They knew his widowed mother well - and with respect did tell
How when she lost her only boy she lost her mind as well.
She could not face the awful truth, to strangers she would speak
'My Johnny's at the war you know, he's coming home next week.'
They all remembered Bluey he stayed on to the end
A younger man with wooden leg became her closest friend

And he would go and find her when she wandered old and weak
And always softly say 'yes dear - John will be home next week.'
Then when she died Bluey moved on, to Queensland some did say
I tried to find out where he went, but don't know to this day
And Kathy never wed - a lonely spinster some found odd
She wouldn't set foot in a church - she'd turned her back on God
John's mother left no will I learned on my detective trail
This explains my photo's journey, that clearance sale
So I continued digging cause I wanted to know more
I found John's name with thousands in the records of the war
His last ride proved his courage - a ride you will acclaim
The Light Horse Charge at Beersheba of everlasting fame

That last day in October back in 1917
At 4pm our brave boys fell - that sad fact I did glean
That's when John's life was sacrificed, the record's crystal clear
But 4pm in Beersheba is midnight over here.....
So as John's gallant sprit rose to cross the great divide
Were lightning bolts back home a signal from the other side?
Is that why Billy bolted and went racing as in pain?
Because he'd never feel his master on his back again?

Was it coincidental? same time - same day - same date?
Some proof of numerology, or just a quirk of fate?
I think it's more than that, you know, as I've heard wiser men,
Acknowledge there are many things that go beyond our ken

Where craggy peaks guard secrets neath dark skies torn asunder
Where hoofbeats are companions to the rolling waves of thunder
Where lightning cracks like 303's and ricochets again
Where howling moaning gusts of wind sound just like dying men
Some Mountain cattlemen have sworn on lonely alpine track
They've glimpsed a huge black stallion - Light Horseman on his back.

Yes Sceptics say, it's swirling clouds just forming apparitions
Oh no, my friend you can't dismiss all this as superstition
The desert of Beersheba - or windswept Aussie range
John Stuart rides forever there - Now I don't find that strange.
Now some gaze at this photo, and they often question me
And I tell them a small white lie, and say he's family.
'You must be proud of him.' they say - I tell them, one and all,
That's why he takes the pride of place - my Anzac on the Wall.

About the author of The Anzac on The Wall...

Jim Brown went to Gallipoli in 1990 as a TV journalist to cover the 90th anniversary of the Gallipoli landings. Before departing, he visited the military archives in Canberra looking for photos for a documentary film. Here, a cardboard box was placed in front of him containing letters written to and from the war front. Jim made notes at that time and later in life became a bush poet. The trigger for this poem was the photograph of the Anzac on the Wall, which he has in his possession and carries with him when he performs the poem. This photo led him to incorporate the information gleaned from the letters saying the suffering of those waiting at home had not been written about enough, and time and again it seemed that those close to the land knew the very instant they had lost a loved one on the other side of the world. From those letters the poet wrote about the lightning storm, the horse bolting etc. Jim Brown says he is humbled that so many people have been moved by his poem, especially around Anzac Day. You can listen to it via this link: <https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=565857137368250>

Anzac Day commemorations with a dash of international flavour
Selected snapshots shared with us showing some of Stephen's deployments



Immediate left:
Baghdad 2008 ANZAC Dawn Service
at Oz Mil HQ.
Some of Stephen's team, Kiwis,
South Africans and Aussies.

Below: two photos from Rabaul:
At the Cenotaph and march past



Flies, filth and bully beef:

LIFE AT GALLIPOLI IN 1915

Instead of covering most of the familiar territory noted around this time each year, i.e. the ill-fated landings at Anzac Cove, we bring you the following article by Michelle Negus Cleary, Research Assistant, Mediterranean Studies, La Trobe University, released April 10, 2015 by arrangement with The Conversation AU. The Conversation, founded in Melbourne in 2011, now operates as a global network of evidence-based news sites with dedicated teams working in Indonesia, Spain, the UK, the US, France, Africa, Brasil and Canada. Their articles are free to read, free to republish and are widely regarded as a go-to source for credible, timely expertise that is used by everyone from educators to healthcare professionals, policymakers and other news organisations—and it goes without saying this is also a great boon for newsletter editors...AWM in the following captions indicates Australian War Memorial <https://theconversation.com/flies-filth-and-bully-beef-life-at-gallipoli-in-1915-39321>



Anzac soldiers line up for water parade, Gallipoli 1915. AWM

It has often been repeated that the lived existence of soldiers at Gallipoli in the 1915 campaign was extremely arduous. The soldiers' accounts and recent archaeological surveys of this best-preserved First World War battlefield illustrate just how inhumane and gruelling the conditions were for both Allied and Turkish soldiers.

CONDITIONS

Many factors contributed to making the Gallipoli battlefield an almost unendurable place for all soldiers. The constant noise, cramped unsanitary conditions, disease, stench, daily death of comrades, terrible food, lack of rest and thirst all contributed to the most gruelling conditions.

The Anzacs were literally clinging onto the edge of a cliff with the sea at their backs and the Turks occupying the higher ground. They were forced to dig extensive trench and tunnels systems and to endure a semi-subterranean existence of cramped and filthy living and working conditions under constant shellfire.

Incessant noise from shelling, bombing, artillery, machine-gun and rifle fire caused psychological and physiological problems for the soldiers. These included shell shock, stress from unceasing exposure to loud mechanical noises, hearing impairment and lack of sleep.

The cramped conditions and steep terrain left few safe places for men to rest in the front line on Second Ridge above Anzac Cove. Severe exhaustion from lack of sleep caused by the constant noise in front-line positions such as Silt Spur, Quinn's Post and Tasmania Post meant that many men fell asleep at their posts.

FOOD

Food was a major concern to Anzac soldiers. Much has been written about the food rations provided for the Anzacs at Gallipoli, including the dark, humorous odes to bully beef and impenetrably hard army biscuits in The Anzac Book.

There is no denying that the rations issued to the Anzacs provided very poor nutrition due to the unvarying diet of processed foods: canned meat (corned "bully" beef, bacon or Maconochie's beef stew), hard tack biscuits and watery jam. The diet was varied sometimes by sugar, condensed milk, rice and cocoa, but there was a

distinct lack of fresh fruit or vegetables for the Anzacs.

These rations were intended to be lived on for only short periods of time by British army divisions, not for extended months as was the case at Gallipoli. Living on these rations caused major health problems for the soldiers. So prevalent on the Anzac battlefields were the food cans in which these rations were issued that their remains can still be found around the sites of Anzac trenches and dugouts.

Not an easy objective to take by any man's estimation



The Turkish forces were provided with a wider variety of food. This was centrally prepared by cooks and consisted of fresh local foods, although it was often lacking in meat. French and



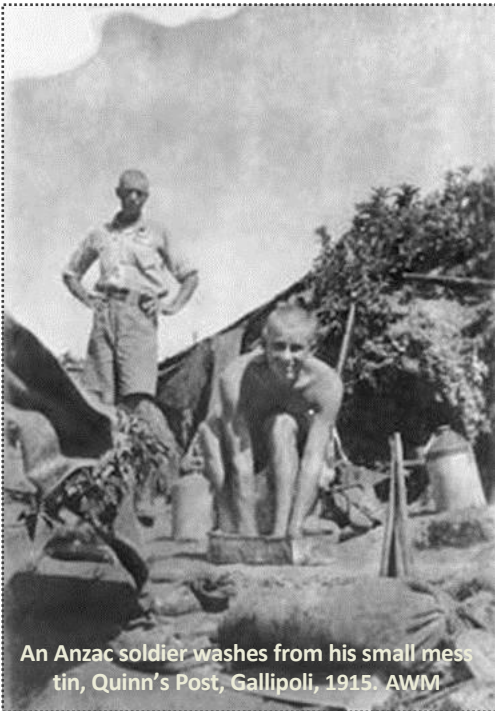
Anzac soldiers making 'biscuit porridge' in a trench at Gallipoli 1915. AWM

Indian divisions had much better rations than Anzacs, with more vegetables and bread.

DISEASE

The poor nutritional content of the British rations contributed to the physical decline of the Anzac and British troops at Gallipoli. The unappetising and unvaried diet affected the soldiers' morale and psychological well-being. It also increased their susceptibility to disease, which spread rapidly during the summer months of the campaign.

Disease swept through both Anzac and Turkish forces at Gallipoli. Dysentery, tetanus and septic wounds plagued the soldiers and necessitated the evacuation of thousands of men from the battlefield. The latrines were open and rudimentary.



An Anzac soldier washes from his small mess tin, Quinn's Post, Gallipoli, 1915. AWM

There were no bathing facilities and precious few opportunities to wash bodies or clothes. The lack of sanitation in the Anzac areas caused the rapid spread of dysentery, known as the "Gallipoli Gallop". The unburied corpses in and around the front-line areas were the perfect breeding ground for flies. These were almost unbearable in the summer months. The flies were so thick that soldiers could not eat without their biscuits and jam being blackened with flies.

Flies spread diseases rapidly through the troops living in cramped, over-crowded trenches and dugouts and unable

even to wash their hands. Lice were also a major problem for soldiers during the summer months.

OTHER FACTORS

The local water supply was very limited in the British-and Anzac-held areas of the peninsula. At Anzac Cove in particular, the water supply was a serious problem that contributed to the soldiers' ill-health and exacerbated the wretched sanitary conditions.

Soldiers in front-line positions were issued only small amounts of water per day and the water quality was poor. Thirst and dehydration were common amongst the men. Often their only drink was extremely strong black tea.

Other factors that characterised the life of soldiers during the 1915 conflict were psychological. These included homesickness, fear and anxiety, the constant threat of death, killing and grief at the loss of mates, brothers and comrades on a daily basis.

Overall, these were appalling conditions, which indicate the wholly

inadequate planning and response of the British and Allied military authorities to basic human needs and a failure in their duty of care to their soldiers. The Anzac soldiers earned the respect of others largely because of the projected image of their laconic good humour in the face of the most terrible circumstances.

However, some soldiers could not handle these conditions at all and understandably succumbed to mental, physical and emotional injuries, which continue to be marginalised or completely unacknowledged in the Anzac legend. The conditions took their toll on even the most stoic and fortunate of survivors, who felt the effects of their time at Gallipoli decades after the conflict.



You can listen to Michelle Negus Cleary speak about life on the battlefield below, in a podcast produced by La Trobe University.

- [War](#)
- [Military](#)
- [World War I](#)
- [Soldiers](#)
- [Gallipoli](#)
- [Anzac Centenary](#)

Relatives of a great many of us who returned from theatres of war (very much changed) in most cases spent the rest of their lives trying to spare families and loved ones the horrors they endured and rarely spoke of the things they had seen and done. Far too many others never returned and are buried in distant places, forever young but never forgotten by those who loved them. Lest we forget.

Thank you Eddie Wickham for the picture below of the Anzac Cove Memorial and Cemetery and Anzac Cove on the previous page and the poem, 'No Freedom Isn't Free' on page 16.



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Taking aim once more at humour in the trenches... 🤔👍

The difference between a good and bad *joke* is often very little. Each has the power to make us laugh. Some of the most famous comedians in the UK have made careers out of playing to full arenas with little more than deadpan gags. In 2019, Olaf Falafel won the Funniest Joke of The Fringe award with a brilliant short quip: "I keep randomly shouting out 'Broccoli' and 'Cauliflower' - I think I might have florets". It's about time we rooted out the very worst of the naff jokes that exist about the Armed Forces. It's equal opportunity too. Most branches of the armed services are represented with every bit of the predictable inter-departmental rivalry. Some of these jokes are so bad they are good so try not to strain your face too much with all that eye-rolling you are bound to do. The following comes from a British site but the humour resonates just as well.



🤔 POKING FUN AT EVERYONE

Three members of the Armed Forces find a scorpion in their tent:

The Royal Marine kills the scorpion.

The soldier picks up a radio and reports the presence of the scorpion.

The RAF officer calls the front desk and asks why there's a tent in his room.

Why do military personnel often marry lovers from the foreign countries in which they are deployed? Because when they finally come home, they get to leave their in-laws thousands of miles away.

"My friend is so successful! He does surgery, is a General, and was recently knighted by the Queen. We call him *SirGen*."

🤔 ROYAL NAVY FUN—HA!

Why could the sailors *not* play cards? The captain was sitting on the deck.

"I'm about to lose my job in the Royal Navy unless I make some drastic changes... I have to take a course in *anchor* management."

My dad said he joined the Royal Navy out of spite. He was a *petty* officer.

🤔 SOME AIMED AT THE ROYAL MARINES. SORRY GUYS

What do you call a Royal Marine who *can* read and write? "Sir!"

What do you call a Royal Marine with an IQ of 160? A platoon.

How do you keep a Royal Marine happy in his old age? Tell him a joke when he is young.

🤔 ARMY PERSONNEL GETTING THE BRUNT OF IT...

Why do Twitter users make bad soldiers? They are too quick to retweet.

What do you call a high-ranking officer who hates recycling? General Waste

What do you get when you drop a piano on a British Army officer? A-flat Major.

My friend asked why I would not tell him my military rank. I told him it's *Private*.

An off-duty soldier took a train. When the train reached its first stop, a general walked in, and the soldier stood up. The General said, "At ease soldier, sit down." The train reached its second stop, again the soldier stood up, and the General once again said, "At ease soldier, sit down." When the train reached its third stop, again, the soldier stood up. This time, the General looked at him and said, "You don't have to salute every time we reach a stop."

The soldier replied, "I want to get off, I missed my stop 2 stations ago."

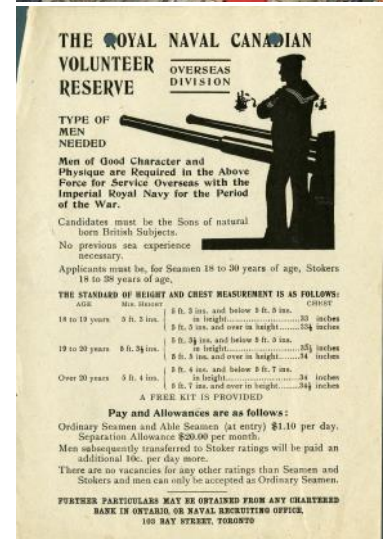
What do you call a soldier who never made it past boot camp? A Police Officer.

An Aussie soldier and an American soldier are pinned down in a firefight. The Aussie gets up and begins flailing his arms and laughing. When he gets back in the foxhole, the American says: "Did you come here to die?" The Aussie responds, "Nah, I came here yesterday."

Two low ranking soldiers were talking ... It was a *private* conversation.

Question: What do you call a shipment full of military-issued T-Rexes?

Answer: Small arms.



<https://www.forces.net/military-life/fun/23-military-jokes-so-bad-they-are-good>



PETER COVER 1947-2024

PETER RAYMOND COVER was born in Brisbane to parents Ray and Joan Cover on 7 July 1947. His parents lived on a family property, "Darlington Downs", near Meandarra. Here he spent his early years along with his brothers, Greg and Graham, and his sister, Cheryl. His first five years of schooling, he was taught by governesses but when a school bus became available, he went on to complete his primary education at Meandarra State School.

At age 12, in 1960, he went away to Gatton College—a big struggle for one so young—so his parents decided to change schools. He then attended Slade School in Warwick 1962-63 as a boarder until the age of 15. He always said "I don't know if I learnt too much but I could roll a pretty good cigarette by the time I left – anyway I only went to school to eat my lunch!"

Leaving school, Peter went to work for his father who had drawn a totally undeveloped soldiers settlement block, "Korinda". He soon learnt what hard work was. Sheep and cattle were run on "Korinda" but Peter's big interest was in farming. He share farmed 200 acres with his father—his farming plant, a Fordson Tractor and plough, together worth \$3000.

Peter's youngest brother, Graham, was 12 years younger than him so didn't really get to know him until he left school, recalling "In my younger days Peter always seemed to be a cranky bugger, but in the later years far from it. I remember when I was about 10, Peter came home for smoko and as I walked past the Land Rover, I saw his packet of cigarettes on the seat, borrowed one and went behind the shearer's quarters. As Pete came out he must have seen my smoke signals and headed my way. Luckily there was forage sorghum in the horse paddock close by that I hid in. He never mentioned it, and I never paid him back for the cigarette!

"Peter taught me to drive a tractor and basic mechanical skills which I use every day. He always liked to give a bit of cheek and liked a good old laugh normally with tears."

It was during this time that he joined the Rural Youth Organisation. This was a way for young people on the land to get together for fun, friendship and community involvement. There were dances and balls, field days etc.

Peter always told the story of the time he and Graham Fea decided to take a cake to a Weengallon Function. They came up with the idea that they would find a nice dry cow pat, ice it and enter it in the cake competition. Icing became a challenge as they kept getting green streaks through it. So back to the Westmar store they went for more icing sugar. Finally the cake was ready! The CWA ladies were so thrilled with the cake that they decided to auction it with the winner having to cut and share it around. When they cut the cake the dung beetles flew out...!

Peter was very involved in Royal Youth and held many positions at both area and state level. It was at a Rural Youth meeting that he

and Jan met. Jan recalls "I met Peter at a Rural Youth district meeting in 1968 in Yelarbon. He arrived in a leather coat which I thought a bit 'out there' for a conservative Darling Downs girl. He then proceeded, along with Robert Pietsch, to continually interject the meeting. I thought 'What a smarty pants!' At the dance afterwards, Peter asked me for a dance. By the end of the night he had me thinking this guy is not so bad after all".

A long distance courtship began (in those days, with no mobile telephones or internet, there were only party lines where everybody could listen in and the roads weren't all weather so going through mud and flooded creeks etc. was par of the course). Jan was sure that Peter won her family over before her! It must have worked as they married in January 1972!

Peter and Jan lived on "Korinda" in the shearer's quarters for four and a half years before purchasing "Caithness", a 3,000 acre property 22km north of Westmar in partnership with his mother. A small house, purchased from Meandarra, was moved onto the property for \$6,000 (with the clothesline!)

The first few years were very dry with little income but in 1978 a bumper wheat crop was grown. This crop enabled them to buy his mother out of the partnership. His father always said "There are two ships that should be avoided, the Titanic and partnerships!"

Two properties on either side were purchased restoring "Caithness" to its original 8,000 acres. Peter had achieved his dream. Sheep and cattle were also run on "Caithness". When wool was bringing a good price, he had a saying "Hate the sheep but love the wool cheque!" He loved his machinery much more than his sheep!

Much to his delight, Peter's first daughter Peta Elisabeth arrived in January 1979, then Inger-Jane in 1984. He helped establish the kindergarten at Westmar and was president of the P&C for some years. One fundraiser for the P&C was for an outdoor picture theatre—a big screen in the middle of a paddock with parents rostered to run the projector and the sound system...to wind the windows down in your car! Sometimes movie reels got mixed up with the end starting at the beginning. This usually depended on how much time was spent at the bar before manning the projector!

In 1994 Peter was elected to the Tara Shire Council, a position he for held for 10 years which meant a lot of driving—123 km one way—and long days usually from 6a.m. (so he could inspect some roads along the way) until after 9p.m.

Peter had a great passion for politics. He joined the Young Country Party when he was 17 and received his 50 year certificate a few years ago. He was involved with every election over the last 50 years and spent some years on Central Council of the National Party, continuing to hand out how-to-vote cards even in retirement.

Family life was always important. When not working on weekends, during summer he would hook up the ski boat and head to St George – an hour and a half away – to enjoy a day or weekend of waterskiing. It was a wonderful family sport and meeting place for many friends. To begin with, it was the blind leading the blind especially getting onto one ski or bare-footing but the girls would still be begging for just one more ski even though the street lights were on! To keep Peter awake on the drive home, the tape deck would be blasting out songs from Tina Turner and Fleetwood Mac. The family all looks back on this period as a very special and fun time.

In 2002 Peter was diagnosed with Chronic

Lymphatic Leukemia which often affected his ability to physically work long hours. He had fully developed "Caithness" so he was reluctant to see it slide backwards. He made the difficult decision to sell and move on to retirement in Toowoomba, grieving his beloved "Caithness" for five or more years. However, after seeing the fuel and chemical bills of his farming mates he decided he was over it – retired life wasn't so bad after all.

When choosing a house in Toowoomba, Peter looked for one close enough to be able to walk for a newspaper and coffee. Most mornings during his 17 years in East Street he did just that although bike riding took over from walking. Three mornings a week he and a friend, Kerry, set out together on their 37km bike ride. They also enjoyed riding rail trails which he and Jan did together here, in Victoria, and South Australia.

Peter's camping bug was born in 2009 with an invitation to join a group of friends travelling the Canning Stock Route. This was quite a challenge for someone who had never done a camping trip before. With some encouragement from Jan, they successfully completed the trip. His passion for outback travel was ignited! Peter and Jan clocked up over 150,000km around Australia, preferring two off road caravans over tenting.

Peter's great love for trains probably began when he would stay with his grandmother in Brisbane. She owned an old Queenslander situated right beside the railway line at Milton. They had to put chicken wire over the windows so he wouldn't fall out while watching the trains go by. Consequently, train travel was very much a part of overseas trips. Asked which were his favourite trips he would always reply with The Silk Road – Beijing to Moscow travelling through the "Stans" and The Trans Siberian Vladivostok to Moscow.

Peter and Jan enjoyed many trips abroad together and had other adventures too. Kerry and Peter were both determined to keep them young and fit.

In 2022 they rafted the Franklin River over eight days with no luxury camping. They slept on the river bank with no hot showers etc. It was sometimes confronting and challenging but it was an amazing trip in the pristine wilderness of Tasmania. Just before Xmas Peter and Jan went again with Peter and Kerry, this time walking the Overland Track in Tasmania. They trained for five months with a 10kg backpack. Once again it was challenging but amazing. Peter was 25 years older than most of the group. After completion he would tell everyone that he definitely had bragging rights!

At home Peter volunteered as a courtesy bus driver for the Cancer Council Olive McMahon Lodge. This he did for 12 years. He loved the interaction with many country people he transported to and from treatment. He was a member of the Probus Club and played lawn bowls for a few hours on a Tuesday with fellow country men. He loved the company but always said bowls was a challenge.

Peter adored his beautiful Grandchildren, Nyah, Keely, Wyley, Wilbur and Winston, spoiling and being around them as much as possible.

He loved people and helping anyone he could. He had many friendships and places that were important to him. These included the Westmar community and the East Street neighborhood.

Settled happily in East Street, looking out over scenic escarpment views and beautiful neighbours was Peter's perfect retirement.

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He always liked to give a bit of cheek and a good old laugh



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 Facebook page has 571 members as of April 1, 2024 and is helping keep us all connected

Last Word...

This year marks 109 years since the fateful 1915 Anzac landings at what is now known as Anzac Cove. One glance at the rugged terrain this fighting force from "Downunder" was commanded to capture illustrates the enormity and sheer impracticality of the task. Nevertheless, with no tactical victory ever able to be claimed, eight arduous months later, when troops were withdrawn between December 15th and 20th, the history of the strategically critical Gallipoli Peninsular had been rewritten.

Senior management among the British command, having failed to secure their objective, and urgently needing reinforcements on the Western Front and at Salonika, redeployed the remaining weary troops but not before a legend had been born. Simpson and his donkey and Bill the Bastard, the liquorice-loving packhorse who carried Simpson's body on its final trek down from where much of the most intense fighting took place, are just two of the extraordinary figures to emerge and become part of the newly minted history of Gallipoli, a place quite foreign, and almost unpronounceable, to Australians and New Zealanders prior to 1915.

It is a sad fact but inescapably true, that freedom, like many of the other privileges we enjoy, is a boon we rarely dwell upon or properly value until we don't have it any more. Historically, when this happens, it is frequently because freedom is forcibly taken away and brings about a radical change in circumstances. This might include loss of livelihood, and even imprisonment but overwhelmingly, armed conflicts, hostile acquisition of territory and subsequent desperate struggles to protect and preserve freedoms brings sharp clarity to what this really means.

Until Australians had become part of the Boer War in South Africa, 1809-1902, and shortly afterwards in World War I, 1914-1918, foreign conflicts seemed safely remote from our shores and freedoms able to be removed due to open warfare featured dimly on the radar of most.

The Gallipoli campaign and protracted fighting in Europe brought the imminent peril of lost freedom into sharp relief. The loss of life and hardships endured by those left at home to manage as best they could, caused a change in the consciousness of the nation in the most brutal fashion. It was understood like never before how precious and fragile peace and freedom can be. Sadly, this remains an ongoing reality in 2024.

NO, FREEDOM ISN'T FREE

I watched the flag pass by one day,
it fluttered in the breeze.
A young serviceman saluted it,
and then he stood at ease.
I looked at him in uniform,
so young, so tall so proud.
With hair cut square and eyes alert,
he'd stand out in any crowd.
I thought how many men like him
had fallen through the years.
How many died on foreign soil,
how many mothers' tears?
How many pilots lost,
how many soldiers' graves,
how many died at sea?
No, freedom isn't free.

I heard the bugle one night,
when everything was still.
I listened to the bugler play
and felt a sudden chill.
When a flag had draped a coffin
of a brother or a friend.
Sadly his life had come to an end.
I thought of all the children,
of the mothers and the wives.
Of fathers, sons and husbands
with interrupted lives.
I thought of unmarked graves
and a graveyard
at the bottom of the sea.
No, freedom isn't free.

Kelly Strong copyright 1981

Kelly Strong composed this poem when he was a senior at Homestead High School in Homestead, Florida, serving as a Junior ROTC (Reserve Officers' Training Corps) cadet. The poem was written as a tribute to his father, a career marine who served two tours in Vietnam. It is often quoted on Memorial Days. Kelly is now a married father of three and resides in Mobile, Alabama. He is retired from the Coast Guard after 24 years service and is a Captain at a major U.S. Airline.