



PRESIDENT'S PIECE

There certainly has been a lot happening with History Redcliffe since our last Newsletter. Our committee members have been very busy ensuring that all events ran smoothly.

The first was the High Tea during the Redcliffe Remembers Festival in September. This was organised by MBRIT and staffed by our members. There were about 33 people who attended and everybody enjoyed themselves. All of the ladies were dressed for the occasion and looked great.

Prior to the High Tea I was asked to take part in the reenactment of the first landing as the organising group were short of convicts. I duly donned the convict outfit and for the next hour I did as I was told.

Our members lunch this year was again a successful event organised by the ladies on the committee. Certainly nobody went hungry as there was plenty of very tasty food. A few of our members told stories of times gone by which was enjoyable.

Our committee members also took part in a stall at the official opening of the Kippa-Ring railway line from Petrie which was opened by the Premier, the Mayor and the Prime Minister. After the obligatory speeches which did not go on for too long some of our members including myself went on the first train ride. One of our members Ian Harding has written an article later in this Newsletter so I will leave it there except to mention the weather. In our stand we have set up many photographs of Redcliffe and the adjoining areas. There was even a map showing the location of the proposed railway line which looked decades old. These created a lot of interest and everything was going well until the early afternoon when the wind and the rain came. The wind blew the rain inside the tent and we had little option but to pack up the tent and leave. All the visitors on the day did the same.

Our cent auction went well again this year thanks to the hard work of many members and volunteers. Numbers were down this year but those that came spent up big and our profit was similar to last year which is a healthy profit.

We have had some interesting guest speakers this year and thanks to Paul Woodcock and Margaret Harding for organising them. Next year is a new challenge to keep up the high standard of speakers. Paul has organised Helen Brackin for our February meeting to talk about the Commissariat Store and early Moreton Bay.

Most members would know by now that the Museum is expanding and the room we have at the eastern side of the museum will no longer be available to us as the museum is expanding to the east. Council have been trying to find a suitable place that we could use as a meeting room and this has been difficult. Council representatives spoke to the committee at our last meeting and have suggested that we occupy part of the Frank Ferron shed at the rear of the museum. The committee is considering this option and will advise Council soon whether this shed will be suitable for History Redcliffe needs.

Paul Woodcock recently received a booklet on Captain Henry Miller which was presented to the Moreton Bay Library. More information on this is later in our newsletter under the heading Captain Henry Miller.

Our Christmas meeting is this Friday and I hope those who can attend will have a good time and know all the answers to the trivia that our ladies have compiled. May I take this opportunity to wish you all a Happy Christmas and may 2017 be a good year for you all.

Inside this issue:

PRESIDENT'S PIECE	1
Errol Deller	
PART TWO- BILL DEVON-SHIRE AUTOBIOGRAPHY	2-4
RAILWAY LINE- IAN HARDING	5
PHOTOGRAPHY	6
CENT AUCTION- JANET FRANKLIN	7
HENRY MILLER- PAUL WOODCOCK	8
FIONA DOYLE- IN THE PAPERS	9
COMMITTEE MEMBERS LIST	10
FOR YOUR DIARY	11

The RHS aims to
Research -
Collect -
Evaluate -
Preserve -
Inform -
Promote -
Honour -

Autobiography of Bill Devonshire "Early Days" — Part Two estimated to have been written mid to late 1970's

When I was twenty-one I joined the Police Force, was registered and sworn in. When I joined it wasn't revealed that I was a registered policeman. I found out when I was 52 years old, and nominated to be a Justice of the Peace. The police had to take my life story and one dubbed me "The Silent Cop"! Many of my readers will remember the term "silent cop" for the little white mounds at road intersections. Vehicles had to drive around the "cop" to avoid cutting corners. I was just as silent and like them I did not receive any pay for my job as a policeman. Of course I never really worked as a policeman.

I was a forgotten member of the police force and in fact did not do any other service other than accompany Constable Bidner of Cecil Plains one evening. We went out to a dance to keep order and broke up a fight between some young larrikins who were belting each other with fence palings.

After I joined the police force I went back to Cecil Plains. Soon after the depression started and so I took to the road and headed for Dalby. When I arrived there the police gave me a job scrub-felling at Bell. When I finished that job I was given another contract at Canaga, near Chinchilla for Mr Charlie Widdon. I was to ringbark and fell the Wilgo and small brigalow scrub around his property. It was a fairly dangerous job-Jack Bertwhistle of Jandowae was pinned to the ground by a tree of eight inches diameter whilst we were working there and I too nearly met my end.

I was pulling a Wilgo tree out from between two 'brigalows'. I held a fork-shaped limb, pulled it and it came out suddenly, one side of the fork falling on each shoulder. The Wilgo tree fell towards me, the fork closed on my neck and I tripped into a melon hole and was thrown about nine feet away.

My neck was badly swollen – and since there were no x-rays in those days the doctor I saw mistook my injury for a bad case of mumps! Although barely able to speak I managed to explain about the accident but the only remedy the doctor gave me was the application of liniment. After three months the swelling had subsided, but I was still unable to turn my head to the left or right. Unhappily, at the time I was courting my wife and when she put her arms around my neck it caused a great deal of pain.

I made a number of friends at Canaga and joined both the tennis and cricket clubs. After a cricket game one day Mr Walter Bridgeman told me that he had been having trouble with dingoes on his property, and that he had to get home to muster the sheep or the dingoes would have a good feed. I explained to him how to set traps for dingoes but he was unsuccessful.

The country was still suffering from the depression at this time, so I was engaged in a number of somewhat unusual activities in order to make a living. A few weeks after I met Mr Bridgeman I was fishing near his property with Eli Englebrecht, a mate of mine. Mr Bridgeman came down and asked me if I could set the traps for the dingoes for him. Eli and I had other arrangements and I explained this, but Eli spoke up and said that he could "hold the fort" until I returned in about four days. The trapping went well. I selected a spot where two cattle pads joined to form a Y shape, and placed one trap on the single pad and set a trap on each of the forks about 100 yards back from the join. Next morning at sunrise the neighbour's son cantered up to the homestead with the killer dingo slung across his saddle. That same morning I rejoined Eli back at camp to start work wallaby shooting.

Two days later Walter sent a lad down with a message that there was another killer dog. A lot of sheep had been torn at and about half a dozen had been killed, and Walter wanted me again. I started off towards the house, about three miles across country, and at the corner boundary fence I noticed about five differently sized dog tracks, indicating something rather more than another killer dog. My stay ended up lasting a fortnight, and I accounted for another 11 dogs.

Soon after this, I got a request from a Mr Surgess of Miles to try to trap a dog at his place. The dog had been causing quite a bit of damage and four trappers had tried in the preceding two years to trap it. None had had any success. For three days I searched for the dog's tracks; all I found were some old tracks in a back paddock. I was beginning to think that the dog must have taken a bait, but I set some traps in the paddock anyway. Then about mid-day on a Tuesday I found some fresh tracks near the front gate of the house, going down the road. I immediately collected the traps from the paddock and set them about 100 yards from the house on the road. We asked the neighbours not to use the road near the house, but to follow a cut track around it. That night, whilst we were listening to the radio, the owner's son came in and told us that there was a fox in the trap-of course it was really a dog. I picked up the rifle and ran down to the trap and shot the dog. Mr Sturgess had followed me but he got his foot caught in a trap and was thrown onto the sand. However he was still so delighted at the killing of the dog that he got up and hugged me!

Recently, at 65 years of age (c1971), I went trapping again, at Gatton, and accounted for two dogs one night and another dog two nights later. It seems I haven't lost my touch.

When I returned to my mate Eli we decided to go 'roo shooting. We gathered together all we had -35 shillings, a loaf of bread, a two pound tin of treacle, salt and pepper and some tea and sugar-and we were off. In those days travelling around the country areas of Queensland was not for tourists. We had to contend with roads pitted with melon holes and sometimes covered with water, and dealing with snakes and death adders was all in a day's work. It could take all afternoon to go just a few miles.

We were pretty successful. At Charlies Creek, near the junction of the Nudley and Canaga roads, we met a Mr Allen who offered us 2/- a scalp for every 'roo we shot on his property (they were eating his wheat) and allowed us to keep the skins. We shot 28 and the sale of skins to Ted Twomey, a skin buyer of Slessors Store, Chinchilla, fetched us £2. We felt like millionaires.

We went to Miles then, but after shooting a couple of dozen 'roos I developed an abscess in the throat and was put into Miles Hospital. It was lanced twice, but still very painful so I decided to go back to Chinchilla to see Dr Hill. He also lanced it, but again there was no relief, so I was sent by ambulance into hospital where the abscess was cured.

When I came out of hospital Eli had returned from Miles where he had been shooting and had decided to get married. Eli was a good friend and 40 years later I was speaking of him to a Mr and Mrs Budden whom I had met. They had lived around Charlies Creek where Eli and I were 'roo shooting. I remember the area well. Eli went down to the creek to fish one night and I went on the prow to see what we could get from the neighbouring properties. I found a cream stand opposite the house of Mr Abe Parnell where we camped, and I took some of the cream. When I went to pay Mr Parnell he told me it wasn't his cream at all but belonged to the farmer a mile or so up the road. He refused to take money saying the other bloke wouldn't mind so long as the can was closed. I went up the road to see Mr Budden (the next farmer) and told him about taking the cream and said that I had offered to pay Mr Parnell. When Mr Budden heard this tale he started to laugh. I thought it was amusing, but not that funny and I wondered what I had said. Well of course, guess who's cream it was – Mr Buddens. Life is full of these funny little episodes that link up somewhere in its progress.

With the money I had left, I returned to my relatives in Toowoomba to look for a job, and then went to my sister Jessie at Harristown. When I arrived there, Jess was talking to a very well dressed woman, and on Jess's suggestion I went to the pantry for something to eat. I asked her who was the "lardy-da tart". She was Vida Stuart, a nurse with a nursing home – and little did I know that 3 months later she would be my wife!

THE HONEYMOON AND AFTER – CHAPTER 2

Nurse Stuart was stationed in Toowoomba, but those next 3 months found me just as much as a wanderer. Bill Beckett, my brother-in-law with whom I'd spent so many wonderful holidays at the hotel in Hodgson, was working at Bangalow Station near Goondiwindi. Together we built a dog-proof fence and a verandah at the station. But the nurse was not too far from my thoughts. At every opportunity we went down to Toowoomba. We had to go for provisions fairly regularly and it seemed heaven-sent to us love birds.

Three months is a fairly short time but we knew what we wanted. I'd seen a lot of places and met a lot of people, but Toowoomba held my nurse and when she agreed to be my wife we didn't take very long to fix the date. We were married on 27th December 1935 a new year was about to begin and for me a new and very full life.

The wedding breakfast passed fairly uneventfully; with so many friends to wish us well we could not have had a happier beginning. But like newlyweds everywhere people must tease them a little. We packed the car and left for Brisbane. We'd only gone as far as Helidon before we met a group of friends who wanted to 'rag' us a little. There they were stretched across the road hand in hand to greet us. We had no choice but to stop or we would have run them down. And the human string crowded around offering us their best wishes. I was not a drinker but we were there for about half an hour while they drank our health. They seemed determined to keep us there and I had quite a job getting the car keys back. Eventually I found the publican had them and so we were away again.

This time we got only as far as Gatton before we were again stopped. The same crew had gone on ahead and the publican had promised to delay us. Well by this time they were a merry party and it took all our efforts to get away a second time. But the joke was on them for as we drove away I noticed my brother painting "just married" on a car identical to ours. I'll never forget how astonished he looked as we passed and waved, but imagine how bewildered the people who really owned the car must have been.

Arriving at Brisbane, we discovered that not all of the pranks had been unsuccessful. After a hard stare from a policeman we discovered an old boot trailing behind our car, tied onto the back axel. Perhaps it would it have been better if Joe had chosen the correct car to paint; people would then have known we were honeymooners, and not merely eccentric. But if the policeman was in doubt, the staff of our hotel were not – when we opened our bags we found them liberally stuffed with rice & confetti, which Vida swept into a corner. The staff knew we were honeymooners for sure..

After our honeymoon my wife and I returned to Toowoomba to a grand reception from our relatives. During the ensuing celebration, my brother-in-law Doug Stuart and I were wrestling on the front lawn. (I must remind the reader that I was still suffering from a dislocated neck from my accident while scrub felling). When he applied a 'half-nelson' there was a loud crack and the vertebra snapped back into place. I miracle, I thought, but it ended a great deal of pain and I was grateful to feel 'normal' again.

My wife continued to nurse, and as a temporary job I delivered parcels. While at Toowoomba I joined the 25th Battalion Company stationed there, and attended drill one night a week. Shooting with the battalion I won the Strand Trophy and missed winning the Kings Shoot at Roma by one point. I still shoot, but only go to a couple a year now.

When Vida gave up nursing I went gold prospecting in the Pratten-Thams Creek area. I toiled hard for two years, but was no better off at the end of the period than when I started. I still have a small piece of gold made into a tie-pin, and a few specks of fine gold. The work was hard and long. All day I would drill holes down a shaft following a lead of gold, and at the end of the day put a charge in them, placing a match (wax in those days) with its head down into the split fuse. I would then light them, climb out of the shaft and wait for the explosion. Next morning I would go in with my wife (with daughter in pram) to the shaft. I would climb down the shaft and fill the buckets, while my wife at the winch above would wind up the mullock and stone and tip.

I eventually got down to forty-two feet, and after breaking up the reef, found a specimen stone covered with fine gold, about sixteen inches long, nine inches wide and eight inches thick. I hauled it to the surface and took a sample home to test and show to my wife. As I left I noticed a man camped nearby watching me. He must have guessed my reason for going home early, for when I returned the sample was gone. It would have contained a few ounces of gold. Maybe his need was greater than mine.

I guess we should give people benefit of the doubt, but my need at that time, now that we had a child, seemed very great to Vida and myself. But I have never let incidents like this stop me from trusting people. The world will be a sad place if everything is under lock and key and every person under suspicion.

In Reedy Creek I found some alluvial gold, one panning one and a half ounces in two hours. But then the rains came, filling the shaft and the creek. It took two hours to bail, by hand, the forty-two foot tunnel and when I had finished the rains again had filled the tunnel. I bailed it again and once again the rains filled it. After I had finished bailing it for the third time, the collar around the shaft collapsed and I gave up. The shaft is still there, with twisted timbers protruding at angles across what was once a good shaft.

I worked three months with another chap, opening up a new shaft to get to an old one. We had to drill through material known as 'grey wake' which looks like a cross between blue metal and flint. We tried to cut the old shaft but at the ninety-two foot level had missed it by three feet. Still, we were able to get into the old tunnel – but it was too awkward to work. Once at the sixty foot level I set some charges, and started climbing up. At the thirty-five foot mark my belt broke and my trousers fell down around my boots. I just managed to get them up (with difficulty since I was holding onto a ladder) and get to the top of the shaft and out through the entrance when the charge exploded, showering me with rubble. I could not have survived had I stayed on the ladder. No doubt about it, I've had more than my share of luck. Despite the toil and the tedium and the danger of gold prospecting, once struck with 'the fever' you never really get it out of your bloodstream. I can feel a sort of temperature rising now.

They were hard days – and gold mining was never an easy job. Strange that it should have such fascination. However they were happy days as I look back on them and perhaps that's the way they should stay in my memory. Never-the-less I am often tempted to go back to the goldfields and setup some modern equipment and take some ore containing gold that was left behind. I am confident that there is a good lot of gold left in shafts in ore that was not rich enough then but which would provide a good return today. Gold then fetched about £12 per ounce (\$24); today up to \$130.



This memorable opening day was on 3 October 2016, over 130 years after local residents started the quest for such a transport facility. After speeches by politicians to the assembled citizens, the Prime Minister, Malcolm Turnbull, Queensland Premier Annastacia Palaszczuk and Moreton Bay Region Mayor Allan Sutherland, cut the ribbon. Soon afterwards the VIP train departed for Petrie and then returned to Kippa Ring without stopping at stations along the way. All later trains throughout the day stopped at all stations....Rothwell, Mango Hill East, Mango Hill, Murrumba Downs and Kallangur.

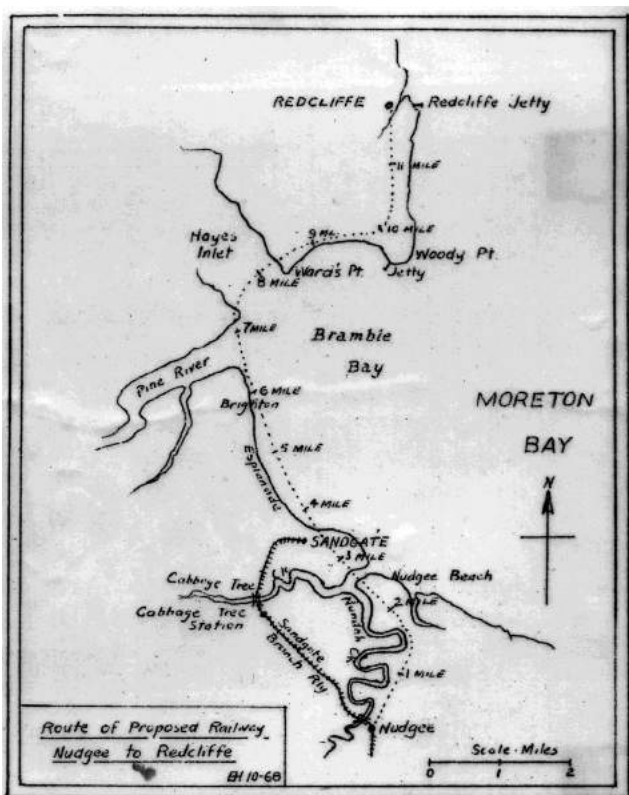
It has been recorded as far back as 1884 that a request had been made to the Minister for Railways to establish a line to Humpybong but no reply had been received. A deputation visited the Minister for Public Works in 1885, requesting a survey for a rail link. In 1891 the Redcliffe Divisional Board approached the State Premier Sir Samuel Griffith with a plan to fund construction of the rail link.

A route from Sandgate was then proposed. This idea was revived in 1974 when suggestions from the Rail for Redcliffe committee (formed in September of that year) proposed that the rail route might branch off from the Sandgate line at Boondall, cross Sandgate Road and follow the recently opened Deagon Deviation Road. The rail would cross Hays Inlet and proceed to Kippa Ring. In December 1976 Mr J Houghton MLA (Redcliffe) announced that Cabinet had agreed to an \$80000 feasibility study of a rail link.

In 1978 the Metropolitan Transport Authority recommended a public transport corridor between Petrie and Kippa Ring as an extension of the suburban rail system. Enough land was resumed during the 1980s for the rail corridor and stations at Mango Hill, Rothwell and Kippa Ring.

In 2003 the Petrie to Kippa Ring Transport Corridor Study recommended a heavy rail line costing up to \$300 million along the preserved corridor. Finally in 2009 all three levels of Government agreed it was time for the line, and they formalized their commitment in December 2010. Construction started in 2013.

Reference: various issues of the Redcliffe Herald-further information available in a Redcliffe Museum display.



Photography



Top Middle: First day train at Kippa-Ring Station

Right: Springfield Train



Above: Taken in 2010 on land which is now covered by the railway and the station at Kippa-Ring

Below: Pictures from High Tea during the Redcliffe Remembers Festival in September



Once again History Redcliffe held its annual Cent Auction in November, and I am happy to report that it was a most successful event.

There were many positive comments from those in attendance as to how much they had enjoyed themselves, AND , we made a profit.

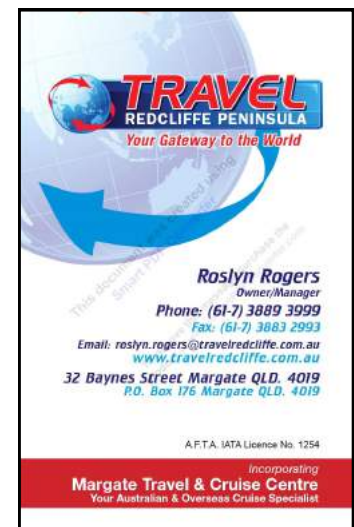
My sincere thanks to everyone who helped out on the day and in the weeks before .

All of the items were beautifully presented, thanks to our 'Wednesday Wrappers '.

Thanks also to Linda Roberts who did a fantastic job as our M. C.

This year, many local businesses were approached , and we were delighted with the generous response from most of them. I would like to list those businesses here, so that members can keep them in mind when shopping etc.

Vyapari Homewares.	Redcliffe
Coffee Club.	Redcliffe
Hogs Breath.	Redcliffe
Reef Point Cafe.	Redcliffe
Chemist Warehouse.	Redcliffe
Colours 121 (gift shop).	Redcliffe
Vast.	Redcliffe
Loot.	Redcliffe
Scarborough Farmers Market	Oxley Ave. Scarborough.
Redcliffe Nursery.	Snook St.



Also, our local pollies were extremely generous and we thank them sincerely....

James Houghton, Koliانا Winchester, Yvette D' Arth and Luke Howarth.

Thanks also to our many members who attended the Cent Auction and contributed to its success.

Janet Franklin

Captain Henry Miller (then Lieutenant) was the commandant of Queensland's first European settlement at Redcliffe in 1824. He was born in Ireland in 1785 where he joined the 40th Regiment of Foot in 1808. He fought with the regiment against Napoleon in Spain and at Waterloo and was at the Battle of New Orleans.

In July 1823, he sailed with the regiment to New South Wales on the Isabella. In September, 1824 on the Amity, he led the expedition of government officials, soldiers and their families and convicts to form a settlement at Redcliffe. This settlement was moved to Brisbane in May 1825 and in August 1825 Miller returned to Sydney from where he was relocated to Hobart.

After a posting in India, he returned to England where he sold his commission for £200 in 1835. He had served with the regiment for twenty-seven years serving on four continents and in some of the most famous battles in history.

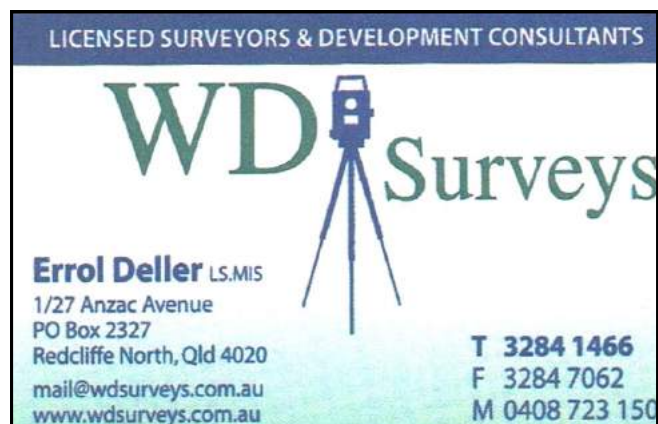
The family returned to Hobart in 1835 living in Campbell Street. After his wife Jane died in 1840 Henry remarried. He died in 1866 and is buried in Cornelian Bay Cemetery in Hobart.

Paul Woodcock on behalf of History Redcliffe presented a copy of "The Family of Captain Henry

Miller" to Clinton Johnston, Moreton Bay Library representative, for the Local History Room at the

Redcliffe Library. The book was commissioned by Quentin Miller, the great, great grandson of Henry

Miller and researched and compiled by Browyn Cunnington



Fiona Doyle—In the Papers

In the papers: Christmas on the Peninsula

The Brisbane Courier, Monday 23rd December, 1901, p4.

Christmas Moonlight Trip

The steamer Emerald will leave the Humpybong Steamship Company's Wharf at 7.30 o'clock this (Monday) evening for a, moonlight trip and band concert to the Pile Light, returning at 10.30 p.m., in time for all suburban trains.

The Brisbane Courier, Saturday 24th December, 1910, p10.

St. Mary's Sunday School, Redcliffe.

A pleasant, evening was spent in the (Redcliffe Hall on Thursday evening, the occasion being the annual Christmas tree of St. Mary's Anglican Sunday School (writes our Redcliffe correspondent). Upwards of 150 adults and children were present. Miss Hayes (superintendent of the Sunday school) had charge of the arrangements. Miss Howell acted as "Santa Claus," and each child received a present. A programme of music was provided, and refreshments were served. Three cheers were given for Miss Hayes, and a very pleasant evening was brought to a close.

The Brisbane Courier, Thursday 29th December, 1927, p15.

Christmas Trees.

The Christmas trees organised by the Ladies' Guilds of the Church of England at Woody Point and Redcliffe were in every way successful, in spite of the inclement weather. The Woody Point Christmas tree, which was held, on Tuesday afternoon and night in the Memorial School of Arts was organised by Mesdames Bentley, Cox, and Minto. During the afternoon a sale of work was, hold, when the stalls disposed of most of their goods. On Wednesday afternoon and evening the scene changed to the Pier Picture Pavilion, Redcliffe, where even a greater measure of success attended the efforts of the Ladies' Guild of St. Mary's, Redcliffe, where the evening closed with a dance, which was kept up till midnight. The ladies in charge of the stalls were:- Ladies' Guild stall, Mesdames Knowles, Peacock, and Ron Blank; refreshments, Mesdames Haywood, Adams, Ashmole, Meredith; sweets, Mesdames J. Cutts and A. W. King; dips, the Misses R. King and M. Bradbury; soft drinks, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Farrington. Mr. A McKenzie acted as Father Christmas.

Humpybong Weekly and Advertiser, Thursday 3rd January, 1929, p3.

Rash Act

A young man named Robert Bridge caused some excitement by Redcliffe on Christmas Day at leaping into the sea from the deck of the Doomba, fully dressed, when she had pulled away from the wharf a distance of about 40 yards. A lifebuoy was thrown to the swimmer after he had abandoned the attempt to reach the shore, and he was hauled upon to the pier.



OUR FRONT ROW WILL SAVE YOU MORE!

Northstar Motor Group
www.nsmg.com.au
GOING TO BUY A NEW CAR?
MAKE IT ONE OF OUR CARS!
PHONE: 3480 8600

Jeep DODGE CHEROKEE AAMI STEEDEN

COMMITTEE MEMBER CONTACT LIST

CHAIR PERSON	Errol Deller	3284 1466 - W 0408 723 150 - M	errol@wdsurveys.com.au
SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT	Pat Gee	3203 7969	patgee45@gmail.com
JUNIOR VICE PRESIDENT	Cheryl Salisbury	3284 3444 0408 452 265	cheryl@jsalisbury@gmail.com
TREASURER	Lidia Langtree	3284 1466–W Wed–Fri	lidia@wdsurveys.com.au
SECRETARY	Rae Frawley	3284 4296	rae@raemelda.com
COMMITTEE	David Walker	3204 7259	happyreturns@bigpond.com
COMMITTEE	Janet Franklin	3889 4195	Janet.r.franklin@gmail.com
COMMITTEE	Patricia Spillman	3284 5795	basnpat@optusnet.com.au
COMMITTEE	Cheryl Ellis		chezza28@gmail.com

NEW MEMBERS

It's always a pleasure to welcome new members to our Society.

Invite a Guest

MEETINGS

The Society meets on the second Friday of each month at 2.00 pm generally at the Terry Walker room of the Cultural Centre, Irene Street, Redcliffe. We feature a guest speaker to cover a wide variety of topics and this is followed by the handling of general business. Afternoon tea is then served. This is a pleasant environment and Members are encouraged to invite friends as a guest. Visitors are made very welcome.

The Annual General Meeting is held in the month of August each year.

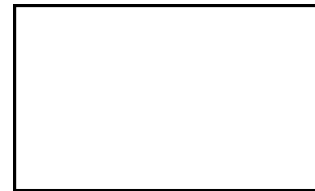
For details and the venue of our next meeting, please see "For your Diary" on the back page of this newsletter OR visit "Calendar of Events" on our website www.redcliffehistoricalsociety.com

If undeliverable return to

History Redcliffe

PO Box 370

REDCLIFFE QLD 4020



2016/2017

For your Diary

Month	Members Meeting/Venue	Management Meeting/Venue	Guest speaker	Function/event	Newsletter
DECEMBER	Friday 9th Terry Walker Room, Redcliffe Cultural Centre, 2pm	No Meeting	Various entertainment & trivia		
JANUARY	No Meeting	Tuesday 24th January at Redcliffe Library			
FEBRUARY	Friday 10th Terry Walker Room, Redcliffe Cultural Centre, 2pm	Tuesday 28th January at Redcliffe Library	Helen Brackin— Commissariat store & early Moreton Bay		

OUR SUPPORT TEAM

Society Patrons: Ray Frawley OAM & Paul Woodcock

Hon Solicitor: Hilton Misso

Auditor: John Dixon

Photographer: Ian Harding Tel: 3284 0028