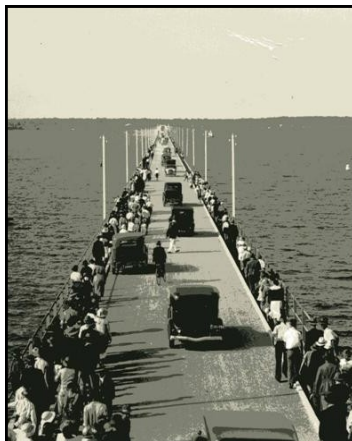




PRESIDENT'S PIECE



September is upon us and at last winter is gone. I have never had so much sickness at work as I experienced this year. It has been a bad winter for coughs and colds. One of the worst parts of the illness is that it took most people three weeks to recover. I hope that you were one of the lucky ones that avoided the sickness. I thought I had succeeded in avoiding a cold but came down with one this week. I hope it goes quickly. In other words goodbye winter rush on summer.

We have been very busy in progressing our medallion sales, trying to choose the right design for a new banner and preparing for High Tea on Sunday 11 September as part of Redcliffe Remembers. A lot of our members have offered assistance on the day which is greatly appreciated.

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As you are aware History Redcliffe had its AGM last month. James Houghton was kind enough to chair that part of the meeting for the election of officers. Unlike last year I am pleased to report that we were able to fill all positions. A big welcome to Pat Gee who came in as Senior Vice President and a thank you for one of our newer hardworking committee members Cheryl Salisbury for fulfilling the role of Junior Vice President. Cheryl Ellis who was previously on the committee has joined for another term. All the other band of merry workers on our committee decided to stay for another year so the future is looking good at the moment. Everybody on the committee does a very good job in assisting the successful running of the committee. It is with great relief that Rae Frawley was able to step out of the Treasure's role and become our secretary. Rae will no longer have to concern herself with balancing the ledger. One of the women at my office Lidia Langtree kindly "volunteered" to fill the role of Treasurer.

At our High Tea this Sunday there will be place mats with the names and part of their life story of the soldiers and convicts who arrived on the Amity. Thanks to Cheryl Salisbury who took many hours to produce forty place mats. The mats are laminated and those attending are welcome to take their place mat with them.

The RHS aims to

*Research -
Collect -
Evaluate -
Preserve -
Inform -
Promote -
Honour -
Redcliffe History*

In my opinion we have had a very successful past twelve months. There always could have been more done but at the moment we are a happy group dealing with the issues of History Redcliffe as they arise. Paul Woodcock with the assistance of Margaret and Ian Harding have provided us with some interesting guest speakers. I particularly enjoyed Robyn Hanelt talking about the place town planning played in preserving our history at the AGM.

Do not forget that we have our main fund raiser the Cent Auction in November. There is a brochure advertising the auction in this Newsletter.

I look forward to working with the new committee for another successful year in the life of History Redcliffe.

True Story..... No Bull

There must be many living in rural Queensland who have dreamed of an overseas holiday- particularly after viewing one of those TV shows featuring exotic locations or exciting annual events and festivals. For example, you may have pictured yourself in Spain, perhaps even watching the recent ‘Running of the Bulls’ along the streets of Pamplona.

Well dream no more. Such excitement may be closer than you think. Maybe you too could find it... virtually in your own backyard.

It all began pleasantly enough, as these things often do. The suggestion from daughter to visiting Redcliffe mother, was for a pleasant morning walk, following the edges of a couple of blocks of sugarcane that were bordered by a small creek. The plan was to then return to the farmhouse for morning tea. And so they set off, accompanied by the household dogs... two frisky kelpies, one very overweight poodle and a tiny Chihuahua.

The kelpies did their usual trick of rushing into the cane at regular intervals hoping to flush out the odd scrub turkey, while the two smaller dogs trotted along beside the walkers. As the group turned for home, daughter remarked on the evidence of wild scrub cattle coming down from the nearby hills to feed on the newly planted cane in one block... chewed cane and piles of manure, some of it very fresh indeed. “Probably here this morning” was the expert comment. Suddenly it dawned on mother and daughter that the kelpies had been absent for quite a while and there was a heck of a lot of excited barking going on somewhere in the middle of the cane. The dogs had something bailed up. A turkey? A kangaroo? Now the barking was getting more frenzied and it was getting closer. Rapidly! The sound of thrashing cane and the drumming of.....HOOVES!

The two women stared at each other as the truth dawned. Yes, those vigilant kelpies had flushed out the enemy all right. A young heifer, eyes rolling in fright, was stampeding down the headland, kelpies in hot pursuit. She was thundering towards the T-intersection where the women and the two little dogs stood horrified, creek at their backs and nowhere to go.

Well not quite. A jump to the left, then a step to the right, and they had found shelter behind... a three inch PVC hydrant standpipe (part of the irrigation system). Well it was better than nothing! With the gap between all concerned rapidly closing, the Chihuahua wisely decided that making a stand behind such a fragile barrier was just not on, so she bolted for home. Rather unfortunately the panicked heifer decided to turn right and head the same way as the Chihuahua, with kelpies snapping at her heels. Chihuahuas are not great distance runners. So it was fortunate for this little one that after 50 metres the heifer

propped, hung a U turn, rushed back past the pursuing kelpies, and started pounding her way in the direction of the two women, who now clutched each other and stumbled around to the other side of their feeble barricade. “If we go, we go together”. This time it was the poodle who broke first. Faced with the oncoming cow, she took to her heels as fast as her extra kilos would allow, leading the charge- a flying white ‘football’, short legs flicking out to the side. Heifer and kelpies swept past the cowering women, hot on the heels of the unfortunate poodle. They all disappeared into the distance until finally out of sight behind the cane. The women were left to catch their breath and wonder at the whole “close encounter”.

There was fear expressed for the state of the poodle’s heart after such exertion, so our two adventuresses rushed back to the house, leapt on a quad bike and set off to search for her. Fortunately, our little white warrior managed to stagger back to the house “under her own steam”, froth on her chin and sides heaving but otherwise undamaged. However, she did spend the rest of the day in a rather collapsed state on the cool floor tiles of the bathroom. And so it all ended well. Just goes to show you don’t always have to go searching for adventure. Because sometimes, it finds you!

Redcliffe.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

December 29 1886.

REDCLIFFE of late has been making un- mistakable headway in the erection of buildings. The last one, on St. Leonards, belongs to a Mr. Irwin, of Ipswich, and I understand two or three others are proposed to be erected in that locality. On the Sutton estate a fine large house is in course of erection for Mr. F. L. Henzell, and, I believe, Mr. Dando, contractor, is about to erect one for Mr. Sutton, a relation of the Rev. J. Sutton, who is also preparing to erect a large building in front of his old house. I hear of two others proposed to be put up in that vicinity. Our new post and telegraph office is all but finished, and has a neat and pleasing appearance; the contract for our police offices has been accepted, and they will shortly be in course of construction. A bridge is talked of as being necessary to cross the mouth of the creek, so as to form a continuation of the esplanade northwards from the Redcliffe Point jetty, but beyond the buildings alluded to no movement has been gone into as yet.

It appears that some Brisbane gentlemen have subscribed a sum sufficient to pay for a flying survey for a railway line to Redcliffe. and the instructions given are for the shortest possible route, so that if we can by any means effect a junction with the main Brisbane and Gympie line the people of Brisbane will be within easy reach of a healthy and invigorating seaside resort.

Mr. O. G. Skinner has recently sold his property for £1000, which is considered cheap, when the high prices realised for land in the same district are taken into account.

January 1.

The Redcliffe (Humpybong) folk provided a good afternoon's sport for their visitors on New Year's Day. The steamers Lady Musgrave and Caniapa arrived at the pier at noon, bringing between 700 and 800 passengers, and as little time as possible was spent in getting ashore. The pier was pretty well crowded with residents and visitors, and near the esplanade was a very nice triumphal arch, composed of green boughs and ferns and surmounted by the Union Jack. The whole of the little township was en file. Many of the passengers by the steamers went to a land sale some little distance back from the beach, others went in for fishing, and the day being calm were more than ordinarily successful. Groups seemed to enjoy picnics on the reserve facing the beach, the picturesque honeysuckles making a good shade overhead, and the green sward a comfortable lounging place.

The athletic sports were the main attraction, and competitors and spectators join in pronouncing the affair a very successful little meeting. The first event was a 100 yards' race for lads under 16 years of age. For this there were five starters, and the winner was Alfred Murphy, with Arthur Hobbs a good second. Next came the Maiden Plate, 100 yards. For this event seven started, Wedgwood being most fancied; but a few yards from the tape J. Levin, a New South Wales amateur, came with a rush and won by less than a foot from the favourite, Mat. Muir being very close up third. For the Handicap Hurdle Race, 200 yards, only three men faced the starter, the high jumps no doubt keeping back some of the flyers. The result was—Mulcahy (scratch), 1:

T. Wedgwood (12 yards), 2; Mat. Muir (14 yards), 3. The next event—a sack race —caused much fun, and was won by J. Adams. Next came a race for all men over 45 years of age. This was cleverly won by Mr. Hunter, who had all the best of the start; Mr. Deaseley who gained very much in the last ten yards being second. The next race was the principal event of the day—the Redcliffe Handicap. For this there were eight starters, and a magnificent race resulted. Mulcahy (scratch) won by about 8 in.. after a great struggle with Levin (12 yards), who finished second, and Wedgwood (14 yards) third. None of the others were more than three yards behind. After this came a hop, step, and jump, which was also won by Mulcahy. Mr. W. M. Sutton acted very successfully as starter, and Mr. Deaseley was judge. The sports were over in time to admit of the passengers returning to town by the steamers. Fishing has been very good during the past week, the principal kills being bream and whiting. It is no unusual thing to see lads carrying home forty or fifty good fish after ft couple of hours' sport.

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

It is difficult for us to imagine, living as we do with jet planes zooming over our heads constantly, what it must have been like coming out to Australia on a sailing ship. Six months it took and they could have been six dreary months for my mother and father. But mother from Staffordshire, and father from Cornwall made these six months fairly eventful. For it was here that these two English immigrants met and fell in love.

And so it was that they came together and had eleven children of whom I was the last. But all was not rosy for the family-only nine survived. However we were lucky, the times were hard and to be able to bring up nine healthy children was no small achievement.....six boys and 3 girls were a heavy investment in Australia's future.

Father was a fitter on the railway and the family had settled for some years in the Boonah area of Queensland. Here in Boonah I was born on 24 June 1906 in the railway house which had been assigned to my parents. In those days the railway was only just making its mark in Australian history, a mark which would unite this great, vast country from north to south and east to west.

But expansion and progress in the railway means the uprooting of families and moving them from place to place as the need arose. So from Boonah, as a babe in arms I made the first of hundreds of moves in the transfer to Mungallala on the Western Line.

This too was not very permanent. When I was four years of age, my father was transferred to Yuleba. Even now memories of Yuleba come back to me quite clearly. The railway station of course is one of them; so too is Mr Crystal the Station Master.

Schooldays started in Yuleba and so as a boy I explored the hotels and Cobb and Co which were features of the town then and still are in my mind. Perhaps the most fascinating memory from that era is the one that would appeal to small boys everywhere-the village blacksmith, Mr Tyson. Fresh in my mind too is the experience of being caned for watching the sparks fly from the anvil instead of attending to my 'other' lessons.

As the youngest of the family, my schooldays meant that the eldest of the children was already grown up. My sister Annie had married before the rest of us moved to Yuleba. She and her husband William Beckett kept a hotel at Hodgson. It was a great treat to be able to visit there. Hotels everywhere can provide stories of deep sorrow and great humour. This was no exception.

I remember once an aborigine obviously drunk, coming to the hotel demanding more drink. He was refused but Annie tried to placate him with a meal of sandwiches and tea. Unsatisfied with this he insisted on buying rum, and Annie eventually agreed, providing he would board the train to Toowoomba. Eventually he boarded the train, Annie gave him the bottle and as the train moved away he put his head out of the window and shouted back, "I tell 'em Police you sell black-fella rum." He must have been shocked later when he opened the bottle-the contents were tea!

I suppose if anyone was to do that these days we would have a picket-line around the hotel. Demonstrations emphasizing denying people's rights would take place all around the country! But not only was the law against selling liquor to aborigines then, the hoteliers themselves accepted responsibility for the selling of their wares. It seems to me, looking back on it, that there was far less drunkenness then though people still had a great deal of fun.

My sister Margaret married twice, and my other sister Jessie married Jim Ibell from Harristown. The family was starting to spread, but not too far from home. We were still able to get together fairly often and I spent my time with various members of the family. My brother Richard started work as a bullock driver, at St George. Soon after he joined the RAN, serving throughout World War 1 and seeing some exciting action. He reached the rank of Stoker Petty Officer. After travelling the world during the war, he came back to Australia to see more of this exciting and rapidly expanding country. Following in my father's footsteps he joined the railway. A dashing young man returned from the war was a romantic figure and at a little place called Pickenjinnie, a lonely railway siding on the Western Line, Richard met his bride. The only thing of note there was the miles and miles of prickly pear which had all but taken over the countryside.

Like Richard, my brother Thomas joined the railway and married a girl from Murphys Creek. Brother George too, joined the railway and met his wife at Chinchilla. The railway appeared to be the matchmaker in our family and a very good job it made of introducing my brothers to some wonderful girls.

When I was nine, the heat of Western Queensland became too much for my mother, and we moved to Drayton, near Toowoomba in South-East Queensland. (It was at Drayton that my brother Harry met the girl who was to be his wife-she was also the girl next door! There are still a few of the old brigade left around Drayton-my old school teacher, Miss Hanorah Frawley and quite a few of my old school mates, I including the well-known Thiess Brothers.

I spent many happy days and a few sad ones, with the Thiess family during my boyhood. I recall in particular one Christmas morning when I went over to the Thiess home to see what Santa Claus had brought them. George and Jack had a sparkling new bicycle each, and Fred and Henry had a new Harley Davidson motor bike and side car.

George and Jack tested the tyres on their bicycles, added a little pressure, adjusted the handle-bars and seats and were ready for a ride along the sulky tracks. Jack took off in great style and rode out nearly a mile before turning to come home. George took off later, wheels glistening in the sun and when Jack was about half way back he rounded a bend and saw George heading directly towards him on the same track. In their exuberance they both left it to the last few seconds to change tracks-and then both changed to the same track! Their happiness vanished as they crashed, but the only injury they suffered was a minor one to Jack's finger. The bicycles, though were wrecked. Thus ended the first 'Thiess Brothers' venture into transport!

When tractors became "the thing" and horses were replaced, I sewed the first bag of chaff that the Thiess Brothers cut, at Spring Creek, for a Mrs Thomas. Since then Thiess Brothers have gone on to world fame as contractors with earth moving and other machinery, even owning an aircraft.

When I was sixteen, my father died (mother had died when I was thirteen), and I went to my brother Harry at Cecil Plains. As the population there was small, jobs were hard to find, and I caught fish in the Condamine River for my existence. For a while, I carted water for Kowitz Bros. Sawmill, with a horse and dray and hundred gallon tank loaned me by Harry. But the rains soon came, filling the dam and water carting was no longer required.

After I left fishing at Cecil Plains I took several jobs on dairy farms and recall one fair-raising incident when I was working for Mr Ted Smythe. On this evening we had just finished milking and I was doing the separating in the dairy. It quickly became obvious that a very nasty storm was coming-there was a great deal of lightning and very loud thunder. Ted told me to leave the separating and I hurriedly covered the milk with cheesecloth and ran the forty yards back to the house. As I reached the verandah steps I heard a loud bang and turned to see a terrific flash strike the dairy. When we inspected the damage, the milk had turned sour, the stock utensils were blackened and everything was rendered useless. I haven't always been so lucky!

After working on dairy farms, I shot and snared kangaroos along the Halliford dog fence, but soon tired of it, and then I went to my sister Annie and helped her on the farm. After that I went out to Dunmore Station and mostly did dog trapping.

At one stage while at Dunmore Station I helped a man called James Rogan to build a boundary fence of a mile and a half at Jib Creek. While we were on this job heavy rain cut us off from the homestead. After nine days of living on rice and jam I decided to go to the homestead for food. I arrived at sundown but there was no one home. However the pantry window was open and I managed to climb in. I took the last of the flour and what little else I could find as the owner was in town getting supplies. When I returned to camp it was dark and I made a damper and we had a good meal of hot damper and jam. Gee, that was good after rice, rice and more rice!

We slept well that night and in the morning, as I was about to toast a piece of damper, I noticed what I thought were caraway seeds in the damper. To our dismay, however, the "caraway seeds" turned out to be hundreds of mice dirt! It was back to rice and jam until the owner arrived with food. Luckily it had been too dark to tell in the evening. We suffered no ill effects and we were still glad to have had one "good" meal.

At Dunmore Station I also helped at mustering times, and it was usually my job to look after the food and water. When we were mustering down on the Moonie River it was drought and to get water you had to stand out on the frames of dead cattle to fill the quart pot.

You then put it in a four gallon tin with a couple of hands full of white ashes from the fire, and the dirt would settle to the bottom of the can. It was then boiled, and you ladled off a thick layer of scum before you made tea with it. You drank it or went thirsty, it was Hobson's choice. So we made the best of it.

To keep the meat and butter fresh (there was of course no refrigeration in those days) I made a three tier safe out of kerosene boxes, took it down to the bed of the Moonie and dug for water. Three feet down I found black slushy stuff and digging again and again produced the same result. Next day, when I returned for the food the holes I had dug had filled up with a pretty dark shimmering liquid and it overflowed into the dry bed of the river.

Thirty years later I was at a meeting in the Royal Geographical Society's rooms in Brisbane. There I met a representative of the Shell Oil Company and when I told him what I had found he advised me to go to the Mines Department to get a map to find out who had the oil prospecting lease. It was the Australia Oil and Gas Company and eventually, after surveys and exploratory drills, very rich oil was found about twelve miles from St George. It was the beginning of the Moonie Oil Fields.

After Dunmore Station I worked at Brigalow for two years, and at nineteen returned to Drayton. My brother Joe had a job for me with Roberts Improved Pear Poison. My wage was £9.14.0 per week which was a great improvement on 30/- I had earned at the start of my career. I continued in the job until the *Cactoblastis cactorum* grub was introduced, wiping out the pear. Until the advent of the *cactoblastis* we had not believed it would be possible to solve the problem of the prickly pear, but had we known the opportunity would have been simply golden. At the time prickly pear scrub around Brigalow could be bought for a halfpenny an acre!

History Redcliffe


CENT AUCTION

Thursday 17th November 2016
Clontarf CWA Hall
Cnr Georgina St & Victoria Ave

Door Open: 8.45am
Morning Tea: 9am
Auction begins: 9.45am

Admission \$3

Auction sheets \$5 for pack of 5
Raffles and Lucky Door Prizes



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NEW MEMBERS

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

MEETINGS

Invite a Guest

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

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2016

For your Diary

Month	Members Meeting/Venue	Management Meeting/Venue	Guest speaker	Function/event	Newsletter
SEPTEMBER	Fri 9th Terry Walker Room Cultural Centre 2pm	Tues 27th Museum 1.30pm	Everald Compton	The man on the \$20 note—John Flynn	
OCTOBER	Fri 14th Terry Walker Room Cultural Centre 2pm	Tues 25th Museum 1.30pm	Pam Varbey	Vice President of Sandgate & District Historical Society	
NOVEMBER	Fri 11th Terry Walker Room Cultural Centre 2pm	Tues 29th Museum 1.30pm	Duane Hart	Historical photos & maps of Redcliffe	

OUR SUPPORT TEAM

Society Patrons: Ray Frawley OAM & Paul Woodcock

Hon Solicitor: Hilton Misso

Auditor: John Dixon

Photographer: Ian Harding Tel: 3284 0028

History Redcliffe does not accept any responsibility for any opinions expressed in this collection of papers.