

Mareeba Memoirs

May 2009 Edition

No 42



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MEMBERS OF YOUR COMMITTEE

PATRON: Cr. Tom Gilmore, Mayor,
Tableland Regional Council

President: Robin Gourley 4095 5508

Vice-President: Vacant

Sec/Treasurer: Helen Kindt 4092 3599

Committee: Janice Gourley 4092 5377
Bill Alison

Librarian: David Foster 4092 1139

Newsletter Editors: Joan Collins and Mario Russo

Email for interesting articles you may want to submit . Elizabethcollins4@bigpond.com

MEETINGS

General monthly meetings held on the **FOURTH** Thursday of each month **EXCEPT** December.

MEMBERSHIP FEES:

Due 1st July each year.

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SAYINGS FROM YOUR SECRETARY

Boy, how quickly has the last three months gone by. Being busy sure makes the time go quick. In the last few weeks the society has had many requests for information and assistance in putting on displays for different organizations.

Walkamin-50th Anniversary of the Walkamin State School - see Pg 5
Dimbulah requested Mt Mulligan photos for a month long display in the C.W.A. room for the May long weekend 'Back to Mt Mulliganites'
Cairns - A group requested photos and/or information for a Cairns group/event. At least with the latter there was only finding certain videos while the other entailed searching for and displaying the material.

It is becoming a most interesting Qld 150th anniversary.

HERITAGE WEEK commences soon and while we are having a display, the times the Centre will be open will now be curtailed as only I will be manning the place. Seven full days is just TOO much for one person.

John Doyle is our featured pioneer for the month of July. He is turning into quite an enigma. The Researcher (me) is finding it difficult to come up with facts, every time I do find something; someone blows me out of the water by giving me other 'facts'. One day it may all come together. Hope so, John Doyle is too much of an important person for the area to have little known about him. IF any one has information about the man or his family please, please contact me.

Members will find in this issue, as the August issue is too close, information regarding our A.G.M. please read it and act upon it. It's YOUR society, so make sure you have an input in how it's run and what's happening.

Hope every one has been reading Barry's monthly articles in the Advertiser. Well written and interesting. We are always searching for material, so any forth coming suggestions will be welcomed, and as we are always seeking information for this Newsletter, the same applies.

Big thank you to all those who have helped in the past few weeks, John, Lorraine, Bill, and David. This has entailed shelving for the newspaper cabinet, mowing the back yard, arranging displays and sorting out the many maps we have. Many hands **DO** make light work. Always seeking assistance and help to keep the every day running of your society going smoothly, so if you can spare a couple of hour per week that will be great.

Meanwhile, stay happy and healthy, I look forward to talking to you very soon.

Helen

FROM THE EDITOR

Hi everyone. I have just come back from a two week trip to Japan. One of the things I wanted to see was the Peace Memorial at Hiroshima. It was a sobering experience to walk through and look and listen to the history of the atomic bombs that effectively ended the war by destroying Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This event has altered Japan, and continues to affect a large number of the Japanese population mentally and physically. Our tour guide told us that the bombs were dropped to end the war as quickly as possible, and also the Americans wanted to block any opportunity for Russia to occupy Japan, as they were (according to him) very close to doing. It was an event that changed the world. The Hiroshima Peace Memorial Park incorporates the atomic dome, the closest surviving building to the bomb blast. The Park incorporates the cenotaph that includes the names of all of the known victims of the bomb. The cenotaph frames the **Flame of Peace** that will only be extinguished once the last nuclear weapon on earth has been destroyed. Also in the Peace Park is the **Children's Peace Monument** which was inspired by the leukemia victim Sadako Sasaki who developed leukemia at 10 years of age, and decided to fold 1000 paper cranes, to make her wish for life come true.

She died before reaching her goal, but her classmates folded the rest.

Many Koreans were shipped from their homeland to work as slave laborers in Japanese factories during WWII, and more than one in 10 of these laborers were killed by the atomic bomb. There is a relocated Korean A-Bomb Memorial in the park. It was a moving place to visit and a beautiful modern and well set out city with peaceful and inspiring gardens. Overall, Japan was a lovely place to visit, the cherry blossoms were in full bloom, we saw Mt Fuji, rode on a bullet train, and saw lots of sights.

REPORT FROM THE MEETINGS - Helen Kindt

After a request from David King, principal of Walkamin school for the society to assist in their 50th birthday celebrations, it was decided and implemented by David Foster that we put on a display of photos depicting 'olden times'. About 30 photos were chosen taking in school days, clothing, transport and others. These were mounted on the blue boards as they are easy to transport.

On the day, Saturday 18th April 2009, Bill Alison and I arrived at the school about 9.30am and stayed until 4.30pm. While it wasn't hard work, we were kept busy answering questions and discussing the photos with the many people who attended the celebrations. It was good to see how many Mareeba people attended this function.

David King and his staff were extremely helpful and I thank him for contacting us. The display was left at the school until Wednesday so the school children could have a good look at the photos, then I returned to pick it up. In all, a good and interesting day, the 50th Anniversary Book was purchased as were several photos of the school and area which will now complement our growing collection.

Thanks to Bill Alison for his assistance, and David Foster for the display boards.

Read at the meeting held on 23/04/09. Helen Kindt.

Queensland turns 150 in 2009

Top 150: Documenting Queensland Exhibition

11 February 2009 - 28 March 2010

Location

Museums, Art Galleries, Libraries and other South-East and regional Queensland Touring the State

Time

Start time: 9:00 AM

Finish time: 5:00 PM

150 years of separation, 150 influential records

Eminent historian Dr Murray Johnson selects and ranks the top 150 documents from Queensland's historical collection. These are Queensland's most significant records – the documents which took Queensland from colony to State, gave women the vote, extended the border and ended official corruption. Top 150: Documenting Queensland is an inspiring visual timeline of the decisions, events, people and places that are instrumental in Queensland's identity.

This exhibition will travel in 2009 and early 2010 to more than 20 venues across South-East and regional Queensland. The exhibition will be free of charge at most venues with the exception of those venues who charge general admission fees.

More details will be available on the Queensland State Archives website in late January 2009.

This information was taken from the Q150 website. To find out what is coming your way, just type in Q150 into your search box and choose which site you want to visit to find out what is happening in our great state in this historically significant year.

From the Library

As Helen mentioned in her article, she has been researching John Doyle with varying results. There is an excellent reference book compiled by Mary Thompson and Lorraine Townsend called *Street Names of Mareeba: History behind the names* . kept at the Mareeba Historical Society library. This book contains an interesting collection of short stories about our North Queensland pioneers who have been commemorated by having a street named after them. The information below came from their book. Doyle Street Mareeba was named after John Doyle in July 1927. This interesting man was an accomplished bushman, who worked his way north from Goulburn to the north, one of the first miners on the Palmer Goldfield in 1873, and the first white man to travel from the Palmer to Cooktown. He accomplished this amazing journey alone. John Doyle married and raised his family in Herberton, then retired to Mareeba and died there in 1932. The old Barron River bridge is named after him, as well as Doyle Street. John Doyle is our focus until July 2009, as we attempt to find out more about this pioneer from our past.

Bush Poetry

In this edition, I have included a poem called *Dan Murphy's Brindle Cow* that was given to me in handwritten form by an old gentleman called Mick, about 40 years ago when I was living in Timber Creek, N.T. The author was Thomas Bracken.. It is a funny poem and hopefully will appeal to the racegoers, dairy farmers and country folk among you. I am a lover of bush poetry, anyone who has a good poem to recite or put in the Memoirs, let me know. It would be nice to have a different poem each edition.

Coming North on The Red Rattler— by Joan Collins

Just as an addition to my story about my childhood travel to North Queensland, I thought it might be fun to revive the memories of any train buffs. When we first travelled to the north, we rode the old red rattler, red painted carriages pulled by a coal engine. We leaned out the carriage windows, rubbing our stinging, watery eyes when we got little bits of coal in them. Mum saved up her magazines for months before we set off on holidays, so we could throw them out to the railway fettlers who worked out of and lived in little railway sidings (can't do it now with the air-conditioned carriages). These hard working people, often with families, were isolated and relied on the railway to supply their needs, their food came out by train, often their water tanks were filled with water delivered by the passing trains. As railway people ourselves, we understood the isolation and inconvenience of having to rely on rail delivery of supplies, and articles like magazines, papers, books were really appreciated.

The fettlers and/or their families would line up as the train went past, shouting out "paper, paper", and passengers on the trains would let the windows drop down, people would lean out and throw out papers and magazines to the people waiting by the railway tracks. It seems strange now in our times of fast cars, good transport, computers and email to imagine living in a time where you had to rely on the train system for the most basic of delivery of everyday goods.

It was exciting travelling North. In those days, the larger of the railway stations had dining rooms, and when the train pulled in, there was a rush to get in for food. I can't remember if there was a dining car on the train, but I remember going in to a dining room on the platform at Mackay for hot breakfast, sausages and gravy, bacon, and cups of sweet white tea! At some of the stops, mum would get off with the thermos, and head for the dining rooms, to come back with hot tea and sandwiches, while my sister and I watched anxiously from the train, frightened she would be left behind and we would be left to our fate, unattended on the train.

We always had a sleeping car, with three beds that folded up for the day, and were put down by the conductor before bedtime. We were lulled to sleep by the clickety clack of the wheels on the rails

The History of 'APRONS'

The principal use of Grandma's apron was to protect the dress underneath. It was easier to wash aprons than dresses and aprons used less material, but along with that, it served as a potholder for removing hot pans from the oven. It was wonderful for drying children's tears, and on occasion was even used for cleaning out dirty ears.

From the chookhouse, the apron was used for carrying eggs, fussy chicks, and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in the wood stove oven .

When company came, those aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids. And when the weather was cold, grandma wrapped it around her arms.

Those big old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow, bent over the hot wood stove. Chips and kindling wood were brought into the kitchen in that apron.

From the garden, it carried in all sorts of vegetables. After the peas had been shelled, it carried out the hulls. In the autumn, the apron was used to bring in apples that had fallen from the trees. When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds

When dinner was ready, Grandma walked out onto the porch, waved her apron, and the men knew it was time to come in from the paddocks for dinner.

Grandma used to set her hot baked apple pies on the window sill to cool. Her granddaughters set theirs on the window sill to thaw

It will be a long time before someone invents something that will replace that 'old-time apron' that served so many purposes.

We moved to the Cliff Hotel nearby for the next three nights. 85 pounds per night, with a nice cooked breakfast. Run by – quite a surprise - an 80 yr old lady named Betty Rodda, and her son Simon. My great-grandmother Michal, nee Rodda, married James Edwards in Gulval, a village a short walk away.

Betty said they didn't know their family history and didn't want to! On their website www.cliffhotelpz.co.uk there is a webcam, which is set up near their entrance pointing out to sea and up the street. You can see the Bay (in UK daytime), and the street and traffic, in real time.

So armed with map and directions from Simon we set out to find Gulval church and cemetery. Walked about 15 minutes, uphill, passing newer-style homes with pretty gardens, a marble horse-trough, a fast flowing-stream - then came to a narrow lane, like a tunnel through high bushes, trees, wildflowers and ferny rock-walls. Lorraine was thrilled, it seemed like a story-book come true. We followed it quite a way, then could see the church tower, and a couple of houses with red ivy on the walls. Turned out we went the long way, but was worth it.

We entered the cemetery through the lower gate and began looking for family names on tombstones. There were hundreds, all overgrown with thick tangled grass, wet from the occasional shower, and you had to hope for the best where to step. Inscriptions were hard to read and often along the sides below grass-level. We took some photos and eventually gave up on it, deciding to go through the top lichgates, cross the road to the matching gates opposite and look at the church.

Once inside we stood amazed! Hundreds of years of burials on every side! Hardly knew where to look first. The front part was fairly neat with many headstones set into the lawn, but every other way was a shambles of under-growth, pathways, hacked shrubbery

and brambles, and packed in everywhere all kinds of tombstones and memorials and plaques and statues, even old stone coffins and headstones piled on top of each other in one corner. Others leaned against the walls of the church. There were damp old paths to be explored, with low branches, tussocks of ferns and weeds, an overgrown fountain, a sun dial on a wall. All shaded by great old trees, and clumps of hydrangeas and fuchsias; hard to get a good photo.

The church looked very old and interesting. It was a good size, of weathered stone, a later bell tower, a clock added early last century. In area it was about an acre, with another acre across the road in the newer cemetery. A couple of carved stones over a metre high, relics of ancient times stood at the church door; they looked Saxon. We later learned the church had been there from the 15th century, probably replacing an earlier one.

We knew there was a Barnes grave with inscriptions of five members of the family, starting with Henry who died aged 30 in 1849, and his wife Michal (nee Rodda), d 1873. It was their daughter Michal who married James Edwards in this very church and came to Nth Qld in 1882 with their five children.

After much searching and no luck, Lorraine disappeared into the church. She found the minister and an elder and they got out the actual burial registers, found the entries, which she photographed. They showed us which section to look in, but by then I had found the large headstone. It was in good condition if hard to read. Some moments to reflect, more photos.

The minister said some records had been moved to the capital Truro for safe-keeping owing to moisture problems in the church. The roof looked in need of major repairs. Inside was all dark timber, lit only by stained glass windows - meant to go back in for a better look but didn't make it.

I spoke to a local man in the churchyard who had brought his grandchildren to see a grave he and his sister had played on as children, they pretended it was a pirate ship because there was a skull and crossbones carved into the stone. Sure enough there it was when we looked. Many interesting inscriptions to read, but weathering, mould and lichen made it slow work.

It had been exciting to find family graves, and the church where my ancestors were baptised, married and buried. But time to go, so down our memorable lane to a different road, out of the past to the present – just ahead was a Tesco supermarket, so we got sandwiches and drinks and had a much needed rest.

Back at 'home' our landlady Betty mentioned the Morrab Gardens Library in Penzance – “rare because it is the only one in Cornwall and only 19 in the UK, a large independent library ranked 6th, founded in 1818, uses volunteer labour to answer queries. <http://www.morrablibrary.org.uk/welcome.htm?39,129>

Next day we washed at the laundrette then dined at a café, fish and chips for me, Lorraine had lamb chops and vegetables; 7 pound (A\$17) ea.

Also did a day tour by bus (hop on/off) from Penzance to Newlyn, Porthcurno, Lands End, Sennen cove, St Just, Botallack, Geevor tin mine, Zennor, St Ives, Carbis Bay, Marazion, Penzance.

Had 10 minutes at Lands End to take photos, was pretty, blue sea, pale hazy sky, lots of heather in flower, but windswept, isolated and lonely looking. Farms were growing maize and baling hay. The bus went on some very narrow 'byways', sometimes cars had to reverse to let it pass, and in places buildings were less than an arm's length from the bus.

Got off at Geevor, "largest mining history site in Britain, it boasted 90 tin clearing tables." We saw the geology and museum areas (all excellent), including a good display on Cornish miners who settled in Australia; then went on an underground guided tour of a tin mine. Had to wear protective coat and helmet. It was a low narrow tunnel, rough and uneven, muddy, dark, steeply sloping. The guide described the poverty, hardships and hazards suffered by the miners of old. Lorraine scored an old time candle made by the miners with the wick shaped into a loop to hang on their coat buttons, they needed three each per day. He said not to light it as they smelt really bad. There was a very impressive timeline along a fence, from early stone age times. Was a very good informative National Trust attraction, needing much more time, but we had a bus to catch.

What a contrast in every way, from age-old rural Cornwall to cane farming in tropical North Qld, then to the remote mining country of Ethridge, and Georgetown.

James and Michal's five children (John, William, Annie, James, Millie) created our family tree in this region. My father was born in Georgetown in Federation year, 1901, the youngest of John and Ellen's eight children. Over 150 descendants gathered at Mt Garnet a few years ago, and we've since discovered other branches settled in Victoria.

'One for all' - Cornwall Motto

What an interesting trip you had.. Your visit to the tin mine reminded me of a great fiction series on Cornwall that I read a long time ago. It was the Poldark series, written by Winston Graham. Well worth a read for anyone interested in the Cornish tin mining history. Thanks to you both from the Editor

UPCOMING FIELD TRIPS

We are currently exploring the possibility of a field trip to Kuranda to walk in the footsteps of a woman who went there in 1914 and walked the area. More information will be forthcoming in the next Bulletin.

RECIPE FROM THE SCHAUER AUSTRALIAN COOKERY BOOK 1962.

This is one of my favourite recipes folks. Once again, anyone who has a great recipe, feel free to share with us all. Everyone probably has their own dumpling recipe, but this is my mothers and she was an excellent cook. These dumplings can be dropped into the simmering juices of a good beef stew as well, or added to soup.

GOLDEN SYRUP DUMPLINGS. Adjust according to the number of servings required.

2 cups SR flour, 2 Tablespoons butter, water or milk to moisten, (I like milk) and a pinch of salt

Sift the flour, and salt, then rub through butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Make a well, add milk or water and mix until mixture resembles scone mix (stiffish dough, though the moister the dough, the softer and fluffier the dumplings.). Roll the mixture into balls with floured hands. (You can just take a dessertspoon of mixture and drop in as is if you prefer).

Syrup. Put one cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, a tablespoon butter and a tablespoon of lemon juice in a saucepan. Bring syrup mixture to the boil, drop in the dumplings, boil for 10 to 15 minutes covered, depending on their size.

Remove dumplings, pour over the syrup and add desired extras. Being extravagant, I like custard and cream, but commonsense could prevail. Enjoy

Well folks, that's it for this edition. Remember, all contributions gratefully received. We are all interested in stories of Mareeba in the olden days, I am happy to come and listen and write the stories for you if that makes your life easier. Editor

RESEARCH ENQUIRIES

Assistance: A research officer may assist by searching Society records.

NON-MEMBERS: A minimum fee of \$22 for a 2 hour search then \$11 per hour or part thereof afterwards for researcher to search. \$10 per day for D.I.Y researchers.

ADDITIONAL EXPENSES: If a visit to a cemetery or other library is deemed necessary, traveling expenses will also apply.

ENQUIRIES All enquiries should be in writing and include a stamped self-addressed envelope. If via Email, no research will be undertaken until the fee is paid.

A REMINDER OF MEETING DATES FOR 2009

April: 23rd

May: 28th

June: 25th

July: 23rd

August: 27th

September: 24th

October: 22nd

November: 26th

December: No meeting

BOOKS FOR SALE AT MAREEBA HISTORICAL SOCIETY CENTRE

Author

LENNIE WALLACE

Title

Dead Mans Gold
Wild Jimmy
Camels, Camelmen and Abdul Wade
The Palmer Poltergeist
Mt Mulligan's Highway
Wheelbarrow Way
Nomads of the 19th Century Goldfields
Cape York Peninsula: A History of
Unlauded Heroes: 1945—2003
The Battlers of Butcher's Creek
From Nanango to Cooktown
Bitten by the Bull Bug

JACK STRUBER

Jack's Book: 75 Years and Perfect
Health: a true story of faith, believing and
determination.

MULLIGAN, J.V.

A Journal of Exploration
Republished Aug 24, 2007

MAREEBA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

Riches of Wolfram Camp Compiled by John C Hay.
WW2 Diggers Book of Poetry Compiled by Helen Kindt
The Lone Wolf: Last of the old-time prospectors: The autobiography of Sam
Elliott. Edited by S.G. St Clair-Kendall and John C Hay

HARRIS, Ken

Bullock Hearts

HAY, John C in association
with Colin and May Jones

Demise of the Typewriter:
Recollections of a Queensland Era.

ANTHONY HAN-MATTHEWS

A Remarkable Venture of Faith

CLOW Margaret

The Mecca of our Desires—Kuranda and
the Famous Barron Falls. First published.
in 1914

RIMMER, Mike

Up the Palmerston: a history of the Cairns
Hinterland up to 1920. Vol 1 and 11.