

QUINBEAN

Volume 2 No 1

February 2008



Queanbeyan Bridge and Overflow of Weir

**The Journal of
Queanbeyan & District Historical Museum Society**

QUINBEAN

*The Journal of Queanbeyan & District Historical Museum Society
Inc*



The Police Sergeant's residence – Queanbeyan Museum

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***The Image on the front page is a postcard printed by the
Observer Printery, A. M. Fallick and Sons, Queanbeyan.***

FROM THE PRESIDENT

Welcome to our third edition of *Quinbean*. The Journal is now completely funded by subscriptions. Thank you to Gillian Kelly who was the prime mover with the assistance of Andrew Blundell in our first two Journals. A warm welcome to Andrew Blundell who has taken over editing and production.

The Queanbeyan and District Historical Museum Society is a group passionate about Queanbeyan's history and *Quinbean*, along with the exhibits at the Museum, will go some way in telling Queanbeyan's stories,

I have always been a proud Queanbeyanite, having lived here in the 1970s and moving here permanently in 1984. I bristle when those who don't really know the town make ill informed and disparaging remarks. Comments made by visitors to our Museum are always positive and reflect some of my sentiments about the community and why I like living here. We have recently had a number of visitors and new members who have returned to live in Queanbeyan and it is interesting to chat to them and also the longer term residents, about why they like living here, what made them choose to retire here or move back. Some of these include: can easily walk, cycle, drive to the hospital, the pub and the shops, and there is free parking still!, people are friendly, has its own history, is different from Canberra, was here before Canberra, like the mix of people, neighbours talk to you, people say hello when you go for your evening stroll, lots of community spirit, and there is an interesting mix of housing, with a variety of streetscapes, ranging from owner built, to weatherboard, brick, and newly built.

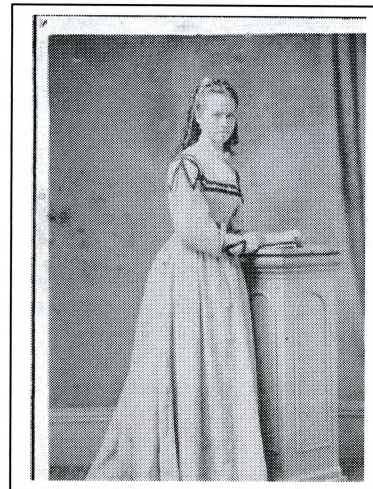
We have an active partnership with Queanbeyan City Council. An action based joint work plan developed by the Society has been implemented successfully. Future plans include re-examining, with Queanbeyan City Council, the Strategic Plan that was written in 2003, looking at the recently completed collection preservation survey and using these documents to further develop a pragmatic

work plan. We are very happy that the Council has recently employed a fixed term Cataloguer to list the collection on a database and to assist in re-housing the collection.

Besides putting on exhibitions and opening and explaining the exhibits to visitors on weekends, there is lots to do at our small Museum, and lots planned, especially around management of the collection. So please consider how you might want to be involved. Drop into the Museum on a Saturday and Sunday between 1 and 4 and speak to a member on roster. If you aren't already a member a membership form is also included in this Journal.

Kerrie Ruth
President

PHOTOGRAPH IDENTIFIED



From *Quinbean* Vol 1, No 1
I have a similar photograph in an old album of a woman seated, with her hair up under a bonnet. It was taken by Robert Baxter, Artist Photographer, Young. In the album it was identified by my father as Catherine Graham (Mrs Charlie Carter) who was his father's first cousin. This photograph is reproduced on page 76 of my brother John's book, Cameron's of Waterhole, Micelago.

Mrs Carter (1861 – 1955) was the 6th child of William Graham and Helen Cameron who was the 10th child of the pioneers Ewen and Ellen Cameron. William Graham was the first occupant of the Garryowen land (purchased from Duntroon) where Kawaree Lodge and Village is located.

Peter Johnston

A DEPRESSING TIME IN CANBERRA AND QUEANBEYAN

The first great period of construction of the Australian Capital came to a dismal end in 1929, with the onset of the depression, and construction workers who remained in the district had to struggle with what little work there was. What jobs there were, Canberra gave preference to their own residents and Queanbeyan workers felt the repercussions.

Clarrie Munns remembers. As a postal technician arriving in Queanbeyan in August 1926, he noted it was cold and raining and thought "...what a hole! But work in Sydney was very short and one was lucky to have a job". The telephone exchange was at Acton... there was no real exchange in Canberra.

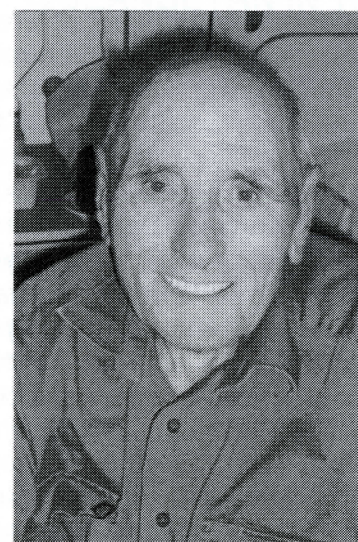
The first post office he remembered when he first came was at Ainslie, No post office in Canberra. There were three Canberra subscribers connected to our 100 line board, every other line came into Queanbeyan.

"I was a junior technician and night telephonist, for which I was paid one guinea a week extra. I shared a room at the bachelors' quarters at Acton. Having a PMG truck, and on call day and night, I often had to help the local midwife [Mary Bowers]".

The taxi wouldn't take her because she couldn't pay him. She used to ring me up: "Clarrie, can you help me? I've got a job". One night I picked her up, and took her along Tharwa Rd. It was 2am; she'd had the baby and it was dead. A kangaroo dog was asleep on the end of the bed, and the husband outside as drunk as an owl. Mary, didn't she slay him! I used to boil water and get towels, and then stop there with her until she cleaned up".

But what about those who didn't have a job? Jack Stone, at 18, had arrived from England "...to make something of my life, but didn't have a clue what to do". With no references, and no jobs,

he ended up carrying a swag and jumping trains for three years. On his first day, he met up with an Australian, "...and with our last money, we bought a loaf of bread and half a pound of butter and bread knife and camped on the beach". "We met up with a new camp mate named Tom who produced a potato and small onion, and sausages. Sausages and chips made an appetising smell. "Can you go a slice of fried bread and a mug of tea?" he asked us. We had no mugs, but Tom said, "we just take turns of mine". Tom suggested we start 'biting' the butcher and baker. I had to face the fact that I had to beg for my food".



**I had to face the fact that I had to beg for my food –
Jack Stone.**

Tom said, "you'll get plenty of knock backs, you learn to shrug it off". The shopkeepers face would change as soon as you walked into his shop. Sometimes we'd get tea and sugar. I got some flour, and Tom showed me how to make Flapjacks. I learned to roll my swag, and started off on my own. Marching along the highway I had no watch so was only governed by the insistent demands of my stomach to tell me the time.

A chap I met on the road one day had a dog. We turned in for the night, and he said "do you want some fresh meat?" He looked

at his dog and said 'well Bill, I think its time we had something to eat'. The dog shot through the fence and disappeared. Twenty minutes later he arrived in the corner with a mob of sheep. He jumped over the fence, grabbed a sheep and we cooked more chops than we could eat. He taught me how to kill and dress a sheep. We hung the skin over the fence when we left.

I was arrested for jumping rattlers a few times; trespassing on railway property it was called. You were made accompany the police to the police station. The first time I was surprised and a bit dejected. My mate and I looked at each other; we were felons, criminals in gaol. When it got dark, the Sergeant entered the cell with two plates of cold meat and salad, bread and butter and tea, milk and sugar. Woken in the morning, we were taken before the magistrate, and in ten minutes we were sentenced to five days imprisonment.

Back in our cell, we were given tobacco and cigarette papers, and around noon, a baked lunch and sweets. It began to dawn on us, things might not be all that bad. My mate Bert and I has never fallen foul of the law before, and wondered how having a criminal record would affect our later life. We appreciated the plain good food cooked by the policeman's wife, and the cell door was not closed from our second day of imprisonment.

Back on the track, I discovered some groups of tramps were rough, drinking methylated spirits. Once when near one of these, I was grabbed by two police, and put in a cell. Eventually I was told I could go, but to get out of town at once. I had sores on my legs and thought I should see a doctor. One of my mates saw the sores and said "Christ mate, you don't need a doctor, you got the Barcoo Rot. You can cure yourself, all you need is green stuff, vegs and fruit, and it will clear up quick".

Mary Harris, who was a child on a NSW farm remembers young men, strong and healthy looking fellows, starving. One swaggie, only about 26 wanted to repay Mum for the food she gave him. Mum said "... no son, you're right". He said he felt he had to do

something for the food, He'd cut up some wood. And he went down, picked up the axe and with the weight of the axe, he fell over and fainted, he was so weak. We went down with some vinegar and water and wiped his face and left him there until he came to. We saw some of them eat grass, bits of bushes and gum leaves.

Rosemary Curry, from her collection of oral histories.

QUEANBEYAN IN THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES PART II

In the last edition of *Quinbean*, I outlined how to use the National Archive for research on Queanbeyan topics. For reasons of space and time I did not complete my article. For those researching the history of our city the National Archives of Australia (NAA) can be a valuable source of information. Queanbeyan features over a thousand times in *RecordSearch*, the database of NAA available to the public. NAA preserves only records of the Commonwealth Government but, of course, the people and the city of Queanbeyan along with other communities and people of Australia have many points of contact with the Commonwealth Government.

Individuals and institutions in the city participate in the national affairs recorded in the archives. We vote for our Federal Representative, fill in census forms, pay Federal taxes, perhaps work for Commonwealth agencies or receive Commonwealth benefits. Our families may have migrated to Australia and have been naturalised under Commonwealth law. Others have fought or have relatives who have fought in the Australian armed forces and have service records held in the Archives. Some may have composed music or invented something copyrighted or patented under Commonwealth law.

For example the Song of Queanbeyan by Evelyn Grieg was copyrighted by John Esmond and E Colin Davis on 6 Jul 1938 and there is a copy of the song on the file.

Moreover, the Commonwealth Government regularly interacts with our community. We have seen the great flurry of Commonwealth politicians visiting Queanbeyan in the recent election. Even in the digitised sections of the archival records, which are available to anyone with an Internet connection, we can see some interesting examples. In 1972 Edward Gough Whitlam made a speech here, which is recorded in the archives. Ironically enough, in the light of later criticisms of his government, he took the opportunity to attack the economic credentials of the McMahon government.

Later on, in 1976, Whitlam's name is again associated with Queanbeyan. He features in a significant case, which began in our Court House. His Cabinet was accused of conspiracy in the infamous Loans Affair. Sankey vs Whitlam began in Queanbeyan, heard by Justice D'Arcy Leo, and ended in the High Court over the border. The case was important not only for its substance but for the implications it held for Cabinet confidentiality. There are a number of revealing files held in the NAA, some easily available on the Internet.

You may have noticed the interesting story of Vladimir Petrov and his Queanbeyan connection, which is illustrated in the Queanbeyan Museum. The Archives hold the Royal Commission papers, which deal with the Petrov affair. This affair holds profound implications for to-day as we and our government wrestle with the tension between security and freedom. In those days the people held out against outlawing people's beliefs, even if they seemed dangerous. Now, we are faced with a similar choice.

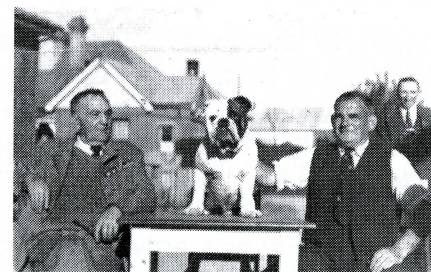
There is also a huge interest in family history at the moment and NAA is one of the institutions which hold relevant records. Some, such as birth certificates may be held in state or parish archives,

but NAA has, for example, a large holding of ships records listing passengers to Australia in the 20th century and migrant file that record applications to immigrate, to settle or to become citizens. Other migrants may have clashed with the Australian Government as aliens interred in time of war or seeking permission to own or rent property.

Another activity recorded in government files is that of representations to Ministers, usually passed on by local members. Most are not kept for any length of time but if they had wider implications they are kept as National Archives.

In the papers at the beginning of each year there is always a wave of publicity about the release of Cabinet Papers after 30 years. These are just the tip of the iceberg. You can look at any records after the same time period if they have been kept, and there are strict rules preventing the destruction of important records. The details of how to access the records can be found in my previous article or you can simply look up the NAA web site.

John McGlynn



MYSTERY PHOTO FROM *QUINBEAN* VOL 1, NO 2

The photograph was taken at the back of Walsh's Hotel. The person sitting on the right is 'Darkie' Rogers, given name unknown. The person standing at the left is Joe Pola who worked at Walsh's.

Thank you to John Byrne & Peter Johnston

ALURED TASKER FAUNCE OF QUEANBEYAN



Alured Tasker Faunce – 1833 by Richard Read

Alured Tasker Faunce was born in 1808 in Colchester, Essex, the son of Major General Alured Dodsworth Faunce and Anna Maria Goddard. Alured was destined to become a soldier, and in 1824 when he was almost seventeen, his father purchased for him the commission of Lieutenant in the 4th Kings Own Regiment.

Lieutenant Alured Tasker Faunce arrived in Sydney on 9 Oct 1832 as the adjutant on the *Lord William Bentinck* escorting 185 male prisoners most of whom were discharged in Hobart before the vessel came on to Sydney. The Lieutenant's younger brother Thomas arrived in Sydney a week later on the *Dunvegan Castle*.

The early days for the young uniformed man must have been heady. Very shortly after his arrival Alured formed a friendship with a young woman, Caroline Gordon of Parramatta. Caroline's mother was the matron of the Parramatta Female Factory and

her father had a long military history. In August 1833 Caroline Gordon's daughter Jessie May Gordon was baptised at St Lukes in Liverpool and Alured Fonce (sic) was named as her father.¹

While marriage would not have been impossible, it was not to be. At the end of 1834 Alured purchased a Captain's commission and on 27 Jan. 1835 he married 18 year old Elizabeth Mackenzie, a daughter of Lieutenant Colonel John Kenneth Mackenzie. Mackenzie had taken over the command of the 4th Regiment from Alured's father, and retired on 11 July 1834 to take up land in the Braidwood district. The marriage of his daughter and Alured took place in the same St. Luke's, Liverpool, Church of England where Alured's illegitimate daughter Jessie Gordon had been baptised fourteen months before.

Alured retired from the army at 29 years of age in 1836 and sold his commission in April 1837. Shortly after his retirement the Governor Sir Richard Bourke appointed him, effective from 1 Oct 1836 at an annual salary of £250, as the Police Magistrate at Brisbane Water.

Faunce's whole life had been a military one, so it is not unexpected that his arrival into the civilian world would be fraught with difficulties. He had no experience with the law, he was very young and Governor Bourke had advised him that a very firm hand needed to be taken at Brisbane Waters. He quickly got into hot water when he accused three leading citizens of stealing cattle, including a bull called Blindberry.

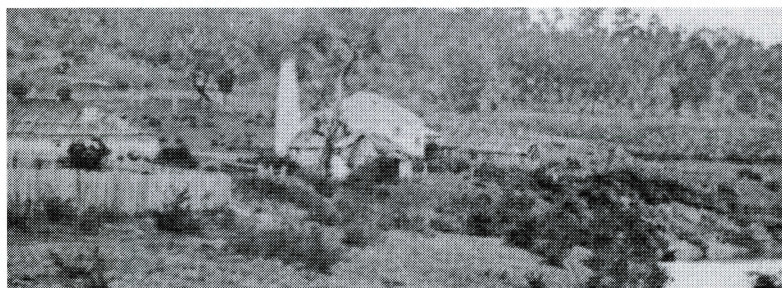
Two of the accused were also magistrates, one of them serving on the bench with him. The case excited wide interest in the colony, especially as the accused were imprisoned in irons under primitive conditions and their houses were searched without warrant before they were taken to Sydney. The Sydney press picked up the story and harangued Faunce, giving him the title of *Man of Iron* after the accused were locked in leg irons.

¹ The descendants of Caroline Gordon, Rootsweb

It is interesting to note that the citizens of Brisbane Water with the exception of a dozen or so, later signed a memorial to aid Captain Faunce's appeal against his large costs and damages, saying that they were certain that the putting on of irons was not a direct order from their Magistrate, but erroneously taken as such by the chief constable. There was fair reason to believe the prisoners would escape on a boat owned by one of the prisoners and the chief constable believed, erroneously, that he had been given direction to use what ever force he believed necessary.

In 1837 Faunce accepted the position the first Police Magistrate at Queanbeyan – a year before the town was gazetted - and arrived in Queanbeyan with some soldiers who were billeted at what is now called Barracks Flat.

At the end of the year he purchased 810 acres of land along the Queanbeyan River. At the top of what is now Dodsworth Street, and on the eastern end of his land, he built a small stone jail and court house. This was followed by his own stone residence, the first in Queanbeyan, a short distance away and nearer the river. He called this estate Dodsworth, which is a family name. In the early 1840s he constructed a water powered mill:



Dodsworth Mill, from a Beaufoy Merlin photograph The mill was where the water course near the 16th green on the golf course is today.

Gossip from the press still plagued him. There were complaints of of the slack running of the processes of law in the County of Murray in what was the frontier of the colony at that time.

Bushranging, cattle stealing, murder of whites and blacks, and sly grogging were very common.

The Queanbeyan bench was said to be scandalously slow. Sittings on minor cases continued for inordinately long periods, often lasting from early in the morning until late at night, with little accommodation made for witnesses and others, who had traveled long distances to attend. These unfortunates had to camp on the chill flats near the river. Captain Faunce was obviously making sure that accusations of summary and autocratic justice would not be made against him again, and there is plenty of evidence that he had the respect and friendship of the stable citizens of Queanbeyan. On August 5, 1840 a presentation of inscribed silverware was made to him by the citizens, with a signed testimonial:

*Dear Sir,
We the undersigned, inhabitants of Queanbeyan, Molonglo, Gundaroo are desirous of respectfully expressing the high opinion which we have always entertained of your Public Character since your residence amongst us.*

Your urbane and gentlemanly conduct on the Bench as Police Magistrate and the attention which you have so readily and willingly given to all applications connected with your judicial duties, both at the Police Office, and your private residence, has been at all times such as to afford general satisfaction.

Congratulating you upon the result of the late inquiry into the frivolous accusations, and unfounded charges preferred against you and as further expressive of the respect and sincere feelings which actuate us in addressing you on this occasion, we beg to present you with a piece of plate, and our best wishes for your future welfare and happiness.

*And remain, dear Sir, Your most obedient servants,
N.S. Powell J.P., Archibald Macleod, Rev. E. Smith, J. Pope, F.A. Niel, Wm. Kilpatrick, H. Hanna, Thos. Turner, W. I. Packer, T.V. Blomfield J.P., A. Leach J.P., G.O. Jack J.P., W.F. Hayley, Surgeon, Richard Rutledge, J.E. Turner, Norman Macleod, Wm Williams.*

Faunce remained in the position at Queanbeyan until 1842 when it was abolished due to budgetary constraints imposed by the non-elected Legislative Council.

The *Sydney Gazette* continued to pillage him. It would seem that no one in Queanbeyan was attached to the use of the triangle as punishment, because, according to the *Gazette*, men who had supposedly been punished with fifty lashes bore no marks of the event.

The official scourger was said to be often absent from his duties and was with the other paid "constables" accused of bribe taking. Captain Faunce was said not to supervise these punishments, and that he was too lenient in his dealings with wrongdoers. Dr W.F. Hayley was attacked for refusing to attend lashings on the triangle, owing to the lack of remuneration by the government for this unpleasant service.

Horse and cattle stealing was a common offence, and there was most inadequate provision made for the feeding and quartering of the disputed "exhibits" before the Queanbeyan bench. Captain Faunce, in an effort to get the creatures off the hands of the court, knocked them down by private auction sale amongst those present.

Faunce continued in his position until 1842 when the office was closed by a budgetary decision of the Legislative Assembly. There followed appointment as Crown Lands Commissioner in the Albert District of North West New South Wales, and in the Wide Bay District.

Captain and Mrs Faunce were apparently a very happy couple, and music making was one of their well known activities. The Captain would sing and play the flute while accompanied by Mrs Faunce on the piano, which, with some difficulties, accompanied them on their travels. In 1856 Alured, Elizabeth and their nine children had apparently been living in Liverpool. Alured returned to Dodsworth and wrote to Elizabeth:

Queanbeyan 17th April (1856)

My dear Elizabeth,

You will say that I am going to work in earnest when I mention that I sent off yesterday two drays for our baggage. You will have to prepare for transmission every article you can spare including the piano, which you can pack without delay, as also all the drawing room articles. You may expect the drays by about 10 days from this. I may be with you, but cannot yet determine. However, set to work as if you could not expect me. If I can get away I will.

As the drays arrive at Liverpool you should shew the men what you can send by them so that if you retain much for use, Cooper can obtain other leading to make up. The other dray is my own, and on the return of it Sydney (now in the team) is to be left at Liverpool, unless particularly wanted on the journey back.

I heard from Jerrawangelo to-day. Your Papa in his letter of the 6th, states that Charlotte bore the journey pretty well, and that for the last three days, she rode of a pony 12 miles a day. He is about taking her to Sydney and hopes to be at Annie's wedding, but I fear that he cannot manage it. I have to send him first a certificate from Dr Hayley, as to Charlotte's state of health, as a requisite form prior to her admission. I wish this could be avoided, but must agree with Hayley and others that it is the only course in order to ensure a speedy cure.

To return to the draymen. Cooper proposes bringing up some of the boys. He is a steady trustworthy man. I had my doubts as to wishing them such a journey, and if were away on their arrival here, there might be a difficulty as to their residence till you arrived; However, the main point is to lessen the number to travel by the carriages. Your Papa said he would assist in driving one of the vehicles, and this may save me the journey down, and what is of consequence, leaving the mill just now, where I have no sober man I can trust.. You must pay someone to pack etc. if I cannot go down. Should your Papa arrive in time, Alured might come on with the drays, and bring with him Granville and Tom. At any rate 3 boys should come on. There are great preparations for the Bungendore wedding I believe, but I have no invitation.

With love to all, I remain, Yours ALURED.

Eight days later Alured Tasker Faunce was dead. The tragic event was recorded in a Sydney paper:

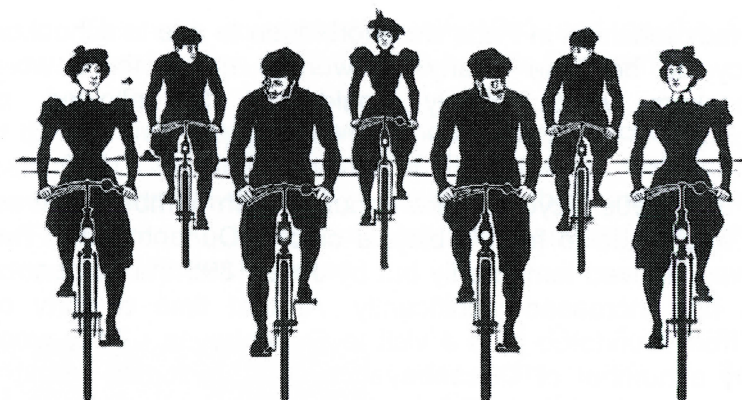
On Saturday last, a number of the members of the Queanbeyan and Ginninderra cricket Clubs, were playing a match on the old race-course at Queanbeyan, and among the party was the deceased who was never known to play with more heart and vigor, than on that day. About five o'clock in the evening, he was bowling and, while in the act of picking up the ball and hitting the wicket, he suddenly fell dead upon the green. It was the opinion of all present that death was instantaneous, as the unfortunate gentleman never moved hand or foot.

Captain Alured Tasker Faunce was only 48 when he died. He left behind his Elizabeth who at 39 had nine children to care for, two of whom were mere toddlers. While Tasker's only brother had left Australia Elizabeth would have had the strong support of her own family. Elizabeth remained at Dodsworth until 1870. She died at the home of her son the Rev Alured Dodsworth Faunce in 1902.

And what of Caroline Gordon and the baby born in 1833? She may well have hoped to marry Tasker. Baby Jessie is clearly identified as his child, but it is only the recent availability of church records that allows us to know this. Caroline had another child too, but despite constant and nasty gossip that went as far as England, neither she nor her family ever revealed the children's parentage. She didn't ever marry and continued to live with her parents until her death in 1853. From family letters, Jessie is known to have been an attractive and educated girl. Her life was complex and mysterious and it is quite possible that the Faunce family didn't ever know of her existence, such were the ways of the nineteenth century.

Gillian Kelly

Faunce, M de L **Captain Alured Tasker Faunce of Queanbeyan 1837 – 1856**
J. G. Raymond, Brisbane, Australia, Descendants of **Caroline Gordon**, Rootsweb
Australian Dictionary of Biography
Scarlett, E L **Queanbeyan District and People**, Queanbeyan Municipal Council, 1968



THE INTRODUCTION OF THE BICYCLE TO THE QUEANBEYAN DISTRICT

Probably the first bicycle seen in the district was one brought to Queanbeyan in February 1871. The *Queanbeyan Age* reported:

'Not until this week has any of the velocipede tribe of locomotive found a local habitation in this town. For the last two or three days a bicycle has been the object of attraction in our streets, where many of our young men, whom it would have been hard for a buckjumper to dislodge, have been trying in vain to sit the critter'.

Bicycles were gradually introduced in the ensuing years and the local newspapers occasionally commented on bicycle activities elsewhere. The *Queanbeyan Times* reported in February 1893 that a ladies' bicycle club was the latest thing in Sydney.

The *Queanbeyan Observer*, in February 1898 reprinted an article which had appeared in an American journal indicating that 'women were being laughed out of their bloomers', because they used cross-saddles. In September 1898 the *Observer* reported

that the lady teachers in Paris were forbidden to ride to school on their bicycles because nearly all women riders there wore knickerbockers which simply could not be allowed in schoolrooms.

Early in the 1890s bicycles were about in such numbers that an attempt was made to form a bicycle club in Queanbeyan. The matter was shelved temporarily but by June 1895 the number of bicycles had increased significantly. At that time a party of cyclists from Gundaroo paid a visit to Queanbeyan. They were joined by a number of Queanbeyan cyclists, including women, and the parade of about twenty bicycles through the streets created much interest.



Cyclists and band at the corner of Monaro & Crawford Streets.

After considerable hesitancy and talk, a bicycle club was formed with Mr W Pike as president and Messrs Garraway, O'Hanlon, Hayes and Rev R Collender and Dr Blackall as vice-presidents. Mr J G Lesmond, Secretary. One of its first achievements was to persuade Council to establish a cycle track in the Queanbeyan

Park. This was completed in late 1895 and on the Queen's birthday week end in 1896 the club held its first carnival.

At this carnival the locals were thoroughly trounced by a visiting team from Cooma. The star of the occasion was one Paddy Freebody and it wasn't long after that his brothers William Byrne and Percy moved to Queanbeyan and managed the agency for Bennett and Barkell bicycles.



In 1897 the Age commented that quite a few of the local ladies were coming out as cyclists.

As well, bicycles were being introduced in the country districts as mail carriers.

Miss McIntosh with bicycle and cockatiel at her mother's home in McQuoid St c1900

Phillip Sydney Pooley, one of the district's leading cyclists was a foundation committee member of that club. He won the Champion Bicycle Race at the Queanbeyan Fire Brigade Sports in January 1899. He also won the handicap races held on Easter Monday 1899. This event attracted entrants from Sydney, Goulburn, Braidwood, Cooma and Yass.

Before the carnival, a bicycle 'drag' took place through the principal streets of the town. There was a quintette (five persons on one machine), a triplet, two tandems and about ninety other riders including a number of ladies. Fully six hundred people were said to be in attendance in the afternoon. Sid Pooley and

Val Pike were the only local cyclists who won prizes. The Age reported:

Lack of space prevents us giving a detailed account of the running, but we cannot refrain from giving great praise to Sid Pooley for his pluck all through. In the two mile race he rode like a champion and deservedly ran in second place amidst tremendous cheering. Val Pike also showed real grit, winning one heat by a magnificent finish.

Sid Pooley, riding from scratch, also came second to Val Pike (25 yards) in the Local Handicap of one mile.

At a major carnival in Goulburn in November 1899. Sid Pooley was the only Queanbeyan cyclist to take a prize. Riding from scratch, he came second in his heat and third in the overall handicap race. After the carnival his cycling career was temporarily interrupted as he enlisted for the Boer War.

The Queanbeyan Cycling Club continued to hold carnivals and other events and by the early years of the twentieth century many local people owned bicycles. For many they replaced horses as



Sydney Poole

a form of transport. The extent to which bicycles were used is illustrated by the *Queanbeyan Observer* in August 1907:

Over forty shearers left Bungendore for the southwest by train on Tuesday night. There were thirty eight bicycles booked between them.

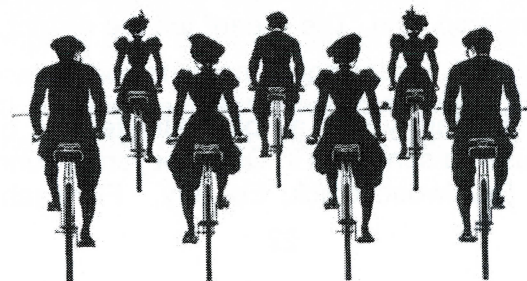
Bicycles became so popular in the district that Bennet and Barkell, makers of the once well known B & B bicycle, opened a branch depot in Queanbeyan and placed a first class mechanic in charge of it. The agents were the Moore brothers and the first class mechanic was William Byrne Freebody



Freebody's Cycle Shop c 1925. Note the motor cycles

Freebody soon bought the agency and continued to sell push bikes, but he soon became involved in the developing trade of the motor cycle and the humble push bike slipped into obscurity until the war years arrived with petrol rationing!

From the notes of Lyall Gillespie as told to Robert Macklin with additions from the records of QDHMS



TRUE STORIES OF CANBERRA

By Old Identity

First published in *The Queanbeyan Age* on 29 April 1930, "Old Identity" continues recalling memories from the past...

I thank that other Old Identity for his mention of nick names, given in his last letter, although most of them were unknown to me. In those times the boss did not escape. When in his presence it was "Yes Sir", or "No Sir", but when at a safe distance it was "The cow, old this or that", and each expression was usually qualified with an adjective. This was the custom of the time, and often were not meant to be disrespectful of the employer.

In my early days there were Jack the Welshman, Tommy the Ram, Blind Jerry, Joe the Pig and many others, and all were decent honest citizens, with the exception of the first and the last. The first was a most notorious thief, and the last was shot dead by a woman and richly deserved his fate.

At the time there were four families of the name of Cameron living in the district, and no way related, viz., the Waterholes Camerons, The Majura Camerons, Cameron the Overseer, and the Glebe Camerons. All but the later are now practically extinct. My notes some time back dealt with the latter family, and Ewan Cameron was the first teacher at Weetangera and his influence for good is in evidence to-day.

There were four families bearing the name Flanagan, in no way related. They were distinguished by different appellations: one family was known as "The Decent", another "The Clean" and the others by less approbatory names. "The Decent" Flanagans resided at Gundaroo, and "The Clean" left the district and settled in Monaro.

A member of this family was a noted Athlete, and on February 26th, 1877, caused a sensation in Queanbeyan by running a dead heat with the Braidwood crack, Ebzzery. Flanagan's distance

was 200 yards, but there were none present who would accept his challenge for that distance. After some delay he decided to accept the Braidwood crack's challenge for 150 yards and a dead heat resulted, the time being a fraction over 15 seconds.

Another race over the same distance would have come off later but the tragic death of Mr H. M. E. Palmer ended all sporting events that day. Some years before this sad event the other Flanagans left the district.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

At that time there were five Keffe families in the district, all very respectable members of the pioneers. One of these families had secured land 25 miles south-west of Queanbeyan in 1830 and are held in the highest estimation today. Three of the other families bearing the name left the district some 60 years ago, and the fifth of that name has a farm near Klensendorffs

About 70 years ago, Keffe, who lived near Klensendorff's went out one evening and as far as his wife and four children were concerned they never saw him again. Search parties were organised and the river dragged but no trace of the missing man was discovered.

About two years later some human remains were discovered about four miles distant, and these were accepted as those of the missing man. It was known that Keffe was being pressed by a local storekeeper for an overdue account, and some believed that he destroyed himself.

We can imagine the task that lay before his widow, but this woman triumphed over them all and in course of time paid the debt and reared her children respectably. Her two daughters married well and were esteemed and respected by all who knew them, and their mother reached the great age of 88 years.

About the year 1873 Abraham Levy, and old Queanbeyanite, having settled in Melbourne, called a cab and on being addressed by the driver, he looked at him, and Lo! there was the missing man before him.

"What are you doing here Keffe? You gave me a surprise, I thought you were dead years ago."

"Stop your gab, I am not Keffe, you are mistaken, " replied the man. Levy however asserted that he was not mistaken and remarked,

"There is a mark on your neck that I will swear to in any Court, and this is not going to end here, Keffe. Your wife must be informed of your existence. I am a magistrate and I will not be party in support of such an outrage as you are guilty of."

On this Keffe admitted his identity and begged Levy's pardon, and said, "For God's sake say nothing about this meeting, I am married here and have several children living; only think what it will be to them and their mother."

"You should have thought of that before, Keffe." replied Levy, "you did not consider your real wife and your four children. I'll say no more to you; you are beneath my notice."

Levy sent word to a friend in Queanbeyan who had an interview with Mrs. Keffe and she declined to take any action in the matter, as her opinion it would make matters worse. And we know no more about Keffe.

NB. The NSW Births, Deaths & Marriages records the death in 1866, at Queanbeyan, of Dennis Keefe.

Dennis Keefe married Bridget Nealon in Queanbeyan in 1857. If this is indeed the supposed death of the man Levy met in Melbourne, the identity of the man buried in Keefe's name is a mystery.

THE ANZAC ON THE WALL

This is a nice little story is attributed to Jim Arthur.

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." 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.
"Twas 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 & 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 1917.
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 spirit 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 hoof beats 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 - tell them, one and all,
That's why he takes the pride of place - my Anzac on the Wall

THE MAGIC LANTERN



This painted tin and brass projector with two half moon shaped discs in the front of the lens comes from the Monk Collection. It is marked 'EP'.

EP stands for *The Ernst Plank Company* which was based in the German toy town of Nuremberg. In 1866 it was listed in the Commercial Register of Nuremberg as 'Ernst Plank, Fabrik Optischer und Mechanischer Waren'. Besides magic lanterns the firm also made all kinds of tin toy steamboats and train sets. Almost all the lanterns from Plank are supplied with its trade mark, bearing the initials 'E.P.'. Sometimes this mark was simply pressed in the tin; mostly a roundel was fixed to the lantern by means of two small clips. The labels on the boxes always show his well known mark with a winged wheel. By this Plank's lanterns are always easy to recognize.

The company survived the First World War, but magic lantern production gradually ceased in the 1920s. In 1930 the factory

was sold to Hans and Fritz Schaller, who specialized in home movie equipments.

The magic lantern or *Lanterna Magica* was the ancestor of the modern slide projector. Joseph Needham reports the device was described in 2nd century China. With an oil lamp and a lens, images painted on glass plates could be projected on to a suitable screen. By the 19th century, there was a thriving trade of itinerant projectionists, who would travel across the United Kingdom with their magic lanterns, and a large number of slides, putting on shows in towns and villages. Some of the slides came with special effects, by means of extra sections that could slide or rotate across the main plate. One of the most famous of these, very popular with children, was *The Rat Swallower* where a series of rats would be seen leaping into a sleeping man's mouth.

The invention of photography enabled the inexpensive creation and reproduction of slides, and thereby greatly expanded the repertoire of available images. Slide shows would feature famous landmarks foreign lands, and personages. Though there was a huge market for these lanterns and slides in the 19th century, they eventually fell out of favour.

A projector such as this would have been used in the Queanbeyan School of Arts. On 6 July 1893 H. Garway presented the first of a series of free lecturettes called *Round About London*, using a magic lantern and slides.

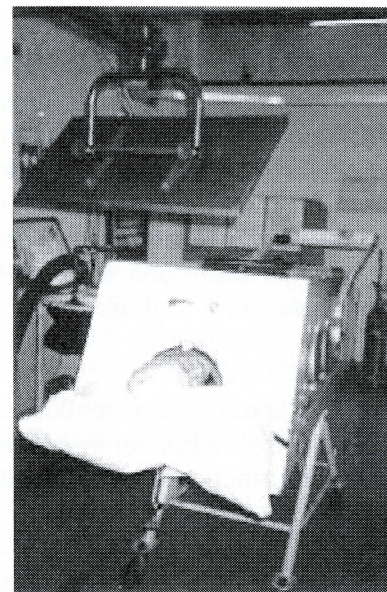
Come and see the magic lantern on exhibition in

That's Entertainment

Coming to Queanbeyan & District Historical Museum in April

Andrew Blundell

THE BOTH 'IRON LUNG'



At left: A Both Respirator showing suspended mirror so the patient can see around. This is the model owned by Queanbeyan & District Historical Museum Society. It is on display in the Hospital Room

Queanbeyan & District Historical Museum Society is lucky to own a Both Respirator, commonly known as an Iron Lung. The machine was supplied to Queanbeyan District Hospital by Lord Nuffield, and was used throughout the poliomyelitis epidemics of the 1950s. At times it was lent cross the border to Canberra Hospital to help it cope with the dreaded disease.

The Both machine has an Australian history that bears telling:

Edward Thomas Both was a young man in his twenties when he set up a laboratory to develop scientific and medical apparatus at Adelaide University in the early 1930s. At that time he had a staff of one, his wife Eileen, but by the mid-1930s they had been joined by his younger brother, Donald. The company became known as Both Equipment Limited. Over the following few decades Edward developed and produced a huge number of different

kinds of instruments ranging from a portable electrocardiograph in the 1930s to electric delivery vans in the 1950s and an electric tennis score board for the Davis Cup and the Melbourne Olympic Games in the 1950s.

When the severe epidemic of poliomyelitis or 'infantile paralysis' broke out in 1937, health authorities in South Australia approached the Both's to see if they could produce a breathing machine to help polio patients who were dying of respiratory paralysis. At that time the only system of mechanical respiration considered satisfactory for polio patients was the Drinker 'iron lung' developed in the USA. It was a large steel tank or cabinet that was cumbersome, heavy, expensive, and not able to be serviced outside the USA.

The Both's were able to design a simple, inexpensive respirator. Working non-stop with the help of several other enthusiastic young men, the Both's produced sufficient machines to cope with the polio epidemic in South Australia.

The Both machine worked on the same principle as the Drinker respirator, which had been developed in the late 1920s by Philip Drinker at the Rockefeller Institute in the USA. The Drinker had gone into commercial production in the early 1930s. It operated on the principle of intermittent external negative pressure ventilation. This means that the apparatus was a sealed chamber in which a patient was placed if their respiratory muscles were paralysed. Only the patient's head protruded and a soft collar around their neck maintained the seal.

Inside the chamber the air pressure was rhythmically lowered and restored. The changes in air pressure caused the patient's chest to rise and fall, thus drawing air in through their mouth and pushing it out again. The rhythmic breathing that would normally be produced by a person's chest muscles was instead produced by the machine.

The chamber of the Drinker respirator where the patient lay was a larger, cylindrical metal tank. At some stage it was given the nickname 'iron lung' and this term stuck.

The Both 'iron lung' operated on the same principle of external negative pressure, but the Both respirator was much simpler and cheaper. One of its features was that it was made of plywood. This contributed to the cheapness of its manufacture. It also meant that the unit was lighter and, since it was mounted on wheels, it could be moved about. In fact it was called the 'Both portable cabinet respirator'. However, hospital staff and the general public were apparently used to referring to polio respirators as 'iron lungs'. The term continued to be used for Both respirators even though they were not made of iron. Apparently the Both brothers themselves called their machines 'iron lungs'. In addition, some hospital staff even referred to the Both respirators as 'Drinkers'.

The mechanism that created the negative air pressure inside the Both respirator was separate from the cabinet. It consisted of an electric motor connected to a large cylindrical bellows mounted on a wheeled stand. The bellows in turn was connected by a wide flexible tube to the patient's wooden cabinet. The rhythmical expanding and contracting of the bellows produced the necessary changes in air pressure inside the cabinet. In some hospitals the bellows of each unit was located on the verandah and the flexible tube passed through the window to the patient's cabinet in the ward.

William Morris, later Sir William Morris, and later still Lord Nuffield, started with a bicycle shop in Oxford, England, but in 1913 he made his first motorcar, the Morris Oxford. During the 1930s Lord Nuffield became involved with the manufacture and distribution of Both artificial respirators. Both's wife, Mrs Eileen Both tells of how Lord Nuffield came to learn about the Both machine in 1938:

Edward was in London with a direct-writing portable electrocardiograph which he hoped to introduce to the medical profession when he heard an S.O.S. on the B.B.C. radio for an "iron lung" for a poliomyelitis patient. He contacted the South Australian Agent-General... and offered to produce his own model... He hired a garage... and set to work... Soon he assembled a cabinet and a motor unit.

Another respirator was lent to the Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford, where a film was made of its operation. Lord Nuffield saw the film and was so impressed with the simplicity of operation and its design, he decided to manufacture and give away a "lung" to any hospital who asked. The generosity of the gift was heralded by the press.

Respirators to Both's design were subsequently mass produced at the Morris Cowley works. Professor Peter J. Morris at John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford writes:

Nuffield... offered to produce 5000 and provide one for every hospital in the British Empire that wanted one, when told that one or two people would die each year because of the lack of one. Until the war brought the production of the iron lungs to a halt, just on 1800 had been built and distributed to hospitals throughout the British Empire.

After World War II, E.T. Both set up an office in Sydney, while his brother continued to manage the factory in Adelaide. The Nuffield model was modified and improved in various ways over the years. There were also baby incubators, and emergency respirators for transport by plane

Sometimes hailed as 'the Edison of Australia', E.T. Both died in 1987. Because of the role he played in the production of 'iron lungs', he had been honoured with an OBE by King Edward VI. Sadly, however, the Both brothers seem not to have been given the recognition they deserve in their home state.

This article has been based on published and unpublished material, letters and photographs held in research files at the Powerhouse Museum and in the private files of Dr Richard Bailey (Australian Society of Anaesthetists) and was written by:

Megan Hicks
Curator of Health and Medicine
Powerhouse Museum, Sydney

THE PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTION

The indexing of the photographs held in the Society's collection is continuing and the fully searchable data base is growing. Not unexpectedly more unidentified photographs are appearing. Can you help us with this one?

The photograph is sepia, on a slightly damaged mount. It is the work of Crown Studios, George & Market Streets, Sydney. The back is inscribed as shown.



*Yours sincerely
Mabel Wood*

IS THIS MAN DAN HILLMAN, AND WHO WAS DAN HILLMAN

Quinbean, Vol 1, No2



Mrs Dell Gibbs lived at 15 Surveyor Street, where this photograph was found and has no knowledge of either the subject or anyone called Dan Hillman.

However, Mrs Rosemary Currie had offered another solution. Dan was said to live on Bungendore Hill, which Queanbeyan folk immediately recognise as the hill to the east of the town.

However, the village of Bungendore boasted its own Dan in the latter half of the nineteenth century. He is described in a poem published in the *Goulburn Penny Post* during 1880. It is entitled Who was Who in Bungendore in 1880, A song of Bungendore. The fifth verse states:

*Across the way resides the famous Dan –
I give you liberty – o'er reach him if you can.
Don't call him knave, yet name him not with fools;
Beware the man ! He uses edged tools.
Of him I fain would sing, but here must stop!
He gives, I'm told, a very hearty chop.*

Is this Dan from a hill at Bungendore?