

Quinbean

Volume 2 No 4
May 2009

THE COVER:

The Blacksmith's Shop - Errol Lea-Scarlett Collection

This is a wonderful photograph, right in the main street. It is Bill Snow's coachbuilding works. This is Bill Snow with the black beard, standing at the sulky.

The forge and blacksmith's shop are at the back. These men made history. On the side is my uncle, Tom Weir; I think the other one is a Hawes and the one in the 'hard-hitter' is Mr Peter Naylor, member of a very, very old family.

The other one is Mr Bill Gambell who was always noted for his wonderful bullock team. The stories about him were legion. He had to swear before the bullocks would move! I think the man in the cap could be Mr Harry Barber.

Part of this old forge was turned up just a few weeks ago when they were making a car park at the back. The Methodist Church as it was can be seen at the back of the view. There was a row of little houses (which have been demolished) just across the street from it.

Mrs Elma Wood, 15 March 1976



The Blacksmith's Shop - Monaro Street

The Journal of
The Queanbeyan & District Historical Society Inc.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

Welcome to the latest edition of *Quinbean*. Many thanks to Gillian Kelly for the production of this edition.

The time since our last edition has been very fruitful and rewarding, thanks to the hard work of the Society executive, committee and members.

We have completed a very successful Heritage Week. The Society hosted a Small Museums visit to our museum and the Print Museum and attendees had a tasty and entertaining lunch with guest speaker Caroline Webber from the National Archives of Australia.

We opened our latest exhibition *Queanbeyan's Story - The Beginning* with a well attended opening on April 18th. I would like to congratulate Gillian Kelly, for Curating; Elise Bernard, for research and assisting Gillian; and Fred Monk, Gordon Kelly and David Flanagan for the building and installation of the new exhibition at the Museum. Thank you to Peter Conlon and Queanbeyan City Council for supporting the production of professional storyboards and perspex display cases. We have also recently signed a Memorandum of Understanding with Queanbeyan City Council, in support of our strategic partnership in operating and developing the Museum. Council has also adopted a joint QDHMS Inc. and QCC strategic plan for the Museum.

The latest exhibition is part of a planned strategic redevelopment of the Museum displays, in order to tell the story of Queanbeyan. Please drop in to the Museum and have a look any weekend between 1-4.

The Queanbeyan City Council Heritage Awards were held at the Museum again this year and Gillian Kelly was recognised for her work in the Queanbeyan community in the area of local history and the Museum with a Heritage Award.

We have instituted bi-monthly members working days so people can be hands on at the Museum. These have proven popular and successful. Have a look at the Museum website for dates.

I hope you enjoy reading the latest *Quinbean*.

Kerrie Ruth

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ONE OF OUR BOYS

Gillian Kelly



RICHARD ALFRED MEECH 1887 - 1915

Photograph from *Our Boys 1*, QDHMS collection

Richard Alfred Meech was born in Queanbeyan in June 1887, the elder son of Isaac Meech and Rosanna née Blundell.

Within a fortnight of the declaration of war the 3rd Battalion was raised in NSW and Richard, aged 27, enlisted on August 20 1914 at the daily pay rate of 5/-. He was the first Queanbeyan man to do so and was described as being 5'6" tall, with a fair complexion and light brown hair. He left behind in Queanbeyan a fiancée, his parents and brother and sisters.

The 3rd Battalion embarked on HMAT *Euripides* just two months later. After a brief stop in Albany, Western Australia, the battalion proceeded to Egypt, arriving on December 2nd.

The initial landings at Gallipolli on April 25, 1915 were planned as a precision strike. On August 6, three months into the stalemate, the Australian 1st Infantry Brigade, which included the



3rd Battalion at Giza, Cairo, Egypt December 1914
with permission of the Australian War Memorial

3rd Battalion, launched an attack on Turkish positions on the hill they called Lone Pine.

Australian troops needed to make several diversionary attacks against the Turks. The first of these began at dusk on 6 August at Lone Pine. Men of the 1st Australian Infantry Brigade, wearing distinguishing white patches to prevent them being fired upon by their own men, attacked the Turkish trenches. Although roofed with heavy logs, the trenches were quickly captured and the Australians prepared for Turkish counter-attacks. For the next three days confused and ferocious fighting occurred in the maze of narrow trenches.

The Australians constructed a number of fortified posts around which they and the Turks fought savagely with rifles, bombs

(hand-grenades) and bayonets. The diversionary attack achieved the aim of keeping Turkish reserves away from the advance on Sari Bair, but the heavy fighting cost 2,000 Australian and over 5,000 Turkish casualties - almost half of those involved¹ and amongst the Australians was Richard Alfred Meech.

According to witnesses Richard was hit by a grenade after they got into the Turkish trenches. At daylight they began to carry him out but it seems most likely that he died before this was achieved and he was buried in the blind end of a trench.

Late in 1915 Jessie Meech, Richard's sister, wrote to the army saying that they hadn't heard from Richard and sought information about his situation.

The reply came promptly: *With reference to your enquiry dated 28th ultimo I have to inform you that no official report has been received at this office concerning N0 1148 Private R A Meech, 3rd Btn, and it can be safely assumed he is well and with his unit. Should any information come to hand it will be immediately transmitted to your mother who is next of kin.*

On February 22nd, 1916 Rosanna and Isaac Meech were notified that their son was missing in action. Jessie wrote from Ivy Cling, George Street, Queanbeyan that *it was terrible hard to think that it should take the army five months before they could let us know. It has broken my poor mother up completely.*²

There was still hope. The enlistment number for the RA Meech said to be missing was different to the number of RA Meech, son of Rosanna and Isaac. Several days later this was corrected.

¹ Australian War Memorial website

² National Archives of Australia Defence Base Records W35232

It was to be almost a year before the Meechs knew the awful truth - and then they read it in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Jessie again wrote to the army on November 6th, 1916: *As my brother's name No 1148 Private RA Meech appears in this morning's paper amongst the Killed in Action in the casualty list and as we have had no word to say he was, will you try to give me the particulars as I think it is right that we should get word before they publish it in the papers. Hoping you will do this as soon as possible,*³

And on November 10, 1916 fifteen months after the event, Jessie and her family had their answer: *I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter dated the 6th instant and to state the regrettable news of the death of your brother, No 1148, private R A Meech, 3rd Battalion, was communicated on 24.10.16 to the Military Commandant, New South Wales, for transmission to next of kin, who is shown as mother residing at the address from which you write.*

*Your brother, who was reported as wounded and missing between 6th and 12th August, 15, is now reported by Court of Enquiry as having been killed in action between these dates.*⁴

While the strain on the Meech family must have been unbearable and the responses of the army seem curt it must be remembered that the unprecedented and horrific death toll was as shocking to those Officers trying to deal with it as it was to the nation because between April 25, 1915 and January 8, 1916 over 8000 Australian soldiers lost their lives at Gallipolli and each had to be accounted for.

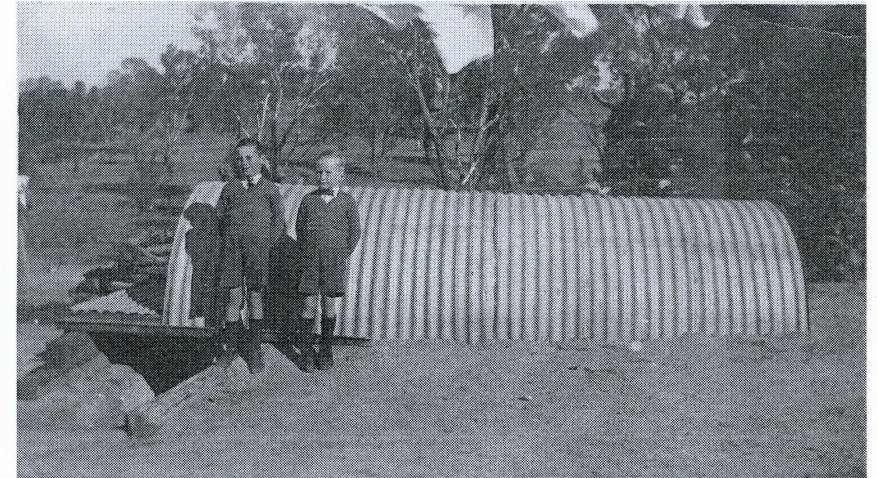
Cope, John *Our Boys I*
AustralianWar Memorial website
National Archives of Australia

³ Ibid

⁴ Ibid

WORLD WAR II AIR RAID SHELTER

Patrick Jeffrey



My father Victor Jeffery built a backyard air raid shelter at our family home in Tharwa in 1941.

The Japanese had entered the war and looked a threat to Australia's security so to protect his family of Wife and five young children he dug a large hole with a pick and shovel some twenty metres from the back door in decomposed granite measuring about 6 metres long, 3 metres wide and 3 metres deep.

He cut shelves in the wall to store provisions, benches to either sit on or lay down and steps to enter from one end of the structure. He cut a galvanised iron water tank in half and placed it over the hole to act as a roof.

Thankfully it was never used as a shelter but for some time after my siblings and I used it to play in until the spiders and cobwebs took over and Dad demolished it and filled the hole in.

Sometimes I think his effort was all in vain as our little village would have been hard to find in those times but I admire him for his effort to protect his family.

CANBERRA TRUNKS BAN DEFIED

Canberra, Monday - Canberra men are appearing at the local baths clad only in trunks.

It is not expected that the Minister for the Interior (Mr McEwen) will order action against them, although the swimmers are openly flouting an ordinance which states that costumes must be worn.

The wearing of trunks has followed a recommendation by the Advisory Council allowing them for youths less than 21.

THE AVENUE OF MEMORY - ISABELLA STREET

Brendan O'Keefe



Remnants of a Memorial - Queanbeyan Public School Isabella St
April 2009 GK

Though it is now almost unknown, the remnants of a memorial avenue of trees stand in Isabella Street, Queanbeyan, a commemoration of young men of the town who lost their lives in World War 1. Originally called the Avenue of Memory, the planting of the trees in 1936 was the brainchild of Frank Gallagher, the remarkable headmaster of the Queanbeyan Public School in Isabella Street.

Gallagher had powerful motives to commemorate the dead of the war. Having himself served for over three years, he had witnessed at first hand the devastation that the war had wrought of humans and property in Belgium and France. His wife Georgette, moreover, was a native of one of those countries, Belgium; she

and Gallagher had married in Brussels while he was undertaking advanced language studies in continental Europe immediately after the war.

Frank Gallagher had arrived in Queanbeyan as the new headmaster of the Queanbeyan Intermediate High School, as it was then called, in January 1933. He immediately made his presence felt both at the school and in the town. He founded the school's Ex-Pupils' Association and the Queanbeyan Legacy Club, and he was the instigator of the Memorial to William Farrer that still stands in Farrer Place. He was also the originator of the Farrer Memorial Oration and Medal, an award that is still made each year to a leading agricultural scientist for outstanding work in the field in Australia.

The Avenue of Memory in Isabella Street arose out of an earlier memorial at the school that came to an untimely end. On Gallagher's initiative, ex-soldiers of the town and relatives of men who had died in the war planted 31 trees in the grounds of the school in June 1933. The trees comprised lilacs and hollies anonymously donated by a friend of Gallagher's, together with seven pine trees donated from the country home at Katoomba of the former Chief Justice and Lieutenant-Governor of NSW, the late Sir Frederick Darley. Georgette Gallagher made brass plaques for the trees, each bearing the name of one of the dead local soldiers. Later in the year, a Garden of Memory was planted among the trees.

But the memorial trees and garden did not last long. Within a year, the dilapidated state of the school's fences allowed horses and cattle to trample the gardens. And in 1935, the trees had to be removed to make way for a new two-storey brick building that would ease chronic overcrowding in classrooms at the school.

Following the loss of the memorial trees and garden, Gallagher was quick to initiate moves for a replacement memorial. Besides planting trees to help beautify the school grounds, he won support from Queanbeyan Council and the Legacy Club to plant a memorial avenue of trees in Isabella Street. He called it the Avenue of Memory.

The planting of the trees duly took place on 1 July 1936. Students of the school planted thirty trees in the street in honour of ex-pupils who lost their lives in the war, except for one of the trees which was dedicated to a former long-serving headmaster, James Ridley. Ridley, who had died a few years before, had been headmaster when most of those who died in the war had been students.

The trees for the planting had been obtained from the Capital Territory's nursery at Yarralumla and comprised well-advanced scarlet oak and desert ash. They were planted such that they alternated along each side of the street.

Only nine months after Frank and Georgette Gallagher left Queanbeyan in mid-1937, it was reported that the trees were not being cared for. Astonishingly, though, a few of the trees from the original 1936 Avenue of Memory survive to this day, mainly on the CBD side of Isabella Street. Most of the original trees, however, have been replaced by kurrajongs and other species or have not been replaced at all. Far fewer than thirty trees now line the street.

A proposal has arisen within the local Heritage Committee for the Avenue of Memory in Isabella Street to be re-instated, and it is hoped this will be taken up by Queanbeyan City Council. The re-instatement may involve some additional plantings in Isabella and neighbouring streets, though not necessarily of scarlet oak and desert ash. It has been suggested that plaques recording the names

of the dead World War 1 soldiers from Queanbeyan Public School be fixed in place at the base of new or existing trees. This should help to ensure that the trees are looked after and that the Avenue of Memory is not once again forgotten.

The 28 ex-pupils of Queanbeyan Public School who lost their lives in WW1 and who were commemorated by the avenue of trees in Isabella Street were:

Beatty, Alexander	Hincksman, Clem	Penney, William
Beatty, Harry	Mayo, E F	Richardson, Alfred
Bingley, Stan	Mayo, J C	Robertson, Harry
Chopping, D	McInnes, H	Robertson, Monty
Dornbusch, Ernest	Maxwell, Thomas	Roffe, E
Dunlop, Norman	Meech, Alfred	Thompson, C
Feagan, Alex T	Moore, Walter	Walker, Lancelot
Feagan, William	Moriarty, Harry	Tynan, William
Ford, Andrew	Morton, William A	
Gregory, Joe	Nugent, George	

The trees were planted by Mrs J. Mayo; Mrs J.A. Shaw; Mrs Chatfield; Mrs G.C. Hook; Mrs W. Webber; Miss M. Walker; Miss M. O'Neill; Mr Jack McInnes; Mr E. Robertson, jun; Mr Clarrie Hincksman; Mr A. Fallick; Mr M. O'Rourke; Mr C.T. Campbell; Mr G. Harrigan; and Mr George McInnes.

WHO WAS MY GREAT GRANDFATHER?

Frederick Monk - Alfred Monk's great grandson



Alfred Monk married Mary O'Rourke (photo above) in St Gregory's Church, Queanbeyan in 1861. The marriage certificate provided no detail of his parentage.

My Uncle George Monk had worked on the Family Tree and recorded what was known from documents saved by past

generations and no doubt family memories. This was pre internet. This was then my starting point.

Uncle George noted that Alfred was born in 1833 in Shoreditch near London. England, to (according to his death certificate) John and Anne Monk b 1800 nee Crozier.

That's really good I hear you say, with the internet you will find him no problems. Here the research and double checking starts, as I could find no records for Richard, Caroline, William, Alfred etc born to John and Anne Monk.

It was time to go back to Uncle George's stash of documents, saved by cousins Nancy and Doreen Monk to see what point I was missing.

Amongst the papers were letters from the latter part of the 19th century to Alfred from his brother Edward (Ted) and John. They included references, by name, to siblings and aunts and uncles etc.

Armed with this info and full of confidence I returned to the internet to look up these people and link them to Alfred. What is it they say about being over confident?

There were no records for Alfred's parents or his siblings, aunts or uncles as mentioned in the aforementioned correspondence using the surname Monk. I found Crozier, Adams Greengrass, and Lane families as mentioned, but no Monk. A search of the American records found no William Monk in the places named either.

So had I reached a dead-end? aka the genealogist's nightmare *brick wall*. Surely not, as the letters are quite detailed in their description of family members.

The breakthrough came when my cousin Les Martin,⁵ who had posted some of the aforementioned names on the internet, was contacted by an Ann Costar whose family had lost touch with their great grandfather Edward's brother Alfred, who it was thought had migrated to the colonies, as his elder brother William had gone to America. Edward's parents were John and Anne Costar b 1800 nee Crozier. (Hold it don't get ahead of yourselves)

As my previous searches of the various English records for Alfred **Monk** his parents, siblings, aunts, uncles had failed to find any trace of them. I decided to search these records again using the names in the letters, and as suggested by Ann, the common surname turned out to be a family called Costar, who lived in and about Oxford and Croydon.

ie Anne Crozier b 1800 married John Costar in 1818 in Saint Aldates Oxfordshire. Children: Richard, Caroline, William, Sarah, John, James, Alfred, Edward and Mary Ann.

As well as Alfred's parents and siblings all of the names were able to be matched to those mentioned in the letters to Alfred Monk including one William Costar who ended up in the Dakota Territory's. And yes, using American resources I have been able to locate him and 2 generations of his family. One of the examples of information in these letters pointing to Costar was a letter dated 6/9/1876 from Edward in which he writes:

well Dear Brother I have bad news to tell you I might as well tell you at first as last Poor Brother John died this morning between 3 and 4 o'clock.

The English records show:
Deaths, Sept 1876 John Costar Croydon (Vol 2a page 143)

⁵ See article in *Quinbean* Vol 2 No 3 "Finding Family"

As a result of this research, a new family history has had to be written to indicate Alfred Costar left England, changed his name to Monk and arrived, in a small country town called Queanbeyan, sometime during the late 1850's. He met and married Mary O'Rourke b c1834 in county Leitrim Ireland, and began his new life.

Whilst he had various occupations his trade was a coach painter (like a lot of the Costar family). He was also a shepherd, farmer, gardener and painter, for 4 months he may have been the postmaster at Canberra.⁶ (unconfirmed)

Alfred and Mary lived in Irish town and later at Wickerslack where in 1882 he was found drowned in the Queanbeyan River. Mary passed away in 1907. Alfred and Mary's descendants number approximately 200 and cover 7 generations.

Alfred, as far as we know, never told anybody, other than his brothers John and Edward, about his name change. I have subsequently made contact with English descendants of Alfred's brothers/sisters/aunts/uncles, our 4th cousins, and have even found a cousin living in Sydney descended from my great grandfather Alfred's Uncle Frederick,

Where did he get the name MONK? Well I have recently discovered that one Mary Ann Costar who was the daughter of Alfred's Uncle Benjamin married Mark MONK

Moral of this story

Like my Uncle George never throw anything out, for without the letters we would never have discovered our true heritage.

⁶ as noted by Shumack

THE OFFICIAL POST OFFICE DIRECTORY OF NSW 1867 QUEANBEYAN

Bates, Charles Free selector	Grady, John Free selector
Bates, George Fencer	Grady Michael Free selector
Beattie, James Free selector	Grant, Louis Landholder
Beattie, Thomas, Settler	Gray, James Wool sorter
Beattie, W A Settler	Jackson, Richard Farmer
Blewitt, Joseph Innkeeper	Jackson, Robert Stonemason
Blewitt, Joseph Innkeeper	Jackson, Samuel Butcher
Blewitt, William Snr farmer	Keefe, James Free selector
Blewitt, William Jnr farmer	Keefe, McDennis Free selector
Bowes, James Labourer	Land, Edwin Innkeeper
Brown, Thomas, Farmer	Land, William Porter
Brown, William Deputy Bailiff	Lenorgan, James Labourer
Byrne, Charles, Squatter	Lesmond, George Lockup keeper
Byrne Martin, Squatter	McDonald John Farmer
Campbell, William gentleman	McDonald, Ken Landowner
Cantle, William Engineer	MacIntosh, Malcolm Shoemaker
Connelly, John Free selector	McIntyre, Duncan Mail driver
Connelly, Pat Free selector	Moore, William
Crawshaw, Charles Dealer	Moore, William Free selector
Cresswell, Mrs Inkeeper	Mugeridge, Hugh Carpenter
Evans, E O Carpenter	Mullen, John Printer
Evans, John Farmer	O'Neill, James Saddler
Fagin, John Settler	O'Neill, J O Saddler
Fairly, John Miller	O'Neill, Mrs Elizabeth
Faunce, Kenzie Accountant Cb	Plummer, James Farmer
Faunce, Landholder	Poole, F Governess
Fineran, Connor Settler	Sims, William Wheelwright
Fineran, Patrick Settler	Sindell, Robert Storekeeper
Fox, Francis Farmer	Walsh, F & E Storekeepers
Fox, John Farmer	White, Rev P Catholic priest
Gibbs, Colonel	Whyte, John Assistant draper
Gibbs, Edward Free settler	Williams, Mrs Landholder
Gibbs, James Free settler	Wilson, Thomas Blacksmith
Gibbs, William Free settler	Woodward, J J Tel master
Gibbs, William Lime burner	Young, John Baker
Goodridge, James Farmer	

DO YOU KNOW ANY OF THESE FOLK?

As the cataloguing of the photographic collection continues it is sad to note that the box marked *Unidentified* continues to fill. Our photos in this issues are all snapshots rather than formal photographic studio efforts.

Does anyone recognise a family dressed in it Sunday best? Or a beautiful wedding scene? Or what is surely a local butchery team? Is it your family Butcher Lindbeck?

If you can help identify anyone in these photos please contact the Museum and help us put a photo to rest!



A MAN CALLED CAMPBELL

Geoff Armstrong

Extracted from *A Man Called Campbell and the Origins of Australian Rugby* for Colonial Rugby.com



Campbell's Yarralumla
QDHMS Collection

Frederick Campbell was a grandson of Robert Campbell. Frederick, or Fred as he was known, was born in 1846 on his grandfather's property, 'Duntroon', in southern New South Wales, and had been taken to England by his parents in 1854, where he was enrolled at the Cholmeley School in London. A classmate was Marcus Clarke, later to write *For the Term of His Natural Life*. Since 1860, the school has been known as Highgate. Campbell remained there until July 1863.

Across Britain at that time, the football young men were playing was a matter of dispute. Many schools of the early 1860s preferred 'soccer'. However, a few, including Highgate, took to the game as played at Rugby School. Returning to Australia, Fred Campbell headed for Sydney University, where he studied in 1865 - not long enough to gain a degree, but ample time to inspire a rugby club.

The story of Sydney rugby between 1866 to 1869 further suggests Campbell was an influential figure in the game's evolution. Deciding an Arts degree was of little use to him, at the end of 1865 he went looking for the good old station life, first at the North Goonambil station at Urana in southern NSW and then at cattle and sheep stations near Rockhampton in Queensland.

Briefly back in Sydney in 1866, he found time to lead a team that lost a rugby contest on the University Ground to a team of undergraduates, and the fact he was captain suggests he was the most experienced rugby man. He might also have been the chief organiser of the side, the best player, perhaps all of the above. Soon after that game, Campbell went bush again, and rugby's rise at the University and in Sydney stuttered. Documented games in the big city for the next three years were few and far between.

Season 1870 was the year of rugby's revival in Australia. This was the winter in which the soon-to-be-renowned Wallaroo club was formed in Sydney. Fred Campbell - having been cajoled back to Sydney to learn the family business - became Wallaroo's treasurer. The duo's influence in the football community continued through the early 1870s, until Deas Thomson began to succumb to the disease that would claim his life, and Fred again headed bush, this time for good.

First, he rode to the Bundabarena Station on the Barwon River in north-western NSW, then in 1877 to the 'limestone plains' as the area around Queanbeyan was known, to manage Duntroon.

So who was this man named Campbell? He was born into a wealthy and highly respected family, but with a cleft palate and a harelip. As a boy, he ran a long second in his father Charles' eye to his elder brother Walter. To overcome his speech difficulty young Fred focused on the written word, which he made his main method of communication, but it was only the tragic death of Walter in a boating accident at Cambridge in 1860 that boosted his standing within the family.

After his mother Catherine died, in essence of a broken heart, the decision was made for the rest of the family to return to Sydney. For the next few years, his father would travel between a home in Scotland and properties in NSW and Victoria, while for many days through 1864 and 1865 Fred lived with his uncle John at Wharf House at The Rocks.

However, the restless young footballer's decision to forsake the city to pursue the pleasures that townsfolk never know meant he lost contact with this influential group. In 1881, Fred left Duntroon after purchasing an adjoining property, Yarralumla, and began putting into practice the skills and feel for the land that he had developed in the previous 15 years.

He became much more than just a pastoralist, more a pivotal figure in most of what happened in the Queanbeyan district. While he did have the occasional quarrel with neighbours, the men and women who worked for him were fiercely loyal, and served him well. A New Year's Eve dinner dance and New Year's Day celebrations involving the Campbell family and their friends and employees were a much anticipated annual event, a feature of

which was the cricket match between a Yarralumla XI and a Queanbeyan combination.

The property grew to 40,000 acres (16,400 hectares) and Fred became president of the board and chief benefactor to the Queanbeyan District Hospital, a part-time magistrate, president of the local branch of the 'Farmers' and Settlers' Association', church elder, founder or patron of several sporting clubs, including the Queanbeyan Rugby Union and the Queanbeyan Rifle Club.

In 1900, he was elected chairman of the 'Queanbeyan Federal Capital League', which helped argue the case for the region being the site of the new national capital. In this last instance, Fred was too effective for his own good. Canberra won the day, but the committee chairman had never envisaged the authorities compulsorily acquiring his property.

When his daughter visited Canberra in the 1960s, she said to her son, 'Father would have been heartbroken to see the best pasture land in Australia permanently drowned by a man-made lake.'

Booted from his home with just five weeks' notice for considerably less than what he believed it was worth, Fred never really resettled until well into his seventies, when he established a new pastoral enterprise in the Riverina.

In one awful week during World War 1, he lost two children - Charles, missing in action over France, John, the youngest, at home to epilepsy. Fred died at Narrandera in 1928, aged 82.

After leaving Yarralumla, Fred's first stop had been 'Bishopthorpe', once the official residence of the Bishop of Goulburn, but within eight months the mansion caught fire and most of its contents were destroyed, including reams of Campbell family documents. For a man who had lived by the written word,

this must have been a catastrophe, and we can ponder whether one of the great Australian memoirs of the 19th century was lost.

Such was once the great divide between the city and the bush, it is perhaps understandable that Richard Teece, one of Sydney's most prominent businessmen, could remember his one-time university friend only as 'a man named Campbell' when he was interviewed in 1919.

In an article that appeared in *Old Times* in July 1903 that is often quoted by rugby historians, WM 'Monty' Arnold, one of the founders of the Wallaroo Club in 1870, refers to Fred in a single sentence: 'Amongst our first players, in addition to the original five who started the (Wallaroo) club, (was) Fred Campbell, a descendant of Campbell of the Wharf ...' He was much more than that.

The fact that of Fred's five children, only his second daughter had children meant that as far as his part of the family tree was concerned, the Campbell name was lost.

Earlier this year, I came across some information that allowed me, via a Google search and the Sydney phone book, to find his eldest grandson, Maurice Newman, a Sydney-based QC. When I then contacted Sandy, Maurice's younger brother, he was genuinely excited that I had 'discovered' Fred, but perhaps a little disappointed as to why I'd found him. To Sandy, Fred Campbell is about a whole lot more than rugby.

Sandy's greatest frustration is that for most Canberra historians the story of the city seems to begin around 1913, the year his grandfather left the district. It is as if the pain and distress felt by landowners deprived of their land and homes without fair recompense is best left unmentioned.

Consequently, Fred's vision and innovation in building Yarralumla into a model station have been largely ignored, even though his land extended across what are now many of Canberra's southern to north-western suburbs, on which ran a Merino wool clip that was regarded as one of the most valuable in the country.

Forests had been efficiently cleared into prime grazing paddocks, marshy country shrewdly drained, and so effective were his fences the entire property was as good as rabbit proof. Fred never fell into the trap of trying to replicate the lush grasses of England; instead, he retained the native grasses, and the Yarralumla paddocks remained brown, and productive, for much of the year.

In the 1960s, Sandy Newman was a director of Cooinbil Ltd., the company formed by Fred to manage his second major pastoral enterprise. 'During those years, I had full access to all the company records,' he explains today, 'and I discovered that many of the "tried and true" practices still in use had been initiated by Fred.'

Sandy believes Fred's life was driven by two things: to overcome his speech disability and to demonstrate to his father and his peers that he had the ability and the pioneering spirit to develop and improve his pastoral business as well or better than they could have. That he did so is a source of enormous family pride.

Back in October 1913, at Ryan's Hotel in Queanbeyan, Fred found himself surrounded by family and friends for his 'farewell' from the district. The event was reported in extraordinary detail by the *Queanbeyan Age*, and it reveals much of the great man's character, with humour and humility shining through.

... *Queanbeyan Age's* correspondent at one point writes this way of Fred's speech ... *Leaving his old home at Yarralumla had been a terrible wrench, for he had never expected to have to part from it (here*

the speaker became visibly affected). Had he seen what was coming, he would have endeavoured to induce the Commonwealth Government to fix their choice on Dalgety - or for the matter of that, Mount Kosciusko (laughter) - rather than Canberra ... Dalgety is in Man From Snowy River country, well south of Queanbeyan.

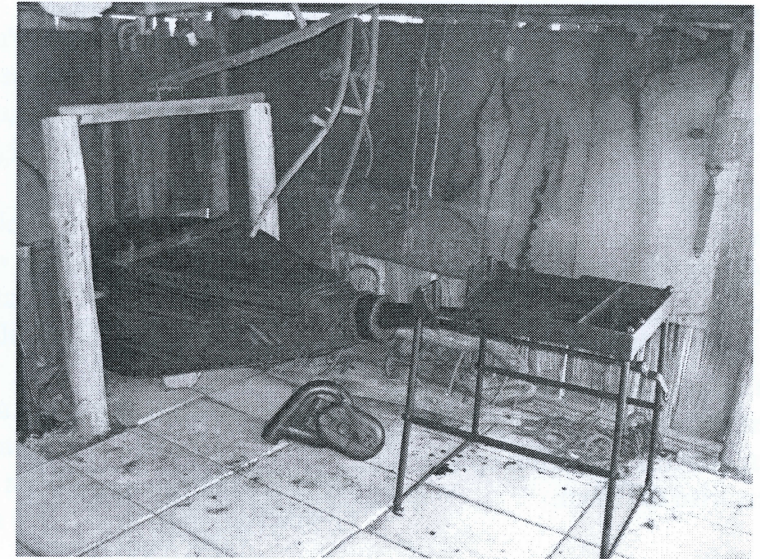
The story continues ... *There were two little matters he took particular pride in. The first was that he started rugby football in New South Wales at the University of Sydney. Football was a manly game and one he thoroughly enjoyed. It taught a person to govern his temper and play the game of life cleanly and honestly, and to otherwise behave as a true man always should ...*

The second 'little matter' was that with a bloke named John Gale, Fred was responsible for introducing trout into New South Wales. The trick here was that he and Gale brought 300 yearling trout all the way from Ballarat in Victoria, and despite it being a 'bitterly cold and tedious job' they lost only three fish along the way. He described this as a 'successful national enterprise', and was clearly chuffed, 30 years on, that they'd had the smarts and the determination to pull off the venture.

In 1891, work was completed on a new homestead at Yarralumla, and for 22 years this impressive building was the Campbell's family home.

After it was decided that Canberra would become the federal capital of Australia, the first property in the district to be resumed was Duntroon, the home of three generations of Campbells, to become the site of the Royal Military College. The building in which Fred was born became the officers' mess. The homestead at Yarralumla became 'Government House', the official residence of the Governor-General. While there have been numerous additions and renovations to the Yarralumla homestead, it is still in essence the house that Fred built.

FROM THE COLLECTION



Bellows, suspended on timber frame with pump lever intact.

The Museum's blacksmith's shop is undergoing a transformation! This year a team from the CIT's Museum Studies IV Certificate have chosen to re-establish the shop and conserve its contents as the finale to their course.

The centre piece of the shop is rare two metre bellows in working order. The leather, timber and metal have all been meticulously treated to conserve and enhance it. It is well over 100 years old and with rest of the shop came from Michelago.

The transformation will be complete in mid June along with a new slant on the Hospital Room and a feature on Theo Cooper, an extraordinary man of the early 20th century.

TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

Tree of knowledge, here you stand,
with such elegance and grace;
a living relic of our past,
you've earned your pride of place.

A hundred years you've held your post,
through every dusk and dawn;
watched a town through trying times,
watched a thriving city born.

You remember well, those roaring days,
when rich was half a crown;
when miners came from up the hills,
to terrorise the town.

Seen bullock drays in bygone days,
that rambled through the streets;
make way for air-conditioned trucks,
with ergonomic seats.

You've felt the breath of raging fires,
that ringed the town by night;
and bared your soul to blinding rain,
when floods were at their height.

Heard gossips for a hundred years,
as they walked your thoroughfare;
would that you could only talk,
what scandals we could share.

You've watched the farmers of the past,
stroll by like grazing stock;

modern folk rush madly on,
all driven by the clock.

You've sheltered many passers by,
beneath your leafy bust;
who, caught in rain or burning sun,
sought comfort in your trust.

Welcomed lovers after dark,
who lingered in your care;
till taxi drivers took their place,
while waiting for a fare.

It's a pity that you're just a tree,
a hundred years still green;
for, a British subject of your age,
gets a message from the Queen.

So, tree of knowledge, take a bow,
to you we raise three cheers;
and wish you all the best of health,
for another hundred years.

DAVID MEYERS (C.1998)



THE TALE OF BANNER

Heather Drury



A section of the banner of Queanbeyan's
Grand United Order of Oddfellows

A banner of great historical interest in the possession of the Queanbeyan & District Historical Museum Society is a relic of the Grand United Order of Oddfellows, Perseverance Lodge No. 1739.

This silk banner is an item of great beauty, painted in the traditional style of the day. From the early 1800s, to bring a better

price for silk (then sold by weight), the "weighting of silk" was achieved by rinsing the silk in solutions containing metal salts. Around that time synthetic dyes were experimented with also, to achieve brighter colours, and these two factors are said to have led to the "shredding" deterioration sometimes seen in silk banners. The colour green seemed to be especially destructive.⁷ Unfortunately, our banner is no exception.

The Independent Order of Oddfellows was founded in England. The date of founding is not known, but Oddfellows' groups probably existed in the early 1700s. Their chief purpose was to give aid, assistance and support to their members and their families. The Order spread later to America and Canada.⁸

When Queanbeyan became a municipality in 1885, the Oddfellows Public Hall was listed among the Public Halls. Before the Oddfellows had their own premises, they had their headquarters in the "Harp of Erin" Inn, commonly referred to as the Harp Inn, in Macquoid Street, which had been opened in 1850 with Joseph Jones as the first licensee.

The Harp Inn stood where the Leagues' Motel stands to-day. The Oddfellows were in good company at the Harp, sharing the Inn with O'Neill and Moran who used the Harp Inn as its coach headquarters, and Madame & Herr Glogoski, who conducted their Dancing School and Quadrille Assembly; in fact, the Inn had many and varied uses.

"Founded in Queanbeyan by W.G. O'Neill in 1856, the Happy Home Lodge of the Manchester Unity Independent Order of Oddfellows gave the town its first touches of colour. Its processions and entertainments gave delight to everyone in the town. The Lodge, moreover, was a townsman's affair, essentially a middle-class co-operative effort free from the servility often

⁷ personal communication, Wendy Dodd, Textile Expert, Aust. War Memorial.
⁸ World Book Encyclopaedia No.14

evoked by the landed gentry. Membership reached sixty within the first six months.

"In 1861 an Oddfellows' Hall was proposed for a piece of land in Monaro Street, offered by Joseph Jones of Goulburn. Plans were drawn up by Daniel Jordan, a trustee of the Lodge, who also received the contract to build. On the first Monday in August a procession moved from the Harp Inn, across the already tottering Queen's Bridge, and to the western end of Monaro Street where Dr Hayley's daughter, Alice, laid the foundation stone of the new hall. Jordan had it finished within record time, ready for formal occupancy on the following New Year's Day. Behind its neat triple-arched porch, firmly poised on stone foundations two feet wide, it stood almost as its builder's monument, the last of his great works. A year later he died from blood-poisoning contracted when a rusty nail ran through his foot."⁹

The Museum owns a Certificate of Distinction presented to Brother G.A. McInnes, in recognition of his services during his term as Noble Grand and Grand Master of the Loyal Happy Home Lodge, presented in Queanbeyan on 28 December 1912, bearing the signatures of witnesses A. Wilden, A. Knox, J. Young, H.S. Douglas and J. McInnes. (Donated to the Museum by Alby McInnes of Queanbeyan)

Reprint from the Newsletter of QDHMS Volume 1, Number 11

⁹ Queanbeyan District and People, Errol Lea-Scarlett, p.44.