

Quinbean

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LEAVING TOWN

Today's Yass Road with the Molonglo River Bridge and the recently removed railway bridge in the background. Blundell Collection

The Journal of
The Queanbeyan & District Historical Society Inc

Quinbean

The Journal of the Queanbeyan and District Historical Museum Society
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2009 – WHAT A YEAR!

Welcome to a bumper edition of *Quinbean*. It has been a most successful year for the Society, which is quite appropriate as 2009 is the 40th Anniversary of the QDHMS's founding. Our successes this year include:

- The Museum has been opened every weekend all year.
- The acceptance by Fair Trading NSW of our new constitution and a new Memorandum of Understanding between the Society and QCC, for a three year period as agreed to by members, was signed in May. This important partnership is working well and contributes to our success.
- Many thanks go to Queanbeyan City Council for supporting our proposal for usage of \$90,000 of the Federal Government community infrastructure stimulus funds for a Museum storage building and landscaping; for the provision of the land next door; for management of the Development Application and building contractors during construction of the storage building.
- Achieving a grant of \$49,000 for renovations to the Museum building through a Federal Government Heritage Grant to QCC. This will provide insulation, renovations to the toilets, roof repairs, signage interpreting the history of the Old Police Sergeant's Residence, reverse cycle air conditioning in the new Catalogers' and Volunteers' workroom, gas heating and refurbishment of the wooden floors.
- Achieving a grant of \$2,500 from Southern Tablelands Regional Arts for an historical mural on the back wall of the Museum grounds. Local artist Margaret Hadfield will be undertaking this for us. \$1,000 from another charity group has also been promised for the Mural.

- The achievement of a Federal Government Volunteers grant of \$1049 to provide a kit of tools, tool box, work bench and hardware for use in the Museum.
- The kitchen has been established as a member's work area.
- Successful Members' Working Days have been held bi-monthly.
- Members' Gatherings have been held in the form of general meetings with guest speakers and a shared lunch.
- *Quinbean* has continued in production and quarterly newsletters have been posted to members.
- An oral history was conducted with Ted Carter about the Queanbeyan Ice works.
- Hits on the website, enquiries from family historians and quality collection donations have increased.
- Much effort has gone into raising the profile of the Museum. There has been good coverage in the Canberra Times, (five stories); a number in the Queanbeyan Age and in the Chronicle. Local ABC, Art sound and 2XX radio have also run stories on Museum events, and also Win TV (three stories) and ABC TV (one story). This has paid off handsomely with Museum attendances being very healthy in the last 6 months.
- Five new exhibitions! We launched the first and second in our redevelopment to tell the Queanbeyan Story. The first *Queanbeyan Story Begins* was curated by Gillian Kelly, *Bushrangers Villains and Larrikins* by Elise Bernard and we also launched three exhibits by CIT Museum studies students.

- The Director of CIT launched three exhibitions in June - *Earning a Crust - The Old Blacksmith's Shop*; *Theo Cooper - Phonographs and Photographs*; and *Queanbeyan Medical Practices*.
- The education of young Queanbeyanites in their local history has continued with school groups visiting the Museum throughout this year. This has resulted in increased numbers of weekend visitors when the students bring their parents back to show them the Museum.
- Special Museum events, training and openings, to which all members are invited, with live performances, have promoted the Museum as an active place. These included:
 - A *copyright* workshop.
 - Heritage Week saw a successful *Regional Small Museums Volunteers* visit to our Museum and the Printing Museum with lunch and an inspirational talk from Caroline Webber, Exhibitions Manager at National Archives of Australia.
 - Heritage Week also included a great launch of *Queanbeyan's Story Begins*, with performances from Queanbeyan Bush Poets.
 - The CIT launch of *Earning a Crust* was also a great day, with 120 people attending.
 - *Meet the Curators Day* in Local Government Week was based on the *Earning a Crust Exhibitions* with damper and cocky's joy.
 - The *Bushranger's Villains and Larrikins Day* in History Week was a very successful event, with great feedback. Over 150 people came through to hear a program of *Queanbeyan Bush Poets*; Curators from the NFSA; the

Archivally Sound Choir and Dave Meyers. Jason and Chloe Roweth performed a themed concert of songs and yarns called *The Game is Getting Lively* about the *Bushrangers of the Central West*.

- A *Collectors Day* with a valuer, focus on member's collections, advice on housing collections and music from Franklyn B Paverty saw more than 200 people visit us.
- A number of members successfully undertook Significance Training at CIT utilising the online version of the new Collections Australia publication Significance 2.0. See the article on the Queanbeyan Song in this *Quinbean*. The Society is proud in having some of our significant objects, selection policies, pamphlet and website featured or linked to the online component of this training. Our collection will also feature in a new CIT online course on handling and storing items.

2010 promises to be exciting too. The plans include the completion of the renovations on the 1876 building, including fitting out the workroom, commissioning the storage building and moving the collection into it, completion of the mural, development of the interpretive signage for the, further work on conservation of the collection including training.

We will investigate widening the number of items for visitors to buy at the Museum, including the production of some historical monographs, which could include information from some of our more treasured items such as J.J. Wright's journal. Further development of the outside areas once the next door block is incorporated into the Museum block will be a priority, as is continuation of the telling of *The Queanbeyan Story*.

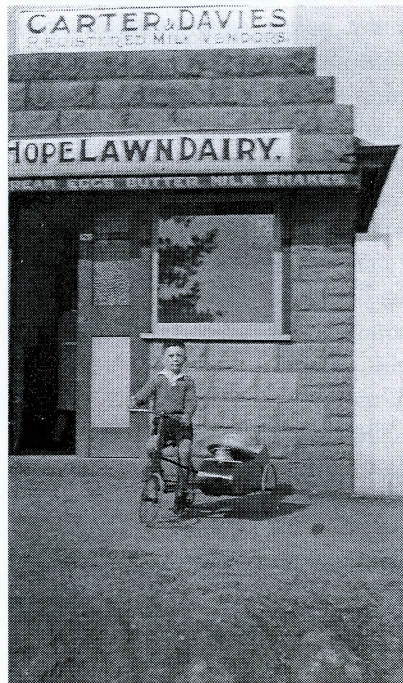
Kerrie Ruth

President

CARTER'S ICE WORKS QUEANBEYAN

Marilyn Folger and Ted Carter

Chilled milk, butter and ice cream before fridges were an everyday part of our lives – where would Queanbeyan have been without its ice works? So far nothing has been recorded about this family business that filled many ice chests and chilled many a beer.¹

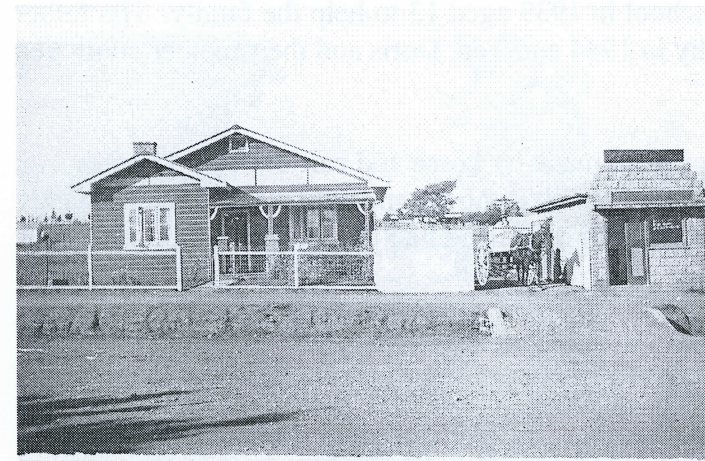


Carter and Davies Hope Lawn Dairy with Ted and his own milk cart, c 1927

Stephen Carter had left Hereford with his brother Charles in 1912. They lived in Goulburn when, in 1924, Stephen returned to Hereford, married Kate Louisa Morgan and then returned to Australia. Their son Edwin (Ted) was born in Goulburn in 1925 and their second child Doris was born later in Queanbeyan.

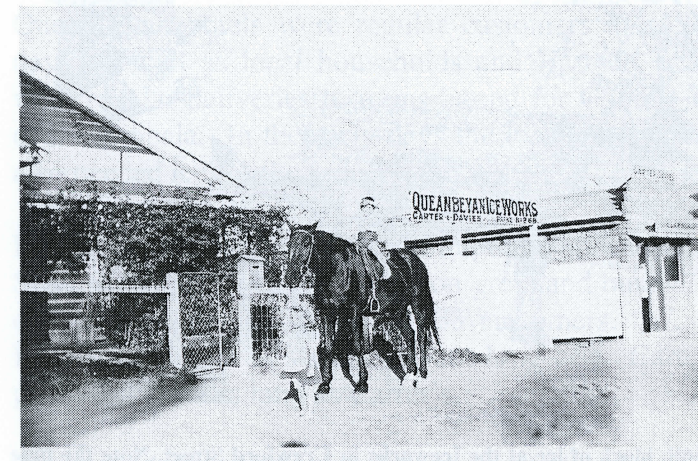
Stephen Carter and his wife came to Queanbeyan in 1925 and started delivering milk produced at the Carter & Davies "Hope Lawn Dairy".

¹ This local history gap was identified in *Quinbean* October 2007 p.34, describing the ice cream maker in the Museum's collection



Home and Dairy 1926 with Stephen Carter on the delivery cart

There was a need to chill the milk and so they started Queanbeyan's first ice works at 124 Crawford Street. This ice works operated from 23 August 1928 to January 1970.



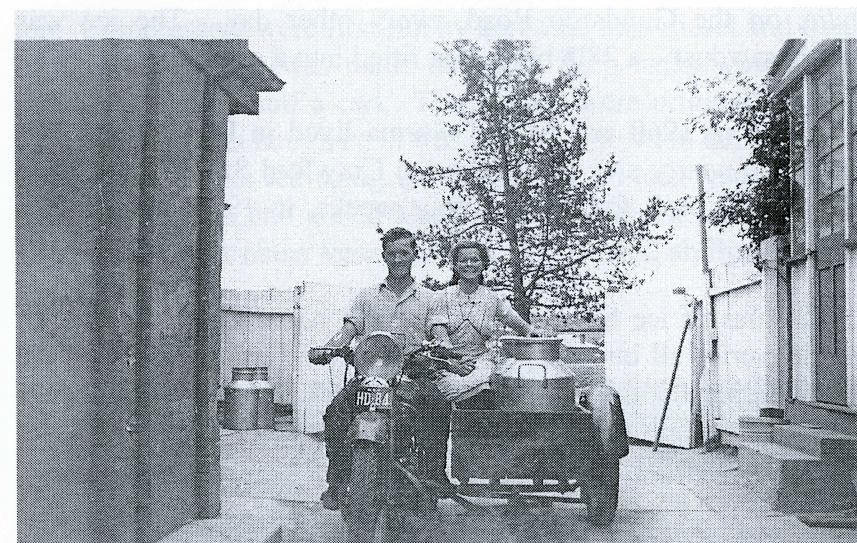
Ted Carter on the horse with Sister Doris in front – Carter's in 1929

Ted Carter left school in 1939 aged 13 to help the family. His father died unexpectedly in 1944 and Ted, Doris and their mother continued the business.

At first deliveries were made by horse and cart but by 1937 they had a ute as well. The motor bike shown opposite was especially handy Ted said when he ran out of ice and had to slip back to the works for more.



Ted Carter with a 56lb block of ice at the Iceworks in Crawford Street. Note the pine trees in the centre of the road and the houses opposite.



Ted Carter and his sister Doris in the drive between the residence and the ice works. Ted built the box on the sidecar from a packing case. The milk can held 45 gallons of milk. c 1942.

Queanbeyan hotels were regular customers (The Royal 3 times a day), as well as local households and Harman from 1941. There were regular deliveries to trains bound for Cooma, Bungendore and even Bombala. In the early days the local PDS store, selling butter, also needed ice for their chill room.

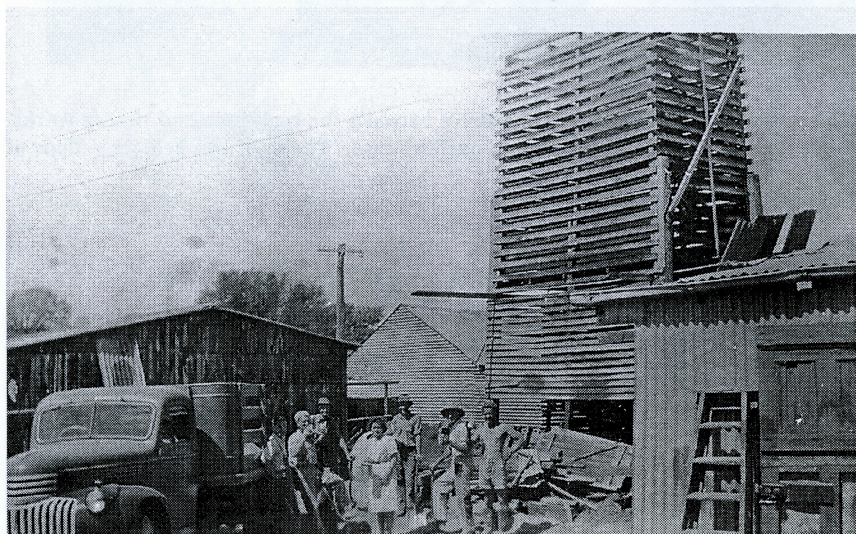
In the 1950s with the arrival of migrants and the Snowy Mountains Scheme, Queanbeyan's population grew and business flourished. In one year Carters delivered to 233 customers. W. Oldfield's, later Bell's, ice business started up not long after Carter's, but did not produce ice for as long as Carter's.

George Monk, Nancy's father, regularly delivered ice on his Queanbeyan – Gunning mail run. He picked up ice orders for

Bowylie, on the Gundaroo Road, every other day. The ice was packed in sawdust – a 28lb block just fitted into a sugar bag.

Ted married in 1960 and he and Norma lived in Erin Street. His mother lived nearly all her life in the Crawford Street house Elias Southwell had built for them in four weeks, in 1926. She died in 1972.

By 1958 sales of ice had declined as most households had fridges. Home deliveries all but stopped and they went into the crushed ice business, filling 25 and 8 lb bags. They delivered to nearly every club in Canberra. In 1970 they decided to sell the business.



Building the foundations for a 4 ton ice tank – Jack Wheelan and his helpers and Doric Carter.

The ice works had been hard work – especially when a heat wave hit. It was a 7 day a week job. They started with a 1 ton wooden tank and then added an iron tank – a combined capacity of two and a half

ton. Compressors were first run by kerosene then diesel and finally a 25 hp motor. Ice was made in 3 foot deep tanks which took 40 moulds weighing half a cwt. The moulds were originally lifted out by hand, although later a hoist was used for the 4 ton tank. It took 15 hours to make the ice using the old tanks. In later years they built extra cool rooms and added a self server for block ice and later for crushed ice. For many years a block of ice cost 2 shillings for half a cwt.



Carter's ice works 1970. From left Anne Bailey, Doris Carter and James, Ted's son.

Today part of the Carter's Ice Works site, fronting onto Crawford Street, is occupied by Buckley and Holland Real Estate Agents.

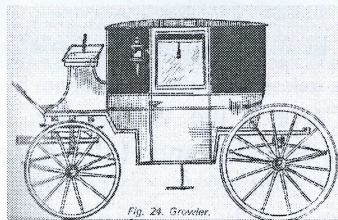


Ted Carter at the Museum with a milk separator and ice chest.

All photographs except for the last two are from the personal collection of Ted Carter.

THE GOLDEN AGE 15 September 1860

James O'Neill advertised that his fast coaches would leave the Harp Inn for Lanyon at 3 p.m. and to leave Lanyon for Queanbeyan at 7 a.m. Single journey eight shillings, to and fro twelve shillings.



KWAREE: EARLY DAYS

George A Colman OBE

Kawaree is the well-known Retirement Village located on Canberra Avenue, Queanbeyan.

Its history has been published in the past and I refer in particular to the illustrated '*Brief Overview of the Garryowen*' by the late Mr P B Shedy BEM and the Warrigal Care, 120 year celebration publication '*Kawaree Cottage Circa 1886 to 2006*' by Dave Meyers.



I was born at Forbes NSW in 1914, so I am 95 years of age. I have left it rather late in life to put pen to paper but with age one has the tendency to dwell on the past and recently I have been thinking about Kawaree and the fact my long departed parents would be delighted it was functioning as a Retirement Village. This thoughtful mood triggered my mind. I really should put in writing a few of my experiences in growing up at Kawaree.

My father came to Queanbeyan in 1916 to manage one of three general stores in Monaro Street. The store was owned by Mr James B Young. For the first few years we lived in quarters attached to the rear of the store. The Kawaree property was owned by the Methodist Church and they built a new parsonage at the southern end of Crawford Street close to the church in Rutledge Street. They put Kawaree up for sale and my father bought it in 1922. I was about 8.

In the twenties and thirties the total block area was $5\frac{3}{4}$ acres (approximately 23,000 square metres). The block was a large axe shape with handle entrance, a gate and a driveway which started at the intersection of Campbell Street, Cameron Road and Tharwa Road (now Canberra Avenue).

The southern boundary bordered on a deep storm water creek on the side of Tharwa Road and extended through to and past Stornaway Road. The eastern boundary terminated at the rear of houses in Campbell Street, the northern at the back of houses facing into George Street and the western along Stornaway Road.

The residence is basically unchanged. However, apart from the main brick structure there was a weatherboard add-on at the rear which incorporated a large laundry, a storeroom, pantry and a semi outdoor fernery. There was an outdoor dunny – of brick construction some fifty metres from the house. In winter under bed pots were all the go. I nearly forgot, in the house there was a small bathroom located on the left hand side as you step down from the hall to the lobby. It held a bath and basin (stand alones) and – wait for it – a round shower bucket affair with rope and pulley and a pull chain release for water. Once the bucket fell and hit my mother. A few months later a new bathroom was built at the rear of the house on the east side – glory be, it had a wonderful chip water heater, indeed a warm invention.

In the lobby area there was quite a large bricked-in cellar, with access via a large heavy floor trap and a brick stairway. When in my early teens one morning my mother asked me to get some preserves

out for her. I remember clearly struggling to raise the trap door only to find the cellar full to the brim with water, with all sorts of bits and pieces floating.



Outside the back door was a well with a domed concrete top and hand pump.

Prior to the cellar flood there had been heavy rain. My father sought some expert advice and it was thought the well had somehow contributed to the flooding so he had the fire brigade pump

them both out and filled in. My father was a teetotaller and I often wonder that if he had been, instead, a wine fancier, would he have filled in that cellar?

At the rear of the house was a group of sheds, a sulky garage, chaff shed, cow bail, poultry houses etc. My father, although a business man, was a lover of the 'rural scene', a very keen and expert gardener, poultry fancier, cow/horse/dog lover, you name it, if it had something 'rural' about it he would be interested. Thus Kawaree remained a delight to him until his death in 1959. He was particularly interested in poultry and built a number of netted separate chook yards with a small house and roost at the rear. He had a chicken brooder and was able to segregate chickens, hens, half grown, cockerels etc. Incidentally, we never dined on a cooked hen, always a young rooster, a cockerel. According to my father "hens lay eggs, cockerels taste better."

My brother Jim and self had the task of feeding the chooks after school and one of the yards at times would have a dozen or more almost full grown Road Island Red roosters – they were quite fierce and cunning. When coming into the yard they would all congregate near their shed at the rear, watch you throw down the wheat or corn

and on turning to leave the yard one or more would attack – they could give some nasty scratches.

We sometimes would send an unawares school friend in with a dipper of wheat and watch with a great deal of interest from a distance.

Whilst in the poultry mode, I am reminded that most Sundays we had a roast lunch and quite often a number of guests. The roast was usually cockerel (certainly not hens). At about 7.30 on Saturday mornings my father would go to the yard and pick out two unfortunate roosters, tie their legs and leave them at the laundry back door. At about 9.00am a lady from George Street would arrive, go to the kitchen for a butcher's knife and return to the chooks outside. By this time my brother and I would be at the window 'all eyes'. The lady would tie the unfortunate upon the clothesline and, in a flash, off would come two heads.

There was never any shortage of milk as there was always a milking cow in our paddock. A dry cow would be shunted off somewhere and a Jersey would be floated up from the coast. As I said my father loved cows (always the Jersey breed), but disliked milking – he tried

hard for me to learn but I would have none of it. His solution was to make a deal with a lady who lived next door in George Street to milk on a 60/40 basis, we, of course being the 60. The mention of milk reminds me of cream which my mother made. She had two large shallow enamel dishes. The milk would be slowly heated on a wood stove and then after a certain cooling time, the cream skimmed off. With bottled fruit, it was delicious. We had no refrigeration in the early days. In summer we used a hessian covered framed affair with a water filled galvanised tray on top with drip towelling on to the four sides of the hessian, messy but reasonably effective.

We had a good variety of fruit trees and quite a large vegetable garden. Having cows and horses gave vegetables a great deal of help. We had numerous compost bins at various stages of 'melt down'. Also we had several 44-gallon drums containing manure and water. I can still remember eating baked parsnip at Kawaree. They were grown in richly composted and deeply trenched beds and when ready for use, they were dug out and then buried in a large heap of clean river sand. They would last right through winter and would melt in your mouth with a rich flavour.

We always had plenty of fruit in season and a well designed gauzed storage room which kept fruit such as apples and pears well into the winter. The strawberries were plentiful, two varieties of gooseberries were my favourites but I must say the green gage plums were tops. One fruit tree we didn't have was a quince but a house in George Street had a beautiful quince tree at their back fence, just out of reach. We overcame this hurdle by using two hinged garden stakes with two nails at the end. We were finally caught but forgiven and often quinces were dropped over the fence.

There was a family in George Street by the name of Meech whose house also backed on to our land and the lady took in washing. She did my father's white collars. They were delivered wrapped in a brown paper bag thrown over the fence. The clean ones would be picked up by one of us after school. Every morning the husband took a large wooden wheelbarrow into the bush west of Stornaway Road, returning with it filled with wood used to heat laundry water. The wood was stored in a huge stockpile in the back yard. After years the total yard space was a wood heap. I often wonder what happened to this mighty pile of wood. His wife could not possibly have used it.

One of our neighbours who lived in Campbell Street was the Reid family. Bert Reid had a farm at Tidbinbilla and he moved his family into Queanbeyan for the schooling of his four children, Neville, Jack, Esme and Rita. Our family was similar, two boys and two girls about the same age, so we all became friends. On school holidays I would sometimes spend time with the family at Tidbinbilla and thus continued on into my teens. Once Neville invited me to spend a week brumby catching in mountains to the south. I was assured that I wouldn't be expected to catch a brumby but could, if after seeing what happened, give it a go. Horse riding was no trouble as I had been riding since a very young age. It was a party of five, Neville and I and three others. I can only recall the name of one. He was Fred Tuttey.

We left Tidbinbilla early one morning and spent most of the day riding south to the head of the Cotter River. There was a hut there which was to be our headquarters. The hut contained a big open fireplace, a rough table, a number of stools, and a stack of pots and pans.

The procedure for catching brumbies was to move as quietly as possible to the edge of an open space in the forest where brumbies

usually graze, choose the horse you wish to catch with a green hide halter and gallop away, trusting that your horse could dodge the trees when leaving the open space. I made some half-hearted attempts, but wasn't "in the race". It appears a man on a trained horse can catch a brumby because his horse has much better wind also many of the so-called brumbies were escapees from domestic life and didn't really mind being caught. These are the ones, if possible, to select.

One particular incident I well remember. On one of these chases I chose a horse to chase, but soon gave it away. Afterwards I realised I was lost. I wandered around for quite a while trying to work out my bearings and suddenly I heard a voice calling. I went in the direction of the sound and found Fred Tuttey lying in a dry creek bed holding a large draft horse head-on with one arm – and this is hard to believe but true, the other hand had somehow got a packet cigarettes out of a pocket – he was trying to light one – all he wanted was someone to light his cigarette.

I still marvel about horses. Fred's own horse was just standing there looking on. After a few puffs, Fred put the halter around the brumby's neck. It got to its feet and I'm sure it winked at Fred's horse. After nearly a week we returned to Tidbinbilla with five

horses to keep or be sold. I forgot to mention that at the Cotter hut there was a rough timber holding yard where horses were held and those not wanted would be released back into the wild.

I attended the Queanbeyan Public School in Isabella Street, a fine old stone building. The headmaster was James Ridley. He resided in the school residence nearby. My earliest memory of school was washing my face in the little Kawaree bathroom before being delivered to the school. I liked school and remember with pleasure a lady teacher, Miss Walker, who was well liked by all. I remember her approach to non-acceptable behaviour. She would sometimes come to your desk, lift up one arm and slap your hand with a wooden ruler – it never hurt but some put on an act as if in agony, to which she took not the slightest notice. A wise and great lady.

I took a sandwich lunch and with others usually sat with our backs to the eastern wall of the school facing into the street. Across the road, Crawford Street, was the Catholic Convent. The south end of Crawford Street then finished at the rear boundary of the school block.

After finishing our sandwiches we could, in good weather, play a game which was in vogue at the time. The games were marbles, tops, cards etc. In these early days most cigarette packets contained a card. They ran in various series eg cricketers, flags etc. We were always on the lookout for discarded packets hoping they contained a card. Most boys my age gathered quite a collection of these cards. The game played was to mark a line in the gravel about two metres from the wall of the building and flick a card towards the wall. The one closest would win all cards behind it.

One interesting memory I have of school lunches is a motoring event. In Monaro Street, Moore Bros were the local agents for Ford cars. They employed a salesman whose name was Jim Bucket (he later changed his name to Jim Beckett). Frequently he would arrive up to the southern end of Crawford Street in a Model A Ford with a prospective buyer in the passenger seat. He would set the steering wheel of the car so it would run in a circle in the middle of the road, hop out and watch the car make the turns and then hop back into the driver's seat, straighten up the car and drive back down the street. I still wonder what it was supposed to demonstrate, but the most vivid memory of the event was the look on the face of the passenger.

The Headmaster Mr Ridley had two sons, Jack and Alan both in their early twenties. A few months before leaving school I heard that Jack was building radio receivers. I called in one afternoon after school and was well received. I was very interested and asked if there was anything I could do. I was taught how to solder and make connections. This was the beginning of an interest in radio which lasts to this day.

I sat for my Intermediate Certificate in late 1928 – the middle of the Depression. There was no high school in Queanbeyan, the nearest was Telopea Park in Canberra. A lot of students left school after the Intermediate but my father was insistent I attend high school and do the Leaving Certificate (I learned years later I was booked into a private boarding school, but the Depression killed the idea). Discussions took place which included younger brother Jim who was a couple of years of schooling behind me, and my father told me that financial conditions were bad and that Jim would have to face up to the same situation in a year or two. His solution, "I have little cash but plenty of feed, a horse and sulky and you both can go to Telopea Park". That was that. A school friend Bob Kaye who lived in Cooma Road had the same problem so we invited him to join us.

As the eldest, it became my responsibility to manage the transport. My father had arranged that the horse and sulky ride would terminate at Kingston at the back of a residence near the Park. In summer and mild weather it was pleasant, the little mare was willing and placid. She knew every inch of the way. We travelled on a dirt track running parallel to Canberra Avenue, sometimes on the right hand side and then crossing to the left. When wet or cold we would pull up the waterproof sheet to our chins. We have known the little mare (unnamed) to stop before crossing the road to allow traffic to pass. However, it was work-intensive – mornings out early, all weather, catch horse, remove rug, pull sulky from shed, harness up, open and close three gates. At Kingston take horse out of sulky and put into a small yard, fill a feed bin and then all repeated before getting back to Kawaree – my school report “frequently late in mornings.”

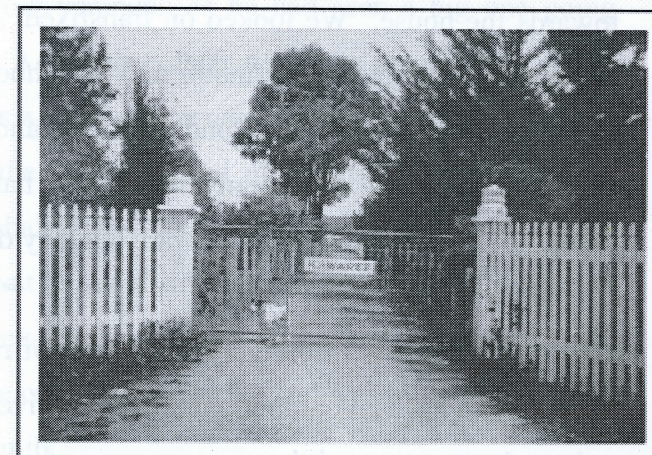
We carried on like this for months, relishing school holidays. Then one evening we were returning and when we were about five kilometres from home I suddenly pulled up, handed the reins to Jim and sped off home on foot. That night I fronted up to my father and declared that I had had enough. He said things were a little better and thought he would be able to afford to bus for the two of us. But I would have none of it – he said you must get your Leaving

Certificate. My mind was made up, I was going to leave school. My father grunted and left me alone for a few days. Then he told me that he had been thinking and had a proposition. He would agree to my leaving school if I would do a full correspondence course in accountancy. I promptly agreed.

Brother Jim and Bob Kaye thereafter caught a bus. I went to work. My first wage was 10 shillings which my mother promptly gave to the church – some sort of custom.

So ended my very early days at Kawaree. At the age of 15, I was at work, a very different story.

If I was asked “What are your most memorable experiences in your early days at Kawaree” – I think I would list the following:



My dog - I had a Sydney Silkie Terrier. I suppose he was my best friend and he would be with me all the time whilst at home. Unfortunately he also wanted to go to school. If he followed me, at the gate I would scold and shout and he would drop his head and slowly start to walk back up the drive. Then one day he ran past me and on to the road and was struck by a passing vehicle and killed.

Fireball – One very hot summer afternoon I was home with my mother and we were both out at the front of the house hoping to get a little breeze. It was extremely still and hot. Suddenly at about fifty metres away a ball of light appeared drifting slowly towards us. It was about the size of a large soccer ball. It slowly drifted past us towards the house. We looked on transfixed. It reached the house and touched the electricity metre and switchboard which protruded from the wall. There was a loud explosion and smoke. The ball of light had gone and the supply metre was hanging down held by wires. We were told, fireballs are rare but they do occur.

Lightning strike – In the very early days of radio reception it was necessary to have an outdoor antenna to receive capital city stations – the only ones transmitting.

As mentioned earlier I was interested in radio and persuaded my father to buy one from Jack Ridley. I was reasonably handy at making things and built two masts about ten metres high. One was located close to the house on the western side. My bedroom window was about five metres away. One night a thunder storm developed and lightening struck this mast. I jumped out of bed and ran to the window to see the stay wire red hot, breaking and falling to the ground. The morning showed about a metre missing at the top.

Snakes alive – As the Kawaree property was then close to the bush it had its share of brown and black snakes. They were a summer worry for my father because of the children. One day he told us to be careful if near the front verandah as he had seen a big one going under several times. A few days later a strange man arrived at the back door. There was a short conversation with my father. Then the two men came into the house, picked up a small table, a wind-up gramophone and a chair. They took them out to the front of the house. The stranger sat in the chair with a twelve gauge shot gun at his side and played records. Later I learnt that my father had made enquiries as to how he could get the snake and was told “snakes liked music and saucers of milk.”

The stranger was "off the street" and probably did the job for a meal and a few shillings – Depression years! Strangely it worked.

I should add that in those days it was legal to shoot a snake in a domestic situation.

AN EARLY SETTLER IN THE MOLONGLO EDWARD JOHN EYRE

Rosemary Curry



This year is the 194th anniversary of the birth of Australian explorer Edward John Eyre. One of 661 unassisted male immigrants who arrived in Australia in 1783, Eyre first acquired land and settled to farm in the Molonglo at age seventeen and a half.

Sale of property at this time was by auction, and land records show his farm was part of Henry Gilbert Smith's 1828 grant. It is likely this

well respected merchant helped Eyre arrange finance.

Eyre first spent some time with an established colonist on the Hunter River, to acquire practical experience as a colonist, and arriving on the Molonglo Plains,

immediately set about developing his new property.

"It was the first home I ever had of my own" he wrote in his journal.

With his men he set about cutting timber for floorings, and splitting shingles for thatch on his new home. Fencing and ploughing followed, and some difficulty in adapting to the cold climate after his time in the warmer Hunter area.

"I caught a very severe cold ... snow often fell and remained on the ground," he wrote in his journal.

Unlike many in the Molonglo at the time who were absentee landholders Eyre intended to be one who established himself and stayed. In 36 days, his home was completed, thatched and fitted with doors and window-shutters. "I was glad to move in after our confined uncomfortable shelter" (under a tarpaulin), he said. Eyre called his new home *Woodlands*. Interestingly, a property nearby owned to this day by the Hyles family, is similarly called *Woodlands*.

There were two principal rooms, a verandah, store and servants room, with lean-tos all around for extra bedrooms and kitchen. *"all wood was cut on the farm, squared and split by ourselves"*. One of his men was a good cooper, who furnished the house with buckets and tubs, and finally, a bullock was salted and candles made from its fat, *"so we could see after sunset."* Eyre read or wrote most evenings.

Eyre settled into farming with 700 sheep, and made good progress. He now had six convicts, and *"the Blacks were a very great assistance"* he wrote. Shearing shed and stock yards were established. A lime kiln was built, and a well stoned up. He installed his friend John Baxter as overseer.

Eyre enjoyed joining other settlers for occasional shooting parties, bagging ducks, quails, o'possums for fur, and native dogs. He wrote in his journal, *"With (our own) beef and mutton, our game, fish and vegetables, milk and butter, we were well off, and lived on the fat of the land."*

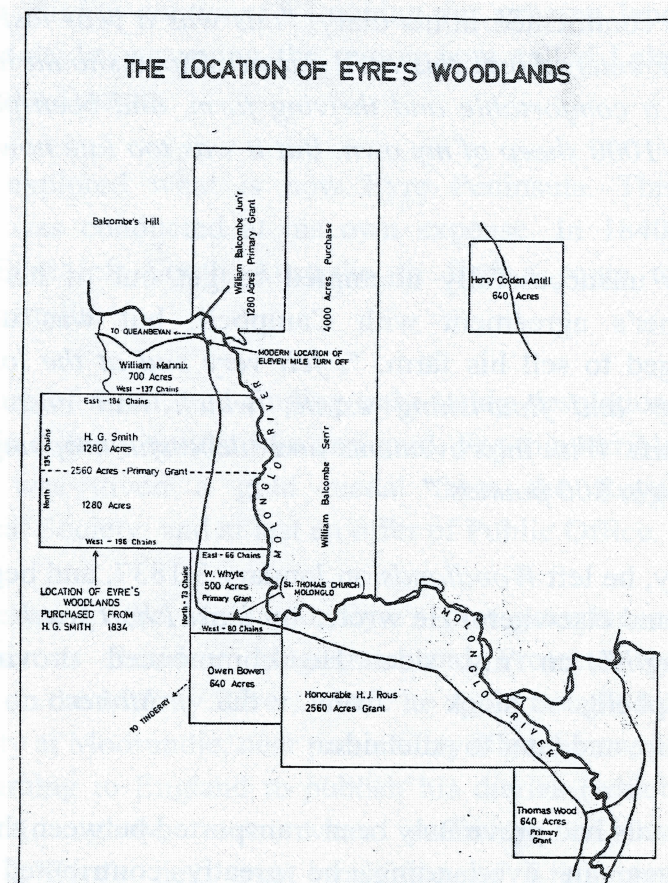
Postal deliveries were a problem, however, and a man was sent over once a week to Queanbeyan Post Office (about 12 miles off). On one occasion the man did not return, and there were reports of him being 'tipsy' on leaving Queanbeyan. Eyre and his men set out to search, dragging a pond. The man's body was found in the water with the letter bag still strapped to his shoulder.

Eyre's good times were not to last, sadly, when he was persuaded to enter into partnership with John Murphy, an Irishman he had met on the voyage out from England. This partnership contributed to his downfall as a farmer.

The sheep they now had were the property of a Trust Estate managed by Robert Campbell Esq of the Wharf, Sydney,

which they were to care for over three years, being allowed to keep a portion of the wool and lambs.

However, when Eyre went to collect these sheep, he found them diseased with Scab. The law forbade him to move them, and Robert Campbell stated he had been unaware the sheep were diseased!



Eyre and his men needed to find runs to hold the diseased sheep, and learn to treat them. Challenged by a constable over the removal of diseased stock, Eyre disguised his appearance and evaded further prosecution. Finally paying the summonses, he and his men struggled to get the sheep over the Great Dividing Range, and back to his property.

Eyre commented in his diary, *"this was a year lost".... "Had I never entered into this rash partnership, I should have had by now a comfortable and thriving farm, and been possessed of fully 1000 sheep of my own. But it was too late now to think of this."*

Eyre unsuccessfully attempted to get out of his and his partner's agreement with Campbell, but was ultimately obliged to sell his farm. *"I felt very sad at the loss of my pretty and flourishing estate, which had cost me 256 pounds. With improvements and successful cropping, it now brought 800 pounds."*

Sadly, he left *Woodlands* on January 3, 1837, and began to look for land elsewhere. He wrote, *"at least I had youth, health and strength"* on my side. He commenced droving Robert Campbell's stock from the *Monero* to Port Phillip, and later to Adelaide.

Animals had previously been transported between the Colonies by sea. In overlanding, he greatly contributed to South

Australia's prosperity, despite using Mitchell's inaccurate maps. From such journeys came the term *overlander*, Eyre being among the first.

Inspired by his friendship with the explorer Sturt, Eyre in 1839 took on exploring expeditions for South Australia. Sturt presented him with a silk Union Jack *"to carry to the centre of a mighty continent."* Looking for grazing land north of Adelaide, surveying the region now called Lake Eyre and Lake Torrens.

Eyre also explored what is now Eyre Peninsula. This journeying was conducted at his own expense. In 1840, June 18, Eyre left South Australia to find a route to Western Australia.

Almost dying of thirst, and finding only sandy desolation, he arrived in Albany amidst rain and mud. For this terrible trek Eyre was given a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society, and at last an offer of Public Office.

Never to return to the Molonglo, Eyre's first government position was as Resident Magistrate and Protector of Aborigines on the Murray River, where he again bought his own property at Moorundie, near present day Blanchetown. Briefly returning to England to publish his diaries (which he'd written nightly, even when suffering on his expeditions), Eyre's next post was that of Lieutenant

Governor of the Southern part of the Colony of New Zealand.

He married Adelaide Fanny Ormond when aged 35 and was sent to St Vincent in the West Indies, as Lieutenant Governor in 1854, and in 1859 to Antigua as Governor-in-Chief. Britain was losing interest in the Colonies by this time, and Disraeli said, "*these wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone around our necks.*"

Having proven himself a competent administrator, Eyre was next appointed to Jamaica as Temporary Lieutenant Governor, and arrived there when trouble was already smouldering. Eyre declared martial law as the rebellion swelled, bringing the leader to trial and hanging.

Eyre was suspended from office, and a Royal Commission commenced. Six years after the incident, with a 'Jamaica Committee' against him, and an 'Eyre Defence Committee' for him (Charles Dickens put his name to this group), a judgement was made in favour of Eyre.

Returning to England, and retired with a pension and legal services paid, Eyre never spoke publicly of the matter again, except to say: "I should wish that my character as a man, and my reputation as a governor, may not be misjudged in History."

A hero in Australia he was certainly, but ultimately, as historian

Geoffrey Dutton says, "*duty was his doom.*" He died in England in 1901, as the Commonwealth of Australia came into its existence.

Beginning as a settler in the Molonglo, and tackling many gruelling journeys for the new Colonies, Edward John Eyre is remembered with credit in Australia.

His land ultimately became part of the estate of Thomas Rutledge, who had been managing it for his brother, William. The property was originally named *Clonbroney*, when Thomas bought his brother out, and including Eyre's property, the estate became today's *Carwoola*.

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BACK TO BELLMOUNT FOREST

Nancy and Doreen Monk

A *Back to Bellmount Forest Day* was held in November 2002. This special day was supported by the Bellmount Forest Rural Fire Service men and women.



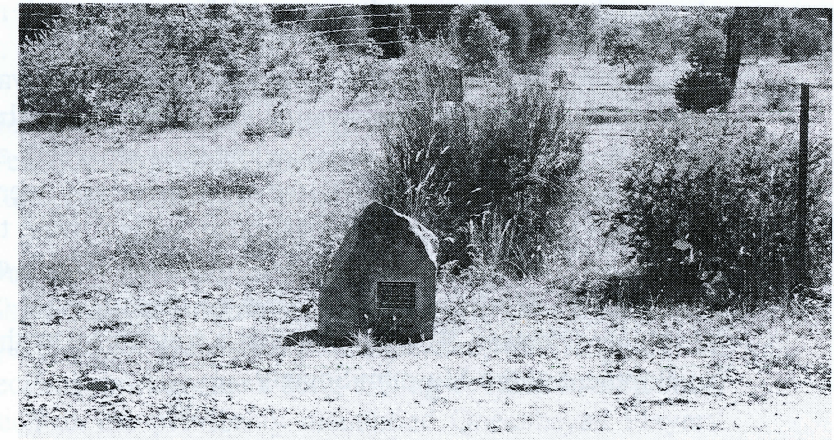
It was a wonderful day when ex-residents, residents and friends met-up. The majority of those present were descendents of the original families in this area.

A collection of old photos on display was a focus of sharing memories as was a tour of older buildings around the village and was appreciated by all. Thanks went to the present owners, Ros for a visit to the old Methodist Church, Danny for showing us around the Wells' telegraph post office and home and to those at the Nelanglo School.

The result of this successful get together was the decision

to erect a memorial plaque.

The names have been engraved on a plaque fixed to a large stone from the local area and is situated at the end



of Wells Place off the Gundaroo to Gunning Road.

In honour and memory of the early 20th century pioneer families who settled in the Bellmount Forest area **Baines, Bakers, Brewers, Lanham, Lawtons, Lees and Wells**



THE QUEANBEYAN SONG

IN THE QDHMS COLLECTION

John McGlynn

The significance of items in the collection

I first heard the *Queanbeyan Song* in 1985 when it was sung by well-known Queanbeyan High teacher and rugby player, Ross Hosking, at a show celebrating ten years of the Queanbeyan Players. These circumstances were fitting to the song's original purpose which was to accompany another anniversary, that of the foundation of Queanbeyan. It is also fitting in that the guiding light of the Players, Norma Roach, was also a key force in the development of the Museum Society.

History and Provenance

The *Song of Queanbeyan* was written for the Centenary of Queanbeyan celebrations in 1938. It was one of a number of songs submitted to the Centenary Committee and chosen by them and subsequently copyrighted by the committee. (National Archives of Australia, Series A1336, Item control symbol 31485, 6 July 1938.)

The song was written by Evelyn Grieg but signed over to the Mayor of Queanbeyan, John Esmond, and the Committee organising secretary, E. Colin Davis for ten guineas.

Evelyn Grieg was a well-known musician who wrote a number of similar songs such as the *Song of Sydney*, *Our Land Australia*, *Australian Battle Cry*. (National Library of Australia; Music Australia website). She had been a

vocal coach in New York and was a musical advisor at the ABC in Sydney.

In Errol Lea-Scarlett's history of Queanbeyan, p204, there is no mention of the song - only of the week of celebrations and the Queen of Queanbeyan competition. In the program of the events there is also no reference to it.

However, Jack Lumsdaine, a popular vocalist of the time went on to record the song with one of his own, *Canberra's Calling to You*.

Donors – Community Associations

As well as its original association with the Centenary of Queanbeyan Celebrations Committee, the song has in recent years become a song to sing at suitable occasions, such as the previously mentioned Queanbeyan Players' 10th anniversary, Queanbeyan High School's performance to commemorate John Gale, "Father of Canberra", and of course various events at the Museum. The Canberra Union Voices, the National Archives Choir and the Queanbeyan Sing Australia choir all currently have the song in their repertoire. A recording of the song was also played at the launch of Errol Lea-Scarlett's history of Queanbeyan in 1968, as was reported at the time. (Clipping held at QDHM Location EF24).

Items at the Queanbeyan Museum

The items owned by the museum include two copies of the song as published, one in good condition and described as: Printed single fold grey card with green print on cover - words and music- all copyrights reserved by the Queanbeyan Centenary Celebrations Committee. It was priced Sixpence and dated October 1938.

The other copy is in a worse condition, with marks of adhesive tape and tattered edges. Otherwise it is identical except for the price of Ninepence.

There is also a Prestophone Pty Ltd gramophone record of the song as part of a shellac disc called *Queanbeyan Centenary Songs*, both sung and played by Jack Lumsdaine. The recording is labelled as: Donated by Mrs Roffe (Ruth) (daughter of Stan Mason.) Mrs Roffe's first job in 1941 was at 2CA. Feeling against Queanbeyan was such that when leaving the job, she was handed this record and told "here, you might as well take this with you".

The disc has been copied to CD and preserved at the National Film and Sound Archive. A CD has been obtained for the QDHMS.

The sheet music is the same as presented to the National Archives of Australia as a copyright application, though on the copyright file it is without the printed cover. It is also preserved in the National Library of Australia and digitised on the MusicAustralia website. Jack Lumsdaine's version can be heard on line at the NLA site. (National Library of Australia website MusicAustralia.)

Comparative examples

There are of course many songs written to celebrate places and occasions ranging from the Marseillaise to The Road to Gundagai. There were several entries for the *Queanbeyan Song*, some of which are held by the QDHMS, and Mrs Grieg wrote several herself for various occasions. The copyright collection of the NAA is full of songs of various qualities, celebrating such things as the opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge and Amy Johnson's flight to Australia.

The *Queanbeyan Song* seems fairly typical, better than some, being quite tuneful and literate, without exhibiting any great qualities.

The song marked a significant occasion in Queanbeyan's development, and was part of a conscious effort by the Mayor and citizens of the town to put forward its claims to be recognised both as part of Canberra's history and against the more prestigious capital city. The letters of the committee demonstrate a need to involve the politicians of Canberra as well as be recognised by them.

Statement of Significance

The sheet music to the Song of Queanbeyan, along with the recording of the song constitutes a powerful reminder of a significant event in Queanbeyan's history. The continued use of the song in the 21st century indicates its contemporary importance in reinforcing Queanbeyan's identity, particularly in relation to Canberra.

As a representative of a popular genre it has been thought worthy of retention by National collecting institutions but its principal value is in Queanbeyan as a symbol of the city's search for identity and as a link to its local history.

Therefore, although the song can be readily accessed elsewhere, its location in the place it celebrates gives even a mass produced copy special significance and it should be retained by the QDHMS.

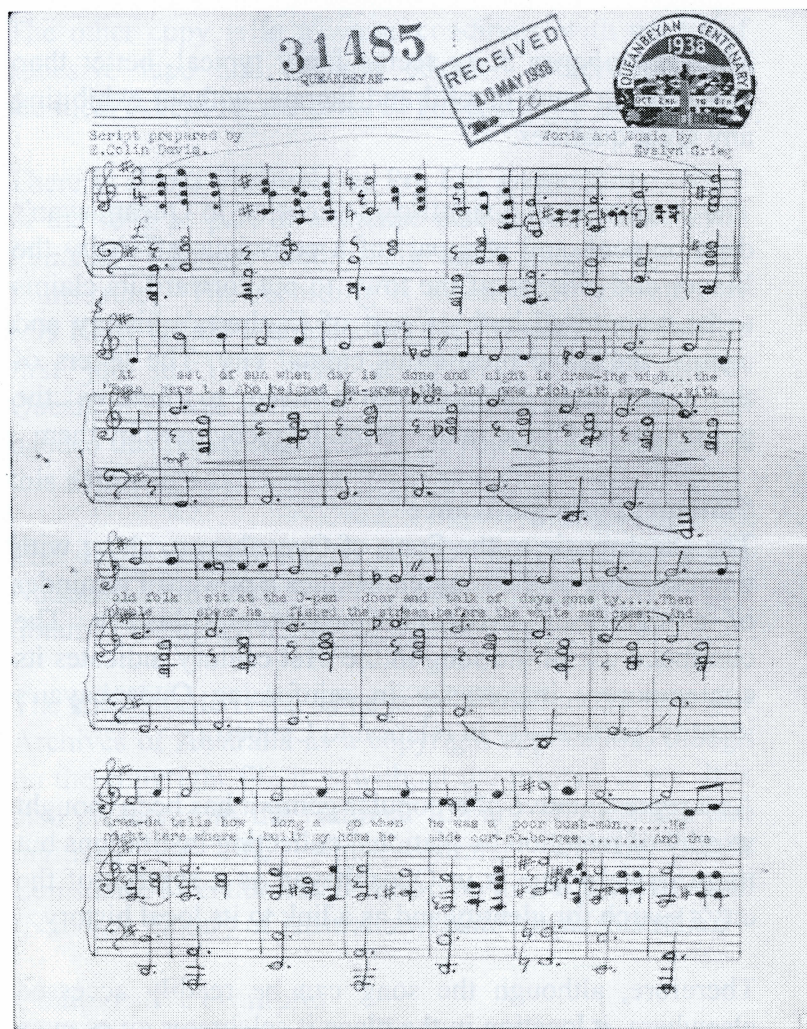


Illustration A page of the song on a Copyright Office copyright application file, National Archives of Australia Series A1336, Item control symbol 31485, 6 July 1938)