

Quinbean

Volume 7 No 3
January 2015



The Journal of
Queanbeyan and District Historical Museum Society

Q&DHM Archive
10 Farrer Place
QUEANBEYAN NSW 2620

QUEANBEYAN & DISTRICT HISTORICAL MUSEUM SOCIETY

QDHMS is a local history society aiming at preserving the history of the city and its wider district and sharing this, with the strong support of the Queanbeyan City Council, through the context of the Museum of Queanbeyan.

Find us on the net at www.queanbeyanmuseum.org.au

Contact us: email qbnmuseum@yahoo.com.au

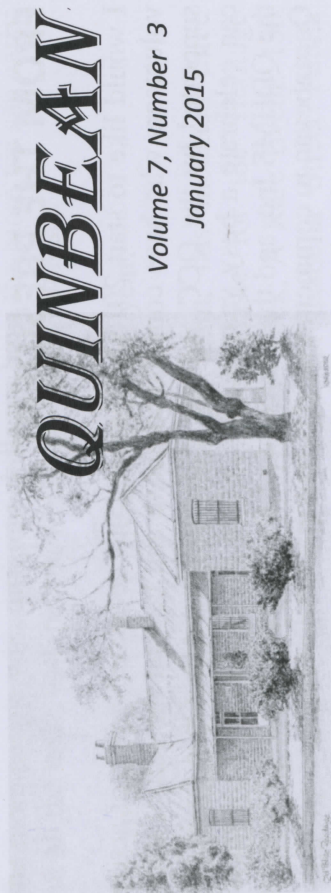
THE MUSEUM OF QUEANBEYAN

The Museum is open from 1pm to 4pm Saturdays and Sundays or by arrangement.

It is found at 10 Farrer Place Queanbeyan, next to the Police Complex and opposite the State Office Building.

OUR COVER:

A joyous Ann Gugler aged 4, now local historian, swings with the Australian flag in hand, in Queanbeyan Park behind the Court house complex.



QUINBEAN

Volume 7, Number 3
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FROM THE PRESIDENT

I would like to start 2015 by thanking our dedicated group of active volunteers who have contributed above and beyond the call of duty, supported by the QCC and our wider membership. Once again we can celebrate a busy year in 2014 where we celebrated 45 years of the QDHMS Inc. and the launch of an Online exhibition 45 Pieces of Queanbeyan to commemorate this important milestone.

It was period of change as Elise Bernard was replaced by Ximena Briceno as our Council Museum Assistant. Peter Conlon the QCC Library Manager, who we have worked with very closely over the years on many large Museum Development projects, retired. He has been replaced by Karen Hansen who has experience with small Museums.

The Museum was staffed on most weekends during the year and attendance figures have been good. Thank you to all the weekend openers. It is sad that one has retired for a time.

Thank you Ana Chuda for all the time you have put into this essential duty and we hope to see you back when you have time. Weekend volunteering is an area where we need to put effort in recruiting and supporting. We have a number of new members who are only gradually taking up roles, but we always need more.

We have a small, dedicated group including veterans and recent members, along with Ximena, working on cataloguing and collection management during the week. Once again thank you all.

Others, like Scott and Judy Pearson, always come forward to help when needed.

The more people with different skills we have the more we can carry out all the tasks with people working on their interests.

We can be proud of all we have achieved this year:

Gillian Kelly, with support from the team, has mounted three extremely successful exhibitions: Post Haste for the Heritage Festival; Red Cross Calling for History Week; A Rare Event: 150 years of Queanbeyan Public School for Isabella Street Public School's 150th; as well as progressing work on re-vamping the foyer and starting work on the Taxi Phonebox interpretation.

We have also to note that our most active, imaginative and hard-working Curator, Gillian Kelly, is stepping back from some Museum activities to concentrate on *Quinbean* and historical research. Thank you Gillian for all you have achieved at the Museum. Your unerring sense of what makes a good exhibition means that the museum looks great and gathers the sort of compliments such as:

A well organised and highly informative venue. A unique and varied perspective on life in the past. A great job by dedicated people. Keep up the great work. Wayne and Julie from Hinchinbrook.

John McGlynn
President

FROM THE EDITOR

2015 is bound to be a year of great historic interest for Australians as we move towards the 100th Anniversary of April 25th, 1915. The progress of the war, and indeed, local attitudes, are reflected in local newspapers.

The *Queanbeyan Age* is an exceptional example of the times. In the early months from the end of 1914 the attitude was somewhat remote – we are a long way away, the news came down the wire and reflected quite often the trouble the enemy found itself in. As the months dragged into years, the news was more connected to Australia, if not Queanbeyan itself

Tales of personal grief and sorrow, pain and suffering, are excluded – the attitude is seemingly that it doesn't do anyone any good to dwell on these things....neither those at home waiting for news of loved ones, friends or neighbours, nor those at home making the decision to enlist.

The singular outcome of this is that one hundred years later we are still uncovering stories and still interpreting events and still looking at the home front.... and it is the home front that is the least recorded.

Many of us belong to the age group whose grandparents and great aunts and uncles lived through the era of World War 1. Many of us have had stories handed down. Let's collect them and build a story of how Queanbeyan lived through World War 1!

Gillian Kelly
Editor

THE EDUCATION OF PAULINE SULLIVAN



Pauline Godfrey nee Sullivan,
1948, photo P Godfrey

Pauline Elizabeth Sullivan is a third generation Australian, born in Condobolin in 1927. When she was three years old her father moved the family to Sydney to join the Police Force. She commenced school at Forest Lodge when she was four and then her family moved to Queanbeyan. These are her recollections of her schooling at Queanbeyan Intermediate High School.

“....I was about seven years old when I went to the Queanbeyan Public School in Isabella Street where Mrs. Tate was my first teacher. The toilets were dirty and smelly and everyone said it was bad luck to eat anything when you were in there!

Primary school highlights were the Annual Concert and School Juvenile, which was the school dance. The preparations for the concert consisted of learning dance routines in the playground-folk dances, gypsy dances and flag drill. Geisha silk and dyed cheese cloth were the most economical fabrics used for this purpose.

The classrooms were cold, heated only by an open fire in winter so every year, I would grab the seat nearest to the fire but by winter time, I would be sitting up the back of the class and the

naughty boys would be down the front, under the teacher's supervision and near the fire and I would be up the back freezing. So much for being well-behaved!



Queanbeyan Public School c 1938 showing the extent of the Primary School permanent buildings down Thorpe Avenue. Photo Fallick

I must mention here that when I was in 3rd and 4th classes my father used to ask me my maths tables all the time, especially at meal times and it occurred to me at the time that I would never have learned them without his help.

When I was in fifth class, aged about eleven, one of the pupils in our class contracted poliomyelitis and we had to have lessons by correspondence for six weeks while the classroom was being fumigated. I found them difficult to understand as they needed an adult to explain what had to be done.

When I was about eleven, I began to long for a push bike and would ask Dad every few months, only to be rebuffed. In the end, he said he would get me one if I came first in the class. At

this stage in primary school I was always about tenth so did not give myself much hope.

Three Primary teachers stand out in my memory. Mrs. Walker, an aged lady taught us in Third Class. At the beginning of the year, she called out the name of each pupil who had to give answers to the following questions: Name, age, religion, parents' names, father's occupation. I was proud to stand up and say "A policeman." There were so many children whose parents were out of work and on the dole. In the 1930's, dole recipients were given food coupons which they took to the shops and exchanged for food. There was no money changing hands and people did it very hard.

Miss Swan was my Fourth Class teacher. She always wore a fur coat in the winter time and I decided that one day I would be a teacher in a fur coat.

Sixth Class was horror year with Miss Harris who used the cane if we had a spelling mistake or maths error. She could not have been in touch with children's interests and levels of ability as she tried to make us learn Milton's "On His Blindness." which was much too difficult for eleven and twelve year olds. She was small, fiery and cross all the time.

While we lived in Stornaway Road and I was still in primary School, two other events of importance happened in my life . One was a gift from Aunt Vera, my mother's sister, who was the only relative who visited us very much. It was a book called "The Children's Treasure House." which I read and read for many years. My favourite was "The Highway Man." by Alfred Lord Noyes. That book introduced me to the joys of reading at the age of ten. If I could not read a word, my mother used to tell me to say "Wheelbarrow" and continue on. It kept the continuity of the story and saved her the trouble of having to help me.

The second happening also concerned Aunt Vera, but it was not such a happy event. She was in Queanbeyan in January, 1937, looking after Beverley, aged two, Nancy, aged eight and me while Mum was in hospital having Mary Ann. I must have been annoying her so she told me to take my tea set up to the cubby house and play with it. On the verge of tears and feeling very sorry for myself, I tripped over and smashed the thing to smithereens, as my mother used to say. I shall never forget that day because the teaset had been my only Christmas present, with which I had been very disappointed, so to lose it as well was the last straw. I realise, in hindsight, that as Vera was a school teacher, she must have been giving up her holidays to look after us.

Three dress stories. We have a photo of Nancy and me taken when we lived in Sydney. Mum had made each of us a pink frock with lace insertion, with matching hats. I remember thinking that Nancy's was much prettier than mine and as I look at the photo now, I can read my thoughts at that time.

The next dressmaking effort was when my mother made two identical dresses for Nancy and me to wear to Sunday School. They had a white top, with green skirt and green bolero, which I never liked but when the minister's daughter asked me if that was the only dress I had for Sunday School, I hated it properly. In those days, we had one winter and one summer outfit for wearing for our "best clothes" which we wore to Sunday School.

In 1939, when Dad moved to the lockup keeper's residence, I got my best dress ever - it was on the front page of David Jones Catalogue. It was pink, full -skirted and with smocking at the waist and I thought I was Christmas.



Queanbeyan Intermediate High School, Isabella Street, 1935, now the Primary Department. Photo N Monk.

In 1940, I went into First Year of High School at Queanbeyan Intermediate High School. Dad suggested that I take all the "hard subjects" so I dutifully obeyed. English, History, French, Latin, Mathematics 1 and 2, Chemistry and Physics. His motive for this was that the Banks would not consider him for a position in a Bank because he had not studied French. Nevertheless, I thrived on the new curriculum and set a goal for myself, namely:

TO COME TOP OF THE CLASS AND GET THE BIKE I WANTED SO MUCH

I worked out a strategy which was to consolidate my work by revising the day's lessons every afternoon so I perched myself on the brick fence between our house and the park. Here I could see people going by and did not feel so isolated.

When the half-yearly exams came, I had more marks than anyone else in the class, even though I missed the French examination because I was playing a piano duet with a Pat Hinksman in the eisteddfod at the Albert Hall in Canberra. Consequently, I did not get a position in class on my report so I still did not have my bike. However, I made sure that I came first in the yearly exams and was bought a white Speedwell, with blue trim. That was my constant companion for the next five years. I rode everywhere on it.

The experience of being first instead of about tenth, which was my average position in class during Primary School, was a great boost to my ego and I learned that the more you put into study, the more you get out of it.

After three years in High School, students sat for the Intermediate Certificate which was an external examination at State Level. I won a State Bursary in 1942 when I sat for my Intermediate Certificate Examination. It amounted to twenty seven pounds a year for two years and was paid at the rate of nine pounds per term. From then on, I bought my own clothes and other necessities.



Second Year QIHS, 1941, Principal Mr Lyons

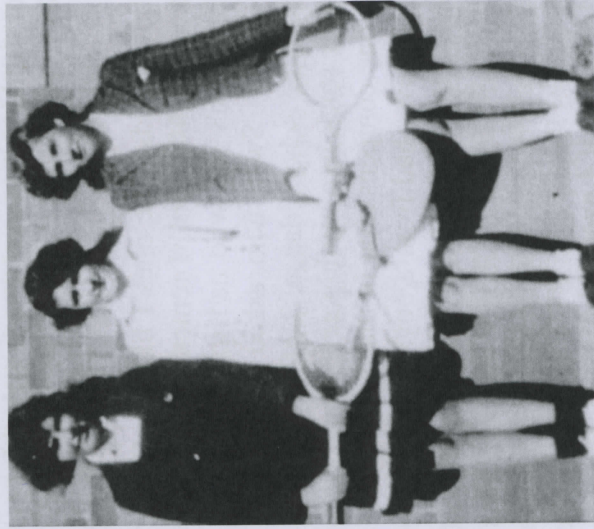
Front Row, 2nd from left, Joan Cartwright

Middle Row, from left Joyce Kendall, Pauline Sullivan, Lyell Moore

Back Row from left, Lauire Lyons 2nd, Harold Swan 6th, Peter Quodling 7th.

Photo Pauling Godfrey nee Sullivan

The three years, First Year to Intermediate, were happy years both at school and at home. We lived at the western end of Monaro Street, which was the main street.



Pauline with Joyce Kendall and Lyell Moore. Photo Pauline Godfrey nee Sullivan

The Queanbeyan River was close for swimming; my friends, Joyce Kendall and Lyell Moore and I played tennis at the Methodist Church Courts; we went to the pictures every Saturday afternoon; we sometimes rode our bikes out to Canberra, a distance of seven miles; Joyce and I sewed shorts and knitted jumpers and cardigans for ourselves; we went to the School Juveniles which were held a couple of times a year.

Christmas celebrations were centered around Church activities. On Christmas Day, and most Sundays, we were not allowed to go to the river for a swim or play any sport. Santa Claus would leave our Christmas presents in a pillow case which we hung at the end of the bed. There were no Christmas trees in those years. My sisters and I would each receive one main present from Santa. I can recall getting a gold signet ring one year and that was the best I can remember.

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Most Christmas Eves, Mum would say to me, "I've bought Mary Anne or Beverley a doll. Will you make a dress for it?" One can imagine the result!!

I started to have my first boy friends - the ones I liked and the ones I hated - when I was in High School. I remember hating having to dance with the milkman's son who had rough hands. Then there was Harold (Diddy) Swan who asked me to do Booms-a-Daisy with him at the school dance. Unfortunately, the comb he had in his pocket stuck into my hip every time we went BOOMPS. There was one compensation in that he bought me an ice cream, the first gift I ever had from a boy. Then there was Bernie Ward from the Catholic School whom Joyce and I used to meet on our bikes under the bridge over the Queanbeyan River and sometimes we would ride out towards the Canberra Airport. One day, my mother told me that a friend of hers had seen us and that she would tell Dad if I ever did it again. From then on, we had to be a bit more careful.

REFERENCE FROM MR. LYONS, PRINCIPAL, QUEANBEYAN INTERMEDIATE HIGH SCHOOL.

*Queanbeyan I. H. School,
12th February, 1945.*

This is to certify that I have known the bearer, Miss Pauline Sullivan for the past eight years. I supervised her work from 4th Class to Third Year. She obtained an Intermediate Certificate Bursary at the end of 1942.

She was an excellent student and always did her very best. Qualities of leadership and of sportsmanship were in evidence throughout her school career.

When she went from my school to Canberra High School, I naturally followed her school career and was pleased to note that she was held in equally high esteem at that school.

*She comes from a good home, **and**, therefore, has had the very best of home training.*

It is with pleasure that I provide this reference as I am certain that she will do honour to any service that she may enter.

L. LYONS, PRINCIPAL

The next two years, 1943-44, were growing up years. I enrolled at Canberra High School to do two more years schooling for my Leaving Certificate¹ and had to travel to Canberra by bus each day. Most days we school pupils had to stand and give our seats on the bus to the adults who travelled on the bus. That was accepted practice in those days. However, it was no effort to get up early, light the wood stove, cook my breakfast and arrive at the bus stop at 8.00 a.m. every day."

Pauline Godfrey

At the end of 1944 Pauline passed her Leaving Certificate with honours in History, A's in English, French, Latin and Maths 1, and a B in Maths 2. She won a teacher's scholarship and graduated in 1948 wearing her fur trimmed gown and cape and was appointed to Goulburn High School, fulfilling her dream of becoming a teacher. Her brief autobiography was written because she was unable to attend her graduating year's reunion of 50 years .

¹ The Leaving Certificate was necessary for Pauline to achieve her dream of becoming a teacher.

QUEANBEYAN INTERMEDIATE HIGH SCHOOL AND THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

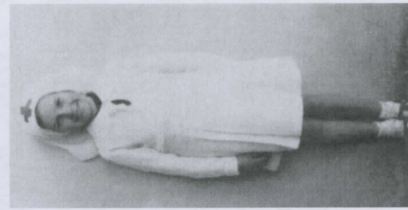
In 1922 Miss May Walker returned to the School where she was educated as a teacher and became the patron of the Junior Red Cross. She continued teaching at the school for 35 years. After the new school was built in 1935 she occupied the same room teaching Class 3 and several generations of her pupils.

I do not know when she started the Junior Red Cross Club but I assume it would have been in 1939. The members wore a white dress and a Nursing Sister's veil with an embroidered "Red Cross".

Each year the group marched in the Anzac Day March and Service. The girls also distributed rosemary to the public. They were involved in fund raising for the War Effort (1939-1945).

One activity was collecting "a mile of pennies" from the public and placing them on the footpath from the Royal Hotel to the Post Office corner on Lowe Street. The girls were instructed in the correct use of triangular bandages in treating injuries.

June 10th 1946 was a National Holiday for Thanksgiving and celebration. The Junior Red Cross was among the groups marching to the Queanbeyan Park for the Service. In the afternoon games were held for children and a Victory Dance was held at night.



Noelene Duncan
aged 9.
Photo N Gower



Junior Red Cross at Queanbeyan Intermediate High School c 1941. Miss May Walker in centre in dark jacket and hat. Photo Mrs Elaine deMamiel

My daughter Anne Dickson (nee deMamiel) remembers being a member of the Koala Group of Red Cross while in the Infant section of the school. They wore a white dress and cardigan and their badge was a koala with red cross on the body.

Elaine de Mamiel



Victory Parade 1946, Junior Red Cross and VADs with Servicemen. Back, l to r Noelene Duncan JRC, Leile McInnes VAD, Mary Crabtree JRC Front, l to r, unknown, Dorothy Imrie JRC, Captain Mary Bowers VAD, Shirley McInnes, JRC, unknown; men unknown

PITCHING FOR THE CAPITAL

John Gale

Published in the Queanbeyan Age, Friday December 20, 1907

HALF-A-CENTURY'S PROGRESS QUEANBEYAN AND DISTRICT-THEN AND NOW with thumb nail reminders

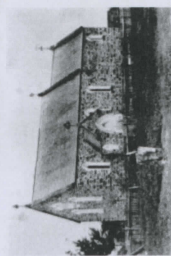
Although it is not quite fifty years ago (1860) since this journal's first number was issued by the writer of this special article, he has a personal and intimate knowledge of the town and district since 1855, and claims, therefore to be an authority on the matters about to be treated of. Fifty years ago it (Queanbeyan) was a hamlet with a population of about 250 souls. It boasted of but two general stores; had no banking establishment nearer than Goulburn, and two places of worship - the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches.



Wright's Store



Christ Church



St Gregory's

The old court records show that a court of petty sessions sat monthly, presided over by a police-magistrate (the late Captain Faunce) and honorary justices of the peace. In that part of the township known as Irishtown - now only a few dilapidated structures of once modest pretensions were situated : the court house, hospital, a national school house (though across the river there was also a Church of England denominational school), police barracks, and the old Dodsworth grist mill owned by Captain Faunce. The other

important part of the town was on the same side of the river, and of which Macquoid-street was the principal thoroughfare.



First Hospital



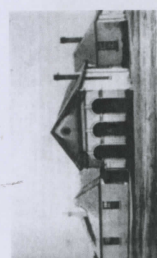
First Court House



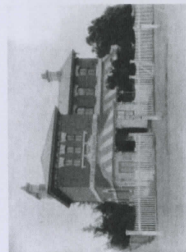
O'Rourke's Inn
MacQuoid St

On the western bank of the river was Monaro-street, and the surveyed thoroughfares radiating from it, but only sparsely built upon, the principal structures being three inns, a store, and a few private residences, with the little old school church, now the older portion of Christchurch school premises.

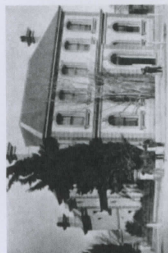
To-day the town reveals a striking contrast to the Queanbeyan of fifty years ago. With a population approaching 2,000, the greater portion residing on the western side which at the period named was looked upon as an uninviting suburb; with two banking establishments, three newspaper offices, courthouse and other Government offices, a fine post-office; and, closely-built from end to end with fine modern commercial establishments, Monaro-street is now as fine a business thoroughfare as any country town can boast of.



Court House



Post Office



Commercial Banking Co

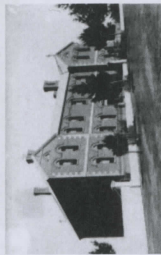
to that comes Crawford Street, the second business thoroughfare. This street, planted with finely grown shade trees, and, viewed from the elevation on which stand the Convent and the Queanbeyan Superior Public Schools fine structures gives an uninterrupted view of nearly a mile long up to the turn of the railway station avenue.



Public School



Shade trees Crawford St



St Benedict's

There are other fine streets on this side of the river, many of which are graced by handsome private residences with well-kept gardens. For some years past the town has been governed by a Municipal Council, and more recently the entire district has been placed under the control of a Shire Council, with already marked improvements in its roads and other public works.

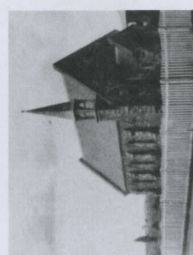
Where, half-a-century ago, a ford for vehicular traffic and higher up the river stepping-stones for foot passengers were the only means of crossing the stream which intersects the town, now a fine traffic bridge and a suspension-bridge boasting the largest span in New South Wales are structures which add materially to the picturesqueness of the town of Queanbeyan.



Queen's Bridge

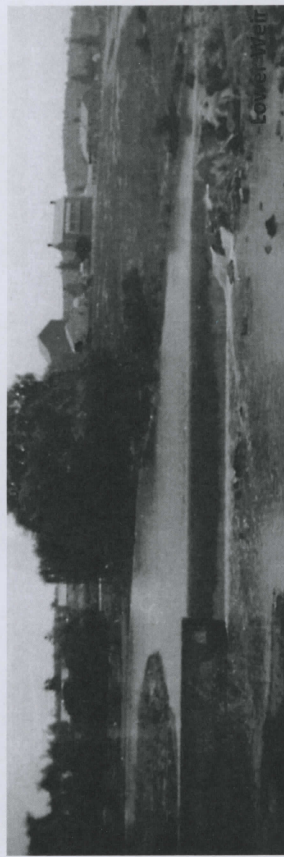


Methodist Church

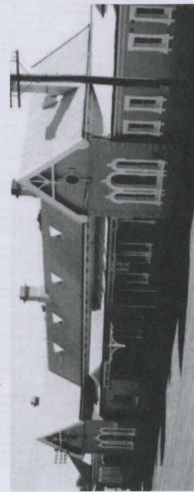


St Stephen's Presbyterian

Below the two bridges a fine weir has been erected creating a reach of more than a mile of deep navigable water. At the intersection of Monaro and Crawford-streets stands a monument, surmounted by a lamp, erected in memory of the brave men of the district who fell in the Boer war. St. Gregory's R.C. Church in Macquoid-street, Christchurch (C.E.), and the Methodist Church in Rutledge-street, and St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) Church in Morisset-street serve the purposes of the worshippers of the respective sects.



Several public halls and a school of arts are amongst the local institutions, as well as a fine and well managed district hospital. Queanbeyan is connected by rail with the metropolis and the general reticulation of the railway systems of the Commonwealth. At the present time there is a spirit of enterprise and go-ahead-ism in Queanbeyan greater than was ever known in its history. Speaking of the minor towns and the district generally the same progress is observable.



Railway Station



School of Arts and Boer War memorial, 1905

The staple industries of the district are grazing, agriculture, and mining. In the first two of these Queanbeyan stands high amongst the producing districts of the State. There are other respects in which our district comes to the front. Its general prosperity is doubtless as great as, or greater than, that of most country provinces.

An indisputable proof of this is that rarely does a bankruptcy case from the Queanbeyan district figure on the records. Its population of upwards of 7000 are mostly prosperous and happy; and that notwithstanding the adverse meteorological conditions which have characterised a cycle of many years past.



Queanbeyan from Bungendore Hill

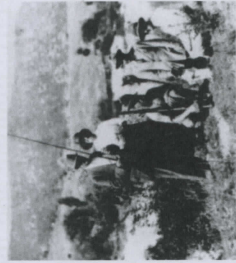
But the district is as beautiful and attractive as it is propitious as a health resort, its elevation of from 2000 to 5000 feet above sea-level, the purity of its atmosphere, the mildness of its temperature, the grandeur of its mountains, the expansiveness of its undulating plains, the number of its rivers and other perennial streams, claim for it a priority over nearly every other district of the State.

Of late years it has attracted the attention of sports men as possessing the finest trout streams known. Anglers who have fished in all the rivers of the civilized world, and are therefore competent judges are

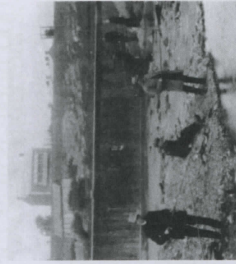
animous in' their opinion that the Goodradigbee, Gudgenby, and Cotter Rivers afford better sport than any waters elsewhere in which they have plied their favourite pastime.



John Gale fishing on the Snowy River



McCawley family at the Googongs

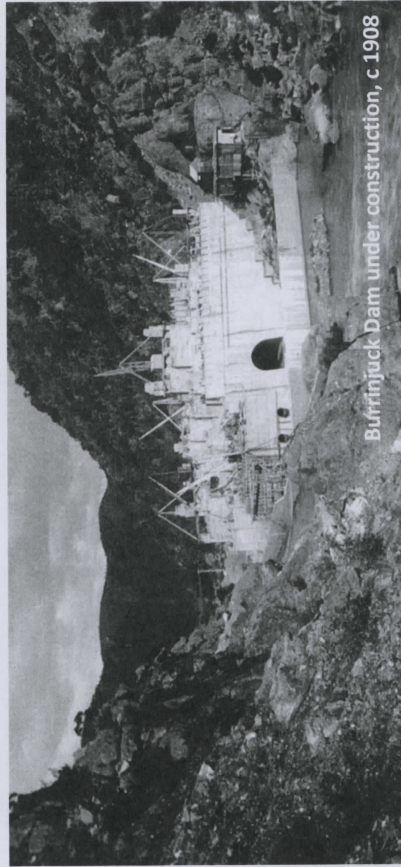


John Breen (3rd left) and friends at the high weir

The district of Queanbeyan has, since the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth, earned the distinction of possessing a site unrivalled in its claims to become the Federal City. Year by year its undoubted superiority is being acknowledged by increasing numbers of members of the Federal Legislature, members of the State Governments, and officials whose qualifications to judge of claims of a locality for this distinction are beyond doubt.

The district itself has long been admitted to be one of the most picturesque fertile, and salubrious of the inland districts of the State; and the cream of the district is the Canberra Plains. Here an unrivalled extensive panoramic view is obtained, bounded only by the distant spurs and ranges of the Australian Alps within easy access is the Murrumbidgee River, and within at radius of 15 miles no less than six of its tributaries, watering with perennial flow hundreds of thousands of finest, pastoral and arable lands; here a mild climate and fertile soil combine to produce all the products of the temperate and semi-tropical zones.

The great national engineering scheme for the conservation of an area of water as great as Sydney harbour itself-The Buren Yaouk² (or, as it is popularly called, Barren Jack) weir-is sufficiently near to permit of the utilization of its overflow of water, to the extent of 50,000 horse-power for electric lighting and motive power.



Burrinjuck Dam under construction, c 1908

Thus Canberra has become a formidable rival with Dalgety for the distinction of being the Federal territory and Federal City site; so much so, that several of the Federal legislators who were wedded to Dalgety now declare for Canberra. Taken altogether, and looking at its resources and possibilities, the district which the Queanbeyan, for almost half a century, has been the organ and advocate of, is a section of the State of New South Wales of which its people might well be proud.

John Gale 1906

² Barren Jack is an aberration of the area's Aboriginal name, Buren Yaouk. The dam was renamed Burrinjuck about 1911

PITCHING FOR THE CAPITAL – NOTES

The reader of *Queanbeyan* today, or the *Queanbeyan Age* in 1907 may be forgiven for assuming this description, with historic undertones, is a mere comparison of the village as it was in 1860, when Gale arrived, with the burgeoning and successful town of 1907.

The sting is in the tale – it is not until those last paragraphs that it becomes clear that Gale is promoting the ‘cream of the district, the Canberra Plains’ as the only site for the Nation’s capital city.

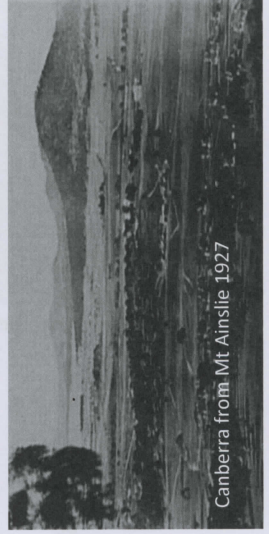
He is careful to cover all requirements – beauty, climate, water, transport, banking and retail systems, and location. He eliminates Dalgety with one sweep of the pen. And with the support of a strong committee, he won!

THE ARTICLE

This is an extraction of the major section of the article featured in *The Queanbeyan Age*, December 20, 1907, page 2, column 1. The excluded sections referred to the benefits and industry of the surrounding small villages.

THE THUMBNAIL PHOTOGRAPHS

These are included to illustrate the town as Gale remembered the village and how he saw the town in 1907. Many are clips from larger photos and all belong to QDHMS, Queanbeyan City Council, or are from a private collection. If a reader has an interest in any of the clips, please contact QDHMS for further details.



Canberra from Mt Ainslie 1927

TO ENLARGE A PHOTO WITHOUT IT PIXILATING, USING POWERPOINT

This is a neat and simple way of enlarging a small photograph, or even just a part of one on a PC. It is used with great success at the museum, enlarging photographs of good quality from a even a small Kodak snapshot and post cards up to an A3 size.

1. Open Powerpoint
2. Open Design on menu bar (third in from top left)
3. Double click on Page set up
4. Set size you want photo to be – either choose the drop down menu that starts with 'On-screen Show (4:3)'
5. Choose a standard size, OR go to the end of the list to Custom Size and type in a new width and height.
6. If you are doing a few the same size adjust the number of slides you want .
7. Click OK
8. Go to Insert, choose Picture and insert photo from your file.
9. Click on the bottom right corner of the photo and pull it out diagonally to the size of the paper.
10. Save it to where you want it –

First choose where it is going (left hand side) then give it a File name

Then under the *Save as Type* message pull down the drop down at the end of the box and choose JPEG or TIFF and save. It will ask if you want all the slides saved this way – say yes, even if it is just one, and it will put it in a folder with the same name as the picture.

When you open your photo it looks the same as when you started – but try printing it up on A3 A4 or whatever size you made.



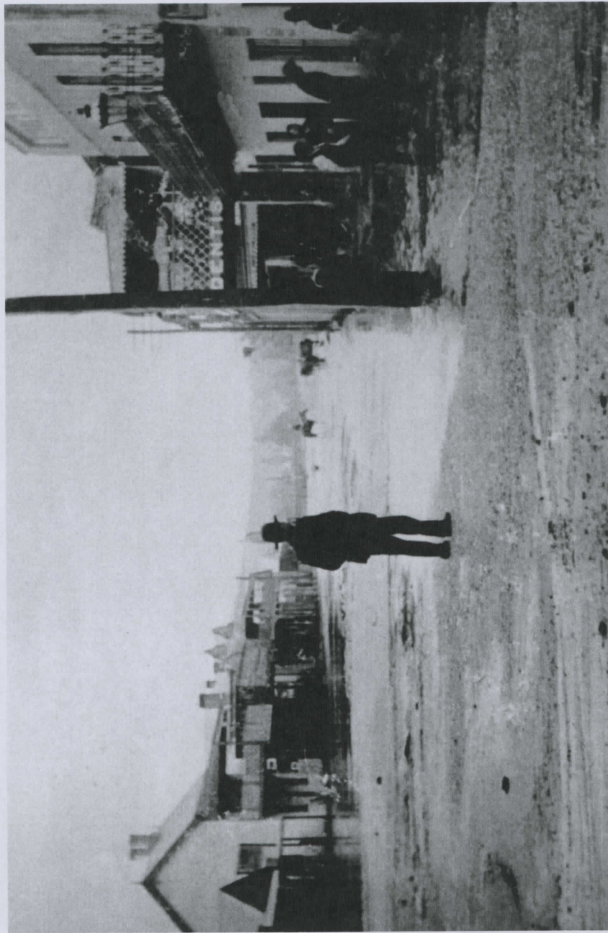
Above: Warrigal Juniors, un-named, full size 15 x 10 cms.



Right: Unpixilated enlargement of player top right of original. Now sized 10x12cmx.

The enlargement has not been corrected, but would be enhanced by using a photograph program.

MONARO STREET FLOODED January 1910



Inspecting the damage – Monaro Street looking South, with Byrne's Hotel on right.
Photographer V H Lineham, QDHMS

ON the morning of January 22, 1910 one of those very fierce and sudden storms hit a very narrow band of Queanbeyan, including the main street which was then without kerbs or gutters. However, there was a large storm water drain running underground from the showground to the river.³

³ This interesting structure still does the job it was designed for!

Mrs Elma Wood remembered the event: ...in 1910 there were no kerbings and gutterings in the street. There was a heavy storm and up where the Yarrowluma Shire Council chambers stand today a log got caught in the drain which ran down through the main street to the river. (Boys used to walk through it). Instead of the water running down the drain it came right down the main street. You can see how low the hotel was. The water flowed in and the Queanbeyan Fire Brigade had to be brought to pump it out. Beer casks were floating about everywhere and there was a dreadful commotion.⁴

The Queanbeyan Age, on January 25, reported the saga in full:

On Saturday morning banks of thunder clouds in the north west indicated a downpour of rain. Shortly after ten o'clock heavy rain, accompanied with small hailstones, began to fall, and it was apparent we were in for a good deluge.

The rain fell in torrents, and in a short space of time, the low-lying ground was flooded. The watertables⁵ in Monaro-street, opposite the Commercial Bank and up to Ryan's Hotel, and from Byrne's Royal Hotel to the post office overflowed quickly, notwithstanding that the underground drain carried away a large volume of water. The lower end of the showground was simply a lake, the water backing up to the ponds in the Glebe paddock.

Suddenly a portion of the showground fence, owing to the pressure of water, collapsed, and simultaneously a large butt-end of a tree came down Brook's Creek and choked the drain. Immediately the water rushed over the top end of Monaro Street with great force, the current carrying with it a consider able quantity of debris, and flowed in a fast stream

⁴ Monaro-street BC (before Canberra) 1976, Mrs Elma Kathleen Wood.
⁵ Gutters

down Lowe and Monaro Streets, reaching the level of the door steps, and in some instances swamping the lower built houses.

Business was suspended, the shop assistants and others being busily engaged stopping, as best they could, the water from rushing into their premises. From, the post office to Byrne's Hotel the water was two feet deep and rushed round Crawford-street in a regular torrent. Old residents state it is many years since such a storm occurred.

The water came so suddenly that the drains were unable to carry it away, and consequently flooded the footpaths and entered shops, but fortunately very little damage resulted.

Mrs. Lee's residence was inundated to a depth of over two feet. Furniture, etc., floated about the rooms, and a band of willing workers, assisted by the police and members of the Fire Brigade, were quickly on the spot and rendered, all the assistance possible. The house, a rather low structure-situated in low-lying ground, was literally swamped by the storm water from Lowe, Crawford, and Campbell Streets, supplemented by a good stream from the rear of the Commercial Hotel yard.



Morrisett Street in flood, showing Furlong and the picket fence of Mrs Lee's Boarding House. Photo P B Sheedy



It ran through every room and to make matters worse, became impounded by the brick wall in front of the building. Drains were cut to allow the water to run off, and later on No.2 Fire Brigade Engine was brought into requisition to pump the water from under the flooring. The sediment remained in the rooms, and the whole surroundings presented a dismal and sorry spectacle. To even clear the filth out of the house, irrespective of getting the place into anything like order again, will entail a lot of labour.

General sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Lee in the damage her property has sustained. Several ladies and gentlemen, boarding at the house, are also losers. It was with difficulty that Mrs. Lee was persuaded to leave her premises, and another young lady, who only arrived by the morning's train, was rudely awakened from her slumbers by the floodwater.

At the railway station the water rushed through the general waiting and refreshment rooms. The water quickly receded, leaving the streets in a very bad condition, and some expenditure will be necessary to put them in repair. Several property owners had fences damaged. The event was not without incidents of humour. One young chap, anxious to render assistance, had to swim several yards, while others, with pants rolled to their knees, were wading about apparently in their element. The post office recorded 107 points of rain, which fell within 20 minutes. We learn the storm was confined to a very narrow strip.⁶

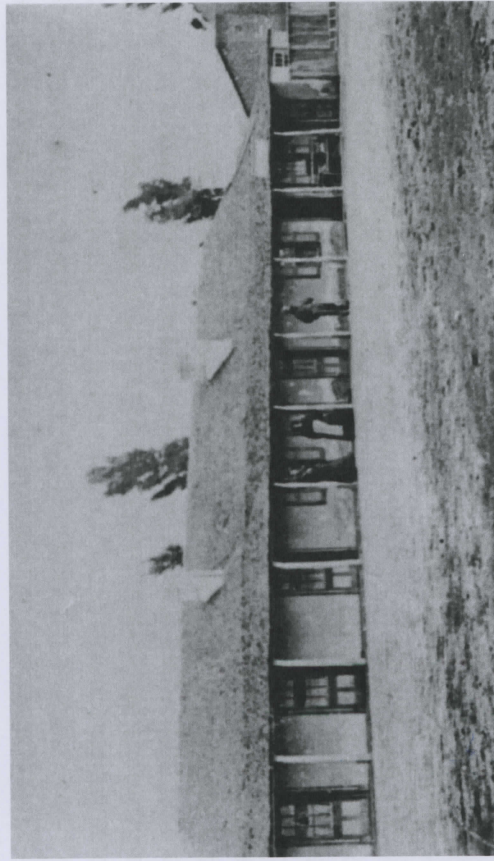
THANKS

MRS. LEE, the MISSES LEE and BOARDERS offer
their most heart felt thanks to the many who so kindly
and laborously assisted them in the recent flood.

⁶ Queanbeyan Age, January 25, 1910

Council made great attempts to manage flood waters through drainage and management of the multiple creeks that crossed the town, but it would seem that Mrs Lee held it responsible for her trials.

In November 1915 she sued the Council for the sum of £500 in a Supreme Court action. She claimed alleged negligence in the construction, maintenance, and management of Crawford Street, by reason of which alleged negligence quantities of water, sewage and mud from time to time, were collected and flooded certain lands and buildings, the property of plaintiff, permanently injuring them. The case lasted a whole week and was settled in favour of Council.



Mrs Lee's Boarding House, formerly St Patricks Inn, Crawford Street
Photo; Errol Lea-Scarlett Collection, QCC

Gillian Kelly

References:

Queanbeyan Age 1910-1918
Queanbeyan Age and Queanbeyan Observer, 1915-1927
Monaro Street BC, address given by Mrs Elma Wood, 1976

AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS DONATES 100 YEARS OF MEMORIES

One hundred years of photographs, records and treasured objects that tell a significant story in Australia's social history have been donated to the University of Melbourne Archives (UMA).

The donation comprises the Australian Red Cross national and Victorian archives and heritage collection. It includes governance records (minutes and annual reports), publications and newsletters, executive correspondence series, records of Red Cross awards and honours, activity and project records such as WW2 prisoner-of-war index cards, fundraising and appeals records, training records and handbooks, photographs, posters and press clippings, branch unit and region records, and film, audio and audio visual collections.

"The University of Melbourne is honoured to accept this archive as a significant piece of Australia's social history worth preserving and sharing with future generations," says University Archivist Dr Katrina Dean. "It's an exciting acquisition for the UMA and Cultural Collections. Through correct academic cataloguing and preservation, the archives will be prized by social and historical researchers, as well as members of the community seeking family history or community group information. The collection will also be used to support teaching and learning. "We'll now embark on a five-year process to hand over, catalogue, curate and digitise the collection."

Australian Red Cross CEO, Robert Tickner, says Red Cross was honoured the University of Melbourne would curate its archives and make them available to future generations, so they could tell the organisation's stories in new and different ways. "We could no longer afford to maintain our extensive archives, so we decided to make this

donation as a gift to the nation, to preserve and share our great Australian story of the extraordinary generosity and compassion of everyday people helping people over a century," Mr Tickner says.

"The Centenary of Australian Red Cross this year is a remarkable milestone in our social history, and our archives hold the stories of how generations of Red Cross people and events forged our proud legacy.

"Australian Red Cross was born just days after World War One broke out, and by World War Two we had become Australia's largest charitable organisation. It's hard to imagine another time when so many ordinary Australians will be united around a humanitarian cause.

"There are echoes of history, such as the hundreds of Voluntary Aides who carried out first-aid, home nursing and domestic duties to help control the spread of the world-wide Spanish Flu pandemic after World War One, just as today our brave aid workers are fighting the spread of Ebola in West Africa.

"Over a century Red Cross members and volunteers have been the lifeblood of our movement. Preserving and sharing our archives is an important way to give thanks and honour their legacy," Mr Tickner says.

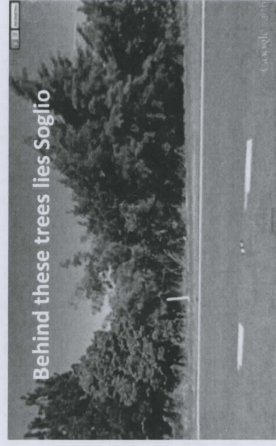
UMA Systems Archivist Fiona Ross has worked with the Australian Red Cross through 2014 to prepare for the donation of their archive to the University.

She says that at approximately 400 shelf metres, the collection is the largest single donation UMA has ever received.

Katherine Smith, Press Release, November 2014

OLD SOGLIO, MICHELAGO

On the road to Michelago, just to the north and well hidden by a thicket of high trees is a mysterious house named Soglio. It was built by Thomas Kennedy and his wife Mary in 1856 as The Hibernian Inn. 1900 the property was sold to George Fane De Salis (of Cuppacumbalong). The name of the property changed to 'Soglio' and the old inn became the family home, occupied in the latter years by the four Misses De Salis, until 1962. 'Soglio' continues in family ownership and a working property. In 1976 Mr and Mrs John de Salis spoke of the old house:



Mr de Salis: When my aunts were living here it was cared for and the bushes were trimmed back very much more. We haven't had the time to trim them back, although I know they all want it. The stable was roofed in the early days with the old bark which can still be seen in the stonework at the end. The stone has not been covered with plastr. The old trellis was lovely when it was trimmed; my aunts used to have most of their summer meals out here in the garden. It is a shame that we can't keep the garden as it used to be, with the lilac bushes and all the annuals. There was only the one door at the back. (I assume the kitchen door was there too). Now there are two others; I gather those ones were very small windows. They couldn't get any furniture in until they altered them. I gather that the first habitation was at the building which has the fireplace with the ivy in it.

Mrs de Salis: There are pictures showing a little building over near the hayshed, although there are no stones there now.

Mr de Salis: My aunts and my grandfather always used the old stables as such in my early days; I can remember often putting horses into there, and the old stalls are still in there. You needed a fairly quiet horse because there was only the narrow door to get in and you were shut up once you got inside. If you got a wild horse in there I think it could have caused mayhem! The room behind the kitchen was always called 'the cellar room' because there used to be a trap door in it and the whole underneath is open cellar. The floor became weak and when the children were young we thought it would be safest to cover it in more permanently. I can remember being down in it only once and then, I think, there were more spiders in it than anything. The stonework is all of the same type. I imagine it must all have come from beyond the railway line because there is no other stone anywhere closer. I don't think there has ever been very much stone around the flat.

Inside is a series of small rooms leading from one to the other. What they were used for when the place was first built I wouldn't have any idea. When my aunts were here one was the pantry and another was the dining-room while a third was the sitting room. The ceilings are high – twelve feet – and most of the rooms have a fireplace. I think this room at the northern end was the bar room.

Mrs de Salis: The piano in this room was saved from Cuppacumbalong.
Mr de Salis: It is a wooden-framed piano, beautifully made at the back where it is fitted together with grooves. The cloth decorating the front was dark green. There is an old cupboard along the side wall of the kitchen (opening off this room to the east) which I think I remember my aunts saying was used as a bar. When my aunts first came up here there were no floors in either of these two rooms; what had happened to them I don't know. In between Mrs Kennedy's death in 1895 and when my family came here in 1900 it could have been vandalised.

Mrs de Salis: We altered the kitchen quite a lot for the old ladies because it was so cold. We put a floor and a ceiling in and a new range at the eastern end. **Mr de Salis:** It always used to have a concrete floor at the eastern end and slabs at the other. You can imagine how cold it was in the

winter. There was no ceiling; it was just hessian which outlined the roof.
Mrs de Salis: Then we had visiting cats and you'd see their tails hanging out. The aunts always called the bench 'the old bar table'.

Mr de Salis: There was a fairly big range but it couldn't be kept alight and it used to be freezing to come out on a frosty morning. I imagine that in the early days there was just a big open fire here; there was a big bar across inside the fireplace, from which they used to hang all the pots. It is well and truly smoked from many years of fires. It is just a big open chimney. **Mr de Salis:** My aunts didn't want the electricity. I thought we were going to miss out on getting it because if the County Council hadn't connected it as they were going through it would have been hard to get it later on. They were very doubtful that they wanted it. There must be a lot of stone in a house this size. It is very well built, very much on the square, not haphazard. **Mr de Salis:** The doors are pine but the floors in the northern room are cedar, brought from the old barracks up above here after 1900. **Mrs de Salis:** The old barracks is big slabs of cedar. The fireplace on the northern end is not original; they put it in pretty soon after they came.

Mr de Salis: I think the walls are much the same right through. The craftsmen must have been very good because there are so few cracks. There is one in the eastern wall of this northern room but there are very few other cracks. This one has always been there. It has been spackled and plastered but it reappeared; it goes up into the top floor too. I was horrified when the electrician came through and put exposed pipes in the room, but I think if he hadn't done that my aunts wouldn't have got it at all. It could have been better done but it would have knocked the place about too much and that would have put my aunts off immediately. They were using old kerosene lamps and candles; how the place wasn't burnt down years ago I don't know. Along the corridor you can see how the rooms were all made here. They were very narrow, only from the front wall to the back with the little lean-to beyond them.

Mrs de Salis: This was the library, in the room under the skillion. Last year I took all the books up to the other house. **Mr de Salis:** This old box was brought out by Rev. Pierce Galliard Smith on the *Mermaid*. The portrait on the wall here is of Uncle Rudolph de Salis. **Mrs de Salis:** The floor above here is likely to collapse. **Mr de Salis:** The windows opening

onto this front verandah are all based on slate. Upstairs, the second bedroom we have come to is floored in boards fifteen inches wide. **Mrs de Salis:** In one of these upper rooms at the northern end the floor is just odd pieces of wood, nailed down, from packing cases. We won't let the historical society or people like that in here because the aunts were very self-conscious about their living conditions and they were in reduced circumstances. They had a good front! Vandals got in and burnt through the floor in this room. Outside, the old cow bail was made from kerosene tins opened up.

Mr de Salis: When Dad and my uncles lived here I think they used these rooms at the northern end but since I remember they were used only as storage rooms. The ceiling is lath and plaster. There must have been someone who did this because the old Kelly house up here had lath and plaster ceilings; I think they might have had them for the walls as well. The pitch of the rafters is used here as part of the ceiling.

Mr de Salis: There was only a ladder to the upper storey when we came here; the staircase was put in then. Most of the furniture upstairs was brought through the window; it wouldn't come round the bend in the stairs. There were only two central chimneys in the house but they are double ones downstairs; it would have been an awful business carting wood upstairs every day. There are eighteen rooms in the house, plus the cellar room. When I was a child we used to come down here from the country quite frequently and when we started going to school in Canberra this was always a halfway house. In mid-term we would come and stay here and Mum and Dad would come down from Cooma and spend the weekend here too. The Rev. Pierce Galliard Smith would have visited here, but only in his late years. The members of the de Salis family who actually made this their home were my grandparents, my four aunts, my father and two uncles (George and Eric). Aunt Charlotte taught my two brothers and me our primary school work here. In the summer time the house is completely screened by the trees. One reason why we let such a thicket grow was to hide it. It is surprising how many people travel the road and do not realise there is a house in here. It is hard for me to think that they could go past and not realise there was something.

Interview with Mr & Mrs John de Salis by P B Sheedy and Errol Lea-Scarlett, 16 May 1976