

DUGULLUMBA TIMES



(Member of History Queensland Inc.)

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Logan River and District
Family History Society Inc.**

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Contacts

Patron	Councillor Phil Pidgeon	
President	Terri Gellatly	
Secretary	Graham Popple	3200 6141
Treasurer	John Burrows	
Membership Secretary	Esma King	3807 6450
Other Committee Members	Lindsay Barnett	
	Pam Hayes	
	Rob Thomson	
Guest Speaker Liaison Officer	Elizabeth Lamb	3272 6123
Librarian	Heather Cuthbert	
IT and Web Administrator	Dianna Ottaway	
Journal Editor	Val Watson	
Education Officer	Graham Popple	3200 6141

Correspondence: The Secretary,
Logan River & District FHS Inc.,
P.O. Box 601,
Waterford, QLD 4133

Email: loganriverfhs@hotmail.com

Website: www.loganriverfamilyhistorysociety.com.au

Library Rooms: Kingston Butter Factory
1—21 Milky Way
Kingston
QLD 4114 (*Next to the Kingston Railway Station*)

Telephone/Fax: 07 3808 6537

Library Hours:

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Meetings:

1st Saturday of the Month	February, April, August, October and December
1st Thursday of the Month	March, May, July, September and November

All Meetings start at 9.30am

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How Eagleby was named.

The Eagleby Heritage Group wrote that the site at the junction of the Logan and Albert Rivers was locally known as “The Pocket”. There was a large eagle’s nest near the sugar mill which had been there for many years. A man named Draper was asked the aboriginal name for eagle. He said that type of eagle was called “eagle-be-motchya”. Over time the area became Eagleby. The name comes from the Ngaraamgbal language used in the Yugambeh Language region.

From the Editor and Education Officer

I would like to wish you all a happy New Year and hope that you all enjoyed the festive season as Lesley and I did. Now that the New Year is here we hope to see more of you at the rooms doing your Family History this year.

I have been asked to do this edition of the Journal due to Val Watson being ill and having to spend some time in hospital. Val is now out of hospital and by the time you read this I hope that Val will be very near to the end of her illness.

In this edition I have included a piece on my father, George Henry Popple and the Coronation Coach that he made out of an old tea chest that he got from a local shop. My Dad loved doing his work in the shed no matter the weather outside was. He had his paraffin heater for the winter and his fan for the summer. Unfortunately I do not take after him with a love of woodworking.

I have been doing some work on a short course regarding "Citing your Findings" which will hopefully be of benefit to you all. I will be holding this course some time in February and by this time I hope to have a calendar of dates that I will be holding courses throughout the year. I may have to do two of each course one on a Saturday and one during the week so you will all have a chance to attend one or the other. Most of these courses are part research into the course and part from my experience whilst I have been doing my own research. Other courses are 100% research such as the Irish course that I have run in the past. I am hoping to add to the number of courses that I already have on offer, but if you have a subject that you would like me to do a course on then let me know and I will see what I can do.

I am hoping to get a bit more time to do some of my own research whilst at the Society this year, but if you are in the room, when I am, I will of course be willing to help you with your research as I get as much enjoyment in helping individuals out as I do in researching my own family history.

I also hope that in doing this journal I have not dropped the standard that Val has set in doing the journals.

Good luck with your research in 2018.

Graham Popple, Member Number 22.

Acknowledgement

The Committee and Members of the Logan River and District Family History Society Inc. would like to thank Shannon Fentiment M.P. for Waterford, and her Staff for their support of our Society by the printing of our Journal.

WILLIAM KING – AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE STORY OF A WELL-KNOWN PIONEER IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO, OLD EVENTS ON THE HUNTER DISTRICT

(Rekeyed from a typed copy, and edited to include some headings, better paragraphing etc. Additional explanatory material has been added within square brackets []. The typed copy would have been prepared before the 1970s)

FOREWORD

The following pages were written in 1922 by William King, son of Edward King. It was written at the suggestion of one of his nurses following an accident in his early seventies, the result of which almost cost him his life. After months of hospital treatment he was convalescing at the home of his daughter Muriel (Mrs Bert Card) and it was during this weary period that he commenced writing something of his early life. William King died in 1932 at the age of 84, respected by all who knew him.

Edward King, farmer, shipbuilder and shipowner, and preacher, whose name appears in the story, lived during the last few years of his life at Largs with his son William, and died at the age of 95 in 1908 after an eventful life.

It seems fitting for one whose life was so much associated with ships that at his death, when the Hunter was in flood and Largs was isolated, that his remains were conveyed by rowing boat to the small cemetery at Hinton followed by relatives and friends in different boats.

So passed one of the early Pioneers whose name figured in some small way in the History of the Lower Hunter.

ARRIVAL IN AUSTRALIA

In the year 1838, my Father and Mother decided to emigrate to Australia to try their fortunes in the New Land. They were some of the first [non-convict] emigrants. They took passage in a small barque called the “Lady Nugent”. They had two children with them. This little ship had about 350 passengers on board; she was considered a fair size vessel in those days with her old bluff bows and heavy stern and a high poop which would make her a bit more comfortable for her passengers.

The Captain, Doctor and Officers were adorned with the usual gilt bands and buttons and were just as important as officers are on the present day liners and I think they had just cause to be so, as handling a ship to make a good passage with freight and the lives of passengers was sought-after for the ships and captains to their own credit. The “Lady Nugent” would reel off 7 knots with a wholesale breeze, everything drawing well which was considered good for her.

In due time the line [ie equator] was reached and a few of the emigrants were asked to look at it through the telescope and were rewarded by seeing a hair across the glass. When they were clear of the doldrums and later got good breezes the old bosun announced that the old girl was going some, meaning the ship was moving fast. He said he was on the forecastle head and he made a step and landed on the poop. Not bad. I wonder if he landed on his head or his feet ... doubtless she was going well.

The Captain carried a cow for his own use but was kind enough to allow a little milk to any delicate woman with a child. This was very kind and greatly appreciated.

One day a pirate vessel in charge of an English gun boat was spoken and came alongside and it was arranged between the Captains for some of our men to be placed on board as a safe-guard against any attack to escape which the pirates might take on.

After the usual ups and downs, fair weather and foul and after nearly 5 months out, it was whispered they would sight Sydney Heads on the morrow. Most of the passengers were early astir to look for the promised land, and before dinner-time they had the Pilot on board and he took the ship safely in with her own canvas (no tugs at this time). The Government Doctor now came on board to inspect the people, there were a few cases of measles and some incidental sickness so the ship was taken to the Quarantine where she came to anchor and they remained a week or more, the time was spent by the people in talking of their prospects and viewing the wild looking foreshores. There were no houses in sight ... with the exception of the Pilot houses ... for miles (no red tiled roofs in those days). When the "Lady Nugent" was released from Quarantine she was got underway and sailed up the harbour, the passengers were soon viewing Sydney from the deck, a very different city then to what it is now.

Shortly after coming up to Sydney the emigrants began to go ashore, a few had friends to meet them, but most were quite on their own and knew nobody only themselves, and a sense of utter loneliness pervaded. I have often heard my Father say it was like leaving home when they left the ship and he felt as though he would like to return. But the feeling soon wore off and he faced it as many bulldog Englishmen had done before.

What made matters worse Mother took ill and had to be removed on shore and placed in the hospital. This illness of Mother's was a sad thing for both as the children took a good bit of attention. The doctor was very kind to her; however after a couple of weeks she was fit to go out although very weak.

TO PENITENCE, NEAR RAYMOND TERRACE

There was nothing in Sydney to suit them in the shape of work so they packed their little belongings and came by steamer to Newcastle, and thence on to the old historical village of Raymond Terrace. There were a few houses, a small shop or two and a flour mill. They went a day or two later up the Williams River about 2 miles and took a farm on what at the time was called Penitence. This ground was in its rough or virgin state. They here worked very hard with axe, saw and hoe, clearing a patch at a time, burning off what would burn and then, with the hoe, plant the corn or potatoes wherever they could get a seed in. This was very hard on them as it would be some time before they could get any return. Father had brought out his gun and some powder and shot, so by this means he could get a wallaby, sometimes wild ducks and wonga pigeons. This was a good help to them.

Groceries and flour were dear, the flour often poor quality. However all good things come to those who wait. They had a little maize which they pulled [ie harvested] and carted on their backs in bags. They also had a good sample of potatoes; they carried a bag home for eating and the remainder they covered them over with vines ready to bag to send them away in a pulling boat. Father visited this plant in the morning and to his disgust and consternation found that they had all been taken. He could track them through the reeds to the water's edge. There was no house near them; he never found out anything where his potatoes went to. This was very grieving and was a great loss to them.

He had no horse or bullock at the time. He made himself a harrow out of all wood, the tines were also wood and where they had a piece of land chipped they would, between them, drag this thing over the land. It was of light construction but fancy a woman doing this work and two little children to look after, they used to take them to their work.

Sadness came to their home by the loss of the children, one shortly after the other and Father had the sad experience of making their coffins out of slabs. They felt this was a sore trial to them. [These were the 2 daughters Harriet and Jane – Harriet born in England, and Jane at sea on way to Australia].

Sometime after, they managed to garner a few bags of wheat. Father managed to carry part of

a bag to the mill and he instructed the miller to grind it into flour. He called two days after for his flour and the miller pointed his flour out to him ... Father was disappointed at the small quantity of flour. He said to the miller that he could carry the lot between his teeth (he had a splendid set) ... the miller said if he could he would fill up his bag and give it to him ... Father stooped down and caught the bag between his teeth and carried it with ease.

The miller was as good as his promise. There is a saying that all millers who are honest have a tuft of hair growing in the palm of the hand. I don't suppose many were found with it. Father shouldered his flour and carried it home having a couple of spells on the way thus showing his strength and the determination he had.

As time went on he got more on his feet and bought a pair of bullocks and then essayed to get his first proper harrow. He got his timber ready and he went to the Terrace [ie Raymond Terrace] to see the blacksmith about making the iron work. The smith had no iron suitable for the teeth so Father took a walk up to Maitland, a bush track a distance of about 15 miles. He got his bar of iron. The ironmonger wanted to send it by boat to the Terrace but Father preferred to take it with him. It weighed 80 lbs and the bar was all one piece; fancy a long swagging bar of iron ... he said he only changed shoulders once ... he said his shoulders were sore next day. When he had related this to us I said why did he not put it between some logs and bend it like a bow so that each shoulder would take a share of the weight. He said he did not think of that ... he could see it would have been better for him.

Father had now got his real harrow and plough. The plough in those days was constructed of wood except the shear which would be fitted on the wood foot, and I have often heard the farmers talking about their ploughs. They were as proud of them as the present day farmer is of his iron plough with its bright steel mouldboard. I have often wondered how the present generation would shape with the old wood plough. Not too well I think.

TO SEAHAM

Well to continue. They decided to move up the river to Mossman's property opposite Seaham. I should have mentioned he had a bullock dray. So they packed all their belongings on the dray, very crude indeed was the furniture they had ... a rough homemade table, a few stools for seats, a homemade safe, a made up bedstead made from saplings, and a water cask. This about comprised the home furniture. The plough and harrow were included in the load.

The farm that he had taken was very low and surrounded by Tea Tree scrub. There was a small hut to live in, the writer of this article was born there.

Father had now settled down to work again. There were a few neighbours in the vicinity which was more homely for them. They grew wheat and corn and whatever commended itself to them; they had the experience of one of their men going demented and he had to be removed to Newcastle for treatment. He was not away very long when he made his escape from the institution and found his way back to us. He said he was alright but a few days later Father could see he was far from right; he would root his way into the wheat stack, he would rub out the grain and chew it up for food. Sometime they could induce him to come in the house. The cause of the trouble was a love affair, the woman would have nothing to do with him. However he went away in the bush and drowned himself in a waterhole. He was found two or three weeks after.

They had a few years here ... wet seasons and dry ones, one season a record one for dry weather. There was no water for drinking only by going about 15 miles to a creek which is close to the junction of Stroud and Sawyers Point Road. Father used to put his cask in the dray and go on this long journey. He was on one of these trips for water, and had got within a short distance from home when the dray axle carried off and he lost three parts of the water which was a terrible loss to them. The people dug wells for the stock, it was no good for domestic use.

The river was quite salt up as far as Clarence Town and sharks were caught up this distance. It was a sad thing to see the birds falling out of the trees dead for want of water.

On one occasion a gentleman called at the house, he had his horse with him and the poor creature was nearly dropping for want of a drink. He asked Mother could she give him a bucket of water for the horse. She explained the difficulty of getting water, but pity took hold of her and she could not refuse the water. He gave the gentleman the bucket, he held it for the horse and it drank it up as one famished, a little was left in the bottom of the bucket, the gentleman put it to his mouth and drained it out. He could not waste a drop after knowing the difficulty to get water. Mother gave him a drink, he was so thankful and he continued his journey.

A great many snakes were about, and many of them were killed, Father often ploughed them up out of the ground. The blacks were very much in evidence, much more so than the white people. I have often heard my Mother say that my elder sister [ie Ellen] would come out when the blacks came about and was quite at ease with them, but if a strange white person called she would get out of sight.

TO WALLALONG

About a year or two after this, Father made a fresh move as he was not doing much good there. He took a farm on the Paterson River distance about twelve miles. This farm was part of Wallalong and was owned by Dr Scott. The present owner, Mr Walter Scott, was a relative to the above and still owns Wallalong.

The farm is situated about three miles above the junction of the Paterson and Hunter Rivers. After removing over from the Williams [River], Father started working the new farm. The land here was all clean of stumps and trees and is first class land.

The dreadful conditions of the drought as spoken of was here felt, and made things very hard on the tenants, scarcely anything would grow. Father planted the whole farm of 40 acres with corn. Three parts hardly attaining any height, and that which matured was in a favoured spot which carried more moisture, but the cobs were very small and out of the 40 acres he only got 10 bushels. This was very disheartening. He went to the landlord and told him his troubles. Dr Scott knew all about the seasons that had been passed through on the previous years. He told Father not to be discouraged but that when the seasons changed and he would get on, he said "Some day you will get a lift, you will be able to pay me and everybody else and will have a good sum for yourself". The landlord was right in what he said to Father. The seasons changed, and the next crop was a good one and corn was a good price bringing 12/- per bushel. When he carried the rent up, the Dr was pleased and said "I told you how it would be. I suppose you have paid others and I hope you have a fair sum left". He was a very encouraging man to his tenants.

Father now sold his bullock and got a pair of horses to do his work which was far more suitable for farm work. Everything now went along alright, sometime a wet season and sometime a dry one. A fresh move was now working up with the farmer, and this was to grow lucerne, and most of them followed up by growing it. This new line of farming had to be learned by experience. Sometimes the hay would be carted too soon, not having enough sun, with the result it would heat and get too hot often turning black, and it has been known to catch fire ... but patience and experience overcomes all this and good marketable hay was now made, that is providing good weather existed while in the field. The mowing of the lucerne at this time was all done by the scythe ... men used to travel the district to mow and were only paid 5/- per acre ... it was very hard work.

Father had heard about a mowing machine. He went to Sydney and bought one, and I am sure that if that machine could have been preserved till the present day, and put in the Maitland Showground nothing in the line of machinery would command the attention of farmers as this would. It was a curiosity. American manufacture, her finger beam was wood and formed part of the framing.

Cast iron fingers were bolted on. There was no provision to put her in or out of gear, there being a lever to pull this, would raise the knife about 10" off the ground, so when the mower would go down the road to mow lower down the farm it would cut the tops of the lucerne and on the return would take the tops off the other side. However machinery improved as time went on ... but to continue ... the day the machine was to start the farmers around came to have a look at it. The general opinion of those was not too favourably impressed, the work was not too good and was cut rather high and did not do clean work. It was very amusing to hear the comments of some. One old neighbour, when he saw her knife as it came to view flying backwards and forwards, suggested that she was sharpening the knife as she went - he thought the rapid motion would do it. He however learned different as he had one a few years later himself. The British had not taken to making mowing machines, and they made some fine mowing machines. Father bought one of these and it cut the crop equal to a scythe and was very satisfactory.

Hay rakes were now made to be drawn by horse which was a great improvement as prior to this the rakes were small ones and were pulled along by hand power and was very tiring work.

Hay growing was now in full swing, nearly all Wallalong farms being under lucerne and other districts were following up lucerne growing. The farmers found that they had a lot to learn in hay work - pressing the hay was a problem. Men did not understand the work. Father engaged two Englishmen (new chaps) and he put a competent man with them for a few days to put them in the way of pressing ... but when left to themselves they made poor work of it, the bales were unshapely, unsquared on the ends, the sides of the bales were anyhow, this made them bad for stowage, and this did not improve the sale of them. He had sent this hay to Sydney and he was very dissatisfied with the price of the hay, and on receiving his cheque he found after paying freight which was very high and the agent's charges for selling it, did not leave much for himself. The Steamship Company charged 7/6 per bale, the badly trimmed bales partly accounted for the high rate of freight. However this was the cause of father breaking away, and going into a new line ... that of the shipping trade. Sometime before this there was talk of getting another company to run in opposition to the present line of boats but up till now it had not come to a head. Father thought this was a good opportunity to start something; he was backed up by his friends and neighbours.

SCHOONER DART

At this time a large American schooner was up for sale by auction - her name was the Dart. Father attended the sale and she was finally knocked down to him for £800. At this time she was considered to be a large schooner in coasting circles. It was found she had a rather large deck house cabin which would take up a good bit of the deck room as it was intended to carry hay on the deck. Ships carpenters were employed in removing the deckhouse and putting the cabin below. Father in the meantime went round the district to canvas for freight hay, corn etc and he very soon had a cargo ready for the ship.

In a few days the Dart arrived up the river to load up ... taking a good quantity of maize in the bottom which was good ballast, and then filled up with hay, taking a good many bales on deck. This was well secured with tarpaulins to keep the hay dry.

The freight charged by the Dart was 4/6 per bale and 1/6 per bag. Previous charges by steamers were 5/- to 6/- per bale and 2/- per bag. She made her first trip to Sydney turning her cargo out in good condition. The Steamship Company now lowered their freights to the same figure - marking it in prominent figures on either side of the paddle box. The shippers stuck well to the new venture, and she was loaded every trip, and sometimes got a return cargo for the store keepers. Sometimes with adverse winds the passages would be prolonged somewhat. However on the whole she continued to make fair average trips. Father had a bit of trouble with the Captains at times mainly through drink. He had four or five changes in the skipper during the time he was running her.

On one of these trips coming up the river, a strong fresh was in full swing. A strong easterly wind which was a fair wind carried her up against the stream in good style stemming the current like a steamboat. She had arrived up opposite our place and come to an anchor. Night had settled in and it was very dark. My brother John was pulling a boat up the river at this time when he could see by her lights that she was out of the river channel. He pulled alongside and told the Captain that he was too far inshore, in fact he was on part of a man's farm. The Captain run out another anchor in the channel and hove the ship out a fair distance. It was well he did this as in the morning after the water had lowered, her keel had made an impression on the ploughed ground. She would have been left high and dry by daylight, and no hope to get her off until another flood came.

She continued running for some time, but owing, as I have previously stated, to the worry of Captains it became too much for Father and he sold her to a Captain and commission agent. Her new owners sent her to the Clarence River with a cargo of coal and a return cargo of maize.

Then when Father came home after selling the ship the first thing we asked him was where was the dog. This dog was a great pet. "We let him go with the ship as a watchdog." We did not mind this as we would see him every trip up the river. Father told up he quite forgot to bring the dog with him when he sold the ship, but promised to go down to Sydney when the ship arrived and get him. The papers were watched when we expected her arrival. In due time her arrival was announced and father went down as promised ... only to have a lost trip, as when he went on board the Captain told him that the dog was left behind. He had gone ashore for a run and when the ship had hove out and got away the dog was missing. This was very disappointing news for we boys. However the ship made another trip to the Clarence River and when she came back Father again went down and as he stepped on the gangway the old dog met him with a hearty greeting. The Captain told Father how they found the dog; he had lived with settlers up there and when he saw the ship sailing up he barked and cried. The Captain saw the dog running along the bank of the river, and being attracted by the barking of the dog, he knew it was him alright and he lowered a boat and took him aboard. Fancy the sense a dog must have to know his own ship; it is all the more wonderful as there were three or four other schooners running up the river at the time (very little steam at that time).

The Dart continued trading two years under her new owners; she had an adventurous career. She had traded to different ports while owned by the firm who bought her. She had bad luck for she had got ashore a time or two. The last time she went ashore down at Warnambool with a load of potatoes, and I saw in the paper where she was floated off. The paper stated where she was got off and once more the old Dart was afloat. But she, like every other ship, had to come to an end; she was sold in Melbourne, and the people turned her into a lighter, and towed from one place to another. For an American ship she lasted well. She must have been at the lowest 70 or 80 years when she passed out. I must now finish with the story of the Dart.

SCHOONER HARRIET KING

To resume my story ... farming in all its branches continued on Wallalong with the King family, having good and bad times, floods and droughts ... and now to show how the shipping line had a good grip on Father ... he was on for another shipping venture, as my story will show.

Father made several trips to the ports to see if he could purchase a suitable ship. This idea this time was to have one that he could send off the coast if required. He did not find anything that just suited his ideas, so he decided to have one built to order. He got in touch with Mr W McPherson who submitted models for approval. Father decided on one model and a contract was signed to build one. The shipyard was on the Williams River, an old established yard where many vessels had been built. Timber could here be got handy to the water.

The following were the dimensions for the vessel as ordered:

Length of Keel: 90 feet

Length overall: 125 feet

Depth of Hold: 11 feet

She had a square stern and an Aberdeen bow. A start was now made, and for something like two years before she was ready for the water.

It was found after she had been started and was well in frame, that a rock existed under water, and it was rather a menace, as it was right in the track of where she would take in launching. However it so happened that heavy rains had fallen and this made a big rise in the river making a big flood in the district. The water was over the land from the Williams to the Paterson River. The ship was now pretty well finished, the launching ways etc were in position and McPherson took in the position and decided to hurry up and get her into the water while it was high.

McPherson undertook a trip in the boat during the night and with three or four hands pulled over to Wallalong chancing fences and stumps in his course, sometimes he had plenty of water, and at other places touching the bottom. It was rather risky work in the dark. He arrived over at our place about midnight. His mission was to let us know that he was going to launch the ship and he knew we had a coil of manilla rope and a heavy kedge anchor which would be wanted over at the launch. Father and my oldest brother [John] went over with them in the boat so our family was represented over at the launching. They got over to the shipyard at break of day all safe. All hands now set to work to get ready for a launching and as there was no worry about the tide they could work with a degree of pleasure. When a ship has to be launched at the top of high water, it is often a great rush to be ready, as time and tide wait for no one. In a short time the people began to muster to see her take the water – she was the largest vessel at the time that was turned out of the yard. Everything was now ready, the steadying shores were removed, the dogs knocked away, and she slid down to the water in great style.

Mrs McPherson, the shipbuilder's wife, christened her by breaking the usual bottle of wine on the bow, naming her the "HARRIET KING" and wishing her success. It was a great relief to them, as the rock was covered with a great depth of water. She ran well down the river before she could be brought up with the anchor. Power was now brought on her and she was pulled close to shore, and any of the folk who wished went on board to have a look over her. Some of the young folk had a bit of dancing that evening in honour of the event.

Night was now coming on, and our folk were taken back to Wallalong and all arrived safely. McPherson now set to work caulking decks, mast and spar making, and fixing belaying rails.

I will now give the dimensions of the mast. The lower masts were beautiful Kauri spars; we got them from New Zealand in the square, they were 24" x 24", straight and not a blemish in them. The main mast was 75' long, 2' diameter at the deck; the foremast was 65', 2' diameter at the deck; the main topmast was 48', the foretopmast 25', the royal and topgallant mast 24'

The lower mast pieces were towed up from Newcastle by rowing boat – they took some shifting in the water, being such massive pieces, they would be about half submerged and could only be towed with the tide. Trouble was struck when opposite Fullerton Cove, a strong southerly set them ashore, and they could not move them. They had to remain until next high water, the wind had gone down so that they had a better chance of moving them. They finally got along with the towing, and after a tough pull arrived at Raymond Terrace, and from there they were towed to their destination. We had several of these towing trips, I remember on one occasion towing twelve ships yards abreast, they had all the iron mountings and foot ropes attached, so they made a very sluggish tow.

In due time the work taken in hand of mast and spar making was now complete, and arrangements were made to get a steamer to tow the ship to Morpeth to get the lower masts stepped. The steamship company had a very high set of sheers on their wharf, and we had permission to use them.

We left the shipyard in the morning about 10. The steam drogher Bolwarra towing us; the wind was west and a bit fresh, this was a headwind; and the drogher had a tough time of it. Sometimes when an extra puff came she could not move us; we would have to let go anchor until the wind eased. After a tough tow we arrived at Morpeth and went under the sheers, but too late to do anything.

The next morning we got a move and started getting the mainmast on and, when it was clear of the rail, it was found that there was not weight enough in it to overhaul the heavy chain gear – this purchase was erected for lifting the steamers boilers weighing many tons. We had to get our own manilla tackling and take the weight below the present sling and lower the mast in its position. The foremast was lifted with the manilla tackling and lowered alright. The chain tackling was left up, and some time after this a northerly squall struck the sheers with the result they crashed down and smashed them up. The Captain of the steam boats was pleased they were out of the way as they hung over the water enough to foul the steamers masts when they came close in order to give room to swing – the sheers were never used for the purpose they were intended for.

The lower mast now being in position, we were towed up the river to our own place at Wallalong. The riggers now started getting the lower shrouds up, the topmast were sent up, the jib-boom rigged out and everything in the rigging line was in full swing; the yards in the meantime were sent up and crossed. In three months everything was complete, painting included. Her name was painted on her headboards on either side on a bright light blue and the name done in gold-leaf – she had a very smart appearance.

After all was complete, a tea-meeting was held on board, the proceeds being donated to the Morpeth Methodist Circuit, and proved to be a great success; the ship was dressed in two lines of bunting from truck to rail. A steamer was engaged to bring people from Morpeth, and was a very nice outing for them. The return to Morpeth was made after a very much enjoyed trip, the novelty of the whole affair seemed to strike the people.

A few days after the above proceedings, a Captain and crew were shipped and she was towed round to Morpeth to take in 150 tons of coal, this was to act as ballast. There were no coal chutes there at this time; the coal was carted down from the pits and tipped on the ground, and then wheeled onboard in barrows – rather a slow job. Coal to this day can be seen where the ships used to be loaded in the early days; the soil from flood deposits covered the coal over, but where the bank was slipped in the river, the strata of coal is very plain. After taking in the coal, we proceeded up the river to Wallalong, where we filled her up with pressed hay to send to Sydney. The ship being now loaded, she weighed anchor and proceeded down the river to Newcastle.

When she arrived there a good deal of interest was taken in her, and being a large coaster and also being a local production would make her of more interest. Some of the Captains of the coasters and ship-owners were freely commenting on her sailing ability. There was a good bit of rivalry among the coasters at this time as to which was the fastest vessel. It so happened that the smartest coaster and several others were ready to go to sea, as was the Harriet King. The coasters were soon under weigh, no tugs required to get them out; a fresh north-easter was blowing, so that once they were out clear of Nobbys [the headland at the entrance to Newcastle harbour], it was a fair wind for them. You might nearly call this an ocean race as the vessels were all pretty close together. When about half-way to Sydney the wind chopped around from the south and blew heavy. The Harriet King had pulled away a bit from the others, but when the wind changed it was a tussle for the fleet, the fastest one of the coasters was in the lead of the others. The Harriet King made a board and stood out to sea on the port tack; some of the others followed suit; others were on for shorter boards. The Harriet King made three tacks and arrived in Sydney in advance of the Pacific by nearly two hours.

The Pacific was one of two schooners built in New Zealand for the coal trade. Her sister ship was the Atlantic, both built off the same model and beautiful looking ships they were, and were the smartest of the colliers. Sydney depended on these colliers for the supply of coal for the gasworks and all factories. To supply them required a large quantity to keep all going. I reckon that at least there were 20 vessels engaged in the trade, and they made as many as two of three trips weekly.

The Harriet King, after discharging her cargo, was chartered to take a load of coal to Adelaide, and bring back a cargo of flour. She discharged her coal in Adelaide and took on the flour. It was thought that being a new ship she might stain the bags. She made a fair trip and the cargo of flour turned out first class, which was very satisfactory, and any other time she visited Adelaide had no difficulty in getting a cargo. Her next trip was to Valparaiso with coal and a return freight of flour. Two of the hands took their discharge as they considered she was not big enough for the trip to South America, one of them remarked after she came back that she made one of the best trips that year. I was in touch with this man practically all my life afterwards, and many a good talk we had of the early and later ships. He had a wealth of knowledge about shipping matters – the last 20 years was spent in it, in A Brown's ship store in Scott Street Newcastle, and a more trusted and honourable man could scarcely be found than the name William Carney. Being in shipping from a boy he was the right man in the right place, knowing what was wanted for a ship as well as her skipper. He passed away after a short illness. His wife died a couple of years before him and he never seemed quite the same after her death. At his death, all the shipping showed at half mast out of respect. I know I missed his kind face every time I visited the store, and it is human, and we all have to tread the same path when our time comes.

Now I will give an account of the Harriet King's trip to Valparaiso. She made a very fair passage over, and discharged her coal and was loaded with flour for Sydney. She started back on her return for Sydney. The trip was uneventful till reaching the vicinity of Pitcairn Island of Bounty fame – this occurred somewhere in the year 1790 when a portion of the crew mutinied against Captain Bligh, the ringleaders securing the Captain and several officers, sent them adrift in one of the ship's boats and did not give them too much provisions and water; after great privations they made the remarkable trip of several weeks in the open boat and made, I think, the island of Timor. After turning the boat adrift the mutineers shaped a course and made Pitcairn Island where they ran the Bounty ashore. After taking all they wanted, she was set on fire to destroy all traces of her. They turned their attention to the island and lived with the native women, some took them as wives. Most of them appeared to get along alright, though there were crimes committed by the mutineers – some of these were a lawless lot, while there were two or three much better inclined.

One would require to read the account of the "Muting on the Bounty" to get refreshed in memory; it is over 50 years since I read the account; it is a book well worth reading. In after years, the community had grown, some had children, and these took the names of their fathers. These people had rather an easy life on the island; almost everything they required for food grew on the island. Occasionally ships would call and trade with them. Some of the mutineers were very much afraid that justice would overtake them for their bad deeds, but they were never molested that way. Many years after the mutiny, the British removed many of them to Norfolk Island. It was thought it would be more suitable for the people. A school teacher was sent from England to look after the education of the children, I think he acted as Chaplain also. They are a very respectable little community and are attached to our Commonwealth.

Unfortunately that's all the room we have in this issue so the room we have in this issue , so the next issue will hold more of this story.

Story sent in by Terri Gellatly

Photographs from the Christmas Party



Top: Heather Cuthbert, Diane Schulz and Kevin Schulz

Bottom: Hilda from LCC Local Studies presenting Anne Mitchell with her Helen Kent Trophy for best story in the Dugullumba Times for 2017.



Terri Gellatly presenting our Patron Cr. Phil Pidgeon with a Certificate of Appreciation



Barry Lamb, Elizabeth Lamb, Rob Thomson and Hilda



Dates for your Diary

General Meetings:

Saturday, 3rd February 2018
Thursday, 1st March 2018
Saturday, 7th April 2018
Thursday, 3rd May 2018
Saturday, 2nd June 2018
Thursday, 5th July 2018
Saturday, 4th August 2018 Annual General Meeting
Thursday, 6th September 2018
Saturday, 6th October 2018
Thursday, 1st November 2018
T.B.A. December 2018 Christmas Party

Executive Meetings:

Wednesday, 21st February 2018
Wednesday, 21st March 2018
Wednesday, 18th April 2018
Wednesday, 16th May 2018
Wednesday, 20th June 2018
Wednesday, 18th July 2018
Wednesday, 15th August 2018
Wednesday, 19th September 2018
Wednesday, 17th October 2018
Wednesday, 21st November 2018
Wednesday, 19th December 2018 (if needed)

Sausage Sizzles:

February—Wednesday 14th and 28th
March—Wednesday 14th and 28th
April—Wednesday 11th only (25th is Anzac Day)
May—Wednesday 9th and 23rd
June—Wednesday 13th and 27th

Courses:

Saturday, 17th February 2018 - Sourcing your findings
Tuesday, 6th March 2018 - Sourcing your findings
Saturday, 31st March 2018 - Family History for Beginners
Tuesday, 17th April 2018 - Family History for Beginners

Note: More courses later in the year when we find new premises

Sound Out Your Family History

I

have just been reading an article in the November “Family Tree” magazine which I thought some of you may like to take a look at. It’s an article regarding the use of the medium of sound to help you to understand what your ancestors may of done during their life time. These are basically English sites where you can listen to different topic. For an example you can listen to a 12 episode series about “The War that Changed the World” or ex farmers talk about traditional farming techniques. At lot of these sound tracks are free and others can be purchased on Cd’s. You can listen to then online on your computer at home or if you have a laptop, iPad or similar then you can listen to them wherever you want to. You can also get “You Tube” videos such as one where you can hear watch old fashion ploughing with horses, which I am sure a lot of your ancestors would of done. There are a lot of different sites where you can find these recordings from all over the English mainland, thus enabling you to listen to the different dialects from all over England, Wales and Scotland. I am also sure that you would find sites with Irish dialects as well. I will give you a list of sites to check out and leave the rest to you.

Check out the BBC iPlayer Radio at www.bbc.co.uk/radio which has a good selection of the First World War including the 12 episode series mentioned above. Also at the BBC iPlayer Radio they have documentaries on history at www.bbc.co.uk/radio/categories/factual-history

The British Library Sounds archive at <http://sounds.bl.uk> has recordings of WWI veterans in its 50,000 recordings online. In all the British Library has over 6.5 million sound recordings, but if you want to listen any of the ones not at the site you will have to go to the library itself.

SoundCloud at <https://soundcloud.com> which has a veteran recalling his experience at Gallipoli at <https://soundcloud.com/archivesplus/fusilier-2>

If you have ancestors who made gloves the go to <http://familytr.ee/BL.JohnCornelius> and listen to an eight minute interview. (Don’t miss the “.” in the middle of tr.ee)

At YouTube you can find audio recordings as well as videos from well known poets, actors and even Kaiser Wilhelm II. The Kaiser’s 1914 recording can be found at <http://familytr.ee/youtubekaiserww1>

Many archives around the country have audio recordings in their collections, so why not try out the county archive your ancestors came from and listen to people who would of talked similar to that of your ancestor.

There are also audio books that may interest family historians which you can get free at such websites Open Culture—www.openculture.com/freeaudiobooks, Thought Audio—www.thoughtaudio.co, Lit 2go—<https://etc.usf.edu/lit2go> and Scribl—<https://scribl.com/info/podiobooks-now-scribl>.

Podcasts is another form of audio files you can find. They may have been radio programmes which are now available on computers and mobile media players. These can be found at sites such as www.historyextra.com/podcasts and <http://familytr.ee/HistoryScotlandpodcast>.

Well I hope this has given you some food for thought. Maybe you could pass on sites that you find interesting and what may help other members.

Graham Popple Member No. 22

Beenleigh Hotels Prior to 1885.

From “They Chose Beenleigh” by the LRDFHS.

In 1867 Michael Tansey established a store, butchery and bush inn on the rise between Yatala and the present Beenleigh, near the property of John Davy and Francis Gooding which they had named “Beenleigh”. In 1868 Michael Tansey relocated his enterprises to the junction of five roads in what is now Beenleigh. In 1868 he also built and held the license for the Planters Arms, holding it until 1870 when he notified a sign change to the “Planters Rest”. Quoted from “The Queenslander” 5th March 1870: “Our little township displayed rather a lively appearance on Saturday evening last, the proprietor of the Planters Rest Hotel having given a free ball and supper to all his friends, and what with flags and evergreens, spring carts, and side saddles, and from the appearance of the visitors I fancy I was in George Street, watching them on the way to Government House. The ball commenced at 8 o’clock, supper being announced at 10, when over 100 persons sat down to partake of the great things of this life, the tables being plentifully supplied with every luxury the season afforded.” On 20th June 1872 the Queensland National Bank opened a Branch in Beenleigh. For six months they rented temporary premises and following suitable alterations moved into the Planters Rest, having purchased it from Michael Tansey for £500. “The branch of the Q. N. Bank is a rather attractive two-storied erection. The counter in the office is made of tulip wood found in the district, which from the beauty in its appearance, would be highly prized in England.” (“The Queenslander”, July 26th 1873)

The Beenleigh Hotel was also erected by Michael Tansey. He purchased 4 acres of land at the corner of George and Main Streets in 1871 from the original owner John Hodson. Quoted from “The Brisbane Courier” of 23rd November 1872, “The transfer of the license of the Beenleigh Hotel from Michael Tansey, the oldest publican in the district, to Mr. Peter Betz, formerly of the School of Arts Hotel, Brisbane, where he was long and favourably known for the excellent character of the house, the quality of his liquors, and the civility and attention paid by himself and Mrs. Betz to their guests.” A notice appeared in “The Brisbane Courier”, dated 24th April 1875, “Beenleigh Court, Licensing Meeting—April 20—Renewals, Edwin Willett, Beenleigh Hotel, Beenleigh.” He retained the license until 1880. In 1880/81 licensing year Peter Betz again held the Beenleigh Hotel for a short time. In “The Brisbane Courier”, dated 21st June 1880, Mr. G. B. Cutbush reported the sale of Mr. Peter Betz’s property, the Beenleigh Hotel and Cobb and Co.’s booking-office for the sum of £1,500; the furniture, fittings, &c. for the sum of £200; the stock at invoice price, to Mrs. Agnes McCowen.

On Thursday 25th October 1877 the following notice appeared in “The Brisbane Courier”, “I, Johann Peter Ehlers, now residing at Beenleigh, in the district of Logan, do hereby give notice that it is my intention to apply, at the next Monthly Court of Petty Sessions, to be holden at Beenleigh, on the 13th day of November now next ensuing, for a COUNTRY PUBLICAN’S LICENSE for the sale of Fermented and Spirituous Liquors, in the house and appurtenances thereto belonging, situated at Beenleigh aforesaid. The house is in my own property, and contains four bedrooms, and two sitting-rooms, exclusive of those required by myself and family, and which I intend to keep as an Inn or Public-house, under the sign of the Prince of Wales Hotel. I am married, and have two children. I have not held a license before. Given under my hand this 16th day of October, A.D. 1877.

Quoted from the “Logan Witness” Saturday February 9th 1878: “Prince of Wales Hotel—J. P. ELHERS desires to inform the public of the district that he has opened his hotel under the above title, and assures all who may favour him with their custom that no trouble will be spared to secure their comfort. The best liquors of all descriptions only on hand. Every attention paid to boarders. Good stabling. Charges strictly moderate.” In the same publication: “A Ball, The Prince of Wales Hotel, Beenleigh having at last been licensed, the host, as is usual on these occasions, gave an opening ball, which took place on Thursday night last. It was well attended and everything so far as we could learn passed off in a satisfactory manner.” On Monday 23rd September 1878 a further notice appeared in “The Brisbane Courier”, advising the sale at auction of the Prince of Wales Hotel. However no buyers name is mentioned.

“The Brisbane Courier”, Saturday 1st March 1873: “The application of Richard B. Brooker for a license for the house just built by him, called the Royal Hotel at Beenleigh was granted.” Quoted from “The Brisbane Courier”, Saturday 13th December 1873: The license held by Thomas A. Sproules for the “Princess Royal Hotel” was cancelled on the application of Mr. Boag for the holder.” The National Trust of Queensland Report of 1975 on the Beenleigh Hotel suggests the Princess Royal Hotel was the predecessor to the Royal Hotel.

On the 16th April 1874 the following notice appeared in “The Brisbane Courier”: “To the Worshipful the Justice of Peace acting in and for the District of Beenleigh in the Colony of Queensland.—I, FRANZ JOHANN FREDRECH MEYER, Boarding –House keeper, now residing at Queen-street, Brisbane, in the said colony, do hereby give notice that it is my intention to apply at the next Annual Licensing Meeting, to be holden for this district on the 21st day of April next ensuing, for a PUBLICAN’S LICENSE for the sale of Fermented and Spirituous Liquor, in the house and appurtenances thereto belonging, situated at Beenleigh aforesaid, on the main road from Beenleigh to Waterford. The house is my own property, and contains two sitting-rooms and four bed-rooms, exclusive of those required for the use of myself and family, and which I intend to keep as an inn or public-house, under the sign of Meyer’s Hotel. I am married, and have a wife and child. I have not held a license before—Given under my hand this 13th day of March 1874. FRANZ J.F. MEYER. “The Brisbane Courier”, Friday 9th October 1874: “Publican’s Licence. I, FRANZ JOHANN FREDRICH MEYER of Beenleigh in the Colony of Queensland, the holder of a Country Publican’s License for a house situated in Beenleigh aforesaid, and licensed under the name of “Meyer’s Hotel”, do hereby give notice that it is my intention to apply at the next Special Court of Petty Sessions to be holden for the district, on the 13th day of October next ensuing, for the TRANSFER of the said LICENSE from the house and premises now so licensed to the house and appurtenances hereto belonging situate at Beenleigh aforesaid, near to the house now occupied by me. The house is my property, and contains four sitting-rooms and eight bed-rooms, exclusive of those required for the use of myself and family, and which I intend to keep as an Inn or Public-house under the sign of “The Royal Hotel.” I am married and have a wife and one child living.—Given under my hand this 11th day of September A.D. 1874. F.J.F. MEYER.

In “The Brisbane Courier”, 24th April 1875 a notice appeared “Beenleigh Court Licensing Meeting—April 20—Renewals, (amongst others) F.J.F. Meyer, Beenleigh. In the first edition of the “Logan Witness”, 9th February 1878: “Royal Hotel, Beenleigh, F.J.F. Meyer Proprietor, Wines and spirits of the Choicest Brands. Bottled Ale and Porter. Visitors to Beenleigh will find the hotel replete with every comfort.



Imperial Hotel (Photographed by Helen Turner, LRDFHS)

A First Class Billiard Table. Best accommodation in the district at Moderate Prices. The Royal Hotel, Beenleigh.” Also in 1879, Meyer’s advertised that he had opened a blacksmith shop next to his public house, under the charge of an experienced blacksmith. Doctor Fonsworth L.R.C.P. Edin. L.C. advertised that he could be consulted daily at Meyers Royal Hotel.

Quoted from “The Brisbane Courier” Monday 14th July 1879: “G.B. CUTBUSH reports the sale of Mr. F.J.F. Meyer’s property, situated in Beenleigh and known as Meyer’s Royal Hotel, for the sum of £2500, Mr. August Thorsborne, of Beenleigh being the purchaser. Also, the sale of the lease, license, goodwill, and furniture and effects of the Café de Paris, Queen-street, for the sum of £1250, the stock at invoice price, Mr. F.J.F. Meyer of Beenleigh being the purchaser.” From “The Brisbane Courier”, Saturday 16th October 1880: “October 13, Before the licensing branch on the 12th instant an application made for transfer of the license of the Royal Hotel, Beenleigh from A. Thorsborne to Geo. B. Cutbush was granted.” Cutbush still had the Royal Hotel on 31st October 1881 as he wrote a letter on that date to the editor of “The Brisbane Courier” about the Polynesian Labourers’ Act of 1880.

On 19th May 1883, Carl Palm applied for License for the Railway Hotel: House containing 10 bed-rooms, 1 store room up, 6 rooms downstairs, 1 large dining-room, 4 parlours and bar, 2 rooms upstairs for family, I intend to keep same as an Inn or Public House. The provisional licence was obtained on the 16th December 1883.

In early 1882 Robert Cable obtained the license for the Imperial Hotel in George Street; he remained there until August 1893.

The Beenleigh Divisional Board Valuation Registers show that all of these hotels were situated on sections of Portion 39 which had been subdivided. Portion 39 was at the intersection of George and York Streets, Beenleigh.

Publicans listed on the Beenleigh Post Office Directory for 1883 and 1885: R. Cable, C. Palm, E. McCowan.

In 1887: Imperial, Robert Cable; Royal, August Thorsborne; Railway, Carl Palm; Beenleigh, Agnes McCowan.



Royal Hotel

(Photographed by Helen Turner)

George Henry Popple 1923 – 1990

George Henry Popple was born on the 11th November 1923 in Hexham, Northumberland, England and he was the middle of three sons born to Frank and Maud (Pearson) Popple. As with her first son, Frank Pearson Popple, Maud went to stay with her parents during her pregnancy.

George lived his early life in the bungalow in Old School Lane, Bottesford, Lincolnshire England along with his two brother's Frank and Arthur. This bungalow was built by his Grandfather, Tom Popple some time between 1911 and 1915. Bottesford at that time was a rural Farming area so there was a lot of space to raise children. On one occasion George and Arthur was caught pinching apples from an orchard, but Frank was not spotted hiding in the tree.

George went to the School just down the lane from the bungalow and when he grew older he took his examination and won a place at the Doncaster Road Senior School. This meant that he had to ride his bike about six miles each way to attend school.

When the second World War broke out George was working as a labourer at the Lysaght's Steelworks June 1942. Whilst he was doing his dance where he met his future wife, from Sheffield with several female friends, to write to George through-George returned to England they Church, Bottesford, Lincolnshire, They stayed with George's parents Bottesford whilst they waited to be Whilst living with his parents daughters were born, Wendy 1947, 1950. Not long after the birth of moved into a brand new Council they went on to have three boys, Leslie 1954. The council house had George was to make part of this into hobby of woodworking. To start of and forts castles and garages for the



out George was working as a labourer and was not called up until the 18th training at Lincoln he attended a Dorothy Smith, who had travelled friends, to attend the dance. Dorothy out the war and not long after where to marry at St. Peter's England on the 31st August 1946. at the Bungalow, Old School Lane, housed by the Scunthorpe Council. George and Dorothy's three Jacqueline 1948 and Lorraine Lorraine, George and Dorothy House at 7 Woodstock Road where Steven 1951, Graham 1954 and a brick shed built onto it and a workshop where he took up the he made dolls houses for the girls boys but we had to wait until

Christmas before we could get them out of the shed. The dolls houses had wallpapered rooms with opening windows and doors and the full front would open up so the girls could play with their small dolls in the house. The garages had a forecourt with petrol pumps a showroom and a ramp up to the top of the garage to park our cars. In 1953 he purchased plans to build a replica of the Coronation Coach in which Queen Elizabeth the Second travelled to and from her Coronation. He built the model out of an old tea chest that he had in the shed. In 1954 George took the coach (photograph on pages 20 and 21) along to a hobby show that was being held in the town and he was awarded a certificate of merit.

When George was released into the Army Reserves on the 12th April 1947 he re-joined the steelworks as a shunter on the Works internal railway and then joined the London North Eastern Railway as a guard on goods trains.



The Queen's Co

Built by George

From an old



Coronation Coach

Henry Popple

Tea Chest

By 1951 he was back on the Steelworks, but this time as a fitter's Labourer. In 1965 the family decided that we would emigrate to Darwin Australia with a friend's family on the £10 Poms scheme, but George was called up to have a thorough medical before we went and he was diagnosed as having cancer of the bladder. Whilst this stopped us going to Australia the cancer was at a stage where it could be operated on and then he could have chemotherapy. In early 1968's his cancer went into remission and although he was told he would not be able to work anymore he went to work at a joinery company called Mackender's as a machinist. About 1970 he went back onto the Steelworks, this time as a machinist and stayed there until the Steelworks was closed down in 1979.

Not long after this George and Dorothy went to live in a village called Carlton, just outside of Barnsley, Yorkshire, England. Dorothy was born in Barnsley and felt with George being out of work it would be nice to move nearer to where she was born. They lived there until 1990 when George's cancer came back and he died on the 8th April 1990. Dorothy then moved back to Scunthorpe to live with her daughter Jacqueline.

© Graham Popple
Member Number 22

The Logan River Trade
The Queenslander (Brisbane, Qld 1866—1939)
Saturday 25th March 1876 Page 8.

The Blue Bell, a steamer recently built on the North Pine River, will shortly commence running between Brisbane and the Logan River. Since arriving in Brisbane this little vessel, a description of whose hull has already appeared in our columns, has been lined with 1½ spotted gum, and decked with beech. She is divided into two holds forward and the engine hold and space aft. Her Carrying capacity is about 200 tons; her registered tonnage being 76 tons. For passenger accommodation, and captain and engineer's quarters, a "bridge" has been erected, and under this both sides are ranged the rooms. She is steered from this bridge, which gives a good lookout. She has been fitted with two direct acting engines of eighteen horse-power each, making 36 horse-power combined. She is a twin screw, and therefore works on a very shallow draught of water. The propellers are 4 feet 8 inches in diameter, with a pitch of 9 feet. She made the trip on St Patrick's Day, and gave every satisfaction, steaming about eight knots. She was built principally to supply the want felt for supplying vessels with coal at short notice, and for that trade is fitted up with all conveniences. She has one of Mort's latest friction steam winches, for speedy discharge of coal or other cargo, and has a revolving mast, whereby the one derrick is made to serve both holds without loss of time. Her power will enable her to do towage when required. In connection with the coal trade she will make a weekly trip to the Logan, carrying passengers and cargo. She was modelled and built by Mr. Henry McCleer, of Brisbane (the Builder and Modeller also of the yacht "Charm"), to the order of Messrs. Campbell, Blond, and Co., of Brisbane, Her engines were made by Messrs. R. R. Smellie, and Co., and she is strictly local production in every sense of the word.

This article was found on the Trove website.

Ageston Estate, Logan River

Logan Witness (Beenleigh, Qld 1878—1893)

Saturday 12th April 1884, Page 3

(From the Sugar Planter)

Cotton, eighteen years ago, was the first crop that formed a plantation at Ageston, Logan River. Cotton was King then, but the gradual withdraw of the government bonus, the low price for cotton in the seed, together with the unsatisfactory nature of the account sales from London, for clean cotton, King Sugar supplanted King Cotton upon the agricultural throne. The farmers at that period of transition and colonising might have said — "The King is dead; long live the King." Under wise and determined bucolic administration the country of the Logan flourished under the new monarch. Long may he reign in the hearts of planters and wise legislators. Parliament did not befriend the sugar industry on the Logan very much. The yeomen of the soil knew the value of self-help, and as they stood upon their base selections like Sir Richard Grenville, on the deck of the "Revenge," in the presence of the Spanish fleet they knew no fear, they resolved to face every danger upon the plea of "we be all good Englishmen." Many a planter on the Mary, Burnett, and Pioneer river since 1867 had not much more to help them than the same thought. Ageston is one the best advanced and most important plantations in the Logan district. It makes good sugar and rum, and bricks — regular bricks. Mr. Couldery, of Gympie is the enterprising owner we say "enterprising," because he has spent a large sum of money in reclaiming land, irrigation, and all kinds of modern improvement in cane culture and machinery. Fortune having been kind to the owner he has spent plenty of money in trying to benefit colonial agriculture and the sugar industry. We are indebted to Mr. Witty, of Yatala, for the use of a noble steed by Meera out of Creole, to visit Mr. Hickson the manager of Ageston. The plantation is "outlandish" to get at; but, under the guidance of Mr. Henry Witty, we stole a flank march round Yellowwood, through the township of Alberton, past the German farmers of the Junction ; and, after a smart ride through the bush, we hung up the horses under a fine shady tree and manipulated the slip-rails of Ageston, a place we longed to see for sometimes we have heard of the prize-taking nature of its sugar and "tangle-leg."

Presenting ourselves to Mr. Hickson in the mill house midst steam, the whirl of machinery and a busy number of men, we made known our mission. Not taking us for a Ministerialist the editor of the Keitung, or an M.L.A., we readily responded to accept his kind hospitality for the sun was almost standing still overhead. We climbed the hill to the manager's house, which lay cool and delighted upon a rising knoll, commanding one of the best views in Queensland, the view from Glenalbyn at Mackay, nor the Whitsunday Passage is anything to be compared to the Logan landscape from the Ageston verandah. There were all the material provided in nature, and sought after by the artists. A Constable, a McCullough, a Claude Lorraine, or a Salvator Rossa could not have wished for better grouping of landscape and color of hill and dale, cultivated fields, forest land, river scenery and seascape, all basking together in the bright and merry sunshine of a tropical clime. Gazing down the river towards Stradbroke's isle, one is apt to exclaim, "If there's an Eden upon earth, it is this, it is this." Surrounding the house is an excellent garden, planted with flowers, choice fruits, and numerous ornamental shrubs and trees all giving a shady and rural grandeur to the already grand scene.

After lunch, and thanking Mrs. Hickman for her kind and obliging hospitality, we retrace our steps toward the mill house. Most of the machinery was originally made by J. Walker and Co., of Maryborough, whilst the centrifugals and vaccum pan were made by Manlove, Alliott, Fryer and Co., of Nottingham. The canes are carted or punted from the fields to mill, whilst two miles of tramway, partly constructed of iron and wooded rails bring it in from the reclaimed land along the river. The manager also buys the cane from local growers on the river at 12s per ton on the river bank.

As it arrives at the mill it is weighed upon one of Fairbanks platform weighing machines. The mill rollers are 36 in. by 18 in., and are driven by a 12 h.p. horizontal engine, provided with a large fly-wheel and the latest improved mountings. This engine works well, and is a credit to the firm of J. Walker and Co. The density of the cane crushed last season registered from 10 to 11 deg. B. The juice after leaving the rollers goes into the raw juice tank, and is pumped up into three 500 gal. clarifiers, and then to the subsidiers. Milk of lime is the chemical treatment introduced. From the subsidiers it is passed into a flat open pan battery, 40 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 18 in. deep. Megase is only used as fuel in the furnaces. The liquor when it leaves the battery runs off into a 300 gal. tank, out of which it is pumped by a 4 in. plunger pump, worked by a direct 4 h.p. engine, into four square subsidiers, and from thence it is drawn into the copper vacuum pan. The masse cuite is passed into large coolers and is afterwards taken out and put in one of the centrifugals, two of which are of the Manlove and Alliott type and one of a Weston's patent.

The sugar boiler, Mr. Strahan, throws considerable attention and skill into the boiling of the juice, in fact, he is well-known for the excellent white and even grained sugars he turns out. The brands, "N" and No. 2 always top the market for unrefined sugar. The bulk in the sugar house was a fine sample of "white," and a credit to any estate. We forgot to mention that the boiler house contains two Cornish boilers each supplied with five Galloway conical tubes. The water for the engine and mill purposes is pumped by a donkey pump from the river into a 9000 gal. tank. The molasses are treated in the usual manner to extract the secondary sugars, and the final boilings being manufactured into rum. Coming over to the distillery we met an old Maryborough friend, Mr. Brown, in charge of the bond. We tasted with care the spirit which to our mind is of mild flavour and good quality, and it assumes a Jamaica character, "when old."

As distillation is looking up in the colony we shall extend our remarks re the distillery. Rum when purified is a whole- some spirit. It is the product of the decomposition of sugar and glucose, which under the organic and nitrogenous substances or "ferments is split up into alcohol and carbonic anhydride." The later evaporates in gas, whilst the alcohol remaining mixed in the water is separated by the process of distillation. A treatise upon distillation is not necessary in this sketch; but the glucose scum, and wash put into the vats for fermentation, undergoes spontaneous change under the influence of ferments which produces a new and original substance, viz, rum - the white spirit of rum. Five agents are necessary to produce alcoholic fermentation, namely, saccharine matter, water, a ferment, heat, and air. In the vat-room are eleven, 1000 gal. vats in which the fermentation was very brisk, excited and strong. After the ebullition has ceased the wort (cannot read) a still made by Hipwood and Co., and is pumped into the still-house by a monte-jus. The still holds 900 gals. in the retort and rectifier. We observed that every precaution, was taken to keep the requisite temperature in the distiller. The first distillation of spirits are fortified into "low wines" which are used for charging the retorts, whilst the white strong spirit flows into vessels showing the proof of 45 deg.

The still is worked by steam and a 10 h.p. vertical engine. The worm tub is supplied by a 4½in. lifting pump and driven by a mill engine. The bond contains nine Fining vats and a row of casks filled with rum for despatch to Brisbane. Three of the vats hold 1600 gal. each. The Government received £5000 duty for rum found on this estate, and the owner was nevertheless charged £25 for a license and £300 for overtime.

The premises are built of brick, and are kept very clean and wholesome. From this rummy place we set out down the tramway towards the reclaimed land and cultivation. The estate consists of 854 acres, 230 of which are cleared, and 120 acres under crop. The land to the right, a long narrow strip is a reclaimed salt-water marsh — a gigantic piece of private enterprise. Large main drains, 10 feet wide by 13 feet deep, encircle and subdivide the land. The drains are embanked, and all lead to a floodgate at a level where the river at high tide used to inundate the marshland. Our Mackay readers will comprehend the nature of the land reclaimed by comparing it with that strip of marshland on each side of the Pilot-station Road, having splendid cane growing upon it instead of mangroves. The floodgate is a massive piece of brickwork and concrete. When the drains are full the iron door — 3ft. by 2ft. — is lifted by a crab-winch and the water let out. The main drains are most useful for drainage and irrigation, and their capacity for holding rain water should be immense, as the exit of water could be regulated by the floodgate. In fact the 12 feet drains are canals and might be used when filled for cane transport. The embankment along the top of the drain keeps the saltwater out, and from overflowing.

The cultivation has 40 acres drained by 3 in. tile pipes, laid down 20 feet to 40 feet apart, and all laid into the main ditch. The tiles were made on the estate, and cost 1s a rod to lay them down. Surface drains are also formed, but eventually the whole of the cane fields will be cite-drained.

Our first impression of the reclaimed land, was that it could not grow cane owing to the presence of so much saline matter in the soil. We are aware that soils of Demerara, Straits Settlements, Louisiana, and the Sander bunds are strongly impregnated with saline or salty matter. Canes may grow to great maturity but the juice is unprofitably affected by it. Several sugar estates have had to be abandoned for this cause. Dr. Ure once analysed ten gallons of Louisiana cane juice having a density of 8½ deg. B. and he found no less 5¾ oz. of salt in the juice. Mr. Hickson must have had some trouble with the juice at first, but by the cutting of the large ditch around the cultivation and forming drains through it, the saline matter has been carried off by the heavy rains, thus washing it out of the land irrespective of the proportion absorbed by the first cane crops. The embankments keep out the spring tides, and the planting of corn and oats has also tended to restore the land for substantial cane culture. We are assured that the juice is being easier boiled ever year in the factory, thus proving that the reclamation of swampy land has been a great success, and its saline matter exhausted. But it cost money. Rapphoe gives 25 tons of cane per acre, but upon land subject to flood it will grow 30 tons per acre. We counted 16 joints in this variety. Rapphoe, Creole, and Lahainia canes grow well as plants growing under the same conditions of soil, but when it comes to ratooning the Lahainia proves a signal failure. What we saw in the field was a fair test, and the manager will plough the celebrated Sandwich Island variety out. The first crop was very promising, but it crushed about the same yield as the other cane, and it now stoles about every thirty feet. Mr. Hickson says that Meera grows as well as the Creole, and he doesn't see much difference in the new variety. His ratoon crop has to be grown yet before he forms an opinion of the far-famed Creole. The soil is of a black-brown porous nature, appears to be very durable, and the constant amount of work it has received has made it well pulverised. More marsh land is being reclaimed this year and it will be put under crop.

In boring for water on this estate at 386 feet, shale was come upon, and fresh water was obtained. Near the mill a patch of Rapphoe and Meera looked thriving and productive. A special feature on the plantation is the brick-yard. There is a splendid bed of clay suitable for red and white bricks, tiles, &c. The bed of clay is amongst the best we have seen, and the owners have imported some large brick-making machinery to develop the brick making industry. It is a great advantage to have them on the estate, and not far away from the other factories on the Albert and Logan Rivers. That a good trade in bricks and draining tiles will spring up there can be no doubt. The shed erected is 66 feet by 80 feet, and the drying-shed are 14 feet by 120 feet. The pug mill machine has three rollers, and is capable of turning out 15,000 bricks per day. It works smoothly, and is an effective pulveriser of the clay, which comes out in a wet solid mass to the cutting table, when it is cut into eight bricks at a time. The machines are driven by a 10.h.p. Tange engine, provided with a powerful boiler. The kiln close by can burn 38 000 bricks at a charge, and they are sold at 50s per thousand It is the intention of the proprietors to erect a saw-mill near at hand. What with sugar, rum, bricks, tiles and sawn timber, it must become a hive of industry. Returning to the mill after a hot walk through the cultivation we throw a little spirit in— just to revive exhausted nature, you know, and nothing more. The kanakas about the place appear to like their work; they are quite and docile, are well fed and cared for. The sick are specially looked after in a fine hospital upon the hill, away from the works and kanaka quarters. Upon the whole we are well pleased with Ageston Plantation. After bidding adieu to the two Messrs. Hickson, we arrived once more at the happy home of Yatala, in the gloaming.

This article was found on the Trove website.



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~~~~~ Thank you Windaroo Tavern ~~~~~

## Evacuation of Wounded by Air

Sir—Your annotation of May 1 recalls the pioneer work done by doctors attached to the RFC and RAF in the development of air ambulances. It recalls to that no mention of their names are to be found in relevant medical literature. Instead all the credit seems to be given to foreign doctors and authors of articles search about to see which of these worthies should be conferred the title “Father of Air Ambulances,” though there is no evidence whatever that their ideas or theories were ever at any time put into practice. As well as one might say that Daedalus or Leonardo da Vinci was the “Father of Modern Aircraft,” because in their day they had advanced ideas about flying.

If it is not encroaching to much on your valuable space, I would like to mention the work of two British Medical men in this sphere. One of the first doctors, if not the very first, to learn to fly, was a Scotsman—Major Alex. Dingwall Kennedy, RAMC, attached to the RFC in Egypt during the last war. According to the *Aeroplane* (Dec. 27, 1933, p. 1095) “Kennedy learned unofficially to fly and become a highly efficient pilot. He was responsible for the first air ambulance because in 1917 he had a DH 9 converted for the accommodation of stretcher cases.” The DH 9 was a two-seater machine, and I believe the accommodation for the stretcher was obtained from the front part of the fuselage and the space provided by the removal of the back seat. The war over, Kennedy returned to his practice in Wick, where he died unhonoured and unsung as far as ambulance aeroplanes were concerned. His ideas were not lost, however, for when in 1919 “Z” expedition Somaliland was being fitted out, the PMO, Wing-Commander Wm. Tyrrell (as he then was), requested that a machine on these lines be constructed. This was again a DH 9 but of course was more elaborate. It had a folding roof permitting the stretcher with patient to be introduced broadside on, and had in addition accommodation for a doctor or medical orderly and a sitting case. It was thought at first that it may be tail-heavy, but it was flown throughout the campaign without mishap. The benefit of its use was strikingly demonstrated right at the beginning; an officer of the Camel Corps requiring urgent amputation for spreading gangrene of the lower limb was flown to the base hospital in 2¼ hours—the journey otherwise meant a trek of 5 or 6 days through most difficult country.

The question of the altitude above which patients should not be flown and which you wisely stress will, I suppose, be largely governed by fighter protection and air superiority. The investigations carried out by Lovelace and others in America were of the laboratory type, done in a low-pressure chamber, and took no account of the intense cold of really high altitudes, a factor almost as important to the wounded or shocked as anoxaemia. According to mythology Icarus flew so high that the Sun melted the wax on his wings. Is it not more likely that, in view of the present-day experiences of high altitudes, he fell to his doom for want of a de-icing apparatus, an oxygen cylinder, and a BLB mask?

Harley Street, W1

Michael J. Smyth

The above letter was printed in the “The Lancet in 1943

*Major Alex. Dingwall Kennedy in this story was Anne Mitchell's paternal Grandfather. Thank you Anne (Member Number 178) for an interesting snippet.*

## **The Queenslander (Brisbane, Qld.)**

**Saturday 5th May 1866, Page 4.**

### **Logan River Affairs**

*Brisbane, May 3*

SIR: My attention having been drawn on Saturday last, to a remark in your Logan correspondent's letter respecting Eden's ferry, but he does not allude to many other defects in the working of the same, which it is the duty of the Government to see remedied.

When it was reported that they had taken the ferry from Stone into their own hands and had leased it for two years to Mr. Eden, on a proposition from that gentleman to make various improvements on the old system, the public naturally imagined that many benefits would accrue to them by the change.

But the Government having granted the lease on certain conditions, have seemingly not thought it worth their while to ascertain whether their lessee was performing his portion of the contract, or carrying out the regulations enforced by the Act.

One complaint against Stone, was, I believe, that people were kept waiting some time before they could cross the ferry—that evil still exists, as with the strong tides that prevail in the river, it takes a considerable time to peddle the punt across, with the old pieces of boards that do duty as sweeps, and one is often led to wonder if he will ever reach the other side at all.

As to the present punt, it is no safer than Stones', as I believe she has twice sunk at her moorings, and I have crossed in it on occasions when I have been in fear of its sinking in the middle of the river from the rush of water through the side seams. I could mention many other irregularities connected with that ferry, but fear that I have already intruded too much upon your space, and will only therefore suggest that as an Inspector of Ferries has been appointed he should be sent down to see and judge for himself.

Yours  
Traveller.

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## **Queensland Times, Ipswich, Qld.**

**Monday 8th November 1954, Page 1.**

### **Logan River Drowning.**

BRISBANE, Nov. 7.—A 10-year-old boy was drowned in the Logan River at McLean Bridge, about 23 miles from Brisbane, this afternoon. Two brothers, aged 11 and six were pulled from the river by their mother and a man who dived in fully clothed.

The dead boy was Peter George Blackmore, of the Brisbane suburb of Tennyson. The rescued were Jeffrey David Carliss (6), and Terence Wayne Carliss (11) of Milton, Brisbane.

The three children were wading along the edge of the river about 3 pm., under the bridge, when they stepped into a 10ft. hole. Hearing their screams for help, Kevin Shehan, of Milton, dived into the river fully-clothed.

As the fast-moving current began to sweep the boys downstream, Shehan grabbed the two Carliss boys, but was soon in difficulties himself. As he fought to make the bank, Mrs. Carliss ran to the bank and plunged in. Between the pair of them they brought the boys to safety. Blackmore, meanwhile had disappeared under muddy, swirling water. His body was recovered 15 minutes later, 150yds. down stream, but resuscitation attempts proved futile.

## The Ghost of Mount Victoria

Just recently I was reading some stories in a book, "Great Australian Stories – Legends, Yarns and Tall Tales" written by Graham Seal. One of the stories caught my imagination. "The Black Lady of Mount Victoria" in the Blue Mountains. It is the story of the gruesome murder of a young married woman, Caroline Collits, that was committed in January 1842.

Naturally I had to convince myself about the facts of this story, and sure enough, it is true. There is a lot about this case on the internet and in the newspapers of the day, (some of the reporting was incorrect in some details.)

*Sources for research; NSW Birth Death & Marriages, also NSW State Records and Trove historic newspapers and Ancestry. There are a lot of public family trees for this family on Ancestry as well.*

Caroline James was born about 1827, the daughter of William James and Mary Hopkins. She had other siblings, including her younger sister Maria. In 1835 when Caroline was about 8 and Maria 6, her mother Mary hung herself. Her father was gaoled, under suspicion of having murdered her, but some time later was acquitted and released.

*Names and particulars of the children of William James late of 20 mile hills*

| <i>Name</i>     | <i>Age</i> | <i>When born</i>                | <i>Where Born</i>                       | <i>Parents names</i>                  |
|-----------------|------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>John</i>     | <i>14</i>  | <i>Oct 29<sup>th</sup> 1827</i> | <i>Campbell town</i>                    | <i>William James</i>                  |
| <i>Isaac</i>    | <i>10</i>  | <i>June 9<sup>th</sup> 1825</i> | <i>Argyleshire no. 100 Brady estate</i> | <i>Mary James maiden name Hopkins</i> |
| <i>Caroline</i> | <i>8</i>   | <i>April 1827</i>               | <i>near Liverpool at her father's</i>   |                                       |
| <i>Maria</i>    | <i>6</i>   | <i>April 1829</i>               | <i>of Camden at home</i>                |                                       |
| <i>Simon</i>    | <i>4</i>   | <i>does not recollect date</i>  | <i>20 mile hills</i>                    |                                       |

*P.S. The infant at the breast when Mr. James was hanged, has since died.*

Above: Deposition given at Darlinghurst gaol by William James regarding the ages of his children.

Caroline James was married in 1840 to William Collits, and the following year her sister Maria married John Welsh. (sometimes Walsh).

When I studied the ages of these two girls, they were only about 14 when they married. (Did their father consent to their marriages at such a young age?)

It appears that Caroline had been a lover of her sister's husband John Walsh before her marriage to William Collits. She was also living with John and Maria at some stage after her marriage.

One night, after they had been at an inn, there was a terrible altercation between her husband William and John Walsh. Apparently Caroline had decided she would go back to live with her husband.

John Walsh (who had been drinking) became enraged and began to attack William Collits, when Caroline intervened and told her husband to run for his life, which he did.

The next morning Caroline was found dead on the roadside, near the Second Bridge, on Mount Victoria, badly battered and bruised with a large stone, which was still laying nearby.

John Walsh was arrested and later hung for her murder. He had previously been in court for other murders and crimes, but had been acquitted.

Caroline's ghost has been seen many times near the scene. Dressed in black, with blazing eyes and arms outstretched, and sometimes followed by a hearse and four black horses. Even today, her ghost has been seen by truck drivers on the Victoria Pass road.

Many years after the murder, Henry Lawson, while living in the area, was intrigued by the story, and was inspired to write this poem:

### **The Ghost at the Second Bridge**

You'd call the man a senseless fool, —  
A blockhead or an ass,  
Who'd dare to say he saw the ghost  
Of Mount Victoria Pass;  
But I believe the ghost is there,  
For, if my eyes are right,  
I saw it once upon a ne'er-  
To-be-forgotten night. '

Twass in the year of eighty-nine —  
The day was nearly gone,  
The stars were shining, and the moon  
Is mentioned further on; I  
'd tramped as far as Hartley Vale,  
Tho' tired at the start,  
But coming back I got a lift  
In Johnny Jones's cart.

Twass winter on the mountains then —  
The air was rather chill,  
And so we stopped beside the inn  
That stands below the hill.  
A fire was burning in the bar,  
And Johnny thought a glass  
Would give the tired horse a spell  
And help us up the Pass.



Then Jimmy Bent came riding up —  
     A tidy chap was Jim —  
 He shouted twice, and so of course  
     We had to shout for him.  
 And when at last we said goodnight  
     He bet a vulgar quid  
 That we would see the "ghost in black",  
     And sure enough we did.  
  
 And as we climbed the stony pinch  
     Below the Camel Bridge,  
 We talked about the "Girl in black"  
     Who haunts the Second Bridge.  
 We reached the fence that guards the cliff  
     And passed the corner post,  
 And Johnny like a senseless fool  
     Kept harping on the ghost.  
  
 She'll cross the moonlit road in haste  
     And vanish down the track;  
 Her long black hair hangs to her waist  
     And she is dressed in black;  
 Her face is white, a dull dead white —  
     Her eyes are opened wide —  
 She never looks to left or right,  
     Or turns to either side...  
  
 I didn't b'lieve in ghosts at all,  
     Tho' I was rather young,  
 But still I wished with all my heart  
     That Jack would hold his tongue.  
 The time and place, as you will say,  
     ('Twas twelve o'clock almost) —  
     Were both historically  
         favourable for a ghost.  
  
 But have you seen the Second Bridge  
     Beneath the "Camel's Back"?  
 It fills a gap that broke the ridge  
     When convicts made the track;

And o'er the right old Hartley Vale  
     In homely beauty lies,  
 And o'er the left the mighty walls  
     Of Mount Victoria rise.  
  
 And there's a spot above the bridge,  
     Just where the track is steep,  
 From which poor Convict Govett rode  
     To christen Govett's Leap;  
 And here a teamster killed his wife —  
     For those old days were rough —  
 And here a dozen others had  
     Been murdered, right enough.  
  
 The lonely moon was over all  
     And she was shining well,  
 At angles from the sandstone wall  
     The shifting moonbeams fell.  
 In short, the shifting moonbeams beamed,  
     The air was still as death,  
 Save when the listening silence seemed  
     To speak beneath its breath.  
  
 The tangled bushes were not stirred  
     Because there was no wind,  
 But now and then I thought I heard  
     A startling noise behind.  
 Then Johnny Jones began to quake;  
     His face was like the dead.  
 "Don't look behind, for heaven's sake!  
     The ghost is there!" he said.  
  
 He stared ahead — his eyes were fixed;  
     He whipped the horse like mad.  
 "You fool!" I cried, "you're only mixed;  
     A drop too much you've had.  
 I'll never see a ghost, I swear,  
     But I will find the cause.

Its look appeared to plead for aid  
(As far as I could see),  
Its hands were on the tailboard laid,  
Its eyes were fixed on me.  
The face, it cannot be denied  
Was white, a *dull dead white*,  
The great black eyes were opened wide  
And glistened in the light.

I stared at Jack; he stared ahead  
And madly plied the lash.  
To show I wasn't scared, I said —  
"Why, Jack, we've made a mash.  
" I tried to laugh; 'twas vain to try.  
The try was very lame;  
And, tho' I wouldn't show it, I  
Was frightened, all the same.

"She's mashed," said Jack, "I do not doubt,  
But 'tis a lonely place;  
And then you see it might turn out  
A breach of promise case.  
" He flogged the horse until it jibbed  
And stood as one resigned,  
And then he struck the road and ran  
And left the cart behind.

Now, Jack and I since infancy  
Had shared our joys and cares,  
And so I was resolved that we  
Should share each other's *scares*.  
We raced each other all the way  
And never slept that night,  
And when we told the tale next day  
They said that we were — intoxicated.



Henry Lawson (1891)

# **Martin Holtorf**

## **From the pages of “They Chose Beenleigh”**

Martin Holtorf (1842—1896) was born in Germany. He was the son of Johann Holtorf and Anna Elsabe Rohweder. On 1st June 1864, the ship “La Rochelle” of the Johann Cesar Godeffroy line, left Hamburg, under the command of Captain E. Junge. There were 188 German immigrants on board, mostly single men. Amongst the passengers were Martin, Detlef and Friedrich Holtorf. They were listed as being from the town of Kellinghusen in the state of Holstein. Martin was 22 years old, an arbeiter (workman), Detlef, 18 years old, also an arbeiter, and Friedrich, an 18 year old zimmermann (carpenter). “La Rochelle” arrived at Moreton Bay on Saturday 3rd September 1864.

Martin Holtorf and Heinrich Zornig selected Portion 71, County of Ward, Parish of Boyd, (Deed Number 12,906), a 40-acre block, which was situated on the northern side of what is now Eagleby Road, Eagleby, where Fryer Road intersects with it. This is low-lying land used for sugar cane growing. On 24th November 1869, Martin Holtorf, aged 26, born Holstein, farmer, of the Logan in the district of Brisbane, took the Oath of Allegiance and was Naturalized.

Martin Holtorf married Joanna Elizabethe Schmidt, daughter of Carl Friedrich and Caroline Wilhelmine Schmidt (nee Shimke). They had seven children born between 1867 and 1880; Augusta Elizabeth, Wilhelmine Carolina, Benjamin Detlef, Daniel, Martha Louise, Johanna Elizabeth and Anne Helene. Johanna, the mother, passed away in 1880. In 1881, Martin married Otilie Hagenow.

In 1865, the Hagenow family from Seehausen in Prussia had come to Queensland on board the barque “Wandrahm”. Wilhelmine, a widow, aged 46, and her daughters Auguste, aged 18, Bertha, aged 10 and Otilie, aged 6 were on board. Wilhelmine’s elderly father, Christian Saul had started the sea voyage with his daughter and granddaughters, but died before reaching Australia. Mother and daughters all married men who lived in the Beenleigh area. In 1866, Auguste married Johann Troyahn (Troyahn). In 1871, Justine Wilhelmine Hagenow (the mother) married Caste Heinrich Wilhelm Gottschalk. In 1875, Bertha Albertine Wilhelmine married Georg Renner. Johann Troyahn and Georg Renner had also come to Queensland on board “Wandrahm”.

Holtorf children who enrolled at Beenleigh State School were Augusta and Wilhelmine in 1877; Benjamin in 1878; Daniel in 1880; Martha in 1883; Elizabeth in 1885; Augusta and William in 1886; and Auguste and Otilie in 1887.

Martin Holtorf is listed on the Queensland Electoral Rolls for the years 1880 to 1884, as a freeholder of Logan River, Logan. The Post office Directory of Beenleigh lists the business of “M. Holtorf, Boarding House”.

The following Holtorf marriages occurred in Queensland in our time span:

Wilhelmine Carolina Holtorf married Udo Albert Herbst;

Benjamin Detlef Holtorf married Frances Lesley Tansom (nee Hopkins);

Daniel Holtorf married Annie Margaret Harrison,

William Henry Holtorf married Florence Mary Bennett;

Otilie Holtorf married Johann Ferdinand Weiske.

**Continues at the bottom of page 37.**

## **New Catalogue Items from 4th October, 2017 to 31st December, 2017**

### **Australia**

AUS QLD LoganOur Logan: Our City Magazine Oct 2017 No 63 QLD/J021-063 Magazine

AUS QLD LoganOur Logan: Our City Magazine Nov 2017 No 64 QLD/J021-064 Magazine

AUS QLD Brisbane Queensland Family Historian Vol 38 No 4 Nov 2017 QLD/J003-038.4 Journal

AUS QLD LoganKnow your Creek - California Creek by Logan City Council QLD/H008-021 Book

AUS QLD The Brisbane Courier in 1888 A Select Subject Index by Brisbane History Group QLD/B023-001 Book

AUS QLD Tingalpa Living on the Edge: Along Tingalpa Creek a history of Upper Tingalpa, Capalaba and Thornside by Mary Howells QLD/H161-001 Book

AUS QLD Highgate Hill History of Highgate Hill by J Keith Jarrott QLD/H162.001 Book

AUS QLD Tides of Change by Margarette Cheras A True Story of Pioneer Queensland QLD/H163.001 Book

AUS QLD Redcliffe The First Settlement City Gazette Nov 2017 QLD/J039-019 Journal

AUS QLD Brisbane The Thistle Times (Scottish Interest Group CSQ) Vol 22 No 3 Nov 2017 QLD/J016-022.3 Journal

AUS QLD Brisbane The Mayne Inheritance by Rosamond Siemon QLD/H003-021 Book

AUS QLD Heritage Trails of the Great South East by Qld Environmental Protection Agency QLD/H018-012 Book

AUS NSW Maroubra Kith and Kin: Cape Banks Family History Society No 127 Dec 2017 NSW/J017-127 Journal

AUS NSW Sydney Transported to Paradise A Genealogy of Ann Forbes (First Fleeter) by Douglas R Husley NSW/P019-003 Book

AUS Lady Juliana Convicts Who came to Van Diemen's Land compiled by Irene Schaffer AUS/H006-004

AUS A-Z Australian Genealogy Helper by Cora Num AUS/G027-001 Book

AUS Third Cousins compiled by Joy Larkin AUS/P046-001 Book

AUS NSW Guide to Convict Records in the Archives Office of New South Wales NSW/H051-001 Book

AUS NSW Guide to Convict Records in the Archives Office of New South Wales Supplement NSW/H051-002

AUS The Women of Botany Bay by Portia Robinson AUS/H003-008 Book

AUS Australia Through Time 1996 edition AUS/H050.001 Book

### **United Kingdom**

ENG HAM The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXXII No. 3 HAM/J001-009.3 Journal

ENG HAM The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXXII No. 4 HAM/J001-009.4 Journal

ENG HAM The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXVI No 1 HAM/J001-010.1 Journal

ENG HAM The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXVI No 3 HAM/J001-010.3 Journal

ENG HAM The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXVI No. 4 HAM/J001-010.4 Journal

ENGHAM The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXVII No. 1 HAM/J001-011.1 Journal

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| ENG HAM | The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXVII No. 3  | HAM/J001-011.3 | Journal |
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| ENG HAM | The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXXIII No. 2 | HAM/J001-014.2 | Journal |
| ENG HAM | The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXXIII No. 3 | HAM/J001-014.3 | Journal |
| ENG HAM | The Hampshire Family Historian Vol XXXII No. 4  | HAM/J001-014.4 | Journal |



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From the Committee and Members of the Society

**Continued from page 35.**

Martin Holtorf died 16th March 1896. The Queensland Deaths Index lists his parents as Johann and Anna Elsabe (nee Rohweder). He was buried at South Brisbane Cemetery, at Dutton Park, on 17th March 1896. His son, Daniel (died 5th October 1926) is buried with him. Ottilie Holtorf (nee Hagenow), died at Wandai, Queensland, in 1919, and is buried in the Wondai Cemetery with her grandson, William Wallace Holtorf, son of William Henry and Florence Mary Holtorf.

Researched and written by Anne McIntyre for Logan River & District Family History Society Inc.

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|                               | August Issue   | 2nd Saturday of July    |
|                               | November Issue | 2nd Saturday of October |

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Val Watson, our Journal Editor, showing off the flowers and card sent to her during her recent stay in the Beaudesert Hospital