

# DUGULLUMBA TIMES



(Member of History Queensland Inc.)

**The Quarterly Journal of the  
Logan River and District  
Family History Society Inc.**

**Issue No. 38**

**May, 2016**

## Contacts

<b>Patron</b>	Councillor Phil Pigeon	
<b>President</b>	Heather Radley	
<b>Secretary</b>	Frances Sarson	
<b>Treasurer</b>	Graham Popple	3200 6141
<b>Vice President</b>	Terri Gellatly	
<b>Membership Secretary</b>	Esma King	3807 6450
<b>Guest Speaker Liaison Officer</b>	Elizabeth Lamb	3272 6123
<b>Librarian</b>	Heather Cuthbert	
<b>IT and Web Administrator</b>	Dianna Ottaway	
<b>Journal Editor</b>	Val Watson	5543 6683

**Email:** [loganriverfhs@hotmail.com](mailto:loganriverfhs@hotmail.com)

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

**Website:** [www.loganriverfamilyhistorysociety.com.au](http://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:** Tuesday 9.30am—1.30pm  
Thursday 9.30am—1.30pm  
Friday 9.30am—1.30pm  
Saturday 9.30am—1.30pm  
Sunday By Appointment  
Closed Public Holidays

**Meetings:**

1st Saturday of the month February, April, June, August, October and  
December

1st Thursday of the month March, May, July, September and November.

**All Meetings at 9.30 am**

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## Coming Events

5 May	General Meeting. Guest Speaker, Ann Swain
16 May	Anniversary Luncheon at Windaroo Tavern
4 June	General Meeting
7 July	General Meeting
August	National Family History month
6 August	AGM

# Dugullumba News

*Greetings to our Members,*

*2016 started out with scorching summer temperatures, no sign of rain and everyone well plumped on Christmas fare, enjoying days on the beach and tasty bbq's with family and friends. Our rural families were suffering drought of mega proportions, coal mining invading their precious farmland and having to worry about Clive Palmer's sagging business affecting their livelihoods.*

*Our Society saw some changes in committee and executive positions with the Annual General Meeting in July.*

*We warmly welcome new members joining, our library and IT is in excellent condition thanks to the expertise of Dianna Ottaway . Our rooms are capably staffed by room attendants, with a good number of folk attending to research. Lindsay Barnett is conducting research classes at the library, we have interesting guest speakers and enjoy our morning teas and fellowship. Our Bunnings sausage sizzles went very well with a mega profit on voting day, thanks to the dedicated workers who coped with the heat and hot work on those occasions.*

*Windaroo Tavern is now a sponsor to our Society. Each month they donate a meal voucher, which we award to members who do a lot of work for the Society.. So thankyou to Windaroo Tavern.*

*In the past, our use of the mezzanine floor of the Museum, had been a word of mouth agreement, and we did know that they would eventually require it. So it was a surprise when the Museum requested that we sign a formal lease for our mezzanine space in July last year.*

*It came as a huge shock to receive a letter a few months later, from the Museum, to NOT renew our lease on our mezzanine space from the end of July, as they now want that space to expand. Since then, we have had the Logan Council Elections, they came at the wrong moment, as councillors were unavailable to speak with and even as I write they are just beginning to address their positions. Cr Phil Pidgeon remains our Patron. Vice President Terri Gellatly and I have been over quite a lot of territory looking to see what we could find but there has been nothing with enough space at any venue so far. Commercial properties are too expensive . We met with the leasing Officer from the Council and with the Sports and Recreation Officer for a long discussion, where we were able to present our requirements. I have followed up their leads. We would be in a share position, should something suitable come up.*

Heather Radley  
President

## Guest Speaker Report



February: **Elizabeth Lamb**, one of our own members, gave a talk on her Armstrong family, from County Cavan in Ireland, to Queensland. It was a very interesting talk as most of us are familiar with the local area where the family settled. (Loganlea.)

March: **Geraldine Trickett** gave a talk about Philip Palmer Agnew who was Postmaster at Beenleigh for a time. Geraldine has kindly donated her book on the Agnew family to our library.

Thankyou Geraldine.

(story on page 8 mentions Philip Agnew)



April: **Helen V Smith**

‘Our Anzacs Health: Gallipoli and the Western Front.’

We welcomed Helen again, and she transported us to the days of WW1 and the terrible sufferings of our diggers, and their medical treatment.

In this Issue:

We are featuring “School Days” - stories written by some of our members, reminiscing about their school days. I am sure most of you can relate them to your own school days.



An entertaining story of happy times at Beenleigh featuring Philip Palmer Agnew, Postmaster at Beenleigh in the 1870's & 80's, (*from the Brisbane Telegraph of 1883.*)

The report of the 1887 Queensland floods makes very interesting reading as it mentions many of the local pioneers who were affected. Maybe you will find one of your ancestors among them. (*The report is taken from the newspapers of the day, which are available on the very valuable National Library of Australia website, TROVE.*)

*Happy Reading!*



*Kingston State School circa 1912*

**MEMBERSHIP REPORT**

*(from Esma King, Membership Secretary)*

At present we have 74 Members.

Renewals fall due on 30th June and payment can be made from now on.

\$35.00 for single Membership;

\$50.00 for double.

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**Dates to put in your Diary**

**Footsteps in Time**

The next Queensland State Conference 19 - 21 May 2017 with guest speakers and free access to an exhibitors fair will be hosted by Gold Coast Family History Society. More details to follow.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**“Where Did They Go? Some Early Brisbane Hospitals 1860—1960**

Brisbane History Group—Seminar

Saturday 14 May 2016

Enquiries: Paul Sayer 3398 4080 Bookings essential RSVP 10 May 2016

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**Acknowledgement**

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

DUGULLUMBA  
the Aboriginal name for the Logan River and means  
**“Home of the Hornet”**

**Philip Palmer AGNEW** was Postmaster at Beenleigh during the 1870's and 80's. He was also involved in drama and musical activities in the district, a very entertaining fellow.

Here is an amusing little story from the Brisbane Telegraph in 1883 about one of his productions.



### EASTER MONDAY AT BEENLEIGH

(from a Correspondent)



An overcrowded coach delayed me, much against my will, at the little township of Beenleigh on Easter Monday night; and while fretting the afternoon away I observed a playbill announcing that the Southern Queensland Dramatic Club were to play "Gum Leaves," and the nautical drama "Spitfire," at the Concert Hall, Beenleigh that evening.

Being a bit of an actor myself, and "on" for any fun of that kind, I saved half-a-crown, and determined to go and see the amateurs "make a mess of it" as I had often seen others do. In the afternoon I visited the Beenleigh theatre - a very sad-looking building, badly seated and ventilated, and mighty hot inside.

Here I found two young fellows up to their eyes in cottage scenes, forest wings, flies, sea pieces, bulwarks and big guns, and working like niggers to prepare a show for the evening. These two young chaps, I heard, are the Agnew brothers known as Phil and Bill, who, as usual in amateur clubs, do all the hard work of the club, paint the scenery, manufacture the properties, copy the parts, trim the lamps, prepare the dresses, and otherwise undertake the "bullocking" of the club, and the only remuneration is that the piece goes well. "Ah me!" sighed I, "t'was ever thus," and I seated myself upon a gun, which was manufactured out of an old gin case. I was roused out of my deep "think" by one of those gay brothers, who informed that if I didn't shift off that gun smart he would spread me over the stage, and not desiring to be spread, I dismounted the gun and retired with them to "wet it."

At 8 o'clock I pushed my way into the crowded hall, and waiting to the strains of an excellent band of nine string and wind instruments with side drum complete, for the rising of the very pretty drop scene painted by the Agnew brothers.

The performance commenced with "Gum Leaves," written by Mr Phil Agnew and introduces about ten very funny Australian characters, all of which are taken by the author and his sister, whose talents prove themselves of a very high order, and her rapid changes of voice, manner and dress, and each very difficult character, was very remarkable and effective. Her brother seems quite at home at this sort of thing, and nothing seems to stick him. During one of his sister's difficult changes he picked up a small mouth organ from the floor, and played "Home, Sweet Home," with variations in such a calm and easy style, that quite astonished me.

On the whole "Gum Leaves" is one of the prettiest little sketches I have ever seen anywhere and the fact of its being all Australian makes it all the more welcome, and Mr Agnew's scenery is lovely. The performance concluded with the nautical drama "Spitfire" and here in place of a pretty little cottage covered with creepers and backed by a pretty lake with its islands and verdant shores, we behold the quarter deck of the Spitfire, with bulwarks, mast, ropes, big guns, wheels etc, and the deck manned by a very smart looking naval lieutenant, who acted throughout in a very neat and gentlemanly style; a ship's doctor who seemed thoroughly up in his business and who threw a "hopeless case" overboard as calmly as he would a cigar end, and last, but by no means least, an Irish boatswain pretty enough to make a young lady sitting near me sigh out, "Oh doesn't he look a duck!"

I felt inclined to go for the boatswain but really he did look trim enough for anything and the way he drilled the pretty little sailor boys, who sang the "Midshipmite." fired a salute and fought a desperate action, fairly brought down the house. Mr Philip Agnew played *Clipper, the Barber*, who is forced to take command of the Spitfire, and kept the house convulsed with laughter; and when he struggled manfully with a dead marine who is shot out of the rigging, the applause was immense, and so were the big guns, my word. I am very glad the coach was overcrowded now, for I have never spent a jollier evening, and must congratulate Beenleigh upon its excellent club, which could hold its own with any dramatic club in the colony, and the scenery and effects, considering the very bad stage, deserve the highest praise.

I am glad to see that a new hall is going up, when the club will have proper accommodation and a piano in tune, which is more than they have at present, and the young lady who did her best upon the machine in the hall now deserves every thanks, as to play a battle piece upon a dried-up hurdy-gurdy is more labour than making a big gun out of a gin case.

## Kingston State School Celebrates 100 Years

Kingston State School opened July 1912 and this year, 2012 celebrates its centennial. This school was built to help the families in the district from having to travel the distance to the schools at Slacks Creek and Waterford.

To celebrate the centenary a morning tea was held, hosted by the P. & C., at the present day school in Juers Road, Kingston. The word was spread around, and quite a number of past pupils and past teachers turned up. What a lot of chatter; reminiscing and renewing old friendships. This morning tea was followed by another two; each one resulting in increased attendance.

The major event of the year long celebrations arrived on Saturday 14 July, 2012. The "Kingston State School 100 years Gala Dinner" was held at the Logan Entertainment Centre. A lovely night was had by all, with past and present students and teachers sharing many wonderful memories. One past student in particular; Noel Whittaker of the 1950's era, brought back many memories of our time spent at school and growing up in the Kingston and Loganlea District.

The celebrations continued on Sunday 15 July, at a very appropriate meeting place "The Historical Kingston Butter Factory." An even greater number of past students attended to mingle and reminisce. The old school photos and stories on display brought back many memories. People enjoyed filling in the blanks of faces on the old photos. We have all changed just a little. Everyone enjoyed themselves, as evidenced by their happy, laughing faces. What a wonderful weekend.



My family connection to the Kingston State School began in 1912. My father Ashley Armstrong and his brother Wesley transferred from Slacks Creek State School. The Armstrong Family lived at "Riverdale" Loganlea, (now called Meadowbrook.) My father's other brother Roy, sisters Lilly Meta "Girlie," and Nancy attended the school as time went on.

My father married Emma Holzapfel and settled on the family farm at Loganlea in 1936. They had their family Trevor, Glenda and Elizabeth and of course we proudly attended the Kingston State School. The old School, was situated directly across the road from the present Gould Adams Park on the Kingston-Waterford Road, on a steep rocky hill, overlooking Kingston; looking across to the old working Kingston Gold Mine and the Kingston Butter Factory, railway station, Cordingley's Blacksmith, and the small village of butter factory houses, and shops – the Butcher, the Baker and the corner Shop near the railway line. The local hall which was used for Church Services, movies, fetes, concerts and dances, was behind the railway station on the opposite side of the railway line to the Kingston Butter Factory.

When we first attended Kingston State School, we rode our bikes from Loganlea. These rides were often both entertaining and challenging with snakes, goannas, echidnas (spiny anteaters) and turtles crossing our path and birds attacking overhead, etc. I remember one day in particular. Scrubby Creek was in flood and the bridge was slightly under water. While my brother and I were riding across, we hit the side of the bridge and fell into the flooded creek. Luckily an older student, Eric Weber pulled us out.

Later when free rail passes came in, we travelled on the old steam trains. Later railmotors were incorporated with the steam trains.

*Some of our fond memories of our school days are on the following page.*

***Written by Elizabeth Lamb (nee Armstrong)  
Member No. 7***

## Memories of School Days at Kingston

We have many fond memories as Primary School Students at Kingston State School, during our Schooling with Mr. H.E. Elmes as Head Teacher from 1948-1957. Mr. Elmes continued as headmaster until 1962.

Some of the highlights were the extracurricular activities which were organised through the School Committee and Mr. Elmes. Mr. Herb Maas, a parent, took us to swimming lessons at The Fiesta Swimming Pool at Slacks Creek. With much excitement we were herded on to the back of the truck driven along the dusty road to the pool, and, with a little trepidation, taught to swim.

Mr. Bumstead loaned us a beehive to be stationed at the school, so that we could learn bee-keeping. He came to "rob" the hive and we learned by observing. We made nets for around our hats and wore long sleeved shirts to keep us safe from the bees. Our brother, Trevor started his own bee-keeping hobby.

Our pine plantation consisted of Pinus Carribaea, Pinus Taeda and Pinus Elliottii. We planted the trees, on Arbor Day each Year from a tin casing. We had to do our part by weeding around each tree plucking out the weeds by hand. The expert in this area was Denise Stehn. She plucked her area as clean as it would be if mown.

Our sports days, were great days where we competed with other schools in the region. Some of the schools were Woodridge, Waterford, Logan Reserve and Logan Village. We competed in many events, including the egg and spoon race, three-legged race, sprinting, relay, tunnel ball, sack race, high jump, broad jump, and ball games.

Our first Assistant Teacher was Miss Maureen Sullivan in 1951. Miss Sullivan was followed by Miss Betty Thurlow, who taught at the school mid 1951-1953. Miss Daphne Trace was our next assistant teacher. Miss Trace taught at Kingston 1954-1960.

The highlight of our primary school year was the concerts we performed at the Kingston Hall with Miss Betty Thurlow conducting. The main item I remember was "The Teddy Bears Picnic." Our mother designed and made our Teddy Bear costumes out of sugar bags. Other mothers made their child's costumes from this design. We were happy little teddy bears hopping onto the stage. Miss Thurlow also taught classroom singing and choir singing.

Miss Daphne Trace taught girls fancy work (sewing) and basketball as her extra-curricular subjects. Basketball (Net Ball) was a new sport to our school. We enjoyed competing against other schools in basketball. We may not have won many times, but we always gave our best.

Many Fancy Dress Balls were held at the Kingston Hall. There were several categories in which to enter and the judging ended with the Grand March. It was very exciting for young children.

Many dances were held to raise funds for the school. Mrs. Mayes played the piano and our father played the drums at these dances.

In hindsight, we were very lucky to have such wonderful memories of growing up in the Loganlea and Kingston District.

*Glenda Brasch (nee Armstrong) & Elizabeth Lamb (nee Armstrong).*



*Written by Elizabeth Lamb  
Member No. 7*

**TOWN OF LOGAN**  
 Town of Logan  
 ---  
**RAILWAY TERMINUS !!**  
 ---  
*First opportunity offered to  
 the Public to Invest  
 in this*  
**RISING TOWNSHIP !**  
 ---  
**C. J. Warner & Co.,**  
 Have been instructed by Messrs M. and  
 V. Hinchcliffe to Sell by Public Auction  
  
**NEW YEARS DAY,**  
 1<sup>st</sup> JANUARY, 1886.  
 about  
**30 Splendid Allotments,**  
 at the  
**RAILWAY STATION**  
**TOWN OF LOGAN**  
 ---  
 Full particulars in future advertisement  
 ---  
 Lithographs preparing.  
 -----

*This Advertisement was in the Logan Witness newspaper, 1885*

*(sent in by Dianna Ottaway)*



Map: Queensland State Archives Item ID 621952

Town of Logan (1882)



## SCHOOL DAYS - SCOTLAND

I started school at the unusually early age of 3yrs and 8 months in Edinburgh, Scotland in a Montessori class (probably the equivalent of modern Prep class.) My father lectured at the teachers College adjoining the school so they did him the favour of letting me start early. My mother said it was because my brother, 16 months younger, used to follow me all day and interfere with everything I tried to do and she was afraid I might snap and throttle him!

I travelled by tram with a 16 year old neighbour who attended the school but sometimes came back with the other children and was met at the stop by my mother or a grandparent.

I remember using a slate and chalk, being taught 'aah, buh, cuh' when my mother had taught me 'aee, bee, see' but just went along with it. I don't think children are as easily confused as people assume! I bit my finger nails so to break the habit the teacher gave me a piece of stale toast on a string round my neck and told me to nibble that instead. When, out of curiosity, I did take a nibble I copped a severe talking to! That I did find confusing!

I wore plaits to school but after trying everything possible to keep a ribbon in my hair to no avail; my mother gave up and cut my hair short. My father was a talented pen and ink cartoonist and did one of me with hat askew, one plait half complete and the other flying free, one sock up and one sock down! Unfortunately it was one of the many things that got lost during the frequent moves.

## SCHOOL DAYS – SOUTH AFRICA



When I turned 8 we emigrated to Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. Because I had not started cursive (running) writing yet as Scotland introduced it later than South Africa or Australia and because of my age, the school decided to start me off in one class lower than I had been in Edinburgh. They also felt that as I had not learned Afrikaans I would be at a further disadvantage. I came home after the first day very put out because I was bored relearning stuff I knew. For the first and only time, my mother went to the school and negotiated that I go into the class I had been in, in Scotland and that my parents would prepare me for the fact that I would probably have to repeat the year. As it transpired, I passed the end of year exams and won the prize for “Most Improved” in Afrikaans which was not surprising as I had the most to learn!

My Scottish accent was a great novelty at first and I was always asked to “Say something” - The teachers would comment in class that while I pronounced 'aunt' as 'ant' I did spell it correctly which some of the others should learn to do! After only a short time I was speaking with a South African accent so was no longer an oddity.

One thing that did not survive the change of schools was my handwriting. I was kept back after school to do endless copying of words in beautiful script to no avail. The minute I had to write at any speed, my writing deteriorated to a dreadful scrawl – which it remains to this day!

I remember with dread the inkwells and nib pens that always seemed to cause blots and spatters at the end of a page of writing. It was a great relief when fountain pens became the writing tools. The inkwells were often used to dye white May flowers blue by standing the stems in the ink!

*By Anne Mitchell.*

## Primary School Days of Heather Cuthbert

***Ironbark Primary School*** was a rural school in the Adelaide Hills, South Australia. It was a very small school and during the time I attended, the largest enrolment during one year was 18 pupils across seven grades of primary school.

We walked the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile to school. We dawdled home in the afternoon, picking wild flowers and exploring. The school was held in the Ironbank Methodist Church. It was a stone building and during the week the pews were stacked in the corner of the church and the school desks were set up. On Friday afternoons the reverse was done. Eventually, a stone building was built onto the back of the church and this was for the school.



**Ironbank Methodist Church & Primary School c1963**

Most grades only had one or two pupils in them. When it was time for mental arithmetic our teacher, Mr Bevis, asked questions to grade one, then grade two, then three, etc until all seven grades had a question. When we had worked out the answer in our heads we put our hand up and waited until the teacher got back to our grade to give the answer. Sometime our arms got tired and we rested them on our heads and sometimes we almost forgot the answer while we waited.

We had very few library books but every child could read and write. We had little play equipment, either, but we made our own fun in the school yard using a wide board for a cricket bat, a long rope for skipping games, played 'red rover' on the dirt road outside, we built cubby houses in the bush, played 'kick the block' and hide and seek. We also liked to swing on the branches of the huge pine trees that grew in the school yard. Sometimes Mr Bevis dozed off at lunch-time listening to the ABC on the radio. If this happened we went right down the back of the school yard and played quietly so he wouldn't wake up. One day we had a very long lunch break!



**Ironbank Primary School students, with teacher Mr W B Bevis.  
Heather is on the far left behind the boy in the front, you can see her eyes  
and she is holding her school case! c1957**

## SCHOOL DAYS

by Heather Radley

I started school at five years of age, attending Te Papapa School situated near Onehunga on the Manukau Harbour, Auckland, New Zealand.

I remember the main buildings being built of dark grey stone, polished wooden floors and windows that one of the boys would open using a long pole to unlatch at the top and as the window was hinged at the centre sides, it fell inwards at the top and the bottom went outwards.

My school room was in the primer block at the rear and we had concertina style windows that were too high for little people to look out. My class sat on mats on the floor and it was common to see a wet patch when we got up to go for playtime or lunch as we were not allowed to go out during class time. You avoided that spot next time. We also had tables where six or eight of us sat to draw or write with thick crayons. My first teacher was Mrs Frost, she was kind and I liked her reading stories to us. I liked learning to read and print. School was a happy place for me. We did not have school uniforms and were bare-foot a lot of the time. We all attended assembly in the mornings to sing our National Anthem, salute the flag, hear the headmaster give information and then we would march in our class lines to our room. At midmorning break we all had a bottle of milk. My special friend was Patricia who lived down the road. We walked to school.



A SIMPLER TIME .....

When your front door was never locked  
and kids went barefoot to school

Waterford State School 1940



*Sent in by Frances Sarson*

## Memories of School Days at Maroochy River State School

*Story by Diane Schulz*

I was enrolled at the Maroochy River State School on the 18th August 1952 at age 5 years & 8 months, after starting School at the Cooloolabin State School in January of the same year.

The Maroochy River is situated near Yandina on the Sunshine Coast and was a large cane farming community when I went to School there. Dad cut cane with other cane cutters for about 6 months of the year. It was very hard work starting early in the morning and arriving home tired and weather beaten late at night. The families were housed in Cane Barracks. They were very small, but Mum made it home for the family and we enjoyed our times living in them.

I had to leave home early in the morning and walk a long distance up the main road with other children who lived nearby. We would all catch the boat to School at Ashton's Wharf. This was the only School boat of its kind in Queensland. The School boat would pick up children from the jetties on its way down the river and then arrive at the Dunethin Rock Wharf. The children had to be careful disembarking in case someone slipped and fell into the River, but mostly it was done in an orderly manner. It was only a short walk from the Wharf to the School.

Days were spent in our classes learning reading, writing and arithmetic under the supervision of the Head Master Mr. Horton and the assistant teacher named Mrs. Walsh. They were both strict but fair. There were no grand swimming pools in those days, and we were allowed to swim in the river. The changing sheds were made of sheets of iron. The girls had one shed and the boys the other. When the tide was low we would all be very dirty and muddy, but it was fun and we got to get out of doing schoolwork.

Dad would find work after the cane season, and then we would return again over the years. This time sister Denise joined me on our walks and boat rides to school in 1957.

The highlight of the year would be the School Fancy Dress Ball held in the Maroochy River School of Arts. The Hall would be filled to capacity with children dressed up in their fancy costumes made with much love by their Mothers. We would parade and dance in front of very important guests who were usually the judges, and prizes given out to the winners in each grade. I remember being dressed as a Buttercup, and Denise as a Bluebell. There would have been yards of crepe paper used to make these costumes. We both felt very important being dressed up. Every child was presented with a basket of sweets. The end of year breakup would be held and children would all be given a special book with their name written in it. I remember the ice-cream buckets and the tiny spoon to eat it with, and the great big slices of watermelon and the juice running down the front of our clothes.



*Diane & Denise Baumann  
Photo taken 1954*

The family moved to the School side of the river and in later years sisters Denise, Janelle & brother Robert were enrolled in 1961. By this time I had started High School and had to walk a long way to catch a bus to the Nambour State High School. There were no ‘school pick ups’ back then, so children had to walk long distances to their Schools. Dad worked very hard over the years and enough money was saved to buy a block of land in Nambour and a lovely new War Service Home was built. The youngest sister & brother, Judith & Jeffrey, commenced their education at the Nambour Primary School.

My School Days at Maroochy River State School will be remembered with much fondness.

~ ~ FROM THE JOURNALS ~ ~

We receive several quarterly Journals from other Family History Societies on a reciprocal basis from both Australia and overseas. These Journals have a wealth of knowledge and I would like to share some of the stories and information that can be found in them.

Because of the cost of postage some Journals are being emailed to us and can be read on one of our computers.

"Timespan" Journal Nepean Family History Society - Dec 2015  
Badgerys Creek graves will be dug up to make way for new Western Sydney Airport.

Australian Family Tree Connections Magazine - Feb 2016  
Emily NEYLE & Eleanor STUCKEY - School Teachers of yesteryear.  
Long lost relatives from Trove from various sources.

"Dust of Ages" Journal Armidale Family History Group - Feb 2016  
Research on Dr William Vint ASPINALL, the second medical Dr in Walcha.

Australian Family Tree Connections Magazine - March 2016  
Search for Jane, Mary or Sarah WILLIAMS, HAHN or HARN  
Long lost relatives from Trove taken from various sources

"Kith & Kin" Journal Cape Banks Family History Society - March 2016  
Anne GARDINER nee CLARK, from a family of bush rangers to respectable midwife with "lying in" Hospital.

Irish Roots Magazine - First Quarter 2016  
The usefulness & limitations of family letters in genealogy.

Inside History Magazine - March/April 2016  
What's new on line & free resources  
"In the Shadow of the Plague" - The first case of the Plague in early 1900's in Fremantle (Alex Kopp investigates]

"Caloundra Clipper" Journal Caloundra F/H Research - March 2016  
Finding photos of Robert Adolphus MINNS

"The First Settlement City Gazette" - Redcliffe F/H Group - March 2016  
Grannie [Margaret] HASKINS, a notable identity, her life in early Redcliffe

Australian Family Tree Connections Magazine - April 2016  
The Cheer-Up Hut in Adelaide during WW1

"Timespan" Journal Nepean Family History Society - March 2016  
How I met Louisa COLLINS, the last woman hanged in NSW, researched  
by her relative Joy Harper

"Oxfordshire Family Historian," Oxfordshire F/H Society - April 2016  
The Rise and Fall of Joseph BANKS, Esq, of Woodstock, Oxfordshire.

"Kin Tracer" Journal Genealogy Sunshine Coast - April 2016  
Locals going to War 1916 and when they came home.  
A plane fatality on Maroochydore Beach 1950

*from Esma King*

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## A PRAYER FOR GENEALOGISTS

Lord, help me dig into the past  
And sift the sands of time  
That I might find the roots that made  
This family tree of mine.

Lord, help me trace the ancient roads  
On which my fathers trod  
And led them through so many lands  
To find our present sod.

Lord, help me find an ancient book  
Or dusty manuscript  
That's safely hidden now away  
In some forgotten crypt.

Lord, let it bridge the gap that haunts  
My soul when I can't find  
The missing link between some name  
That ends the same as mine.



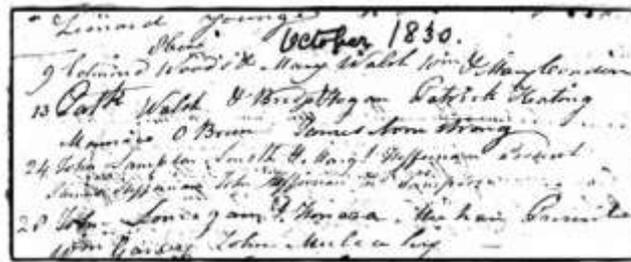
Curtis Wood

## The Luck of the Irish!

After looking for the marriage of my great-great-great-grandparents in Tipperary during the last 25 years with no luck, you can imagine my excitement to find it at last!!

And not only their marriage, but baptisms of four of their children.

Thanks to the National Library of Ireland now having many digitised Catholic Parish Registers online.



Marriage - October 24, 1830 - James Sampson, Smith, & Margt Heffernan ,  
Present James Heffernan and John Heffernan, Sampson



Jane Sampson, (baptised 1844)  
My great great grandmother

### National Library of Ireland

<http://registers.nli.ie/>

These are also available through Ancestry.



*Maybe you will find your  
Irish ancestors too.  
I hope so.*

Val Watson

## Queensland Open House

If you love exploring great buildings and interesting spaces, and learning more about our cities and regions, save the dates for the following Queensland Open House events



**Toowoomba Open House** - Mini Toowoomba Open House event (5 buildings) on Sun 22 May 2016 with full Toowoomba Open House event returning on Sun 28 May 2017  
[toowoombaopenhouse.com.au](http://toowoombaopenhouse.com.au)

**Maryborough Open House** - Open Buildings on Sat 24 September and Open Gardens on Sun 25 September 2016  
[maryboroughopenhouse.com.au](http://maryboroughopenhouse.com.au)

**Brisbane Open House** - Sat 8 and Sun 9 October 2016  
[brisbaneopenhouse.com.au](http://brisbaneopenhouse.com.au)

**Cairns Open House** - Sun 9 October 2016  
[www.facebook.com/FNQarchitects/](http://www.facebook.com/FNQarchitects/)

**Gold Coast Open House** - Sat 5 November 2016  
[goldcoastopenhouse.com.au](http://goldcoastopenhouse.com.au)

(from Brisbane Open House website: <http://brisbaneopenhouse.com.au/>)

# THE FLOODS OF 1887

*Transcribed from The Brisbane Courier of 31 January, 1887*

## Part One

### **THE LOGAN AND ALBERT**

*[by our Special Correspondent]*

#### **ON THE ALBERT WATERSHED**

Leaving Beaudesert on Friday morning, I rode in company with Mr. Brayford of that town, as far as Mundoolun. The first few miles of our journey were through high country, but as we approached the river flats, the flood marks became unpleasantly noticeable, there being on the road a thick coating of mud which always seemed heavier where the current had not been strong.

Travelling up the river, most of the roads have been covered, but, as there are no houses or farms the damage done has only been to fencing. The sheets of water left on the lower parts of the country were covered with waterfowl, from the stately swan to the timid little brown rail. A sportsman might enjoy himself to his hearts content for a week in some of Collin's or William Drynan's paddocks. At Flagstone Creek, the approaches to the bridge have been washed away, and we had to take the creek for it, but fortunately the water was not deep, though the current was strong and the footing bad. Some of the small farmers up this creek have suffered but not heavily. On reaching Mundoolan, Mr Brayford returned to Beaudesert, and I pushed on to the Albert Crossing, near Mr Delpratt's house. Mundoolan homestead was not reached by the flood but the whole of the country intervening between it and the river was submerged. Some little damage has been done to the fencing there, but there has been no loss of stock worth mentioning. The low level bridge crossing the Albert has stood the force of the current well, though the approaches are in a very bad state.

On the Tambourine side I was forced to dismount and lead my horse up the bank, the road being too boggy for any animal to safely travel. Mr Delpratt was from home at the time of my arrival there, but I was able to look over the place and had a chat with him on the following day in Beenleigh, when I ascertained the nature of the loss in stock that he has sustained. His fencing, though much damaged, is in no part washed away, and his loss of horses has not been heavy. One or two good draught mares, and a few saddle horses are missing; but some of them may turn up on the high ground lower down the river. Leaving Mr Delpratt's the road to the Canungra and Cedar Creek crossroads is in pretty fair condition, but in to the left, towards the river, the whole country side has been swept by the river water. Mr Massie has lost a few horses, including a stallion valued at 40 sovereigns, and his cultivation and fencing have suffered, but his loss is not so heavy as was reported at Beaudesert.

A few miles on is Welch's Tambourine Hotel, and here there was a good evidence of the great height of the flood and the rapidity with which it rose. Mr Welch, on seeing there was danger of his stock and furniture suffering, set about putting a few things on the crossbeams and on tables, but soon all had to clear out for their lives, the water rising to 4ft. 8 in. in the bar. The family obtained refuge in the church on the hill near the hotel, but a large quantity of stores and bed material which was in the house was destroyed. From Welch's right across to Plunkett's Post Office and stores the country was covered, the road being from 20ft to 30ft under water in places. The heaviest sufferer in this part of the district is Mr William Walsh, one of the largest farmers on the Albert. His crops, horses, cattle and fifty-seven pigs have all been swept away, and he and his family narrowly escaped drowning. When their dangerous position became known a small punt and a raft were made from timber which was on some wagon at the crossroads, and the raft was towed over to the flooded house. The family were safely placed on it and taken over to the residence of Mr Flannigan, which is on high ground. Mr Yore, a farmer, has lost over £100 worth of crops, principally in corn, which had just ripened. This locality is seriously damaged through the topsoil in the fields being washed away.

Leaving Welch's, I returned to the crossroads, intending to follow up the Cedar Creek road to Beenleigh so as to gain some idea of the state of the many farmers who are in the middle Albert, just above the head of navigation, but as I was able to get a fresh horse, and as reports from Canungra Creek were rather conflicting, I pushed on to that place. Canungra Creek at the back of Tabragalba, and is in a fine district, but there is little cultivation on it. Leahy's saw-mill is the centre so to speak of the district, and one report said it was washed away and everyone in the vicinity drowned, while another, and the one I thought most reliable, was that no material damage had been done. The saw-mill had been under water in part, but no damage was done to it, nor was any of the timber washed away. A small house in which some men had been living was washed away, and a stockman, who was acting as bailiff on a selection, had to swim about four wide creeks in flooded country to get to a place of safety. Leahy has lost nothing to speak of, and the Canungra district has suffered less than any I visited.

Returning to the crossroads I went on to Cedar Creek, being assured, however, that I should not be able to get through. When however one has a good horse under him and a large district from which no reports have been received before him, the temptation to try and find a track above or below the so-called impassable spots is very great.

For a few miles the journey from the crossroads was uninteresting enough. A few small patches of maize at the foot of Tambourine Mountain had been washed away, but the settlers were not farmers in the ordinary sense, and their cultivation was only to provide a little extra feed for their horses when the sweet mountain grasses grew scarce.

I am unfortunately unable to name the various creeks along this road, but in every case the bridges had been covered. At one culvert there was a gap in the approach of about 12ft, and to get across I had to depend on the jumping powers of my horse. As these had been fairly well tested on the previous day there was not much cause for uneasiness, though it is by no means pleasant landing on a bridge which is covered a few inches by shiny mud. A few miles further on there was another culvert gone, but as there were great gaps in the approaches on either side a jump for it was out of the question. The fences of the paddock down stream were amenable to reason, however, and riding down to where there seemed a fair chance of getting through we went for the creek. Thanks to Mr Knight of the Adelaide street stables, the horse I had was quite equal to the occasion, and we landed a little the worse for mud certainly, but safely.

Daniell's sawmill at Cedar Creek has been under water, but the machinery is not damaged, though a good deal of loose timber has been washed away. Men were busy at the time of my visit brushing and drying the sawn cedar, and it was expected that the mill would be at work again in a few days. There is no bridge across Cedar Creek, and for four or five days it was not crossable, but on passing I found it quite safe. Though running strongly, it was only up to the girths. The cultivation near the mill has been washed away, and one or two small settlers, who are timber-cutting and hauling, have lost small patches of maize.

At about nine miles from Beenleigh one comes on to the Albert again, and the disastrous effects of the flood are again apparent. At Mr Shaw's mill, near the Luscombe Bridge over the river, there has been a little damage. The water was up in the mill, and a good deal of fencing has been destroyed. The Luscombe Bridge has stood splendidly though the hand rails have been almost entirely carried away.

After crossing here one gets into view of one of the principal agricultural patches of the Albert. The sight is extremely painful. Houses in many cases have been wrecked, and the fields of maize and sugar-cane are completely ruined. I was not able to visit any of the farmhouses which were standing, as they were on the opposite side of the river; but on nearing the bridge which crosses a creek near the head of navigation I was able to gain some details of the losses in the neighbourhood. Mounting the hill with a German farmer he pointed out to me the dreary wilderness which a few days ago was covered with green crops promising bountiful harvest, and with comfortable though humble homesteads. Over the river was a long stretch of flat country owned by fourteen different farmers. These men were not only flooded out, having barely time to save their wives and little ones, but their crops were completely swept away. Nor did the disaster end there. The rich surface soil was either completely washed away by the river, or broad areas of gravel and coarse sand covered it to depth in places of 10ft or 12ft. These are the men on whom the visitation of the flood will tell heaviest. In other places crops have been lost and houses destroyed, but the rich land rendered richer by the flood silt, has been left, and the sturdy farmers, with brave hearts, are already preparing to fight the battle again.

Not so with the men on the Albert near the head of navigation, whose farms a few weeks ago formed one of the brightest spots in agricultural Queensland. They must either go away at once or content themselves with the chance of a labourer's life and the yield of what little patches of land they may, by heavy toil, be able to reclaim.

At William Jennings's house the family had a very narrow escape. One of the daughters in the middle of the night felt the water in her bed and gave the alarm. The family had just time to save themselves, and the house, barn, pigstyes, and other out-buildings were swept away. Jennings had £31 in the house, all of which he has lost. Thomas Finch, who is a bee-keeper and fruit grower, is a heavy loser, though he is perhaps better able to stand a reverse than most of his neighbours. Charles Hart, too, is a great sufferer.

It was sundown as I passed along the Albert at this spot. The green scrub on the great hills at the back of the flats was in remarkable contrast to the desolation below. To anyone who could understand and appreciate what suffering and heart-sickness the change which in a few days had passed over the country would bring about reflection was not pleasant. No man can ride down the bank of the Albert with a light heart now. Looking on the wrecked homes and devastated fields, one turns away with a sad heart and thinks with depressed feelings of the hardships and toil which have now passed for nought, and of the days and even nights of dreary work which must be borne by the farmers before they have again abiding places worthy of the name.

#### **AT BEENLEIGH**

The village of Beenleigh has been in a state of great excitement all during the flood time. The first to come into town during the flood were the navvies who were camped on the flats at the rear of the Queensland National Bank. So rapidly did the back water rise there that the men had to rush out from their tents leaving even their clothes behind them. Many tents were washed away and some of the men lost everything they had in the world. There were a good many families driven out, women in their night-dresses and little children with scarcely any covering at all. Mr Compigne, the police magistrate, was laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism, and Mr Macalister, the Clerk of Petty Sessions, after a conference with the P.M., set about finding food for the distressed and places of shelter. Mr Savage, Mr. Douth, and others in Beenleigh were to the front in giving assistance, and a very material assistance too, and within a few hours the navvies to the number of over 200, with a good many women and children, were under shelter, the married folk in the court house and the single in the Agricultural Society's hall. The state of the flooded districts could be well understood by the townspeople when they saw the water creeping rapidly up almost into the main street.

A Chinese gardener living on the flat between the town and Davy and Gooding's plantation, had a very narrow escape, and would certainly have been drowned but for the pluck of Constable Amis, who rode in some distance to the Chinaman's rescue and then dismounting took a log out on which both got ashore again. Several residents near the garden, including Mr John Wilson, had to leave their homes.

Mrs Agnew and family had to be carried through the water from their house, and have lost a good deal, some valuable books forming part of the library of the late Rev. P P Agnew being destroyed.

As soon as the floods had sufficiently subsided to admit communication between Beenleigh and the different parts of the river which were flooded, rations were sent out by Mr Savage and others, the former taking the management of the distribution. In many instances people were in a starving condition, and the promptitude shown in giving relief rendered the action doubly commendable and doubly welcome. Those who could send into town did so, and though a good few had to content themselves for a few days with rather rough fare, there has not been, since Wednesday last, anything like a food famine.

On Friday morning I received a welcome telegram from the editor of the Courier, announcing the splendid action of the Brisbane people in establishing a relief fund. This was at once copied and posted up at the courthouse and at the principal hotels and stores, and caused no little excitement. Some of the navvies who were out of work wanted to know how long it would be before a distribution of funds took place, one calling me aside and in a confidential and rum-inspired whisper asking whether I couldn't let him have a little on account. Of course, I acceded to his modest request.

Having received a telegram from the Executive Committee of the relief at Brisbane, Mr Savage has called a public meeting for Monday to take steps to help those in distress. A large subscription cannot be expected here. The townspeople, many of whom are farm and stock owners, are heavy losers, and not a few have already rendered very material assistance to those who have been driven from their homes. The steamer Kate arrived at the junction on Thursday night with "supplies for the destitute" and returned to town on Saturday.

*To be continued in next issue ~*

Including reports of  
German Pocket, Yatala, Logan Village, Waterford  
Those in Distress  
The Relief per S.S. Kate

### Names mentioned in the Flood Report

BRAYFORD (Beaudesert)	ROSSMANN
COLLINS	PINNOW
DRYNAN	McEVOY
DELPRATT (Mundoolan)	BROWN and HOLME's saw mill, Yatala
MASSIE	CHARDON's Hotel, Yatala
WELCH (Tambourine Hotel)	STARKE
PLUNKETT (Tambourine Post Office)	WITTY
WALSH	BRAUER
YORE	HARBORD
LEAHY (Canungra)	FREDERICK
DANIELS (Cedar Creek)	CAVE
JENNINGS	EGGERSDORFF
FINCH ( bee-keeper)	Captain BOURKE,
HART	SMITH (Logan Village),
COMPIGNE (Police Magistrate, Beenleigh)	DALY (railway gatekeeper, Logan Village)
MACALISTER (Clerk of Petty Sessions, Beenleigh)	BOUROR
SAVAGE	HARDKE
DAUTH	WENDT
DAVEY and GOODING	SEYMOUR
Constable AMIS	MILOGUE
WILSON	WESTFOLD (Waterford)
AGNEW	GREEN
RACKEMANN	TESCH
SCHMIDT	LITZOW
HERBST	ZANKOFFI
HEIN	HOPKINS
Rev. Martin ABERHARD	HEYDON
OPPERMANN	LEO (Hotelkeeper, Waterford)
ROSE	McCARTHY
RADUNZ	SCHNEIDER
BOCK	Mr CARROLL, (Schoolmaster, Waterford)
DRYER	Mrs EDWARDS, Upper Logan
	Mr POWER, Telegraph Station, Beenleigh

## New Library Additions

### Australian

Australian Family Tree Connections Oct 2009	AUS/J001-078
Australian Family Tree Connections Jan 2016	AUS/J001-152
Australian Family Tree Connections Feb 2016	AUS/J001-153
Australian Family Tree Connections Mar 2016	AUS/J001-154
Australian Family Tree Connections Apr 2016	AUS/J001-155
Inside History Magazine No 32 Jan-Feb 2016	AUS/J017-032
Inside History Magazine No 33 Mar-Apr 2016	AUS/J017-033
Australian Heritage No 14 Autumn 2009	AUS/J008-014
Pilgrimage A Travellers Guide to Australia's Battlefields by Garrie Hutchinson	AUS/M016-002
Anzac Day: Traditions Facts and Folklore by Anzac Day commemoration Committee of Qld January 1997	AUS/M001-005
Per L'Australia the Story of Italian Migration by Julie Church	AUS/H009-001.3
The Big Picture Diary of a Nation by The Sydney Morning Herald edited by Max Prisk, Tony Stephens and Michael Bowers	AUS/H001-023
This is Your Life Vol II True Stories of Great Australians edited by David Mitchell	AUS/P034-013
Emu Plains Timespan No 141 Dec 2015	NSW/J012-141
Armidale Dust of Ages: Armidale FHG Issue 156 Feb 2016	NSW/J015-156
Maroubra Kith and Kin: Cape Banks FHS Society No 120 Mar 2016	NSW/J017-120
History Queensland Issue 17 Jan 2016	QLD/J038-017
Sunshine Coast Kin Tracer Vol 23 No 2 Dec 2015	QLD/J022-023.2
Generation Vol 8 No 2 Dec 1985	QLD/J002-008.2
Generation Vol 30 No 1 Sep 2007	QLD/J002-030.1
Generation Vol 30 No 2 Dec 2007	QLD/J002-030.2
Generation Vol 33 No 2 Dec 2010	QLD/J002-033.2
Queensland Family Historian Vol 19 No 3 Aug 1998	QLD/J044-019.3
Queensland Family Historian Vol 19 No 4 Nov 1998	QLD/J044-019.4
Queensland Family Historian Vjol 20 No 1 Feb 1999	QLD/J044-020.1
The Thistle Times (Scottish Interest Group Vol 20 No 3 Dec 2015	QLD/J016-020.3
Queensland Family Historian Vol 37 No 1 Feb 2016	QLD/J003-037.1
Our Logan: Our City Magazine Dec 2015 No 45	QLD/J021-045
Redland Museum - The First 30 Years by Tracy Ryan Incorporating Treasures of Redland Museum by Michelle Smith	QLD/H042.004
Caloundra Clipper No 92 Mar 2016	QLD/J017-092
The Thistle Times (Scottish Interest Group Vol 21 No 1 Mar 2016	QLD/J016-021.1
Surveying Success The Hume Family in Colonial Queensland by Hilary J Davies	QLD/P008-047
Agnew, Phillip Palmer, Postmaster at Beenleigh 1878 by Geraldine Trickett	QLD/P001-007.1

Seeing Brisbane 1881-2001 by The Brisbane Institute/ Peter Spearritt	QLD/H003-017
Fern Vale or the Queensland Squatter by Colin Munro	QLD/H151-001
Redcliffe The First Settlement City Gazette Mar 2016	QLD/J039-014

### United Kingdom

Oxfordshire Family Historian Vol 29 No 3 Dec 2015	OXF/J001-029.3
Irish Roots 2015 4th Qtr No 96	IRL/J001-096
Irish Roots 2016 1st Qtr No 97	IRL/J001-097
Irish Sunames by Padraic O'Farrell	IRL/G003-003
Homelands of the Clans by George Way of Plean	SCT/G006-001
Your Family History Issue 108	UK/L009-108
Tacing Your London Ancestors (Booklet)	UK/G016-005
Tracing Your Royal Marine Ancestors (Booklet)	UK/G016-006
Tracing Your Pauper Ancestors (Booklet)	UK/G016-007
Tracing Your Northern Irish Ancestors (Booklet)	UK/G016-008
Women's Lives Researching Women's Social History 1800-1939	UK/G016-010
Essential Brick Wall Busters. Over 100 professional tips and tricks to help solve your common research puzzles by Your Family Tree Magazine	UK/G029-002
Tracing Your Family History How to Get Started by Kathy Chater	UK/G016-009
Tracing your Ancestors in the Public Records Office by Amanda Bevan	UK/G016-011
Discovering your Ancestors Issue 1	UK/J016-001
Who Do You Think You Are (7 Journals)	
Family History Monthly (7 Journals)	
BBC History Magazine Vol 11 No 13 Christmas 2010	UK/J017-2010.13
Family Tree Magazine Vol 25 No 6 Mar 2009	UK/J001-274
Family Tree Magazine Vol 25 No 9 Jun 2009	UK/J001-277
Practical Family History No 142 Aug 2009	UK/J003-142
Tracing Family History, Issues from 2011 thru to 2012 (12 Journals)	
Your Family History, Issues from 2010 thru to 2013 (18 Journals)	

### World

Photo Editing for Family Historians Rescue and repair your most treasured family photographs by Your Family History	WORLD/G007-008
USA/Ancestry Vol 27 No 4 Jul/Aug 2009	USA/J001-027.4
USA/Ancestry Vol 28 No 1 Jan/Feb 2010	USA/J001-028.1

THANK YOU to all who have made donations to the Society

## W E D D I N G S



### BENFER - RADKE

The Bethania Lutheran Church on August 5th, was the scene of the wedding of Mr Adolph A. Benfer (second son of Mr and Mrs F. Benfer, Mt Cotton) to Miss Louise Radke (youngest daughter of Mr A Radke, senior church warden Bethania Lutheran Church, and Mrs Radke, Bethania). Rev R B Reuther officiated. The church was artistically decorated with white flowers, streamers, ferns and a wedding bell. Mr T H Hozheimer presided at the organ. During the signing of the register Mr J D Radke played the wedding march. The bride, who was given away by her brother Mr C Radke, was frocked in ivory crepe de chene, prettily finished with tiny buttons in tucks and silver stitchings. She wore a dainty wreath and veil kindly lent by Mrs J D Radke. Her bouquet, the work of her cousin Mrs W Tesch, was composed of white candytuft, arum lillies and fern. Miss Sophia Benfer, the only bridesmaid, was frocked in pink crepe de chene adorned with lace and carried a bouquet of sweet peas and maiden hair fern. Mr Ben Radke, brother of the bride, acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, where the guests assembled. A large marquee was erected for the occasion, which was tastefully decorated with wattle and flowers. The tables were nicely decorated with wattle and flowers and a handsome three tier wedding cake. On leaving for the honeymoon, Mrs Benfer wore a frock of saxe blue crepe de chene trimmed with mastic and a hat to harmonise. Their future home will be at Mt Cotton. Many handsome presents were received, including a number of cheques.

### PRESENTATION

On the eve of her marriage to Mr A. Benfer, the Bethania Lutheran Church choir presented Miss Louise Radke with a silver cake basket. She had been an excellent alto singer for many years and her services were much appreciated. Mr W. Radke made the presentation on behalf of the choir.

*From the Beaudesert Times - Friday 21 August, 1931*

## W E D D I N G S

### SCHMIDT - BUROW

A picturesque wedding was celebrated at the Logan Reserve Lutheran Church on August 8th when Mr William Schmidt (fourth son of Mr and Mrs F. Schmidt, Logan Reserve) was married to Miss Ellen Burow (youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs I Burow, Logan Reserve.) Rev R B Reuther officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother Mr Otto Burow, wore a frock of ivory georgette with a skirt showing a double peplum. Her tulle veil of Brussels lace was lent by Mrs Rupinin (Brussels) and was worn in cap effect with a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of arum lillies. Misses Ena Noffke and Minnie Schmidt attended as bridesmaids. Miss Noffke was frocked in floral silk veil with a hat to harmonise. Miss Schmidt wore a frock of pink morocain with a hat to harmonise. They carried bouquets of pink and lavender sweetpeas. Mr Arthur Burow was best man and Mr Chas Radunz was groomsman. At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests were entertained at the residence of Mrs Charles Muchow. The bride and bridegrooms future home will be at Logan Reserve.

### Waterford -- KITCHEN TEA

Mr and Mrs Lue Soderholm entertained a large gathering at a kitchen tea in the Waterford Club Hall on Saturday night, 1st August, in honour of the approaching marriage of Mr W Schmidt and Miss Ellen Burow. There were about 80 couples present. The hall was artistically decorated. A splendid array of serviceable gifts was recieved. Mr Hyland, who made the presentations on behalf of the gathering, wished the couple good luck and fortune. Songs were rendered by Messrs Harry and Chas. Torno and a duet by Miss Stewart and Chas. Torno. The dance music was supplied by Mrs Hyland, Miss Elsie Richter, Messrs J Schmidt and O Latz. A dainty supper was provided.



Beaudesert Times, Friday 21 August, 1931

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

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Quarter Page	\$5.00	Eighth Page	\$2.50

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**Family History Society Inc.**  
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“A Journey in Time from Moreton Bay District 1842 to Beaudesertshire, Queensland 2000” <i>by Denis Godfrey</i>	\$25.00
“Name Index to A Journey in Time from Moreton Bay District 1842 to Beaudesertshire, Queensland 2000” <i>by Denis Godfrey</i> ” <i>Index by LRDFHS</i>	\$10 .00
“Logan Village Cemetery 1879—April 2001” <i>by Glenys Prins</i>	\$15.00
“Per Ardua... Samuel and Agnes Smith, Logan Village Pioneers” <i>by Dene C. Rowling</i>	\$8.00
Tips for Queensland Research 2008 Edition <i>by Judy Webster</i>	\$15.00
They Chose Beenleigh <i>by LRDFHS 2014</i>	\$30.00
They Cared for Beenleigh <i>by Anne McIntyre for LRDFHS</i>	\$25.00
Barefoot in Logan Village <i>by Doreen Wendt-Weir</i>	\$19.50
Knee Deep in Logan Village <i>by Doreen Wendt-Weir</i>	\$20.00

**All above - plus package and postage if applicable**

## KEITH SCHMIDT 1930—2016

On the day of Keith's funeral, the church was packed and many more sat and stood outside the church. It was a great send-off to one of Beenleigh's residents. The following is what I read out at the service after being asked to do a short tribute to Keith:

'Unlike most of you here today I have only known Keith about ten years. Keith and Joyce joined our Family History Society on the 30th July 2012 just after we moved to the Kingston Butter Factory and until Keith's recent illness both he and Joyce were present at most of our General Meetings to listen to our Guest Speakers.

Keith will always be remembered as a great artist drawing many of the old houses of the area. We have two of Keith's drawings which show the original land plots of the Beenleigh, Eagleby area and one of the Bethania area which are prominently placed in our room. He also gave us three of his drawings to hang in our room. Keith would feel proud and get excited whenever anyone asked to see his drawings. He once came to our society, as a guest speaker, to show us some of his drawings and tell us about them.

Keith was also a good source of information for the two books that our society has published giving us both information and photographs for them. When researching our first book "They Chose Beenleigh" we found out that Keith was related to many of the families in the book. When he was asked to be interviewed by tape recorder for the society, he thought it over for a while and decided he would prefer to write his life story (this being due to him being embarrassed about his stutter). At one stage he declared to Anne McIntyre that he had written fifteen pages and he was only up to being eight years of age. Anne, who has seen some of the work Keith had done, said that the writing was the most beautiful hand writing she had seen.

We all know that Keith's legacy will live on through his beautiful drawings, which are a unique living history of the Beenleigh area and will be for many generations to come.'

*Graham Popple  
Member No 22*



Joyce and Keith at our Christmas party last year.