# WYNNUM MANLY

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.

July 2020 Newsletter

#### **NEWS**

Due to the COVID-19 health crisis, there will be **NO** general meetings until further notice and the **Resource Centre is closed** until further notice

We are continuing to publish a monthly newsletter. Any contributions are most welcome.

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# From the President

Welcome to our July Newsletter. It is hard to believe we are already half-way through the year. I am not sure where the last six months has gone! Even though the COVID 19 restrictions are easing, we are still not in a position to commence our general meetings yet due to the social distancing measures required. Had we had a meeting this month, our guest speaker was going to be Belinda Daly from St Helena Island Community. I am sure we will be able to get her to visit us next year instead.

The equipment in the Resource Centre is gradually being updated. The new printer/copier/scanner has arrived but we are still waiting on the new laptop. Aussie Broadband have offered us a sponsorship allowing us discounted monthly fees to have internet connected in the Resource Centre. This will be happening in the coming weeks and will be a bonus for our librarian and volunteers. The microfiche reader and fiche have gone to a new home at the Bribie Island Historical Museum so we now have more space in the Resource Centre. All the resources that were previously on microfiche have now been purchased on USB. Much easier for searching purposes and less storage space required.

Kerry Harding has completed the scanning of the house names book. I have found it interesting going through some of the house names. To continue on with this, perhaps you could have a look when you are out and about to see if there are any houses with names in your area and let us know the name and the street address so we can add it to the database. It would be interesting to see if the tradition has continued in the area. I know in my local area, there are quite a few houses that now sport a house name. Perhaps it is coming back in vogue again.

Wayne Weldon, who is an ex-Wynnum Manly resident (now living in Bundaberg), has been busy helping us by going through Trove and posting on our Facebook page interesting historic newspaper articles he has found regarding Wynnum Manly Lota. These are proving very popular and are a fascinating read. Thank you Wayne. As usual, Myrtle continues posting every day on our Facebook page and receives many comments and queries.

I used to love the Society's day bus trips which were held a few times a year until the cost of the bus hire became prohibitive. I would be interested to get feedback from members about future bus trips. Would you be interested in these trips again and if so, would you like it inclusive of lunch or would you be happy to bring your own to cut the cost? How much would you be prepared to pay for a day outing (inclusive and exclusive of lunch). Please let me know your thoughts.

Stay safe and well.

Best wishes, Sandy

July 2020

# Resource Centre Report July 2020



#### The Founding Fathers' Fund

Way back when the Society was founded (1988) the early committees, of nearly all male members, decided to put money aside so the Society could own its own building. That now is a dream considering the cost of properties today and the expense in servicing a property.

We are lucky today to be able to lease part of a Brisbane City Council building for our Resource Centre and Office. The equipment that we purchased for our previous space, in the Civic Centre, has been in use for nearly 20 years. So the "Founding Father's Fund" is being used for some updating.

The computer desk crumbled when it was moved and has been replaced by two desks. The Microfiche Reader, with the microfiche, have been donated to the Bribie Island Historical Museum. The equivalent resources on the fiche have been replaced on USB. A laptop, monitors and printer are on their way.

So we now await the reduction of the COVID-19 restrictions for the Resource Room to be open again to the community.

#### **Old School Slate**

Would anybody have any use for an old school slate? We are not a museum and are very short of space.



#### Does anybody know of the family of Baden and Beryl Myers?

We have received a query for information of the above family. Sean Myers, a grandchild born in 1968 and raised by his grandparents, lost contact with the family and did not go to their funerals. The family lived at 8 McCurley Street, Wynnum, just near the corner house. Baden Myers was the Postmaster at Wynnum for many years.

Any help in tracing the family would be gratefully received.

#### Baywatch Café.

The café still stands today, as it was, adjacent to southward side of the Strand Theatre on Manly Esplanade, between Cambridge and Cardigan Parades. The Theatre used to swap film reels during the interval with the Imperial Theatre further along the Esplanade at Wynnum. So intervals were fairly long!

The Theatre is said to have burnt down (date still to be determined). Does anybody know the age of the café and its previous owners?

Till next time, Jill

# Thank you to our sponsors.

**Ben Murray** is the Franchise owner of Cartridge World Wynnum.

Ben supplies toner for our printers.

Why not visit him too for all your printer needs?



We thank

Cr. Peter Cumming

for the printing of this month's newsletter

Last month, member Kerry Harding's mum, Lyn Irvine, allowed us to publish the article she wrote for the Genealogical Society of Queensland. This month she has once again kindly allowed us to reprint Amelia's Story in our newsletter for your enjoyment.

#### **AMELIA'S STORY**



No review of the business and industrial activities of Wynnum and district would be complete which did not include Irvine's, with their large emporium on the corner of Bay Terrace and Charlotte Street. They have been active in Wynnum Central for over half a century, and indeed their name has become inseparable from that of the district. Their contribution to the growth and development of this centre can be gauged in some measure from their own extraordinary expansion and steady development over the years.[1]

Very few people now would remember the iconic department store of H.A. Irvine and Sons which stood on the corner of Bay Terrace and Charlotte Street, Wynnum from the turn of the century until it closed its doors in 1966 with final demolition in 1984, but in its time it was a landmark in the area and was a significant part of the early history of the Wynnum-Manly district.

As I studied the yellowing old photograph of the original Commonwealth Store with owners and staff and that important delivery man and his horse and cart all positioned beneath the confident advertising of "Groceries, Ironmongery, Paints, Oils, Colours, Brushes &c" blazoned overhead, it occurred to me that something significant was missing from this story of H.A. Irvine and Sons as presented to the world.

As was usual for those times, the contribution made by women to family businesses was largely unacknowledged. The long hours spent in shop work on top of the running of the household; the anxiety over the finances of shop and family; the need in times of the illness or absence of the husband and shop owner to take full responsibility for the running of the establishment, all go uncredited.





This is the story of one such woman, Amelia Irvine. Unacknowledged by outward sign, although certainly loved and appreciated by her family, she was nevertheless the real force behind the business of H. A. Irvine and Sons, Wynnum.

Born in 1868, Amelia Watt was just eighteen months old at the time her parents, John and Sarah Watt and their three children left Northern Ireland to set sail, steerage class, on the *Maryborough* from Gravesend to Queensland. The family went straight to Warwick where other family members were already established, and her father, John, took up dairy farming. By 1876 he had developed a stable income supplying milk and butter to various businesses including the Warwick Hospital and the Presbyterian Church in Warwick. Amelia was eight years old by this time, and would have been expected to help with the many farm jobs including milking. All three children attended the Warwick Central State School as well as the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School. Another six children were added to the Watt family after their arrival in Warwick.

When Amelia was old enough to leave school, probably in 1882 or 1883, she acquired a job with George Powell Barnes. Barnes had opened his business in Warwick in 1874 and in 1880 joined others in a produce firm, Barnes & Co. Ltd.[3] As well as businesses in Allora and Brisbane, they had two Warwick houses, the Emporium, built in 1883 on the corner of Palmerin and Albert streets, and the Exchange. [4]

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The Emporium, which was where Amelia was employed, had departments especially devoted to general drapery, millinery, dressmaking, groceries, crockery, and glassware, furniture, boots and shoes, ironmongery and farmers' produce. Amelia began work in the Drapery department and rose to the position of assistant draper. [5]

It is not known exactly how Amelia first met Hugh Irvine. Hugh had arrived from County Down in 1880 and after spending some time in Warwick, eventually opened the Bulimba Boot Warehouse in Oxford St Bulimba in 1887. The business was described as "the leading house of its kind in this suburb", and dealt in the making, repairing and selling of boots and shoes. [6] In 1885, Hugh married Mary Parkinson who was his brother-in-law's sister, and in 1886 their first child, Sarah was born. Twin boys, Samuel and William were born in May 1888, but sadly Mary died three weeks after the birth, and one of the twins, William, also died in September of that year. Hugh was left with a fledgling business and the care of his two remaining small children.

In 1890, Amelia was still working for what was now Barnes, Archibald and Co. By November 1891 Hugh and Amelia were corresponding and obviously had been doing so for some time as Amelia commences a letter to "My Dear Hugh" with the words "I received your letter on Tuesday morning as usual". She concludes with "kind love to you all, Dear ones especially to the two little ones and you my own Dear from Amelia J Watt".[7]

On the 26<sup>th</sup> February 1892, Amelia and Hugh were married at her father's house in Warwick with Hugh's brother and Amelia's sister as witnesses. Prior to her wedding, and presumably as she was about to leave the employ of Barnes Archibald and Co, there was a presentation at the Emporium on that Saturday evening, shortly before the hands knocked off. It was reported in the local paper that Miss Amelia Watt was made the recipient of two very elegant presents. [8] The presentation consisted of a cut-class silver-mounted biscuit barrel, massive silver butter cooler, and silver jam spoon. [9] We have these treasured items still.

Amelia and Hugh returned after the wedding to live above the Bulimba Boot Warehouse. Amelia's long experience of running a shop and buying and selling would have been of immense importance and help to Hugh. She also took on the task of bringing up his two children, Sarah who was now almost six years old, and Samuel who was nearly four. On 16 January the following year, 1893, Hugh Albert (Bert) Irvine was born. February 1893 was also the time of the most severe flooding Brisbane and its surrounding areas had ever experienced. Hugh's shop was close to the Brisbane River at Bulimba and apparently they suffered some losses from the floodwaters and it was this event that precipitated them into plans to move the business to Wynnum.

One can only imagine how chaotic life must have been for Amelia in those early years of marriage and what a change from her previously ordered existence. Hugh seems to have been unwell also, and frequently away on "rest cures" and consequently much more of the burden fell on Amelia's shoulders. In an 1894 letter to Hugh who had been away for two weeks in Warwick she speaks lovingly to him of their shared Christian faith but also in a very wifely way reminds him that his train ticket is good until the end of the month. She says "I am very glad that you are on the mend. You will surely have great patience with me when you come back even if I have things a bit topsy turvy now and then" [10]

The content of the letter reveals her trying to get the washing done in between heavy showers of rain with "some cloths in the boiler, some in the tubs and some on the floor", her sister Maria slipping on the wet stairs and bruising her leg and arm badly and twelve month old "Birty" falling and blackening his teeth. There had also been a bad scare on the previous rainy Saturday night when the oil lamp set in the shop window flared up and could not be turned down. They only just managed to get out of the shop and on to the footpath narrowly averting the risk of the shop catching fire. As well as that, business was slow, no doubt because of the weather, and Amelia reported only taking three pounds on the Saturday.

By1896, the Bulimba Boot Warehouse had been renamed "Hugh A. Irvine, boot importer and draper" and Amelia was obviously contributing her special skills to grow the business. [11] Hugh was actively participating in community affairs in Bulimba and at a meeting of parents attending the Bulimba State School, he was elected, together with his brother-in-law James Carothers as a member of the School committee. [12] The appointment was for three years, however after only 12 months on the committee Hugh resigned. [13] [14] It is not clear why Hugh did not continue, but at this time he would have been busy organizing the purchase of land at Wynnum and the building of his new store.

As life moved on, Amelia's focus became the Wynnum store which was built over some months in 1900. On Friday 9 November 1900 they advertised in the Telegraph that their place in Oxford Street Bulimba with its eight rooms and shop with good boot trade connections was available for rental. [15] By the 31 December 1900, Amelia and Hugh were living at Bay Terrace Wynnum and Amelia was advertising for "a good general servant". [16]

Sometime between these two dates, all their stock and belongings were floated down the Brisbane River and into Wynnum Creek to be transferred to the new store, which opened at the beginning of 1901 and was known initially as the

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"Commonwealth Store", in celebration of Federation. An article in the Brisbane Courier in December 1901 describes Bay Terrace as the main road to Manly and eminently adapted for business sites. It goes on to state that "Mr. Irvine who built his Commonwealth Store quite recently, recognized that fact. It is by far the largest store in Wynnum and it speaks volumes for Mr. Irvine's faith in the district." [17]

No doubt the early years in the new shop were hard. They were in a new place, building up a new business. They started out with what they knew best, selling and mending boots and shoes, and with a drapery department which was Amelia's area of expertise. They worked long hours and on Saturdays remained open until nine o'clock at night. [18] As always, much of the burden fell on Amelia as she ran the household and looked after the children and helped Hugh with the books. At one stage in August 1901, when they must have been having some problems with cash flow, they advertised board and residence for Gentlemen. [19]

During the first decade of the twentieth century, however, Queensland's economic development was quite rapid despite several setbacks caused by financial and environmental crises, and the shop prospered. [20] In 1908 Amelia and Hugh were in a position to enlarge the shop and make additions to the already extensive premises. In addition to the boot importing and manufacturing business and general ware, they now added grocery. The dressmaking department was supervised by "Mrs Irvine and a competent staff".[21] One can see the influence of Amelia in the expansion of the business, and of her formative years at Barnes Archibald and Co.'s Emporium in Warwick. There is no doubt that her goal was to create a similar emporium on Bay Terrace.

The family were growing up and Sarah, now married, was working in the store helping her father and Amelia. In 1913, Hugh senior took Bert and Sam into equal partnership and both Wynnum and H.A. Irvine and Sons were prospering. Arthur Payne, Sarah's husband was employed as manager of the extensive grocery department and three young men and a messenger lad were employed there also. In the drapery, Sarah and Sam's cousins the Misses Parkinson and two other ladies were employed. Bert was the Book keeper and Cashier, and Sam was collecting orders, buying for the Boot department and mostly managing it. [22] The Council had also responded to a letter from H. A. Irvine promising that the work of metalling the roadway in front of his shop would commence as early as possible, improving both the appearance of and access to the store and at the same time cutting down the dust problem which added to the work of the employees and was most damaging to the Drapery. [23]

By 1914 were plans afoot to further extend the store with the building of a new up-to-date drapery department, but war was declared and the plans were placed on hold. [24] Amelia wrote of the "painful duty" of speaking to mothers in the shop of their sons who were overseas and of the stories from various warehouses of some of the finest young men gone to the front or missing in action. [25]

Although 1915 was a gloomy time because of the war and the loss of the young men of the district, the store prospered, as did Wynnum itself. Hugh had been in poor health which Amelia thought had been brought on by the strain of Sarah's weakened state after the birth of her baby. He had taken time off going to Cairns and Barron Falls for a couple of months and then another couple of months at Stanthorpe and Killarney. [26] Amelia dutifully and apparently contentedly, remained at home looking after the boys and the business.

The following year, however, Amelia herself was unwell, and in February and March was having electric massage treatment at Warwick to help her sleep. She writes in a letter to Bert and Sam that she is now able to wash and dress herself and walk to the car, so that she must have been in some considerable state of physical collapse. [27] One can only assume that the responsibilities of managing such a large business alone as well as caring for the physical and spiritual wellbeing of her loved family had taken its toll. Subsequent letters talk of improvement in her physical state and her sleeping, but her anxieties were all for the welfare of her boys and how they were managing and for their health. She also shared her Christian faith with them as they did with her in their replies.

Amelia's health continued to deteriorate over subsequent years and she died at home above the shop she had helped build up into a Department Store on 24 May 1921. She did not live long enough to see the 1922 extensions to the Store nor to enjoy having it acknowledged as "recognizably the leading suburban store in this state". [28] One of the causes of death listed on her death certificate was "exhaustion". She had given every ounce of her being to the building up of both the family and the business.

To the world at large Amelia's true role in the making of H.A.Irvine and Sons would go un-noticed and unrecorded, as she herself would have wanted. Her family however knew and appreciated all that she was and all that she achieved. Every year until Hugh's death in 1941, the family inserted an "In Memorium" notice in the Brisbane Courier. The verse in the 1930

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paper sums up their feelings and shows the deep regard they all had for her:

Gone from amongst us, oh, how we miss her; Loving her dearly, her memory will keep; Never till life ends shall we forget her, Dear to our hearts is the place where She sleeps.[29]

#### Article written by Lyn Irvine, 25 September 2017

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#### **NOELA STRATTON—90 YEARS YOUNG**

Life member and former President of the Wynnum Manly Historical Society, **Noela Stratton**, recently celebrated her 90th birthday. Myrtle Beitz from the Society visited her on the day.

Belated Happy 90th Birthday to Noela from all members of the

Wynnum Manly Historical Society.

## June 2020 Where was I?



Travelling from Lindum along Youngs Road, turn right in to Hemmant and Tingalpa Road. The memorial is found on the left hand side, facing the road, in Hemmant Reserve, before reaching Boonoo Street and the Hemmant Community Church For many years there was great uneasiness and a number of skirmishes and small wars between the British Colonies and the independent Dutch-Afrikaner (Boer) Republics of southern Africa. When gold and diamonds were discovered in the Boer Republic of Transvaal, in the 1880s, the desire, of both parties, to control southern Africa intensified to such an extent that, on 11 October 1899, the Boers declared war on the British.

At that time, Australia was still made up of six separate colonies and, being part of the British Empire, all states offered to send contingents of troops to the war in southern Africa. Initially, most Australians actively supported the war and there was no shortage of enthusiastic volunteers.

Australian troops mainly served in mounted units and were known as *Imperial Bushmen*. They were well respected and valued for their ability to 'ride and shoot'. When the 5th Queensland Imperial Bushmen Contingent departed for southern Africa on 6 March 1901, it took an 18 year old Hemmant man with it – Private John Harry Anning.

Although he was quickly promoted to the rank of Lance Corporal, John Harry Anning was, unfortunately, killed in action, just five months later, on 6 August 1901, at Kopjesfontein. (Lord Kitchener and General Botha signed a peace treaty ending the war on 31 May 1902.)

Family and friends of John Harry Anning commissioned monumental mason, William Busby of Toowong to design and construct a memorial to him. It was unveiled during a 'welcome home' party for all soldiers at the old Aquarium Hall at Hemmant in March 1903.

This monument has a special significance. Not only is it one of only a few Boer War Memorials in Queensland, it is a rare example of one dedicated to a single soldier.

# July2020 Where am I?



TODAY—A little the worse for wear



Till next time,

1999 - Where is this Memorial to Edward John Kelk?

## The St Helena Island Community

www.sthelenacommunity.com.au

# ST HELENA ISLAND MOTHER—CHARLOTTE MURRIE nee McMUNN and family life on St Helena Island

(written by Belinda Daly)



Charlotte with Bob and Fred and friends at cottage on St Helena Island. Original source of photo is unknown but is located at QPWS. Date estimated to be mid

Bob Jnr and Fred Murrie's mother, Charlotte, was one of the few women on St Helena Island in the 1910s. Becoming Senior Warder in 1913 meant Bob Murrie Snr was allocated a small cottage, and was one of the few warders given permission to have his wife and children living with him on St Helena Island.

Despite marrying Charlotte McMunn in 1904 and having two sons, Bob Jnr born in 1906 and Fred born in 1909, Robert Murrie Snr had lived as a single warder in the barracks on St Helena Island from 1903 to 1905. In October 1908, the family was transferred back from Stewart's Creek Penal Establishment in Townsville, with Bob living on St Helena Island and Charlotte and her sons living in Brisbane. Between 1913 and 1921 they all lived on St Helena Island.

Fred Murrie recalled their were about 30 warders at this time, married and single, who lived in the barracks, each in their own room. The official residences were occupied by Superintendent James Ryan and his wife Elizabeth, and Chief Warder David Graham, his wife Mary Ann and their daughter Grace.

Isolation on the Island impacted on the Murrie family in various ways. Education for both boys was difficult as the St Helena Provisional School for children had ceased operation. Attempts were made by the family and the Penal Establishment tried to commit to boat transport to get the boys across the water to a school in the Wynnum area. Unfortunately it did not eventuate and Fred recalls that by the age of 9 he and Bob were boarded out, restricting time on the island to holidays.

Charlotte's daily life followed very specific rules as established by the Penal Establishment. Some food rations were supplied but most requirements were delivered by boat from the mainland. While the family could access basic medicine and treatment via the prison doctor, this was not always immediately available. Bob Jnr recalled a time when his mother Charlotte was rushing at dinner time while putting a table cloth on. A sewing needle was stuck in the wood table top and it went into her hand and broke off. She panicked and the family took her to Warder Dispenser Henrey, who took care of all medical needs when there were no doctors on the Island. Since it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, she was placed on the Kangaroo Cart, and with warders powering it, quickly travelled down to the jetty, and onto the boat to Wynnum and hospital.



Image of the Kangaroo Cart taken in the 1910s from Fiona Pearce Collection, QPWS

Interaction with family and friends was managed carefully, but they were not completely cut off from people. When friends or family visited the Murrie's, they could stay with them for the weekend or a few days, usually going back Thursday. After 5pm when the prisoners were locked up, the Murrie family would take the visitors down to the lime kiln area to show them the sights.

Initially the Murrie family lived in a group of married cottages which were semi-detached houses with one bedroom and a verandah on the front. The children slept on the verandah. There was little vegetation around this house as the cattle came around and ate it all. It was generally open with not many trees, and Bob recalled there was a jacaranda and mangoes and also 2 acacias outside the front gate of the Murrie's house. Behind all these houses was a covered pathway to the kitchens out the back.



Official Residences and Warder's Cottages had attached gardens containing fruit trees, vegetable gardens, flower gardens, rainwater tanks and household livestock. Warders, women and prisoners all tended the gardens. This photo is thought to be in the Official's Residence gardens. Sourced from the Thompson, Collection, QPWS.



In 2020, it is a very different view. No married cottages remain. Large shady trees, crumbling brick chimneys and brick and concrete rubble are the only reminders of the past. Photo Belinda Daly.

As well as their family and the friendships of other warders, the Murries were also assigned some prisoners whose role was to attend to their house and gardens. Fred said they were never scared of prisoners because the warders were always looking out for them.

It is rare to have such a detailed record of a family's life around 100 years ago. Thanks to her sons, Charlotte Murrie's life remains woven into the fabric of St Helena Island's social history.

#### WYNNUM'S FIRST FIRE BRIGADE

#### WYNNUM'S FIRST FIRE BRIGADE AND THEIR FIRST FIRE

Wynnum at the turn of the century was a growing suburb with the usual number of house fires which resulted from the use of candles, kerosene and wood stoves. Up till the year 1921 there were no facilities for fire fighting other than buckets of water and because the only water available was from household rainwater tanks, there was little one could do once a fire got a real hold. The unfortunate person who had his house ablaze had to rely on the help of neighbours to carry out the furniture and form a bucket brigade. And often he could do no more than stand by and watch his house burn to the ground.

When there was a fire everybody became a volunteer and neighbours would line up with their water buckets. It was too slow filling them from the taps in the tank so they usually punched holes in the tank in several places with a pick enabling several buckets to be filled at the same time. Speed was the essence of the operation and if your house was on fire your tank was expendable. You could always get a new tank afterwards!

So rain water was scarce and precious. Quite often in the hot dry summer there was none. The tanks often ran low and we will remember how in the dry season we would each day tap the outside of the tank with our knuckles to determine just how much water we had left. We would report to father and say, "We have only six, seven or eight rings left, Dad," as the case may be.

What was needed was a proper Fire Brigade who were trained to fight fires and a town water supply to supply the water. These, of course, had to come in reverse order. The first requirement was an adequate supply of water and to everyone's joy a town water supply came to Wynnum in March 1921. At last a civilized method of fighting fires was available and within five months (it was actually 25 August 1921) our local Fire Brigade was up and running.

The first Brigade consisted of two permanent staff – a Fire Chief and a Deputy Fire Chief – together with six auxiliary firemen on a part-time basis. These civilians were ordinary residents attending their ordinary occupations each day but they were required to attend fire drill in the evenings once a week and turn out to fires as soon as the alarm was sounded.

time by David Webster & Company. The building was not much more than a large shed with a brick oven in the centre, but there were vats and troughs and benches and other equally flammable material around, to say nothing of the great stacks of firewood needed for fuel. The bakers generally preferred wattle for burning because it burned consistently and there was always a substantial quantity of tinder dry wattle wood on hand.

There was no machinery. All the bread was hand made. The dough was mixed on wooden benches and thrown into wooden "V" shaped troughs, then back on the benches where the men would roll it and belt it and roll it and belt it with their elbows until it was ready to put into the oven.

Where we lived at the Shire Clerk's Cottage in Tingal Road we could see the bakery quite well and one evening just on dusk we noticed a light brighter than usual in the window. After watching for a little while we noticed that it grew still brighter and suddenly we realized the truth – the bakery was on fire and was well alight.

We cannot now recall after these many years just how the news of the fire got to the Fire Chief but it was probably by telephone and I guess he got rather a shock when he realized that this was the real thing.

Now, he didn't have a fire engine. He simply had a drum of fire hose mounted on two cart wheels which was pulled along the street by manpower. His first job was to ring the fire bell – a huge bell, like a church bell – so that the volunteers would know there was fire, jump into their uniforms and then look out for the flames and smoke to find out where the fire was. Where practicable they were to catch up with the Fire Chief and help him tow the hose reel to the fire.

This was all right in theory but in practice it did not work – at least not in this case – for the poor old Fire Chief had to pull the cart all on his own from the Fire Station in Mountjoy Terrace, Manly all the way to Berrima Street. This was a long way and by the time he got there he was so tired that he was useless and was incapable of doing any wok. As for the auxiliary firemen, they never did catch up with him!

In the meantime the bucket brigade was already at work but were not making any progress with this really big fire. There was a hydrant tied to the side of the cart and one of the onlookers tried to connect it up with the hose. But would you believe it, the hydrant wouldn't fit the hydrant plug! Fortunately there was a Council employee there who knew that there was a hydrant on the Council's water cart. He said, "I'll get you one" and ran off to the Council's Works Depot in Tingal Road to get this hydrant which was subsequently fitted.

There was only one hose and one hydrant but there were many volunteers in the crowd who wanted to lend a hand. They turned the water on and grabbed the hose, but of course they didn't have a clue how to hold it. You know how a common garden hose jumps around when you are not there to hold it firmly, well, a 3 inch fire hose at mains pressure is just so much worse. They let it go and in untrained hands it behaved like a wild snake. It squirted water everywhere and everybody got wet. Some people even got knocked over and there was chaos until one of the regular auxiliaries arrived and took over. He held the nozzle and with two men behind him to hold the hose firmly they were at last were able to start putting water on the fire.

Now that at last they had the hose working they put a jet of water through the window to knock out the glass and enable them to get closer to the seat of the fire. But what they did not know was that behind this glass window was a store room where the baker kept his yeast in a small barrel and stored all his flour. Well, they jetted the water into this huge pile of flour and you can guess what happed. Flour and water mixed makes glue!

But they didn't know about the flour and in next to no time an excited fireman jumped through the window and landed up to his knees in a room full of sticky flour paste. And he could hardly move. Everytime he raised his arms great sticky streamers of glue would come up with it. Whenever he tried to raise a leg he found himself stuck to the floor! So what did they do? They had to literally hose him out and two men, one on each arm, had to drag him back and hose him down.

By the time they messed around with getting the hydrant fixed and getting the man out of the dough the fire was well under way and the building was completely demolished. There was nothing left to do but tidy up the place, clean up the glue and go home.

But this was not the end. By the next day the gluey dough started to smell. It got worse and worse. By the second day it was unbearable and was spreading all over the district. It was something terrible to endure. The Council then took a hand. The Council carted the vile, smelly dough down to the Wynnum Beach and buried it behind a beach retaining wall which was then under construction. So far as we know it is still there and that is the end of the bakery and of our story.

Jack Sands 20 Feb 1992

### "Plum Blossom"

A Transition of One's Life

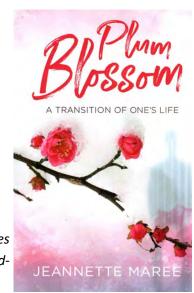
by Jeannette Maree

Romance,

two murders, a fire . . . . .

#### and Wynnum and Manly!

"In the summer of 1967, Gabe Connor, a young man with a dark past, arrives in Wynnum. He is quickly accepted among the fishermen as brave and hardworking, but is feared for his unpredictable violent rages.



Gabe meets the love of his life, Bonnie, who helps him become a quieter man. However his dark past haunts him and during a late night walk, Gabe meets his fate. But Gabe's spirit was not ready to leave. Gabe has unfinished business and so becomes a spectator in the life he should have lived."

Jeannette, a member of our society, has been visiting the Resource Room for many years, while she was writing the book, seeking out the local scene, getting the feel for life in the 1960s and onwards. You can walk along Bay Terrace, visit the Imperial Picture Theatre or Fisher's pub and meet the fisherman of the Creek.

The book has now been published. A copy is in the Resource Room and we can take orders—email <a href="library@wmhs.org.au">library@wmhs.org.au</a>
Cost is \$24.95 and Jeanette is donating \$5.00 back to the Society funds.

#### PLEASE SUPPORT JEANNETE AND THE SOCIETY

## Wynnum, Manly and Lota Churches

We are preparing a publication/handbook to include details of all the churches and religious institutions, past and present, in the district. Presently all the information for each church is being collected.

We are interested in their locations, when they were in use, the dates of opening / blessing / dedication /consecration / resiting and, for some, their closing date. Was the building demolished or put to another use after closing? In fact the whole history of the building/s.



Salvation Hall in Akonna Street, Wynnum

Perhaps you can help? In particular, does anyone have any information about the following:

- Christadelphian Ecclesia at 82 Andrew Street, Wynnum
- Bethel Church and Church of Later Day Saints at corner of Strawberry Street, Manly West;
- Manly Methodist Church at Kingsley Terrace;
- Church of the Nazarene, 148 Pine Street;
- Lutheran Church in Glenora Street, Wynnum;

Especially we would appreciate any photos you may have that we can copy, for the churches that no longer exist.

Please can you help with any church information that we can use.

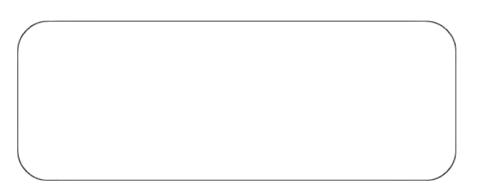
Thank you Jill

library@wmhs.org.au

## Wynnum Manly Historical Society Inc.

PO Box 318

Wynnum QLD 4178



## Wynnum Manly Historical Society Inc.

Our aim is to gather and record local history before it is lost.

Membership application forms are available from the Resource Centre at the Wynnum Community Centre (formerly the Wynnum Central State School building), .Florence St, Wynnum or on our website <a href="www.wwmhs.org.au">www.wwmhs.org.au</a>

Membership costs per year (1 January to 31 December)

Single \$20.00

Family \$30.00

High School Student \$10.00

PLEASE NOTE: There is a joining fee of \$10.00 per person.

2020/21 Committee

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Plaques & Memorials: Mitch Parsons

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