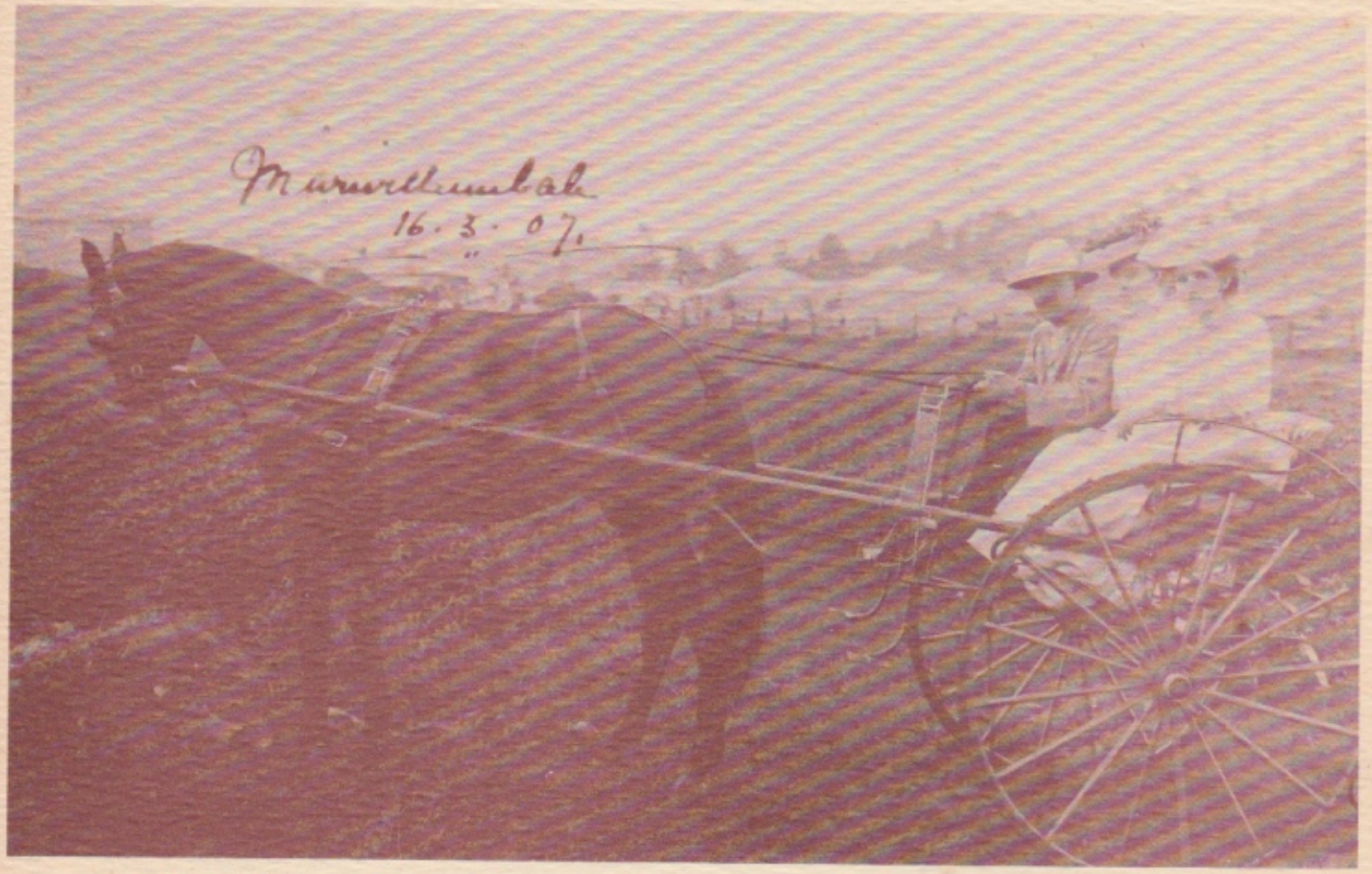
VIC WADDELL 26.1.88.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY DAYS IN MALENY

by

CATHERINE E. REES



Edwin George Tucker, pioneer of Maleny, Blackall Range, Queensland, with daughter Catherine Emily, author of these recollections, and Mary Holcroft (Aunt Mollie) photographed at Murwillumbah 1907. The sulky is drawn by a champion trotter

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3Welwyn Crescent,
Coorparoo, 4151.
31/1/74.

Dear Mrs. Rees,

It was very kind of you to send me your extremely interesting story of the pioneers of the first settlement in Maleny, right back in 1890.

I came to Maleny sixteen years later in 1906 to start the Bank there. It was still in the pioneer stage and events such as you describe were taking place. To reach Maleny, I travelled by train to Landsborough, walked from the station to the Mellum Club Hotel, hired a saddle horse from the remarkable Henry Dyer for five shillings, strapped my valise on the front of the saddle (I had been warned not to bring a portmanteau). On arrival at Maleny, Henry told me to tie the reins on the saddle, turn the horse around and he would wend his way home.

I got to know Henry Dyer very well later on after he gave up the hotel and built a store and residence nearer the railway. When the Landsborough Shire was formed I started a weekly agency of the Bank there. I used to call on Henry after my ride down the range and have a rest and refreshment listening to Henry's account of the early Maleny bound people who passed through his hands. He told me about the two brothers named Howell who selected the area round the Knob which was named after them. They were very keen, until one brother was drowned in flood waters while on a visit out Roma way. The surviving brother gave up the enterprise and left.

At the time of my arrival Maleny township comprised a few buildings surrounded by dense scrub. Incidents such as you mention were still taking place. The store was open until 9 p.m. and the scrub-felling axemen would trudge in, carrying a hurricane lamp, to get supplies. They were still carrying injured men to Landsborough on stretchers made from 2 cornsacks with saplings pushed through the sides. They were still walking pigs to the railway with the man in front dropping grains of corn. If Walkers Creek was up, I have seen an exasperated team of men wrestling with the pigs to get them across.

The butter was still taken by bullock waggon in the early morning to avoid the heat. Jack Maltman used to yoke the bullocks in a small yard alongside the first Bank office, which was a portion on the big Co-op. Store building, partitioned off along the western side. On wet mornings at early dawn in the rain, I would be wakened by his loud threats (to the bullocks) if they didn't stand in line while he put the yokes on them. His next problem after loading the butter was to get the cold wet team to pull the load from the Obi up the steep, slippery pinch past the Hotel. After that was accomplished they were warmed up and ready to face the next trial, the long, steep red mud surface of Walkers Hill.

A number of the names in your story had left by 1906.

Unfortunately, I am getting deaf and I got the impression when you asked about a bank manager named Marshall that you were looking for a present-day bank manager named Marshall, to contact him. After reading your story, I realised it must have been Alfred Marshall who lived on and owned a large area fronting the road between Balmoral and Montville. He had been retired for many years and was an early manager of a bank in Mackay. Mrs. W.R.O. Hill, the mother of Eric and Alan Webster (whose second husband, W.R.O. Hill was a retired police magistrate from Mackay), often spoke of Alfred Marshall when he was in charge of a Mackay bank. He was a bachelor and was often seen riding a fine horse in the street. The Webster family were partners in a large Mackay company, Marsh Webster Ltd., Storekeepers

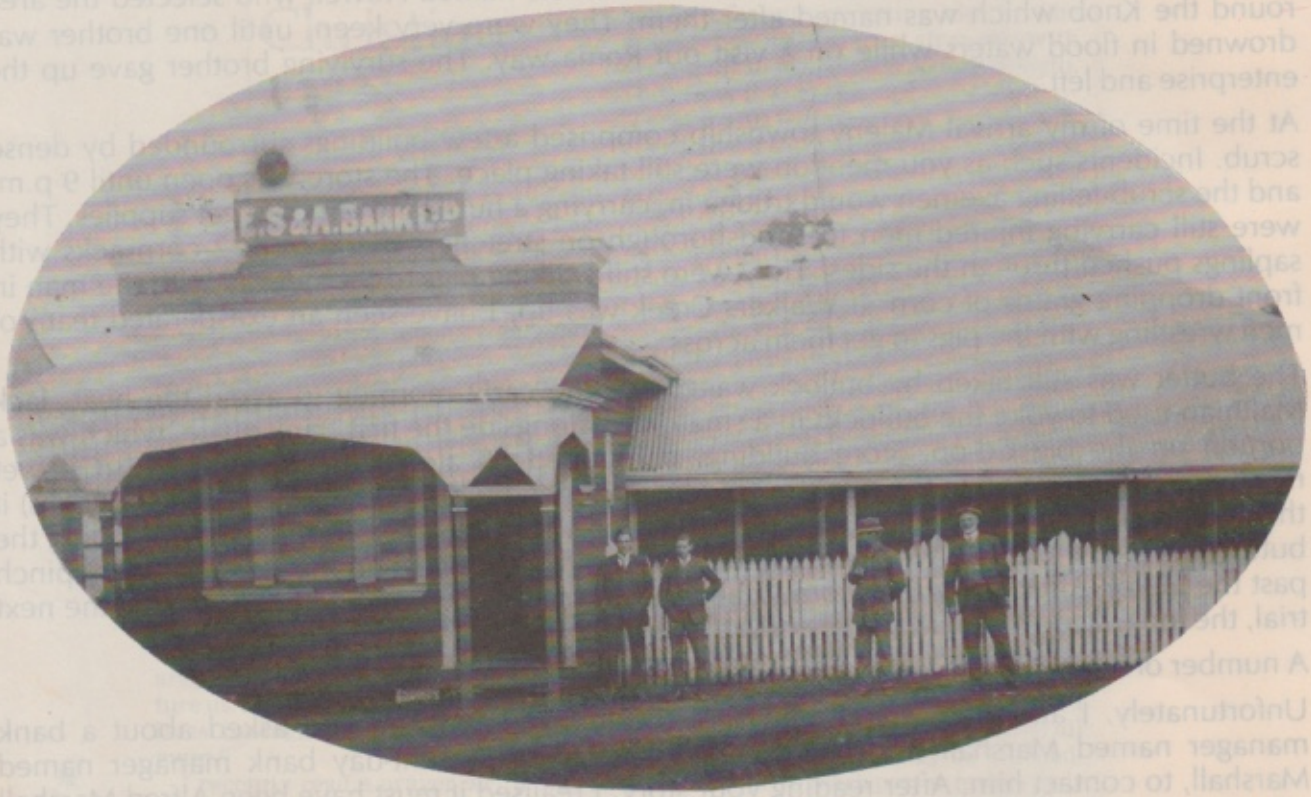
and Traders. Their eldest brother, Harry Webster, was still with the company when Eric and Alan Webster came to Maleny dairy farms. Charlie Porter was right - I certainly knew Alfred Marshall.

After coming from the city, I was very interested to see the men, from as far as Tasmania, who took the scrub felling contracts, come into town with their tents, axes and gear and leave them in neat pile on the big store verandah, go off on a holiday and find their belongings intact when they returned in a month or more.

Your story of early Maleny is a very valuable document. I would like to study it a bit more, but then must return it to you as it may be your only copy.

With kindest regards and best wishes for your health and happiness,

Sincerely,
(Signed) Claude Dinning.
Age 90 years.



First E.S. & A. Bank in Maleny in the days described by Claude Denning.

Catherine E. Rees,
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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DAYS IN MALENY

By Catherine E. Rees

In the year 1890 I was living with my parents and older brothers and sisters in Brisbane. At this time my father, Edwin Tucker, and his brother Richard, had each selected 160 acres adjoining on the Blackall Range, now the district of Maleny, and were engaged in the pioneering work of felling and burning a portion of the rain forest in preparation for their home in the country. Maleny, I understood, was a surveyor who was responsible for the laying out of the boundaries in the newly-formed settlement, but I have since read in the Brisbane "Truth" of 8th March, 1970, in "How did they get names", that Maleny "was a small Scottish town".

On one occasion whilst my father was away, my sister took ill, so Mother wrote, telling him of Mabel's illness and she sent an older brother to deliver the letter as best he could.. He left by train but arrived at Caboolture too late to catch the coach that normally could have taken him to Mt. Mellum station, now Landsborough. This had been the last coach as the railway had been extended to Gympie, but the first train was not to run for several days. He returned home with the letter.

Mabel died from diptheria, a disease which, in those days, meant certain death to a stricken child. She died on her sixth birthday and was buried in Father's absence. Mother then wrote a second letter, addressed it care of McCarthy's Post Office, which was three miles from Father's selection. The letter lay there for a week before being called for and the news hurried him off to Brisbane.

TO A NEW LIFE

Some weeks later my new life began. I left Brisbane, with Father, Mother and my youngest brother, George, who was nearly five years older than I, and set out for our new home in the bush. At nearly four years of age I remember parts of this trip quite well. We travelled to Landsborough by train, the extension of the rail from Caboolture to Gympie having been opened just a few weeks. We spent a few days at the hotel in Landsborough, waiting for a horse drawn dray which was to meet us, but it failed to appear, so Mother suggested that we should make a move. The only transport available to us was horseback or "Shank's Pony". Father was the only one of us who knew anything about horses, so it was my Mother's idea again that we should adopt the latter course, she little realising what she was taking on. It was early one morning when we set off from the Mellum Club Hotel. A few miles from Landsborough we started to climb the range. The road in those earliest days was not an engineered marvel, it was little more than a wide track and it took one steeply and directly over the top of Bald Knob. Tall trees and dense undergrowth surrounded us for the most part, but here and there through an occasional gap, we caught sight of the small townships along the North Coast railway line. When walking on the side of the road to escape the many mud-holes which remained after rain and which, because of the dense canopy of tree-tops, never dried, we often got caught up in the "bush lawyer" canes which left their marks on both our skin and clothes. From their clutches we had to call for Father's help. An umbrella which my brother carried, consisted mainly of its ribs at the end of the journey. There was no fresh water other than from a spring on a bank above the roadside, part of the way up from Landsborough. The small, sparkling spring fell into a little basin-like cavity a few feet below which later was enlarged.

When were within three miles of our destination we arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McCarthy who treated us to a cup of tea. This family was the first to my knowledge to select land in the district and live on the property. They were well-known for their hospitality, especially towards strangers. It is interesting to note that Mr. Mike Ahern, our present M.P. for Landsborough, is a great-grandson of Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy. Further on our way we were treated to more refreshments by Mrs. Jim Page at her house, this property being owned later by Mr. John Grigor. We arrived at our new home at dusk and there was only a cat at the door to welcome us. We had taken all day to travel on foot the thirteen miles from Landsborough to what is known now as Wootha. I might mention that I had the credit of walking most of the way, but naturally we had several rests by the wayside and also Father carried me short distances when I tired and asked for a "carry". Incidentally, it was a Brisbane photographer, Mr. Hogg, a friend of the McCarthy family, who gave the name of Mt. Wootha, later shortened to Wootha, to the post office operated by Joseph McCarthy.

We found comfort in the sight of our familiar furniture which had been sent earlier by rail, transported from Landsborough by bullock waggon and positioned by Father before he left for Brisbane.

SPLIT HARDWOOD SLABS AND SHINGLE ROOF

The house, or should I say, large sized cabin, was built of split hardwood slabs lined and partitioned with hessian to keep out the wind. The shingle roof and wooden shutters were all hand cut. We had two bedrooms, a kitchen-dining room, a verandah and there was a recess about nine feet by four feet with flooring of huge flat stones on which stood my mother's pride and joy - a wood burning stove. This happened to be the first stove in the district.

Generally, a cooking place was built off the kitchen and one I remember that stood for many years was about ten feet square with flooring of large water-washed stones. A heavy iron-stand held pots or camp oven over the log fire while a large kettle hung suspended by a stout chain attached to the rafters. Wooden blocks placed around the fire in winter served as seats for

School children of early Maleny. School buses were more than half a century away.

anyone who wished to join in the company and hospitality of the family when many yarns of those early days were being exchanged.

Our tank which conserved rainwater for domestic use was unusual, but very efficient. It never leaked and water drawn from it was always cool. It was of about one thousand gallons capacity, square like a ship's tank and was constructed of wide wooden boards lined with zinc. If I remember, it served us first as a large packing crate in which some of our goods were transported from Brisbane.

Condensed milk took the place of fresh milk in all homes, but later my father decided to buy a house cow for our family. This meant a ride to Kenilworth, a cattle station about twenty six miles west and a slow, rather difficult journey home up the heavily timbered western slopes with the new member of the household. We named her "Cherry" and Cherry was the first cow to be kept for house milk in the Maleny district. Later Maleny became known as "the dairyman's paradise" and its pastures carried about 15,000 and 16,000 dairy cows.

Butter-making in those days was a cottage industry. At the beginning, when only a few cows were in production, the milk was set in large flat pans in a hessian-enclosed cool room and let stand from twelve to twenty four hours, according to the season. The cream was skimmed and put in a basin and when ripe enough, after about two days, was stirred with a tablefork until it became butter. After washing, salt was added and the product was ready for table use. As our herd became larger and milk became more plentiful a larger dairy was built. In this was a hand-operated separator and a box-like wooden churn which made about fifty pounds of butter at a time. A good deal of this was sold locally at a shilling a pound all year round. At the end of the week the last churning was put in a butter-paper lined box and, with other products from the farm, such as bags of peas, beans, and peanuts, was put on a horse-drawn slide and taken to Landsborough to be railed to the Brisbane Markets.

CLEMENT WRAGGE - FORECASTER AND BIRD WATCHER

As a means of using the separated milk the pig industry became a sideline to dairying. Pumpkins and corn were grown for other fodder. Several times during the year the Huttons' pig buyer rode around the district giving the ruling price for 'porkers', 'baconers' and 'over-weights'. I remember my father was quite pleased with the offer of thirty shillings for porkers. In the cool of the very early morning a few neighbours would join to drive their pigs to Landsborough, in our case a distance of thirteen miles, to be entrained for Brisbane. The drovers walked, leading horses for return transport. One man walked in front of the pigs, probably twenty to thirty of them, dropping a few grains of corn every hundred yards or so to entice them along. During the summer, if the sun became strong before the end of the journey, a pig would die of heat exhaustion which meant so much loss to the owner.

Many incidents of those early days remain evergreen in my memory, one being of a party on horseback which arrived unexpectedly for the midday meal. One of the guests was the late Clement Wragge and I distinctly recall his enjoyment of my mother's tomato pie! He was then Government Meteorologist for Queensland, the Bureau being at Peachester. As well as being a brilliant meteorologist - thought later by some to some to have been 'born before his time' - he was a very enthusiastic bird watcher. A syndicate, including some members of this party, bought a property in the district for the purpose of experimenting in tobacco growing and a large shed was built for the drying of the leaf. Later coffee production was tried but neither venture succeeded. This property was sold to Mr. W. Bartlett of Brisbane who named it 'Cloverdale' and engaged H.O. Rees Snr., then a young man and a gold medalist in botany, to manage the farm. He confirmed the earlier opinion that neither coffee nor tobacco would grow well in that environment. It became a dairy farm, later was sold to Mr. W. Aplin of North Queensland, and

is today owned by his son. I might mention that "Cloverdale" was first selected by Mr. Robert Howell after whom Howell's Knob in the Reesville district was named and from where a panorama embracing three hundred miles of coastline can be seen. Later Mr. Rees acquired a selection nearby where he established a plant nursery and mixed fruit orchard, later turning to dairying. At his death in 1922 the locality was named Reesville by the Landsborough Shire Council in commemoration of him. A grandson of the Bartlett family, Mr. Tom Bartlett now resides in Caloundra.

A sawmill owned by James Campbell and Sons of Brisbane was erected on the western bank of the Obi Obi where it flows through what is now the township of Maleny. In later years it was taken over by William Grigor whose family was one of the first to reside in the Glasshouse Mountains district. He moved the mill across the stream to a site near the location of the present High School.

FIRST SCHOOL AND FIRST SETTLERS

The first school was built on McCarthy's property not far from their house and a teacher, Mr. Verant, was appointed. It consisted of one long room with a smaller room at one end which, I remember, served as a bed-sitting room for one of the teachers, Mrs. O'Sullivan, a widow with two children. This partition was later removed to make one long school room and to this was added a verandah. There was an attendance, by the time I became a pupil, of between twenty and thirty, of different ages. Some of the children lived within walking distance of the school, while others such as George and I, had to ride on horseback. Before learning to manage a horse I had to double-bank with my brother. It was a common sight to see two and sometimes three children of a family riding one horse. However, as I became a better jockey, I was given my own pony, Ginnie by name, and she served me faithfully until I left Maleny for a Brisbane school. Some years later Ginnie broke her leg in an accident and had to be shot which caused me much distress and many tears. The second school was built at Teutoberg, now Witta, while the third was conducted by Mr. Livingstone in his own home at North Maleny.

The one and only church for many years was the Union Church which was built in Dunlop's paddock, the land being given by Mr. Francis Dunlop for the purpose. Lutheran services were held at Witta.

The first land owners whose names I can remember, in addition to my father and his brother were Messrs. Burgess, Dunlop, McCarthy, Simpson, Brown, Vandrieke, Burgann, Tesch, Dixon, Grigor, Flessor and Nothling.

In 1890 and for many years later Henry Dyer conducted the Mellum Club Hotel at Landsborough. This enterprising man was known to many as "King of Landsborough" or as "King Henry". In his capacity he could supply a jug of beer, a loaf of bread, a pound of one's own choice of meat, a pound of tea, or a quantity of mill-sawn timber with which to build a house. Again, when any of the trains stopped at Landsborough staition, passengers could obtain a cup of tea and hot home-made scones at the Refreshment Room which Henry Dyer and his daughter conducted at the station.

In the drapery line whether it were a ready-made frock, a suit of clothes, a yard of calico, or a reel of cotton, John Tytherleigh of a neighbouring store could supply one's needs. His brother, Alf, was his country salesman, taking orders in the Maleny district. A travelling salesman then was not a "sales representative" with a company car - he rode a horse from farm to farm and from house to house with his samples, carefully wrapped in oil skin, carried before him on the saddle. John Tytherleigh married Edith, a daughter of Henry Dyer. His drapery business prospered, was extended to Woombye and Maleny and in recent years to Caloundra where the firm of Tytherleighs Pty. Ltd. is carried on by members of their family.

The rich volcanic soil of the district, and a high rainfall, produced a tall rainforest cover. There grew many large trees including the beech, maple, Moreton Bay fig, iron-bark and other eucalypts, black bean, the bunya pine, hickory, silk oak, white cedar and the beautiful red cedar. Most of the latter was removed by cedar cutters before the country was opened up for selection. A cedar log of record dimensions, grown on the property of Francis Dunlop, was sent by Isaac Burgess to the Colonial Indian Exhibition in London in 1886. Although not so large as the log cut from the base of the tree, this, cut from further up the trunk, measured 247 inches in circumference. It was cut lengthwise and one half polished, and is still to be seen in a London museum.

A very large beech tree grown on our property provided the timber for our second house built about seven years after the first. A site was chosen on top of a hill overlooking the old home and the logs were pit-sawn nearby. After excavating the pit, Father was assisted by a neighbour, Mr. Tom Cole Snr., to operate the cross-cut saw and to stack the timber for drying. Our three

Crossing the Obi Obi Creek, Maleny in the early days.

bedroom cottage, which was much superior in appearance and comfort to our first abode, was built by Mr. L. Tesch of Teutoberg (Witta) who founded Tesch's Sawmill in that locality. The two sons conducted a builders hardware business in Caloundra for many years.

Today there is a patch of original rain forest still standing, known as Cairncross Park, overlooking the lower country to the south with a wonderful view of the Glass House Mountains. The land was donated to the Landsborough Shire Council by daughters of the late Mrs. A. J. Thynne whose maiden name it bears. Several tracks have been cut through the section and nameplates put on the large trunks of different trees. Amenities have been provided for picnic parties and these have helped to make it a popular tourist attraction.

CREATURES OF THE WILD

For many years, before the natural bushland was destroyed during the stages in the district's development, different kinds of wildlife inhabited its lofty trees and jungle-like undergrowth. *Many beautiful birds were to be seen, including the Regent bower-bird and Paradise rifle-bird.* There were parrots of brilliant plumage, most commonly the King parrot, which early developed a taste for ripe corn and the "Whipcracker" (as we called it), whose strong "swish and crack" was often mistaken for the sound of the stockman's whip. The mournful cry of the curlew added an eerie touch to the evening and later at night the Boobook owl or Mopoke called very definitely for 'more pork'. Many beautifully feathered pigeons could be seen feasting on the fruits of the native trees in season. Perhaps the Wompoo pigeon was the most attractive, and there were also the Wonga White Head and the Topknot. These were plump birds, and often went into settler's pies. There were large brush turkeys and many a succulent young fellow became a festive dinner. In more open spaces and close to dwellings a variety of small birds, such as redhead finches, silver-eyes and wrens, were to be seen. It was a treat to listen to musical little bell-birds in the treetops. There was a colony of these birds in an isolated spot on the way down the range to Conondale and their little tinkle could be heard during many years until the blasting of some would-be miners frightened them away. I do not know if they ever returned.

Snakes were treated with great respect and the most feared as being deadly were the brown snake, red-bellied black and the tiger snake which were all fairly plentiful. The death adder, of course, was considered the most deadly, but this species was seen rarely and then as far as I can remember only on the western forest slopes. The carpet snake was to be seen in all sorts of places, but its bite was not dangerous and in fact this sleepy, slow-moving python was often kept in stores or in corn-lofts to keep down the rats. I remember my brother finding not far from our house a dead snake (I forget the species) and close beside it was a spotted tiger-cat (a ferocious marsupial). One can only presume that before the snake was killed it had bitten the tiger-cat in its struggle.

Dingoes too were numerous and their mournful howl could be heard at night and in the early morning. Many a young calf when away from its mother, its chief protector, was killed and partly eaten by perhaps two or even more of these hungry creatures which often go in packs. Fowls, if not roosting out of reach or if not securely enclosed, became victims to the dingo prowling around a homestead. A neighbour of ours caught a dingo pup early one morning and

took it home to rear for domestic use, but it never lost its natural instinct to raid a poultry yard wherever possible.

Hardships were many in these earliest days. Our larder had to be replenished several times each year, a typical order including a sack of flour of two hundred pounds, a seventy pound bag of sugar and one case of kerosene containing two four gallon tins, several five pound cans of tea and any other necessities which we always purchased in bulk. The goods would be carried up from Dyer's store in Landsborough by bullock waggon to within a mile or so of our home, and this end of the road being untrafficable for a wheeled vehicle, the load was put down by the roadside. Father, being fairly acquainted with the teamster's movements would be somewhere about with a horse-drawn slide to convey the goods the rest of the way, perhaps making two or more trips. As children we were always excited to find a bag of sweets, generally boiled lollies, a customary gift from the grocer.

Though Maleny was and still is noted for a good annual rainfall, there were times of long, dry spells when tank water came to an end or to the point of saving it for cooking purposes. Then water had to be carried up a very steep and rough bush track from a clear, running stream about half a mile from our house. On laundry days my mother and my aunt took the clothes to the creek to be washed. A fireplace was built on large flat rocks by the water's edge, large enough to hold two kerosene tins in which the clothes were boiled. They were then rinsed in tubs of sparkling water. At this stage the men did their part by carrying the wet clothes in baskets up the steep hill to be hung on the house-line to dry. I migh mention here that the district holds the Australian record for the heaviest rainfall, a record fall of thirty five inches in twenty four hours having been registered at Crohamhurst (Peachester) early in the 1890's. During the 1893 flood in Brisbane, when so many homes were washed down the Brisbane River, Father and Uncle journeyed to the city to see the amazing sights of boats of different sizes, including steamers, washed up onto the Domain and into Queen Street. A second downpour and s second flood occurred and the menfolk, prevented from getting home, had to stay longer than had been expected. It was at this stage that a real crisis occured - our flour supply ran out! Mother had no alternative but to go out into the rain and round up a horse. She donned a pair of Father's trousers, put his saddle on the horse and rode astride! - a thing 'not done' in those days - a distance of three miles to McCarthy's small store. She was fortunate in being able to buy a twenty-five pound bag of flour, which she wrapped in an oilskin coat and carried home on the saddle in front of her. We had hot bread for breakfast!

FATAL ACCIDENT

Accidents happened occasionally, some with fatal results. A sawmiller, George Traill Snr., employed at Grigor's sawmill, suffered a severe chest injury caused by a piece of timber flying from a circular saw. There being no doctor available and the roads being unfit for an ambulance, a number of his fellow workmen constructed a stretcher on which, four at a time, they carried him down the range to Landsborough. Still on the stretcher, he was placed on the train to Brisbane, but despite the prodigious effort of his friends he died before any more could be done for him.

Another fatal accident occured when Mr. and Mrs. Warne of Witta (then Teutoberg) were riding to Landsborough to meet a lady guest. With them was their schoolboy son who rode the

side-saddled horse intended for their visitor's transport. When in Lawley's Lane, by which a short part of the road west of the present Catholic Church was then known, the boy urged his horse into a fast trot to catch up to his parents who were ahead, but lost his seat in the saddle and fell. His foot becoming wedged in the stirrup, he was dragged some distance and, suffering severe head injuries, was dead when he was picked up.

MISSING WOMAN

A cause of great concern at the time was the mysterious disappearance of a middle-aged woman who left her home, on foot, to make a visit to each of two friends who lived a few miles apart. She arrived at the home of the first where she stayed some days before moving on. The second friend lived on the other side of the Obi which was swollen by recent very heavy rains and it was thought that when attempting to cross she was swept away by the rushing waters. Whatever happened, nothing was ever seen or heard of her again.

I can also recall another tragedy of the lonely bush. In this case it was the death of a bachelor known as "Old Dick" who was the caretaker of a Wootha property and had been missing for some days. As he was in the habit of going away to visit friends, nobody worried unduly. Later when men were brushing young undergrowth close to an outhouse a most unpleasant odour led them to open the door. They found "Old Dick" (he was not known by any other name) hanging from a rafter by a rope. There was nothing else to do but to dig a grave right by the

First Maleny Co-Operative Butter Factory with four big waggons in at the same time.

door, to cut the rope and to let the corpse fall into its last resting place, no headstone to mark its lonely grave.

More recently, tragedy by fire caused the loss of two lives. Mr. Isaac Burgess Snr., one of the district's earliest settlers, at this time an old man, was living with his wife in a small cottage on the roadside a few miles towards Landsborough from Maleny. It was New Year's Eve and a very hot night when for some unknown reason their house caught on fire. A neighbour saw the smoke and on investigating found the remains of Mrs. Burgess in the smouldering ashes. He later heard groans coming from a nearby corn patch and here he found Mr. Burgess lying badly burned. He too died shortly afterwards. The cause of the fire was not established, but as the couple had stacked a considerable quantity of hay under the floor, it was suggested that spontaneous combustion had sparked off the fire.

I remember my mother being ill and when, after a couple of weeks she did not improve, my father thought it necessary to take her to Brisbane for medical attention, there being none available locally. He put Mother on a horse and, because of her weakened condition, , walked beside her over the thirteen miles to Landsborough. They arrived by train in Brisbane where a doctor diagnosed the illness as severe influenza. this tedious journey ended happily with my mother restored to health.

LONELY GRAVES

There being no cemetery, a death often meant the burial on the property of the bereaved ones. I have seen several such graves. Two of the early pioneers buried side by side, are still to be seen, fenced and well kept by the roadside in Maleny township. One is that of Mrs. Dunlop, mother of Francis Dunlop, and the other of Margaret Hankinson. In the one instance, on the occasion of the death of a young child, there being no minister within call, my father carried the small coffin to its resting place on the property of the parents and then read the burial service at the graveside with members of the family and a few friends standing by.

FRUIT IN A NEW LAND

My father was always keen to experiment. Our early home had had mulberry trees growing around the grounds and these trees supplied not only food for the birds, but also jam and pies for ourselves. Around our new home on the hill he planted many kinds of fruit trees to learn how the different individuals, ranging from those of the sub-tropics to those of his native English cool temperate regions, adapted to the local conditions. As well as the usual mango, guava, loquat, Turkish fig, persimmon, bananas and pineapples, there were various kinds of such citrus fruit as oranges, lemons, mandarins and a shaddock. He also planted a pomegranate, peaches and plums of various kinds, an apricot and a cherry. Soft fruits such as English raspberry and blackberry he grew on low stone walls. He bud grafted some novelty trees, especially multi-species of peaches and plums on one stock, a practice which was rather popular at the time. Apples were grown successfully in the district by H. O. Rees. If I can

remember rightly, mango, cherry and apricot were the only ones which proved unsuitable for the climate and although they never bore fruit they survived where grown and were ornamental. Fruit fly became a problem at a very early stage and I can remember Mr. Benson, the Government Fruit Inspector, calling periodically to ensure that infested fruit was destroyed. Later my Father concentrated on citrus, planting a mixed orchard of Lisbon lemons, oranges and mandarins, there being three hundred trees all told.

ARROWROOT MILL

Another of my Father's experiments was in arrowroot production - from the growing of the tubers to the grinding and drying of the finished product. While waiting for his half acre of arrowroot to mature, he planned and built a mill at the bottom of a fall in a creek about half a mile from the house. A dam was formed above, with a double wall of heavy timber, the cavity filled with clay and sluice gates were constructed to control the mill race. With the help of Mr. Tesch a large wooden water wheel was constructed. It was at least six feet in diameter, with buckets on its circumference, and was placed in position about twelve feet below. This rather simple hydraulic power then operated the grinding mill and put the arrowroot through a continuous sieving and washing process. The product was then taken on a horse-drawn slide to the house where it was placed on sheets on a platform of wire netting to dry during the day.

Main street of Maleny as the first motor vehicles took over from horse and bullock.

the northern ports and Brisbane. On this occasion they were on the outward trip when, a few miles off Moffat Beach, for some unknown reason the boat capsized and sank, throwing the three men and all its contents into the sea. Fortunately, the unsecured dinghy floated and as it was daylight, again, fortunately, the men were able to swim to it and eventually got ashore on the beach. Clad only in trousers and singlets, the men walked a short way up hill to Wilson's the first guest house in Caloundra, to ask the proprietor if he would lend them sufficient money to get them to Brisbane. However, this man took them to be escaped prisoners reported to be at large from New Caledonia and closed his door on them. They proceeded on their way, barefooted and bareheaded, to Landsborough where they met a good friend in Henry Dyer of the Club Hotel who gave them food and their train fares to Brisbane and cash for a horse cab home. The following day the Government steamer took my brothers back to the site off Moffat Beach where the "Reliance" had been lost but nothing was seen in the vicinity. Harry Prentis, who had sold the vessel to my brothers built another launch on the same lines and called it "The Confidence". With his two sons, he was on a return trip from Maryborough to Brisbane with a load of cargo, when, after crossing the Wide Bay Bar, the ship and all on board were lost. The vessel was seen whilst crossing the Wide Bay Bar, but nobody knew why the fatality had occurred and nobody ever saw or heard of the men again. It was just surmised that "The Confidence" had met with the same kind of difficulty and with the same fate as "The Reliance".

LOG CANOE CONONDALE TO MARYBOROUGH

There were exploits, too, for adventure's sake. In March, 1914, two members of the Flessor family, Charles and Jack, set out to navigate the flooded Mary River in an eight-foot dugout canoe. A "bally-gum" log from a tree on the family property provided the material. Adding a pair of hand cut wooden paddles they entered the swollen river below the range at Conondale and began paddling north. At the end of each day they pulled ashore and made their way to a riverside farmhouse where they were given food and permission to sleep in a hayshed or similar outbuilding. The river height reached thirty two feet at Gympie where they were obliged to wait two days until the flood had subsided somewhat. It took seven days to paddle the length of the river from Conondale to Maryborough, where the townspeople grouped to offer them a grand welcome. The canoe was transported to Brisbane and placed in the Botanic Gardens, where it remained for some time until destroyed by insects.

As years came and went settlers became more numerous. A neighbour of ours, hearing that we had more eggs than we needed, rode over to relieve us of some for her Christmas cooking. Her journey took her two miles across paddocks, opening and shutting gates on the way. We were able to let her have eight dozen, for which she paid us the ruling price of sixpence a dozen. The lady wrapped each egg in newspaper and with extra paper packed them into a sugar bag. Carrying the large parcel on the saddle in front of her, she rode home, having to dismount and re-mount at each gate, without breaking one egg! I might add that the lady, Mrs. Robert Cole, was a good horsewoman and well used to the bush way.

Before dairying became the chief mainstay in Maleny, sugar cane had been planted by many farmers who thought that a sugar mill would be possible, but the cane was later fed to cattle.

Later, a wool growing project was ventured by Edwin Watson on his property "Glen Echo" in the area known as Reesville. Having prepared suitable paddocks, including a night enclosure fenced with six foot high wire netting for protection from dingoes, or from any other dogs for that matter, he bought a number of sheep. After first season, 1915-16, they were shorn and the wool packed in bales and taken to Landsborough by bullock waggon for rail to Brisbane. However, the experiment was terminated after this one growth of wool, as foot-rot, due to the humid climate, proved an insurmountable problem.

John Westaway took up 'Meridan Plains', on the Landsborough-Caloundra Road in 1862 and took up residence there a year later. His descendants still live on the property.

For some years my father was a member of the Caboolture Shire Council. To attend the meetings, held monthly in the Caboolture Shire Chambers, he had to leave home at 5 a.m. on horseback to catch the morning train at Landsborough for Caboolture. At the close of business he took the evening north-bound train at Landsborough and rode the thirteen miles from the station to our home, arriving there at about 9.30 p.m. When resigning from office he nominated Mr. E. Thynne who continued for a number of years. The Council Chambers were later transferred to Landsborough and in recent years were moved to Caloundra.

In 1916 I married H. O. Rees Jnr., when he was Crown Land Ranger at Taroom. We lived there for a time until my husband resigned from the Department and went back to Maleny, where we set up a dairy on part of the old farm. The Rees family had moved into a larger home built soon after the turn of the century so that we were able to make our home in the original cottage, from which the old orchard stretched east. This house had been built, as my father's was, from a very large beech tree, pit-sawn on the property. The roof shingles were replaced by iron, in about 1915, and the detached kitchen demolished. In spite of some later alteration and addition much of the original hand-finished timber is still to be seen. This cottage in which we reared our four children, is still in use.

In 1949 we bought a house and land at Moffat Beach, the farm being acquired by a member of our family. My husband set up an estate agency which he carried on for several years until his health failed. Incidently, our house, which at that time stood alone on what now constitutes twenty two residential blocks, is opposite the site of Wilson's guest house, earlier destroyed by fire. This is where the Holcroft boys appealed for help after being shipwrecked off the beach.

Since living at Caloundra we have met many of our Maleny friends, some in business here and others retired. During the past ten years, living alone, I have often strayed in thought back to the early days of Maleny, when I find much of interest in "A Peep into the Past".

3rd May, 1977

(Sgd.) (Mrs.) C. O. Rees.