



Castlemaine Pioneers and Old Residents' Association Inc.

Reg. No. A 0006803 W Est. 1880.

Faulder Watson Hall & Old Telegraph Station 208 Barker Street, Castlemaine.

• President: Graeme Barry 5472 3768 • Secretary: Wilson Buntun 5472 3186 •

All welcome to meetings held on third Thursday of each month at 7.30 pm. Annual Subs: \$30.00.

Newsletter – February 2019. *Next month we celebrate turning 139.*

The Old Telegraph Station Castlemaine, 22nd Feb Weather, Hot, Hot, Hot as the hobs of hell! The Feb newsletter is out early for a reason, the Annual Excursion Feb 6th. To recapitulate, morning tea going down, a tour of Rippon Lea Estate one of Australia's finest historic houses, a light picnic lunch (wrap, cake, fruit, tea/coffee) in the gardens. Then on to Science Works before returning home, all in a Flash Harry air-conditioned, coach. "How much? I hear you cry". A paltry \$55 is all I ask. 2 points, 1. ANY SPECIAL DIETARY needs, let me know by the 6th of Feb. 2. Entry into Science Works is free for Old Age Pensioners or Concession Card holders. As we all look so young, please bring some proof that you are in your twilight years. Some young whipper snapper on the desk may mistake you for a 'young swinger'. As I write we have 27 firm bookings, 40 see us break even. It is not a fund raiser, but it would be nice, to not have to use the "Biscuit Tin". So if you have friends, family etc, tap them on the shoulder and ask them to join us. Speaking of tapping on the shoulder, this is the year, we are going to invite like minded people to join our great organisation. So lets all start tapping. The December meeting was great, we went to a local restaurant, The Running Rabbit. Our host, member Peter Bottomley produce a magnificent meal. The tables were beautifully decorated with fresh flowers, Christmas Crackers and the room was decorated for the festive season. The service could only be described as faultless, Peter did us proud. Barry Palmer who has his own band, brought along his female lead singer, adding another dimension of enjoyment to the evening. They combined their voices to sing, songs from the hit parades we enjoyed when we were young, along with festive songs as we ate. The diction was perfect, every word could be heard and understood, (those old songs have beautiful lyrics, and Christmas Carols tell a wonderful story). The sound level was just right, not intruding or blasting us out of our seats, just there, to be enjoyed like a good wine that makes good food even better. Barry is a wizard

on the guitar. The two voices blended together made a special night; even more special. After a welcoming speech by President Graeme, each member present, was presented with a very elegant green Biro with our name engraved in gold. and there is more folks. The committee had a lapel badge struck, using our logo, even if I say so myself, it looks very elegant, using the colours of black, silver and gold on a white background. For those members who were not present and would like a badge and biro, you can pick them up at the next meeting. Those of you who are unable to get to a meeting, write to your hard working secretary enclosing a \$4 cheque, money order or 4 \$1 stamps to cover packaging & postage, along with your address. C.P. & O.R.A. The Old Telegraph Station 208 Barker St Castlemaine Vic 3450. Now folks there is even more. We have produced a book, it is the first of 3 covering in pictures this beautiful Shire and City we live in. This book was released, also on the night and was well received. Graeme, Cass and Trevor did a great job. We self funded 100 copies, and as I write one month after its release, 30 copies have been sold before any publicity. Once again if you want a copy, contact the hard working secretary at the above address. Now you would think that all this would be enough for an evening out, but no there was still more to come, Show & Tell. Eleven members had items to show and stories to tell. I do not have enough space to do them all justice, so I have made a small selection to write about, linking two in a way that highlights how much things have changed over the years our organisation has been around, The Cracknell's presented us with a very small waisted mannequin wearing an extremely beautiful long dress circa early 1800's It was brought out by Aileen's great grandmother when she left Ireland all those years ago. It was not white, family history has it, that it was her wedding dress, some of the knowledgeable ladies agreed. Item two Colin Tracy. When Colin was working, it was in the field of tell-communications. Sending instructions up to a

satellite some 36,000k's in space where it is relayed ,back to earth, all in a split second. The job that Colin was working on, required a special parabolic antenna, that could communicate with an offshore Oil Platform anchored off the West Australian coast. *Oil Drilling Rigs drill holes, an Oil Platform collects, and stores the oil before transferring it to tankers or the shore.* The above is just for the technical buffs in the organisation. The manufacture of this special antenna required very highly skilled workers right across the whole manufacturing process. Design, Detailed Drafting, Pattern Making, Casting and Machining. In this day and age of specialisation, downsizing, cost cutting etc, where can you find a firm that still employs people with these skills? Answer, The remnants of that great old Castlemaine firm Thompson's Foundry. Our very own President Graeme Barry was the draftsman for this project. A very well known local, Joe Norris, an extremely clever and talented pattern maker, who was also

head of the Pattern Shop was given the job of making the patterns. And another well known local Master Craftsman Stan Brain, who could make his lathe play a symphony did the machining. The connection between the two stories? Time and Travel. The early 1800's & the early 21st century, nearly 200 years ago. A sailing ship using the wind, the Sun, Sextant, Compass, Dividers a Chart, an accurate Time Piece plus a human brain to make the correct mathematical calculations, to travel approx 25,000 kilometres halfway across the world. Taking several months. One small mistake meant death Today, the human brain uses computers to send instructions into space, to a geostationary satellite be relayed back to earth, so that an inert piece of machinery will do its bidding. All done in the safety of an office. Cast your mind back to that young, slim new bride, as she steps aboard a small creaking sailing ship. What were her thoughts, crossing huge oceans to a new land so far away.



**Newcastle Pioneers
and Old Residents' Association Inc.**

Next Monthly Meeting:

Thursday 21st February at 7-30pm

At the Old Telegraph Station 208 Barker St. Castlemaine.

**Guest Speaker: Mr. Ray Pattel
Finding Hidden Graves in Guildford
Family and friends most welcome.**

Pioneers and Old Residents' Association
208 Barker Street, Castlemaine 3450

What was she thinking as she stepped ashore in Melbourne, and how did she travel to Tarilta? Horseback, stagecoach, wagon or walk like so many did? Listening to Doug telling the story on Aileen's behalf, it reminded me of many of the stories told by our original members and put on public record, in our book Records of the Castlemaine Pioneers. They were extremely brave people who lead the way in providing the frame work, for a civilised society to take root and flourish. When we look around the Shire, the Townships, Farms and Castlemaine, we have a lot to thank them for. Wide tree lined streets, fine well built buildings, churches, schools, sporting clubs, local government, hospitals etc, and all built around a solid sound industrial and commercial hub. Non of this happened by accident. It took a lot of blood sweat, tears, and effort from few wise men and women. These days a lot of us take the privileges we enjoy for granted, giving very little thought of how they came to be, and of the people who put them in place. Part of our job is keeping our history and the memories of our ancestors alive. On with Show and Tell. Vin Cappy borrowed a new \$50 note from the secretary, and told us the story of each particular part, and how it came to be. George Dawson very proudly told of a historic enactment that took place recently, in which he was involved. A well respected Victorian Institution celebrated its 100 birthday late last year, the V.A.C.C. the Victorian Automobile Chamber of Commerce. To celebrate the occasion, a Historic Vehicle Run was organised, using one vehicle from each of the past 100 years. The run was from Melbourne to Bendigo, which was instrumental in the formation of the V.A.C.C. Competition for a place on this run was very keen. Those of us who have been to George and Jeanette's place, and seen the high standard of restoration work that George does, would not be

surprised to learn that both their truck and bus were selected to go on the run. Both George & Jeanette have every reason to feel proud. While on a motoring theme, Melva Graham took us back to a time when we had our own language. Relating to us a conversation between two mates, buying a clapped out ute. So many words, expressions and old sayings, now almost gone. However it was a "fair dinkum nice, beaut walk down memory lane". We talked about Old Wood Planes and the stories they could tell. Walking Sticks, Military Parades and so much more was shown and talked about, the night flew. After a nice cup of tea or coffee and some after dinner mints, it was time to say "good night" return home, reflecting on what a nice night it had been. Now onto the December Exhibition that was postponed, due to circumstances beyond our control. It will now be held on the first weekend in May, Sat 4th & Sun 5th still in the Town Hall. Save that weekend, Bump In, (technical talk for setting up) Friday. Bump Out, Sun night. The January meeting, a picnic tea in the Botanical Gardens and a visit to the Museum at the Fire Station, was another nice evening out. Even though it was a warm evening, we found a large cool tree to enjoy our tea and chat. Then the short drive to the Fire Station, parking in the car park. Old Fire man Bill Chapman took us into their purpose built Museum and welcomed us. Our eyes popped out at what was on display, old fire engines, pictures, trophy's, memorabilia going back to the days of early Castlemaine. A veritable feast of history. I noticed a theme going through a long series time wise, of certificates, using the word discipline. I followed this up with one of the Fireman later, I was told it all has to do with self discipline, which

plays a very important part in their lives and what they do as fire fighters. The latest fire truck was proudly brought out, it is a monster with a mind of its own. We were treated to a small demonstration of some of the things it could do. Keith White was allowed to make the huge climb up to the cabin, and sit in the drivers seat, (the word drive I use rather loosely, this truck has a mind of its own). After Keith had made his decent from the Beast, we were then taken into the operations room, where we were given a run down by Operations Officer Ron Gartside on what goes on behind the scenes. A lot goes on that we mere mortals don't think about. Decisions are made which can have many ramification. Lots of important information has to be absorbed quickly weighed up, before these decisions are made. The day before there had been a fire in the Macedon area, Ron had been put in charge of operations, deciding what tankers to use, where to place them, make sure that Fire Stations in surrounding districts had enough tankers left to cope with any emergencies that might arise Liaising with government departments, and Central Command All this is done voluntary, I take my hat off to them. It was a great night, for me it worked on many levels. 1 Historically, 2 how a local volunteer C.F.A. branch works, 3 the amount of time the members put in, and the amount of money they raise, 4. just how reliant we are on them, their skills, knowledge and dedication to the community. After President Graeme thanked Bill Chapman, Greg Hughes and Ron Gartside, (who had given up their evening to host us) and passed over a small cheque as a token of our appreciation, they said "we will put the truck to bed and go home to ours". Just after we left, the alarm sounded. A gas leak in a local factory, a full scale evacuation and an all night operation. The aforesaid gentlemen got to bed at 10am the next morning.

Some happy faces at the Purring Rabbit.
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A funny thing happened the other Saturday, at Jason Mills second hand auction. An old journal belonging to a baker who had his bakery and shop at Yapeen, and a shop at Fryerstown was up for sale. Your President & Secretary consulted and decided to have a go at buying it to go into our collection. Saturday duly arrived, your secretary put in some unpaid overtime by going to the auction Just over 400 lots and I was interested in a lot in the 300's. After scouting the public for possible competition, and not spotting any. Some three and half hours later, The Journal came up for sale. Jason was very fair, he said that he had no prior bids and who would open the bidding at \$50? Silence, so I made my move, it was promptly bettered, by a shonky looking individual two rows in front of me. I responded and he responded, a bidding war erupted. The crowd was enthralled. Finally I prevailed getting a round of applause. The loosing bidder turned to see who had beaten him. I was gobsmacked, it was fellow, Old Pioneer Max Kay, who was on the same mission as I. What could you do, except laugh, which we did. Max very generously offered to pay half. I am not saying how much we paid, other than to say that when the president called in to the office on the following Monday to see how we went. When I told him how much it went for he buckled at the knees. (I think I am going to lose the cheque book). On that note "Oaroo!"

