

Newsletter



Opening hours: Every Sunday 10am – 2pm
Or by appointment.

238 Mudgeeraba Road, Mudgeeraba
(Mudgeeraba Heritage Centre)

PO Box 1233, Mudgeeraba, Qld 4213
PH: 07 5559 1457

Email: info.gchmuseum@gmail.com

Web: <http://gchheritagemuseum.org.au/>

Committee formed June 2001; Incorporated November 2001;
Dedication and official opening 9 October 2004

President's Patter



Hello everyone

What a busy time we have had over the last few months. School visits, Seniors Day, Mudgeeraba Show, Gold Coast camera club, setting up new displays, laying of railway track in front of the station, keeping up with the general maintenance of the grounds, just to name a few of the things that our volunteers have been doing around the Museum. Thanks to all our volunteers who have been involved with all of this and kept the fort running successfully. Our new Nerang Railway Station display will be open from Sunday 21st November. Come along and explore the history and heritage of the station. I would like to take this opportunity to wish all our friends and volunteers a Merry Christmas and hope that 2022 is a big and better year for everyone.

Joan

We are on Facebook and Instagram -
GC Hinterland Heritage Museum - please like us
and spread the word.

If you receive our newsletter through the post but have an email address, could you please send an email to info.gchhmuseum@gmail.com and I will add you to the email list to receive the newsletter. Many thanks.

**Have you heard the story about
EVERYBODY
SOMEBODY
ANYBODY
And NOBODY!**

There was an important job to be done –
EVERYBODY was sure that SOMEBODY would do it. ANYBODY
could have done it, but NOBODY did it!

SOMEBODY got angry because it was EVERYBODY'S job.
EVERYBODY thought that ANYBODY could do it, but NOBODY
realised that EVERYBODY wouldn't do it!

It ended up that EVERYBODY
blamed SOMEBODY.

When NOBODY did
what ANYBODY could have done!

Still, we get the jobs done thanks to our wonderful volunteers who
donate their time and energy. There have been splinters in fingers,
blisters on hands, scratches on legs and more suggestions and
advice that a mob of crows or gaggle of galahs! BUT the work is
getting done.

During June and July we were very busy with visits to the museum
from
Anglicare Respite on 4 different days,
3 schools visited with approximately 350 students,
50 members from the Runaway Bay Senior's Indoor Bowls Club,
Varsity Lakes Probus club, Urban Sketchers.

**THANK YOU TO ALL OUR VOLUNTEERS FOR THE
WONDERFUL JOB YOU ARE ALL DOING.**

Laying of the railway track.



Base for sleepers.

Levelling the site and laying base.





Sleepers in place.



The track has arrived.

Laying the track.







Testing that our flying fox is in working order. Many banana farmers in the Hinterland used flying foxes to transport their bananas from the steeper land down to the packing shed.

Did you know that in 1933 nearly 500,000 banana suckers were planted between Nerang and Currumbin - the largest planting in Southern Queensland. (Daily Mercury 22/2/1933, p.11.)

In October 1934 approximately 200 acres of land was dedicated to bananas in Austinville as part of the Banana Settlement Scheme set up by the Queensland Government following the Great Depression.



A visit by the Gold Coast Camera Club.



Merry Christmas

&

Happy New Year

*From all the volunteers at the Gold Coast Hinterland
Heritage Museum*

Preparation work for our display in the Railway Station.



Have you noticed the little slab hut? Do you know where it is located? Something for the kids to look out for next time they are at the Museum.



This gate was removed from in front of the station and is now located beside the big shed.



A TRIP TO NERANG BY C.F.C

*A TRIP TO NERANG, (1877, December 29). The Week (Brisbane, Qld. : 1876 - 1934), p. 22.
Retrieved September 7, 2021, from <http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-article181789893>*

SEA-SIDE RECREATION – ITS ADVANTAGES – WHERE TO GO – SANDGATE OR CLEVELAND – A TRIP TO SOUTHPORT, NERANG CREEK – VOYAGE BY ARAKOOK, MIGHT ON BOARD – ARRIVAL AT ‘THE HEADS’ – LANDING ON THE BEACH – RECEPTION BY THE INHABITANT – KILLING TIME – VISIT TO MAIN BEACH – THE PACIFIC – GATHERING SHELLS – DIGESTING THE EUGORA – EXPERIMENTS OF THE GENUS ‘GORMICA’ AS FOOD – VISIT TO THE SAW MILLS – TO BUNDALL AND BENOWA SUGAR PLANTATION – THE DE LISSA PROCESS – IMPRESSIONS OF THE LOCALITY – RETURN HOME

Amongst the most agreeable if not absolute necessities (hygienically considered) for the enjoyment of life, is an occasional change from arid and. Tainted atmosphere of our cities and towns, to the bracing saline breezes wafted over the rolling waves of old ocean.

Most countries have long since realised this desideratum; and very few are the inhabitants of Europe that have not at their disposal the opportunity of accomplishing this end.

The annual trip to the sea is looked forward to as life’s chief holiday, and during the hot summer season old Neptune reigns supreme. Of all the pleasurable mundane sensations, one cannot conceive a greater ecstasy than suddenly finding oneself a hundred miles from the hard turmoil of business and cares of life, strolling along a bright sandy beach, shells of ocean strewn around your footsteps, the rolling waves tumbling over one another, their crests breaking into white surging foam, and the cool moist saline zephyrs fanning your brow and inspiring you with an invigorating feeling, that ends in creating an appetite that is a caution to the caterer at breakfast. Then in a much greater degree is this absolute enjoyment participated in by children: one has only to witness, the first time Paterfamilias leads them to the sands, the unbounded and almost delicious excitement manifested in their gambols; the screaming delight with which the little toddlers walk after the receding wave and purposely allow the next to dash over shoes and socks, or more delighted if their little tender extremities have these garments removed; the excavations in the sand with the tiny spade, so ephemeral and so illustrative of the transitory nature of many of man’s actions in life. I will not expatiate on the other varied attractions the seaside provides in its boating and fishing

excursions, its bathing and other health-restoring advantages. I shall merely remark that it does appear to me very strange, and must strike visitors to this colony with astonishment, that with all our efforts to 'Advance Queensland', and our willingness to incur the expense of millions for railway extension and other public works, so little has been done by the people towards providing such a desirability as a sea-side resort combining a sanatorium for the sick and a place of recreation for the healthy. I ventured a remark of this nature to a well-known citizen in Brisbane, whilst on my way this trip, and hope his remark is a libel on the people generally, although, perhaps, it may apply to a good many of his fellow-colonists. "Oh", he said, "their ideas are not sufficiently enlarged for this; they are limited to buying allotments of land at five pounds apiece, to sell again at ten." No doubt there is too much of the money-grabbing spirit abroad in the world, and not confined to Queensland, and many tradesmen and professional men scarcely allow themselves time to enjoy the ordinary limited period allotted to their meals let alone periodical times of recreation. It would be better for society if more holidays were taken and a little less of "nose to the grindstone" practice indulged in by all classes. Feeling, in my own particular case, great need of a fortnight's relaxation from the worry of business, I sought for a place where I could obtain the most retirement and the purest air, where in some quiet nook I could sniff the briny and be alone with nature. The stereotyped names of Sandgate and Cleveland of course suggested themselves but there are objections to both these places as present for real comfort. The Sandgate people have done but little to make theirs an agreeable place of recreation and its contiguity to Brisbane makes it the immediate resort; of the sick and the unclean'; and you run a great risk of getting into apartments just vacated by some convalescent fever patient. There should be at these places distinct establishments for the sick and the healthy. Those who are diseased should have suitable accommodation and proper nursing attendance, separate from those who are in health. A good establishment in the nature of a sanatorium, properly managed, would pay well, and others using the place would go with more confidence if there were less chance of contact with disease. There is also at Sandgate a very great drawback in the sand fly and mosquito nuisance and no attempt seems to be made to abate it. So long as the dense timber is allowed to remain standing in the swamps at the back of the houses so long will the pests breed and infest the locality. Cleveland had fewer advantages even than Sandgate. It is more difficult to access and has no beach: besides the great distance from the jetty to the inhabited parts of the township makes the walk to the sea fatiguing. Whilst cogitating as to the place to visit, a

friend suggested that if I could endure solitude and shellfish oblivion and oysters, monotony and mullet, in fact a fortnight of fish and felicity (rural), I ought to go to Nerang Heads, where there was but one, or, at most, two houses of which one was an hotel, where, of course, every accommodation, guaranteed by a license, could be obtained. On enquiry, I found two modes of access, one overland to the township of Nerang, by Cobb's coach from Brisbane, the other by sea, on one of the trading craft to Nerang Creek, or the Tweed River. Further investigation pointed out the best route by the Arakoon, a steam trader to the Tweed, agents, Quinlan and Co. Accordingly I embarked on board their 'good ship' at 4pm on the 30th November, Captain Griffin, commander. A fine breeze on the river, and a cloudless sky, made the trip down most enjoyable and at 6pm, off the Flats, I had the sight of a most magnificent sunset. To those who have never taken a trip through the Bay, a most delightful treat is in store. The numerous islands, studded with verdure, and the fresh green foliage fringing the river's banks afford about as pretty a piece of scenery as the eye can revel in. On reaching the boat passage, the steamer anchored for the night, and I enjoyed the moonlight séance on deck amazingly. The accommodation, though limited, was good. At 5am next morning, we got underweigh (sic). The sea was smooth as a die, and a nice whole sail breeze blowing aft. A cup of coffee before breakfast, and an ablution, prepared me for the morning meal, which was discussed with good appetite, and 'no qualms' and about twelve at noon, after enjoying Cleveland Bay, Redland Bay, Cudgemuslom, Stradbroke and the other islands enroute, with their splendid evidence of energy and industry in the numerous sugar plantations, we arrived at Nerang Heads, at the extreme end of Stradbroke Island, and opposite the newly surveyed township of Southport. I was informed that a cottage had been recently erected, and that parties had been there and been comfortably boarded. So the Captain landed me in a boat on the beach between two oyster beds, at the homestead of Mr R Johnstone (sic), Balclutha Cottage, which name proves that the proprietor hails from old Clyde. I was at once accommodated. The situation of Johnstone's cottage is very pretty, facing the Heads, with a good view of the main beach, and from his house you can see the Sydney steamers on the passage to Brisbane and the Northern Ports. After getting our luggage stowed away, I took a stroll on the beach and got oysters from the rocks – a small hammer and chisel enabled me to do so easily. They are very sweet and good flavoured, and preferable as a delicacy to the large mud oysters of the creek. At low water I went to a place called Deepwater Point, with rod line, and caught a good supply of whiting and bream; and from this time during my stay, I

had no lack of fish diet the enjoyment of which was enhanced by the fact that it was chiefly the result of my own sport. Many a man has to 'fish for a dinner'; but a good dinner of fish to one who has been surfeited diurnally with beef and mutton during a season of drought (and the cooks all mad because there's no 'dripping') is a most agreeable change; and to partake of an article fresh from the deep, with all its phosphorescent properties strong about it, is well calculated to provide a *mens pana in corpore sano*. Let me now describe what is called the main beach. Southport is situated on the south beach extending from the Nerang Creek entrance down to Deepwater Point, near a saltwater creek going inland, and separating the township from the selections of Mr Muir, of Benowa. Outside the Nerang Heads and forming a continuation of the coastline from Stradbroke Island to the mouth of the Tweed River, is a long line of most brilliant sandy beach. Smooth as velvet and white as snow, over which ebbs and flows the never-ceasing waves of the great Pacific. For six miles there is not a break in the line of vision: then rises majestically to view a mountain called Birley (sic) Head, and beyond that a continuous beach for twenty miles into New South Wales territory. This is the grand feature of Southport as a marine resort, but it requires a boat to enable, you to avail yourself of it. you can ride on horseback from the Southport shore at certain periods of the tide, but this is an objectionable method of access. I got the loan of a boat to visit it, and only regretted that my landlord, Johnstone, had not a boat of his which I could have need every day. However, he is building one, so that the difficulty will be overcome. On my first landing on the beach, I at once realised old sensations of Brighton, Scarborough and the real old watering-places of my early days in the old country. Sandgate and Cleveland at once sink into insignificance. Instead of a muddy, dirty looking apology for sea water, the bosom of this grand ocean was laid bare to my gaze with all the flittering hues of the prismatic colours. No rainbow was ever more brilliant, and the rollers broke in one endless line of crystal foam as far as the eye could reach, with an echoing roar, that reminded me of the never ceasing sounds of the central part of the great metropolis of the world – old London. I filled my basket with various shells, chiefly modiolos, or mussels, the creuellas, scollops, tunetshell and cockles, many most beautiful, and when the tide was at full ebb, I dug up the first named mollusc in any quantity, called by the natives 'Eugora' which I found very pleasant, almost equalling the oyster in flavour. In fact, its flavour is that of the oyster with a dash of sugar on it. I found it excellent bait for fishing.

To be continued.

Management Committee 2021

Joan Rudd [President], Anne Panitz [Secretary]. Sue Mills [Treasurer, Registrar, Newsletter] Jack Rudd, Brian Cox, George O'Brien, Lenore Crouch, Mariette Buckingham, Neil Sands, Pam Sands, Peter Jones, Carol Jones, Warren Davis, Tom Cowper.

Meetings held 3rd Sunday of each month on site.

Our aim is to collect and preserve historical and heritage material illustrating the growth and development of the Hinterland Region of the Gold Coast from the original pioneering days until today. We plan to arrange and describe these materials and make them accessible to the general public on a regular basis as well as providing educational programs where possible to increase public awareness and appreciation of the Gold Coast Hinterland region's history and development. Members of the Management Committee have connections with pioneering families in the district.

"Friends of the Museum" is for anyone who shares our same interest in preserving the history of our region and is interested in assisting with the set-up and operation of the museum. Further details on the 'Friends' and application form may be obtained from the secretary.

Diary Dates - subject to change without notice

October 2021

- 3 – Museum open 10am-2pm
- 9 - Gold Coast Camera club
- 10 – Museum open 10am-2pm
- 17 – Museum open 10am-2pm
- 17 – Museum meeting 2pm
- 24 – Museum open 10am-2pm
- 31 – Museum open 10am-2pm

The Museum Committee would like to thank the Council of the City of Gold Coast for their continued support of the Museum through Whole of City Funding and rate reduction.